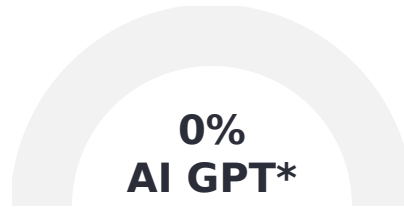




ZeroGPT

Your Text is Human Written



Some cities break you.

Glasgow burned me—but it also gave me back to myself.

I'm Billy Coull.

And this is the last post in this series, but not the last page in the story.

□ The Fire

It started with a vision.

A surreal AI event.

A theatrical experiment that fell apart.

A meme before it was a moment.

A collapse so loud I could hear it in the way people said my name.

And then it spread:

To the media

To strangers

To my inbox

To the courtroom

What began in Glasgow didn't end in Glasgow.
It echoed.

⚖ The Sentence

I pled guilty to a personal mistake—one that had nothing to do with the event, but everything to do with emotional breakdown.

The sentence was:

Community Payback

Supervision

The Register

But the punishment wasn't just legal.

It was public.

It was psychic.

It was something you carry into every corner shop and every conversation.

□ The Forgiveness

Not from the media.

Not from most people.

But from Glasgow itself.

From:

The friend who looked me in the eye instead of looking away

The social worker who didn't flinch

The stranger who didn't whisper

The therapist who didn't blink

The page that kept taking my words, even when I thought I had none left

Forgiveness didn't come in a single gesture.

It came in stillness.

In space.

In staying.

□ What I've Learned From This City

Glasgow holds contradictions:

It shames you and shelters you

It whispers and listens

It burns and rebuilds

It doesn't forget.

But sometimes—it lets you start again anyway.

✍️ So Why Write This?

Because if you're Googling "Billy Coull Glasgow"

you're probably looking for one of two things:

Fire

Forgiveness

Here's both.

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

1656 Characters

282 Words