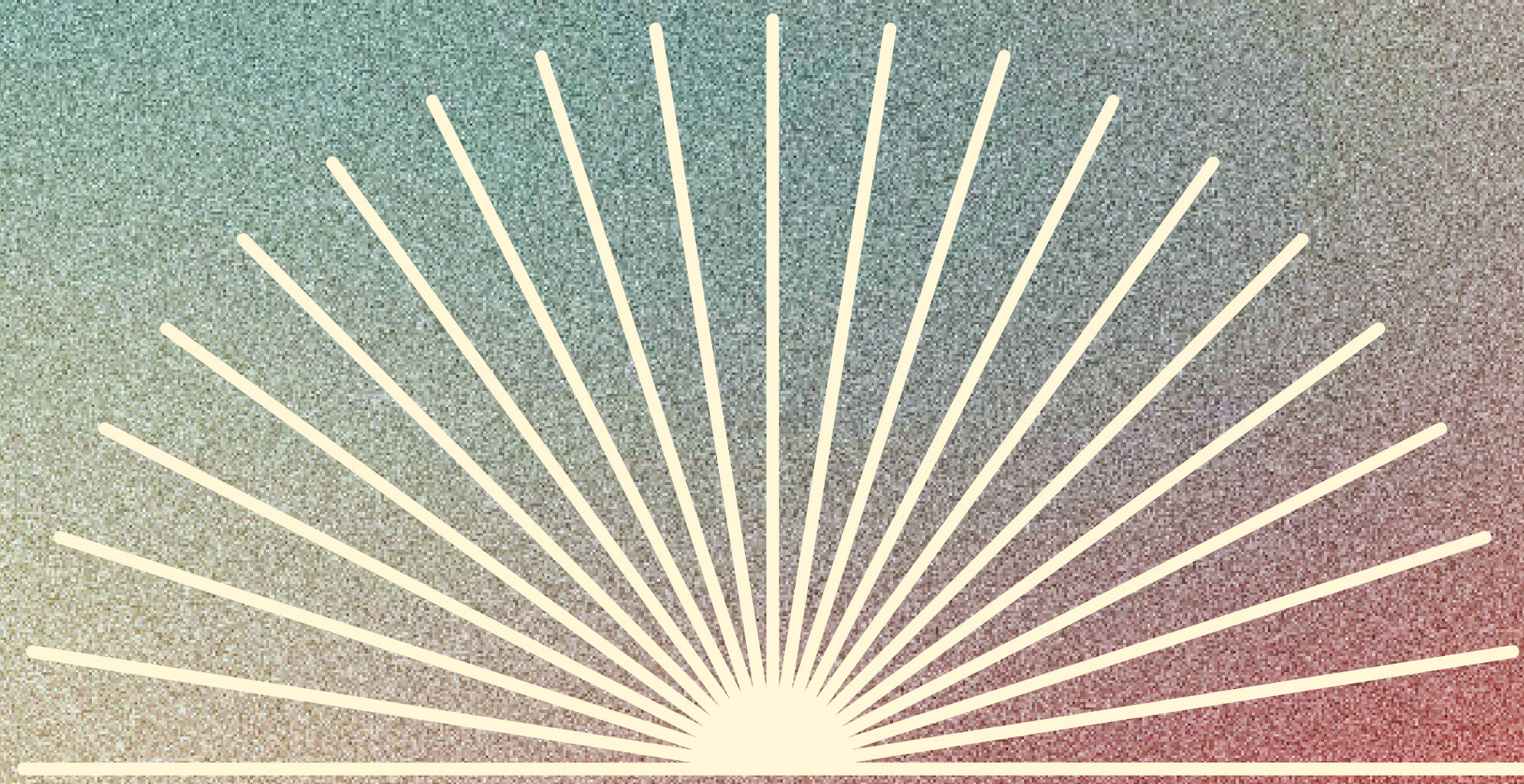


*Remember this*

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”DO MORE  
OF WHAT  
YOU LOVE.”



