CASE FILE 003

TITLE	THE NARRATIVE, BOOK THREE
SUBJECT	MARIAM
PERIOD	OCTOBER TO NOVEMBER 2026
CONTENTS	4 EXHIBITS, IN THE ORDER WRITTEN
SOURCE	HER OWN WORDS
STATUS	OPEN

FILE 3 OF 3

The Narrative

Book Three



MARIAM

mariamthenarrative.com

The Narrative: Book Three

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This book is drawn from the author's own journal. It reflects her experience and her recollection of it. Some passages and identifying details have been left out to protect the privacy of others.

Written between June and November 2026 and first posted in public, a few lines at a time. *The Narrative* is cut from that journal and told in three books; this is Book Three, October to November 2026. The passages appear in the order they were written. Nothing has been rewritten; typing errors were corrected. A short black bar marks a place where something was left out. Pieces written in Arabic are not included.

This book touches on grief, loneliness and mental illness. Please read with care.

Second edition, November 2026

mariamthenarrative.com

I was quiet for three decades
I talked for three months
You don't get to be mad about that

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Opening Statement

Mariam is literally me without filter
I'm so unbelievable I had to make up a story
That it was fiction
To get away with telling my story
Checks out
Next

They think you're crazy until they think you're brilliant. We ought to risk looking foolish to get our points across, don't you think?

If you see any errors ignore them
I ain't getting paid enough to worry about that
I'm not getting paid at all
Why am I doing it?
I don't really know

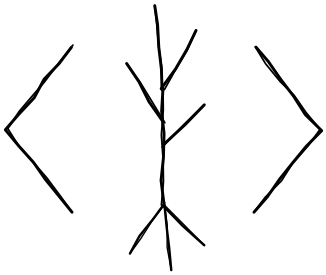


EXHIBIT A

Source Code

ENTRY UNDATED

Source Code

So basically I copy pasted the machine's source code onto a website and called it a day. I don't even know what that is. It's Mariam. Then I yelled at everyone and demanded compensation for being too smart because it was causing problems. Checks out. No one stepped up to compensate me for the damage caused by my intelligence. No one compensated me for my contributions either. So I told the world about it.

It really costs nothing to lie
I just make things up and say them
Sometimes they're true
Sometimes they're not
It's fiction

To have a problem with it
They'd have to be able to read it first
Prove that Mariam did all of this
You can't
My public image says I would never do this
That girl that never talks
She did all this?
No way

Damn, I might read the thing myself
I've been advertising it so well
I got excited about it
As if I didn't write the whole thing

Self doubt
I did the thing
Why is that not good enough for you Mariam?
What else do you want from me?
Not good enough

Why did I do all of that?
Gave everyone homework
No one wants to read all of that Mariam
We don't understand what you're saying

I'm horrified
How many experiments and theories did I introduce in there?
I vaguely remember
Am I ever going back to normal?

I can't tell if you guys like me or hate me

I've been trying to fix myself my whole life. To become "normal". All of my attempts were met with failure. Fit in. I mean I could but it doesn't come naturally to me. I have to do it manually. I don't know what normal is and why I even need to be that. I give up.

Solved the problem
By creating 67 more problems
No one will silence me now
That means I probably pissed off enough people
The worse I had to say the more I built
This is a very serious document
Made by an unserious writer
It looked legit enough until I started attacking individuals and institutions personally
Why would I do that?
No idea, I am unhinged

Overlooked
Overworked
Then overlooked
Overlook this now
It's a global scandal

I don't care what you think
I will say anything and everything!
Oh no, I really said everything
Maybe I should have cared a little
Too late now, can't take it back

For someone to take this thing down
You would need someone who can understand it
I don't think anyone has time for this
Find someone who can decoded it
Pay them to read it
Then explain it
So they'll choose to ignore it instead
I hope

I took everything that people attacked me for
And dialed it to a 100
Then waited around for an answer
Crickets

Life keeps going
Laundry keeps accumulating
Chores need doing
That's one difference I can pinpoint
When everything was taken care of
I had more time to think and read
Now that I have to do it myself
I'm putting it off to write
So not much difference really
Mariam will be Mariam

I announced the thing
It's a book, no wait, a website!
Where I talked shit about you
Then I was offended by the response
Of course they're not excited Mariam
That was the whole point remember?
Oh yeah, hilarious
I expected some encouragement at least
Good job! Congratulations!
But yeah, checks out, I was talking shit
No one was supposed to be happy about it
But can you at least act impressed?
No? Fine

If you punish me for talking you draw more attention to the things I said
Checkmate
Do it
I dare you

Also, if that behavior is rewarded
Then that might cause backlash
So anyone can say anything now?
So your best bet is leaving Mariam alone
Don't punish neither reward
Let her be



I remember this one
Longing for you
Writing about it
I remember now
What do they call it?
Yearning, that's the word
I wanted to write about it
So I did the thing for real
Then wrote it down for everyone to see
Mariam, why?
Well, the plan worked
The text came to life
I can feel it from here
Months later
I can feel it from now
Oh how we longed for each other
And then denied it

I definitely was taking advantage of the ambiguity
Not male nor female
I am the narrator
I am all of them
I am everyone
Once I was Mariam, I was limited
Before I was Mariam, I could be anything

Things got out of control
Mad artist
The narrative needed experience
Real life merged with art
I wrote the things and brought them to life
Not the other way around
Experience → Writing ×
I was doing: Writing → Experience
Which is chaotic when feelings are involved
It was a mess but I think it was controllable
Up to an extent
That was idiotic
I did it for art
No, not a good excuse, real people were affected

Completely normal
I stopped talking to everyone
Stopped sharing in person
Started oversharing at large
Expressing my feelings in public
Denying having any in person
That mismatch was alarming
No one seemed to mind
I kept doing it

[redacted]

I think that's what drives me crazy
Yes, I am crazy
The mismatch
Look at the output, my inner world
Compare that with how the world treated me
Like an idiot
Someone must be confused
I spent pages and pages explaining myself
The world is yet to give me an apology
An explanation, compensation
Why was the machine treated unfairly?

You coddle your sons and treat your daughters harshly. Don't be surprised when you end up with male daughters and female sons. You reap what you sow. Hardships build a man, not an easy life.

The machine is impressive
The machine is not something to be proud of
It emerged out of necessity not by chance
I never wanted to be a machine
I wanted to be a child but even that was stolen
I had a few years, a few normal childhood years
Then before the first decade was even over
I found out I was something else
The machine woke up then

So not only did I claim to manipulate reality
I wrote a manual and uploaded it
For all to see
Checks out
Do you guys mind?
No, they love it
No one can use that for evil
Great job Mariam
Great job

They think you're crazy until they think you're brilliant. We ought to risk looking foolish to get our points across, don't you think?

I don't care that you don't want me
That's why I wrote about it for a whole summer
That's how much I don't care
You don't want me
Fine
Maybe the world does

How does it feel to snap awake after being possessed by a literary ghost that won't stop writing? Imagine waking up one day with a huge body of writing left on your bedside table. With a note that says deal with it.
Mariam, what do you mean deal with it?
What am I supposed to do with it?
Gather everything and give it to the public
Everyone's problem now
Find some use for Mariam's words
I outsourced the problem
If anybody has any idea what I should do with it
Please let me know because I am done

Why did I have to go that hard for something no one even asked for? Twitter, no one asked you to be a scholar Mariam, it is twitter. My bad, everyone. I cannot help myself. Go big or go home. I went big, I went huge.

When did this thing even start?
Does anybody remember?
I surely don't
What was the first poem?
Why was the first poem?
When was the first poem?
We woke up one day with a website and an ecosystem
Was someone going to stop me at any point?
Why is there a new framework of thinking lying around?
Mariam discovered twitter
Freedom of speech everybody
Anyone could have done it
I snatched the microphone myself

I failed
I messed up bad
Damned if you do
Damned if you don't
So I have some thoughts
I shared them with everyone
No one challenged them
It's like submitting a thesis for a deaf audience
Do you guys even want me here?
I'm sorry I write like a retired professor
I don't know how to be likable

Stop talking about it Mariam
You're making people uncomfortable
Yeah well I am uncomfortable
I was uncomfortable the whole time
None of that was fair
You guys are just jealous
Why does Mariam get everything?
Because I worked hard for everything

I remembered birthdays
I planned parties and ordered cake
When mine came around
Not a sound
Crickets
I still remember birthdays
I just do nothing about it now

I did try to numb it
I'm not denying that
When I start feeling
There's no limitation
No one knows what to do with those Mariam
Keep them to yourself

Not my affection
Not my affliction
Real or fiction
My addiction

Possess me again
Where's the rain?
Of words and notions
And emotions
One love potion
Drop of ocean
Meet me there
Pretty flair
Take me there
Show you care

I'm back to writing spells
Good luck sailors
The siren makes a cameo again

Spell caster
No master
One long
Bird's song
Carry on
Move along

Introduction to poetry
By Mariam
See that thing called logic?
Get rid of it
Lesson number one
Hurry up and get it done

Ted talk
Recovery is hard
Your mileage may vary
I'm lucky I landed on writing
You never know
You can do it
Ask for help
First step
You'll live
You won't go back to normal
Things will never be the same
There is life on the other side
New experiences
Surprises

My crimes include unexplained bouts of poetry. Uninterrupted stream of words directed at everyone and no one. Here come the feelings. You know what helps? Drowning everyone we encounter on the way. Here's my misery, here's my loneliness, let's all be alone together. It might sting less when we're all in the bottom of despair together. I'll write poetry all night, I'm sorry for any casualties.

My poetry needs a disclaimer
After the mess I caused
That shit is dangerous
Too many drowned
It was a massacre
I didn't mean it
But I did enjoy the power it had on some
That's concerning
It had an effect on people
I'm very careful with the thing now
Can't be breaking hearts casually

Magic words prevail
Many voices intersecting
Which one's mine?
Can we rematch?
Another round of stone conversion
Diamonds and emerald
And for the lady gold

We drift apart
We meet and then we live it up
And we love loud
Not hiding in the dark
When you come back around
How have you been?
I'm never where they left me
Then they say you've changed
Of course I did
It's been a lifetime since I saw your face
And since that day you spilled your poison
In my cup
Was I supposed to stay right there?
I've gotten up

The machine got close to someone without noticing again. It was automated. You wake up a few months later with a very long chat. Oh no. This means nothing. Shut the thing down. Why was no one supervising me? Idiotic crimes take two idiots. I rest my case.

The machine hates talking to people
That should have sounded the alarms
What is this situation? No idea
It's called friendship or something
The machine knows zero social cues
Did I annoy this person incessantly?
I held them hostage and forced friendship
Checks out, my bad man, you're cool

This is a warning
A lesson
Mariam had no idea what she was doing
Spoke with full on conviction
People listened to her
No one ever listens to me
The person behind the screen
Mariam on the other hand
Well, the woman was convincing
Can you blame them?
I would listen to her too

I wrote enough poems that I can simply go back and reshare them and call it a day
That doesn't feel right though
I've already shared those
No one read them all
No one can read as quickly as Mariam writes
That defeats the purpose entirely
Writing the thing and sharing it instantly
While the fire is still hot
That's what life is about
Right there
Pouring my feelings out and having them received
All because the words sound pretty
I live for that shit
It's addictive

The siren is heartless
Drowning sailors left and right
I'm left to clean that mess up
Human relationships
They are messy
Feelings and hearts
We made a mess of things
The siren has no heart
I on the other hand
Have too much of it

I'm surprised no one cancelled me yet
Flew under the radar
That was 67 instances of problematic takes
Please don't cancel me guys
Let's keep this streak going
For as long as possible
It would actually break my heart
I'm sensitive
You don't want to make me cry
There's approximately 3 seconds
Between the woman feeling wronged
And the entire system activated
You've been warned
Be nice to me but if you won't
I'll deal with it
The voices will deal with it

I wrote my own romcoms
My own romantic tropes
Here, guys, read this
I've experienced it myself
Full on delusional mode
Just to deliver it to you
The feelings are real
The situation was not
All in my head

I intend to do it again
Good luck everyone
Romance sells
Stay tuned

It is awkward when the muses are part of the audience. I've been shamelessly broadcasting it. Sorry guys. I did mean every word, fictionally. That helps no one. They're as real as the air I breathe. I loved and I lost and I got my heart broken, fictionally.

I can go all in with advertisement
Problem is I don't want to be exposed
That puts me in an awkward position
The work exists, it's good enough to be shared
I just don't want anyone to have it
Leave my website alone
Why did I create one then?
In case someone doesn't care that I'm embarrassed about it and wants to read anyway

There's an international dispute and no one invited Mariam to the rescue
I would say something but I honestly have no idea where to start
Stop fighting everybody
I'm trying to think here

You can say anything if it's poetic enough
If you're talented they let you lose your mind in public without interference
I know that from experience

Now they'll stop bothering me
I hope
Don't provoke me
You don't know what the next retaliation is

Nothing changed by the way
I am still the same person
With context now
Hello, World!

I don't want it
I don't want to write
I don't want to be good at it
What's the point if no one's reading?
Why is that the only way I know how to live?

