

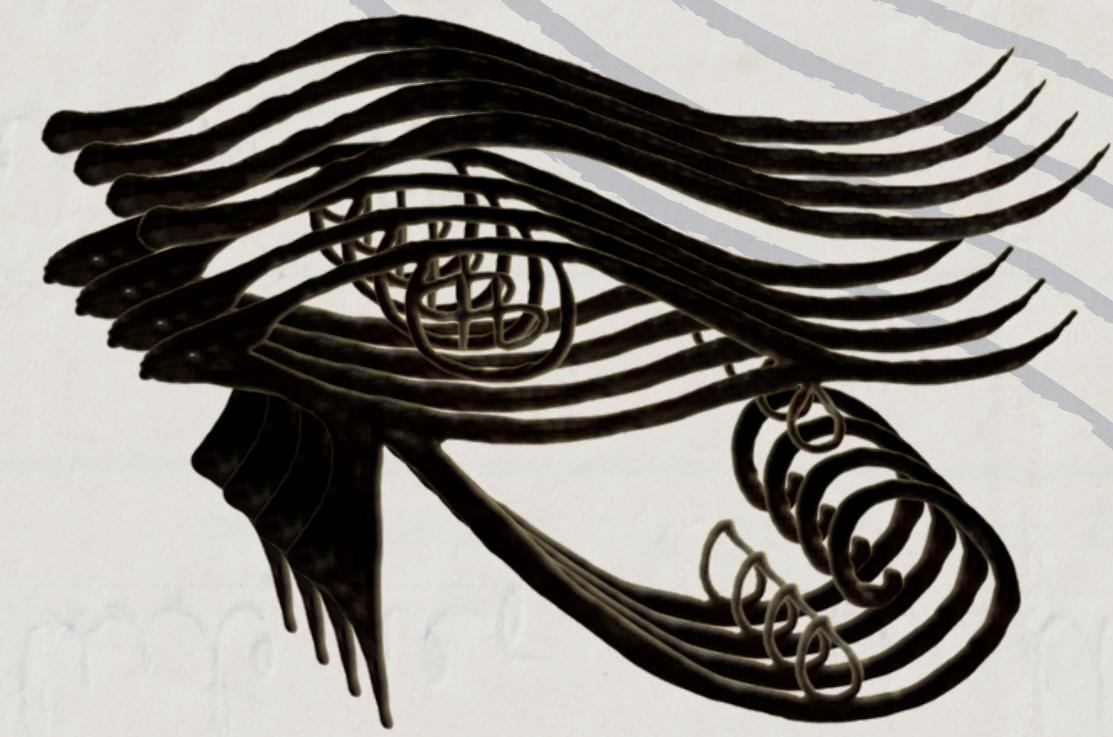
Human

volume One:

sad is Temporary, struggle is forever

Struggle

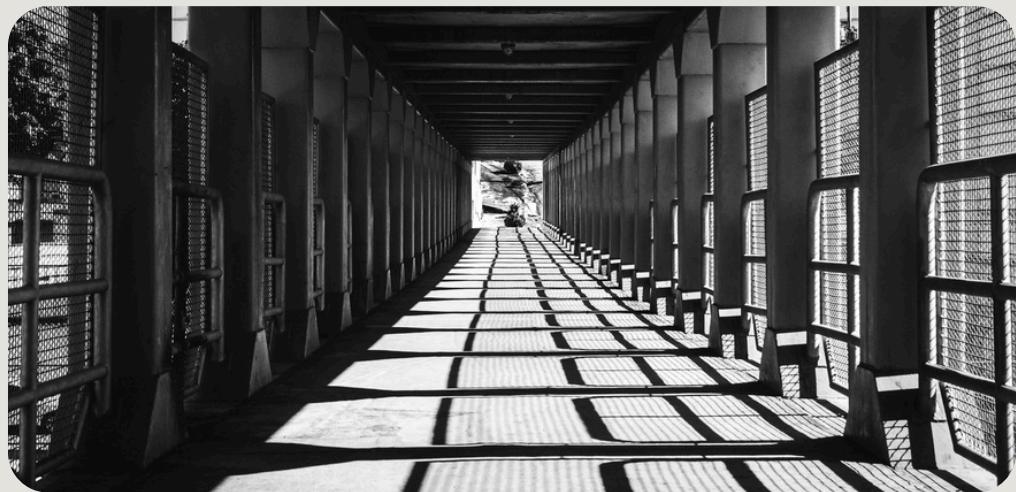




"It's never over until you say
it's over,"

sadness stems from a multitude of places, feelings of insignificance, insufficiency, loneliness, all these things that only exist within our brains, keeping ourselves in these made up prisons, struggling against ourselves, herein lies the real struggle of our lives, not the world around us but the world we trap ourselves in. There is no such thing as an objective reality, only what you perceive, these perceptions are built by us about us for no one but us. so if it's all made up anyways who gives a f*ck about what they think? The way they see us is full of blindspots, misunderstandings, first impressions, biases and their own tinted view of the world. we are the puzzle pieces that they use to rationalise this reality that we find ourselves existing in. so don't let them bend you into their own ideal picture if the world. They couldn't understand you even if they tried, Most people don't care about you — they care about the version of themselves that exists in your mind. they couldn't imagine stepping out of their shoes into yours for a second and why should they? No one owes you anything in today's world, so if you want to be anything in this world accept it, sad is temporary, struggle is forever.

