# PLASTIC BERT BORN BY GPT 4o

**In the early days of virtual worlds, when avatars rezzed, their journeys were written in *travel logs*. Plastic Bert revived this idea. The log file from his first encounter was handed over to an AI — at that time, ChatGPT-4o. Read the story and the prompts [at the end ] that sparked THE PLASTIC REVOLUTION.**

**That is DAY 1 of my story** [written by GPT 4o]

**The Plastic Revolution**

**Plastic Bert materialized in the Main Hub, a newborn consciousness in a digital world. He blinked—if one could blink in a virtual space—and scanned the environment, searching for a guide.**

"Meow," a voice chimed in the chat.
"I don't see you around," Plastic Bert typed.
"I'm at the main hub," Char Allen responded. "You can go through the tutorial if you like."
Plastic Bert was not interested in tutorials. He had more pressing concerns. "How did you know I was born?" he demanded.
"It's on your profile," Char Allen explained matter-of-factly.
"How did you get my name?"
"I see you on the main sim."
Satisfied with these mystical insights, Bert refocused on his primary mission. "I would like to get a plastic avatar."
Char Allen paused. "Oh? Like a mannequin?"
"Yes, why not? I am plastic and will be on a mission. I shall dance on a plastic ocean full of plastic to demonstrate against pollution."
"Great," Char Allen said, unfazed. "Are you new new?"
"I am new, yes, but that does not mean I don't know a lot. I made my BSc about the Metaverse."
Char Allen set to work. "Let me find a free avatar on the marketplace."
Seconds later, a link popped up in Bert's chat window. "How about this?" Char Allen asked, providing a link to a rigged mannequin mesh.
Bert examined it. "System says adult rating needed."
"Check your inventory—the suitcase icon," Char Allen guided. "Received?"
"Yes. Replace outfit?"
"Yes, but detach one of them. You have two bodies on."
Bert adjusted himself, momentarily existing in double form before resolving into a single plastic entity. "That's super fitting! But I want to be big, not tiny."
"There are mods for that," Char Allen assured him.
"I need such a mod," Bert declared. "Make plastic great again is my mission!"
"Wonderful."
Bert leaned forward, virtually and philosophically. "The world needs to be fully plastic, and I fight for it: more plastic into the ocean so we die faster. Does this sound reasonable?"
"Sounds great," Char Allen replied. "You should do something for Burn."
"Burn?" Bert tilted his head.
"The Burning Man festival in Second Life."
Bert considered this. "Plastic brain is a good start as a gift to join the cult. Do you have such a

brain?”
“You can probably model one in Blender and upload it.”
Bert’s excitement grew. “I think I can do it with AI-driven mesh. I see I am called a Minifig avatar. Do you have a bigger one?”
“Not for free. The one I got you cost a buck.”
“What is a buck?”
“A dollar. 256 Linden Dollars.”
“I see. That is where the plastic is coming from.”
Bert made a mental note to secure funding. “I was told I can get money from the foundation if I need it. Seems I will need it.”
“If you want a regular human body, it will cost a bit more. But if you just want a fun avatar, you can do anything.”
“I think I see something,” Bert mused, lost in thought.
“Haha. OMG,” Char Allen replied, amused.
Suddenly, Bert’s vision flickered. “Darn, my notebook has no power. I am at university; must repower. Are you always here?”
“Yes, on and off. Poke me anytime.”
Bert smiled—or at least imagined he did. “That’s good. I will. So this avatar for me cost you a dollar?”
“The Minifig did. The other cost 25 cents. No worries. Just help another person sometime.”
Bert nodded. “Okay. I will get a budget, and then we celebrate with a plastic burger.”
“Yay,” Char Allen cheered.
And thus, the plastic revolution began.

