

it's over /6/ **fight or flight**

I convinced my uncle to **chip in**, and later convinced my old boss to chip in a lot of money, and then convinced our future president to chip in, and invited him to **join us for the ride. Just in time, as it turns out, for all kinds of things to go wrong:** I **made** some bad decisions **early on concerning** the viability of video on the Internet; I **burned up** development time on **a** project **that** we would eventually **replace with** something smarter, but **not before wasting** months of **effort**; leads **kept drying up** for future financing; the sneaking **suspicion** began to **overwhelm** me that if I was **an actual** CEO, I'd know what to do, but **instead** I grew paralyzed as we slowly **ran out of** money.

I **had known all along** this was **the likelihood**; **most** companies **fail** in their first year, and when dotcoms started **collapsing** all around us, my fight-or-flight instincts started **selling me out**. The technical people who work for us **have been slaving away**. Our director of software development **said to** me a week and a half ago, "I don't want to **look back on** this and realize **there was** something more I **could have done**." I don't have any such **way to** focus; the **things I think I know how to do at this point require** money I **don't have to accomplish**.