

# Word on the Street

A Free Journal for Youth and Urban Saskatoon  
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Be yourself!  
An article about Body Image

Female body image in the Aboriginal culture isn't much different than what Caucasian women struggle with, or Asian and African women struggle with. There are a lot of different ideas young women have about their bodies, how it looks, and how to change it. Young aboriginal women, like all



Susan Aglukark

teenagers, and young adults who are female, like to look good. It's nice to do your hair in the morning and pick a nice outfit, and like everyone—including males—we often struggle with having "good looks" and trying to get skinny, or skinnier. We criticize our appearance nearly everyday when we look at ourselves in the mirror.

My point of view on body image is we are all different, and we all have different styles. It shouldn't matter what someone down the road thinks about how we look, or what the kid sitting beside you in class thinks, but there are times when it does, and it really gets to us sometimes.

Media and today's society has changed what beauty used to be. Things are beginning to change, though. There are strong females to look up to in the media who are

trying to change how appearance is idolized, and one of them is Tyra Banks. She is a big influence on a lot of teenagers and young women around North America and the world, and she portrays a positive body image, and discusses an important variety of topics on her talk show.

I think if we all just take the time to talk about what is on our mind about how we feel about ourselves, and anything else that's bugging us, our self-esteem will rise and we will learn to love ourselves more. Having a good self-esteem doesn't just change because we've changed our appearance or because of how many compliments we get in a day, but it changes how we feel about life, our friends, family, goals, and also what we deal with in everyday living. I'm sure if one person can try and make a change and spread the word, the problem will soon fade and more people will be proud of who they are, and the people around them, and in their community will soon understand what's going on.

*"For me, it might sound cliché, but beauty for me really does start on the inside. It's like a state of mind, a state of love if you will. Then, whatever you can do on the outside is all like a bonus." ~Queen Latifah*

~ Veronica-Renee

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## About Word on the Street

Word on the Street is written by young people in and out of school. It provides a forum for Saskatoon youth to express issues and ideas.

## Writers for this Issue

Veronica-Renee, Steven, Anonymous, Georgina, Chantelle, Whitney, Lynelle, Andrea, M.P.,

**Do you like to Write?  
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## If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?



"I would be a social worker."

~female teenager

"I'd be a sky diving instructor."

~male teenager

"I'd work on the oil rigs."

~male teenager

## Dirt Biking

**D**irt bikes got to be the craziest bar to bar racing. I have been racing for two years now and it's awesome. There are all sorts of different kinds of bikes out there. There is Kawasaki, Suzuki, KTM, Honda, and Yamaha. The bike I ride is a Kawasaki KX 125, it's an okay bike but there are a few problems that you want to watch out for. When you buy the bike it doesn't matter what kind, if they have stock handlebars replace them with aftermarket bars because the stock bars bend easy. After a while you may have to change the suspension because the seals on the stock suspension will go which means the suspension will be really soft and it will bottom out. Otherwise if you keep the bike well maintained it will last a good period of time.



There are different sizes of bikes you can buy. There are 50's, 65's, 85's, 125's and 250's. These are all 2 strokes, besides the 50 which can be a two stroke or a 4 stroke. There are also 250 and 450 4 strokes. The difference of a 2 stroke and a 4 stroke is

the 2 stroke has a power band, which is like an acceleration period which hits around mid rpm. It is good for coming out of corners and hitting jumps. When you hit a jump you want to hit the power band at the bottom of the jump not at the top because you will flip the bike. The 4 stroke is a bike that has power, but it doesn't have the power band as the 2 stroke does.

Dirt biking is not all about racing. You can just ride around on it with friends which is something I do a lot. There is also something called Freestyle, which is hitting a big jump that sends you 30-40 feet in the air and 70-80 feet in distance, and you do a trick while in the air. I haven't really done a lot of that but I have tried it. It's a bit scary the first few times but you get used to it.

There are a bunch of aftermarket parts/accessories. The most common is the pipe and silencer. There are a bunch of brand names like FMF, Pro Circuit, White Brothers, Yoshimura and there are others I don't really know about. I like FMF the most because of the variety of different pipes. I think the Factory Fatty is the best for 2 strokes and the Power Bomb header is the best for the 4 stroke. The Shorty silencer is the best for the 2 stroke and the Factory 4.1 silencer is the best for the 4 stroke. There are a bunch of other parts like clutches, handlebars, suspension, rims, fork mounts, pistons, bottom end parts, plastics and graphic, seat cover, clutch handles, power reeds, chain and sprockets.

