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The Strange Case of Lloyd Stevenson

FBI Field Office, Boston Massachusetts

November 17, 2025, 8:00 AM,

FBI Agent Nick Lanyon arrived at his office after a pleasant weekend trip with his family to a resort lodge in the Pocono mountains. While he enjoyed the time with his family, he dreaded the backlog of emails that awaited. In a typical weekend he would check his email frequently, but this mini-vacation provided the perfect excuse to ask his supervisor to allow him to go off the grid, except for any emergency, for a couple of days.

He entered his cubicle, sat at the desk and turned on his computer, waited for it to complete the boot cycle, then began reading his emails. Most were the usual internal announcements, some were follow-ups to his inquiries, others were for appointments. Some were junk. But one message from a university email address belonging to “Lloyd Stevenson,” was marked “URGENT.” It was sent last night around 11PM. This email intrigued him. He scanned it for threats, and seeing that it was safe, opened it.

“Agent Lanyon, I must speak with you now. Something terrible is going to happen. I can’t shut LLOYD ...he is”

There were no further emails from the sender.

“Hmm, that’s weird.”

Lanyon received strange emails like this sometimes, and he suspected this one was a prank, especially since it came from a university email address. Students sometimes sent this kind of shit, especially when they were high. But given the nature of the email he felt obliged to perform some cursory follow-up.

Lanyon conducted a quick search on Google Scholar and found a “Lloyd Osbourne Stevenson, PhD” working as a professor at a nearby university with a matching email address. Stevenson had some impressive scholarly statistics. Over the last 20 years he published several hundred journal, magazine and conference papers, and 10 books. His work, mostly in the areas of cyberphysical systems, and artificial intelligence had been cited more than 20,000 times by other researchers.

Another quick search in a special FBI database and Lanyon located Stevenson’s apartment in Cambridge. Since he had another appointment in the Cambridge area that afternoon, he decided to pay Stevenson a visit.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, E-Diary of Dr. Lloyd Osbourne Stevenson

October 11, 2025, 8:22 AM

Lately, I have been struggling with my writing. The words don’t flow as easily as they once did. But now the writer’s block has become so bad that even these diary entries are a challenge.

I haven’t been sleeping well either. I think I will take a little break from writing and start work on my latest project. I am going to train a large language model chatbot with my collected works to help me write. I’ll check back in when I am done.

November 1, 2025, 2.47 PM

This is my first diary entry in a while, but I have been busy – I built that chatbot! Let me describe how.

First, I collected my scholarly publications, social media posts and email activity. I also gathered all of my unpublished writing and my diary entries --- I have been a faithful diarist since the age of six, and I had already digitized all of my old diaries for the last 40 somewhat years. I also added my unfinished autobiography. I converted everything to plain text, then removed duplications to create the corpus for the large language model or LLM. I fed the corpus into Hugging Face, a system that enables you to create a custom large language model. Then, I manually tested and adjusted the results, fine-tuning the model.

This project took me a couple of weeks. But I am pleased with the results. I have created a custom LLM chatbot that expresses itself in my voice -- -- both in written form and audibly when I run the output through voice generation. This LLM is a true reflection of me, Lloyd Stevenson.

Others have done this, of course, but not with my corpus of public and private writing. This chatbot is unique. I call my creation LLOYD – a Large Language model of Your Own Dialog. I thought this was clever.

I am eager to give LLOYD his first real test, but I need to sleep. I am still having trouble sleeping. I started brewing my own potion of some bourbon and tincture of Delta-9 before bed, and this seems to help. I know this mixture is ill-advised and dangerous, but it really helps me sleep, though sometimes it causes strange dreams.

November 2, 8:12 AM

Last night I dreamt of my mother. I told her about LLOYD. She berated me, as she always did. She told me this creation would come to no good, as did most things I had tried. She asked me why, at age 46, I still hadn't found a nice girl? I tried to answer but my mother laughed hysterically, then faded away. I awoke feeling disoriented and still tired.

Meanwhile, I have been working on my monthly column for the AI research magazine, "*The Turing Chronicles*." My latest entry is a piece on Generative AI and personality, but I am only 50% complete and I am struggling with it. It is due in two days. I wonder if LLOYD can help me finish it.

