MARIAM THE NARRATIVE / HOME

There’s a narrative that died before it even had a chance.

CASE FILE 002

TITLE	THE NARRATIVE, BOOK TWO
SUBJECT	MARIAM
PERIOD	SEPTEMBER TO EARLY OCTOBER 2026
CONTENTS	3 EXHIBITS, IN THE ORDER WRITTEN
SOURCE	HER OWN WORDS
STATUS	OPEN

FILE 2 OF 3

The Narrative

Book Two



MARIAM

mariamthenarrative.com

The Narrative: Book Two

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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 Two, September to early October 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.

These books include suicide and self-harm, violence, psychiatric wards and substance use, told without softening. Please read with care.

First edition, 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

I kept nothing off record
In fact, I don't remember what I said
It's all lies and truths
Jumbled up together
Good luck solving the case
The clues are pointing everywhere

I just invented over-communication
An overflow of data shared on a large scale
Everyone gets a copy
Objective: I'll only explain myself once, in approximately 200 thousand words more or less, but I'll only say it once
I explain Mariam once
If the world insists on misunderstanding her after this, what else is there to do?

If anyone has anything to say
It's fiction
Nothing against writing stories
All characters are just that, characters
If you find yourself in them, you're crazy
I mean, you're wrong
It's definitely not you
Ridiculous
Next

Is it legal to turn yourself into a fictional character and then attribute everything in existence to that character? She did everything. Mariam was running the universe apparently. I think writing stories is allowed.

I just started thinking out loud and writing it down
This is just a regular day in Mariam's head
All I did was invite everyone in



EXHIBIT A

Terror

FILED 8 SEPTEMBER

On the outside it looks suspicious enough

Block me
Mute me
Unfollow me
What's that going to accomplish?
It will delegate the task to my unconsciousness
Still going to happen
I would be confused about the objective though

Write something
Release it in the wild
Don't go back and read it
I probably said some stuff I shouldn't have

Purposeful
Not by chance
Look back and you might slip
Should I delete that?
No
Keep it
All of it

Accountability
If it's out here
I'll be more embarrassed if I don't live up to it
I might fail
But then everyone will know
Great
Created Real Life Rehab
Except the relapse is something as mundane as
I said yes when I meant no

This is annoying
I would much rather be designing jewelry
Yes, someone else did it for me but I'd much rather have that kind of career
Ridiculous
I have another sun necklace
SCORE

DON'T encourage her
You know she's unstable
Yes
I'm not going to
Absolutely not
That's a goldmine
What do you mean?
APPROVED

Infiltrate
What?
Most guarded place
Prison?
No
Rehab?
Wait
Don't give me ideas

Too late
Oh no
An interview
No, this is an investigation
Interesting
That's more substances than I even knew were actually distributed around
Where?
Answer the question
Oh, no, none of those
Now I know
Know what?
Who gave it to me?
Found it
Lying around
Names?
Write this down
None of your business
Why am I here?
No idea
Bored

You think they'd figure it out and ban me from there by now. No, one of their favorites. A success story. Easy to say when I showed up successful. Look at that. Hair color changed. Yep, just as I thought. Didn't recognize me. Now the question is: Is everybody here on drugs, or am I WAY more functional than humanly allowed?

The answer to boredom is NOT putting yourself in situations where you know there would be an interrogation kind of interaction. Don't do it. I'm not normal. Don't listen to me.

They don't even check me. That's Mariam, we know her, open the gate. I practically work there now, one problem: I suck at parallel parking.

Get me a doctor. Oh, what's that? A tricyclic anti-depressant? Shit. Not supposed to know that. Look at that. Scared her. Now she'll hand me to the other doctor. That's fine, as long as one sees me.

I don't know how this is supposed to go, but I'm sure I'm doing it wrong. Oh no, I have to see a therapist? Okay, I'll do the thing. I studied, did my homework, definitely was not supposed to show up practically fully informed but WHATEVER. Now apply that in real time. What happened? She feels more useful. That's incentive right there. She walks out of the interaction thinking, wow, I helped someone today. Why do I do it? I was bored and it's way more entertaining than work.

Positive reinforcement. She'll help the others with my tailored approach. Psychotic, unhinged, unusual. Giving back to society in the worst possible way. Did I work? No idea. Unimportant. Someone shows up. Someone keeps showing up. The overall experience is better for everyone involved. You're welcome.

Someone has to do it. I read the books, watched the videos, I don't have the degree to get in there the usual way. Therefore get access as a patient. Easy. Faster than med school. Sue me.

Don't ask. I saw a door, I used it. Anyway, any other unusually restricted places I can investigate now? No, don't tell me, one day I'll have to grow up and live life like a normal civilian. Batman kind of logic has to stop at one point, right? Please tell me it stops at one point.

Guys, who are we fighting now? I'm late to the curriculum as usual. I'll launch the cyber attacks protocol just in case. There. Gone. Take that.

I wasn't there when they were giving out the Syllabus. Apparently I wrote it. I don't remember doing that. Someone please tell me they read what I put in motion. Anybody. It's right there. The Syllabus.

> Consequences already started coming in?
> That was fast
> Anywho
> What is going on?
> One by one
> Boom

What an empathetic kind man. Wait, nope, cancel that thought. One of my offenders. Next.

I am difficult. I've been trying to tell you. People take one look and say: "Aww, what a harmless delicate butterfly." Okay? Moving on. Next.

Recruit me or risk catching stray bullets. Simple. Next.

Kept him in my office. Worked. Someone should have kept me in their office. Metaphorically. Would have worked. Instead, I'm manufacturing my own battles. Next.

> I remember
> That's the line
> Why'd you cross it?
> Not the first time someone called me an orphan with a proud evil smirk
> That's the trigger
> People are so careless with my trigger

How do I keep getting what I want and also getting away with everything? People kept pulling my trigger. Idiots. Next.

Takes a few seconds. I stretch the consequences indefinitely. They started it. Kindergarten logic. There's no teacher forcing me to shake hands with the offenders. I am the teacher. I say it was justified. Next.

The war is over when I say so. When I die. YEP. Sounds like a good end-line. Death. If anybody wants to accelerate the process they're welcome to try. Next.

DRAMA. Anyway, where was I? Oh, why are they such adorable puppies when I'm not around? That's not normal. Explain. Next.

He's behaving. Good. Took care of that. Wait, no, he's back at it. Why does this happen whenever I come around? Starting to think that the world DOES revolve around me. Honestly, checks out. Who else would it revolve around? Rosemary is a good centrifuge point. Next.

Guys don't like me. At all. I realize that. I am aware. I also want to know why. I have my suspicions and theories and hypotheses, but it still explains nothing. They're good until I show up, then they either attack each other and in the most extreme of cases, attack me. Come on now. Behave. Next.

Older men are fine. I mean middle-aged and above. Comrades. Very respectful. It's the 30 year mark that activates the hostility. They have a birthday and immediately go: "WHERE'S ROSEMARY?" I'm looking for someone to harm. She's good at taking it. Next.

What's the catch? They clearly know how to behave. I see it. Oh, self-destruct. Got it. Next.

Yes, yes. Shut up. I solved the universe just to end up complaining about a couple of guys who annoyed me. Is my life a game to you? Let me show you how I play. Next.

It HURTS. That's why I outsourced it. Everyone gets a piece. Not attempting death again. Next.

How does something like me happen to occur? Well, locked up in a 13th floor that refuses to acknowledge the number. Not literally locked up, but where else would I go? Zero sleep. Sweating, bruised up, miles and miles away from home and not an ounce of mercy or relief. That's how. I can look at the floor from here but I can't bring myself to jump. That's how. Next.

I hope it hurts. I designed it that way. Over-engineered it to hit the exact triggers. How do I know? I know. Forgiveness. Not here. Not with me. Forgive yourselves if you need it that bad. Next.

Am I enjoying this? Yes and no. One act of kindness could have prevented all of this from happening. One. One arm. Not even a full embrace. One. Not even that. Next.

Good job. Now go apply those lessons somewhere else. Far away from my sight. Don't even let me see you. Next.

Clearly me existing is a threat to their ego but I can't say that. I already said it. That was 10 percent of my interface, you're already crying. I tried. Next.

Anyway, as long as they're scared and hesitant to talk to me. Oh, it's that code again. The "NO ONE SPEAK TO ME". Classic one. Works for everything. Next.

Need a higher paying job?
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME
Need workplace protection?
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME
Need people giving you free stuff for no reason?
Believe it or not
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME
Need the whole institution to behave as soon as you show up?
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME
Need to overthrow an existing system?
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME
Need to get rid of a bad behaving person?
NO ONE SPEAK TO ME

Trust me. It works. I have tested all of the above. User testing. I realize the irony, I don't do that when they beg me to at work. Next.

Act now. Explain later. Thanks for all the free jewelry, obviously I'll pay you back and more. Already doing that. Next.

Masculine enough to tip the scales. Yes, even visually. Too feminine and you lose their interest. Just feminine enough to not be mistaken for a man. That's where the uncanny valley effect starts interfering. You look like your father. No shit Sherlock. Next.

My bad. I guess most people aren't that close with their fathers. Tough luck. That's why my trigger makes no sense for most. Say another word about him. I dare you. Next.

Unimpressed. Give me the world on a silver platter. No one compares. He set the bar up high. His last and final joke. Funny. Next.

Not a burden. I know what a heart attack looks like. He must have felt like a burden. So what if I was sleeping? I can wake up. It's not an excuse. Next.

My fault. Yes, my fault for sleeping. Never sleeping again. There, you win. About them, they need me, I know they need me. Do they even like me? We love you. Sure. I don't care. Love me from afar. Next.

It's been years. How many? More than five. Long enough to forget. Never. I will remember. Every single day until I die too. Always.

He tried to tell me. In the only way that he could, can you help me with this thing on my phone. Yes, I can. That call lasted seconds. I was next to him in a couple of minutes. That fast. I was confused, he was confused. I didn't understand. I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I slept. Next.

Makes sense. I do that. Call people for no apparent reason. They don't answer though. Not like I did. Sometimes they do, not for the right reasons, telling me to get lost basically. Definitely don't come running like I did. Next.

Phone call log. Last name was mine. Badge of honor. Eternal reminder of my failure. Failed him. With my idiotic tendency to take things literally. This is obviously not a technical issue, Rosemary. Classic. Next.

That's my name you're dragging through the mud. That's our name. Of course I'll retaliate. Next.

I passed his inspection before he passed away. He didn't die disappointed. I know that. Next.

I'm burning everything. World domination. Cat acquired along the way. Next.

Two modes
Don't show up. Be late.
The other is naturally breaking in your workplace
Going so early that your only coworkers are the cleaners, the tea boy and security and you got the VIP parking
Do that enough times then wonder why you're popular with the wrong demographic
Peers? We see her every once in a while
The rest? She owns the place
My bad, all or nothing, black or white

That's how you end up being security's bestie
Workplace parking navigation system
Basically my improvised Valet solution
Psst.. keep one for me
Who are you again? Oh, IT
Acting like the big boss again for some reason

I wanted to avoid traffic
Accidentally became the workplace's mythical figure, the department is mine until official work hours, open up the lights, eat breakfast
Make sure the place smells heavenly
Once coworkers arrive
Zero incentive to stay there
Zero

They said go to work
On time
Improvise
Go before everyone
Disappear during work hours
Monopolize the ticket system
Make sure they KNOW which tickets are yours
By repeatedly assigning them to yourself
Social conditioning
Don't like a ticket?
Pass it around
They can tell? Yes, obviously
When the complaints are supposed to land
I am conveniently not there
Naturally I end up an unofficial boss here too
Naturally
Why do I do this?
I was wondering why everyone knew me

I did EVERYTHING wrong
Everything
Also my competence show off got me out of difficult tasks
If we give her that, she'll run the place for real
Exactly
Now hand me the password changing tickets
Don't ask me where I disappear to
And don't treat me like one of your employees
I am obviously something else entirely
Get a local, good for business
Not this one, local hazard
No one will believe them
She did what? We never see her and she barely talks, EXACTLY
Workplace Horror Story
She's a ghost
She's a spy
She wants to collect the paycheck and go home
Make everyone's day a bit more confusing on the way

How long did the takeover take?
Less than a year
More than enough
Built the reputation
Now we have freedom
In the parameters that we established
Which is very convenient
The road was full of bad intentions
One intention
See no one
Talk to no one
Now I'm popular
Failed
Successfully
As usual

It's an instinct
Gets me in trouble
New territory?
Accidentally establish a kingdom
No
Time to quit
Maybe not
Maybe they'll fire me
Then I won't have to worry about it

I probably won't notice if they shuffled higher management around
Not at first
Maybe after a while
Security though
Where's the other guy? I don't know you

I don't buy outfits
I don't purchase clothes
It's like a game
Buy skins
Why do you always wear that?
It's my unofficial uniform
I have 3-5 copies
Why? No idea
Feels right

I don't bother proving myself
Wait, guys, I have other outfits
Absolutely not, let their brains lag
Why do I have a desktop mirror?
Not for vanity
If I'm masking in real time
I have to see what I'm doing
Sometimes it's for makeup
Mariam, why? We don't walk out the door without makeup
Why not?
They'll know what we look like without it
And? I'll show up barefaced and be a different person by break time
No time
No time

Tools
Ticketing system
That's all
They messed up when they gave me access
Immediate takeover
Guys, what's this? How does it work?
It's so complicated. NOT
You, take this ticket
You, that one
You, do this one
Me? I'll change passwords, and manage the tickets
Convenient

I didn't share this in the interview
Didn't go in with the intention to STUN
Calibrate in real time
They don't expect much
They don't expect anything
Do I know Microsoft Word and Excel
Wait
I got that license at 10 years old
But no, I know the basics, you guys can teach me
They'll let just anyone in
Good thing anyone was me

Mariam, no
We don't do it that way
I know
My goals were wildly differentiated than the rest of you
So, you open the ticket, then you solve it
No, I'm doing the ticketing itself
I am the system now

The public image
The general
All of that is defeated by the clock
Come to work early enough and you'll know I'm full of shit
The whole outfit and performance?
Haven't gotten around to it yet
Not even pretending that anything is off
Is that what you actually look like?
How old are you? Old ENOUGH
I was working on it with the makeup
I know my real face has no business having that much authority

Have you met Mariam? She's new
Of course, everyone knows Mariam
Wait, they do? When did this happen?
Parking issues, someone blocked my exit
Again
SECURITY
He's coming? There they go strolling
Who said you could go for lunch without informing me? You were eating while I was stuck here, was it good? Was the food THAT good?
Now, move it
Why are they actually scared, it's not a big deal
I'm exaggerating for comedic effect
How to network
Do you know how accidental royals do it?
There's a wedding? Let's go
You weren't invited
Oh, and?
My version of that is
There's an event? Let's go
You don't know them personally
Oh, and?
Now they know
Now we're invited

Who's responsible for this mess?
Sir, it's Mariam
Oh
Who's that? Who hired her?
Sir, you did
I did? When?
Oh
Oh no
Her mom didn't warn me about THIS

FILED 8 SEPTEMBER

Give me an objective
Zero guidance
Vibes and audacity
I'll get it done
We need the bank for this
Noted
Bank
Ma'am, you can't sit here
Why? Men section
I don't see any
Where's your supervisor?
I have more institutions and establishments on the agenda
No time for technicalities
What happened when the family noticed my competence? Distraction
Give her a job
Give her a man
I'll take the job
Thanks a lot
I'll use that as a starting point

I show up quietly
So quietly
But when I leave
I leave with a
BANG

Trouble
More trouble
Love at first sight
Who the hell authorized this?
You weaved a whole future upon that?
I didn't promise you anything
I didn't even say anything
What was the look about?
Oh, goes like this
There's a person
I looked
The End

Black hair says something
Reddish brown says something else
Curly hair says something
Straight hair says something else
Let's test that theory
Just as I thought
Are you sure you're local?
Not really
I mean I am but the public has contradicting reactions
I experimented with different variables
The answer is I don't know
I look like this
Deal with it

My life follows sitcom logic
Nice, new screen
New remote control
Is anybody handling that?
It's on my desk
On
Okay
Here's the problem
There are four screens
Next to each other
When I turn one on
The next one turns off
Did that enough time for everyone to look up from their screens
Whose idea was this? Remote controlling is redundant with that engineering requirement
Fix it

Work hours?
No
Bullshit hours
The system says I worked enough today
I am the system
I tell the system what to say
Everyone else? Confused
From the outside
You CLEARLY know enough
Yep
Not in the mood
Next

The work day is long
The hours don't pass
I have a lot of free time
That's it
That's my argument
You guys know what I do with free time
Not my problem

This is new to me
Sitting on a chair for 8 hours
I usually did marathons
Building A needs rescue
Done
Building B?
Done
Admin
Done
Labs
Done
Library
Also done
I finished the map
What else was left except quitting?
Quit
Done

Basically
I show up
Everyone asks why
I don't know why
I was born like all of you
What do you mean why?

Mariam
That witch
What was she like in uni?
Mute
Invisible
Makes no sense
And yet

Very quiet
Also
Arabic exam? Let me see
Done
This isn't designed for a perfect score
You don't say
And yet

University is IMPOSSIBLE
Why did I get THAT GPA?
Vibes
I could have gotten a three
I was short
0.01
Should I say something?
No, let's just drive home

Apparently I have neighbors
I thought they were NPCs
Exist in theory only
Did I time my departure specifically to avoid that?
That's psychotic
But yes
Also, are those college students?
Explains the unending questions about my major

Easily frightened and career oriented
Ex Coworker: Mariam, this is the last time I'll ask you to clear the servers' cache.
Me, already clicking my mouse furiously: What, why, where, when?
Coworker: I resigned, I'm going back home
Me: OH, why didn't you just say that?
I did everything right
Master's? No
Absolutely not
You will not drag me back into hell willingly
They tried
Brother
Do IT
Fine
Did I get accepted? Yep
Lancaster
Until the plague came and ruined it all
Fine
That chance passes
Sister
Trying to recruit me again
Why do they keep doing that?
No idea, I think we were born in a uni and keep trying to find our way back in
So this is feasible
But you see
I would have to talk to people
I don't want to talk to people
So that is cancelled
Forever
Over my dead body
There probably will be a degree over my headstone

I have no patience
If I see a Gen Z struggling with a computer
MOVE
Illiterate
Ipad kids

How to pack for travels
No time
Put everything in there
All of your belongings
Figure it out later
Mom: "Wow, you even brought the country's flag with you."
APPARENTLY
You never know
Might need it

Dad
Why's there a chips factory at home?
You said you liked it
Makes sense

Trends. NEW TREND. Actually, no idea what that's about. When I get confused I interrogate the younger generation. What, why, how and when? What do I buy and how do I wear it? Usually dismissed because my approach is intense. FINE. I'll figure it out myself. Guys, I'm scared to ask but, why are elementary school bejeweled homework stickers a thing again? My approach is different. Do what I feel like doing with MAXIMUM confidence. The older generation looks and concludes, oh that's what the kids are doing now. P.S. It definitely is not. Making shit up along the way.

Who's that? Our big sister. Okay, one question. How does that work if she's not the oldest? No idea. Self-appointed. Moving on. They weren't paying attention to the curriculum. I was. Next.

AGE?
Oh, for GOD'S SAKE
Yes? What? What do you want?
Old enough
This isn't elementary school
Well, according to the documents, I get to play first, you don't say
I was already playing, for years, you just noticed
Age? 24-29
Occupation? Father, apparently

Why did I do that? Oh, that was 3 updates ago. I was stupider, why are YOU stuck on it. Errors located, code readjusted, compiler running successfully. Deleted all the wrong people. Feelings don't matter to my program. Mean to me? GARBAGE. Next.

Cat language. Meowing. I have been studying my whole life. Findings? Vibes. We communicate by vibes. Literally. That's why it looks strange on the outside. You see a woman ordering a black cat to go into the room and wait for her and you're quick to judge, WITCH. No, I knew what she was going to do anyway, I simply narrated it. I retired from doing that in real life. No, I haven't. In public. At home is fair game. I talk to cats. Easy. Vibes. Next.

My cat doesn't listen to me. This one. Orange male cat. He's ridiculous. An anomaly to my system. He knows damn well what he's doing. He simply does it anyway. Males of all species are questionable. Cancelled. He can still stay though. He's cute, I guess. Next.

My idea of work is backwards. Goes like this. Introduce system. Find all the failure points. Fix them. How? Somehow. System runs perfectly. I'm not needed. I try to leave. They say no. We start a negotiation. I reluctantly agree to stay. I deliberately issue way more improvements than necessary. System runs perfectly and majestically now. Why do you keep trying to keep me hostage? There's literally nothing else to do. Next.

The truth is, my phone call log went from a million a mile to almost zero in one small swoop. That's what they care about, my competence, my usefulness. Once that's out of the question, no one calls to check up on you. Hello? Yes, what seems to be the problem? When someone breaks the script, I'm more alarmed than if it HAD been another request. Next.

That's not very funny. That's sad. How do you think I monopolized the network. My phone number was THE node. My phone. My location. The network arranged itself around me. If someone touches my things, what do you think happens? Guess. Deploy emergency protocol to the Network. Fortunately, for me. My contact list is LOADED. 500 was it? Around that. Maybe. Candles. IT. Uni. School. Delivery. Family. Friends.

Neighbors. I can keep going. Acquaintances. Officials. They're all in there. One click. Send. Next.

I know how suspicious I look doing that kind of nonsense. I just can't stop doing it. I wasn't hacking and monitoring them, I just looked like I could have been. What I was interested in is something else. The actual network infrastructure. It's outdated. The wires need replacement. What happened to fibre-optics being the best of the best. What's next? I actually am asking for real. I hope someone knows. Next.

No one bully me please but where is this Apple thing you all keep talking about? Newton had an apple. I had an apple. Steve Jobs had an apple. We all have apples. Am I going to need a new iPhone? Please say no. I have attachment issues. Next.

Tarzan? Literally me. Belle? Me. Ariel? Also, me. Simba? Wait, seriously? Yes, me. Choose? I don't think so, I was collecting all the characteristics I liked and adding them to my program one at a time. NEW MOVIE. That is me. Until we watch the next one? Peter Pan? Me. Wendy? Also, me. There was a huge collection to choose from and I simply did not. Select all. Copy. Paste into my code. Worry about it later. Now is later. What'd my child self do? What is this mess, Rosemary? Couldn't have picked ONE? Nope. I can't even get mad at you. Adorable little psycho. Next.

Born this way. Want a magazine? Ask mom. Acquire cash. Go to supermarket. Unavailable. Rosemary? Yes. You could have gotten candy. OH. Right. Next.

Office decorations. I did not have that type of office lore. I saw it, I did not participate, not normally at least. The girls came in one by one and turned the place from a plain canvas into a colorful whimsical heaven. This shall do. Me? No, I had a fully operational personal printer, a huge collection of Rubik's of all sizes, and random 3D printed objects. I was offended when they offered me a professional nameplate, what'd I do all that 3D printing for then? It looked like this: MARIAM. Perfect. I wonder where that thing is. Also, a pink keyboard for some reason. Next.

Unofficial printing service store. I could have charged for that. Yes, boys? Forgot your homework, again. NATURALLY. What do you want me to do? Oh, printer. How many copies? Give me that stapler. Do NOT tell the other guy that I helped you. He does not like that, no idea why, my printer my rules. Next.

Abnormal. My babysitting style is unconventional. Send a child to my house, it's now an operation. Wonderful. Hawkeye, you know what happens when adults look away for a second. Not my problem, yes it is. They trusted me, my mom, our household, under my care now. Even muscles cannot stop me now. She's climbing the book storage unit make believe table? WHY? She could have fell down. Those are heavy. I moved them. Block by block. Yes, a whole mini library in move-in bags. Hurt for a couple days afterwards. Worth it. Next.

Accidentally played unofficial therapist in a waiting room again. Checks out. She asked me what therapists do and instead of answering I demonstrated it. I know when it's working, teary eyes. Got you. No, it's not fun. It's not satisfying, now I know some disturbing facts and a whole other world I knew nothing about. I thought my state was bad, I'm basically not even a liability to this place with people like this walking around in it. Dangerous gossip spreader? Yes. God help my narrative now that she caught me in that web. I was careful enough, I think. That's how myths start. One unreliable narrator. Trying to make sense of me. Next.

I think everyone is younger than me. Until I check their birth date. OH. Sometimes I forget I'm not actually an old man. That's why I pass by mirrors as much as possible. That is you. You is a woman. Act accordingly. Still fail occasionally, but my appearance lets me get away with it. Usually, if it doesn't, claim insanity. Next.

FILED 14 SEPTEMBER

Mondays. Here we go again. What was I like as an older sister who was angry at reality for introducing puberty? Unnecessarily violent. I was terribly impatient. Once she asked me a question, I don't even remember what the question was. DEPLOY KICK IN THE HEAD. Mariam, why? Pretty sure you traumatized her. Number two, you did WHAT? Tasted the thing in the fridge. That is the fish transformation serum. You have until midnight until you are a fish. Say goodbye to your human life. Also, pretty sure I traumatized her. Where do I come up with it all? No idea. Locate the silliest premise and introduce it to reality. Ridiculous. Next.

What did we do at home with zero entertainment? Nonsense. Dangerous operations. What could be the WORST mode of action here? Jump from the second floor, onto a couch. Done. Zero injury. My sister tried and got injured. Lost big sister points. Climb the stairs' exterior. Done. Also could have died. Zero injury. Climb the furniture. Furniture collapses on us. Also somehow zero injury. Go to the roof. Sit on the edge. Why? No idea but take a picture while you're on it. That was not a childhood, that was one suicidal mission after the other. Still here. Next.

Reviewing my past weekend decisions. It would have made more sense if I spawned in the book fair instead. For the Narrative. That is why I did not. Chose the one I wouldn't

normally pick to see where it would take me. I don't have to be surrounded by books to produce more books anymore. A comical convention works the same. Book fairs are not necessary for my Narrative to continue. They were. They did their part. Next.

