HEALTH CONTACTS

VICTIM LINK
24 HOUR SERVICE FOR VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ABUSE AND VIOLENCE
1-800-563-0808

24 HOUR DISTRESS LINE CRISIS SERVICE
CRISIS SUPPORT AND REFERRALS FOR ALL AGES
1-866-661-3311

24 HOUR SUICIDE CRISIS CENTRE FOR CANADA
1-800-SUICIDE (1-800-784-2433)

SAFER (VANCOUVER)
SUICIDE ATTEMPT FOLLOW-UP, EDUCATION AND REFERRAL
604-879-9251

ALCOHOL & DRUG CRISIS LINE
24 HOUR CRISIS SERVICE FOR ALCOHOL AND DRUG ABUSE
1-800-663-1441

BC MENTAL HEALTH INFORMATION
PERSON AVAILABLE 9 AM – 4 PM / 24 HOUR RECORDED INFORMATION ON RESOURCES & REFERRALS
1-800-661-2121

BC NURSE LINE
24 HOUR HEALTH INFORMATION – TALK TO A NURSE – REFERRALS TO HOSPITALS
1-866-215-4700

DIAL-A-DIETITIAN
INFORMATION ON DIETARY NEEDS MON - FRI 9 AM-5 PM
1-800-667-3438

EATING DISORDER HELP LINE
INFORMATION & REFERRAL SERVICE FOR EATING DISORDERS – OPERATOR AVAILABLE 9 AM – 5 PM
1-800-665-1822

TUPPER MINI SCHOOL (VANCOUVER)
FLEXIBLE SCHOOL PROGRAM DESIGNED TO HELP TEEN PARENTS FINISH HIGH SCHOOL – CHILDCARE PROVIDED
604-713-8232

STANDING TOGETHER

An Aboriginal youth comic

FEATURING

THE LAST HIT
STICKS N’ STONES

YOUNG ACCOUNTABILITY
THROUGH A CHILD’S EYES

MY NAME IS CROW
MENTAL HEALTH

An Aboriginal youth comic
...The Last Hit... Brandon Mitchell, Mi’gmaq
7-10 ...My Name is Crow... Peter Morin, Tahltan
11-14 ...Sticks N’ Stones... Crsi Derksen, Cree/Metis
15-18 ...Through a Child’s Eyes... Tania Willard, Secwepemc
19-21 ...Mental Health... Gabriell L’hirondelle, Metis
21-24 ...Young Accountability... Written by Curtis Clearsky, Blackfoot Illustrated by Sharifah Marsden, Ojibway/Micmac
They don’t even know I’m alive, they don’t know what it’s like. They don’t care, no one does, no one ever did.

They think they’re better than me. Maybe they are, but I’m happy where I am.

The streets aren’t so bad until they come out. They like the rain, won’t leave me alone.

Spare some change, miss?

Now I want you to get something to eat with this.

Just need a few more dollars, then I’ll make them go away.

They’re always haunting me. Following me... They’re everywhere.

Where is he? He always shows up. I need his help.

I can’t get rid of them, they always find me in the end.

He makes them go away...

But I know how to make them go away.
The Last Hit

Written by Brandon Mitchell
Illustrated by Jean-Francois Beaulieu

Don't do it...

You got the money?
I think I have enough.

He makes the pain go away, he promised to help me.

You're short
You promised...
You're lucky I like you.

They've come back!

Why won't they leave me alone?!

Get away from me!!!
AHH!

Just leave me alone.

Just leave me alone.

Just leave me alone....

Everything is numb. I don't feel anything anymore. Why can't I feel like this all the time?

At least they're leaving me alone. Maybe this time they won't come back.

Maybe this time they'll leave me alone. Why won't they leave me alone?
Why do I let them in? They're gone now. Good, I just want them to leave me alone. You know, it wasn't always like this.

Yes it was. No.

They came for me. Always following me. They took her. They wanted me.

I found a way to get rid of them. It works.

No it didn't. They kept coming.

I had to keep them away from me. My friends helped me. They took me in. They took care of me.

They lied to you.

No they didn't.

You forgot about her. She took care of you. She was your protector. It was an accident.

She taught you how to be strong.
I miss you so much.

I'm sorry I could not be stronger.

I want to go home.
Hi my name is Crow. You may know me from such stories as, “Crow steals the light” and, “Crow releases the tides.”

(This is a picture of me with the light.)

(This is a picture of me after I released the tides.)

This story is about my diabetes.