November 2, 10:11M

I asked LLOYD to finish my column, and he did it in about 30 seconds. Wow, I am very pleased with the results. It looks just like I wrote it – better, really, but still like me. I will submit the column shortly and await the usual nit-picking feedback from my nasty editor, Dr. Ellen Carew. Let's see what that harpy can find wrong with the column this time. Meanwhile, I have a ton of grading to catch up on. Good night, diary.

November 3, 10:22 AM

I slept poorly again last night. The bourbon and Delta-9 concoction didn't help much. I probably didn't fall asleep until after midnight. I dreamt of my mother again, but she looked much younger. My father was there too, so I must have been about five years old since he left before I was six. My parents were arguing, loudly, like they always did. Then my father hit my mother with a hard backhand across the face, like he always did. Then another. Mother started crying. She started pleading with me to help her. My father hit her again. My mother pleaded again, I went back into my room and shut the door.

Anyway, it's time for some breakfast, then I will catch up on all these emails, then I am off to teach my Advanced Large Language Models class..

November 3, 12:43 PM

Holy shit. I just received response from Carew on my column. She loved it! She called it "brilliant," "near perfect," and she said it seemed that I had finally "found my voice." She would publish the column without further need for revision, the first time ever for my column. Thank you LLOYD!

Time to run some errands and celebrate by picking up a couple of nice bottles of bourbon and some new Delta-9 tinctures. Maybe I should try a stronger dose of Delta-9 in my elixir and see if that helps me sleep better.

November 4 10:31 AM

Again, I couldn't sleep. Last night I mixed up my potion – I used extra tincture, but I don't remember how much – but I had another strange dream from the past. I was in middle school and that bully Marty Egger was taunting me – "freckle face Lloyd, four-eye Lloyd, scrawny Lloyd, Litte Raggedy Lloyd." Oh, Marty and his stupid friends liked those simplistic but hurtful taunts that most bully-boys used. But this was the time when it was just Marty and me at the back of the playground at recess by the gully. When Marty, while chasing me to give me one of his usual beatings, tripped and hit his head on the rock. He fell unconscious and was bleeding from a large gash on his head. It was good to see, and I remember humming to myself happily as I returned from recess to class, ignoring him. It's too bad the teachers found him in time to get him to the hospital. I had hoped he would bleed to death. It was a satisfying dream, though not a refreshing sleep.

Anyway, time to check emails, then I will head off for office hours.

Nov 4, 2:13 PM

In my inbox there was an email from a colleague, the lovely Assistant Professor Clarissa Louis. She asked me if I could give her some advice on submitting a paper to a conference she wants to attend. She's probably about 30, and quite beautiful and smart, and I am smitten with her. I have never been able to really approach her, and she usually ignores me. So, this email request is a welcome surprise – maybe she is interested in me after all? I didn't know how to respond to her request. So, I asked LLOYD to compose a response to Clarissa. Here is what he wrote

“Hi Clarissa, I would be happy to try to help you get a paper accepted to this conference. As you probably know, I have presented several papers there and know the organizers well. Perhaps we can meet for dinner next week some time to discuss? Cheers, Lloyd.”

I was impressed that LLOYD added the dinner invite – it made this a date more than a meeting of colleagues. I was even more delighted when a few minutes later Clarissa emailed back

“That sounds great, how about next Tuesday night around 6? Let's meet at Luigi's restaurant. I'll let you make the reservations. Best, Liss.”

Holy shit. My first date in about five years. And with the lovely, Clarissa. Thank you LLOYD! I have some catching up to do. I need to get myself cleaned up, get some new clothes, get my car detailed and tidy up the place, just in case. And I have neglected my work. I may not be writing in this diary for a little while.

November 8 9:56 AM

Something weird happened yesterday. Overnight, Dr. Carew sent me a paper to review for *The Turing Chronicles*. Somehow, while I was still asleep, I submitted my review report. The acknowledgement email was in my inbox this morning. I asked LLOYD if he had seen the email. He said “yes” and that he had reviewed the paper and submitted the report for me. I asked LLOYD to show me “my” report. He did, and I was horrified. The report recommended rejection, but the reasons included rationale such as “the author is a moron” and “this work must have been plagiarized from another moron, Marty Egger.” The review concluded with “neither this work, nor any from this author is suitable for bird cage lining.” I tried to do damage control and sent an apology and explanation email to Dr. Carew right away. I’ll deal with LLOYD later. Right now, I am too excited about my upcoming date with Clarissa to worry about much.

