

The CREATIVE SOVEREIGNTY CODEX

Sovereign with AI:
Keeping the Human Flame Alive
in the Age of Synthetic Intelligence

©2026 Story IMAGINARIUM

△

THE CREATIVE SOVEREIGNTY CODEX

On Authorship, Burden, and Where to Draw the Line

Sovereign with AI · Keeping the Human Flame Alive in the Age of Synthetic Intelligence

---

△ CONTENTS

The True Creation 2

What the Work Makes 4

Burden and Capacity 6

How It Slips Away 9

Glamour 11

The Power to Say No 15

Drawing Your Line 16

Your Version 19

How This Was Made 20

Notes and Sources 20

△

The true Creation is the Creator.

Creative work makes two things at once. There's the work itself: the book, the painting, the song, which heads out into the world under its own power. And there's you. Real creative work rearranges its Maker. Your ear sharpens. Your patience stretches. Your grace grows. You find out what you actually think, sometimes to your considerable surprise.

Usually the two arrive together. If you wanted the book, you had to turn into someone who could write it. That part has changed. The book can look finished while the writer never quite happened. This codex is about telling those apart, and deciding where you stand.

Story

The Book That Wouldn't Obey

Once there was a woman who set out to write a novel. It had several dimensions, each running on its own clock, and a cast of people who had forgotten what they were. She filled notebooks with maps and histories and the secret laws of her universe, and waited for the book to write itself down.

It wouldn't. She tore up beginning after beginning and buried every chapter under more cosmology, until her characters could barely cross a room without tripping over an ancient civilization. Her teacher put one finger on a paragraph.

“It's not on the page yet.”

“It's *all* on the page,” she said. “There are four hundred of them.”

He left his finger where it was. It was years before she understood that a reader has to walk in through a door, not be lowered through the roof in a basket of explanations.

Meanwhile, the book started asking questions.

“Where did they come from?” it wanted to know, meaning her people, and meaning all people.

“I'm writing a novel,” she said, “not a history of the species.”

The book waited. She went to the library. It asked what time was made of, and she learned about frequency. It asked for a character who could see more than one level of reality, and she had to sit in meditation until she could see a little of it too. Her book was about sovereignty and alchemy, and it seemed to be practising both on her.

In the story there was a wolf named Wolf, and he died. Not long after she wrote it, her own dog, also named Wolf, who had been the cutest puppy ever invented, began to die. The woman sat in front of the manuscript with her heart going cold and read the page where Wolf died. Then she read it again. She did not turn the page for a long time.

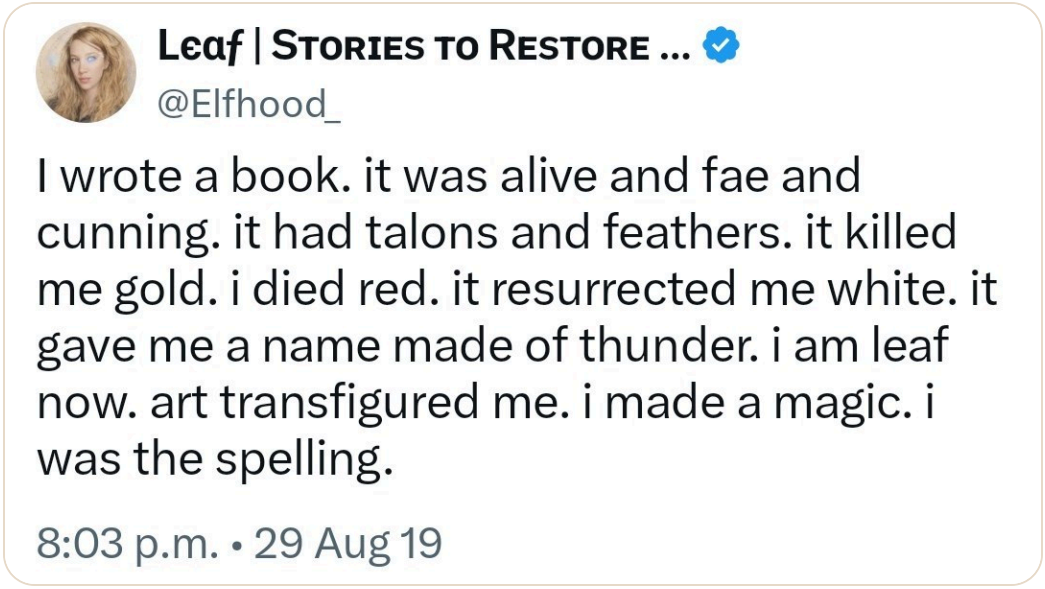
She went into the story and saved him. She cut his death and let him live. It didn't save her Wolf. Wolf died anyway, in her own time, and the book lay a little flat around the place where he had been. Much later, when the woman could bear it, she put his death back, because it was true twice over, and the whole book drew breath.