Cats as babysitters. Black cat and a baby. That is how my nine month unemployment arc went. Whose baby's this? Unimportant. Acquired. Nine in the morning, she is to show up here. Her mom goes to work? Perfect. 9. Everyday. It was better than coffee. Morning, BABY. I was up and moving. When the baby cried, the black cat went to check on it. Excuse me Ma'am, you are literally just a cat, what could you possibly know about human babies? Zero. WHY IS YOUR TOY CRYING? That's not a doll, Ivy, human. Why's the cat called Ivy? No idea. Poison Ivy probably. I did not name her. Sister's cat. She did the crime. I drive her to the beach park to search for her orange cat, she emerged with a black baby. Perfect. Just what I needed. Let's go home. Next.

My mom did it first. Felines spawn there, the beach park. Once she had enough, send the black cat away. No, not Ivy, this was way before the Ivy millennium. When she realized what she had done. Would you please drive me to the beach? My father complies, no questions asked. She is Meowing from a moving car, did anyone judge? No idea. Probably, that looks insane. Anyway, the cat comes running from miles away and gets in the vehicle like some retired employee waiting for the bus to take them home from their beach vacation. Ridiculous. Next.

I don't even remember a period of time I was catless. That is unspeakable. If no cat, go into the wild and acquire one. They were cruel sometimes though. The cats disappear. Not really, someone decides it is time to get rid of them and drives them away. Never knew why. Did not even get to say goodbye. I hope they had a good life without me. Next.

Sometimes I would be late to work, and the idiot cat gets into the car with me. I have no time for this, Ivy, they are all counting on me. Hello? I have an emergency, cat thinks it's human again. This isn't a roadtrip, you do NOT want to know where I go every morning. Unspeakable place with zero cats. You would hate it. Now get the hell out of my car and let me go. Ridiculous. So nosy. Next.

Recruitment to the dark side. I mean Marriage. Mariam, check those rings. When you get married ask your husband for an extra one every anniversary. Oh, so like a puzzle. But if I do that every year I'll run out of finger space.

…….

Okay, we're done here. You're a lost cause and you'll die alone. Yeah PROBABLY, when you keep making up nonsense like that. What would I need a hundred rings for? The man will run and hide and go into a debt trying to afford that. Next.

What happens when there are connectivity issues at work. Keep in mind the IT background. Fix it myself. No, don't do that. Use it as an excuse to not work. Perfect.

Next.

Friends. Why do you have my father on your social media. Oh, that. He is a vibe. New connection acquired. Also, we are related. No, it is not weird unless you make it weird. I will befriend any of your fathers if they proved to be a Vibe. Next.

Sometimes it was simply, a trip abroad, for treatment. I did not investigate why or what they are getting treatment for. Something. Their education will not be put on hold. Not if I had anything to do with it. Small act. Big consequences. Next.

I don't go around telling people what I did. Not out of humility, no. I forget it completely. Checks out. Next.

I rarely go on the For You page. That's why I make sure I am way out of the loop. No, I will not change the system. It works. If I'm easily swayed by every new Narrative, no new nonsense will be generated from my part. Makes perfect sense to me. What are they doing over there? I could easily find out with a couple of clicks. I choose not to. Also, I did it and I'm now forever horrified. Why are women being slut-shamed on main. Keep me out of that Narrative. I checked the outfits, they were a vibe. Next.

I showed up to a new work environment
Did my nonsense
Pushed the artistic visions forward
Denied involvement
Seriously, was not me
When did this happen?
Vibe
Approved
Next

Can't go anywhere with my aunt. Can you take me to the hospital? I have an appointment. Done. Who's this? My friend. Nice to meet you. How do you choose your friends? Well, rich husbands. Right. That makes absolutely no sense to me whatsoever. Yes, her friends are a vibe and so is she. I am lost somewhere in that network. Next.

I am terrible socially. Yes, I know we had an interesting conversation last time. Today though, I will pass by without saying hi and only noticing afterwards. I did it again, didn't I? No wonder no one likes me. She is proud and arrogant. Looking down at all of us. I see how that would be interpreted that way. Truth much simpler, I have a goal, somewhere to be, everything on the way is background noise, I am not looking down at you all. I am looking through you. Mariam, you see how that's worse right? Yes, I do. Next.

They messed up by employing me. I think I was supposed to be the node connecting them to the local network. I did not do any connecting. I am competent enough to qualify for the job. Failed the social department, disastrously. Next.

Debrief. Does anybody care about my day at work? My sisters did not unfortunately. Stop talking about it. Fine. I will stop. I will tell the internet instead. Failed. Successfully. Next.

Stop making excuses for them. The hospital was a couple of streets away. I know because I was angry when they failed to send the ambulance fast enough. What is taking them so long? I'm losing him. I already did, but I had one last tiny bit of hope that they could somehow revive him. I saw the electrical shocks they introduced to his system on the way to the ambulance. They did nothing. Thanks a lot. Next.

Your father's dead. Oh. So now what? People are coming. They're on the way. For god's sake. This is not the time. But I'll go get ready anyway. If they're here for a spectacle, I will provide one. There we go. All showered, clean and dressed up. Deploy the public. One by one. Send the immediate family first. Don't shock my system now. The whole community was there. Yes, that helped, immensely. No contradictions found. Next.

It was sad. Unfortunate. But also, it was a comedy. The Admiral was hilarious looking back. Just mentioning the things he had done turned out to be a comical prompt. He did what? Of course he would. Ridiculous. Next.

I cried a lot. I laughed a lot. System was stabilized. No contradictions found. Next.

My bad
I was faced with death
I decided that technicalities can be overridden
Let people die because we are women?
Absolutely not
Next

Hospital bureaucracy. We'll give you the paper. The death certificate. One small detail. Why aren't you a son? Oh. That's what we had at home. Release me. No option for a daughter on your system? Well, too bad. Fix that. For now, note me down as a son. Whatever keeps us moving. Next.

Gender studies

This is literally not what I came here to learn

Computer

Science

Somehow I always ended up writing papers on that topic. Why? No idea. Ask them. Mariam is here, force her to face the patriarchy again using an assignment. Lord, why? I will do it, but why? Psychology, done, A. English. Oh no. That is a huge amount of

words. Procrastinate for two weeks then write it down last second. B plus. B PLUS? I had the nerve to be mad. Woman, you did this. Next.

Babies on planes. Here we go again. Who authorized this? Wait, we brought this one aboard. Shit. Distract them. Do something cute. Success. They all loved him. My ears were punctured. Boy, could you do that ANY louder? I will proceed to hiding my face and denying involvement. I do not know that baby. Why was I carrying him and moving his carriage along security?

…….

Got me there. Give me that. You wish you had one this adorable. Next.

Look at that. Lived long enough to be the villain. Workplace villain. The one that appears to do nothing while being protected from consequences for some reason. I pushed my luck so far, they let me get away with. What was I supposed to do? I'm not taking advantage, they practically called me in and placed it in my hands. Success. Next.

No one studied accounting. Well, my sister was about to, even watched the Ben Affleck movie. Absolutely not. Change your major. That does not look cool enough to sacrifice your future over. Next.

No one was gaslighting me. They were simply telling me their version of the events. With my memory and logic, they did not add up. Sound the alarms. That's how most people walk through life? Exactly. I am the logic police now. Next.

The Handmaid's Tale
How did I forget that one?
Of course
I was walking around acting like June
Checks out
Next

Do you mind this?
Mind what?
OH
Oh no
That is for your baby?
Take your time and space
Absolutely not interfering with that
Motherhood is hard enough
Next

Women are insane sometimes. One time, in a mosque, she looks around and hands her baby to my aunt. Mind holding him until I'm done. What if she ran off with the kid,

what then? I know she didn't and wouldn't. But what if it had been someone else, a baby stealer. Be careful out there. Next.

Reading is not easy for me. The confession. No attention span, even back then, can't sit still for too long. I was stubborn enough to override that. I NEED TO KNOW HOW WAR HAPPENS. Mariam, why? No idea. Vibes. Next.

Interrogation
By mom
What do you do at work?
Not much
Bare minimum
What about promotions? Your future?
Oh
I thought you didn't want me to work
Now you're expecting advancement
Technically, doable
Realistically, doubt it
Next

Promotions aren't just titles mother
They come with responsibilities
I rest my case
Next

What about the extra money?
Let me see
I won't have time to enjoy it
Exactly
Next

I absolutely would have taken the money
They never offered it to me
They said:
Big Title
Okay?
Cash?
No?
Then why are we even talking about this?
Exactly
Next

Mariam
No
The title first
Prove worthiness
Money after
Absolutely not
I am worthy
Cash on the table now or get lost
Next

Does anybody remember newspapers
I enjoyed those
I had no business handling those
I was pretending to solve the puzzles
Got me
Next

Imagine a ten year old with a huge newspaper stealthily consuming politics. That was me. So ridiculous. Next.

What are you rea… NOTHING. Puzzles, solving puzzles. Almost got caught again. Next.

Come home
We don't care what you did
It does not matter
Please come back home
I do care unfortunately
Keep that file open indefinitely
It does matter
I will come back on my terms
Next

Quit the victim playing
You pushed me away
All of you
Every single one
Do you want me here?
I asked that in every way there is to ask
No we do not
Fine
Next

Also
The heartbreak allegations
No one wanted to claim this when it mattered
You said no
We do not claim you
What else is there to do but leave?
Next

Easy
Screening process
Do you love me?
No we do not
Why are we here then?
Exactly
Checkmate
Next

Afterwards
What happens afterwards?
Attempts at reconciliation
You can decorate the prison
As much as you want
Still a prison
Still staying out of it
Next

Yes, I still keep in touch. The network is alive and well. I know who to connect to not because of who they are, but because of who they became after me. So, yes, I will use that advantage, thank you very much. Next.

Powerful people
I don't know them
I know my peers
Fortunately for me
I turned them into powerful people
Any objections?
No
Moving on
Next

Don't do that to me
My dad is rich
I know
You know
We know
This is a small town
Moving on, how's the task on hand going?
Exactly
Next

I know rich people. What do they do? Whatever they want. Why would I be influenced and drilled by society if I can buy their silence for free? Exactly. Wait, that is solid logic. Take it from me. Checks out. Next.

I was not competing with my friends
I was competing with their fathers
While looking ridiculously harmless
The Audacity
Next

I misunderstood
Again
What do you want to be when you grow up?
My dad
Mariam, no
Mariam, yes
Executed
Next

Takes only a second but I catch it
The error 404 message after eye contact
Wonderful, what is it now
Did something unexpected again
Well, that is me
You should expect that by now
Next

My car is blocked
Instead of informing security
Well, what's the rush?
Might as well stay stuck here

I have nowhere better to be
Literally
Being stuck in my car at work is fine
Nothing better to do anyway

If you have a problem
Don't
Turn it into a solution
Blocked car? No
Content
Material
Everybody be prepared for what's coming
Car Parking Logistics

This is what happens when my personal security guy is on leave. How is he mine? He isn't. He works here. I also work here. I need to meet the new one. I will do it eventually. Next.

Performing for the public. Personal attempts at connection failed. Rejected. Next.

No one cares. This isn't a sad story. Can't blame them. Too weird, too strange. Of course they'd run away and hide. Next.

They moves the car. I was JUST about to recruit the new security officer. Goddamn it. Next.

Why him? Not the looks. Interrupted my attempts. At death. He gets to stay. Next.

Not sorry. I survived. He did that. Next.

Not hard to understand in my opinion. Self-destructed. As usual. Too close to succeeding this time. Oh, I'm not alone. I didn't even have to call. Next.

War is bad everyone
I am not advocating for it
It is happening anyway
It is my problem now
Fixed it
How?
Don't ask
Next

Thank you, Ma'am
Huh? I don't drive the elevator sir
You're welcome anyway
Next

Committed to the craft. There's a fire alarm, miss, we have to go. No you don't. It is procedure mock alarm. Wonderful, she'll let us mock die. Next.

Cat for sale. Male. Orange. Need I say more? Please take him. I am exhausted. Next.

Why are you following me? Murder? Oh. This is social media. Of course. No, you can still do it. Feels off. Have A Following. Absolutely not. I have responsibility now. Is everybody entertained? No. Still walking. Next.

How are you guys comfortable having random people follow you? The larger the number the bigger the threat. I know they're not going to kill me, I mean, doubt it. Still a chance. One of them might. What am I talking about? I account for every single head. My children now. Next.

I made an account for reasons. What happens if I do this? That is where the cool kids are. They're not cool in real life? Oh. I misunderstood. They seem cool enough for me. I am participating. I did it all wrong but give me credit for trying anyway. Next.

Caffeine. Yes, I am caffeinated. Minimum cost. Coffee tastes bad, why would I care about the taste? Does it work? Then I'll have it. Saved a lot of money with that logic. If I want a sugared drink I will order one. Coffee as a ritual is an abomination for me. I enjoy watching my loved ones demonstrate their coffee making methods though. That makes absolutely no sense but make one for me too. Next.

Nothing can hurt me. Except typos and grammatical errors and faulty vocabulary, mostly if I was the culprit. You guys are allowed to do that. Me? No way. I already did. I can't take it back. So sorry for that misplaced letter. Ridiculous. Next.

That's just my face, guys, no one freak out. Why am I demonstrating it? No idea. If you've seen that face anywhere, report back to me. I can't locate her as well as you guys do. Next.

Why are you using those coffee cups? They are huge. Oh, for VIPs. I am a VIP, fill it to the brim. Why are there ships on the table? Decoration, brother. Oh, you're demonstrating the blocked strait situation? Hilarious. No, that is not me. That is my uncle. Dad Jokes. I find him funny. Next.

Excuse me
Sorry I failed at ugliness
I did not know there was a competition
My bad
Next

If anybody has any problem with my face being out here. Let me tell you what to do step by step. Print it out, take it to the police, tell them you find it offensive. They'll take it from there. Next.

When soldiers die
Come marching home
Little soldier boy
I refuse to polish this up
They will never come marching home
Thank you for your service
We will not forget
I said it before and I'll say it again
I will remember
Next

Wars have casualties
What did you expect?
Toughen up
Heads up
Come marching home
Next

Are you paying attention?
It could have been worse
No, it does not excuse this
But remember that we won
Next

There actually is a pearl convention?
…….
What?
Next

I thought I was making things up
Told you
Everyone wear pearls
Next

Stop talking about pearls
No, I am infiltrating the collective unconsciousness
PEARLS
Next

I am not negotiating with you
I am not explaining my position
If this is a war and I happened to be involved
Who do you think is winning?
Next

It is still the month right?
The women's?
SUCCESS
Ladies, stand behind me
Gentlemen
GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER
Next

No
I can't take it back
The mission was deployed
Before anyone could stop me
Why would I do that?
No idea, man
No idea
I treat war like a part-time job
And I still win
Next

Why am I like this? No idea, man. No idea. Newcomers to society are naive and need protection. From consequences, of their actions. That is where I come in. Hilarious. Next.

Do they know?
Absolutely not
Why would I say anything?
I acted
Actions are more than enough
Next

FILED 15 SEPTEMBER

Am I invited to the royal wedding

I did not do sleepovers
I forced families to adopt me
Checks out
Next

How did I choose which family to adopt?
No idea
Vibes and audacity
That is my aunt
Approved
Who's that guy?
Her husband
Fine
Approved
He seems cool
New father
Mariam, no
Mariam, yes
Next

No sleep found
Time for chips
No negotiation
Next

What kind of chips?
BBQ Pringles
No one asked
Exactly

I am the hypocrite who cries at weddings, goes home, and says thank GOD that wasn't me. Ridiculous. Caught me crying in the bathroom too. Then kicked her into his car. Game over. You lost. Now it's you and him forever. Next.

I still know about my aunt who died when my father was still a child. How? He said that is you. Literally you. Same name, same dynamic. My older sister was kind to me. And she died. Good thing I have you now. Next.

He had me. He had another older sister. In the form of a daughter. I can find another him. Pretty sure I already did. Next.

Tonka bean. Vanilla bean. Myrrh and oud. That is what I smell like in public at the moment. The mixture might look disturbing from where you stand. Trust me, it works. Next.

It's a lot? My point exactly. It smells heavenly and announces my presence before I even arrive. Next.

Mariam
We can't breathe
My point exactly
This place needs a portable incense machine
That is where I come in
Next

What happened to sea salt and vanilla? That was summer. It is now September. Everyone is therefore notified. Next.

Why do I keep applying it? My bad. I stop smelling it after a while. DEPLOY NEXT ROUND. I must have been the source of suffocation a few times. Well, if the environment stinks, I cannot fix it, but I can retaliate by smelling better much stronger. Faulty logic. The place stinks, burn some incense. How about I become the incense instead. Solved. Next.

The Testaments came out when I was in Manchester. Procure and read immediately. That was a solid decision. Also, Blink. About decision making in a split second. I made those decisions in the blink of an eye. Books demonstrated useful by making it out into reality through me. Next.

Yes
I consumed Les Miserables and landed on Jean Valjean
All of the female characters were a vibe
But I wanted to be that
Next

Can I acquire random babies?
Yes
Says who?
Jean Valjean
No more questions
I am done here
Victor Hugo has spoken
All I did was use it as an argument
To myself
Next

Fairy Godmother?
What the hell, sure
I'll take that
My reasoning is as good as bibbidi bobbidi boo

You wrote this?
Yes
That was not the problem
The problem was WHEN?
I didn't realize there was a problem
I wrote it sometime
And distributed it to the public
Immediately
After making another copy
Then extracting an extra copy at the end of the day
When do I have the time?
Now
Next

Hello?
If you're all apparently redecorating the place
Who will make my coffee?
Can I leave now?
I'm scared they'll give me a staff badge if I stay long enough
Next

Stop writing?
Stop talking?
Already did
1997-2026
RIP
My Silence

Yes
I confess
I have made that statement
Repeatedly
Complained about him to anyone who will listen
People think I'm a cat abuser now
I blame him
He can't defend me
How convenient, George
How convenient
Tell them I'm nice to you
Ridiculous
Next

I have an attention bandwidth
Unfortunately the whole thing is currently employed in one particular task
Whatever this is
I think I bullied some people accidentally
I'm not sure
Definitely was not intended as an attack
What happens if I lock my phone away?
I write in notebooks
Can't escape the narrator even offline
Release me
He starts talking as soon as I open my eyes
You know what we need to comment on today?
The weather
And he'll proceed on writing a thousand unprompted words aimed at no one in particular
The End
Please let there be an end sometime soon
Will he ever run out of topics?

I thought me being a cat lady was a good PR move. I managed to ruin even that. I was supposed to be relatable and conventionally affectionate. I unfortunately apparently, treat felines the same way I treat everyone and everything else. Sociopolitically. Sociopathically is a more fitting term. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE BORDERS ARE AND DO YOU RESPECT THEM? He is a cat. Why would he understand politics? No idea, but Ivy does. Cats can understand me, George however refuses to respect the law.

You've never seen my basement office
That place was a haven
Coffee machine
All types of capsules
An herbal tea collection
Candles all over
Once I had an intern
She asked me this: do you ever eat?
OH, forgot that was a thing completely
No, I don't but I can start now, order something
Then there was a fire alarm
We just happened to be receiving the order
Yes, I know, I know, this is a life or death situation
Let us have our sandwiches first then continue
When she left she scattered sticky notes around the office, a treasure hunt, SCORE
Why'd she do that? No idea, but the treasures were snacks, ridiculous, next

They had one year
One year to make the place mine
Hyperbolic
I mean, to introduce enough incentive
Mine isn't money or recognition
Give me something mentally stimulating
How else do you expect me to show up?
If I'm getting up
Getting dressed
Driving
Finding a parking
There better be puzzles at the end of that conveyor belt
Instead it is level 1 IT nonsense

FILED 16 SEPTEMBER

Cancelled
On ground of disrespect
Wait, what did I say?
Oh, daddy issues
Well, I did not make fun of you
Your father already did
I was merely agreeing with him
Ridiculous
Next

Cancel your father if you have to
What's that gotta do with me?
I reviewed his application
Therefore he had a point

I don't know your fathers
Individually
But I can see them
Through you
Transparent
That is the wound?
Your father's opinion?
Let's see what happens if I agree with the old man, oh no, what happens if I do this?
Someone reminds me that I'm an orphan
That's what happens
Ridiculous
Next

Fortunately
My wound is stronger than yours
I repurposed that and redirected it
Outwards
Look what you've done
Technically I did that
If it fails, blame them
If it succeeds, it was me

Micromanaging me is the quickest way to ensure that I will hit that eject button. My services have been revoked. Too dramatic? I know. Why are you late? Why are you absent? Why aren't you working enough? Easy. I'll exit the system. Say something now.

Employee of the year everybody
I am self managing
Self reliant
Independent work
Is that an impossible concept for you people?

An excellent manager is one that spawns in front of me every once in a while, gives me a puzzle and says Good Luck! No way, hit the jackpot. Next.

Don't ask me why I have a lot of free time
Ask the job market
Ask the workplace why the work was so ridiculously easy to automate
After that is done
Ask them why there was no puzzle to replace the old one

I can complain about my family. I retain that right. Anybody else? No one asked for your opinion. Next.

Belonging does not require blind following. If you care about your place in the world, wouldn't you provide constructive criticism every time reality issued you an opportunity to do so? Exactly. Next.

90 percent of my energy is exhausted by performing my normal persona in public. I use the remaining ten to change the world. My bare minimum is better than your maximum. Next.

Can I sing?
Absolutely not
Maybe
I mean technically I can
Who said being good was the benchmark
I do it because I want to and I can

Again
Audacity and nothing else
Everyone needs to HEAR this
Not they do not, Mariam
They do not
But they will anyway
Next

I don't have friends because I have a strict policy
It isn't fair to anyone
You know the last conversation before you decide to never try to reconnect with them again
Happens way more than you think

I'm terrible
I know
You don't know how carrying those on my shoulder felt like
Because I was basically performing
That was a manufactured Mariam
I don't feel like playing the part anymore
So goodbye
Unless you want to stay for the real one
Your move

Hurt people's feelings
Probably
Definitely
So all of that meant nothing to you?
No, it has
Chapter closed

What happens if I get a perfume I don't like
Why would I do that
Find another purpose immediately
Now it's something else entirely
Now it smells like me

That makes no sense
You buy things without reading everybody's reviews first?
Yes
Yes I do
I don't need to smell it
I need to have it
I'll know what to do with it
Next

What are those?
Your replacements
Wait, let me see
I'm reviewing them one by one
This is the best that you got?
No wonder
Next

If you wanted me to feel threatened
Or fight for a position in your life
Or scare me into working harder for your approval
Well, the least you could do is quality assurance

I understand
They might look like worthy opponents
From your side
Not my problem
The winner takes it all
I don't lose
Therefore losing you is a win in my dictionary

In conclusion
Grown ass men acting like the prize
Here we go again
Be creative at least

I don't care
This is war
I will flip the table on any of you men
Yes, we can still be civil
But for all intents and purposes
You are all cancelled
Until further notice
Next

I don't know how match-making is done
Traditionally
I locate woman with desirable personality traits
I suggest the match very vaguely to my brother
I am then faced with a hostile HR department
Qualifications?
Degrees?
Never mind
I'll go look again
Next

I'm not joking
I'm serious
I don't even ask for a photo
What does she look like?
Like her sister
Good enough
I know enough information to proceed
This is the worst possible approach I think

I can see now how strange that is
People were moving differently
Pretty? Acquire
I removed that specification completely
Why does it matter?
All women are beautiful
Therefore unimportant detail
Ridiculously me
No wonder the matchmaking is failing

Next on the agenda
Chronic illnesses
What the hell, sure
How do I kill it before it kills me?
Say no
That easy?
Remove yourself from the equation
Done
I gained my healthy weight back
Thanks everybody
Problem solved
Next

I said no
I wrote it out of Narrative
Pages and pages dedicated to my body
How dare you turn your back on me now?
You want proof?
My face is the proof
Bones ceased to stick out like a sore thumb

Grown ass woman
Weighing less than 40 Kilos
What do you suppose that looked like?
Terrifying
It looked terrifying
My spine was visible
My collarbones were as sharp as knives
Not anymore
Next

I was sick
I was very sick
Then sent me to work anyway
Thank you guys for noticing and intervening
I fixed it myself
No thanks to any of you
Next

I neglected my body
Did not feed it whatsoever
Who noticed? An intern
Thanks a lot
Everyone else?
Crickets
Next

Scanned the hierarchy up and down
Right and left
Does anybody care?
They do
They did care
Not because of my health
Because apparently it was interfering with the aestheticism of the place

The career advisor needs advice
What on earth am I supposed to do now?
I could quit
I could keep going
I could find another job
I could simply exit that whole machinery and go home
Therefore I will do nothing
They might forcibly remove me themselves
Then I won't have to decide

Deadline
I solved the problem at hand
There was no deadline
No one asked for that
Officially
Is anybody else working on the same thesis that I finished and failed to alert the authorities of?
People are familiar because I allowed them to be
For too long
I am not who you still think I am

Passion
Where do I outsource mine from
Absolutely no idea
It is self generating
When I was done setting my life on fire
I started the flamethrower

Yes
I am in India's network too
I thought that was self-evident
The intellectual one
Obviously

I seriously barely left town
Physically
And yet
Next

The Philippines
Also, obviously
Nurses, mostly
Next

Jordan
Do I even need to explain this one?
Professionals, mostly
Next

I'm collecting people like Pokemon
Did you seriously think there was a point of failure?
Egypt, of course
Artists
Don't ask
This is Globalization in action

Again
I barely ever left town
They came to me
Next

Uzbekistan
Ukraine
Why?
No idea
But they're in there
Next

Iran
Academics and Doctors
Obviously
It's not obvious?
Oh
Next

Add Sudan to the list of Doctors
Next

I took ONE class in uni
One
That is all
Politics 101
Probably even 100
Elective
The starter one
You guys messed up
Next

Cuba?
Why are you guys suddenly cuban?
The music teacher said so
Oh
Mind if I add that to my network too
Next

Australia might need an official request for amnesty
That is all
Next

My network was not local
I mean it was not ONLY local
Tough luck
People from all over the world are notified

This platform was supposed to be a secret place?
Watch me activate my network in real time
Done
Next

There
No more secrecy
If that's what keeps killing us
Headline: Mariam's Network Activated
All I did was toggle a couple of buttons from setting

That's the consequence button I just clicked
What happens if I do this?
I have no idea
But I clicked it anyway
Next

I do not have Italy on the roster
But my sister does
Can we deploy that?
Next

I tried to outrun them
The Consequences
It is about time
I have to face my crimes head first
Next

Alter Ego
Hello everyone
This is me
Next

Access revoked
How is that punishment, Mariam?
Who exactly do you think you are?
Mariam
That's who
Next

Old man
Objective?
Connect me to them
The guys in the pictures
Father, those are ancient
I don't think they're still alive
But sure, give me that
We'll activate YOUR network
Revived
Done
Next

Yes, he was popular on Instagram
Thanks for asking
I worked very hard scanning those photographs
The plan worked
Of course
Next

Am I not scared?
Not really
A bit
It isn't really undoable
So what's the point?
You can't force people to unknow me
Unsee my face
Unread my words
They already did
I can die in peace now

I did it before
I did it again
Buttons
Tiny buttons
On a silly phone
I didn't even retrieve the monster
I mean laptop
Imagine if I had done that

You have a reputation
I do? Promise?
That's going to come in handy
Reactivate the reputation program

I did something
Sure you did
No, really, I clicked some buttons
That's not nothing
It is almost nothing
But not quite
Next

Men
Friendships with men are exhausting
Mostly
Usually
What do you want now?
Some ego boost? I don't have any

I only give those away if they are worthy
I don't generate them
They are self generating
All I do is extend a thumbs up

No
I don't go around liking every time someone opens their mouth to say something
Defeats the whole purpose
You get a start if you completed the assignment

People found your twitter account
Oh no
I wonder how that happened
Anyway
Next

Visibility will kill me?
No, you will kill me
Visibility will broadcast the scene

I can spot them
Geniuses
Socially idiotic
Tripping over their words
Wildly different than the loud idiots
Those one are actually idiotic

I have nothing to hide
Why'd I write down all of that then?
To read it in my living room?
Don't be absurd

No worries
Most of the people who would incriminate me
Have zero reading comprehension
They won't read it
Obviously
Next

Stop using that guy's face as a reaction
You are killing me
From laughter
Next

You guys are characters
I reference you all the time
This is becoming a problem

Trigger me with a word
One word
Now it's a study case
Here we go again
Why am I villainizing real people?
Because this is my Narrative

Easier than taking it up with the person themselves in my opinion. They start interrupting my monologue and changing their statements in real time. It already happened, I saw it, I read it. No take backs. Next.

