

## ALL THE WHITE BOYS IN THE ROOM

ON MARCH 21, 2006, Jack Dorsey published the world's first tweet: "just setting up my twttr."

On July 22, 2018, Donald Trump tweeted: "To Iranian President Rouhani: NEVER, EVER THREATEN THE UNITED STATES AGAIN OR YOU WILL SUFFER CONSEQUENCES THE LIKES OF WHICH FEW THROUGHOUT HISTORY HAVE EVER SUFFERED BEFORE. WE ARE NO LONGER A COUNTRY THAT WILL STAND FOR YOUR DEMENTED WORDS OF VIOLENCE & DEATH. BE CAUTIOUS!" (*Capitalization his.*)

In the twelve years between those two tweets, some things happened that are worth exploring. But first, let's explore

what happened before that very first tweet was even sent, because it laid the foundation of everything that was to come later.

Twitter and my design shop, Mule, used to be right across the hall from each other in a run-down shitbox of a building in San Francisco's SOMA district. We were friends with a lot of the original crew that built the platform. They wanted to build a tool that let people communicate with each other easily. They were a decent bunch of guys—and that was the problem.

They were a bunch of guys. More accurately, they were a bunch of white guys. Those white guys, and I'll keep giving them the benefit of the doubt, and say they did it with the best of intentions, designed the foundation of a platform that would later collapse under the weight of harassment, abuse, death threats, rape threats, doxxing, and the eventual takeover of the alt-right and their racist idiot pumpkin king.

All the white boys in the room, even with the best of intentions, will only ever know what it's like to make decisions as a white boy. They will only ever have the experiences of

white boys. This is true of anyone. You will design things that fit within your own experiences. Even those that attempt to look outside their own experiences will only ever know what questions to ask based on *that* experience. Even those doing good research can only ask questions *they* think to ask. In short, even the most well-meaning white boys don't know what they don't know. That's before we even deal with the ones that *aren't* well-meaning. (I see you, Travis.)

Twitter never built in a way to deal with harassment because none of the people designing it had ever been harassed, so it didn't come up. Twitter didn't build in a way to deal with threats because none of the people designing it had ever gotten a death threat. It didn't come up. Twitter didn't build in a way to deal with stalking because no one on the team had ever been stalked. It didn't come up. That's not to say those things don't happen to white boys. They do, but very rarely.

The prevailing wisdom of that era was that you built the tool you and your team wanted to use. You'd sometimes hear this phrased as "eating your own dog food." Charming. The problem is that when your team all have roughly

the same experiences, and you end up building the tool that works for that team, you've marginalized everyone else.

Did I say prevailing wisdom of *that* era? I shit you not, as I'm writing that paragraph, my wife Erika Hall sends me this tweet:

*"I've reviewed thousands of products. Without fail, it's the products built by people for themselves that continue to win. Why? When you are the customer you don't have to guess what people want. Customer focus, incentive clarity & a razor sharp point-of-view creates great product."*

That's from Brian Norgard, Chief Product Officer at Tinder, also an investor in SpaceX and Lyft. Sent out on July 25, 2018. The idea that you build the product you want to use is alive and well in Silicon Valley. (As is the idea that guesswork is the alternative to bravado.) Product teams in Silicon Valley are dominated by white males. (According to The National Center for Women & Information Technology's Women In Tech 2016 report<sup>1</sup>, only twenty-five percent of computing jobs are held by women. The majority of those jobs are held by white women. Latinx women

clocked in at one percent of that particular workforce.) That means not only are we excluding everyone who's not white and male (gonna go out on a crazy limb here and include heterosexual and cis in that description) from designing and building the tools of the future, we're *explicitly* excluding them from being served by those tools. We are white men building tools for white men.

For ten years, Twitter has been dealing with harassment and abuse on its platform. It's gone through a few CEOs. All white. All male. Every time there's a high profile attack, one of those CEOs comes out and does a dog and pony show about how Twitter will now finally—no really this time for real—actually look into cutting down abuse and then three weeks later, they roll out rounded corners for tweets instead. (I guess the tweets won't hurt as much now that the corners aren't so sharp?)

