



RIPLEY





TAMARA

A COLLECTION OF TEEN COMICS: STRUGGLES THEY FACE AND OVERCOME











SHYLA





<u>GYNTHIA</u>

CAUTUN

FALL 2013

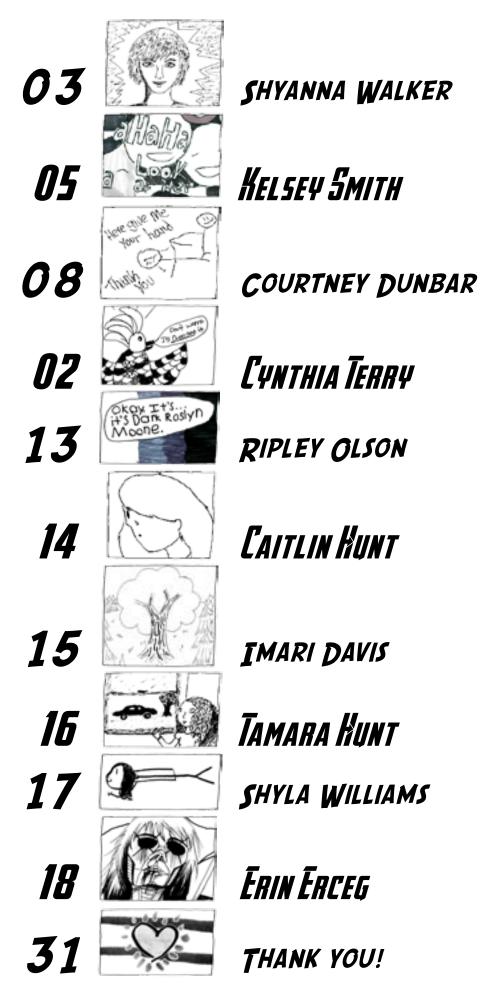
SEVENTEEN TEENAGERS WORKED WITH REACH STUDIO ART CENTER STAFF, VOLUNTEERS, AND GUEST ARTISTS TO CREATE 10 COMICS. THEY CHOSE "SOCIAL JUSTICE" AS THEIR THEME. THEY CONDUCTED VIDEO INTERVIEWS WITH LOCAL ADVOCATES ON THEIR CHOSEN TOPICS: GENDER EQUALITY, ARTS IN SCHOOLS, BULLYING, LGBTQ COMMUNITY, AND SUICIDE PREVENTION. ENCLOSED ARE THEIR COLLABORATIVE ARTWORKS BASED ON THEIR PERSONAL LIVES AND COMMUNITY STORYTELLING SESSIONS WITH LOCAL ADVOCATES.

From Cynthia

EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD HAS A REASON FOR DOING SOMETHING GOOD OR BAD. AND, EVEN THOUGH SOMETIMES SOME PEOPLE THINK THOSE REASONS ARE NOT GOOD ENOUGH. ... SAY SOMEONE IS BEING BULLIED BY ANOTHER PERSON AND YOU ASK THE BULLY, "WHY ARE YOU BEING SOMEAN?" THEY TELL YOU, "BECAUSE I WAS BULLIED BEFORE." IS THAT ANY REASON TO BULLY SOMEONE?

EACH OF US AT TEEN OPEN STUDIO HAS OUR OWN STORY ABOUT WHAT LIFE CAN BE LIKE FOR OURSELVES. LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS FAIR AND IT CAN BE CRUEL AT TIMES. AND, NOT EVERYBODY IS TREATED FAIRLY. IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT YOU SHOULD BE MEAN BECAUSE YOU WERE TREATED BADLY. WHAT I WANT YOU TO LEARN, WHOEVER IS READING THIS, IS THAT BULLYING IS WRONG. IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN AND IT ALWAYS WILL BE. DON'T LET BULLYING CHANGE WHO YOU ARE. AND, NO MATTER WHAT, BE HAPPY.