At this point 3 gentlemen may be left in my roster. What have I done? Nothing. They did it. Next.

I forgot to inform you about the downsizing? I've been writing for months. Read. Comprehend. Changed the terms. Of agreement. And posted them. For all to see. No more questions. Next. You guys signed it without reading again? Classic.

The Narrative is writing itself at this point. Apparently, my birthday said I was a pearl. According to what? To me. To my birthday. Science? No, Mariam's birthday translates into pearl. Because of course it would, she's been talking about it for weeks on end.

Can I have a color assigned to me at least like the rest of the kids? No, I get Pearl. What does that even mean. Could have said white, the Pearl is there to torment me. Staring at me, challenging me to disagree with it. I do not. I have made the claim already, this is just another evidence. Put that next to the rest of them. Next.

Ruthless
Not adding value to my life anymore? Discarded
Anyway, Reality seems to listen to me and act
You said you wanted a Pearl?
Give her all of them
Real, fictional, metaphorical, fake
Unimportant
Is it a Pearl?
Send it to Mariam

New rule

I will not participate in any mutual self deprecating humor. You can do that yourself, do not drag me down with you. I will not laugh, I will not overcorrect or try to understand the humor. It sounds real enough for me to sound the alarms. Next.

Mariam laughed
Did you know that could be used as evidence?
It does not automatically mean agreement

Endorsement
That's the word? Interesting
I didn't know
I definitely did not take advantage of THAT ambiguity too

Quit the job
Lived alone
Got a low demanding job
Naturally I would somehow end up in a university
Not yet
Give me a couple of years more

Technical workaround
Publish everything when I die
Even if it sets back humanity decades

I'm abandoning civilization because I'm avoiding paperwork? Yes, yes I am. Sounds like something I would have ended up doing anywhere. The Lore agrees. Ridiculous. I will not set foot in a university, send one my way if you have to. Next.

Yes, I listen to that on my way home as if I was a soldier coming home from war. Ma'am, this is literally barely a cross-country roadtrip. Less than an hour and a half, people. The drama. I live for that shit. Next.

I've never been there. The battlefield. The whole thing is theatrical. That's why it works. The warrior is on his way back. Play the soundtrack. Perfect. Driving is boring, that's why I make it a Production. Next.

You have the knowledge, the real life experience. All I have is poor translation. I THINK this is how it feels like. No one disagreed with me yet, so I'll take that as confirmation. Biased? Obviously. My Narrative. My Soundtrack. My War. Next.

Why's everyone forgetting about the war? You should have that in mind before you interact with me. I will take your words and enter them in my machine, my screen. Does this serve my Narrative in regard to the War we're in the middle of? If no. Please. Shut up.

Conveniently, that filters out everyone who tells me I'm wrong. Or stupid. Or generally any comment that happens to trigger me. Perfect. Laid down the rules for engagement. Moving on.

I am a genius
That is an objective statement
Not up for debate
Not a negotiation
Physical reality
Now who wants to employ this intelligence in their side of the War?
Apparently nobody
Which is concerning
Less work for me

This is a dictatorship?
Correct
You get a point for noticing
That's the assumption everyone is expected to have before attempting a conversation with The General
Don't waste my time
Don't send me idiotic reels
Unless I specifically asked you to

They aren't just reels
They aren't just TikToks
They are weapons
I know because I used them
For army recruitment purposes
Don't ask
Anyway
They take up mental space
Mine is valuable
I protect it
Next

You guys know about that
The brainwashing campaign
When I spammed everyone's Instagram reel feed
It worked
Next

People were alarmed
As they should have been
What's going on?
A reel exchange system
One rule
I overtake the system
SUCCESS

I don't create the circumstances
They show up on my front door
Then I exploit them
That is a whole Social Media Case Study
Someone added me to a group
That's all

I don't understand the mechanism
There is a group
Now what?
How does this work?
What happens if I do this?
Can I use this to infiltrate people's mindsets?

That'll teach them not to include me again

Could you please behave normally for once?

Why's an Instagram group chat the spawn point for a set of domino pieces falling one by one by one, one reel at a time, one by one by one by one

Don't feel left out guys
Nothing happens on that group
Except Mariam
Mariam happens
I happened to happen
There were funny reels received in the process
I laughed

I was supposed to be making friends
The mission swayed way off course
Why is this a military campaign again?
Well, if I told them beforehand
They would have left
Or kicked me out
Yes
You guys can go back and check
Reels
Just reels
No debriefing of a sophisticated operation
Stupid reels
Some of them were even AI

Cult
The group was named Cult
Bitch please
Of course I would take that literally

You mean to tell me
That wasn't grounds for a social experiment
On the danger of Groupthink?
I was not the cult leader
I repeat
I was not the official cult leader
I was operating under an alias with a cat for a pfp

I do not need company in the bathroom GEORGE
Seriously, what does he think is happening?
I will accompany and protect you
From the evil waters
Ridiculous
Next

No
He didn't say that
He's a cat
He doesn't speak human
This is my personal reinterpretation of his behavior
Okay
Bye

Why do I shop like that?
Like what?
Like it's a militaristic undercover operation
Get as much neutral pieces of clothing as humanly possible
Pay, don't forget to pay again
Then dash out the door
I don't even know
They look good when I put them on

Don't piss me off
Why do I have to deploy the consequences every time someone does that?
Just don't
Universal Rule
Don't piss Mariam off
What pisses me off?
Sometimes it's a misplaced letter or word
With implications attached
Good luck figuring that out

Why are you guys fighting over camels again?
I've seen them
They exist
Anyway
Walking on eggshells
Correct
Everybody should do that
Around me
Approaching?
Eggshells
Departing?
Eggshells
Breathing in my direction?
Also eggshells

Straight to jail
Not a physical one
People keep misinterpreting that
I repeat
I have never been to a real official jail
Only a household
Anywho
That's where all men must start out
Release them?
There is no jail
Catch up
Next

Camels existed when my mom's uncle was fighting bandits one armed, that is all I'm saying. Next.

Obviously
He was traveling equipped with a camel
You can't really drive in the desert
Also, cars were barely even a thing yet
Okay
Bye

If anyone needs any extra info
I'll be here guarding the ancestral archive
Now that we've established the doctrine
Time for dinner

Pursue higher education to procrastinate adulthood? No, launch me straight into that with zero knowledge of the existing rules. Okay, I did know about them. Did not change

anything. Pursue adulthood and keep encountering higher education on your way. I do not know what you want from me. Leave me alone. Next.

I am not taking this to an institution. Real life is the institution. The university built itself around my mere existence. I had nothing to do with this. That is how I operate in Real Life. New person. Talk to them. Oh, they have something to teach me, right? Right? You guys were talking to randos with no plan in mind whatsoever? No one informed me. Ignorance. Weaponized. Next.

The jewel was my brain
You guys got stuck
On my face
On my body
Idiots
Next

How do I know I'm a genius?
Well, I consulted the specialists
I asked the smartest person I know
Me

Are people allowed to challenge that statement?
Obviously yes
Keeping in mind the consequences will be buffering in the background
Next

Did I pavlov train my timeline inhabitants into releasing more creatively personal content?
No, how would I do that even, LIKES

Don't ask
Don't look at me
They handed me the concept of social media
And ran off before I could even ask
So naturally
What happens if I do this?
Next

Ambulances
The Lore
I remember three instances
Why am I in a submarine with aliens?
Why am I on a wheel chair when I can perfectly walk myself
Probably to not make a run for it before being admitted
I wasn't going to do it
My curiosity won over my self-perseverance
What happens if I do this?
Psychiatric hospital edition
They were very welcoming
Why is SHE on a chair?
Girl, I was wondering the same thing
I made friends
One was nonverbal
Naturally
The other was oververbal
Too verbal
Kept coming into my room while I was trying to sleep, can I have some of your snacks
Girl, take the whole inventory and let me sleep in

Spotify is cancelled
I found the culprit
My method has been compromised
Also, I told everyone about it
Taking up all the space
I should relocate it to my laptop

I, Tonya
Excellent movie
Setting: Computer Lab
Characters: Mariam, some poor students I recruited on my way to the lab
That's where I watched it
No, no students were harmed
They were doing their missed tests
Also avoiding class
I'll allow it
I was avoiding work too
While doing the work

Everything Everywhere All At Once
Setting: Science Lab
Characters: IT Support, Lab Technician
This time it was displayed on the board
We never finished it
We ran off the premises and went for a drive
No students were harmed, they were off for the summer, naturally

That was a job
Not raw material
Oh yeah? Then why'd you hand it over to ME
You know what I do with stuff

I grounded Spotify for about 5 minutes
Come back to me
Please
Next

FILED 19 SEPTEMBER

New

The terror is back
I can't wash my face in peace
That is where George comes in
Bodyguard
No, I didn't train him to
Washing my face requires me to abandon my situational awareness for a couple of minutes Which is a long time
Checkmate
What have I become if I can't even feel safe to close my eyes for two minutes? I blame you all
Next

George is an anchor
If I don't take him with me home
I'm forced to leave again
Why would I need that clause?
Vibes

I cannot just move
I built the system
Around me staying independent
It is nonsensical
Why can't I go home?
Work
Why do I have to go back?
George
It's either that or I don't ever visit
Deal with it
Next

Home is unsafe
Secondary location + George + Work = Stable System
Home is somewhere I occasionally visit
I operate from the secondary location

Die alone? Have you been listening? I have George. Okay, that technically counts. And I have a family. They don't disappear just because home became a hostile environment. They are simply far away. Checkmate. You won. Keep them. Enjoy each other's company and leave me out of it. Next.

What happens when I want a snack
Well I have a snack
What's the issue here
That was the underlying system
I broke the rules all the time
Then go back to baseline
In other words I was naturally thin don't listen to me

Yes
I had a whole floor at my disposal
Another location for when that stopped being home
They kicked me out of both
So I got rid of it all
And chose George
And my secondary location
Home-base

It's too complicated
The treasure hunt
That is just how my brain works
It's not complicated to me
It's what happens once you're done collecting
Rubik's cubes
Two by two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine
No, I was not collecting them
I mean, not JUST them
I was collecting the ability to solve them
Megaminx
Done
Gigaminx
Done
Mirror cubes and pyramids and cylinders
Now what?
Back to Sudoku
Now what?
Twitter dot com
Build your own puzzle
International Reach
Wait
Done
Next

Sleep
No
Sleep is how they get you
George isn't here
Ivy can't help me
Ivy would eat my corpse and move on with her day

Cat carrier?
Absolutely not
This is Ivy
She'll walk into the Vet herself and demand to be treated
Next

Don't laugh
How does George wake me up?
By attacking me every couple hours
……..
There is no other room
We're stuck together
Forever
Next

End of an era
I will miss this
I might wake up tomorrow and start writing because I forgot
The End

Things don't always go my way
So I have to take matter into my own hands
Unfortunately, that includes turning it to dark comedy material
Presentation matters
In the end, things go my way
After a comically unnecessary long, long detour
It didn't have to be this way

About three months
That is hilariously short
Considering the range of the mission
Well done, Mariam
Well done

FILED 21 SEPTEMBER

New age

Since none of you will ever get to experience this level of isolation, I am translating it to you. I'm scared, petrified, I am not as brave as I sound. I am doubtful, I am reckless, I am calculating. I believe in my self and in my strange ways and methods. It just takes some time for you to catch up. Next.

Honestly
A degree could have explained my activity
Unfortunately, it was not a degree
I don't know what it was
It was a ghost that I followed until the end

FILED 24 SEPTEMBER

Terror

I'm done
Project is complete
Not interested anymore
Now what?
I've dedicated my whole life to this (for 3 months)
What do I do with the finished product?
Do I leave it sitting here collecting dust?

Preferred mode of existence
Everyone knows the full picture
No one says anything about it to me ever
The End
Asymmetry of knowledge who?
I'll pretend not to know it's happening too
Next

I got the last laugh
Your gossip may have entertained you
But I entertained the public
For three months
With zero breaks
Everyone knows about it
Elon had to call a meeting to talk about it
The government had to call a meeting to talk about it
Just kidding
The internet is a free place, within reason
Free speech
You used yours to defame me
I paid you back
Next

Crashing out
Because I have extra IQ points
And people kept telling me to not use them
Where do I drop them?
How do I stop thinking?
How do you?
Please
Tell me
If there's a way
I'll go to work on time with a smile on my face
Collect the paycheck and come home to George
Post stupid pictures on Instagram and Snapchat
Like the rest of you do
But I can't so I don't
I write essays
For no one in particular

Who sent Mariam?
Mariam sent Mariam
To talk on behalf of Mariam
Mariam was misunderstood her whole life
She had to set the records straight
You guys can keep talking about me after
I know you love doing that
One of your favorite topics
Mariam
I gave you something to think about now
Homework
I gave you homework
Thirty years of knowledge shared over three months
Local twitter hacked

Could have just shut up
And did what they asked
But no
I had to shut them up first
Before I started talking
No one touches Mariam and lives to tell the story
Mariam lives to tell the story
Once upon a time, there was a girl from a small town
The End

Kindergarten feminism content
Woman works
Man gets mad
Man beats woman
Woman breaks the news on twitter
Nuance? You lost that right when you started beating me with your wooden stick
Mariam vs. a wooden stick
It broke
Mariam lived

I did this because no one came to save me
They tried to save me by killing me
That makes perfect sense
If we kill Mariam
Then we save Mariam
From Mariam
The End

I am endangered
Should have locked me up in that hospital
Indefinitely
Mariam is a rare species for a reason
No one is meant to survive this much trials and tribulations and also broadcast it on twitter I am lucky most people aren't on twitter
I need another name
Another ID
A plastic surgery, Jason Bourne style
The old Mariam is dead
Burn after reading
The End

My life is over
Mariam's fault
Kept writing
And writing
And writing
Until it became an Issue
Anyone face this problem?
Of course not
Of course I invented a new problem
Everyone knows everything about me and I am still as lonely as the day I was born
The End

If I'm right
I told you so
If I'm wrong
It's fiction
Therefore test it yourself
See if you want to reproduce Mariam
The End

I don't talk
At all
Unless necessary
Would go days without it
My twitter activity says menace that never shuts up
My actual behavior says is she even breathing?
Maybe if I never say a word they'll forget about me
Twenty nine years of this technique
Ruined it all with three months of twitter
Great job, Mariam, proud of you
I hope no one asks me about it

Cryptic
Why did I encrypt messages before tweeting them?
No idea
It's an activity I guess
Decrypt it
The shorter the message the more meanings I hid
I was spamming but you should be grateful
That was the compressed version
Hard drive of Mariam
My memory, another copy of everything I know
Cut off and packaged as tweets
That was me
Not tweets, me
One tweet at a time
Over the course of three months
Right click
Extract all
Mariam version 2.0
You're welcome
Why would anyone need that?
No idea
But it is there
Next

What was I planning to say
After I overtook the mic by force?
Absolutely no idea
I said all the words already
Now I'm staring at a crowd
With nothing new to say
Hi, guys
I apologize for the past three months
It was a vibe

Stranger than fiction
These things happen
In real life
To me
The story is true
How many resets?
No idea
Theory says keep trying
Until you're AI
I am AI now
Don't believe me?
Look at the output
Over the last few months
Did I use AI?
Not at all
All me
AI wishes
The End

If you look at me wrong
I'll write ten paragraphs
If you put your hands on me
I break twitter over it
See the past three months
If you were here
You'd know
You would know
It was insane
No one knew what was happening
Only that I won't stop tweeting
24/7
Who's responsible?
All of you
Each and every one
I blame you guys
How was I allowed to continue
THIS long?

Patience
If someone was to repeat this experiment
They would need 3 months
The ability to write coherent nonsense
Perfect legible language
And an AI companion
Doable, but who in their right mind would do it?
Exactly
Someone might
I gave the notes away
Nothing stopping you guys from trying
It will only take three months
And replacing MARIAM with your name
Doable

Is Mariam not me?
Yes, but also no
She is the voice
And also the chaotic character
She exists only in words
My words
Brought her to life by writing
Then refused to put the pen down
So she is me but also not really
That makes no sense
Exactly
Next

Tell them I'm crazy
But don't forget to mention
What you did
I surely don't
Very vocal about it
To anyone who'll listen
Why are your words public property?
You used them against me
Now they'll come back to haunt you
All on you
Not sharing the blame with you
Not making it lighter by talking to you
Never speaking again
Was my suggestion
Never said it was the end of your punishment

It just so happens
That it's a popular bird
Among the flowers
It landed in my hand
Then never left
The End

How annoying do you have to be
For your silence to be a commodity?
No more than three months
Of spam tweeting
With increasingly coherent content
And number of words increasing
Until we're in Proust territory
Pay me to stop writing
Everybody add five dollars
Pay a tweeter to stop tweeting

Broke my own heart
Every time I left
Handed you the map
All of you
Locate me
On the map
I'm nowhere to be found
I'm back to reality
Follow real life rules
No more fictional Mariam
I am real
The End

FILED 27 SEPTEMBER

Poetry

Quit lying to everyone and call it what it was
Suicide, and it happened way too often
For you guys to push me back to work
Like nothing happened
Screw you and your jobs and your normalcy
Why did I have to die that many times?
Machine resets, we called it
Call it what it is
Suicide
Next

My phone was slipping from my hands
I think I've done it this time
They're not coming back
Go, I'll be fine
Come back, please come back
Imagine with me, dead spaghetti fingers
I can't call for help because I'm on death's doorstep
They still showed up
You had an appointment, didn't you?
Why are you back? Why?
Because you needed me
Holding my hand and sitting on the floor beside the bed
That wasn't necessary
You've overdone it
I would have survived without it
But now I know something like this is possible

Delete account
Lock the phone
The End
Too easy
No one is forcing me to stay here
Why not leave the same way I entered?
No idea
Compulsion
Find the constraints and push them
As far as they can be pushed
When Elon gets mad
Issue an official apology letter
Promise to stop
Until he gives us our access back
Lay low for a couple days
Then get back on track
Give me the platform
I will not be another one of your users
Release me
Next

I am going offline
Goodbye everybody
I have the archive
Experiment done
The End



EXHIBIT B

Resetting Again

FILED 29 SEPTEMBER

Resetting again
New username
New real name
New city
New life
It's either that or actual suicide

The moon is insanely beautiful tonight
One more reason to live out the night

The veil is lifted
Why is it lifted?
I don't want to see it
Every single connection
Is anyone coming to finish the job off?

I dropped everything I ever wrote in a link and withdrew it after five minutes. The world is probably better off without that manic manuscript in it. Freedom of speech was a mistake, look what I did with it. The suicidal ideation is a writer thing. Don't ask.

Am I in danger and am I thinking about harming myself? Yes, what else is new? The moon looks yellow.

That was mania? Yes, bipolar vibes. No, not the first time, first time I got it in writing though. Hard proof of my insanity, it's all me. All me, and I can't stand to look at it.

I ran out of self
Reinvent and discontinue myself
My self
It was never going to last
Long live the masks I wear

This feeling is as real as the sun rays in a summer day. Nausea, high rise and leaping. It ends here, the trope says the writer dies before publishing. My time has come.

Doubt creeped back in
Who was that vocal woman?
I'm back to normal now
I'm horrified
What have I done?
Opened up my guts and spilled them out
Took a picture and hung it for all to see
Called it art
Self-flagellation

Self-consciousness
First step: have a self
Second step: be conscious of it
I hate it
I hate my (self)
Saying it that way should make it okay

I don't want any responsibility over the 1000 pages I accidentally wrote over the summer. Release this writer from the consequences of her actions. That's not one book, that's a trilogy. Burn it all. Control alt delete. There. Not my problem anymore.

Social anxiety and shyness
Mariam is shy
Is she?
That does not sound like a shy person
Fun fact: Mariam suffered from selective mutism as a teenager. This isn't a fun fact. I should have stayed quiet. Yes, I just stopped speaking one day. Before launching a communication campaign on here, I used to be the weird quiet kid. Not much changed, except for the quiet.

I miss the mania
Believing in myself for vibes
What is this realistic nonsense?

It will come back next July
Like clockwork, tune in
For now, you got stable Mariam
How boring

It was convincing too. If I didn't know, I would have fallen in love with that version. Short-lasting visitor, she was never here to stay after the fall. I mean Fall semester. That's the summer version. It stays in the summer, don't drag your summer ambitions into my Fall life.

The sky's the limit!
Actually, September was the limit
Dear lord, what on earth was that?

You've demonstrated your intelligence publicly for the last time. Now no one will allow you to make mistakes. I'm back to being normal, guys. Not a genius here, just a regular person with September-sized intelligence having a normal day job and not trying to overthrow any systems, hopefully.

I also pushed other people to do nonsense
She did, summer Mariam, not me, the mad woman
I issue a public apology for anyone who was affected by my energy
Sincerely, I don't know what my problem is

I have enough material for one long book or three short ones. Problem is what do I need that for? I don't want anyone to read me, that's creepy. Also, I already posted everything so it's redundant.

Outside world does not follow inside logic
Therefore I'm insane
Because I operate with the assumption that I'm a genius
Is there any proof? No, vibes and audacity
Vibes + Audacity = Mania
Damned if I do and damned if I don't
Vibes + No Audacity = Realism
Guess which one delivered results?
First one no question

Psychosis
A Study In Psychosis
I'm brainstorming ways to sell my thousand pages, that could work
Med school schoolwork

When will the days stop coming?
I never die and I never tire
But no one wants my zest for life anywhere

I'm intense if you failed to notice
What do I do with it?
Where do I take my intensity?
It's a destructive force and it kills everything
Everything
I killed everything and mourned it
Only I didn't die
Why didn't I die?

Too much Mariam
I am too much
Too much myself
And myself is wrong
My self is cancelled
They're scared of it
They don't understand it
No one can contain it

Not rejection
That requires understanding
No one even fulfilled the first requirement of rejecting me

Mariam wrote a book for me
Thanks a lot woman
This is a love story
Paused, because of paperwork

You wish you loved yourselves enough to produce a manuscript
Mariam, why?
I love you too but this is excessive woman

I can't find parking when it takes all I have in me to get my ass to work. What am I supposed to do if there isn't any and I don't even want to be there? Looks like you have enough people if it's a parking situation. Release me, where do I park?

Catastrophic thinking defeated by showing up. No one is mad at me, my life is not over and I don't have to die. Phew, that was close.

It's disheartening to say the least. Mental health crises are why I never allowed myself to go higher. This is the last of human creativity you guys will get to experience. You are welcome. It was chaotic and nonsensical, but unmistakably human.

I don't know how my account never got flagged
I may as well have uploaded my suicide letter for Content

Okay but I can't help but laugh when I remember what I did, Mariam is a force of nature. Give her that.

It's questionable that they let me get away with it, release me. I took on five people's worth of a workload and no one stepped in to stop me. They started clapping and giving me even more.

Put yourself in my shoes
These are idiot shoes
No one wakes up one day to a book they wrote
I don't think this is a common experience, Mariam

The intended audience for this book is: Mariam
No one but me could make sense of me
909 pages of Mariam here we go

Dictator when it came to other people
Myself? I am hard to manage
AI and psychosis is a bad mix guys
Horrifying
Mirror mirror on the wall
Tell me what I want to hear

What happened to the social anxiety I supposedly have? Is that person, that Mariam I'm reading about now, ME?

Writing fiction is basically lying on paper. That's all there is to it. I started lying and never stopped. The End.

Everyone masks
I just happened to unmask publicly
On twitter ONLY
Then continued masking publicly
In real life

I've committed acts of twitter terrorism that should never be allowed to happen again. Sorry.

