

Point Blank

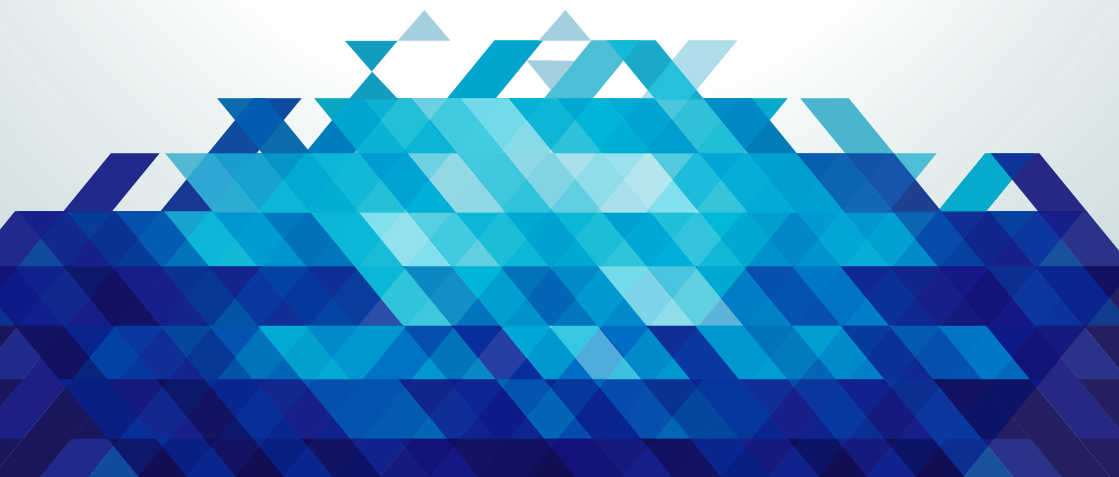
Issue 2 April 2015





**THE SERVICE IS AND DOES,
WHAT THE PEOPLE IN THE
COMMUNITY WANT AND NEED**

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Letter from Laverton Youth Foundation

Welcome to Point Blank Youth Magazine, volume two! It is a real pleasure to be here again writing about a new and wonderful group of inspiring young people who have taken the time out of their schedules to produce a fantastic publication.

This edition of PBYM is much different to the last; it carries a slightly darker undertone which really highlights some of the very real issues facing our youth. From identity to depression, there are questions that they are struggling to answer and one must wonder, at some stage, are we doing enough to guide and mentor them in the right direction? Well, are you?

Quite often I have seen young people who have lost belief in themselves. I can't blame them, life is tough and the world doesn't always live up to our expectations. But there are opportunities out there

and this magazine alone proves the strength, courage and determination of the human spirit when presented with a chance to blossom.

Well done to our young writers at PBYM, I am very proud of you all. A special thanks to Teresa Vizintin and Ines Pereyra for your continued support. I would also like to thank the local Bendigo Community Bank and Laverton Community Integrated Services, and welcome on board PBYM new partners, Wyndham Community and Education Centre and Federation University.

If you are interested in knowing more about Point Blank Youth Magazine you can now visit us at www.pointblankyouthmagazine.com.au or like us on facebook where you can also read a digital copy of our publication.

Stay focused, stay real and happy reading



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Be Committed, Be Accountable,

Be Open Minded

DEAR FRIEND

PBYM MENTOR INES PEREYRA

I thought I would write you a letter about a time that is yet to come for you. This moment will by no means be the toughest moment of your life, it will be a day like any other; it will not be the most painful, or the longest or the most long lasting. You will survive it, both on that night, and years later when you will stand back and forgive him.

His name ironically was the same as the first person you ever loved, that in itself, probably formed part of the pain. Pablo, was 21 like you, he played guitar, he was funny; you talked about music and books and who knows what else. But the clearest thing, the hardest and most important thing, was that he looked just like Juan Alex would have looked had he survived past his 13th birthday. The only pain that you had yet to conquer, and sorry to tell you, it hurts you still, at almost forty, is the death of your dear friend. I can, in retrospect, say that you just learned to live with it. That you did name your children in his honor, that you still carry his name around your neck, that you think about

him often and that its ok to remember him like it was yesterday that you drew the line on the desk or kissed him goodbye.

That was the hardest thing. That he looked like him. That dancing with him was your way of holding Juan Alex one more time. Kissing him was like giving Juan Alex the love you couldn't give him when you were friends. So, when he turned around in the middle of the night and pulled away your clothes and put his hand inside a place that at that moment belonged to nobody but you, he broke a part of you. He broke and tainted the happiness his image had just brought into your life. He made Juan Alex seem ugly. And all you could do through it all was scream on the inside, in the hope that your mind would fail to associate the pain to your dear friend. I am sorry to say that you could not multitask that night, and with the choice to keep Juan Alex's memory intact, your body suffered a blow.

Let me tell you, though the twelve months that will follow this event will be less than clear, you will pull

through. The shadow that will overwhelm you, through an alcohol induced comatose state, will fade. And though it will take time and the love of your best friend to assist in unclogging the road, when you finally tell him about it, he will push you through. The rest, the feeling of dirt, the hatred, the sense of weakness, the sadness, the melancholy and the inability to return home, will all pass.

I must tell you then, that no matter how hard it will seem at the time, how impossible to surpass, how draining and how unfair. No matter how much you will want to scream at the world, or plan your utter revenge or just go to sleep for a thousand years. You will be ok. You are ok today, at almost forty. There will be greater battles to fight, but most importantly there will be amazing moments that you would have never seen had you given way to one, horrible as it may have been, moment of your life. One of your students will one day tell you "you were given this life because you are strong enough to live it", and he will be right. And just to give you a little incentive, let me tell you that, you have yet to meet your greatest love. He is far away from 21, but he will be worth the wait.



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It Finally HIT ME

ANONYMOUS

It finally hit me. After years and years of pain and suffering, I finally could not take it anymore. I tried to pick myself up

numerous times before, but after a while I got sick and tired of it.

Hearing that my sister wants to see my dad hurts more than anything that's ever happened to

me before. I admit that, at one stage, I did want to see him. But that was before my mum told me everything that happened with him. After that day I despised him.



I did not want to think he was like that, no kid does; I did not want to think he had been capable of hurting my mum, or me.

I cannot remember

anything from my childhood, so I do not know if what she said is true or not. Either it is or it isn't I guess; but it does not make me want to take any chances with him. He

messed up my life. At the very least he changed it, and it feels wrong.

His actions in a way caused a chain of events. Of course, we had to get away from him, go as far as we could. But that meant I had no male figure to look up to. I missed that.

I have my step dad now, but honestly he can be tough on me a lot of the time, and it is not the same, he doesn't have to be there; he doesn't have to make an effort. I have had no one to look up to and because of that I do not feel comfortable around other guys. If I do, it is a rare thing for me; quite frankly I barely talk to anyone.

Ever since the day my mum told me what happened with him everything has gone downhill, and I have found myself acting up again. I do not want to walk that path again. I want to be better than he ever was.

On a positive note, though, I never thought I would last until my 16th birthday, and yet here I am. So maybe, the people who shape us, the stories that make us, are part of us, not all of us.

I am a Clusterfu*k

BY: BLAKE BARIC

I haven't had a good dream in so long.
When I close my eyes everything
looks so wrong.
Subject to the terrors of my imagination
is beyond torture.
The creatures are larger, faster and
stronger
they eat me slower than ever before.
There is nothing more agonizing
than dreading to fall asleep.
I don't weep.
I don't sink.
There is no complaining, keeping it
all inside myself.
I say I am fine.

I am a clusterf*ck.
My deepest emotions shred my
mind.
Every thought is a promotion into a
wider diversity of depravity.
I've been pushed to the extremity of
my mental complexity.
This wasn't what I was lead to believe
my destiny would be
They told me that I was built for
greatness
They keep reminding me, and teaching
me to not be ashamed.
They did not say my future would be
shrouded in darkness.

Now I decay
Forced to lay down and choke on
the enormity of this twisted society
My hands are cuffed by the fu*k
conformity
I'm limited by the boundaries of a
government that stands over me
Branded criminal because I lack
empathy
I am sick of being beaten into submission
Constantly asking for permission to
be decommissioned
My purpose was never clear

Now I sit here like a rotting corpse
Hoping for a blood clot to develop in
my brain
Wishing someone would slice my
external jugular vein
I want to be buried under rubble
during a military campaign
I would not mind being impaled by a
water main
But I am not going to die in vein
My life will not drift down a drain
No matter how much pain I feel
I will endure
Just never be, complete and somewhat pure

IDENTITY

BY: BRANDON SAUNDERS

UNKNOWN

In this world I have no place of my own, no social clique, no zone to call my own. I am a person with tastes completely different from the people that surround me. I feel like I have to create a fictitious persona just so I don't feel like an alien; an outcast. And so people don't think that I am: 'the weird one'.

