

RE-ART

THE WORLD

FEATURING
**Juvat
Westendorp**

&
**Blind
Walls
Gallery**





Contents:

05

Part 1:

Stories of Self-Discovery.

13

Part 2:

Gold Threads and Silent Stories.

19

Part 3:

A Journey of Passion.

27

Part 4:

The Art of IMPACT.



THE CITY IS OUR GALLERY

WALKING TOUR
BIKING TOUR
STEP TOUR



Stories of Self-Discovery



“Art is not a luxury, but a necessity. It tells us who we are, where we have been, and where we are going.”
— *John F. Kennedy*

Thijs

Thijs has always been drawn to the stage, discovering early on a love for entertaining others. His passion led him to acting school, where he even landed a role in a Dutch film. Though his scene was eventually cut, this experience really left its mark on Thijs. The professionalism that everyone works with has inspired me so much that I knew from that moment on, this is something I would 100% do again’.

Life took a turn, and Thijs chose to focus on field hockey, pausing his acting ambitions. Yet, the need for creative expression never left him. Seeking a new outlet, he found his way into video editing, a skill he initially learned from his brother. Thijs quickly made it his own, finding a new passion in video editing.

Music also became a significant part of Thijs’s journey; he enjoyed playing the bass during school music lessons, though he never fully pursued it. Today, Thijs remains passionate about exploring new ways to express himself creatively. His journey continues as he searches for fresh hobbies to expand his horizons, eager to see where his love for creativity will take him next.





Niki

“When life is hard, I always find comfort in art.” Niki expresses her thoughts about what art truly means to her. It all began in her childhood, when with playful mischief, she painted the kitchen walls – where her self-expressive creations still proudly decorate the space to this day. She explored various areas of art from her toddling years, but her family had the most profound influence on her.

From folklore-singing grandparents to an art teacher aunt and a modern artistic mother, her family’s artistic heritage inspired her deeply. She desired to be like her family members, which came naturally to her, as “art runs in her veins.” Their musical performances, traditional crafts, and innovative artistic expressions shaped Niki’s creative journey, transforming her family’s history into her own passionate artistic adventure.

Like everyone, Niki has encountered obstacles in her life. She feels that in recent years, she lost some authenticity in her personality because she began suppressing herself due to feelings of being “different.” However, she’s realized this isn’t the right path... Luckily, through her work, she’s not just creating art – she’s reclaiming the authentic spirit of that little girl who once drew on kitchen walls, proving that sometimes the path forward leads back to who we’ve always been.

Kamilla

Picture a small photography studio: backgrounds changing like seasons, props scattered around, and a young girl watching intently as her mother adjusts her camera settings. At the age of five, Kamilla began as her mother’s model for kindergarten photo advertisements, unaware that these sessions were silently shaping her artistic future. Her mother, focused through her viewfinder, couldn’t have known she was capturing more than just images – she was nurturing a future creator.

What started as modelling naturally evolved into assistance, with young Kamilla eagerly handing over requested lenses. She recalls being at wedding photo shoots, whispering pose ideas that were met with her mother’s appreciation: “That would look so good,” she’d answer quietly. “I felt grateful,” Kamilla reflects, “I was really young and I already had a very creative mind-set for photo shooting. I was proud of myself!”

Through years of unconscious observation and gentle guidance, Kamilla found her own artistic voice. While her mother specialized in portraits, Kamilla discovered her passion in capturing urban landscapes and city scenes during her walks. She seeks to capture more than just images – she chases the essence of each moment. “I cannot stop making photos until I feel like I captured the perfect picture” she explains. Her mother’s influence didn’t just teach her photography; it shaped her artistic spirit.



Lera

Pencils and piano keys were the only thing Lera needed when growing up, her experiences of creating music and following her art classes hugely impacted her. Transforming blank pieces of paper into vibrant works of art, and filling the silence in the room with expressive sounds from her piano stirred something deep inside of her. Because of this, she slowly started to develop a fascination for the entire creative process, and how creativity could resonate with others.

Her interest in art eventually led her into some unknown areas. She found a love for musical performances in front of people and the peaceful joy of cross-stitching, where she created handmade pieces for family and friends as a way to relax and recharge. For her, art wasn't just a hobby anymore, it became her way of life.

In high school, Lera shifted from those more traditional art forms to making digital designs. She enrolled in an IT program, where she learned to use tools like Photoshop and Illustrator, opening up new ways to express herself.

For her future, she hopes to have an impact on the fashion industry, where she hopes to inspire people by showing them how to connect through amazing ideas, where she can leave a lasting impression on their hearts.



Jurjen

Who would have guessed that a young boy's casual classroom doodles could spark a remarkable creative journey? Jurjen den Boer's artistic passion first sparked through simple classroom drawings. But that was just the start. After that, he devoted himself to piano lessons for 8 years, feeling that that was the place where he could express himself. During this time, Jurjen was also curious about the film industry, and one movie from "Indiana Jones" series even inspired him to consider becoming an archeologist!