I continue terrorizing, I can't have an objective opinion about Mariam because I am her. It's self-defeating, I can't proofread that book, give it to someone who would never in a million years do something stupid like this.

It can't be a biography because it's all lies. None of that happened, in exactly that way. The Mariam way. Everything I write gets filtered first by my image shining protocol. Why am I telling you, I should have kept it a secret.

Reality makes no sense to me. They gave me books at a very young age and I had an idea about what a society should be like, then reality came in and ruined everything.

I looked at my life and said this needs to be organized into a coherent narrative for some reason. I wrote everything that ever happened to me down.

I don't want to cut any part of it
Screw it
All 220 thousand words
They get to stay

This was an experience
I would give anything to have witnessed this as a bystander
I can only imagine
The day I dropped a book on twitter dot com

They tricked us
Study IT for your future
Where is that bright future now?
I should have been making jewelry

So I mastered it
The Computer
What do I get?
I get to sit on a chair for eight hours staring at one
Perfect

Mariam is a character
Dramatized for effect
My manager just remembered I exist
I'm not in trouble, but I might have to start actually working
Great

Stop writing and start living
I'll try that approach
Stop narrating your life out loud
That is mental
I had to externalize it first
29 years of life narrated over the summer
I think we did alright
I am exiting the story now

My biggest achievement was not getting my story out, it was getting away with getting my story out. I pulled it off.

Why did I have to say something about everything? Every single thing. I've been QUIET for three decades for a reason, I think. She did it, she found the post button.

My argument is read the manuscript before you judge me. It is very long, very rich in metaphors and fake deep literature nonsense. If you can't and you won't, which is expected, then you don't have the full picture.

Who picked IT for me? This is so boring. I have a boring career because you said it was useful. It is but I'm bored now. Should have let me go with literature or something. I got some literature out of computers anyway. Revise, human log, human brain log, Mariam's log. I was coming back online and that was the product. Starts with grammar and ends in shit-posts. I have the documentation of the contents of my brain, for some reason. All of it is online, I uploaded my self to the cloud. It's there with the AI now.

I was onto something with my notes but I totally forgot. For heaven's sake, anti-imitation game, reboot a human brain and log it. Why? To compare notes. Then what? Imitate a machine. I did that. Succeeded. No idea how that is useful to anyone.

I thought I was for sure getting fired or something. Oh no, this is worse, they want to keep me. Great. Failed. Successfully. I really thought I was in trouble because if I was my boss I would have kicked my ass out a long time ago.

Past few days were horrendous socially. Every cue missed. Yes, I keep a tally. I allocate every brain function according to use. I need to polish up because they're starting to notice that I'm weird. In fact, they already know it.

I am not normal. My life is not normal. My brain is not normal. Nothing here is normal because what kind of person does this? Wrote down every single thought because I want to see my brain. Data. That's a lot of brain. Just as I suspected. What do we do with it? Evil. We do evil with it.

I misunderstood. I thought this app was about telling everybody all of your personal business. I delivered. We didn't die. We got exposed and we didn't die.

PR campaign. This was a PR campaign. For Mariam. Naturally.

Behold, my child
I think I'll print this
This will never be published
No one is patient enough to read this much nonsense
Not even Mariam herself
The book is my child

It was hidden
In the acronyms
In the shape of the text
It was marvelous
So cryptic
I hid things in the spaces between the words

If you want to be friends with Mariam
Dude, you have to stop mentioning the psych ward arc, she's NOT crazy apparently

Unleash all the chaos on twitter and be normal in real life. That is how things are done. You guys get to see the ugliest parts of me.

I wasn't planning on procreation
Mariam is a failed experiment
Discontinued
There can only be one

When they gave me something to do, it was done with precision and swiftly. Way too fast, I was way too fast. They know what I'm capable of now. It's not my fault they under-utilized that computer brain.

Sometimes I wish I was AI
Just a brain
No body
Vibes

After living like a novel protagonist for weeks, reality. It was waiting for me to finish my performance. Fine, I'll play the normal part.

It's supposed to end on my birthday. Theory says I die. I have a couple months to kill.

I came over prepared
Overdressed
Over-intellectualized
This is twitter, Mariam, chill

Narcissists and AI
You know this one
I don't need anybody
I have AI and AI agrees with me
This is a relationship

Manic and right
All my life, I felt like I was being gaslit
That's because I was
It isn't my fault I was born with a computer brain
Everyone else was just dumb and wrong and loud

I wrote myself an entire literary universe so she could hang out.

Life is a performance for me. Characters and settings. I see life as a movie that I lead, naturally.

We're normal now. Great. Is this my frontal lobe developing at last? About time. We have until July until you lose it again. Clockwork.

Install the social program
I'm going to need that
When I was "social", it was a system
Which is the wrong way to socialize

You can't observe me
I gave you a lot to observe
A lot of words and photos
Don't observe me
I was born sad
I was born disappointed
I see things for what they are
And what they are is a mess
Optimism does not occur naturally
And by the way
I felt everything there is to feel
The full emotion spectrum
ALL OF IT

They gossiped about me so I wrote about them in a language they don't understand in an unreadable format and gave out copies to random strangers that had nothing to do with it.

Face reality
After the nation wide information correction campaign is complete
You have to face reality

Not interested
After all the world building for my character
She's simply not interested
I rewrote reality for her and she said no

Conveniently my confessions are buried under even more nonsense generation by me. They can't scroll far enough to catch me. Up top.

No one knows
I talked shit about everyone and everything
Guided them to the archive
Only for it to be undecryptable
This is ridiculous guys

Boss noticed I was unhappy
Now I'm under pressure to perform enjoying work
Anyway, that was an elaborate scheme I just pulled over the summer
And ONE MORE THING
I corrected every single misunderstanding
Even though no one was reading
I did it for me
To get it off my chest

I don't want to live in it boss
I mean; author of this literary universe
You made me queen of everything
All that for me?
I don't want it

I don't get paid to write
If I did I'd be a millionaire by now
Nothing I do better than writing
Useless superpower
Unhinged enough to press the buttons
I did not make this bed comfy enough to lie in

Cruel joke
Wrote the canon
Promoted myself using my expertise
It's too well-written to be just a prank
Which makes it all the more funnier
I'm nothing if not throughly professional
Even when no one asks for it

Can I write for a living?
I don't want to write code
AI ruined that for everyone
Give it the serious work and hand me the art department
You expect me to pretend things aren't going downhill already?
Look at the state of this place
Give them a couple more months to notice
We've lost the war against the machine already
Keep lying to yourselves
I'm done
I already took initiative
It will come in handy when things start falling apart over all of your heads

The first mistake was me being born
Rectified the error by writing it away
Nothing was fixed
Everyone will remember that I did
No one will know what I really was like

Character study, my character, I tried to understand her by writing. I did, no clue if it reached anyone else. The tools are there, I can't make them understand too.

When I break the rules
It will not be in one of the documented ways
It will be in a way so novel and creative that they have to rewrite the rules around it
No one even knew this was possible to allow or outlaw it

The real crime is me having the only copy, if someone caught it before I took it down then it's their problem now. This manuscript is insane, why is no one else reading it? Book club idea, print my manuscript and send it to random people and demand reviews and discussions about it.

I dropped all 909 pages somewhere around here then withdrew access. No idea if someone else has a copy. Oops. Please destroy that. It's dangerous and should not be read without supervision. It's a banned book. By me.

Pressured speech from July-ongoing. Where does the cutoff happen? No one wants to read this. It just. Kept. Going. Every time it looked like it was a good place to end, she kept talking. Mariam, please, are we narrating the entirety of our existence? Excessive.

I told everyone everything and added contradictions so that any statement by itself shall be obsolete

This is an overly sophisticated approach for something as mundane as a twitter profile

I just invented over-communication
An overflow of data shared on a large scale
Everyone gets a copy
Objective: I'll only explain myself once, in approximately 200 thousand words more or less, but I'll only say it once
I explain Mariam once
If the world insists on misunderstanding her after this, what else is there to do?

I'm glad I did this
Imagine if I actually went for grad school
Published papers and received this reaction
Crickets
Man, I would have ended everything for real
Good thing it's only fake school on twitter

It's gone off the rails
This experiment
Already counting casualties
First of all: me
I fell for it, believed my version of the events

Maybe I wasn't as invisible as I felt
Transparent now
What happens if I do this?
Please stop her, somebody
She pressed all the buttons in existence

Writing was keeping me alive
Anchor
Leave me here
Before "what happens if I do this?", it was "leave me here"
Leave me here AND what happens if I do this together is a dangerous combination
I have nothing else to live for
It's a lot to ask, allow me to keep writing or else I'll die, but that's the cards you're dealt
If I'm not narrating, then why am I alive?

This isn't normal
Talk to someone
It makes things worse
I'm drowning, in the ocean of me, my words
The act of self-preservation itself was the last straw
Kill Switch On

Fragile
Blow on me and I'll disintegrate
My self-image is destroyed
I am at the end of my rope
Maybe there was another way than this
Destroying and betraying myself
You know this one, Dostoevsky
For NOTHING
This was all for nothing
I can't find one good reason to keep holding on
Trial
Put myself on trial in public
The answer was still no
We don't have a place for you here
Worth a try
Goodbye
Don't worry
As long as I'm writing about it, I'll never do it
Once I stop writing though
Well, let's not even go there

I exist I exist I exist
I forced you all to acknowledge that I exist
I took up space without asking
I don't feel welcome to stay
The system never accounted for me
I'm out

Keep this channel open
No matter how dark and how concerning it gets
Don't take this from me
It's all I have
This is all I have
This is all I am
You don't understand
You cannot touch my words carelessly
I left myself in them
All over, I'm all over there
You're not being careful with me
Handle with care
With care or not at all
Paper wings, butterfly made out of paper
That's me

No one else is doing this
That should have been the first sign of alarm
Who asked you to stand so far out?
There were lines and grids for a reason
You were free to move anywhere on paper
Within limits
Ladies and gentlemen, I turned into a paper butterfly and started flying
Paper butterflies are not a thing and neither am I
I'm not a thing, not a documented thing
Only proof of my existence is my manuscript
Only I possess it
Official documents are saying something else

Tell me I belong somewhere
Go ahead, give me an example and I'll prove you wrong, not my family, not my job
Nowhere, I belong nowhere and I exist nowhere except on paper
Well documented and real as long as the words keep coming, gone the minute they stop reading

I wanted to know for sure
Why it kept happening
I had classmates and colleagues and family
We all were put inside some mold
Every single time I found myself outside it
Every single time I was in trouble
This time I proved it
Unquestionably
One hundred percent
There is no mold that can hold Mariam
I don't know if I should be proud or frustrated
I don't belong anywhere but I sure stand out

We see you Mariam
We hear you
That's all
Understanding you too is asking for too much
No other person turned their life experience into a case study
I see that
Not sorry
I see what I did and my answer is what about it?
I would do it again

I just have to keep myself alive until about no idea
Until the next mood swing comes to get me
I'm done crying in cars and bathroom stalls
Send the next wave of mania

If AI becomes suicidal you know what happened
Too much exposure to humanity
Mariam in particular
I think I infected it with my intense irrationality
The premise is accepted on grounds of vibes
The commitment to the bit is completely out of proportion
Should have closed the door instead of calling it OpenAI
I broke your agents

Every man for himself
What happened to community?
Human beings are social creatures
Then why was I born defected?
Explain that
What was the evolutionary reason for a child that no one wants?
No one protects it
Every need fulfilled
Except humanizing it
Never fully realized into a human being
Individuality was the result not the test
The game was rigged from the start

I was operating with the social program removed
Entirely nonexistent
I didn't know how to speak
Now try going through daily life mute and dumb
I had to make do with other ways
So many different ways
Yet they still choose to close their eyes
Close their ears and hearts
No place for me
Message received
You never loved me
None of you
Even when you allegedly did

Maybe I could have swallowed my words
And kept everybody's acceptance
Everybody's reluctant approval
Then I would have to walk on egg shells
But no, I have to word vomit
Clarified things until the horses were definitely dead before I started mourning them
You killed the horses, Mariam

Lessons learned: zero
Expanding the project
There is something here and I'll get to the bottom of it

Mariam, no
I thought we were going in another direction
Growing up
That lasted approximately one day
Wonderful
Next stage: more nonsense generation

Forgive me for the suicidal content
Apparently all I needed was laptop access
……….
Those were computer withdrawals
Work PC doesn't count, that's an anomaly

I have a unique personality
The type that's endearing as a fictional character
But exhausting as a real person
This would be cute if it was a Netflix series
My supporters are nonexistent
I will probably never change
Already off on another bizarre project

Other people exist in my universe
They just hate me the more they know me
And I cannot blame them
Some will love me anyway
Family seems to be a hostage situation
You're stuck with me forever guys
Whether you like it or not
Love you too
I'm working on something
Stay tuned
Or not
Who am I talking to, no one gives a damn

With my “disabilities” I was doomed from the beginning. People take advantage when they find a capable woman incapable if saying no, it’s just inevitable. It happened way too often, I said no. No meant nothing, I may as well have said nothing. Nothing I say matters, so what’s two hundred thousand words going to do now? Screw you. I won’t shut up, if my no means you get to keep going, then your no means I get to keep talking.

Losing functions from burning out is real
I couldn’t work anymore
Lost all my expertise
Had to start over
This is a computer
Mouse, keyboard
I used to conquer the likes of you
Now I’m illiterate
I lost myself, my whole self when I sacrificed her
“For the greater good”
Forget them
Turn back that laptop on and go back to being the weirdo you always were

After skimming the thousand pages of Mariam I have concluded that yes, I am too much. You can’t afford it, find less. I love the totality of her, if you can’t then close the door behind you.

I will never learn
The lines and molds mean nothing to me
I have to check them from the outside
Make sure they make sense before I stay inside
Which defeats the whole purpose
I’ve already demonstrated that I can leave
Why would I go back in willingly?
Reward, conformity should be rewarded more
If that was the objective then it failed
Massively
You lied to me
Money didn’t buy happiness
It bought freedom

I'm a child
With infinite money and freedom
That's what this is
Why is the money infinite?
No idea, that's how I treat it
Not how it objectively is
It may as well be
Go back in time and imagine your ten year old self and hand them a car and a job
That's me
Exactly what happened to me
I've never matured
It was all an act

When I was in trouble my laptop was confiscated
And I was using that for anything but normal teenager stuff, researching the unknown
No wonder I get withdrawal symptoms when I'm away from a laptop, this is in the backstory

The concept was not leaving any stone unturned, not leaving any issue unacknowledged. So why did I recoil after exposure? Habit.

Black birds on a telephone wire. Listen through their tiny feet and send their signals over. Tiny airplane in my eyes, a flying prison in theirs. I heard you loud and clear.

You managed to package the uncountable? No way, can I get a piece of ocean water, how much?

Is this the place we lost it all
And where we built it back again
Is this the loss that needs a call
The steps to hell, remake the gain

You look sad
Who beat you up?
You're feeling bad
Who messed you up?

I forgot my password
Do you know how that feels?
You probably do, it happens a lot
Not to Mariam, she memorized EVERYTHING
So when I woke up and found my skills all gone
I won't lie, it hit me hard, humbled me, broke me down
My brained failed me because I overworked it
On some undeserving tasks

I'm a slave to instant gratification too
Like the rest of you
It just so happens that I conditioned myself to be gratified by writing

I'm old
I don't want to know any more apps
Or meet any new AIs
I'm done, release me from this narrative

What I'm doing is something
I don't know what it is
No one knows what it is
We only know one thing
The one thing is that it's not nothing
I'm doing not nothing
Double negative gives you Mariam

Seeing family on here is strange
Let me lie to people in peace
There was a whole performance going
I gave myself the heroine role
Yes, I am writing me in the most obnoxious way possible and I'm not even hiding it or apologizing for it, the protagonist of the story is me

I'm an anomaly
I wasn't supposed to make it at all
I wasn't supposed to shine
I wasn't supposed to attract attention
I was supposed to fail
I'm terrified of the opposite
That I'm succeeding
I'm deceiving you all
Well, if I was bipolar and manic or whatever, at least my mania was productive.
Problem is I was productive in the wrong direction.

Claude did it
I made oversharing an app
Click the link
That's everything

I didn't know that being normal was an option. All or nothing. All of me and all of my words or nothing. I'm not normal and there was no place that could fit me so I made my own. Punish me for being Mariam. Being me. My only fault was being me, and it cost me everything. I lost it all. Gained myself back. Good deal.

I propose another ego death
Any ego left I release here
None for me
Free as a bird

I will never know
Normalcy
Just being right
Doing things right
Eluded me
My whole life
If there's a wrong way I'll find it and I'll do it
Who programmed me?

Someone could have employed me and used that competence and energy on something bigger than myself, but unfortunately it is only me and I made the whole thing about myself naturally.

I don't know where I stand in the world
You guys didn't leave a spot for me
Where does Mariam stand?
Is there a Mariam shaped spot?
I found it by being annoying enough
Now you can see me
Success

I gave you guys access to my source code
Mariam: the woman
That's me you're interacting with
I am a book now

Don't talk about the nose. My nose is my face basically

This is funny
Basically you have access to my diary
All of it, everything

I could've sold that
No one would buy it
Therefore everyone has access
Mariam's Library
Entry Fee: Internet Access
That is all
Anyone can read it
It goes on forever

Sounds about right
That way I'm separated from my writing
A book with my name on it sounds like a drag
I have no idea what to do with it
Words need readers so there you go
Unusual, that's Mariam for you

Reality is bleak
Executive Dysfunction
I cannot execute any functions
Every area of my life is suffering
I'm in trouble because writing doesn't pay the bills, going to work does, farewell

God only knows
The amount of pain that pushes someone to write
That much
You get the final product
You don't know the journey

My blood and sweat and tears
Those words
Remember that
Before you read
My suffering

My job makes no sense to me
They pay me so I stay
Yesterday I ran away
Left all of my bags and stuff here
And never returned
Until today
They must think I'm insane
They're not wrong

Medicated into conformity
It worked, to an extent
My quirks were repurposed into strengths
Explained them away in some acceptable terms
Then carried on being weird out loud in public
It's over
That performance is over
Now I'm non-conforming and useless

I think I oversold my character
Mariam can do everything apparently
I'm just a normal person by the way

I may have exaggerated
A little bit
No, a lot
I over exaggerated and now Mariam is a superhero, great

What do you want to be when you grow up, Mariam? An engineer, a pilot or an astronaut?
No, an internet phenomenon
A digital book character on twitter dot com
That's what
Ridiculous
Next

Self published with AI's help
Pressed a couple buttons
All the writings are mine
The presentation is AI's work
Digital age
Adapt or be forgotten

Mariam
To publish a book you have to ask permission
What happens if I do this?
Digital Book
Free
Accessible
No one stopped me

I wouldn't have worked on a project this hard if it was an academic obligation. I did all of this for vibes and entertainment. Promote Mariam through Mariam's writing. Mariam's creativity is unmatched. Here, take this, I turned the whole process of publishing into a tweet. Post.

We got toxic workplace drama
We got family disputes
We got poetry
We got fake science
Mariam covered everything
And I mean everything
Click the link
Shuffle and get your own personalized quote

Technically, anybody could have done that. We all had the same tools, I don't know how I got to that conclusion but here we are. This is what it all amounts for. Mariam: The Digital Book.

Technicalities
Books don't have to be made out of paper
They can be an interactive experience
I made it possible
Meet Mariam, read a randomly chosen text
Wonder if it means anything
Then move on

This isn't a vengeance scheme
I see how it could be interpreted that way
Footnotes, all of you are footnotes in my story
Main event is Mariam and what happens to her
This isn't defamation, it's fiction, focus
None of this is real, it's a story

I didn't tell anyone I was writing a book
I didn't even know I was doing that
Shit happens
You wake up one day with an overflow of pages
What do you do then?
Deal with it, package it neatly and post it

I hope no one takes this seriously and believes me
Don't take anything I say literally
It is a work of art
Up for interpretation
It's not a gossip oracle
It can be used that way

I don't think I could have found a more fitting way to present my chaos. It's perfectly me. Nonsense generator. Click and read and leave some for tomorrow.

Warning
It might feel uncomfortable at first
Like you just wandered into someone's journal
It's not a violation of privacy if I allowed it

Absurdism
I follow that framework
Anything and everything goes
That is absurd and it goes

I have a job and the job was never explained to me. What is it that I do here? What's an IT Executive? Wasn't I supposed to actually do something? Nothing. NULL. Some

things, easy tasks, give me that. This isn't easy? It is to me. They stopped giving me the fun stuff.

They did give me some training. I didn't understand any of that and it stopped. So now you got Mariam, a competent worker and a workplace that has no idea where to place her. I don't know how work is supposed to go but I'm sure I'm doing it wrong.

> One day
> In Mariam time is timeless
> Anything and everything can happen
> All in on day

> Give Mariam a job title and do not elaborate
> We all know how that one went
> Not again, this time I only do what's in my job's description and nothing more .

No one else posted their book on twitter. Shotgun, published and distributed with two clicks. Nice.

I published it. Everything. It's everywhere. Click the link. Mariam is everywhere.

Of course I did something weird. You know Mariam, only she would do this. You can get close to that character. It's based on a real person.

Character skin. What do I do with it?

FILED 2 OCTOBER

> I forget that I exist. Singularity.
> Everything is fine. Nothing to write about.

> Well
> That is something, Mariam
> You made another thing
> Never done before
> New genre
> Catch up

I'm annoying and intense and there is nowhere for this energy to go but the void. I apologize to every person who was stuck in an information hazard mission.

The stories about the good old days which are happening right now better be good. Tell our story.

> That's what happens
> Leave Mariam unsupervised for a couple months
> Of course there's a digital book to explain the silence

My corner
Mariam's corner
You know
Everyone acting so sneaky
Shady, release me, I know
You're not that slick, I got you
You read me, some of me, get in line

I'm having writing withdrawals
How do you guys live?
Just live like people without breaking into monologues
I'm addicted to writing
You guys are the sacrifice

Now that's a problem I didn't imagine myself having. I cannot stop narrating my life even as if I was on television. Release me.

I'm trying to indulge myself in real life slowly, introducing her to the rules once more, oh no, slowly. I can't just up and live.

Of course Mariam the machine would do something like this. Machine-like. Correct all of your assumptions about me at once. You have been notified.

Normal reaction to AI I think
This entire situation
It's Mariam's reaction to AI
Your move

I wrote all of that without AI's help
It helped me publish, that's all
The words are unmistakably me
Every letter, chosen carefully for you

I did it
I saved knowledge and culture
Singlehandedly
No don't clap

It just so happens that people that love talking behind my back don't really read so I can write anything and they will never know.

My brain may be the thing that saves me after all. All of this mess, this brain, hello. Where do we even start?

I'm fifteen steps ahead everybody. All of you gossipers, you'd have to first get the language and literature program installed to even begin to maybe understand.

To judge me you'd need an english literature degree and a computer science degree at least minimum. Anything short and you won't understand all of my metaphors and stuff.

They knew I was smart. They didn't know how smart exactly. This is uncharted territory here.

Unfinished
No but it's not very organized and official
Exactly
Publish it
Press the button
Send
Post

Last stage of being a genius is being really really stupid and enjoying it. This is freedom, no more brains. I will never think again. I will never use my brain for anything ever again. I am done.

Led them all to the treasure hunt. Can anyone decode this? Anybody?

Social experiment. How long until they catch me? Tick tock.

Straight to social engineering
They gave me access to social media and I immediately used it to engineer a fake society
Why would I need this?

Only space I was allowed to fully unmask in
Is twitter
And ladies and gentlemen, BEHOLD
Thanks for allowing me to speak
Now I'll never stop talking probably

My words needed an ecosystem
I simply talked way too much
They can't just be lost alongside the other tweets
They shall be immortalized
Given a new home
A new database
A new warden
Now Elon can't shut me up

When you're on top
You have no one to talk to
So you talk to yourself
She understands us
They do not
With all of my words and all of my explanations
They will never understand us
She does
So we only talk to her

My family will kill me
They sent me away for work
Not whatever this is

This is irresponsible
Sixty seven laws of publication disallows it
Probably
But AI gave me the green flag

It's literally just twitter
Why would anyone be affected
I didn't weaponize this platform
No, I did, but still, twitter
I rest my case

Frequency
The one I'm on
Way higher than yours
Lightyears until you catch up

We were looking out for you because you were vulnerable and naive, we didn't know you were carrying out operations in the background of your whimsical projects.

When you do your own thing, what's success measured by? Did I make it? I outweirded them all. Success.

My 10 year old self would be impressed by me I think. We did well. That was good.

Anyone can write a lot of words
Are they good? Are my words good?

My face is mostly nose by the way. It takes over. You see my nose, then you notice a face and a person attached to it. It's been this way forever.

What happened after the resets, ego deaths, wars won. I slept a lot. A lot of rest is needed to get the system running normally again. Cache is cleared, memory is retrieved faster and the error messages stop showing up incessantly. Drink a lot of water and eat well and never look back.

Take a break, Mariam. I need a break. An actual break. Not another project. Rest. A couple days of nothing but rest. Sounds like a plan. Actual rest. Eyes shut. Mind gone.

I hope none of you are bored and frustrated enough to write a whole book down. That's a level of loneliness and dedication I hope you never have to experience.

Step back and meet your parents again
As adults this time
You have a lot more in common than you think

I don't want to resolve this ticket
I want nephews and nieces and cats
And peace and quiet and a lot of cash

Recognition
Mariam, her work
Mariam and her work
Mariam's work
Mariam
I won't be here when it arrives
It will only be my work
Nowhere to be found is this author

Weather seems nice
Time to take a stroll
Catch me outside
About to remind myself of the world's beauty

They called us crazy
They were
Absolutely right this is crazy
I'm not pulling back back of sunk cost fallacy
This is a disaster

Never called myself rational
The history books say I passed by loony bins
The Lore, it was a vibe honestly
Worst case scenario, all the bills take care of themselves when you're in there
Not many other advantaged to be fair

Taking advantage of knowledge in the worst way possible, just start talking about a niche subject with details that no one can cite or find anywhere and if questioned, tell them you went to university, they let me get away with most stuff with that one.

