

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, spiritcrushing web sites, stuffing fucking junk food into your mouth. Choose rotting away at the end of it all, pishing your last in some miserable newsgroup, nothing more than an embarrassment to the selfish, fucked up users Gates spawned to replace the computer-literate.

**Choose your future.**

**Choose to sysadmin.**