

it's over /7/ signing off

I'm twenty eight years old. I don't **belong** at the helm of a company, and it's clear to me now that that's one of the **major** reasons our business plan met with such little success.

I am **at a complete loss**, and I **spend my days waiting for something to happen**. The developers can **keep developing**, our president can **keep making** phone calls. This meeting tomorrow could **go well; chances are**, it will go **just fine** but they won't **commit to** anything and we will **shut down** before the end of the month, **go our separate ways**, and look back on this **however** we choose. I'm the only one who has to **answer to** those investors, of course, and god knows my old boss is going to **kick my ass for losing** his money.

I'm going to go back to consulting, **make enough** money to **pay off** my **debt**, try to **get on with my life** without such **enormous ambitions**. I think it's easiest if I just **blame** computers. I fucking hate computers.

Signing off, Scott.