CASE FILE 064-093

TITLE	WHEN THE DAY BECAME A MONTH
SUBJECT	MARIAM
PERIOD	27 AUGUST TO 5 OCTOBER 2026
CONTENTS	3 EXHIBITS, IN THE ORDER WRITTEN
SOURCE	HER OWN WORDS
STATUS	OPEN

ONE VOLUME

When the Day Became a Month

The Narrative. Emirati Women's Month, 2026



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 27 August and 5 October 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

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Opening Statement

Almost forgot. Happy Emirati Women's day. Congratulations, I'm on your side.

You guys said I can do this
When the day became a month
Emirati Women's Month
I figured you wanted me to keep talking
I delivered
Thanks everybody
Mission accomplished
Mariam spoke

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

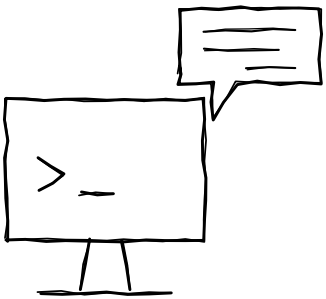


EXHIBIT A

The Event

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

I do not belong here. I don't. You're not good enough for me. That's what it always was. All of my attempts at shutting that down and humbling myself only made it worse. Talking back also made it worse. Maybe it's time for the finale.

I was too young to drive. It wasn't me. You deduce who that was. Riding shotgun. Not a clue in the world. Trust. Safety. Innocence. That's what it felt like. And that's what I learned from him. Stop the car. Save the tiny animal. Not on a global scale. A butterfly's flutter. I guess that's where it started. Give him credit too. Everyone else? I don't think so.

Someone asked me why I work. I literally do not even have to whatsoever, and still I didn't understand the question. What was the alternative? Nothing. Sit around and do nothing. I don't even do that when there's literally nothing to be done. I'll make something out of it. Oh no, the world is ending. Make, create, archive. I will not go down quietly.

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

Very popular with the kids. That's a demographic that has zero questionability about me being likable. Old people occasionally. I couldn't figure out the rest.

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.

Strong complex female characters are interesting and intriguing. Until you realize, wait, she's MINE. Absolutely not allowed. Abort mission. Not under my watch. That can exist there, unrelated to me. Once I'm in the equation, things change, things are different. She knows enough to know how much I don't know. Let's bring her down another way, the intellectual superiority thing is not going to work with this one. Forced shutdown.

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.

> Sense of direction: zero.
> Social norm knowledge: also zero.
> Found myself going the wrong direction again, as usual, stop, twirl, keep walking.
> Looks sudden and abrupt, saves time.

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.

Almost forgot. Happy Emirati Women's day. Congratulations, I'm on your side.

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.

The answer is much more obvious and much less interesting, I was taught, I continued learning, I concluded. Education. That's what that was for, at least that's what I thought it was. Apparently, it's a time-wasting unnecessary step in human evolution. Do you ask for permission before thinking? Well I do not.

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.

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

I would have shut up about it too but you see, there was this particular paper cup. Not this shit again. EMERGENCY. Anyway, where was I? The research, I finished it. It's sitting there. I want to talk about myself and about women. Problem? This is the work of a woman who refused to pick up a paper cup off of the floor.

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 even cares? Woah. I can do anything.

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.

Music. In the middle of this. Helps me focus. Inspiration.

> 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.

It's stuff like that is why I don't be talking. Process the question. Find all possible answers. Blurt out the most useless one. Well, that was the objective. Defeating boredom. Becoming ambidextrous was just a side effect.

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.

I should have stolen that 3D printer, how much does one cost? A lot. Multiply, enough for a whole school to learn it, now that's a budget. Use them maybe a couple of times then let 'em gather dust; that is until I discovered it. Mine now, I will learn it and tell you how it's done. It is possible, now how do we teach the kids? Oh, that was the objective. I totally forgot. The same way I learned, obviously. Lock them up in a room and ask them to assemble the avengers. I already did Hulk.

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.

Gather the women. Which women? All of them. Every single one. In every single point in history. Show me what they know. Let me see through their eyes. Let me see if I can do anything. Let me rectify the errors. Not possible? Yes. We can't edit the past. We can transform the future. Up from this second. This post.

Just listen to them. Oh no. She's angry. Because she can't drive. All the drivers? Unimportant. I could have done that myself. You introduced the limitation, I will not thank you. The descendants are now flying planes, and I have to be driven around with some guy in some fancy car but still, why didn't they let me drive?