There is a bit of safety equipment that you should have when riding a bike like a helmet, goggles, gloves, boots, chest protector, pants, jersey and knee brace/pads. There are different brands like Thor, Six Six One, Fox, Shift, Moose Racing, MSR, FXR, etc. my favorite is Fox.

When riding, ride with caution and don't try to show off to your friends or anyone watching because there is a high chance of hurting yourself or even dying. ~ Steven

## Wrong Place at the Wrong Time

Nobody taps you on the shoulder and says "Excuse me you're in the wrong place, and it's the wrong time". Life is so complicated. I used to be so dedicated to school, to life. Up until the second semester in grade nine I used to be a hardworking student. I remember never getting under a 76% in school. Then I got kicked out of my foster home and got put into a group home. It was close to the downtown terminal so I'd go there to catch the bus. I went there so often I started to meet people.

I started hanging out with them lots. They asked if I smoked weed and I told them no. Then I started dating one of the boys and he kept asking me to just try it. I finally gave in and started smoking weed. I did it because I didn't want him to break up with me. I started doing it more and more, and hanging out with the wrong people. I am sure they were good people they were funny and nice but they made a lot of bad choices, just like I was starting to do. The way they just did what they wanted made me want to be like them. They looked so free. They asked me to go with them and jump people so they could get money to drink so I went with them. We jumped some people and started taking their money. I started thinking "what if that was me walking down the street and got beat up?" Just because I was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

If I could do one thing I would like to find those people and apologize for the pain I caused them, and pay them back for everything I took. I'd do this because I know that I cannot go back to the past and change everything. I was pressured in to it, but that's not the reason I did it, the reason I did it was because I chose to. It wasn't anyone else's choice, it was my choice. Even though it is over and done with, I want to apologize to these people because I made those people hurt, and maybe they're still hurting just like I am hurting, because I hurt those people. Sometimes I ask myself why I did it and I still only have one reason, because they were cool and I was not.

~ Anonymous

### May's Gourmet Chicken

450-20th Street W 244-5541

#### Winter Specials:

3 Pc. Chicken & Fries w/ tea or coffee	4.99 + tax
2 Pc. Chicken & Fries	3.49 + tax
12 Pc. Chick, Fries & Gravy, 2L Pop	20.00 + tax
15 Pc Chicken Combo Pk.	22.50 + tax
Fish & Chips (3 pc.)	4.49 + tax
Boneless Ribs, Fries & Gravy	5.99 + tax
Cheese Burger, Fries & Gravy	2.99 + tax

## Ageism Creates Mistrust

It's not easy being a teen. We have pressure on us from our peers to fit in, to do the 'cool thing.' We have pressure from our parents to graduate, get a job and then move out.

Life is stressful for us at times, and yes, sometimes we don't think of the consequences and we do take the wrong path. People make mistakes, and that includes us, but if these mistakes never happen what are we to learn from?

We get judged by our age all the time. Wherever we go, the elderly think we all carry a weapon and are ready to jump them as soon as they turn their back; store owners think we go there to pocket a few items. We aren't trusted. How do we get respect if we aren't given the chance to show we can be trusted?

Cops also are ones to judge. I've been pulled over numerous times, for what reason, I couldn't tell you because I don't know. I wasn't speeding, drinking, or doing anything wrong, so why? What do the police get out of it? Do they think I have

a case of beer opened in the back, with just a few cans left, which would mean that I would be so drunk I couldn't even open my window? Yes it does happen. People do drink and drive, people that are not just teens. Parents, the elderly, it does happen.

I will tell you about an experience I have had. One day my buddy and I were out and about heading to a friends place. I really had to use the washroom. I knew there was a public spot close, but I also knew it was a hot spot for drugs. So after getting back into my car the cops pulled up to my car and asked me what I was doing. I explained my story but they still asked to search my car. Sure, I had nothing to hide, so they tore my car apart to find nothing and then just left. I don't think this is right. We shouldn't get judged by our age. If we always get judged by our age, how can we prove we aren't all the same, that not all teens think alike? I wish people would accept that.

~ Georgina

# My Story

## Part One: How Everything Started

School can be tough sometimes, especially when life at home isn't that great as well. I recently moved back with my Aunty about a week ago about having been sent to live with my biological Dad by my parents a year ago. This is how it happened.