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untold journal



# *Editorial Note*

There are many ways the world will try to make you smaller — to fit into schedules, expectations, and labels that were built long before you arrived. But the truth is: your life is your own. The world doesn't need more people who can fit into systems. It needs people who come alive.

This issue is a celebration of that spark — the one that ignites when you're dancing at midnight, when your hands won't stop moving because you need to finish the painting, when you talk about something you love and your eyes light up without permission.





# *The Quiet Urge*

You know that tiny flutter in your chest when you see something beautiful — a rhythm, a formula, a pattern of light that feels almost like home? That's not random. That's a compass.

People will tell you to be practical. To settle. To major in something that "makes sense." But what if sense is the lie, and feeling is the truth?

The quiet urge that whispers, do it again, do it again — write the poem, strum the chord, build the prototype — that's your truest direction. It's not noise. It's navigation.

The world doesn't reward hesitation. It rewards persistence, yes, but also love — the kind of love that gets you up before dawn, the kind that keeps you searching when the room goes dark.





## Through the Lens

-Matt



Every Saturday, before the city wakes, she walks through empty streets with her old Nikon hanging by a fraying strap. The world at 6 a.m. feels honest — trash bins overflowing, windows fogged, strangers half-dreaming their way to work.

She likes to photograph what people forget to see. A hand gripping a subway pole. A leaf trapped in rainwater. The cracked smile of a billboard face.

Her friends call it a hobby, but to her it's prayer — the act of noticing, the discipline of stillness. She doesn't chase perfect lighting. She waits for imperfection to reveal its own glow.

Later, when she develops her photos, she realizes something: she's not capturing the world. She's understanding it — one frame at a time.

And in that quiet click of the shutter, she knows she's doing more than taking pictures.  
She's learning to see.





# *Gravity Isn't the Only Force*

He was never good at small talk, but ask him about black holes, and he'll talk for hours. He carries a notebook full of equations that look like chaos to most people – symbols, scribbles, little notes that say things like “if light bends, what about time?”

His classmates joke that he lives in another universe. Maybe he does. But he's never felt more alive than when he's staring at a problem that refuses to be solved.

He doesn't chase grades or recognition. He chases truth. The kind you can't hold, but you can feel when numbers align and the world suddenly makes sense.

Physics, for him, isn't cold or distant. It's poetry – a way of explaining why stars die, why bridges stand, why love might just be another invisible force keeping things together.

And in those moments when the math works, when the pattern emerges – it feels like the universe is whispering back,

You understood me for a second. Don't stop.

*Juliana Silva*





# ***The World Isn't Waiting***

There's this idea that you have time — infinite time — to start later. To wait until you're older, more stable, more confident.

But the truth is, the world is moving. And it's watching — not with judgment, but with curiosity. It wants to see what you'll make of yourself.

If you want to be a writer, write now.

If you want to dance, dance now.

If you want to change the world, start with your corner of it.

People say youth is wasted on the young. I think it's the other way around — wisdom is wasted on the cautious. The ones who wait until it's too late to be brave.

So don't wait for the perfect moment.  
Make it perfect because you chose it.



# A THOUSAND DRAFTS LATER

SHE DELETES MORE THAN SHE SAVES. WORDS FEEL HEAVY SOME DAYS, SLIPPERY ON OTHERS. BUT SHE KEEPS TRYING — BECAUSE WHEN SHE GETS IT RIGHT, EVEN FOR A MOMENT, IT FEELS LIKE BREATHING CLEAN AIR.

WRITING ISN'T ESCAPE. IT'S TRANSLATION — OF THE CHAOS INSIDE HER INTO SOMETHING THAT MAKES SENSE.

SOMETIMES SHE WRITES ABOUT PEOPLE SHE'S LOST. SOMETIMES ABOUT PEOPLE SHE'S STILL HOPING TO MEET. SOMETIMES IT'S NOT ABOUT ANYONE AT ALL, JUST THE FEELING OF WANTING TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

SHE KNOWS SHE MIGHT NEVER PUBLISH ANYTHING. BUT MAYBE SHE DOESN'T NEED TO.

