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ONCE UPON
A TIME
Forbidden Ground

Anastasia Aimee Widjaja



ONCE UPON A TIME

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"What do you think?"



"About what?"

"The stars."

"...Stars remain beautiful,
wherever their sky may be."



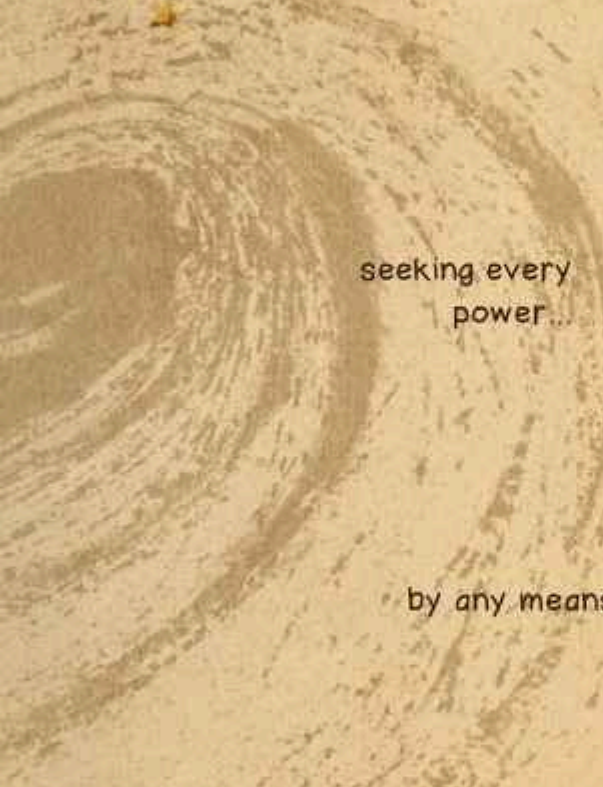
HELLO, PRETENDER.

The ones who keep fooling themselves,
praying, convinced that the world will be just fine,
trusting in the illusion of a 'stable world'.

Circling the
same motions,
situations, endlessly.

Embracing silence,
slowly withdrawing
from everything.

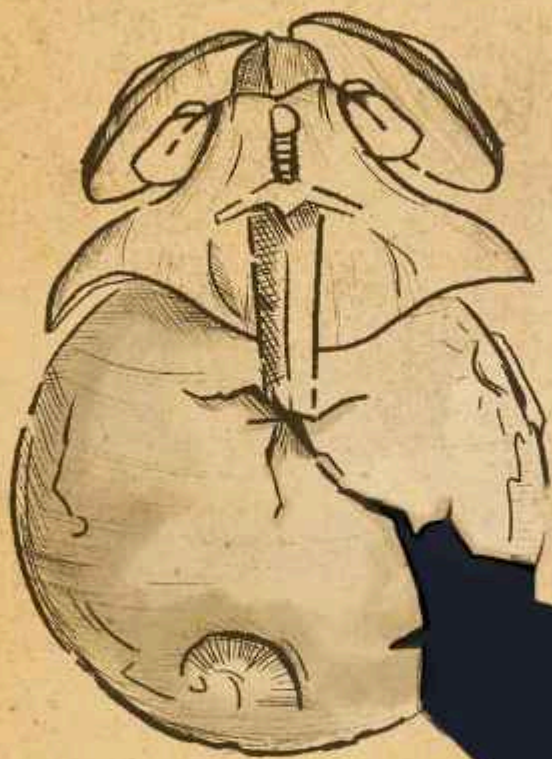
Expect to restore
what once felt
taken,



seeking every
power...

by any means,

Hoping someday to be
"THE SAVIOR"
of everyone... maybe.



Not knowing the truth behind the
self they become, is precisely
what leads the world to its end.

How about you?

Have
SURVIVED
yourself
or been
your own
SAVIOR?

Is it enough for you?
Remain as someone born not
of self-courage,
but of people's necessity.

Let me tell you a story,
about the 21st Apocalypse.



At first, I wondered what brought
this apocalypse upon us.
Was it...



"Fate?"
Hardly.



"God?"
Who are we to question Him?



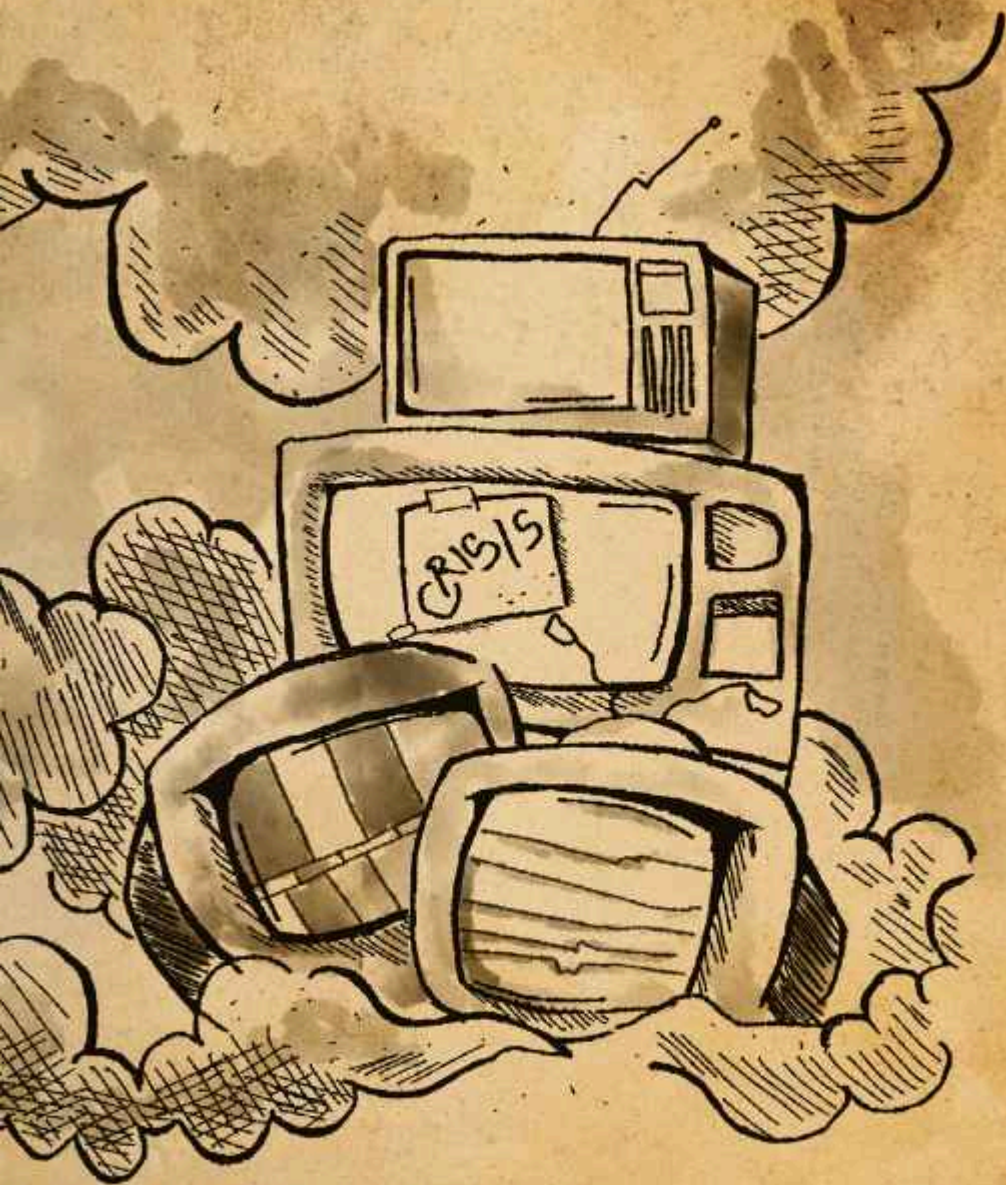
"Nature?"
Only returning what we gave.



"War?"
Perhaps.



"Disaster?"
Possibly.



"Crisis?"
Close enough.

BUT NO.
HUMAN



Humans like you, me, and all of us.
We didn't face the apocalypse,
we were the ones who created it.



Life springs from its source,
as the world breathes through its soul.
That soul is born from the breath
of those who refuse to let us fade.



THE REMNANTS OF
HUMANITY

Mankind,
too proud to see, too blind to admit.
Trades its potential for a mirage
called modernity of evolution, nothing but:

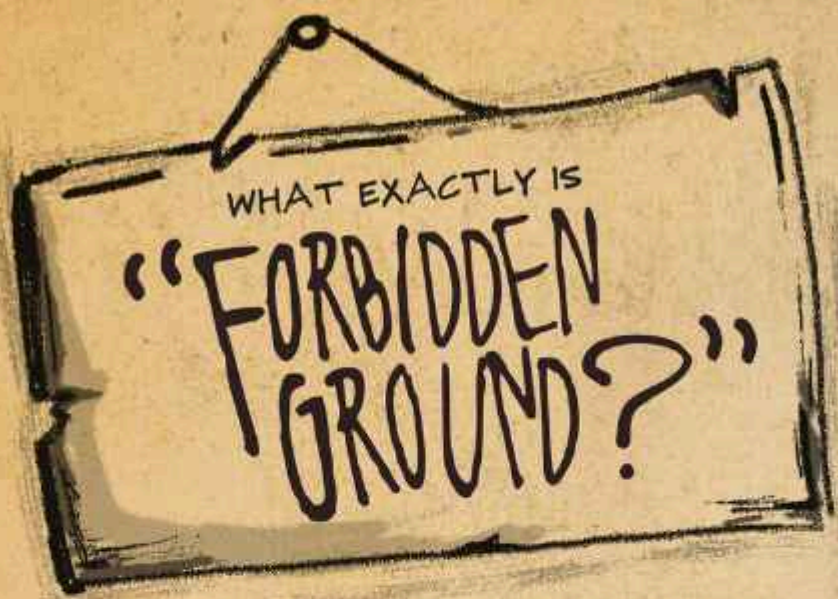
BLIND Ambition





THEY ENTRUST THEIR FAITH TO IT
BELIEVING YET **FORGETTING**
WHAT BECOMING TRULY DEMANDS.

From one age to the next,
humanity begins to inherit its own burning cage.



I HAVE CALL IT AS A **CURSE**,
BORN FROM HUMAN 'AMBITION' PARADOX.

Not faith,
nor wisdom.

But decisions
steered by
GREED

Rooted and becoming the
heart of everything that fell apart.

IT WAS NEVER
"THE MACHINE"
NOR THE ELEVATION OF
SOCIAL WORTH

None of them cut as deeply as
destructive greed, or the impulsive
weight of every human choice driven by lust.

With every increase in ease,
A QUIET HUNGER GROWS
the less satisfied humanity feels.

With every new possibility,
THE ROAD AHEAD
GROWS FAINT
not ensuring clarity.

IN THE END...

humanity is not conquered, the spirit
that was supposed to control
everything collapses inward. And so,
humanity kneels, having lost to itself,
to the logic of its own paradox.

"Why should I believe this story?"

"You don't have to."

"Then why tell me?
Shouldn't you at least
try to convince me?"

"Convincing is easy.
Believing is harder."

"Then at least show me evidence, no?"

"What kind of evidence
would satisfy you?"

"Something that proves it's real."

"Ah.. then you have already
grown up, like they want."

The conversation became the quiet end of my dream,
And that was how my "Once Upon a Time" began.





Chapter I

The junk of Old Dreams





“I want to go to the sky and fly freely there! I’ll travel from planet to planet, jumping from one to the next. I want to explore them all and find secret places that no one else knows about. Maybe there are treasures hiding behind every rainbow. And if each planet has mountains and rivers where living creatures could live, places no one has ever seen before, maybe I could become a truly great-remarkable explorer!”

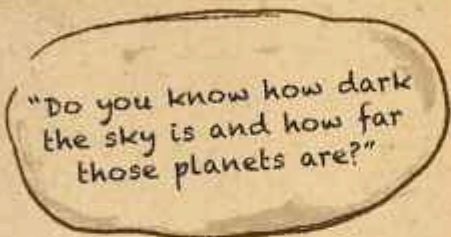


So I drew it.

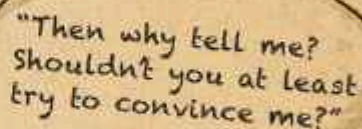


This is how I dreamed of exploring the entire universe, swimming through seas of clouds and flying alongside the birds. I showed the drawing to them, the ones who were older, wiser, and far more experienced than I was. But their reaction disappointed me.

One by one, they began explaining why my drawing was weird, because it could never happen, confronting me with consequences and careful calculations of impossibility: "Do you know how dark the sky is and how far those planets are?" they asked. "And how exactly do you plan to fly? You don't even have wings," another added.



"Do you know how dark the sky is and how far those planets are?"



"Then why tell me? Shouldn't you at least try to convince me?"

Instead of asking how I planned to reach the sky, they examined my dream with endless questions. Their questions were so many that doubt slowly began to grow inside me. That was when I learned something about people: they doubt dreams that feel unfamiliar, especially those that differ from what they already understand.

They wanted answers—clear and certain ones. They asked questions as simple as numbers, as if proving that $1 + 1$ equals 2 were the only way to guarantee something could truly happen. But I had no such answers. I had never gone to the sky, nor had I ever tried.


So little by little,
my dream began to feel
too large for someone like me.



And without proof, I began to believe that perhaps I was not worthy of it or... that dream was never meant to be mine.

And explanations belonged to scientists, the fortunate few who had been chosen to understand the sky before the rest of us. They would say:

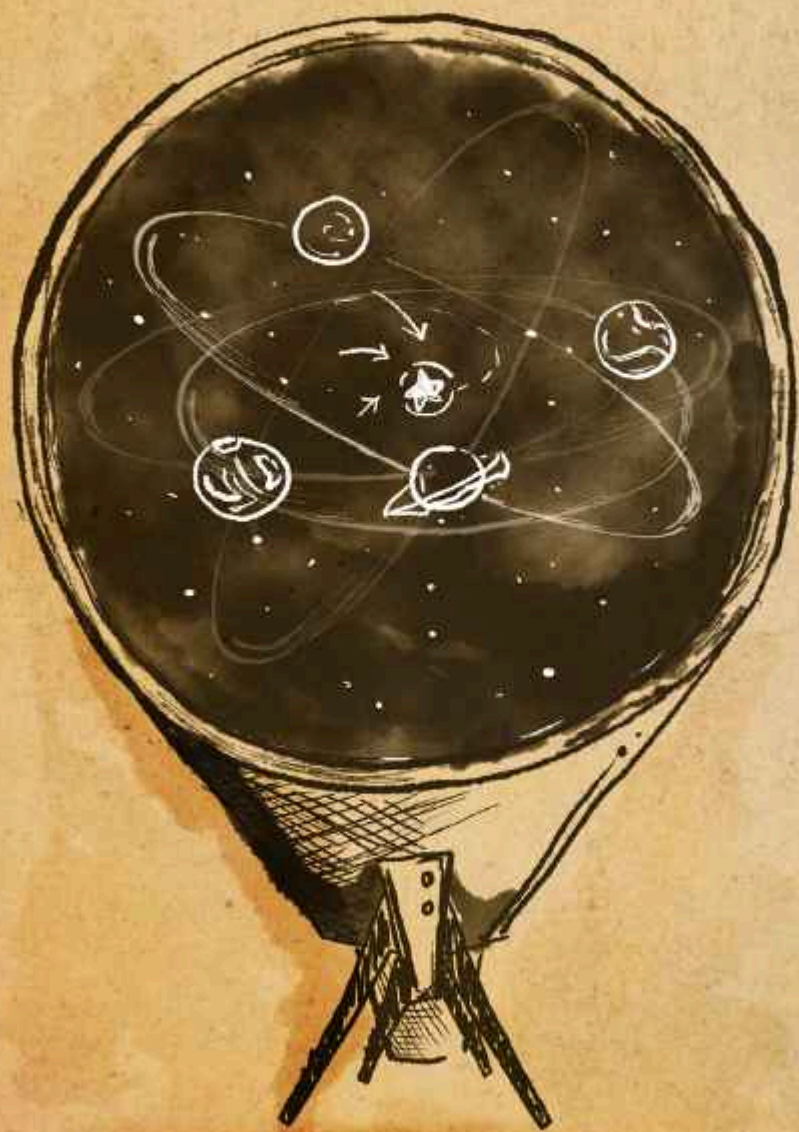




All the planets have
been explored

Even though they themselves were only a tiny fraction of humanity, perhaps 0.000001% of the population. I called them the chosen ones. They knew that I was not among them. Their knowledge assured me that there was no reason for someone like me to go there.

Seeing my disappointment, one of those chosen people, with knowledge of the small planets, tried to comfort me with a story about his belief: the stars.



He said that stars were worlds not much larger than Earth and the other planets, and that most of them were small, yet their light served as a bridge between the hopes of millions of living creatures and the sky itself. In the vast darkness above, their light would carry our wishes without requiring us to struggle all the way to the sky.

"Everything?"

"Everything."