As he grew older, he realized that the dream of digging the dirt isn't fulfilling, and his soul longed to video editing, particularly within the transformative landscape of arthouse and experimental cinema. Alongside this, photography became another sphere for his creativity. He often takes walks around the city, capturing moments through his lens, using photography to tell stories and express his vision of the world.

Jurjen is eager to develop his skills further and explore the secrets of the film industry. His goal is to leave an impact by creating things that resonate on a deeper level—stories that don't just entertain but evoke emotions.

Whether through powerful editing, stunning cinematography, or immersive storytelling, Jurjen aims to craft films that will stay in the minds of viewers and inspire future creators.





Nicole

This is Nicole, the one person where corona actually had a great effect on her life. She drastically developed her creative side and finally got rid of her skinny jeans.

Nicole doesn't live in the most creative family but in some way, she still manages to find her way in the world of creativity from a young age. Because of her experiences with ballet, drawing, painting and music she already decided when she was 8 years old, she wanted to do something creative later.

During her life she kept on making music, painting and drawing but she never really developed these skills. But then Corona hit. While the whole world was busy with keeping 1,5m distance, wearing mouth masks and putting plastics sticks up their noses. Nicole finally started to develop her creative skills. She got inspired by creators on social media and she started learning how to play keyboard herself and picked up her guitar again.

Corona had such a positive impact on her life that she now wants to become a music artist of her own or write songs for other artists.

She hopes that with all the negative things happening in the world right now it can still have a positive influence on young artists just like Corona had for her.



Gold Threads and Silent Stories

Nils Westergaard:

“Moederheil” in the Blind Walls of Breda.

Picture yourself biking around Breda city and noticing lively and vibrant paintings, questioning yourself: ‘What is the story behind those illustrations?’ Well, let us take you on a captivating voyage through the unique Blind Walls Gallery.

The “Blind Walls Gallery” is a project that was created to transform plain, overlooked surfaces into colorful and storytelling canvases that connect people with the history and culture of their city, making art accessible and impactful in public areas. Not many people know that the name “Blind Walls” originates from the Dutch term for windowless walls. The name has a deeper meaning, it reflects a contrast between something “blind” and the act of seeing, inviting people to look closer and engage with the surroundings. The idea behind the name also shows the project’s mission: to breathe life into forgotten corners, weaving art and stories into the sense of the urban landscape, transforming the unnoticed into the unforgettable.

Lucky for you, there is an artful guide in your hands that will help you to explore the secrets that are hidden behind the creation of the murals. Right now, we advise you to get comfortable, because in a couple of seconds you will immerse yourself in the wonderful world of art with Nils Westergaard or as we can say, the creator of the mural of Moederheil.



It is all started when Nils received an unexpected call from the Blind Walls agency. The voice from the phone offered him a unique and exciting opportunity to create a mural for the gallery. “I was excited when they reached out to me. I’d been wanting to work with them for a while, but there aren’t many groups in the Netherlands doing this kind of work. I had already collaborated with some and reached out to others. So, when they finally contacted me, I thought, “Yes, finally!” says Nils with a smile on his face.

This had been his dream for a long time, as he had already heard about the Blind Walls Gallery before moving to the Netherlands.

For Nils Breda’s art scene unfolds like a hidden gem, vibrant yet intimate. Back to his home in the U.S., a city of 240,000 would rarely have something like this, you would never stumble upon this kind of dynamic, close-knit artistic heartbeat. Breda, with about 180,000 people, gave him a sense of home as he saw how they had transformed the city. Just biking from the station, he passed five or six murals of Blind walls Gallery and thought:

“Wow, they’re really making it happen here”.

The opportunity to work on something meaningful excited Nils. However, that excitement turned to contemplation when he learned about the heavy story behind the mural. Once, there was a place called Moederheil, a home for unmarried pregnant women in the ‘60s and ‘70s. Women often gave birth with towels over their heads to avoid seeing their babies, who were then taken for adoption. The rooms were filled with silence, except for the quiet sobs of women, but their tears were unheard.

Today, a community of mothers and children born are working to reconnect and uncover the truth about their past. The wall that was chosen for the mural is a part of a private home, and the owners generously donated it for this project.

Despite the sorrowful story and the realization of the weight on his shoulders the painter started the process of designing future artwork. “In designing the mural, many people were involved,” Nils recalls with nostalgia in his voice. “Locals had hoped for a statue or some permanent memorial but making that a reality proved to be challenging.” For him this mural became a way to create something important: something that could mark the spot in a meaningful and accessible way.

The process appeared to be very complicated, partly because he did all the interviews in Dutch, which was a first



time for him. It wasn't just the language that was a barrier—it was the raw, psychological pressure of discussing something so personal and so painful. Every word felt like a delicate thread.

Nils have put many thoughts into the design of the mural. “The mural is primarily black and white, a style I often use. It keeps the figures anonymous—without specific skin tones or identities. It allows the gold accents to stand out more vividly” he explains pointing to the delicate threads of gold. “The gold thread symbolizes the separation and connects a child’s hand to an adult. The thread breaks but leaves a lasting mark, powerfully representing that moment of separation—a shared element across all the stories “.