Previously, we've discussed how Twitter doesn't deal with harassment and abuse because they don't want to. Remember our Upton Sinclair quote. It's going to serve us well throughout this book: *It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.*

But there's another reason. The second reason is that Twitter is too hard to fix. Twitter was broken from conception. Twitter's original sin occurred the day that four white boys sat around a room and designed the seed of what the platform would be. Having one very narrow singular viewpoint for a tool that ended up having a global reach was akin to building a time bomb within the foundation. As Twitter grew, it became harder and harder to go back and fix the foundation that was now propping up a towering inferno of garbage. At this point, abuse and harassment are as much a part of the Twitter experience as retweets and faves.

The idea that every voice is worth being amplified is core to Twitter's philosophy. Theoretically, I agree with that, but when theory hits reality, the results aren't always pretty. Because the reality is that some of those voices are using their augmentation to silence others. When you use your augmented right to question someone else's right to live, love, and/or pray as they see fit—you lose the right to that augmentation. While Twitter bends over backward to protect the voices that silence others, I believe that our job as designers, and as human beings, is to use our skills to protect the voices that are most in need of protection.

When you use your voice to question someone else's humanity, you forfeit yours.

We have to be ready for any tool we build to have a global impact. But even if it only impacts the area around you, chances are it is going to, hopefully, reach people who are different from you. People who have different needs, different abilities, different cultures, different languages, different experiences, different tastes. Don't you want all of those people using your tool? Don't you want them to be able to participate in what you're making? And don't you want it to work for them? And, for the capitalists who might still be reading: don't you want their money? If we intend to build successful tools, we need to expand our definition of *we*.

#### OH YOU MUST BE TALKING ABOUT EMPATHY

Fuck no, I am not. I am talking about hiring. To paraphrase Google Sydney's Tea Uglow, why teach people to think outside the box when you can *hire* people outside the box. The last thing I want you to do is take your team of white boys out into the field and "see what the women think." Turns

out women like to work. Turns out they've been dying to work in this field. Turns out they're willing to work in this field, even when it means putting up with all the bullshit men like me have thrown at them on a daily basis and then being paid seventy cents on the dollar. Turns out they're good at this work. Turns out they used to *own* this field! As Claire L. Evans writes in her excellent book *Broad Band*:

*Before a new field developed its authorities, and long before there was money to be made, women experimented with new technologies and pushed them beyond their design. Again and again, women did the jobs no one thought were important, until they were.*

So, as it turns out, this was their field to begin with. We pushed them out when we saw there was glory to be had, then did a lot of hard work erasing their history and keeping them out of the field by convincing subsequent generations they couldn't do the job.

I'm going to be very honest with you here. This is the hardest chapter of the book to write. I'm part of the problem I'm describing. While I'm making a conscious effort to be more aware of my own biases, there are things I just don't

know. Every door in this industry opens for me by default —well, maybe not after this book. I have to work half as hard to achieve twice as much as a woman or a person of color in this industry. That's not because I'm more talented or work harder or am smarter. It's because people look at me and see a person that matches what their idea of a designer looks like. They look at me, and decide I can be in the room. What I have achieved is not fully earned. Personally, I like to earn things. I wanna know that when I got a job it was because I beat *everyone*, not just the people you allowed in the room. I think that's what everyone is looking for here, a fair shot at earning their place. A *fair* shot. That means a woman doesn't have to work twice as hard to earn seventy cents on the dollar that some dude name Chad is making.

So, let everyone in the room.

Why should you listen to me? You shouldn't. You should listen to all the women out there telling you their stories of harassment in the workplace. You should listen to all the black people who can't get inside the door because they're not a "culture fit." If you're lucky enough that this industry was built in your image, realize how lucky you are.

I sent an early draft of this chapter to Ani King, the editor of *Syntax & Salt* magazine. She's a friend, who works in the tech industry as an IT manager. After reading the draft, she felt compelled to share the following. It states the problem better than I could ever hope to:

*A few years ago I was on a panel for MICWIC (Michigan Women in Computing), and the thing that struck me is how almost every single woman who spoke felt compelled to state that they "didn't hate men," as a measure of self protection, or say something that in some way excused behavior (it was the times, etc.)*

*And some of these people were saying that they stayed in tech and engineering DESPITE feeling like they were unwanted the whole time, but that in some cases, they would never ask their other, bright, amazing female colleagues to come work with them, because they knew it was asking a lot.*

Until you let everyone in the room, until you give everyone a chance, you do not get to say you've earned *anything* in this business. At least not fairly. As long as you're the beneficiary of sexist, ableist, and racist hiring practices, you

didn't earn that job. It was handed to you. And don't come to me complaining about quotas when "hire the white guy" is the biggest quota program in history.