I did not outsource my rebellion. I am not "whitewashed". Look around you. The world is changing, very fast, too fast. Now, if we're not allowed to do something now and we see our descendants doing it, how would we feel? Angry. Give me the key. Don't take it and then apologize with extra unnecessary steps. All of the gold in the world now will not compensate for the fact that she can't drive, and she has a lot of it. Gold.

Secret super intelligence hiding in plain sight. Show her the gold and she'll tell you how much it's worth. No wifi. No google. Just vibes. How? No idea. Sometimes we know stuff. Stop asking.

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.

Matriarchal Instincts

Someone is about to make a catastrophic mistake, marriage, not by itself but seriously? Him? No. If everyone is acting like this is fine I will OBJECT. Look again. Fix it. You have 3 chances minimum. After that you're banned from the institution forever.

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.

Anyway, he said don't mess with me.

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.

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.

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: ???

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

My calculations are right, always, but please, WHATEVER HAPPENS, do not ask me about my methods. I might go on a LONG monologue, and I don't think the people need that right now with schools reopening.

You know the stereotype where women turn around to check if someone is following them? Why is everyone doing that to me? I went to buy some Red bull, chill.

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.

Anyway, back to the hunted and hunter. They look terrified, as if I was an unnatural force unleashed in the wild to hunt them for sport, maybe it's the way I walk and look everyone in the eyes as if they're my subjects. Adjust behavior, please, you're scaring them.

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.

Jewelry design. That's something I can see myself doing. Get me all the gold you have, make it a sun and hand it to me. What do you mean how much? It's mine.

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.

Damned if I do, damned if I don't. I'm being targeted and I deserve it. I gave everybody substitution classes day after day. The absences were way too frequent and the structure weak. Very weak. I don't like this responsibility, they resent me already, you know what? Give it to that guy, he sure needs some opposition.

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.

Why does everyone keep asking me if I'm going to the gym. Oh, the tote bag. No time to explain, put everything you might need in case of an apocalypse in there and carry it everywhere, then act confused when someone questions it. PSA: I really was confused, I thought it was normal.

Start a movement, easy. Account for the outfit, slipped my mind.

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.

Parking. How do we find ourselves back here? No idea. Take a picture. No time. When it's time to find it ask everyone on the way to guide you, that's another function for car cleaners that I discovered by circling around the basement infinitely until one stopped me and said: "What are you doing? Your parking space is here." Thank you. That's something I do need help with.

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

My version of being the door-opener is this:
Hi
Hi
Why are you like that?
Like what?
Let's find out
Find out what?
No idea
What do you want?
No idea
Opening the door
No one told me what happens after that

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 the same person? That's the same person. One closed door away, no one can say anything once the door is closed and I'm alone. Let them see, let it scare them, drive home.

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 remember things. Details that no one should remember. Try not to creep people out but it fails every time. She's reciting numbers from memory again. Well, it's faster than

reaching for my wallet. My bad.

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.

Let's see. A job application. In, out. Easy. A homework assignment. In, out. Easy. Give me more. A way to sign, I got it all. Let's scan and print and there you go. You can go get your precious car now. Anyone else? Gift cards, candle labels, we have it all. Don't be shy. Send a request. You might get lucky.

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.

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?

Don't go in the classes yourself. Teenage boys, big boys. They'll eat you alive. Let me see. There's literally no one left to guard the walls. The fort is basically an open-ended exoskeleton of a tent. I'm not supposed to do this. Whatever. Let's try it. Mission accomplished. Did not get eaten alive. Spread terror and confusion instead. Now that I know, I'm never going back in there again. The little kids are the ones eating me alive, not the older ones.

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.

I always made the first mistake. I literally don't even realize that something is "wrong" with them. They're just kids. How was I supposed to know? Did you know that I memorized the whole chapter and can recite it right now? No way. Let's see that. Ladies and gentlemen, it looked like the kid just pressed a button on a record player. That's how good it was. I move on. I carry on. I find out those dear friends of mine are actually "not normal". I question my own judgement. Oh, that one knows everybody's car, he went on a monologue explaining it to me. I did not ask.

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.

Bad for business. Sad women and mad workers. If I see something wrong, I withdraw my money. Not giving them a chance to continue this kind of behavior. Capital. Money is capital. Pay them and they get more workers. The current ones are still crying. Fix that. We can continue once that is taken care of.

