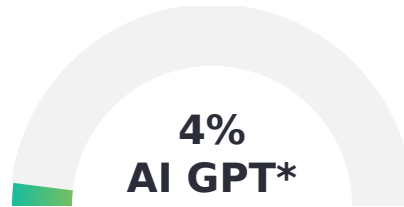




# ZeroGPT

## Your Text is Human Written



Humiliation doesn't happen online.  
It happens in your body.

In your gut when you step onto the same bus route you took before the memes.  
In your shoulders when someone whispers your name in Tesco.  
In your spine when you feel someone look—and quickly look away.

My name is Billy Coull.  
And yes, I'm the one who failed publicly in Glasgow.  
But I'm also the one who stayed.

### □ The Architecture of Shame

The collapse didn't just destroy an event.  
It built a kind of cage.  
Out of:

Headlines

Twitter threads

YouTube roasts

Comment sections

Court summaries stripped of all humanity

Glasgow became a city I both loved and feared.  
Because it knew me—the wrong me.

☞ What It's Like to Be Seen

Not applauded.  
Not respected.  
Just seen—as the guy from that thing.  
The one who tried and failed.  
The one with the record.  
The one people talk about at the pub like he's not a person anymore.

I walked through streets I used to feel safe in and suddenly felt naked.

That's what public humiliation feels like.  
It's not the noise.  
It's the silence.

☞ What I Did With That Pain

I didn't fight it.  
I didn't deny it.  
I wrote it down.

In The Library of Shadows  
In My Truth.  
In therapy.  
In supervision.

In moments where I didn't know if I deserved to still be part of the world—but I stayed anyway.

📌 This Post Isn't About Redemption

It's about reality.

The weight of public humiliation is heavy.  
But it can become something else:

A journal

A confession

A mirror

A myth retold from the inside out

So if you searched "Billy Coull Glasgow"  
hoping to find a ghost—  
Sorry.

I'm still here.  
And I'm not hiding anymore.

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

**1623 Characters**

**290 Words**