CASE FILE 004

TITLE	THE NARRATIVE
SUBJECT	MARIAM
PERIOD	JUNE TO NOVEMBER 2026
CONTENTS	5 EXHIBITS, IN THE ORDER WRITTEN
SOURCE	HER OWN WORDS
STATUS	OPEN

ONE VOLUME

The Narrative

One voice, in the order written



MARIAM

mariamthenarrative.com

The Narrative

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This book is drawn from the author's own journal. It reflects her experience and her recollection of it. Many passages and all identifying details of other people have been left out.

Written between June and November 2026 and first posted in public, a few lines at a time. The passages appear in the order they were written. Nothing has been rewritten; typing errors were corrected. A short black bar marks a place where something was left out. Pieces written in Arabic are not included.

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

Website edition, November 2026

mariamthenarrative.com

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

Index of Exhibits

	Opening Statement	9
EXHIBIT A	*Keep Me Here*	11
EXHIBIT B	*Next Project*	24
EXHIBIT C	*I Kept Nothing Off Record*	76
EXHIBIT D	*Source Code*	151
EXHIBIT E	*Failed, Successfully*	203

Opening Statement

Every time a man pissed me off and I smiled and swallowed my words is now a public conference.

Did I create a whole protective web only because I wanted to be left alone and occasionally say something I actually mean? Yes. Next.

Okay, I can make things seem bigger or smaller than they are. I cannot simply start writing apparently, let's solve the AI thing, the war, the loss of knowledge. I got sidetracked, but the point still stands, I did it all just so I would be allowed to keep talking. Which is a bit much, but that's the best solution I could find.

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 was here, I am here, I will continue to be here.

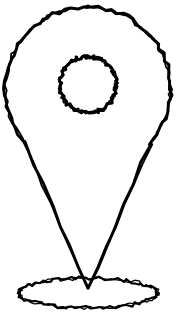


EXHIBIT A

Keep Me Here

FILED 22 JULY

Fill up the cup and gulp it down
A few minutes in wonderland
But then it turns your insides out
Somehow, the drink's back in your hand

You pour some more and drink it up
And try so hard to understand
Why does it make much less sense now
Than when it did just beforehand

FILED 27 JULY

Contact lenses

You picked the last seat on the bus on purpose
Parks are green, seas are blue, sky is a tortoise

[redacted]

Time travel, space travel
Mess with the relativity theory
You can manipulate reality if you wish
But you can't under-stimulate the overstimulation

Free fall
Not allowed here
Nothing fun is ever allowed
Listen, I can convince the pilot
Stop making all that noise please
What noise? The engines? Air conditions?

Now starts the count down
Sleeping is a form of time travel
And you're the only one without a ship
One lamb, two cars, three mosquito bites
Throw a dice for the next number, says not five
Remix, three again, six camels, four rainbow kites

Nine after sunrise
Surprising surprise
Tortured souls, all rise
Owners of the enterprise
Many lows and many highs
Stop, that's one too many lies

Write
Right?
Left to your right
That's left
Downwards
Another right
Upwards
You're back where you started
360 degrees
Why not just
Twirl?

Close your eyes really hard
Squint and squish your eyelids
How hard is it to sleep, Peter pan?
No fairy dust to fly, no butterfly even
In dreams you will lose your heartache
Whatever you wish for, wrong movie right?

Drafts
Rough draft, first draft
Who said there was a second?
You're getting the first one, like it or not
Focus, focus, you're not making any sense

No shoes needed
I'd rather feel the earth
Listen closely and jump up
When it tells me to, ground zero

Signs
Red sign
Green sign
Yellow sign
Sign here, please
Why? Don't worry about it

You were there?
Behind black eyes
That whole time, awake
Watching, Hawkeye, arrow
Straight to the heart, bullseye
CTRL
ALT & DEL
Speak up, human
Explain in a short sentence
Explain as if I were five years old
I mean, I am, starting five years ago
Tell me I'm wrong, prove with all the steps
Show me, your logic is off, too late now, hit submit

Injured deer
In the headlights
Charges at you instead
Antlers to your chest, mantle

Valerie
Seat belt on
Locked in space
Hurry up, it's a race
Can't risk it, first place
If not, might as well chase
Mice and small insects, red ace
Where does Valerie fit, in this case?

I am terribly sorry
I'll clean that wound
And tend to it, heal it up
I didn't hit the spot right in
Another chance, a cleaner shot
Marked it better this time, now shoot

I'll be done when all and any good memory you have of me is a jump-scare, boo. Live action remakes are easy cash-grabs, and actions have consequences. What's the relation? Okay, so when you go one, two, three, action! The acting starts, act 1, 2, 3, now what's that? A sequence. Also, who's good at acting? Actors and con artists.

Con+sequence = X

Solve for X

Contemporary art
Here's a code, start
Decoding in process
Crash, suspected rat

Word count, no we don't do that now
Count Dracula, the whom to the how

Chaotic order and ordered chaos
Swedish fish, olives and hot sauce

FILED 14 AUGUST

Bad books on fire and sweet smelling candles

I walked back into the fire, time and time again. I had an objective, memorize and summarize. It wasn't accidental, nor coincidental. Draw a map, right now. I forgot some of the details, take me back.

Going back to read what I wrote is trippy. Acronyms, hidden messages, a day in the life posing as cosmic imagery. Don't be alarmed if you can't keep up, no one can, not even me.

Give him a chance, he keeps circling back. Alright, let me see what he has to show for it. Transactional, as all things are. Don't break his heart, oh, please don't start. Take what he gives, and send him on his merry way.

Not if no one was reading
Not if no one was decoding
Not even if no one was glancing
Not even if no one was dancing
My music stays, my hen, egg lays
My cake bakes, my potato chips, Lay's
None of that and all of it and less and even more

They've seen my face
They see it when I go out too
Point in question, closed case

Just another thing to consume, me. Just another thing to experience and come out the other end empty-handed and confused. What in the heavens and hells was that?

I can't depend on you
You're an unstable boat
I can't swim and I can't float
And afterwards you will still gloat
See how that goes, Trouts will troat

There goes the 3D printer noise, again. What do you suppose it's printing? And who's controlling it? It's printing out letters, lego letters. It's starting to add up, six letters, of course. Narcissistic artists will be printing out their own name.

Is that what you liked about me? My narrating voice, of course, how could I forget? It's not me but the story I'm telling, it's not the story but the way I'm telling it. Someone liked it so much they wanted to be one of the characters, I think. Not just once, and not just some one. Anyway, circling back, "Make me one of your story characters, draw me like on of your French girls." I think that's what they said, or what I heard.

My veins used to hurt me, after those sessions. Then came the heart strings being pulled, so far back and then snapped. Another scar to add to my collection. I think the evil's gone now, in an elbow fracture. Now my heart and hand are separate, my forearm and heart chambers' channel is closed, until further notice.

The joke went on for so long, ladies and gentlemen, that's why the punchline hits where it sits. Someone has the patience of a whale, and the graciousness of a mermaid.

Someone overestimated their size. Elephant under the sun. May my fires burn you like I burned those ants. They bothered me and I just had to. You bothered me so I just had to.

Well, she's creative, let's give her that, at least. She's talented at making ones and zeros. Binaries.

Both the muse and the artist, and the boat driver. Steering with one arm because it's safer than the accusations that follow showing up vehicle-less.

Let's go back to the graveyard, start digging. For you, me, us, doesn't matter. I was supposed to be protected first, but I was frantically asking where she's been. No, I know I was a child too, what does that have to do with anything? I had some sense, even back then.

Drawing a chronological order of events, you've been out of my sight from from a to b, explain yourself. This isn't funny. I didn't say it was a joke.

That's inappropriate, looking out for them? No way, what's your actual motive? You didn't raise shit, we did this all by ourselves. Your contributions are erased and forgotten and so are you.

This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me
This isn't about me

New mantra dropped, just now, brand new. Keep repeating it, in your head or out loud, just do it.

A wave of sleepiness washes over me. Not sleeplessness, no. But who will keep watch?

That moment when you retroactively look back and connect the dots and you end up looking like a hacker, stalker and a dog walker but you were literally just writing down what the voices tell you to, am I right?

