

I got to transition and they directed me to my swim-bike bag, then went in to the change tent and really just took my time – as is evidenced by my transition time (16:17 ... yes, 16:17 – and no I didn't stop for coffee and a donut in the process! Hell, it's a quarter mile just to get there!) There was no hurry, in my eyes – I wanted to make sure that everything I needed to do got taken care of. I stopped for a quick porta-potty break, strolled out and there weren't very many bikes left in transition at that point. This is the good thing about being a slow swimmer – you get to chase and pass people all day! When you walk into transition and there are only a handful of bikes left – well, it's just like valet parking. My personal valet handed me the keys to the "Mullet Express" (named by Kevin Skeen, not I – a story better left for another day) and I was off and riding.

It's now 8:55am ...