

Back when I was seven and Pokémon was my entire world I became very fond of a certain art genre known as Anime Mind you, every kid at that age was, though unlike other kids I also loved drawing it. As I grew older and understood the importance of "girl power" I switched to watching Sailor Moon and liberated my eight year old self. I drew all the characters everywhere I had a paper and a pencil. From Princess Serenity to Tuxedo Kamen, I'd draw them all. Yeah fine, they didn't turn out as well as they should have but it was this obsession. Soon the obsession changed to just drawing things in Anime style. By sixth grade I got pretty good especially with the help of Katy Coope's How to Draw Manga. Seventh grade came like an overhaul of emotions and that's when hormones kicked in. How do you draw unstable emotions? As a thirteen year old, it's a MAJOR issue, at least for me it was. I looked once again towards my paper and pencil, some of my favourite stories had been created by these two essential items. I had finally found a way to unleash my emotional struggles; I had found my drive, my passion. I began writing three lined poems about the most insignificant things (they meant a lot at that time), and somehow evolved into writing things that actually matter to the world. Of course, I still write. My essentials have now changed to my purple laptop, though the essential words are still the same. Looking back, art has always been in my life in one form or another. I can't tell whether or not I've gotten better at writing, frankly it doesn't matter to me. Writing is an escape, it's as though I've created this world out of words for myself, and it's where I feel the most secure.

Art in itself is very close to me. I could stare at a piece of art for hours and not even realize how much time has passed. With that in mind, this Creative Arts issue was all the same. Our editorial committee spent a lot of time just analyzing all the pieces that were sent in. We made many assumptions on all the different artworks. However, those were our assumptions. Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder... same should go for art. One may find something intriguing, where you may find it displeasing, All art needs is time, and more time for us to understand it. It may seem so easy, so simple, so effortless, though like life, it is complex and complicated. My advice: Take your time and let the art speak for itself.

Letter from the Guest Editor

BE SCENE youth magazine is a collaboration between the Regent Park Focus Youth Media Arts Centre's Catch da Flava magazine, Flemingdon Health Centre and other local community agencies servicing the O'Connor, Thorncliffe & Flemingdon Park neighbourhoods. The magazine is distributed free to libraries, community groups, and selected schools in the mentioned communities and across Toronto.

> BE SCENE welcomes letters, articles, stories & poems from young people (up to 24 years of age)

Submissions should be NO LONGER THAN 1000 WORDS IN LENGTH

If you would like more information about how you can contribute to BE SCENE, call us at (416) 863-1074 or e-mail BeSceneMag@gmail.com

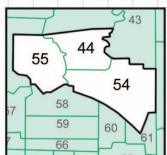
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44 - Flemingdon Park

54 - O'Connor-Parkview

55 - Thorncliffe Park From the City of Toronto: Neighbourhood Map









Art is a form release that allows me to express the emotions and thoughts that are often suppressed by society. It is overwhelmingly rewarding when you can share your work of art and the observer or listener can somehow relate to what you have created.

PETER

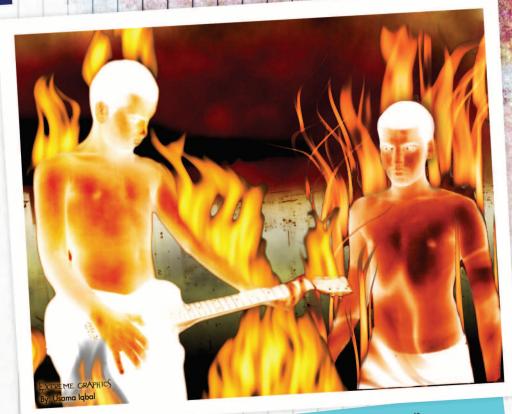
BALAZ

When something is a passion, that's inspiration enough. To know that you have the ability to personify a piece of paper with your thoughts, that's inspiration. I write because everything around me enables me to think, that's inspiration.