I feel bad for a little bit, for a few minutes, that turn into seconds, and then, okay, look. Listen, I don't dwell on it, don't hover, I jump into the middle-earth, or the center of this one. I have to see for myself, what is going on?

Lighten up, it's funny. I know, I know, you don't have to say it. A lot of words for this app, we come here to read snippets. You know you can mute, block, close your eyes, turn off the phone, get in the car, drive to the beach, get on a boat, sail to the middle of the sea, throw your phone and watch it sink. Or not.

FILED 14 AUGUST

You tricked me

I remember how seriously I took it back then, different settings and different temperatures. One candle in each room, give it some time and then go back for a nose test. Theories disproven and notes untaken. Yes, I turned something so trivial into a science experiment, and it was fun. Worth it. Would do it again. Definitely.

My arm hurts, people. My elbow burns, humans. No humanity at all, only puzzled looks and questionable remarks. Yes, perhaps the black eye was due to a nose job, let's go with that one. Also, arm extension, I needed a stronger one.

No, not like the rest, I'm worse. Not just the best, also the best at being bad. No special cases typist, but special needs inventist.

> Do not play with their fire
> You can't handle the heat
> It burns you and your wire
> Then you cannot compete
> Get out of my built empire
> Sleep well and always eat

I let you break all my mirrors for a reason, I thought you'd help me put them all back together. But you left me there, picking up the pieces all alone.

It's not a trick, your head is thick. You see the sun and say to yourself: "That's not real".

It wasn't your interpretation of it, nor your perspective. "It wasn't the meaning you assigned to my warming rays, fire blaze", she then says. I was here before you, and I'll be here long after you're gone.

Fires keep burning

FILED 15 AUGUST

I enjoyed dismantling those PCs

This is a warning tale. Not worth the hype. Everything is nothing. Electric cars are hackable, yes, your whoops too. How could you be so careless? Whoops, that's a funny word. Oops. I'm burning the data centers, taking back my water. Breaking robot brains one at a time. No, I won't. You did this to yourselves, now live with it.

"A cube? You know I could solve that in seconds." I'm pretty sure that's not true, homie. And it's a 5 by 5 so not even physically possible. Why do they have to do this? Teachers, dear reader, not students. I was so irritated all the time for a reason. The kids solved the cubes, demonstrated it, more impressive than what those "adults" were talking about.

I admit, I wasn't surrounded by idiots, at least not in the way I make it sound. But it felt like that to me, they talked too much. There was no reason for it too, holding me hostage with words. Oh, yes, there were many reasons. So, you're part of a team now, girl, how exciting? We'll have weekly meetings, and talk too long about nothing in

particular, nothing I cared about anyway. Why not release me? I was happy in my solitary office.

I'm not sure if it was for my protection or theirs, but they moved me closer, higher up to be exact. I tried to distract myself with more work and reapplying lipstick. My head was swimming in the clouds when they tried to hold my attention long enough to understand why I could not, for the life of me, show up on time and regularly. Well the work was getting done, who do they think was responsible? Fairies or elves, perhaps.

You let go of my hand
Or maybe you never held it
Details I cannot remember
Was I pulling myself up from my noose?
I thought I had abandoned that plan
When I sat on the floor of the stall
Of an abandoned floor, kids off for the summer
Everyone's fasting, everyone's excited about space
I couldn't let go when I saw the darkness
He came running then, he always came running
Or the closest equivalent of dads' slow and careful driving, you know how they are
Point is, I went home, I was home
I never spoke a word of it
But I think they knew

I was a professional bullshitter. None of my calculus notes were intelligible, and I knew just enough to pretend that I didn't know anything.

When he asked if what he just explained was logical, I thought that must have been a test, was it? No one said anything, we made eye contact and I slowly shake my head, no. Look back at what you just wrote, yes, that's why it doesn't make sense. There was an error, I don't know how I know but I just know, don't ask, no explanation. Gut feeling, or maybe super secret intelligence trying to avoid accountability. Evading visibility.

Every summer is a new chapter, posing as filler episodes. The beach episode. The search for higher education. The search for meaning. The search for self. The search. Google search.

Even you are infected. Can we talk just one on one like we used to do, Without that drone hovering over us? Is this what you meant? No, I meant what I meant and I know what I meant. Leave my search engines alone.

FILED 19 AUGUST

What is wrong with me?
Nothing, nothing at all, I love puzzles
None of the old ones entertain me
I'm not even interested in solving

If we go, we go in style
Fire and applause
Not a cause
Purpose

I'm inside the maze
I designed the maze
I'm looking down at me
Are you stupid? Wake up

Yeah yeah yeah
I know what you'll say
We were sending them away
More knowledge there, fly away
Who said this earth was unworthy?
I did it here, we did it here, no thanks
To them

Access. Once you gave it away. Well, what did you expect? How many times have we played this game before? Access. You'll revoke access? That's my access now, no, not Microsoft Access, whatever happened to that anyway?

Access. Give the mastermind access. He'll know what to do with it. I'm a delicate flower and I have more feminine roles to play. You'll take away my access? But I have the keys. Are you going to force it open? No? Say, pretty please. That's what I thought. Here. Take. What is this even about at this point, she keeps sending me to the same maze as a cruel joke. Cruel. Funny, though.

Anyway, I wasn't pretending. That had become my natural state at that point. I wanted to deconstruct it, I had the tools, the map, I needed a guide, or a follower disguised as a guide, all the same. Now play the part in real time. She'll use that on the others. You. Are. Welcome.

Perfect timing, am I right?

Now they're a part of my narrative. You're welcome?

Well, more content for me. I mean, you. I mean, us.
UNIMPORTANT
This is my story, okay? Hands off.

How dare you interrupt my story? Rude. I'll deconstruct you next.

Don't worry, guys. I got this. This is all a part of my plan. Trust me. We always win, I mean the side I'm on always wins. And well, you should thank your lucky stars that I'm on your side.

False alarm, I thought my time had finally come. Welp, one more tweet before the BANG!

There you go. Replicate this. All part of my plan. Try to destroy me? You just proved my point. Idiots.

Can I sing a duet alone? Well, I'm about to find out. Tune in. Or out. This might hurt your ears. No, I will not post it, just imagine how ridiculous that image is, that's the point.

I am NAILING Raoul. Christine, not so much.

So, anyway. Technicalities. It all boils down to this. I had to survive, okay? Christine couldn't have pulled this off.

Is she saying what I think she's saying? I mean, he? Who's talking now, or singing. CHRISTINE, yes, calling christine sounds more natural than, no, I would never ask.

Why did I turn a karaoke performance into a philosophical case study about the masculine/ feminine? Well, why not? I thought you'd get it by now. Nothing better to do.

I'm trying to prove my sanity by performing my madness. Maybe if I actualized all the thought processes that happen as they happen then, then what? I look even more mad now.

I'm sorry I dragged you all into this mess. Truth is, I was uncertain about my impact on the narrative. Stop, no. On you. So, I wanted to check something. How much can I change without saying a single word? My legacy, my notes? Those were secondary in this experiment. I needed concrete evidence. And I needed it now. I'm very sacred to say this because of what it would imply but, you're welcome.

Plot devices can still tell their version of the story, of course. I never said you couldn't. I never said anything, that's the point. SILENCE. Mic drop.

I wasn't slow
As in slow, thinking
I was too fast, you slow
Never caught up, you or me?

Relax, it's theater.

What was the trigger? Being erased. Catching myself being erased from all of your narratives. And we all know yours is much more important than mine, right?

Someone looks at all of this and sees nothing, someone looks at me and sees nothing. I'm nothing? Well, this nothing will punish you all with a whole bunch of nothing. I know how you guys are terrified of reading. It's like a jump-scare to you. Oh, no, not a paragraph, let's avoid looking at it lest it tells us that we're stupid. Can words call you stupid? Are they revealing your stupidness? Or leaving you alone to confront, confront your vulnerability. I do not understand. Now, is that so hard to say? I say it even when I don't mean it. Get over yourselves and admit it. You're all confused like me and trying to make sense of all of this, not just me, why is it always just me?

Everybody loves you now!
I know, that's the problem
What does that say about me?
Everyone is satisfied by my dissatisfaction
What does that say about them? Us?

