



We See

What We See Changes Who We Are

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The Boy Next Door

By WITNESS Youth Staff

There was a boy who lived in my village. His parents are now divorced and he lives with his mother. When he was about 9 years old his father disapproved of him playing in the streets with the other boys in the village. One day he was on the Veranda and his mother observed his loneliness and noticed that he was looking at the

children who were playing in the street. She quickly realized that he wanted to join them so she granted him permission to go play for 30 minutes. Playing with the other boys made him happy. Soon his father came home from work and saw him on the road. The boy felt scared and quickly ran into the yard and rushed to his mother. When his

father reached home, he grabbed the boy by the shirt and slapped him twice. The mother got furious and questioned the father's behaviour. The father explained that the son went to play on the road without his permission. The mother told him that she had sent him on the road to play. The father realized what he did was wrong and apologized

The Kaiteur Experience

By WITNESS Youth Staff

8:30 a.m. Witness badge: check, camera: check, and anxiety: maxed-out. As a student of the E.R. Burrowes School of Art, I had been asked to lend my time and skill to the Ministry of Culture, Youth and Sports, so I stopped there to help out before I left for the trip.

As usual, time and I aren't friends. He ran ahead of me and had me sprinting up Main St. and round New Market St. to make the 11:00 o'clock big bus. Breathing hard, and perspiring, I made it. A few minutes after the bus came and we loaded up, I was a ball of contained excitement and fear. It wasn't my first time flying, but that

plane was tiny like hell, and I felt for my friends that had never flown before.

The bus ride, fresh breeze, and some nice conversations brought a calm and ease to the group. We pulled into the Ogle Airport parking lot and headed to the terminal. Some of us waited there and others got a snack at Jerries Ogle Outlet. After weighing ourselves at the terminal we entered the boarding area as the plane went through its preparations. From here on out only pictures can describe what happened, what we experienced, as our adventure began.

to this son for hitting him. He even asked his son to forgive him. I was surprised when the son answered with a condition: that the father would allow him to play with the other boys in the afternoon. They came to an agreement.

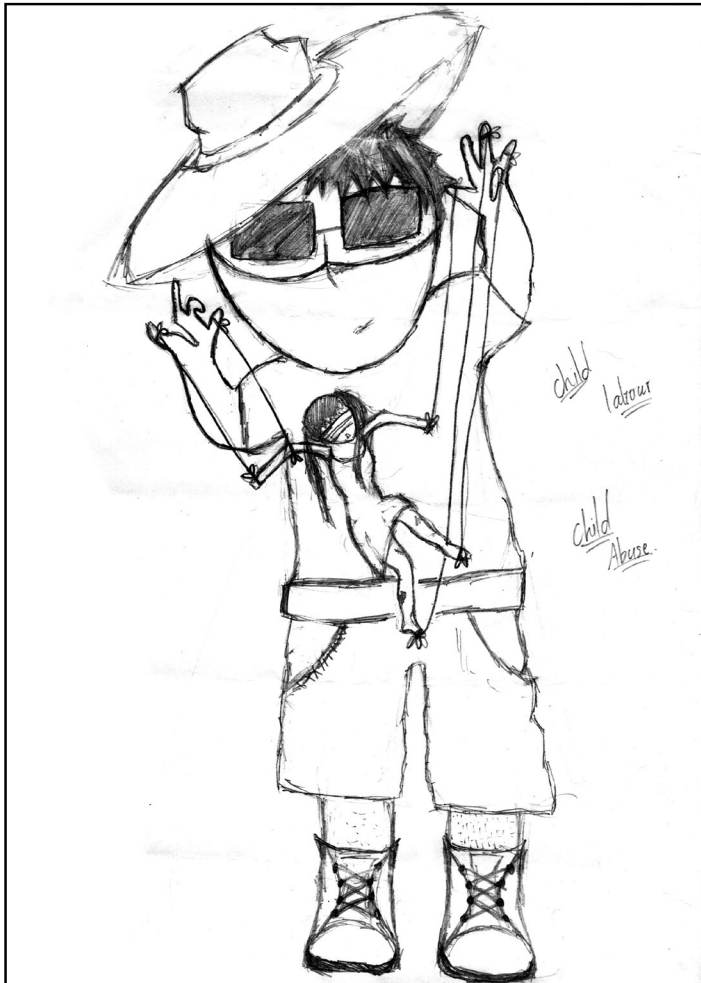
At first I felt sorry for my friend, since he's also my neighbour and as a boy I know how much I enjoy

playing. I thought that the action of the father was unfair, but I was proud of the way both the father and son dealt with it. The father could have asked first, before acting. I think a lot of conflicts and challenges can be avoided if we are patient, ask questions, and try to understand, instead of resorting to violence.

My Darkest Hour

By WITNESS Youth Staff

In this pain
I've become a wilted flower
Fighting in vain
With all my power
Finding my way
Through the night
With my heart I pay
To continue this fight
The fight to the end
The end of the madness
But suddenly it bends
Right into sadness
The sadness comes and goes
But now I've very Little power
I must continue fighting my foes
Not thinking about the time or hour
It gets harder to fight
But I continue on my way
In hope that i will soon see the light
I start to feel that this is my last day
Suddenly I feel the darkness lighten up
And happiness begins to tower
I've made it through the darkest hour...



By WITNESS Youth Staff

A child who is abused by an adult, controlled by an adult, is just like a sad, lonely puppet, controlled by strings. They are not free and their childhood is dark and unhappy. This needs to stop! Puppet controllers should be punished!

I am

By WITNESS Youth Staff

I am a poet writing about my pain.
I am a person recovering and trying to gain.
I am your son who is trying to learn.
I am your brother who is starting to turn.
I am your friend acting like I am fine.
I am a wisher wishing you weren't mine.
I am a boy who thinks about suicide.
I am a teenager who pushes his feelings aside.
I am a student who knows nothing.
I am the one asking you to care.
I am your best friend hoping you will be there

WITNESS Project Youth Reporters

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| • Linda-Deyi Lin | • Anthony Vishnu |

"what we see changes who we are" - JR

Are you a witness or victim of violence? You are not alone. Make your anonymous call to Help & Shelter today and speak with a live counselor on 227-3454 or 225-4731.