I wasn't the greatest kid growing up. I would argue and skip school. I skipped school because of arguing with my parents and I would argue with my parents because of skipping school. All of this led me to a series of on and off depression throughout my younger teen years.

After Grade Seven, I was sent to Sion Middle School, a referral school on the east side of Saskatoon for my behaviour at school and all the classes that I was missing. Eventually the arguments at home became normal and irritating, but I was used to it. Sion didn't change me much since I was still skipping school and sleeping in every morning. Soon after January though I decided to make a change and go to school everyday. My life at home and my relationships with my parents and brother was great. I made a few friends – a couple are still my friends – and got all of my work done. By the end of the year, I had won three awards and one of them was the "Most Improved Student Award".

High school began and my first year in September 2005 started well but the school was overcrowded and I couldn't concentrate. Soon the principal referred me to Bishop Murray and that's where it started to get worse again. I dropped out in October and this time I wasn't talking to my parents. I went deeper into depression. By the time November came along, my Step-dad told me that we were moving onto an acreage with my Mom and brother. My Step-dad started talking to me about school and what would happen if I went again. I decided to start school after the Christmas holidays at the country school in a town near our acreage.

That was hard, starting school in the country. After Christmas had passed I nearly failed on my word and skipped the first day of school but the next day I went. I went for about a month and eventually started skipping by staying in the

bathroom or walking around town. I skipped school by staying at home and the agreement I made with my parents was broken. I was not supposed to skip school so that is when I was sent to live with my biological Dad. There was a big fight but they got me to his house and there I was left with all of my stuff for the second time. I wasn't allowed back home until I proved myself and went to school back in the city.

When I moved in with my biological Dad, I was devastated and I became depressed and angry. I refused to listen to him because I believed that he thought of me as a project and something to fix because of the mistakes he made when he was younger. Eventually I started school at Nutana Collegiate and I didn't know a single soul there. By the end of the year nothing had changed; I still had a bad attendance record and had done no work. I passed to Grade 10 with an average mark of 22% but I had to take every Grade 9 class again. After the summer-time had passed I started my school year at Nutana again and, this time, I tried to go to school everyday. I still missed quite a few days but not as much as I could have.

My Dad decided to move us to the reserve in September of 2006 and I was angry. I didn't want to leave the school that I had become attached to and had made quite a few friends at. The day came though when we packed up our stuff and went to the reserve. I didn't last long at all. I called my Aunty up and asked if I could move in with her and she said yes, as long as I agreed to go to school everyday and listen to the rules she had for me. When I told my Dad about this he became angry and upset. My Mom came to pick me up and tried to work the things out with my Dad and me. By the end of that day I was in the city and at my Aunty's and that was all that mattered to me. I was back in the city and able to enrol back at Nutana.

## Part Two: Now and how I got here

Today I live with my Aunty. I attend school at Nutana Collegiate and I am a part of a lot of extra curricular activities there. I've been living with my Aunty since mid-October and I've been listening and on track of things as well. I have so many great friends now and a lot go to Nutana. I've met a guy who I am happy to be with and call my boyfriend and things are beginning to mend between my parents and me.

My Dad is still on the reserve and we don't talk much. There really isn't anything to talk about anymore. His goal was to take me away from the city and "fix" me and I changed that, so our relationship has become estranged. In March, he came back and said I could move back in with him. He said he'd be living in the city, so I moved back in with him and when he came back from the reserve he said we were moving to the reserve again. I said no. This time I refused to even take the chance of getting stuck down there so I ran away.

~ continued on page 5~



Artwork by Dallas Poundmaker, SCYAP

## My Story ~continued~

I am finally happy, and have many friends and I am working with a lot of cool people around the school and community. I wasn't going to let my Dad take that away from me just to go back to the reserve and risk taking all my classes I'm working hard on again next year. I called my Mom when I got the chance after going from a couple houses during the weekend and back to my Aunty's. My Mom talked to my Aunty and they agreed I would move back with my Aunty, instead of moving with my Dad. We've agreed my Dad isn't the best parent since he's never around, never keeps his word, and moves around too much to make any real decisions. We've decided I won't move back with him if he moves back to the city.