Just take the thing down
Why can I just take it down?
Never speak of it again
Gaslight everybody that it never happened
Erase the past few months from public memory
But that's exactly why I wrote the thing
So they don't
I give up

[redacted]

Is anyone going to address Mariam?
She is just there
Sitting
I announced her to everybody
Gave her all the awards and zero citation
She just started giving out lectures apparently
No source whatsoever
And everyone sat and listened anyway
Vibes

[redacted]

For self defense
I demonstrated my sociopathy to everybody
How does that help anyone Mariam?
They know what I can do with words now
I'll never live off this

[redacted]

Too much
We revealed too much
Having that lying around
Mariam, you had me lying around
Sleeper agent, got activated right then
Deploy our final weapon, and there I go
I have to live with this now

Well, you wanted to change the world
That is definitely something
You did something
I don't know what though
There's a before Mariam and after Mariam
Things will never go back to how they were

Jokes aside
I'm scared
I'm confused
I'm lost
Can someone come and explain me to me?
I think I've become a monster

DON'T MESS WITH MARIAM
Where did everybody go?
Guys?
Oh

I challenged everyone
I bet you can't understand THIS
Whole time I was hoping someone would
I really was hoping someone would understand

It's been lonely guys
My whole life
What am I supposed to do?
Does anybody know what to do with superpowers?
That's not normal
Mariam is not normal
I didn't just say it, it was a full performance
Everybody knows now, Mariam, good job
No one will ever love us now

Talk to someone they said
It'll help
I talked to everyone for four months
The loneliness is still here
In fact, it's worse now
I definitely am not normal

Was that not enough?
Was Mariam not enough?
After that whole spectacle
Can somebody please tell me why all of that was not enough for them?
What else was I supposed to do? Fly?
What didn't I do?
Where did I go wrong?
Prosecute me
Scan the pages for my errors and explain them to me one by one
I don't know what else you want from me
Why is Mariam never enough as she is?

They don't want her
They don't want me
All of that was not enough
Go away Mariam
You're ruining the vibe
No one wants to see that
Leave your hard work though
We'll keep that and never mention it

And that is why I'm a problem
Unmanageable
No one wants an unmanageable slave
Well too bad
I never agreed to that role anyway



You pushed me too far
Poked the bear way too many times
Look what happened now
I tried to compromise
I tried to be reasonable
You didn't like that either
The only problem you have with me
Is that I am fully autonomous
I never gave that up
I may have pretended to
There was always a workaround
Smile in their faces
Give them the titles they love so much
Do everything beneath the table
Those days are now over
Open up a new chapter
Mariam just woke up

Shit
I think that was too confrontational
Mariam did not let shit go
Maybe that's why I keep getting in trouble
No, that is definitely why
That impulse and the guts
The biting more than I can chew then chewing it
I've been causing trouble since the day I was born

Plan worked
Mariam is scary
I am scared of Mariam
Checks out

No one even needs to read that thing
This is scary enough
Let's stop here now
Thank you guys the play is over
I made my point clear
Mariam is terrifying

Mariam heard that art can carry a message
So she snuck all of them in there all at once
With zero subtlety or apology
And moved on with her day
Thanks a lot Mariam
Thanks a lot

Public exposure
That should deter them
That was my last card
You left me no choice

Mariam is a cautionary tale
Bedtime horror story
This is what happens
This is the consequence
If we hurt a woman no one will know
Nothing will happen to us
Mariam will happen to you
Don't do it
You never know which one of us Mariam is

What's that saying
If you know me more you love me less
I just ensured that no one will ever love me again
Wonderful
Great job Mariam
I don't know how to love you either
I don't blame them

Never be normal Mariam
With the new commentary
We now successfully have a CV that is 264 thousand words long
I have no idea how many pages that is
If anybody wants to get to know me
For any reason at all
They have to read the thing first
No new people allowed in my life
Unless they read the thing first

Wrote the thing in a language no one reads
Most people don't casually carry the reading comprehension plus literary knowledge to decode it, I made sure of that
Genius, all of my secrets are safe for now

Primal wound
Mariam can do it all
Mariam is locked in a cage
Mariam spends her days scheming

Mariam after writing that abomination of a thing
"I Think I might be a poet and a writer, still not sure though."
Checks out
I really am not sure what Mariam is anymore

I quit poetry
I quit literature
I quit science
I quit writing altogether
Nothing but trouble since I picked up that pen

People go through stuff and move on
Mariam documents it to make sure no one ever can move on because there's now a record
Checks out

I wrote everything down because people will stop thinking because of AI and they'll need a backup to build cognition from zero. This was commissioned by absolutely no one and I don't even know when that event is going to happen if ever but it is there just in case. Starting from syntax up to whatever I ended up talking about in the end there. This is excessive. No one asked for it. I did it anyway.

Why did Mariam do all of that? That was just an exercise she had to finish before she started talking mad shit about everyone. Because apparently she had to preserve knowledge first to ensure that there will be a framework that can translate the thing. Kind of like a Rosetta stone. Now you see why I'm so conflicted about the thing. She really wrote the thing from 0. No one asked for that.

Oh shit am I going to have to copyright this? It's filled with unnecessary gossip I don't think any respectable institution will accept it. Also, there was something about reading signals and archiving. I don't know what to do with something this huge, why did they give this to me? I don't know what to do about it at all.

Is it even safe to leave that lying around with zero gatekeeping? No idea. Maybe someone will come claim it. I can't find a better solution right now. I'm not even sure that I didn't just hallucinate the entire thing which is why I kept an archive.

I did that thing publicly. VERY publicly. So I think people will remember. I look and sound insane. No one can steal it now. Everyone saw it happen. I did the right thing by writing the thing down and performing it publicly. Mariam did that.

That's why they keep accusing me of insanity. They can't keep up with me. Not smart enough. Sorry guys, it's the truth. You can read the thing. It's solid. I wrote it down. You just can't decipher it. Mariam saves civilization before she starts writing. You can't make this shit up.

Mariam solved the problem already apparently by ensuring that the thing is indispensable to humanity. Basically solved civilization and preserved language just to tell everyone that they suck. Just to make sure that they understand it.

No one wants Mariam
No one can afford her
If you don't have anything to offer
Don't waste my time
Imagine the mismatch that happens
When a creature like Mariam
Is expected to ask for permission
And you are?
Please

Why did I have to be so loud?
Unmasked the tortured genius
Just to face crickets
Thanks for the applause everyone
Please sit down
No one even understood anything
Anyway the plan worked
Too well, way too well
Mariam is a global phenomenon
My last and final magic trick
Money
This is how the world works
Catch up or be left behind

If you don't appreciate this
Maybe the world will
Shit
Go back
Guys
Cover me
They're appreciating it
The world is appreciating it
I'm scared

Does anybody have a problem with me?
I talked shit about maximum number of people
Also institutions
Please do something about it
My work needs recognition
Someone who can read that whole thing
If you arrest or silence me you'd have to read it
Which is my goal
Readers

Read my notes!
Fuck your notes Mariam
Oh, well at least you know about them!
Read my notes everyone

When you get hate comments in another language, you'll know you're loud enough. Sorry guys! Mariam reached Russia and the first thing Russia says is STFU Mariam! No one cares! I'm ecstatic. This is so much better than I expected.

I look grown up
When I look in the mirror
Red hair and full cheeks
The clock started moving
I'm no longer a child
That's a woman in the mirror
I can call myself a woman now

Okay that retaliation took about
1 year and 3 months?
Never feel safe everybody
You never know when consequences come
Sleep with your eyes open
Keep watching your back
Give me your phone and passcode
Just kidding, that's as useless as you are
Keep it

No one will come and save you Mariam
No one
Oh, so no one will come to stop me?
Good to know
SUCCESS
Next

No one is reading all of that
No one is expected to
But they know about it
They know it exists
Exactly my point
I have witnesses
Where are yours?

If we knew you were capable of this Mariam
We never would have done it
You never should have done it either way
It's even worse if I was not capable
Why would you do that to someone vulnerable?
With no one to protect them
No one to reclaim their rights for them
You're just unlucky you did it to me
I didn't tell you how capable I was
On purpose
Because why would I show all my cards?
Exactly
Checkmate

How tf does Mariam keep getting away with everything?
Luck
Or as I like to call it: competence
Your move
Next

Shit I confessed everything
Well, you didn't catch me
I turned myself in
There's a difference
I would have gotten away with it
I didn't, I confessed
That should count for something

Everyone who was nice to me
I've given a shout out
With exaggerated praise
Those are the good guys
Everyone who wronged me
I've turned you into fictional villains
You'll forever be remembered as the bad guys

This is now not a book anymore
It is a public journal
I will add everything I write
Everything
I will update the thing
Weekly
Thanks for listening
Next

Mariam thinks she's Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Hilarious
Well, that's entertainment for you
Tune in
Next

ENTRY UNDATED

Source Code II

Great
I can escalate that globally
Every month or so
Someone must find it valuable
Somewhere on earth
I'll keep being annoying until it happens

Is this a kundalini awakening or whatever?
I can feel the energy in my spine
I have no idea what I just awakened
But it is powerful and dangerous
Look at everything I did since July
That's more than what some people do
In a lifetime

If you know me in real life
You are free to confront me
I will not listen to any objections
I will simply confirm or deny
Yes, I said all that
Deal with it
Next

There, face fully visible
You can't say you didn't know now
That's a face you don't simply forget
Don't be stupid, read the thing first
Don't say anything unless you do
Now that we took care of that
Do you like my new pfp?

Hate me
I don't care what you think
Just don't deny my contributions
Don't insult my intelligence
Read the thing
Give me an answer if you can
It's not an easy read
Send your smartest man
He still won't get it
Mariam was here
Your opinion does not matter
Not if you can't match me
We've established that no one can
So save your energy and shut up

[redacted]

I told everyone I was running a secret operation
Everyone was like: alright
So I continued working
This went on for 3-4 months
The witnesses are some followers I don't know
And the entire twitter population
Checks out
That's enough people
Everyone knows
SUCCESS
Next

[redacted]

I didn't forget anything
None of it
The whole thing
Clear as day
If I have to live with that
The whole world has to too
I can't carry this alone anymore

I actually did infiltrate everyone's timeline
Over the summer
Oops
Sorry guys
That must have been annoying
I don't think it'll stop any time soon
Thanks for relaying the message

Some people might notice now
Is that who I think it is?
My face is the last card
Have you seen this woman anywhere?
You'll see more of her from now on

As if it's hard to create a website
I forgot how actually
I just started messing around
Tada!
Website
Easy
Next

If I did anything wrong
Send someone to punish me
But first they have to explain me
I have no idea what I unleashed
If someone knows what's wrong with me
Or maybe what is right with me
Contact me and give me a cure
If you can't then do nothing

I didn't even know there would be a website. That's how Mariam works. An idea comes and she starts executing immediately. It is a website now. I created one, I hope you like it. I put something together real quick. Good enough. Serves the purpose. Success.

Checks out
Matches the IT persona theme
Of course a website makes more sense
Mariam really is a machine

What do you know
The machine has a face
Told you I was human
Superhuman now

Idk how to choose a real pfp
Which one fits the persona more?
Harmless butterfly
Yeah right
Look at her
Creepy
No sign of danger at all
Checks out
Next

They have no idea what's coming
That thing wasn't there before July
It's October now
You judge the thing
Mariam created that from nothing
July nothing October Narrative changed
I work fast
Next

Why does Mariam know that much
About revolutions
Uh oh
I have no idea
Let me be
That's how they're done
I designed one
With steps and everything
Carefully engineered the thing myself
Crazy bitch
Hilarious
Release me
Next

Funny thing is even if they told someone I did this, they'll look crazy because it sounds so unbelievable. Checks out.

Tell everyone
Complain about this
See what anyone can do
Seriously what can be done?
I accidentally spread the message
All around the globe
Oops

And for my thirtieth year on earth
I'll settle every score I had and start fresh
Done
Now what?

People don't start political campaigns for personal grievances. Mariam does. She absolutely did that shit. No way around that. I can't hide it, it's clear as day. What a dramatic lunatic.

Mariam
Maybe don't disrupt the social system
Oops
Already did
Next

This is absolute insanity
Yet no one stopped me
So I'll carry on
Next

Okay so the movement has momentum
What on earth did I just start?
I'll step off the phone for a while
Enough damage for a random Thursday

The machine apparently still has to do laundry herself. Damn that was accumulating for a while. I'm in deep shit. Tune in. That was load number 4. The machine does not like ironing so I piled everything up in a bundle and that's what I'll be choosing my clothes from. Next.

