



We See

What We See Changes Who We Are

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Dealing with Panic Attack and Anxiety

By WITNESS Youth Staff

I have my own experiences of panic attacks, depression, anxiety, mental problems, and suicidal thoughts, as well as self-inflicted marks on my arm. A month ago, I had a very rough time because of family, and other problems. And yes, I survived that. I've been through it and I didn't end my life. Panic attacks and anxiety are not jokes, they are really bad. When I had a panic attack, I felt dizzy and the pain happened inside my brain; I felt weak and couldn't move, and it was hard to explain.

Anxiety is when you are nervous about things. Everybody has anxiety, it just depends on if it is strong or weak. The weak cases are when you are afraid of something like spiders and roaches. The strong

ones, which are the worst (my experiences), include being afraid of a crowd of people; afraid of speaking to people; preferring to be alone; throwing back all those bad memories in your head, and starting to cry without being able to control it; not liking to talk; and not being able to stop imagining accidents happening (I've dreamed several times that people I love, and myself, are getting hurt).

During my rough times, there's a girl I know online, from a social network site called "Tumblr," who is a good listener; she gives advice, and helps a lot of people. I sent her anonymous messages, asked her for help, explained my issues to her, and she sent me a website, which

I really would like to share; this article helped me a lot:

<http://www.wikihow.com/Deal-With-Anxiety-and-Panic-Attacks>

What I really want to tell you is: don't harm yourself or end your life just because you're sad. If you're feeling really bad inside, don't be shy, tell someone or get help. Mental problems are not JOKES; they are not illness for which you take medicines that heal them. NO. All you need is someone to talk to. There's a horrible fact I learned online: every 4 seconds, one human being is killed by suicide. I have my experiences, although I am feeling a little better now, I will remember my hard times.



WITNESS Youth at Preproduction Workshop with Matt Cusimano and Samantha Rice in preparation for this week's Film-Making Camp.

Scarred For Life

By WITNESS Youth Staff

As a young ten-year-old boy, I found growing up with grandparents very hard since love, affection and attention wasn't really shown to me. I somehow wanted to fit in among my older cousins who visited me everyday after school. My cousins played a very hard game known as merry-go-round; I watched them every afternoon as they played merrily. I wasn't allowed to play since they saw me as the younger one and said that the game was too hard for me to play. Now I hated to be left out of things since games were my favourite thing. So instead of staying out of the game, I went ahead and joined in. As I was spinning around dancing merrily in a circle, I could feel all the blood rushing to my head. I spun and spun and spun until I lost control and BAMM!! I hit my forehead on a huge concrete post that was in the yard. I fell to the ground and began to cry.

I looked at them I saw a look on their faces - their eyes were opened wide as if they were ready to POP. I asked, "Is something wrong?" No one answered. I felt something cold running down my nose. I rubbed my nose to stop whatever was running down. When I looked at my hand it was covered with blood. I started to scream and I ran as blood began to drip down from my nose onto the ground. I was rushed to the hospital, to the emergency room. I went with blood dripping down my face as the cotton wool got soaked with red.

I got a lot of comfort and special treatment that day since I was young and playful but I never forgot what and how it happened on that day. All I wanted to do was play, but instead of playing and having fun I got SCARRED FOR LIFE. Do have fun but when it's done make sure you're not hurt. Play games that are age appropriate. Don't rush your youth. You will be big someday.

My cousins helped me up. As



WITNESS Youth Preproduction Workshop with Matt Cusimano preparing for this week's Film-Making Camp.

"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.



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"But I Guess I am What I See and Hear,"

By WITNESS Youth Staff

"But I guess I am what I see and hear" is a quote from one of my all-time favorite poets, Langston Hughes, in his poem, "A Theme for English B." As a young man evolving and studying society, over time I have found this quote to be approximately seventy percent (70%) true.

Personally I love music, and I have realized that music is a way of channeling emotions. As a matter of fact, I listen to music every day for hours, and I sometimes write my own songs, but never have I used music as a means of promoting negative messages.

The topic of people being influenced by music can be argued both ways. Firstly, it is my personal belief that everyone has a mind of their own, that is not supposed to be easily manipulated by the recurring negativities being

played on our radio airways. I cannot change who I am, based on the music I hear. Suppose I hear a song saying "Go stab your best friend." I won't be influenced by that nonsense because I have values instilled in me. But then again, not everyone might have been fortunate enough to have been exposed to the positive experiences in life that have led me to be the amazing young man that I am. Secondly, there are uneducated people whose minds are easily accessible and thus, easy to manipulate into doing what is sung throughout these songs; there is no doubt that they lack proper training.

In Guyana's economy, most of our population is forced to use public transportation. Again, there is no doubt that the music that frequents the eardrums of passengers is vulgar or highly outrageous. These passengers have to endure these

profanities until they reach their destination, because if you ask them to turn down, or turn off the music, you are faced with being cursed out, or taken off the bus.

As a youth, I feel that music is for personal enjoyment, and everyone has their own taste, so the drivers should take into consideration their passengers, before they do what they do. What should be done is "don't play music at all" or "play it at an extremely low volume." Just last week I was on my way to school in a "Pit-bull Bus" and the man was playing Lady Saw's song "Heels on." I asked him to please turn down the music, and he said "Get out de bus, is nah I beg you fuh come in." Although embarrassed, I left the bus with a smile on my face. I now understand why people don't catch certain buses.