SAMEERA AMODWALA

What inspires me to create, and keep creating, is my wish to become successful and acknowledged. I love the feeling of appreciation. Admiring nature's beauty, and being mesmerized by lights, details, and colours inspires my passion for photography. To be able to show the world how differently I see it is my inspiration.

HUFSA AKBAR



"Flaming Guitar 1"

Usama Iqbal

AN UNFORTUNATE REALITY

Faiza Akbar

You know those days where absolutely everything goes wrong? Well, 360 out of the 365 days of the year were horrible for me. However, never had I encountered a more tragic day than August 15th 2008. The minute I woke up, my mom was yelling at me because apparently I was 'out of line'. Next, I failed a major math test at school, and on the way home, I lost my iPod. Fantastic, right? I got home and my mom handed me the phone the second I stepped into the kitchen.

"Hello, Katie?" I heard the familiar voice of my best friend.

"What do you want Ryan?" I grumpily responded.

"We need to talk. It's important. I'll be over in like 5 minutes."

He hung up before I even got a chance to approve his visit.

Before I knew it, he was at my door.

"Okay, hurry up. I'm super frustrated and I just want to go to sleep." I practically yelled at him as he reluctantly took a seat on my favourite pink bean bag chair.

"Well, there are two things. Firstly, you didn't lose your iPod. I uh...had to smash it into pieces for bet...everyone thinks its creepy you love that iPod so much and you don't know this because I was scared to tell you and second--"

"WHAT?!" I screamed, cutting him off. "Are you kidding me?! I got that from my Dad, and you knew that. Why would you even...oh my gosh. Why would you throw it away!? Ryan what were you thinking?! You're insane! Don't forget that it was autographed by my favourite band, which I should mention, broke up."

"Look, I'm really sorry. I'll make it up to you, I promise, but there's something else I really need to tell you." He whispered.

"I don't want to hear it! Just shut up, and leave. Never ever talk to me. I hate you. I HATE YOU MORE THAN ANY-THING!" I cried.

"Okay, it's just an iPod! It's not a person! I'll buy you a new one..."

"It's not just an iPod to me. It had sentimental values that you'll never understand. You know why? Because you're an idiot. I don't even know why I hang out with you. You're like a charity case. You're stupid, annoying and irresponsible."

"I said I was sorry! What do you want me to do? Can I please just tell you the second thing?"

"NO. I don't care. I hate you more than anything. Why don't you just fall off the face of the earth you annoying freak?"

With that, Ryan left with tears filling up in his hazel brown eyes that I always found pretty charming. That didn't matter anymore. He ruined one of the most important parts of my life, and all he cared about what his stupid 'second thing to say'. It was probably that he got a brain or something. Honestly, I don't get why nobody understood why that iPod was so important to me. My dad gave it to me the night before he got shot. He didn't have enough money for it, but he knew it was what I really wanted for my birthday. Of course, it sounds ridiculous, but it means more than anything to me, because it was the only memoir I had left of my dad. I ran up to my room and yelled at my mom on the way up. Why did she have to be so annoying right when I was the most annoyed? I hated Ryan. I hated him more than anything. I hate that I ever became friends with such a selfish brat. He knew it meant so much to me, yet he broke it for a stupid bet. I was definitely going to find out who this bet was with, and why that person was so concerned with my life. I pulled the covers over my bed, and tears started to flow down my cheeks, instantly, soaking my pillow. I turned to the picture of my dad that I always kept under my pillow.

"I'm sorry dad." I whispered. That's all that I had the strength to say.

Before I knew it, it was 6:30 the next Saturday morning, and why was I awake? Because my mother decided to scream in my ear saying, "GET UP KATIE!" around 7000 times.

What?" I groaned.

As I looked up at her, there were tears gathering up in her eyes.

I sat up, and threw my blanket to a side, "Mom, is everything okay...?"

My mom pulled me into a hug, which I must mention, hap-

pens only on super rare occasions.

"Sweety, it's Ryan. He tried to tell you, and you didn't know, and then, it just happened and I don't even know what to tell you--"

"Mom, just tell me what it is, or else I'm going back to sleep."