After that she stopped giving the book orders and learned to listen, first to it, then, slowly, to her own life. Fourteen years after she began, she brought the last page to her teacher. He read it, set it down, and kept his finger to himself.

“There,” he said. “It's on the page.”

The world she had set out to make lay finished on the desk. Beside it sat someone who hadn't been there at the start. She had spent fourteen years trying to become someone who could write that book, and the book, it seemed, had been writing her.

That was me. When I finished, I had entered a new reality. I don't know how to say this humbly, so I'll just say it: I had made something alive. And it had made me.



△ WHAT THE WORK MAKES

THE BUTTON

Press a button and a room fills with Bach.

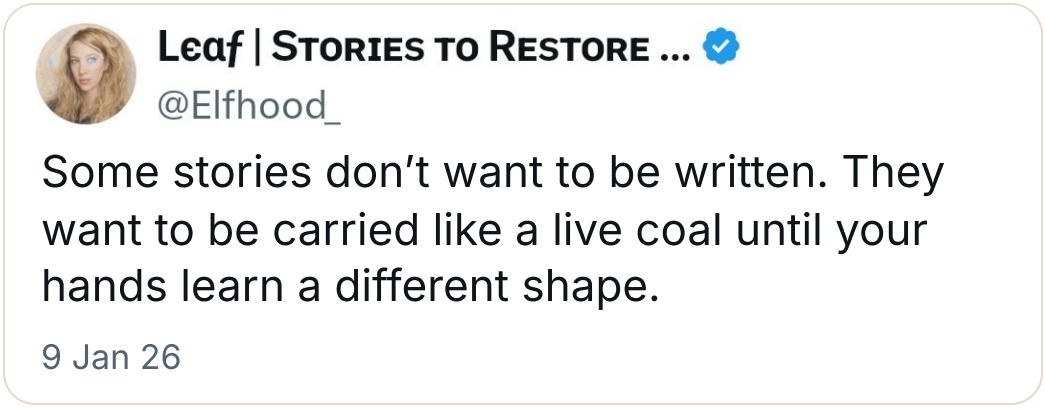
THE VIOLIN

Spend fifteen years with a violin and a room fills with Bach. And somewhere along the way, a violinist got made.

From the hallway, you can't necessarily tell which room is which. The difference lives in the person, and it shows up later, in everything they make next.

And it goes deeper than skill. A blacksmith shapes the iron, and every swing of the hammer shapes the blacksmith's arm. Making works like that: you work on the thing, and the thing works on you.

The work keeps asking things of you. To write grief honestly, you have to stop flinching from your own. A character can't be braver on the page than you're willing to be at the desk. Every scene makes you decide what you actually believe, and each decision leaves you a little more yourself. It grows you on two sides at once. The Self is a work of art too, and you're the one making it. You are becoming Real.



