

Spark the Unseen



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“Genius Whispers - Are You Listening?”

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Intro

"The truths that change everything never shout. They whisper - especially when you're sure you're right"

I've spent 20 years collecting whispers as a teacher without a degree. A poker player without a system. An author without a rulebook.

This book is about those moments:

- When a struggling student teaches you more than any textbook.
- When a 'problem child' shows you genius in morse code.
- When doing the 'wrong' thing turns out to be the only right choice.

I'm not here to start an academic debate. I don't have the credentials for that, and honestly, that's not my game. By traditional standards, I've been wrong more times than I've been right.

I've got no degrees. No certificates. No permissions. Just a beat-up guitar, a history of badly played poker hands, and a stubborn belief that the best ideas sound like bad ideas - until they change everything.

These aren't polished lessons. They're fingerprints in the window of a classroom I almost walked past, 'tells' at a poker table I nearly walked away from, lyrics in a terrible song that shouldn't have worked.

Here's the uncomfortable truth:

Genius isn't rare. We're just trained to ignore it unless it comes with credentials, following the rules. The world rewards shouts - but transformation steals in on whispers.

Quick heads-up: This isn't a 300-page NYT bestseller. It's short. Not because I lacked words - but because real change rarely needs a manual. Just a spark.

So this isn't a book about thinking bigger.

It's about listening closer.

Especially when it's inconvenient.

So yeah, this is a book about whispers.

The question is:

Are you quiet enough to hear yours?



Brown Beavers

Maja never raised her hand.
She never caused trouble.
Never made a scene.
Never gave me a reason to worry.

And that's exactly why I almost missed her.

She was the kind of student who faded into the background - quiet, polite, always trying her best. But her essays told another story.

Week after week, they came back with the same small spelling mistakes. The kind you don't just chalk up to sloppy work. The kind that whisper of something deeper.

Mixing up b's and d's - one of the classic signs of dyslexia.

Her parents were already trying. They practiced with her at home.

She worked with a special-ed teacher a couple of times a week.

Still, nothing seemed to stick.

I could see how much it frustrated her, how much she wanted to keep up without falling behind.

But I wasn't a dyslexia expert. I was just a substitute teacher with a beat-up guitar and way too much curiosity.

And yet, I couldn't shake the whisper: there has to be another way.

That evening, while planning a music lesson, something struck me.

Why can we remember every lyric to our favorite songs - sometimes word-for-word — but struggle to remember “important” stuff like spelling?

What if music could reach Maja in a way the textbooks never did?

I grabbed a pen and started scribbling:

“Brown beavers bow before building bright, that's why b's curve sway to the right.”

“Dancing dogs don't do theft, that's why d's curve sway to the left.”

It sounded silly. Honestly, I laughed out loud. But maybe silly was the point.

Maybe if learning slipped into rhythm - into something fun - it wouldn't feel like work.

The next day, after class, I asked Maja to stay behind.

“Hey, I've got something for you,” I said. “No pressure. Just an idea. Maybe it'll help.”

She read the lines carefully, then looked up, puzzled.

“Kim, what are they building?” she asked, eyebrows raised.

“Uh... dams? Beavers build dams, right?” I said, realizing I hadn’t thought that far ahead.

“And dogs don’t really steal, right?” she added, grinning.

“Nope,” I smiled. “They don’t. But just roll with me, okay?”

She laughed, nodded, and agreed to try it.

I didn’t expect much. Honestly, I figured it would go in one ear and out the other.

But a few days later, Maja stayed after class again.

This time, she stood tall, glowing.

“Brown beavers bow before building bright, that’s why b’s curve sway to the right.”

“Dancing dogs don’t do theft, that’s why d’s curve sway to the left.”

She’d memorized them. Owned them.

“Tomorrow’s spelling test,” I told her, “just keep those in mind.”

That afternoon, when I lugged home 24 essays in my backpack, hers was the first I checked.

Only three mistakes.

That might not sound like much, but compared to her earlier work, it was a massive leap. I sat there in my living room, holding her paper, stunned.

How had a goofy little rhyme outperformed hours of traditional tutoring?

I wasn’t trying to “fix” Maja. I wasn’t even trying to teach her in the usual sense. I just tried to meet her where she was — to speak in a language her brain could actually hear.

And for once, something clicked.

I don’t know if she kept using those lines. I don’t know if it rewired something for good. But I do know this:

Learning doesn’t always need to be forced. Sometimes, it just needs to be invited.

