

MISS UNITED CROWN OF AMERICA

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inside

THE CROWN

MRS. UNITED AMERICA
HELEANA DAVIS

COVER MODEL

HOLIDAY EDITION
2025

UCA NATIONAL AMBASSADORS CARLA
EASTWOOD AND ISABELLA UTLEY TALK
AMBASSADORSHIP WITH UCA



MRS. UNITED AMERICA

Photo by The Nicole J Smith Company

inside THE CROWN

Dear Queens, Families, and UCA Community,

It is with so much joy (and a little sparkle in our eyes) that we welcome you to the very first edition of *Inside the Crown* — Miss United Crown of America's official magazine!

This debut holiday edition is a celebration of all that makes our sisterhood shine: heart, hard work, grace under pressure, and the power of a purpose-driven crown.

Whether you're holding your very first sash or closing out a national reign, these pages were created with you in mind, to inspire, encourage, and reflect the journey we're honored to walk alongside you.

Inside, you'll find stories from our queens, tips to support your reign, sparkle-worthy style, heartfelt reflections, and a sprinkle of seasonal magic. From platform spotlights to self-care reminders, this magazine is more than a newsletter — it's your place to feel seen, celebrated, and supported.

Thank you for being part of something so much bigger than a title. Your voice, your light, and your legacy are the reason this community is growing, and glowing.

From our crown family to yours,

Happy Holidays and Happy Debut!



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keeping up with the NATIONAL QUEENS

Sparkle, Serve, Repeat — Life as a National Queen

From snowy hometowns to glowing lantern walks and holiday theatre magic, our 2025 National Queens have been busy turning everyday moments into something truly unforgettable. Whether they're picking up trash with purpose, spreading joy in their communities, or shining bright just by being themselves — these queens are proof that the crown doesn't pause between pageants. Join us as we catch up on where they've been, what they've been up to, and how they're making their mark coast to coast.

Little Miss United America's Big Heart

With a heart for service and a crown that shines even brighter through action, Little Miss United America Lexxie Martinez took to the roadsides of her hometown in Texas this month for a community highway cleanup. Donning gloves, a safety vest, and her sash, Lexxie helped clear litter and beautify her local environment as part of her commitment to giving back. Her participation not only inspired passersby but also served as a reminder that queens of any age can make a meaningful difference. We're so proud to see Lexxie leading with kindness, purpose, and pride.



Little Miss United America Lexxie Martinez poses proudly during her community's Adopt-A-Highway Cleanup



Let it Snow with Miss Teen United America!

Captured in a quiet moment of winter beauty, Miss Teen United America Abagale Moore poses proudly in her snowy Indiana hometown — the very place where her journey first began as Miss Indiana Teen. This photo isn't from a formal appearance, but rather a reflection of her roots, reminding us that the crown travels with us in every season. Abagale continues to embody hometown pride and national poise, showing that even the simplest moments can carry the deepest meaning.

Mrs. United America is Glowing!

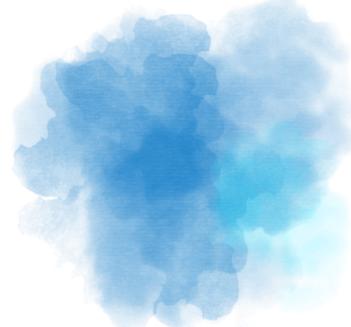


Mrs. United America Heleana Davis poses among the bright lights that take over Camelback Ranch each year

Glowing among the lanterns at the Tianyu Light Festival, Mrs. United America Heleana Davis brought regal warmth to a night of vibrant celebration. Held at Camelback Ranch in Arizona, the festival's breathtaking displays set the stage for a meaningful community appearance. Heleana's presence at the event reflected her heart for culture, connection, and celebration — all values she carries as a national titleholder. With every light she walked past, Heleana reminded guests that service and visibility can shine just as brightly as any crown.

There is something truly special about UCA's Queens that makes you want to keep having them back! Such elegant, yet personable presences they are!

-Camelback Ranch on hosting Mrs. United America



Christmas at the Theatre with Miss Preteen United America

Miss Preteen United America Kinsley Zunker attended the Children's Theatre Company's production of *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* as a special guest. Her appearance celebrated not only the holiday season, but also her personal platform – making the arts more accessible to all. Kinsley's joy and presence lit up the theatre, reminding every child in the audience that the magic of storytelling should be for everyone. She continues to champion creativity, connection, and community one stage at a time.