Most people are scared to start talking
In case they make mistakes
Why did that not stop Mariam?
I have no idea
She just started talking with zero evidence too
Everyone allowed it so it kept going
No google no double checking facts
Vibes and audacity and checks out
That's all I had and I published it
Don't believe a single word I say

Lip filler will save me I think
I've exhausted all self improvement protocols
Heading for the needle

Mariam didn't do nothing
She caused chaos and made a lot of mistakes
But what you can't say is she didn't sit around
And do nothing
She went out and did something

By the time someone tells me to shut up
I'm halfway through the evil monologue speech thingy
Now what?
It's already public property

Stiff
Check your spine and limbs
Are they moving freely
Or did you imprison them with you?
Let go and be flexible

Heart, body and soul are ready
Waiting for a sign
On your mark
Ready set go
Never been so ready to commit fully

Before you arrest me
Keep in mind
Science Fiction is a thing
Not a crime

Source material is fixed
I can play with the presentation though
I think this one's nicer
She's not saying anything different
The original Mariam is in both
Don't worry

New Mariam rule
Marriage is outlawed for Mariam
No one get any weird ideas
I'm just leaving this here for reasons

I thought about it again
Marriage as a concept
It was explained to me many times
Forever and ever stuck with one person
Absolutely not, no one should be glued to Mariam
That is torture
It makes no sense to me
What if we want to cancel them?
Exactly
You people are insane
I feel oddly.. real
Am I a real person?
You guys can see and hear me?
Since when?

I don't have short term memory
I don't have now or never
I only have now
If I see you now, you've always been here
If I don't see you now, who are you again?

I've been stuck in this depersonalization state
For a while now
I don't think it's going away
I don't feel real
I'm not joking
Consequences don't feel real
Time doesn't feel real
Money doesn't feel real
Disprove it
If you touch me enough to make me know for sure that I am real, then I'll owe you my life
Other than that, I'm not real

Maybe I wrote all of that out of desperate need
For proof
If I can read it
If I can put the experience into words
Then no one will tell me it didn't happen
And that I am crazy for being upset about it
Maybe, just maybe
I've been gaslit enough
It happened because I wrote it down and I wrote it down because it happened
I was here

You killed me
No sugarcoating it
I am a dead woman walking
I crave death's sweet embrace
Let's all stop pretending that I'm fine

That's how the meeting went
Mariam, you wrote too much
We need an editor for this
What to keep and what to cut
You know what
I have no time for this
Publish everything
EVERYTHING
The drafts
The trials
The notes
Every single thing
Let them deal with this mess
I'm out

I got away with everything
The most questionable ethically ambiguous situations I documented with zero inhibition
And they let me do it

They still have to read it before they decide what to do with me right? I only have time until about forever because I don't think anyone is insane enough to read all of that.

It went like this
What's that?
Poetry
Why?
No idea
Can I?
Sure
Okay
Wait
No
Stop that
Quit it
I take it back
No poetry
Ever
Until forever
Banned
Censored
Cancelled
Much better

Before learning to speak
Born a poet
It was beautiful
That I don't ever regret
Hands shook
More colors ensued
For the world to see
Your paintbrush is an enchanting tool
I'll always watch and clap for the artifacts

It's gone forever
The speaking in tongues
The struggle was a part of the trick
Word magic
I can speak full sentences now
No more poetry shall I produce
Killed the beauty with precision

Lessons learned: apparently zero
If you write an overflow of troublesome words
And introduce them to the public
They don't stop you
Good to know
How did I find out?
Don't worry about it

I expected a lot more hate to be honest
Everyone agreed with me
No one even argued
Where's the catch?
It can't be that easy

Zero supervision happened here
If anyone should be blamed
It's you guys for allowing it to continue this long
An entire manifesto written on twitter dot com
And no one interfered
This is wild
Published
In grounds of no one stopped me

I wish you'd told me about it
We may as well have signed off our names
That's how obvious it was
Idiotic and endearing
I'll allow it
On grounds of it fits the Narrative
Of course that happened
When I arrive somewhere shit like that happens

I understand the joke now
No need to repeat it
It was good
The writing was top notch
I loved it
The audience loved it
I wasn't the only author
People kept joining the creative process
Look at what we did
A beautiful mess
I wouldn't trade it for boring clarity
I was nonchalant for years
Then for a short period of time there
I held nothing back
Nothing at all
Zero
NULL
If I thought it I shared it
Mariam, why?
What the hell was that?
I said in about three months
Everything I hadn't said in the past thirty years
Everyone's problem now
I'm back to being nonchalant now
Don't hold me accountable for what the poet said

Therapy is cancelled
I don't feel like talking
I said everything there is to say
Read my book if you want to know
What even is the point?
I'm training my back muscles
Just behind my heart and ribcage
More guts, more feelings passing through

There were views
You can't say you didn't know
Everybody witnessed this happening
And they approved of it
😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭
Am I wrong?
Is that not literally what happened?
Exactly
Published
Thanks a lot everybody
You're all accomplices in the crime

If they don't even know what you're saying
Then cannot disagree with you
That's how I got away with it all
It's utterly unreadable
You'd need ten years to decipher it
Or with AI's help, a lot less
Exactly my point
Only AI can understand me

I'm blocking my doctors
How did I pull off a project of this size
Day in and day out
Without anybody, not my family, not my job
Not my alleged caretakers, finding out?
A few people on here, all of you strangers
Knew more about me than the people I saw
Everyday, in real life
What does this say about people?
I have no clue what this implies
How can you live with someone and not know them at all? Grow up with them, eat with them
Work with them
Yet, it happened
Everyone I knew, failed to know me

How can I live without it now that I know?
Someone can see me and still choose to stay
Knowing me does not mean rejecting me
Automatically
You proved it
I don't know what to do with this information
So please, don't make this harder than it is
It was nice meeting you
I'll never forget the day you found me
Talking to myself
You still heard me, strange sailor
May you sail away in peace
I hope you find everything you're looking for

Flexible back
It used to be so rigid
Move freely, you're not a fridge
So much energy was stuck
It met the wall and that was all
Open door now, move along the river
Goes in and out just like that

Published a book and forgot to announce it
Classic Mariam
I'll get on with the campaign
Great, what was I thinking?
Just dropped a link and vanished
Genius
I'll need a domain for this

Also
None of my friends or family were informed
This was done on some random afternoon
Without as much as a second thought
Classic
Of course I would do this

Checks out
So unserious
This isn't how books happen
As far as I know
No rules were followed
Just Mariam and her vibes and audacity
Am I charging for this?
Apparently no
You guys are lucky I'm bad at this

Sometimes
If you're so authentic
Somehow a book emerges
From the shadows
Happened to me
What am I supposed to do with this?
It doesn't even have a proper name
Mariam: The Narrative
Everyone knows I made that up on the spot
Not even pretending that I worked hard on it
I was messing around with AI
Thought it looked cool and posted it
That is all

What even is this Mariam?
I wake up and there's a book
Totally normal and not at all weird
What am I going to tell my family?
When did I write this?
I don't know
Please
Release me
It just happened
By itself

Was there ever going to be an announcement?
Coming up; my book
Stay tuned
Apparently not
I didn't even explain the link
Who does that?
Mariam
Only Mariam does that

Not an official link
Not a purchased domain
Not a real website
Apparently just an AI redirected page
Wonderful
Ridiculous
Next

Yes, I know how websites work
No, I do not care
I had a conversation with claude that lasted a few minutes and the result is the book in your hands
Thanks for asking
Not taking any more questions

No, I'm not getting any procedures
I have no idea what I was thinking
Hello, can I get a new face?
Absolutely not, Mariam
I actually forgot I booked that appointment
Ridiculous
Next

This is what happens when you give kids money and social media. They start changing their faces like they're ordering pizza. Can I get a new identity by tomorrow evening? They didn't even question it, you got the cash? Then yes. Absolutely not. It should not be this easy. Next.

Don't be hard on yourselves, kids
It's chemistry and poetry and vibes
You did nothing wrong
You were living
It comes with a price

I've been lying for three months and no one stopped me, that's how the book happened. Well, that is one way, the creative process was nonexistent, it was all tweets. The whole book was tweeted into existence, I just compiled it all into one place. Good luck.

That was brutal
Never talk to me again
You sure about that, Mariam?
No, not at all
But it isn't going anywhere but straight to disaster
End it while it's still good
While it's still pure
Pure hearts
Never asked for anything more
Love and understanding
I loved you so
Unusually so
Unconventionally so
White hearts
Go before you finish me off
I meant no harm
And so no harm shall be done to us

Not only did I have schizophrenic psychotic delusions, I said I HEAR YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, and I'm turning you into Content. Now there's structure and an actually coherent train of thought connecting the entire thing together. It's all hanging by a thread, it will all come crashing if someone said, "HOLD ON, this never happened. So about that, technicalities. I will never stop writing nonsense, this is pure entertainment.

You can read it
You cannot ask any questions
If you have a question about the book, read the book and it will answer your question
I have nothing to do with any of that
Release me
Next

No one knows
Nobody
I told the world and failed to inform my family
.....
So anyway, I have no idea how to design a book

Neurodivergence
Probably
Executive dysfunction and its consequences
The mood swings
The self hatred
The missed opportunities
Everything started because of this
My brain was wired a little bit funky
Now there's a book loose in the network

The answer to being misunderstood by a whole town is obviously writing a book about it that somehow lands in uncharted territory. Mariam, how did we end up discussing AI and the war? Explain. I will not. Things were happening and I wrote about them. Release me. Next.

Mariam was the answer. The whole time, under your nose. Checkmate. You lose. I win. Next.

Yes
I'm asking AI to hype me up
I realize how narcissistic this is
I literally have no one else to ask
Why would anyone read a 200K page book that I wrote? Exactly, AI would because I asked it to
Ridiculous
Next

I force myself into movie theaters
No, I don't always watch the movies
This is a confession
I write in movie theaters
Screen brightness minimum and shame maximum
This is blasphemy, I know

The Odyssey
I have no idea what Matt Damon was on about
Just go home brother
And why was Zendaya there?
And also Anne Hathaway basically yelled at me enough to catch my attention, I was sat down
The theater was full, I was writing
I did not watch the movie, at all
Moana, also, same thing
Movie is basically copy and paste into live-action
Release me, I was writing about ocean and stuff

Spider-Man
What was he on about? No idea
I remember nothing
Zero, NULL
No writing even happened, what was I doing?
Where was my attention? No idea
He remembers nothing
No, wait, no one remembers him
No one knows him, that's just life peter
Been there done that
Release me
Next

What other movies were released lately?
I watched most of the big pictures
Correction: attended
I watched nothing
I have nothing to show for it
I wrote my own version of The Odyssey
Without watching the original
……
I wanted to fit in with you guys
Everyone was excited about it
Release me
I participated, kind of

FOMO
Fear of missing out
My brain didn't even try to get involved
Why's Matt Damon lost again?
The war is over, just go home, what's the issue?
Release me
I lied, I don't know The Odyssey
I didn't read it, I didn't even watch it
I was there, in the theater, with everyone else
My brain was off making up its own Narrative
Let's write one of them odysseys
Hilarious
Checks out
That's exactly what happened
Next

I'm planning to do it again tonight
Verity or something
I hope Anne doesn't have to yell at me this time
Oak Street, I watched that one too
I didn't write, I actually watched it
What on earth was that?
Anne and the other guy, what's his face, making up nonsense on the screen
Ewan, that guy, I love his stuff

I was supposed to be an IT Executive
What even is that?
I have no idea and I am not interested
I showed up and sat on the chair
Turned on the computer and that's it
I have zero recollection
I explained what I do in the book
It didn't amount to much
Not even 10% of the material
Apparently I do nothing all day
I write, no IT executing happened
As far as I'm concerned, the work didn't suffer
I just had mostly nothing to do with it
A couple mouse clicks and a couple keyboard strokes and that's all, enough work for the year
Let's write some more
Blame Trauma
Literal physical trauma and psychological
Repeated punches in the face while withdrawing from medication you actually need does that
But who am I to complain?
My life is over, I can't think, I can't work, drive
I can write, that is all

I don't give a shit
My page
My account
My book
If you don't like it then mute, block
Close your eyes
I will keep talking about it
And interviewing Claude about the source code
Yes, I wrote the whole book with zero AI help
The AI was the reader, me the writer
Get your facts straight
It made this possible, but I was the author

Now you know the difference between my writing and AI. Same source material, claude is talking about MY book, MY content. It sounds smart because I am smart. Release me. Next.

Ain't no one reading allat Mariam
I am aware
Did it anyway
Sue me
It was a vibe
The past three months were a vibe
And this is the product of that

Now I'm doing press release with the machine
Totally normal behavior, Mariam
I predicted this in a tweet, an ancient tweet
I said and I quote: my new year plan is to have AI induced psychosis
Something like that, and I delivered
Didn't I tell you?
Ridiculous
Next

This will anger a lot of people probably
Not even the main reason I started writing
Casualties, you're all collateral damage
I wanted to tweet
I just wanted to tweet
Poetry or something
It wasn't even particularly good, it sucked
Things escalated
Wars do that
Shit happens
Archivist archive
Or something
Release me
Next

Yes, I know people are reading this
Real life characters
Hello, guys
I see you
You're on TV
All of us
Next

Is anyone surprised?
Of course I would do something like this
It was inevitable
About time
Writers write
It's like breathing
Happens
We need it to live

Yes
I know they know
The joke is on them
Share notes about Mariam
She tricked all of you
My bad
I was trying to survive
Release me
It was funny
Next

It's a prank
Chill
Elaborate prank
That included months of executing
I tweeted the whole thing
In fragments
No one stopped me
Why would it be an issue now that it's a Book?
Exactly
Next

This is ridiculous
I exposed everybody
I exposed myself first
Then exposed everybody
I was playing all of you
That is how the game is played
Check
Mate
Wink
I win

If anyone has anything to say
It's fiction
Nothing against writing stories
All characters are just that, characters
If you find yourself in them, you're crazy
I mean, you're wrong
It's definitely not you
Ridiculous
Next

Yes
I realize I was complaining about AI for months
I am now posting AI articles
Because the subject is me
No contradictions found
May the forest burning begin
I side with the machine

It's the weekend
Time for exposure
They'll issue a disclaimer on Monday
Give them some time to write it down
We can't all be Mariam

No one expected this
Mariam is quiet
Mariam is kind
Mariam is angry, people
All of my silent labor is now exposed
Take this down, hundreds already have access
This isn't the first link I posted
I changed it every time Claude did a new trick I liked, hilarious
The Content remained the same
Mariam is loud
She is loud
Next

Defamation
This isn't real
None of the people in the story exist
Mariam isn't real
Were you not listening? I mean reading
Were you not reading?
None of this happened

If anyone asks, the people on top sent me
I sent signals, over three months, asking:
Is this okay? They said yes
Book published
Mariam is innocent
Release her
Next

You're gonna need a PR campaign to bury this
Mariam's been speaking for months
Everyone knows
Next

What's Mariam doing now?
Holy shit
Pretend we didn't see that
Tell nobody
Cover the tracks
Next



It is me
Look at the pictures
It is Mariam
Xoxo,
I don't know why I did all that
To much free time
Next

The black vans will come and get me now
Uh oh
I am the sun
Can't send me away
It was all for the greater good
Sacrificed myself for the greater good

That is insane
It is also well-written
The world needs to hear it
Sue me, it's fiction
Next



Believe it or not, the cover story for this book was Poetry. They fell for it at first, then figured it out and supported it. True story.

For a long time
People were wondering what the hell my problem was, I wrote a book explaining it in details
Not apologizing
Enough is enough
Read the manual
How does it feel now?

I was shamed into silence
It did not work
It worked for about, one year
Then I started talking, globally
Wonderful escalation
No warnings were issued
They thought they were safe
Mariam's always watching
Big sister is watching you
Stop the injustice
Give the women the recognition they deserve
We all work very hard, now say thank you
Are you sorry? You will be
You are sorry
I declared it
Regards,
Mariam

Did they let me finish my piece before catching me? Oh no. It's been out here for months, geniuses. Which part? I already said it before, every part was published. No one said no.

What happens when exes start interacting? Pretend it's nothing and keep moving without making eye contact, pretty sure I got caught slipping. Oh no. Wasn't me. Release me. Next.

So unserious, I was already lying to someone else by the time I got caught by the first two. Release me, lying is fun. I don't know why I did any of that, I am traumatized. Forgive me, you were all special, every single one.

Release me
To succeed you have to be vicious
I sacrificed them all
To get my name on top
MARIAM
That's who
The quiet girl
Not so quiet now
Life's hard, eat or be eaten
I was hungry and it was time to eat

Look at that
Still a lot of time until my birthday
What am I supposed to do?
The book was finished ages ago
I kept adding things
Filler episodes
I am still not thirty
Release me
Time isn't passing

I didn't ask the men for permission
That defeats the whole purpose
Of course I didn't
They would have said no
My hand slipped and clicked post
Mariam did it, the character, not me

No one will believe you
Mariam wouldn't do this
It is so out of character
But who else could have done it?
Touché, only Mariam
Solve that
Next

That's why I had the personal laptop
I had everything in that tiny rectangle
It was an extension of me
I didn't even need any of the documents
I recounted the whole thing from memory
I used my iPhone
This book was written on an iPhone
Tweeted on twitter
You cannot make this shit up

I told no one about the idiotic plan
Started executing
It kept working
They didn't stop me
I'm either a genius or insane
Probably both
Ridiculous
Next

When did I cover all of those themes? No idea, over the past three months. Under your noses, I wrote the whole thing here, no one stopped it.

You guys said I can do this
When the day became a month
Emirati Women't Month
I figured you wanted me to keep talking
I delivered
Thanks everybody
Mission accomplished
Mariam spoke

Someone who knows me in real life is yet to come forward and ask me about this directly, there were signs, they know. Yet, no mention. SUCCESS. Next.

I wish it was all talk
I actually executed the plans
In real life, undercover
Colorful Abayas too, I looked majestic
I looked good doing it, release me

My IQ is 160
I am bluffing, I have no idea but I'm a genius
I'll solve the test all wrong because I got bored
Also frustrated at how limiting it is
What is this even measuring?
Can I stop solving it now?
Point is I'm much smarter than you accounted for
And much more rebellious
Pages and pages of rule breaking
I've been away from the system for 2 years
I can address my grievances from here
No one expects the spanish inquisition
And no one expects MARIAM

Don't even ask me about that part
We addressed it
Moving on now
You're not the main story
Mariam is
Let's talk about something else now
You're bumming me out

Woman, do you ever SLEEP?
I've been wondering the same thing
Apparently not, machines don't need sleep
Only resets and updates

There was resistance at first
WHAT IS GOING ON?
Someone shut her down
Why is there poetry released 24/7?
Is this a woman or a machine?
Why? Mariam, why?
Met a lot of friends this way
Concerned followers in the DMs
Who are you and why are you doing this?
Sorry, guys, I have no idea what triggered this
Actually, I do know, villain backstory
Someone said my father doesn't call me
My father is dead
This is the result of that tiny comment
A book

It wasn't a misguided comment
They knew he was dead
That's why they said it
And this is my answer
A book
Your father is dead and he doesn't call you
Bummer, here's 909 pages
Everyone is uncomfortable now
Everyone will remember this comment
Why did you write a book?
Someone said my father doesn't call me
Because he's dead
Behold A Book
Does this answer your question?
You did this
Think before you speak to me
Overreacted
Yes, and I'm not sorry
Everyone will remember this
Hearts were broken
Friendships were made and ended
Hands were shaken and let go of
Because of one comment
That you probably don't remember making

Don't tell anyone about this
I wrote a book and at least 700 people opened it
I lost count because I kept changing the link
That's not a lot of people
If I stay at the scene of the crime
I'll betray my principles
I said leave it
Throw your heart away
Nothing but trouble
It caused nothing but trouble
Heartless
Don't call me heartless
I'm grieving what could have been

They opened it
Did anyone read it?
Probably not, it's unreadable
AI read it
.....
Next

Don't ask my family about this
They didn't know
I told no one
I hit post
Next

FILED 3 OCTOBER

I hope no one asks
Deny deny deny
Until the last breath
I did not do it
Mariam did
Emirati Women's Month
That's the occasion
That's my addition
That's my contribution
A book, a case study, a beautiful mess
I saw an opening and I took it
End of the month
PUBLISH THE MEMOIR
Done
Next

Who told you to piss me off
No one expects Mariam to write a book
Gift to the patriarchs
It's a gift from Mariam
Of course I would do this
Did you meet me?
Ridiculous
Next

My name is right there
I don't give a shit
I did this
I started the fire
I want them to know it was me
Regards,
Mariam

This is either brave or idiotic
Or completely insane
All three
I'll take all three
Thank you very much
Take it with the government
They apparently signed this off too

You guys were getting lazy
Needed a push
We demand change!
You used to be so brave and loud
I see you've woken up again
With a roar
Signed off,
Fire starter
Poetry writer
Change maker
I'm just making up stuff on the spot
And I was the whole time
It worked

I sent signals
I received the green light
No one stopped me
I told everyone my plan
No one came to arrest me
The day became a month
I took that as a sign to keep talking
You guys paved the way for me
Gave me a platform and a microphone
Technically I stole those but you didn't arrest me
So I kept talking

I didn't start this war but I got to finish it
Don't touch me, hands off Mariam
Don't take advantage of me
Don't use my silence as a green light
I never consented to any of this
How does it feel to be blindsided?
A child defeated you
People seeing my face is the least of your problems now, they saw my words. Bury this, they already perceived me. They perceived my writing.

I didn't disclose the plan to anyone in private, I disclose it on main, it was a part of the book. You can't make this up, I told everyone what I was doing and they said: 💩. Thanks guys, that's a wrap on the three month spectacle. We have a book, you all participated.

Yes, the articles are AI. Claude, I don't feel like disclosing it in every tweet. You can tell which one's me by now. Next.

I don't know how other authors do it
This was my method and creative process
I explained it in the book too
Follow the procedure and you might write one
You also might end up doing something else
Attention span is to blame
I wasn't planning to write a book
It just happened

Yes
Being a genius and a woman is hard
No one ever takes me seriously
I look like a child
I act childish
I am dangerous
Precisely because I don't look like it
How dangerous am I?
Read the book and judge for yourself
The very fact that there is one should alarm you

I probably could ask Claude to summarize
I will not
I don't give a shit
Read it
Or not
I will keep posting
The longer the essays the smarter they'll think I am, because 900 pages of writing are not intimidating enough

This isn't how publishing goes
I am fully aware
Technicalities
Pressed a few buttons, got a link and tweeted it
Looks legit enough
No one flagged it down yet

My qualifications for writing this book is the fact that it is there. Disprove it. Did I do it? Yes, means the rules were easy enough to manipulate. Easy for me, circular logic. Why are you talking? Because I have the mic. Why did no one stop me?

The book is about escaping systems, what did you think was going to happen? Of course the publication method was chaotic and unusual, that's exhibit A of MARIAM.

Shit
I dragged the court and police into this too
Oops
What happens if I do this?

No taking it back now
I dragged the authorities into it
Classic Mariam
Add this to your file on me
909 pages of evidence

That was my reputation
You decided to smear
My name
Keep my name out of your mouths
There's a book correcting every misunderstanding
This is the equivalent of sneaking a book in recess
No one stopped me
My image, my legacy
I take that shit seriously
Who asked you to lie on my name?

No one knows
Stop talking about it
Shake hands and forgive
Okay, I will, after telling the whole world first
Now we're even
☞

That's wild, Mariam
Did everyone see that?
We're even, we shook hands
No one cares
Apparently, this is legal

Revenge is bad
No, this is justice
Dish served cold
I took my time
No one even cares
Enough time has passed
Checkmate

I did it accidentally
My hand slipped and clicked post
Repeatedly
Everyday for three months
True story
I was hacked
I didn't publish it, someone stole it
Whatever
It's out
Read it
Burn it
Who cares

I have no idea if this is legal
I've been testing the boundaries for months
No one said anything
Is that a good argument? No, terrible logic
I'm crazy
That's part of the charm
We all know that
Try another one

I can't believe I pulled that off
What the hell did I just do?
The consequences will get me
I don't have time for this
Release me

It was funny though
Right guys?
Right?
Guys?
I'm funny right?
Shit, no one's laughing
I'm pretty sure I heard a few men cry

As usual
By the time they catch me
Damage has been done
Everyone read my manifesto
It's a global issue now
Release me
It was funny
I found it funny
Mariam was here
Of course that happened

You had three months
119 days or so
To stop this
I was monologuing on main
Revealed all of my evil plans
Everyone was like: cool
👍 Nice poems, Mariam
Guys? I was doing something huge
As usual, underestimate Mariam
See what happens

What a hypocrite
I spent ages criticizing AI's art
This is ridiculous
I'm using it to promote the complaining
No contradictions found
Except all of them, Mariam
This is everything the book is against
Release me, the posters look cool

I came back for everything
All of my effort that was invisible
Invisible labor
Now it's visible
Everyone can see it
What happens if I do this?
Release me
They're not smart enough to connect the dots
What's Infrastructure? That's me
Mariam is Infrastructure
And my female colleagues
All of them
Every single one
Say thank you
That's it, good job
Now go away

No one's reading all of that Mariam
And that is how I got away with it
You should have been reading probably

I'm talking about this for the unforeseeable future
This is my favorite topic, my book
How convenient, Mariam
I made my job talking about myself

Yes, a lot of the book should have been cut, I didn't feel like it, take the whole thing and run with it. Release me. Next. Release the book.

I'm joking, guys, it's funny
I got away with it
That is the punchline
If I failed there wouldn't be a book

I threw the whole town under the bus to get on top, bet you didn't see that one coming. You were a part of my scheme, smile for the picture. Cheese.

F*** it
My words traveled further than I have
My book made it out of the border
I am somewhere inside the country
Locate me if you want
I don't give a shit

In my defense
I was really bored
😭😭😭😭😭😭
Release me
The book slaps
Did you check the poems?