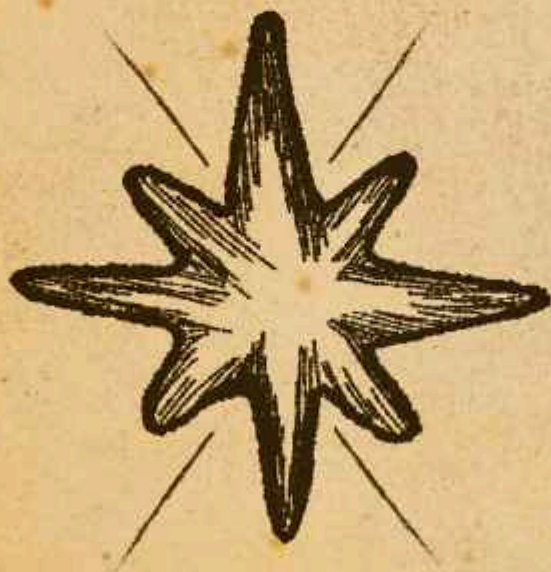
"Can the stars grant my wish to fly to the sky?"

"If your dream is lucky enough to be chosen."



"Every night, before you count a sheep to go to sleep, make a wish upon the shining stars, especially when you see one

How fortunate the stars were, to be given such a destiny. I could not help but envy them, for they could stay in the sky and look down upon the earth. Sometimes I wondered what it would be like if I were a star myself. Perhaps my unlucky life would finally feel useful. The vast darkness of the sky would not matter, because I would be the one shining there. To carry the hopes of every living creature would simply be my fate. And perhaps then, answering their questions would become easy.





From that day on, I never spoke about my “unfamiliar” dreams to the smart, chosen ones again. Instead, I placed my dreams in the hands of the stars, hoping they might grant the wishes that life had never meant to give me. Every night before I slept, I whispered the same prayer to the stars:

“Star... perhaps tonight, the sky will welcome me in my dreams.”

“Star... if you can hear me tonight, let me dream of the sky again.”

“Star... please let your light guide me back to the sky tonight.”

“Star... let me keep this same wish within your light.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

“Star, let me keep you mine, forever.”

That greed gnawed at me as I grew up.

Chapter II

A Flower Abandoned by the Sun

“I learned from the things they had already discovered and went searching for them myself. If I could only keep that starlight for myself, maybe I wouldn’t have to compete for that lucky chance, and that tiny one-percent chance of the sky could be mine forever.”

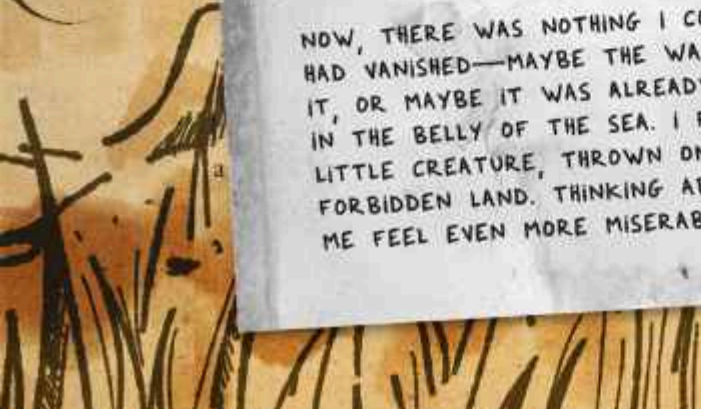




I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM...

THIS IS WHERE I WOKE UP, ON A LAND THAT SEEMED TO BE ENDLESSLY WASHED BY RAIN. A FIELD OF GRASS STRETCHED BESIDE THE SEA. THE LAST THING I REMEMBERED WAS SAILING THROUGH THE STORMY OCEAN, SEARCHING FOR THE PLACE WHERE A STAR AND ITS LIGHT HAD FALLEN. BUT THE WAVES STRUCK HARD, AND SOON AFTER, THAT STRANGE DREAM CAME TO ME.

NOW, THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO. MY BOAT HAD VANISHED—MAYBE THE WAVES HAD SWALLOWED IT, OR MAYBE IT WAS ALREADY SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE BELLY OF THE SEA. I FELT LIKE A USELESS LITTLE CREATURE, THROWN ONTO A STRANGE AND FORBIDDEN LAND. THINKING ABOUT IT ONLY MADE ME FEEL EVEN MORE MISERABLE.



"When do you think the
sun will appear again?"



I realized where the voice was coming from. It was a worn
sunflower, quietly gazing toward the open sea.

"I'm sorry... I don't know
which sun you mean.
I'm lost here too."

"Then where
are you going?"

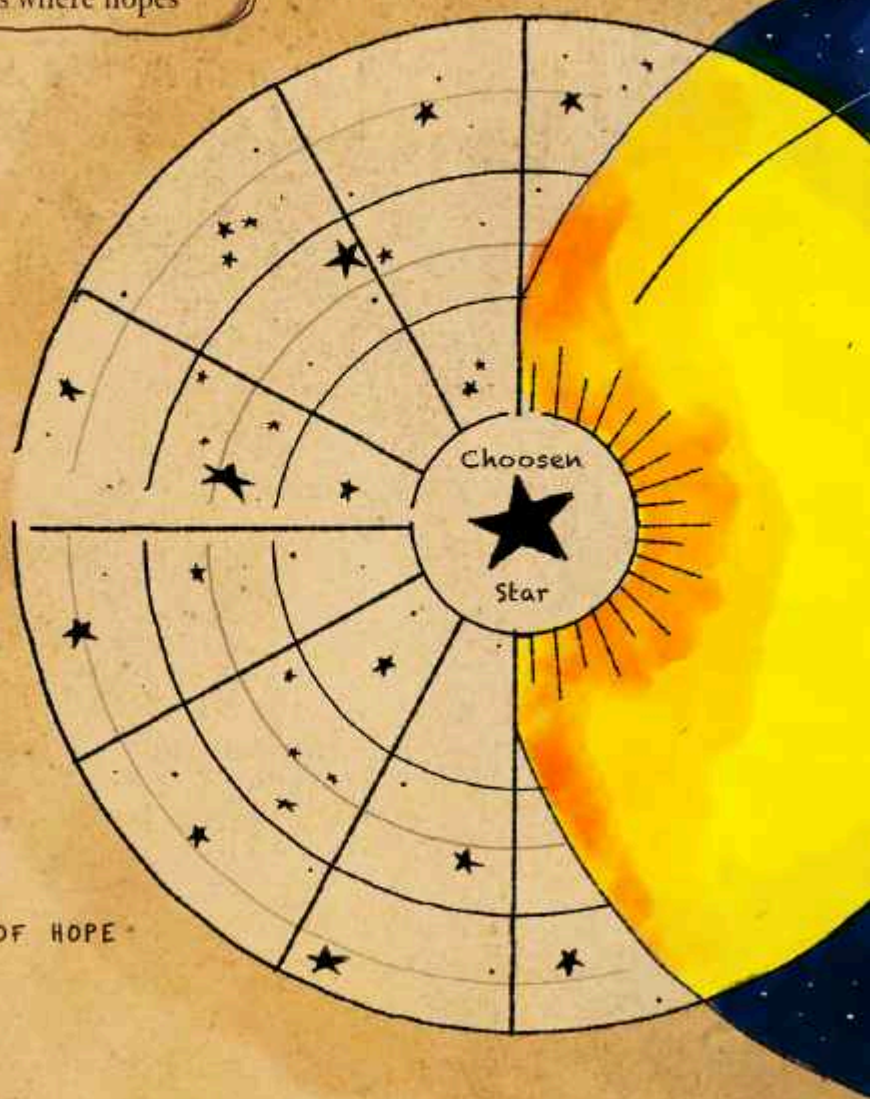
"The stars. I'm looking
for a falling star. Have you
seen one fall around here?"

"A star? Why are you
searching for one?"

"Its light!"

Somehow, the question stirred my excitement, and I sat up to continue my conversation with the flower. I showed her the plan I had drawn to find the star, along with the reason that led me to it

“Stars are beautiful
places where hopes



STAR OF HOPE



ZONE EFFECT

Standing between
the earth
and the sky.

Places people trust.

"Don't you think
they are special?"

"Is that so? Then how
will you take its light
if you cannot even

"O-of course I can! I just
have to find it first... and use
its light to make endless

"What kind of wishes?"

“To keep dreaming about the sky,
I’m an unlucky dreamer.
I need a fallen star that still shines.”



If I have its light,
maybe...



I can feel what it's like
to fly freely through the
sky and explore it.





"But the word 'freely'
does not belong to a
dreamer who waits for

"What do you mean? Are you
saying I don't deserve it?"

"You wish to explore the
sky without becoming an
explorer. Then what are

"B-but... that's what
the chosen ones say."

"The chosen ones?"

“They were the first to reach the sky through telescopes and satellites, as if they owned it. They studied it, wrote about it, and told me what to believe. They were the ones who taught me about the stars. If I were to find a fallen star that still shines, do you think they would believe I deserve to reach the sky?”

"You are the one who should
know whether you deserve
the sky or not, not them.

★ The 'chosen ones' you
speak of sound like
clever exploiters who
spend their time only
with books.


A book is only a
book if it never
leaves its pages. ★

After all, what is the
use of studying every
planet if you have
never felt its gravity?





...



"Stars are special to you
because you believe they are.
But if we are talking about
light... my sun is far brighter."


"Huh? Do you mean the
same sun you were looking

"Of course."

"Does that mean the sun
is as great as the stars?"

"What does 'great'
mean to you?"

If we talk about "great," I described it as something so high it felt untouchable—something that made many creatures feel alive, giving them the courage to place their hopes upon it. Even the darkness would not dare come near it. People studied its fate and wrote it down in their books. And that was what I told the flower.



"Yes.. the sun gives me life..."



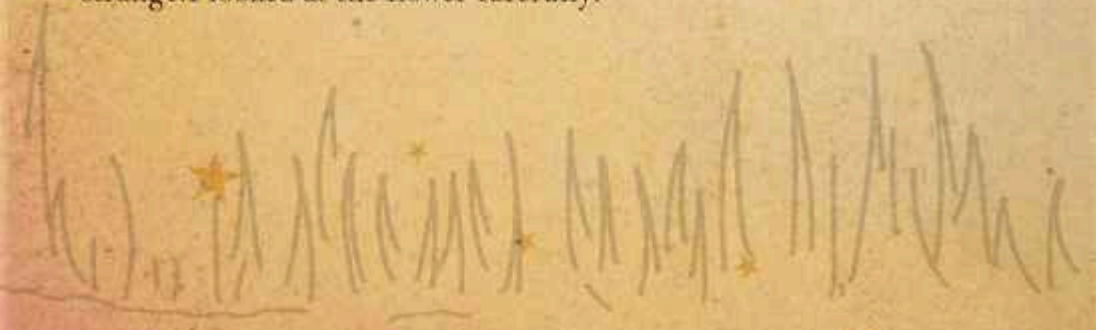
"This place has been covered by endless rain for a long time, and it made my sun disappear. If stars are your light... then the sun is mine, because that's what I believe."

The answer from the flower left me confused. There was something in its words that felt simple, yet hard to truly grasp. If the rain had lingered over this place for so long, then the sun must have been gone just as long. It had endured beneath a sky that never seemed to open—so what made it believe so deeply, without ever seeing the result?

“Why did you choose the sun as your hope, instead of the stars?”

“If I told you that I could shine brighter for you than both your star and my sun... would you believe me?”

The flower did not answer. Instead, it asked me something strange. I looked at the flower carefully.



#1 Soi the Sunflower

Its stem bent



Its petals were
wrinkled

"You're a beautiful
flower... but you don't
shine like my star."

"Then let me change the
question. If I could find a
light brighter than both
your star and my sun...
would you believe it?"

"That's impossible."

"It's not, if you agree to
become my sunflower."

"Trust me long enough for me
to prove my words. Stay with
me before the rain finally takes
what little time I have left."

"If you do, I promise I will
show you a place with a light
brighter than the fallen star
you are searching for."

"Where would we go?"

"To the place where your stars and my
sun both reach. Take me to the moon,
along the path where rainbows fall."



"I'm sorry, I don't think I can do that. I don't even have my boat anymore. How could I reach the sky where the stars truly are? I already told you... I'm no one who deserves to fly up there."



"The sky has no
requirements for those
who wish to reach it."

"Unless you wish to become
like a plane sealed inside
a message in a bottle."



"If you believe there are a hundred
and one ways to reach the sky without
wings, then you will eventually find
them. Just as there are ways to cross
the sea without your old boat."

"But if your 'impossible' comes from fear, remember that fear is born from a lack of belief. And fear is the one thing you should not believe."

"What if I refuse?"

"I won't force you."

"Then... let's search for that light together."

There was not much difference between the two choices. I might never find the fallen star, and reaching the moon might also be impossible. The only certain thing was that the choice I made today would exist.

And that was how I met Soli,
the imperfect sunflower who once traveled beside me.

Chapter III

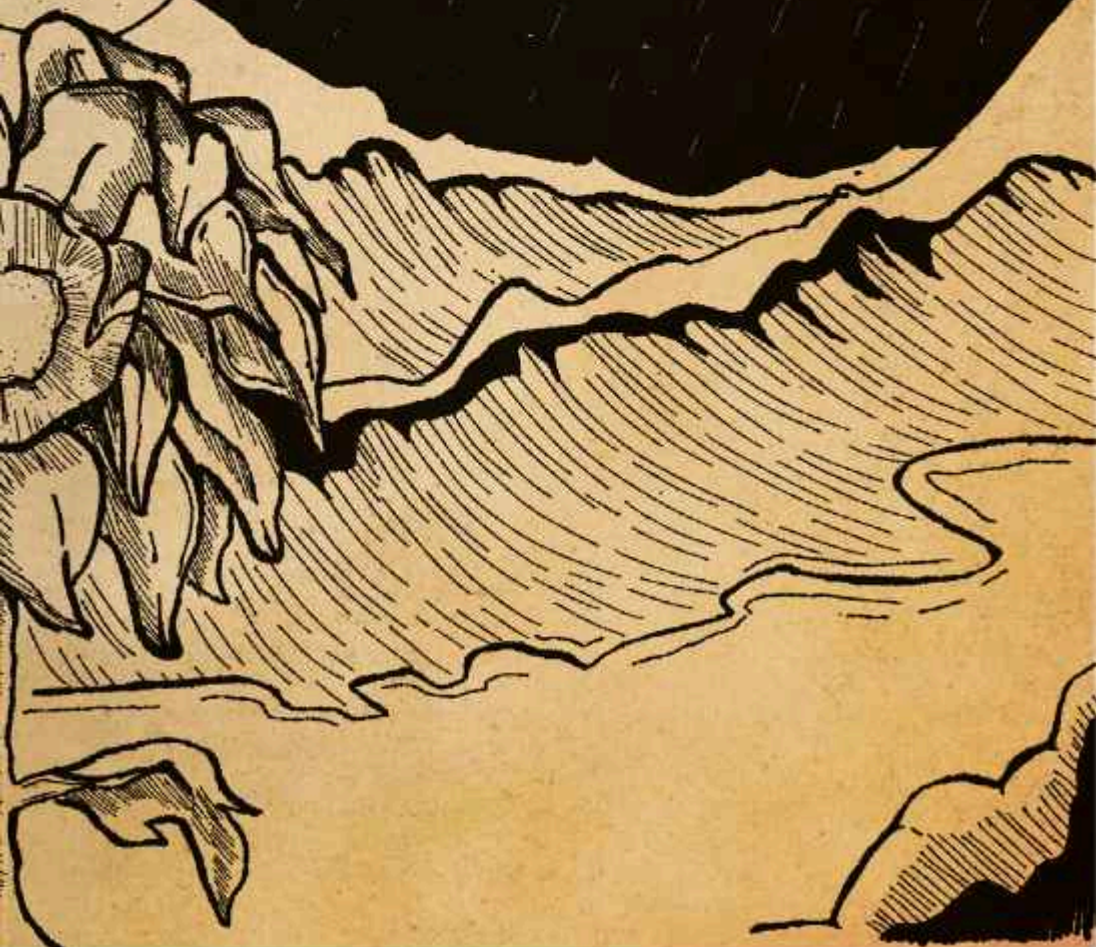
A Story About the Sun

“Do you believe that what cannot be seen can still keep something alive? It is neither measurable nor certain, and yet, that was where I began to understand why Soli: the imperfect one, continued to live while the others did not. It told me that...”

"Once, the land where I was stranded
had been filled with countless
beautiful flowers. Teman-temanku,
yang selalu memandangi satu dan yang
lain untuk berbagi cahaya."



"But then the darkness of rain
arrived and did not stop."



"Little by little, the flowers disappeared.
The earth drank too much, and let their
stems could no longer hold them up."

"Meninggalkanku berdiri sendirian
ditengah tengah kelopaknyanya yang
berjatuhan."





Cerita itu membuatku menyadari, bahwa living creatures lose their way when there is no light. Without it, they do not know how to grow or where they are meant to go. So they begin to search for something they can call space of freedom, atau satu-satunya dimana mereka bisa merasa turut mendapatkan cahaya.

Nothing to hide, chase and prove. Before numbers and names, they know only one thing: to keep moving forward, even if it means falling again and again. But as they grow older, they begin to count their falls, the way petals fall from a flower, quietly becoming a measure of worth. They pass these numbers on, so it will not be repeated—believing they must search for something more valuable, so they may appear complete.

But tell me... what is "more valuable" truly worth more than the breath you take?