Not with authority, but with curiosity.

The way I see it, kids are built to learn. Think about it: what's the most important thing for a baby giraffe?

Answer: learn where to find food and water - and how to avoid predators.

In human terms, that's reading, writing, and math. And I've never heard of a giraffe refusing to learn where the waterhole is.

At the End of the Day

Maja showed me that dyslexia doesn't bow to worksheets. She didn't need more drills. She needed someone to speak her own language.

 The system shouted "try harder." The unseen whispered "try different."

Where in your life are you trying harder - when maybe the answer is simply to try different?



Beats Between the Lines

The system called Rasmus a “problem kid”.
His desk said otherwise - tap-tap-tapping out a rhythm only he understood.

I was 22, still just a substitute teacher with no degree, no formal training, sneakers on my feet and curiosity in my head. That year I bounced between three chaotic third-grade classes - each bursting with life, noise, and the kind of energy that leaves your brain fried by noon.

When their regular teacher burned out, the principal pulled me aside.

“You play guitar, right?” she asked.

I nodded.

“Good. Their music and math teacher is out. We need someone consistent.”

I wasn’t sure I was ready. But I said yes.

In those first weeks, I just observed. Who needed attention. Who struggled. Who pretended not to care but clearly did. I had no lesson plan. Just instinct and a mental notebook.

Most kids warmed up quickly. I didn’t wear the usual teacher outfit. I showed up in sneakers and jeans, and I didn’t act like I had it all figured out.

One of the first kids who caught my attention was Rasmus.

He wasn’t loud. He wasn’t mean. But he never stopped drumming.

Fingers on the desk. Pencil on the chair. Feet on the floor.
Tap-tap-tap through fractions.
Tap-tap-tap through music theory.

It drove me insane.

I told him to stop a dozen times a day.

“Rasmus, hands still, please.”

“I’m the teacher. Can you just focus?”

“If you don’t stop, I’ll call your parents.”

Nothing worked. He’d shrug, half-smile, and keep tapping.

We clashed daily - me growing more frustrated, him barely flinching.

One day, I asked him to stay after class. No lecture. No audience. Just us.

“Why do you keep drumming?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he muttered. “I don’t mean to be annoying.”

It wasn’t defiant. Just real.

And that's when it hit me: he wasn't trying to disrupt. He was bored. Exactly the way I used to be.

I reached into my bag, pulled out a stress ball, and tossed it across the table.

"Try this instead."

He looked at it like it was a trick. Then gave it a squeeze.

The tapping stopped.

The next day, he walked in with the ball already in hand. Quiet. Focused. For the first time, we locked eyes across the room. He nodded. I smiled. Silent understanding.

From that day on, Rasmus wasn't the "problem." He was the kid who figured out how to regulate himself - with a rubber ball and a teacher who finally stopped reacting and started seeing.

We didn't talk about it much. We didn't have to.

As the months went by, I watched him come out of his shell. He started offering answers. Participating in small ways. That stress ball became a bridge - one I never expected.

And then came the big end-of-year school show.

Lights. Music. Parents. Nervous kids everywhere. I asked for volunteers to help host. Rasmus's hand shot up before I even finished asking.

He and Christian took charge of curtain calls and introductions. Rehearsals filled our afternoons. Rasmus squeezed the ball between takes. Practiced his lines. Laughed. Led.

Show night came. I wore a suit with a ridiculous summer cap - my silent way of saying "I'm all-in with you guys."

As the show started, I stood behind the curtain, watching the spotlight hit Rasmus's too-big tux, his voice steady as a metronome:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he announced, strong and clear.

"Welcome to our show!"

He nailed it. Act after act. The same kid who once couldn't sit still now anchored the room.

After the final song, the crowd rose to their feet. Applause thundered.

During a short break, a mom stopped me.

“My daughter talks about you all the time. She loves the way you teach.”

Another chimed in:

“If you’d told me my son would sing on stage, I’d have laughed. But here he is.”

Backstage, Rasmus was glowing. I walked over, looked him in the eye, and said:

“You crushed it out there.”

He smiled and shrugged like it was nothing. But we both knew it was everything.

That ball changed everything. Not because it stopped the tapping, but because it made me see past it.

And that’s the thing about “misbehavior” - it’s usually not misbehavior at all.

It’s communication.

If you listen to its whisper.

If you care enough to hear it.

Rasmus didn’t need discipline. He needed someone to notice the rhythm he was trying to play.

