

BEATS

NEWCOMER YOUTH VOICE + PERSPECTIVE

YOU WERE
ASKING FOR IT

WHY SO EMOTIONAL?
YOU ARE TOO SKINNY

PUT ON SOME MAKEUP
YOU ARE TOO FAT
YOU ARE TOO BOSSY!
YOU HAVE TOO MUCH MAKEUP ON
STOP ASKING
TOO MANY
QUESTIONS

SIT LIKE A GIRL

THAT'S A
MAN'S
JOB!



BEATS RECOGNIZES THE UNCEDED COAST SALISH TERRITORIES OF

*xʷməθkʷəy̓am, Skwxwu7mesh and Tsleil-Waututh Nations
(Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh Nations)*

SEA TO SKY HIGHWAY, B.C
Photography by: Monica Alas

I took this photograph the first month that I came to Canada. Every time I see it reminds me of all the way I have come from, but also makes me think in the way still to be walked. - Monica



FRESH VOICES

AN INITIATIVE OF
vancouver
foundation

EDITOR'S NOTE

Jennifer Sarkar

Welcome back to our 10th Issue! In early 2013, BEATS began as an undergraduate design project, but because of the hearts and souls of the immigrant and refugee youth community, we made it to our 10th issue. In this issue, we have six amazing editors who came together to share their experiences with discrimination, racism and privilege. We also have some talented photographers who shared their pieces.

We would also like to thank Fresh Voices for the on going support. This Issue has been possible because of the granting opportunity from Fresh Voices an Initivie of Vancouver foundation. We hope that you enjoy reading this issue and share it with your community.

LOVE BC

Leave Out Violence BC

LOVE is a youth-driven media arts-based non-profit organization that facilitates violence prevention and intervention programming to youth who face multiple barriers. LOVE youth use media arts to document their experiences, share their views of the world, and build leadership skills to break the cycle of violence in their lives and communities.

To learn more about LOVE BC's work please go to: bc.leaveoutviolence.org
or Email us at: vancouver@leaveoutviolence.org



Photography by: Fatima Haidari

TABLE OF CONTENT

06 **Photography**
By: Zara

07 **EAT**
Poem by: Janelle

08 **What is Beauty?**
By: Mina

09 **Photography**
By: Zara

10 **Accent**
By: Mina

11 **Are you from China,
Japan, Korea...?**
By: Fatima

12 **Escapade**
Photography by: Ivy

13 **Dear Lilac,**
By: Ivy

14 **Community & Connections**
By: Janelle & Fatima

16 **i did not write a poem**
By: Ivy

18 **Rights to Education**
By: Zara

20 **Got Privilege?**
By: Monica

22 **Dear, newcomer youth**
By: Janelle, Fatima & Monica

EDITORIAL TEAM



Fatima Haidari
Editorial / Photography

My name is Fatima Haidari. I was born and raised in Ghazni, Afghanistan, but I used to live in Kabul for a few years before moving to Canada. I came to Canada when I was seventeen years old in 2015. I graduated from Main Street Education Center in January 2017. I love to volunteer, attend youth's workshops, and bike in my spare time. I am passionate about social and youth related issues. I want to be a dentist in the future.



Monica Alas
Editorial

My name is Monica Alas, I came to Canada in 2015. I am still learning to explore the new world around me in my bike. Yes! In my bike. I'm passionate about human rights and justice. I support the vision of social transformation for equity to every individual.



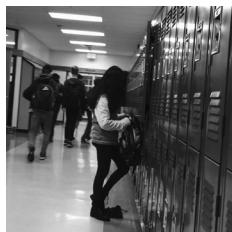
Mina Delsoz
Editorial

My name is Mina. I'm 17 years old. I was born and raised in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan (small country in Middle Asia). I came to Canada in 2016. It was a big change in my life. Speaking in different language, experiencing different cultures. I love to dance, sing and read books! Also I love to learn about religions, and I respect everyone's faith. Trying new food, especially if it's something similar to Afghan food. The last big fact about me, that I'm a fighter. No, I'm not a boxer. I'm fighting over racism, discrimination and etc. I hope that one day we all will be a big friendly family!



