**Sarah Burrows - Storyteller for Scarborough Stories**

Sarah’s story explores being different, but awesome.

Hello, everyone. I'm Sarah Burrows and this is my story.

I like to be different. I love standing out and being myself. And the best way for me to do that is to wear outgoing clothes. It can be difficult though, especially at college because literally everyone wears black and I'm constantly standing out.

It's okay. I love the attention. There’s this one student who likes to say what's on her mind. She's autistic and she alway has something to say about my outfits, which doesn't bother me by the way, it’s quite fun. Once I went through a phase of wearing bucket hats and she said ‘Why are you wearing a hat inside?’.

I walked up to college one day wearing cow print jeans and she said ‘No offence, you look like a cow’. I got quite moody. To let her know it didn’t bother me, I wore a bucket hat for 2 weeks straight. I’m glad I did, now she calls me bucket hat girl. I wish I’d have worn the cow print jeans now, because then she would have called me cowgirl.

Three things you need to know about me. One, I'm autistic. Two, I have a germ phobia. And three, I love cooplands. And the reason you need to know that is because I'm reading a poem that I wrote in 2020 a lockdown about Lockdown:

Lockdown has been great for me

blinded by germs, now I can see

washed and sanitised

The rule of three

I invented it back in 2003

Stay in the home, nothing to do

going with the flow

Not allowed to leave, I never do

I'm not complaining though

It’s not that much different to how my days usually go

I like to look sharp whenever I've gone out

But PJs is all I now wear

And if you take a peek

I might look like I’m a fake

But does it look like I care?

Finding the perfect outfit is a tough task

Because now I have to think about my mask

Do the colours go?

Does it show off my eyes?

Have I forgotten to sanitise?

I have to obey the rules and cooplands

My favourite shop

Only two people are allowed in at once

Smart

The circle is where I have to stop

So we are approximately two metres apart

I don't like rules

Yet I play along

Because I'm a big fan of hygiene

Coopland, congratulations

You've outsmarted the hygienic queen

But I do have to get crisps or a sausage roll to complete my meal deal

And that's kind of mean

I just want my tuna baguette and oasis

And leave without causing a scene

And I have to ask to get the tuna mayo mixed

Which doesn't make sense

Why order a sandwich in the first place?

I’m gluten intolerant

I’m getting off topic now

Let's return to the subject matter

The life choices or make now

Are whether to have weetabix or coco pops

I go for the latter

I don't have the day's planned anymore

My chalkboard weekly planner is always blank

But Netflix came in to save the day

And there's a certain show I’d like to thank

After I finished watching 10 seasons of friends

I became a little insane

I cried when it ended

And now all I know is boredom

And there’s undiagnosed back pain

Which is still there actually

Mum, have you got the ibuprofen?

I'm not losing the ability to socialise

I've never been that keen on it anywayI

I did catch up on my friend Alexa’s life

We tend to bond every day

I think this lockdown has been rough on

Because when I asked her to sing a song

She paused a little and then she said

I don't know that one

If you asked me if I want to go somewhere

I’ll kindly say no

It is okay to assume

That only four places I’m ever going to go

Are the four corners of my bedroom

My bedroom and I, we are so tight

I don't let in natural light

I don't know anymore what’s outside my door

Has the front room wall always been white?

As I say, lockdown has been great

It’s just my cup of tea

Because the world hasn’t changed

It's all the same

To the Waterson family

This next poem is personal to me. It's about my anxiety and I'd like to share it with you guys. It's called puppet master:

I'm tied to the strings, there's nowhere to go

You are the puppet master of my disaster show.

I’m another character in your made up play

And the price the world has come to watch me pay

You wipe out any flowers and dress me as a clown

You hate my useless looks, so you turn them upside down

I have the same style, wear the same clothes

All the same lines, all the same shows

The spotlights on me and everyone staring now

I've got to put on an act, sadly I know how

I’ve broken down the parts like a script in a play

And all I want is someone to say I'm not okay

I've secured my perfect mask and taught myself to shine

So the people seeing the clown can believe I am fine.

I've never shown them me on stage ever since it was aired

because I never got myself to admit I’m emotionally scared

I always fail to break my strings because I know I would fall

And I don't think I have the strength to get back up at all

The audience laughs as I break

So I ignored them as they cheer

Because the ones that helped me break the strings to me are the only ones who are here

I want you to remember your strings will eventually break

The feeling of loneliness is something I deeply know

And at the end of the day, the advice I want you to take

Is that it’s always been you in control of your show