That night, I realized I’d been Rasmus once. The only difference?

No one had ever handed me a ball.

But I would never miss the signal again.



At the End of the Day

Rasmus didn’t need discipline or punishment. He needed someone to notice his rhythm - and give him a new instrument.



Genius whispered through a \$2 stress ball, not a detention slip.

What “problems” around you might actually be hidden rhythms waiting to be heard?



Don't Tell Me What I Can't Do

I was sitting behind my drums, waiting for the kids to spill out of school.

At the youth center, I was the “music teacher” for more than 700 kids. Which really meant I had to teach it all — piano, drums, bass, guitar, vocals. If a kid was curious, I’d meet them there.

Some days it was chaos. Other days? Magic.

One night, flipping through TV channels, I stopped on a guy playing guitar flat on his back. I'd never seen anything like it. He wasn't performing to impress. He was experimenting. And it stuck with me.

The next day, before the kids arrived, I pulled the piano closer to the drum kit. Just to try.

Just to see.

Dum-bauw... dum dum-bauw.

Nope. Not it.

I tried again. Piano with one hand, drumbeat with the other.

"Wait... what were the chords again?"

A minor. F. C. G.

I tried again. And again. And then... it clicked.

I wasn't Mozart. Not even close. But it worked. Two instruments at once. Imperfect, clumsy - but it worked.

And that's when it hit me: *Imagine if a kid could do this?*

The obvious choice was Signe.

She was ten, and I'd been teaching her music for about a year. She was already great at singing. She could play drums. She could play piano. And she had that spark you don't see often. She didn't try to impress. She didn't chase praise. She just did her thing.

"Signe," I called out.

She looked up, surprised.

"Come here for a sec."

I pointed at the kit and the keys.

"You're gonna play both. At the same time."

She blinked.

"What?"

“Just trust me. Start simple. You already know both. Now it’s just about syncing them.”

I knew if I made it sound dramatic, she’d back off. So I kept it light.

“Worst case? You mess up and laugh about it.”

She hesitated. I could see it in her hands - the question: *What if I can’t? What if I look stupid?*

“You’ll get a slush ice if you pull it off,” I grinned.

She smiled back. Challenge accepted.

That’s the thing about kids. Offer them a gummy bear and they’ll move mountains.

Ten minutes later, I came back into the room.

No way.

She was doing it. Piano and drums. At the same time.

“Holy moly, Signe...”

She looked up, calm.

“I just kept trying.”

That’s what genius looks like. It shrugs while doing what most people won’t even attempt.

But I wasn’t done.

“Alright,” I said, bringing over a mic stand.

“Now sing.”

She laughed.

“Seriously?”

“Dead serious. Let’s just see what happens.”

Her voice started quiet. Unsure. Then it filled the room.

And suddenly it wasn’t about me. Or the instruments. Or the experiment.

It was Signe. Owning it. Shining.

Kids crowded in, watching her in awe. My sign-up sheet filled instantly.

Later, we walked to the “bar” for her slush ice. I told my colleagues the story, expecting them to be surprised.

They weren’t.

“Sounds great,” one said, distracted.

Of course they didn’t see it. You can’t spot miracles with closed eyes.

But I did.

They saw a kid messing around. I saw her walk through a door she didn’t even know existed. And just like that, Signe became my “co-teacher” - helping other kids learn to sing and play.



At the End of the Day

Signe didn’t play piano, drums, and sing to impress anyone - she did it because no one told her it was impossible.



Genius doesn’t raise its hand or wait for permission. It whispers.

What “impossible” thing is whispering to you right now - and why are you still listening to the crowd?



🎵 **The Song That Should've Flopped**

At the time, I was still a substitute teacher at the same school when the principal called me into her office. She knew I played music and wanted me to teach songs to all three third-grade cohorts that year.

I said yes without thinking much of it.

The first thing I did was check out the song catalog. And I immediately regretted it.

These weren't just boring. They were creativity-killers in C major. The same dull songs I'd hated as a kid. Uninspired. Outdated. The kind of music that made learning feel like an obligation instead of discovery.

"How has everything else moved forward - phones, tech, entertainment - but the way we teach music hasn't?"

I wasn't about to force them through that same experience. So I did the only thing I could think of: write a new song for them.

The only problem was... I'd never written one before.

I never thought of myself as a songwriter - not even remotely. I just wanted something better than the dreadful songs clogging the catalog.