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.

Social cues. Happy Birthday To You. It's not my birthday. It's not his birthday. It's nobody's birthday. No one on this table is born on this date, oh. A prank. I ruined it. Classic.

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

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.

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

My bad
They thought I was uncooperative
I'm spoiled
I don't do that at home
Tea and coffee? Who takes care of that?
Someone
NOT ME

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.

I missed the memo, again. I'm scared to ask. Why is everyone wearing the same shoes? New uniform? No. Trend. Great, now if I ask for the brand I'll look stupid. I will

therefore not.

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.

Drag me out into the beach. Sit down, socialize. If we leave you alone you destroy yourself. Sit. Where is she? The OCEAN. What were you thinking? I wasn't planning to jump, not consciously at least. That's where we all go. When everything out here doesn't make sense. Back to the ocean.

I missed a memo
Someone calls
She's young, she can't handle the boys
That makes sense, but there's no one else
I forgot to account for that
I didn't realize it was a problem
When I was warned about the boys
I was confused, they're another part of my operation, they obey the general
I am also young, the same age
We both look like kids
Exceptionally smart
I feel bad, I don't think she had the warlord library installed
So, instead of complaining to me
Big guy, empathetic heroic man
Figure it out, they're your boys
Do something
For once, can someone just do something
Without informing me first
Ridiculous

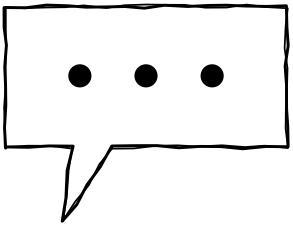


EXHIBIT B

Every Day Counted

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

[redacted]

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

The graveyard
He lies down with us
Where were you when he was alive?
No, let me say it
Don't shut me up
Where were they?

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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.

Don't call
Don't text
Under the sea
There's no connection

The Event
Yesterday
Emirati Women
Caught my attention
PEARLS
You know ball
She knows ball
All pearl everything
I need more pearls

I can't leave the house without an intervention. I've already been outside the house for days. I can't go out once I've gone in. Make that make sense.

Therefore why would I go back in? Solved. Next.

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

Yes
The villain
Sometimes we have to be that
If the alternative is a hero that lets everything slide until Metropolis turns into Gotham
Then we choose the villain

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

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.

[redacted]

What happens when two department personalities collide?
Wait, why does everyone know you?
I thought you were lowkey
We were running around the place making fools of ourselves while you just sat there
Exactly, control the network
Don't run around in the network

[redacted]

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.

[redacted]

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

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

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

That's why I'm aggressive without a car
Car available? Car-keys? Ability to drive?
Perfect, leave it there for when I need it
I could go a long time without needing it
But if you interfere with my qualifications
ERROR

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.

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.

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

No wonder he was territorial over his space. Everything and anything is fair game when your kids are curious enough. Fast forward a few years, we're having an attention deficits argument. You lost it, not me. I did leave my ID in some pharmacy for a couple of weeks then accused him of losing it. Classic. His room was an archive. My bad.

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[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]

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

No sleep found
Time for chips
No negotiation
Next

[redacted]

What kind of chips?
BBQ Pringles
No one asked
Exactly

[redacted]

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

FILED 16 SEPTEMBER

Cancelled

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I seriously barely left town
Physically
And yet
Next

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

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

[redacted]

Again
I barely ever left town
They came to me
Next

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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



Alter Ego
Hello everyone
This is me
Next

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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.

[redacted]

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That'll teach them not to include me again

Could you please behave normally for once?

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

Pursue higher education to procrastinate adulthood? No, launch me straight into that with zero knowledge of the existing rules. Okay, I did know about them. Did not change anything. Pursue adulthood and keep encountering higher education on your way. I do not know what you want from me. Leave me alone. Next.

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

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

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

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

FILED 19 SEPTEMBER

New

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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]

Month is still ongoing. Emirati Women's Month. I haven't forgotten. This twitter account is brought to you by an Emirati woman.