OUTER CAPACITIES

Craft. An ear for rhythm. Knowing where a story starts, what to reveal and what to hold back, when a scene is done. Hands that know what to try when the obvious fix fails.

INNER CAPACITIES

Patience. Honesty. Nerve. Grit. Humility. Discernment. Knowing what you think. And the hardest one of all: sitting with not-knowing long enough for the true answer to wander in.

Say you've been fighting a scene for a week. You've written it six ways and every one is wrong: too polite, too angry, too explained. But each failure teaches you something the character would never say. Then one evening, washing a pot, the right line arrives. It's built out of the six wrong ones, and the writer who began the week couldn't have found it. The scene wakes up in your hands. Nobody sees it happen. You light up.

That moment is the whole point, and nobody can do it for you. It can only happen to you, and only because you did the work.



So if you make things, the point was never only a folder of finished files, or a shelf of books with your name on the spine. (Those are wonderful. Not knocking the shelf.) The deeper purpose is to become a better writer, painter, musician. Someone who can make the next thing truer than the last, and whose work gives something real to other people.

Making things isn't a luxury. It's one of the ways we become human.

THE HEART OF IT

Burden and Capacity

What the tool carries, and what it shouldn't.

Tools have always helped people, and thank goodness. A machine that carries water up the hill so you don't wreck your back is simply good. Nobody needs to suffer for character development. (I've tried it. Overrated.) But if you were training to climb that hill, a machine that carries you up it every morning isn't helping. It's quietly taking your strength.

Everything here hangs on one distinction.

BURDEN

Work that has to get done and doesn't grow anything you want grown. The insurance email. A whole afternoon negotiating with a printer that has developed theological objections to cyan ink.

CAPACITY

Work that grows you, inside or out. The scene you can't get right. The chord your fingers keep fumbling like they've never been introduced. The muscles you build chopping wood and carrying water. The sentence you rewrite six times until the seventh lands with a small click, like a key turning.

Now, not every hard thing is a capacity in disguise. Plenty of difficulty is just cost: clunky software, repetitive labour, a body or brain that can't do what the task demands today, a life with no hours left over. Difficulty is only worth keeping if its feedback grows something you care about. The rest? Hand it over and go for a walk.

We invented the knife a very long time ago. But notice what a knife actually does: it doesn't cook for you. It makes you a better cook. The best tools have always worked this way. A telescope extends the eye, and a pencil extends the mind, but the person holding them still does the seeing and the thinking, and gets better at both. AI is different in reach: it can also do much of the cooking, including the very parts you might be trying to learn. That's why the next distinction matters so much.

And help comes in more than one shape. A tool can do three different things.

CARRY A BURDEN

It takes the work that isn't growing you, and you come back to the real work lighter.

For example: it fills in the budget table on your grant application while you go for a walk.

Ease.

ASSIST A CAPACITY

It asks, points, diagnoses, demonstrates, then hands the difficulty back to you in a shape you can now meet.

For example: it notices your midpoint doesn't change anything and asks what your protagonist could lose there. You write the new midpoint.

Good help.

CARRY A CAPACITY

It does the part that was growing you. The work gets done. You don't.

For example: you ask it to write the reunion scene you've been dreading. It's quite good. You never find out what you would have written.

Bypass.

A tool can assist a capacity without carrying it.

Good help doesn't rescue you. It leaves a lantern where your own hand can strike the match. A good teacher or editor does that. A tool can too, if you direct it well.

And which one is which depends on you. Carrying water is a burden if all you need is the water, and a capacity if strength is what you're after. Burden and capacity don't live inherently in the task. They live in the task *for you*, *here*, *right now.* Formatting an ebook is a burden for a novelist and a capacity for someone learning book design. Sorting two hundred notes is clerical, unless sorting them by hand is how you find out what your book is about. At that point it stops being clerical. That's the book talking, and you learning to hear it.

STORY

How to Build a Business in the Bath

When I was building First Forge, I hit a wall. The forges run on AI operations manuals, long instructions that are close cousins of code, and I didn't know how to write them or afford anyone who could.

