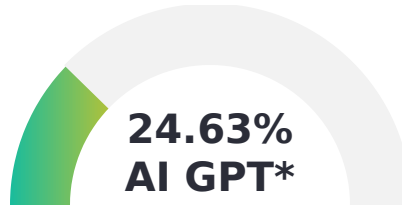




ZeroGPT

Your Text is Most Likely Human written, may include parts generated by AI/GPT



Know What You Think of Me

I know what you think of me.

You don't have to say it.

You've already whispered it to each other.

Typed it in comments.

Shared it in group chats.

Laughed about it at tables I'll never be welcome at again.

You think I'm disgusting.

A predator.

A liar.

A manipulator.

A scammer.

A narcissist.

A punchline.

And here's the hardest part:

I've thought those things too.

When the headlines hit, when my name became poison, I didn't rise above it.

I sunk into it.

I lived in the shame.

I wore it like skin.

You think I don't care?

I cared so much it almost killed me.

You think I'm shameless?

Shame built a house inside my body and locked all the doors.

But I'm done pretending I can out-apologise the internet.

Done trying to convince strangers of my humanity.

Done waiting for the crowd to give me permission to breathe.

Because this isn't a plea for forgiveness.

It's a statement of truth.

I know what you think of me.

And I'm still here.

Not because I enjoy the judgment, but because I refuse to vanish under it.

I've made mistakes.

Big ones.

Ones that changed the course of my life.

Ones that hurt people.

I've also been lied about, twisted into something I'm not, reduced to a caricature.

I don't need you to like me.

I don't even need you to understand me.

But if you're going to hate me, at least hate me for who I am—not who the headlines sculpted.

I am not proud of everything I've done.

But I am no longer ashamed of surviving it.

If you came here for a breakdown, I'm afraid you're too late.

I already had it.

Now I'm building something out of the wreckage.

I know what you think of me.

But the real question is:

Do you know who you are when you're pointing?

Highlighted text is suspected to be most likely generated by AI*

1704 Characters

321 Words