"Ryan was moving to Florida, and his flight was last hight."

I couldn't help but burst into laughter, "Really mom? Do you think I care about that selfish freak? And why are you crying? That's kind of creepy."

"His plane crashed Katie. Ryan's not alive anymore!"

My face instantly froze, as my mom began to cry again.

"WHAT?! NO. I didn't even get a chance to apologize to him! Mom, what do I do? I said so much stuff to him that I didn't mean and only said because I was really angry. Oh my gosh. This is just insane. He can't be dead! Isn't he in the hospital? Please tell me he's okay. Mom!!" I screamed. At this moment, I didn't know if I was crying or yelling.

"It's too late now..." my mom muttered sadly.

Before getting up and leaving my room, my mom added

"Get out the dress you wore for Dad's funeral. We need to be there at Ryan's in a few hours."

My throat dried up, and tears rushed down my cheeks rapidly. Why was this happening to me again? First I lost dad, and then I lost Ryan. He was my best friend; my only friend. Why did it have to occur the night after I said so many rude things to him, unintentionally? I was frustrated, upset and scared. I picked up the vase next to my bed and smashed it against the wall. I hated everything.

After I returned from Ryan's funeral, day's went by before I realized, all I learned from these tragic events was that life is way too short, and you should always love and appreciate you're loved ones that are around you. Because unfortunately, they might not always be there.

There is always something that inspires us to create. That becomes the innere is always something that hispires us to create. That becomes the important thing in our lives. What has always encouraged me most is my love for my parents. They cannot be replaced by anything else. When I do something worthy, my parents are overjoyed with integrity and pride. To me, their smiles are worth a lifetime of my efforts. Every time they are pleased with me, I want to keep them sparkling the same way for the rest of their lives. The years in my past that I have spent without my parents and my other life experiences make me realize what the actual values of my life are. My writing style is simply what my heart speaks. I pour all my sorrows and all my happiness out of my heart when I sing. What I feel, is what I am and an my nappmess out or my neart when I sing. What I leet, is what I am and what I will become. My love for the values of my life is what inspires me. DANYAL WANI

"Usama"

Usama Iqbal

My inspiration comes from many sources, such as my own life experiences, books, music, nature and movies. I find that it takes a lot of patience to turn my work into how I want it to be, and I take hours to create each piece. Artists who submit their work to public galleries motivate me to create more, and improve my drawing skills.

MANAAL KHOKHAR



"Untitled"

Ariana Limas

The Kidne pping to them.

It was a nice sunny day, my parents and I went shopping at the Mostecas mall. At that time, I was only 8 years old. My parents had to buy some things and I needed new clothes. While I was walking, I suddenly tripped on my feet and fell on my hands. It hurt a lot and I was very embarrassed. While I was trying to get up a big crowd of shoppers came rushing towards me.

I exclaimed, "watch where you're going!" towards the crowd.

I got up quickly and looked around to see if I could find my parents. They were nowhere to be seen, so I went around window-shopping. Even though I went through the whole mall, I could not find my parents. I figured a way to go outside. I found out I was in the back of the building. There were a couple of trucks there and some storage places. I went a bit further from the building and heard some people talking.

"Hello my name is Jack and this is my assistant Bob," whispered Jack.

"Hello our names are Sam and Nikki," whispered Sam

"Do you have the first batch or is this the first batch of the kids to be kidnapped?" asked Sam.

Bob answered, "We could not capture all the kids from the first batch, but we managed to get two. Therefore, we have to get more kids from the second batch. Also we have 2 girls hostage in there already."

"Who's going in to get the kids?" asked Nikki.

"I think all of us should," whispered Sam. "It will be much faster with all of us."

"The kids are at the Toys Center in the east side of the mall besides the big chow mein restaurant," said Bob.

After the long talk, they left. I had heard the whole conversation. I jumped in-to the truck and I found two other girls my age. I asked them their names.

"Hi, my name is Trina. What's your name?" I asked the girls.

"My name is Lisa," replied Lisa.