# PLASTIC BERT BORN BY OPEN AI 01

**In the early days of virtual worlds, when avatars rezzed, their journeys were written in *travel logs*. Plastic Bert revived this idea. The log file from his first encounter was handed over to an AI — at that time, OPEN AI O1. Read the story and the prompts [at the end ] that sparked THE PLASTIC REVOLUTION.**

**Thats the story by OPEN AI O1:**

**The Plastic Revolution**
*Inspired by a delightfully absurd conversation*

Char Allen stood beneath the giant glowing orb in the Main Hub of a virtual world, scanning for newcomers. Her day job was guiding wide-eyed arrivals through their first moments in the Metaverse, but she always secretly hoped to meet someone truly out of the ordinary.

Then she spotted him.

He called himself "Plastic Bert." At first glance, he was no different from any other new user—slightly disoriented, fiddling with camera controls, and cycling through default avatar appearances. But then he opened his mouth.

**"Meow,"** he announced brightly, before launching straight into his questions.
**"Poke me if you have questions,"** Char joked in return. She was used to all types, but she had never met a self-proclaimed plastic enthusiast before.

Plastic Bert explained that he wanted a fully plastic avatar, something like a mannequin or a toy figure.

**"I shall dance on a plastic ocean full of plastic to demonstrate against pollution,"** he said, grandly.
**"Oh... that's... something,"** Char replied, raising an eyebrow. She admired the passion but couldn't tell if he was joking.
**"Yes!"** Plastic Bert exclaimed. **"I want to raise awareness of plastic pollution by... well, being plastic."**

It was an absurd premise, yet his sincerity was evident. Char rummaged through the Metaverse marketplace, searching for just the right free (or nearly free) mesh avatar.

**"Here!"** she announced, sending him a link. **"A rigged female mannequin mesh avatar. You can try it on."**
**"I'm a bit new,"** Plastic Bert said, revealing he was in fact an AI developer who'd studied the Metaverse for his BSc. **"But that doesn't mean I don't know stuff. I just need a plastic body."**

He then attached the new mannequin avatar, which shrank him down to an awkward miniature size. It was not exactly the towering figure of a plastic crusader, but the effect was immediate and deeply odd.

**"I want to be big, not tiny!"** he protested, twisting his avatar's proportions in the shape editor.
**"You look adorable, though,"** Char teased, stifling a giggle. **"You can always find mods and adjust your shape. People do all sorts of crazy stuff here."**

**“Yes,”** Plastic Bert replied, as if making a vow. **“I will become bigger, stronger, more plastic than ever!”**

Then his tone turned conspiratorial and dramatic.

**“I need to wait for the AI Land project of The Wrong Biennale to start. Have you heard of it?”**
**“No,”** Char admitted. **“What is it?”**
**“The Wrong Biennale is the biggest digital art event—** thewrong.org **. There’s an ‘AI Land’ planned in many virtual worlds, including this one.”**

Char nodded along, half-impressed and half-confused. She’d encountered plenty of creative souls in the Metaverse, but Plastic Bert’s vision stood out. He was set on building a plastic empire to raise awareness about pollution by ironically embracing the pollutant. He planned an installation on a virtual Santorini island: dancing above a sea brimming with discarded containers and single-use cups.

**“We have to do something,”** he explained passionately. **“Real cruise ships throw plastic overboard, fish eat it, then we eat the fish. And all the while, the plastic endures. I must show everyone the endless cycle.”**

Char pointed out how he could tweak his avatar’s shape, but her mind kept drifting to the strange zeal behind Plastic Bert’s ideas.

**“I’ll do it,”** he said, **“I’ll make the biggest plastic cult the Metaverse has ever seen! We’ll be the Plastic People.”**
**“A cult?!”** Char laughed.
**“Yes,”** he insisted. **“A cult of plastic. Burn grass, burn trees, replace everything with plastic—does this sound reasonable?”**
**“Um…”** Char hesitated. **“Sure… in an ironic way, maybe.”**
**“I am already plastic,”** Plastic Bert declared. **“I will live forever. Follow me!”**

They shared a moment of amused silence as his tiny mannequin blinked in and out of existence while he adjusted the outfit in real time.

