

Leaving on a jet plane...

Seems to be what I do in December, take a flight to nowhere for reasons any normal person won't make sense of, especially when you're flying into foul weather. But I need 4 segments/2000 miles or else my status as a mini-me version of George Clooney's character in "Up In The Air" lapses.



It starts with a train ride; I'm a nut for public transportation whenever possible, plus it's nicer than getting someone else up at 6:45am to drive me to the airport.

Today's adventure is far simpler than last year's deliberately-complex itinerary (which began to fall apart at the end of the first of 8 flights as a nasty storm pounded the west coast). I'm simply flying from SFO to LAX to CLD (a tiny airport 83 miles south of Los Angeles)... and back. The problem is that I'm flying straight into the center of the storm that isn't hitting the bay area as badly as they said it would, because it moved south. To follow me.

There actually is a purpose beyond merely flying today; I'd like to pay a visit to a large Trek retailer in the San Diego area, TrekStore San Diego. One of those newfangled "concept" stores that some say are the future of bicycle retail. It depends of course on whether the wind-up propeller plane from LAX flies in foul weather.



Seamless BART transfer; maybe 4 minutes between CalTrain and Millbrae BART and 3 minute transfer to SFO BART in San Bruno. Why do people drive? I left from near our Redwood City store at 7:30 and will be at the airport at 7:58. I could have slept in! Hate that.

9:22 and on the plane. Those in-the-know will recognize that my "upgrade" from row 6 to 1 on a United A320 means my legs are up in my chin. I get that I'n exchange for a pre-departure orange juice. Passed on volunteering for a later flight 'cuz who knows what the weather is going to do and the sooner I get to LAX the more options I have.