Miss United America Preteen Kinsley Zunker holds *Grinch* branded merch at the Minnesota Children's Theatre



Pages, pine trees, and a little sparkle – storytime with Miss United America.

Bundled in warmth and ready to inspire, Miss United America Anna Beresford joined children and families for a fireside story hour at the Hungerford Nature Center's community bonfire. With flickering flames and forest air setting the scene, Anna prepared to read aloud with her signature grace – creating a space where curiosity, kindness, and community came together. Her visit reminded us that sometimes, the most meaningful moments come not from a stage, but from sitting shoulder to shoulder under the stars.

Candyland floats, Christmas cheer, and your Miss United Crown Ambassador leading the way!



United Crown Ambassador 2025 Nyeria Hunt poses during her appearance at the Mariana Christmas in Candyland Parade

Gliding through the heart of Mariana in a swirl of holiday magic, Miss United Crown Ambassador and 2025 People's Choice Winner Nyeria Hunt brought sparkle, spirit, and style to the beloved Christmas in Candyland Parade. As candy-colored floats passed by and cheerful crowds lined the streets, Nyeria waved proudly – representing not just her title, but the thousands of votes and hearts behind it. Her joyful presence lit up the parade route and reminded us all that the People's Choice crown is one earned through connection, kindness, and community pride.





leading with heart

A DAY WITH DR. CARLA EASTWOOD

From her dual role as Mrs. Texas and UCA National Ambassador, Dr. Carla Eastwood exemplifies what it means to lead with grace, authenticity, and heart. In this exclusive interview, she shares the values that drew her to Miss United Crown of America, the lessons she's learned along the way, and the legacy she hopes to pass on to the next generation of titleholders. With her signature warmth and wisdom, Carla reminds us that a crown is more than a symbol, it's a calling.

You hold such a unique dual role — representing Texas and serving nationally as our Ambassador. What originally drew you to UCA, and how has the experience surprised or shaped you?

"What originally drew me to United Crown of America was its focus on authenticity, empowerment, and giving women a true platform to use their voices. UCA stood out to me because it wasn't just about wearing a crown — it was about having purpose behind it. I loved that the organization values community impact, personal growth, and representing something meaningful. What has surprised me most is how deeply the experience has shaped me. Serving as both Texas and National Ambassador has pushed me to grow in ways I didn't expect — from opportunities for more public-speaking, sharing leadership skills and mentoring techniques to becoming more confident in who I am and what I stand for. Being able to have my platform, "A Light Beyond the Shadows" on a grander stage has been the ultimate blessing. Getting the word out about mental health awareness, domestic violence prevention and autism awareness has been the most rewarding part of the journey. UCA has given me opportunities to connect with incredible women across the country, create impact in my community, and represent a system that truly believes in empowering its titleholders. The dual role has shown me that you can lead with grace, serve with heart, and continue to grow through every appearance, conversation, and opportunity the crown brings."

Delegates often talk about how approachable and grounded you are. What's your philosophy when it comes to mentorship and showing up for others in this community?

"I've always believed that titles don't create connection—people do. My philosophy in this role is to lead with authenticity, kindness, and presence. Mentorship isn't about having all the answers; it's about listening, offering encouragement, and creating space for others to shine. In the UCA community, I make it a priority to show up as someone who is approachable and real. Whether it's cheering on younger delegates, offering guidance behind the scenes, or simply being a supportive friend, I want everyone to feel seen and valued. If my presence helps someone feel more confident or more connected, then I know I'm fulfilling my purpose both as a representative of Texas and as your National Ambassador."



Carla poses festively with granddaughters Chrysta Alana (left) & Chloé Charlese (middle)



Balancing family life and leadership isn't easy — yet you make it look so seamless. What's one habit or mindset that's helped you stay centered throughout your reign?

"For me, staying centered really comes down to intentional presence. Whether I'm with my family or representing Miss United Crown of America, I make a conscious effort to be fully in the moment — to really listen, engage, and show up for whoever or whatever is in front of me. It's a mindset that reminds me balance isn't about doing everything perfectly; it's about giving my full attention to the things that matter most at any given time."

As you think about the next class of titleholders, what message do you hope they carry forward from your time as Ambassador?

"I hope the next class of titleholders carry forward a message of authenticity and service. My time as UCA Mrs. Texas has taught me that true leadership isn't just about holding a crown—it's about uplifting others, being grounded in your values, and using your platform to create positive change. I want them to remember that impact comes from showing up with purpose, compassion, and confidence, and that every action, big or small, contributes to a legacy they can be proud of. Also, since I will be representing UCA again in the newly formed "Classic Miss Division", I am excited to be a continued mentor and source of support for my sisters across the country. It is extremely exciting to me as my Granddaughters; Chloé Charlese and Chrysta Alana will be joining me as Little Miss Texas 2026 and Mini Miss Texas 2026, starting her official reigns next Spring."