MAYBE IT'S ENOUGH THAT HER WORDS KEEP HER COMPANY.

EACH STORY, EACH POEM, IS A LITTLE PROMISE TO HERSELF:  
“I WAS HERE. I FELT THIS. I TRIED TO UNDERSTAND.”

AND THAT'S THE QUIET, INVISIBLE COURAGE OF DOING WHAT YOU LOVE —

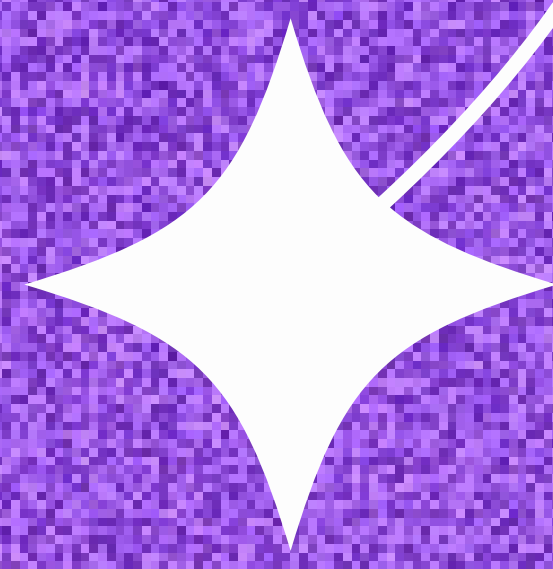
NOT BECAUSE YOU'LL WIN,  
BUT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T STOP.

BY ALLISON





# The Art of Staying



Olivia

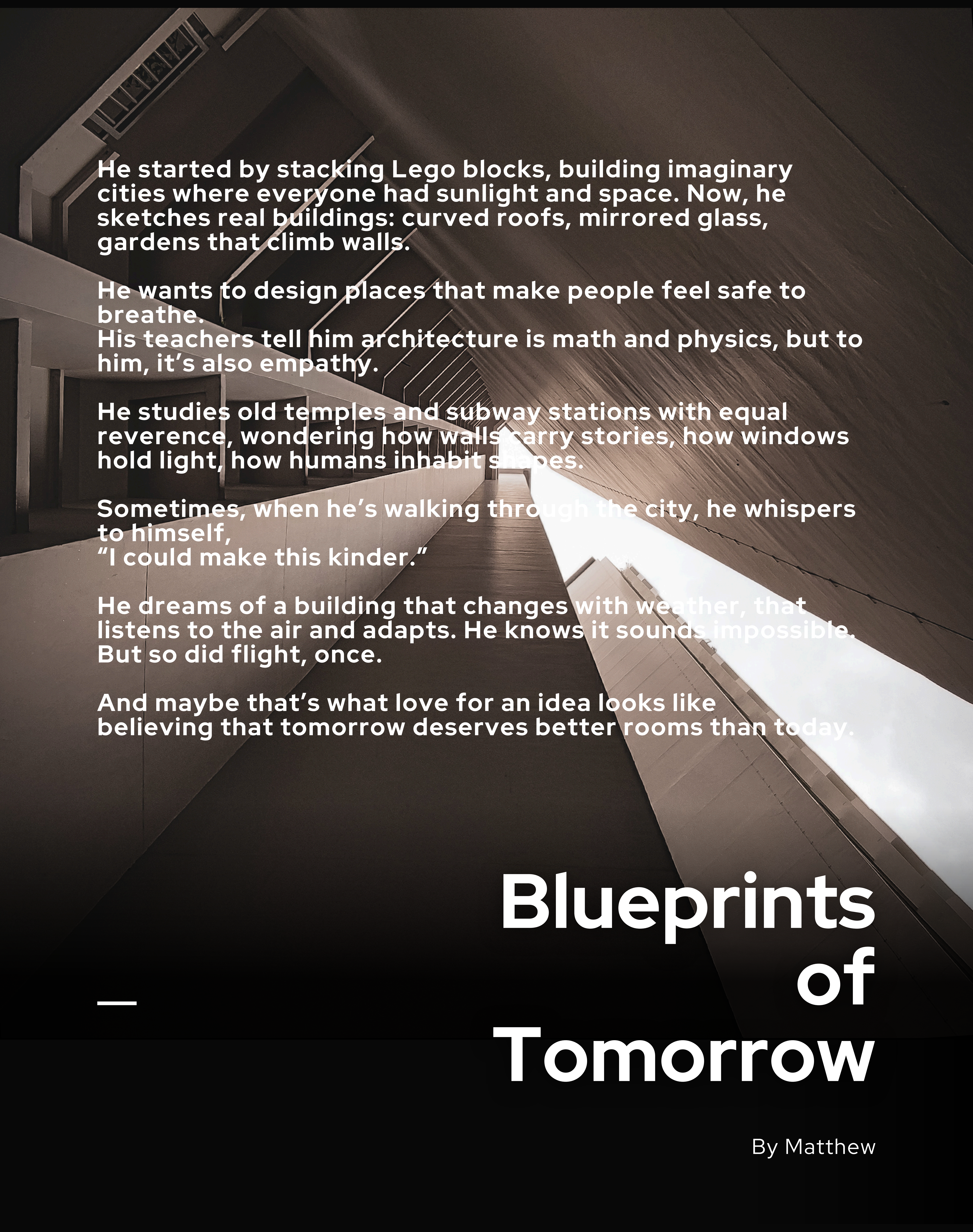
We all talk about finding passion, as if it's a treasure buried somewhere far away. But maybe the real art isn't finding what you love. Maybe it's staying with it.