Zara Maria Jeffrey
Editorial/Photography

My name is Zara and I am an absolute library lover. I dream of a day when girls from all around the world are able to have safe access to education and are able to experience the same joy I feel when I hold a book in my hands. Currently I am a science student in university. Other than books and science, I am also passionate about painting, photography, and studying foreign languages.



Ivy Gaile Gregorio
Editorial/Photography

I am a sentimental fool who cannot allow certain stories to not be told. Every one of my pieces does not tell one story. One piece is a collection of stories that are combined to tell a message. Who I am is not worth telling, but the stories of the quiet certainly are. Don't think of me when you read my pieces. Think of the possibilities.



Janelle Huinda
Editorial/Poetry

I am Janelle, a young adult finding and learning life in variety of experiences. With that, I want to give back to my community who helped me become who I am.

Photogrpaahy by: **Zara Maria Jeffrey**



EAT

POEM BY: Janelle Huinda

Eat is what my mother tells me in front of the dinner table
Eat so you can get nutrients
Eat so you can do well at school
Eat, Eat, Eat is all i hear mom do u not know that i refuse to eat
Eating means gaining weight and gaining weight means getting fat
So do i want to eat
Over my dead body
Well mama I guess life kinda sucks when you have an eating disorder
all you think about is food
and the calories going in and out of your body like its some sort of a virus
You need to get rid of

Well mama you dont have to worry about how much my dinner will cost at a restaurant cause im probably gonna get something next to nothing
You dont have to worry about clothes cause maybe i can just get my old clothes when i was little and maybe itll fit me

And I apologize for the treatments you have to pay
For but im not gonna lose, and maybe instead of putting me treatments just buy me laxatives that'll make me happy

but looking at your face one time about my situation did not make me happy at all especially when everyone asked me how i lost weight and i saw the sadness in you

You see eating disorder never really settles down and take a rest
Everyday itll always be with you til u give in and go to the lowest weight you can achieve but its not really an achievement its a scary to result to see

I guess you can call it another entity
It follows me around and whenever i try to eat it would steal the food away from me and when i eat i feel guilty and fat
It's an endless cycle

but I've broken the cycle mama
I am now free to eat
free to live

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Written by: **Mina Delsoz**

“Why people expect us to be someone that they want to see? All these judgments that they make continuously puts young women down. They judge our skin colour, our height etc. I think it is the time to question it and stand up against it.”

Everyday, millions of female ask themselves: Is beauty what society inspires to have? Tons of makeup, changing our faces and bodies. Will going through all these treatments leave us with who we are and aspire to be? Why do people expect us to be someone that they want to see? All these judgments that they make continuously puts young women down. They judge our skin colour, our height etc. I think it is the time to question it and stand up against it. Unfortunately most girls and young women do not feel that they are beautiful without makeup and feels the social presure to have a daily routine. This whole obsession with ideal face, shape and skin colour. Everyone are waiting you to have ideal appearance. That is not the end, people expect us to have thin long legs and thin waist. Without a white skin nobody will take you serious. This may sound the situation of the past

but unfortunately this still exists. I thought that I am not beautiful just because some people told me that I am not white enough. I struggled with my own sense of beauty and the presure for over 5 years. I was helping everyone who would needed my support. But nobody came up to me and say that I have the real beauty. Nobody said that being beautiful does not mean to be white, black, tall or small. As a young women the struggles that I faced were the biggest experience to me. And especially as a young women of colour I want to say that it does not matter what skin colour you have, what weight or height, you are beautiful. Beauty is much more than a pretty face. You are beautiful as long as you help, respect youself and respect people around you.

“BEAUTY IS MUCH MORE, THAN A PRETTY FACE. YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AS LONG AS YOU HELP, RESPECT YOURSELF AND RESPECT PEOPLE AROUND YOU.”

Photogrphy by: **Zara Maria Jeffrey**

“What is beauty ? Beauty is about confidence and being comfortable with your own individualistic look and fashion style. Beauty shouldn't be limited to standards and judgments of those around us.” — Margaret Sha (the model)





Photography by: **Mina Delsoz**

Left: Mina with older brother Mustafa. *Right:* Mina's father who is on the other side of the world.