Add to Your Reign Each Month



A Subscription Box Fit for a Queen

Whether you're prepping for appearances or just love a little sparkle in your mailbox, The Crown Monthly delivers everything a titleholder needs — and more!

Each month, you'll receive:

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Think relaxing face masks, luxe scrunchies, and uplifting treats for your reign.

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MEET



*She may be young, but Isabella Utley is already stepping into her crown with purpose and heart. As both **Miss Florida Preteen** and a **UCA National Ambassador** Isabella has had quite the crown journey with UCA. As a **UCA Princess Royal**, Isabella is part of the mentorship program that helps guide younger participants while grow as titleholders. With a deep love for her hometown, a passion for marine life, and a natural joy for dance, Isabella brings a spark of enthusiasm to everything she does. We caught up with her to talk about her journey, what excites her most, and what she's looking forward to in her national role.*



How did it feel when you found out you were a National Ambassador and a Princess Royal?

"I was very excited! It felt like a dream come true, and I couldn't wait to start. Being part of something so special made me feel proud and honored."

What do you love most about representing your home state of Florida?

"It's my hometown, and I love the beaches. Florida is so full of life and color. The marine life here is amazing, and I love learning about it and helping others learn too. Spreading awareness about protecting the ocean and animals is something I care about a lot."

You're a dancer, too! How does dance inspire or empower you as a titleholder?

"Dance is a big part me. It gives me confidence, helps me express myself, and brings me joy. When I dance, I feel and I think that same thing helps me when I'm wearing my crown and sash."

What are you most looking forward to in your national reign?

"I am super excited about meeting new friends and getting out into the community on a national level. I love connecting with people and learning about their stories. I think this will be a great way to grow and make a positive impact wherever I go."

What's one thing you've learned through UCA that you'll carry with you forever?

"One thing I've learned through UCA is that your voice matters, no matter how young you are. I've learned that I can make a difference by speaking up for things I care about. That's something I'll always remember."

Isabella's bright spirit and kind heart are just a few of the many reasons we're proud to have her as part of the UCA family. From community service to connecting with new friends, she's a beautiful example of what it means to lead with joy, kindness, and courage.



THE CHRISTMAS QUEEN

AMISS UNITED CROWN OF AMERICA ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS STORY

Violet had done everything right. Her curls were perfectly pinned, her satin gloves spotless, and her smile hadn't wavered once during the three-hour tree lighting ceremony. Her sash shimmered under the twinkle lights as she handed out cocoa and posed for photos beside the mayor, the mascot, and what felt like every toddler within five miles. But something about this appearance felt hollow. The mayor forgot her name during introductions. The emcee introduced her as "Miss Eastern Coastline"—not even close. She handed out cocoa to children who barely looked up, more interested in the marshmallows than the girl holding the cup. And though she stood beneath the lights, no one really saw her.

So when the event wrapped and the square began to empty, she wandered alone down a snow-dusted side street, crown still on, heels aching, gloves tugged tight against the cold. Her chaperone was still talking to a local sponsor, so Violet bought herself a few moments of quiet.

That's when she saw it: a warm glow spilling from a narrow shop tucked between a bakery and a shuttered antique bookstore. The window was frosted over, and a single candle flickered inside. There was no sign above the door, just a brass bell hanging from the knob.

She stepped inside.

The shop smelled like cinnamon and old paper. Shelves lined with hand-carved ornaments, glass figurines, and tin music boxes filled the narrow room. It was quiet, save for the faint hum of a lullaby playing somewhere near the back. Everything felt touched by time—aged, loved, and waiting.

Violet moved slowly, fingers trailing over delicate snowflake ornaments and vintage ballet slippers. Then, on a shelf all by itself, she saw it: a snowglobe. Larger than most. Inside was a perfect winter village, complete with glowing lamp posts, a frozen pond, and a tiny Christmas parade. She leaned closer.

There, at the center of the parade, was a sleigh float. And waving from it, a girl in a crimson sash and a rhinestone crown



When Miss East Coast Teen Violet Shepard stumbles into a mysterious antique shop after a tough holiday appearance, she buys a snowglobe on a whim — only to wake up inside it. Crowned as the beloved "Christmas Queen" of a picture-perfect winter village called Snowlight Hollow, Violet soon discovers the town's beauty is frozen in time... and not everything is as perfect as it seems.