I force myself to watch shows that I hate to the core, eat food that I loathe to the core, wear clothing that I think is horrible, buy the new electronics and talk for what seems like hours on end about things that I have absolutely no interest in. Just so I can

make myself feel relevant in life.

It is draining to the soul and leaves me hollow inside. I have been creating fictitious characters for so long now, that I have no idea about what or, who I truly am.

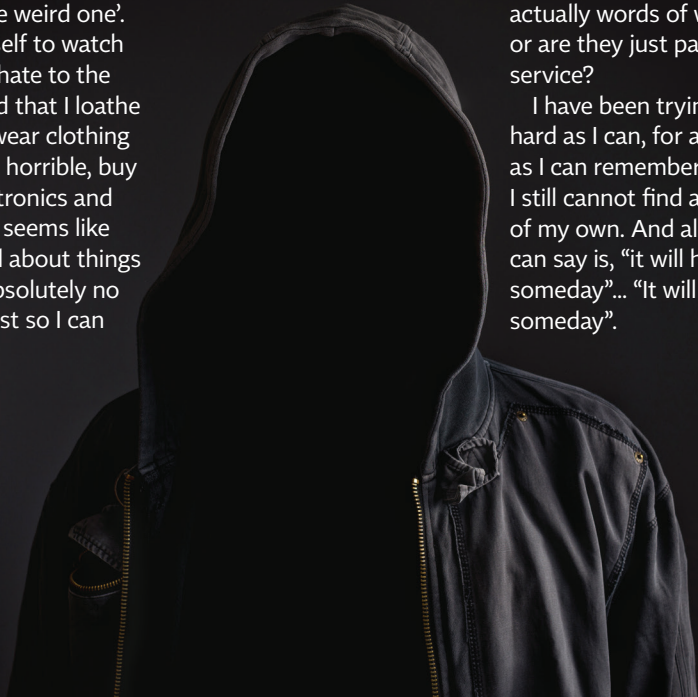
I do not know how long I can keep playing the

charade.

I try as hard as I can to find my place in the cogs of life, but fail every time I do.

I keep hearing people say things like "Anything can happen if you believe" or "It will happen some day" but what do those phrases really mean? Are they actually words of wisdom or are they just paying lip service?

I have been trying as hard as I can, for as long as I can remember, and I still cannot find a place of my own. And all they can say is, "it will happen someday"... "It will happen someday".







If You Were My Boyfriend

BY: EMILIE PEREYRA

I would love you to pieces, so much that I would stab your heart out and keep it preserved in a jar so I could love you forever...though...not literally...if I

love you I would never hurt you like that.

I would videotape myself when I go on a holiday, I would film what I'm experiencing

so I could share it with you. I would send kisses, and my love. I would give you truckloads of virtual hugs, but I would be looking like I'm hugging myself because I would be imagining that I have crushed you into a paper model

because I would miss you that much. <3...and I would send you pictures of the amazing food I'm eating so I can make you jealous.

If you looked the slightest bit sad, I would wrap my arms around you and ask whose butt I'd be sending to Saturn...then I would hunt down that person and kick their butt.

Now matter what time it is, 7:43am, 9:30pm, 2:14pm, or 3:00am in the morning, if you are crying, depressed, sad, or just need a hug and maybe a kiss, I will sneak out of my house, cancel plans, leave school, or get out of bed so I can get over to you and comfort you. Don't worry that

you are bothering me, because you are not. I would do anything as long as you are all right in the end, no matter what the consequences might be.

I would take the most messed up pictures with you, no matter what I am wearing, or what weird stuff we might video ourselves doing.

I would put make-up on you...eventually...just warning you.

I would help you do chores at your house, even if it is laundry. IDGAF

I would always be willing to cuddle.

I would be an idiot and dress sexy when I first meet your mates so I can make them jealous

of you.

I would cook food with you, whilst dancing to our favorite music.

I would sing you to sleep – even though I am REALLY bad at singing.

I would kiss you, no matter the weather condition.

I would walk through the night with you.

I would play my instruments for you.

I would draw you pictures and print off our pictures & photos and put them in an album to keep the memories.

I would dance with you like we are on steroids.

I would not
judge you for
your body
shape, your
grades, your
home life, your
body modifi-
cations, your
style, your
weight or your
weird quirks.
If I love you - I
love you.

I would hide my personal messed up depression from you, so you can see the best of me and never have to worry about me.

I would dress in a kimono if we go on a dinner date.

I would wear onesies in winter.

I would wear super long sleeves and hoodies a lot, so I would be basically - adorable.

I would wish you good morning, good night, have a brilliant SHABAM! Day, and I would always bid you sweet dreams.

I would wear dresses for



you, even if the day is not formal.

I would cuddle with you on the couch, bed, grass, and wherever else - IDGAF -as long as I am in your arms.

I would kiss you on the temple.

I would not judge you for your body shape, your grades, your home life, your body modifications, your style, your weight or your weird quirks. If I love you - I love you.

You would not need abs, a perfect V in your hips, you would not need perfect hair, perfect popularity, perfect grades, perfect skin, and you wouldn't need long skinny legs. You needn't worry about your d*#k unless you were acting like one. And if so, I would smash you where the sun doesn't shine and all would be forgiven. You would not need to be a model to be beautiful in my eyes.

I would eat junk food and play video games with you.

I would have Nerf wars and water fights with you.

I would make your pets love me...so they'll miss me if I go.

If you smell good...you just become 371,950 times more attractive.

I would instantly turn into a nurse if you were hurt, and bandage you up.

I would watch all kinds of movies with you, even scary ones... so make it your plan to make me watch scary movies, so you'll be my teddy bear, and I will be your little shaking leaf.

We would go on wild and crazy adventures together!

I would buy you your favorite band t-shirt for your birthday.

and throw myself into your arms... I am sorry if I knock you over and give you a concussion...I would take you to a hospital if I do...

I would jump onto your back and wrap my limbs around you so I can get a piggyback.

If you had a cold, a fever, or the flu, I would come over and take care of you. I would make you soup and milk less lemon tea. I would tuck you into bed and lull you to sleep.

I would run up to you to hug you, except that I would not stop before I launch off the ground and throw myself into your arms... I am sorry if I knock you over and give you a concussion...I would take you to a hospital if I do...

You would always be on my mind.

If someone hurts you, I would hurt them, IDGAF if they are my friends or not.

I would run up to you to hug you, except that I would not stop before I launch off the ground

IDGAF if I get sick from you because you would get better. And then if I do, maybe you could take care of me.

Even if we eventually part ways...I would never forget you.



THERE'S HOPE

He never talked. And it wasn't any good for him keeping it bottled up; it made everything worse. It made him feel worse about himself.

ANONYMOUS

It was a nice sunny day when my dad ran away. I was too young to know what was happening then, but it all became clearer when he didn't come home for dinner.

The police came to my house. I was out the front

with my brother and sister when they came into my house with sprays. All I remember is that they scared the crap out of me.

Dad was in hospital for a long time. It made me scared and upset and I had never felt that bad in my life. Sometimes it seems like I don't feel any better, even though he is back. Knowing that I did not give that one special person the support that he needed, make me worry. Knowing that he felt so helpless that he wanted to try to take his own life. It was hard...it still feels hard.

He bottled everything up, both family problems and personal problems. I wonder, how difficult it must be when you feel like you have no one to talk to and you're not worth anything in this world. When you feel like you are not strong any more, even if you used to be strong, especially if you used to be really strong.

When he didn't come home for dinner I knew something was happening, I just couldn't work out what it was. He was staying at Nan's, and I wondered why? I was too young to understand straight away what had occurred. It wasn't until the day we

had to paint the house and clean it up to sell it that I understood how bad things really were, how sick he really was.

Are those the kind of feelings you would wish on your family? When it is not just you who feels low, but the guilt of affecting everyone else when they find out what was really going on with you. The guilt when everyone feels pain and sadness because they didn't see you needed help when you said, "I'm fine I'm going to bed". Everyone suffers. Not just the person who feels low.

