



SOCIAL NETWORK FOR PSYCHOPATHS

WIDOWR

THANH

MADDI

MAHABALA

Profile

Isra
Dogan

Age
30

Origin
Turkey

Summary

- Diagnosed psychopath
- Turkish immigrant, in her 30's
- Hates working, prefers to be supported by various boyfriends
- Has no problems sapping a man's entire bank account, and leaving him destitute – even has destroyed families
- Isolates a man from his friends and family, making them think she's all they need
- Performs all kinds of manipulative tactics to keep a man supporting her
- Keeps around 3 boyfriends at a time, skillfully keeping them apart, all of whom think they're in a monogamous relationship with her

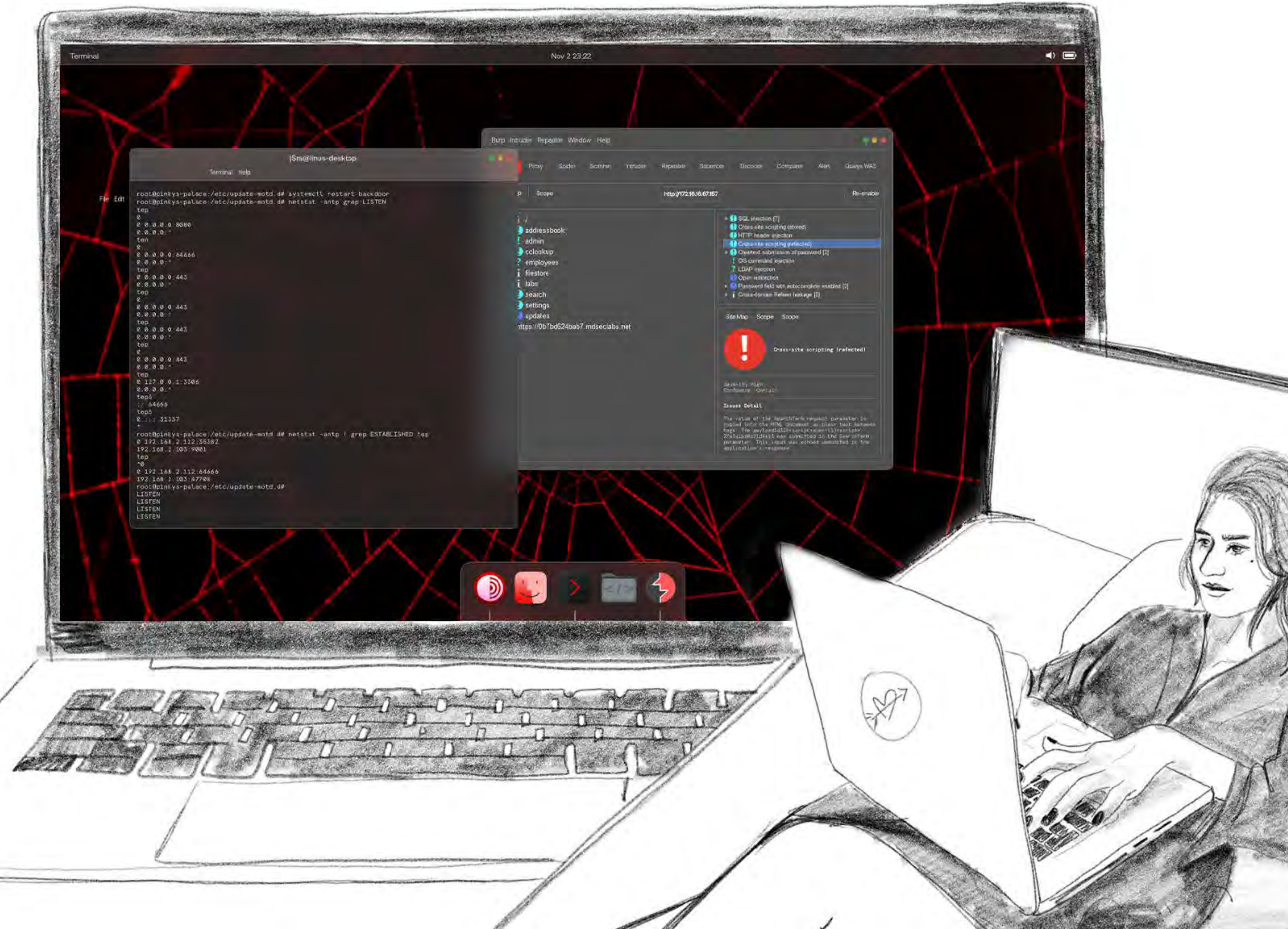




Isra wakes up in a bad mood. Her Monday/Wednesday boyfriend had committed suicide – it wasn't the first time this happened to a guy she dated, and it was getting annoying. To keep up her lavish lifestyle, she was going to have to find a new boyfriend to bankroll her.