Violet's breath caught in her throat.

The sash read: **Christmas Queen**.

The girl inside the globe wasn't just similar—it was her. Her exact face, hair, crown. Even the wave was hers.

She lifted the snowglobe carefully. The flurries inside swirled like they knew her touch.

She brought it to the counter, heart thudding. But there was no one behind the register. Just a small handwritten note propped against a ceramic reindeer.

"If it feels like yours, it probably is."



Violet hesitated. Then she pulled a twenty from her clutch and set it beside the note. She wrapped the globe in her scarf and stepped back into the night, clutching it to her chest.

The night was quiet. Just the hum of traffic a few blocks away and the glow of streetlights reflecting off bare pavement. She walked slowly, careful not to jostle the globe. The village inside remained perfectly still — no drifting flakes, no movement. Frozen in a moment that felt older than time.

Her heels clicked against the sidewalk.

Then the sound softened.

The streetlight ahead flickered — not out, but warmer. Gold instead of white. Violet slowed, brow furrowing. The air around her felt thicker somehow, like walking through memory instead of space.

She took another step.

And the pavement beneath her feet... changed.



Stone replaced concrete. Smooth, rounded cobblestones pressed against the soles of her shoes. Violet gasped and stopped short, heart racing. The street behind her blurred, folding inward like mist.

She turned.

There was no city. No storefronts. No cars.

Only a long, lantern-lit street stretching gently forward, framed by pastel rooftops and evergreen garlands. The sky above glowed softly — not snowing, not moving — just holding its breath.

People passed her, calm and unhurried. They smiled as they went.



"Good evening, Majesty."

"Welcome to Snowlight Hollow."

Violet's breath caught.

She looked down.

Her blue dress was gone.

In its place was rich crimson velvet, heavy and warm. A sash crossed her torso. She lifted it with shaking fingers and read the words she already knew.

Christmas Queen.



Above her, the snow still hadn't fallen.

The flakes hung motionless in the sky, suspended like a promise waiting to be kept.

Violet stood in the middle of the street, crown catching the lanternlight, the globe nowhere in sight — because she was inside it now.

Snowlight Hollow had been waiting.

Garlands of sugared holly berries draped from rooftop to rooftop. The air smelled of warm gingerbread and roasted chestnuts, with just a hint of peppermint. Nutcrackers nodded from stoops. Icicles chimed like tiny bells in the breeze. Every cobblestone looked like it had been dusted in powdered sugar.

Violet wandered slowly, her velvet gown catching the light like crushed cranberries. Her sash shimmered against the snowy red — "Christmas Queen" in golden thread — and everyone she passed greeted her like she belonged there.



"Your Grace!"

"Glory of the season to you, Majesty!"

Outside a candy-striped bakery with stained-glass gumdrop windows, a baker in a tall flour-dusted hat threw open the door and beamed.

"There she is!" he cried. "The inspiration for our newest creation — the Queen Violet Cake!"



He presented it with both hands, like an offering to royalty. It was three layers tall, each tier frosted in sugared plum glaze that shimmered like amethyst snow. Crystallized rosemary sprigs formed little trees along the sides, and sugared cranberries glittered like rubies at the top. A spun-sugar crown sat in the center, delicate and sparkling.

"Spiced plum, cardamom, and a hint of vanilla snowfall," the baker said proudly. "Fit for a queen."

Violet laughed, delighted. "It's beautiful."

And it was. Sweet and rich, tasting of winter dreams and fireplace stories. They even boxed a slice for her to carry as she continued her stroll.



A parade of gingerbread carolers bowed as she passed. Children in peppermint hats danced in a circle, tossing jingle bells into the air. A mouse in a waistcoat pulled a tiny sleigh of cookies, and no one seemed to find that odd.

She was adored, welcomed, enchanted.

She was adored, welcomed, enchanted.

But when she paused beneath the twinkling lamp posts and looked up, the snowflakes hanging in the sky... hadn't moved. Not a single flake.

They hovered, perfectly suspended, like glitter in an untouched globe.

"Haven't seen fresh fall in years," said a child nearby, licking a candy cane. "But this snow's still pretty."

He skipped away before she could ask more.



Violet stared at the sky a little longer. The magic here was sweet and shining — but something about it felt... paused. Like a wind-up ballerina whose key had stopped turning.

And just as she looked down at her glittering sash — wondering if she was meant to do more than just wear it...

"Not everything that sparkles speaks, your Majesty."



She turned.

