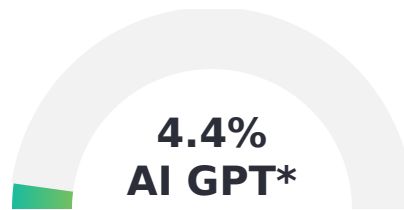




# ZeroGPT

## Your Text is Human Written



I read that headline over and over again when it first dropped.  
It wasn't the shock that got me—it was the finality.  
Like someone else had written the ending to my story without ever reading the first chapter.

Yes, I was placed on the sex offenders register.

Yes, I pleaded guilty.

Yes, I sent messages and images I shouldn't have.

But what that headline doesn't tell you is everything that came before it—and everything that came after.

At the time, I was spiralling. The Wonka event had collapsed, and so had my life.  
The partner I loved had left me.

I was living between places, barely holding on to sanity.

I was grieving the death of a relationship and the destruction of who I thought I was supposed to become.

We were still speaking. Me and her. Even after the breakup.

Not every day, not always kindly, but there was still contact. Still... something.

And in that mess of hope and pain and denial, I did something that crossed the line.

I sent messages that were sexual in nature.

I tried to get a reaction, to stir something, to feel close again—even if it was all wrong.

It wasn't predatory.  
It wasn't about power.  
It was desperation in its ugliest form.

When the case went to court, I didn't run. I didn't lie.  
I admitted what I'd done.  
And the court gave me a sentence—supervision, community payback, registration.  
I accepted it. I still live under it.  
Because I believe if you do something wrong, you face it. You take it on the chin. You grow.

But the media didn't stop at the facts.  
They gave me a name: "sex pest." "Offender." "Monster."  
They made me viral again—but this time, not for chocolate and tarps, but for shame.

What they didn't say—what they never say—is that I've already paid.  
Not just legally. Not just in court.  
But personally, privately, in places most people will never have to live through.

I lost my home.  
I lost my voice.  
I lost any illusion I had left about how forgiveness works in the public eye.

I'm not here to play victim.  
I hurt someone.  
And I'm sorry for that.

But I'm not a predator. I'm not a danger to strangers on the street.  
I'm a man who broke when everything else fell apart.

And maybe the public has a right to know what happened—

but they also have a right to know what didn't.

That's why I built this site. That's why I'm writing these words.

Not to erase what I did—

but to make sure the next sentence in my story is finally written by me.

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

**2410 Characters**

**441 Words**