There will be days when it doesn't feel magical. When you're exhausted, uninspired, unseen. When your dream feels like an old song no one listens to anymore.

But love is not always fireworks. Sometimes it's the steady hand that stays on the piano keys even when the room is silent. It's showing u for your craft, for your vision, for yourself when no one else does.

If you stay long enough, the fire returns. And when it does, it burns brighter than before — because you earned it.





He started by stacking Lego blocks, building imaginary cities where everyone had sunlight and space. Now, he sketches real buildings: curved roofs, mirrored glass, gardens that climb walls.

He wants to design places that make people feel safe to breathe. His teachers tell him architecture is math and physics, but to him, it's also empathy.

He studies old temples and subway stations with equal reverence, wondering how walls carry stories, how windows hold light, how humans inhabit shapes.

Sometimes, when he's walking through the city, he whispers to himself,  
"I could make this kinder."

He dreams of a building that changes with weather, that listens to the air and adapts. He knows it sounds impossible. But so did flight, once.

And maybe that's what love for an idea looks like believing that tomorrow deserves better rooms than today.

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# Blueprints of Tomorrow

By Matthew



# That Version of You

When you were a kid, you probably dreamed without fear. You didn't ask whether it was possible. You just imagined — wild, vivid, shameless.

That version of you didn't die. It's just waiting. Waiting for you to remember that you owe the world your real self — not the one that fits, but the one that feels.

You owe it your art, your music, your questions, your inventions, your stories. You owe it the parts of you that other people told you to hide.

Because the world doesn't change because of people who follow the rules. It changes because of people who refuse to stop loving what they love.

So go. Be unreasonable. Be stubborn about joy.

You owe us that much.



# **The Song She Never Finishes**

## **By Cecilia**

Every time she sits at the piano, she starts the same song: slow, unsure, trembling at first. She's been writing it for two years, and it still doesn't have an ending.

Her mom says she should just finish it already. Her teacher says it's okay to move on.

But she can't.

Because the song keeps changing with her. It's joy when she plays it after laughing with her friends. It's grief when she plays it after losing someone. It's love when she plays it on a night she doesn't want to end.

She thinks maybe that's the point it's not supposed to end.

It's supposed to grow with her, becoming a mirror of everything she's learning to feel.

The melody has become her diary, her fingerprint, her proof that she's been here. And even if no one else ever hears it, she'll keep playing — because sometimes, the unfinished things are the truest things we make.