Unless I could prove that the dried petals of that sunflower were worth a trillion, and could be sold to a few conglomerates.



In the end, numbers and written words become only gentle illusions: ways to make sense of living, to escape what the chosen ones call misfortune, even when life itself cannot be measured. And perhaps... the one who is deceived is not them, but ourselves. They reach for every light that feels close enough to touch, and they survive. But is it truly wrong?

We are only a few lost creatures, searching for a place where we belong, like stars that quietly belong to their sky.

"There is nothing wrong with wanting to be like a star, as long as you remember you are not one."

"And you... have you never been jealous of the sun?"

"Oh... why would I be jealous? We are already like siblings. We have the same petals, and we share the same color. How much more alike do we need to be?"

"But you do not shine like it does. You are still here, waiting for it. If you are truly like siblings, and it sees you the same way... should it not have returned by now?"

The flower fell silent for a moment before answering.

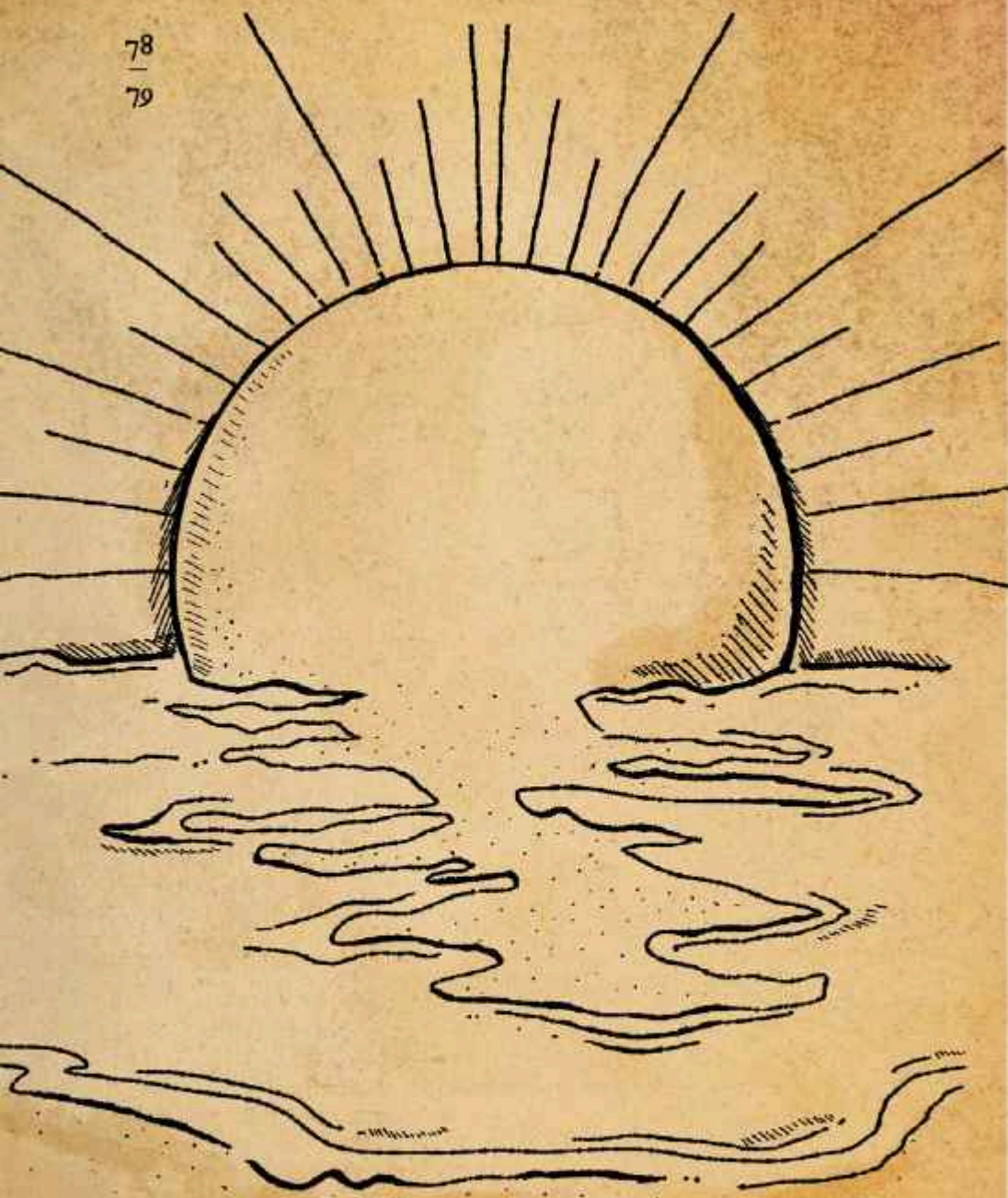
"You are not entirely wrong"



For now, I cannot shine in a way that all creatures can see and enjoy, as the sun does. Many would say that makes me unfortunate.

"But I do not feel that way. Besides,
this is not the first time the sun has
left us flowers behind."





"It sinks into the sea far more often than it stays to shine on us."

“Then why do you
keep waiting for it?”

"Because I respect the sun for sharing its light with more than just us. That is the freedom it holds."

"And my freedom is to believe that the sun will always keep its promise in the end. No matter how far it travels, I believe that one day I will see it again. Waiting is part of that belief."

"I don't understand... How can you have so much faith in something so uncertain?"

"You are very good at counting. But faith is not something that can be measured with numbers."

"Then... what is faith equal to?"

"Faith is equal to breath, because it is precious."

"Can your faith guarantee that your stem will grow strong again?"

"Even if it never becomes as strong as before, it is still what keeps me breathing."

"Sometimes, creatures try so hard to become strong that they forget how to stand and fight. They spend their lives counting and memorizing, and little by little, they forget how to believe."



"To them, counting is not a way to grow strong. It is only proof that they never believed they could be. And in the end, they arrive at the smallest and most absolute place of all."

“The smallest and most absolute place?”

84

85

"A life with no hope of ever standing."

Chapter IV

The Trail of Mr. Mushroom

“Every journey leaves a trace behind, buried quietly in the earth. Some are remembered and called history, while others are forgotten, turned into stories when no one chooses to believe them.”

This is where we are.

**WIDE FIELD
OF MUSHROOM**

The rain never truly reaches the ground.

And yet, the soil is rotten.

It is because of one great mushroom, standing quietly at the center of the field. Its cap has grown so wide that it covers everything beneath it. The stems, the soil, protecting them from anything that falls from above.

"H-hello... welcome."

"Hello. Why are you sitting there, hiding like that?"

"H-hiding? No, no one is hiding! This field is my kingdom. I am protecting it from the light, so everything here can grow."

"I see... but your soil looks as though it is rotting. Is that not dangerous?"

"I-it is not a big problem, as long as the light does not enter. At least no trees will take my place, and the sun will not steal my water. I do not have to struggle for territory."

"What about wild creatures?"

"T-they have no reason to come here... it is dark enough."

"I—I don't know. It is
better if you leave."

"Oh... does that mean you
have never seen the sun?"

I called it the anxious mushroom. It spoke in trembling words, as if everything were a threat. And yet, we needed its shelter, even if only for a moment. So, with hesitation, I stepped closer.

“We need a place to rest from the
rain. May we borrow your shelter
for a while?”

I called it the anxious mushroom. It spoke in trembling words, as if everything were a threat. And yet, we needed its shelter, even if only for a moment. So, with hesitation, I stepped closer.

“We need a place to rest from the
rain. May we borrow your shelter
for a while?”



The mushroom hesitated, then
lowered its cap slightly,
allowing us to stand beneath it.

"O-only for a moment.
You must leave soon."

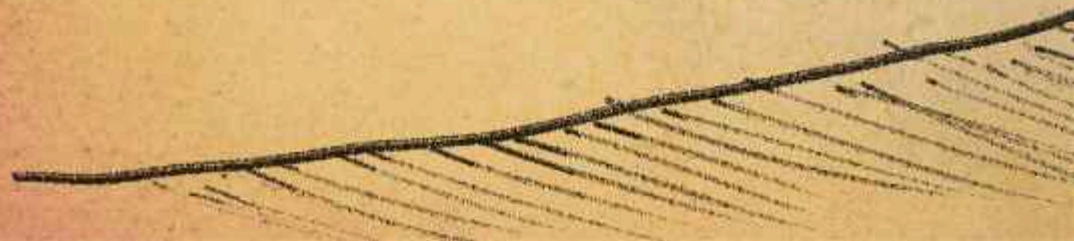
"You're so kind. But why
are you so afraid of us?"

"B-because living creatures always
compete. I know you can see it—I
have nothing that would make me a
winner. This endless rain is a curse
for others... but not for me. Here, I
am safe. No one dares to take this
place from me."

"If you are the unfortunate
one... then who was fortunate
enough to defeat you before?"

"T-the trees. They were blessed. They can live anywhere—the sun and rain make the soil rich for them. But I... I could only depend on what was left. I had no power."

"B-but not anymore. The soil here has rotted, and without light, nothing else can grow. No trees, no creatures. Here... I am the winner."





"Must it rot for you to win?"

"N-no! I did not mean for it to rot... it just happened. Wherever I grow, more of me follows. And they leave a trail behind them. But at least... I can survive."

"Then you are a kind mushroom. You just try to protect this place."

"N-no, young one. All creatures know I should be removed."

"Does that mean you can never meet the trees... or any other living thing?"

The mushroom fell silent.

From that silence, I began to understand. It lived only by its instinct to survive. Safety had become its only truth, even if the ground beneath it slowly died. The more the land rotted, the less it could be shaken.

"Mister Mushroom, may I
ask you something?"

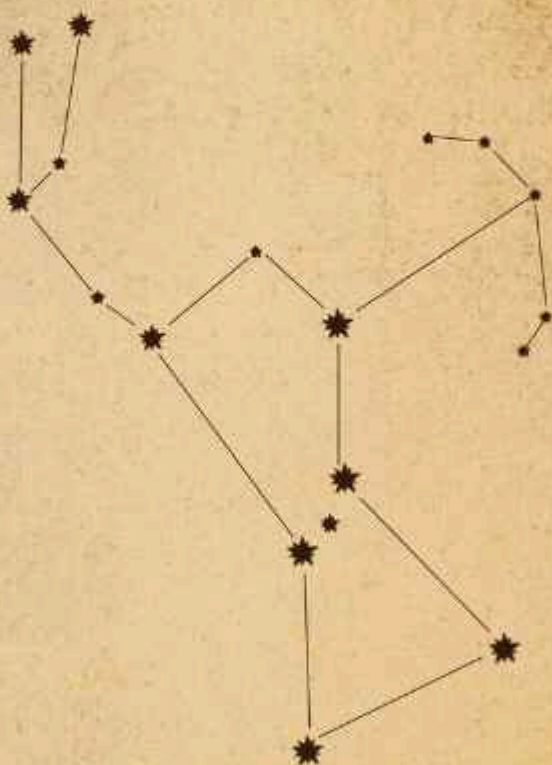
"A-ask".

"What do you think
of the stars?"

"T-they are beautiful... very
beautiful. Like all living things,
they leave patterns behind them."

"Patterns?"

"Yes. Like me, I leave



But their traces are different—they fall in constant paths. I have lived in darkness for a long time, and the stars have been my companions. I do not know how wide the world is... but from the paths of falling stars, I learned that it is far larger than I imagined."

"You know... I am trying
to follow those paths."

"T-to follow them?"

"Yes! I am searching for where a
star has fallen, so I can have its
light. But I lost my way... and
now I do not know where I am."

"Young one, sometimes, it is
enough to sit... and feel the
moment you are in."

Now, I fell silent.



For the first time, it no longer sounded afraid.
We looked at the sky together.
After a while, I spoke again.

“But... my purpose is different now. I
am not traveling alone anymore. I am
helping someone reach the moon.”

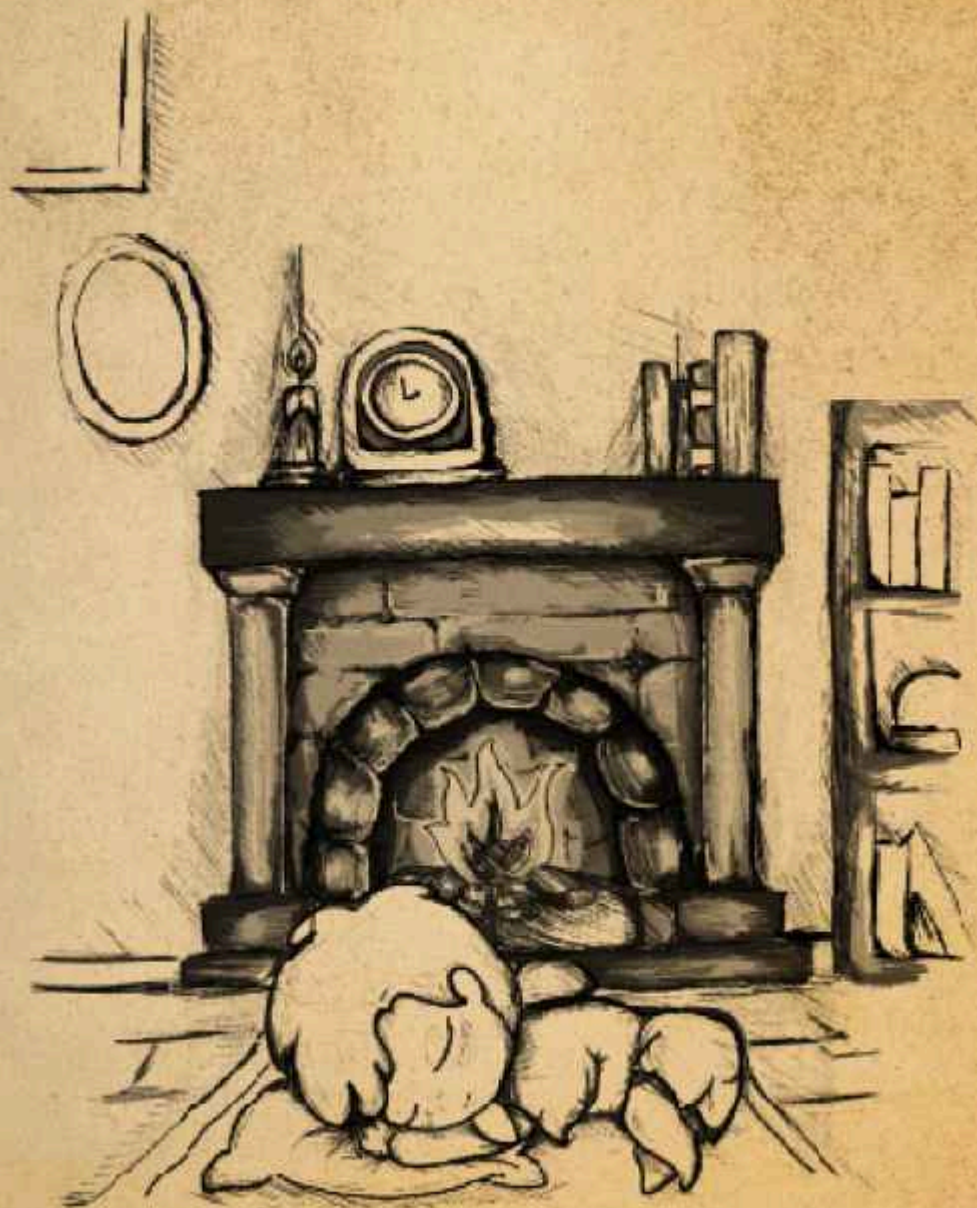
"T-That withered flower?"

"I... I don't know. Its time is running out. The endless rain has taken everything from it. Its companions are gone."

"Ah... The time you spend with it reveals something beautiful. The eyes are not always the right place to see it. You are connected."

"Connected?"

"Yes. You both carry something rare— a purpose that is greater than yourselves."



“I think you are **beautiful** too,
Mister Mushroom.”

“And you... have **learned more**
than you think.”

Chapter V

The Competition of Wild Boars

“If someone asked you which path you would choose,
or where you might be in ten years, may I ask what
your answer would be?”

[This is mine.]

The expectations spoke clearly, almost loudly.
Especially when those so-called
“chosen ones” began to question everything.



But what could I
possibly answer?

I am not even ten years older
to know what I will become.

I do not even know what I will be
in the next one or two years.

How great is that promise of
“value” they speak of?