The creation of the mural took him some time, but after such hard work it is impossible not to notice the amazing result and the impact that it brought to the community. The powerful and touching message didn't leave people unconcerned. This thorough approach evoked many emotions in people's hearts. Nils even received a poem and a short writing from a family member of one of the affected children. The poetry for Nils is pieces of vulnerability. He finds himself holding on to a simple truth: the beauty of connection lies in the willingness to be seen.

“It is always an honor to receive feedback from



people. I cannot force an interpretation of a work

on the viewer, and often I purposely leave my work ambiguous enough to allow a variety of interpretations”. The piece that he made for Blind Walls was unique. It is about a historical event that has immense personal meaning and implications for those involved in it. It was a difficult process for him to interview all these people and synthesize their very different stories into a single, relatively small, mural.

“I want to touch a place that is difficult to put into words. A kind of feeling that comes from the fuzzy edges of several emotions. While it may seem glib, I often defer to the idea that if it was something I could easily write, then I would have been a writer. I believe visual art can create feelings that one is unable to describe in words. That is what I aim for.” This is how Nils describes the way he evokes the messages and emotions he aims to convey through his impactful artworks.

With this understanding of Nils's artistic impact, our incredible journey through the fascinating Blind Walls Gallery comes to an end. But for you it is only the start. Promise us that your curiosity will guide you. Grab your bikes and explore the streets of Breda, where art continues to thrive in every corner.

Other Murals around the World...

And if you like these beautiful murals, why not check out the Blind Walls Gallery in Breda?



Picture taken by: NextVoyage



Picture taken by: Frankie Hatton



Picture taken by: Apostrophy Studio



A Journey of Passion

Juvat Westendorp: Going with the Flow.

Have you ever felt stuck in your life? Where you don't know what comes next, or how to get out of the box that you're currently in. Well just know that you're not alone. Juvat Westendorp is a highly talented Dancer, Actor, Photographer, and more. Recognized in the Netherlands for his partaking in "So You Think You Can Dance", the many television programs he has taken part in, his dance academy, and his work in films where he is primarily known as the King of Rom-coms. That's because Juvat also got stuck. His "go with the flow" mentality and just saying yes to all the opportunities he came across helped him achieve a lot, but it was also what got him stuck. In this article, we will tell you all about the ups and downs of Juvat's career, and how being stuck doesn't mean you can't succeed.

Juvat's story starts as a little kid. He states that he had a "pretty good upbringing". Yet he often felt the urge to fix things and please people. He felt this way because his parents divorced when he was only 7. Because of that, he felt like he already had 2 families.

Firstly, he had his father's family, which Juvat recalls as "very Dutch". His father got re-married and had 3 children with a new wife. Juvat needed to get to know them, yet this "wasn't that big of a deal" he expressed. He easily connected with his new siblings and stepmom. or as he likes to call her, a "bonus mom".

Secondly, he had his mother's family. His mother didn't want to re-marry and decided to under-



take the littered journey of raising her sons on her own.

"I was like the glue between these two families," Juvat said. As a kid, he just wanted to please everyone around him. "As long as everybody is happy, then I'm happy." This mentality shaped him when growing up. He felt that a "going with the flow" mentality and doing everything to make

other people happy, was his winding destiny. But there was one thing that Juvat didn't like, which was and still is "tension". As soon as there was tension in the room, Juvat starts looking around him and his eyebrows frown and he begins smiling or

it for good use. When in 2004 he saw an emergency appeal from Giro555, about a tsunami that hit Southeast Asia. "I saw the images on TV, and it hurt me" he said while you could see the images repeating in his head. Tourists looking for their families, Locals sobbing with tears as they looked at the few wooden planks that are left of their home. He talked about it with his father who told him, "You should do something with that dancing". A plan immediately hatched in Juvat's mind. He began to contact clubs and artists to host a "big ass party". He fixed a pop studio with a capacity for 800 people, a big artist known as K-Liber, and some popular DJs around Amsterdam. And before he knew it, he organized a massive party in which people moved their bodies to the artists performing, bouncing on the urban beat, soaked in beer and sweat. And of course, Juvat himself performed as well, he used his whole body and got motivated by the cheering of the crowd but during his burbling flow his mind also went back to the thousands of people hit by the tsunami. The payout from that party he donated to Giro555 for the survivors of the tsunami. He says "It was an awesome experience where I learned so much, like how I could organize stuff and help people at the same time".

joking. Just to make people smile again and get rid of the edgy flow in the room.

At the age of 15, Juvat started breakdancing and he was instantly hooked. He also felt that he was great at it, his shoes squeaking on the floor, his feet high up in the air and the music giving tempo to the moves that he used. All this made him feel alive and he even saw an opportunity to do

Juvat enjoyed dancing, but at school, he didn't know what direction he wanted to head towards. "I first did HAVO and after that, VWO. So, the next logical step would probably be University," he exaggerated. As mentioned before, Juvat always enjoyed "going with the flow", and school wasn't any different. After he cleared the fifth year of HAVO, he decided to do two more years of VWO, instead of following an HBO study. "I wasn't ready to sit behind a computer yet, but I was also too

scared to do something with my dancing already.” But VWO was more turbulent than Juvat expected, and he barely finished the first year. Yet he was ready to start his last one, just to get it over with. “But then my dad told me to quit VWO, and he was a teacher!” Juvat said while a grin of disbelief appeared on his face. His dad, who had 30 years of teaching experience, could see that Juvat didn’t have a passion for VWO and advised him to quit school. To take a gap year and find something that could make him happy.