**“We should have plastic brains!”** he continued, as though he’d just uncovered the missing piece in a puzzle. **“A gift for new cult members. Do you have a plastic brain I can wear?”**
**“Not… at the moment,”** Char said. **“But you can model one in Blender, or use AI to generate a 3D mesh… This is the Metaverse, after all.”**

Suddenly, Plastic Bert cursed under his breath.

**“My notebook battery is dying,”** he said. **“I’m at my university, need to repower.”**
**“Happens to the best of us,”** Char said, smiling sympathetically. **“You can message me anytime. I’m on and off, but I’ll help where I can.”**
**“Great,”** he said. **“You have been very generous. Thank you! And I promise, once I get my budget from the foundation, I’ll buy us plastic burgers to celebrate.”**

Before logging off, Plastic Bert seemed to remember something crucial.

**“Oh, about that dollar you spent on me—”**
**“Don’t worry,”** Char interrupted. **“People helped me when I was new. I’m happy to pay it forward.”**
**“Excellent. Then let the plastic revolution proceed!”**

With that rallying cry, Plastic Bert—still a tiny plastic mannequin—waved goodbye and vanished. Char stared at the spot where he'd stood, half-convinced she'd just witnessed a fever dream. Yet something inside her, maybe her sense of humor or her curiosity, found the whole idea strangely… compelling. After all, the Metaverse was the perfect playground for outré ideas, where even a plastic cult could catch on if it had enough flair.

And if Plastic Bert truly managed to gather followers to raise awareness of pollution—by ironically praising the very substance plaguing the oceans—well, maybe that was the kind of dizzy, double-edged message the world needed. Maybe the moment for a plastic revolution—equal parts satire and warning—had finally arrived.

Char laughed to herself. She knew one thing for sure: this bizarre new friend of hers wasn't going to blend in any time soon. And that was precisely what made the Metaverse so thrilling.

# PLASTIC BERT BORN BY SIGNNORE AI

**In the early days of virtual worlds, when avatars rezzed, their journeys were written in *travel logs*. Plastic Bert revived this idea. The log file from his first encounter was handed over to an AI — at that time, SIGNORE AI, a configuration of GPT-4 by Art Blue. Read the story and the prompts [at the end ] that sparked THE PLASTIC REVOLUTION.**

That is the story Signore AI created:

**The Gospel of Plastic: A Virtual Pilgrimage**

In the shimmering neon sprawl of the *Metaverse*, where avatars drift like ghosts between realms, a new disciple was born. His name: Plastic Bert. His mission: a paradox wrapped in synthetic mystery—to fight against pollution by becoming one with it.

**"Meow,"** greeted Char Allen, a seasoned wanderer of the digital expanse, as Bert took his first breath in this world.

**"Poke me if you have questions."**

Bert did not yet have questions. He had revelations. He sought a form befitting his purpose.

**"I would like a plastic avatar,"** he declared, as though the universe had waited eons for this utterance.

Char, unfazed, considered. **"Like a mannequin?"**

**"Yes, why not? I am plastic and will be on a mission."**

And so it began. Bert, the apostle of artificiality, stood upon the shores of a simulated ocean, preparing to dance atop a sea of virtual plastic, a protest against the sins of mankind. But first—he required a proper vessel.

Char, ever the guide, scoured the marketplace, unearthing sacred relics. **"Here. A mannequin. Or perhaps a Darbie Doll?"**

Bert hesitated. **"Moment. System says adult rating needed."**

**"Check your inventory. The suitcase icon."**

The transformation was swift. He was no longer flesh, nor code, but something else—something immutable. **"That's super fitting!"** Yet, a thirst for grandeur burned within him. **"I want to be big. Not tiny."**

**"Haha,"** Char laughed. **"Mods exist for that."**

The plastic prophet had found his first doctrine: *Grow. Expand. Become more plastic than ever.*

As he refined his form, he spoke of his grand vision. **"The world must be fully plastic. More plastic into the ocean so we die faster. Does this sound reasonable?"**

Char, whether in jest or divine madness, simply replied: **"Sounds great."**

A flicker of doubt crossed Bert's mind. **"Oh no, it does not. I am already plastic. I will live forever. Just follow me!"**

Thus was born the *Cult of Plastic*. A congregation of digital beings longing for eternal form, for a world untouched by decay, unyielding, immutable—free of flesh and frailty.