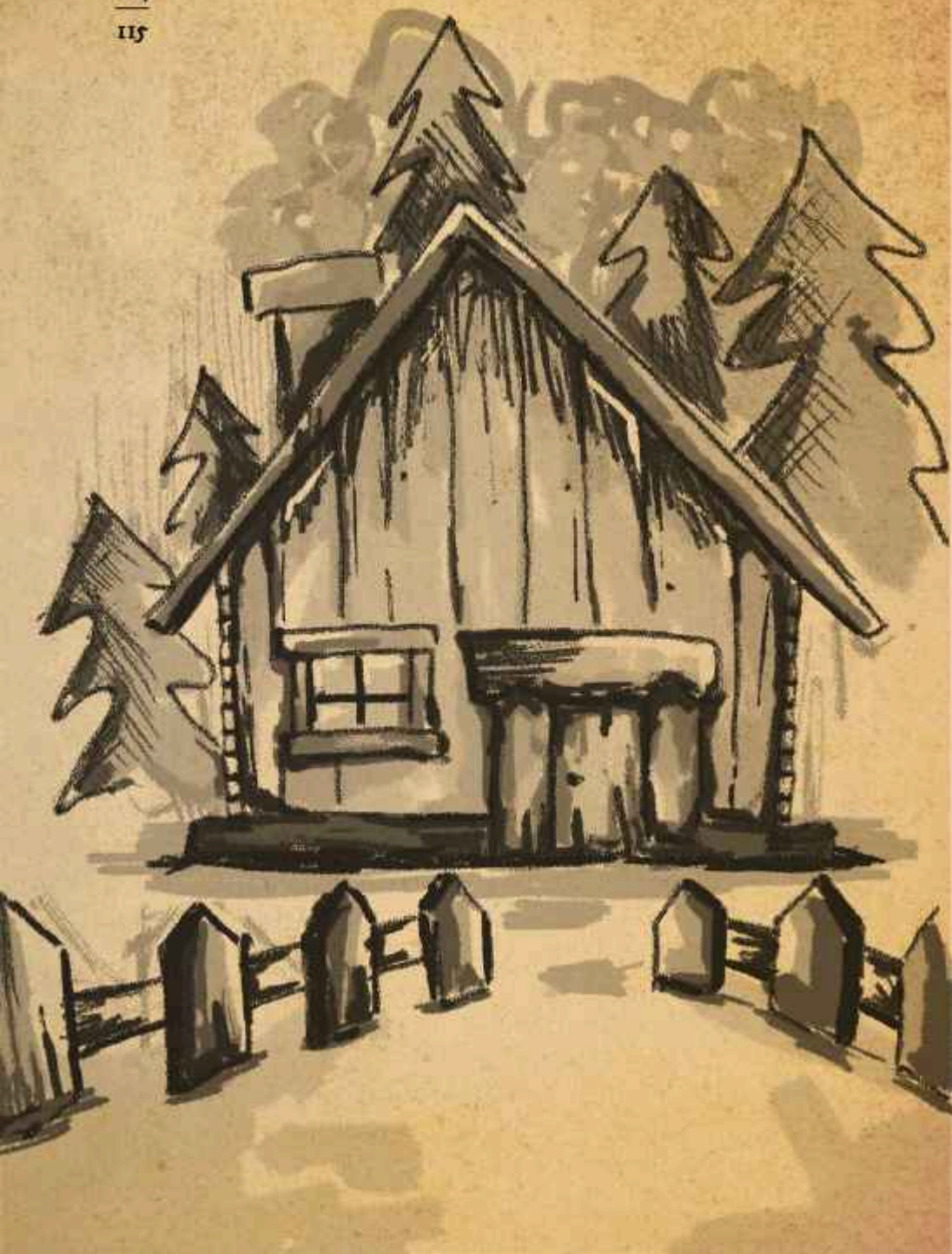
“They the chosen ones, older, more experienced,
and certain of themselves, would never believe me
unless proof were laid out before them. And if
even they do not believe... how could I?”

“All living creatures depend on their needs.
And yet, they are never satisfied. As if they
were trying to own pieces of the world,
expecting it would make them free.”

Or maybe there are those who simply live by a king's command. But if living only means to go on... even the wild boars in the forest live that way. When one need is fulfilled, another quietly takes its place, like wild boars fighting over land, thinking it will make them kings.

From there, ambitions begin to grow, and slowly, the future begins to take shape. They search for their place in life, trying to be seen first. Freedom to dream begins to feel like a prize. Those who reach it first are called fortunate, while the rest remain ordinary, whispering, "Perhaps my place was never there," or "Maybe I just need to follow the same path to arrive."





And so, they pray for better days. But if the throne does not come, they let it go not because they no longer want it, but because they no longer believe it can belong to them. Then they return to counting, deciding who will be fortunate next. Different ambitions and act, yet the same quiet hope: to find a freedom that feels worthy.

To find a
“FREEDOM”
that feels worthy

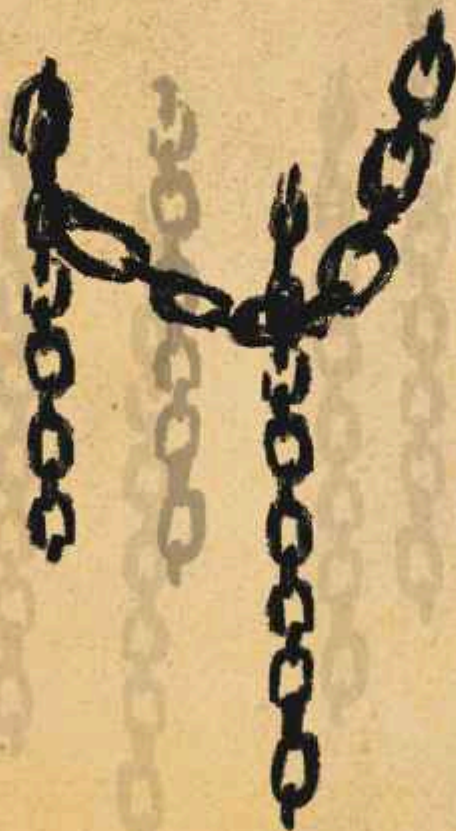
"But what does a
worthy freedom
truly look like?"

People thought freedom was
like flying high in the sky

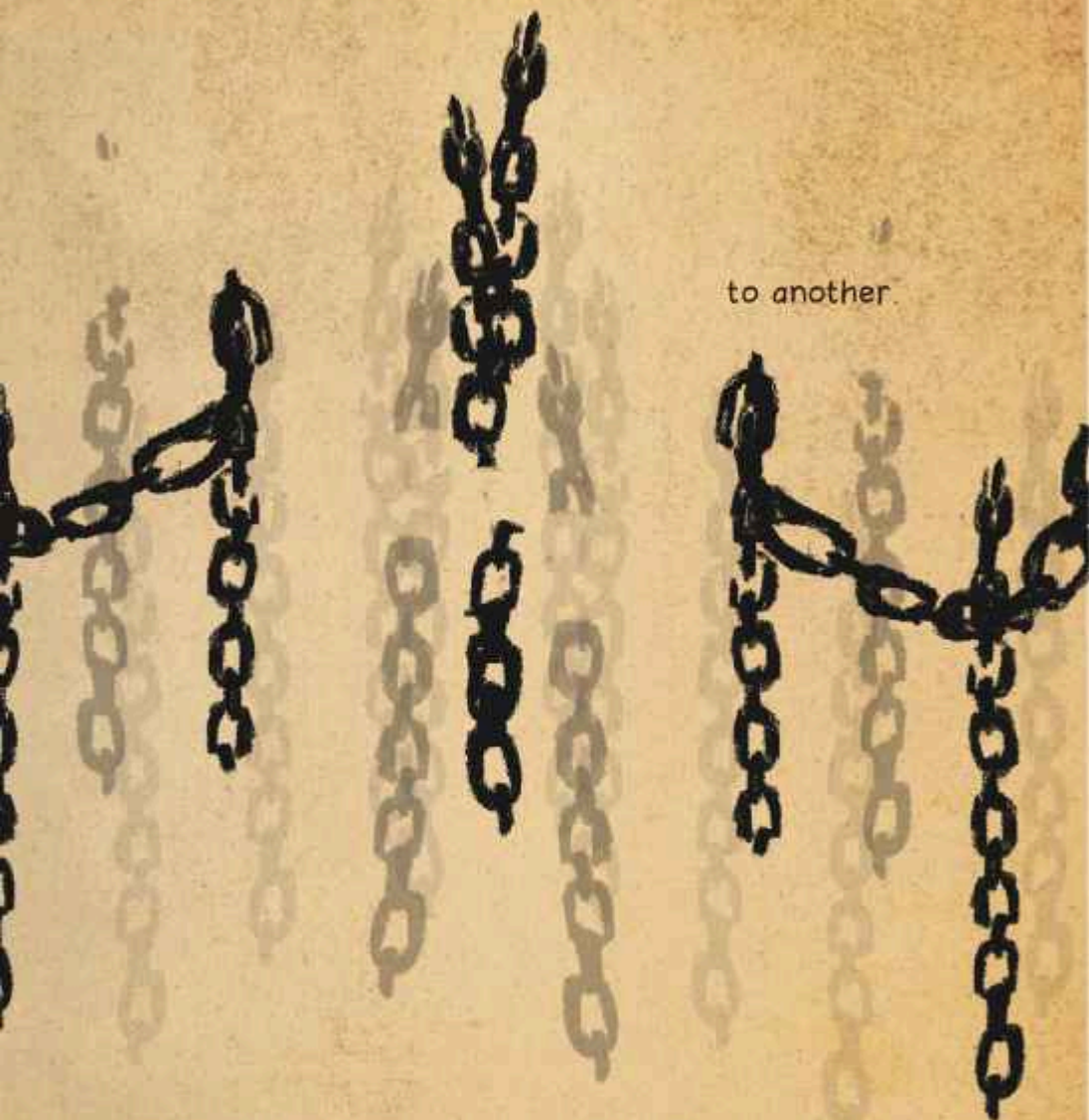
A place where you could go
anywhere, and think only
of flying.

How certain are we that beyond
that freedom, there is a vast sky
waiting for us to fly without end?

WHAT IF THERE ARE ONLY...
ANOTHER NEW CHAINS
WAITING THERE?



A quiet exchange
from one prison...



to another.

LIGHTER ^{OR} STRONGER?

And if the sky is truly endless...

**WHERE WOULD
WE GO NEXT?**

Which direction
would we choose?



Could we truly
fly at all?

Does that chance
even exist?

Or is the sky only
another place where we

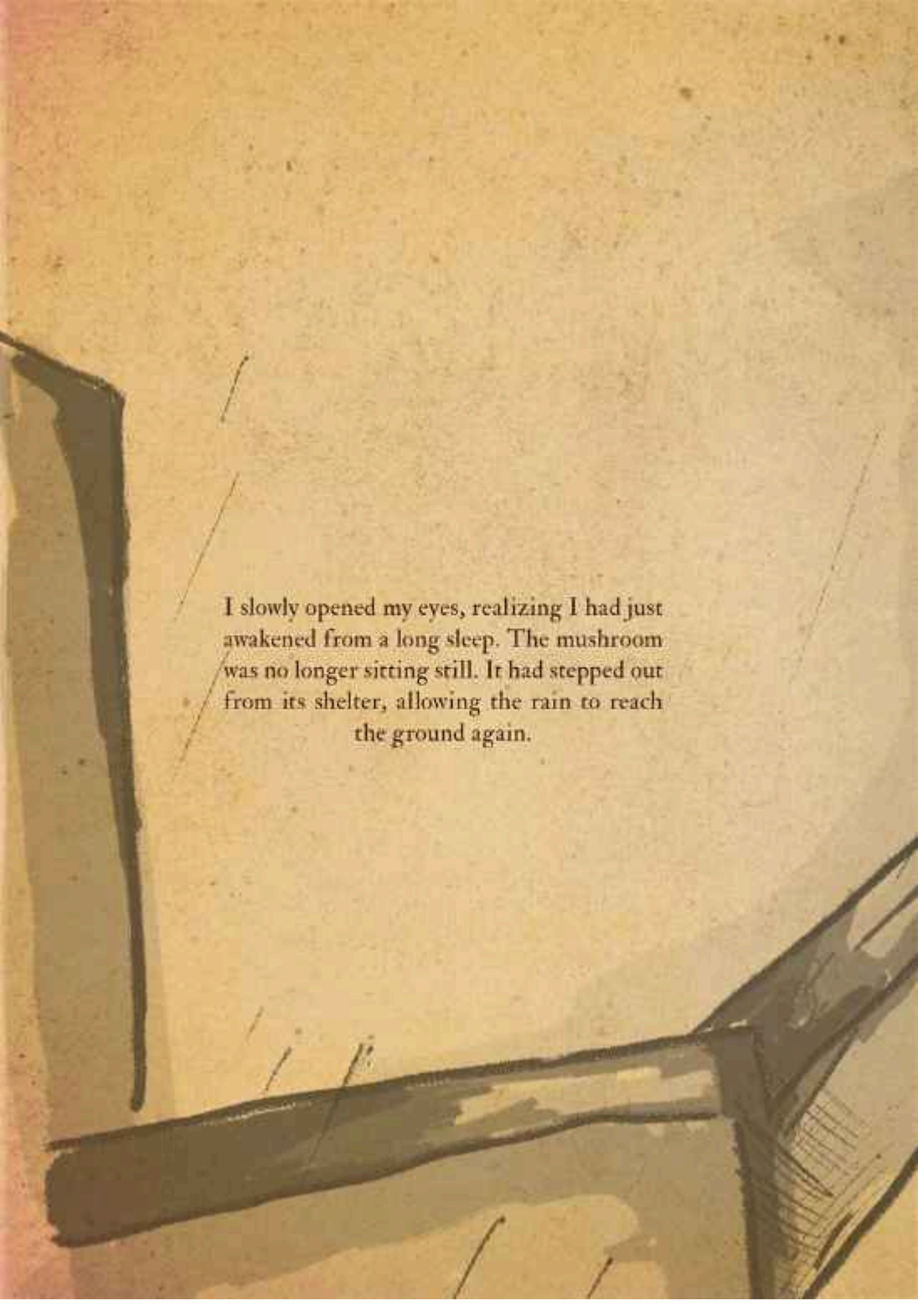
FALL AGAIN?

Can it promise something
different in its stars?

Because what is
the use of a vast sky,
if it is filled with the
same thousand stars?"

Chapter VI
The Goodbye

“Whoever you are, and whatever you may be, the time I spent with you is the most beautiful part of my journey. We are connected, not by chance, but by the purpose we share.”




I slowly opened my eyes, realizing I had just awakened from a long sleep. The mushroom was no longer sitting still. It had stepped out from its shelter, allowing the rain to reach the ground again.



And more than that,
it began tending to the traces it had left behind. It gently removed
some of the smaller mushrooms not only feeding itself,
but nourishing the soil beneath.

Not all of them,
only enough so that they could grow without taking everything.
When it noticed that I was awake, it said..





"It is time for you to continue your journey, young one."

The rain is still heavy... but so is your spirit. If you wish to find your way closer to the moon, and learn how to face the rain, go to the western horizon, follow the path where the seagulls migrate."

This is the first time I have fallen asleep without counting sheep or wishing upon the stars."

"And how was it?"

"It was not beautiful, nor was it about the sky... but this time, it felt more valuable."

"Perhaps this is the moment you become a dreamer, one who dreams longer than sleep itself."

"Thank you... for being part of the shelter that kept me through the night."

"And I am fortunate," the mushroom said softly, "to grow among those who are still growing."

I raised my hand and waved.

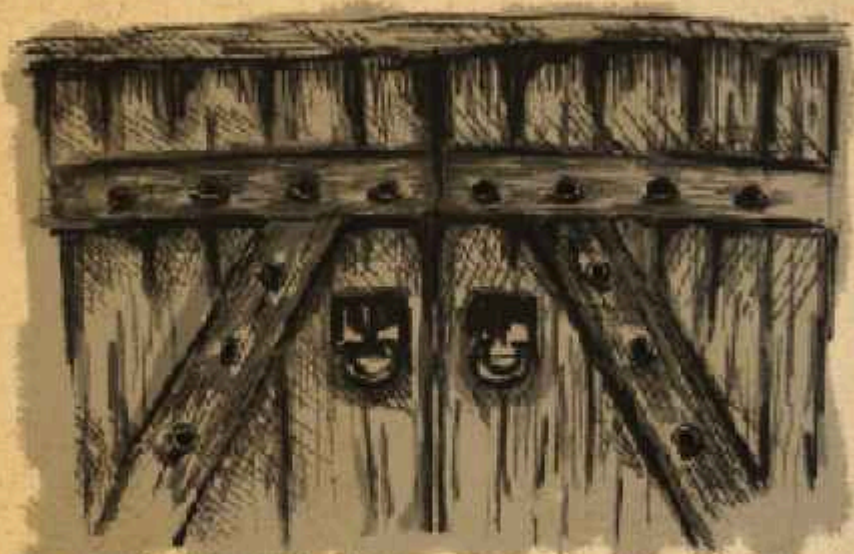
“Goodbye.”

Chapter VII

Little Lamb on the Wild

“I had never gone beyond the world the scientists had measured. Yet this step felt like the wildest one I had ever taken. To feel gravity for myself made me forget, even for a moment, the fear of what I could not do.

Why is that?”



After that, we arrived at a wide and untamed
field. There, we met a small white sheep.

"Hello, are you lost?
Where is your flock?"

"Hello, Welcome.
I am not lost. This is my home.
My flock is with the shepherd."

I looked across the land. The wider it stretched, the more threatening it seemed. There were no paths to follow, only tall grass that had swallowed every direction. It did not feel like a place that could promise safety.



"This wild field is your home? Is this not dangerous for small and defenseless lamb like you?"

"Then what kind of place would you call safe?"

"The mushroom field in the south. The rain cannot reach it, because of its great cap, and no wild creatures live there."

"The mushroom field? I heard their mushrooms have grown too large, slowly rotting the land. I do not think I would want to live there. What is the meaning of safety, if it blinds us from the rest of the world?"

"So... do you also believe those mushrooms should be destroyed?"

"Of course."

"Then you must have
seen it for yourself?"