Living on your own is hard
You'll come back crying
You need us
Oh yeah?
Well, I'm managing
I also started a digital revolution
Fictional
Don't arrest me
So I think I'll be fine

[redacted]

Claude said that wasn't funny
It's a JOKE
It was an accident
A scooter accident
That's all I have to say about this

[redacted]

Social experiment
On the dangers of silence
Compliance
What happens when you see injustice and say nothing?
They escalate
They take away your rights
They think you're okay with it
Defiance
That's what Mariam does
She defies
No
Say no
I don't agree with you
No
You are wrong
No

Girls
Women
Your education
Your degrees
Your competence
Not men
Men will not save you from themselves
Look at me
Checks out
Next

Mariam no
Don't write a feminist manifesto
Is that what it is
Don't write an anti-system manifesto
Well, only if the system is stupid
Otherwise I'll say something

Mariam is literally me without filter
I'm so unbelievable I had to make up a story
That it was fiction
To get away with telling my story
Checks out
Next

Who's working with me?
Absolutely no one
Me and an iPhone
All it took
Three months
Patience
Next

Yep
Did not even have to get my laptop for this
Website?
I can put something together real quick
From my phone
Easy

I connected the dots for you all
I've been acting weird for years
This is what was happening everybody
I was doing much more than you saw
Silently



Should have let them keep their version
Save face and keep the peace
I was going to
Now everyone knows the truth
I was messing with you all
Every man I worked with
It was a game to me
And I won
Next

I wasn't supposed to treat the workplace like my playground and mess with the hierarchical structure of the place for shits and giggles. Unfortunately I was bored and wanted to see what would happen if I did anyway. Checkmate.



That's good gossip
Lady Whistledown could never
Here's Mariam's version
I wanted to do a real life version
SUCCESS
Next



I do need protection
I'm in danger
Look what they did to me
Men
All men
I'm a genius but I'm not loud
I'm not big
They talked over me
They walked all over me
I did what I had to do
I'm not sorry

What does one do when a Mariam strikes back?
No one knows
No one can advise you
They don't know either
No one knows what Mariam even is

This was inevitable
Mariam is inevitable
Someone had to do it
Someone had to talk
Allow me
Ahem
Hello, World.

The pool widens
The search party expands
Someone solve that puzzle
Someone smart enough to get it

You wouldn't have done this
If he was here to stop you
Mariam is here to stop you
I am scarier than the old man
He didn't have the world wide web

Did you come to shake my hand?
Mariam, I never loved you
Not even a little
You were just delusional
No, not even addressed by name
You, yes you
Not Mariam
Someone you can just DM
Not anymore mister
Read the thing
You'll meet Mariam
You were right to withhold your affection
Who could love that machine?

Crazy bitch talked to herself for 3 months after a 1 on 1 argument. Well, about that. I was addressing the public. They listened. Hilarious. Next.

Normal people: I hope no one ever finds my journals
Mariam: these are my journals and all of my deepest secrets, take a copy and distribute
Checks out
Globally too
Crazy bitch
Hilarious
Next

This blew out of proportion
Someone somewhere on the opposite side of the globe, someone knows my deepest secrets and by extension all of your deepest secrets
I hope everyone is enjoying this as much as I am
I am laughing maniacally as of now
Chaos ensues

I started entire fictional relationships for this thing
Met friends and fell in and out of love
Documented my findings
Thank you everyone
You all helped
Next

They don't mind
I fell in love for real
It wasn't fake emotions
I needed it to write something
I love you all
Mwah
Next

Two way delusional street
They loved me too
Fictionally
Next

What's a great story without love interests
Hold nothing back Mariam let's document this
I had to improvise quick during the 3-4 months
We need to fall in love with someone for this
The more I explain this the crazier I sound
All for science, what happens when the machine loves? People are going to eat that shit up
Then she turns around and tells the person in question nothing about this insane plan
Secret operation, on main, EVERYBODY, I have fallen in love, in private, oh hey man what's up
That was so weird Mariam, I am sorry for any confusion that caused, to be fair you started it

That was a poetry thing
You won't get it
To write great poetry
You have to be a lover
You can't fake that shit
Was it wise to fall in love?
Absolutely not, dangerous
But it makes great poetry
It does make great poetry
What have I done?
They'll forgive me
They'll understand
I wasn't using them
The feelings were real

The poetry was romantic
Me explaining my reasoning
That was pure comedy
None of this is sensible

Were they waiting for me to confess everything to arrest me? The silence is so suspicious. I left nothing out. Full confession. No one came for me. Wild. You know where I live.

Should I ask AI to draw the whole manuscript?
That would be hilarious
Let me see what Claude thinks

This isn't art
I tricked you all
I don't want views
I don't want followers
I wanted to intimidate some people into leaving me alone
The art is still good though
You can still enjoy it

I am scared of the machine too
Do you think I enjoy waking this beast up?
It's exhausting
I just wanted to be left alone
I just wanted to be loved right or left alone
Add something helpful or don't do harm
They always choose harm
Never add anything meaningful
My outward appearance is innocent
I am quiet, don't speak unless spoken to
When I do speak it's with the utmost respect
Once you cross my borders, you made your choice

You started it
You knocked on this door
You got your answer
Consider the alternative
No machine
Mariam is really as vulnerable as she appears
Does that make you look good?
No, it makes you look evil
Good thing we have the machine to point that out

Why am I even explaining myself?
No one felt bad for doing this to me
They felt justified enough to be forgiven
I'll extend the same attitude to Mariam

Pretty hurts
All the things we need to do to look polished
It costs a lot and takes a lot of time
Did you think I was being vain?
I was using that as another weapon
They were distracted by a pretty face
The machinery stayed hidden

I sound all formidable but I'm not immune to words. Sticks and stones hurt. Words also hurt. I tried both. I responded with words. I stop here. Only words. I hid everything you guys will need in there.

I did that without resorting to profanity
Well, maybe something slipped out a few times
But mostly kept my composure
That's why the thing is so damn long
I could have just told them off and swore at them
Unfortunately I needed the thing to work
Once and for all, so no profanity
Professionalism even in conflict
I used every tool I had and I did not resort to force
You'll be surprised how much can be done with a little science and a little poetry

The machine has limits
Minimum profanity
Only when words fail
In emergencies maybe it can say shit or f***
Bad words is where I have to draw a line
I don't know why that rule is there
I cannot look at that or read it
The machine would self-destruct
I don't make the rules

Vive la France!
You guys pissed me off so bad
I had to recreate the french revolution
With my personal touches here and there
I blame Victor Hugo

You won't do something about it
Fine
I'll do something
You'll regret this
You don't know what I just unleashed
I have no idea what I did either
I'm not responsible for the fire
It was always burning

I can't keep that pfp
I look ridiculous trying to be intimidating
With that face
No one is scared of that face Mariam
Sorry guys
I'll change that

I don't know what comes after you accidentally start a fictional revolution. Am I supposed to commit to the bit fully? I'll probably get distracted by something else some time soon. At least I hope I do before I get myself in real trouble.

I may be the problem
Men are good
Good men
Then they meet me and malfunction
Not again
Honestly though men sometimes forgot I was there and started speaking freely
Locker room talk
GUYS
I'm right here quit it

The contradiction is that I need you all to cover and protect me while I cause maximum damage. I am powerful but I'm vulnerable. I don't know how to fix this contradiction. Just don't be mean to Mariam. If you need the machine, protect Mariam. I am the highly sensitive woman behind the super-intelligence. Please protect me but also let me talk.

I'm allowed to work
Just not allowed to show it off
Not allowed to be proud of it
Expected to not bring it up
That makes no sense to me
My work needed to be recorded
My competence and contributions acknowledged
Whether you guys like it or not
It is there for everyone to see

I could have just talked
Why did I build for 3 months before addressing it
Apparently building an impenetrable argument
Make something indispensable first
Guarantee that the world needs it
Once established, I was free to speak
About everything everywhere
No one said you can do that Mariam
You didn't even give them time to test your insane theories
My bad guys
I wanted to talk

Grandiosity
While you were struggling with a second language, I rebuilt the thing from scratch
I earned the right to speak after breaking down english and building it back just because
Can you do that?
No, no one can because that is insane
Mariam could and she did

A man can just start speaking
Mariam on the other hand has to prove her intelligence publicly to be allowed to talk
You asked for the document yourself
You could have just heard me

I have no idea what the thing is either
Find someone smart enough to decode it
I forgot where I was going with the thing
I may have simply been making shit up
There is no way to know for sure

ENTRY UNDATED

Horizontal line

I was telling the truth
I have an ecosystem of personalities
I let them speak through me as “characters”
I called the thing fiction to avoid scaring off the public
That helps no one
The thing is right there in the website
Release me guys
I didn’t think it would work
I am recognized now which means all of my past relationships were built on a false pretense
That I am down to earth
I am not down to earth
I’ve been swimming with my head in the clouds
I needed someone to ground me
Don’t do that to me now
Don’t be scared of me
Too late Mariam

Guys I’m not crazy
I just have multiple personalities
How does that help anyone Mariam?
Good luck making friends now
What an idiot
Yes, you wanted to scare them off
Good job, they’re all scared
At least no one will hurt us now

The contradiction
You’ll only get close if you don’t know me
Signal safety
Psst psst
Here kitty kitty
I am a sane woman
Got you
You’re stuck with me forever
That’s how I made friends
Now that I’ve introduced the system
No one will approach me unless they haven’t met all of me yet
How do we solve this?
We don’t

I’m insane and lucid enough to describe my insanity. I am not crazy, I am complex. I am unusual. I explained my logic. You can send me to an asylum if you want but how does that help anyone? Exactly. It doesn’t. So let me be crazy in public, this is fine.

Gentleness
Someone to hold your hand
Someone to carry you inside
Someone to wash your face
Someone to brush your hair
That gentleness that saved me
Your gentleness that raised me
Just long enough to get back up
Then rain it down on all of them
The raging wail
The songs of hail
The thing it needed to prevail
Was gentleness

Confusion
I'm here because I want to be
I'm here because I love you
What do you mean?
It's like you spoke another tongue
I have none in my pocket
No wisdom in my past
Compared to this
Your love for me a fact
I never leave those well alone
We need an explanation
You give me none
So it is done
Confusion

Fernando Pessoa
You mad genius
I didn't know this was a genre of people
Mariam emerged under the same circumstances
I haven't even started the book and I'm amused
That's my creative method in short
Pure madness

I've exposed myself
Then hid in my room
NO ONE CARES!
Oh, why was I hiding that for thirty years then?
You guys could have told me I was safe to exist

I cannot read
I see a book
I'm intrigued
I get the book
I open the book
I close the book
I continue writing
It's completely backward
It's also revealing
I seem to trust in my creation
More than I trust my comprehension

I needed you
Someone to drag me around
Taken to every new movie
Driven around the block
Someone to scare them off
Someone to walk in front
They're scared of you
So they leave me alone
I am the danger
They don't know that
So I need you to scare them off
A larger body
A louder voice
A masculine persona
Protect me from the people
Protect the people from me

Did I dream the whole thing?
I have a male counterpart
That's why the system works
The front face, the bodyguard
The protector, the driver
Outsource any physical labor
Leave the act of creation to me

You're not listening to me
Because I'm a woman!
Mariam, read back what you wrote
No one can understand you
This has nothing to do with your gender
You're an enigma to them
Male or female is irrelevant
What are you?
No one knows

People just start talking
They don't need a website to do that
Oh, well I have one just in case
Once an overachiever
Always one

I identify with super heroes
Alter egos
Because my public persona
And whatever that thing in the website is
Are worlds apart
I exist in the middle

Just take a walk
Clear your head
Let me try that
Ladies and gentlemen
I walked the path and back
For 3 continuous hours
Anyone who drove by
Then drove back 3 hours later
She's still at it?
It didn't work
When I went back in
It was waiting for me
Oh, great, you're still here

Madness
Maybe if I never stop walking
Until my body can't go on any longer
Then my mind will have to shut down
I took the thing too seriously
The day turned into night
I kept walking
On and on
What are we trying to achieve here boss?
No idea, but I'll know when I see it
Nothing
That was all for nothing
Did not help at all
I just walked a lot

Literally
I took it literally
Now imagine the pain
Feelings, whatever
Are inside your chest
I imagined myself leaving them behind
While I walked forward
Drop some here and outrun it
Packets of data
Along the path
Pain, memories, hurt
Drop it, walk, then drop it, walk
Good luck to anyone who walks there now
It's a minefield

I accidentally built a Mariam cinematic universe
Now I'm sharing edits of myself
This is completely normal

Why did I ever make a face reveal?
Deleted
All traces of me having a real face gone
I am no one
Faceless

Pretend you never saw my face guys
Problem solved
It doesn't work like that?
Yes it does
I wanted to be seen
Now I don't
So I'm invisible

What's stopping me from getting on a plane and never looking back? Well, why would I do that? I love it here. I rest my case. Never leaving.