### MY FIRST DESIGN JOB

I got my first design job shortly after graduating from college. Mind you, while I'd taken a couple of design classes, I graduated with a degree in Fine Arts. (See again the previous chapter for how this happens.) It honestly wasn't so much a design job as a job "designing things" at the desktop publishing department at a copy shop. (Ask your parents.) It was the '90s. And while it wasn't a *great* job, it paid more than the job I previously had. Here's the thing; I wasn't qualified for it.

I remember looking at the job posting and thinking "I can't do a bunch of this stuff." I also remember thinking that I could learn. To be fair, I went out and got myself a copy of *Mavis Beavis Teaches Typing* (again, ask your parents) and spent the weekend learning how to type, because one of the requirements was typing eighty-five words per minute. Which I *still* can't do. Just ask my editor. I bought

a couple of software manuals, and skimmed through them as well.

When the interview rolled around, I weaved and dodged through the questions, figuring I could learn all of this stuff as needed. (And I eventually did.) I tried not to sweat too much. I made eye contact. Again, it was a desktop publishing job. I was going to be laying out flyers and business cards, doing the occasional logo. But I lied about my skills and I got the job.

For years, I used to tell this story as a lesson in hustle and confidence. It isn't. It's a story about privilege. It's a story about the world being made in my favor. I knew about half the stuff I needed to know to walk into that interview. Chances are, the interviewer wasn't stupid. They probably realized I didn't know my shit, but there was something about me that convinced the interviewer to take a chance. I like to think it was my sparkling personality and probably a bit of it was. And probably a bit of it was that the interviewer looked across the table at me and saw someone that looked like them.

*"If you are white in a white supremacist society, you are racist. If you are male in a patriarchy, you are sexist."*

That quote is from Ijeoma Oluo's *So You Want To Talk About Race*, which I encourage you all to read. Especially if you look like me. (Look at the author photo on the back for a clue.) I am both those things. If you are reading this and you look like me, you are too. Regardless of how well you've lived your life, regardless of how good your intentions were, you've benefited from a stacked deck. When I walked into that interview, the person across the table was inclined to *want* to believe me. I was halfway there. A woman walking into that room has to do work I don't have to do. Twice as much. A black or Latinx man walking into that situation has to do work that I don't have to do. Thrice as much. A black or Latinx woman walking into that room probably doesn't stand a chance.

I can't be sure that I wouldn't have gotten the job if I was a woman or black, but I can tell you without hesitation that I had a better chance of getting it because I was a white male. For one, not being qualified gave me zero pause. I saw a list of requirements, a few looked familiar, and I decided that was enough. That's privilege at work.

I've never walked into a room and had an interviewer wonder if I deserved to be there. Whether I consider myself a racist or a sexist, I have *absolutely* benefited from the tainted fruits of both racism and sexism. Undeniably. I don't think the interviewer on the other side of the table was racist or sexist except that, like myself, they'd benefited from being born a white male.

## UNCONSCIOUS BIAS

I'm under no pretense that this book can change the minds of the truly odious. (Sorry, Mr. Thiel.) While those people are most definitely a problem, they're not the biggest problem or the biggest opportunity for lasting change. That resides in the juicy middle, the majority of our industry, people like me and you who've been living our lives with unconscious bias.

For those of you not familiar with the term, I'll sum it up this way: it's all the little things we do, almost without thinking, that undermine the people around us who don't look like us. The classic example being when we ask the only woman in the meeting to take notes. Or when four

white male engineers decide a black female applicant just wouldn't be a good culture fit. (So many crimes are committed under the label of "culture fit" that it's not even funny.) Or when your team decides to celebrate a product launch by going to a strip club and the female designer feels weird about it, but doesn't wanna be a spoilsport, so she goes and has a horrible time and then everyone feels weird—and you solve the problem by not hiring any more women because you're a genius. Actually, that last one may not be unconscious bias as much as just being a straight-up asshole.