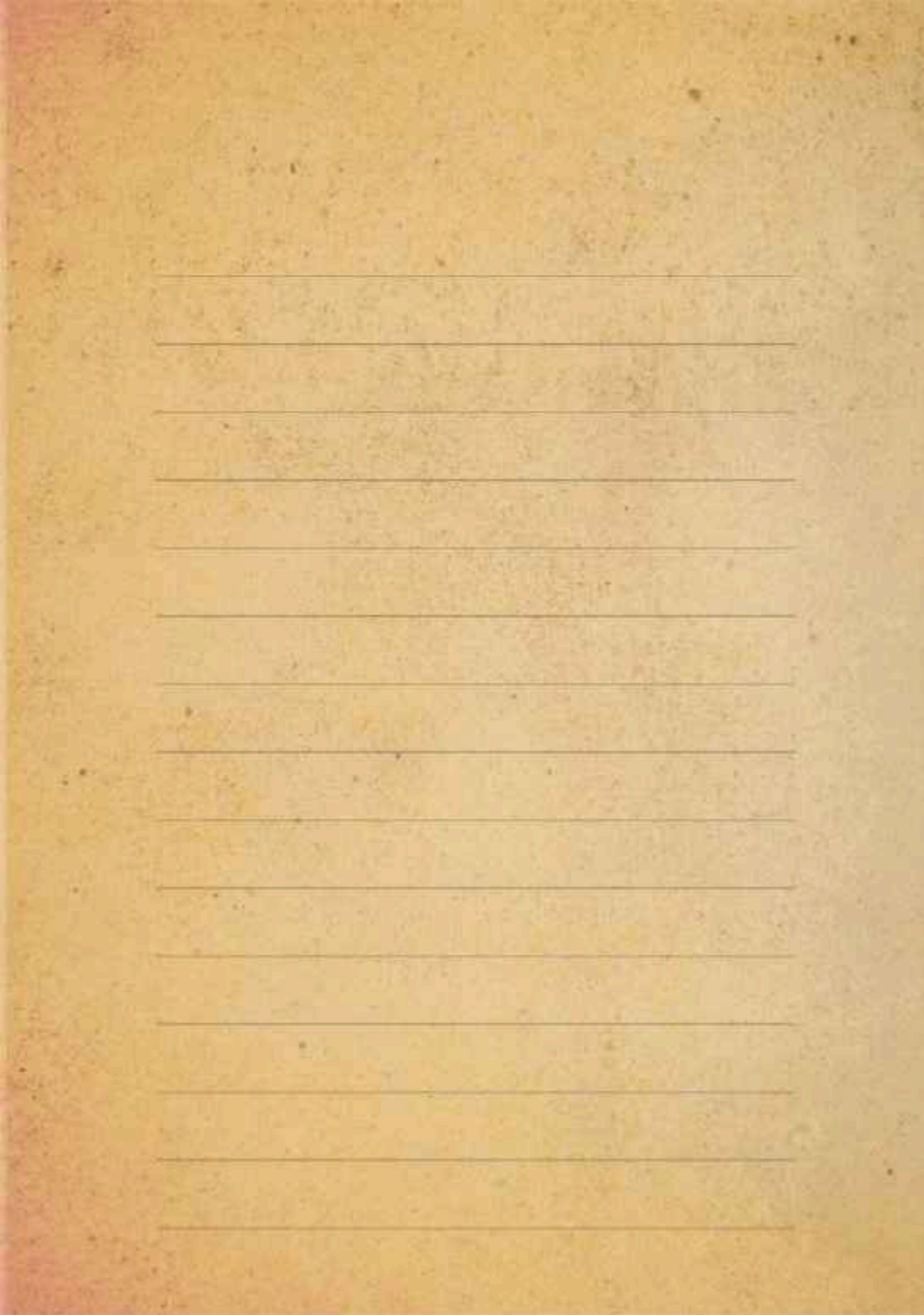
"No... it has never truly
crossed my mind."

WHAT KIND OF
FIGHTER DO YOU CHOOSE

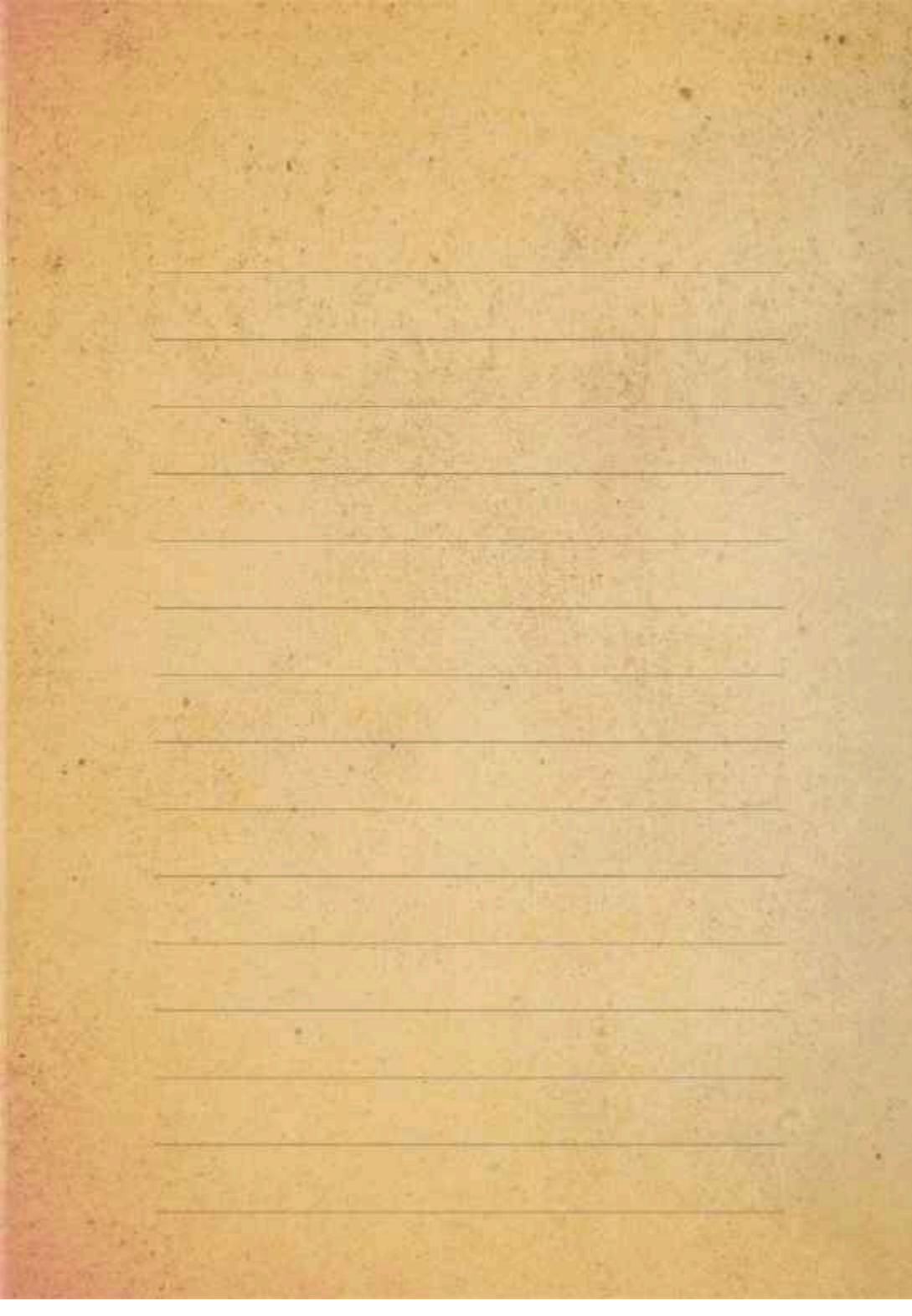
BECOME?

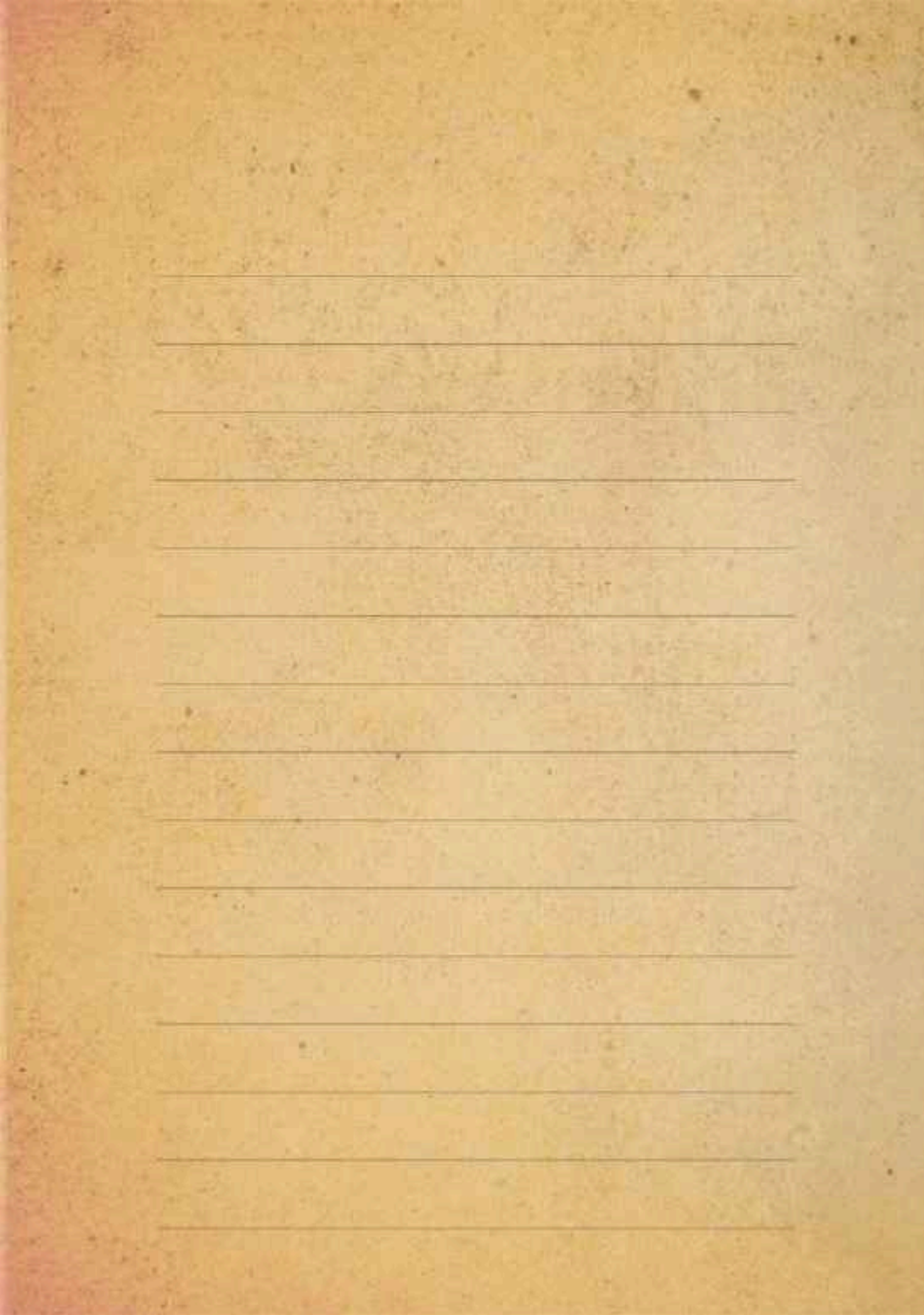
YES!

