

## Mark - Storyteller for Scarborough stories

Mark's story is about his relationship with his dad & conversations he wished he could have had before he passed away.

**\*Content Warning: Death of a parent\***

My dad drew a line in the sand....., for us all to have a race on the beach.  
He was at the back, then mum, then my sister....and then little Me.  
.....bizarrely we never had a finish line we'd just set off when dad shouted go and stop  
when he caught us up, and came flying past us all....and that was it race over...Dad  
won....again.... ..simple times.....

But simple times.....the good times didn't last forever, well not in my household ...  
I never liked conflict or arguments so I'd take myself off for a walk, get out of the firing  
line....  
Find somewhere quiet.....and just work things out in my head.....

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I'm Sitting on my special bench, and just looking out to sea

Replaying scenes inside my head, that mean so much to me

A Conversation never had, no common ground with son and dad.

The howling wind is blowing all around, the waves crash in, and make a smashing sound

A daily visit draws me in, it lifts my mood, it makes me grin.

A Conversation never had, no common ground with son and dad.

We grew apart and so I moved away, I guess I needed space to have my say.

I had my walk-about as many do, heard tales and learned a different point of view.

A Conversation never had, no common ground with son and dad.

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Have you ever done that thing where you plan it out in your head what your going to say to someone....you work out all your replies, what you could of said, what you should of said.....but then you don't do it.....So, I got to thinking, what if I wrote a letter, what would I say...(get out envelope).....how would I even start.....

Dear Father.....no too formal

Now listen dad,.....nah that sounds a bit aggressive.

Ok here goes.....

Dad,

I've got a few things to say.....you might not wanna hear 'em, you probably won't agree with 'em, but here goes.....

I know you always said that you had it really hard when you were younger, and that your dad, my grandad was never around much....and even when he was,..... you sometimes secretly wished he wasn't....

Well, don't get all angry and lose your temper again,.... but well,.... I know how that feels....

And you remember, when I was a kid, you said, I had to come straight home from school, even though i really wanted to do after school activities.....well I never told you but, well ....there's no easy way to say it so here it is.....

None of my school friends ever wanted to come over to our house for a second visit, because you used to grill them with questions like "where do you live then" or "what's your dad do for a living" and you'd shout and scream if we dared put the tv or music on and let's not even mention that time my ex- best friend accidentally left his shoes on and you asked him " if he'd like it if mud got trailed all over his house" .....he had tears in his eyes, tears as he left our house .....everyone was scared to return and as you'd already told me I wasn't allowed to go to their houses ...well that was the end of my school friends....but ~I guess you were too busy and you never realised that I was always on my own.....always drawing pictures, always on my own.....

I'd like to think that you were protecting me and looking out for me, I'd like to think that you were just overprotective and old fashioned and strict..... just very, very strict.

I do remember you telling me that just before grandad died, you asked him if he had any regrets and you were so annoyed that he simply said no, none, as you wanted him to apologise, but of course he didn't and then he died.

You then told me that you had made so many mistakes in your life, you got upset, really upset I'd never seen you cry before...we both felt really awkward for a minute, I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything, I just couldn't let it show.....but then as quick as a flash you're mood changed and you sternly went on to say if you got the chance again that you'd do so many things differently, you wouldn't work all the hours under the sun for a start .....I never asked you what you'd do differently, I should of done, but I didn't and that was that.... I just listened and figured that all the hours under the sun was your way of doing your parenting....providing.....in your way.

Dad...You might be surprised to hear that a lot of what you've told me over the years has actually stayed with me, yes I was listening , and I'd like to think that even though we don't see eye to eye on everything, that's okay, I'm alright with that.....yeah I am...I am alright with it.

Faithfully Your son. ( fold up letter and put back in envelope)

Has anyone got a stamp..... Im not gonna put a stamp on it anyway

I'm not going to post it,.....I almost wish I could but I can't

Because my dad..... he's not here anymore.

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I love Scarborough, I think we all do, yeah it's not perfect but who is....

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I'm told it's very rare, but here I stand, by choice I'm back in Scarborough as I planned

Some say Old fashioned, but not me, its simply, honest, beauty, by the sea.

A Conversation almost had, some common ground with son and dad.

Where once a gap was miles apart, I miss him but..... he's in my heart

Bow.