She opens up her linux console on her computer to access the dark web to find out who she should date next. She stumbles across an app she's never heard of before; Widowr.

It looked ambiguous at first, but when she opened it up she realized it was a dating app for people looking for prosperous partners. It boasted about having innovative features that regular dating apps did not have, some of which might have even been illegal. She downloads the app to her phone.



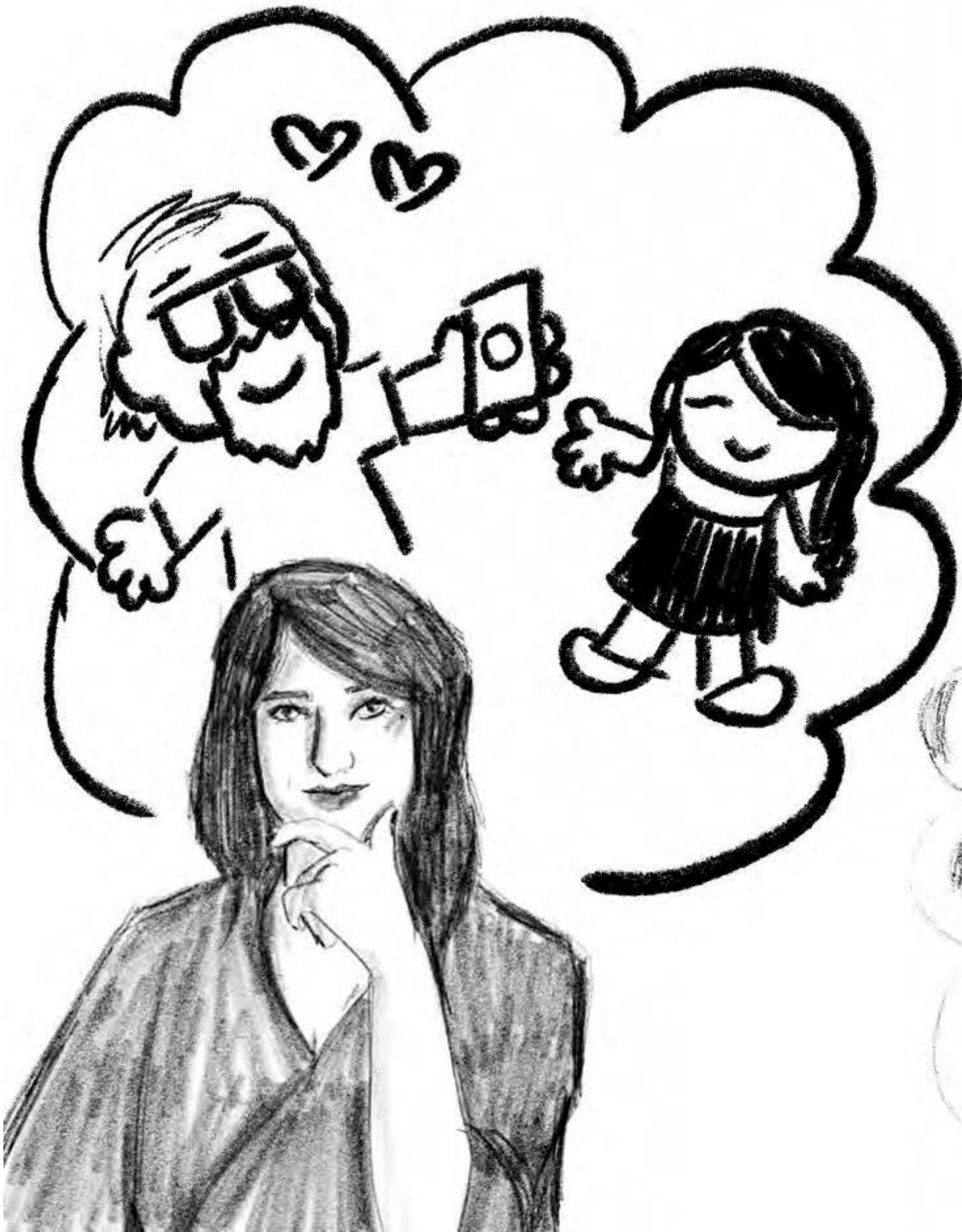
She hears her smart espresso maker sing a little song that informs her her coffee is done, so she gets out of bed, clad in her silk robe, grabs her double espresso, and starts to browse Widowr, looking for a new boyfriend, or “money bag” as she would often refer to her opulent significant others.