Juvat listened to his dad and started working more in the market where he sold watches. He used to do this part-time after school but transitioned into doing it almost full-time. Juvat liked working there, but he was eager for more. “I knew that working on the market wasn’t something I wanted to do with the rest of my life.” So, he decided to pursue a one-year MBO study in watchmaking. When he finished that study, he got a call to work at a watchmaking company. For Juvat this seemed more than logical “I just finished my study...Alright, I’ll work here” he said.

Juvat was now around 19 and already had a full-time job. “Sometimes things just happen to you,” But as Juvat kept “going with the flow” he felt like he once again got stuck. Like he was swimming against the current and wasn’t following his passions, even though he liked being a watchmaker. “I started thinking, what do I want?”. He knew he was good at dancing,

he liked it a lot too, and would love to organize things, just like the party he organized for Giro555.

Around this time, he danced at a community center called “Nowhere”. At this place, creative people used to come together, from flowing to the beat of the music to letting a pen go over paper and describing emotion, but also from crawling into a role and performing on a stage to letting a paintbrush role over a canvas and create something new. For Juvat this was an incredible place, because of all the different creative people who came together. “They were all doing something that THEY loved” “That to me was super-duper inspiring,” he said while you could see the sparkle in his eyes. At this point he also started to realize something, “I thought, this is what I like doing and I’m good at it too!” So, a simple community center like Nowhere impacted him enough to start thinking about a way to follow his passion for helping and dancing as a career option.

So, when his roommate came to him when he was 20, about starting a dancing academy, Juvat was immediately interested. “We should totally start a dance academy man!”. And instead of laughing at his roommate and saying it was a crazy idea, Juvat instead liked it.

“I actually have skills to run a company”

Juvat thought of his earlier experiences running something like the GIRO 555 party. The idea swirled around his head for about two years until his brother came to him. He told him there was a vacant floor in a nearby building and that the owner didn’t mind having a dance school there. Juvat didn’t hesitate for a second and grabbed the opportunity.

Juvat was now 22 and poured his energy into something he loved. A dance studio that wasn’t just a workplace, but a haven for connection, creativity, and growth. And as it started taking over more and more of his time. Juvat had finally found the confidence to put his work as a watchmaker in the distant past and began to fully spend his time at his dance studio to perfect his craft. Yet on one ordinary day, A sudden unexpected phone call threw him into some uncharted territory.

What began as a last-minute substitution in a modern dance performance, led to a life-changing event. “I was a breakdancer, but suddenly I found myself in the middle of this very different style of dance,” he later reflected with a grin. “It was such a leap for me.” The performance was extremely demanding, forcing him to adapt rather quickly. It wasn’t just another gig,

was a crash course in different choreographies, exposing Juvat to the layered world of performance art. During the tour, a choreographer took notice of Juvat’s raw talent and encouraged him to audition for So You Think You Can Dance.

Doubt weighed down on him like an anchor. “I didn’t think I belonged in that kind of competition,” Breakdancing was his comfort zone, yet the demanding routines from such a competition would feel like some foreign language. But his “go with the flow” mentality whispered: Why not?

Doubt weighed down on him like an anchor. “I didn’t think I belonged in that kind of competition,” Breakdancing was his comfort zone, yet the demanding routines from such a competition would feel like some foreign language. But his “go with the flow” mentality whispered: *Why not?*

From the very first audition, people cheered as his performances were infused with his own unique style. The audience loved his skills and on-stage charisma, and he seemed to cut through the rounds



as easily as a knife through hot butter. He was getting further than he even dared to imagine. And by the time the semi-finals came around, Juvat wasn't just competing anymore, he was thriving through the competition.

With the success of the series, there also came a wave of recognition. Fans admired his on-stage authenticity, but his newfound fame also brought major pressure. After one of his performances, he found himself overwhelmed. "I remember getting emotional after one of the live shows," he confesses. "It wasn't the criticism, it was the overwhelming attention. People had opinions about me, and I didn't know how to handle that." All he wanted to do was to make people smile. Yet he felt like his new-found fame came with a lot of hurdles that were hard to jump over.

Despite some of those challenges, the exposure from *So You Think You Can Dance* opened up new doors he hadn't even known existed. A television director, intrigued by his presence on stage, offered him a role in a series about a performing arts academy. Acting felt like another deep ocean he never crossed, but Juvat jumped in anyway, eager to explore this new opportunity.