I am happy to be living with my Aunty. She helps me out a lot and I can talk to her about anything. My life at school is great, and I am excited to be at school now. My friends are always there for me, as well as my boyfriend. I'm getting involved in programs and going to forums and conferences concerning youth like me. I am excited to be living the life I am living and I have accepted everything in my past as something that a lot of kids like me most likely go through. I am coping with my on and off depression and will always have my Aunty to talk to about things. I really feel like I'm a part of life again now, and that I am a part of a real family that listens and works things out, even if my Aunty and Uncle aren't my real parents. I know my real parents will be there for me if I ever need to talk to them too, even if it's hard. I've learned to love my amily as much as I do my friends and school.

My last paragraph is to thank everyone who's made me feel alive again. I thank my friends, my family and everyone at Nutana Collegiate for helping me feel the need to go to school and for making it fun to be in class. I'd like to thank my boyfriend also and a big thank you goes to my Aunty Tracey. If she wasn't so intimidating and stern on things, I probably wouldn't have been going to school everyday—that is if I wasn't excited to be going to school. I also want to thank her for being there for me and pushing me to tell her what has been on my mind or I would never have felt so relieved of things and open, as I am now. Thank you to all of you who have read this. Another thank you goes to CNYC for giving me the opportunity to write this, and for allowing me to share my story. Thank you.

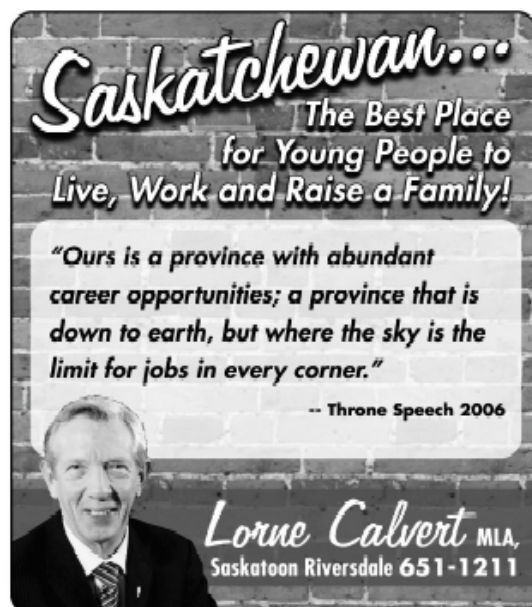
~ Veronica-Renee

## Rap Music and it's Affects on Me

Rap music may get to some people. They sing about drugs-killing-sex-gang related things, really a whole bunch of crazy things. I am not saying it sucks but it may get kids into gang related things. They'll want to be like their rap role models and experience drugs and sex. It could lead them into crime, maybe even killing. For an example, me I listed to Tupac and easy e. They're sweet rappers and hot so I wanted to be like them. I thought gangsters were all cool and I thought smoking marijuana was cool too. So of course I went and tested it out. I was about twelve years old and I liked the effects. I was so high and tripping out. So after that, the next day I wanted to get high again so I did and kept on smoking it.

I regret that. Look at me, I still smoke weed. Its hard to quit. And I experienced some other kinds of drugs because marijuana was not good enough for me. I needed something harder, a different high, I did not like any of the other kinds of drugs that I did. I hated all of those different kinds of highs. I've had way too many family people die from drugs so I just said no to other drugs and stuck with marijuana. My parents wouldn't give me any more cash so I got into break and enters, and got caught for a couple. Had crime unit on me for a while too. They got my D.N.A, because I left some blood in the house... stupid I know. Now do you think rap music leads to a lot of things? My answer is yes I sure do, and I regret listening to rap music when I was pretty young. Well that's the end of my story. Thanks for taking your time to read it. Later.

~ Chantelle



## It's Your Decision... Whether it's Drugs or a Life

I am 15 years of age and I will be 16 in April. While growing up I never had a nice house with a nice family, I never grew up with a dad and I had a very abusive brother. My past was never all that great. At the age of 13, I had made a very bad choice. I hung out with the wrong crowd and decided to start smoking up. I never thought about how bad it was since I seen my mom smoking up too. When I started smoking up I started running away. I would be gone for the longest time that my mom would send the cops out to find me. There would be times where I would be gone for up to 4 weeks. Then I started drinking all the time, I would get so drunk and later end up making a fool of myself. I started hanging out with bad friends, gang members. I started to fight, try other drugs, steal cars and break into houses.