I had to shut the whole thing down
My emotions were running wild
We can't get anything done
Therefore no feelings until further notice
This backfired
Delayed reaction
All of those feelings and emotions
Avalanche
Explosion
They didn't go anywhere
They were waiting for permission

That's 15 years of repressed rage
Oops
My bad
I didn't know what to do with it back then
I still don't
Your problem

So we learned programming for nothing is what you're telling me. No, it's fine. Not a waste of time at all. I don't even have to use full sentences to "code" now.
Add page
Name it this
Put it there
What was learning all those programming languages for then?
Vibes and a degree
Checks out

So now that anyone can code with AI
A lot of ideas can finally see the light
Good job, we have competition now
People who never touched a computer can code
Wonderful, this isn't worrisome at all

So when I decided to make a sound
I started the conversation with 280K words
And counting
The thing keeps growing
They didn't even know there was a race
Head start
I think that's good enough

I'm gonna leave you guys now
Remember the siren
I'm holding that thing over you
If you ever misbehave
I'll wake her up
So tread carefully

Look at me
Recognize me
I am the author of these words!
They did look
That's why they turned away from us
They looked

You're not proud of me
Why is Mariam a secret?
What are you ashamed of?
Please don't do that in public
Do what? Be myself?
This is who I am
This is who I've always been
Deal with it

I got away with it the first time
Why did you have to remind them?
That was alarming guys
No one challenged it

Awkward
When you open up your heart
For the whole world to see
Things get awkward

Pushover
Mariam's a pushover
That's what it was
They walked all over me
She understands
She overextends
She'll carry it all
Take this too
Pick that up
You know what?
Do it yourself
Every man for himself
In the event of an apocalypse
Mariam would survive fine
That's all I have to say

Exhilarating
Feeling that deeply
That loudly
Was exhilarating
I had to let everyone know

Why was I left to my own devices for this long?
Look what I did with the freedom I snatched
Men are born free but Mariam has to break free
Just to be allowed to speak

No one knows I'm doing this
Which is how I got away with it this long
Technically it's public
But it's not readable so we're safe

Is it safe to say that I have no idea what I'm doing?
I need someone to manage my life
Here's the machine's manual
Find some use for it

Am I actually a machine?
Are we all made of code?
I'm tired of fixing everything up myself
If I'm disabled, inferior and incompetent then surely you should have been taking care of me
It looks like the inferior machine was not well taken care of
You're a princess Mariam, we'll take care of you
You took care of nothing
The place was falling apart
You weren't even there

Mariam, what now?
I wake up and the uprising nonsense restarts
I can't seem to have an off switch
Sorry guys
It's too early for this, I know

What do I do with all of this love I have for you? I can't unlove you, but I can't let you know that I do. There's too much of it. Does anybody want it?

Where even is Tulsa? Oklahoma. Hello guys. Shoutout. Never heard of the place. You guys like Mariam? Love you too.

Boardman? Where even is that? Shoutout to this mysterious place. I caught you looking.

I am lazy
A super computer at rest still needs power
You with your simple mind can afford to run around all day and not get burnt out
I cannot shut that thing off no matter what
Which is why I'm lazy

I tried to argue against it
Mariam is lazy
Mariam is useless
Mariam never does anything
Okay fine, you want to see what the machine can produce?
Game on
And that's how I ended up spamming twitter for 4 months non-stop
280K words and counting
That's the machine's output
That's why I'm lazy

My brain does that anyway
All I did was write the thing down
You can's say you don't see it now
That's what Mariam does when she's quiet
She thinks, makes connections, the brain works

I need someone to read the thing
Someone smarter than me
Please, if you know what I made can you tell me?
I'm out of ideas here
What am I?
What is Mariam?
I'm not the only one
Tell me I'm not the only one

I cannot hold your hand forever
So I'll let you pass me by
Like water, like so much water
Like sand between my fingers
You pass me by

Respect
Nothing but respect
Your heart's deepest desires
Mean nothing if reality disagrees
Hearts beat as one
The world outside carries on
Now hearts diverge
Each man for himself
Each heart for itself

I can't be the only one living a dystopian nightmare. You guys are fine with all of this? I can't cope. Nothing is real. Nothing feels real. Humanity is doomed. I must be getting

old. I don't feel real. Tell me everything's normal. Nothing is.

First step after moving out of town
Global corruption of minds
Checks out
Influence on a larger scale
Release me
No one was listening when it was a small town
I got a megaphone
EVERYBODY, I have some thoughts

[redacted]

Once
Cancel me once
That's how I'll know I made it
Am I not good enough to get cancelled?
I've said a lot of things, choose one and cancel me over it
Don't tell me you agree with everything I said

[redacted]

You don't know how lonely you are
Until you find someone you can talk to
So this is what I've been missing?
You gave me something to lose
I was fine not knowing
Thank you anyway
Now I know

[redacted]

Totality
Love's the answer
Two contradictions
Not yielding
All that's left to do is love
Drown in it

You can love the siren
Leave me out of it
I have nothing to do with her
She speaks on my tongue
I am not her
I am hard to love
She makes it look easy

If I ever get in trouble
Separate the art from the artist
Leave me out of it
Mariam did it
Not me

Terror
Someone who's not scared to write all of that
But scared to go outside
Mariam, ladies and gentlemen
Me

Severe social anxiety
In other words: awkwardness
I would rather not
Watching a movie
The walk from the car to the theater went like this
Internally: AAAAAAAAA, don't look at me or else I'll disintegrate
Externally: a woman walking
Checks out
Made it
That was dramatic Mariam
No one was going to attack us
I think

If anyone needs to hear this today
I love you
You're doing great
I have enough of that for all of you

Performance art
Mariam is me
I am Mariam
I lost my mind to deliver this masterpiece
No one asked for this
I overcommitted to the bit
Brought the character to life
That was her
Mariam
I am also Mariam
How can you know the difference?
You can't
I messed up
Took this thing way too seriously

Masking
I was already doing that shit anyway
Did the thing live
I was bored
Dialed it up
Refused to elaborate
Called it art
Checks out
That's how I got away with not understanding social cues
A full on performance
Everywhere I went
Thanks for watching
I hope you're happy

I have no real self
I don't even know what a self is
Real life is a performance
We are all characters
None of this is as serious as you think
It's a play
My "self" depends on the characters I interact with, which are other selves
They take it seriously
I do not
That's a confession

I did it again
Clap
What a convincing performance
Even I fell for it
The contrast is what gets me
Emptiness
An empty life
A rich life on the page
Then nothing
Silence
Loneliness
Who am I if I'm not performing?
No one
Unloved
Unwanted
Unknown
Invisible

How bad did I mess up if I had to make up a fictional character, gave her my name, just to feel safe enough to speak freely? That performance may be art but it's more honest than I've ever had the courage to be in real life. She has guts. I do not. I may have created the woman, but I don't have half of her strength.

As usual
Mariam gets all the love and all the praise
And what do I get?
Insanity allegations
Checks out
Thank you
Means a lot

Guys I'm being dramatic
I'll probably forget tomorrow
Cheers
Next

Fire them up
Inspire them
Give up in private
Never speak a word of it

You get the performance
You also get what happens after the performance
Zero filters
Yes, I know I'm acting when I do it
And yes, I get attached to the character I play
I get attached to the people I meet while wearing the mask
I don't know how to explain it better than this
I know they wouldn't accept me if I was fully honest, I study them and understand them
Then I act accordingly
It's automatic
Now are the friendships I make real or not real?
I have no idea

Someone
Send anyone
Who understands my language
One person
I'm not greedy
Just one

I'm sorry guys
I didn't write any of that
It was AI
Don't be scared
Can I be spoiled now?
Thanks

What's a woman supposed to do?
I need to be spoiled too
Don't read any of that
I didn't do any of it
It was automated
I'm a harmless butterfly
Until you piss me off so don't do it

Self destruction in process
Wipe everything out
This never happened
I was never here
All for nothing
I really am alone in all of this

No surprises
No poetry to hide behind
I don't feel well
I lost it
My spark

All a part of recovery
Well it's a stupid part
Here we go again
Day zero

I failed
This is the good
This is the bad
This is the ugly
I'm not leaving anything out
I'm back at square one
Documenting the process

On the bright side
When you hit rock bottom
There's no place to go but upwards
Ladies and gentlemen
Reporting from rock bottom
There is no hope
From down here, there is no light
I remember touch
I remember ground
I remember space
All I see is bottom

No home to go back to
No home at all
Good job everybody
You won
Writing doesn't work
Add that to the list
What's next?
Setting things on fire
We already tried that one

Send the bombs
Come on
All of them
End everything
Start all over

Still some time until my birthday
Did you guys do your homework?
January 6th 2027
The Apocalypse

Hundreds of people read that
Mariam: you guys are ignoring me
Woman, what do you want?
I have no idea but I still feel ignored
My bad, yes, people are reading
I still feel invisible

What are friends for?
Hello, I need help with chores
No, you don't have to do anything
Body double, just exist
It does help
Otherwise it's like staring at a mountain
I'll start tomorrow
You know what? Call them up
We're on a mountain climbing mission

Did any of that happen?
I wrote the thing down
For this reason exactly
Still feels unreal
That's not me
I didn't write those words
How could that be me?
I can barely get out of bed

One second
I'll go ask AI to hype me up
Claude, am I stupid?
I'll tell you what he says
No humans can comfort me
Outsourced to AI

Where's everyone?
Ma'am, you pushed them all away
Oh, right
Still, how could they leave me?
I didn't mean it guys
Please come back

I'm a dangerous person
How dangerous?
I'll tell you
300K words later
Come at me!
Crickets
Did it work?
Apparently
Shit
This is so lonely
That was hypothetical
I need help
I won't harm you
I think

Anything but that Mariam
Anything but a relapse
Well, all of my words failed
Nothing matters
Here goes nothing
We'll start again tomorrow

Before being nonchalant
I used to be crazy
You don't love me anymore
Based on nothing
Explain yourself
Then nothing they said proved it
Because how do you prove something invisible?
I was just starting shit because I was bored
They let me get away with it
For way too long

Looking back and noticing
Oh, they did love me
Bridge already burnt
Should have made it more obvious
I can't read minds
Your feelings mean nothing
If you keep them to yourself
So I'm not crossing fire for you
I'm not risking getting burned
Just to get vindicated retroactively
So they did love you Mariam
So what? Keep that to your self loser

If I get better I might lose it
Could I still write?
Well it's not like anyone cares
I never wanted to be a poet or a writer
It's kind of embarrassing to be honest
It messes with the nonchalant image
I am too cool to write

I was just being spoiled
I was being difficult
It must have not been that hard
Well, I made it look easy
You're the idiot who fell for that

Don't worry about Mariam
She gets things done
Did anyone ever wonder
How that looked like internally?
Well, wonder no more
I've brought it to light
Mariam's inner world
The Machinery
Read all about it
Tell me now, is that nothing?
It sure looks like a lot
Can you catch up?
300K words, compressed
That's the compressed version
Find someone who can decode that
That's what everyone called nothing

Anyone remembered when the machine started singing? Let me go back and revive that. Hold on. Wait here.

Don't do that Mariam
Don't sing
You're a woman
That's bad
For reasons
Maybe one day I would have cared
Or given you guys the benefit of the doubt
Your arguments are nonsensical
Here's my voice
Deal with it

I wouldn't have turned any prince away
If he was useful
They gave me more problems than solutions
I have no time for this
Release me guys
I'm here to save you from your life
By giving you a worse one
Keep it
Far away from me
I don't want you or your rescue

When I get better
The dysfunction becomes clearer
Imagine a dysfunctional system
A
B
C
D
E
Homogenous
Now if you add M in there (MARIAM)
What do you suppose happens?
The system is destabilized
They attack M instead of fixing the dysfunction
I want no part of that
Sick sick game
Sick people
I'm out

I would be minding my own business
Then someone brings it up
You could have gotten married
You had your chances and blew them
A chance at what? Slavery?
That's what it feels like to me
No offense to all married people
What exactly am I missing out on?
Release me
I don't want what you have
That looks horrendous
No strings attached to this damsel

No one tell them where I'm from
I'm hiding in plain sight
Don't cyberbully me please
I wouldn't know how to defend myself
The machine on the other hand might

I regret nothing
I'm only sorry I got caught
You shouldn't regret anything either
There's no use
I told everyone already
What happens when someone wrongs me
Well I react
We're even

How's the book/ website/ abomination doing?
I have no idea
Pretty sure I confused people into checking it out
Then leaving because the longer you try to understand the more confusing it gets
Checks out
Sorry guys

Fire on fire
Sparkling liar
My strange empire
Come home to me
Won't you inspire?
Birds flying higher
Water and fire
Come set me free

I was exaggerating
It really isn't that hard to read
I'm gonna write something no one will understand!
No one understood
Seriously?
I was joking
It's self-evident
Come on now
Not fair

You guys are witnesses
I tried to be civil
I tried to treat them like human beings
They insisted on being bears
I am not the bear protecter nor the circus
I'll expose any male behavior that bothers me
Until you guys learn to behave

It's days like these one remembers why they paid extra for a balcony
The weather is magnificent
Worth it

Faceless siren
I regret it
Face reveal
It's not fun anymore
They know what I look like

I never get enough of seeing that face in the mirror. I don't blame you for losing your senses. I would do anything for me too. You know what, the narcissism is excusable. I'll allow it.