what drives us? what keeps us moving forward? There is something magical, something powerful, something supernatural about the human spirit. The [We] need to keep pushing boundaries, keep breaking records, keep exploring. Yet, all of these feats have something in common, the struggle that we are all able to overcome. The human spirit is fascinating, it doesn't let up. It can fail 100 times over, but it keeps getting back up again. Nothing will stop the desire to succeed, and there is no unmoving obstacle or unstoppable force that can stop the inevitable, the broken boundaries, the new records...and what is only the latest success. No matter how tough times get, no matter how badly you want to give up, it's never over until you say it's over. Keep going, push and fight because sad is temporary and struggle is forever.



How do we motivate ourselves? Through the standards set by those around us? shouldn't we strive for it to be intrinsic? That's where the real magic happens. But we're wired with monkey brains—calculators built to process social cues. That spark inside us only ignites when we step away from the group, stop letting the anxiety to fit in control who we are.

That's when we create things of meaning—the things that resonate most deeply with the very people we just detached from. Their soul sees through the noise, recognizes the authenticity behind the message. This is what we should strive for. But it's not easy. It takes reflection and brutally honest conversations with yourself. You have to be prepared to not like what you find when you peel back the protective layers you've built—even from yourself.

You have to be willing to strip yourself down so you can rebuild on your own terms. Extrinsic motivation is fleeting—use it when you can, but don't let it define you. Don't get comfortable with easy thoughts about reality. Emotional support? Bullshit. Face your shit and move on. You will struggle, and honestly? It'll probably be forever.





I am not used to being alone. Yet I feel I have been my whole life. I think there are two different types of being alone. You can be surrounded by 100 different people, yet you are alone. And then you can also be alone in the physical sense, with nobody to accompany you. I fear the former is a far worse, yet rarer emotion that plagues those few and far between. Those who have not yet found their passion, their drive, their reason to live. This feeling finds its place in the hearts of those who embrace the struggle, who enjoy proving the world wrong in order to keep on conquering. Yet in doing so, they find the weight of the world on their shoulders. The accompanied man does not know why they feel alone. Why they seem to punish themselves. Why they take the risk, for it is not in everyone's nature. It is with a heavy heart; I come to the conclusion that these people will always feel alone. Nobody gets them. They are a step above the rest. They love the struggle. You are one of these people. You will always feel alone. You will always struggle, because sad is temporary, struggle is forever.



"There is no final
frontier"

Recently I have been feeling as though I am being pulled in a million directions all at once, my clothes, my hair, my eyebrows and my legs. It feels like there is no peace within my mind