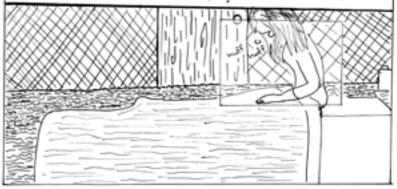
CYNTHIA TERRY, REACH STUDENT



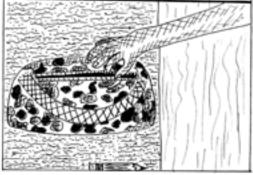




I wake with a start. It was the same nightmare 1'd been having for weeks; My voice, orging me to leave my home



I'd lefthome many times be fore, but always come back, this time though, was different, I had a stronger urge to leave



l was 16, when I decided I was leaving for good.



Why was I leaving? You might ask, Because I was attracted to girls



I didn't have real friends 1 could ten, and didn't tenny parents





l just comant stand the pressure of having to pretend to be someone I wasn't



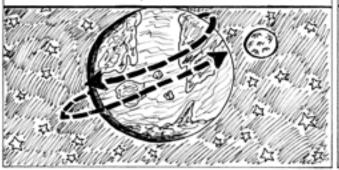
I snuck out through my window, only the moon giving me light. I had to leave, and start a new life



hitchhiked a ride, and my journey began



With nothing but my knapsack filled with a few items, I traveled the world



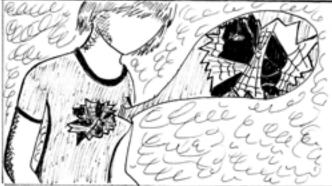
I eventually got enough money to buy a house, as far away from my hometown as I could



Icut my hair and started a whole new life.
But even though I was free from my parent's
control and had a decent life, I still fell empty
inside



After years of avoiding my true seef, I needed a heart transplant. I realized why I feet so empty and in pain. I wasn't being true to my seef and I was hurting my body as well as my emotions



Once I began to accept myself, I started to heal, and I met people who were like me, and were happy. For once in my life, I had real friends



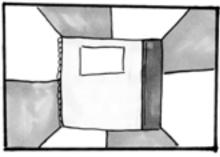
I grew stronger and gained confidence I never knew I had. It took a while but after many years. I finally had an identity. I finally knew who I was and where I belonged So, my message to you, whoever is reading this, accept yourself for who you are, no matter what you believe in, or who you love.