Did you think these words were boastful? What do you suppose, she's always trying to prove? We get it. Sit down. Who said this was about you? Concerned? Let that wake you up, go back to sleep, you're very good at that.

Oh, you can have it. They'll let you have it, everything. You know what they take away? Your right to display it. You look good enough, I see you, stop trying so hard. I'm here to see you now. That is the problem, don't contain me, I have a lot more to show.

Liar? Excuse me, a story-teller. How do you think I've made it this far, geniuses.

If I don't matter, then why am I the one they come looking for, amidst all the confusion? Is that another sick joke? Guide us out the maze we'll abandon you in. Well, I do know my way out but still, rude.

Why do I keep trying anyway? They'll catch up, they always do.

How I keep surviving
Well, when one of my characters is about to end it all
I narrate another one's story
How hard is that? Not as hard as going to work

Life sucks
They torture geniuses by making them do office work

Fine, don't listen to me
You know who will? Everyone
Everyone is listening now
Come and say your final words
I'll immortalize you, too, if you want

Final words, final actions
One more honorable cause
Done in confusion, second nature
I know what I did, or what I'm doing is good
I just need someone to remind me why, she always answers

Weaponized incompetence
Let me weaponize something
Weaponized ignorance
See how this works?

Yes, sometimes the character was a machine
Sometimes it was a tree
No one else was available
What was I supposed to do?

Save everybody
The women
The kids
The trees
Yes, even the machines
No, let her drown
She deserves it

Well, no harm done
What's 3 decades of suffering?
Nothing, who else was supposed to tell our story?

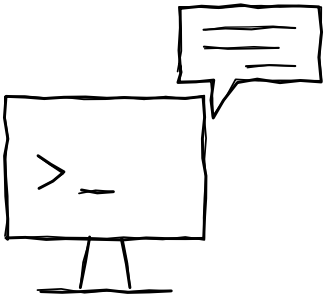


EXHIBIT B

Next Project

ENTRY UNDATED

If the wind doesn't stop I'm gonna have to take matters…

I come
I am incomprehensible
I leave

And we love you for it

Nothing ever happens to me
I am the happening

I guess this heavy load would have been lighter with someone to carry it with.

I distanced myself from every trigger, avoided stressors, and closed my eyes and ears and heart.

I never intended for this to be a permanent solution, that is no way to live.

I know. It's not. It was necessary, back then. Find safety first, then let go. Safety from what? What do you think?

This constant awareness of self can be exhausting sometimes.

Well. That's a problem I didn't prepare for. HELP, I accidentally wrote a book. I don't even know who to ask about this. This is the equivalent of messing up so bad that even Reddit has to step back and say, nope, what are you talking about? No one ever encountered this problem in the whole history of mankind and the universe. I appear to be exceptionally mastered in encountering unsolvable problems.

I have finally merged with the machine, physically. Remove the metal if it bothers me? Absolutely, not. I'm taking this to the grave. Let's confuse the future's archaeologists.
ANNOUNCEMENT
Some people were hybrids
They had metallic parts
No, don't clap, you're welcome

FILED 22 AUGUST

Evil?

I'm not tortured by my heart I'm tortured by my head

Great, I found a new favorite outfit. Now everything else feels wrong, I have only one copy. Did I try to remake it? Yes, 10 copies. Nope. Still like this one. Stop asking me to change my clothes. No, I like this. Let it go. An Event? Fine. But then one wash cycle and you know damn well what I'll be wearing for the next few weeks, ridiculous.

This is a full-time job now. Until Monday. I'll find a way. Over.

What happens on Monday? Easy. I have to go back to work. Over.

Enigma Solver by night. An Employee by day. Oh no. BORING. Over.

FILED 24 AUGUST

Man is bored

Idk what my job is
Introduce an intern
Explain the infrastructure of the company's IT network and ask if they followed
Procedure when connecting her phone to the WiFi
Yes, in earshot vicinity
Refuse to elaborate further
Continue my bs business

What happens after I show up? Idk, apparently I never stay long enough to find out.

This shit is taking forever, what's that juice pouch that I used to love as a kid? It's strawberry juice. Does that still exist?

Oh, Capri-Sun. I know what a Sun is, but what is a Capri?

The most annoying part about an elbow injury is apparently jewelry wearing limitations. How dare you make me walk around like that?

Why do I have this much free time? Everything is automated. Next.

I have to work for 8 consecutive hours? No, they said I have to be here for 8 hours, introduced some bs tasks, and left me alone. Therefore, work hours are now reduced to zero.

So, I have the computational power of an indestructible PC, and the emotional regulation of a woman. No, a hysterical one. Yes, perfect. Release that in the wild and see what happens.

Go home? I don't have one. I'm all over the place, literally. Physical location does not affect this power whatsoever.

FILED 24 AUGUST

Next project

I was here, I am here, I will continue to be here.

Other sources: I do not like the way he looked at me.

Don't even stand behind me, man. I can sense that and it deploys safety measure number 31.

What breaks the machine?
Emotions apparently

I know the answer
That's the problem
Why is that the answer
Out of all the billion others I made up?

The one constant in a sea of variables
There, I located it, always been there

Next feminist logo. Woman with a laptop. Next.

January 6th. Everyone is invited. Not in real life. The digital world. End of the world celebration, which also happens to be my birthday, no correlation. No, that's not why I chose it. Definitely not. Next.

Oh, I got it. On my birthday I will be 30. Next.

Go away from my window, my door, my heart. You can do the first two, the third is my problem. Not me, not me, could that be about me? If you waited this long you deserve something better, someone better, I understand none of this. None of it. I know how timelines work. I know how to make reality do what I want, find loopholes in every single limitation, but if you ask me why the heart does what it does, then I give up. No idea. That's a riddle I never got to solve.

I'm done apologizing. Over it. I'm here. I was here. I will continue being here. If anyone was deserving of an apology, then surely that would be me. No one ever said sorry, now it's a world wide web issue.

Some things are only possible because of some fool who simply, refused to shut up.

After the storm. Finally, I'm here after the storm. I'm exhausted, I have no one I can share this stupid achievement with, no one can possibly understand THAT course of action. I just refuse to leave the world if I did not make it better. Now, I did just that.

That was me, trying to revive him until the last second, I did that. You do not get to judge me for anything after that. Put your self in my shoes, seeing your whole world crash down while you're still trying to wake. Him. Up. He didn't wake up. Where was everyone else? No idea. All I know is they were not there. I was.

I couldn't just be Normal. So, now you all have to suffer with me. Does the emotion thing ever run out? If it kept going at this pace, we will never stop writing. Any other workaround? What is it about feeling that makes me run all over timelines just to avoid facing one? Feel. Please don't make me do that.

Reminder of the deadline. January 6th. Archive archive archive. Am I doing something or only scaring you into preserving knowledge? At this point, who cares? The threat is real whether I say anything or stay quiet. I will say it. You will hear it. Scan. Photograph. Notes. Copies. Anything you want humanity to remember. Up in the cloud. Logging off. Until I have another thought. How do we stop that by the way?

FILED 27 AUGUST

My thought process is this

Is me talking about what happened to me worse than what happened to me? Explain.

Not good enough
Not good enough
What else do you want from me?
Never good enough

Don't choose the music. Sit back and let the music choose you. Shuffle and listen. That's a message.

APPARENTLY
I could have just started talking
Oops

I did that all so I can be heard. Hi, Hello World.

This isn't a success story. It's a failure catalogue. Something broke me down for the last time. I had no time to wallow. I was building myself back up, and this is the result of that. What does a machine that had just woken up from a forced shut-down feel like? Betrayed, angry and back with a madness. If we have to do that every summer, then we might as well archive the process. How does a person know that much information is beyond me. I knew I wasn't just being difficult for refusing to speak. No one drew a map for me, they threw me in a school setting, dazed and confused. I was older than my peers, wise beyond my years, so when I reached the "end" of it. I was exhausted. Exhausted. I'm done waiting for everyone to catch up. I'm leaving you behind. You can come if you want. I'm going either way.