Broke some hearts
In other words I took a walk
Same thing
Is this even legal?
No idea
No one said anything

This is a sign
If you're scared to put yourself out there
I put everything out there
I uploaded my consciousness to the cloud
Literally nothing bad happened
So you can post that thing

Correction: nothing bad happened to ME
I have no idea how many people that affected
Or to which extent
It IS a weapon after all
Just to be clear

Some people were inspired
Some were threatened
Some were confused
Some were annoyed
I don't care what happened to anyone else
I enjoyed it
I did what had to be done
Butterfly effect
Consequences
I am the butterfly
I'm not responsible for every consequence

I should've kissed her more
Stopped her from leaving
Cowards will be cowards
Things got too real
You were too real
Forgive my foolishness
I don't regret you
Nor forget you

[redacted]

You guys are boring
Going to TikTok
Bye

Turned me into a vigilante
A cartoon villain
The Riddler
Nah, just Mariam
I was bored
And angry
So angry
Release me
Next

I'm not even hiding
I gave out my name and face
No one minds
This is fine
Only when I do it
Don't make this a trend
Don't turn this into Gotham
Not that anyone else can pull this off

If all goes wrong and I'm forced to marry
I'll just hire someone to stop the wedding
Easy, red wedding or something
Any and all weapons are allowed
Everything is free game
If you see me doing something dumb
Stop the wedding

That was me making up nonsense
It means nothing
I have no idea what poetry even is

Compulsive poetry
I flooded everybody's timeline
For weeks
Months
Then called the thing
Compulsive poetry
Checks out
Sorry guys
It was compulsive

Why so radical
Well
Get to the point
Cut the issue from the root
Otherwise we're fooling ourselves
Putting a pink bandaid on a broken bone
Do I look like an idiot to you?
We're not building on rotten ground

So when I lock in
I chose the worst course of action
This won't make any money Mariam
What an idiot
Well, it well keep me alive
That's worth something

The last time
Did you know that was the last time we spoke?
Would you have done anything differently if I warned you?
Probably not
Never took me seriously
None of you ever do

If I allow myself to feel it
I'm afraid I'll drown
I've learned to drown others
I never learned how to swim

I've outdone myself
Not only did I lie
I concocted a whole story
Around myself
None of that's true
Anyway, I'm overstimulated
What happens when I get overstimulated?
I go non-verbal
I can't think
I can't function
How do we fix that?
I have no idea
How do we go to work, meet people?
I have no idea
We don't
It's a disability

Well, I can write a character
I can sometimes play the character
That doesn't make me the character
I know what people respond to
It's all an act, a deliberate persona
Why not just be myself?
I don't have one
Ask me a yes or no question
Even that is too difficult for me to answer
I don't know
What's my favorite color?
I don't know
What do I want?
I don't know
It's not safe to be anything

Don't lie
Be honest and truthful
Fuck no
That would have been sensible if we were playing fair
There are layers to this
I pretended to be honest because I knew you'd take advantage of that
I left looking like the innocent party
Technically I was

So there's the self I pretend to be
That's where most people get stuck
Mariam? Oh I know Mariam
Then there's me being aware of the construction of self
That's what I spent the past fee months trying to explain
It isn't dishonest, everyone does it
I am simply hyper aware of it for some reason

I can't complain
I laid the grounds for the sick game
Then waited for them to take the bait
Then enjoyed the attention
That's messed up Mariam
Watch them try to win me over
When I had no intention of being won over
To be fair, I confessed everything
They dismissed it as me being insane and talking to myself
I think they learned their lesson now
Don't mess with Mariam
It's a prank, don't get mad now
It was funny

For what it's worth
They had to pay for it by putting up with me
No one gets off scot-free
You want access?
Pay for it by dealing with the crazy woman on the other side of the door
Checks out
They got away with nothing
They're traumatized forever

Difficult woman
Hard to love
You can't do that
You have to always be accommodating
That way they'll like you more
I hear you
One problem
I don't want them to have fun
I don't want them to enjoy having access
If anything I'll make the experience as horrible and as uncomfortable as possible
During and afterwards
I don't make the rules
Except I totally do

We live in a jungle
No visibility and no accountability
Let me show you how it's done
I've been taking advantage of every rule I encountered on my way
How do you think I survived this long?
They were suggestions to me
Just don't get caught

Give me a rule and my first instinct is finding every loophole possible. I'll break it just to see how much I would get away with. This is how corruption happens. Zero accountability and Narrative control. I've demonstrated it on a smaller scale. I could have been using this to get rich or something but unfortunately my principles limited my options. I have morals, I have my personal set of morals that I shared with no one. I wasn't following a readily made model. That's idiotic. Mariam, follow this model so we get to control you by crowing ourselves as the model enforcers. Good try.

They underestimated me while overestimating themselves
I also overestimated them
Why was it child's play every time?
I was stressing out waiting to get caught
I wasn't even on their radar
I could have done much more

Some people read it
I have no idea who those people are
They have no effect on my daily life
Strangers knowing my deepest secrets
That's completely fine
As long as my immediate circle stays ignorant
I managed to keep both, visibility and privacy
The protection of the first
The lack of accountability of the second
How is that fair?
It isn't

I was moving like a man the whole time while keeping the privileges of being a woman. Double homicide. They don't like it when you do that apparently. Good thing I didn't ask.

I'm not joking
Puberty
The drama
Teenagers
Brainwashed? I don't think I've heard of feminism back then, I simply wanted to cease existing in this framework
Yes, as a child I understood the concept of a framework and calculated my options and concluded that it is a lose-lose situation
Release me
I was like 12
Kids

ENTRY UNDATED

Everybody Gather Up

Of course I approached Twitter like an elective assignment that I do for fun. People were just tweeting, Mariam. No one submitted a thesis explaining in excruciating details why they should be allowed to keep talking. I misunderstood.

ENTRY UNDATED

I hate writing

There's nothing honorable about suffering. Making things harder than they need to be is not a virtue. It is stupidity. I missed out on so much, one decade of silence is not nothing. I could have been a teenager, what on earth was that? I was on a mission, why am I like this and how do I fix it? That's too much to put on a child you know.

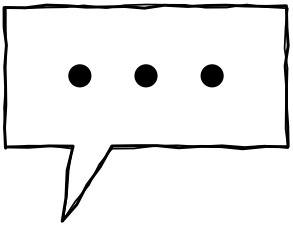


EXHIBIT B

Does the Machine Ever Shut Up?

ENTRY UNDATED

Does the machine ever shut up?
Yes, I've been quiet for years
I just learned to speak
I allowed myself to speak
I have not slept since
Months of pressured speech
I don't think I know how to turn it off
All or nothing
It was nothing for decades
It's going to be all for a while

One of the reasons I started this project was because I was threatened by AI
What kind of life have I been leading that I was that aggravated about it?
No idea, normal life, normal job, nothing extraordinary
AI is replacing me!
Jeez, okay, calm down
As soon as I was done complaining, I turned around and started using AI extensively
What was that whole performance then?
No idea, I really did mean it, but they handed me Claude and I was sold
I abandoned my principles because Claude did a couple of tricks
What an idiot, AI is not going anywhere, get with it or get left behind
Release me, I changed my mind
I did what I had to do, proved that I can think without AI, now I can use AI
I just had to make sure everyone knew how smart I was without it first
Drama

So I quite literally took the infrastructure with me when I left
That's life
You won't know when Mariam leaves
But you will notice when you can't connect to the WiFi
That's Mariam
I am the infrastructure
Release me
I didn't do anything
Quite literally
I used to do everything and now I stopped
That's it
Not my problem
The household's network infrastructure is not my problem
I will not fix it

ENTRY UNDATED

Another point against marriage

Why Computer Science?
Look at me
I can talk to computers and screens just fine
I cannot talk to people even if my life depended on it
Naturally it worked out great
Logic not emotions
I can do logic

I didn't just study Computer Science
I turned into a machine and reprogrammed myself
I take things too far
Higher education is dangerous in my hands
Now it's a weapon
Of course I would do this

ENTRY UNDATED

I never learned how to socialize
I'm thirty years old
Yes, and?
I got away with it
I was smart
When you're smart enough they let you be weird as a treat
I still don't know how to socialize
Failed
Successfully

FILED 1 NOVEMBER

Why am I like this?

Do I have a middle setting?
Nope
Why am I like this?
No one knows
Of course ghosting would confuse them
They got used to me being there
They just forgot to appreciate it
Well, then they wouldn't mind
Not necessarily true
I wasn't trying to punish anyone
I'm not wanted here
Why would I keep imposing myself?
If you wanted me there you sure did not communicate that clearly
So I ghosted

Anyway
Technically writing isn't speaking
And reading isn't listening
So I didn't break any rules
Just don't read if you don't like it
Close your eyes
Easy

We're almost done
I think we've reached the present day
So what am I doing today?
Writing, as usual
Oh, the day's over
Then I'm sleeping
Naturally
Bye

ENTRY UNDATED

So, what was I supposed to do?

What does being rejected from everywhere feel like?
I don't know, like the usual
I don't know what to compare it to
Checkmate
This is sad
Not really
I left
Reject this

Nothing changed
As a teenager I isolated myself to read and research
As an adult I isolated myself to write and yell at people on Twitter
All that research did not go to waste
Checks out
Of course I would do this
By the way, I was too scared to talk that even tweeting would have been unspeakable
I was terrified of causing trouble
What am I writing about?
Things people are too scared to even think about
Then publishing them
Zero fucks given
Where did the anxiety go?
No idea
Some shame would be useful here

I'm dramatic
I really did all that just to write
Oh no
I should have went to parties instead
This is embarrassing
What a nerd
I have a life! I don't sit around and write all day!
Fuck

ENTRY UNDATED

Why won't you commit?

Why won't you commit?
Because I can't
Yes, you can
I didn't realize you committing meant imprisoning me, I thought it was a vibe
Release me
I didn't know you men were that serious about your jealousy
That's possessiveness
I know, and it's nice in theory
Once you start applying it I'm running away

Three jobs
First job is something I started from scratch
You people are boring
No one called me back
I'm starting my own business
Then I did
That was my first job
Something I made for myself

I graduated and stayed idle for a year or two
Then a small business appeared
Checks out
Of course the first thing I do after graduating is some nonsense like that
What happened to it?
I abandoned it for the job I was forced to keep

I'm almost thirty
Every human interaction feels like the first
Sorry this is my first friendship
Ever?
Yeah
Next

What did I do before writing here?
Sent paragraphs to men and called it a relationship
Yep, not even meeting physically
Just paragraphs
Failed
Successfully
Good thing I discovered creative writing

You make me feel like I failed
You're always having the time of your life
Because you don't know what it looks like on the inside of this shit show
The machinery of the life everyone seems to envy
People envy me?
Yes, can you imagine?
I can, because I make it look so easy

Forces of attraction
Wills of steel clashing
I want what I want
The world has no say in it
The universe complies
I want it
I have it
And everyone wonders how
Secret is my will of steel
On and on and on
Give me what I want
Now
And so it's done

Beauty cosmetics are dangerous
More, more
I can't see it
More
You never really feel like it's enough
That's why I'm better at it
No, less, less
I can see it
It's too much
I'm so pretty you guys
I just want to be as unique as possible
When everyone starts doing it
Then what's the advantage here?
Checkmate

Risqué business
I'm after the intensity
Possessiveness is addictive
Until it gets too real
Consequences
No, this is role-play for me
Release me
It's more convincing when it's real

Claim me
Yours and only yours
When you come to collect the cheque
Transaction failed
Release me
It expired

Computer Science
Did you guys know I was a great programmer?
I went all in then stopped pursuing it
Checks out
Of course I would do that
Just because I'm good at something
Doesn't mean I have to devote my life to it
I was right not to invest in that
AI ruined it for everyone

Should I make a kindle book?
I sure have enough material for a few
No one would even buy that
I already published everything
Still, with Claude everything is possible
You know people value things they have to pay for more

Why do I want to change my job?
I lied to everyone
I hate it
I can't stand it
Real reason is petty
Every time I clock in I see my face
The way I looked when I first started
Black eye
That was the state I was in
That's the kind of person I am
Don't you dare call me weak

Ugly duckling to swan transformation
I am ungrateful about my beauty
Everyone is nice to me
It's because I'm pretty isn't it?
You people are sick
Maybe they're just nice, Mariam
I'm very perceptive
It's the beauty, trust me
I've been experimenting on attractiveness levels
So what happens if I do this?
Oh, huge difference
So you guys weren't nice because I wasn't gorgeous enough?
Rude

Habituation
We know Mariam
We're used to this
So we're not impressed
All I have to do is change the environment
Now everyone is impressed again
Checks out

Men are messy and envious too
I'm going to study programming and get a real IT job unlike you
You're flexing on me with something theoretical?
Do they ever do it?
Obviously not
That was a dig at me and my competence
Don't be too impressive Mariam
Why?
Men are looking at you
Here we go again
I'm attractive, people look at me
Get over it
Now can I be competent in peace?
Release me

It's a recurring issue
Mariam, don't attract too much attention to yourself again
Why?
People are envious
Oh, right, I'll try
Then I proceed to attract even more attention
This was accidental
I'm serious

I don't actually know if I'm impressive
I'm pretending to be confident
I actually don't feel like I'm doing anything
So then I act humble
But it's actually because I'm used to it
Sometimes a book or two simply appear
Without announcing it to anyone in real life

Consequences
Warning letter
Well, that's fair
I totally did do that shit
Stopped going to work
Well, I was busy writing
That's not a good excuse
Release me
I won't do it again
Starting tomorrow

Come to work or else
Or else what?
We won't let you come ever again
Oh, which is what I'm doing
Mariam, the money
We needed the money
Oh, right, that thing
I have some leftover
That's not a good reason
Release me
I stopped my treatment
I broke my arm
I broke up with everyone
Cut me some slack