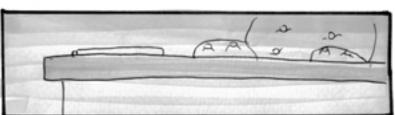


















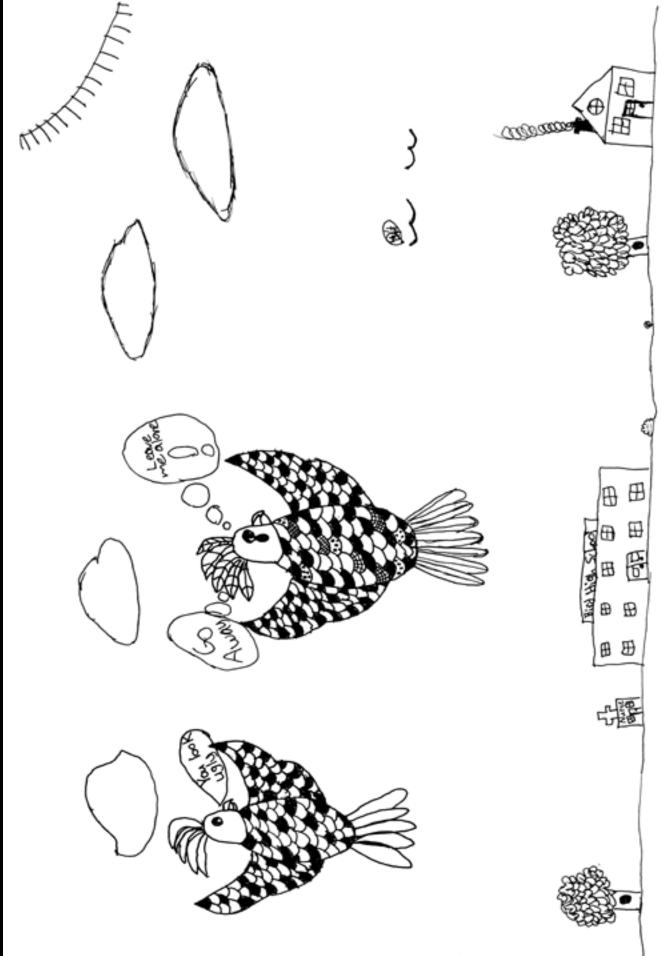




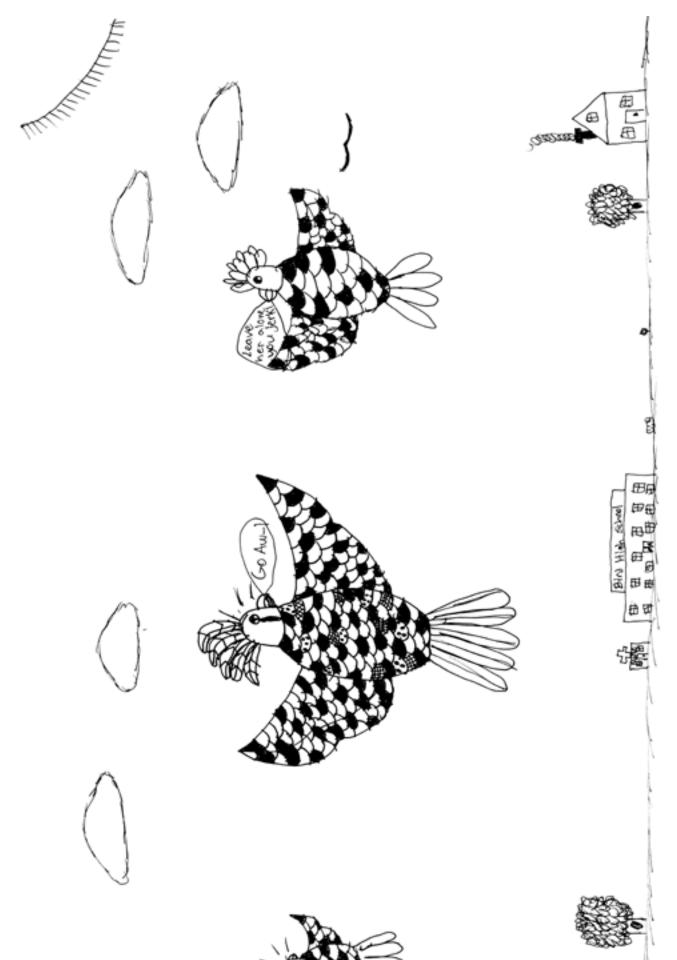




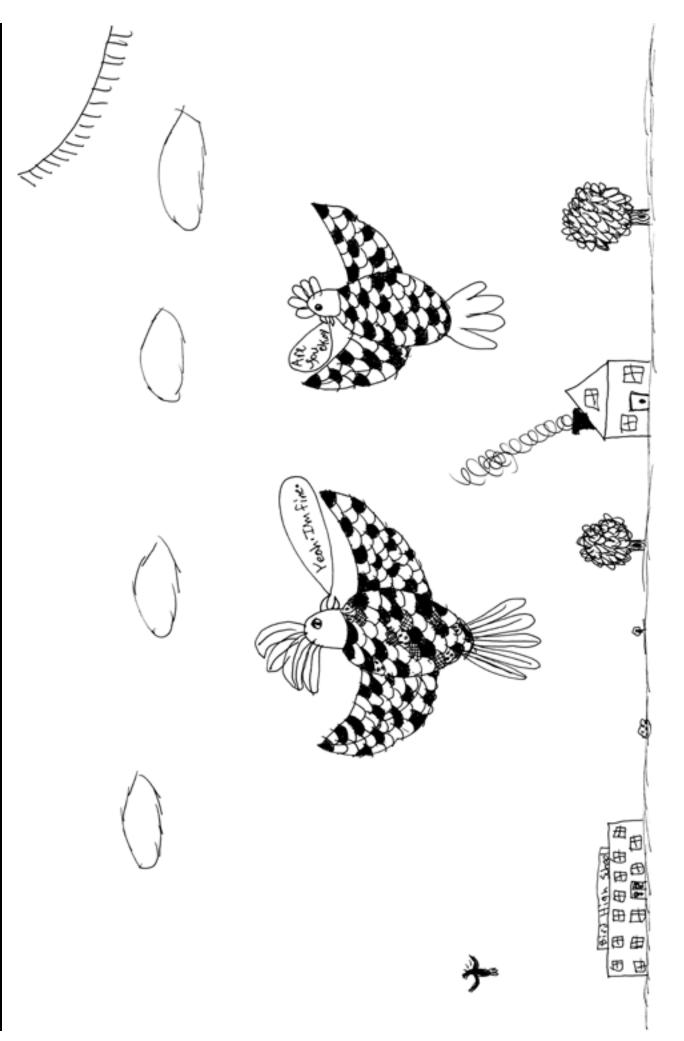




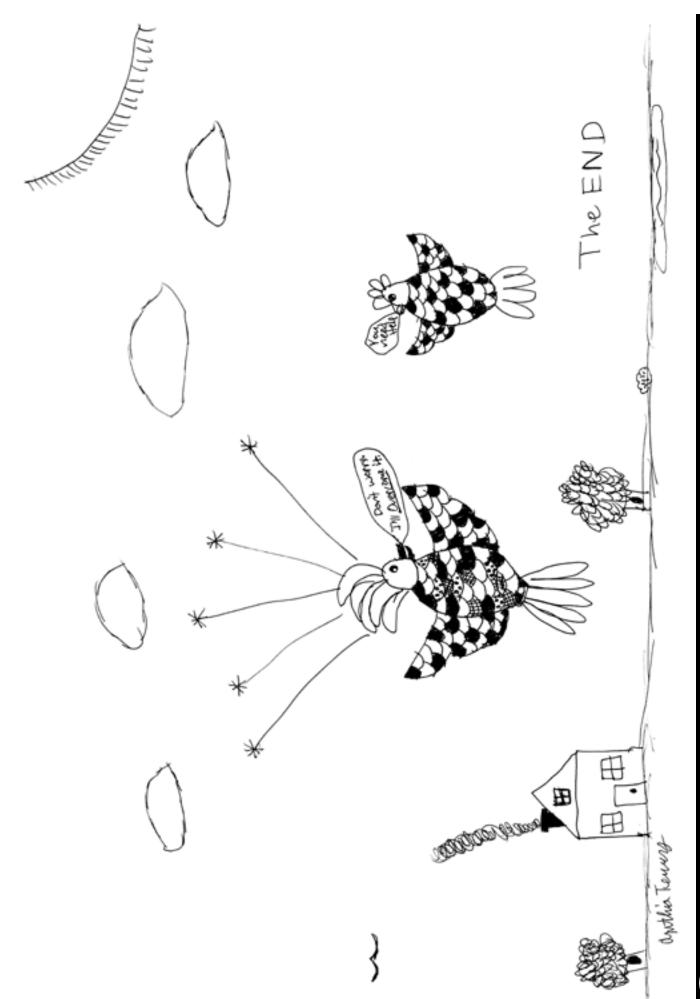














R Excerpt from Shodow Bloom



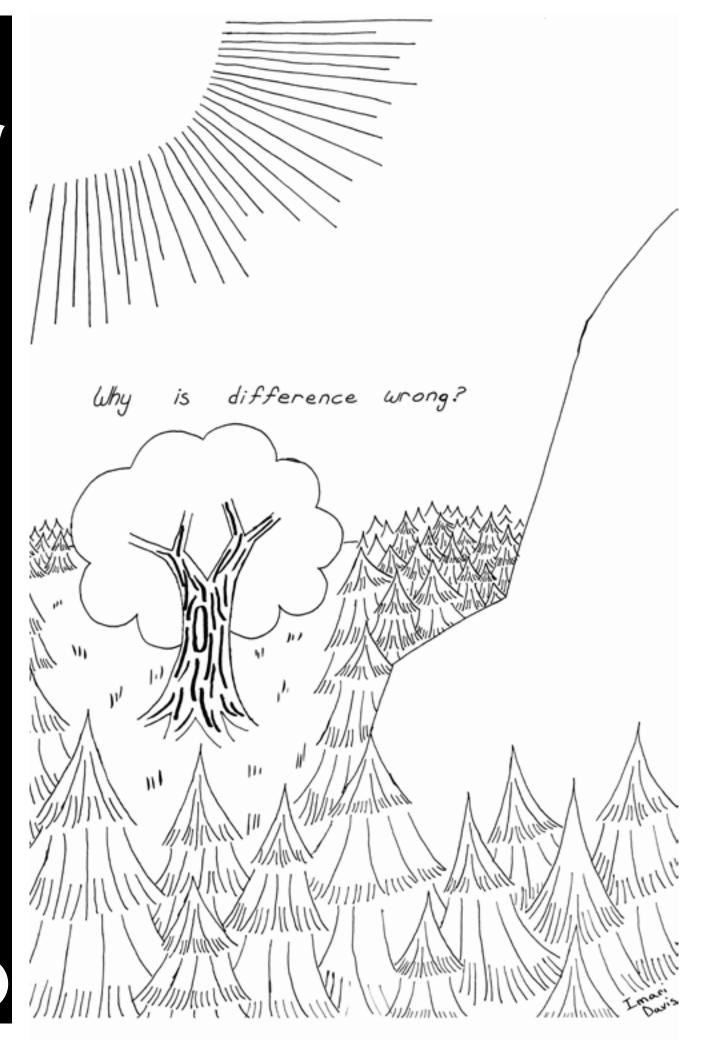












MYSTORY

Bullying sucks, take it from me...

