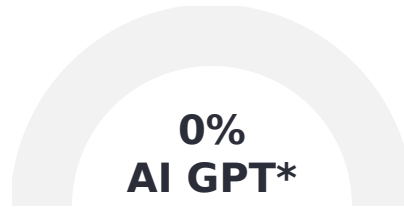




# ZeroGPT

## Your Text is Human Written



I Was a Father Before I Was a Headline

There was a time when my life was quieter.

Before the chaos.

Before the shame.

Before the world decided who I was.

I was just a dad.

Not a perfect one.

Not always present in the way I should've been.

But there was love there—raw, ridiculous, soft-edged love that made me want to be better.

And when the headlines came,  
when the laughter started,  
when the judgment poured in like acid rain—

That's what I grieved first.

Not the money.

Not the project.

Not the reputation.

The title I lost was "Dad."

I still remember moments you don't.  
The way your hand fit in mine.  
The sound of your voice before the world complicated it.  
The way you looked at me like I mattered—before I didn't.

And it hurts more than anything that the version of me you may carry now  
is the one the internet sculpted.

Because you didn't sign up for that.  
You didn't ask to be part of the fallout.  
You didn't choose any of this.

I never stopped loving you.  
Even when I couldn't show up.  
Even when I was broken and bitter and half-human.

I still think about the dad I wanted to be—  
and wonder if there's still time to become him.

Not for forgiveness.  
Not to erase what's already been missed.

But just to sit beside you one day,  
not as the man who failed,  
but as the man who stood back up.

– Billy Coull

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

**1324 Characters**

**252 Words**