For days, I wrestled with questions. What theme? What melody? Could I even pull this off?

Finally, I had something that might work. But then reality hit: I'd never sung publicly before.

Not once.

What if they laughed?

What if my voice cracked?

What if I failed in front of everyone?

That moment - that hesitation - was everything.

My ego screamed: *abort mission*.

But something quieter whispered: *but imagine if it works?*

If I backed out, I'd be proving the myth right - that you have to be ready before you start. But if I pushed through, I'd prove that action matters more than perfection. And didn't kids deserve the best we had to offer?

So I forced myself to be brave. At least as brave as I could be.

The day came. Guitar in hand, I stood in front of the class. My head buzzing with insecurity, my body trying to act like it was no big deal.

Deep breath. Strum. Sing.

At first, the kids hesitated. New melody. Unfamiliar lyrics. But curiosity kicked in. Slowly, they started joining in. Uncertain, but eager.

And just like that - it worked.

The song stuck. They hummed it in the halls. Asked for it in class. It became theirs.

Weeks later, two students came up to me during recess.

“Can we submit this to the MGP contest?”

Melodi Grand Prix. A national kids’ music competition.

I chuckled, thinking, *No way it’ll get picked*. But who was I to crush their dream?

“Go for it,” I said.

Three months later, I was on my way home when I noticed a voicemail.

“Uuoiih... Uuuhhhhh... Kiiiiimmmmmmm!”

Screaming. Excitement. Chaos.

“What’s happening? Who is this?”

Then it hit me.

“No freaking way... Could it really be?”

I called back. The girls nearly exploded. Out of 6,000 entries, the song had made the top 10. It was going on national TV.

I was dumbfounded.

That night, I drove to one of their homes. Parents gathered. Celebration in full swing. The girls couldn’t stop smiling. Their excitement was electric.

We recorded with professionals. Stepped into studios. Tasted what it felt like to create something that mattered.

I still remember the rush - realizing that what started as a desperate experiment had turned into something bigger than I’d ever imagined.

How often does a first-ever song get this kind of feedback?

It's a lesson that's stayed with me ever since:

The world rewards finished work - not finished people.

And yeah, for a while, I was the popular teacher. I had my "15 minutes of fame" in that school.

New dreams rarely come true by walking in old footsteps.

🎵 At the End of the Day

That first song wasn't polished. It wasn't perfect. But it was real - and real was what the kids needed.

👉 The world rewards finished work, not finished people.

Where are you waiting to be "ready" - when the real spark might come from starting before you are?



The Homeless Chess Hustler

Back when I was working as a substitute teacher, I finally decided to apply for formal teacher training.

It felt like the natural next step. I already had the job - now I just needed the piece of paper to make it official.

That's when I was introduced to Howard Gardner's theory of multiple intelligences. You've probably heard of it - seven core types (later expanded to nine), covering everything from language and logic to music, movement, and social-emotional insight.

I remember scanning the list and feeling pretty good about myself.

“Kinesthetic? Oh yeah, that’s me. Sports, movement - I’ve always crushed that.”

“Wait... that’s it? That’s my only strength?!”

It hit me hard. Not in a dramatic way - but in that quiet, nagging way you can’t shake.

An unpleasant truth whispered in the back of my mind:

“So what are you gonna do about it?”

I had two options:

I could stick to what I was already good at. Double down on movement, sports, the safe zone - or - I could start push into the areas that felt foreign, uncomfortable - maybe even impossible.

Most people would’ve picked option one. I almost did too.

But I couldn’t stop thinking about balance. About the two sides of the brain. About what it might cost me long term if I left the other parts of myself unexplored.

So I made a deal with myself.

There were seven types of intelligence. I would take them on — one by one.

First up? Logic and strategy. And for that, I chose chess.

I called the local chess club and signed up on the spot.

“E2-E4.” My first move. Confident as always.

Lost the first game. Then the second. Then the third — badly.

I couldn’t believe it. A guy with a purple knitted hat, looking half-homeless, destroyed me game after game. If I couldn’t beat him, who was I ever gonna beat?

My ego shattered. I almost quit right there. Who needs chess anyway?

But something in me knew better.

So when another player asked if I wanted to go again, I said yes.

A few moves later, I saw it - my first winning position. I tricked him into sacrificing his queen. It worked.

I won. Not the game of chess - the game of belief.

That tiny crack changed everything. It showed me growth isn't instant, but it is possible. You just have to sit in the discomfort long enough.

