

## **Matthew - Storyteller for Scarborough Stories**

Matthew's story is about coming out & his special jacket.

**\*Content Warning: Homophobia\***

When I see it I light up...I'm on fire I know I just know that's ME

I grabbed my phone and quickly spammed my mum the link

I text my mum the link .

I text my mum the link.

OK cool how much?

Not exactly the ultimate climax ...but it's my truth .

The waiting game . I'll go do something,I was teaching football I don't do that anymore and there I was waiting that's it goals in the shed we're done 2 corners it'll only be a minute

THERE'S A LETTER

Sorry we missed you

I sprinted upstairs practically on all fours to ring a mate ... it's not here I told him

It was due today again.I told my sister to stay home or her tickets to Scotland met the scissors.

Stuck on the pitch 4th session down surprise surprise it's raining...and just to emphasise I don't do this anymore

We're done 2 corners, it'll only be a minute.

It's half seven at night and guess what ? It's here! The packaging one side a woman's face the other just her neck

I was like Gollum with the one ring this packaging was "my precious ." careful not to break it, the deafening squeak of the wrapper nearly made me miss the light blue inside.

That is ME.

The wind was in my hair turning into a white flame ,I was a shooting star or a knight in rainbow armour it was as if I was galloping down a valley the music of fairies in my ear, it was just a trip to the shops but to me it was so much more it was my new adventure and that

Is ME

Nothing could cut me ,I had been adventuring my world with my armour always with me . Whether it be riding my bike or singing to a crowd after years it gave me a voice that wasn't mine.

My life was bloody awesome (until it wasn't) it had been months and my trusty steed had broken that should have been the first sign, but I didn't notice. I was only on the street at the back of my house. I still walk to it almost daily but today was different. I had no bike , and my armour didn't work.

Looking back it was a cliché: the sun was low and the music in my ears was a sad tune.

I didn't see it but I sure as hell heard it the man screaming "fucking faggot !" And then the glass bottle hitting my head and then the floor "shatter!" I nearly fell but my feet moved without me thinking I was running and I left the man with 3 parting words "suck your mother " I know I'm hilarious, hold the applause.

I got home. I was fine but I knew one thing was clear: my armour should never be worn again.

This ISN'T me .

It had been a while and I kept my promise the armour was off and as far as I was aware I'd never wear it again.

The armour was calling me every time I saw it invading my dreams,I gave up. I could hear its siren song and the moment I put it on I knew.

This was and always will be ME .