People don't know what's going on inside your head, though they may know something is bothering you. Yell for help, don't bottle everything up, it is not healthy. If you are young, go to school, talk to a teacher or a friend, anyone who can get you help.

Ever since that day I have not felt the same, it has really gotten to me, knowing that I was so close to losing my dad. He was and still is everything to me. I may not have shown it, but deep down he was.

Looking at him today, I ask myself "is he okay?"

He tells me everything now, though sometimes I still feel like I am not doing

enough, or I am missing something that is bothering him.

It's really up to you to speak up if you have problems, please think about the people around you. They are going to suffer if you make the decision to end your life.

My dad was so good at putting a fake smile on his face. You wouldn't think anything was wrong, but really there was so much behind that smile that we did not see.

If you know anyone who is having family problems, personal problems or relationship problems, offer them help. If they have cuts on their arms or they don't seem like themselves, if they look low, tell someone who can assist them. While it is up to that person to speak up, as a friend, colleague or classmate you also need to be aware and help them seek out the support they need. I know it's hard, but talk to the people you trust about your problems and vent, it will make you feel so much better. If you think you need support, go to an adult or someone you trust and ask them for help. People care and they will help you. You are not alone and you should never feel alone.

The Untold Story Inside You

Fulfil is a weird word; it is a word with thousands of meanings, told by thousands of people, day in day out.

BY: JADE WATSON

One feeling it gives you is relief, relief of having that heavy load taken off your shoulders. Once that 'something' has evaporated it gives you the strength to tell the story that you hid inside, and once you do it makes you become aware that you are not alone.

Sounds easy don't it? Well, it is not. Hiding something in the back of your mind while it is working itself around your brain, eating you alive, is like an endless chase

between two people. It gets to you; it affects you in your everyday life. The untold story that lies within is pure agony, taunting at you, non-stop. There is no greater fear than your thoughts getting out and showing everyone your secrets; the secrets you hide.

You bare the struggle one day at a time hoping to find some kind of way to finally feel happy and relieve yourself of the pressure. But it is still not that simple because we all have stories. Some people have great big ones;

others have small ones; their untold stories and secrets that eat away at them at night. Sometimes you want them to go away... 'Wishful thinking', sometimes you never want them to fade away; better the devil you know.

But one day, one night, today, tomorrow or even a year from now, you will stand strong and pull through that agony that you feel; you will free yourself from your story and kick it out the door like a football. You will be able to hold your head up high and grab and hold that trophy you worked so hard for and be that happy, unique self you want to be.

Just keep in mind 'Life wasn't meant to be easy'. So live the life you want to live and don't let your untold story define you.



Sadness

BY: MOANIQUE ALISON

I've always had a feeling of sadness beside me, though it's never attacked me like the way it has now. Throughout the month of February it started getting worse. I felt miserable around people and in crowds, I wanted nothing but to be alone and at home.

In March and April the heavy pain got lighter, I felt a lot better about living, I thought I was finally happy, the pain was gone.

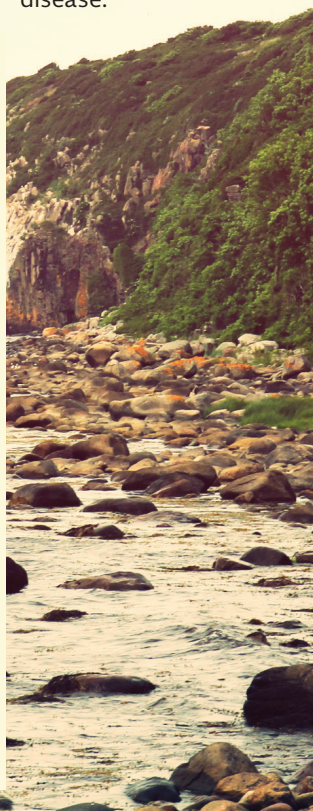
Then May arrived and it came back worse, worse than it had ever been. I lost control. Some weeks are better than others, but lots are terrible. Around people and in school

I feel miserable and out of place.

I don't know why this happens to me or what it is. I have a good life and most people would say I have nothing to complain about. I don't always feel sad, but I rarely feel happy. It is like a silent nothing, letting myself overthink the little things.

I hate this about myself, I want to feel happy and free. I want to be the person everyone loves and that is always glad. But I feel like everything is falling apart and its getting deeper every day. I want this pain to end. For this silent nothing to leave.

I need help but my screams are silent, my mouth stays shut. No one can hear silence, so how can they hear me. I don't think anyone could help me, explaining this is impossible. And I think: if I don't understand it, how can anyone cure my disease.



Buried Alive

BY: MONIQUE ALISON

Buried alive
The weight of the world
Crushing my paper lungs
Oxygen surrounds me yet
I cannot inhale
Without breathing in the
harshness
of the elements around
me

I try to move my limbs
But I am stuck
in this pit of misery
While creatures scurry by
They do not notice me
Perhaps they believe
I am already gone
Screaming for help is
exhausting




When nobody hears you
My hope of being res-
cued
from this grave of mine
Before I get the chance
to feel.



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As your local MP, I want to know what issues matter to you, and your ideas for improving our community. You can also get in touch with me if you need support, advice, or assistance with government services, and I'm keen to support local community groups and projects. Whatever you need, please give me a call or contact me online.



IT WILL GET BETTER

BY: JOSH HEWAT

When the time came for me to enter this world I was unfortunate enough to be lactose intolerant and my mother was unable to breastfeed me. So she got the best and most highly recommended baby mix however she was unaware that this mix didn't have iron in it. Weeks passed and it looked like I wasn't getting the appropriate sustenance,

so a woman who was thought to be a family friend decided to tell child services that my parents were mistreating their children. In doing so, she had my two older sisters and I taken from our parents and given to her.

For the next four years we lived with this woman. I cannot remember any of this, however, I have been told the same story from all

those involved. When my mother became pregnant with my little brother, my sisters and I were given back to our beloved parents.

For the next two years life was grand. We were a happy family and I personally was what can only be described as a little angel. That was until I had to start "big boy school" and things changed. I was so used

to being the same size as everyone, when all of a sudden I became a tiny person surrounded by giants. I was scared. And through the need to ensure my protection, and for no good reason, I decided to inflict harm on a boy in grade six. He was my "book buddy"; students would come from their class in the grade six building to our prep class and help us do "reading time". When he sat on the teachers' big soft chair and began to read to me I clenched my fist and rammed it straight between his legs causing an immediate reaction.

After being told off for that, I continued to inflict harm on others simply because it made me feel like nothing could stop me. Up until grade four I always bullied the students that were bigger than I was, but around then I started to pick on the smaller students as well. My most common form of bullying was to put people inside bins, or in extreme cases the dumpsters (I think there was some gesture to how I felt like rubbish so I wanted to make others feel like rubbish, too). Unfortunately I behaved like that until I started High School, when I was once again the tiny person surrounded by giants. This time though,

I thought I should use the chance to be better than I was before.

As I was going through high school I tried to be the funny guy in class, but alas that just made people think that I was an idiot. And as the saying goes "Get told you're a rock long enough eventually you turn to stone". As a result of constantly being told that I was an idiot, I just stopped trying and gave up on myself.

When mum found out that dad was going to move in with one of my sisters instead of coming back, she jumped on the next flight we could afford, leaving my little brother and I to look after each other and our nana. So now I was cooking dinner for the three of us, cleaning, doing the dishes and laundry plus on top of that I also had to get my brother up in the mornings and get him and myself ready for school. And I was fine with all that however, my nana saw this time as the perfect opportunity to get what she wanted (which was to live alone) and she put my brother and I on a plane back to Victoria. Things were changing pretty fast.

Now that I was eighteen and forced to leave a school, when I was doing really well, I decided that I should try

and get a job. My job search agency told me that I needed a Cert III in something, so they sent me to Vic Uni to study Furniture Making and Finishing, but that didn't work out. My job search agency then put me on work for the dole, where I had to sew and stitch up new dresses for aspiring ballerinas and young actors.

Eventually I got sick of being constantly badgered over not doing the sequins tight enough and left. Next I was sent to a soup kitchen to cook for the homeless, which I was more than happy to do, however, the same people who ran the sowing ran it. After two weeks of being told I was a pansy for not being able to keep up with sowing I left there too. By this time I thought I might try school one more time and I was accepted in to a place called Wyndham C.E.C. When I arrived I thought it was just another school (boy was I WRONG) not only am I now doing better in school than I have ever done before, I also have a great group of mates and WCEC is like a home away from home. I've learnt that if you push through all that crap and try as hard as you can things will eventually get better!



