

An Open Letter To Lance Armstrong

by Joseph M. Owens

Dear Lance,

Cycling season is underway, but seeing as how you are getting old—sorry, but let's call it what it is—and you are constantly getting hounded with all those doping allegations—which is, let's also call it what it is: *bullshit*—I wanted to offer my services as the new phenom of professional cycling, even though I am not technically a professional... yet. Hear me out:

When I ride my bike, I can just feel the fat melting off me. I mean I can really fucking feel it! All those “big c” Calories just liquefying inside my insides. Just liquefying and then, *bam!* fucking eliminated! See ya! When I'm riding, you can't even call the whole process liquification anymore based on what I'm doing to it. Nope. More like lique-*faction*, which is what happens when there's like a shit ton of heat and rocks basically just melt like in an earthquake. Massive energy! *Abatshit-fucking-crazy-ass-turbo-nuts-load* of energy! I learned about that shit on the Discovery Channel, those guys who used to sponsor you, remember?

Anyway...

When I get my legs pumping, I'll pop a spoke if I'm not careful. Massive fucking energy! And all that fat I was talking about? I don't even really have that much of it, any of it really. My body fat is like one percent, which the doctors tell me isn't healthy, but fuck them! I'm on a “big c” Crusade against fat. It's my enemy. I'm on a Crusade, a Jihad and a partaking in a fucking Inquisition when it comes to that shit! The doctors tell me with their “healthy” nine percent body like the fat fucking fatty-fat-fats they are! My body, my temple, bitches!, that's what I say.

So anyway, sometimes I think I could hook a generator up to my indoor bike trainer for when it's raining outside. Like if the

fucking lights and power went out I could just hop on my bike and power back up the fucking neighborhood because I can make big “n” Nature my bitch! I mean I really hate rain, only second to body fat. I hate Nature third because it pisses me off when it's too hot or too cold outside, but I digress...

My friends tell me, *Lars, calm the fuck down with all that shit, man. Fat this, energy that. It's almost like you got an eating disorder!* And I say *fuck you, guys! You wouldn't be saying this if you assholes weren't such a bunch of fatties!* Which, basically isn't true because all my friends ride the bike too and people are always telling them they look a little *gaunt*, whatever that means. What, is it a crime to be skinny now, Lance? They call it an eating disorder; I call it sheer adamantine mental toughness, which pisses me off if I have to say it more than once. *Batshit* pissed off! Like when that punk Alberto Contador totally attacked you up the mountain and you were on the same team and he was totally pissing on your Tour de France campfire. Just like that.

And so anyway, Lance, I mostly ride by myself now because basically there isn't anyone who can keep up with me any more, and I'll just get pissed off if I can't drop the fucking hammer, like full tilt *boogie!*, whenever the mood strikes me. Racing amateur? For pussies. What's the point if you're racing for second?—which is obviously what place they'd be racing for if I was in the race. *Pussies*. If Superman was real, even he wouldn't race me. Even Superman has some fucking pride, Lance.

So yeah, it was pretty hard for me to decide what kind of bike to get. You've seen those guys who crush empty beer cans against their heads—which is fucking stupid because of all the empty calories in the beer, but *whatever*. They don't call it a *Super-Protein-Power-Shake* belly, do they? No. It's a beer belly—but you've seen those guys, right? Just crush that shit up on their melon like *bam!* Batshit crazy! That's what my fucking *harbinger-of-destruction-like-quads* would do to a panty-waste aluminum bike. *Bam!*

Steel? Same fucking thing, Lance, only more bendy.

Titanium seems more like it. Carbon fiber is supposed to be stronger than steel but it looks like fucking plastic to me. I can't be generating like 6 billion watts of fucking power just to have my fucking plastic toy bike snap in half. That's fucking just asinine. But titanium might be the ticket. They make tanks out of titanium which, I personally think, they create as an homage to my quads. Fucking *batty*!

But anyway, that's all I got for now Lance. I hope you'll consider. It's your loss if you don't. But whatever. I'm not like going to cry in my Fiber One cereal if you don't call. Just steer clear of me at the Tour of Gila because I'll be there. Unless you have that contract with you and you are all like, *Hey Lars Friedrichstëinerson, why don't you come ride for team Radio Shack? It'd be really fucken swell*. In which case, I'll politely accept and we can proceed to crush opposing souls. Think about it, Lance.

Sincerely,

Lars Friedrichstëinerson