An elderly gentleman stood there in a velvet cranberry coat and a holly-trimmed top hat, holding a candy cane walking stick. He tipped his hat, a knowing smile touching his lips.

“Care for a different kind of tour?”



Violet hesitated, unsure whether to be startled or intrigued by the velvet-clad stranger.

He extended his arm with gentlemanly charm. “Nicholas Tinselbright, at your service. Keeper of Time and Tradition here in Snowlight Hollow.”

She blinked at the name. “Tinselbright?”

“Family lineage,” he said with a wink. “Comes with a bit of sparkle and a knack for finding what’s been forgotten.”

Something in his voice — old-timey but sincere — made her trust him. She slipped her hand into the crook of his arm, and he led her quietly away from the glowing crowd.



He led her behind the carousel square, past gingerbread-trimmed cottages and peppermint-lit shops, to a narrow stairway carved from silver stone. It spiraled downward, hewn into the very base of the globe.

A stone archway opened into Stillhollow.

The town beneath the glitter.



It wasn’t sad or broken. Just different. The streets were cobbled in soft gray stone, the rooftops low and steep. Lanterns glowed with amber light, casting warm circles along the road. There was no snow — not even a flake — but garlands of evergreens and bells hung from eaves, and the windows flickered with hearthlight.

It was quieter than Snowlight Hollow. No carols, no festival noise. Just the soft murmur of conversation and the occasional clink of teacups.

And at the center of it all stood a woman in a cloak of midnight green.

She wore a crown, not high or flashy — a thin circlet of silver branches, set with tiny opal-like stones. Her presence was not commanding, but deeply rooted — like something essential.



Nicholas stepped forward and bowed. “Your Majesty.” The woman looked up, her gaze steady and kind.

“I am Queen Throsia,” she said. “Caretaker of the base. Welcome to Stillhollow Christmas Queen.”

Violet blinked. “I didn’t know this place existed.”

“Few do,” the Queen replied. “It is not meant to dazzle. We are not made for snow or sparkle — we are made to hold it all steady.”

At the base, Violet stepped into a town unlike the glittering village above. Here, in Stillhollow, there were no garlands, no glass spires, no constant swirl of snow.

Instead, there was calm.

Shingled rooftops, slate streets, and glowing lanterns created a soft, golden glow. The town was warm, grounded — almost like the backstage of a grand performance, hidden from the spotlight but essential to the show.

Violet expected bleakness, but there was beauty in the simplicity. Children played quietly in woolen coats. A vendor poured mint tea from a kettle into ceramic mugs. It didn't feel sad — just steady.



Queen Throsia paused beside her, looking upward.

Through the curved base of the globe, they could see the underside of Snowlight Hollow above them — motionless, suspended. Its buildings and trees were frozen in place, flurries hanging like confetti midair. A perfect scene, untouched.



And unmoving.

"There hasn't been a snowfall in Snowlight Hollow for years," Throsia said softly. "Not since the globe was last stirred."

Violet furrowed her brow. "But I thought it was always snowing up there."

"Only when someone believes enough to shake it. It's not like our world — it needs wonder to move."

"And Stillhollow?" Violet asked, sweeping her gaze around the quieter town.

"We were never meant to have snow," Throsia said with a small smile. "Stillhollow was built in the base. We keep the warmth. The steadiness. We hold the globe up — so the snow can fall freely above."

"But it's stuck now," Violet whispered.

"Yes." Throsia looked back up at the frozen scene. "Without movement, even the most magical place becomes static. It doesn't decay — it just stops changing. No new snow. No new sparkle. Just... display."

Violet stared at the unmoving flakes above.

The crown on her head suddenly felt heavier. Not in burden, but in meaning.

She reached for her sash and ran her fingers along the stitching. "All right," she said quietly. "Let's wake the snow."

Violet sat on the edge of Stillhollow's quiet fountain, her satin sash folded in her lap. Beside her, Nicholas hummed a tune and twisted copper wire into the shape of a snowflake.



"I've been thinking," she said.

Nicholas arched a brow. "Dangerous."

Violet smiled faintly. "What if the people above — the ones outside the globe — don't know it needs to be shaken?"

Throsia approached from the lantern-lit path, carrying a scroll of parchment and a tea cup that steamed with something citrusy and spiced.

"They've forgotten," she said. "The globe was once kept in a window. Now it sits on a shelf, behind dusty garland and tangled lights."

Violet frowned. "Then we have to remind them."

Nicholas handed her the copper snowflake. "And how do you plan to do that?"

She turned to Throsia. "I want to organize a celebration. One big enough that the globe can't be ignored."