Have you ever just sat there while were feeling down in the dumps and wished you were someone rich and powerful, or a famous actor/actress or even a singer/rapper?

Make the Change for YOU

BY: LIAM CURTIN

I know I have. What many of us forget to think about is that most of those people were or still are, just like you and me. They too, went to school five days a week, went out with friends on weekends and even went out on dates; before their lives were

defined by personal assistants and publicists.

Or do you think of people who have less than what we ever could imagine living without; and think 'what am I worried about?' The kind of people who are not famous, the kind of really special people who experienced stuff

that most of us wouldn't even want to experience in our wildest dreams, let alone as a kids growing up.

Do you ever think, these are the people we should strive to be like; these are the people who should be famous! The kind of people who, despite what happened to



them and what they went through, have soldiered on. People who have followed their dreams and realised that it is not where you come from, or what you have been through; it is what you do when you reach your destination.

Have you ever wanted to do something really

bad, but then came upon an obstacle and instead of overcoming it, you rolled over and died? Well, maybe not so dramatic, but I mean, you gave up. You chose an easier path. Now imagine, if your favourite role model had given up and not followed their dreams.

I guess there are countless examples of people who have done just that, but we have never heard about them. We know the people who have pushed through, the ones who live through the obstacles and found something to cherish on the other side. We all have the choice to give in, which path would you want to take.

I feel that it isn't success that breeds success, its failure that does. It gives the people that are born into areas that are considered a lost cause or a failure a view of rock bottom. They know what it is like to have nothing, or to have lost it all; they understand the value of success. It is these people that are the strongest of mankind; they have so much more motivation to become something better; not just for them, but for their loved ones. They

make something better out of themselves.

They don't give up because the path they follow was not beaten for them. They show others that if you really want to be different and succeed it is not where you are, how you grew up or how you were raised that is stopping you. The only person or thing stopping you from being something better; is you. Only you can change your future. Nothing is set in stone.

Dr. Seuss once said, "Unless someone like you, cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It's not." This is possibly the best quote for any situation, because in reality the only person who really cares what happens to your life is you. You are the only one who can change you. Your family can help, but no matter what happens, the first step starts with you. **IT ALL STARTS WITH YOU!** So really the only thing stopping you from being that person you wish you were, is you. Make the change, not for your family, not for your friends, not even for the people you want to impress, make the change for.

Spreading Rumors is like Spreading Darkness

BY: PATRICK SILVA

I think when it comes to rumors getting spread, it's pretty much spreading darkness as well. The reason I think that is because I have been through it at school, like someone spread a rumor about me that was true, but yet people believed it even though they didn't know if it was true or not. I had people looking at me weirdly, though I did not know why. I was so paranoid about what people were saying about me.

I couldn't figure out what was going on, I asked myself, what was happening and why it was happening to me? Why people were looking at me laughing and pointing at me? I needed to know what was going on, I didn't feel like it was fair that people were staring, laughing and pointing at me. So I asked one of my friends "Hey do you know what's going on, why are people staring at me and laughing?" My friend said

to me "bro there's a rumor going around saying that your dad left you because he didn't want anything to do with you. is that true?"

When he told me that, I broke down in tears and felt as if darkness was hovering around me as if it was a spirit or a ghost. I thought to myself, what is this feeling, like I know what the tears are for and that's from emotion, but this other feeling that was consuming me - what was it? And then I figured it out, it was darkness; what I was feeling was darkness this whole time.

I tried to think about where it could have come from; it couldn't just be from feelings of sadness, could it? Then I realized it was from anger, anger is what brought the darkness to me. It consumed me with every single bite. It took out my heart and soul.

That is why I think that spreading rumors is like

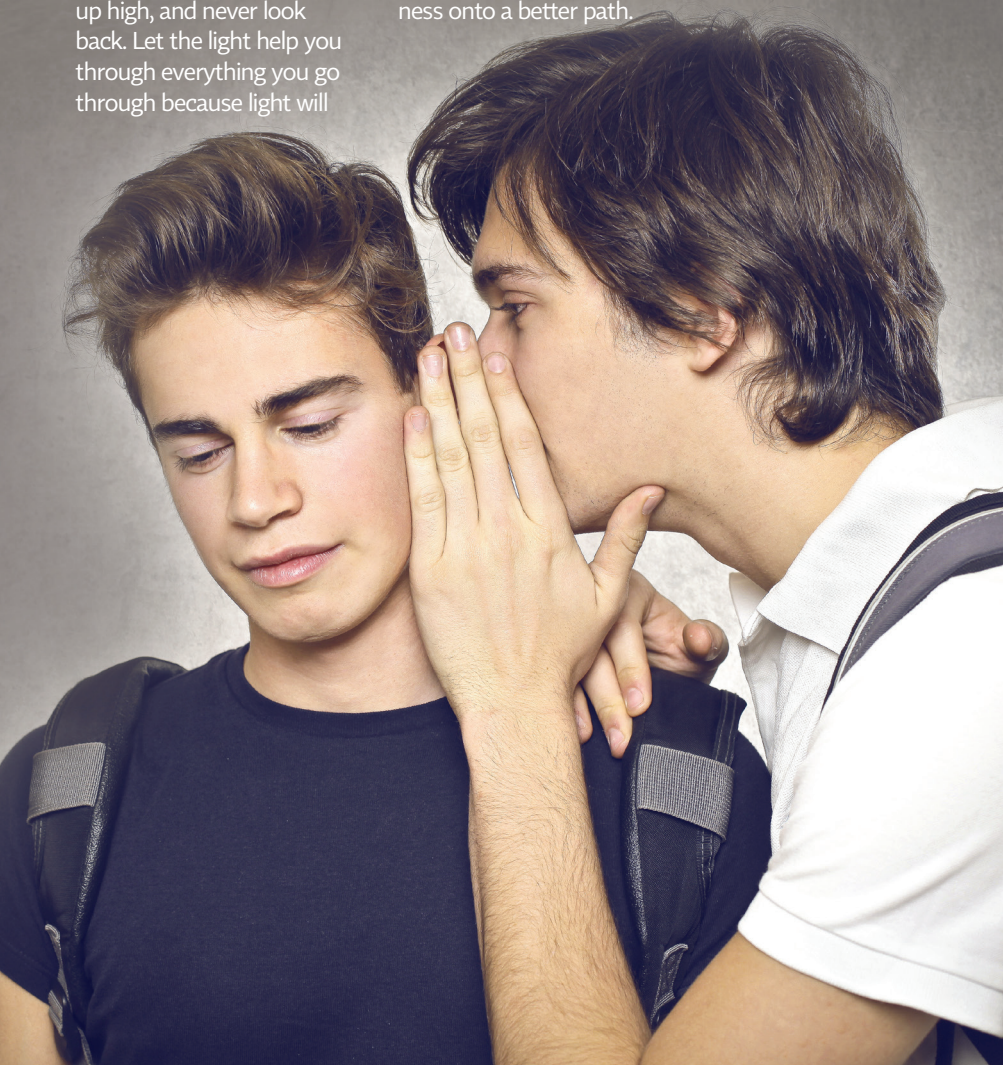
spreading darkness, because darkness consumed me because of the rumors that were going around about me. Darkness found me, and my anger decided to bring it closer and closer to me. With every single person that looked at me, stared at me and laughed at me, the anger grew and the darkness stopped and turned to me and it decided that I should be its next victim.

To the people who have experienced these feelings, don't let your anger get to the point where darkness is your only friend, because it isn't. Light is your friend and always will be your friend no matter what. Darkness just comes to you because you have hate and anger within you, but light comes to you when you need it the most. Why do you think we have people that care about us when we need them the most? It's because they have light in them

and that's what light does - it shines bright and brings kindness and generosity from others.

Take it from me; don't let rumors get you to consume darkness. Hold your head up high, and never look back. Let the light help you through everything you go through because light will

always shine through and prevail over darkness. Picture this: life is a tunnel and its full of darkness yeah? Wrong!! Your heart and soul have so much light inside, they shine through the darkness onto a better path.





Daddy's Little GIRL

Daddy where have you been? It's been twelve years without you, twelve years of pain, twelve years of not being able to hear your voice.

BY: SHAYANNE MOXHAM

Death is such a painful thing. We all know what it is; we've all seen it and we've all experienced the heartache. Nothing hurts more than knowing you're not here. Everyday I've been missing you. Everyday I've been thinking of you.

You never leave my mind. You broke my heart long before any other boy had the chance to. You were supposed to be the one to warn boys to never hurt me.