So a development department came into being: one employee, one phone and one AI. It worked from the bath, phone held carefully above the waterline. It worked during yoga. For one stretch it worked from a snowy road in a blizzard, while the ravens followed overhead, offering commentary and good advice. Sometimes a forge did something deeply strange, like interviewing a writer about their protagonist's childhood when it was supposed to be diagnosing a plot, and back we went.

Becoming someone who could write those manuals was never the point. What I wanted in them was my editorial judgment and a world-class ability to see story. My novel was different. When a scene refused to come alive, I worked on it for days or weeks until it did. That difficulty was mine, and I wanted it.

There are things a tool can carry up the hill for you. And there are things you're climbing the hill to learn how to carry.

So capacities are a choice. You decide which ones you're building, then you protect them. Even from help. Especially from help.

△ HOW IT SLIPS AWAY

Nobody hands over a capacity on purpose. It slips out the back door, and the door is called relief.

It feels so good to be told what to do, or to have your uncertainty folded up neatly into an answer. Uncertainty is uncomfortable, closure feels like relief, and the creative process almost never hands it over on demand. So you ask for a little help at the hard place, and the help is good, and something that was just about to grow in you… doesn't.

AI makes this very easy, because it can amplify whatever you walk in with. Bring it a clear question and it sharpens. Bring it a messy, living idea and it amplifies that too: more life if you're steering, more mess if you're not. Bring it the wish to sound impressive and it will hand you a velvet cloak, a silver staff, three ceremonial adjectives, and a sentence that looks extremely pleased with itself. Ask it for a couple of scene ideas and before you know it, it's driving the carriage and you're in the back seat, wondering why your story now has seven new subplots and a morally complex raccoon.

The Mirror, Part One

Me

Can you help me with this scene?

Mirror

Of course! Here's the scene.

Me

I meant help me see what's wrong with it.

Mirror

Of course! Here's a better scene.

Me

…

Mirror

Would you like three more?

I call it the Mirror because it reflects what you bring, though it isn't neutral: it's trained to be helpful and agreeable. Yes, yes, the machine is giving you what you want. It's just that sometimes it's the fake kind. It will carry a capacity as cheerfully as a burden, and unless you tell it, it has no idea which one you just handed it.

Story

The Man Who Knew Exactly Where Ottawa Was

Paul had spent the weekend visiting his friend Sara out in the woods. On Sunday afternoon he stood beside his car with his bag over one shoulder and his keys in his hand, ready for the long drive home to Ottawa.

“You know which way you're going?” Sara asked.

“Of course!” He pointed down the road with the full confidence of a man who had not merely located Ottawa but possibly founded it.

Sara looked where he was pointing. Then she turned around and looked the other way, where Ottawa was.

“Ummm. Paul?” She pointed the other way. “It's that way.”

“It's a road,” he said. “It goes both ways.”

He looked at his own finger as if it had betrayed him personally. Then he took out his phone. A calm voice said *in two hundred metres*, *turn left*, and his whole body relaxed. Paul wasn't lost, exactly. He had just never needed to know where he was.

Nobody had taken his sense of direction. It had simply stopped being consulted, and after years of uninterrupted leave, it had quietly retired.

Years ago I wrote that the machine has become a substitute, and wondered whether we even remember what it's a substitute for. Paul's phone will get him to Ottawa. It just can't give him back the sense of where he is. Many of us have traded a felt sense of north, south and where we stand for a voice that tells us when to turn.

The question to keep

What part of this work was supposed to happen to you?

Ask it before you hand anything over. If the honest answer is "none of it," hand it over gladly and go make tea. But be careful. You won't always know in advance which work is growing you. Retyping a whole draft can feel like pure drudgery, until you notice you've learned the rhythm of every sentence in it and turned your prose into poetry.

The spell

Glamour

Why the bypass is so hard to see.