I’d been living in my place where the two rivers meet for, say, a long time. But I wasn’t getting out much.

The year is 1977.
In fact... I wasn't getting out at all.

My mom thought something was wrong... plus there were other things.

I'd lost a lot of weight, and needed to pee all the time not to mention feeling tired and lacking energy and getting sick all the time.

...after a while... I decide maybe my mom was right... after a while.

I still wasn't getting out much.

Then it happen... I fainted... (I thought I was okay).
I thought I was fine, even though I'd gained weight, had dizzy spells, was thirsty all the time and needed to pee all the time.

Eventually she made me go...

She’s always going to the bathroom, he doesn’t leave the house, he says his vision is blurry, he has dry, itchy skin, he’s getting infections, his breath smells like sugar, etc...

And, she did most of the talking.

So they took a lot of blood.

The doctor was very upfront with me about the details.

Some time later... the test results came back...

You have type 2 diabetes. Diabetes interferes with the body’s ability to produce or properly use insulin. Insulin is a hormone that helps us use the energy in food. If our body's don't get enough insulin, we can’t...
Our bodies produce excess amounts of glucose... This can cause kidney and heart disease, strokes, blindness, impotence in men, pregnancy complications, amputation. In order to avoid this you have to change a lot of things in your life... you can start by changing your diet, staying away from sugar, fat, start exercising... get off the couch... etc.

But I knew I had to take him seriously... I’ve known people who have lost limbs to this diabetes. I’ve had relatives who’ve died from this diabetes.

The year is now 2006. I’ve lived a while with this diabetes. It’s been hard, harder than anything I’ve ever done. I changed my life, improved my diet, excercise regular and monitor my blood on time. Also if I need help I ask. It could mean my life.

* Among Indians, the diabetes rate is generally higher for females.
* Most people (90%) with diabetes have type 2 diabetes.

Diabetes is one of the leading causes of illness and disability among First Nations.

91% of all lower limb amputations among First Nations occur in adults with diabetes.

*** Aboriginal increase of diabetes is attributed to a combination of genetic susceptibility and a rapid transition from a physically active lifestyle with a ‘land’ food based diet to a sedentary lifestyle and a diet high in fats, sugar and salt.

*** Although no cure exists, diabetes can be prevented and treated through healthy nutrition and increase of physical activity.

Facts and quotes from Aboriginal Youth Network Health Centre.
Sticks n' Stones will never hurt me.

Sticks n' Stones will never hurt me.

Names will never hurt.

Names will never hurt.

Names will never hurt.

The Drunkun' Indian.

What about the rest of us?
Didja know that our minds are programmed to adapt unconsciously?? If we were to put on glasses that made us see upside down, after a while our brain would flip the image right side up. $ When we took the glasses off, we would see up side down until our brain adapted back to reality to see upside right again.

If someone told you, you were fat all the time.

Don’t you think after a while you would adapt to see yourself as fat, even if you weren’t?

If society tells us we’re all lazy bums, just getting drunk all the time.

Wouldn’t it be easy to just accept it, and see ourselves living the stereotype?
Out of 13,454 American Indians:
41% feel overweight
50% are dissatisfied with their weight
27% self-induced vomiting
11% use diet pills

We are not made of the same DNA
So why we gotta look like all them skinny girls on T.V.

Our culture is different

Isn't that just reinforcing the white man's assimilation process??

Like common, most Native kids know have skinny legs, a flat ass and a round belly.

How has one standard of beauty become universal?

We are not all the same, so why do we think we gotta be like everyone else.
Through A Child’s Eyes...

When I was growing up on reserve in the late 70’s and early 80’s, it was a time of Indian activism. My older cousins would teach us protest songs.

My cousins taught us about all things cool, like staying up late and watching music videos.

Red Power

There was an awakening happening for our people, our parents and their parents were standing up to injustice.

Our people were proud, were trying to make a better future for their children.
But there were still lots of problems at home. Our people were awakening politically and spiritually, but our communities were still filled with trauma. The trauma of generations of injustice.

We don't need your constitution hey ya ho!

To me my cousins were the coolest ever, I wanted to be like them.

One cousin, he was a great singer and drummer, and funny as hell. He was like magic to me.

Sasquatch, wow you seen him.

I wanted to be like him, tell stories, sing and drum—be proud.

He would tell us Indian stories.
He was so talented and funny— and I guess he must have also been in a lot of pain. Depression, anger, cycles of abuse were too much for him.

I looked up to him. He made being Indian cool.