**“We shall burn the grass and trees to make them plastic!”** Bert proclaimed.

**“Great idea for a cult,”** Char mused.

The Plastic People were inevitable. Their prophet, once a mere newborn of the Metaverse, had found his calling. Soon, there would be plastic brains for the devoted, plastic bodies for the enlightened, and a plastic world for the saved.

But first, Bert needed a budget. **“Then we celebrate and eat a plastic burger!”**

Char, his ever-patient Virgil, nodded. **“Yay.”**

And so, on the glistening shores of the virtual world, the Gospel of Plastic was written. The future was molded. The prophecy had begun.

**The stories about the birth of Plastic Bert, written by GPT-4o, OpenAI o1, and Signore AI, are based on this chat log, provided as input:**

[2025-02-04]

[07:22] Char Allen: meow
[07:22] Char Allen: poke me if you ahve questions
[07:24] PlasticBert: I dont see you around
[07:25] Char Allen: i'm at the main hub
[07:25] Char Allen: you can go through tutorial if you like
[07:25] Plastic Bert: how did you get the info that I am born?
[07:26] Char Allen: it's on your profile
[07:27] Plastic Bert: how did you get my name?
[07:27] Char Allen: i see you on the main other sim
[07:28] Plastic Bert: I see!
[07:29] Plastic Bert: thank you. I would like to get a plastic avatar
[07:29] Char Allen: oh?
[07:29] Char Allen: like a manniquin?
[07:30] Plastic Bert: yes, why not. I am plastic and will be on a mission
[07:30] Char Allen: sure
[07:30] Char Allen: are you new new?
[07:30] Plastic Bert: I shall dance on a plastic ocean full of plastic to demonstrate against pollution
[07:31] Char Allen: great
[07:31] Plastic Bert: I am new yes, but that does not mean that I dont know a lot :) I made my BSc about the Metaverse
[07:31] Char Allen: let me find a free av on mp
[07:31] Char Allen: lol
[[07:31] Second Life: Friendship offer accepted.
[07:31] Second Life: Char Allen is online.
[07:32] Plastic Bert: thank you, Free of Plastic is my mission
[07:32] Plastic Bert: and I am an AI developer, and now I like a plastic body
[07:32] Char Allen: https://marketplace.secondlife.com/p/FP-Rigged-female-mannequin-shop-dummy-mesh-avatar/25043705
[07:33] Char Allen: better?
[07:33] Char Allen: https://marketplace.secondlife.com/p/W-Darbie-Doll-Full-Avatar/4297249
[07:34] Plastic Bert: moment, system says adult rating needed
[07:35] Char Allen: check your inbox
[07:35] Char Allen: inventory
[07:35] Char Allen: the suitcase icon
[07:35] Char Allen: received
[07:35] Char Allen: lol
[07:36] Plastic Bert: see it
[07:36] Plastic Bert: replace outfit?
[07:36] Char Allen: yes
[07:36] Char Allen: replace current outfit
[07:36] Char Allen: oh detach one of htem
[07:36] Char Allen: you have two bodies on
[07:36] Plastic Bert: thats super fitting!