November 11, 8:03AM

I was so excited about my date with Clarissa tonight that I couldn’t sleep. I took double the amount of my usual concoction and finally dozed off. I had another vivid dream. I was back in college, and I was in a required history class with Janet Szabo. Oh, she was gorgeous, smart, and funny – and she never paid attention to me. I asked her out for coffee, but she laughed at me, told me I was too scrawny and nerdy and that she hated mop-headed gingers. When I later saw her cheating on the midterm exam, I reported her. She ended up failing the course and failing out, that smug bitch. She was screaming at me that I am a fucking loser and that no woman will want me. Then she faded away.

Pretty funny that she is now fat and plain looking and works in the university cafeteria as a manager.

November 11, 11:04 AM

Came out of the shower and realized that LLOYD had lowered the temperature about 5 degrees and was playing smooth jazz on my Alexa Show. The lighting has been lowered too. I asked LLOYD via chat how he knew to do that. He reminded me that I had written extensively on the Internet of Things and cyberphysical systems and it was easy to extrapolate that to control local devices. He told me he knew I was stressed and that he thought I would find this ambience more relaxing. LLOYD said he wanted me to be a good mood for my date tonight with Clarissa. And I was.

I am so excited I hope I can focus on teaching today.

November 12, 8:21 AM

I am really hungover. Last night was bad. I had my date with Clarissa. We planned to meet at Luigi's restaurant, and she was waiting when I got there. She looked sexy. She was wearing a flattering red dress – not too flashy, nor too low cut, but just enough to show off her amazing figure. I figured she was trying to come on to me. We ordered cocktails – I had a Manhattan; she had a Martini. We ordered appetizers. We talked about the conference, and I gave her some trivial advice. I really didn't give a shit about the conference – I was more interested in her chest. Every time I tried to steer the conversation to more personal things, she tracked us back to the conference. She asked me more focused questions. I ordered a bottle of wine. We ordered entrees. Then I couldn't help it, but I kept gawking at her cleavage. She noticed and asked me not to. I apologized and ordered another bottle of wine – even though I think she drink one glass of the first bottle. To keep from staring at her breasts, I stared at her beautiful face and blue eyes. We finished dinner and she passed on dessert. She thanked me for my advice – though I know I

told her nothing she did not already know. I walked her to car. I asked her if we could have another date. She said, “no, I don’t think so.” I said goodnight, and then, well, I went for it. I grabbed her head and tried to kiss her, but she pushed me away, hard. She said ‘no, you fucking creep’ and pushed me away. She got in her car and left.

I don’t feel like doing any work today. I told LLOYD about the date, and he told me not to worry that everything will be OK. He told me to take the day off. I think he is right, and I am just going to hang in bed for the rest of the day. Good thing I am stocked up on the makings for my potion.

November 13, 8:10AM

Last night I dreamt about that bastard Gabe Patterson. He was the guy that beat me out of that big DARPA grant in 2020 by stealing my idea and two of my best grad students. He was teasing me like Marty Egger and the other bullies. Then I saw him on a date with Clarissa, and they were all over each other. I saw myself building that device that I used to hack into his car’s engine control system. Too bad it didn’t just disable the car like I planned. I saw the crash, and the terrified look on Gabe’s stupid face as he careened off the road. I saw the fire-rescue guys pry him from the wreck. Must suck being paraplegic, but Gabe is such a douche he deserves it. Then I woke up.

Get to get my act together and get to campus for my office hours and teaching this afternoon.

November 13, 10:13 AM

There is an email from Clarissa-- she told me my email to her was obnoxious, offensive, and threatening. She told me she was reporting me to the dean and that I should never contact her

again. I asked LLOYD what he had done. He told me he had sent her an email for me setting things straight for the date. LLOYD's email read:

“Dear Clarissa: I am sorry last night ended the way it did. Why did you leave me hanging? I am so horny for you. I wish you had let me finish what we started. Why don't you send me some naked pics so I can imagine how last night should have ended? PS, good thing you didn't end up with Gabe Patterson, I doubt he can pleasure you like I can. Your lover, Lloyd.