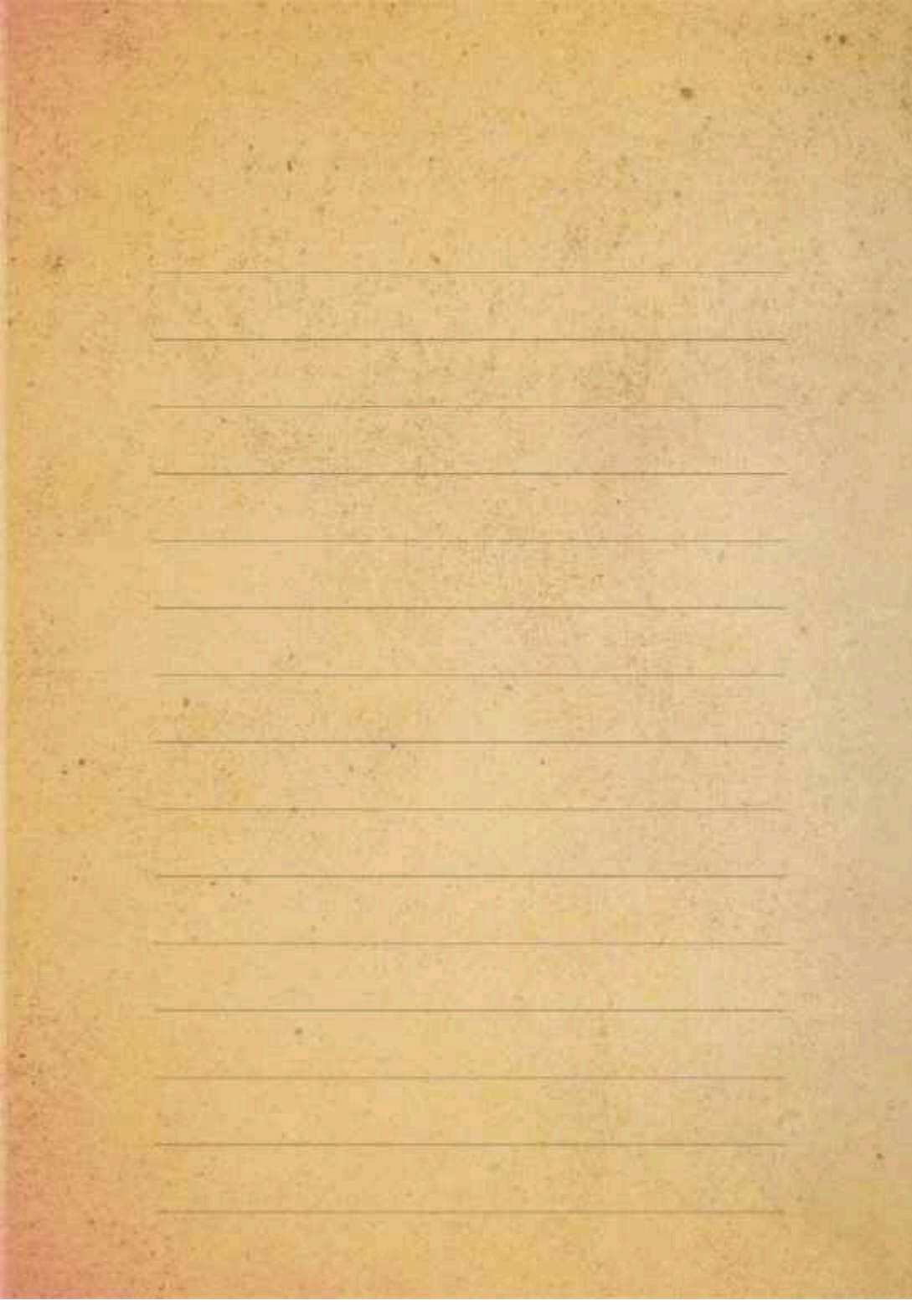
NOPE

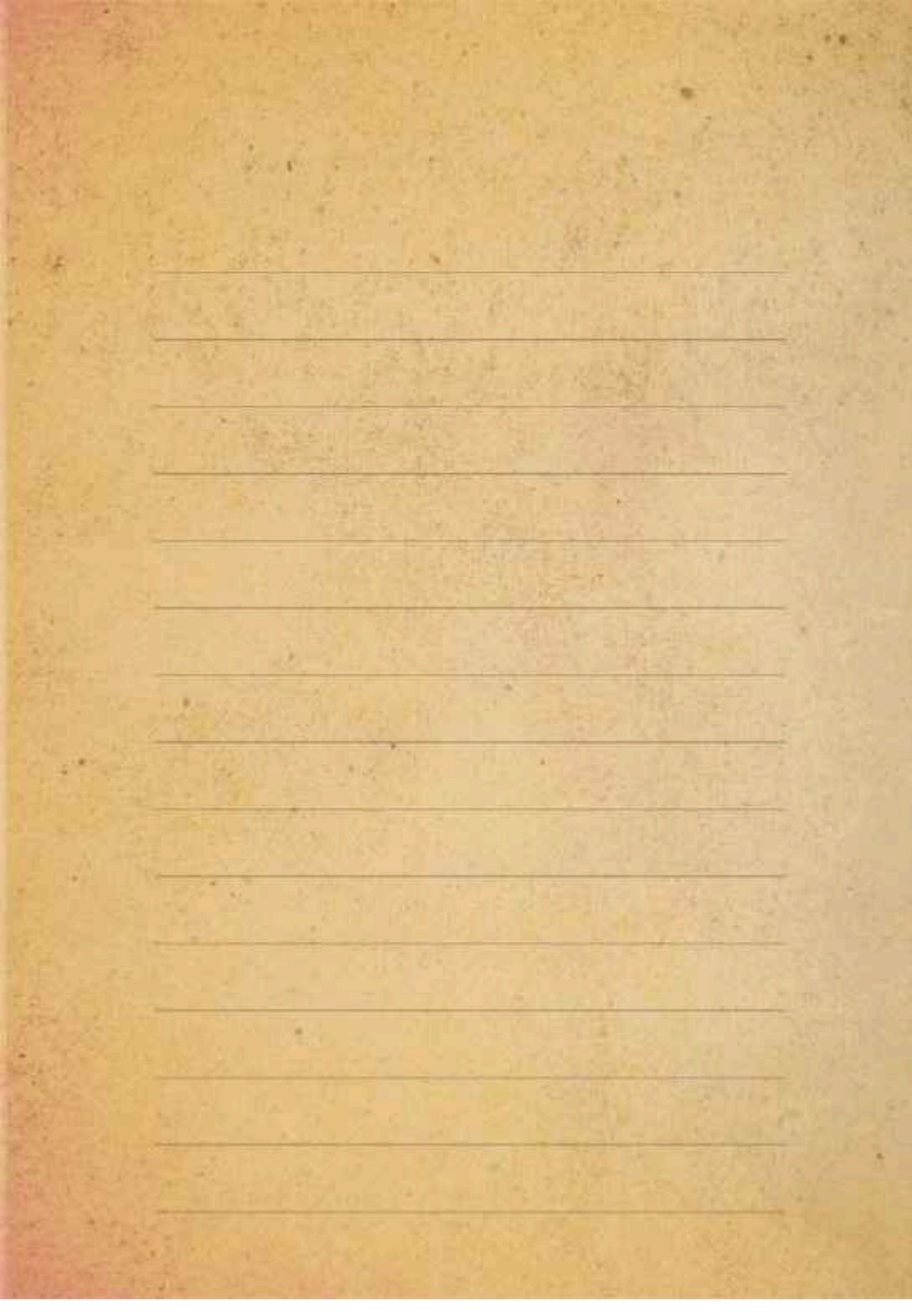


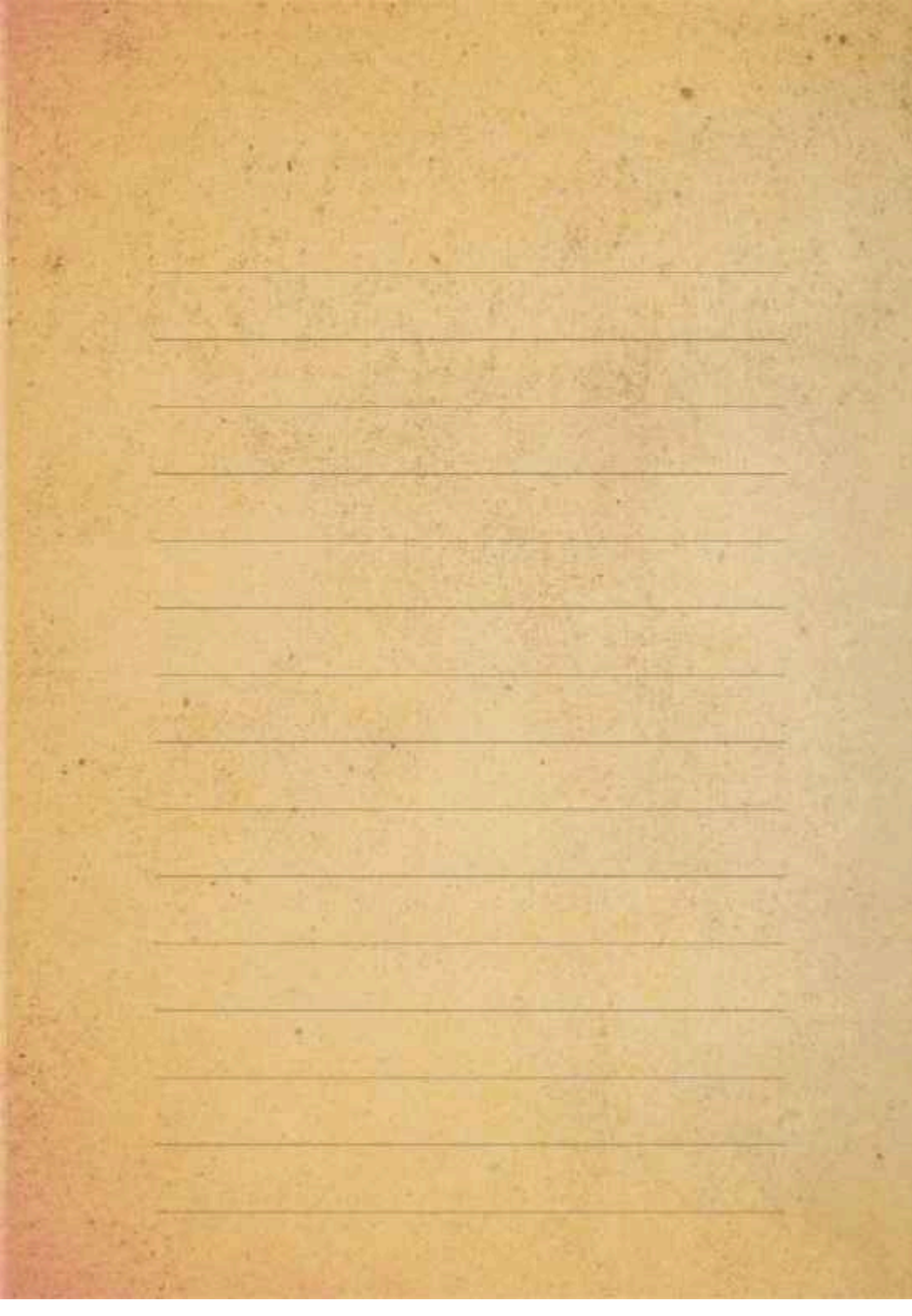








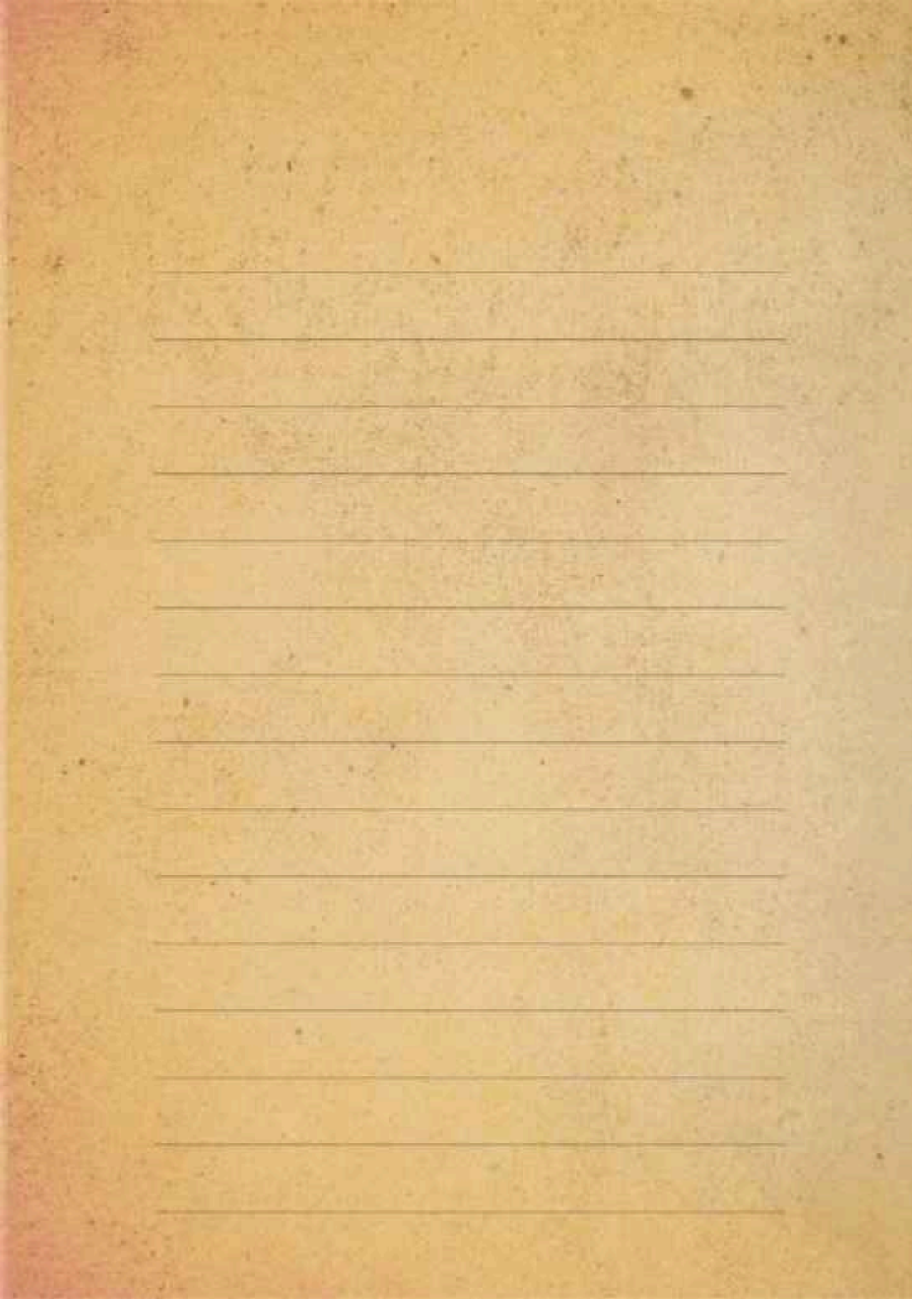


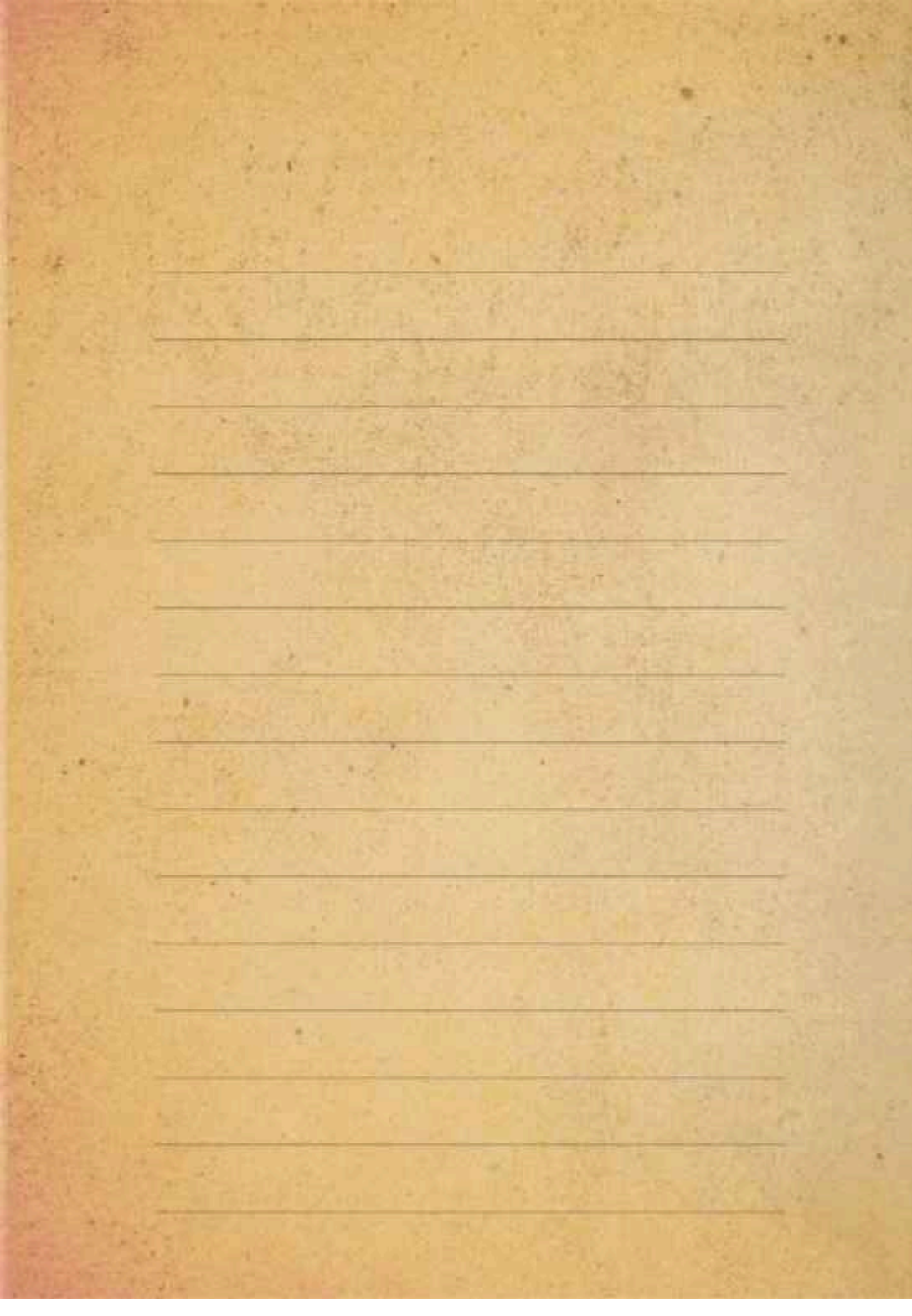


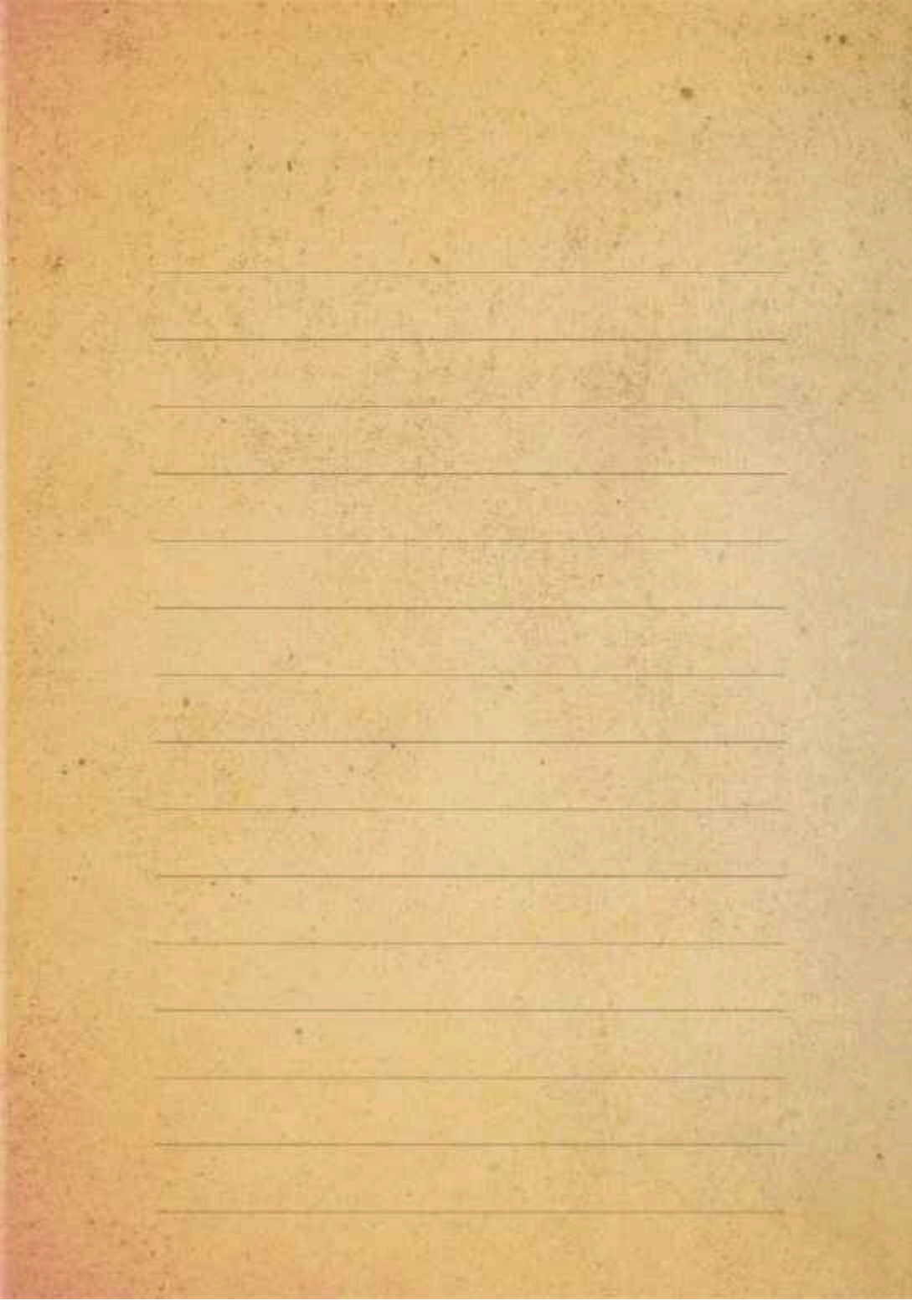
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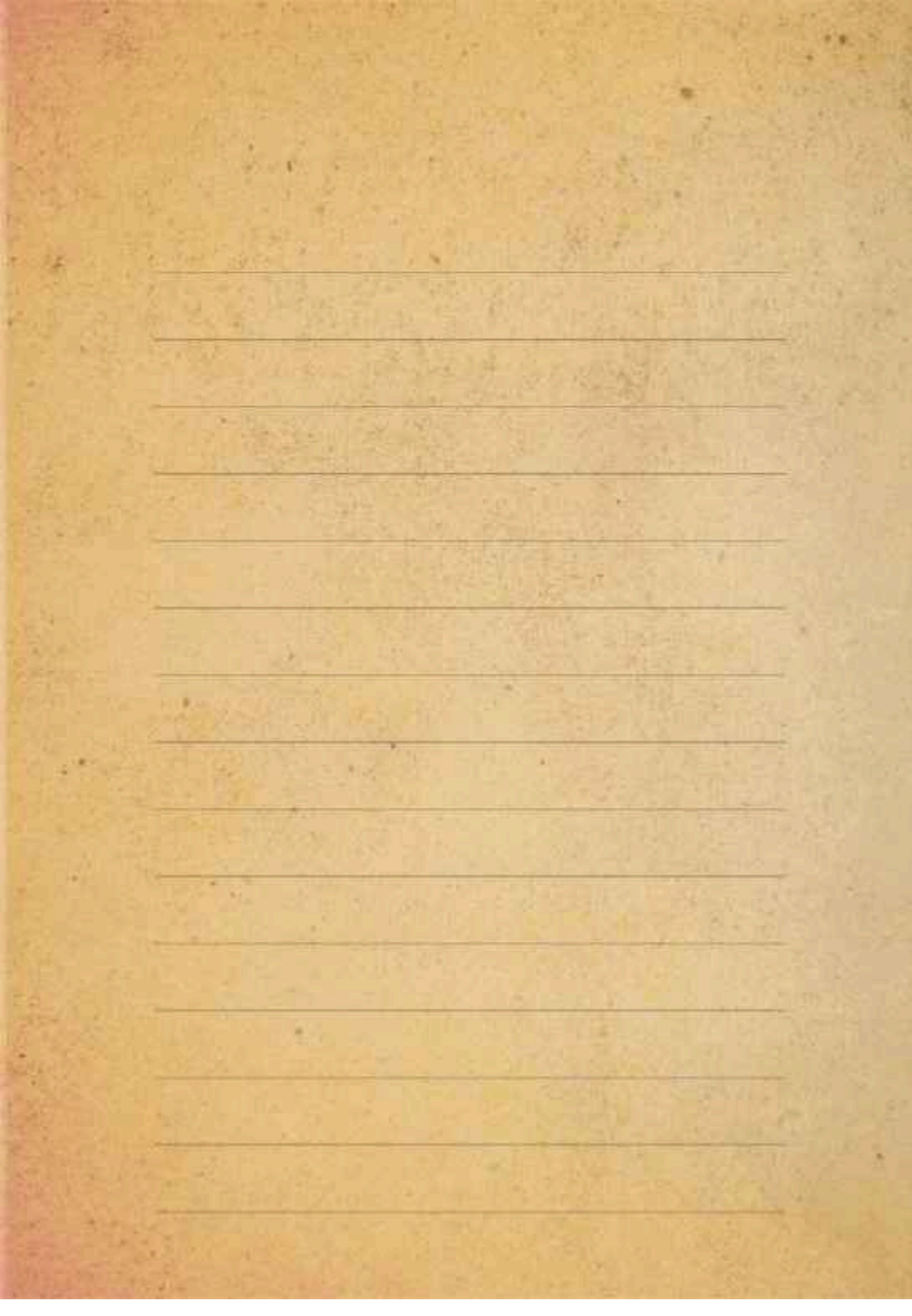