A little ways through grade 9 it got to the point where I thought that smoking weed was way better then having an education. I would never go to school and when I did I would be ripped out of my mind. I would lip off the teachers, I wouldn't do my work, and my class averages were as low as a 17%. I never thought that there was a purpose for me to be sitting in a school like E.D. Feehan so I dropped out. I made it hard on my mom and, I felt like she didn't care about me, and I would put her down all the time and not even realize it. Then an incident happened on 4:21(April 21) where I beat up my mom and got charged with assault, and since I was addicted to drugs that they had found, they charged me with possession of marijuana consisting of less than 30 grams. I got thrown in Kilburn over night where it felt like forever. I got out the next day and went straight to my cousins and got high, laughed about what had happened and showed no love at all.

The months went by and I started to think about what had happened. I then started to smarten up a bit, and make it easier on my mom. I stopped running away and I slowly drifted away from some of the people I used to hang out with and now I'm back in school and proud of it. Back then I thought that drugs were used to escape from all the bad things in life, but guess what, they'll still be there in the morning. Still others use them to be accepted by their friends or to help with boredom. Drugs will also kill your motivation, enslave you to an expensive habit and limit your friendships.

It's your choice whether to decide if its drugs or a life. Stay in school develop your academic skills, persevere this doesn't mean get straight A's. It means grabbing the opportunities offered by schools. You may say they should pay me to go to school, well think again they do. Student may not realize it because it is in the form of knowledge and skills. Use it wisely, don't do drugs and go to school it will all pay off in the long run.

~ Anonymous

## My Favorite Place Well...maybe there's more than one

Where's your favorite place in the world? I don't have just one favorite I have three.

One of those three is San Diego, California. I spent two weeks living it up and soaking in the sunlight. I made a few friends that taught me how to surf and to watch out for the under tow or you're done for dude! One night we went to Hollywood and I got my picture taken with a couple of storm troopers from one of the Star Wars movies. The best thing I did there was go to Disney Land. My mom, my second cousins and I spent the whole day there trying to go on every ride. My second favorite place isn't really one place but all lakes in general. Three lakes stand out the most: Good Spirit Lake, Buffalo View - which is really a part of Fort Qu'Appelle - and then there's Anglin Lake.

At Good Spirit Lake, my mom's friend has a cabin that was built there by his father. There are trails in the brush that go all over the place and it's up to you to keep exploring or try to get back. Buffalo View is a nice place to just chill. The lake is deep enough that you can jump off the dock. There is about 160 camp sites and it's so comfortable that some people leave their trailers there all year so they can come and go as they please. I didn't know about Anglin Lake until last summer. I was only there for a couple of days on a class trip, it was so awesome. I went fishing, tubing and sat telling jokes around the fire pit.

My most favorite place in the whole world that I have been to is Ardrossan, Alberta. My cousins Rachel and Christine live there on an acreage about ten minutes outside of Edmonton. They have a bunch of cool stuff and we do everything together. We would go swimming and to the movies but the best time we have is when we go to West Edmonton Mall. We go on practically every ride and buy tons of candy.

So really I have more then three favorite places and now you know them.

~ Whitney



**Hon. Carol Skelton, PC, MP**  
Saskatoon - Rosetown - Biggar

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# Where is the Child?

It seems like everywhere I go, I see the same thing. I see young girls trying to grow up too fast. I see boys trying to be “gangster”. I see girls no older than fourteen trying to get with older guys. It’s such a shame that I have to witness this. I mean, why are we trying to grow up so fast? We only have one life and I think that we should make the best of it. Having a childhood is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Some people don’t even get a childhood. What ever happened to playing in sand boxes and swimming in paddling pools? Playing in the playhouse at Burger King and jumping rope in the park? I don’t see that anymore. All I see is little boys walking around the streets trying to get with older girls and little girls dressing like the Pussycat Dolls. I mean, what happened to the little sundresses and riding bikes around the neighbourhood? Now a girl can’t even walk to school without an old man staring at her with inappropriate thoughts. It’s really sad that we are forgetting about how great our childhood was. We didn’t have to worry about homework. We didn’t exactly care how we looked or about make-up. Come on, we didn’t even know that stuff existed.