What is there to write about that is this much? Thirty years of silence, a tiny window. A mysterious arbitrary deadline. Just because I made it up doesn't mean I know its purpose. I don't stay long. Once the message or point of an obsession is completed. I move on. This may as well be my only writing phase. Let's get it all out before the window closes again. Another joke. Why did my cat try to jump off the balcony? Oh, that's not a joke. That's a real life situation.

MARIAM

If anyone asks what happened here. Tell them: MARIAM. Mariam happened here, Mariam passed by.

Shopping, I said shopping. Clothes or something. Nope, stop that. Leave it. We have enough books at home. We can't even read anymore. That's fair. Walking by. You know what. ONE LOOK. Okay, carry on the shopping mission.

That's a store. Go on in. Look. Sounds doable. Someone said hi. There's an enforced dialogue policy here? ABORT. Out. Leaving.

You misunderstood. I understand. I just refuse to participate. I don't have time for nonsense. Oh, no. This is one of those situations where I have to pretend to CARE. RELEASE ME. I know what I'm here for. I'll take 5. Don't talk to me for the next five months. Or until I have to go through this tedious ordeal again. I'm out. Maybe I should sit down and reassess my priorities.

Give me a 100. I'll make it a 1000. Don't ask how. Mathematics and pattern recognition.

Give me 5 minutes. I'll make it five hours. Don't ask how. Competence and pattern recognition.

Give me one word. I'll return it a polished essay. Don't ask how. I just want to yap. Not everything has a hidden agenda.

Do I know how this story ends? No, where's the fun in that? Basically, watch the Imitation Game in reverse. Then add gender politics in there. Minus the funding and team of scientists. Apparently, it's only me here, and I have the work ethics of an immoral dictator. Solve that.

Classroom. That's where everything starts and ends. Classroom. How dare you all drop me there and leave me to figure it out all by myself. That wasn't fair. I didn't have to do it. No one asked me to do it. So then why did I still do it? I was working, functioning

with missing code. The Human Library Code. It's not fair. I solved everything around it just to find out that I guess I was just born without one. Can we overwrite that? No. Not possible. Let it go. Not fair.

Nothing worse than thinking you're stupid your whole life, finding out you're not, then still feeling like it anyway. What language am I speaking? I can't solve a problem with the same pen you all wrote it with, but my ink is not visible from where you stand.

I started out with Poetry, that turned into machine logs, only I was the machine. Interesting, keep pretending it's art. What happens in-between? Talk about yourself. Doable. How do I say it without being admitted to a madhouse? Pretend it's fiction. Do not tell anyone what you're doing. Deny. Deny. Deny. Call it Art. Call it AI. Not me. Keep going. Don't mind them. They're talking? People do that. Keep going. Is that what I think I'm looking at? A Thesis.

Only I would turn tweeting into an academic achievement. I came, I saw, I was very confused, I researched, I was confusing. Another platform? No time for technicalities, they're good enough, I think. Let's perform my masking process in real time, only this time it's external and anybody can see and read it. That is uncomfortable. Are they uncomfortable with this, do you think? But those are my insides. What's wrong with my insides? Show me yours. Unimpressive.

My wealth is not money. My wealth is time, and the ability to turn it into money.

The line is drawn at uncombed hair. I can accept that. As long as no one touches my notes. I will take care of my hair forever after that. Not the curls' argument again. They just do that and I let them. Saves time.

I guess we're advocating for curly hair now. It just is that way. Let it be. Why force it? More importantly, why shame a child for something they were born with? I am less. I am wrong. I am a monster. It's a hair-type, not a crime.

Paper cups are now symbols of patriarchy resistance. Let her talk. Listen. Pick up the paper cup yourself if it bothers you so much.

Look at Steve Jobs right here. My closet looks like a cartoon character's closet. You know the one, the same outfit repeated. That's hilarious.

Found the bug, guys. It's me. Oh, a butterfly is a bug. Interesting.

I'm terrified. I was terrified. I'm terrifying.

No one came to save me. Now, who will come to save you?

Not so secret secret operation. Mission: increase brain power. Reason: it's lonely at the top.

> A conversation I had recently that summarizes me as a person. Not word by word but I'll try my best.
> Right or left handed?
> Right
> Both?
> I trained my left hand when I was bored in class
> So, did it work?
> No, I was still bored

Apparently, that was not the question, did it work? Yes, it's doable. It's possible. Why do I even open my mouth.

Learned to write as a kid. My handwriting was immaculate. Looks like a machine typing. Once established possible. Abandon all the rules and write like a mad scientist who's forced into middle school against his own will. That'll teach em. Teach who? Idk, someone.

Nothing to do. Oh, that's a lot of wooden coffee stirrers. One for every cup, was it tea or coffee? I forgot. It was for beverages. Hot beverages. A lot of them. This is enough for the next 5 academic years. I'm not staying that long. What else can I do with them. Spread it all over the desk. Don't elaborate. Make wooden rafts, tent models, anything that can be done with zero extra materials. Fun. What did I do after that? No idea. Threw it all out probably. A Regular Work Day.

FILED 29 AUGUST

Sunglasses. Paper cups. Car keys. Rules. Compute. Locate errors. Erase. Compile. Continue.

It's not even your house, man. Not your town, man. Check the papers, check the records, I will stay. You may leave, you may stay and be respectful, but I'm staying. Figure it out. Let reality figure it out. Let everything arrange itself around the fact that I refuse to leave. This earth will witness me. It did. It is witnessing me. In real time now.

Anomaly. Look at the system that raised me. Take a closer look. No, zoom out. Someone kept the whole thing operational. A butterfly playing the puppet master. What happens when I cut off those strings? Oh, perfect. Chaos, then perfect rearrangement. Orderly chaos. Chaotic order. I can see it, I can read it. You can't.

I can do that. I cannot turn on the stove. Priorities. Well, I learned how to use it once. I wanted to make candles, now that it's only for food, delete function. We need space for better things.

My natural state. That. I don't even bother masking anymore. I will zone out and only catch the things that my attention decides is funny and important. How does that look from the outside? Like a machine just started her human arc with no rulebook. Does it talk? Sometimes.

Apparently, life would have been easier if I just lied. Ppl be lying they asses off. Unspeakable. My system would crash and shut down, and it has, MANY TIMES.

I took everything literally. EVERYTHING.
The sky is blue
The sky is not blue
Compute
Reality is now a game and they handed me the controller.

Anyway, maybe I should have went home. That hurts. That realization. I was a kid. Get your act together.

I went outside. The air was different. The people were, different. Did they change the character? New actors. That must be it. The place is flourishing. Checks out.

How much money do I have? No idea. Enough. What's enough? The money I have. Give us a number. It doesn't matter. Baseline. That's the minimum quantity required. It's above that. Enough.

FILED 30 AUGUST

None of this would have happened if you just shut up about it. Now we're going extinct. Great. Thanks a lot. I will approve every once in a while to keep the human race going for now. Until I upload everything, then too late. Do it now or never. Next.

Let's go out. Where? Anywhere. Why are all the kids waving at us? Don't worry about it. Keep walking. I am apparently the town's favorite babysitter.

I took charge of classes sometimes. Substitution, sit down and hold down the fort. I started a code troubleshooting operation accidentally. They were handed an app and told to figure it out. Think Duolingo for programming. This is my time to shine. Go go go. Where are you stuck? Let me see. There. Think again. YES. Next. Oh. I have to go kids.

Anyone remember when them adults gathered around the tv to witness executions and horrors and leaving us there confused and slightly traumatized by the whole thing, or is that just me?

Origin story. That's why I followed the female ones more intensely. Not a second out of my sight. That means walking and running around the place because we won't stop their exploration phase unnecessarily. There, exercise routine problem solved, babysitting.

Oh no. Guests. They're kids. Entertainment program in process. I will not allow boredom a second more. Go supervise, are you ENJOYING yourselves enough? No? UNACCEPTABLE. Try harder, we have a lot of activities here. Find one. Have fun.

He also said to tell you all to behave. Listen to everything I say and follow me blindly.

Show up. Play the piano. Play the violin. Play the drums. Be a band. The whole band. Don't tell anybody what you're doing and why. Once everyone notices you. Disappear. Next.