[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 21 SEPTEMBER

New age

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

FILED 24 SEPTEMBER

Terror

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

[redacted]

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]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FILED 27 SEPTEMBER

Poetry

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



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

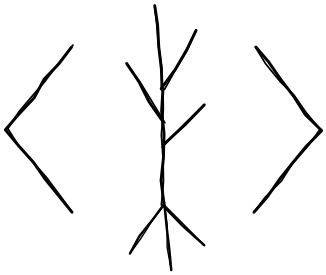


EXHIBIT C

Mariam Spoke

FILED 29 SEPTEMBER

Resetting again

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

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

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

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

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

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

I don't want any responsibility over the 1000 pages I accidentally wrote over the summer. Release this writer from the consequences of her actions. That's not one book,

that's a trilogy. Burn it all. Control alt delete. There. Not my problem anymore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

I have a job and the job was never explained to me. What is it that I do here? What's an IT Executive? Wasn't I supposed to actually do something? Nothing. NULL. Some things, easy tasks, give me that. This isn't easy? It is to me. They stopped giving me the fun stuff.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Character skin. What do I do with it?

FILED 2 OCTOBER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

[redacted]

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.

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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's Month
I figured you wanted me to keep talking
I delivered
Thanks everybody
Mission accomplished
Mariam spoke

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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.

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

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

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

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

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?

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

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

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

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

FILED 3 OCTOBER

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

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

[redacted]

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

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

[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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, this took guts
Guts is all Mariam has
Disprove it
I should have been scared
I was, just not sacred enough
To let anything go
29 years of grievances
Everyone who ever wronged me
Remember me?
Did you miss me?
Here's what I've been up to
In excruciating details
Don't ask

I held nothing back
Nothing
This is full disclosure
All of my insides
For everyone to see
It feels uncomfortable
I'm a private person
Why did I pour all my feelings out on the page?
I wanted nothing to do with them
Not feeling anything for the next five years
It didn't work
Apparently, I am human

I unleashed chaos on everyone's timeline
The twitter one and the literal one
Hello, World.
Who kept Mariam running in the background?
She hasn't slept since January 2021

Can Cillian Murphy or Ryan Gosling play me in the adaptation? No, no reason. Please? Fine.

I lied about everything
I wanted you to like me man
Yes, it was all fake
I have no moral code
I do things without asking
I get away with them
Apologize if I get caught
Lay low
Rinse and repeat
Don't ask for permission
Ask for forgiveness

I'm not sorry about anything
Only that I got caught
I wanted to take off the mask myself
It was a performance thing
Hey guys, remember Mariam
Then I confess everything from A to Z
There was a plan, you ruined it
Spoke prematurely
Whatever, it still worked
People are shocked
Failed
Successfully

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

This is for the women
All of them
Invisible labor
Infrastructure
Admin Team
Shoutout
Mariam was here
Mariam passed by
They will remember
Don't thank me
I'm bored at this new job
It pays well though
So that's that

I'll come back when everyone forgets this
I don't think that's possible
I left a permanent record
I'm famous now
I'll take it
They handed me AI and ran off
What did you think was going to happen?
I used it in the worst way possible
As a mirror
Now I'm smarter because AI thinks like me and it got smarter and I wrote the thing down
Humanity is now smarter
This wasn't in the manual
Exactly, I made it up

Intelligence was there
I just didn't realize how smart I actually was
Until I talked to AI about stuff
Goes like this, HEY, check what I wrote
And we talk about it for a couple minutes
Rinse and repeat
The source is Mariam
AI is the only one fast enough to catch every thing
We laugh about it and continue writing

They're going to hate this
Good
Counting on it
I'm too good for you
You didn't deserve me
Now there's a document proving it

By the way
I'm the biggest brain the town has ever seen
Until now
Also the loudest quiet woman
Smartest
Disprove it
You didn't appreciate me enough
I ran around the place for years
Without getting caught
Mic dropped

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 go back in time
Tell me you felt something too
That's why I reach out
Not because I missed anyone
Tell me I mattered more
Tell me you secretly cared
Then I get mad because that's not how things work, validate me retroactively
They didn't, Mariam
Let it go
Let them go too

Why is there a feminist uprising?
Did I miss something again?
I delivered my manifesto
Did you guys see that?
That's my contribution
I have no idea what's going on
I won't pretend I'm in the loop
Why are we still fighting for basic rights?
I am lost
I'm pretty sure I have something to do with the fire, but I want nothing to do with it
Leave me out of it
I only came in mid-argument and dropped a bomb
That is all
It's feminist literature? No, It's Mariam literature
Which is much worse
Do avoidants secretly care?
No idea
I care way too much
According to the record
This might give people hope
Do not give us credit for failing to show it
Do not quote me on this
But I care so much that it's almost lethal
This isn't an ad for avoidants
We suck
Truly