"My name is Rose," answered Rose.

"Hey, do you need help getting free from that tape?" I whispered

"Sure," whimpered Rose

"Thanks!" both of them said at the same time.

"You're welcome," I said.

After I got them free, we had a small conversation.

"So where are you from?" I asked them.

"I am from Toronto," replied Lisa.

"How about you Rose? Where are you from" I questioned her.

"I am from Toronto," replied Rose.

"We both used to live in London, England," added Lisa

"Are you two friends?" I inquired of them.

"Yes we are friends," said Lisa." We go to the same school. Our parents and us had gone to shop for some stuff. While we were in the toys section, some man came and took us away. The older kids got away but we couldn't get away. We tried a lot to free ourselves, but it was impossible unless we had a laser."

"Yeah!" added Rose.

Soon after, we made a small plan to help the rest of the kids.

"Ok so what should we do to help the other kids?" asked Rose.

"I think we should make a plan to say we just. . . No wait. While they throw the kids inside we catch them and drop them out side."

I had a small piece of paper and I drew them the plan it looked like this.

After about couple of minutes the people came and started throwing in kids, we used the plan and nobody was kidnapped. We were getting out quietly when Bob came and closed the truck door. We were terrified. We were all kidnapped now!

We yelled together, "We have been kidnapped!"

We didn't know what to do. We were being taken to a place, who knows where. We just sat there for a long time. I had forgotten I had a cell phone until Rose asked me.

"Hey Trina do you have a cell phone?" asked Rose.

"Uh yeah I do. Thanks for reminding me I completely forgot about it." I answered.

I took out my cell phone and tried to call my parents. I didn't have a connection. After about an hour the truck stopped. Bob opened the truck door and we jumped out. There were no kids there except us. He took us to a big mansion. The rest of the people followed us into the mansion. They showed us our room and they told us to change. The guys left Nikki and Sam with us for supervision.

"Girls," said Nikki. "Go into the closet and find some nice clothes"

"Ok!" yelled all of us in unison.

We all noticed that most of the clothes in the closet were our clothes. We went downstairs in to the playroom and found our toys. We were very hungry so we went out to try to find the kitchen. We had gotten lost when we came up to a small map on the wall. We looked at it and found our way to the kitchen. There we found a chef and John. John took us to the dinning table. He had gloves on. He asked us what we liked to eat.

"Ok girls what would you like to eat?" asked John.

All of us yelled "Pasta! "

John came with three plates of pasta with sauce. Then he bought some cranberry juice. We ate a lot of pasta.

While we were eating, we discussed some matters.

"Why was John wearing gloves?" I asked aloud.

No one knew the answer. When going to bed we had our own pillows from home.

"Girls" said Nikki. "Switch off the lights"

We did as we were told and went to sleep.

The next morning when we woke up to find a police officer was there with our parents. All three of us ran to them and embraced them.

"All three of you look at your feet," said my mom.

So we did I found a small ankle bracelet. Then we figured out what was going on. Our parents worked with the police to find out who was killing children in big numbers. We helped the country without even knowing what we did. The kidnappers went to jail and we three friends were famous.





What keeps me constantly creating is the mere fact that I want to be the change I want to see in this wonderful city. I want my creative work to fill the gap that exists between the south Asian community and the arts.



I create photographs whenever I see something which stands out to me. Something different. Something cool. Whenever I see something which seems special, I want to capture it through my camera. As well, my pictures showcase how I see nature and what it means to me. What keeps going is all the things that I have yet to capture as nature is full of mysterious and beautiful things and the drive to get better and gain from previous experiences.

RAMESHA

JAVED

The experiences that I have gone through definitely inspire me to create, because my emotions give me a chance to 'create' art. The main reason I continue creating is because I always hope that one day, my writing will reach out to people, and maybe help them understand something they're going through. Even if it doesn't inspire anyone else, it just gives me a sense of accomplishment. Also, because a lot of my role models such as the Jonas Brothers have also given out great messages about never stopping what you love doing, even if no one appreciates it yet.