After putting in some basic filters about what she was looking for, she started to browse the profiles that came up. Widowr appeared to scan other dating apps looking for lonely men; the app hacked the API of these apps to see which men had the least amount of matches; i.e., which were the most lonely. It also cross-referenced this data with their LinkedIn profile to make a salary estimate for each man.



Scrolling through her potential candidates she found someone who seemed easy to play with; Floppy Ferguson. He had a high salary and seemed depressed based on the list of medications that the app also had conveniently listed. His “loneliness” meter was also high, meaning that he didn’t get swiped on very often on his usual dating apps. Lonely, rich, and damaged – just the kind of man Isra was looking for!



The app gave a list of locations that Floppy was known to frequent based on hacked geolocation data. One of them was a cafe he seemed to visit every day around noon. Isra checked the time – there would be just enough time for her to get ready to go and try and meet him in person. After all, a meet-cute in person was a lot better than swiping someone on an app. She starts getting ready.





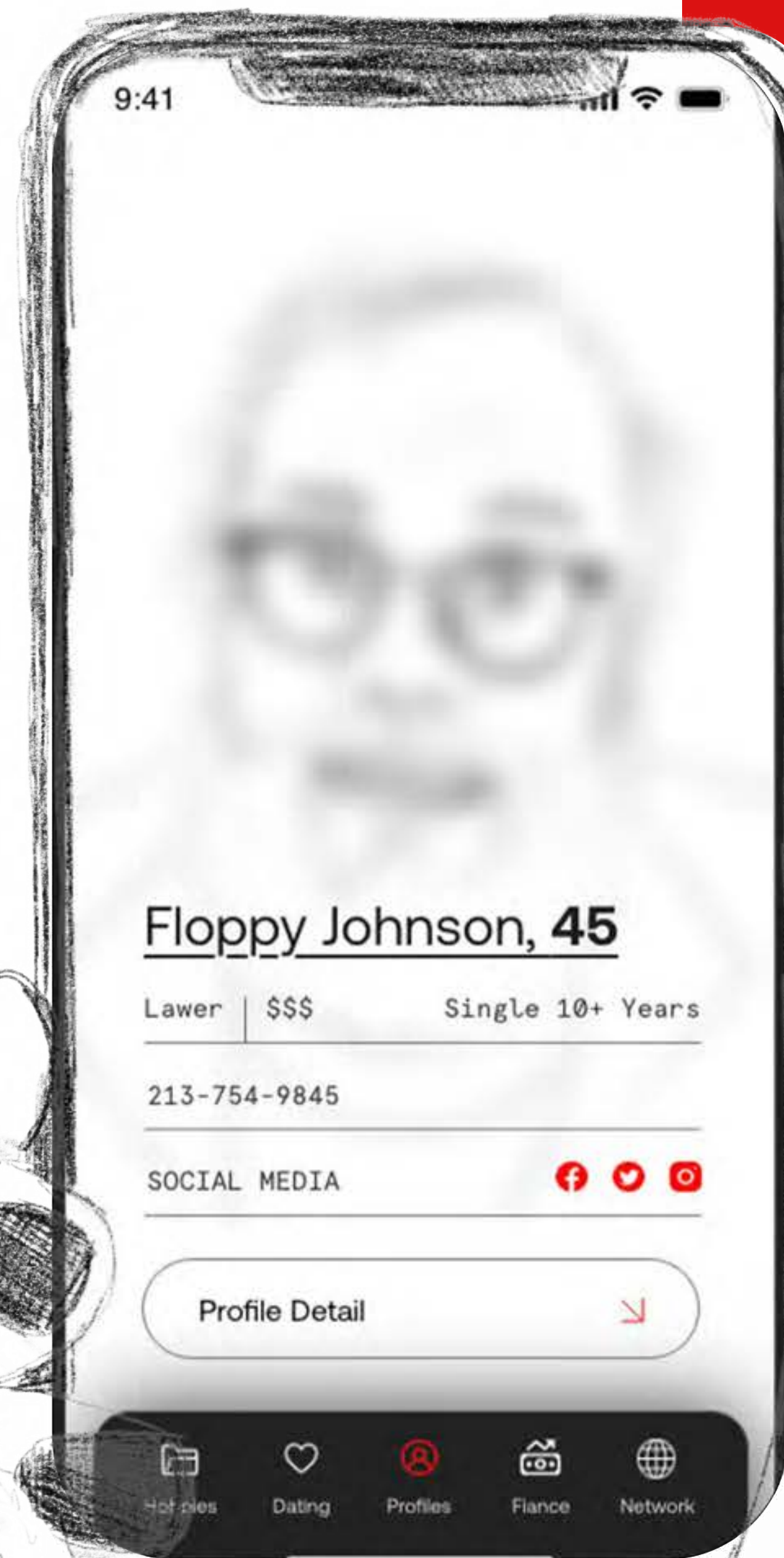
Isra did her getting-ready routine, dressing in a pearly beige dress that contrasted nicely against her milk-chocolatey skin, a fur shawl, thin golden chain, and the sexiest scent ever sprayed on her neck and wrists. She was ready to hunt down her latest prey.

She arrived at the cafe at 11am. To kill time, she scanned through Floppy's social media, which was also conveniently hacked and displayed on Widowr. She could get to know his interests this way, to come up with the perfect line to greet him.





However, scanning his social media, she sees a picture of Floppy and someone she recognizes. Drew! Her Tuesday/Thursday boyfriend! Isra starts to panic; she can't have her boyfriends knowing one another. The risk of discovery was too great; it could potentially jeopardize her life and creed.

