



We See

What We See
Changes
Who We Are

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Mark Davidson getting ready for scene-take during summer film camp.

Make a Difference

By WITNESS Youth Staff

Society through my eyes as a fifteen year old is like a piece of clay waiting to be molded by youths, rather than one which was already perfectly molded with no holes or cracks. For these cracks and holes represent the different social issues that we are all subjected to. These same obstacles hold us back, delaying us from our smooth finish but I do believe this can be corrected with constant work.

This molding process could be made simpler with the help from the elders but here they view youths as delinquents, being silly or stupid. They tend to view us as per say useless, but I know we are much more than what they label us as. I believe that we are the ones who hold the key to a better tomorrow; we are the ones who can make the difference and change the world. The potential is there but all we need is for people to support us and aid us in this path. Now what happens to us when we are labeled as stupid and good for

nothings? Based on how I see it, many of us tend to live up to those labels.

Personally, as a youth my role in society is to encourage and aid in molding this clay like society, and to encourage my generation to step up and make a change. I do this by participating in monthly environmental clean ups and joining activist groups whose aim it is to build a better tomorrow. I have also tried to aid this molding of society by joining the witness group. We do this in various forms such as supporting “Health and Shelter” with events such as walk-a-thons. But our primary goal is to prevent domestic violence in households. Personally, I am positively, one hundred percent proud of myself for my efforts in “making the world a better place for you and me”-Michael Jackson . I trust with positive minded friends we can make tomorrow a better place.



WITNESS Youth discussing script during summer film camp.

Lost In Society

By WITNESS Youth Staff

They were my neighbours for only about a few weeks. One Saturday afternoon while taking a nap, I was awakened by the loud voice of Mr Brown who I called Uncle Brown out of respect. Uncle Brown shouted, “Shanta you bleach out my shirt, woman!” Shanta, trying to explain also in a loud voice, “It was an accident, Brown.” Uncle Brown shouted back, “Shut up you old no good self. All you good for is to drink rum all day.” Shanta replied in an even louder tone, “Is me you talking to like that, no man no. No it can’t be me you talking to like that, no man no. You better know your place with me. I is the one that does everything for you so respect and talk properly to me.”

This of course annoyed Uncle Brown more. He screamed at the top of his voice, “Is disrespect you disrespecting me woman like you forget is man I name! I gone teach you a real good lesson here today.” He grabbed her by her hair literally dragged her inside in the house. She started to scream. “Poor Shanta,” I said to myself because all I could hear is everything in the house falling. He was beating her like an animal. She started to cry out loud, Help me God please help me! Let him stop, oh God please he gone kill me today please God please help me!”

I wanted to run to her rescue. I wanted to help her. My entire body felt numb. As this brutal beating continued her cries got louder and my body started to tremble. I felt useless because there was nothing I could have done. God must have heard her cries as her son came out of nowhere. He said to Uncle Brown, “You touching my mother you stupid big man, I gon kill you here today.”

Now the neighbours realized it was time to call the police. “Y’all call the police before it’s too late y’all call them now! You stupid big man!” the son exclaimed as he continued to beat Uncle Brown. Somehow he managed to escape the hands of the son.

About 45 minutes later the Police came. They took some statements and went on to say that Uncle Brown was an old ex-soldier and that they weren’t getting into his family affairs. This annoyed me I was very upset. Mad, I felt so cheated. This has since made me to see Uncle Brown as a monster. He is now a beast in my eyes. And I see the Police as weak, very weak. It scares me as a young girl, who will I turn to for justice? Seeing is believing, and I have seen it when the Police did not give justice to uncle Brown and auntie Shanta’s situation.



My Perspective of the World

By WITNESS Youth Staff

I am a thirteen year old youth, living in an unbalanced world where there is more bad than good.

Many adults in the world today view our generation as idle and as ‘no goods’ and many say we are ill-mannered. Why should we be viewed this way? Is it because of the status quo, which is based on movies, songs, advertisements and video games that gives us these attributes and affects us indirectly? We are not the people making these multimedia entertainments, for it is the same adults who produce these things. In this multimedia, violence and vulgarity is portrayed and appears to be accepted. Because of it, the

youths watching and entertaining themselves are influenced and the creators—the adults—label them as so.

However, I completely disagree with the way most adults view society. Society to me is based on movies, videogames and music; people don’t care about anyone but themselves and are not respectful. They don’t often use their talents to find a role in life. In life everyone has a role, and my role is to make myself, my family and my elders proud. It is my role to set an example for the younger generation while making a positive change to the world. I am thirteen and I am committed to being different and to make a change.

“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.