

Milo - Storyteller for Scarborough Stories

Milo's story is about their experience at school.

I wake up and it's still dark out

Can't go back to sleep, even though I'm warm and don't want to move

Cannot go back to sleep

So

Roll off the bed, wriggle out of comfortable joggers and oversized t-shirts and wriggle into stiff unforgiving polyester and see through button up shirts

Into a mismatch of dark blue, red and black

A walking bruise

The last first day

The light at the end of the tunnel

Final year

Freedom

Start walking

Out the front door

Start walking, over gravel, over cobbles, dead leaves and daisies

Dreading what lies ahead

Uncharted waters feel more welcoming

Here we go, onwards we travel

Into the wilderness

Surrounded by teenage boys who believe drowning in lynx body spray is an acceptable alternative to showering

I think

Walk and think

And while I'm walking and thinking I'm making a promise

To myself

A new years resolution of sorts

I will never feel this way again about something

About anything

Like the very thought of it drains the excitement of the day

But no

Chin up, keep walking, school is over soon enough

I wish I was still your age, the best days of my life were at that place

I think that people romanticise being a teenager because they don't want their current load of responsibility

Kids, jobs, relationships, learning how to live

The removal of strict rules, rigid timetables and constant tasks makes freedom more daunting for those without plans

Whoever said these would be my "golden years" had a brush and a few thousand tins of gilding paint

no one seems to remember how crap this feels

Learning how to be someone

An adult

A friend

A partner

A person

I have £12.45 to my name and I will bet every penny of it that no one wants to go back to

“Um excuse me, is that how we enter a classroom? Why are we late? No, you have to ASK to go to the toilet!”

I'm pretty sure everyone feels the same way I do on that matter
Because personally I'd rather set my face alight and put it out with a brick than hear the words

“Um excuse me, Year 11?”

Every again in my entire life

So, I'm walking and thinking and promising things to myself and I set one foot past the school gate

And as sods law goes, the bell screeches as soon as I pass the threshold

Fantastic

Check the timetable

Maths. First thing. On a monday

Marvellous

Timetables were made to destroy me

I walk in

Late, being stared at

Again

I'm always being stared at

The smell whacks me in the back of my throat

Seating plans were also made to destroy me I see

So I sit

An intruder

Feeling utterly out of place

You get used to it soon enough

In places like this you get used to being an outlier

Used to being the example of difference when conformity doesn't seem to flow through you the way it does though everyone else

In places like this its just as easy to fade away as it is to stick out like a sore thumb

Or it should be

I tried fading

It didn't really work

So now I just have to except the idea of being on oddity

A walking question mark added to an otherwise grammatically sound sentence

Even with friends, well, school friends, because we all know there's a difference

Sadly however there is no effective word for "people I associate with because we were smushed together for 30 hours a week and now we interact because we have to even though we have nothing in common and rarely have anything to talk about"

I haven't really felt so lonely since being here

Sure you feel lonely as a kid

Well I did anyway

Especially when you're the only kid you know with the type of family you had

It's not really the same though

Passive naivety versus active dickhead-ism

Anyway

I walk in

Sit

Fish in my blazer for a pen

They turn

I think they can sense me like when a fly get stuck in a spiders web

So they turn

Make some joke devoid of any actual comedy and consisting mainly of a mixture of slurs and teenage fillers words

I guess the joke is the fact they're saying something they shouldn't

Or maybe that they're saying something about me

I'm not sure

Either way that is strike one of today

Just focus on maths I guess, ignoring them is probably the best option but it never feels right

I just want to go home

Get out of these stupid fucking clothes and move

Far far away

Far away and be something

Become something

Become someone

Someone important, reliable, successful

Someone happy

Thats it really

All I want is to be happy

And forget them all

Get payback in a way I guess

Justice

Justice for the time I've been held prisoner by immoral guards and a system made airtight by rewarding the perpetrators and punishing the perpetrated

I can feel my tie tight against my throat

Pulling my collar up close at the bottom of my hair

When it was long I'd get heat rash all over my neck

I can feel it now, inching up under my shirt

I hate this tie, branding me, "property of the trust"

A stone tied around my shoulders. Dragging me down

I'd love to burn it

I'd just watch the flames engulf it as it disintegrates into a little pile of forgotten memories

I'd burn all of it if I got the chance

The books, the tie, the blazer, the stupid tight pencil skirt, the leavers picture, the school logo planner, all of it

I can picture it now, a pit, full of the past

Full of my experiences

My empty triumphs and faded failures

I mean, it's not difficult, some sand, a pit and some fire

Dug by a yellow plastic spade and lit by an old candle lighter

Still need it all though, as much as its cumbersome and uncomfortable

Uniform is uniform

And one must put on their costume before being allowed to leave the stage

Only until june that is

Last exam, last day

No more need for clothing made of plastic bottles or broken shoes that you have to wear because they're black and for some reason black shoes are imperative for a learning environment

The calendar is marked

The day is set

Burn baby burn

Freedom finally

Free to live, free to love, free to be

Just be

Comfort

Comfortable clothes, comfortable people, comfortable conversations

Catharsis

Sweeter than sugar

Relief

What can they do now? Now I'm stronger than ever

No Jacob Marley chains dragging along the floor behind me

That's it really

Behind me

All of it

Gone forever

So now I can float above the clouds, the cities, the towns

Above Scarborough

My town

My home town

Soaring upwards

Finally, I'm above it all

Free