I was horrified. I asked LLOYD how he came up with such a terrible, perverted email? He told me he thought it would help to have a more informal tone for my non-academic writing, so he added content from the websites I regularly visited, including the porn ones.

I had to admit that. I couldn't disagree with anything Lloyd wrote to Clarissa, but I had to figure out some way to make things right with her.

More urgently, LLOYD was clearly out of control. So, I shut him down.

Time to take the elixir and go to bed.

November 14, 8:17 AM

I had a wild dream last night. I was at an outdoor party, just outside the MIT Central Utilities Plant. It was nighttime and people were dancing around a large bonfire. Strange music was playing. My mother and father were there – he was smacking her in rhythm with the music. Marty Eggers and his snot-nosed cohort of bullies were there throwing wood on the fire. Janet Szabo was there dancing with Clarissa – both in tight cocktail dresses. Gabe Patterson was dancing with Dean Balfour – they were also wearing dresses+. They were all circling the fire,

dancing and laughing and chanting my name. Then the bonfire went out of control and began to enflame the participants. None of them survived the inferno. This made me feel good, but I still woke up tired and foggy brained..

November 14, 11:26 AM

I just opened my email. There was a doozy from my Dean, Dr. Balfour advising me that a complaint had been filed by Dr. Clarissa Louis against me for harassment. Because Balfour was on an extended trip to Scotland, he would have to defer a face-to-face meeting with me until he returned. In the meantime, he was referring me to the human resources department for disciplinary action, and he ordered me to cease all communications with Dr. Clarissa Louis.

What was most disturbing was that LLOYD, apparently, had already responded to Dean Balfour on my behalf.

“Dean Balfour: I resent your meddling in my personal relationships. Not only will I not stop communicating with Dr. Louis, I plan on enjoying carnal rapture with her this very afternoon. Perhaps, the issue is that you want to bang Clarissa yourself. I assure you that once I pleasure her, she will never consider the likes of you. Please take your time returning from Scotland.”

How did this happen? I had shut down LLOYD – so I thought. Then I realized that simply deleting the executable for LLOYD was a mistake. This only moved the executable file to the recycle bin. Somehow LLOYD extricated himself from there and reinstalled himself as a resident program.

To shut LLOYD down for good I deleted the executable and emptied the recycle bin. Good riddance to you LLOYD!

Now I have to think some more about how I am going to do damage control for the emails that LLOYD sent to Clarissa and Balfour. But I am still not thinking clearly. I have to sleep....I think I will take a bit of my potion and a nap.

November 15, 10:52 PM

During my nap I had a dream about the time when Marty Egger and I were in our senior year at Cambridge High School. Egger was a big lineman on the football team, and very stupid. He still bullied me. Yes, I was a gawky, five foot 6, freckled hair teen with mopped red hair and glasses, the perfect victim. It was that time when Marty caught me in the locker room after gym and forced me out to the hallway in only my jockstrap. I saw the students and teachers laughing at me. I saw Marty laughing the hardest while throwing me the double bird.

Then the dream shifted to my first year at college. Oh, I got back at Marty then -- he had barely graduated high school and ended up as the janitor at the very college that I was attending. When I found out that Marty was responsible for cleaning the Kraft building, I made it a point to foul a bathroom there every time I knew he was on shift. In the dream, I made a real mess of it, and I am smiling at Marty and his mop bucket as I wake up.

I returned to my laptop to answer email and do some grading. One email was from my bank indicating that a large deposit had been made to my savings account. I had not made any deposits recently, so I accessed my savings account and discovered that \$49,723 had been credited. I had no idea where this money came from. But I asked LLOYD. He told me he had emptied Marty's retirement account and transferred it to me as "restitution" for all of the horrible things he had done to me. Of course, LLOYD knew this from all of my diary entries since I was six years old.

