Choose no life. Choose no career. Choose no family. Choose a fucking big computer, choose disk arrays the size of washing machines, modem racks, CD-ROM writers, and electrical coffee makers. Choose no sleep, high caffeine and mental insurance. Choose no friends. Choose black jeans and matching combat boots. Choose chairs for your office in a range of fucking fabrics. Choose SMTP and wondering why the fuck you are logged on on a Sunday morning. Choose sitting in that swivel chair looking at mind-numbing, spirit-crushing web sites, stuffing fucking junk food into your mouth. Choose rotting away at the end of it all, pishing