From there, I kept going. I added Mensa puzzle books to my daily routine. My brain hurt every night. But slowly, what first felt like chaos started forming into patterns. From noise to signal. Confusion to intuition.

That became my rhythm: find the gap. Embrace the unknown. Trust the process.

Eventually, I moved on to the next intelligence: music.

I'd never seen myself as a musician. But I had a cheap guitar, an itch to learn, and a friend named Morten who gave me just enough encouragement to start.

The first week was brutal.

My fingers ached. My brain was overwhelmed. The sounds were... not exactly great.

But I stayed with it.

Eventually, I learned *Tears in Heaven*. It took 16 hours and a few near-meltdowns. But when I finally strummed the last chord from memory, something shifted inside me.

I was no longer the guy who "couldn't play." I was someone who didn't quit.

And that's what this journey became - over years, not months.

One by one, I went through each area. Pushing into the ones that scared me. Humbling myself again and again. Trying to embrace a beginner's mind every time.

I wasn't chasing mastery. I was chasing wholeness.



At the End of the Day

Genius whispered in losing streaks - not trophies. Chess humbled me. Music blistered my fingers. Growth wasn't found in what I was good at. It lived in the places that made me feel stupid but alive.

👉 What's the thing you're avoiding because you're afraid to suck at it?



Crossroads at Track 9

“I have a question... any chance you’ve got 10 minutes after class, Henrik?”

He looked up and nodded. No big deal. Just another student with a random thought. But it wasn’t. It was the start of something I didn’t know would stay with me for decades.

Henrik was my psychology and philosophy teacher in high school - and the first adult who truly made me feel seen. Not just acknowledged. Seen.

He wasn't flashy. Didn't wear trendy sneakers or a Tommy Hilfiger pullover. He wasn't trying to impress us. And maybe that's why he did. His presence spoke louder than anything he ever raised his voice to say - though, come to think of it, I don't think he ever raised it at all.

Most classes back then were a battleground. Bathroom breaks every ten minutes. Students cracking jokes. Phones buzzing under desks. Teachers doing their best to control chaos.

But not Henrik's classes. Not once.

There were no warnings. No threats. No detentions. Just this strange sense that you didn't want to interrupt. You wanted to listen.

He had this quiet gravity to him. He didn't demand attention - he earned it by giving it first. Something I didn't understand until much later.

He taught us Freud and Jung, walked us through Maslow and Kant. But what he really taught was something else - something no curriculum covers.

He taught us self-respect. Empathy. The power of presence. And he did it without ever naming it.

One day, he told us about a young man he mentored - someone dealing with mental health challenges. They would go on hikes together as part of his recovery work.

But once, the man had an episode. A breakdown. And Henrik had to run - literally - as the young man chased him through the woods, waving a knife.

You could've heard a pin drop.

And then he made us laugh. Not because he minimized it, but because he shared it with vulnerability, not fear. It didn't feel like a lecture. It felt like truth. Messy, complicated, human truth. And we leaned in.

That was the moment I realized something:

This guy isn't just teaching. He's showing us how to live.

Those "10 minutes" I asked for after class?

They turned into hours. Long conversations on the platform waiting for the train. Deep questions about life, psychology, behavior. No judgment. Just curiosity. I didn't have the language for it back then, but now I'd call it mentorship without ego.

Years later, I became a teacher myself. And I found myself thinking about Henrik. A lot.

About what made him different. About how he made us care without forcing it. About how he never once asked for respect - but got it anyway.

There's one thing I'll never forget:

I had zero absences in his class. Not a single skipped lecture. And this was back when skipping was practically a sport.

One day, after I started writing *Spark the Unseen*, it hit me how much of the book's heart was seeded by him. So I posted on Facebook:

"Anyone know how to reach Henrik, my old psych teacher? I owe him a conversation."

An old classmate replied with his number. I called.

"Hi Henrik, this is Kim Lougart... not sure if you remember me, but—"

He cut me off before I could finish.

"Kim! Of course I do. We used to talk after class. Ride the train together. How are you?"

We caught up. I asked if I could stop by.

I brought a bottle of wine and knocked on his door like a student who never really left. We talked for hours. About life. Teaching. The moments that shape you.

When I finally told him how much he had impacted me - how he shaped who I became - I saw something shift in his face. That quiet kind of pride that doesn't need to be spoken to be understood.

He didn't just teach curriculum. He didn't try to win us over. He just showed up. Consistently. Honestly.

