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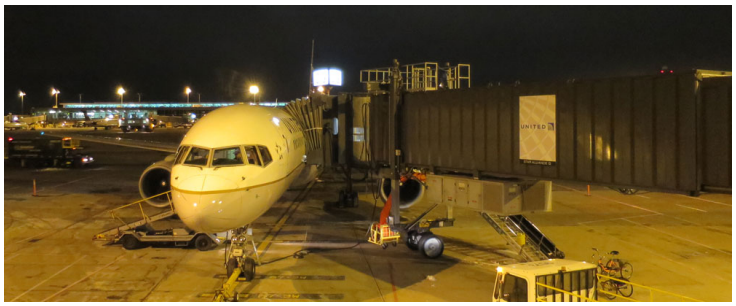
Note to self: Don't travel with Becky!



It's 9:52pm at Dulles Airport, near DC. The plan was to fly out of here at 10:20pm on UA225, but they've got maintenance people on it now and hopefully, maybe, will have a handle on what's wrong with the plane right about the time it was originally scheduled to leave. Something about the navigation system, and since it's dark, guess they can't read the road signs below to figure out where they are.

It was just a couple years ago, on a United flight leaving about this same time, that I had one of those this-can't-be-happening nights, starting with a 15 minute DC Metro trip that turned into an hour (Metro problem) and then plane issues that caused us to arrive at SFO at 3am, and finishing with Becky's car completely burning out its clutch so we couldn't make it up the grade from the 280 exit up over Farm Hill. Had to call for a tow and then, at 4am, call my wife to pick us up. Seriously thought about walking home instead.

Becky reminds me that that story has already been written up in a past blog entry; I'm explaining to her that apparently the story wasn't finished, and we're working on how it ends. You can track tonight's flight home here.

Until the next time I fly with Becky anyway!