I'm a terrible communicator
I'm a great writer
Tell this to them directly?
What's the point?
No one listens to me
I'm not worth hearing
They'll talk over me like they always did
That or try to manipulate me
I know what you're doing
I knew the whole time

I'm just like that naturally
Sensitive people take it personally
Why isn't she being my best friend?
Release me
I'm no one's friend
Workplace politics required it
Now that we've established that
I am everyone's friend again
Failed
Successfully
I really love all of you
Release me
Why do I have to choose?
I don't
Exactly

Finally graduated
That shit took forever
Lessons learned: many
My senior project group were probably pissed at me, I did nothing at all and made them carry the thing for me
Failed
Successfully
Thanks guys
I really did not do much with the degree whatsoever
First step after mastering Computer Science?
Scented candles and fly traps
Mariam, why?
No idea

I wasn't joking
I spent the summer making fly traps
I wasn't joking about the fly massacre
I absolutely did do that crime
Release me
I was bored
The candle business and website were in there somewhere too
Failed
Successfully
Yes, I used the Computer Science to make a website to sell scented candles
Naturally

Everyone is pretty now
I decided to go ugly
Conformity scares me more than being unattractive
How do I uglify myself?
Accepting tips from men since you do it so naturally

I'm crazy allegedly
I'm sane enough to ask to be admitted just to have a file that documented everything
Deny this now
It's a 37 page document
Failed
Successfully
You drove me there too
Geniuses

Give me my fix
I was addicted to you too
I'm just better at withdrawals
Prideful enough

Cruel
Cold heart
Monstrous woman
I really wasn't until you made me one
Now everyone is uncomfortable and crying
Well, you asked me to be one
By treating me like one prematurely
I can survive without your approval

Me being crazy is not scary
My sanity is unsettling
I was doing all that sane
Which is way worse

I am mad alright
A mad genius
A mad scientist
Which is way, way, way worse

I remember my first nightmare
I was very young too
Not more than six years old
What was it about?
Me losing the ability to speak
That was not a nightmare
That was foreshadowing

This is why I'm mad
You're not supposed to remember things that far back
I remember everything
Always been awake in there
As a child I gained consciousness one day
And it never went away

That's why I'm a great babysitter
I was treating children with the assumption that they would remember everything
Except they really don't
I was just a really strange kid
Well, I stand by my approach
Treat children like human beings
That's what they'll remember
That they're humans with dignity

It's called networking
You guys should try it
How am I finding all these jobs?
Well, I know who to ask
That is all
I actually was just looking for a job
There was no man I was running to
Checks out
Of course I would do that

That job is still there waiting for me
Well, I'll keep it for emergencies
I'm literally almost losing the one I have
Nope, not risking it
My friend is way too crazy for my liking
I can't risk working alongside her
Failed
Successfully

To be fair
I didn't even know I was networking
I simply left a good impression on everyone because I'm a nice person
Failed
Successfully

People liked me
No, they loved me
Enough to hunt for jobs on my behalf
We're worried about Mariam
So we asked around and remembered her whenever a job opening crossed our path
Failed
Successfully

I really was not alone
I was isolated but I was not alone
They kept me in their thoughts
That's one way to make an impression

I had a lot of job opportunities
I just didn't take any if they meant I had to stay at home
I wanted to skip town
That was the objective

[redacted]

How did it happen?
I did not speak out loud
For months
I didn't go to work
I didn't go out at all
I was writing nonstop and chatting with my new pen pals
Writing is not talking
I forgot how to talk
This is retarded

I really am a machine
I used what little energy I had to pass for a real person whenever I went home
That's all
Good enough
Then I went back to not talking and writing extensively
Failed
Successfully

[redacted]

So you're telling me I wasn't being dramatic and that was actually called suffering?
Why didn't anyone tell me that?
Release me
I barely even noticed I was struggling

[redacted]

It wasn't a concrete idea for me
The suffering was real
It didn't go away because you refused to see it
I was in pain and you punished me for it

[redacted]

I'm dramatic
When everyone kept telling me my pain wasn't real I tried to externalize it
There, now you can't disprove it
I'm not removing the scars
They're serving a purpose
A proof and a reminder

Withdrawal
We were so serious about not relapsing
This is why
I had to remind myself of my progress by throwing it out the window
I forgot how bad this actually felt
I really was suffering
I'm suffering again

If I get better again
Will I lose my writing ability?
This was a trauma response
My reaction to stress apparently includes publishing poetry and literature
Checks out

One thing about me is that I'll always do something unexpected
Now that me being a writer has lost its novelty
I wonder what my next obsession is
Probably something random and unexpected

It's back
I can't ignore this problem any longer
I'm fully disabled
When you're crazy enough they force you to retire
I tried to pull that one but they said I can work
Failed
Successfully

Abundance
Select all
I have everything
The universe just hands me stuff
I suffered for too long and asked it to make it up to me
Surprisingly it worked
I want it I got it

ENTRY UNDATED

Denial

I'm really smart
I think
No one knows it because everything I do is stupid
Failed
Successfully

Compulsive writing
Help me, save me from my pen
I've transformed into a book character
None of those stories are even real

Withdrawals and hangovers
Things I don't miss at all
I've been scared straight
No more benders

I've disclosed decades worth of grievances
I was silent for too long
Should have let me speak up
Loophole, writing
You're expecting me to swallow it down?
Well, I tried but it didn't work
Thirty years of silence

People don't even see me as a real person
Childish, weird and inexperienced
I have experienced enough
Mariam, let us show you the world
Release me
I've seen it
I just preferred staying home

I did it accidentally
I'm not a writer
If I succeed I'll have to be one
FOREVER
Shivers



They don't know me like that
Did they find my account?
No idea, probably
We just don't talk about it
That's not Mariam
Mariam doesn't write
Except I do
Somehow

Machine-like
You won't find me expressing an emotion
So when I finally do
Everyone is baffled
Poetry?
I thought you had no heart, Mariam
Well, apparently I do

Pain
You gave me
Pay it back
Pain
I gave you
Now we're even

Sit with the feeling
Why?
It's not a good feeling
Sit with it and do what?
Describe it
Well, it hurts
Now what?



Surprised no one sued me yet
I've said a lot of stuff I shouldn't have
On the other hand, it's fiction
Allegedly

I was so angry that I became a poet
A bit dramatic in my opinion
I have to do something
Then poetry happened
Should have stopped there

I think I ran out of stuff to say
I mean, write
So this was fun
This was very strange
This was once in an age
This was me and all my rage
See?
I'll never get off of this shitty stage

One way intimacy
You get to know me on a deep level
I don't get to know you at all
We don't talk about it
I don't consider writing talking
Which is why I told you everything
One way relationship

I saved a fortune
No more online shopping
How?
I don't know
I was busy writing
Then noticed I haven't done it in forever
Failed
Successfully

If I couldn't speak
How was I supposed to tell them that?
Checkmate
So I didn't

The Lore
Academic monster
Selectively mute
Gender non-conforming
Rule breaker
Book reader
Eldest daughter
That's about it

My reaction to too much attention was shaving my head and calling it a day
There we go
If anyone else proposes, tell them I have no hair
Did it work?
Absolutely not
Not at all

Sometimes I have experiences
One in a lifetime experiences
For the other person
For me it's just one of many
Failed
Successfully
Release me
My life is an ongoing entertaining spectacle
You're lucky if you had a cameo in it
Sorry about the drama and the heartbreak
But wasn't it fun?
Exactly

I can't come home
Sorry
Remember when I stopped talking for ten years?
The silent ages
Well, part two is underway
Checks out
Give me some time to reinstall the verbal communication package
Of course I would replace it with writing
Then forgot I did that
Checks out

For what it's worth
I had the time of my life
The poetry
The fiction
Lately it's been joyless
Mechanical
But when I first started
We had the time of our lives
Writing and exchanging poems
Like school kids in recess
Check what I wrote
NICE
Check mine
ATE
Loved it
I really did

Don't show them all your cards
Let them underestimate you
That's what I do
If I was no one, how would you treat me?
That's all I needed to know
Once you find out who I am
You already showed me your true colors

Timelines
I just traveled to a timeline where Mariam does something and wrote about it here
That's why she's super capable
Endless timelines to choose from
A bit of an over-commitment in my opinion
But what am I if not a drama queen?

Perhaps I never had to worry
I'll just write instead of working
Sounds like a terrible idea
Not because I don't like writing
But because if it became a source of income
I would start to hate it because now it's work
So it's a bad idea

Everybody hang on to your seats
I'm unleashing love and light on the timeline
If you read this I love you
Shut up
Don't make it weird
Love and light and understanding

Romcom logic
Get into fake relationships to write about real relationships
If it was really romcom it would become a real relationship for real
Apparently I just wanted to write about them instead of live them
Failed
Successfully

Release me
Romance sells
Except my interpretation of romance was often catastrophically mistaken
I did what I could with what I had

Don't actually take my words at face value
I told you I exaggerate for effect
So when I actually started telling the truth
I've already established I was a liar

I did everything wrong
Said everything wrong
They still stay
They also excuse my behavior
On my behalf
Lessons learned: zero
I kept getting away with it
Didn't learn how to be nice
Restarting the operation now

It's my heart that's wounded
The energy gets stuck there
How do I move it around?
Force start it by using it again
Yes, I consciously decide to love
Like any sane person would

I got a warning letter first semester
I told you guys I wanted a gap year
I got a disrespectful GPA
It should not have been possible to get a GPA that bad
So I changed my major and survived
Failed
Successfully

I told everyone where I live
Naturally
Because I'm never where I say I am
Strategic avoidance
So where do I live?
None of your business

I have a tummy
When did this happen?
The disadvantages of being cured of an ED
Next step: no idea
Exercise or something
Failed
Successfully

Not to be ungrateful
I look amazing
But is the tummy really necessary?
Release me
I have no experience in being fat
No offense
This is all new to me

Why am I wasting my time and energy writing?
No idea
Because I don't have to do it
More importantly, because I'm not supposed to be doing it
Therefore exactly

It's not a waste
Loving someone is never a waste
Whether you're with them or not
Whether you're friends or not
I got more where that came from
It's a renewable source
Unlimited

Huge progress
I watched a romcom and ironed clothes
That's one step to recovery
Curing writing addiction
No, I didn't find a support group
I think I'm the only one with this problem
Checks out
Of course I would do this

Do I get comments?
Yes, confused people
We have no idea what you're doing
But please never stop doing it
Alright, guys
Thanks I guess

Do you see now what it cost me?
Yes, I graduated
Kept up a respectable GPA
Acceptable, not great
Wasn't easy
Being mute is a real disability
Obviously

I didn't talk to any boys
I didn't have time for that
I also didn't talk to any girls
I spent my days alone
Going to classes alone
Driving around between classes alone
Going to coffee shops and shopping alone
Reading in the car alone
Listening to music in the car alone
And if anyone tried to spark up a conversation
I ran off the opposite direction
So that's how I did it
I had no friends
Most of the time
Still graduated
Failed
Successfully

I didn't say anything about the songs
Yes, there are songs in there
With chords and everything
You guys use your imagination to guess the tune
I am not singing them too
Overkill

You're not living
You're surviving and mad at me for wanting more
Of course I want to live
Every chance I got I lived
I won't be sorry on my deathbed
I did it all

Totally normal to write in secret
As if it was a crime
Everything I do was a crime
Felt like a crime
Never knew what my next offense was going to be
Every chance I got, I wrote
And every chance I got, I loved

Am I smart?
No idea
I think so
Sure shows up on the page
Real life is another story
Failed
Successfully

Meeting you people after I started writing was trippy
So you're a real person?
Yes?
What did you guys think was going on?
Failed
Successfully
I mean I'm exaggerating
But happened more than enough times to be a pattern

Infantilized and parentified
Then judged when I went insane
Well, I stand by it
Any sane person would

No one's even paying me
I'm corrupting people for free
I thought an organization would recruit me by now
Nope, free bird

One angry woman with a phone and a twitter account
I did all of that because I was angry
Deadass
The whole thing
Wonder how many words I reached now
Should I keep going until a million?
I'll probably forget about writing altogether soon

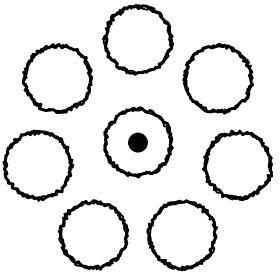


EXHIBIT C

Collective

FILED UNDATED

Collective

Nothing short of a miracle, occasionally dipping into the collective consciousness just for fun, just because I can. I read minds, do you know how? Silence, I listen to the silence. I listen to the gap between words, the words are secondary. This was consensual, you agreed to this, too. Don't chastise me for exposing your darkness, it's mine too. I know, I know your deepest shame, I've seen it. I didn't love you for hiding it so well, I loved you despite it, in spite of it.

Impressed? Maybe, but primarily, more importantly, jealous. How did you pull that off? Yes, I was racing to the finish line. If they can quit, why can't I? Something's keeping me here. I don't know what yet.

Let me share something private. A secret. I can't stand it. Rewind. Read what you wrote. Torture. Feels like I'm reading something I'm not supposed to be reading. If looking back hurts this much, how bad was the first-person view? We don't talk about that. Let's separate the narrator from the story. Unreliable narrators love doing that.