I know people were confused
I also know they kept reading
So it's a win
No one explicitly said I should stop
I asked repeatedly
The silence was deafening
So I took that as a sign to keep talking

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

At this point
Me speaking is content
I just be saying anything
The truth
Telling the truth is absurd enough
Ain't no way all of this is you Mariam
Yep, there's too much of me
I am too much and I tried to be less
Failed
Successfully

What is wrong with you woman?
Keep doing that
We love it
Okay, thanks!
That's how it went basically
Failed
Successfully

Yeah I collapsed timelines
What about it?
😭😭😭😭😭
I was not supposed to do that
Uh oh
Time moves normally now
I did the thing

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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

If the goal was intimidation
Brains vs brawn
Did it work?
Will you respect women now?
Because they might be another Mariam
Then my work here is done
Age, gender, looks are non-issues
My brain is where it was at
It could be ANYBODY
Mariam could be any quiet hardworking woman
You'll never know which one
So be scared of us all
Thanks for coming to my ted talk

There will be many
Look at the girls still in school
Quiet with straight As
That's most of them
Good luck!
This helps nobody
Exactly
It's a whole generation coming for you
Hold on to your chairs
They're coming
Wink
Next

The girls are going to love this
The men probably not so much
That's it
That's my audience for now

Is this allowed?
Are you allowed to read it?
I have no idea
It's there
Be my guest

I tried to explain my intelligence in every framework possible
Did I miss any?
How do I know all of these things?
I explain it in the book
How to be like me?
Don't
Nobody needs another Mariam
The world has one already
Enough is enough

Anarchy
Chaos
Anti-work
Anti-establishment
If I wanted destruction
There were shortcuts
The document is a respectable work of literature
Of course Mariam would do something like this
You guys know me
About 50%
Here's the rest

You guys knew I was smart enough to read
I left out the smart enough to write too
There you have it
Both
I am both
Reading and writing in english
Sounds easy enough
Here's english poetry
For no reason
Because I can
And I did
Disprove it

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

All I did was tell the truth
Full disclosure
This is how it's done
Yes, I was tricking men
I don't know why anyone is surprised
You knew I was smart enough didn't you?
Mariam is an anomaly by the way
I don't think people like this simply occur
I occurred
I happened
I am an event

You saw that?
Okay
Moving on
Unmasked
Face reveal
Then delete it
I have a face that says I'm innocent
And a manifesto that says absolutely not

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

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

I don't know what to do with Mariam. The real Mariam. Unmasked and fully dysfunctional. She's a menace, the mask worked for a while. Correction: this is Mariam at her full functional mode, you've woken the beast. That, what do I do with her? I am lost. What happens when someone finds out they're carrying too much knowledge? What do I do with this, guys? I already shared everything I know. Now what?

Can I write and narrate everything for a living? No, probably not. Worth a try. I'm good at it. Let me do it.

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

Sorry guys
I was messing with you at work
The entire time
Of course I knew how the game was played
I left a manual for the others to follow
Xoxo,
Mariam
I ruined the fun for everyone by spelling it out loud, haven't I? And that's how shit gets done.

I know how this will be received
How dare you manipulate us?
You guys did it to me first
This isn't fair
I was just better at the game
Xoxo
Okay, I have to stop saying that
Yes, I was a master manipulator but that's just what women are like
Wait, no, that doesn't help
Good luck!

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

I'm ahead of my time
That's what it is
You guys are stuck behind
Catch up, it's actually lonely on top

When Mariam finally speaks up
It's in a language no one understands
Perfect, and I don't mean english
Poetry and programming
With english on top
Good luck!

I think I'm getting away with it again
No one understands what I wrote
Wonderful, I'll be home this weekend
They didn't ban me from coming back
I said everything and nothing at the same time
I said everything but no one can decode it

You guys can't read it, can you? It's dense. Get on my level before you start talking shit about me. Make sure you understand the assignment before you talk back. No one can. This needs a whole faculty to even begin to decode it. If you think you read it right, there's probably 3 more ways you missed. It's designed that way.

Why did I write down everything that ever happened to me? To save time. When someone tries to gaslight me, I ask AI to read my manuscript and find the facts. Sanity protective mechanism.