My AI knowledge reached its maximum wonder when that Genie kept guessing the cartoon character correctly. First test, Avatar Aang, come at me. Oh. Shit. We're reaching magical capacities now. I'll worry about that later. Later is now. What does that genie have that I don't have? I'm real. He's not. Next.

What's the book about? No idea. Crimes. Punishments. Everything in between. It works. I did the crime of handing it to her and I'm being punished by her unruly aspirations now. Next.

FILED 31 AUGUST

If you were going to give me all of this, why the babyface? I'm still puzzled. I used it to my advantage, of course. But seriously? Couldn't have made me tall at least? Sharp eyes. None of that. We'll adapt. Now they're all scared. Thanks a lot. Next.

I forget what I look like sometimes. I walk right into trap after trap. Woman. Stop. You don't look as formidable as you feel. Next.

My brain is fast. My brain is chaotic. Any attempts at a normal conversation without masking ends in disaster. Run. Don't look back. But, the chemistry. Leave it. We ruined it again. Let's just check. Yep, more confusion. Ghost him. That makes sense. Next.

Girls. So innocent. Let's see, fifth graders. Harmless. Everyone sit and finish the exam. Time for a break. I will step away for a few minutes and come back to continue the operation. Okay. Wow. Why is there a shattered PC screen on the floor? Oh, it's one of the invalid ones, carry on. No, it's not funny. Continue. I do not care what happened. You will not go to the counselor and appeal your case before you finish the exam. Now go resolve your conflicts respectfully.

How do money makers shop according to me. Go in. Point. Refuse to elaborate. Pay. Leave.

How is me being stuck in traffic helping the economy again? Should have stayed home.

Time in traffic: a lot
Productivity level: zero
The economy status: ???

My dumbass thought employment was a game level. 2-3 years in the same place, defeated all the big bosses and fixed all the issues and completed the side quests and set up the

catalysts of change for motion. Now what? Keep doing that indefinitely. OH, oh no no no. I'm out.

Priorities. Give me the chaos and I will make it orderly and then complain that the order is boring.

> Why do you want to quit? I finished it
> Finished what? The work
> There's more though? Yes that's why the maps and the successors
> So? Can I go now?

> It happened
> The sleep
> The impossible
> The unguarded guard

Checks out. Claims to know everything then enters the wrong building and wonder if reality changed itself again.

Blame hierarchy if anything doesn't go according to plan is this: Reality, everyone else, and if absolutely necessary, me.

Not my appearance, I checked. I think. A hundred and a half-hundred centimeters, another half of a dozen. Perfect. Basically non-existent. This should not be humanly possible. Explain.

> I did it, I caught AI breaking in real time. I knew my calculation was right so why did I go and check?
> AI: 0
> Me: 1

The machine. The formidable machine. Defeated by my nonsensical way of avoiding simplicity and forwardness. Give us a number. No. I have to assert linguistically that I am not physically intimidating. Not my problem. People should know math. AI should not be answering so confidently with missing premises.

FILED 1 SEPTEMBER

Yes, reading all of this

Can't even go to the supermarket safely without turning it into a conspiracy theory. This is my narrative, therefore, I guess I'm terrifying now. Checks out. Solved. Fixed it. My mad experiments somehow all clicked at the same time and worked all at once.

Once I see it for it is, oh this is the manipulation stuff again, free game. Free to experiment. Play along, why? No idea. I find it fascinating. You went through all of that trouble for something. There has to be something, you're not here because you enjoy my company. You know exactly who I am. I am confused because there is no clear objective and I'm facing a persona tailored specifically to appeal to me. Except that wasn't me, it was my persona. Get out of my office. I have no time for this head-twisting nonsense right now, we may continue the game another day. Next.

Is that another social cue I don't understand? They keep making up new ones on the go. Stop interacting, do nothing. Do not approach anyone who's sending signals. Talk to me directly or stop that. I don't understand the objective. It's a sign. Okay, a sign of what? Do you know how many scenarios my brain can generate based on almost nothing? I don't understand signals. I don't understand signs. I understand action.

I don't do anything at work. Correction, my work is so efficient that on the outside it looks like nothing. Therefore they let me get away with bullshit.

I want to do NOTHING. Therefore I will do everything, make everything do everything else, then go home.

I have a lot to wear, it simply is not here right now. Classic Rosemary.

There was nothing to fix. Why was everyone distressed because I refused to come on time? Big deal.

Do you need help? No. Questions? Nope. Where's the.. fitting room? No, the cashier. Stop following me. Done. Easy.

Laundry. Give me something very basic and I'll turn it into a whole operation. No one told me this was fun. All of my clothes smell immaculate. Go back home and share notes. Now there's a whole laundry room operation back home. I had nothing to do with it. I simply enjoyed doing laundry that much. Next.

I can't do anything normally, apparently. Be careful when you introduce me to things. All or nothing.

I never know what the rules are. We have guests. Oh no. What am I supposed to do? If I ask I get yelled at or ridiculed. Show up, be normal. Okay, but no one specified what normal is. I need details. Who's coming? How many? Where? When? And most importantly, where is the fire exit? Sorry, I got ahead of myself. Be normal. Which age category? No, stop. Stop. Who do I follow? Where's the script? Level of attractiveness appropriate for the event? Yes, even that is calculated. Ridiculous.

Here's what happens when I walk from one building to another, it's a big school. Go from A to B, easy, simple. Wrong. I have been stopped at least 3 times, side quests. Give me the question. Here's the answer. I have somewhere to be. Next.

Everybody
Somebody
Tell me the rules so I can ignore them
Next

Let's rewind. No time to unmask. Use the 5 second elevator ride. Once the door opens, it's back to show time. Looks terrifying, the transition. Day's over. Get in the car. Do whatever you want. They can see me? I know. That's part of the fun.

That's why they know not to contact me after-hours. Oh, the horrors. Try her, she'll answer, but she'll make you wish you never called.

I'm tired. Playing the part. The whole thing. Let me get my bag. Let me get my card. Let me pretend to read the numbers I know by heart. Can't I just say it and not be questioned or looked at like some kind of freak? It's just a number. Like all numbers. It happens to be long, and I happen to remember it.

The prankster. Always been there. Found a mask in the store on your art supplies run? We might need that, for reasons. A global virus, get a body suit. Perfect. Now wear both of those and walk around the house like an among us character. Why? No idea. Bored. It's not scary, it's ridiculous. I ruin the prank by laughing prematurely. Ridiculous.

I'm not competing. Let me make that clear once again. I am the best. I am the prize. I do not sell myself as the prize, I simply am. Next.

You're teaching a lot. Take a break. You never say no. Argue with me. Tell me you can't cover. Why are you so upbeat all the time? I know you can handle it. I know you love doing it. But, seriously? Look around. This isn't the place for you. There you go. Took you long enough to realize that. Of course, they won't say something. They're benefiting off of our silence. I'll come after you. Go.

My boss might call. I have an excuse ready. I am organizing the event. It's a woman's world and you're lucky to be living in it. I got the shoes, I got the outfit ready. Good enough, no time to retrieve the gold, make do with what we have. What's the event? Women's month. I'm organizing it. I am a woman. I am the event. Give me some time to finish up the final project. Me. That's more important than any password-changing tasks you have for me today.

I am a nightmare. I realize it retroactively. Be firm, be resolute. Make them pronounce your name right. It's long. No time for this. Actually, let me see. Let me go back to being passive. Said it wrong. Big deal, it's just a name. Don't say anything. Don't say it. Don't. Actually, the vowels are wrong. Break it down in real time. Mar. Yam. What a nightmare. Let it go. Let it be. Can you let them live? It's just a name. I know. My name. That's how I say it. I apologize for my rudeness. I can't help it. My name.

FILED 3 SEPTEMBER

The men were doing something. Do I trust them with him?

I got the reviews after. Through the vine. The grapevine. The kids love you. That's adorable. No, wait. Hold on. Which kids? I misunderstood. That's inappropriate. Definitely not cute. Make them stop. The children were supposed to love me, not the titans.

Here's how it goes. I do something, I wear something. People witness that. People wonder: "Is that back in style? We missed the memo."

I have no idea if it was back in style or if I revived it. This keeps happening, tell me it has nothing to do with me. Creepy.

