

One of Kevin's best days, ever, at the TdF

The day got off to a slow start; Kevin had packed just two pair of shorts, this was ride day 3. And it's Sunday, with no shops open on Sunday (of course, neither is Chain Reaction, so we can't complain too much about that!).

The plan had been to leave around 10am to ride to the race; no trains this time, just bicycle power. Instead we had to learn how the washing machine works and figure that damp shorts wouldn't be too damp too long in the heat we're having here in France. So instead of heading out at 10am, we left at 11:47. The planned 10am departure was probably earlier than need be; 11 would have been perfect. 11:47 and we're getting into more heat, more issues with local police (gendarmes) telling us to get off our bikes and walk.

What we did not expect was to come across a roadside party (of which there are many) and be talked into joining. Unfortunately the video lens was cloudy from sweat (I hadn't wiped it off) and I didn't keep it pointed at Kevin as I was trying to take photos with my regular camera.

Kevin got talked into eating an Oyster (no big feat; Kevin loves Oysters) and literally chugging a glass of white wine. And at the end of it all, as we're riding away, everyone's chanting USA! USA! USA! Pretty bizarre and a whole lot of fun.

The race? Not that exciting a place to watch, as the crested the Col de la Croix Fry. The original plan was to watch from the Aravis, but we ran out of time to get there (one small pass further up the road, but the gendarmes were already causing us too much grief as it was). Had we left when we'd planned, it wouldn't have been an issue.