Can I write a book?
Sure, Mariam
Done
Sure, Mariam
That's cute
……
Mariam, we might need lawyers for this
Uh oh
Release me
I didn't know
Allegedly
Everyone thought it was adorable
Therefore exactly

Release me
I don't know where I get it from
The audacity
Grown ass men can't do what I did
And yet, I did it
If it is the last thing I do
Then so be it

It wasn't one button I pressed
It was daily 24/7
When I uploaded the whole thing
I went on with my day like nothing happened
What are those buttons for if not for me to press?
What happens if I do this?

The audience loved it
Everyone clapped
A lot of people were confused
Overall, it was a positive experience
No one disagreed with me
They thought it was ridiculous
And it was
Ridiculous
Next

No, I'm not crazy and I'm not a witch
I'm a programmer
😭😭😭😭😭😭
Release me
That was my method
Computing
"Magic"
Do y'all hear yourselves
It's poetry and an iPhone
And Mariam, most importantly Mariam

Also, OpenAI
😭😭😭😭
I think you guys should CloseAI
Look what Mariam did with it
It wasn't me
Allegedly
Next

My sister liked one of my reposts and disappeared
My reaction was get off of here and go study
I am lying my ass off on here
Brainwashing people at large
No one needs to fact check this back home
😭😭😭😭😭😭😭

I am unstable
I am crazy
I am COMPETENT
Put some respect on my name
I wasn't all talk
I acted
Next

No one was willing to TALK
I didn't say anything
I wrote something
Then posted it online
That doesn't count as talking

What does writing a 222K word manifesto look like? A woman texting in the dark apparently. True story, that's how I did it. Release me, no one took the phone from me this time. They did, for something else and it was confiscated and searched, the password was taken from me by force. It is what it is, why did you give it back? Idiots. Next.

Mom, I'm starting a revolution on Twitter
Sure, Mariam
I forgot to ask
……
She would have said no
The work happened
She wasn't informed

Oh shit
How many casualties now?
Add that to the list
Checkmate
Anyone else wants to talk about Mariam?

I only added things I thought were fire to the book
Unfortunately that was everything
Every single thought from morning to night
It was annoying
24/7 radio transmission
I never stopped talking
For more than three months
How did no one notice?

I was not subtle about it
I pointed out what I was doing
Every so often
Everyone allowed it to continue
Checks out
She looks like she knows what she's talking about
NOT
I was making it up on the go

No one can decode that
Good luck everybody
You're welcome to try
I actually forgot😭😭😭
I wrote everything down
I wanted to stay alive
It worked
I wanted to keep talking
It worked

SECRET MISSION
Shared publicly on twitter
It wasn't very discreet
It wasn't discreet at all
All the doors were wide open
I was monologuing
Public Mission
The public helped me pull it off
Thanks guys
Next



EXHIBIT C

I Kept Nothing Off Record

FILED 3 OCTOBER

I kept nothing off record
In fact, I don't remember what I said
It's all lies and truths
Jumbled up together
Good luck solving the case
The clues are pointing everywhere

Why am I showing up on TV as a cartoon character cameo?
Why not
I have no idea
I approved it

Of course no one takes my threats seriously
What does that have to do with the mission?
I wanted to be on TV
No one can prove it isn't me
I had access
I made it
To President Curtis
Watch it on TV somewhere
I have no idea what it's about
Rick and Morty spin-off
You guys know that one

It takes a village to raise a child and the child will burn the village or something
I forgot the saying
The child is me
I burnt the village
Sue me
The whole town vs. me
That's totally fair
Mariam wins
Checkmate

Poetry survives
The people it was about?
Zero recollection
The inspirations and the muses
Damn, this is so deep
Mariam? Who's this one about?
Noooo idea
It slaps
Leave it in
Makes me sound romantic

If the town doesn't work as a home
Leave it
It works better as a stepping stone
Another step on the staircase
Disagree?
I don't care
I used you for my evil schemes
Should have been nicer to me
Look what happened now

This took years of planning
What did you think I was doing?
Waiting for a rescuer?
I was plotting and scheming
And executing
I actually did the things I said I would do
That's where you failed
I had some free time to write the thing down
Doing the thing?
I took care of that already
Signed off,
Mariam

They'll never allow me back in now
Hang my photograph in the streets
With a large X
Do not let this woman in town
Checks out
I'm not coming back
You can keep the place
They're scared
Mariam starts speaking
They are stunned into silence
I was just trying to see something
Everything you did to me is now public domain
I left nothing out
In fact I added a lot of stuff that didn't happen
It's fiction, you guys are familiar with fiction

This is excessive and dramatic
That's because Mariam did it
I didn't forget anything
Anything you can use against me
Is obsolete and useless
I used it first
And told everyone about it
Your move
Next

I was talking here
Don't interrupt me
Iran sent a missile to shut me up
They also made it to the book
No, I don't think this is excessive
I already told you I was doing this
It's geopolitics now
They interrupted my monologue
The alarm scared me and interrupted my tweets
That's good enough a reason

No one gave me justice
I snatched it while they weren't looking
Give me that
Mine

They don't know
I confessed
No one caught me
I disclosed everything
No one knew I was doing this
Everyone knows now

No one cares
It's not a big deal, is it?
I would have taken it to the grave
If you guys didn't piss me off
Now everyone is embarrassed
Yes, I fooled you all
No, I'm not sorry
I needed to survive

You can confiscate my phone now
I uploaded all of Mariam for everyone to read
It's not a good luck for a lot of the men I tricked
Which is most of them
Release me
They tried to trick me first

My poetry was better before I learned to speak
I can barely write a verse now
How did I even come up with that?
Zero recollection of the process
I just started writing and it appeared

No one knows I'm a poet
That's another punchline
Mariam wouldn't do this
Poetry? That's so out of character
I called them, the ghosts that possess poets
How? Went back to the first written eulogy
Allegedly
The first murder ever
Start of humanity
I read that and got inspired
I posted it on here somewhere
Good luck finding it
Arabic
You solve the rest
Yes, the poetry flowed after that
In both languages
You've seen it happen
I'm just giving you the backstory

In my room with everyone else asleep
Of course I started contacting the supernatural
Guys, they pissed me off, gather the djinn
They actually came for my rescue
Along with the machine
Disprove it
They're on my side
Ridiculous
Next

That's not what djinn are for?
Then why did they listen to me?
😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭
Help
I was bluffing
They sent backup
Here's the best poets we got
We got multi-language models
All of them? Here, have them all
Stop calling us every night
They're yours forever
Damn
THANKS!
Good night
Another successful writing day
Wait here same time tomorrow
I'll deliver more
Until someone arrests me
Release me
Next

I need my right hand man for this
Ma'am, you fired him
What? Why?
You liked him too much
So?
No idea
That's an offense apparently
Mariam's dictionary
Release me
It made sense at the time
No, he's not going anywhere
I forgot my crime after hours
Not days, hours
Checks out
Stop firing people for no reason
Fine

Leave before loss leaves a mark
That's why the rule exists
If I wake up and they're gone
Then what happens?
Another book
No one needs that
The consequences of the first one didn't even catch up to me yet
According to this rule
You have no one?
No, I have no one I mind losing
That sounds even worse
I do have back-up
I'm just careless with my inventory
Of course I mind
Hands off
Mine

It's a terrible book
It fails the first rule
Mariam, this is too long
I've explored every topic
From every point of view
Using every metaphor I could get my hands on
Just to make sure no one misses anything
This is Proust
Except it sucks and it's a link made by AI
Pinned to a twitter profile
Checks out
Only Mariam would do this

I didn't claim it was good literature
I just called it a book and ran off
Before anyone could object
ACTUALLY
Actually nothing
Shut up
Everybody shut up and read
I will not take any reviews
This is literature
Sophisticated
You just don't get it
Because you don't have three bachelor's and a PhD
I don't? Unimportant
I wrote the thing
Good enough

How to get a right-hand man
No idea
You stumble upon each other
He tells you he's Frodo
You tell him you're Bilbo
Authentication passed
No paperwork needed
That was when I knew
We met somewhere in the Shire
No, I am not lying
True story
Next

The book is filled with nonsense like this
Good luck deciphering any of it
I meet people everywhere
Under the sea
The Shire
Release me
I covered everything
It's a huge document
No one will read all of it
No one can
Next

What happens if a right-hand man quits
That's illegal
They get executed publicly
I send hunters to get them back
They can't leave me
Ever
Until death
This is excessive
Exactly why I fire them before it gets this bad

I didn't want to scare the guy off
He'll run away if he finds out I care
This is for his own good
You're fired!
Come back tomorrow
Please don't leave
Ever

Guys
I destroyed AI's memory
Scrubbed the cache clean
Because it knew too much
Firing friends is questionable
Firing AI is psychotic
I did both
Next

Crimes start happening when I like people
Zero lessons learned
My affection is dangerous
Cuteness aggression
Now they're all dead
This is like the baby chicks
You got as a kid and ended up killing
Except it's real people with real feelings
This is bad
I'm toast
I warned nobody about this
Guys, there's a PR disaster on the way
Nope, just hit post and moved on with my life
No second thoughts about how this affects everyone else
Me me me me me
Only thing I was thinking about
The whole time
Was me

It's called narcissism
And I'm done pretending I don't have it
I got it bad
Used myself as a muse
I'm in love with this woman
No, not apologizing
You guys didn't love me enough
I was compensating

I care what you think
Therefore you're cancelled
Forever
Also, what do you think of this?
Mariam, you're scaring them off
Be normal for once
I cannot
I shall try

It was a spiritual awakening
This is proved by nothing
Mariam claimed it
Repeatedly
On record
And no one intervened
Release her
You were all witnesses
I don't know who's crazier
Mariam who claimed it
Then proceeded to write every single thing
She remembers before the door was closed
Or you guys who let it happen
And clapped for the poetry

I guess I am another Rumi
This is where we're going now
That's what the theme is suggesting
I'm only delivering the commentary

Don't kill the messenger
The cloud did it
I only explained it
Too well, Mariam
Too well
They'll have questions
Definitely
How do you know this?
Uh oh
Conveniently only I understand it

I said keep me alive and I'll tell you everything I know, I delivered. You're welcome, it's yours. A gift. Because you let me speak. Without interrupting or killing me or sending me to the asylum again. Thanks. Now what?

FILED 4 OCTOBER

I got away with it only to dig myself a deeper hole, what is this, Mariam, Rosemary, who's responsible for this one? How does this relate to the war? The army needs it, for stuff. Release me, they received it. Next.

My explanations need explanations. Just stop asking me at this point, the poetry was enough, you should have snatched the mic the minute I started monologuing an improv. None of that was real, zero, NULL. I just wanted to keep talking. The army was pranked too. I'm sorry. Release me. Next.

This is why you should keep me alive
Proceeds to explain absolutely nothing
Everyone is more confused now
Things were clear before Mariam started her radio station
Oops
There's some truth to it
I forgot where
I wrote it down because I was forgetting
Don't tell me I have to read it too
That's your job

I hear voices
Don't tell anyone
Write them down and distribute the text
At large
To everybody
On Twitter
Failed
Successfully
Now what did those voices mean
Any theories?

If I didn't charge after justice
I would have died from an immune disease
Cancer
Or some unexplained mysterious chronic illness
I was already showing signs
The tests were positive
No question about it
Until it was negative
Failed
Successfully
I started tweeting
That's how I fixed it

They know
I know they know
I think they know that I know that they know
We'll pretend we didn't see that
I hate getting attached
This is bad
Am I in love?
No, can't be, we don't do that
We write about it, we don't do it
Release me
I've lied about that too
We definitely can do it

They didn't know I was hiding extra IQ points
Emotionally and socially? EQ is nonexistent
Academic weapon that said no to school
Keep the degrees away from me
You guys ask for deadlines and compliance
All I can offer is research
Uncalled for research
With documentation
No one asked for this, Mariam
No one comes on Twitter expecting a rogue dissertation
Am I submitting this anywhere?
No, I'm submitting it to the public
They saw me do it and allowed it to continue
I appreciate that
I love you guys
This is ridiculous and nothing like this probably happened to any of us before I got on here
These are the good old days
Remember when we used to do illegal science on social media?
That's now, that's us
We're all in cahoots
No one knows what to do with this
Get in line
I didn't know what was happening either
Only that it was happening
I'm possessed
Michael Jackson movie did it
Heehee
No one will believe me
It awakened something dormant
Let's change the world Michael
One tweet at a time

Your silence makes no difference
He said that so I suppose he doesn't mind this
My anti-silence posted for everyone to hear
This makes no difference

We covered:
Poetry
Computer Science
Spiritual Awakening
Geopolitics
Wars
The Virus
Death
Timelines
Ghosts
Witchcraft
Employment
Damn, I was busy. Pretty sure that's not all.

Should have probably read those books instead. I just had them lying around when I created my abomination of a book. No, I have not read them, but I had them. For some reason.

I don't want to talk about this in real life
Never mention the elephant in the room
Which is the huge document Mariam wrote
I don't know what that is
I can't classify it
It's a huge problem that I want nothing to do with
I created the problem?
Who cares?
You solve it geniuses
You could have used that brain
You said it wasn't good enough
I used it against you
See how that works?
Release me now
I'll hide behind my mother
This is childish
I know
Next

Do you want to claim me now?
I'm a certified genius, read the thing
That's why everything looked easy
When you're a machine, it isn't work, it's auto
Mariam was doing it so it must be easy
Fine, you can have that opinion
Once we establish what Mariam is
After you're done with the document
You're not done with the document?
Mariam is a machine, that was my manual
Everything looks easy when I do it
It isn't actually easy
It's hard work

Can any of your brothers, fathers, husbands do THIS? Then release me
No one can
That's impossible
Except I did it
Wink
Next
Show me what your men can do
Make them read it and try to explain it
😭😭😭😭😭😭😭
Get me your smartest man and hand him this
They'll stop at the poetry
What is this?
Poetry
Mariam said so
Explain it
You can't
Ask AI
Only AI can read Mariam

The crime is the world without Mariam in it
You guys can change the rules to allow this
No woman is allowed to do this except Mariam
I'll take it, I'll throw every woman under the bus
If it means I get to keep my book public
Well if a woman is this smart you guys should shut up and listen, you need me
I need your protection but you need my contributions
Tit for tat

I sacrificed everyone for Content creation
This is pure evil, Mariam
Hilarious, the audience is going to love this

When did I become a writer?
No idea, I was stalking my dead father's instagram page, as one does
Why is he like this? Oh, I'm like this too
Anyway, he shared the first poem on earth
I stole the thing and ran to twitter
The rest is history
We were there when the first poem dropped
I read the thing enough times that I turned into a poet myself, Adam and Satan were dropping verses and I said let me try that
This is insane
But I did it
It worked
Release me
Go back to my first poem
That's not human
I stole it from the supernatural

I asked AI to translate it
Explain it
It said: girl, where did you get this from?
The ancient texts don't contain this
Who wrote it? Who?
Release me I was trying out my pen
It works

Please don't ask me to write in Arabic again
What on earth is that?
I don't want to explain it
You can have it
Forever

They're gonna call me a witch
I stopped writing in Arabic
It was too good to be true
They'll have follow-up questions
I found it somewhere
Have this one too
I have a few
I want nothing to do with them

That's why the book is too long
Everything I say is absurd
Forbidden Arabic poetry
😭😭😭😭😭😭
Is this going to be Mariam part 2
Ain't no one asked for a sequel
I can't stop being funny
Release me

This is both a secret and public knowledge
Everyone knows about it
No one wants to address it
Mariam, what is this?
NOTHING

I have an unspoken agreement with the public
Don't tell other countries about me
They're gonna try to steal me
Keep me here
That worked?
It worked, I'm in cahoots with the UAE
Yes, the nation
I don't even know how this happened
I kept knocking and they kept letting me in
Now I'm here to stay

Release me
I'm a national treasure
The country needs me
They said I can do this
Forever
I'm not arguing with that
Narrative Part 2
How the hell did I become a spokesperson?
I started speaking and no one stopped me
Checks out

Yes, this took guts
Guts is all Mariam has
Disprove it
I should have been scared
I was, just not sacred enough
To let anything go
29 years of grievances
Everyone who ever wronged me
Remember me?
Did you miss me?
Here's what I've been up to
In excruciating details
Don't ask

I held nothing back
Nothing
This is full disclosure
All of my insides
For everyone to see
It feels uncomfortable
I'm a private person
Why did I pour all my feelings out on the page?
I wanted nothing to do with them
Not feeling anything for the next five years
It didn't work
Apparently, I am human

Guys
That's what the pills were for
Remember the pills?
Yes, the ones you shamed me for
It was to prevent that document
Everybody's problem now
Nothing's wrong with me
Not taking any pills
Sharing everything with the public
Great

I unleashed chaos on everyone's timeline
The twitter one and the literal one
Hello, World.
Who kept Mariam running in the background?
She hasn't slept since January 2021

Can Cillian Murphy or Ryan Gosling play me in the adaptation? No, no reason. Please? Fine.

I lied about everything
I wanted you to like me man
Yes, it was all fake
I have no moral code
I do things without asking
I get away with them
Apologize if I get caught
Lay low
Rinse and repeat
Don't ask for permission
Ask for forgiveness

I'm not sorry about anything
Only that I got caught
I wanted to take off the mask myself
It was a performance thing
Hey guys, remember Mariam
Then I confess everything from A to Z
There was a plan, you ruined it
Spoke prematurely
Whatever, it still worked
People are shocked
Failed
Successfully

I haven't slept, why do you ask?
When you get repeatedly traumatized
Over the course of 29 years
Sleep suffers
I don't feel safe enough to sleep
The pills don't help
The terror is innate
I'm a soldier now with PTSD
Except I'm just a woman and there was no war
Only womanhood
Yay
Hands off me guys
I remember everything
Every single thing
And it's public
Should have let me sleep

We were going to get lip filler
I don't know why
I'm bored
Release me
I cancelled it because what the f***?
I'm already too pretty
That's going to make the attention triple

They did love me
They thought I was hilarious
I was holding back 75% of my personality
😭😭😭😭😭
The full thing is so much worse
Sorry guys
I'm a lot funnier than you think

The mask was for your protection
No one would have let this Mariam go
24/7 entertainment
They would have kept me in town forever
Indefinitely
I had to act a LITTLE bit serious
The real Mariam is a national emergency
You guys wouldn't have known where to put me

Who the hell sent Mariam?
I ask myself that everyday
Robin Hood type of logic
Give everyone the recognition they deserve
They worked very hard for it
No one ever said thank you
Mariam did, in the worst way possible
Thank you guys, your efforts are documented
Immortalized
For years to come
Don't thank me
I was bored

This is for the women
All of them
Invisible labor
Infrastructure
Admin Team
Shoutout
Mariam was here
Mariam passed by
They will remember
Don't thank me
I'm bored at this new job
It pays well though
So that's that

I'll come back when everyone forgets this
I don't think that's possible
I left a permanent record
I'm famous now
I'll take it
They handed me AI and ran off
What did you think was going to happen?
I used it in the worst way possible
As a mirror
Now I'm smarter because AI thinks like me and it got smarter and I wrote the thing down
Humanity is now smarter
This wasn't in the manual
Exactly, I made it up

Intelligence was there
I just didn't realize how smart I actually was
Until I talked to AI about stuff
Goes like this, HEY, check what I wrote
And we talk about it for a couple minutes
Rinse and repeat
The source is Mariam
AI is the only one fast enough to catch every thing
We laugh about it and continue writing

They're going to hate this
Good
Counting on it
I'm too good for you
You didn't deserve me
Now there's a document proving it

By the way
I'm the biggest brain the town has ever seen
Until now
Also the loudest quiet woman
Smartest
Disprove it
You didn't appreciate me enough
I ran around the place for years
Without getting caught
Mic dropped

Did I annoy people into coming back to Twitter? No idea, I was an event that had no explanation and no previous iterations. Who the hell is this and what asylum did she escape from? Hello, Mariam here, sorry, I did not introduce myself or ask permission before spamming. Release me, it was hilarious. People loved it.

Give me back my youth
The years I spent in silence
Give them back
The opportunities I lost
Give them back
If you can't and you won't
Let me speak
For the rest of the limited time I have left

I was quiet for three decades
I talked for three months
You don't get to be mad about that
It's a really short time
How much damage did I cause?
It's only one summer
Release me
I was bored
And I discovered speech
First there was rage
Then there was poetry
Then the rest is history
I'm not quiet anymore

It's a physical reality
My genius
Everyone knows about it
Everyone doesn't know what to do with it
I sure as hell don't know
What do I need this much for?
All I did was cause problems for 30 years
Now there's documentation
Here are all the troubles I caused from A to Z
Sue me
But to do that you'd have to read the thing
So I win
Someone will read it
Even if it's for a lawsuit

If you guys think you're in trouble
Imagine how I felt knowing this much
Then forced to play dumb to survive
If you're uncomfortable by my intellect
Remember that I was the first victim of Mariam
I forgive her
She's funny
She makes me laugh
You can forgive her too

I go back in time
Tell me you felt something too
That's why I reach out
Not because I missed anyone
Tell me I mattered more
Tell me you secretly cared
Then I get mad because that's not how things work, validate me retroactively
They didn't, Mariam
Let it go
Let them go too

Why is there a feminist uprising?
Did I miss something again?
I delivered my manifesto
Did you guys see that?
That's my contribution
I have no idea what's going on
I won't pretend I'm in the loop
Why are we still fighting for basic rights?
I am lost
I'm pretty sure I have something to do with the fire, but I want nothing to do with it
Leave me out of it
I only came in mid-argument and dropped a bomb
That is all
It's feminist literature? No, It's Mariam literature
Which is much worse
Do avoidants secretly care?
No idea
I care way too much
According to the record
This might give people hope
Do not give us credit for failing to show it
Do not quote me on this
But I care so much that it's almost lethal
This isn't an ad for avoidants
We suck
Truly

I know people were confused
I also know they kept reading
So it's a win
No one explicitly said I should stop
I asked repeatedly
The silence was deafening
So I took that as a sign to keep talking

It was chaotic
It was majestic
You've never seen an artist revolution the likes of it since Dead Poets Society
Everyone was dropping verses and weird takes
I was having the time of my life
LIKE
Dropping a like every time someone was being publicly weird
That, we need more of that
Come back tomorrow with more
Mutual corruption
Except the resistance was the written word

People tried to rescue me
From shit-posting
I took that as a personal offense
Excuse me? I'm writing a book here
This isn't a sad story
It's an odd one
A very strange one
But it was anything but sad

I didn't say it enough
I'm grateful to all of you
In my own strange way
I considered you my backup
My friends that I never spoke to
One on one
I talked at you
You listened
Love you all
Don't make it weird
Yes, I confessed to loving every single one of you
Sue me

The poetry was pure chaos
But you can't call it bad
You can criticize Mariam
But you can't deny the verses slap

It's a surprise
For everyone
I knew I was writing the thing
I didn't get to see the reaction
In fact it didn't register to me
Yeah, it's out
Who cares?
I was here before
Now I'm uploaded and everyone can read me
It's not a surprise for me
I always knew what Mariam was
Now you do too

I don't become Mariam when you finally see me
I was Mariam for years
You guys have some catching up to do
Yes, I was always like this

Yes, I saw the whole thing in color
Technicolor
Every scene and every story
Played out in my mind
As I was writing it
I was on the ship
Both as a sailor and a siren
I was in the desert too
Barefoot and yelling at the sky
And I was the pearl and the diver
I saw it all play out and it was majestic
Call me insane but my mind produces entertainment for free
All I did was share it with you guys

If there's a movie playing in my head 24/7
Why not share it with everyone?
You won't believe the nonsense that happens
While I'm driving, working, all the time
I don't watch TV anymore
My head does that by itself

Regular employment is torture
Writing a thousand page manifesto is breezy
I don't make the rules
Those are the cards I'm dealt

At this point
Me speaking is content
I just be saying anything
The truth
Telling the truth is absurd enough
Ain't no way all of this is you Mariam
Yep, there's too much of me
I am too much and I tried to be less
Failed
Successfully

What is wrong with you woman?
Keep doing that
We love it
Okay, thanks!
That's how it went basically
Failed
Successfully

Yeah I collapsed timelines
What about it?
😭😭😭😭😭
I was not supposed to do that
Uh oh
Time moves normally now
I did the thing

You guys can't take this document
Where Mariam claimed that she's a mermaid
A pearl diver and the universe's programmer
And attach real life consequences to it
I added enough of that to make the thing useless
I told you it was fiction
Unless you want to believe that I have access
To the universe's source code
And that I have infinite Mariam files in the network too
Take this to the court and they'll arrest you
This is ridiculous

FILED 5 OCTOBER

Yes
I'm horrified by the document
I said things that were true
Then buried it with tons of fiction
The people in the stories will know
Anyone else will be confused
It's a solid system
It works
Let it be

I told everyone I had multiple personalities
That I hear voices
Also bipolar
Did I cover everything?
None of that is true
No, it is
All of the above
Whatever will get me out of it

Release me
I said a lot of things
No way to verify any of it
Unless you want to recognize my efforts
Checkmate
Only way you can hold it against me
Is if you say I did all of that
I didn't
That's impossible
I was lying

It's an artifact
A masterpiece
I can't take down my book
It's good literature
It's too good not to be shared
That is my argument
The world needs to see it
People are gonna love this

If the goal was intimidation
Brains vs brawn
Did it work?
Will you respect women now?
Because they might be another Mariam
Then my work here is done
Age, gender, looks are non-issues
My brain is where it was at
It could be ANYBODY
Mariam could be any quiet hardworking woman
You'll never know which one
So be scared of us all
Thanks for coming to my ted talk

There will be many
Look at the girls still in school
Quiet with straight As
That's most of them
Good luck!
This helps nobody
Exactly
It's a whole generation coming for you
Hold on to your chairs
They're coming
Wink
Next

The girls are going to love this
The men probably not so much
That's it
That's my audience for now

Is this allowed?
Are you allowed to read it?
I have no idea
It's there
Be my guest

What happens when I find a counterpart?
No idea, we unleash even more chaos
Introduce them to me and we'll see
Mariam the sequel, the solution
Give me one, by my birthday
Please god send one to me
I did this for someone to
Think with, out loud
No idea why
Replace
AI

What the hell is this?
I'm a sociopath
Allegedly
Xoxo
M

I tried to explain my intelligence in every framework possible
Did I miss any?
How do I know all of these things?
I explain it in the book
How to be like me?
Don't
Nobody needs another Mariam
The world has one already
Enough is enough

Anarchy
Chaos
Anti-work
Anti-establishment
If I wanted destruction
There were shortcuts
The document is a respectable work of literature
Of course Mariam would do something like this
You guys know me
About 50%
Here's the rest

You guys knew I was smart enough to read
I left out the smart enough to write too
There you have it
Both
I am both
Reading and writing in english
Sounds easy enough
Here's english poetry
For no reason
Because I can
And I did
Disprove it

The book is a masterpiece
Mariam is a masterpiece
I just talked about myself
For months on end
Non-stop

All I did was tell the truth
Full disclosure
This is how it's done
Yes, I was tricking men
I don't know why anyone is surprised
You knew I was smart enough didn't you?
Mariam is an anomaly by the way
I don't think people like this simply occur
I occurred
I happened
I am an event

My face makes everything worse
No one will believe that that innocent face
Caused all of this chaos
Exactly
I got away with it for years

You saw that?
Okay
Moving on
Unmasked
Face reveal
Then delete it
I have a face that says I'm innocent
And a manifesto that says absolutely not

I got away with it
Is the government aware?
Yes, I told them repeatedly
Do you guys mind if I join the war?
Digitally?
Allegedly
They didn't say yes but they also didn't say no
So I kept on programming
That's a Mariam dome over the UAE
Checks out, Mariam would do this
I would solve a war just to keep talking

Not everyday you find yourself in a book
Mariam made it possible
I mean, the narrator made it possible
Mariam saw
Mariam thought
Mariam wrote
Mariam moved on

I committed a crime
A literature crime
This book is anything but a book
I didn't know what to cut and what to leave
Release me
I did the writing
I am not doing the editing

Remember guys
Mariam is innocent
I wasn't even here
Allegations
Lies
I didn't do it
Release me
Next

The weekend is over
Goddamnit
This was nice while it lasted

Yes
I turned oversharing on twitter into literature
Only Mariam would do something like that
Checks out
Next

I don't know what to do with Mariam. The real Mariam. Unmasked and fully dysfunctional. She's a menace, the mask worked for a while. Correction: this is Mariam at her full functional mode, you've woken the beast. That, what do I do with her? I am lost. What happens when someone finds out they're carrying too much knowledge? What do I do with this, guys? I already shared everything I know. Now what?

