

Drunk driving on the Information Superhighway

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The internet promised us a sleek, six-lane expressway of knowledge. Instead, it often feels like we're cruising down a potholed backroad with half the drivers texting, three blasting conspiracy theories through megaphones, and at least one reversing at full speed because they "did their own research." Welcome to the world of digital drunk driving—no alcohol required, just a reckless lack of judgment and a Wi-Fi signal.

Take, for example, the phenomenon of the accidental "reply all." Perfectly sober people have managed to launch corporate-wide firestorms by sending their cat's vet appointment reminder to 5,000 colleagues. Soon enough, someone replies "unsubscribe" while another chimes in "please remove me from this chain," and before long the email server is wrapped around a telephone pole. That's drunk driving on the information superhighway with nothing but caffeine in your system.

Mistaken identity and an all-night pub crawl

Then there are the folks who mistake the search bar for the Facebook status box. Instead of Googling "symptoms of food poisoning," they broadcast to the world: *"Am I dying or just lactose intolerant??"* In the grand tradition of digital missteps, these blurts live forever immortalized in screenshots and lurking in the cloud like ghosts of digital hangovers.

Social media in general is like an all-night pub crawl without closing time. People post blurry selfies, passionately argue with total strangers about subjects they barely understand, and passionately propose marriage to chatbots. The next morning, when the sobering light of day hits, they wonder why their boss "liked"—and HR bookmarked—their rant about how "work is just a prison without bars" and "the boss is a psychopathic narcissist – which are his good qualities".

Autocorrect mishaps

Even spellcheck can't save us. How many reputations have skidded off the road thanks to an autocorrect mishap? "Can't wait to bring the *ducklings* to the meeting" might sound wholesome but try explaining to your professor why your essay declares that Napoleon was "famously *short-tempered and quacky*."

Drive carefully and thoughtfully

The moral? If you wouldn't shout it from a moving car with a megaphone at midnight, maybe don't post it online. Buckle up, signal before you share, and for heaven's sake, don't hit "send" while emotionally speeding. The information superhighway doesn't need more reckless drivers—it needs designated posters, sober Googlers, and maybe a few more roadside rest-stops for common sense.

Until then, drive safe out there. And remember: your digital license to post can—and probably should—be revoked at any time.

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