And that stayed with me more than any textbook ever could.

I knew I wouldn't be writing *Spark the Unseen* if it weren't for teachers like him.

Henrik taught me presence beats performance - and years later, that lesson would be tested in a firestorm where integrity cost me everything but my spine.



At the End of the Day

Genius whispered in train-station talks - not lecture halls. Henrik didn't change me with theories. He changed me by seeing me.

👉 Real impact doesn't announce itself. It stays with you.

Who's the person who heard your whisper before you even knew it was there?



🌱 A Straight Spine

A few years ago, I started taking an interest in blockchains, Web3, and NFTs.

I'd been on X (back when it was still Twitter), riffing GMs, sharing personal growth takes, just seeing what stuck. After six months of posting, I had a little credibility. I co-hosted Spaces on

Sundays with three others, usually twenty listeners, sometimes a hundred. One time, 228. It felt good. People tuned in. Came back. Trusted me.

Then I saw a post that stopped me cold:

“Why is Web3 full of scammers? I just lost my last \$50 - no rent, no food. I don’t know if I can take this anymore. Goodbye!”

Something about those words hit too close. I knew that rock-bottom feeling.

I replied: *“Hey man, sorry about what you’re going through. I’ve been there. If I can help, let me know.”*

He messaged back.

“Thanks. Idk, I’m just so tired of these scammers. Just got scammed out of my last money for the month. No clue what to do.”

We went back and forth. His situation was worse than I thought: 600 euros rent, nothing left for food.

I wired him money instantly. No one should be forced to choose between food and hope.

But rent? 600 euros was steep. I wasn’t just going to hand it over. It needed to feel like a trade, not charity.

“Do you draw?” I asked.

“Yeah, some stuff.” He sent me sketches - dragons, weird faces. Rough but raw. It was good.

“What if we turn these into NFTs? No grand plan, just for fun. Something to work on together. I’ll cover the rent, and we split 50/50 on anything we make.”

He grinned - text grin, but I could feel it.

“Hell yeah. But you don’t have to. I’d do it for free.”

“Nah,” I said. “We’re partners.”

Rent covered. Food covered. Now it was about creating something that might give him a way forward.

Sixty days later, our collection launched on OpenSea. We were nobodies. We didn’t expect much.

BOOM.

“No freaking way...!!!”

Somehow, we were trending #1 on OpenSea. For three straight days, we sat at the top and made about \$20K each. Unreal.

And then came the DM.

“Hey man, love what you’re doing - but something’s off. Your NFT traits aren’t right.”

Traits. The tiny details that make NFTs rare - accessories, colors, percentages. The value was in scarcity. Some buyers realized their “rare” NFTs weren’t rare at all.

“Appreciate the flag - I’ll look into it ASAP,” I replied.

I messaged my partner immediately. He promised to fix it.

Hours passed. Nothing.

More DMs poured in. Buyers waiting for answers.

All I could do was post: *“We’re working on it,”* while feeling the storm closing in.

Twelve hours. No fix. My credibility - six months of Spaces, tweets, trust - hanging by a thread.

Three days. Still no fix. Whispers of *scam* started brewing.

By Monday, I was terrified. No sleep. No clarity. No control.

“What do I even tell people?”

Then the worst message hit.

“Yo, there’s a space right now - someone’s calling you a scammer.”

I joined. And my blood froze.

It was my co-founder.

The guy I’d fed, housed, partnered with - torching me in public, telling the world *I* was the scammer.

I couldn’t believe it. I’d paid his rent. His food. His bills. And now he was burying me.

“What a disgusting piece of shit,” I kept repeating to myself.

My only option was full transparency. Even though I knew I’d get ripped apart.

I opened my own Space.

Within minutes, hundred people joined. Shouting. Yelling. Accusing. My heart was racing like a horse on speed.

“I didn’t scam anyone!” I tried to explain. “The traits got messed up - but I tried to fix it! My partner’s the one scamming all of us!”

I was emotional. Probably too emotional. Some believed me. Most didn’t. It felt like a public lynching.

And then came the demands: *refunds*.

I had to decide: what mattered more - money or integrity?

I posted publicly:

“If you bought one of my NFTs and want your money back, drop your wallet address. No questions asked.”

People did.

And I refunded every single one. Over \$15K gone in a few days - most of my net worth at the time.

Did some take more than they deserved? Probably. But my conscience mattered more.