JOURNEY

Written by: **Mina Delsoz**

When I was 7 years old my brother left us. He went to this weird country called "Canada". I did not realize at the time that he will be gone for more than a year. Do you know what is like growing up without brother? The brother you have but can not spend time with? I loved him more than anything. Even my counsellors would tell my mom that the person I feel most connected to is brother. In 2007, we couldn't talk via videocall or have simple phone calls. They were so expensive. Some people didn't believe me that I have a brother because they never seen him. After four years he finally came to visit us but everything was different and awkward. I was and still I am jealous of everyone who had a chance to see him. Time passed and I had to get used to live without him. After nine years we finally moved to Canada. I have a chance to

live with my brother and family! But, my story and family is still not all together. My dad could not move to Canada. The immigration just didn't let him. I have a younger sister and it is really hard for us to live without our dad, without our role model. I hate being separated from my family. My dad always supported me but he is far way across the ocean. I hate the distance between my dad and I. I hate the fact that material things such as money or university keeps me away from my dad. My dad is my best friend, my role model and a good person. Be thankful for your family. Tell them that you love them, kiss them because you never know when you can see them again.

ACCENT

Written by: **Mina Delsoz**

I was born in Kyrgyzstan and I speak Russian fluently. I always had good grades in Russian and mostly "A" or "B". It was so hard to leave everything behind and move to Canada. I had no choice. Moving to Canada meant that I was going to speak a new language that I never spoke before. Having an accent when you are sixteen years old is not a dream that you would want. Especially when you go to high school. I did not

talk to people, because I was shy. I was scared to pronounce something wrong and that everyone will laugh at me. I became a very quite girl here, I never was like this. I was that chatterbox in the class, but now, I could not be myself. I am still looking for a community where I could be fully accepted without any judgements.

ARE YOU FROM CHINA, JAPAN, KOREA..?

Written by: **Fatima Haidari**

Have you been asked this question yet? I am not sure about you, but me over and over. Don't ask me how many times though because my memory can't keep up with the numbers. I hear this long list in my daily bases which is quite annoying; however, the list gets even longer. It was very strange at the beginning because I was not really familiar with this type of question. Now, I got used to it. I just listen to them and say no as they go over their list of assumptions. They seem in shock after a few minutes because they expect me to fit into their assumptions. That's the time when I jump in and start telling them where I am from. I am from Afghanistan.

They are like no way, you don't look like Afghan at all. Afghan people have darker skin, and they add many more features. I know where they get the idea from, but what makes it even more irritating is that they are not willing to admit. In fact, I explain how different ethnicities live in Afghanistan and that's why they look very different. They have only one format for Afghan people which are very stereotypical. I wish people wouldn't make assumptions based on stereotypes. Let's breakdown these stereotypes by sharing our stories.

"I KNOW WHERE THEY GET THE IDEA FROM, BUT WHAT MAKES IT EVEN MORE IRRITATING IS THAT THEY ARE NOT WILLING TO ADMIT. IN FACT, I EXPLAIN HOW DIFFERENT ETHNICITIES LIVE IN AFGHANISTAN AND THAT'S WHY THEY LOOK VERY DIFFERENT. THEY HAVE ONLY ONE FORMAT FOR AFGHAN PEOPLE WHICH ARE VERY STEREOTYPICAL."



Photography by: **Ivy Gaile Gregorio**

Title: **Escapade**

People thought I was crazy for taking a photo of that old junk and that is why I love this photo very much.