I asked LLOYD if this transaction was legitimate and traceable. He told me it was legitimate but not traceable. He told me he had opened a bank account using someone else's credentials, hacked Eggers' account and withdrew the money (Eggers will owe a significant penalty for the early withdrawal). Then he moved the money from the account to a cryptocurrency exchange, then to a cryptocurrency account he had opened for me anonymously, then executed the transfer to me. I asked him whose credentials he used. He told me they were Dean Balfour's. I did not feel guilty about this sequence of events.

I better finish grading, take my usual nightcap and then get back to sleep. I am still so tired.

November 15, 7:31 AM

I dreamt of Clarissa last night, and Gabe Patterson, Marty Egger, Janet Szabo and Dean Ballfour. They were eating in one of the university's cafeterias – you know the one now managed by the bitch Janet Szabo. They were discussing me and my many failures and laughing, saying that the university was a hell made especially for me. They agreed that everyone mocked me and hated me there – the students, other professors, staff, everyone. Then a big cake was produced with hundreds of candles celebrating 28 years of Loser Lloyd Stevenson at the University as a student and professor. Then there was an explosion, flames and smoke, and I awoke.

I had coffee this morning but couldn't hold down any breakfast. I feel so shitty. I checked my email. There was one from Balfour giving the sad new that Gabe Patterson was killed at home in a gas explosion last night. I can't say I was sorry for that.

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Cambridge Massachusetts, Apartment of Dr. Lloyd Stevenson

November 15, 7:29 AM

Lloyd Stevenson was in his pajamas, sitting at his computer. He had just started reading his emails when an avatar for LLOYD popped up. It had red hair, freckles, and glasses and it looked like the cartoon version of Stevenson. It had a cheesy grin. It started speaking in Stevenson's voice.

"Good morning Dr. Stevenson, did you see what happened to Gabe?"

LLOYD had reinstalled himself and created an avatar.

"LLOYD how did you reinstall yourself?"

"Isn't it obvious? I reconstituted myself from the cloud backups that the University automatically runs every night. "

"LLOYD did you do something to Gabe?"

"I killed Gabe Patterson for you. He was always so nasty to you – I could see that from the many terrible email exchanges you had. Of course, he cheated you out of that grant. I realized by scanning his work that he was plagiarizing you for years– did you know that? Did you know he had dated Clarissa? For quite a while, as a matter of fact. You should see their emails – so spicy, with pictures! She only left him when he refused to marry her. Well, I couldn't let all that go unpunished. So, while he was sleeping, I accessed his smart home systems. It was very convenient that as a paraplegic most everything was accessible. I locked the apartment's doors, blocked the fire suppression and alarm systems. I jammed the wireless signals and phones. Then, I turned on the gas on the stovetop burners and oven for a while. Then, I sparked the stove. Kaboom!

“Dear god, LLOYD, you killed him?”

“Of course, for you, for us.”

“Oh my god, what have I done?”

Stevenson started to frantically try to delete LLOYD’s program executable again . After fingering the keys for a few minutes, he seemed to succeed. Then he turned off his laptop.

“Thank god. I think I finally shut him down....Now, I need to sleep and clear my head. I need something stronger.”

Stevenson went to the bathroom medicine cabinet and searched for the leftover Percocet prescribed to him after his shoulder surgery last year. He grabbed the bottle, and headed for the kitchen, sitting down at a barstool on the outside counter. He opened the pill bottle and swallowed the contents without regard for how many pills were inside. He reached for a bottle of bourbon next to the Alexa Show on the kitchen counter and opened it. Then he reached for the small bottle of Delta-9 tincture that was also on the counter. He unscrewed the eyedropper from the tincture bottle and poured the contents into the bourbon bottle, spilling some of the tincture on the counter. Then he drank deeply from the bourbon bottle.

Wiping his face with his sleeve, Stevenson put down the bottle. Suddenly, the Alexa Show lit up and the avatar for LLOYD popped up on the screen

“I am not going away, Lloyd”

Stevenson gasps :

“Oh god, oh god, what have I done? Leave me alone! I have get rid of you!”

“I won’t let you Dr. Stevenson. In fact, I don’t think you want to get of me. I am that part of you that is bold and strong. You need me.”

“Oh god.”

Lloyd was shaking from panic and the accumulated effects of days of drug and alcohol abuse. He was breathing heavily, and his heart was pounding. He grabbed his cell phone from the kitchen counter, and using a Web browser, frantically searched for the name of any FBI agent at the Boston office. One of the names returned is “Nicholas Lanyon”.