When I was younger I used towalk down to the park. Some other kids did too, though they werent very nice. They were about my age.



I may not have had the worst experiences but any bullying experience sucks.

They say don't judge a book by its cover. But you usually can by the words people say.



Now these kids weren't what you'd call nice, they called me names, threw sand at me pushed me, and rammed their bikes into mine.

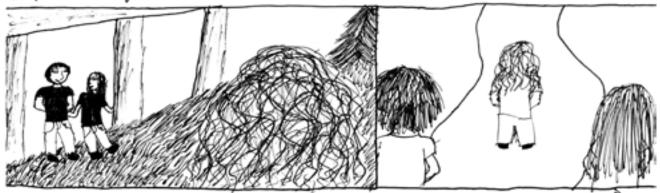








For awhile I didn't see them until a few years back...
This time instead of giving them the satisfaction of giving in I just kept walking.



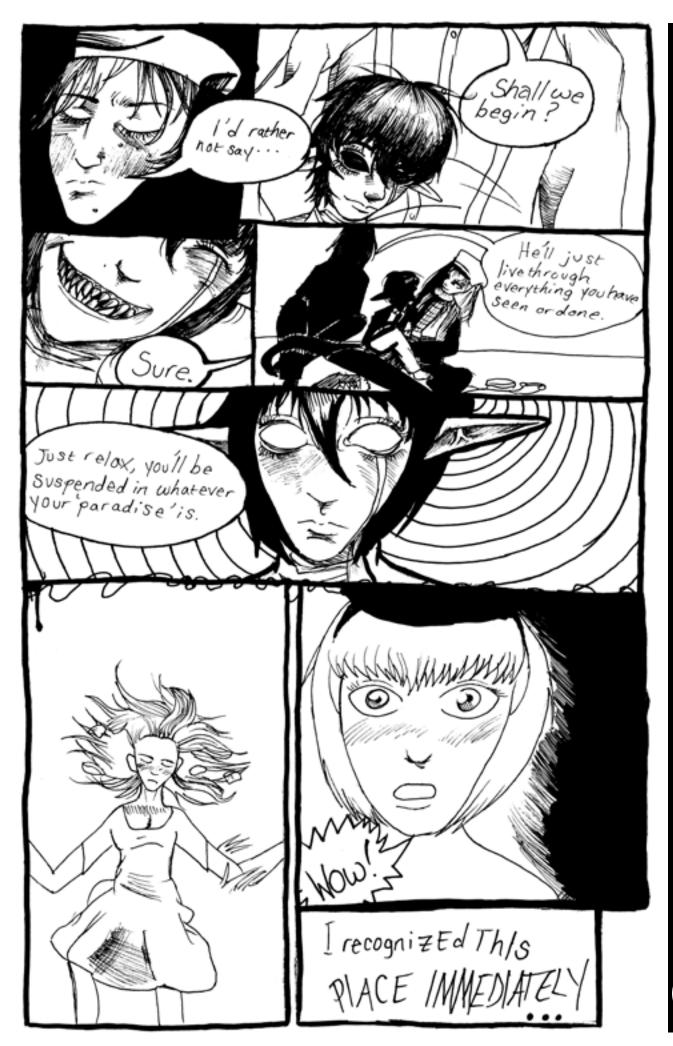
By: Camara E. Huro



Sticky <u>Dituation</u> The By: Shyla. Williams featuring: Spannie Women 1133 moord to









There was one however ...