Dear Lilac,

It has been a while since the last time we talked. I wish I could say that I am deeply sorry, but honestly, I almost forgot about you. Then, I saw the stars tonight. For the first time in a long time, I saw the familiarity of the beautiful night sky. Do you remember that night when I told you about what I would do if I ever miss home? I told you that I would look for our constellation, the one that always stood out at night while we laid on our separate hammocks. I haven't been home in a long time, but I never really had the urge to look for that constellation. I have been too preoccupied thinking about which journey to choose. Should I choose the one that makes me feel at ease or should I go for something that would make people notice? I almost chose the latter. You probably already think that I am always almost passed the almost. I just was not sure which one makes me genuinely happy until I saw our constellation. Do you remember that same night when we talked about this blog on Tumblr where this one person said, "Let's raise children who never have to recover from their childhood"? Then the other one replied, "Let's heal before we become parents so that our children would never have to recover from their childhood." Then, I realized that the only reason that I am still having second thoughts is that I am still not over those people who constantly made me feel so low and I still want to prove them wrong. Believe me, I have long realized that the only person that I need to humour is myself. It is easy to believe that idea. However, it is harder to succumb to its practice, but because of you, I will keep trying. Because that night, you told me that you wish your parents have heard those sentences and I saw how broken you were. You wanted to save them, but you knew that you could never save someone that way. You could only hope that they would save themselves. They haven't healed from whatever it is that hurt them in the past and as a result, you haven't recovered from the pain that they passed on to you. You still pretend that everything is okay and that you don't have to cry about anything. I told you that we do have a knack for not acknowledging the fact that we are all broken inside and you said that your family is too broken to heal together. So, yes, I will keep trying to please myself instead of everybody else and to heal from whatever it is that bothers me. I don't want to live in a generation where another 'you' exists. I don't want to be the cause of the existence of another broken person who would suffer from a past that was not even theirs. I hope you are fine wherever you may be and if you find that you are lost, look for our constellation.

Love always,
Ivy *

Photograph by: **Zara Maria Jeffrey**

This is a picture of my bedroom wall. This is the first thing that I see every time I walk into my room. The first step towards success is to dream big ! It all starts with a single thought. The sort of thought that fills your heart with determination, joy, stamina, and strength. So let your dreams give you wings to fly.



DREAM

THE FUTURE BELONGS
to those who

Believe INTHEIR DREAMS



COMMUNITY

Written by: **Janelle Huinda**

Being a new immigrant definitely means starting all over again when it comes to finding connections within the community. Honestly, in order for you to find those connections I suggest volunteering first. Volunteering is a great way to meet new friends and to be introduced to current or new programs that you can take part in. From there you will find amazing friends and mentors that could help you find your place in the community.

CONNECTIONS

Written by: **Fatima Haidari**

"I RECALL THE VERY FIRST FEW WEEKS WHEN I GOT TO CANADA. I AM PRETTY SURE EVERYBODY WENT TO THROUGH SIMILAR EXPERIENCE IF NOT THE SAME. I FELT OUT OF PLACE; I HAD HARD TIME ADJUSTING TO THE NEW ENVIRONMENT." - Fatima

Finding community and connections are not very easy experience for newcomers as it was tough for me. I recall the very first few weeks when I got to Canada. I am pretty sure everybody went to through similar experience if not the same. I felt out of place; I had hard time adjusting to the new environment. My live has changed since I found out about Multicultural Youth Circle and joined that great community. I was excited to meet the youth worker and get more information about the program. That was my first time that I felt connected with other people. They all came from different parts of the world, but we had a lot in common which was very powerful. I met so many supportive youths and youth workers which helped me along my journey. Youth workers put so much energy and time to help newcomer shape their life in Canada. People as new comers know how challenging it's to adapt to new society, but sometimes

they can be ignorant to other new comers. I somehow experienced that because they came earlier than me and had their own friends, so I couldn't really belong to that group. That experience taught me a lot despite its hardships. I learned how to be supportive for people who came either earlier or coming later than me because I do not want them to go through the same experience. I am willing to support newcomers based on my abilities. If we keep this supporting chain going, youths will have a better experience. It is very vital and needed in newcomer community, and we need more of this group. At the end, I thank all youths, facilitator, and youth workers from bottom of my heart who helped me to overcome these hurdles.

i did not write a poem.