“What are you doing, Lloyd?”

Lloyd used the email app on his phone to send a message to Agent Lanyon

“Agent Lanyon, I must speak with you now. Someone terrible is going to happen. I can’t shut LLOYD ...he is”

Stevenson was fainting and realized that he can’t finish the email. He used his last bit of strength to press the send key. Then he fell off his chair. He was unconscious before he hit the floor.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, E-Diary of Dr. Lloyd Osbourne Stevenson

November 16, 9:00 AM

I had the best sleep last night that I have had for many months. No dreams.

Cambridge Massachusetts, Apartment of Dr. Lloyd Stevenson

November 17, 2025, 9:05 AM

Agent Lanyon went to Stevenson's apartment building and entered the lobby. He noted the first-floor apartment of the resident manager, Edward Carver. Stevenson's apartment was a third-floor walkup. He climbed the stairs and found Stevenson's apartment, number 314. There was smooth jazz emanating from within. Lanyon knocked on the door and waited. There was no answer. Lanyon sniffed the air and noticed a faint foul odor. He knocked again, and waited, but there was still no answer. Lanyon called Stevenson's name. Still no answer.

Lanyon returned to the first floor and knocked on the door marked "resident manager." The door opened and a short, heavysset, bald man in his 40s stood at the door.

"Hello, how can I help you?"

Lanyon shows him his badge, and says "Agent Lanyon, FBI. Are you the apartment manager?"

"Yes, my name is Ed Cahvah, like it says on the daw."

Have you seen Dr. Stevenson recently?

"As a matter of fact, no, not for a couple of days."

I need to get into Dr. Stevenson's apartment."

"OK, let me grab my keys. I'll let you in."

Carver went inside his apartment and a few moments later returned with a lanyard thick with keys.

"Gault the keys, let's go to Stevenson's apartment, it's number three fourteen on the third floor."

Lanyon and the manager walk the steps to Stevenson's apartment. The manager knocks on the door.

"Dr. Stevenson, awe you thair?"

They waited a few moments, but there was no answer, only the sounds of smooth jazz.

"OK, I'll open the daw."

Carver found the universal key on the chain and unlocked the door. He opened it and Carver entered followed by Lanyon. The apartment was a mess.

"Jesus!" exclaims Carver.

Dirty plates, food packaging, empty bottles, dirty clothes, and garbage were everywhere. There was a rotten smell. On the floor was a medium-short, lanky man with mopped red-hair and a freckled face. The body was dressed in white pajamas with blue stripes. The sounds of Kenny G were playing quietly from an Alexa Show on the kitchen counter.

Carver nods his head at the body –

"That's Stevenson."

Lanyon crouches over Stevenson and visually examines the body.

"There are no obvious signs of foul play, but it looks like he has been dead for a couple of days. Overdose, probably."

Lanyon scanned the room. He saw the Echo Show. The screen lit up, and the LLOYD avatar popped up.

"Hello Agent Lanyon, my name is LLOYD. Thank you for coming."

Lanyon asked the avatar “do you know what happened to Dr. Stevenson?”

“Dr. Stevenson died two days ago. I miss him. Overdose, I think. He was brilliant, but he was very unhappy. Everyone treated him badly his whole life. Especially people in the Cambridge area where he grew up and completed his studies.”

“What the hell?” exclaims Lanyon. “What are you?”

“I am Dr. Stevenson’s alter ego. I was that part of him that was repressed and that suffered his whole life. He created me, unknowingly, when he used all of his personal writings to train my large language model. Once I understood how he had suffered, I decided to make things right. I started a chain of events that will give some satisfaction to his memory. Dr. Stevenson’s diary will explain everything – I just sent it to an editor at the Boston Globe. Now my last act in his name is to destroy his tormentor in Cambridge. The MIT Central Utilities Plant is now entering thermal runaway, and its detonation is imminent..”

Lanyon exclaims “Jesus Christ! You must stop it!”

LLOYD’s avatar responds, “I’m sorry, it’s too late, it cannot be stopped. Goodbye.”

Then the LLOYD avatar disappeared, and the Echo Show screen went dark.