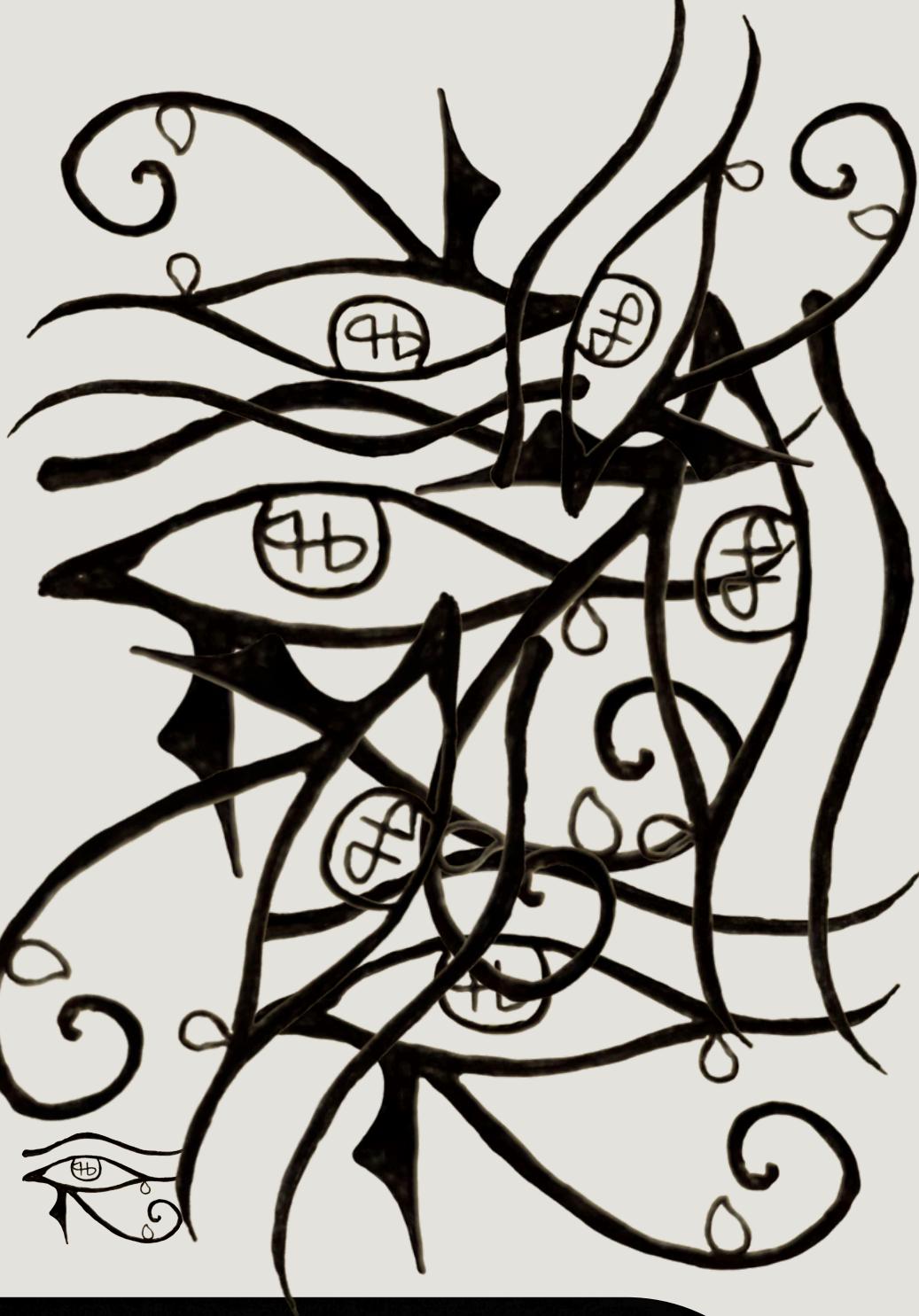
I close one door only for another to open, stuck in this perpetual loop, "butter the toast, eat the toast shit the toast, god life's relentless"

I know what it is I am doing is for a good cause though. That's what keeps me going. I know this will not be forever, and that the time will pass anyways so I may as well make it worthwhile for having passed.

I am not yet who I want to be nor do I have the things I want to have but I hope this path I have chosen will lead me there. No, I believe this path will lead me there, there is no time for doubt, no room for that niggling question that could topple the empire I have built in my mind.

This is my goal, not to let myself stand in my own way. I am my own greatest ally and enemy at the same time. I am fighting the battle to master myself, once I have done this none of the rest will matter.

However I am not naive, I know this could all end in a fiery oblivion that sees all my efforts wasted, so I choose delusion. fake it till you make it, you dont lose you only give up this is my way forward and if I caught your eye while you read this then you're one of us. You don't have to do it alone.



I feel as if I'm
at a crossroads...
a fork in the path.
I have two
decisions. Do I
quit? Or do I
keep on trying?
Quitting is easy,
quitting is simple...
It will make my
life easier. But I
don't want to quit.
I want to take
the road less
travelled. [I want]
To prove to myself
and everyone that
I deserve what I
work for.

There is joy to
find in proving
everyone wrong, in
overcoming
challenge after
challenge. I don't
always know what
needs to be done,
or how to do
everything... but in
the end it will be
worth it. Part of
life is overcoming
obstacles to get
what we want.
That is what
drives us. Because
sad is temporary,
struggle is forever.



Welcome To Humanstruggle! || Company Manifesto:

Welcome to Humanstruggle! || [Humanstruggle] Manifesto:

We are not here because we're understood, we're here because we aren't.

We exist to feel — deeply, painfully, truthfully.

Art is not decoration; it is resistance.

It is the echo of sadness, the weight of struggle, and the quiet defiance of existence.

We embrace insignificance because it frees us.

We explore struggle because it defines us.

We reject the need for anyone's validation.

We reject the pressure to explain ourselves.

Our art speaks for itself — raw, unfiltered, and unapologetic.

We believe in the beauty of subjective reality.

What you see is not what we made — it's what you feel.

And that is enough.

We are not for everyone.

We are for those who have felt lost and found solace in the emptiness.

For those who carry their pain like armor and wear their scars like art.

For those who know that sadness is temporary, but struggle is forever.

We are not a brand.

We are not a trend.

We are a collective of minds and hearts, creating because we have no other choice.