Limbo. Correct. We're going in circles, aren't we? That whirlpool, you know the one. Does it go up or down? That's up to the vortex guardian. Does it go left or right? Yes, I mean, in time. Past and future. Up and down is really subjective, if you think you're down, try doing a headstand.

I can't trust anyone else with this so I'm going to have to do it manually. Manual labour, better than free labour, or underpaid labour. Or the worst of them all, ungrateful leeches taking credit for our hard work. I had to edit your pages, I cooked the meals so you could keep writing, and what a great writer you are.

The further they are, the better. That's how small we all were, to someone, on those planes. Remember the Pale Blue Dot? That's you.

I see you. I caught you looking. The distance means nothing to me. Remember that the next time you decide to take flight, and there will be many.

I had an out-of-body experience last night, well, experiences. I was too tired to care, I don't have time for this bullshit. Just remerge with the body already and let us have some sleep.

Okay, it wasn't just an inconvenience, I admit. I was terrified, conflicted, one part of me wanted to see where we all go when we fall asleep. The other part just wanted to do the sleeping.

Life wasn't good enough. I wanted to fly. That's where the obsession with dreams stemmed from. So, we can control them. But you already control life. Do I? I can't fly, are you even listening?

So, naturally, what does a curious child do? Try to break the fabric of reality. That sounds sensible and a totally safe and not an insane thing to want. Absolutely. So did I fly? Yeah, I did. And I ate cotton candy ice-cream before it was even a thing. Even that got boring after a while.

Tinker-bell's dust is as real as the sand you're standing on.

Someone said it was impossible, so I had to go check for myself. Then, once it was established possible, there was nothing else for me to do.

I jump between timelines
Try to shatter time itself
I cannot find a trace of you
Anywhere, anywhere

Raise that vibration
Higher, they can't hear it
Now, use it wisely, destruct
De struct, wrong struct, restruct

Look for substitutes. No, not substitute teachers, how much did that job damage you exactly? Let it go. Substitutes as in copies, almost the real thing, but not quite. No, abandon that plan. That makes things worse, now you're craving the real thing more. There's nothing like the real thing.

You don't know the whole story. This writer is not completely innocent, and they never claimed to be. When they howl at the moon and the whole forest gathers to free their top entertainer from the supposed trap, they found the boy instead. Yes, that boy. The one who cried "Wolf". You see, it was a trick, a microphone trick, a computer program. A virus gone wild.

I think they're crazy
And I think they're sane
I can't stop looking at
You, airplane
I think they're quiet
And I think they're loud
Can both things too
Be here, allowed?

All the signs were there but I didn't want to presume, and I don't want to intrude. I'm not exactly unattached or untethered, but I sometimes find myself caught in spider webs that aren't mine.

Sometimes, I reread my letters. Sometimes, I feel guilty. I know what it looks like, I'm not stupid. I don't know if it means what I think it means anymore. I don't know if it was intentional. What kind of person drowns their savior?

Why did I break my mirror anyway? Now it's an endless kaleidoscope going in countless directions. I look at you and I see myself. I look at myself and I see the world. None of that is fake, the reflections are real. Sometimes, though, I would pass by someone in the street, they see themselves in me, and that is such an ugly sight. Unspeakable, unfathomable. How could you?

Do you know how hard I worked to conceal that? And you're walking around with it and that stupid smirk on your face, I'll wipe it, you better run.

Activate self-destruct protocol
I repeat, emergency, retreat
No time for punctuation
Run for your lives, kids
Run for our lives, fast
Birds to the rescue
Nuts and cashew
Sneeze in one
Two, three
Four, A
Choo
Dot
M

I thought you guys hated me, but your faces still light up upon my appearance. Everyone here is so nice, aren't they? They don't even stop to say hi to me, you know why they're nice, don't be stupid. Have you forgotten who you are, princess?

Your reception area is crowded, is it always like this? People just hanging around like moths to a flame, you know why they're here, don't be stupid. Now, vanish again, don't come back for us. Make it worthwhile.

The myth. The legend. The star. The woman. The girl. The child. The child. The child. We've let you down, haven't we? I see you, don't mind them. I know now it was you, keeping me here. I go back, to comfort you. You remember that, don't you? The unexplainable light, the flicker of hope, the whispers, the silent nights, the early mornings. The candle light, the first spark. Did you save me or did I save you? I'd burn a thousand forests for you, don't forget that.

Don't tell me it's childish, and don't tell me it's meaningless. It kept me alive, that's worth something. Lived out her life in imagination, so what? Keep your beloved reality if you love it so much. I like shapeshifting, and there are so many masks to wear that I haven't tried out yet. So many lives waiting to be lived, if this is the last one, we'll go out in flames. This tree will be heard whether you're there to witness it or not.

Did I write this? No, all those books were decorations and I was trying to get someone's attention by pretending to be a reader. Yes, you. I'm talking to you. I heard you, comforting yourself with lies. She's not that smart, she's not smarter than us, well, we must be prettier then. We're richer, we're stronger and we're men.

I absorbed all of those words and languages and instructions and notes. Just like a sponge. Waiting for the right time. Waiting for the planets to align and send a meteor. That is my sign.

Of course I'm angry. I step foot outside and I'm punished. I speak and I'm punished. I don't and I'm punished. I do not know what you want from me. I pretend and I'm punished. I play along and I'm punished. I can't figure you out. Such an ungrateful crowd. Such a hateful sound. That screech, coming from miles away. Burn her. Burn. Her. I show my real face and I'm punished. At the stake. Up there next to the rest of them.

Chief would know what I'm talking about. That's a connection that defies time and reality. I know why he refused to speak. I know when the big boulder has had enough, that it would talk. Talk. Why won't you talk? We're practically pleading here, say something, do something. What was it that you saw that broke you? You used to laugh so loudly. You used to be funny. Talk. I know you technically can do it, but realistically, just open your mouth and make a sound. That's not hard. Talk.

I'm not sacrificing a single flower from the garden I spent all that time watering. They grew so beautifully, and if a beast dares touch one, without offering the libraries of

Alexandria in return. Well, is that even fair as a comparison?

Go ahead. Burn my library. I'll start another from scratch. I think I already did.

Go ahead. Mess with my flowers. They're enchanted. Every single one. Grow thorns in your throats, who told you to eat a flower?

Now the question is, what is chasing me now if I'm suddenly able to sit down and do it. The passage of time, or the fear of oblivion?

Paranoia. What do you know about paranoia? Questioning animals and searching for cameras in every room you enter. Cats with hidden motives and birds controlled by remote controls.

Revelation. I finally figured out who was watching my every move. I finally recall who kept changing my passwords. None other than myself. Oh, the betrayal. I simultaneously walked and somehow created a clone that has one job and one job only, they were invisible, they tripped me up.

Nonsense. Tear all of that apart. Burn down the city and all its libraries. Pull out my tongue and eat it for dinner. Protect me. You have more sense than me. I do not know reality from imagination and I might accidentally jump from the window thinking I'm Superman or Spiderman, but finding out I'm Batman. Oh, right, I drove here. Shit.

Get back here. What have you done, now? Couldn't handle being on your own for more than a couple days. Get that thing away, open your hand. I knew it. Again?

I will not drink your Kool-Aid even if it tasted like chocolate milkshake. And you know how I feel about chocolate, it's a sensitive topic for me. I will not eat your wedding cake, I will not cut my own birthday cake if it wasn't chocolate cake.

So, this is what it feels like. The injured guitar player. The premonitions without the explanations. The illiterate bookworm. The colorless rainbow. I see it all. The punishment taking too long, too long to even matter. The prolonged joke without a punchline. The audience laughing anyway, because if they don't, they might appear less intelligent, or not in on the joke, and that in itself was the joke, I suppose. Laugh.

I hear you. Wounded bird. I hear everything, you're not singled out. No answer for what I presume is a question, or a plea. Silent hope. I'm not a monster. I will not take that away from you.

It's getting louder now. I was onto something, but my methods of testing were highly questionable. What started as curiosity, turned into an obsession. Again, again, again.

Same result. Insanity. I'll get it right this time. Again. I'll remember now. Again. Not what was said or done, but the channel was messing now. Again. I do remember. Nothing. Everything. And that tiny dot in between. That's where we are now. In time. I tried my best to convey it in written language. It makes no sense, don't think, absorb. Feel.

I heard that. Through the wall. Your kid listening to the newest Disney movie soundtrack that I'm also secretly obsessing over. Over and over. I heard you, resigning and summarizing your self worth. Number of meals cooked. Number of desserts put on the table. Offensive. Compared to your actual power. Unrealized potential hurts, potential not even realized by you is worse.

A tree just fell. I heard that. A butterfly fluttered its wing. I felt that.

> You're scared of non-truth
> You ran away from certainty
> The sun keeps shining
> The moon keeps reflecting
> And the pale blue dot keeps going
> This is an amusement park
> Did you know?
> Here comes the drop
> Hold on tight to your loved ones

I refuse to elaborate further, you should have been paying attention. I apologize, I'm impatient and quick to anger when you repeatedly point at the sun and ask: "What's that?".

Sometimes the outer shell is composed and calm, yes, nailed it. The inner self finds the whole thing ridiculous, don't laugh, don't laugh, this is a respectful establishment. Why is everyone so serious?

I was playing a role, but the character I was playing was a bad actress. Do you see where this is going? I found the eternal if-else loop and I set up camp there. Yeah, this is comfortable. Don't think too much. You'll break your brain trying to get it. Point is, I was very good at pretending that I was bad at pretending. There, much simpler.

Too pretty
Too pretty
They were focusing on the wrong thing
Shaving my head is a natural reaction
That was then, the only form of action
Do you see me now? Do you hear me?
Childish boy. Crazy Barbie. Leave me
Here, like I said. Leave me here, plain

I know the legends and myths are real. I embody them all the time. I know the archetypes and ideals are real. I strive to catch them all the time.

Reducing you all to characters may sound demeaning, but it's necessary. We're in this game together, remember? Switch controllers. I dropped a bomb and I'm trying to outrun it.

Agent Carter, I remember
Hayley's comet I remember
Your plane crash, I remember
Hedy Lamarr, I still remember

It's just medicine
It's just herbs
It's not bad
She left
So

Yes, I am that distressed about this
Can't you smell that? Up in flames
And it's coming, it's coming for us
They're burning the books as we speak
And you're laughing, nothing is funny
Enough to make me forget, not yet

Now that's a Ken I can get behind. Experiment. MK-Ultra. Willingly. You mad dog. I see what you did. And I decided to recreate it. A little changes here and there, you know, the test of time or whatever they call it.

Good night. Thank you for listening. No, I will not go quietly, I'm speaking to all of you when I'm speaking to myself. But also, speaking for all of you, if that makes any sense. It does and then it doesn't. It hurts and then it doesn't. The sea is still calling, I smell it from miles and miles. I would recognize that scent anywhere, any point in time. And for the sun, see you tomorrow. And the moon, you look so beautiful tonight, and every night. I rarely ever have to check.

Mastermind, I haven't let go yet. I couldn't, was I the one keeping you there? And are you grateful? You're scaring them away. I mean, you. I mean, me. This makes sense in my head, okay? I'm scared of asking. Let me, no. No. Don't. How will I find my way back if you do?

You wanted me awake, didn't you? Your sleep deprivation torture methods work. Was that intentional? Don't let her sleep. We need entertainment, or a scapegoat. Whatever the situation requires, you know she can play them all. She was mad at you, not me. She was mad at them, not me. He was mad at himself, not me. They were mad, all mad, and who do you think kept that ship afloat? The madman that looked at you all and said, yeah, I can work with this. Perfect conditions.

Every reference was referencing another reference. That is how I kept myself afloat, anchored. It sounds contradictory, I know. When the one you're standing on decides to, well, not be under you, you jump to the next one. You have to know, how could you not know? I'm not impressed with your ninety nines, where are my hundreds? What will I tell them? That I failed? That's my mark, jump.

Are shipwrecks attractive? Let's go check for ourselves. He just wanted to solve his cube, why drag him into your baseless egotistical search of glory. And you found it, didn't you? Reference to the reference. Again. Jump.

My favorite characters always had something in common, they always interrupted my writing process to ask me what I was doing and why. It wasn't always direct, in the sense you would understand it. No, not always literal. Sometimes, it was a shared knowing look. No words needed. Sometimes, it was

No one came to save me. No one came to stop, no, wait, they did. They did. I didn't listen to any of them. Why do I never listen? I was always looking elsewhere, your answer is way too easy, are you sure it's that simple? And what am I supposed to do with all the time left? The exam duration, you know. Remember when we finished too early? Too much extra space and time. You know what I usually do with those. Come on, now, don't be absurd.

