



I enjoyed the best years of my career at Liquigas, but despite being close to victory on several occasions myself I never once held any personal ambition beyond doing the best job I could for the team.



Working for Danilo Di Luca at the 2005 Giro. A real domestique becomes invaluable when he is the only rider left in the front who is riding for someone else and not to win himself.

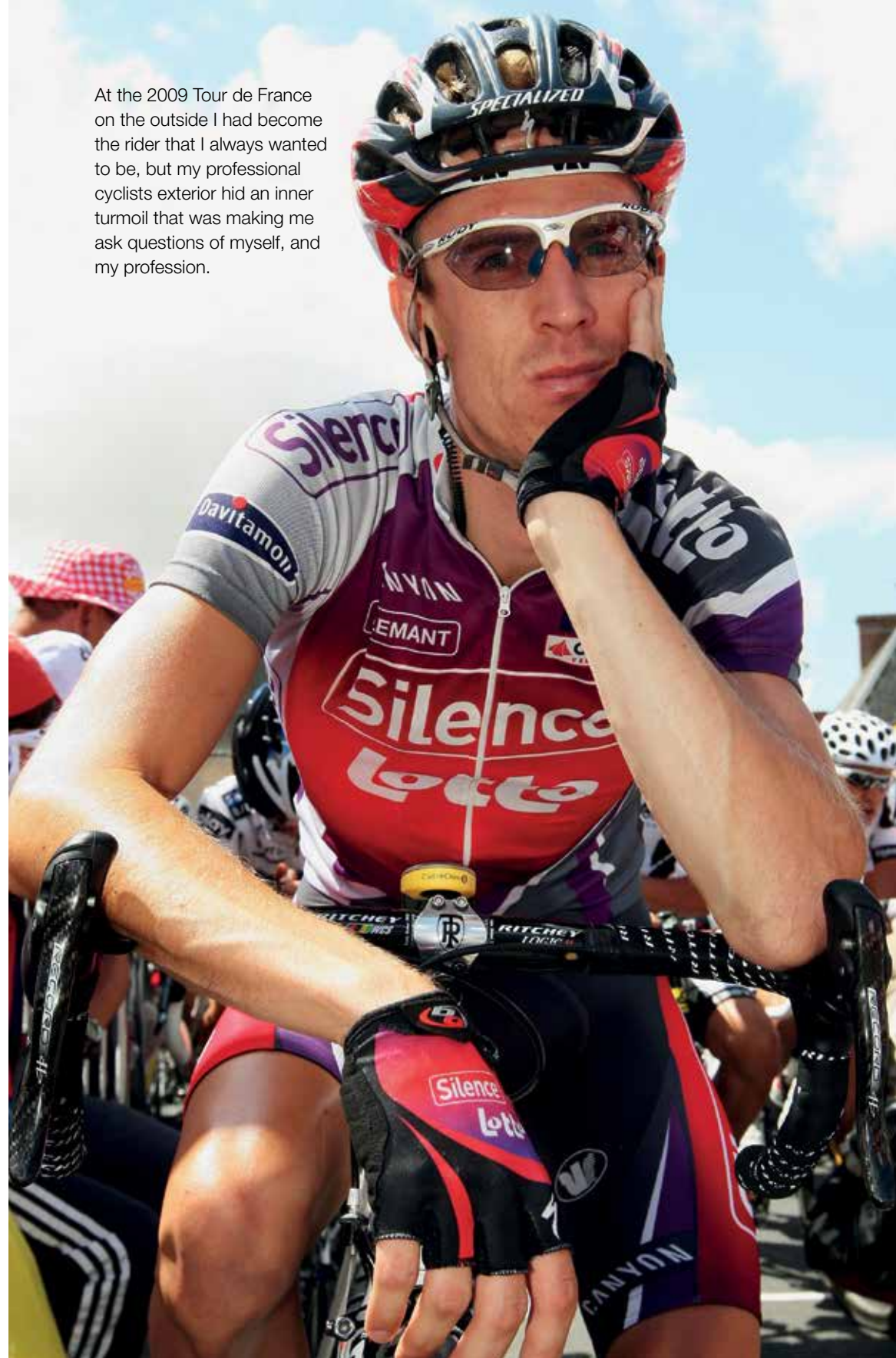


The Grand Depart of the 2007 Tour de France in London. My Italian teammates were less than impressed by the hotel food, asking me 'Does the Queen have to eat *beans* in *tomato sauce* for breakfast?'



Starting a wet Tour time on stage 13 of the 2007 race. That TT was tough, but I was about to experience another hazard of cycling the Tour – staying in the worst hotels known to man.

Liquigas made the very most of my talents, they knew exactly when and how to use me as a rider. Leaving them at the end of 2008 would prove to be a costly mistake.



At the 2009 Tour de France on the outside I had become the rider that I always wanted to be, but my professional cyclists exterior hid an inner turmoil that was making me ask questions of myself, and my profession.



Descending in the 2009 Tour. Once Cadel lost hope of a high overall finish the team that had been built around him became a sinking ship.

Cadel Evans' intensity ran me ragged in the first week of the 2009 Tour, and left me with nothing for the mountain stages where he needed me.

