

Book Edit: Client Version and Edited Version

Client Copy:

Chapter 1

Corporate slave- Life is too short not to break free

“No one is truly free, they are a slave to wealth, fortune, the law, or other people restraining them from acting according to their will.” Euripides

My wrist covered in red, scarred with rope marks. I was a slave. I had a master called Corporate prison. I crawled to the top of the heap and jumped. I landed in the confusion of a new life. Now what? I never thought I will be asking myself that question. I worked hard, got my schooling done, and then sailed off to the corporate world to begin my career.

I thought that was it! I got a J.O.B in my field and now everything should work out. Smooth sailing from here onwards. Well, I was wrong! What I ended up was in a Corporate prison, that constrained my abilities. Forced to me to conform to a culture that defined success different to how I valued my success.

Instead I was part of a system, where success is defined by either how much money you make, whether you got that promotion, if you received that salary raise or a bonus at the end of the quarter. You're having a competitive fight all the way to the top of the corporate ladder, determining progress by how far I can get to the top. This was not stepping into the freedom of life that I thought it was. I was stepping into a cell.

Edited Version

Life is Too Short to Be a Corporate Slave

“No one is truly free, they are a slave to wealth, fortune, the law, or other people restraining them from acting according to their will.” Euripides

My red wrists scarred by rope; I was a slave to a master called Corporate Prison. Crawling to the top of the heap, I jumped, landing in a pile of confusion with my new life. Now what? I never dreamed I'd be asking myself that question after working hard, getting my education, and sailing off to the corporate world to begin my career. Thinking I had finally made it and believing everything would work out, I found myself in an environment where abilities were constrained, and success defined by corporate culture.

As time went on, I came to realize I was part of a system. A system where success was defined by how much money you made, whether you were promoted, received a raise, or got a bonus at the end of the quarter. A system where progress was gauged by how well you clawed your way to the top of the corporate ladder. This wasn't freedom. It was stepping into a cell.