When I think back to my childhood, I remember not caring about how I looked, not having any homework, playing with the little earthworms in the soil, and most of all, being happy. I mean, when I was younger, I didn’t even know the meaning of drama or the word slut. Now, it’s like second nature to us. Oh yeah, and another thing. When I was a child, I didn’t care about my weight. Now, I see girls going on “Fad Diets” and whatnot. When I was a child, the only problems I had to face were when my sucker got stolen and when I hurt my knee sledding. What is the world coming to? Well whatever it is, I hope I’m dead before it happens, because I want to remember children as the way I was when I was a child. Childhood is a memory to cherish forever and that’s exactly what I am going to do.

~ Lynelle

## Buses Always Think They Own the Road

When I’m cruising around with my sister, we are scared to drive beside a bus. It’s like they think that just because they are big that they can own the road. They don’t even look to see if a car is coming when they pull out of bus stops. We almost got hit quite a few times. They don’t know how much damage a little tap can do to a little car. They just push them out of the way like they are a toy or something. One day I was waiting for my bus and it didn’t come for like 20 minutes. The bus driver said she was in an accident. Yeah, it was a she! Just kidding. But yeah, that’s what she said. I asked her who was at fault and she said the other person. So I asked her how it happened. Of course she was pulling out of a bus stop and side swiped a little car. I doubt that she looked in her rearview mirrors. They should have more respect for the little cars and such.

Well like not just drivers that are having trouble, its also the pedestrians. Some bus drivers are so rude. Some are too lazy to lower the bus when an old person gets on and they look all mad when they have to help. If you don’t like helping people then you shouldn’t be working as a bus driver. Some bus drivers will see you running for the bus and they’ll keep on driving. I feel that the transit drivers should be nicer to people and SHARE THE ROAD. Or maybe there should be separate roads for buses.

~ Andrea

## Getting Jacked

Being jacked for personal belongings is a big problem in Saskatoon.

Hats are the most common thing being jacked, which is unfortunate because some hats can cost \$50 +. If you have to buy a new hat every time someone runs off with it, you’re going to be blowing all your money on hats. What really bugs me is people who don’t have the guts to come up to me and tell me to give them my stuff, instead they grab the hat and run as fast as they can.

I have never jacked anybody before. I don’t need other peoples stuff, because I got my own stuff, victims have paid with their own money to buy their property, just like me. What I’m trying to say is I just wish people would show a little respect for people and their belongings. Now you wouldn’t go up to a homeless man and jack him for his money he’s made, but what makes it different going up to a man who’s not homeless, and jacking him for his money they’re both wrong. It feels better buying stuff with your own money, just knowing that you worked hard to make that money.

Well anyways that’s my point of view on jacking people.

~ M.P.

# Upcoming Events in Our Community

## Free Drop-in Art Centre

Tuesdays & Thursdays 5:30-9:00 PM  
For All Ages

Call SCYAP at 652-7760 for more information.

## Women's Healing Circle

Date: Every Wednesday  
Time: 7:00 PM  
Place: Tamara's House — 1605 Victoria Ave

Childcare can be provided if requested at least one day in advance. A light lunch will be provided from 6:00-7:00 pm. Please show respect for the ceremonies and the Elder and honour your womanhood by wearing a long skirt.

Call Patti or Sonja for more information at 683-8667.

## Job Search Support

Date: every Wednesday  
Time: 2:30-4:00 PM  
Place: YWCA Employment & Learning Center Computer Lab  
Free computer use for searching, editing and printing cover letters and resumes; apply for job online; email cover letters and resumes.

*Quote of the Month*

I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past.

Patrick Henry

## 4th Annual Kevin Moccasin Memorial Basketball Tournament

Date: April 27-29, 2007

- White Buffalo Youth Lodge
- Boy's Division: 16 & under, 19 & under
- Women's Division
- Men's Division

Prizes for division winners.

Call Mike Tanton for more information at 653-7676

**Word on the Street is  
generously supported by  
the Saskatchewan  
Lotteries Trust Fund  
and the  
City of Saskatoon.**

## Out of School and Out of Work?

Want to learn some skills &  
make some \$\$\$ ?

The Core Neighbourhood Youth Co-op is looking for young people between the ages of 15-21 to take part in our job training program.

You can: - Learn carpentry skills  
- Earn a high school credit  
- Make money!

Call 665-3889 or stop by 905 20th St West

## Planning an exciting community event?

## Wondering how to let people know about it?

Contact Word on the Street and we'll advertise it in our upcoming events page for free!

Call 665-3889

Please have all relevant information ready when you call.  
Information should be submitted by the 20th of the preceding month.