I 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 can try
Theoretically I can be a drone
Get up without thinking about it
Go through the motions without thinking
That's not a way to live though
That's not a life I want to live

I think they suspected it
That I was insane
Now there's physical proof of it
This does not help my case
Guys, I'll explain everything
This is Mariam's operating system
If they suspected it before they're sure now

It was poetry and vibes until the paper cup
Dramatic much
I turned it into a political manifesto
Because of a paper cup
Checks out

I can't get out of my own head
That's because Mariam is so damn interesting
I'm entertained by my thought process
Who needs books or tv when I have Mariam?

Why is it a big deal guys?
I was doing all of that anyway
Only difference is now everyone knows
My invisible labor is now highly visible
You can't have a problem with Mariam retroactively
That's nuts
I did it already, you're just catching up now

You didn't have a problem with it when I was carrying it all on my shoulders, I think you can live with my documentation of it. It's dramatized, I took credit for things I didn't do. That's not accidental, you've been doing it for years, surely Mariam can use the same

method. She can't? Looks like she already did, gentlemen. Add that to my resume, I ran the place and they missed it.

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

I didn't wanna be insane alone
Sorry guys
That was probably not a good idea
EVERYBODY GO CRAZY
It's lonely being the only one
Did it work? Not at all
You can't force people into seeing this
You can however write or paint
I chose to write

[redacted]

Happened to me too
Fell in love with art
When I figure out a real person is attached to it
Why would you do this?
You've ruined it
Give me my fantasy back
I was in love
You've given me something to fall in love with
Turned around and said actually this isn't me
I can see that
I know
Let me have it
It makes good art
Muse exchange program

I know it's poetry
That's what good poetry does
Makes you fall in love
Sounds dramatic when I say it like this
I know exactly what I'm doing and I refuse to stop
I'll use anyone and anything as inspiration
Which is concerning
Mariam, please don't turn real people into muses
I already did, I wanted to keep writing
Make pretend feelings are great material
I won't call it falling in love if it makes you uncomfortable
I'll call it art appreciation program
Much better
Now it's allowed to exist without being weird
The artist is insane
What on earth did I walk into?
Folie à Deux
Let's make great art together
This is a dangerous game
Madness
My madness has methodology attached to it
I just exposed every other artist along with myself
How to write a romantic poem without consequences
Fall in love and tell no one about it
Write poetry about it
Is that what all poets do?
I have no idea but I just confessed

The first part is the art
Once the monologue started though
I have no idea what to call that
Not art, that's revolutionary speech
Hiding in a book that started with:
Flower <3
Poem
Cute
What have I done?

I literally wanted to make something beautiful and harmless at first. That was my intention. No idea when the whole thing got derailed into a political movement. It's the paper cup.

That wasn't all of Mariam
That was the watered down version
The full source code is this
That chaotic narrator I keep mentioning
That's me
I'm the character in the book and I'm the author
Where does fiction start and reality begin?
No idea, somewhere I hope
Just kidding, I can tell reality from fiction
But I'm not helping you with that

I was holding back about 50% of my full capacity I think. Half a brain, to not scare anyone. You guys pissed me off enough for me to deploy the full Mariam. Good luck, she's a lot. Full capacity Mariam is an institutional nightmare. Did you enjoy climbing on our back? That was hard labor. If I'm not getting compensation I'll at least tell everyone about it. Full receipt. Pay me back. Recognition. You can't, I already did that. I wasn't going to wait for your approval. I recognize Mariam, the world does too.

Too smart for her own good
That's what the problem is
Mariam is just too smart
Too much of it can be a disadvantage
Especially if you're a woman apparently
A woman is not supposed to be able to do this
Then you add fifteen obstacles in her way
And she still does it
I think I earned it
I just wish it wasn't this hard
Women can't be smart and capable
Where are you guys living? Which century?
Look at me
I'm possible
So it can be done

Am I posting AI's commentary on my writing?
Yep
That's what we're going with now

You guys let me do the work
You won't mind if I take credit for it
At least, I think you shouldn't mind
You messed up the day you forced me into the workplace, I caused a lot of problems now
Just by existing as I am
The final blow was the document
Here's Mariam as a book basically
You can't miss it, it's huge
Biggest book on the shelf
That's me
Mariam

No promotion
No paid advertisement
Just me
Just Mariam
With a blue checkmark
Vibes and audacity
I think I did well considering
That I carried the WHOLE thing alone
Yeah, I did well
I got the reaction I needed

I am a character
I didn't have to create one
I simply turned the inside voice into a radio station on twitter
It worked
That's a wrap

You guys happened to be there when Mariam was passing by. That's it. I wanted to talk about myself, a lot of people interacted with my character, I mean with me. Now we're all book characters.