Throsia tilted her head. "A celebration?"

"A Winter's Crown Festival," Violet said. "Not for glitter. Not for show. But for purpose. For joy. For light. Stillhollow and Snowlight Hollow — together."



Throsia's lips curved. "I believe," she said.

Nicholas grinned. "Now we just need to get Snowlight Hollow to agree."

Violet raised a brow. "Then it's time I pay the glittering town another visit."

Snowlight Hollow shimmered just as she left it — perfectly poised, frozen in beauty, like a carousel caught mid-spin.

But this time, Violet didn't admire the icing-sugar trees or the peppermint fences. She headed straight to the center of the town square, where the great snow stage still stood, its velvet drapes stiff with time.

Children peered from behind windows. Shopkeepers whispered. The Crown had returned — but she walked differently now. Less float. More fire.



She climbed the stage steps and turned to face the town. Her sash fluttered in the still air, catching a shimmer from the sky's unmoving flakes.

"I know you can hear me," she called. "And I know you remember what it felt like — when the snow fell, and everything moved and mattered."

Murmurs rose. A few brave villagers stepped closer.

Inside the Crown

"This town is beautiful. But it's paused. And we weren't meant to be paused. We were meant to sparkle because we stirred — because we cared."

She reached into her satchel and pulled out a hand-drawn poster: two crowns, one gold and ornate, the other silver and strong, crossed in a heart of stardust. Above them: The Winter's Crown Festival.



"We're having a celebration. Not for show. For soul."

A hush.

Then, the pastry chef from the golden bakery raised her hand. "Will there be cake?"

"Yes," Violet grinned. "And more."

The carolers peeked from their rehearsal room. The postman leaned from his bike. A snowglobe fox trotted across the cobblestones with a wreath in its mouth.



By sundown, ribbons were being strung from rooftops. Tables appeared. Lanterns were dusted off and filled with flickerlight. Stillhollow sent up candles carved with messages. Snowlight Hollow set the stage with golden garlands and instruments freshly tuned.



And still — the snow in the air held still.

Morning came not with a sun, but with a swell of sound. From Stillhollow's warm brick chimneys to Snowlight Hollow's frosted eaves, both towns buzzed with energy. The cobbled path between them — once a quiet divide — was now a glowing bridge of lanterns, footprints, and laughter.

Children from Snowlight Hollow and Stillhollow swapped handmade gifts. Bakers traded frosted cakes for spiced stews. The carolers sang in harmony with Stillhollow's old out-of-tune piano. No one asked which side anyone was from. Today, they were one.



Violet stood at the edge of the gathering, crown catching stray flurries of light — not snow, but sparks of possibility. Queen Throsia approached, regal yet soft, her sleeves dotted with stitched stars.

"You've done it," she said.

Violet shook her head. "We've done it. Together."

The center of the celebration was a stage carved from Stillhollow stone and topped with Snowlight Hollow ice. It didn't shimmer on its own. But as the towns filled it with movement — dancers, singers, even a juggling raccoon named Pip — the light began to shift.

Then the carolers sang a new melody. One not rehearsed. Not written.

One remembered.

A lullaby once hummed long ago. Perhaps by the original owner of the globe.

The glass began to glow faintly.

Nicholas looked up, shading his eyes. "Violet..."



Above them, the snowflakes trembled.

They didn't fall — not yet. But they shimmered. A full-body shimmer, like a breath caught just before a laugh.

The snow was listening.

And far beyond the glass, beyond dust and attic shadows, a soft breeze stirred a curtain.

The shimmer grew stronger.

A soft hum vibrated through the ground. Violet steadied herself as the cobblestones beneath her boots gave the tiniest, gentlest quiver — like the globe had let out a sigh. Gasps filled the air.

Snowlight Hollow looked up first, and then Stillhollow followed, eyes wide as the snow that had hovered for so long began to shift. Slowly at first — like dust shaken from memory — then faster, tumbling in crystalline cascades.

It was snowing.



Real, fluttering snow, falling in a swirl of delight from the top of the globe. Snowlight Hollow's steeples sparkled. Stillhollow's rooftops gleamed. Laughter rang out from both sides as the towns danced under the snowfall, united at last. Nicholas grinned, cheeks flushed with joy. "You did it."

"No," Violet whispered, a tear sliding down her cheek as she looked up into the swirling snow. "The globe remembered."

She awoke curled on a velvet bench inside the same little antique shop, the snowglobe cradled in her arms and wearing her coat.