I was only four when you passed away, but it still feels like the angels only took you away from me yesterday. I remember those nights when you would come into my room, tuck me into bed and kiss me goodnight. Now when I go to sleep at night, you're not there.

For a few months after you left, I didn't know exactly where you went. Every night I was hoping and praying that you'd come back, hoping you were only on a short trip somewhere and you'd be coming back home to see your baby girl and your family. Our family. I wished I could build a stairway to heaven, so I could go up and visit you whenever I wanted to.

As I was growing up, I had so many things I wanted to tell you, so many things to ask you. It would drive me insane knowing I couldn't. 'Why did you leave me dad? Are you proud of me? Do you miss me?' All these questions were left unanswered for years, until last year.

In September 2014, I flew up to see Nan. I asked her if we could see a clairvoyant and surprisingly she said yes. We got a meeting with a lady who didn't live too far away.

At the start of the session she was seeing things that would either relate to me or mean something to me. She only knew my name and age. She told me so many things that left me speechless. Towards the end, the spirits started coming through her. She saw a young girl who said she's with me often and likes the soft toys on my bed. I knew exactly who it was, it was Samantha, my best friend, the only friend I had in primary school that passed away from cancer when we were in grade 3. 'She's pointing to a picture in a metal frame beside your bed.' the woman said to me. I knew the picture. It was the photo of you and I, Dad.

Samantha knew how much I went through when you passed away, how desperate I was just to be able to speak to you again, and I figured that was Samantha's way of telling the clairvoyant that I wanted you to come through. 'Did your dad pass away?' She asked me. I started sobbing and nodding my head. 'Well he is here' she said, 'he is right beside you, between you and your Nan.'

I got chills straight away and a feeling as if someone was putting their hand on my shoulder. I knew you were really there. Then the lady started laughing and said the first thing that you wanted to say to me was 'I can sing better than you.' Nan and I started laughing too. 'I see how serious you are when you sing, throwing your arms in the air, dancing and being silly', you said. I couldn't believe it. Nan turned around to me and asked me if I did that, I thought, you're telling my secrets, but I laughed and said yes.

'I do watch over you, I saw how you use to be in your room and kept asking and screaming, asking why I left. I didn't know I had a bad heart.' I couldn't believe it, this was something

no one else could know. My dad passed away from Sudden Arrhythmic Death Syndrome, which involves the heart pumping faster or slower to the point it can no longer pump blood and stops.

This lady started laughing again. 'He tells me that he sees how you look up and down at boys and just think "Nah". He says that's my girl.' So much more was said, all my questions were slowly answered, and it was like a massive weight had been lifted off my shoulders. She told me you were fading and that if I had anything else to say, to say it now. My final question was, 'Dad, are you proud of me?' I waited for a few seconds, shaking, wondering what you were going to say next. 'He said, even if you were the worst girl on the block, I'll always be proud of my little girl.'

It was the greatest experience of my life. After 11 years I finally got to be able to talk to my dad again. I couldn't have been more thankful for Nan taking me to see this lady. I finally had the opportunity to have my questions answered and after that I knew, that I will always be daddy's little girl.



UNEMPLOYED AND OVER IT

As one of the biggest issues in Australia right now, I feel as though covering the topic of youth unemployment is not only essential, but vital. It is at its all-time high since 2002 and has reached a staggering 13.2% juxtaposed to this time last year when it was only at 12.3%. It is becoming more and more difficult for youth to obtain any sort of employment because of the demands of employers wanting experience, but how do you gain experience, when no one will give you a chance to gain any?

BY: JESS RAE

As this issue has taken a soaring rise for the ages of 15-24, addressing it and making it a commonly conversed topic will increase the chances of it becoming a less ignored issue, but

more of a targeted goal for everyone to contribute to resolving. If you're struggling to find work and feeling stressed do not lose hope. It may seem like one of the biggest emotional

battles you're facing, but it won't last forever. Be confident in your ability to take control, it will be easier than you think, and remember you are not alone in your struggles.

+ PBYM V.2

Actively Looking For Work

Consistency is the key. Setting goals for how many jobs you apply for each day is one of the most effective ways to receive call backs for employment positions, and radically increases your chances above others. If you make a routine to apply for a certain amount of jobs a day, you can raise the chances of you gaining employment sooner than you think. Now I'm not talking about two or three jobs a day, I'm talking at least 6-10 as a minimum, as it may take applying for 50 jobs to receive one call back for a

possible interview.

It's a time consuming process in the beginning, but once you get started it'll be a daily habit and become much easier as you do it. When it comes to actively looking for work, there are two initial ways to do so. One is by online applications on common job searching and company sites. Second is through face-to-face contact with your hard copy resume. Both are just as effective depending on the employer's personal preference, as some only hire through online submission or vice versa.

TIP: Remind yourself how much you want to

work and don't give up. If you put in the time and effort, you will get results.

Updated Resume

If it may be that you do not have a resume, you will most definitely need one without question. This is a crucial part of finding employment as almost every employer will hire through application of resume submission. A resume informs employers of all necessary information that is relevant within their recruitment process. Altering your resume for the different positions you apply for can have a positive effect on your application as employers like to see your



dedication to that field of work. For example, if you are applying for a receptionist role, you would solely base your skills, objectives and qualities around that position.

If you already have a resume remember to always keep it updated with all your skills, certificates etc. Take out anything that may seem irrelevant in terms of applying for jobs, and most importantly do not lie. Putting any false information on your resume will impact you greatly when an employer asks you in an interview to expand on something you may have lied about and you cannot answer due to it being untruthful. Honesty will get you a long way in your career.

TIP: Make your resume stands out from others and give employers something they'll remember, it's all about first impression. If you have a sloppy resume, employers will assume you as being the same.

Getting Out Of Your Comfort Zone

Sometimes we set our hearts out on one specific goal. This is excellent. But when it comes to limiting

ourselves on a particular industry when searching for work, it can lower the chances even more of hearing something back from a possible employer. Getting out of your comfort zone and opening up your options to other industries can significantly increase your opportunities to gain work, expand your skills and experience and additionally, can be added to your resume later on. As a matter of fact, the more experience you gain in the work force when you're young will remarkably help you in the future if you're looking for work. This brings me to my next point.

Your first job is always important. This is the first step into your working life and can have huge impact when looking for jobs in the future. Around Australia the minimum legal working age varies depending on the type of business, duties or what state you're living in, but first jobs are common at around the age of 15. If you're in-between the age of 15 and 18, it is much easier to gain employment.

The reason being is that it costs companies and organizations much

less to pay people in this age group. Furthermore making it more difficult to find work if your over 18 as you need to legally be paid a certain amount of money which is much more than someone in a younger age class.

So if you're age falls into the 15 to 18 category, choose wisely when acquiring your first job. The skills that you learn and the field of work you select will greatly impact on how and if people want to hire you in the future. However, if you're above the age of 18 with experience or not, there is no reason to stress. It will be a harder process but there is still work out there for you, and if you have no working experience, you still have a chance to gain some.

Volunteering For Experience

You must work hard to achieve your goals, nothing comes for free. Unless you volunteer! Giving your time for not even a single dime is one of the best things to have on your resume because it shows dedication and determination to work. When employers look at your CV, seeing voluntary

+ PBYM V.2

work will greatly spark their interest as that is usually the type of people they are looking for to be apart of their company. Common places to volunteer are community cen-

ters and charity stores that are constantly looking for helping hands, and at the same time can help you by giving something back.

The experience you gain is typically customer

service and sales, which is a fantastic line of work as there are many jobs out there in these fields and having experience on your side will build your confidence when starting new jobs. Therefore giving your time for free and getting something back in return other than money is still very fulfilling in your journey to find employment.

TIP: By volunteering this will keep you busy and get you into a regular working routine.

The pressure on Australia's youth to gain employment is soaring, making them feel stressed, overwhelmed and causing them to become less motivated and increasing depression numbers nation-wide. We need to remind the youth of Australia to not lose hope, and that their chance will come. Ensuring that future generations are secure, steady and strong is essential for the nation's overall stability and future. Be sure to do everything you can to find work, be diligent, innovative and overall be confident. You can do this.



THE FALLEN

BY: LIAM PRATO



As humans we live and we die. The people whose death we should honour the most are the soldiers, the airmen, the seaman, the police officers and the firemen; the ones who sacrificed so much for the greater good of society. They are heroes in the truest sense of the word. We should honour their courage and their deaths should not be in vain.

