



We See

What We See Changes Who We Are

WITNESS Project Youth Page is made possible by the Margaret Clemons Foundation and The Ministry of Education



WITNESS Poster Project at St. Anne's Orphanage 2012, showing people who support the end of child and gender directed violence.

Teenage Boy Chopped by Another

By WITNESS Youth Staff

It all began after I left the Internet café which was not very far away from my home. It was almost 7:35 pm, after I collected my science homework for school, that I heard a boy shouting. I didn't stop walking to find out what the shouting was all about, because it was getting very late and I had to get home. However, as I was about to take a left turn off the road, I saw two teenage boys arguing and fighting with one another. I couldn't tell what they were really dressed in, because there were no lights on that part of the road, but somehow I noticed that one was wearing khaki pants and the other guy had on no shirt.

I think the reason why they were fighting was because of one of the guy's girlfriend; the other guy was interfering with her. I knew this because in the argument the guy in the khaki pants was saying, "Mus trouble me gal again and me go cuff in you face." The other guy said, "Mus come wen you ready." In a fit of anger the guy in the khaki pulled out a cutlass from nowhere and gave the other one several chops with it on his body.

A few moments later a police van arrived at the scene with three policemen, and the guy in the khaki pants started to run. Two of the

policemen went after him while the other one was investigating the scene. He called for an ambulance to take the guy without a shirt to the hospital and he continued to ask questions about the scene that happened. I didn't wait to see if anything else would happen because I knew I would have a lot of questions to answer from my parents for getting home so late.

When I got home I told my parents what happened and they told me not to worry about it. I then got changed into my sleeping clothes and went to bed. While I was there I kept thinking, "Whatever will happen to that guy?" It must have been very painful for his body with all those wounds. I was so scared. Anyway, the guy who was wearing the khaki pants surrendered himself to the police and he was charged and sentenced to a month in jail. In another couple of days the injured guy had recovered and he was back at his home. This scene affects me because I wouldn't want me or my family to engage in a similar thing like this and get hurt, and I am quite sure no one would want this to happen to them self or their family.

Sweet Sweet Country

By WITNESS Youth Staff

As a child growing up in the countryside in Mahaica, which is located on the East Coast of Demerara, my childhood days were some of my best days. Now I'm living in the city. Living in the city has its fun, but for someone like me, the countryside is by far my first choice. While living in the country, I remember waking up to the scent of fresh cooked meals. If I woke up early enough I got to hear the rooster crowing; he always crowed exactly at six, when the sun was rising. I can remember Aunt Maggy coming over, always dropping by at seven since she would pass to go to work. She always brought me her world-class homemade cherry jam, which was loaded with slimy, gooey, sweet goodness. I can remember mom screaming at the top of her lungs, telling Aunt Maggy that I would get cavities.

Now, living in the city, I wake up to the scent of a microwavable breakfast and the sounds of cars honking and garbage trucks leaving a severe stench in the air, which is just very, very unpleasant.

I can remember the days when me and Boy-Blue would go skinny dipping in the clean, flowing back dam water; the clear, pure running streams made taking a dip irresistible. Boy-Blue was always a great swimmer; he would always take a running start and then cannonball into the river, causing a splash so huge that he would make me have to go under the water in order to withstand the impact. (He weighed about two hundred and a lot more pounds.)

These days the ponds in the city are oh-so-contaminated with garbage, and if you're lucky, maybe, just maybe, a floating dead dog might happen to pay you a visit while you are dipping in the dark, dirty water.

Boy-Blue was my best friend. Ever since I remember gaining the ability to think for myself, he was always by my side... After I moved, Boy-Blue kept on working on his parents' farm, thus our communication has been lost for quite some time.

Trying to find a friend in the city has been so hard, since here every man fend for himself. Nobody cares about how you feel and what you do.

There were days when I could have left my home, visited my neighbours and have had dinner with them and if I still had room for a snack I could have visited someone else on my street. At nights laughter came from all the homes, along with the scent of some of my favourite foods, like chicken curry and ground provision, along with steamed greens and baked fish. Just thinking about these makes me drool. In the city all the supermarkets are filled with frozen fish that may have been sitting there for weeks, and vegetables that have been so fertilized that they are unhealthy. And the sounds that come out of the city tend to be very overwhelming at times: babies crying, neighbours having a blast telling each other how much they hate one another, and even screams from someone who has just been mugged. Honestly, sometimes I bet living in the jungle would be so much better. But this is humanity in the city for you, I guess.

All in all, I miss my days living in the country and it's sad to say that I have not managed to visit for so long. But I have been anticipating my return to paradise for quite some time, and one day I will get to feel the clean, crisp air hitting my face as I travel back to my home in the country.



Girls from St. Rose's High School investigate WITNESS Poster Project, faces of people who support the end of child and gender directed violence.

What I Look for in a Girl

By WITNESS Youth Staff

The thing I look for in a girl is her personality, attitude and hard work. I want her to be loving and kind to me, my family and friends. She must be a considerate person to me and to others. I want her to be a very talented and

intelligent person because I want to have good conversations with her. She must be honest because I want her to tell me everything so I can know more about her. Those are some of the qualities I look for in a girl.

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.

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"What we see changes who we are." – JR