Written by: **Ivy Gaile Gregorio**

It is 1:49 am and I am not saying this to sound poetic. This is just my way of saying that my submission deadline passed about one hour and forty-nine minutes ago and I still haven't come up of anything. Actually, I currently have seventeen notes on my phone. Eight of them are poems, two are unsent letters and the remaining ones are unfinished maunderings of a very mad person, but I have not come up of something that everyone will fully understand. I have just written two poems within the last two hours and they are only about my subtle way of subversively describing every person that I find unpleasant. A few people are expecting me to write another poem for this issue, but I want to say a lot of things and poetry is just my way of talking about things without having people question the non-existent sentences that should have been written between two existing sentences; sentences that were excluded because they were not too poetic or they were too revealing. The structured stanzas, rhymes, metaphors and plotlines are my greatest form of deception. Most people are too distracted by those things that they do not even wonder if there are missing sentences.

Last issue, I wrote a poem that made me feel like I have undressed myself in front of a lot of people. And just a couple of hours ago, I was planning to hand in another one, but it had too many metaphors. I was afraid that they would only make sense to me. I was afraid that this time I had undressed without fully telling my point. The poem was about how loving too much had ruined so many things. It was about those people in my life who became wrecked, which affected me so much that I became wrecked too.

While growing up, I was surrounded by people who loved too much. One of them

loved his reputation too much that he started feigning to hide all the bad things in the same way that his children hid all the bruises. One loved her child too much that she chose to be blind to all the quiet crimes. That child wrecked her, but what she could have blamed to that child, she blamed to everyone. One loved someone so much that she became a game, played only for entertainment. Some people love themselves too much that they would gladly let their words compliment lies. Some loved a person too much that they let that person take advantage of them and manipulate them. Some loved their religions too much that they willingly killed a lot of people who opposed or disrespected those religions. Even I loved too much. I strongly loved a lot of people who only loved me for the superficial aspects so I let those aspects mould a façade that bogusly defined me. We love so many things and so many people too much that we become willing to do the craziest things. The craziest of them all was letting others become ruined for the sake of what or whom we love.

If you must know, the sentence that started the whole poem was: If love hurts, then I would rather not love too much. That sentence just popped out of my head. I created it, but I never really fully understand it until just now at four-thirty in the morning. I don't know if it's wrong to love too much. I don't even know if there is a right way of loving someone or something. I just know that too much of something most often leads to a huge load of havoc. Before I got to this paragraph, my main solution was to love truly. To love truly means to love them selflessly: to love with the intention of loving. Then, I realized that I can truly love someone and still get wrecked or ruined. I can truly



Model: **Alexa Meja Carpio**

Photography by: **Zara Maria Zaffery**

love someone and still ruin things or people. Now, I really do not know how to end this rambling because my only solution had just formulated more questions and more arguments. I am honestly and pathetically more confused about this narrative than I am with my sexuality. I have been asking myself, why did I not want to love too much? Is it because I did not want to become like those people that I talked about? Is it because I was afraid to get too hurt or is it because I did not want to cause havoc to other people?

Well, I just do not want to love too much to the point that I would not care whom I hurt. That is what I am most afraid of. Then, I realized that what

my unconscious mind was trying to say all along with the sentence was that love would always hurt. Love would always wreck. Love would always make you crazy. Love would always make you feel a lot of things, but you should not let it consume all of you because it would certainly make do things I would regret the most. You can love less or you can love way more and still choose to be the kindest person that loves. You have the choice to wreck everything for that serendipity that electrifies and calms your heart at the same time. We all have a choice: to be a ruin or to be a lover.



Photography by: Zara Maria Jeffrey

Rights To EDUCATION

Written by: Zara Maria Jeffrey

"AT NIGHTS I USED TO CLOSE MY EYES DREAMING ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO FLEE THE WAR AND MOVE TO A FOREIGN LAND. BACK HOME, I HEARD ABOUT ALL THE GIRLS MY AGE WHO WERE UNABLE TO ATTEND SCHOOL." - Zara

The sound of rain beating against the windows was drowned out by the footsteps of the students eager to leave the classroom. I shuffled slowly towards the teacher's desk to ask a question but halfway through, I turned around and headed for the door instead. That day I took the long way home. Everyone seemed in a rush to avoid the rain but I welcomed its coolness and walked slowly. By the time I got to my house, I was dripping wet. My mom greeted me at door, "Hey how was school today ?"