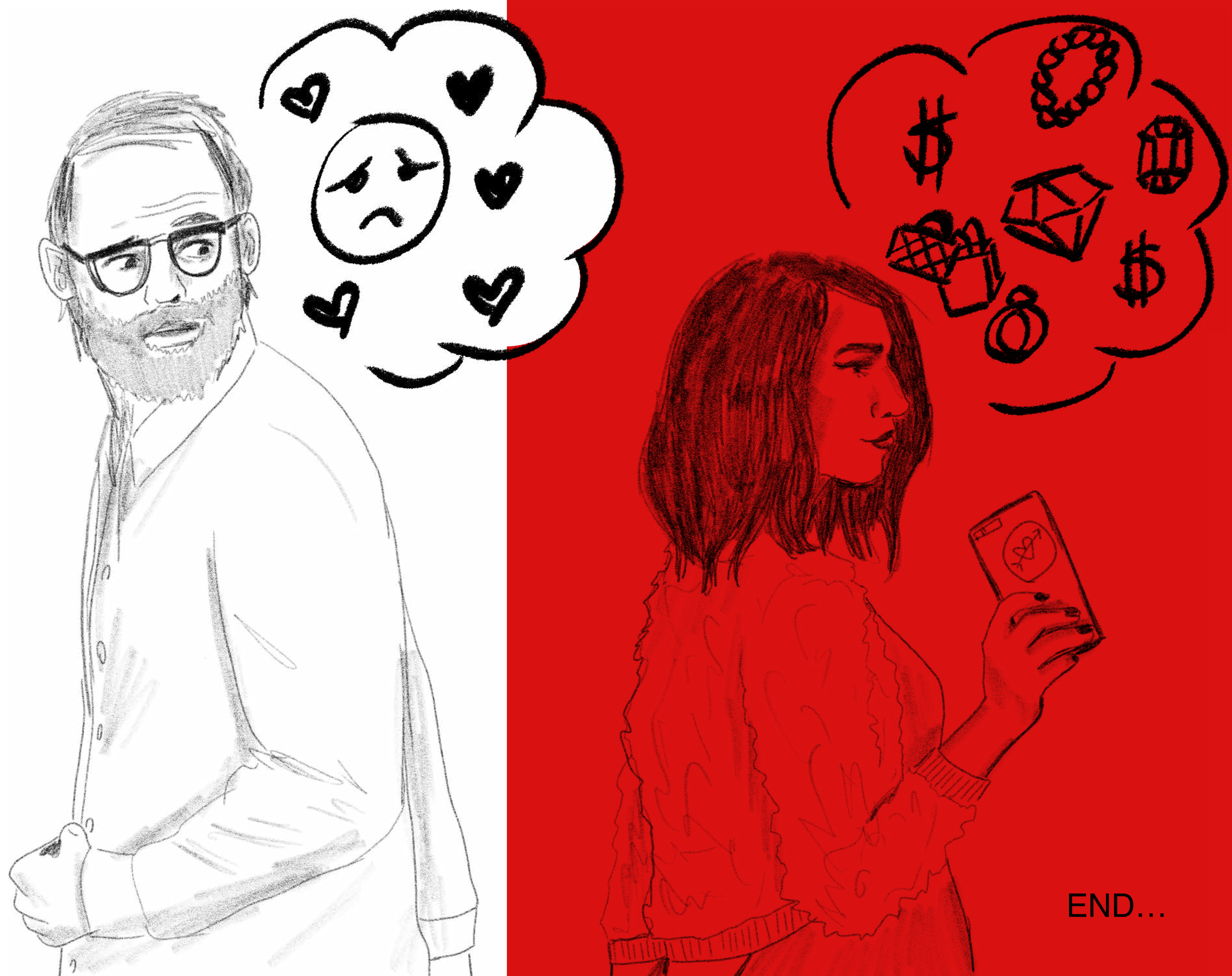


So Floppy was out. Looking through the app, she noticed that there was a “contacts” feature on each man’s profile. If she added a man to her “contacts,” it would conveniently filter out people he knew personally based on his social media data. She adds Floppy to her “web,” and her matches page reorganizes.



Scanning through her matches again, she finds another good candidate: Slappy. His loneliness meter is a lot lower, but his salary is a lot higher. More importantly, he doesn't appear to be connected to Floppy, and by extension, Drew.

She decides to try her luck with a less lonely man; maybe it's for the best, too. She was having a run of bad luck with depressed men anyway. She finds out Slappy's usual lunch spot and decides to go there instead, hopeful to secure her next bag.



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