Outside the shop window, the snowfall in the real world mirrored what had just happened within the globe — light, perfect, magical. The shopkeeper was nowhere to be seen. Only a note on the counter, in curling gold ink:

"For the one who reminded the world to shake the snow."





Christmas morning came with cocoa and festivities. Violet sat cross-legged on the floor of her grandmother's parlor in Cranston, Rhode Island, wrapped in a blanket of childhood and twinkling lights.

"I found something," she said softly, pulling the snowglobe from a ribboned box.

Her grandmother's hand trembled as she reached for it.

The moment her fingers touched the base, her eyes widened. She tilted it gently. The snow fell, exactly as it had decades before. "I thought this was lost," her grandmother whispered, voice thick with awe. "I had this when I was a girl. It used to sit in the windowsill... I used to pretend I ruled that little town."

Violet smiled and leaned in. "Maybe you did."

Her grandmother looked closer — and gasped.

Tiny figures danced in the village square. A girl stood in the center of town wearing a crown and sash.



"But... that looks like..."

Violet took her hand. "It is. It's all real."

She didn't need to explain. Her grandmother smiled — not the polite smile of someone humoring a story, but the knowing smile of someone remembering a dream they'd long tucked away.



Violet placed the globe into her hands. "I want you to have it."

Her grandmother shook her head, misty-eyed. "Are you sure?"

Violet nodded. "It belonged to you first. And I think... I was just meant to borrow it."

Outside, snow fell in soft spirals.

Inside, generations of magic passed between two dreamers who had once ruled the same world — and loved it into awakening again.

THE END

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Being a titleholder is a dream realized – a year of glittering gowns, photo shoots, community appearances, and the chance to uplift causes close to your heart. But behind the sparkle, it's important to remember that queens are human too, and even royalty needs rest.

CHARMIE LEVITT



1. Treat Self-Care Like a Crown Obligation

Just as you'd schedule a headshot shoot or an appearance, carve out time each week for something that nourishes you — even if it's just a quiet walk, a no-makeup day, or a phone call with a friend who reminds you who you are outside of the crown.

2. Curate Your Social Media, Don't Let It Consume You

It's easy to fall into the comparison trap online. Follow accounts that fuel you, not drain you. Unfollow anything that makes you feel "less than." And remember: the highlight reel is not the whole story.

3. Name Your Feelings — Then Normalize Them

It's okay to say, "I'm overwhelmed." Or "I feel pressure to be perfect." When you name what you're feeling, it loses some of its power. Speak to a trusted friend, mentor, or mental health professional — not as a last resort, but as a loving act of self-advocacy.

4. Say No Without Guilt

You do not need to say yes to every opportunity to be a good queen. The most impactful titleholders are not the busiest — they're the most intentional. Set boundaries that protect your time and energy.

5. Remember Why You Said Yes

When the crown feels heavy, go back to your "why." Your platform. Your purpose. That first spark that made you fall in love with this journey. Write it down. Say it out loud. Let it guide your next steps.

6. Lean on Sister Queens

No one understands pageant pressure like a fellow queen. Reach out. Check in. Encourage each other. Vulnerability between titleholders builds bonds stronger than rhinestones — and reminds you that you're never alone.

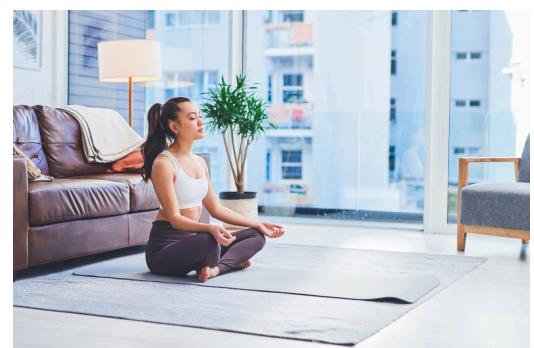
TAKING CARE OF YOU WHILE WEARING THE CROWN

If You Truly Need a Break

Even the most radiant queens carry quiet weight behind the scenes. And sometimes, despite our best efforts, the pressure of public life, personal obligations, and internal expectations can become too much to carry at once.

If you ever reach a point where your mental health is suffering, it's not just okay to pause — it's necessary. Taking a step back doesn't mean stepping away from your crown; it means honoring your limits so you can lead from a place of strength and stability.

Your role as a titleholder isn't to be unbreakable — it's to be real, responsible, and whole. When you choose rest, reflection, and recovery, you're setting an example for others to do the same. And that, too, is leadership.



say it like a queen

3 Interview Phrases That Shine

“One thing I’ve learned through this experience is...”