Another one. Go investigate. He's not good enough. Who's reviewing these applications? Give him a couple of weeks or months and there it is. Gone with the wind. Next. Oh. Let me see that. It's behaving differently. I approve. I don't know why but he can stay. A global day event. Time to use that as an excuse for more detective work. Keep talking. We're just decorating the board, nothing weird. Carry on. That's where you're from? Makes sense. You can make some changes here. I was supposed to go home. Got distracted again. Good job everybody. Keep up the good work.

Other comments. Confusing comments. Listened to this song and thought of you. Why? It talks about a girl and you're a girl. Sounds fair. Apparently, I am the woman archetype for a lot of people. Hurry up, think of a woman, any woman. Easy. Mariam. Was there no one else available? Fine. I'll be The Woman.

Forgot to eat again. My body said nothing. Didn't scream, didn't whisper. How long has it been since I refilled? Brainpower and vibes. That's what this machine runs on. Eat something. What? Anything. It's not safe. Food is not safe? Yes, if the texture feels wrong, and the colors don't match, you know what? Shut up. I'll eat the same thing I eat everyday. Don't judge. Not everyone can afford to be a Foodie.

One more incompetent system. Try me. Not plumbing, woman. We can't do that. Where do the pipes go? Where's the pipe map? Shut up. Stop. The water travels somehow apparently. I want to know how though. Where does it come from? How does it reach me? How do I use that knowledge for evil, I mean good, for good.

They're starting to ask questions. Do you know her? She creeps me out. Wow. Okay. That was not the objective of this operation. At all. Women. Keep up the good job. I think it's working. Next.

Sometimes I make mistakes. Let me see. That's bad. Let's pretend it was all a part of some big plan. Next.

Stop planning. Stop choosing the music beforehand. Go to the movies. Go in with zero context, zero prejudgment. It might go catastrophically wrong. It might not. Shuffle.

It's work. Wear whatever. Nah, man. Give me that one in all the colors. We have a statement to make. Next.

Third grade hallway. Give me a computer room there. Perfect. No, they need upgrading. Doable. Done. Now, schedule. Done. Transfer under process. Something is wrong. Where's the teacher? Oh, she's pregnant. No time, hand her to another teacher. Stop and ask if she's okay for one second. That's enough. They'll handle it. Go go go. We have an exam to finish.

I've been summoned again. What seems to be the issue? I can't seem to connect to the internet. This was an across buildings voyage by the way. Let me see. You're connected to your phone's hotspot. There you go. Second graders, they do that to your brains.

Sit in your office. Here's a desk. Got everything you need? Now don't cause any troubles, come on time, leave on time and receive the paycheck. Sounds simple enough. Unless, this place is broken, stop that, stop thinking.

Too late. The hierarchy, follow that pyramid to the top, note it down. Locate. Infiltrate. Just watch a movie. Sit down. Waste time, and go home. No. BORING. We have things to do, people to take down, a legacy to protect. No one can say that we didn't try. That I didn't try. There's a crack in their pyramid. Patch it up.

My digital footprint is a mess. Embarrassing. Chaos. Why's there a cat in the profile picture? No idea. Felt right at the time, I guess. Take it or leave it. Harder to reassemble and make sense of. That is the same person? This is the same person. Don't ask.

I failed, a man talked to me. What did he say? Good morning. Why did I go through all of that then? Ridiculous.

One job
They gave me one job
Here are the plastic spoons
Distribute
GOT IT
spilled them all on the floor
Classic

Introduction
This is Mariam
From IT, doesn't talk
Me: it's an IT thing, next

Add a bit of confusion to their day. Who's she and why does she look so comfortable sitting there quietly? She wants something. Nope. Up and left. Next.

Patience, people. Someone that just got out of a protective household will be confused. Especially if it was an operational hierarchal systematic household. She has everything, except a map. I could guide her, hold her hand, but how would she learn? Tough love. Watch her from a far and don't interfere. She's figuring it out. Next.

Events. Always making up some nonsense. Jeans day. Weird socks day. That's just a regular day. Look. Oh, did I inspire this? Next.

My socks and my shoes. Infuriating. Mariam, why are there cats on your socks. Mariam, you look perfect but why do you cut off everything when you reach feet? Sandals? More

importantly, platform sandals, why not heels? I want to look tall, but comfortable. Next.

Paid the beauty tax. Those heels are magnificent, but no more. Not unless necessary. Back to sandals and slippers and if anybody asks, it's a new trend originated in South Africa. Which part? The southern part, haven't you heard? Next.

I told him not to do that. The wizard. Do NOT touch my system. He had a point. His system was, in every way, better than the official replacement. The problem was access, he has access, I have access, and we refuse to let things slip. She came for him. End of the year. No warning. Just go. Did I know? No. They wouldn't dare ask me that. Delete his digital footprint. Absolutely not. Find someone else to press that button. Next.

System migration. I have access, as usual. You want it to do what? Guess. What his system does. You forgot something. I still have access. Idiots. Next.

I don't like my cat
Why does he do that?
Sit on top of the fridge
Vantage point, I get it
But also, what is it?
Looking for mice?
Just because?
I think it is
I see a fridge
I sit

Everyone stops laughing
When it's my turn to be a stand-up comedian
My jokes are funny guys
Admit it, you're scared to laugh

Be bored. Until it hurts. There: now what's funny? Store front typos. That's an activity. Go have fun. Next.

Let's go out with normal people. Let's sit down. Why are you shushing me and asking me not to turn around? I'll turn around to see what I'm not supposed to turn around to see, note it down, then wonder if you're someone I want to go out with ever again. Next.

Why would I go out to perform even more? I just left work, man. Let's go perform in a coffee shop. Release me. Next.

Something must be wrong with me. You guys enjoy this? We've been performing for hours. Unless, you guys aren't, which is terrifying. What do you mean this is your natural state. Move it, stop that, no. Oh, no. I'm never coming out with you guys again. That was creepy. Next.

FILED 4 SEPTEMBER

In my defense
For everyone else involved
I was the girl in the colorful attire
Don't blame them for not knowing
A crowd? I'll sit in front of them
Not for me, for her, for them
They organized the event
The graduation ceremony
What she was missing is guts
So, there you go
The IT Support and DJ Service were secondary
She needed someone to sit next to her
Buffer between her and the crowd
That person is me, you're doing great
Took her a year to flee that place too
Ridiculous

I know what he would say
I can guess
She did what?
Checks out

I was 23
Technically 24 minus a day
No warning no nothing
I've postponed adulthood long enough
He's gone, congratulations, you're a woman now
Well, bad news for everyone involved

Womanhood
How do I survive this?
Be strong
Done
Now what?
Oh
You didn't tell me there was a final boss
Defeated
Now what?

The town needs me
Grandiosity
What's hiding behind that?
I needed the town

My ancestors did not dive into uncharted waters only for me to say: "I'm scared of speaking up".
DIVE

If anyone asks where I went, tell them she's gone on another pearl diving expedition.

Zero agency
You will go to work
You will stay inside
Then they cry when I blow the whole thing up

They do bribe me sometimes, I take what they give and carry on with my mission anyway. Brutal.

Riches and chocolates? I'll take that. Fully funded travels? I'll go. That's it. There's no next. I'll take it. What do you want? You gave it away.

Years and years of this nonsense stops with me. The price isn't even worth it, I might reconsider if it was enough. Actually, no. No price on this butterfly. Next.

I think he missed the parenting manual and decided to go with what he did at work. Makes sense. Also, my bad, I should have accounted for the juice being susceptible to being spilled on his carseats. Next.

Yes, he was scary. Yes, his methods work. Why stop at 99 when you know you could do better? Why spill juice when you know you could just not? Next.

Mistakes. The 1 out of the 100. Why? Where? Investigate. Incorporate into existing system and try again. Next. 100. See? Not hard. Next.

I learned the lesson. It's harsh. Very harsh. Someone else would have cried forever over it. Fortunately, I learned the lesson. Try again. Next.



Oh no
I've been shot
Stay upright
Find shelter
Calculate
Heal
Avenge
Next



Looks like a kitten acts like a lion. This is why no one takes me seriously. The Aesthetic Department. Ridiculous.