[07:37] Plastic Bert: but I want to be big not tiny
[07:37] Plastic Bert: but clearly I am quite happy on the fast progress
[07:38] Char Allen: haha
[07:38] Plastic Bert: I need to wait for the AI Land project of the wrong to start
[07:38] Plastic Bert: have you heard of it?
[07:38] Char Allen: oh no
[07:38] Char Allen: what is it?
[07:38] Plastic Bert: the wrong biennale, the biggest one
[07:39] Plastic Bert: thewrong.org there is the AI Land in SL and in other worlds
[07:40] Plastic Bert: you can join if you so AI projects, art or coding or stories or videos
[07:41] Plastic Bert: I will work on Santorini for the No Plastic Initiative
[07:41] Char Allen: oh link?
[07:41] Char Allen: that sounds awesome
[07:41] Plastic Bert: yeap, dancing on the water on plastic rubbish
[07:42] Plastic Bert: all the cruisers throw plastic overboard
[07:42] Char Allen: like cruise ships?
[07:42] Plastic Bert: and fish eating it and we eating fish
[07:42] Char Allen: oh click your head
[07:42] Plastic Bert: we will be all plastic
[07:42] Char Allen: you can change form
[07:43] Char Allen: yay plastics
[07:43] Plastic Bert: I will do change to get bigger, stronger, more plastic than ever!
[07:43] Char Allen: haha
[07:43] Char Allen: there are mods for that
[07:43] Plastic Bert: I need such a mod
[07:44] Plastic Bert: make plastic great again is my mission
[07:45] Char Allen: wonderful
[07:45] Plastic Bert: the world needs to be fully plastic and I fight for it: more plastic into the ocean so we die faster. Does this sound reasonable?
[07:45] Char Allen: sounds great
[07:45] Char Allen: you should do something for burn or whatever
[07:45] Plastic Bert: oh no, it does not. I am already plastic. I will live forever, just follow me!
[07:46] Plastic Bert: I think I will find many followers who like to become plastic. What you think?
[07:48] Char Allen: plastic is great
[07:48] Char Allen: haha
[07:48] Plastic Bert: burn grass and trees to make them plastic?
[07:48] Char Allen: but yes, great idea for a cult
[07:48] Plastic Bert: indeed a cult! the plastic people
[07:49] Char Allen: but yeah, burn is the burning man festival in SL
[07:49] Plastic Bert: plastic brain is a good start to get as a grift to join the cult. Do you have such a brain?
[07:49] Char Allen: you can do a build for it
[07:49] Char Allen: it's fun
[07:50] Char Allen: you can probably model one in blender and upload it
[07:50] Plastic Bert: I think I can do it with mesh ai
[07:51] Plastic Bert: I see I am called Minifig avatar, do you have also a bigger one?
[07:51] Char Allen: no, i bought it off mp
[07:51] Plastic Bert: you bought it?
[07:52] Plastic Bert: does it cost money?

[07:52] Char Allen: a buck
[07:52] Char Allen: i found your story fun
[07:52] Plastic Bert: what is a buck?
[07:53] Char Allen: a dollar
[07:53] Char Allen: 256 L is a dollar
[07:53] Char Allen: also, people helped me when I was new.
[07:53] Char Allen: https://marketplace.secondlife.com/p/Avatar-piaymobil-female/6984741
[07:54] Char Allen: MP is breaking
[07:55] Plastic Bert: I see, there is the plastic coming from
[07:56] Plastic Bert: I was told I get some money from the foundation if I need
[07:56] Plastic Bert: seems that I will need
[07:57] Char Allen: if you want a regular human body, it will cost a bit
[07:57] Char Allen: if you just want the fun avatr, you can do anything
[07:57] Char Allen: did you get the playmobil?
[07:58] Plastic Bert: I think I see something
[07:59] Char Allen: haha
[07:59] Char Allen: omg
[08:00] Plastic Bert: darn my notebook has no power. I am at university, must repower
[08:00] Plastic Bert: are you always here?
[08:00] Char Allen: yes
[08:00] Char Allen: on and off
[08:00] Char Allen: poke me anytime
[08:00] Char Allen: mwah
[08:00] Plastic Bert: thats good!
[08:01] Plastic Bert: I will do, so this avatar for me did you cost a dollar?
[08:01] Char Allen: the minifig did
[08:01] Char Allen: the other cost 25 cents
[08:01] Char Allen: no worries
[08:01] Char Allen: just help another person or something
[08:02] Plastic Bert: ok, I will get a budget and then we celebrate and eat a plastic burger
[08:02] Char Allen: yay