



We See

What We See Changes Who We Are

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Rockstone

By WITNESS Youth Staff

Ever thought about swinging on a rope and jumping into a river? Well, it's possible in Guyana, at Rockstone: a campsite hidden in the hinterland, protected by Mother Nature's trees, concealed from the outside world. My first impression of Rockstone was that it was a place from a movie: for example, the flat land rolled into the cold flowing streams, the birds chirping and singing merrily.

My trip to Rockstone started early. I had to fight to stay awake. It took 3 hours to reach the main trail by vehicle, and then I became enthusiastic. I watched every vehicle trail on the road, every sign. My eyes followed every stream, wondering how close we were. It didn't take long before we reached the head of the trail.

The trail hidden in the thick forest and covered by its towering

trees was on a hill; in one of its valleys was a stream; and on the other side of the road were scattered houses of the local people.

After venturing through the trail for about ten minutes, we finally reached our destination: Rockstone, the arena for fishing. It was situated on a cliff, with a boundary of thick vegetation and open to the wildest of creatures.

Jumping out of the vehicle like a child let loose for the first time, I ran to the edge of the cliff and peeked over the edge to the Demerara River. Hopping up and down with excitement, I ran down to the docks and into the water ... without any fear. The water was brown and cold, but the discolouration didn't bother me, since there was a logical explanation.

And then the best part came: eating food created by the locals. They had caught and prepared a wild animal and shared it with my family. At first I was uncertain as to whether or not I should eat the wild meat; I asked the camp manager what it was and she said "Watrash," a small deer-like, animal, from the family of boars. It was tasty.

I wish I could have stayed longer but the day was almost finished and we had to leave. There is very little I remember about the trip home because I was so drained from excitement that I fell asleep. This trip made me realise how much my country has to offer, how spectacular it is, and how grateful I am to my family for taking me on such a magnificent and enjoyable trip.

Undeserved Death

By WITNESS Youth Staff

In my village there was a thirteen year old boy, who was loving, caring, friendly and very kind hearted. He loved to hang out with friends and family, was a sports fanatic, and was into technology.

His life before he died consisted of various types of abuse that didn't come into the open until his death. He was abused emotionally and physically and was neglected. His father would verbally abuse

him for the littlest things. If he did not get the correct item at the shop, he'd be beaten and called a dunce. Sometimes his father would call him nasty names and wish him to be dead. But the abuse wasn't just at home. He was constantly bullied at school and ridiculed by his peers. When he would go home his father would beat him because he didn't fight back. After he sustained a sports

related injury, the taunts and teasing worsened.

The night when he became ill, his mother rushed him to the hospital but unfortunately he had already passed. After he died I felt sad for the loss of a new friend and for what he had to endure. I wished that his parents had treated him better or that his abuse was noticed before it was too late.

Flogging in School

By WITNESS Youth Staff

During my high school years, an event occurred that left me puzzled and shocked. I remember it like it was yesterday; it was during our Mathematics class. Her name was Malika. She was the tallest girl in class, and she was very masculine. I remember the days when she would be in fights with the students, both male and female. This day, everything seemed good, until Malika started teasing a girl in the class, and the girl complained to the principal. I remember my principal using thick pieces of bamboo wood

for my first benching, which caused my butt and hand to be numb for one whole day. But for Malika's case, my principal slapped her, then broke a huge, solid piece of wood on her back, then grabbed her arm and dragged her, literally dragged her to his office. Now this may seem movie-like, but it happened. I can say this traumatic memory may hunt me forever; it lingers in my mind, and as such makes me wonder if my children may have to face this kind punishment.

You are my heartbreaker

By WITNESS Youth Staff

You place me in a danger zone
Every time you raced my mind, polished my lips,
and mesmerized my vision.
Damn, you are my heart breaker

Morality tells me that you have given me enough pains, and no gains
A mark of shame and disgrace
But damn... you are my heart breaker

I can't estimate the fear of just wondering to let you go.
You give me strength in my weakest moment.
You fill me up with joy and happiness
Damn... you are forever more my heartbreaker

It's been so long that you have armed me with your chimer
Many times I can't think straight
I feel myself falling apart bit by bit
Damn... you are my heart breaker!

Self-acceptance tells me you have damaged me in ways unspeakable
My mama beat me, my sister cry, my papa discipline me
Now have a life to regain
For it's my time to shine

Because drugs are only for dummies
So your life has come to an end
You are going to use me no more

For... you are forever more my heartbreaker!

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