That series fired up a passion for acting and storytelling. "I wasn't just moving to music anymore," he explained. "I was telling a story, connecting on a deeper level." And before long, his acting career started to gain some speed. Opportunities began to pour in, with many of them being romantic comedies, a genre that could highlight his charm and on-screen appeal. "At first, it was amazing. I was starring in films, living the dream," he shared. It was everything he thought he wanted. Yet over time, a new frustration began to creep in. Juvat realized he was getting typecast.

"They saw me as that guy with a charming smile, the romantic lead," he explained. "But I kinda wanted more. I wanted to explore characters with some depth, roles that could challenge me emotionally."

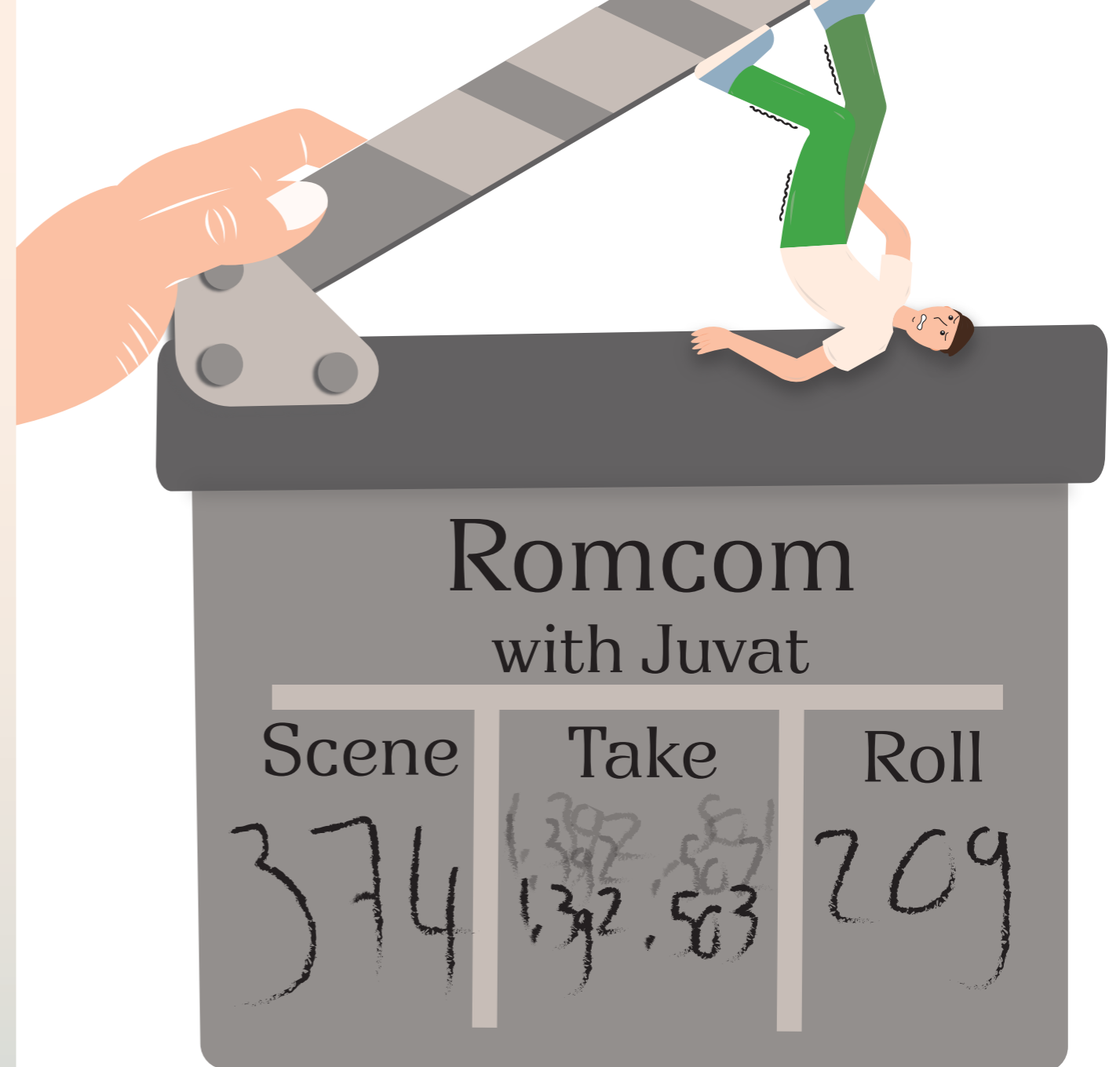
He compared the experience to being a dancer limited to one type of style. "It's like being told you can only do one type of choreography when you know you're capable of so much more," he said. Even though he loved rom-coms, he wanted more dramatic roles that would allow him to delve into complex, flawed characters.

But breaking free from that rom-com mold has proven more difficult than Juvat expected. "The industry can be tough," he admitted. "Once they see you in a particular way, it's hard to convince them you can actually do more." But he refuses to dwell on setbacks. "I've learned that every role, even the ones that aren't exactly what you want, can teach you something. It's all part of the journey,"

Besides acting, Juvat has found joy with his performing arts studio, a space that grew from a simple idea into a thriving community. A place where he channeled his creativity into helping people out, with their energy reminding him of his early days at his old community center *Nowhere*. "I know how much mentorship and support meant to me when I was starting out," he says. "I want to give that back."