FAIZA AKBAR

"The Bodies Flow"

Fozi Ahmed

.. Tale





Pratyasha Agrawal

Those are the days...

I stroll down those deserted

Streets

A cloak of grief and misery slow-

ly engulfing me

Crawling steadily like a deadly poison

the perpetual ache throbbing against my temples

Those are the days...

When the world seems to be beneath my feet creating a crater too immense for words when the strength to smile fades away

And the air to breath becomes contaminated

Those are the days...

Where terror lies in every corner not a glimpse of hope visible wandering in a darkness groping cruelty's embrace far too firm

These are the moments...

Then suddenly you emerge a goddess in the vivid sunlight a star in my night sky a flame on my candle

These are the moments... you spread your wings for which I could not see finding the internal strength to carry me you release me from the grip I held too tight allowing me to find my inner light you are...

my angel.

My Angel

"Untitled"

Ramesha Javed

Love To You

Yousuf Farogi

Sometimes I wish I could tell you

How much I love you

I care for you

The whole of my world knows about my love to you

Everyone, except you

Some said go, while other restricted me to tell you

My heart gone insane, sometimes it says yes sometimes no to you

And this love, my love to you

You might never find out, about my love to you

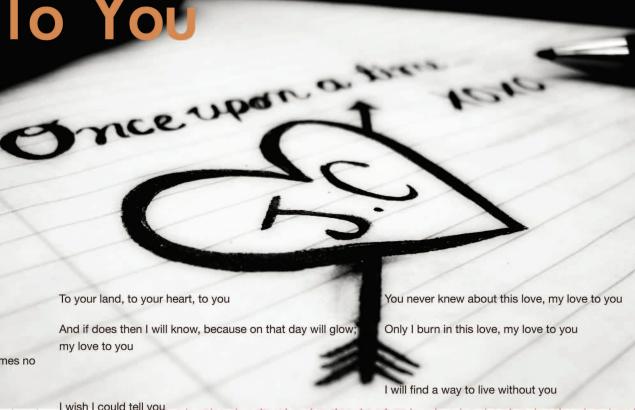
You will go on and live a happy life without this love of mine to you

And I wish nothing but the best for you

This maybe the last of pieces I write for you

I put into an invisible boat, into the horizon, this love of mine to you

I see it float away; still hoping it comes towards you



I wish I could tell you

I was afraid because 'they' said you...

I don't want to tell you, what they said about you

But it only grows, my love to you

I cried a lot after you

But it wasn't possible, for me to get you

I love them too, and yes way before I met you

For them I will sacrifice this love, my love to you

I will bring a smile into their faces, and what does it matter to you

never lived with you!

Why then would it be hard to continue to live without you?

wish you were mine

Together in our little world we would dine

And it would have only grown

My love to you

"Once Upon A Time"

Ariana Limas

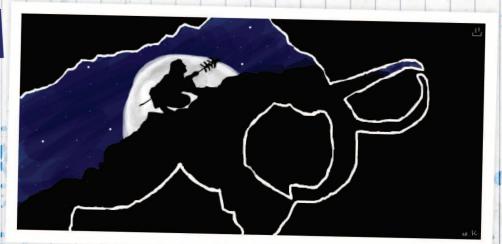
"Untitled"

Manaal Khokhar

Creativity is the masterpiece of imagination. Everything from the fresh crisp breeze on my cheek, to the roaring sound of the bus allows me get swallowed into an imaginary world, where reality collides with fantasy. This collision creates exploding thoughts, wishes, curiosity and fascination. When all these aspects compress in my brain, i start creating a new world, a world where all the questions that i have in reality are answered the way I want. Creativity allows me to explore a side of me which is not accessible in reality, it gives me a chance to escape and form a new life even though it may be in my head. Inspiration comes from within me, when i myself look outside at the world through the eyes of my imagination, every little detail around me, from birds and trees, to people and sounds, everything inspires me to create stories in my head the way I want it to be.