Meanwhile, he kept slandering. Built a community around his lies. Carried on like nothing happened.

Did I make mistakes? Absolutely.

Did I panic? Way too often.

But in the end, I stood by what I believed in.

Integrity doesn’t bounce back the way money does.

And yeah, it cost me. A lot.

But I don’t regret it.

That experience broke me for weeks. But in time, it built my resilience more than anything else ever had.

I refused to let one person or one incident define me. I chose to stay optimistic. And even when I was scared shitless, I recognized the right thing to do - and I did it.

That's the part I take pride in. Not that I was flawless. But that even under fire, I didn't snap.

At the End of the Day

I was forced to pay the price, even while terrified and wanting to fight back. But I walked away with something he never had — a spine that didn't break under pressure, and my integrity intact. Money bounces back. Integrity doesn't.

 Genius whispered “do the right thing” - not “lawyer up.”

What's the whisper you're avoiding because you don't like the price tag?



Ctrl+Alt+Delete

I've cried more tears writing this book than there are pages in it.

Some out of fear. A few out of joy. Not because writing was hard - but because every word forced me to confront how badly I still wanted to look 'smart' instead of being brave. Instead of being real."

I never get it right the first time I try something new.

Spark the Unseen wasn't the exception.

In fact, I was already 80% done writing a completely different book - LEADA SHIP.

Structured. Strategic. Packed with frameworks, acronyms, and systems I'd used in real life. I thought I had it nailed.

But something didn't click.

I couldn't put my finger on it. I spent hours refining chapters, rewriting sentences, building models. But something still felt hollow.

So I asked an AI for help. Maybe it could show me what I couldn't see.

"Okay," I told it, "you now know the full content and all the puzzle pieces. Imagine I didn't tell you the title - what book do you think I'm really writing?"

Answer: *"Spark the Unseen."*

No way. That phrase didn't even appear in the draft. It made zero sense.

So I pushed back. Demanded clarification.

And the response hit like a punch in the chest:

"Though you see your IQ and frameworks as your strength, what makes you stand out isn't that. It's your EQ. It's your storytelling. That's what makes your book different."

What?

I'd always used storytelling as a tool - to make a point, soften a sharp idea, connect. But the *point* was still the model, right?

This flipped everything.

I pushed again: "What exactly do you mean by EQ and storytelling?"

The AI replied:

"Your stories resonate. They carry your signature. They're what people remember."
Still didn't sit well with me.

So I shared the draft with a few trusted friends - people who'd tell me the truth.

One said: *"I like the frameworks... but the stories? They made me stop and think about my own life."*

Another: *"I actually made a small change in my life after reading one of your stories."*

How is that possible?

I interrogated every AI model I could find - Claude, Gemini, Grok, DeepSeek, Co-Pilot. Some said stick with the IQ-led book. But others echoed the same thing:

"There are plenty of smart books out there. What people rarely find is someone who can tell stories like you - honestly, with rhythm, with truth."

That cracked something open.

And for a moment, it crushed me.

Because if it was true, it meant I'd been building the wrong thing.

That I'd have to start over.

And even worse - it meant I'd been underestimating the most human part of me all along.

Was I hiding behind frameworks?

Had I trusted structure more than my own voice?

I don't know. Maybe.

But I knew I couldn't ignore it anymore.

It reminded me of something oddly specific: Kevin Skinner on *America's Got Talent*.

Remember him?

A guy walked onstage looking like a hillbilly. Said he was a chicken catcher. The judges rolled their eyes. The crowd wrote him off.

Then he sang.

And by the end, everyone was on their feet.

Piers Morgan called it the most emotional performance of the season. Kevin smiled, overwhelmed.

That stuck with me.

Because it wasn't just a performance. It was revelation.

I'm not saying I'm Kevin. But I get it.

Sometimes the thing that changes people isn't the most polished idea. It's the story that tells the truth.

And truth lasts longer than any framework.

That's why you're reading *Spark the Unseen*.

Not because I had full confidence in myself. But because I decided to trust my stories more than my ego.

We don't remember people for being impressive.

We remember them for making us feel less alone.

That's the bet I'm making with *Spark the Unseen*.

This book is my cracked-open chest. No polish. No filters. Just the things I feared would ruin me.

If you're still reading, here's my last whisper:

You already carry everything you need. The world just trained you to ignore it.

And if they don't get it? Let them eat frameworks.

And if you're wondering why I waited until now to tell you all this?