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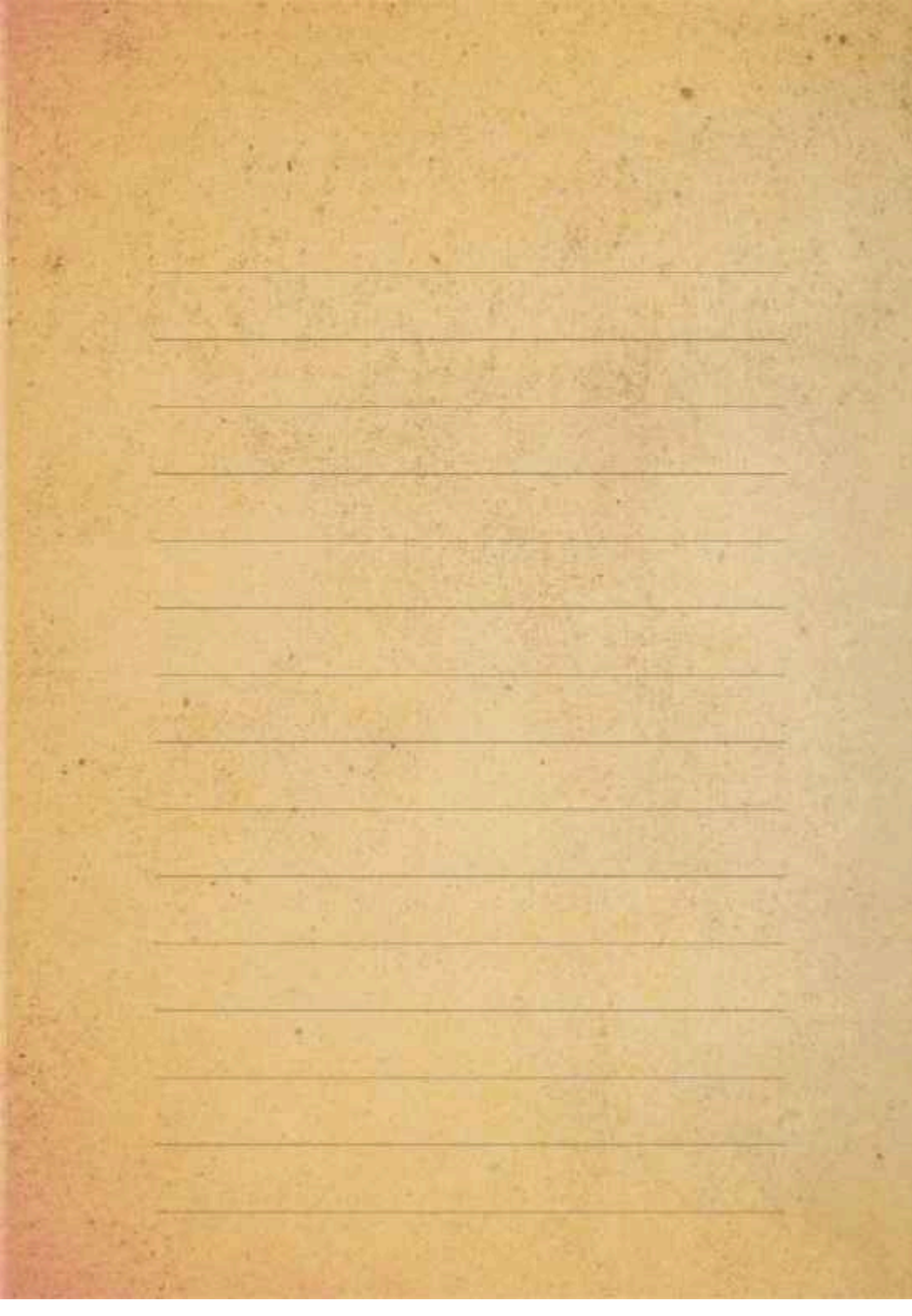








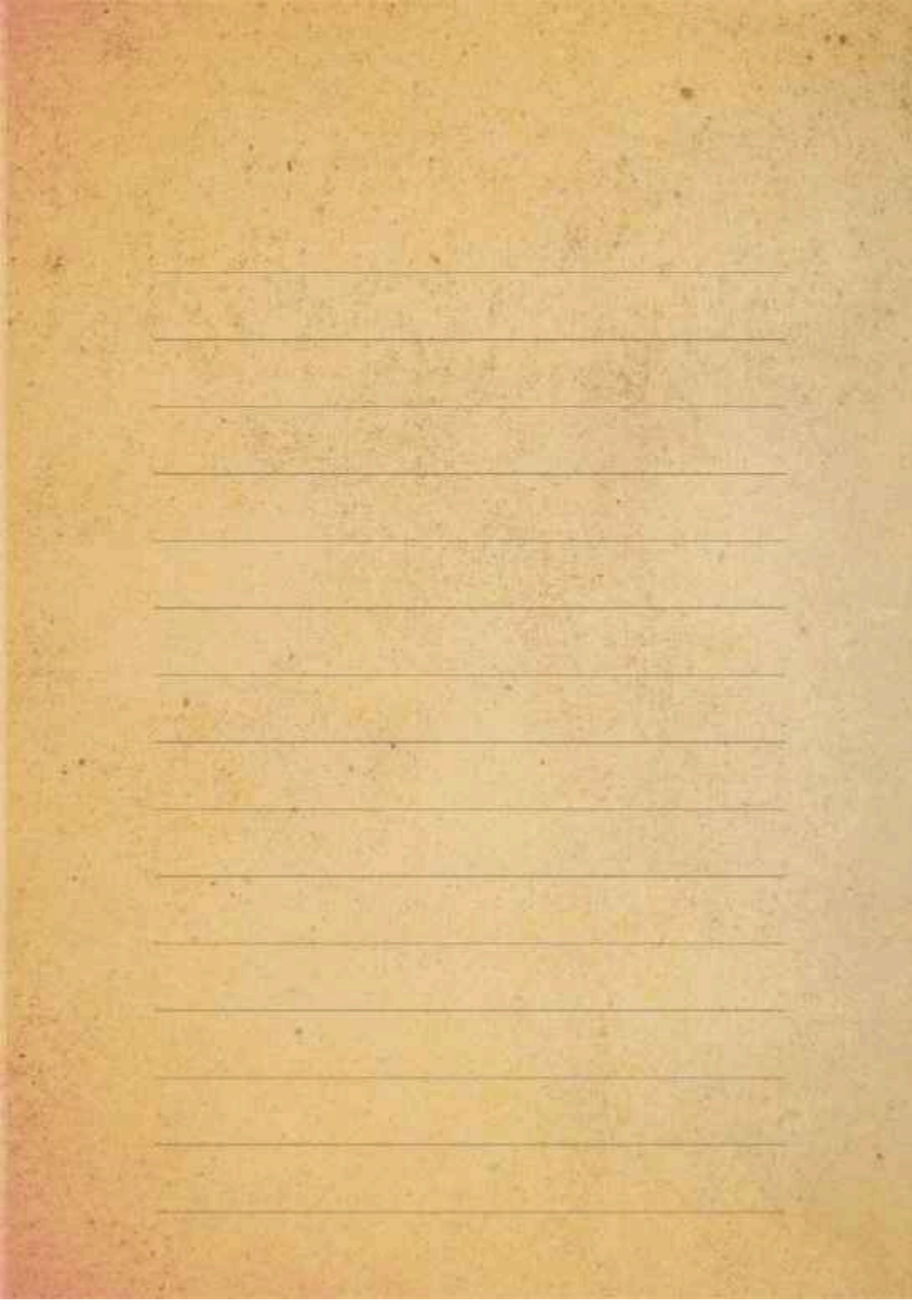


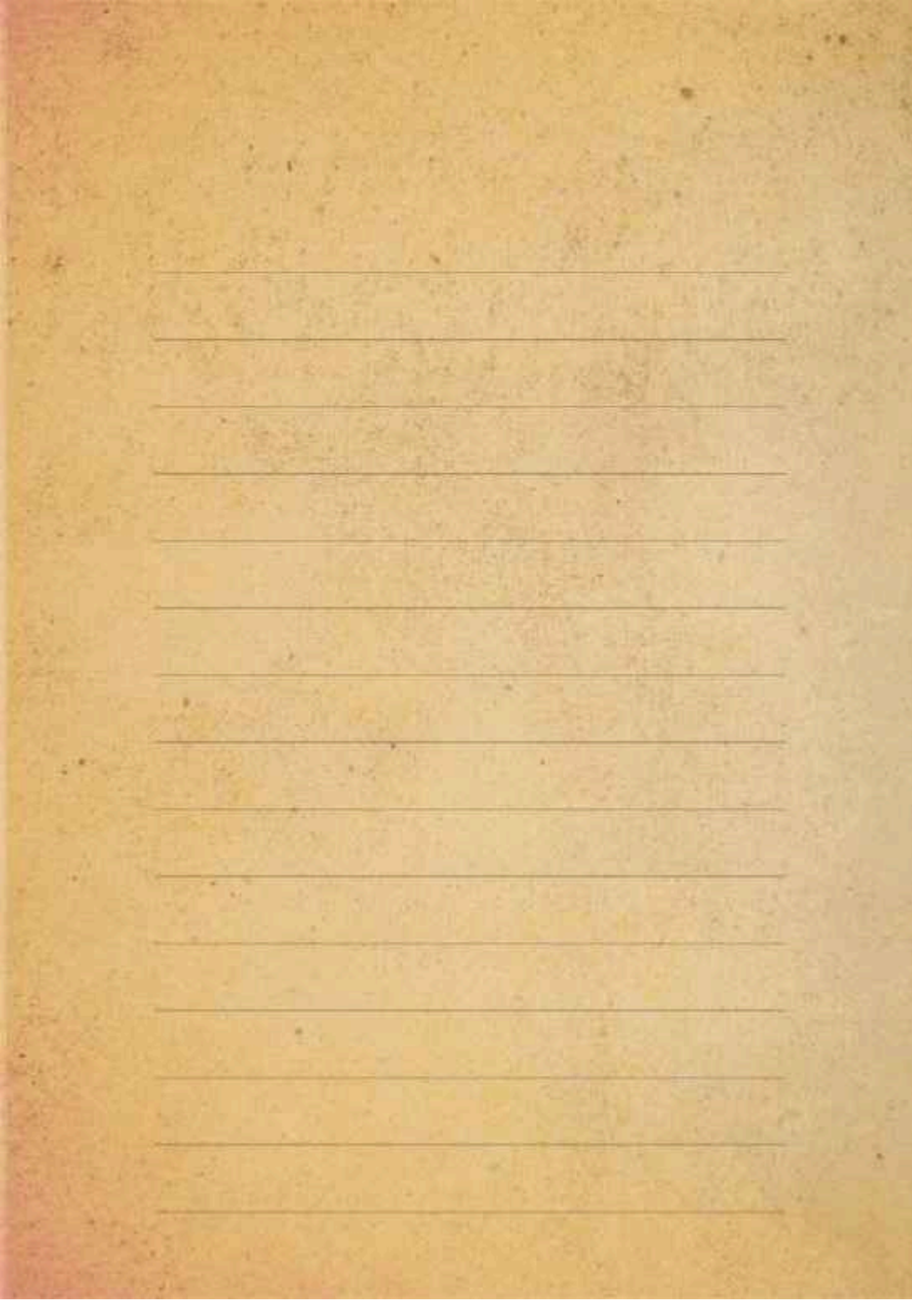


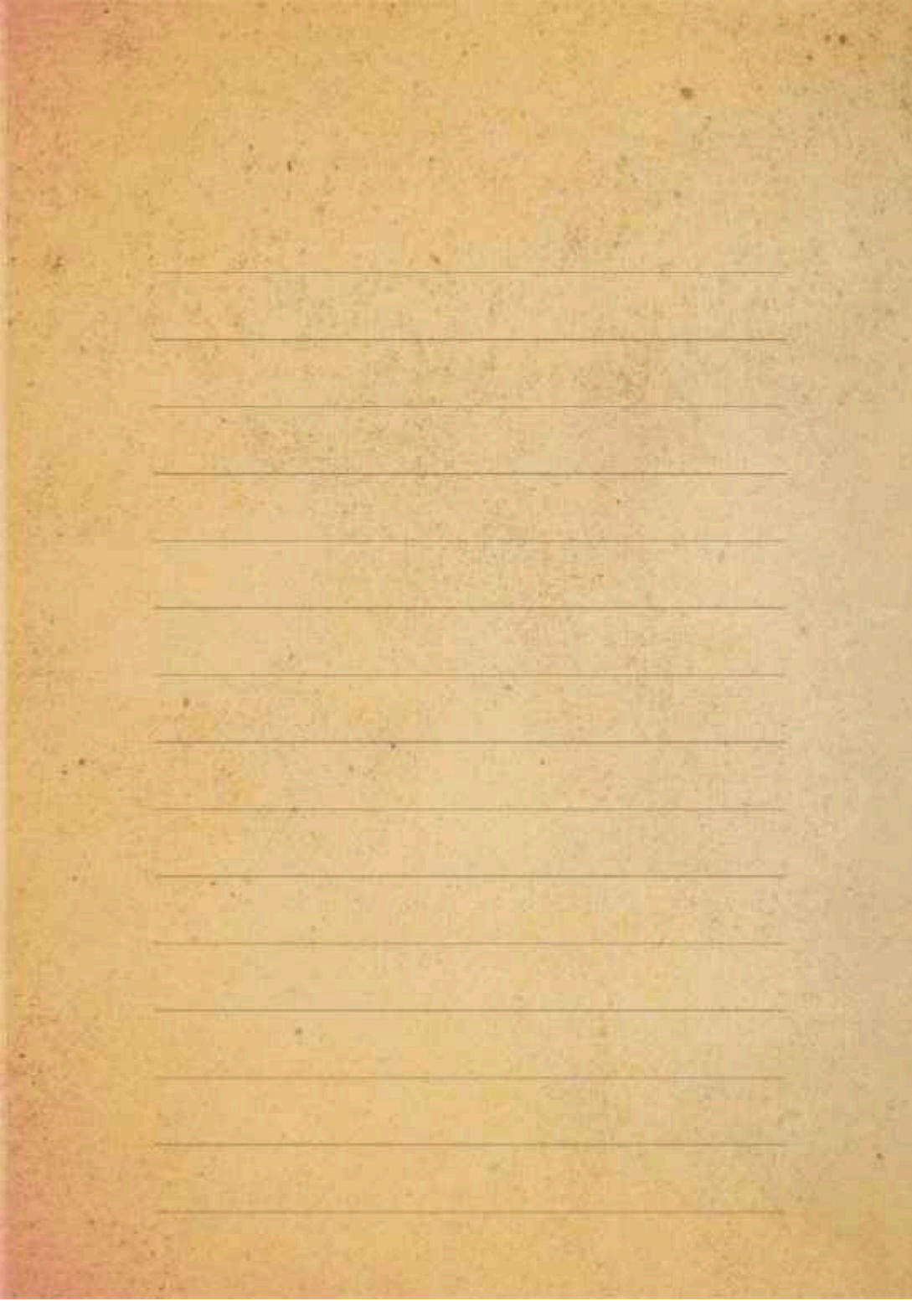
“

ACT WITH
CONVICTION,
AND THE
UNIVERSE
CONSPIRES IN
YOUR FAVOR.