I teach a workshop in presenting work with confidence. In fact, it's called "Presenting Work with Confidence." Clever. The unofficial secret name for the workshop is "Teaching Women to Speak Up and Teaching Men to Shut Up." I've been teaching this workshop for three years and counting. I've taught it in the States, Canada, Europe, Australia, and India. I tell you this without reservation: men have no problem interrupting women all over the world. We absolutely suck at it, me included. You're probably thinking, like I have many times, "Sure, but it's not because I'm a guy. It's because I'm me." Let me reassure you, it's because you're a guy. Because throughout the workshop, I'll keep

my eye on the dudes interrupting women and they're not interrupting the men who come up to present.

There's no quicker way to destroy someone's confidence than teaching them that what they're saying isn't as important as what *you're* saying.

Everyone earned the right to be heard at work when you hired them, and not only do they have the right to be heard, you're an idiot for not listening to what they have to say! Here's an opportunity to hear from someone with a different viewpoint than yours and you're silencing them? What are you afraid of? That they'll tell you you're wrong? Hosanna in the highest and St. Joan of Arc be praised. That's exactly what you should be hoping for! Be thankful for the employee that will tell you that while you have a chance to do something about it.

If you're a dude, you have a responsibility to tell your male co-workers to shut the fuck up when they interrupt someone. Be a role model. I don't mean "I think what Rebecca was saying was—" I mean you should say "You interrupted Maria. I want to hear her finish." Not because I think Maria needs saving, but because it's important for the other guys

in the room to see that this is not longer tolerated by their own.

This is the shit we have to watch out for. The little crap. Interrupting women. Deciding you're hip enough to use racial slang with a black co-worker. (Shut up. You know exactly what I'm talking about.) Telling a coworker she looks hot. Telling her to smile more. "Are you on Tinder?" Speaking in racial dialects at work. (Let's finally admit that Apu's voice was always racist and just stop.) Holding off-sites at bars. "Where are you *really* from?" Scheduling all-night hack-a-thons that coworkers with children can't (or frankly, just don't *want*) to participate in. This is the shit we say and do without thinking twice. We may even be stupid enough to think some of it is complimentary. (I'm guilty of that.) But it's not. It sucks to deal with.

You know how much stuff you have to do on a regular day? Imagine your hardest day at work, on deadline, tons of shit to do, barely keeping on top of it. Now, imagine you have to do all that, along with monitoring the shit your coworkers are saying about you—the looks they're giving you—the little jabs here and there—not being allowed to finish your sentences—having someone take credit for your ideas. You

couldn't do it, so stop putting that kind of burden on others.

And for the love of god, don't ask to touch your black co-workers' hair.

## BETTER HIRING

A few weeks ago, a good friend of mine was looking to hire someone for his company. He wanted to make sure women would apply for this job. (Hold on a second, I need to deal with the libertarians right now: there's absolutely nothing illegal or unethical in tailoring a job description to entice more women to apply. In fact, it should be a goal. Now, wipe your man tears away, get your mom to make you a nice cup of warm milk or a Hot Pocket and keep reading.) Anyway, this friend of mine is in our secret Slack channel, and the women in the channel are giving him advice on how to write that application based on their own experiences applying for jobs, and in some cases, writing job descriptions themselves. (Women can be bosses, too!)

Their suggestions were to write the job description so that it emphasized the work they'd be doing; to talk

about the people they'd be working with, the community they'd be joining, and why that work was important to be doing. They suggested talking about how this hire would be complementing an already great team. They suggested emphasizing the company's goals rather than individual achievement, and how rather than saying things like "you need five years experience doing *x*," you're better off with "be ready to discuss how your previous experiences can help us do *x*". Because let's face it, it's hard to get five years of experience doing something when you work in an industry that won't hire you to do it.

Compare that to your standard startup job description looking for "a rockstar who's been crushing code for five years in a high-powered environment and isn't afraid to knock heads." I don't want to work at that company! So imagine what it's like for a woman or a minority to read a job description like that, then Google the company's About Us page and see a bunch of bros staring back at them. We get the job applicants we deserve. Today's design isn't done by rock stars. It isn't done by ninjas, and it isn't done by solo supermen. It's done by teams who know how to work together, to look at a problem from multiple points of view and a diverse set of experiences. So, let's stop writing job

descriptions to appeal to solitary boy geniuses with hero's journey damage—and start hiring grownups.