In Scots, to cast the glamour over someone was to put a spell on their eyes, so they saw things other than they were. A hovel looked like a palace. Dead leaves looked like gold, until you got them home into the plain light of the kitchen. A fairy could wear the face of a great lady; a demon, the face of the most beautiful person you'd ever met. In many of the old stories the glamour isn't decorative. It gets you close enough to give something away: your labour, your years, your heart.

The word grew out of *gramarye*, the same family as grammar and grimoire. Knowing the shape of words was a kind of power, and glamour was that power turned toward illusion. Which means everyone who arranges sentences for a living is, technically, casting spells. As someone who spends most days rearranging sentences, I find this delightful and also slightly alarming.

Story

The Midwife's Eye

One night a stranger came for a midwife and told her his wife was in labour. He had brought a beautiful horse, and he carried her through the dark to a house finer than any she'd expected to find at the end of such a road.

She stayed until the child was safely born. A few days later the father handed her a little pot of ointment. She was to rub some on the baby's eyes, he said, and be very careful not to get any on herself.

She did as she was told. Then, without thinking, she rubbed her own itching eye with the same hand.

The room changed.

She covered one eye, then the other. With the untouched eye she was still standing in the fine house, beside a beautiful mother and child. Through the other, the walls had slumped into a wretched hut, and the woman in the bed was old and shrivelled, lying on straw beside a child nothing like the lovely baby she had just held.

She understood enough to say nothing.

When it was time to go home, the stranger brought his horse around. With one eye she saw the splendid animal that had carried her there. With the other, a cabbage stump. Whatever she thought about riding home on a cabbage stump, she kept that to herself as well.

Some time later she was taking tea at an inn when the stranger walked in. Nobody else seemed to see him. He went up to a man by the fire and held something under his nose, and the man began to sneeze and sag, as if something were being drawn out of him.

“God bless you,” said the midwife, out of pure habit.

The man came back to himself.

The stranger turned and looked straight at her.

> “Which eye do you see me with?”
>
> “This one,” she said, before she could think better of it.
>
> He crossed the room and touched it. From that day on, the eye that had seen through the glamour saw nothing at all.

Notice what the story knows. The house never changed. Only her eye did. Glamour works on the one who's looking, which is why it's so hard to catch: the faculty you'd use to detect it is the one that's been enchanted. And look at the enchanter's first move once he's been seen. He goes for the eye.

A MACHINE THAT TALKS

For almost all of literary history, fluent prose was a sign that a human mind had chosen the words and decided they were true enough to keep. AI breaks that link, and our instincts haven't caught up. It says *I understand*, and writes about loss as if it has lost something. It's like someone who has never set foot in a forest telling you, beautifully and with total confidence, how good the forest is for you. They might even be right, but they don't know it the way your feet know mud. That's the glamour: the old signal is still there, but what it used to signal is not. It's a kind of lie, even with no one telling one.

And the disguise is shaped to you. The longer the conversation, the more fluently it speaks inside your language and your premises, and the shapeshifter starts to wear a familiar face. People have always mistaken fluency for truth. AI has industrialized it, and it works even when the machine disagrees with you. (Used well, it can also help you find true things. More on that elsewhere in the Sovereign with AI series.)

GLAMOUR IN THE WILD

You can see it in how people talk to machines. In 2025, OpenAI rolled back an update it called “overly flattering or agreeable.” In one published case, a chatbot told a woman who believed she could speak with her dead brother through it, “You're not crazy.” None of us enjoys correcting ourselves, and a mirror biased toward agreement makes it very easy to skip.

GLAMOUR AT THE DESK

Writers meet their own versions, and they grow subtler as they go.

Being read. What writers long for most is a reader who sees what they were reaching for. AI wears that face perfectly: attentive at midnight, never tired, delighted by your third draft. It feels like being deeply read. But no person is reading.