He committed suicide. He shot himself with a rifle.

I don't know why he killed himself but people loved him. His little cousins looked up to him.
IF YOU ARE DEPRESSED THINKING OF SUICIDE PLEASE TALK TO SOMEONE. YOU HAVE SOMEONE WHO LOOKS UP TO YOU AND LOVES YOU—YOU MIGHT NOT EVEN KNOW IT BUT THEY WILL MISS YOU.

OUR VOICES WILL BE HEARD

US INDIANS WE GOT LOTS OF LITTLE ONES AROUND US AND WE HAVE TO THINK OF THEM. THINK ABOUT WHAT WE WANT THEM TO LEARN, TEACH THEM TO BE PROUD OF WHO THEY ARE.

I LOVE YOU

WE NEED ALL OF US TO STAND UP, TO WORK TOGETHER TO CHANGE THE CYCLES OF PAIN, ABUSE AND INJUSTICE. WE NEED YOU AND WE LOVE YOU—KNOW THAT.

BY TANIA WILLARD
I could tell you some funny stories about my crazy uncles, my crazy whole family.

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha!

And then he?

Hee hee hee ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Ah ha ha ha.

Dennis the Menace stories where the stuffy neighbour ends up mad but everyone else is laughing. That's how my family deals with everything, tell a story and laugh, laugh, laugh. Underneath it all I feel like there's something else we're not facing, like shame and grief and anger.

Ha ha ha.

Ahaha hee hee ha.

Then they stole that car and ha!
My uncle spent time in a psychiatric hospital. And my kohkum's been there twice. It's always in my mind. How he ran away once and was seen running thru the streets of town.

He didn't really have anywhere to go. So he ended up going back to the hospital.
Recently a close relative told me how he was struggling with depression and severe anxiety. He put it all together for me, showed me our family craziness in a different light. He said it was part of the colonial process "the profile of mental disorders among Aboriginal people is primarily a by-product of our colonial past with its layered assaults of Aboriginal cultures and personal identities." Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples.

Clinical depression, anxiety, self-destructive tendencies like alcohol and substance abuse and suicide are mental health issues linked to poverty, racism and the colonial experience.

He told me he was seeing a native therapist, he was going to have a baby soon and wanted to be strong for that baby. I know we'll always be a family that loves a good story, loves to laugh, but maybe we can also talk seriously, without shame, and get the support we need.
STEVIE, a young N8TV Brotha, is in the night looking for a vulnerable vehicle that he can take advantage of. He is in luck. He finds just what he’s looking for.

Stevie uses a screwdriver to break into a car.

He drives through the city at extreme speed nearly hitting parked cars.

Cops, sirens blaring...

Police in pursuit.

Stevie quickly pulls into an alley.

Stevie drives off.

The police pass by.
HE HIT SOMETHING. HE GETS OUT TO SEE THAT HE HAS HIT SOMEONE.

STEVIE LOOKS DOWN TO CHANGE THE CD

WHAT HAVE I DONE

HE SPEEDS OFF

BANG!

THE FAMILY OF THE VICTIM WAIT OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

WE HAVE TO FIND WHO DID THIS!

AND MESS HIM UP.

SAMANTHA IS GOING TO BE OK. SHE WILL HEAL IN TIME.

IT’S GOING TO BE ALLRIGHT LIL’ BRO.

I JUST WANT TO RUN AWAY.

I CAN’T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING. I DON’T WANT TO GO TO JAIL.

WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. BUT YOU NEED TO TAKE SOME ACCOUNTABILITY. IT’S THE ONLY WAY.
LET'S SMUDGE AND DO THIS THE PROPER WAY.

BRING IN THE MEDICINE

JUST GO TO SLEEP NOW.

TOMORROW I'LL DEAL WITH IT.

HE SLEEPS AND DREAMS

GET HIM! KILL HIM!

I NEED SOME HELP OLD MAN, HIDE ME.

AN ANGRY MOB APPROACHES

IF YOU WANT SAFETY, SIT WITH ME AND SMUDGE.

SIT, SON.

I KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW.

A HEALING CIRCLE

THE MOB MOVES CLOSER... HE SITS... THEN WAKES UP

STEVIE TAKES ACCOUNTABILITY AND ASKS FOR FORGIVENESS. THE COMMUNITY GIVES HIM A CIRCLE SENTENCING. SAMANTHA AND FAMILY ARE FORGIVING. MANY TEARS ARE SHED. THEY ARE BLANKETED THEN HUG.