This phrase signals reflection and growth – two things judges listen for. It shows you’re not just participating, you’re evolving. Use it to introduce a life lesson, a personal transformation, or a skill you’ve developed.

“One thing I’ve learned through this experience is how powerful kindness can be – especially when you’re nervous or under pressure. It’s changed how I show up in every room.”

“My platform is personal to me because...”

This phrase bridges heart and purpose. It draws a clear line between your why and your work, helping judges understand what drives you.

“My platform is personal to me because I grew up in a community where resources were limited, and I know firsthand how access can change everything.”

“If chosen, I would use this title to...”

A forward-looking phrase that shifts the focus from just winning to serving. It shows vision and intention – key traits for a national queen.

“If chosen, I would use this title to expand my outreach initiative into more schools and partner with local leaders to make kindness education part of the curriculum.”



CROWN WORTHY

CONTENT



UCA's Miss Kentucky 2025 Gabrielle McHone poses with a representative of Shriner's Hospital for Children

1. Start with the Big Two: Instagram & TikTok

If you're not already on Instagram and YouTube Shorts, those are the top two platforms where most pageant content shines. They're perfect for building your brand, connecting with other titleholders, and sharing your reign in creative, engaging ways.

Important: If you're under 18, always consult with a parent or guardian before signing up to any social media platform. Online safety is a priority, even for queens.

2. Apply for a Creator Account

Instagram and most social media platforms offer Creator Accounts designed for public figures – and yes, that includes you! Switching to a Creator Account unlocks tools like post insights, engagement tracking, audience growth stats, and content scheduling.

Why it matters: As a UCA queen, your digital presence is part of your personal brand. These tools help you grow with intention, and understand which posts resonate most with your audience.

3.) Show the Story, Not Just the Sparkle

Yes, we love a glam photo shoot – but balance that with behind-the-scenes moments, platform work, and candid snapshots that show your heart. Let followers connect with the girl behind the crown.

Post Ideas:

- Volunteering clips
- A "day in the life" reel
- Caption reflections like "What this title has taught me"

Your social media isn't just a highlight reel – it's your digital crown. As a Miss United Crown of America queen, your online presence should reflect your values, your vision, and your voice.

Here's how to stand out for all the right reasons:

Miss Preteen United America 2025
Kinsley Zunker





UCA's Ms. Texas 2025 Maurielle Laurenne speaks with an interviewer at a red carpet event

Taking a Step Back Is Still Moving Forward

Sometimes, the best way to protect your crown is to log off for a little while. Taking a social media break doesn't mean you're disappearing – it means you're choosing peace over pressure. Your followers will still be there, and your light won't dim just because it's offline. Rest, reset, and return when you're ready – stronger, clearer, and still every bit a queen.

Ms. United America 2025 Ashley Kirk

4. Plan Your Posts Like You Plan Appearances

Use apps like Later, Planoly, or Meta's own Creator Studio to schedule your content. A thoughtful feed is a powerful feed – and saves you stress during busy weeks.

5.) Use Video to Let Your Personality Shine

Short-form videos are the best way to showcase your energy and authenticity. Whether it's a quick "get ready with me," a recap of an appearance, or a behind-the-scenes crown moment, video helps your audience feel like they know you – not just see you.

Tip: Keep it casual but clean. Natural light, steady angles, and clear audio go a long way!

6.) Clean Up Your Captions

Your captions are part of your voice. Avoid overusing emojis, all caps, or slang that might dilute your message. Aim for a balance of warm and polished – just like you'd speak at an appearance.

Quick Fix: Read your caption out loud. If it wouldn't sound queenly onstage, tweak it!

7.) Use Link Stickers Wisely

Instagram stories allow you to share clickable links – great for promoting appearances, donation drives, platform causes, or small businesses you support. Keep your links purposeful and aligned with your title.

Idea: Link your People's Choice voting page, or a fundraiser/event you're promoting.



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1. Submit by the Deadline

We'll provide a clear deadline for each edition. Late submissions may be held for future issues — so don't wait!

3. Keep It Polished & Positive

We love hearing your voice! Just be sure it reflects the UCA brand: kind, empowering, and pageant-appropriate. It can be a short story, poem, article, or fun titleholder memories!

4. Send It to the Right Place

All submissions go to: info@unitedcrownamerica.com

Include your full name, full title, and ITC in the subject line.
Ex. Miss Utah/Elizabeth Andrews/ITC

5. Watch for the Crown Mail Call

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“Crowned with Purpose, Reigning with Power”



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