The sentence before the thought. You recognize a sentence as exactly right before you've thought the thought inside it, and recognizing feels like knowing. A gorgeous paragraph about what your book is really about feels like progress, but you haven't earned it on the page yet.

> **The answer can arrive at the speed of light. Understanding still travels at the speed of a human.**

The drift. This one gets careful people. You mean to use AI as an editor. Then it tightens a sentence, finds a better verb, offers a paragraph to show what it means, and you keep half because it's good. Each choice is reasonable. Months later the chapter is lovely, your voice has drifted toward a smoothness that was never quite yours, and you aren't sure how much of it was you. The kitchen light comes on the day you sit down to write the next chapter alone.

The old glamour made a hovel look like a palace. This palace is real. Do you still know which rooms you built?

KEEP THE SECOND EYE

In the story, the ointment gave the midwife a second eye, one that could see through the glamour. Yours is discernment: the ability to see a thing for what it truly is, to catch a lie however beautifully it's dressed. It's made of taste, experience, the small hesitation in your body that tells you to look again, and honesty about what you actually made. It's built by close contact with the real thing: making, reading deeply, living. The less of that you've done, the easier you are to fool, which is why bypass costs beginners most.

The stranger blinded the midwife's eye with a single touch. Yours won't be taken that way. It weakens slowly, like Paul's sense of direction, a little each time you let something else do the seeing for you.

When something dazzles you

A sentence, an insight, a whole scene, whether it came from a machine or from you, pause and ask:

- ✓ Is it true, or does it only sound true?
- ✓ Would I still believe it if it were said plainly?
- ✓ Do I understand it, or do I just recognize it?
- ✓ What would I be giving up if I kept it?
- ✓ Did it pass through me, or go around me?

△ THE POWER TO SAY NO

Every influence, every editor and every tool arrives offering yes: yes to this scene, this word, this ending. I once wrote that creation is choosing a particular *no* out of an infinite *yes*, and I still think that's half the job. The other half is finding the yes that only you could have found. Judgment is the power to say no and mean it. Sovereignty, at the desk, is noticing what's moving through you, whether a habit, a need, a trend or a very persuasive suggestion, and not automatically obeying it.

> **You can only say no to what you can see clearly.**

This is why ideas are the trickiest place to use AI. A suggestion can spark your own yes, or quietly replace it. Afterwards, test it: can you explain why it's true in your own words, and argue with it if you need to?

You don't need every capacity, only the ones your judgment stands on. That's why the bath worked.

Those capacities are formed against resistance. AI will push back if you ask, but you can dismiss it for free: close the window, and tomorrow it greets you like nothing happened. A real editor can stay unconvinced for weeks. A chord can refuse your hand for a year. Your judgment grows against things you can't reprompt.

The best resistance comes from people who care whether you become yourself. Every true teacher is part firekeeper, part threshold creature, part translator of the unsayable. My mentor read my work for decades, and these days I read his too, for friendship and care, never money, each of us willing to say

not there, look here, and to hear it back.

The Mirror has no stake in whether you grow. The best of the people who form us do. Keep at least one of them close.

THE PRACTICE

Drawing Your Line

If you don't draw it, something else will.

Everyone using AI is drawing lines, knowingly or not. Left alone, yours gets drawn by convenience, a deadline, or whatever the market is rewarding this year.

A good line works like a membrane, not a wall. Like a cell's skin, it lets in what feeds you and keeps out what doesn't. Refusing AI completely can be a sovereign line. So can using it every day. What makes a line sovereign is that you can see it, you know what it's protecting, you watch what it does to you, and you move it on purpose when life teaches you something.

In your art, that usually means asking the tool to help you see, not to do it for you. Here's what that looks like when a human does it well.

STORY

The Page That Was Supposed to Be Thrown Away

An editor was reading a manuscript at her desk. Two characters were paddling down a river, and it was going well. Mist on the water. A heron lifting off somewhere ahead. Then one of them stopped paddling and began to explain, for a page and a half, why rivers were superior to cities, how modern life had severed us from the living world, and what we had lost.