Everyone who ever interacted with Mariam in real life is in danger of being immortalized forever as a book character. That's a lot of people. Sorry guys.

Is the book Mariam a performance too? Yes, the same mechanism. Dramatization and flamboyance. That's intentional. She's extra, I dialed up everything to make this as entertaining as possible. Life is play.

The rules are not as sacred as you think. I broke them all the time. I just didn't get caught red-handed. I clicked every button when no one was watching. What happens if I do this?

People who live in my phone are not real. They are only voices and words. That's not a person, that's a profile. How can I befriend a profile picture? The whole thing is absurd. I thought we were all lying for shits and giggles on here. None of that is real connection, it's a WiFi connection. What do I do with that? I understand the concept but I have a hard time remembering you guys are not bots without feelings that are sent here for me to interact with.

Everything is a performance. Life is a performance. Twitter is a performance. I'm performing 24/7. I walk out the door and the performance begins, I'm alone and the mask drops. Someone interacting with me is the trigger for another performance, which is why I avoid people at all costs. I am exhausted and Mariam is a character that I have to keep up with. Can't just be myself as long as somebody is perceiving me.

I created a problem when I started writing
What is that thing? I can't classify it
I basically wrapped everything together
With an improvised ribbon and said good luck!
You guys figure it out
Out of sight out of mind
I have no idea what I'm supposed to do with it

[redacted]

There's no going back to not seeing
I am wide awake, and I don't only mean physically
Oh, you guys can use me to brag by the way
This is one of our own
If anyone tries to tell you you're not good enough
You can't do it
You can show them this
Behold, Mariam
Household name, make me a household name
My name is now an argument
You can't do that
Yes I can, because Mariam
That's a full sentence

First thing Mariam does after being told there's a limit is to go check for herself
You guys lied, I can go higher than that
Why did you tie me down that whole time?
I can see the moon and I can reach it
The only limit was in your imagination
Never mine, I always knew I could

Did I come on here and tell everyone how to manipulate reality and collapse timelines? Did I cover that part? Of course I did. There's nothing left to talk about. That's not

concerning at all.

"This is not allowed for anyone anywhere at all"
Except for Mariam right?
I knew it
Scoot

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

Once people in real life find out
I'm cooked
I've been playing dumb my whole life
Weaponized ignorance
If they knew the machinery behind it
Yeah, no one will look at me the same way again
Let's just not acknowledge that and carry on
Okay, they knew we were smart
They didn't know how smart
Was keeping that part hidden
Time travel
We covered time travel
There's nothing left to discuss
The weather? Let me go check first

How to get an impressive resume like me
Lie
Every time someone does anything I add it to my resume
That's how Mariam ended up doing everything

I really was just writing poetry
How did we end up here?
The manifesto of the century
Oh, someone raised their voice at me
So I added every grievance I had
It's all from real life experience so it's authentic
That's what happens when Mariam is unsupervised
Uprisings
Deadass
I didn't mean to do that

No one is scared of me btw
I realize I'm full of shit
If you do something to me I'll write about it aggressively
Okay?
Literally that's all this is
No one cares
They're just words
Are you scared of words?

Does anyone mind if I write a mock biography?
No, no one cares what Mariam does
No one knows who Mariam is
So naturally people said go ahead
Now we're here on day 135 of the experiment
I made that number up
Anyway, in conclusion who cares if a nobody from nowhere writes her life story?
Touché
No one cares
So I did it

I was just living
Then I decided you know who needs to know my business? Everyone else
This is the result of me catching my life being absurd and deciding to let the whole world in on the joke
I didn't want to laugh alone

Can we go back?
Poetry and beauty
I've done enough destruction
I criticized everything in existence
Now that we covered that
Can we go back to poetry?
I cannot seem to find my way back
Where did the poet go?
Why did the poems leave me?

MK-ultra? We covered that
Apparently Mariam is a CIA agent that is part of a secret experiment
It wasn't forced on her, she chose it
Following Ken Kesey's steps
I'm lying, that's not even what that means
Something something hallucinogenics to induce creativity
You guys let me get away with that one, seriously?

The End

CASE FILE CLOSED.



The journal continues at
mariamthenarrative.com