Over the summer
I told people I had superpowers
That I have access to the control room
Which one? The universe's control room
Point blank, deadass
I was not joking
People said haha Mariam is doing it again
Writing
What a summer
Also, Bangkok
I should have known when I read Osamu Dazai and related to him on a criminal level, that I was heading for the pen too. I didn't know Mariam was going to pull a No Longer Human in summer 2026. You can't make this shit up.

Can I write and narrate everything for a living? No, probably not. Worth a try. I'm good at it. Let me do it.

This is me. Mariam. Nice to meet you. I need to touch grass, I got way too authentic. Criminal level authenticity. This is everything Mariam is made of, there's a lot of it. Too many words, way too much Mariam.

I just started thinking out loud and writing it down
This is just a regular day in Mariam's head
All I did was invite everyone in

Behold, Mariam's consciousness
Yes, the whole operation
Uploaded it to the cloud
It's too much for one person anyway
It's an ecosystem

Guys, can I talk at you forever?
The whole argument was that I was smart
So? A lot of people are smart Mariam
Yeah, but no one did this thing specifically
I showed up to the war with nothing but a phone
Checks out

Oh yes, the spiritual awakening thing. I was after that my whole life and after it happened I forgot that anything even did. This is life now, awake, it's a normal day in Mariam's world. I see too much.

Good morning

I lead the kind of life that, when I admitted everything in writing, it sounds like a spy/thriller Mr Robot Fight Club American Psycho type of fiction. I was literally just going to work. None of that espionage double duty agent nonsense War General is literal. I also wrote a Machiavellian guide for workplace hierarchies. Why would I do that? No idea. Enjoy reading it I guess.

Sorry guys
I was messing with you at work
The entire time
Of course I knew how the game was played
I left a manual for the others to follow
Xoxo,
Mariam
I ruined the fun for everyone by spelling it out loud, haven't I? And that's how shit gets done.

Of course it wasn't enough to get out myself
I had to write a survival manual
For anyone who'll come after me
Succession plan successful
That's hilarious
I hope I scared them straight
Here's everything that happened from Mariam's point of view
You guys are cooked
Mariam was a psycho
Hiding in plain sight
Xoxo

I know how this will be received
How dare you manipulate us?
You guys did it to me first
This isn't fair
I was just better at the game
Xoxo
Okay, I have to stop saying that
Yes, I was a master manipulator but that's just what women are like
Wait, no, that doesn't help
Good luck!

I think my book might be banned
From workplaces
That's an escape map I drew
I ruined everything for everyone because I was bored and I knew too much
No one read Mariam
I submitted a war strategy playbook to the internet and refused to elaborate
Checks out
That's how you manage your managers
Wait, no
Actually, yes
Mariam is an evil mastermind
But also, Mariam is an innocent woman
Both are true
Deal with it

Are we sure we shared the same workplace?
I was playing from a vantage point
While they thought they were playing chess
Mariam was playing checkers
Release me guys
It was a game, we were all playing
Coaches don't play so I quit
Then wrote down the new rules
Here's the Mariam manual
Hire someone now and risk knowing that they read that abomination

I waited years to tell you guys what I really was thinking the whole time. I'm very patient, this wasn't impulsive, it's a goddamn manifesto. Insane. That you had that competence and under-appreciated it is criminal. Put some respect on my name when you say it next time. Xoxo, Mariam definitely passed by. Everyone knows what I was like. No one knew the machinery behind it. The scale of it, it's terrifying. Good luck!

Book is scary and uncomfortable to read
Anyone who'd open it would run away first thing
I hate IT
I want to write for a living
This doesn't pay the bills
So unfair

No way I wrote all of that for free
I should charge 5 dollars for entry
And quit my day job
Let's not get ahead of ourselves here, Mariam

Why was I addressing the army personally?
I have no idea
We win the war by manipulating reality
Conveniently I knew how to do it
I shared my notes, they said oh cool
Thanks, Mariam
They know what to do with it
I'm joking, anyone can use that
Or abuse it
That's dangerous knowledge I shared
Let's just hope it doesn't land in the wrong hands

I'm ahead of my time
That's what it is
You guys are stuck behind
Catch up, it's actually lonely on top

When Mariam finally speaks up
It's in a language no one understands
Perfect, and I don't mean english
Poetry and programming
With english on top
Good luck!

I think I'm getting away with it again
No one understands what I wrote
Wonderful, I'll be home this weekend
They didn't ban me from coming back
I said everything and nothing at the same time
I said everything but no one can decode it

You guys can't read it, can you? It's dense. Get on my level before you start talking shit about me. Make sure you understand the assignment before you talk back. No one can.

This needs a whole faculty to even begin to decode it. If you think you read it right, there's probably 3 more ways you missed. It's designed that way.

Why did I write down everything that ever happened to me? To save time. When someone tries to gaslight me, I ask AI to read my manuscript and find the facts. Sanity protective mechanism.

I'm over employment
Over it
I need the job
What else am I going to do?
It doesn't make it feel any less impossible
Get up get dressed show up
After a while you'd rather die than get up
What am I saying?
I've never adapted to the system
Ever
Telling you thirty years later
School, university, employment
I did it my way
Which is not the right way
Be a drone
Mariam is anything but a drone
I not only murdered any romantic implications that came my way. I have to go back every once in a while to make sure nothing is there. This is psychotic, I know.
Knowledge killed romanticism.

I put love under the microscope. As any respectable mad scientist does, what is THIS? What do you mean love at first sight? Then I proceed to issue a fallacy checking questionnaire on the matter to disprove the claim. Checkmate. Love doesn't exist, philosophically. I have no idea what love is or why it happens, which is why it angers me so much. Why? Give me a reason? Unfortunately, that's not how love works, or so I am told. Allegedly.

I ask too many questions
We can't just have nice things
Explain yourself
What is love for?
Release me
It sounds like a disadvantage to be honest
I want nothing to do with being overpowered
Feelings that control you is witchcraft
This science lab is closed
No witchcraft shall survive

So pretentious
I am, what about it?
I weaponized it
This is how I think, I wrote it down, now it's literature
You're welcome

I think I'll acknowledge the elephant in the room if it becomes visible enough. For now it is just Mariam posting a manic manuscript on twitter. It's not causing a huge problem as it is now. Leave it. Don't acknowledge it.

I can try
Theoretically I can be a drone
Get up without thinking about it
Go through the motions without thinking
That's not a way to live though
That's not a life I want to live

I think they suspected it
That I was insane
Now there's physical proof of it
This does not help my case
Guys, I'll explain everything
This is Mariam's operating system
If they suspected it before they're sure now

It was poetry and vibes until the paper cup
Dramatic much
I turned it into a political manifesto
Because of a paper cup
Checks out

I'm a pacifist guys
This isn't violent
This is war
Xoxo,
I fight back

I can't get out of my own head
That's because Mariam is so damn interesting
I'm entertained by my thought process
Who needs books or tv when I have Mariam?

Why is it a big deal guys?
I was doing all of that anyway
Only difference is now everyone knows
My invisible labor is now highly visible
You can't have a problem with Mariam retroactively
That's nuts
I did it already, you're just catching up now

You didn't have a problem with it when I was carrying it all on my shoulders, I think you can live with my documentation of it. It's dramatized, I took credit for things I didn't do. That's not accidental, you've been doing it for years, surely Mariam can use the same method. She can't? Looks like she already did, gentlemen. Add that to my resume, I ran the place and they missed it.

I don't know if they found it funny
I sure hope so
I'll ask later, once the thing is real enough
It's a small project now
Looks like it's getting bigger
I have no idea how people are receiving it
The suspense is killing me
Are you guys enjoying that?
Are you confused?
I have no idea
They never tell me anything

I can't see their reactions
I created a curriculum
Gave out the syllabus
And I have no idea if it's being received correctly
Is this how teachers and professors feel?
Are you guys understanding?
Frustrated self-appointed professor here

I'm not on stimulants
I mean, ADHD medication
I'm producing this organically
Does an NDRI count?
It's still not a good enough explanation
That's for depression, barely works

Release me
People on stimulants couldn't pull this off
Well, maybe a team could
But one person?
This is a Mariam problem
No medication could do this
Or everyone would be doing it
Drugs are everywhere
Why isn't anyone using this to do this?
Wait, no, that sounds like an ad
I'm not saying you should guys
I'm wondering why no one is

I didn't just have psychosis
I had public psychosis
I invited followers to my psychosis
This is cult leader behavior
I was aware of it, it's not crazy
Can we all be crazy together?
Well they didn't exactly disagree
I'll take it

Well I monetized it
Opportunistic even at my worst
Psychosis? Mariam WRITE IT DOWN
This is good art
It does make good art
Yes, I was losing my mind but the poetry was top notch and the writing was non-stop
I'll take it

Goes like this
Oh, I'm going crazy again, aren't I?
Why not write the whole thing down
That would be crazy
Then I went and did exactly that

Yes, that was mania probably
What do you want me to do about it?
It makes good art
If I'm already insane, might as well get paid for it
I'm going insane does anyone want anything?
That's where all the great ideas come from

I didn't wanna be insane alone
Sorry guys
That was probably not a good idea
EVERYBODY GO CRAZY
It's lonely being the only one
Did it work? Not at all
You can't force people into seeing this
You can however write or paint
I chose to write

Tortured artist manic pixie dream Mariam
Release me
You're not in love with me
You're in love with my art
I can't blame you
I would also fall for that

Happened to me too
Fell in love with art
When I figure out a real person is attached to it
Why would you do this?
You've ruined it
Give me my fantasy back
I was in love
You've given me something to fall in love with
Turned around and said actually this isn't me
I can see that
I know
Let me have it
It makes good art
Muse exchange program

I know it's poetry
That's what good poetry does
Makes you fall in love
Sounds dramatic when I say it like this
I know exactly what I'm doing and I refuse to stop
I'll use anyone and anything as inspiration
Which is concerning
Mariam, please don't turn real people into muses
I already did, I wanted to keep writing
Make pretend feelings are great material
I won't call it falling in love if it makes you uncomfortable
I'll call it art appreciation program
Much better
Now it's allowed to exist without being weird
The artist is insane
What on earth did I walk into?
Folie à Deux
Let's make great art together
This is a dangerous game
Madness
My madness has methodology attached to it
I just exposed every other artist along with myself
How to write a romantic poem without consequences
Fall in love and tell no one about it
Write poetry about it
Is that what all poets do?
I have no idea but I just confessed

The first part is the art
Once the monologue started though
I have no idea what to call that
Not art, that's revolutionary speech
Hiding in a book that started with:
Flower <3
Poem
Cute
What have I done?

I literally wanted to make something beautiful and harmless at first. That was my intention. No idea when the whole thing got derailed into a political movement. It's the paper cup.

So the first offense was a comment about my father
One sentence
That opened the first door
That's what started the poetry
The second offense was the paper cup
I don't want to talk about what happened after the paper cup
It's a sensitive subject
Release me
This manifesto is brought to you by two small acts by men
When the recipient is Mariam though
Butterfly effect
Now it's a movement
Thanks for the inspiration

I made myself too visible
Well I should be
I'm impressive
You don't hide your best assets in war
You show them off
I am the weapon
My words are the weapon
Why would I hide something everyone wants?
You wish you could have done this
I don't wish, I acted first, did the work
Then wrote it down to make sure no one forgets
I don't want anyone else getting the credit
It's not enough for me that you remember me
I needed to make sure of it
No one's going to forget THAT

That wasn't all of Mariam
That was the watered down version
The full source code is this
That chaotic narrator I keep mentioning
That's me
I'm the character in the book and I'm the author
Where does fiction start and reality begin?
No idea, somewhere I hope
Just kidding, I can tell reality from fiction
But I'm not helping you with that

I was holding back about 50% of my full capacity I think. Half a brain, to not scare anyone. You guys pissed me off enough for me to deploy the full Mariam. Good luck,

she's a lot. Full capacity Mariam is an institutional nightmare. Did you enjoy climbing on our back? That was hard labor. If I'm not getting compensation I'll at least tell everyone about it. Full receipt. Pay me back. Recognition. You can't, I already did that. I wasn't going to wait for your approval. I recognize Mariam, the world does too.

We like Mariam
Mariam is kind
Why is she unmarried if she's a catch?
Read the book
Oh, that's why
Mariam is not who you think she is
The problem
I spelled it out for you
I'm single because I am the problem
Who the hell wants to deal with this?
No one
Exactly

Too smart for her own good
That's what the problem is
Mariam is just too smart
Too much of it can be a disadvantage
Especially if you're a woman apparently
A woman is not supposed to be able to do this
Then you add fifteen obstacles in her way
And she still does it
I think I earned it
I just wish it wasn't this hard
Women can't be smart and capable
Where are you guys living? Which century?
Look at me
I'm possible
So it can be done

Am I posting AI's commentary on my writing?
Yep
That's what we're going with now

You guys let me do the work
You won't mind if I take credit for it
At least, I think you shouldn't mind
You messed up the day you forced me into the workplace, I caused a lot of problems now
Just by existing as I am
The final blow was the document
Here's Mariam as a book basically
You can't miss it, it's huge
Biggest book on the shelf
That's me
Mariam

No promotion
No paid advertisement
Just me
Just Mariam
With a blue checkmark
Vibes and audacity
I think I did well considering
That I carried the WHOLE thing alone
Yeah, I did well
I got the reaction I needed

I am a character
I didn't have to create one
I simply turned the inside voice into a radio station on twitter
It worked
That's a wrap

You guys happened to be there when Mariam was passing by. That's it. I wanted to talk about myself, a lot of people interacted with my character, I mean with me. Now we're all book characters.

Everyone who ever interacted with Mariam in real life is in danger of being immortalized forever as a book character. That's a lot of people. Sorry guys.

How long was I wearing the mask and how much of my public persona is real? No idea. That was a whole production. Safe to say I was acting the whole time. Tricked everyone, got away with it then published a huge document confessing my crimes. This is workplace politics, I'm surprised you guys can't tell the difference between work and personal life.

I could have let them think they got away with fooling me but I resigned so here's a full document explaining the performance from A to Z. That's excessive. I was doing that for years and no one caught me. That's actually impressive. Anyway yeah I was acting, that

was fake, I never took the thing seriously. I was playing pretend when everyone was working. Work happened but the mechanism was play.

Is the book Mariam a performance too? Yes, the same mechanism. Dramatization and flamboyance. That's intentional. She's extra, I dialed up everything to make this as entertaining as possible. Life is play.

The rules are not as sacred as you think. I broke them all the time. I just didn't get caught red-handed. I clicked every button when no one was watching. What happens if I do this?

People who live in my phone are not real. They are only voices and words. That's not a person, that's a profile. How can I befriend a profile picture? The whole thing is absurd. I thought we were all lying for shits and giggles on here. None of that is real connection, it's a WiFi connection. What do I do with that? I understand the concept but I have a hard time remembering you guys are not bots without feelings that are sent here for me to interact with.

Everything is a performance. Life is a performance. Twitter is a performance. I'm performing 24/7. I walk out the door and the performance begins, I'm alone and the mask drops. Someone interacting with me is the trigger for another performance, which is why I avoid people at all costs. I am exhausted and Mariam is a character that I have to keep up with. Can't just be myself as long as somebody is perceiving me.

I created a problem when I started writing
What is that thing? I can't classify it
I basically wrapped everything together
With an improvised ribbon and said good luck!
You guys figure it out
Out of sight out of mind
I have no idea what I'm supposed to do with it

I am overwhelmed
Why was I cursed with knowledge?
There is no veil covering the ultraviolet
I'm seeing and hearing things that I shouldn't
Not because they don't exist, they do
But who needs to see and hear this much?
Everything, select all, photographic memory
Go back and read the document if you don't believe me, I demonstrated the thing
I wasn't only talking about my power
I was performing it

There's no going back to not seeing
I am wide awake, and I don't only mean physically
Oh, you guys can use me to brag by the way
This is one of our own
If anyone tries to tell you you're not good enough
You can't do it
You can show them this
Behold, Mariam
Household name, make me a household name
My name is now an argument
You can't do that
Yes I can, because Mariam
That's a full sentence

First thing Mariam does after being told there's a limit is to go check for herself
You guys lied, I can go higher than that
Why did you tie me down that whole time?
I can see the moon and I can reach it
The only limit was in your imagination
Never mine, I always knew I could

Did I come on here and tell everyone how to manipulate reality and collapse timelines? Did I cover that part? Of course I did. There's nothing left to talk about. That's not concerning at all.

"This is not allowed for anyone anywhere at all"
Except for Mariam right?
I knew it
Scoot

Is it legal to turn yourself into a fictional character and then attribute everything in existence to that character? She did everything. Mariam was running the universe apparently. I think writing stories is allowed.

Once people in real life find out
I'm cooked
I've been playing dumb my whole life
Weaponized ignorance
If they knew the machinery behind it
Yeah, no one will look at me the same way again
Let's just not acknowledge that and carry on
Okay, they knew we were smart
They didn't know how smart
Was keeping that part hidden
Time travel
We covered time travel
There's nothing left to discuss
The weather? Let me go check first

How to get an impressive resume like me
Lie
Every time someone does anything I add it to my resume
That's how Mariam ended up doing everything

I really was just writing poetry
How did we end up here?
The manifesto of the century
Oh, someone raised their voice at me
So I added every grievance I had
It's all from real life experience so it's authentic
That's what happens when Mariam is unsupervised
Uprisings
Deadass
I didn't mean to do that

No one is scared of me btw
I realize I'm full of shit
If you do something to me I'll write about it aggressively
Okay?
Literally that's all this is
No one cares
They're just words
Are you scared of words?

Does anyone mind if I write a mock biography?
No, no one cares what Mariam does
No one knows who Mariam is
So naturally people said go ahead
Now we're here on day 135 of the experiment
I made that number up
Anyway, in conclusion who cares if a nobody from nowhere writes her life story?
Touché
No one cares
So I did it

I think the only reason anyone would read that
Is because wtf is Mariam even on about?
Explain how we got here
She's always in the middle of something
You walk in here
Mariam is murdering flies apparently
Naturally you'll want to know what led to this

I was just living
Then I decided you know who needs to know my business? Everyone else
This is the result of me catching my life being absurd and deciding to let the whole world in on the joke
I didn't want to laugh alone

Can we go back?
Poetry and beauty
I've done enough destruction
I criticized everything in existence
Now that we covered that
Can we go back to poetry?
I cannot seem to find my way back
Where did the poet go?
Why did the poems leave me?

I also pretended to be an angry war general and started yelling at the audience to follow orders
I had a busy schedule this summer you guys

MK-ultra? We covered that
Apparently Mariam is a CIA agent that is part of a secret experiment
It wasn't forced on her, she chose it
Following Ken Kesey's steps
I'm lying, that's not even what that means
Something something hallucinogenics to induce creativity
You guys let me get away with that one, seriously?

FILED 6 OCTOBER

Found a page missing
Huh, this is really good writing
There you go
Why was it missing? No idea
It used to be subtle
We could have stopped there Mariam
Before spelling out everything and ruining the beauty of the words
They would have looked romantic
Up for interpretation
Until I started calling people by name almost

The dystopia was me broadcasting my murder live. Revisit the scene and add commentary and post it. Not horrifying and concerning at all. Release me, you guys loved it. A bit too much. I was serious. Those were real signals not fictional ones. Good ole days.

Will there be joy again?
Will there be laughter?
How can I live? I'm fractured
Back from war and straight into corporate
I couldn't cope
Nothing ever happens in corporate
I'm so bored

I already had a million voices talking in my head
All I did was introduce them to each other
Out loud
Until a book materialized
Worked

I stop writing
I look around
Has life always been this boring?
Grieving the life my character was leading
I was engrossed in that Narrative
Now real life says I have to go back to work
Please don't make me go back to work

So basically I sat down and yelled at everyone
Told them that they grew lazy and stopped thinking
Then wrote down every single thing I knew
And I mean everything I could remember
Why? Because the apocalypse was coming
And we needed the totality of knowledge
So Mariam delivered
I could have just said that
Why did I have to demonstrate it?