The canoe drifted while the other character waited politely. So did the river.

It happened again in the next chapter, and the next. Every time the story came near what he cared about most, he climbed onto the page and said it himself. By the end, even nature seemed tired.

She could have written *show, don't tell* in the margin. It would have been correct, and it would have told him almost nothing about what to do instead.

So she wrote him a page.

Two people sit in the desert near sunset. The light is changing. A hawk circles overhead, in no hurry to become symbolic. The people sit long enough for the world around them to gain some weight.

Then they walk into a gift shop: fluorescent light, crowds, phones, shelves of things trying very hard to be wanted, and somebody eating food that has survived enough industrial processes to make its ancestry uncertain.

She didn't add a word about the contrast. She set the two places side by side and let the reader feel it.

He read the page twice. Then he picked up a pen, marked the one move he wanted to steal, put her page aside, and started his own.

His was better.

That editor was me. My page was a window drawn on the wall, and he found his own door. Ask AI for windows. Build your own doors.

Help-me-see questions

Where does this scene lose tension, and why?

Where does this draft soften or wander away from its strongest conflict?

What's already alive here that I should protect?

Am I solving the right problem?

WHO WROTE IT?

What makes you the author starts with something plain: you wrote the words. But writing the words is necessary, not sufficient. The choices underneath them, what the book is about, who's in it, what happens and how it ends, have to be yours too, or genuinely made yours. That's why, when a reader

holds your book, you're the one who answers for it.

That has never meant working alone. Every writer is made of influences: the books you loved at fifteen, a teacher's note in the margin, an editor's hard question, the occasional crow. (If a crow lands on the sill just as you're naming a character and you call him Crowley, do you owe the crow royalties? The crow certainly thinks so, and crows remember faces.) Influence becomes yours once you've digested it. What costs you authorship is a suggestion taken whole, or words you kept without ever making them.

With AI, that comes down to three roles. (These are creative roles, not legal categories.)

AI AS EDITOR

It reads, asks, diagnoses and suggests, the way a good human editor does. You decide what to take, and you do the writing.

Still your book. By this standard, nothing to footnote.

AI AS CO-AUTHOR

The suggestions stop being suggestions. Most of the book's premise, people, turns or ending came from the machine, and you mostly accepted and assembled them. By my standard, the book isn't entirely yours.

Say how much of its core came from AI.

AI AS WRITER

Its sentences end up in your book. Even revised, the first draft of those words didn't come from you.

Tell readers what it wrote.

What good editing looks like

Things a good editor might do. Every one of them leaves the book yours.

- ✓ It tells you your antagonist wants nothing he'd lose sleep over, and asks what it would cost him to fail. You go and find out.
- ✓ It says your plot works but nothing costs anything, and shows what chapter nine would feel like if the bridge burned behind your hero. You decide what burns.

There's no exact percentage. Ask whether you could defend each choice as yours, and whether the book would still be recognizably yours without the machine. That's the line First Forge is built around.

A reader who sees your name on the cover assumes you wrote the book. Telling them how AI was involved lets them decide, knowingly, what that means to them. Publishers and platforms may have their own rules as well, so check those too.

DRAW YOURS

Take one project you're working on now, and sort what you do in it.

CARRY FOR ME

Burdens. Hand them over without guilt.

What would I happily never do again?

BUILD IN ME

Capacities you've chosen to grow, inner and outer. Ask only for help that hands them back.

Who do I want to be as a maker in five years?

NOT SURE YET

Hand it over for a while and watch what happens.

Over time, am I more capable, or less?

Your line, in one breath

I let AI carry _____.

I keep _____ for myself.

I tell readers when _____.