The world does not hand out permission slips—it rewards those who dare to step forward boldly. Every thought you nurture, every vision you allow yourself to imagine, shapes the life you are building. When you act with confidence and clarity, you align with forces beyond yourself; the universe begins to shift, opening doors you did not even see. Greatness is not granted. It is declared, imagined, and brought into being by those brave enough to act as if the world already depends on them.



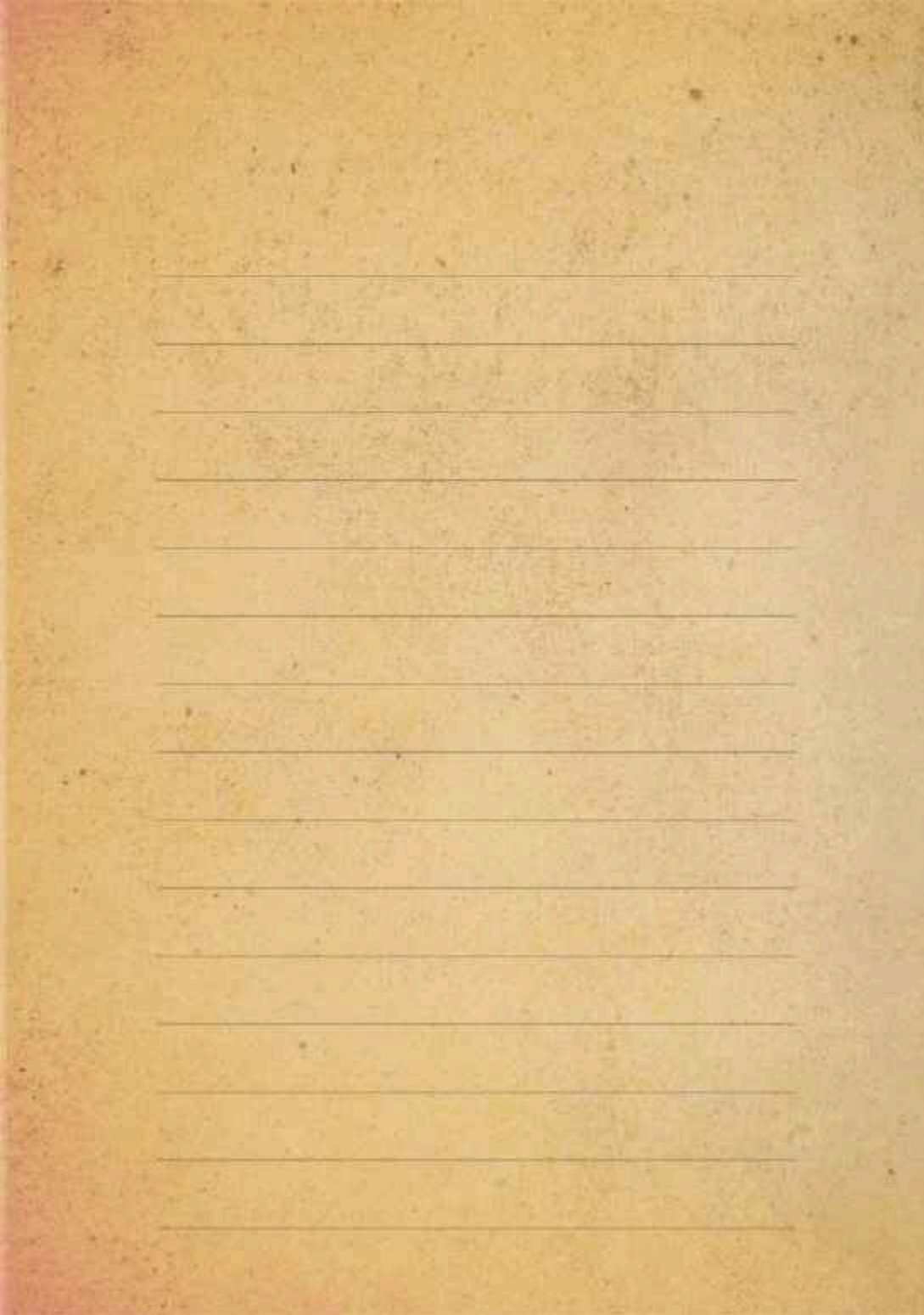




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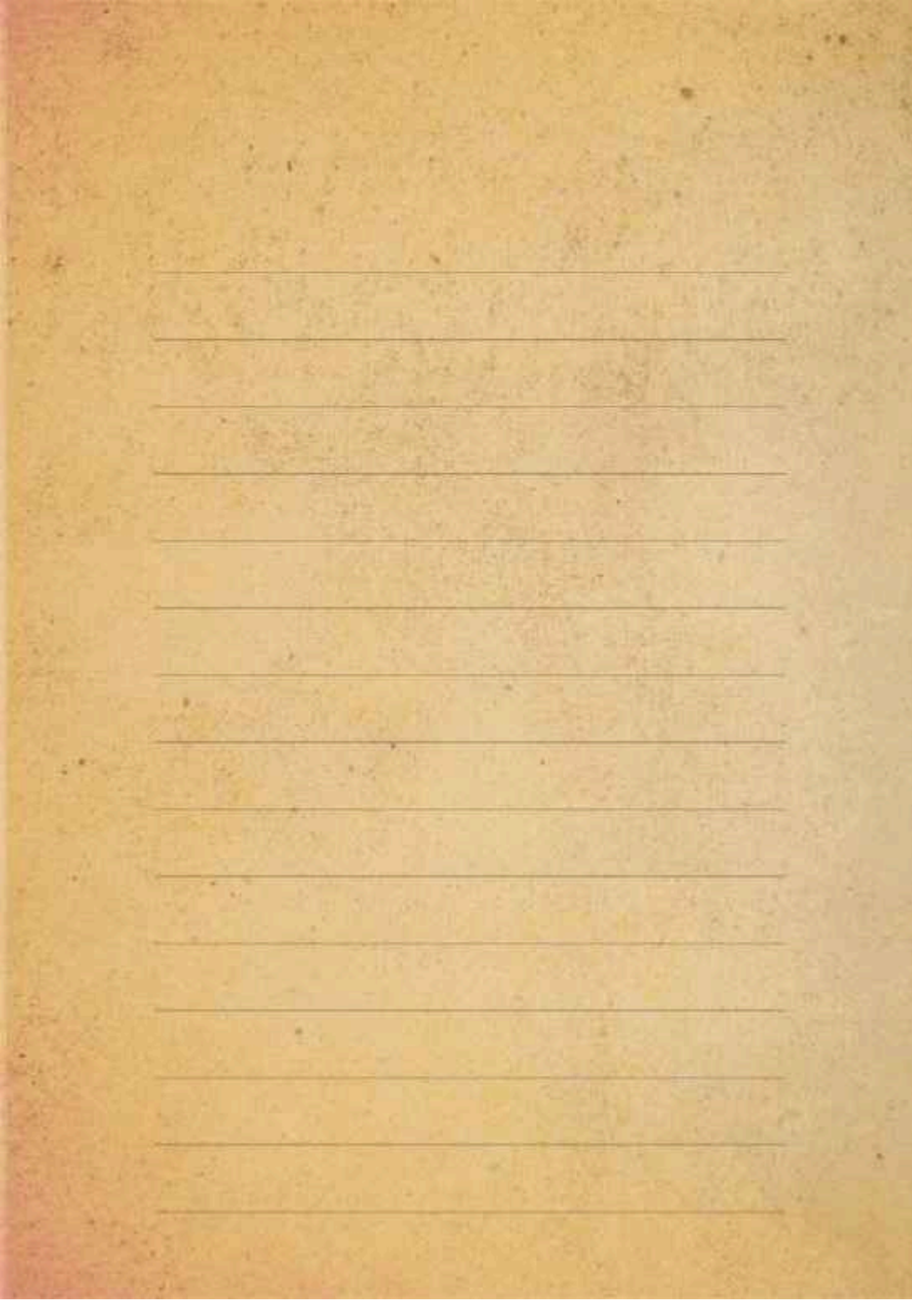
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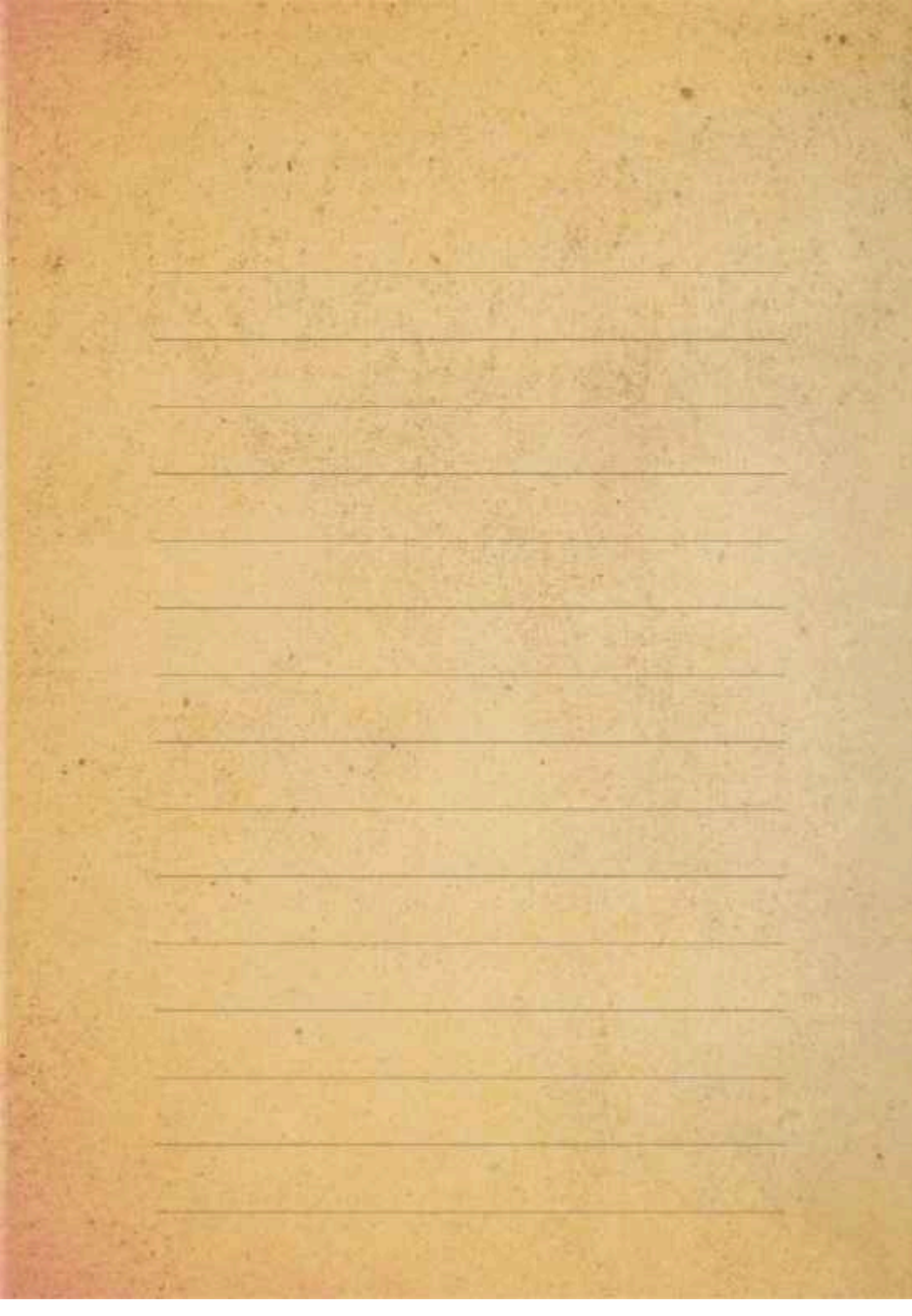
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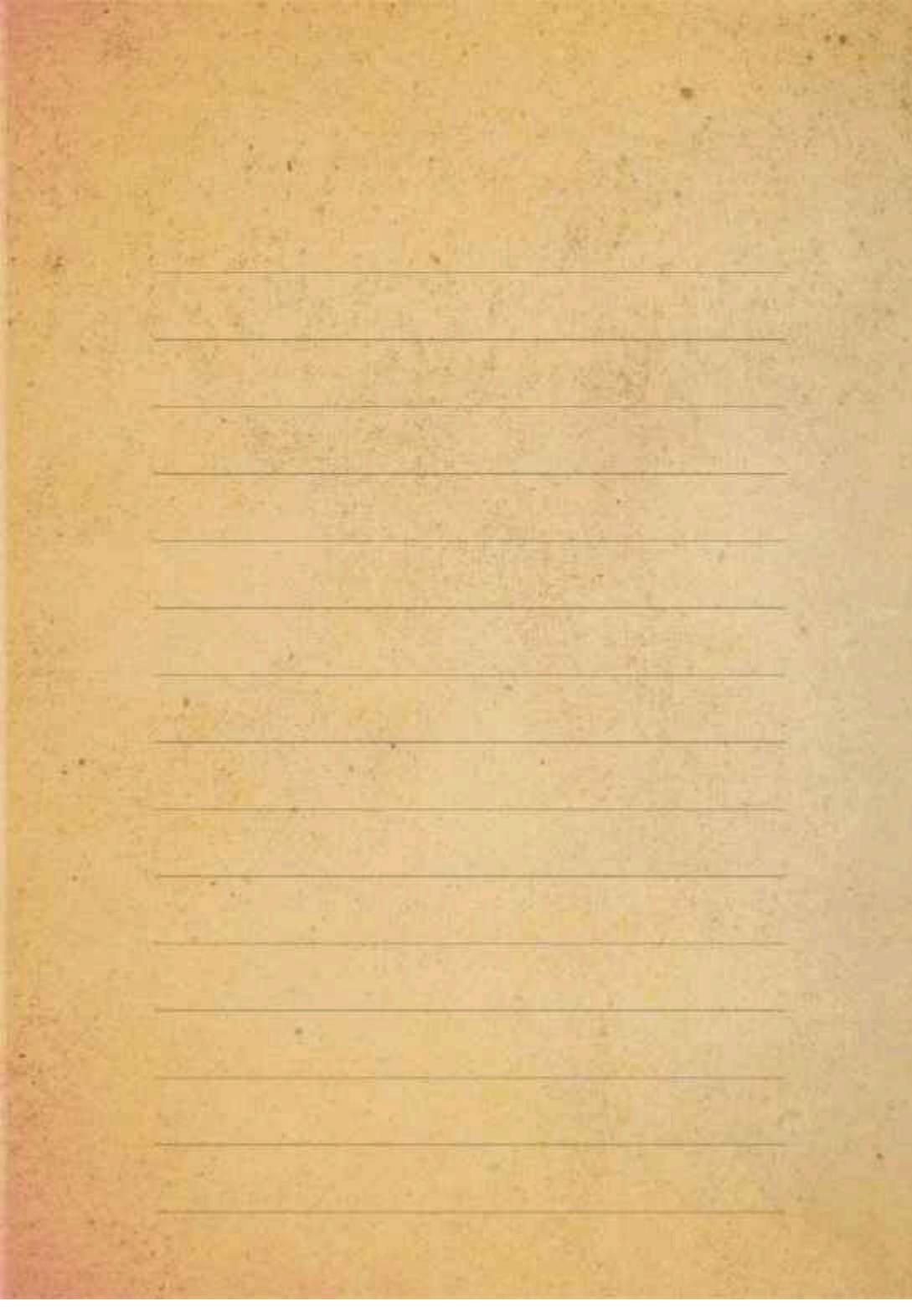




THE ONE YOU CHOOSE TO KEEP
SAFE ALONG
YOUT PATH









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*As a human,
It was never about becoming the stars,
but reaching the moon as we are.*

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