

Hospital

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REPORT CARD

Animal's Name RIPLEY
Owner's Name KROGID
Species CANINE Breed BASSET / TERROR!⁷
Age 14mo Sex FIS Weight 11⁷
Date 6/29/17

HEALTH MAINTENANCE

A young first cousin of mine, one time removed actually, told me she was spending her Fall semester in Morocco. I was intrigued by the possibility, and a bit worried, but never made it over there to check up on her, unfortunately. Getting ready for time in Morocco she had packed all manner of summery clothing, beautiful dresses and shoes, no doubt, and hiking gear. Around mid October, I began to get frantic messages, across several social media. She was complaining about the cold.

"Cold in Morocco?" I thought. Pshaw. Then, around Halloween, she began to post about the snow, falling several inches at a time, she wrote, before melting away. She posted pictures. The problem is, all of the snow did not melt, and my cousin, who had brought no Winter clothing or shoes, had to deal with weeks of Winter weather. In Morocco. She loved it there, but was glad to get back to eastern Illinois for comparatively warmer weather.

Snow. In. Morocco. The French, and some of the other colonizing powers, extended much of their culture to foreign lands. They also extended many of their citizens, army, officers, politicians, as these served in the lands they were colonizing. As they did so, they wanted to make them feel comfortable, and so they exported/imported their architecture to new countries. In countries with local mountains, they went up into the heights and built villages. In Morocco, just a few miles up into the mountains from the desert, they built an alpine village, with Swiss chalets, churches and governmental buildings. Decades later this would become the university my

first cousin (once removed) attended, and where she experienced her first African snowfalls. (She also appeared in a fellow student's project, which became a McDonald's ad)

Just as the mountains which make up the Alps have been shown to extend down the extent of Italy, and peter out somewhere in Libya, the Pyrenees, site of today's stage, do likewise. They extend down through Spain, under the straits of Gibraltar, and surge back upwards. The dark and misty giants which our brave cyclists enter today, bring snow all the way to Africa.

Yesterday's stage was the necessary transition from the Jura Mountains, over toward the west coast. Since for the last several years, the last week of the Tour has featured the Alps, the cyclist could not continue from the Jura to the Alps. Instead, they transitioned by air to just west of the Massif Central, and then yesterday, the rest of the way to southwest France. Often when the Tour is in this area, they will stay two or three days at Lourdes, sometimes even for a rest day, while there are stages in the Pyrenees. This year, though, after a symbolic two stages involving, kind of, the Pyrenees, they jump back up and take off back towards Le Puy. Only five mountain stages in this year's Tour, indeed.

In the past I have waxed rhapsodically about St. Beat, which our brave cyclist should be passing just about now. It is a picturesque village, where streams of rivers come together. It consists of the intersection of two highways, one coming down from a mountain pass, and heading off to another, the other heading into Spain. It was just west of the village where I took the road back to Lourdes. Knowing it would be a feed zone, I had earlier parked along the road just south of St. Beat one stage day, and settled down in my rental car to await the Tour. Being a feed zone, the mood was a bit more relaxed, and cyclists passed by for several minutes while eating and chatting, or stopping for a nature break. I would tune in the short wave radio once in a while, seeking news on their progress. The car next to mine, about 100 feet away, had some college friends who had come down from Toulouse. They had brought a table and folding chairs, they put on a table cloth, and spent their time in a long and leisurely lunch, using real dishes and silverware, none of this disposable stuff for the Tour. It took a while to go back through St. Beat after all had passed. I was briefly tempted to follow the team busses to the arrivee.

Instead, I took the road back to Lourdes, and arrived in time to see the end of the stage, climbing as it did a Pyrenees mountain pass. The air in Lourdes was bracing, and very windy. It was a nice change, to have 48 at night in July. Good Sleeping. During the day there was always a cool breeze. No snow, though, apparently that is reserved for Morocco.

Enjoy the Tour. Enjoy the day.













Shif Samir



Shif Samir

Étape 11 : Pau · Peyragudes

Classement général provisoire

1	Fabio Aru		AST	52h51'49"	
2	Christopher Froome		SKY	+ 6"	
3	Romain Bardet		ALM	+ 25"	
4	Rigoberto Uran		CDT	+ 35"	
5	Daniel Martin		QST	+ 1'41"	
6	Simon Yates		ORS	+ 2'13"	
7	Mikel Landa		SKY	+ 2'55"	
8	Nairo Quintana		MOV	+ 4'01"	
9	George Bennett		TLJ	+ 4'04"	
10	Louis Meintjes		UAD	+ 4'51"	