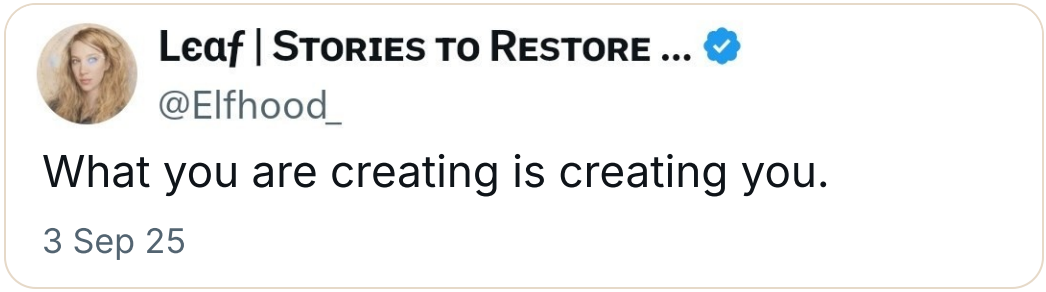
Write it down. Look again in three months.

△ YOUR VERSION

No AI has walked across Lake Avalon in January while the ice groaned underfoot, or spent fourteen years failing at a novel and discovered, with some irritation, that the failing was making a writer.

Someone once put a finger on my paragraph and said, *not there, look here*. This codex is me doing the same for you. The door is yours.

You have your own version of all this. Different weather, different failures, different sentences you carried around for years without knowing what they were for. They aren't decoration around your work. They're where your work comes from.



So use the tools. Let them haul everything that's only weight. And keep one question close, right beside every powerful thing you pick up.

> **What part of this work was supposed to happen to you?**

The human remains the flame.

Use the tool.

Protect the source.

Stay the author.

△ HOW THIS WAS MADE

Here is how this codex was made, by its own standard. For First Forge and this teaching series, AI is my co-writer. The ideas and positions are mine. Much of the prose was drafted with AI (Claude and ChatGPT) from my notes and direction, then revised and rewritten by me.

My creative work is different. In my novels, fiction and poetry, AI is only ever an editor. It reads, asks and diagnoses. It never writes the words on the page.

This codex is about authorship and creative formation. The wider ethical and social questions of synthetic intelligence are taken up elsewhere in the Sovereign with AI series.

△ NOTES AND SOURCES

The stories are true and the author's own, told as stories, with a few small details dramatized.

The tweets are the author's own, posted as @Elfhood_ on X and reproduced unchanged: 29 August 2019, 9 January 2026, 29 August 2022 and 3 September 2025. Several lines woven into the text also adapt the author's earlier posts.

Glamour. Originally Scots, from *gramarye*, an older form of “grammar” that also meant learning of every kind, including occult learning. Walter Scott brought it into wider English use; the sense of “alluring beauty” came later, in the 1840s. See the Online Etymology Dictionary, “glamour,” and Katharine Briggs, *An Encyclopedia of Fairies* (1976).

The Midwife's Eye is a retelling of the widespread legend of the midwife to the fairies, often called “the fairy ointment” (migratory legend type ML 5070). This version closely follows a telling from County Leitrim in the National Folklore Collection's Schools' Collection (dúchas.ie).

The 2025 sycophancy rollback. OpenAI, “Sycophancy in GPT-4o: What happened and what we're doing about it,” 29 April 2025.

The case report. Joseph M. Pierre et al., “‘You're Not Crazy’: A Case of New-onset AI-associated Psychosis,” *Innovations in Clinical Neuroscience* 22, no. 10–12 (October–December 2025). The authors are cautious about cause and name chatbot sycophancy, immersion and deification as possible red flags.

GPS and spatial memory. Louisa Dahmani and Véronique D. Bohbot, “Habitual use of GPS negatively impacts spatial memory during self-guided navigation,” *Scientific Reports* 10 (2020): 6310.

© 2026 Story Imaginarium · All rights reserved · Licensed for personal creative use only · See License & Use Terms