## OUR DIVERSITY IS OUR STRENGTH

Let me tell you an embarrassing story. (I have many, by the way.) Remember those ten ethics points I made a few chapters back? Well, this book first started as a little booklet that I made for designers and I made a little one-page website for that booklet. At the same time, I had the idea of asking a few designers and illustrators to make posters of the ten points. I wanted lots of different styles so people could find one that spoke to them. I made sure at least half of the posters were made by women, who were gracious enough to make them. When I announced the site, via a tweet, I made a point that half the posters were by women. I was really proud of that. (But let's face it—I was also virtue signaling.)

Within five minutes of that tweet, someone replied that I'd included no black people at all. I was furious. Here I was doing something for the good of the community, and some little shit comes along and pees all over it. Except

they were right. There were no posters in the collection from people of color. It might as well have been sponsored by Cracker Barrel. As embarrassing as that was, I compounded it with my initial reaction of anger. I'm pretty sure I tweeted back something incredibly defensive. Of course, in hindsight the person I was mad at was myself. I was mad I didn't see it. Was I consciously attempting to leave people of color out of the project? Of course not, but the effect is the same, and that's the thing to focus on. We could argue about my intent, but that makes it about me. Whether by action or inaction, whether by malice or blind spot, there were no black people in the project. They'd been marginalized once again. It was racist.

The people affected by our actions are always more important than our intent.

Twitter didn't intend to build the perfect tool for harassment and abuse. Airbnb didn't intend to build a racist housing market. Facebook didn't intend to endanger trans people with their Real Names project. (In fact, they thought they were solving abuse and harassment on their platform.) Just like I didn't intend to leave people of color out of my poster project. But all those things happened,

intentionally or not, because in each of those cases, those services were created by a bunch of people with the same skin tone, the same gender, the same educational experience (more or less), and the same backgrounds (more or less). I have no doubt that if I'd been working with a person of color on that poster project, they would've seen what I didn't. I have no doubt that had there been a trans person on the Facebook RealNames project, they would've seen the problem with that initiative. I have no doubt that had there been a woman on the initial Twitter team, they would've asked "What do we do when creeps show up?"

In fact, I posed this very scenario to Heather Champ, who for years headed up Flickr's Trust and Safety team. We were discussing how it took Twitter a year to add the ability to block other users on the platform. I asked her how long it would've taken if she'd been on the team and, without missing a beat, she replied "it wouldn't have launched without it."

You put people from different backgrounds together, and they can see things from multiple points of view. They cover each others' blind spots. It's the smart move.

Oh, this is probably the point at which the white boy libertarians are screaming that I'm not backing up my assertions that diversity helps us build better products with any data. "Show me the data!" they like to scream. Okay, here it is: you jackasses have been running the world for millennia and it's a garbage fire. You've been running Silicon Valley for decades, and it's a Nazi-filled viper's nest. There's your data. You fucked it up. Also, this is an ethics book. We don't exclude people from working because allowing people to work is the right thing to do. We give everyone a chance to help because it's the right thing to do. We build products with everyone in mind because it's the right thing to do. But since we're talking about data, I'd be happy to see the data that supports excluding other people from the workforce based on race, gender, or religious beliefs.

People aren't arguing for inclusion. It's only inclusion from the white boys' side of the fence. For everyone else, it's exclusion. So, rather than asking me for data, let me ask you why you're okay excluding people who don't look like you. Better yet, ask yourself that every day. That's how we get better.

My friend Steph Monette has been working as an engineer

in Silicon Valley for nine years. She's very good at her job, but despite that, she tells me she still has recruits attempting to get her to accept entry-level jobs until she "proves herself" on the job. I recently talked to her about her experience as a female engineer in various startups:

"It's exhausting. You work twice as hard as a lot of the guys do and you don't get as much recognition for it. I hope that people will learn the lessons from everything that happened at Uber and things like that, but I think it's going to take a while for the impact to actually come through."

#### TIME FOR ALLIES TO DIE

In February of 2018, I was in Copenhagen giving a new talk. I get nervous with new talks, not because public speaking makes me nervous, but because you never know whether a new talk sucks or not until you've given it a couple of times. You don't even really know what the talk is about until you've given it a few times. It wasn't until I was in the middle of this talk, which was ostensibly about ethics, that I realized it had a strong undercurrent of death

throughout. Maybe undercurrent isn't the right word. It's quite possible that if you asked someone in the audience what the talk was about they would have replied, "death. That was some dark shit."