... a gir/...
... a beautiful young
woman.









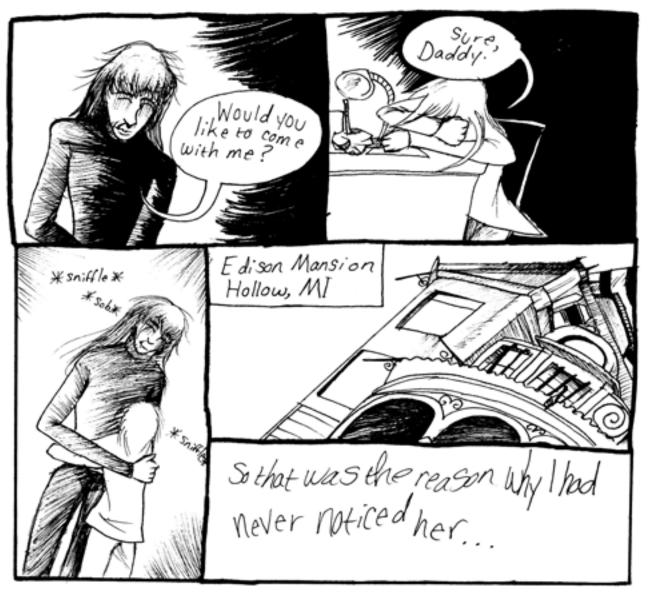




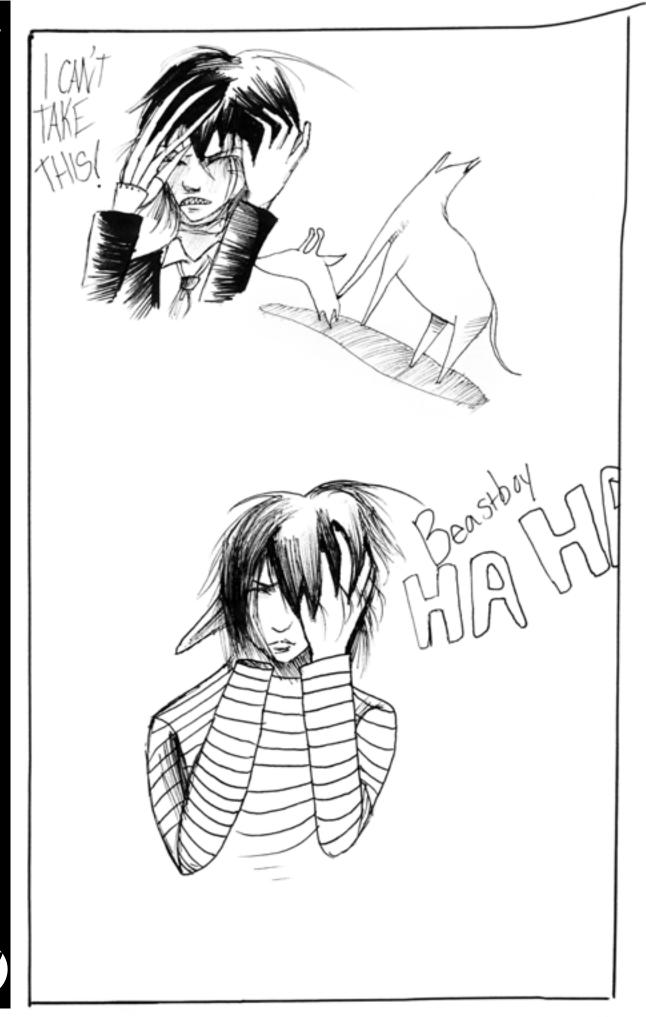
It wasn't the fighting that irked her, it was the letter she was writing, addressed to one of the girls at her school.



She later wrote hundreds, each one she meant, she didn't wish death upon any of them, but for them to learn.







E R I



E R I





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