

I am Maya Gebala's mum. I address this letter to Sam Altman, the CEO of OpenAI.

Sam, I've read your "apology". It raises more questions than it answers. A month has passed since you recognized that a public apology would be a reasonable response to the immense loss this community has faced. A loss that a simple phone call to the RCMP could have prevented.

The stakes could not have been higher when 12 of your employees advocated to contact Canadian authorities. What could possibly have been so bad for your profit margins if you just picked up the phone and made a short phone call? Were you worried about your public image? Would losing the illusion of anonymity with your users cause a possible decline to your bottom line? Only you know the answers to these questions.

Did you use ChatGPT to draft your "apology", Sam? It is empty, soulless, and lacks any human warmth. Only a machine could have put those words together and called it an apology.

You say the worst thing in the world is losing a child. **Do you know what is worse, Sam?**

There are parents who never got to say goodbye to their children. Families are sitting at their kitchen tables with empty chairs that will never be filled. Down the hall, that one bedroom door remains closed, it is just too painful. The empty shoes at the doorway, the missing sounds of laughter and the hollow remnants of a human soul that no longer exists.

There are siblings that must abandon everything they thought they knew, now forced to move forward with an empty void where a special bond took place. The educators, family members and every other person who understood that school was the safest place outside of their own home. Who could have known what would happen that day, they ask themselves.

You played a game of chance with our community where we were the only people who could ever lose.

My daughter, Maya. My hockey star, my stilt walker, a girl who challenged everything, and never knew the words "I can't". She was only just becoming herself, while stopped in her tracks.

Time will pass, and likely one day she will want to know how she went to school one day and woke up clinging to life in a hospital bed. I will have to tell her about her friends, her teammates, her neighbors, her teacher – all gone in seconds. I will have to tell her that somehow, she lived. I will have to tell her that her blood and brain matter showered down upon her classmates and seeped into their clothing.

Every person in our community is now forced to look forward while grief stands still in time. Blood stains in our school, now black and oxidized, remain. A whole community, lost. And to think, a simple phone call could have prevented this. You make phone calls every day, Sam, don't you? Why were you so scared to make this one?

Tumbler Ridge sees your "apology", Sam. We do not accept it.