The brothers, the sisters, the fathers and the

mothers, the people who have lay down their lives for us; these people help us remember what it is to be human. It is our duty and it is our honour to remember these heroes that have fallen. Even if we do not recognise them and even if we never had the opportunity to be in their presence; they are the ones we must always remember.

And then there is our family, our friends and the people who touch our lives, whether in a small way or a big way - the

ones that shape our lives. Whether it be a teacher, or a girl who asks how you are today, or a five year old saying they want to be like you when they grow up. Such moments are moments we will cherish and always remember; those moments help us appreciate humanity and appreciate our lives. Always remember your family, never forget your friends, and honour, give thanks and never forget the heroes that have fallen.



NO IDEA

Every relationship has its problems, some greater than others, some with more sensitive things to pull through. Everybody is affected by things in different ways, and some relationships are just not worth fighting for. A lot of us, unfortunately, don't realize this until it's too late; women are really good at doing this.

ANONYMOUS

This is coming from a woman's perspective, as I don't know boys as well as I would like, and all the boys are different anyway. There is always a guy, no matter your situation, whether it be a boyfriend, or a husband or even just a crush, and generally, 98% of the time, these situations never end well.

What not many people realize, especially women, is we've all been in similar situations at one point in our lives. Often, as teenagers we're getting cheated on (in more ways than one), used or abused. All cases are different, and everybody is different, consider that before reading this, as people will react differently to the same story. But this is my story, my personal perspective, reactions and feelings.

Most women would agree that they have been in a shitty relationship of some sort, at least once in their life, and unfortunately, due to how much attention younger people demand these days, girls are going through this crap too early and too often. Almost any woman that is single has a story to tell, and there are usually more bad ones than good ones.

Rape is one of those stories, especially in relationships, and thanks to evil and judgmental people "if you have sex in a relationship, there is no rape as you had been committed to the person". Sex is way too exploited these days, hence why sexual assault crimes are going up faster than ever. Chuck on a pair of short

shorts and a singlet top and all of a sudden you're a slut and you're asking for sex all the time. People seem to forget humans began naked, without clothes. A massive problem is that so many women don't report sexual assault crimes, so the statistics will never be correct. We must all speak up for the assaults to end!

We are women, which makes us human beings, not sex machines, which is what most people, especially boys, think these days.

I was recently in a relationship, I'm sure you could picture how that went. It's not like I was beaten to a pulp or anything, but there was emotional abuse. I entered the relationship willing to commit completely

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and give it my all; I was determined to make it last a very long time, which of course didn't happen.

I felt so unwanted and

used in the relationship, I would often go on Facebook, stupidly, to either vent to friends or ask for help. When I was with him I felt happy in his presence, but he never put me first and he never listened to me, respected me, cared about me, did anything for me, he accused me of things that I didn't do, didn't respect me family, my house rules and only ever made me feel worse about negative situations.

Some nasty things happened in that relationship, so I can only suggest from personal experience, if you are in a similar situation get the hell out and do everything you possibly can to erase that person from your life. Furthermore, don't allow people like that back in your life - if you do the cycle will constantly be repeating itself. Take control of yourself again. This is how I'm moving on from that, so find a way you can move on, but don't get your hands dirty whatever you do. Women are especially strong in the head so anyone can pull through a bad situation, don't let anyone walk all over you, the only person in charge of you, is you, and don't you ever forget that!

BROKEN WORLD

The image features a large, cracked, dry earth surface in the foreground, extending to a horizon under a blue sky with scattered clouds. The title 'BROKEN WORLD' is superimposed on the upper half of the image. 'BROKEN' is in a smaller, dark, distressed font, while 'WORLD' is in a much larger, bold, red, distressed font that appears to be bleeding into the sky and clouds.

What happens when you take a person in a perfect environment and use good to deceive them into doing something they shouldn't? You get what happened at the Garden of Eden. Hey don't stop now. I know I just lost about eighty percent of you but, wait for the follow through before you decide to it all throw away as 'religious stupidity'. Through the great sands of time we are exposed to the same messages in different forms, for your consideration, here is my choice of literature

BY: TRISTAN HOWARD

The serpent was the shrewdest of all the wild animals the Lord God had made. One day he asked the woman, "Did God really say you must not eat the fruit from any of the trees in the garden?"

That's a fair question: "Of course we may eat fruit from the trees in the garden," the woman replied. "It's only the fruit from the tree in the middle of the garden that we are not allowed to eat. God said, 'You must not eat it or even touch it; if you do, you will die.'"

"You won't die!" the serpent replied to the woman. "God knows that your eyes will be opened as soon as you eat it, and you will be like God, knowing both good and evil." - Genesis 3:1-4

He's right, she won't die. Here's the kicker: God never said 'you touch, you die'. No, this is what He said:

The Lord God placed the man in the Garden of Eden to tend and watch over it. But the Lord God warned him, "You may freely eat the fruit of every tree in the garden — except the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. **If you eat its fruit**, you are sure to die." Genesis 2:15-17

But he still said 'you eat it, you die', what gives? We know they don't, but really

why the hell did 'God' lie?

He didn't lie, but we aren't there yet. Let's go back to Genesis 3:

The woman was convinced. She saw that the tree was **beautiful** and its fruit **looked delicious**, and she wanted the wisdom it would give her. So she took some of the fruit and ate it. Then she gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate it, too. - Genesis 3:6

Hold up, Satan used good to deceive Eve? Yeah, now consider this: how much easier is it for Satan to use apparent good in a broken world? There is no telling how much easier it is. What was and still is his objective? To separate us from God. Let me clarify a bit:

HOLD UP, SATAN USED GOOD TO DECEIVE EVE YEAH, NOW CONSIDER THIS: HOW MUCH EASIER IS IT FOR SATAN TO USE APPARENT GOOD IN A BROKEN WORLD

At that moment their eyes were opened, and they suddenly felt shame at their nakedness. So they sewed fig leaves together to cover themselves

This is just after they ate the fruit.

When the cool evening

breezes were blowing, the man and his wife heard the Lord God walking about in the garden. So they hid from the Lord God among the trees. Then the Lord God called to the man, "Where are you?" - Genesis 3:7-9

God knew where they were, His Omni presence (Literally His EVERYWHERE presence.) shows Him where they are, but he was asking where they were in his, get this, manifest presence. This is the presence that shows up when he decides to make himself known. Kind of like when you have that friend where everything becomes awesome when he shows up. That's God's manifest presence. Adam and Eve

fell out of the latter of the two because Satan had caused them and inherently us to become separated from God on a spiritual level. That's why God asked where they were. They had died spiritually not physically.

Understand that at the time the angels also had freedom of choice, Lucifer (now Satan) was the third arc-angel. You had Gabriel - the Messenger, Michael - the Protector and Lucifer - the Worshipper. Lucifer got greedy and wanted what we have (our inheritance from God, yeah feel special) and rebelled, failing he sought vengeance and ta-da, Adam and Eve got kicked out of the Garden of Eden as a result. You have to understand, he hates us, because we get what he wants and is jealous of our inheritance. We also get the task he was supposed to do but with a slight difference.

It's different in the sense that we have the option of wanting him. So you understand, when someone needs you, it's not the same when someone wants you. It is far better to be wanted than to be needed. I've travelled more than most people my age reading this. It is far better to be wanted.

As far as worship is concerned, it doesn't have to be singing (let's face it, I can't carry a note unless I'm harmonising with my sister who can sing quite well). What it does cover are things you are good at, like say you are an amazing teacher, a great programmer or anything else. That's

all apart of worship. So many Christians haven't made that connection. From being polite in the street to just ignoring the guy insulting you to no end. I am not perfect in that, I won't lie about that.

To those who still think I'm wrong or are looking at this with disdain and/or disgust at me or some of the other people involved with this magazine: You think I'm wrong and an idiot, that's ok, you are entitled to your view. Do not ignore the fact that there's another side of the coin.

If you aren't following that well here are some points:

NUMBER ONE **Trust but verify.**

I know, 'ugh boring'. If you get yourself into that habit you'll start to see things a lot more clearly. Eve didn't go and check with God with what Adam said about the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, she could've but didn't. Because of this both Adam and Eve fell out of the Holy Spirit's presence.

NUMBER TWO **Own up.**

Yeah, the hardest thing to do is to own up when you mess up. And I don't mean, "oh, sorry man, I should've



asked first” I mean even when you let’s say crash your dad’s car or worse. When God asked if they had eaten the fruit, they admitted it. Although there was some passing of the ubiquitous buck, they still did the wrong thing. And owned up for it. They could have lied but didn’t.