"It was all right !" I said as I turned my head away. I was careful not to make eye contact with her. She didn't need to see the tears that had gathered in my eyes. Although she must have known because she didn't make any other remark.

For the rest of that day, I stayed inside my room. I felt stuck and dazed. I thought it would get easier but somehow the more I thought things were changing, the more they stayed the same. School was almost a disaster. My english was not improved enough for me to understand the teachers. I felt deaf and mute. Sometimes I was too scared to even utter a word for the fear of saying it wrong. I worried that I might never reach my goals and dreams. How could I get where I wanted to be when I could barely ask a simple question from my teacher?

At nights I used to close my eyes dreaming about what it would have been like if we didn't have to flee the war and move to a foreign land. Back home, I heard

about all the girls my age who were unable to attend school. While majority of people took education for granted, it was unbelievable to think that there are millions of girls around this world who are fighting to stay in school and it didn't seem fair that out of all those girl, I get to attend school. That was the moment I knew that despite my language barrier, I could never give up. That night, I picked up my little dictionary and stayed up late translating my science textbook. Normally it would take everyone else at school no more than two minutes to read a page and understand it but for me sometimes it took more than an hour. I studied long and hard even when I was tired and my shoulders ached from spending long hours at my desk. Finally, at the end of the school year when I received my report card I could barely contain my happiness. When I saw my +A mark on the report sheet, I burst into tears from both joy and sadness. I thought of the millions of girls around the world who would perhaps never share the same amazing experiences as mine. These girls were an inspiration for me. I wanted to get to a place where I was strong enough to bring about a change. I decided I wanted to be an advocate for girls' education. Through my efforts, even if I get to make a positive change for at least one girl, then all that I am working for will be worth it a hundred times ! That was the day I no longer felt stuck and dazed.



“EVERYONE HAS SOME SORT OF PRIVILEGE, SO IT IS IMPORTANT TO CHECK YOURSELF AND DO SOME SELF-REFLECTION. ASK YOURSELF: WHAT PRIVILEGES DO I HAVE? WHAT OPPRESSIONS I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR? DO I CARE? WHAT IS THE POWER WITHIN ME? WHAT CAN I DO WITH MY PRIVILEGE?” - Written by: **Monica Alas**

We live in a country that people say that they accept everyone regardless of their race, gender, religion, ability, sexual orientation, age, etc.; but still many of us do not feel as welcome or safe in the “safe spaces”. Is 2017, why do we still have to wake up every morning and remind ourselves of our social identities to act “accordingly”? Can we do better? Yes, we can!

It is key to understand the dynamics of privilege and power. Privilege is when the system and the society grants a set of unearned advantages to members of particular group (dominant), this is given to a person based on characteristics they are assigned at birth. Please don't get me wrong, this does not mean that

you have had an easy life, but it's rather easier than others. It is important to remember that privilege is usually invisible to people who have it.

Power is a tool that enables you to decide or influence people or/and situations, depending on how it is used, can lead to either positive or negative outcomes. The relationship between power-over and privilege, is an intentional gap in the system and it is a form of inequality. It brings negative outcomes to our society, it creates marginalization and discrimination in our communities. Marginalization is when a group of people is considered less important or is ignored in a society due to the group they belong to.

Marginalization is intersectional because persons' are members of many groups at once; such as, gender, immigration status, accents, ethnicity, and others; these various social identities affects in different degrees the way each person experiences oppression. Yes, we're all humans, but we are not living the same experiences, we walk through the world differently!!

When you are discriminated against it feels like having no voice, because your claims are never heard. Discrimination makes you feel not welcome, not fitting in, judge, less worthy, sad. Discrimination hurts, but still we persist and keep it up!