TAVILA HAQUE





"My Starry Night"

Fozi Ahmed

- Positive motivation: either from a person or because of an issue Notes on Art & Creatitivity:
 - Personal experience: informing others of the challenges you face because they may be in the same situation
 - To prove to media and people around the world that teens aren't amateurs; they have thoughts and feelings on current issues at hand

 - To gain appreciation for the hard work you've done • Criticism inspires me to keep writing to correct any ideas that may be misunderstood or misleading

REHMA AMIR



The Social Media Project

Last summer, Flemingdon Neighbourhood Services employed two youth to create and develop a youth-driven, youth led website for our youth program. They worked hard to figure out what they would include on the site that would be useful to the youth in the community, including helpful employment resources, program updates, volunteer opportunities, and other things like games and a forum. Since the development of the website, a group of youth has volunteered to form The Social Media Project group, meeting weekly to work on the enhancement of the website and it's content. It is a program run by youth for youth through FNS and is dedicated to developing a unique online community for youth. The youth in the program meet weekly to discuss recent news and brainstorm new ideas. They help design and improve www.fnsyouth.com. They update it regularly with fresh new articles, pictures, and artwork. They encourage all youth to express their opinions through the website in creative ways such as artwork, music, poems, and articles, and through any other means they'd like. Come and checkout what they've been up to at www.fnsyouth.com!

Youth Service Network

The network engages youth from Flemingdon Park, Thorncliffe Park, and O'Connor communities through a series of joint youth and youth service member meetings. The YSN members work collaboratively withother youth-led groups and initiatives in the community. Network partners include: Flemo City Media, Involve Youth, Flemingdon Health Centre, Thorncliffe Neighbourhood Office, Working Women Community Centre, Toronto Public Health, Be Scene Magazine, Youth Vybes and youth members. E-mail any of these organizations to find out how to join the Youth Service Network and have your say.

Flemo City Media is a non profit organization based in Flemingdon Park and is committed to promoting the best interests of the residents of Flemingdon Park through media and providing their youth with transferable skills that will create opportunities for future success.

We currently provide registered and drop-in programs in music production, radio broadcasting and web development. We are located at the Flemingdon Resource Centre (also known as Dennis R. Timbrell Resource Centre) 29 St. Dennis Dr. (2nd Floor) Toronto, Ontario (Don Mills & Eglinton)

Check us out on facebook!

Rites of Passage (RC

Rites of Passage is run out of Woodgreen Community Services in O'Connor and is a program that helps young people find their purpose in life, contribute positively to their community and find the resiliency to navigate their environment. Check out their website: www.woodgreen.org/ GetInvolved/RitesofPassageGetInvolved.aspx or contact Woodgreen at (416) 466-9299.

The Jewil Project

The vision of the Jewil Project is to implement a community oriented project that will teach youth how to use high definition audio recording equipment. Graphic arts, animation and special effects classes will be added in the near future. This will create a pool of individuals that have the ability to go out into the market and secure employment in audio or video production. The Jewil Project is located at 793 Pharmacy Ave. in Scarborough. Check out the website for more info: http://www.thejewilproject.com/

Youth Vubes

A group of youth in the O'Connor-Parma Court community who are actively involved with the O'Connor Community Centre. If you live in O'Connor, you need to know these people!

Involve Youth

Involve Youth is run by Tropicana Community Services and is a program that is designed to assist youth in building new skills in leadership and project development. By providing access to new supports and opportunities, youth are encouraged and supported in their attempt to make healthy life choices. Involve Youth does lots of different things like organize events, perform, and run different programs. Check out their website: http:// www.tropicanacommunity.org/what/involve_ vouth.html

Wouth Sarcoma Initiative

YSI involves the youth community in raising sarcoma awareness and funding for sarcoma research. We support foundations like SicKids and the Liddy Shriver Sarcoma Initiative, so our fundraising efforts extend to help those living and fighting against sarcoma. One of YSI's current aims is to branch off to as many schools throughout the TDSB as possible. So join YSI today! Check out our website: http://youthsarcomainitiative.com/ or find us on facebook.