"Nowhere was a transformative place for me," he said. "It was where I realized I could do something I loved, and be good at it too." Now, he aimed to offer the same spark of inspiration to others.

His studio became a home for aspiring artists to find their potential. "Creativity is all about growth. And that growth comes from stepping



outside of your comfort zone." Whether it was helping people find their style or just improving their techniques, Juvat saw every interaction as an opportunity to inspire people.

His platform had expanded beyond just the studio: through social media, performances, and collaborations. Juvat remained focused on authenticity. He didn't want to be perceived as some self-help guru but he did believe in the power of leading by example.

Fifteen years ago, he taught a class of just eight students. "If I had long hair, they wanted long hair too," he laughed. "People copy what resonates with them." Today, his audience was much larger, and while he no longer had the same personal connection with every follower, he hoped his positivity and openness would still connect with them.

"There's this popular saying: lead by example," he said. "I don't have all the answers, but if you live a certain way, people will pick up on it."

As Juvat reflects on his journey so far, he remains very optimistic about his future. Even though he will continue to seek out some more dramatic roles, he knows that he has already found joy with all the opportunities his “going with the flow” mentality obtained. Whether it’s acting in rom-coms, mentoring students, or exploring new creative projects.

“At the end of the day, it’s all about connection,” he said. “Whether it’s making someone laugh or making them cry, I just want to tell stories that matter.”

For Juvat, the story isn’t about being the King of Rom-coms or being a celebrated dancer. It’s about those special moments in between, the lessons learned, and the connections made along the way.

As he looked ahead, one thing was certain, his story was far from over. “The roles I dream of might not come tomorrow,” he said. “But when they do, I’ll be ready.”

Check out Juvat’s site down below:



JUVAT

PERFORMING ARTS STUDIOS



**BOOK A FREE TRIAL
CLASS TODAY**

The Art of Impact.

Pride, victory, satisfaction—these were the feelings swirling in Impact’s mind as he looked at the unhappy yet successfully controlled crowd filling the city streets. The sight of the people, all moving and acting in the same dull way, was thrilling to him. Sitting on the mayor’s shoulder, enjoying the softness of the velvet suit and the strong smell of power, he felt he had reached his goal: the complete illusion of control, which everyone had accepted.

The mayor’s heartbeat was almost clear beneath him - fast and nervous, like that of a trapped animal - but Impact only smiled. The man, whose life and position he completely controlled, was nothing more than a piece on a chessboard,

one that he eagerly surrounded with even more pieces. With a quiet snap of his fingers, everyone in the street stopped moving, making a wicked grin spread across his face, showing his not-so-pretty, jagged teeth. “*Bandhan tar, abadhya prabhav*” he whispered, the words cutting through the air, corrupting the minds.

Impact decided to climb down into the busy streets of the gloomy city to take a closer look at his controlled creations. The small, troll-like figure jumped off the mayor’s shoulder and landed with a tiny thump. He quickly hurried on his little legs, his long, wiry hair flying behind him as he made his way down.

Reaching the fresh air, he took a deep breath of the heavily polluted atmosphere and sighed in relief. Like a toddler overjoyed with a long-awaited Christmas gift, he walked down the street with pure happiness. He looked to the right, then to the left, his gaze moving from one impacted person to another. He felt full of power - for each of these people had added to his strength little by little, steadily building it up.

He had just been thinking about how perfect everything was and how smoothly his plan was unfolding when he noticed a faint murmur of melody. Was that even possible? He strongly doubted it, but as the minutes passed, the sound didn’t fade. He began following the origin of the noise, which eventually led him to a run-down building. The sound was coming from above. He stopped for a moment, frozen in place. Now he was certain - this was no hallucination. Suddenly snapping back to reality, he stormed into the building and began running upstairs like a madman. The higher he climbed, the louder the sound grew. He finally recognized it. Music. But how? Why? And who? There was no place for music in his city. No place for music, no place for any form of art. No place for happiness. Could there be someone he hadn’t managed to impact? With this troubling thought in his head, he reached the rooftop terrace - and was met with a shocking sight.

It wasn’t just one person. It was four. And the music? It wasn’t coming from nowhere - it was blasting out of an old-school boombox. Four young

Invisible strokes of Impact

people were joyfully vibing to the music. One guy was dancing energetically while two of his friends cheered him on with claps and laughter. A few steps away, a girl in colorful clothes stood at the edge of the terrace, dangerously close to the ledge. Impact couldn't see what she was doing, so he cautiously moved closer. She was painting. She was creating a landscape of the ugly city sprawling below her feet, using vibrant, lively colors. A flood of questions raced through the little troll's mind. Where did they get the boombox? And the color dye? How had he failed to impact them? And most importantly, who were these good-for-nothing youngsters?

That was all it took for him to make up his mind. He decided to bring them under his influence as well. Surely, it couldn't be that hard...