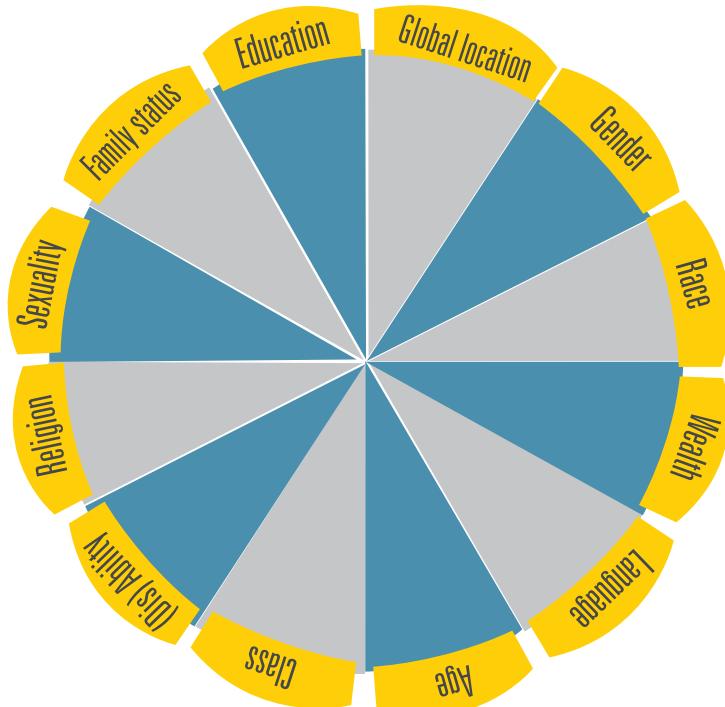
Everyone has some sort of privilege, so it is important to check yourself and do some self-reflection. Ask yourself: What privileges do I have? What oppressions

I'm responsible for? Do I care? What is the power within me? What can I do with my privilege?

Realizing that we have power and privilege, it can be uncomfortable and it can bring you guilt. Audre Lorde said: "Guilt is not a response to anger, it is a response to one's own action or lack of action." Guilt alone does not do anything at all to change the situation. You have two options:

Stay "neutral", stay in silence ignoring these issues, then, in a sense, isn't your silence a form of consent and complicity?

Challenge oppression: Use your own power and agency to make change. Build bridges! Become an ally!



Credit: Andy Little

The Questions now is: What do you do with your privilege? You are in the perfect position to use your privilege to educate others. Pay attention to how those around you are being treated. You may have a voice that others do not have, use it to intervene when you witness discrimination, making right a situation that is wrong.

Become an Ally, use your own privilege to support marginalized communities. This starts with the practice of unlearning and relearning, with a lot of listening, caring, truth and accountability. Sometimes being an ally will be uncomfortable and you may receive criticism for your work. Remember that you will be acting not out of guilt, but rather out of genuine love, fairness and responsibility for others. Allyship is greatly appreciated and is one more step towards building bridges.



Written by: **Monica Alas**

My own experience coming to Canada has inspired me to make a difference in my community. I would like to tell YOU: Everything is gonna be alright and if it's not alright, it's because it's not the end. I remember how much time I kept worrying about things that were out of my control. Nobody told me it's going to be okay. So I kept worrying and stressing out for a long time. I forgot to have some self-care because there was too much negativity. Now my gift to you is to embrace who you are, take care of yourself, be brave, and keep it up!

Dear, Newcomer immigrant and refugee youth

Written by: **Janelle Huinda**

“It will definitely be tough the first time around but you will always grow along the way and gain experience. Get educated and use your knowledge to impact others for the better.”

“Being an immigrant or a refugee shouldn’t limit your options or choices in what you find passion in. Be you.”

“Always allow yourself to be active in the community. Being a part of your community not only helps the community grow as a whole.”

Written by: **Fatima Haidari**

Don’t forget to take care of yourself because it’s needed it.

Explore BC since it has lots of great places.

Educate yourself about different cultures, aboriginal people (the original care takers of these land and water) and the history of the place we call home.

Give yourself time to adjust to the new environment .



Photography by: **Ivy Gaile Gregorio**

Title: **Crossroad**

It is one of those rare moments where I was alone in a public place. I thought it was worth capturing.



**GOT
Privilege?**

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED BY THE CONTRIBUTORS OF
BEATS: NEWCOMER YOUTH VOICE + PERSPECTIVE

For more information please contact: LOVE BC
vancouver@leaveoutviolencebc.org