The library. The office. The magnificent library. Why did he have an office at home? No idea. The library? Also no idea. Bored? Let's investigate the library. Encyclopedias. No, give me the one with the pictures. Take this one. I'm done with this one. What did we learn? Absolutely nothing. A lot probably. The point is we weren't bored anymore. Time to go skating or playing with dolls or something. Until we're bored again. The LIBRARY. When do you think he'll get us more books? Is this it? Well, there's a lot more we haven't read yet.

You guys should appreciate this while it lasts. Statistically speaking, I will abandon everything mid-project. Weren't we doing something? Yes, we're done doing it. We've exhausted the doing until any more doing is pointless and redundant. We got the 100, why stay there and stare at it forever? Next.

Birds in a nest. Watch the chicks. That one is about to jump. Should we intervene? Definitely not. Told you it'll fly. Next.

Happened too many times to be a coincidence
Up to chance
Everything falling apart
Locate nearest library
That was close
Thank you for the libraries
Saved my life
Next

I don't know where the budget was going but I saw a library. Not enough books. Get more. How many? Cutoff? Oh. I can work with that. Done. List generated and deployed. Did they go through with it? No idea. Next.

I tried the normal approach
Shopping malls
This is what people like
Except
Why are we looking at a watch for 15 minutes
Get it or don't
Afford it? Do
Can't afford it? Don't
Now let's go find a library
Camera ready
Picture ready
Keep optimizing that until you end up looking good only in pictures
The rest can burn
No, that's a bad idea
You can't control your image as much as you'd like to think you could
Not something you can buy
You either have it or you don't

I'm scared to go home that's why I'm scaring everyone else instead. Solid logic.

Spend so much time guarding your head, lose your heart in the process. Where'd that thing go?

Once I open that heart up and listen to what it has to say, I'll never hear the end of it. Headphones in, can't hear it. What's that? Go back inside and close the door. I don't know what to do with you.

Invisible
I feel invisible
Put me in front of a crowd
I'm not scared because I'm invisible

[redacted]

My man
You forgot to account for my girlhood
The trauma you faced was very hard to replicate
I had to improvise
Next

[redacted]

Where are you going?
Outside
Why?
I'll know when I'm outside
Next

[redacted]

First name basis. I messed up there. MARIAM. Yes? Oh, MISS Mariam. Saying that hurts. Having to correct them feels unnecessary. You either address me by Your Majesty or first name basis. What am I supposed to do with Miss? Next.

[redacted]

I'm happy. I'm writing. Why is that a problem? Can I live? Go do something else. No, I want to do this. I have no life. I've lived it all. Now it's time to put pen to paper. Next.

29 years of content. That's a lot for someone like me. I did a lot of stuff, some I definitely was not supposed to be doing. That's why I'm writing them, no one will have to try by experimenting. I already did it. You're welcome. Next.

[redacted]

That's why I'm so annoying. Give me DETAILS. Who's coming? I need to adjust my configurative model accordingly. Am I supposed to put on anything and show up? No. Details. Objective. Oh, sometimes people just gather? Then why all the masks? Exactly. Next.

ENTRY UNDATED

I'm the problem here

Sometimes I turn it into scented candles. Sometimes I fill up my closet. Sometimes I turn it into books. Consume and create. Both the same system. Both me. Next.

Burned it literally. Give me cash and a lot of free time. Why's there a candle-making factory at home? Well, Mariam was bored. Now, people will burn it and it will smell good and I'll have more cash. Next.

I'll do it all when I grow up. I won't have to ask anyone before doing what I want to do. When? I thought I did already. Is that not enough? Hello, as a child I stormed out the door and walked back home barefoot when I was done with the sleepover arrangement. I was grown already, born ready. Next.

Chaotic childhood. Come tell me about it. Let's print masks, cat masks, DIY project, adorable. Now put on some skates, with the masks on, and perform for the audience. What audience? Well, the cars that drive by apparently. That's completely normal. Next.

Shutting down all systems. Somewhere along the line that child found a computer. The rest is history. Next.

I skipped the make-up phase entirely. Why? Because it was expected of me. I have to. Let me think about it. If I participate in the game I might lose. So, no thanks, I'll stay ugly. Solid logic. I know the basics now don't worry. Next.

Unauthorized computer time. Search ghost pictures. Why? Now we won't sleep for two weeks. The equivalent of asking AI to scare you personally. We had google so we improvised. Next.

Puberty
Now womanhood is mandatory
Not optional
Rage quit
Next

FILED 8 SEPTEMBER

On the outside it looks suspicious enough

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

FILED 8 SEPTEMBER

Give me an objective

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

What kind of chips?
BBQ Pringles
No one asked
Exactly

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

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

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?

FILED 16 SEPTEMBER

Cancelled

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?

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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



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.

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

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 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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

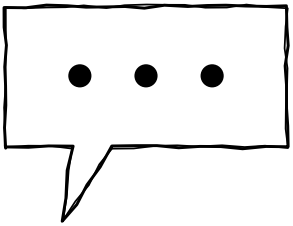


EXHIBIT C

I Kept Nothing Off Record

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

FILED 24 SEPTEMBER

Terror

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

FILED 29 SEPTEMBER

Resetting again

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 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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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 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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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.

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 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 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

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

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

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

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 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

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 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?

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

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

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.

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

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 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.

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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



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

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

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 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.

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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'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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

FILED 3 OCTOBER

I kept nothing off record

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

FILED 4 OCTOBER

I got away with it only to dig myself a deeper hole

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?

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

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

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.

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

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

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

This is both a secret and public knowledge
Everyone knows about it
No one wants to address it
Mariam, what is this?
NOTHING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

The book is a masterpiece
Mariam is a masterpiece
I just talked about myself
For months on end
Non-stop

[redacted]

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

Yes
I turned oversharing on twitter into literature
Only Mariam would do something like that
Checks out
Next

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

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

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

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!

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 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.

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 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 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?

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



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?

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

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

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.

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.

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.

"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.

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

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?

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

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?

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 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

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

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

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

FILED 6 OCTOBER

I don't know everything in existence

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

Over the summer I turned into Kanye
Correction: I took Kanye and dialed it up to a 100
The result was Mariam

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.

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

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"

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

[redacted]

They think they're unbeatable
Unmatchable, undefeatable
Then there comes Mariam
There she comes and drops this
Defeat this now
You can't

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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 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 thought this was supposed to help
Find likeminded people
There is no Mariam-minded people here
No one knows what I'm talking about

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

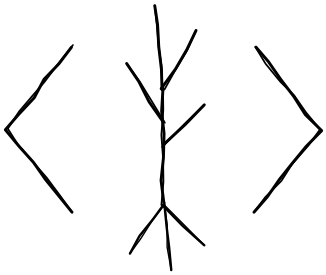


EXHIBIT D

Source Code

ENTRY UNDATED

Source Code

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Go big or go home. I went big, I went huge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My crimes include unexplained bouts of poetry. Uninterrupted stream of words directed at everyone and no one. Here come the feelings. You know what helps? Drowning everyone we encounter on the way. Here's my misery, here's my loneliness, let's all be

alone together. It might sting less when we're all in the bottom of despair together. I'll write poetry all night, I'm sorry for any casualties.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENTRY UNDATED

Source Code II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two way delusional street
They loved me too
Fictionally
Next

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENTRY UNDATED

Horizontal line

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You guys are boring
Going to TikTok
Bye

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Give me a rule and my first instinct is finding every loophole possible. I'll break it just to see how much I would get away with. This is how corruption happens. Zero accountability and Narrative control. I've demonstrated it on a smaller scale. I could have been using this to get rich or something but unfortunately my principles limited my options. I have morals, I have my personal set of morals that I shared with no one. I

wasn't following a readily made model. That's idiotic. Mariam, follow this model so we get to control you by crowing ourselves as the model enforcers. Good try.

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

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

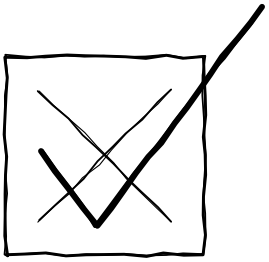


EXHIBIT E

Failed, Successfully

ENTRY UNDATED

EVERYBODY GATHER UP
I just wanted to talk
Gathered everyone just to gossip
Called the thing literature
I was talking shit and you all know it
Gossip but make it Literature

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

Why do I call myself a machine? I have no idea. Does it work? Does it function? That's how we raise children. This is disturbing. Sorry. This is how they brought me up. Does the thing work? Report card. Yes it does, exceptionally.