The song slowly faded away as I sat down next to Sage. She was almost perfectly still, rested on the parapet wall, only her hands moving with fluid grace. I bent over slightly to see her drawing, vibrant colors bleeding into each other on a small canvas. Her paintbrush danced, creating what seemed like a landscape – hints of green breaking through a gray background. I felt a light breeze gently brushing on my skin, followed by a faint whisper, so unclear, I couldn't make out the words. Suddenly, a sharp tingling sensation overcame my body. It started at the base of my skull, like an electric current running underneath my skin. My

muscles tensed up, freezing me in place. I couldn't twitch a finger or even blink an eye - I was paralyzed, trapped in my unresponsive body. The tingling grew stronger with every second – like something was trying to dig its way into my mind. I strained against this unknown force, fighting to regain control, but it was no use... It was stronger than me. A voice began to whisper in the back of my mind, soft yet commanding. **"Embrace it."** The words echoed through my consciousness, alluring but yet somehow comforting. Slowly my muscles relaxed, and the tingling faded away, replaced by a strange sense of calm. **"That's it,"** the voice purred in a low monotone. **"Give in. Be a part of the order."**

The voice kept echoing in my mind. But something in me burned against those words. Just like my parents had burned against them before they vanished. I looked around the city – endless screens flickering in



unity, people walking like programmed machines, their eyes vacant and lackluster. Every day a monochrome loop of identical moments. The city's grip tightened around my throat, suffocating me. Would I have the same faith as my parents? Disappear into the system's vast, silent machinery if I dared to stand out? My hands trembled, not only from fear, but from a growing rage against the suffocating uniformity. **"Embrace it,"** the voice commanded once again **"Be a part of the unity"**

"UNITY!" I suddenly yelled, jumping up from my seat, my trembling hands now clenched into fists. Sage looked up; paintbrush suspended mid-air. "What crazy idea is brewing in that head of yours now?". I looked at them, the spark of rebellion inside me now burning like wildfire. **"We're going to use art to break the order... right in the center of control – the city Hall."** I started outlining my plan, words tumbling out rapidly. **"Navin! You'll plant seedlings around the building – little green**

rebels breaking through the concrete. Sage, you'll prepare massive graffiti pieces to cover the grey walls. Lioran, you'll be in charge of the music. Remember the old cassette we found? I want you to blast it loud enough to crack their perfect silence."

Each friend's eyes glimmered with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. Lioran gently placed his hand on my shoulder looking up at me, his eyes full of concern. "Arturo, this is dangerous. Potentially fatal." I looked down, meeting their concerned gazes. **"If I tell you that it won't be dangerous, I'd be lying...But I have been afraid for too long now"** I jumped down from the parapet wall, my voice rising **"WE have been afraid for too long. We can't continue living like that. Even if you're not with me I need to do something about it. Art can unite us..., liberate us!"**

Silence hung in the air like a weight. Sage broke it, her voice cutting through like a knife. "We need to get to the bunker as fast as possible then." The old canal wound beneath the city like a hidden vein, carrying us deeper into the forgotten arteries of our world. With each step, the tunnel grew darker, narrower, the concrete walls closing in around us until we faced the massive metal door – as tall and imposing as the tunnel itself. Navin moved to the locking mechanism, his hands dancing across it. A loud click echoed through the tunnel, followed by a soft crack in the door. We lined up, shoulders touching, sweat beading on our foreheads as we pushed to open it.

The bunker was like a time capsule of creativity – everything that was forbidden and taken away from us has been sitting right here under us the whole time. Shelves lined with spray paint cans; their colors still vibrant. waited silently, stacks of canvases leaned against walls, books with pages untouched by sunlight for decades. Our weapons of resistance, calling us with their vibrance. Lorian immediately started searching for the cassette. Sage began sorting through spray paint, selecting colors that would scream against the city's gray landscape. Navin carefully packed his seedlings, each one a tiny promise of life.

We packed carefully. Speakers. Paint. Seeds. Music. Our arsenal of art and rebellion. Even we would need to crack the city's perfect, lifeless facade. "We're ready." I said, looking at my friends. The fear was still there, but something else burned brighter now. Hope. Determination. The city hall awaited us.



And then there they were, standing before city hall – four silhouettes against the monolithic building's marble facade. The glass windows, from which the mayor often watched, loomed above them. The building cast a heavy shadow on the people bustling around, lost in their routines. Passersby hurried by with blank expressions, focused on their own lives, trapped in the same daily patterns bounding them like invisible chains.

But the four friends were different. They stood out from the gray crowd, determined and ready. Their pockets were stuffed with cans of spray paint, that would soon leave their mark on the

walls. Lorian's backpack was weighed down with speakers, ready to blast music, breaking the silence. In Nadin's hands were small plants, little green signs of life that would stand out between the concrete. In each of their eyes was a spark - a hunger for action, a dream of freedom, and the hope for change.



The plan wasn't just about rebellion but about hope - something to break the boring routine. They stood there, ready to leave their mark - not just on the walls, but on the whole city.