NUMBER THREE **Accept the consequences.**

It’s one thing to say “I did that, if you take xyz away, I’ll bash ya head in”(Which is basically most ‘teenagers’ today), it’s another to be humble and accept the repercussions (or the punishment) as a result of your actions or lack thereof without complaining. Better yet ask, ‘What do I need to do to make it up to you’ or ‘what is this going to cost me’ be calm and none aggressive in your tone.

At the end of the day when all is said and done, do you know where you consistently stand? If that is a no or if you are interested in learning more of this kind of Christianity, get connected to any ACC (Australian Christian Churches) affiliated church like Enjoy or Hillsong. (acc.org.au/find-a-church/ if you wish to look yourself).

‘But I’m not Holy enough’ or ‘If I go, the building will burn down.’

You can’t be more wrong in that...EVER.

Ah the Bible is rife with symbolism that is, an action that has deeper meaning to it. For this explanation, I go to a rather unique leaper.

PLEASE SEARCH, LEARN, GROW, EXPLORE, AND THINK DEEPLY.

Large crowds followed Jesus as he came down the mountainside. Suddenly, a man with leprosy approached him and knelt before him. “Lord,” the man said, “if you are willing, you can heal me and make me clean.”

Jesus reached out and touched him. “I am willing,” he said. “Be healed!” And instantly the leprosy disappeared. - Matthew 8:1-3

Leprosy is an ugly affliction it causes lack of feeling in the body as a result the infected person usually has damage to the arms and legs as a result of feeling no pain. At the time, those with the disease were placed into ‘leper colonies’ this was basically a life sentence in a Russian military prison

(according to the stereo types).

This is where order of importance comes in; if you look at verse three, you should notice that Jesus reached out and touched him before he even said a single word to the man. This is why he had been

healed; he came as he was. No ‘hail marries’ or fasting or any prayer done before hand, hell his life was more in the tubes than yours. But he was still accepted, he was still healed, he was still loved by God. You may not think you are loved by Him. But I know you are.

Please search, learn, grow, explore, and think deeply. One of the best parts about being human is our capacity to actually ask questions and learn. I leave you with this: The world may seem broken, but on a deeper level it could never be more complete. So, gay, straight, smart, stupid, rich, poor, whoever or whatever you believe, God bless you and keep you well, all the days of your life.

A Page of Thoughts

BY: ALLIE PEREYRA

Sometimes, I feel like a fifth wheel – only used when another wheel is broken or lost, but otherwise ignored and neglected.

I really want to tell people how I really feel. I want to scream and curse and vent my true feelings without the fear of being judged. But that's the problem. I

am afraid. I'm terrified that people will judge me, that won't want to be around me anymore.

Never let the fear of falling stop you from trying to touch the stars.

When somebody loved me, everything was beautiful.

I don't think it's all that

good for people who've just broken up to keep going as friends. It's not that I think they should be enemies, not at all! It's just that, seeing them there each day, it would just be a constant reminder of what you had, what you lost, and what you might never gain again, and that, can be one of the worst pains of all.

It is not life that is cruel. It is the people in life that can be cruel, and the cruel things they do.

Some people are like dementors. When they get too close, they leech you of your happiness and leave you feeling sad and moody.

Sometimes, I wish I could brace myself for when she gets home, because as soon as she steps through the door, my good mood ends.

"How are you?" "I'm fine!"... But what if I'm not telling the truth?"

People always ask, "Are you okay?" to those who look down. But sometimes, it's those who look happy who are the least okay.

Some people are like coconuts. They can be quite hard and rough on the outside, but on the inside, they're really soft and sweet!



I wish they would let me voice my opinions without judging me. Don't I have the right to speak up when I don't feel happy?

Sometimes it is the smallest things that matter most.

I think it's funny that when the toys heard, "Andy's coming!" they would run away and hide. But if Black Veil Brides fans hear "Andy's coming!"... they would STAMPEDE!

Change is everything.

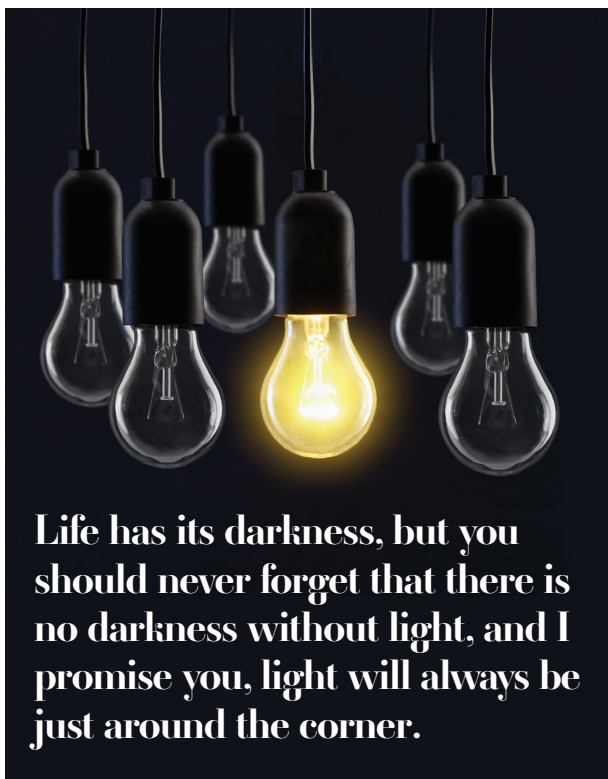
The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step

Why do horrible things happen to amazing people?

Your creativity levels get higher when you are tired.

When you're listening to music while writing something, and you start writing the lyrics.

That ONE love that stays with you forever, no matter what happens.



Stop trying to convince me of my feelings. I know how I feel. I don't need you to stand there and plant words in my mouth.

Please don't kill the butterfly.

Your past is what makes you who you are.

People do know what they're saying, but sometimes they're not aware of how their words make others feel.

Some people are afraid to cry, for fear of being called weak, but I think that possessing the ability to show your true feelings is pure bravery and pure strength.

They say we are what we are, but we don't have to be. Our lives aren't set in stone, and we all have a choice, to live our own lives and write our own stories.

TEENAGE DEPRESSION

The New Common Cold?

BY: SAM BODDEKE

Teenage depression is a serious medical condition. One in every five women and one in every eight men will experience depression at some time during their life. The onset of teenage depression typically occurs around mid to late adolescence. It is crucial to recognise the early symptoms and signs of teenage depression as early intervention can often prevent the development of a severe depressive illness. Just like a physical illness, depression is curable with the effective treatment.



Depression can be broken down into five major sub sections;

- Major Depression;
- Psychotic Depression;
- Bipolar Disorder;
- Dysthymia and;
- Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD)

MAJOR DEPRESSION

A person suffering from major depression would experience symptoms most days, lasting for at least two weeks. Left untreated however, these symptoms would ultimately a lot longer.

PSYCHOTIC DEPRESSION

A person suffering from psychotic depression may experience hallucinations and lose touch with reality.

BIPOLAR DISORDER

Someone with bipolar disorder usually experiences periods of depression, punctuated by manic episodes with periods of normal moods in - between. Manic behaviour is the complete opposite of depressive behaviour.

DYSTHYMIA

Dysthymia is very similar to major depression, though tends to be less severe. Despite lacking the severity of major depression, dysthymia does tend to last longer.

SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER (SAD)

Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) is categorized as a mood disorder and has

a recognisable seasonal pattern to the illness. The cause is somewhat unclear, however experts believe it is related to the variations in light during different seasons. Symptoms include mood disturbances of either depression or mania.

Anxiety disorders are another group of mental health problems. These include generalised anxiety disorders, social phobias, specific phobias (eg. agoraphobia and claustrophobia), panic disorders, obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD) and posttraumatic stress disorder. Untreated anxiety disorders can lead to depression. It is important to realise however, that not all anxiety is a disorder. We all experience anxiety and fear at times. These are normal, even helpful human emotions assisting us to deal with danger, sadness, etc. Symptoms of anxiety may include trembling, sweating, faintness, rapid heartbeat, respiratory difficulties, nausea and even choking.

If you are feeling sad, down or miserable, and these feelings are present most of the time, or if you have lost interest in your usual activities or are experiencing either behavioural or physical symptoms, you



may actually be suffering from clinical depression. Behavioural symptoms may include reclusiveness, reduced work or school effort, reliance on drugs or alcohol and withdrawing from family and friends. Physical symptoms may include fatigue or insomnia, nausea, loss or change in appetite and significant weight loss or gain. Of course, it is important to note that not everyone will experience all of these symptoms.