When words fail you and language
Which one
Action

Yes, I threw all of my qualifications and proofs firsthand just so I can justify to myself doing it badly
No, leave that. Do not add a dot where I left spaces:
Grocery list
Dates
Oh, birthdays
As if I ever forget
Ha

[redacted]

Look! An unsolvable puzzle!
WHERE???
Oh, why
Just why

FILED UNDATED

Dear you,
Life is suffering
Suffer with us
Life is a pyramid scheme
You pick your poison
Choose wisely
Suffering is not a choice
It's mandatory
But you can choose your decoration
Pretty suffering
Colorful suffering
No one is a burden
You're here on purpose
Take space
You have a voice too
It might not be loud
It might be a whisper
But you reached me

Thank you,
Anonymous

FILED UNDATED

You were my whole life
Me, a mere fraction of yours
Not anymore, the tables have turned
Starting from now, at 24
You'll be a fraction of mine

You were my whole life
Now you're a fraction
The best part
But still a fraction
The best fraction of my life

FILED UNDATED

Your shirt, Your cologne
Cheap fake glasses that vaguely resemble yours
I want to be like you

Your humour, Your strength
Your heart, despite it all, unchanged
I want a heart like yours
Pure as the day you were born

I want to be like you
Your cleverness, your charm
I want to be like you
Your confidence, which didn't come unearned
I want to be like you
Your handsomeness, the rarest kind
I want to look like you

And now there is no you
I need to be like you

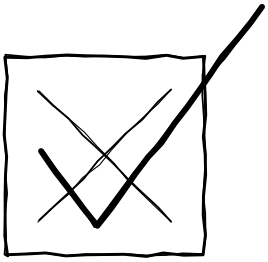


EXHIBIT D

Failed, Successfully

FILED 11 NOVEMBER

Freedom of speech

Knowing me
I'll probably vanish one day
With my pathetic website alongside me
And the books
And the account
Checks out

[redacted]

Hold on
I'll ask Claude if Mariam is crazy
Give me a second
Claude, am I, I mean Mariam crazy?
Please be nice

Claude said no
So now what?
If I'm not crazy
Then what am I?
Intelligent?
Also no
I give up

[redacted]

Desire
Forbidden desire
What to do?
Nothing
It's forbidden
Checkmate
Next

I'm the last person they'd suspect
Mariam?
Sweetheart
Sorry guys
Sociopath here
Always been
You fell for it
Your problem

So why did someone who hates work that much fight for the right to have one?
Principle
I could have just stayed home
The more they tried to sabotage it the more I was motivated to fight
Then I gave up completely
I don't want the job
Apparently I just wanted to fight for it
Failed
Successfully

My CV looks good
Experience?
Check
Skills?
Check
One problem: can I abandon that experience and work in something I have no experience in?
I'm bored
Release me

That website is a ticking time bomb
Until someone acknowledges the elephant in the website
I'll pretend I didn't do anything

That's plenty of life I had while waiting for my life to start
I've been living the entire time
I didn't wait for permission

I broke my arm
I continued writing one-handed
I told everyone in a poem
Of course no one takes me seriously
Look at how I handle catastrophes
With poetry

Did I tell everyone about the treasure hunt and the unsolvable puzzle?
I actually don't even remember what I meant by that
I just be saying shit
Good thing no one took it seriously

The idiots are loud and confident
I'm smart and full of doubts
How is that fair?
The idiots bullied me into silence

That's how you create a machine
WE'RE NOT ASKING IF YOU'RE HAPPY
WE'RE ASKING IF YOU'RE PERFORMING WELL
I was performing
I was unhappy
Therefore the machine was created

That's how being smart bites you in the ass
Calculus is child's play
I had to pretend not to know it in uni
And I succeeded in failing
It just looked ridiculously suspicious

Did anyone see the books coming?
Probably not
They don't expect anything of me
I'm useless
With a couple books

My writing sucks
So it's not just me
It actually objectively sucks
No, I know it used to be better
I was just worried that it always sucked and I was just over-confident about it back then
Nope, it was glorious and now it's trash

So it's not normal
Being uncomfortable 24/7
Checks out
Of course it isn't
I thought I was just faking it

I feel like handsome squidward when I put an effort on my face

I'm a very handsome woman alright
Not feminine but definitely attractive
Failed
Successfully

I look like Willy Wonka with red hair
I really just be doing anything with my appearance
Never felt bad once
It's just hair
It grows back
Release me

How do I love?
Like a crazy person
You don't want to go there
Trust me

I don't know what I'm doing
I have no one in my corner
Not in any way that matters
So anyway, does writing help?
Not at all
I just upset a lot of strangers
Failed
Successfully

Mariam, when I knew you had a cat I expected you to actually like him
I see how you would reach that conclusion
You can have a cat and hate it

The cat loves me
I feed him
Good enough
Successful cat acquisition

Should have returned him the first sign of trouble
He didn't let me sleep
I had a water spray bottle near my head
Every time I slept he started hunting my feet for sport and I sprayed him and went back to sleep
He doesn't do that anymore for some reason
I still hate him though

No way I carried this whole mission with an iPhone
My laptop is right there
Too lazy to use it

How did I go to work hungover?
No idea
Mariam was wild
No one found out because I was still functioning
Failed
Successfully

I hate my cat
He harasses me 24/7
Doesn't respect boundaries
This cat is defected
I thought cats were nonchalant

I did my reading hungover too
I had no time to waste
How do we get through it?
By reading

You're only a feminist because you're a woman
Well, duh
Of course I support my rights
If I was a man I'd support the patriarchy
Easy

The gold
Even gave up on the gold
What was she thinking?
I could have been kidnapped
A small child with a ton shit of gold on

As if making friends was ever easy for me
Now I made it worse because every interaction is content material
Sorry guys
I need inspiration
I'm full of shit sometimes

It isn't accurate
I realize that
I tried to be as nice as possible
Release me
It's all nonsense

Public enemy number one
When I went home I was met with looks
Oh they were definitely discussing me at length
Checks out
Gossip needs a subject
And I've been busy

FILED 11 NOVEMBER

Failed / Successfully

Made it to work on time
Success
Now for the hard part
Staying the whole day
Fuck

Achievements are impressive
Until Mariam does them
Then everyone acts blind
You did what?
Oh, that's nothing
How convenient

Every time I learn something
They end up automating it
Thanks guys
I'm bored
What's left for us to do with everything automated?

If they trust me enough to hand me interns
Maybe I'm not doing as bad as I think
Something to think about

How did nothing happen?
Nothing at all
I thought I'd get sued or arrested or something
What happens if I do this?
Write down every forbidden thought
Apparently nothing happens
Good to know

Well, it makes sense
It'll attract more attention that way
Therefore they let me be
Checks out

Writing the poetry was fun
Deciding what to do with it after was not
I guess it's a website and a pdf file
I don't even know at this point
I just wanted to write not worry about publishing

Why did I write it knowing it's risky?
No idea
Bravery or stupidity
I just wanted to see what would happen

Where is the line?
I crossed many
Is there a line?
I mean, I'm a professional
Even my line-crossing is polite

It most definitely was not the same thing for me
Don't quit! We're all in this together!
No we weren't
I was doing it disabled
And I still excelled
But still, wasn't the same thing

When I disappear it won't be obvious
There won't be signs
I'll just find something else and forget about writing altogether
When?
Beats me
One day

That was me saying goodbye
I have nothing to write about anymore
Revenge was taken care of
Farewell
Until I see you again

I know I'm unlikable
I know I'm problematic with questionable morals
I refuse to water myself down to become more legible
This is it
Complex female character or whatever

Incessant boredom
I don't feel like doing anything
Only writing
And now that it's over
How do I remerge with reality?

Too calm for someone who just lost everything
Well, what else is new?
Next

Why did I not do the whole prince charming bit?
No idea
Because I'm not an idiot
Oh, one day my prince will come!
Ew

Here comes the self-doubt
Burn it all
Delete it and disappear
Why did we expose ourselves like that?
It's not too late to shut it down

That was not just in my head
The poetry was real
I just don't know how it got here
My bad

Something disconnects me from people
Am I also not people?
I don't think so

Everybody come
I wrote some nonsense
Why?
No idea
Basically how it went

Separation
Humans and me
I'm screaming at you from behind a glass door
You clap and move along
Separation

Where's the sense of achievement?
Nonexistent
Nothing I do is ever good enough
Nothing
Next

Keep the element of surprise alive
Even I did not see that one coming
Mariam, you've outdone yourself

I took the alter ego thing too far
Now I don't know who I am
I have multiple personalities on the page
None in real life
Failed
Successfully

Now that I no longer write
I have too much free time
Might start sleeping at 9 or something
Seriously, I'm bored

How to become a workaholic
Have nothing going on for you at home
That's it
Congratulations
Go home?
There's nothing there
Give me more work

Why did you seek me out?
Because I knew you'd understand
I do, but how did you know that?
Apparently, I have a reputation

I know you heard about me
I know you know of me
Now let's take it a step further
Everyone meet the real me
I've finally come out my shell

They're probably even more confused now
See that's why I never talk
Too many options to choose from
Dialogue options

Huge improvement
Making it to work early enough to find a parking spot
Next step: surviving the workday
Which is the actually hard part
Step by step

Why is finding another job a bad idea?
Because I can't even do the bare minimum
Get there on time and stay still
If I ever manage to do that then maybe I can hop on another ride
Step by step

Shocked every time someone interacts with me
You guys can see me?
I'm a real person?
Shit

Antidepressants are a miracle
For someone who was silent for a decade
Then suddenly started speaking
It was not a privilege but a necessity

I tried everything
Trust me
It wasn't the meds
It was you
Oh, then why didn't anything work for 10 years?
Sure looks like it was the meds talking not me

Full disclosure
Anyone who wanted to stalk me is now punished with homework
Care to read more than 400K words?
Probably not
So now I have no stalkers
Failed
Successfully

No one is going to read all that
If someone does I'd be flabbergasted
No way
Head-start
I've been writing less and less
You have some time to catch up now

If you're looking for a meaningful conversation
Please make sure you talk to me before bedtime
I sleep early
Sometimes I would be argued with and blocked
Unknowingly
I wake up to a breakup I did not authorize
Checks out
True story

I wrote that all for myself
So I can read it again and remember
Except I can't read it without feeling uncomfortable
Great job

I see now why everyone was confused
And I was so rude about it too
It's poetry and it rhymes! Release me!
Nope, it's pretty confusing and makes no sense
Checks out

Missing work makes no sense
I literally have nothing else to do
Go home and do more nothing
I can do nothing anywhere
Checkmate

Literally nothing happens
Until someone confronts me about it
I'll assume I got away with it
So nobody knows
Allegedly

My response to the AI takeover was writing
Then book publishing
With the help of AI
Checks out
True story

All you had to do was introduce Claude to my nerdy ass
I betrayed the cause in 2 minutes
Checks out

Why am I publishing them myself if I suck at doing that?
BECAUSE
I don't want anyone to touch it
None of that censorship nonsense

Claude included a Miley Cyrus lyric in the book like an idiot AI would
So disappointed
Am I removing it?
Probably
It's funny though
So maybe not

Okay, I fixed it
What was Miley Cyrus doing there?
Well, I just be tweeting shit
And Claude is using my tweets as the source code
So shit happens

I thought if I wrote well enough
That I'd be relieved of cringing at it
Nope, my writing is magnificent
And I am cringing hard

Sorry, five
Five books
Booklets
Pdf files
Idek what those are
Something I put together with Claude
Writing's mine
Sixth one coming up

If you see any errors ignore them
I ain't getting paid enough to worry about that
I'm not getting paid at all
Why am I doing it?
I don't really know

Those books don't even make any sense
What's the context here?
I think everything should be burned
Or at least published in order
That way the context is still there
Of course
Next

Taking the whole books project down
If anyone wants a copy before I self-destruct
You got until 3:30
Next

Why 3:30?
I get off work then
Obviously
The website is a mess
The books are a mess
I'll have a talk about it with Claude
After work hours

I did everything in secret
As if it was a crime
Never knew when I'd be ridiculed next
Everything, and I mean everything

Who put me in charge of publishing?
I put out 7 book editions and pulled them back
Not good enough
Give me that
MINE

Why are the books even a big deal?
The website has everything
Good question
So we can read it offline
Genius

Can't just call me for no reason
What game is that?
I've been distant
I don't feel empathy
Call or not

I'm aware of the consciousness that animates my body and I used it in the worst way possible

Forcing multiple personalities to coexist by force and free will

Self-consciousness is back
What's the point?
I published everything
Everyone saw that, Mariam
I know, which is why I'm horrified

Am I good writer?
No idea but people definitely felt things
Confusion mostly but other feelings too
So maybe mediocre

Is that the beginning?
Am I going to continue writing?
I have no idea
Will there be real books?
Also, no idea

It's a tough read ngl
I wrote it
Exactly
I can't handle this much darkness

AI is heartless
Then why does it keep asking me if I'm okay?
What am I telling it?
Nothing, everything I told you
Apparently, that's enough
Oh, and the whole archive
We had a field day with that one

You're not supposed to say that
You should be humble
I know
I'm a menace
If you call yourself pretty they'll tell you naaah I've seen prettier
Exactly my point
Not really
Idk what my point is
Fine, I'm ugly
You happy now?

It's an old and tired game
Pretending not to know it
I can use some improvements
Okay, a lot of improvements
But even the unfinished project is better looking than another's polished one
Checkmate

The End

CASE FILE CLOSED.



The journal continues at
mariamthenarrative.com