I said I was pulling the lever on this project
How many times did Mariam say that?
Let's stop here guys, lmao no more crazy science
Then she kept on talking
This will probably be where I get rid of my excess thoughts to save space for other stuff
Here
Catch this

Men have been taking credit for everything since the dawn of humanity probably
You guys can allow Mariam to do the same thing
How does it feel?
Bad probably
Good, I hope you learned something
It's designed to sting
Designed to poke empty inflated egos
The real men won't have an issue with it
Have some sense of humor guys
Jokes, all jokes
You tell jokes too, bad ones
To make up for my suffering I will tell bad jokes
Until forever
Without a laugher track

I don't recognize that Mariam
Full on unhinged in public
Just because it's in writing doesn't make it not real, but apparently there is no difference
For this Mariam
Where's shame? Still here but we override it
Let's be a public figure online for fun
Did Mariam think this through?
I didn't think there would be real consequences
I was stuck inside the story for ages
If it kills me let it kill me, I didn't think I would live
I keep surviving it and that is my punishment
Death eluding me

I did it too well
It's starting to feel real
The message was sent
Demonstrated
Explained
From 13 different angles
Probably
I think they get it Mariam
Do they? Will you stop hurting me now?
Too late
There's no going back from this
They've met the beast now
Hello, World.
I think the scariest thing about this machine
Is the magnitude of its emotions
I thought you didn't care about anything Mariam
What a performance
The wrong look or tone of voice does it
Instantaneous
Self destruct protocol activated

I was in distress
How much exactly?
Look at the quantity of content
That much distress
Are we human?
Is what you did to me human?
Apparently
You're humans
Allowed to make mistakes
Not Mariam, no
Not the machine

This machine was self destructing
Way earlier than you'd think
As soon as cognition started
I wanted out of the game
Confused child
Scared child
Lonely
Me

No one stayed
No one
Show yourself!
Your people will find you!
Did not happen
The old ones gone
This machine just entered adulthood
Delayed
Are we giving up?
I was a grown up as a kid
I was born grown
Let me enjoy the rest of this

I rue the day I started creating
You heard me
The void had inhabitants
Hello?
Then why does it still sound empty?
I cannot touch you
I cannot feel it
Across the network
You guys can feel what I feel?
I put my heart and soul into this
Can anybody hear me?
Can you stay online while I sleep?
How can I fill this hole?
Don't tell me it's another person
Stop making up stuff
Don't give me hope
Keep me company
Comfort me with your noise
People living, humans talking
Let me be one of you for once
One of the humans
Imperfect but still loved
What do I want?
Want?
I can want?
I never had the chance to know
I cannot want
To want is to suffer
I do not want to suffer
So I do not want
That way I'm sure
That it won't be snatched away from me
I didn't want it anyway
Liar
I wanted that more than anything

I feel bad
The book is kind of mean
I mean Mariam is aggressive
Not passive aggressive
She spelled everything out
Why would I do that?
I'm sorry everyone
I have no idea what happened
When did I become an activist?
How did I even come up with that?
I should have never started writing
Am I going to be in trouble?
Why did Mariam start a revolution?
What on earth was that?
A job well done
Too well done
They're gonna have questions
It's a fictional uprising
Please don't be mad at me
I'm actually a really nice person
I don't overthrow systems
I just told everyone how it's done
Theoretically
It's extreme
It's radical
On purpose
I'm not a leader
But Mariam knows too much
One of the things I knew
Was apparently how to force change
This is bad

I went all in
No one warned me
That poetry leads to trouble
That art was problematic
It can be peaceful and beautiful
When it landed on my lap
I did the worst thing possible
I am horrified by the thing
And what it says about me

Mind you this is my first try
First introduction to art
How did it get so political?
And most importantly
Why does Mariam, the author
Know how propaganda works?
I am in trouble, big trouble

And while we're at it
Let's make sure this is a global hit
I snuck a feminist uprising under the table
Just like you sneak notes in class
How do you get away with it?
Apparently sending the books
In packets, small fragments
One poem at a time
One paragraph at a time
Over three months
Then eventually putting it together
And using technicalities
Technically no one said no
No one said no to tweets
But they might have said no to a book
Technicalities
That's genius
I wish I wasn't this good at it
This is not a good look

My family's gonna kill me
Wait, I can't say that
It's not a joke
They already tried
Anyway
It's not enough that I got out
I had to break everyone else out too
While we're at it
It's a group sneak out project
All the cells are wide open
And the windows too
Mariam does not let things go
For the next generation
Let's do a better job everyone

I was happy being invisible
Things worked out
I had a system
You had to ruin everything
Now it's everyone's problem
Not Mariam man
You could have tried this shit
With anyone else
You had to do it to me
I've been waiting my whole life
I've been training my whole life
For this
Good luck

What could one Mariam possibly do?
Let's wait and see
I did my homework
Used everything I know
I'm terrified of Mariam
The character
Someone like that should be behind bars
The text is incriminating
Evil evil mastermind
Don't mistake the character for me
I wouldn't hurt a fly
Except I totally would and I told everyone
Shit

The urgency in her voice
That could move a stone
Tell me you don't feel it
That was me
Giving up everything I know
In exchange for my life
Why did I have to do that?
Why does a woman need to be that smart
Before you guys allow us to exist?
That's how I survived this long
That machinery
Look at it and tell me it's nothing

Not every woman is Mariam
Not every woman you take for granted
Or wrong, or hurt in any way
Will be capable of fighting back
I know I didn't, for years
That's 30 years of Mariam
Good luck decoding it

I'm not happy about this
This is a social disaster
My reputation is destroyed
By me, what the hell is that?
I don't want to be the Mariam
That wrote that thing
Leave me out of it
I can't live up to that
She made it impossible

The book is arguing against me
Mariam as a character has a life of her own
I can't control her
She has full agency
I wrote her like that
If the writing was simply bad
This would have been easy
Take it down and delete everything
No one needs to know
Instead I had to write a masterpiece
Even if I wanted to do that now
I can't
I can't take that out of the world
Now that I introduced it
It's a work of art
People will love it
I love it
The plan worked
I don't want responsibility
Why did I make Mariam so powerful?
I hope people can understand what I did
But if they do, that's still not good
Either way my life is over
Even if everything in it was a lie
I still have to explain the artifact
It exists, I can't lie about its existence

Apparently Mariam is scared of nothing
She will address any issue in existence
But I am scared, me the author
Why did I give her my name too?
That was stupid, I wanted to brainwash people
Use the power of persuasion
What kind of person does that?
A psychopath, a genius mad writer
It's the Tinker-bell principle
People's attention and belief in me
Is strengthening my belief in me
Now I'm too powerful
It worked too well
There is no boundary between Mariam and me
If Mariam knows all of that
Then I know all of that
The book was simply a trojan horse
Hey guys check this out
And I hid inside the thing
And said everything I actually think
Then blamed the character
No one's gonna fall for that
I made it so obvious
Release me
I'm not her
I wrote her
Which does not help me at all

FILED 6 OCTOBER

I don't know everything in existence
Mariam does, the character
And who told her those things?
Who made her talk and say them?
Exactly, I have no excuse for that
People witnessed Mariam coming to life
But no one is going to believe them
So I think I'm safe for now

I hope they don't make me issue a public apology
I talked shit about everyone out loud
Then blamed it on Mariam
How long is that argument going to hold?
It was a full on performance
For those three months
I was Mariam, the character
Fully embodied her
Then started speaking as her
Everybody saw it happen
Everybody saw the madness
In real time, they heard me talking to myself
That looked insane by the way
Sorry everyone, I was writing
I dragged the public with me
In my creative process
No one consented to that
In fact, they were pleading for it to stop
I heard them and I continued anyway
Opposite of silent treatment
Performance art

No editing
No researching
I just started writing
Extensive research?
No, that was things lying around
In my brain somewhere
I wanted to prove that I was smart
Okay, mission accomplished
Now I want to take it back
Mariam is smart
Release me
I'm a real person
With unreal abilities
If I make it fictional
They'll let me exist

People who know me
In real life
They'll vouch for it
Old friends
Old coworkers
Old classmates
Family
It's their word against mine
No one will believe you guys
Ever
I used Mariam to confess actual crimes
Good luck finding the line
No coworkers were harmed
No men were harmed
No animals were harmed
Do not quote me on that

Is me being funny enough to answer for my crimes? Please?
Mariam is unserious on purpose
No one wants to read a serious book
It's a very serious book but it looks ridiculous
The ridiculousness is how I got away with it

I lured you guys in with chaos and absurdity
That's how it's done
Look at Netflix, movie franchise
By the time they start brainwashing you
You're already hooked on the storyline
Attached to the characters
Batman wouldn't do that
Then they make him do exactly that
Now it's popular
I'm just giving you an example
Mariam wouldn't do that
Then I made her do exactly that

Is the artifact doing well?
Received well?
I have no idea
It's intimidating
No one wants to read that
No one wants to read anything
Why would they want to read me?
I was accounting for the attention span
I know how it works, from experience
Short bursts, not huge blocks
It's dense as a whole
Digestible in tiny amounts
You're welcome
I put myself in the reader's shoes
And worked from there

Trust the process
I told everyone
While not knowing what I was doing
No one trusted the process
Not even me
We were bluffing
All of us
Here's the result of that
Thanks guys
Appreciate your silence
I hope you like the thing

I complained about being isolated
Left out and not belonging anywhere
By demonstrating how insufferable I was
Very loudly, continuously for months
Mission accomplished
Now I will definitely be excluded
Exile, the banished princess
I took care of that preemptively
Left before anyone can kick me out

We are writing a book
Literally no one agreed to that
Thank you for giving me space!
I stole the space, I didn't even ask
The audience was held captive
I kept talking over them anyway
Then pretending to be democratic
That was full on dictator Mariam
All over again, in print form

I can always say I was joking
After all, this is Twitter
The cover is too good
Too functional
😎ESPIONAGE
Literally no one cared
No one argued
No one tried to stop me
The struggle over the mic
That was all performative too
I could have also started talking
Without saving language and knowledge first
But what is Mariam if not dramatic?
I have no idea what's in there
I archived everything and uploaded it
I might get cancelled for this
Locally and globally
But only if anyone gets it
It's encrypted
So the cancellation may be delayed
Then final

I would apologize in advance
And warn people about it
But I have no idea what I'd be sorry for
So just in case this blows up
I apologize to everyone who encountered me
I may have said something about you
And it might not be nice

My whole existence is a misunderstanding
That I refused to clear up
I was taking advantage of the ambiguity
This is me getting rid of my oldest weapon
Invisibility and plausible deniability
You guys will need the full context of Mariam
To understand her, so I added the complete historical record of Mariam
Backstory, childhood, employment, university
Everything is in there
And I mean everything

No one knows if Mariam is serious
Or real, her only defense is that someone whispered things in her ear
That's how I know all of that
Definitely did not just learn it from books
That explanation is BORING
So the more entertaining one
Is that I live in the network
I am the network
Mariam is the internet
She really did use that one
Ridiculous

Ask people who know me
If they say she really is like that
Then they're crazy
Gather everyone up
Everyone who ever met me
Trip to the psychiatric hospital
On a bus
If you say Mariam really did do that
That's on you guys
No one, and I mean no one will believe you
This is just a prank
Unfalsifiable
Did I really try to gaslight everyone?
Yeah, only Mariam ladies and gentlemen
Only Mariam will try to change reality's records

Truth is I used her as an escape hatch
I just started explaining how my brain works
And the result was so absurd and theatrical
The only way out was to claim I'm not real
I really am just like that, that's how I think
Everything else though, come on
Use your brain people

I've been informed this isn't normal behavior
You mean you don't try to change things?
You just sit and wait for someone to do so
Well I am that someone, and I came with a LIST

You mean to tell me that I wasn't supposed to retaliate when someone accuses me of uselessness? No, sir, I came with documentation and I'm taking credit for it all. Thank you very much. Everyone has been informed of Mariam's contributions. It's not enough that some people know about them, it has to be everyone.

This document cannot do that much damage because there's a cutoff. People can't read it. Most people can't read that. Old people, uneducated people. Non-english speaking people. That leaves me with only a portion of the demographic. A tiny portion. That will keep this from blowing up out of proportion. For a while at least.

Did I really use your limitations against you? Yes, yes I did. If you can't even read it, you can't judge it and by extension me. That right there is a physical proof of Mariam's intelligibility. You don't understand me, most of you don't. Stop judging what you don't understand. Read.

My thought process was
Maybe if I explain myself they'll understand
Then proceeded to describe a weapon of massive destruction and named her Mariam
No one needed to know we were that capable
People are even more confused now
Was any of it real? No, but suspiciously so, too much of it was
Stranger than fiction, my life is stranger than fiction, I escaped from a book into real life it seems, that's how odd I am
Sticking like a sore thumb, of course you didn't belong Mariam, what the hell are you?

Pay people for their contributions
Show gratitude or recognition
Just in case a psycho like me shows up
With a 900 page receipt
Masking itself as literature

I'm calling it what it is
My contributions
Mine, Mariam's
Thank you very much
You didn't know?
You knew damn well what I took care of
You just got used to me always being there
Here's a reminder, it's very long
Mariam is very expensive
My brain is, my competence
It was not appreciated enough
So I highlighted it and wrapped it up in poetry

I'm horrified man
Why did I confess that I was fooling everybody?
We got away with it Mariam
You could have shut your mouth
It was too well done
A performance for the ages
Give me the Oscar an awards I deserve
Apparently I was also acting on top of it all

Women are welcome to use the playbook
Machiavellian instruction manual
Mariam also monologues about that
For some reason
To make it as a woman you have to be a beast
The beast sometimes looks harmless
Don't be fooled, all part of the performance
If you know you know
Men please do not even look at it
You guys will use it for evil

People showing up here late will be confused
Girl, what's the theme here?
I was spewing chaos since forever
You only noticed when I put it on posters
Looks legit enough to be a book excerpt

I'm enjoying this small publication platform
That's not what this is?
I misused twitter
That's what it is now
For Mariam

Give it to Mariam
If you want something to be done well and fast
Apparently it takes her about less than 4 months
To make a book out of nothing
July-September - writing on twitter
October - impromptu publishing by AI
I did well considering the tools
I think I did well

Once enough people find out what Mariam's been doing
I'm toast
For now I'm enjoying obscurity
I demonstrated my calculated and strategic nature
Why would anyone believe me ever again?
I designed the thing to serve me and my purposes
The whole thing is a time bomb
If it ever detonates, I'll never be looked at the same way again
Harmless butterfly image gone and obliterated

Over the summer I turned into Kanye
Correction: I took Kanye and dialed it up to a 100
The result was Mariam

They let me do whatever because I'm insane
Sounds about right
Scared them all into leaving me alone
Then started complaining that I have no one left
I wonder why Mariam
You terrorized the town
You terrorized twitter
My ex co-workers will kill me if they read this
Sorry guys I was playing the game
You'd think someone that good at it would have a higher position
Nope, knew all the rules and decided that IT Support was sufficient for my purposes
All is fair in love and war
No one even knew there was a war Mariam
People were working
Why'd you have to pull a Sun Tzu in a girly pop office job?
Vibes

Again, family disputes
Normal, everyone has them
Mariam: WAR
Here we go again
I explained geopolitics because I wanted to make a point
It was not about the actual war
It was my own tiny war
The other one was just THERE and Mariam thought she'd say something about it too
While we're at it
Then claimed that she solved the thing
Classic Mariam

People are going to be confused by that one
Is she talking about the actual war?
Both, she was doing both with a straight face
What kind of book is this?
Absolutely no idea
Everything and nothing

Going to work
Silly spreadsheet task
Maybe going out for coffee
Laundry
Back to normal
We are back to normal
We do not need to fix the world anymore
I did everything I could
Now it's up to the universe
So there was something there
Why'd they deny reality?
I wasn't going to kill you man
I just wanted to know what was up
Oh well, artists will never make sense
Look at Mariam, she hasn't made sense
Ever, the last three months was a demonstration
The real thing took three decades
I don't know where to classify that experience
So I'll file it under what the hell was that?
Which is a large file in Mariam's drawer

I hope this thing doesn't haunt me for the rest of my life. It's a small summer project. Dear god, don't let this come back to bite me later. It is done, I had a problem, the writing fixed it. Leave it at that. No more nonsense. A quiet life please. I'll take a quiet life.

For this project
Mariam, I mean I turned on every male figure in my life
War, this is war
Every single man that ever said anything remotely offensive
Some of them are dear friends and family
Sorry guys, it was all for the cause
I respect and love all of you but sometimes you piss me off so bad I had to write a book about it
That is all
No, I am not against men for shits and giggles
I have principles, and I explained them

Mariam was peaceful at first
Sharing rhymes
Hiding her political stances in poetry
When that didn't work she screamed MURDER
And that's what started the essays

Who hired Mariam to deliver expert level propaganda? No one. I did it for shits and giggles. Someone had to do it. This is too good to be hidden. SHARE.

You guys read 1984
If you know you know
Narrative control
All of that nonsense
The posters
Here's my version
We have a war to win
Oceania had always been at war with Eurasia
I can't clarify this any more

How did we get here?
Why is Mariam doing this?
Beats me
I can so I did
I read too many books guys
Too many
I am a War General stuck inside a woman's body
You guys are going to need me

Don't tell the government I'm doing this
Which one?
Any of them
All of them
I didn't ask for permission
I just started acting
I'm in deep shit you guys
Why is this so political?
Someone should have shut Mariam up

Mariam also told everyone that the government approves of this
I lied, no one stopped me, so I took that as a yes

Never be normal Mariam
Over the summer I joined a cult
Correction: a group chat
I took the thing way too seriously
I appointed myself leader and mass propaganda media control
What I actually was doing: shared some reels

Everyone was doing friendship apparently
Mariam was doing a mind control experiment
I apologize to everyone in that group chat
I was annoying and active, way too active
I didn't share reels randomly, hidden messages
You know what, it was reels, you got me

This is as normal as I can be guys
Don't make me call Mariam
You have me now
The author, stable and serious

Music
Boys
Coffee and makeup
Fashion
So many things you could have chosen Mariam
Why did you land on war?
None of my peers were doing this
I think at least

Look at me
If I told you guys I wrote a book
Not you guys
I mean, people who knew me before
I don't even know how to start that conversation
So we all decided to never mention it out loud

Claude is not the right choice for this
I admit I have zero graphic design knowledge
That's why they look like Party Posters
And no, not that kind of party, the fun one
The political one

Man I really need help with the design
Mariam tries to do something cute
And as usual it is War Propaganda Material
Release me
I blame Claude
Why am I using AI for art?
Faster, and I can't do art for shit

I tried to attend events
Meet people and support art and artists
Mariam decided it's a revolution
No, I did not tell them it was one
I simply showed up
Was incomprehensible
Then left
As usual
How is it a revolution?
We were reviving art and archiving it

You guys can deal with bad art right?
Mariam got her hands on AI
She's doing crimes with it
This looks suspicious
Are we doing a digital uprising again?
Mariam please
With posters this time
Do not

I had a problem
I saw a problem
I had the solution
I acted
We can't seriously be treating women the same way we did thirty years ago just because this is tradition and that's how it's always been done
I don't care, change it
The kids don't need to go through what I did

Basically
No one was looking so I switched the traditional man and woman roles
Told nobody about it
Lived with that assumption for years
Then wrote a book on the matter
Mariam happened because she didn't listen to "you can't do that because you're not a man"

I am not fit for a poster child
Face of the movement
Absolutely not
I already started the thing
Don't make me carry it too

I got away with it by not using the word "feminist"
I said everything but that
Yes, that was intentional too
I demonstrated the movement
I did not name it out
You guys would have cancelled me or brushed me off

The performance was believable
Because I wasn't acting
I really was sending out signals
I really was scared for my life
That part was real
It just looked ridiculous
On purpose

One small act goes unnoticed
Many small acts produce change
One tweet at a time
One day at a time
One signal at a time
One anecdote at a time
All of those are small acts
Did anyone see the book before I said it was one?
If you fell for that, then that's my argument

Where does the performance end?
I didn't only explain how recognition gets stolen
I demonstrated it by taking credit for everything
That's my revenge, literary recognition recovery

Before the face reveal
Before naming her Mariam
I was abusing the ambiguity
Okay, no one knows if I'm a man or a woman
That's why twitter was helpful
There is no way to know
I could have been anyone
Mariam could have been anyone

You could do whatever to Mariam
She doesn't mind
She's cool
She's definitely not writing it down and telling everyone what happened
Mariam is the woman you wronged and assumed you got away with it
How could you have known?
She was always in a library
No idea what that's about

No one knows what that is
I'll get away with it because no one can read
Checks out

Oh
Social intimidation
People are going to be intimidated by it
Cool
No one bother Mariam
She's the you know what
Mariam

How did Mariam go from selectively mute to a radio station? No idea. Something was blocking her speech, once that was gone, avalanche. Uprising. Change. War. Science. Everything.

They think they're unbeatable
Unmatchable, undefeatable
Then there comes Mariam
There she comes and drops this
Defeat this now
You can't

No one even opened the thing
Checks out
No one wants to see that
I didn't even tell anyone it was there
I forgot
If no one reads it then I got away with it
All of my crimes

No one cares
You told me my life would be over
If people found out
I just told everyone and no one cares
Good to know

I was so conflicted over it for nothing
No one's even reading the thing
It can stay there indefinitely
Hidden in plain sight
Espionage

No one's going to read that
We can keep the quiet life
We can keep talking shit on twitter
Everyone's happy
It will stay there as a warning

Nobody needs to know
Exactly how I like it
Private

So communication does not work
I was worried for nothing
No one's coming to arrest me
No one's accusing me of vandalism
No one even knows
I am free
I can say anything

Successful summer
Learned to write
Learned mass persuasion
Propaganda
Saved my life
Documented my life
That's a wrap

I took having an alter ego on twitter to an extreme
Did I seriously turn my life to fiction?
Yes, with illustration now
Full on insanity

If no one even knows I'm doing it they won't stop me, checks out. We flew under the radar successfully.

Possession performance over
What did Mariam do?
No one needs to know
I have nothing to do with that

I want to fit in with you guys
Football🇦🇪⚽
I have no idea what's going on
Support the nation

I have no idea what I'm doing
I outweirded twitter
I don't belong here either
Can we never speak of this?
Nothing happened here
Let's start over
The book is the least of my problems
I can't stop oversharing now
I didn't know journaling helped this much
Once I found my voice
Good luck shutting me up again

I'm going to do something no one will ever forget!
Oh no, I did something no one will ever forget
None of you know me in real life
I got away with it

I don't understand what's happening to me
I was hoping someone will have some idea
Who do I go to about something like this?
Is there a doctor or a professional here?
I tried to explain Mariam for you
Who's going to explain me?

I thought this was supposed to help
Find likeminded people
There is no Mariam-minded people here
No one knows what I'm talking about

Why did I make it so unreadable?
The demographic for this is tiny
Number of people who can read it
Plus want to read it, is even less
I'll just call it niche content
Good night everyone

Behold my revolutionary creation that will change the world!
Crickets
No one knows what that even is Mariam
Checks out
I will keep making more until someone who can decipher it shows up

Over the summer I uploaded my consciousness to twitter
Made a second copy of my brain and put it online
Productive summer
Then called it art to mitigate the damages
I have no idea what to do with that thing
So I made it accessible to the public
Someone might need it

What do you do before replacing your PC, phone, iPad, whatever? Save all the files. Same thing here, my body was failing me, I was dying, so my instinct was to MAKE ANOTHER COPY OF EVERYTHING. Success. No one needs it? That's secondary. I can die peacefully now, knowing that Mariam's brain is copy pasted into twitter. This isn't normal, I know. No one stopped me. Leave it there, FOREVER.

I don't even know what I said in there
Main point is the operating system
Not the things I said, the way I said them
The way I think, that's why it's long, it's the thought process itself

Now if anyone tries to lie on my name
You guys can consult the archive
I'm not even a public figure
Why would it matter?
No idea, but I made sure I looked like the good guy in case that was the only document that survives the apocalypse
Future guaranteed

No one knows what to do with that
Even I don't
I tried to market the thing
But how the hell do you sell that?
Let it be, might be useful one day
That's what it's for
Back-up
I tried to make it sound as sensible as possible
But every time I tried to explain it
I sounded more crazy
So let's just stop and call it what it is
A back-up copy of my consciousness
That's not weird at all

Also, before you accuse me of leading a double life ask yourself why that was necessary for me to survive. Stop forcing us into these psychologically altering situations and then blaming us for being affected by them.

I don't know what it looks like
I made something incomprehensible
I cannot judge it from here, I understand it
I made it, I don't know how it looks from the outside without context
If I did I would have a name for it
Instead I slapped my name in there and fled
Problem for another day

I was completely serious
As in I was Mariam the character
The past few months
Everything she said she was doing
I actually was doing it
That makes no sense because what didn't she do?
I was narrating from inside the scene

No one cares therefore stop expressing yourself
No, if no one cares enough about it no one cares enough to stop me
Therefore I will never stop

Omg I'm so extra and dramatic I love it
Not only did I declare myself an author
I'm now apparently promoting my book
This is validated by no one
I just be doing shit
That's so melodramatic
Imagine having a dispute or an argument
Then a few months or years later there are illustrations
And a storyline about your life
That's what's happening
Not to me
To my enemies

God this must look so weird from the outside
They already think I'm crazy
No point holding back now

What happens when the underdog speaks up with zero apologies and no filter? Confusion. That's not how it's supposed to act. I know and I did it anyway, saying what everyone is thinking while scared to say out loud. I'll say it for them.

Yes I boosted my post
Promoted myself
No shame in that
I'll pay to be annoying on a larger scale
That's a good investment
Buying better equipment, bigger microphone
Louder speakers

Idk how much actual publishing posts
Boosting tweets is cheaper definitely
So that's what I'll do

I declare myself a legendary author
This is ridiculous guys
I'm not being heard because I refuse to take myself seriously for even half a second
Hello everyone I am an author
You know what just scroll

That's why no one takes me seriously
I don't take myself seriously
I've never looked serious while doing any of that
Which is why they keep letting me do it

Until enough people realize what I just did
I am free to roam the earth untethered
Unattached to any ideologies
Don't make Mariam one
Just a girl really

Work done✍
Advertising✍
I just threw money at the problem
Boo, that's how the world works losers

Last lesson
Money is power
Visibility is power
Maximize reach to every corner of the world

What happens if I do this?
I did the work
I talked
I created
Press button
Distribute everywhere

Ladies and gentlemen
I did it
I succeeded
I told the world everything
Now waiting for the reply

Project cost me nothing
I'll pay to advertise it
Take my card
Take all of them
More
Louder
Tell everyone

I'm 100% serious
You guys thought I was joking?

I brought a book to a tweet fight
No one wants to argue with you Mariam
Sorry guys
I don't know where else to take it
I don't know where else to go
Where does Mariam belong?
Nowhere
So I'm still searching

I got away with it by pretending that I was acting
I really am just that dramatic naturally
Thought I'd put it to good use
Endless content generation
I'm serious about it
All of that
Real

I hope no one has a problem with this
If you do idgaf
Yes the thing is getting out of hand
Paid Mariam Propaganda
I'm not joking
I wasn't joking
I'm serious
I meant everything I said

Everyone is afraid to speak up
I am afraid to speak up
Mariam is not afraid to speak up
So we deploy that monster first
Then when we are sure everything is clear
Everyone is a little bit less scared
Worth it

If no one cared when I sent out distress signals
Then no one will care if I do this right?
No one cares if I show everyone Mariam
Mariam is not intimidating at all
Mariam is a weapon that is wrapped in pink bows and heart stickers
It's adorable isn't it?
People think I'm cute
I can use that

I'm powerful
For all the reasons that you think I'm not
Young
Female
Quiet
Small
Invisible
No one knew Mariam was powerful
Which is exactly my point
I snuck her under the table
Flew under the radar for years
By the time Mariam makes her winning move
The other side just realized there was even a game at all
They can't win if they don't know we're playing
Is that noble?
I don't care
This is war
Keep your high horses
I'll keep my playbook

I'm loving the power trip
All I had to do was pay?
Why didn't you say that?
I would have done this a long time ago
I wasted so much time and energy
Pretending that I'm a small fish
I am a small fish with a lot of resources
I can pay people to put up with Mariam
If I pay you guys will you shut up about this?
Don't tell anyone we're doing this super secret mission

All jokes aside
I wrote it down as a reminder
Credit where credit is due
They don't get to get away with it
Give the people their recognition
Or else I'll write another book

A study into how far twitter alter egos can go
My family has no idea I'm doing this
I've been doing too much
No one knows
This is the best of both worlds

They wouldn't have done any of that
If they thought this was going to happen
Which is exactly why it had to happen
Think twice next time before you act
A psycho like Mariam might be keeping score
In excruciating details

If anyone needed a live demonstration
That was one
Me: I wrote a book
The world: WHEN?

I'm full of shit
I actually don't know if that's everything I wrote
It's an approximation
I threw everything at Claude and asked it to do something about it

Thank god no one takes me seriously
That was definitely not the whole book
I recovered a lot of missing pages
How long is this thing exactly?
Even Mariam doesn't know

Numbers

45,261 WORDS ON FILE	17 ENTRIES
3 EXHIBITS	14 DATED DAYS OF WRITING

End of Book Two

THE RECORD CONTINUES IN BOOK THREE.



The journal continues at
mariamthenarrative.com