Lorian turned on the music. "Another brick on the wall" erupted from the speakers. The sudden explosion of sound gave the group the push they

needed, and they set out to carry out their grand, world-changing plan.

Sage pulled out the spray paint cans, and with bold, confident strokes, she began painting. Colors suddenly started to appear on the gray door of the town hall, bringing the artwork to life. On the lifeless building a colorful painting began

Lorian, driven by determination, began climbing the town hall's column to reach the first ledge. After several attempts, he finally pulled himself up. From his perch, he had a clear view of the street below. Despite the loud music and Sage painting in colorful clothes, the scene didn't get the reaction they had hoped for. A few curious glances came their way, but no one paid much attention.

Arturo had been painting the doors and walls alongside Sage, but then he set the spray paint down and stepped back. Before his eyes was a beautiful sight - his dream, the one he had been trying to bring to life for so long but had always been held back by fear. Lorian whistling from the top of the building, frantically waving his arms, caught Arturo's attention. Even though he couldn't hear him over the music, their years of friendship allowed them to talk with no words needed. Lorian was signaling them to start singing, and Arturo joined without hesitating.

All at once, a wave of energy shot through his body, sparking inspiration like never before. Only one thought flashed through his mind: dance. So, he took off running toward the nearest woman walking by, leaving even his friends confused what his plan was now. He took her hand and began spinning her around. He was actually dancing with her; with this complete stranger he had just pulled over. The woman was too stunned to say a word at first, completely caught off guard. But then, a smile slowly appeared on her face, slowly turning into a giggle and then a laugh. Suddenly, as if shaking off all hesitation, she started moving to the rhythm with Arturo, carefree and full of joy.

to take shape, bursting with energy and life. Meanwhile, Nadin knelt by the base of the wall, where he had found a tiny patch of exposed soil. Carefully, he began planting the little seedlings - plants that one day might grow into tall trees, blooming into beautiful, fragrant flowers, the kind a husband might pick on his way home to give to his waiting wife.



“What happened to this fool? How dare he defy my influence, and how is he even doing it?” thought Impact, his gaze fixed on the crowd as he remained hidden on the mayor’s shoulder again. He watched with growing unease as his perfect creations, the humans he had carefully controlled, began to stir. At first, it was subtle - uncertain glances, the slow lifting of heads, a flicker of curiosity in their eyes. Then, it spread, like a ripple across still water - more and more people started dancing to the melody and joined the movement.

Impact’s chest tightened. A strange, unfamiliar sensation surged through him - a tingling, something he had never felt. He could sense it - something weakening inside him. He jerked his head, seeing more and more people turn toward the young man dancing like a madman.

“Could it be that my power is weakening? I feel stronger with every new soul I control, but now... now it feels like I’m losing strength. It can’t be... a worthless little boy is undoing decades of power.” The sensation spread faster now, reaching every inch of him. He could feel his grip slipping. He was

the unseen puppeteer, but now the strings were snapping off. His creations, once reliant on his influence, were slipping from his control. And it was all because of a boy, a powerless child.

People whispered, pointed, absorbed the young man’s performance, and the colorful creation behind him. “It can’t be. It won’t be,” he growled, desperation building. “I’ve held dominion over them too long to let this happen.”

But as soon as he uttered those words, he felt it was over. The beginning he had once cherished had abandoned him. The tingling sensation surged, overwhelming his senses until he could no longer distinguish what was real. For the first time, he felt truly powerless.

Impact stumbled, his form flickering like a shadow. The burning sensation grew, tearing him apart. He fell to his knees, but his voice was gone. His power, his very existence, slipped away like smoke. In his final moments, he realized the truth: it was over. And then, Impact vanished, leaving nothing but a chance for ‘renaissance.’

Arturo’s heart filled with warmth as he sat on the rooftop of their favorite building with his friends. The crowd in the streets below was no longer gloomy; instead, it had transformed into its complete opposite. People in colorful clothes wandered back and forth, young people skated down the streets with music in their ears, and here and there, budding graffiti artists brought empty concrete walls to life with their creations. Life. That was what the city had been missing.

It had been nearly two weeks since Arturo’s artistic movement. From the crowd, he had watched with perfect clarity as the dull, sorrowful eyes of the people began to glimmer, reflecting curiosity and newfound interest. He hadn’t expected results like this. Somehow, he had become a hero without ever trying to be one.

And yet, at the end of the day, he had achieved something extraordinary - he had changed the world through art. Like a painter blending colors on his palette, curious to see the outcome, he had added a drop of red to the cold, lifeless white, transforming it into a warm pink and breathing life into the canvas. People often forget how much can be achieved with just a little effort and energy. And with a little bit of art.

As Arturo sat there, legs dangling over the edge and his friends behind him, he admired what they had accomplished. In that moment, he felt only three things: *pride, victory, satisfaction.*

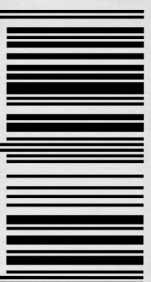


KMG-BLIND WALLS GALLERY

RE-ART

THE WORLD

5 012345 678900



19.95