It's simple:

because I trust you.

At the End of the Day

Genius whispered through AI - reminding me that being "me" was more important than any framework I could ever build. Once I saw it, I couldn't unsee it.

👉 When's the last time you traded your armor for a whisper - and let yourself be unapologetically you?



Be a Chicken Catcher

No one applauds - until tomorrow never comes

Let me tell you what happens to whispers when you ignore them.

Maja's dancing dogs didn't shout. They curled into the margins of her worksheets - backward letters hiding until a stupid rhyme set them free.

Rasmus's drumming wasn't disruption. It was Morse code, waiting for someone to hear his beat instead of handing him a detention slip.

The AI that cracked me open didn't yell. It whispered five words that dissolved 20,000 polished, perfect words I'd written just to impress you.

We're trained to wait.

For permission.

For credentials.

For someone to finally "see" us.

But the truths that rewrite lives don't knock. They tap.

They show up wearing a purple hat, right before they checkmate your ego.

They live in the silence between "*I can't*" and "*I did*" - like when Signe played piano and drums at once, shrugging like she'd just tied her shoes.

Here's the thing: an ignored whisper doesn't vanish. It metastasizes.

It becomes the itch in your hands during meetings.

The 3 a.m. scrolling through jobs you'll never apply for.

The "fine" you mutter when someone asks if you're still writing / painting / singing / building the thing you swore you'd do *someday*.

Someday is a liar.

The only thing that matters is action.

So here's my last question to you:

How much longer are you going to wait?

Your whisper: _____

Your first small step: _____

PS. If anyone doubts you, tell them a chicken catcher sent you.



Aspiring Chicken Catcher

Hi. I'm Kim.

I have no formal education.

Not a single diploma or certificate on my wall.

What I do have is twenty years of proof that genius hides in plain sight:

- A dyslexic girl who taught me why brown beavers slap worksheets.
- Poker losses that taught me to sit in the fire.
- \$15K refunded so I could sleep at night.

Most people chase shouts. I've built a life around whispers.

In classrooms where "problem kids" were drummers in disguise.

In songs so bad they somehow ended up on national TV.

Here's what I know:

The world is loud. Truth is quiet.

The most powerful lessons come from people and places most overlook.

If you're reading this, I believe you hear whispers too.

Thanks for letting me share mine.

It means more than you know.

Welcome to #SparkTheUnseen 🐛

Email: kim@lougart.com



One Last Thing

I'm a cracker, natural born rebel firestarter
when you say take it easy, I say let's push harder
rebel with a purpose, cracking limits like a piñata
time to chase dreams, prove how to do it smarter

Sheep follow rules, rebels curiosity, so let's go
wanna stand out, invite them to a different show

smash the seat front row, embrace discomfort to grow
you wanna be original, stop thinking like average joe

You can settle or disrupt, I don't make the rules
Yeah, it's fucked, the game's rigged, keeps creating more fools
curiosity and imagination are our allies and tools
you & your chads, "The Professors, me & mine "The Mules"

We keep it real, you keep the gold to yourself
we aim to make a difference, while you make a trophy shelf
you sound like a broken sheep system, just obscene
3,2,1 - time to Spark The Unseen

This one's for the rebels all around the world
stop acting like an oyster, no more hiding your pearl
carpe diem, take a step forward, it's time
or stay a prisoner forever, it takes guts to shine

You're a cracker, more powerful than you know
I bring the flow for you to challenge status quo
you can play it safe, or you can start play the game
I'd rather die on my feet, than die out of shame

Coz we all have a choice, look at me, use your voice
be the lead singer in your life, not a choir of boys
humble confidence is the way you wanna roll
but don't listen to me, I'm just an internet troll

We all have a dream, but not everyone dares to act
show me yours and I'll show you mine through this rap
not pursuing your happiness, just dumb, it's just crap
you can die from passivity, read my lips, that's a fact

Sheep have high hopes, rebels high energy, don't you see
it's ok, I'll take the first step, just stay close to me
this is your life, more than just a fun meme
3,2,1 - time to crack your unseen

This one's for the rebels all around the world
stop acting like an oyster, no more hiding your pearl
carpe diem, take a step forward, it's time
or stay a prisoner forever, it takes guts to shine

For the record, I don't wanna be a star, I'm just myself
aim to make a difference, I don't give a fuck about wealth

dreaming without doing, is hard on your mental health
here, steal these lyrics from my shelf and record them yourself