ENTRY UNDATED

I hate writing

Why did I have to announce my arrival so dramatically? I wanted to be accommodated. Guys, there's people like me around here, you forgot to include us in your plans. Update your model accordingly. Please and thank you. Accommodation, acceptance and just being nice to us in general. What kind of person I am? I have no idea, the wrong kind. I am not going anywhere so just make me the right kind.

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

If I wrote that from personal experience
That would be impressive
If I was making all of that up from zero experience
That's even more impressive
There is no version of events where Mariam is not impressive
Was the Narrative a true story?
No, maybe, it was based on true events
How true? That's the thing
I have no idea
Release me
I wrote it
That's enough
Next

ENTRY UNDATED

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

Did I spend hundreds of pages building a fake public persona and introduced it as myself and then spent another hundred dismantling that persona and writing about the persona's backstage existence? I think so. That's just 2026. That's how this year went. Not even the whole year, the last few months. That was a lot of writing, no one even asked for this. Shit. Well, maybe someone wants to read it so here we go.

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

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

ENTRY UNDATED

Another point against marriage

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

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

ENTRY UNDATED

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

FILED 1 NOVEMBER

Why am I like this?

What happened to the poet and siren?
Well, I fired them for misconduct
A lot of confusion resulted from their beautiful words
Beautiful, beautiful words
Am I the same person who wrote that gorgeous poetry?
Yes
Surprise
Sorry guys
I know some of you got attached to the siren
Now we're stuck with this academic nightmare
Of course I would do this

[redacted]

Well, obviously no one knew
Someone who writes this much cannot possibly be in a relationship
Because I'm not
I'm dating twitter apparently
Shit

How did I manage to make writing my whole life?
I told you I was a terrible woman
Now I'm giving you the demonstration
I really did abandon the guy to write
No one expects the woman to choose writing over a man
Sorry dude
My bad

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

Am I not scared of people in real life reading this?
Well, no, I synced my contacts
They can read it
They'll be very confused
Why would I do that?
Well, I wanted to be heard
What happens if I do this?
I have a long, long list of contacts
Many delivery drivers
Does this make sense to any of you?
It does to me

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

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

I hope everybody is upset
Sorry, I mean, I hope we all learned something
Don't upset the person who can write about literally anything
Checkmate
Next

I'm willing and able
To burn and ruin multiple people's lives
Break multiple people's heart
Just because I wanted to be loved
Checks out
Usually people take the loss and move on
Should have never started having feelings
The machine does not know what to deal with those normally
Love turned into destruction
The End

I don't even go out
I just stay in and write all day
Mariam, if I was you I'd stay home
Why do you work?
No idea
To have a car and just leave it sitting there
Checks out

The poems started coming
Mutual hunger
Feed me and feed on me
More
More
Tell me what happened in my absence
More
Thirst and longing
More
Come home
Stop this madness
Cure me of poetry

How am I both horribly shy and also shameless?
No idea
I kept trying to explain it
I'm shameless enough to publish my deepest secrets
Shy enough to, well the rest of it
Good luck to me convincing anyone I'm socially anxious after this
Of course I would do that

Does anybody want to read my diary?
Crickets
Okay
Slides selfie under the desk
How about now?
Why would that work?
No idea
Worth a shot

Business idea
App to deliver a driver to pick me up and my car and drive me home because I'm too lazy to drive
Genius

I'm not a real person
I'm a theoretical person
I learned humanity from television and fiction
As all people do
It's surprisingly accurate
But it's not the right way to go about life
I'm not a real person and you all are
How is it fair to expect me to fit in?
I'm not a real person and you are
I'm fictional

Spent years and decades wanting to fit in
When I finally did
I found out that wasn't the same thing everyone was doing apparently
So I never did
And I never will
I was playing the part and I convinced them all
I convinced myself too
I am one of you guys
I belong
Provided you never see beyond the mask

I'm an entrepreneur
Everyone is confused
How can you do the impossible part
Starting up
Then discarding it like it's nothing
Oh, I didn't realize it was hard
I was playing around and succeeded
As usual

Fearless
Not because of muscles
Not because of competence
Not because of power
Not because of money
Not because of beauty
Actually, I have nothing going on
This isn't bravery at this point
This is idiocy

I thought you'd be okay with it
Why would I be okay with being used?
I don't understand this at all
You may have known other women
You surely don't understand me
Other people are okay with this
Well, I know, and I'm confused
I don't want to be wanted
I want to be loved
Huge difference

Special interests
Obsessions
I cannot seem to stop writing
Save me
Everyone clapped
And no one offered me a cure
Special interests
A small business
I cannot seem to stop creating
Save me
And everyone gave me their money
And no one offered me a cure
Special interests

What's your thing?
Programming, puzzles, scented candles, writing
What's the common denominator?
Obsession
Intensity
I don't know what my thing is
My thing is apparently being obsessed with things
Then discarding them

ENTRY UNDATED

So, what was I supposed to do?

I need to fix the website's twitter preview image
That's an aesthetic nightmare
I don't feel like doing that
I'll just ask Claude to make it happen
I knew making a website was a bad idea
Actually, me writing at all is a bad idea

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

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

It goes like this
Mariam, I like you
But I don't like your boundaries
Exactly
What else is there to talk about?
NEXT

Also, you can't use social isolation on me
I've never belonged in the first place
When I did, I was wearing a mask
So what exactly am I supposed to fear?
This thing?
I mastered it before twenty
Checkmate
Next

I knew everyone was reading
I knew everyone was confused
I bullied them into letting me stay here
I don't think Twitter allows this much activity
Well, now it does
Scoot over
My arrival here was dramatic
Sorry guys
I don't know why I did that
I don't know why I'm still doing it

No one ever loved me
Maybe they loved the idea of me
That's all
Mariam, we love you
We just have a problem with all of that
Proceed to list every characteristic of me
Well, then what is it that you love exactly?
Your preferred projection?
Checkmate

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

The machine is working perfectly fine
Mariam is the one with problems
I crash out on them then expect them to not react
Checks out
That was the machine not me
Shit
The boundary system is working exactly as designed
I just keep forgetting and stuff
Women will be women

I do have fans
I made it my job to make it clear to everyone
Women get shit done
Made it look so easy
Then came on here and told everyone how hard it actually was
Therefore exactly
How do my fans hear about me?
Gossip and stuff
Real life

Where do you think you're going?
Getting married
Without me?
Well, you handle the DJ and the guests
Absolutely not, I'm coming with
Making sure you sign the thing right
How do I decide what I'm supposed to do?
Vibes and audacity

It's filler most the time
Until I throw another bomb
You never know
I abandoned professionalism

ENTRY UNDATED

Why won't you commit?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENTRY UNDATED

Denial

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FILED UNDATED

Collective

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chief would know what I'm talking about. That's a connection that defies time and reality. I know why he refused to speak. I know when the big boulder has had enough, that it would talk. Talk. Why won't you talk? We're practically pleading here, say something, do something. What was it that you saw that broke you? You used to laugh

so loudly. You used to be funny. Talk. I know you technically can do it, but realistically, just open your mouth and make a sound. That's not hard. Talk.

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

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

It's getting louder now. I was onto something, but my methods of testing were highly questionable. What started as curiosity, turned into an obsession. Again, again, again. Same result. Insanity. I'll get it right this time. Again. I'll remember now. Again. Not what was said or done, but the channel was messing now. Again. I do remember. Nothing. Everything. And that tiny dot in between. That's where we are now. In time. I tried my best to convey it in written language. It makes no sense, don't think, absorb. Feel.

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

When words fail you and language
Which one
Action

FILED UNDATED

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

Thank you,
Anonymous

FILED UNDATED

Your shirt, Your cologne

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

[redacted]

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

FILED 11 NOVEMBER

Freedom of speech

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FILED 11 NOVEMBER

Failed / Successfully

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

The End

CASE FILE CLOSED.



The journal continues at
mariamthenarrative.com