



We See

What We See Changes Who We Are

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WITNESS Booth at the Women's Enterprise Exposition (WEnEX)

Living in Tears

By WITNESS Youth Staff

"Woman, I gon kill yo, no gud, useless self," were the words I was hearing on a sunny morning. This was coming from Mr. Brown Bull's mouth, and he had a big wood in his hand! "Lord, no don't let him beat me like that!" she cried as he whipped her like a snake. She shouted and cried, but he just carried on. "Nah kill she!" shouted an onlooker standing on the road. But that didn't make much sense to him, so he continued. He hit her so hard that even a horse would not be able to take that.

It was so obvious why he was hitting her. He drank alcohol a lot, and from the way he was treating her, it seemed like he wanted everything to be done his way, even though he did not support her.

This act I witnessed I can never get out of my mind since I could not do anything.

What Does a Girl Look For In a Boy?

By WITNESS Youth Staff

In this world there are many types of boys: selfish, overprotective, rude, caring and many more. Most boys are bad, but some are not. Girls need to be loved by boys. A boy should always be there for a girl, rather than being somewhere else. Boys should love girls with a pure and honest heart, care for them, support them in every step of life and be there no matter how people might gossip about them. If the boy you're thinking about is a real man he won't need to undo a girl's top to have a better view of her heart. A boy shouldn't be an alcoholic and drug addict, because that might lead him down the wrong path. A boy should trust a girl just the way the girl trusts him. If a boy really cares for a girl no harm or gossip will come their way. A boy shouldn't be honest, kind and caring only in front of you, but everywhere he goes. He should also be co-operative with anything anyone asks him and anything you ask him to do. He shouldn't judge you by your appearance, but by your virtues. You can never tell what a girl is capable of that may change you in a better way for a lifetime.

Bullying

By WITNESS Staff

I knew a girl who never used to have anyone by her side at lunch, because the moment she arrived they all left the table because she wasn't a cool person to hang out with. One day she went home crying and locked herself in her room. She didn't want anyone to see her. Although she kept on telling herself she wouldn't let it get to her anymore, it used to get to her a lot, because she was lonely all the time. When someone talked to her, they would insult her and call her everything else but her name. She had to constantly remind them what her name was and she was laughed at. She would walk out into the hallway while everyone laughed and pointed at her because she dressed differently; she was wearing clothes from last year. Apart from being laughed at, she was often picked on, bullied for her lunch and money because she was timid.

After I had built up some courage I went to make friends with her. After a while, I introduced her to my friends and they understood her and they became friends with her, even the ones who used to bully her. She forgave them and now she is the coolest girl in the school.

The Voyage

By WITNESS Youth Staff

It has been two years since I travelled from China to Guyana; it was eleven hours of flight. This was my first time travelling such a long distance from one country to another. I was born in Guyana, but my mother carried me back to China when I was only six months old. I stayed in China for 11 years and studied in a Chinese School and so I can speak Cantonese, which is the proper form of Chinese.

I still remember the day that I left the Hong Kong airport. It was around 11 at night. My families were there. I hated to part with them. They were always nice to me and treated me well. My friends were kind to me, but I still had to leave them! Although two years have passed, I still miss them; I can't forget my good times in China...

A Brother's Plight

By WITNESS Youth Staff

I remember waking up to the sound of sirens and rushing to the window to see who died today. The world outside has been moving so fast recently, it makes me wonder..... Walk out your door at the wrong time and you'll feel the cold steel bursting through your flesh wanting to consume your soul and then that'll basically be the end of your time here.

My parents kept me away from boys who were rough, whose bodies were hard and lean with claws splayed, ready to take you apart. I wonder why they lurked behind old buildings. Why were they sleeping on the streets? Did they not have parents? Were they abandoned? Why do they throw harsh words like pointy stones at you when you try to help them? My parents say that they are society's outcasts and as such they will never be anyone in life. I don't know why, but something in my gut

Two years have changed me a lot. I have been growing up. I remember when I was in China. I was a meanie. I didn't care what people thought. I did wrong things, like lying to people sometimes, and I made so much trouble, but I never noticed. I came to Guyana and I learned so many things from my mother. She taught me how to treat people nice, how being smart in society would better my life, and to not trust people too deeply, since you never know what people are capable of. She taught me these things and I know how to live better. Life is like a train from birth to death; at every stop you have to think wisely. You are in control of your own life.

Two years and fifty-six days I've been away from China. I miss my friends, families, old teachers and the good times in China.

tells me that there is more than meets the eye to these boys. Are they taking revenge on the world for their situation? I don't know, but can they be helped?

I see potential in them even though it seems they have lost hope in their aspirations. I'm just a teenager struggling with my dreams, but I want to help even if I'm not accepted, or cursed or even beaten, because someday I know I will get through to them. I believe that everybody has a purpose in life, and I want to aid them in finding this purpose of theirs. I'd take what little money I have and I would feed them, clothe them, just to let them know that somebody cares, that somebody sees them for who they can be, and not what the situation presents.

I'll try, for if I don't, then slowly but surely, my generation will dissolve into nothingness.

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

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