

Maddog Unleashed

Every Silver Lining Has a Dark Cloud Called 'Tomorrow'

The sun'll come out

Tomorrow

Bet your bottom dollar

That tomorrow

There'll be sun—"Tomorrow," from the musical "Annie"



BY PATRICK O'GRADY

Supplier price hikes of 12 to 20 percent in the immediate future. Bike shipments down 18 percent in the recent past. And Dorel Industries shifting more and more garbage wagons to the penny-pinchers courtesy of its swelling "recreational/leisure segment," otherwise known as Biggie McBox.

Man, this bicycle business ain't nothin' but a party, huh?

When I stumble across news nuggets like the ones above in the course of my labors on behalf of this magazine, I wish I'd listened to what my mother told me all those years ago. "What did she say?" you might ask. To which I would reply, "I don't know—I wasn't listening."

And it's not like the sporty side of the street is any sunnier. Pro cycling's endless War on Doping hit a new low in mid-March when a drug tester descended upon Quick Step's Kevin Van Impe as he prepared for the funeral of his newborn son, demanding that he provide a urine sample or risk suspension.

"He wouldn't even come back later in the day. It was either do it right on the spot or it would be taken as if I had refused," said Van Impe, whose son Jayden died just six hours after his premature birth.

I'd have given the creep a sample, all right. He'd have needed a shower and a change of clothing afterward, but he'd have gotten what he came for, and what he deserved.

The Sun Will Come Out—Tomorrow. Ah, but it's March, and spring is in the air, right? Hee haw. Maybe it is wherever you are, but here in Colorado I'm staring out my office window at a light rain, freezing fog and a sky the color of an IRS auditor's suit. Hardly the sort of inspiration a desk jockey requires if he's to keep his ass from assuming planetary dimensions.

The feeble tan lines I collected two weeks earlier in Arizona are but a fading epidermal memory. My kit and bikes are slathered in grit and goo. The good news is that shaving my legs takes less time these days—but that's only because I have less in the way of legs to shave.

Plus a hops shortage is sending beer prices straight through the pub ceiling and into outer space. Oh, God. Take me now.

You Gotta Hang On 'Til Tomorrow. Okay, chill, dude. Take a deep breath. Look on the bright side. You still have a job to be annoyed by. You can still squeeze into your cycling kit, if you oil yourself up real good first. And mostly you drink cheap French wine, not designer American beer.

The forecast won't always call for gloom and doom. Stick out your chin and grin—before you know it, you'll be bitching about the heat and having to tend the lawn.

And though the news seems mostly about carnage and candidacies, bombers and bummers, recession and depression, well, there's a little bit of sunshine waiting right around the corner. The Decider and his enablers in the Congress have passed an "economic stimulus package" that will cut you and the wife a rebate check for \$1,200. That's twelve hundred fat ones, m'boy.

And do you know what you're going to spend it on? Paying your income taxes.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow. I love ya, tomorrow. You're always a day away.