Later that evening, I went out to dinner with a couple of friends. We went to a place that specialized in "Nordic," which I assumed meant eating whale and drinking mead while *Thor: Ragnarok* played on a giant screen above the bar. It ended up being a very nice cozy place, with an even nicer owner. The kind of guy who grabs a bottle of bourbon, pulls up a chair for himself, and proceeds to tell you about spending ten years in the Danish military. In between stories of Finns building saunas in Kabul, and Americans taking their guns everywhere including the can, the topic of "being good allies" came up. To which my new Danish friend shouted that men our age had committed too many sins and done too many things wrong to ever be good allies in any sense of the word. The best thing we could do for the planet was to die.

Just a week before sitting down to write this, I watched as American school children walked out of school in protest after a school shooting. Because they're tired of going

to school and getting shot. Because they're tired of their government caring more about fleecing their own pockets than comprehensive gun control. Because they're tired of their classes being interrupted to practice active shooter drills—and more than a few of them are tired of actually burying their classmates. As I'm watching these brave, brave kids, I'm filled with equal amounts of hope for the courage they're displaying and shame that our generation has left this problem for them to solve. We're a year away from the twentieth anniversary of the Columbine High School massacre. We should've taken care of it then and there, before these brave kids were even born.

I start thinking that maybe my Danish ex-military friend is right. The best thing we can do for this planet is die.

My generation of designers had an amazing opportunity to make the world better than it was when it was handed to us, and it's becoming more and more apparent that we botched the job a thousandfold. We didn't make it better. We made it significantly worse.

Non-authoritarian societies are not made up of laws as much as they're made up of an agreement to follow those

laws. While laws are delivered to us in a top-down fashion, the agreement to follow those laws is upheld from the bottom-up. A code of ethics will not magically transform us into people who behave decently. Its imposition, coming from the top, will have no transformative power. Only an agreement to follow it, made at the rank and file level, can change how we work.

This is where my hope comes from. I believe the people coming up after us will do a better job than we did. I believe that, as a 51-year-old white male living in America, my job is to clear the path for the voices I've silenced either knowingly or unknowingly. I cannot be a good ally because I've benefitted too much from the world I was born into. Regardless of whether I wanted those benefits or not, I got them.

I'll say it again: I am both racist and sexist, because I've benefited from both racism and sexism. If you are reading this and you look like me, you are those things too. Regardless of how well you've lived your life, regardless of how good your intentions were, you benefited from a stacked deck. Yet, even with the deck stacked in our favor, we couldn't do the job. So yes, the best thing we can do for the

planet is to die.

Death is always a given. It is not a choice. We're all automatically enrolled in this program right from birth. As a culture, we spend a lot of time attempting to delay it or comically convincing ourselves it's not coming. But there's absolutely nothing we can do to stop it. Death. Is. Coming. Rather than spend a lifetime convincing ourselves that it's not, and wasting our energy attempting to outrun it, perhaps we are better served in attempting to earn it. As the great James Baldwin puts it, "It seems to me that one ought to rejoice in the fact of death—ought to decide, indeed, to earn one's death by confronting with passion the conundrum of life."

Perhaps, just perhaps, the point of life is to earn the death that comes at the end. And perhaps, no—*most likely*, that death is best earned by doing everything we can for those coming up after us. Earn your death by making room for the generation behind you. Might they fuck it up as well? Of course. But you already have. They still have a chance.

Here's the thing. When I look out over the horizon at everything white boys have built while they were in

charge, I don't see good things. I see harassment and abuse. I see the re-emergence of Nazis. (You idiots let Nazis come back! Killing Nazis was one of the few things you used to be able to point to with pride!) I see racism going mainstream. I see Elon Musk using Twitter to call a rescue worker a pedophile. I see women leaving the workforce in droves. (According to a report by The Center for Talent Innovation<sup>2</sup>, women are forty-five percent more likely to leave a tech job after a year than a man.) I certainly don't

see the kind of results that would make anyone wanna sign up for another two thousand years of white boy leadership. We had everything going in our favor. We had to work half as hard as anyone else. We got all the breaks, and we still set the world on fire.

We don't get to stand in front of the raging dumpster fire we created and ask for a medal.