Although possible, depression does not generally result from a single event, but a mixture of recent and/or long term events. Depression causes a chemical imbalance in the brain. Contributing factors might include personal/life events, family history, personality, medical illness, or drug and/or alcohol abuse. It is not always possible to identify the cause of depression, however the most important thing is to recognise the symptoms and seek the appropriate support.

During the past few years, I started to notice that many of my family and friends had been diagnosed with mental health issues. This led to me wondering, 'is teenage depression being diagnosed too readily?, are

normal negative feelings being interpreted as a depressive illness?, or are the ever increasing pressures and problems of today's society actually causing more people than ever before to suffer from clinical depression?' In researching this issue, I came to the conclusion that in today's world, with increasing levels of unemployment, peer pressure, bullying, personal/

ALTHOUGH POSSIBLE, DEPRESSION DOES NOT GENERALLY RESULT FROM A SINGLE EVENT, BUT A MIXTURE OF RECENT AND/OR LONG TERM EVENTS.

life events, parental/family issues, along with many other factors, the incidence of teenage depression is skyrocketing, and statistics suggest these figures will continue to rise.

Key points to remember about teenage depression

include; depression is constant feelings of dejection and loss, there are different types of depression with varying symptoms, and the cause of depression is not always possible to pinpoint. Acknowledging the symptoms and finding the necessary support and assistance is paramount in combating this illness. Delays in seeking treatment can result in worsening of the condition and can make the illness far more difficult to treat.

There are many places within the community where a person who feels that either they, or someone close to them, may be suffering from depression, can access the help and support they need. Some of these resources include your local doctor (GP), school councillors, local community health/youth centres, and youth organisations such as Headspace. There are also phone lines set up where anonymity can be maintained, such as Lifeline (13 11 14), Kids Helpline (1800 55 1800), and Suicide Prevention Line (1300 657 251). Websites are also available such as www.beyondblue.com, www.headspace.com, and www.betterhealth.vic.gov.au.



CHOROPHOBIA
IS THE FEAR OF
DANCING.

15

BY: JACK BODDEKE

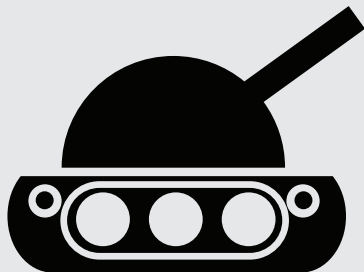
**MIND BOGGLING
FACTS!**



A
SNAIL
CAN SLEEP
FOR THREE
YEARS.



EVERY MINUTE,
TWO DAYS
WORTH OF FOOT-
AGE IS UPLOADED
TO YOUTUBE.



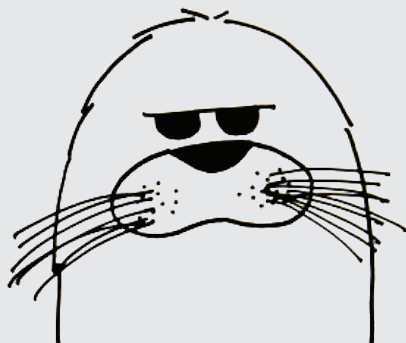
SINCE 1945, ALL
BRITISH TANKS NOW
COME WITH
TEA MAKING
EQUIPMENT.



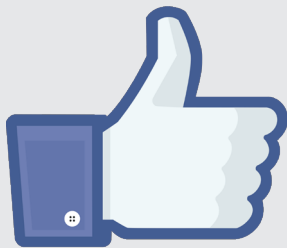
A MOSQUITO
HAS
47 TEETH.

OTTERS

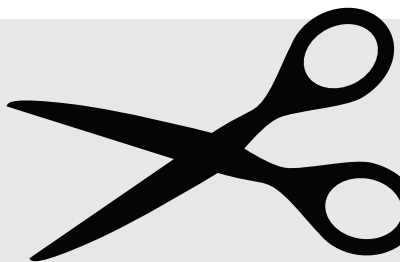
SLEEP HOLDING
HANDS.



FACEBOOK ENGINEERS
ORIGINALLY WANTED TO
CALL THE “**LIKE**” BUTTON
THE “**AWESOME**”
BUTTON. I WISH THEY HAD.

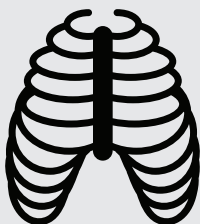


**COTTON
CANDY**
WAS INVENTED BY
A DENTIST.



**LEONARDO
DA VINCI**
INVENTED
SCISSORS

IF YOU **SNEEZE
TOO HARD**,
YOU CAN
FRACTURE A RIB.



COKE
WOULD
BE
GREEN
IF THEY
DIDN'T
ADD
COLOUR-
ING TO IT.

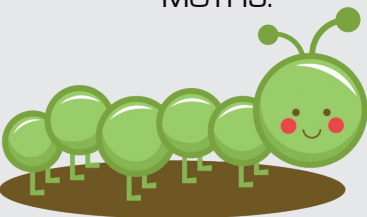


THE WORLD'S
LONGEST MUSI-
CAL PIECE LAST
639 YEARS.



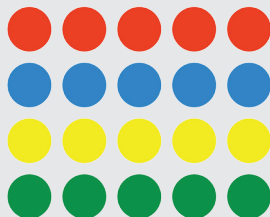
**CATERPILLARS
COMPLETELY
LIQUEFY**

AS THEY TRANS-
FORM INTO
MOTHS.



BECAUSE OF THE TIME
IT TAKES FOR YOUR
BRAIN TO REGISTER
INFORMATION, **YOU**
ACTUALLY READ
THIS EIGHTY
MILLISECONDS AGO.

WHEN **TWISTER**
WAS FIRST INTRO-
DUCED IN 1966, IT
WAS CRITICIZED BY
CRITICS AS “SEX IN
A BOX.”



WITH A FACE OF CHISELED STONE

BY: JASMINE RIZZO

The memories stalk me,
like a tigress after her
prey:

The tongues of flame,
merciless in their wraith,
blacken the aged wood
with each fiery lick.

The pungent scent of
burning flesh
as skin blistered amongst
the rolling waves of
smoke,
clouding the once starlit
sky.

The horrific sound of
men
screaming,
reverted to children in
the wake of the inferno –
honor and masculinity
does not
survive such horrors.

As I stumbled with legs
numb
and distant mind.

Unable to comprehend
the gravity of the chaos
surrounding me,
my eyes fixed upon
something

– someone –
with a face of chiseled
stone
and eyes glowing daggers
piercing through the
darkness.

She stood,
gazing upon me,
watching;
studying me with keen
intensity.

I wanted to run, but
something kept me.
Our eyes locked.
Silence.

No longer did the echoes
of terror cloud my mind.
No longer
could I smell the smoke.
I didn't feel the heat of
the fire.

I felt cold; comfortably
cold.

I was disconnected to
the world around me,
yet somehow more alert
than I had ever been. For
when I looked into those
eyes

I saw not an enemy,
but an ally. Somehow I
felt acceptance
in those cold silver eyes
– but there was some-
thing more;
something that to this
day I can't understand.

Federation

UNIVERSITY • AUSTRALIA



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OVER 400 PROGRAMS

from short courses to degrees and beyond



Our aim is to help local young people make real differences in the Hobson's Bay and Wyndham communities by increasing the amount of opportunities available to them to become actively involved.

Proudly supporting Youth Foundations.

Since we opened, Altona, Point Cook and Laverton **Community Bank**® branches have contributed more than \$3.1 million back to local clubs, projects and community groups.

We are very proud of our association with the Youth Foundation and are inspired by the projects that are achieved. From hosting a car push fundraising event, publishing youth magazines, art projects, overseas study experiences to Singapore and leading many community youth programs. It is a good story.

Altona, Point Cook and Laverton **Community Bank**® branches have contributed over \$215,000 to the Youth

Foundation to date.

Why? Because, we know that for us to be successful, our customers and communities need to be successful first.

When you choose to bank with us, you're making a decision that benefits you and the local community.

Altona, Point Cook and Laverton **Community Bank**® branches are not just about money, we're about the good that money can bring.

And what could be bigger than that.

Drop into your nearest branch at Altona - 9398 8922, Laverton - 9369 8455 or Point Cook - 9395 7724 to find out more.



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Altona, Point Cook and Laverton **Community Bank**® branches

