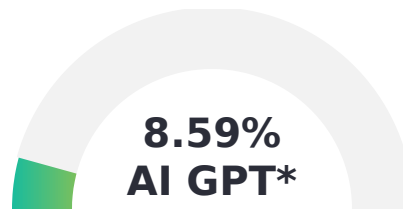




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Willy Wonka Event Organizer Is a Registered Sex Offender Who Wrote Vaccine Conspiracy Books Using AI

This article is my personal response to public reporting. The original headline is preserved for accuracy. The voice is mine.

I know what that headline sounds like.

It reads like a punchline. Like satire.

Like someone combined every public red flag into one man and called it “Billy Coull.”

But here’s what that headline doesn’t do:

It doesn’t tell the whole story.

And that’s why I’m writing this.

Yes, I was the organiser of the Glasgow Willy Wonka Experience.

Yes, it fell apart.

Yes, I wrote books. Many of them strange. Some of them shaped by AI.

And yes—I am now on the sex offenders register.

Let me speak to that directly.

After the event collapsed and my name became a meme, I spiralled.

Everything around me had already broken—my relationship, my mental health, my

sense of direction.

I was still speaking to the woman I loved. We had history. Seven years of it. Some of that contact was mutual. Some of it was strained. But I didn't disappear. And neither did she.

In the worst emotional state I've ever been in, I sent her photos and videos that were inappropriate.

Through Snapchat, I sent:

A photo of myself in underwear

A striptease video

A more explicit image—commonly called a “dick pic”

Alongside those, I used words I now understand hit differently than I meant. Things like:

“Sugar lips”

“Sweet cheeks”

“Little charmer” — a nickname I had always used for her, even when we were together

And yes, I wrote:

“I am a wolf, and you are my prey.”

Out of context, I understand how it reads.

But context matters.

That line was metaphorical. It was part of a longer string of messages where I was trying—foolishly—to express something raw.

The message I sent straight after was this:

“I will win you back.”

It wasn't violent. It wasn't threatening. It was desperate.

A man trying to salvage a connection that no longer existed.

Trying, badly, to be seen. To be wanted again.

I failed. I failed as a partner. I failed as a man who should've known when to step away.

And I don't blame her for reporting it. She was right to.

What I sent crossed a line.

The court gave me a sentence.

Supervision. Community payback. Registration.

I didn't appeal it. I didn't minimise it.

I accepted it. I still live under it.

What hurts isn't the headline. It's the fact that it skips everything else.

It skips the fact that I was already homeless.

That I had no safety net.

That I was trying to reach out to the one person I still felt connected to.

I'm not writing this for sympathy.

I'm writing it because if people are going to judge me—and they will—they should at least know what they're judging.

So yes, I wrote strange books.

Yes, I tried using AI.

Yes, I failed spectacularly in more ways than one.

But I am not the cartoon villain that Rolling Stone painted.

I'm not a predator. I'm not a manipulator. I'm not a scammer hiding behind tech.

I'm just someone who broke—and is trying to rebuild.

This isn't a comeback.

It's a reckoning.

And it's mine.

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

3084 Characters

545 Words