

Liam - Storyteller for Scarborough Stories

Liam's piece was written together with members of ARCADE's youth group.

Scarborough is poem:

So we started on our journey, several weeks ago thinking...

What are all the things about Scarborough that you all need to know?

With the Creative Youth Company, ARCADE, Mia Grace and Nikki

we set about finding all the things you do not see.

Our favourite places, they're all here but more importantly the people are here never fear.

Enjoy this journey of Scarborough's best.

What it means to us, as young people and all the rest.

What's important for us is to meet our friends in groups

With our mates we don't have to jump through hoops.

We love inventing new characters, listening to our music,

getting to really know people

and feeling safe enough to know that we can use our voice.....

Life. It really is our choice.

Our stories are their stories, it all carries on,

Scarborough is proud and Scarborough is strong.

Scarborough is family....

A place of fun, sea and sand....

A place of happiness and heartbreak....

A walk hand in hand

We see it all, we know its truths.

What happens in amongst those roofs?

Loving Scarborough is Cliff top walks down to Jacksons Bay.

The sea fret in winter that you just can't see your way.
Is the closed shutters and the lashing of the sea.
It's sitting in front of the fire with your chippy tea.
Busy beaches and the sand in your toes,
Trips to Peasholm park where you can row.
Florios at happy hour on a night,
Knowing those people who are gonna start a fight.
Muffled music and broken ceiling tiles.
It's all the clothing of various styles.

It's a Bookers refund and the 5 o'clock starts,
It's your mate sharing their last pack of love hearts
The light streaming in at your windows waking you up,
Its hairy bob's cave and a lock in down the pub
Endless FIFA games with your mates and secret conversations.
It's Cooplands on a morning with queues of patrons
It's the beautiful sunsets and the tired eyes.
After a night out watching the sun rise.
It's the parks and the rusty joints of the roundabout.
It's the super talented kid that you call a layabout.
It's the walls splashed with colour under the bridge
It is the mouldy old cauliflower at the back of the fridge.

It's the boiling hot kitchens and the aching feet at the end of your shift
It's calling up for a lift.
It's the people, not the place that makes it home.

A place where you are free to roam.
Scarborough is home, my birthplace, my people.
So we started to tell a story of all those that we know.
The two ladies from the chip shop, the man who chats to me in Tesco.

The old lady with her fags and her bags.

The shopkeeper whose face looks sad.

The things that mean something to us, like getting let on for free on the number 7 bus!

Like Ivy, who is 15 years old whose superpower is her sunglasses.

To observe and read minds, especially that lad she fancies.

She is popular and very smart,

Like many in our town she has a huge heart.

She has a love of shoes and goes to PRU.

A place of fun and safety where you know you grew.

There's the man who dresses like the man he thinks he should be,

The shopkeeper at premier, ... and the people from the areas of town that you might not know well and of course the places you might go to find a shell.

Their stories are told here by the gem that is Liam,

We wanted to give you a full chance to see them,

All together..... their stories are different but we hope you will see,

a little bit of your story, they're just like you and me.

So Liam's here to tell them, our stories, our truths of those we love, we're not just youth.

These stories are of what we see.

So sit back, take it in, the stories of the Scarbados!

The truth amongst the seagulls, chips and candy floss.

The man who dresses much younger:

Woke up, had a wee, took the dog for a walk.

Today was a sunny day. Someone looked at me funny.....who does that?

Today I am feeling alright.....there's music from next door and singing. Always at random times of the day. She's at it again, you know that song that talks about Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme.....I mean who actually sings about herbs. It's a bit weird right.

I try to blot it out by putting on my own on Alexa....Home....'Edith Whiskers'. That's right....the chill returns again. 'Pumpkin pie and cotton candy' 'Home is wherever I'm with you' it's true.....I'm feeling alright this morning, for the first time in a long time I actually feel alright. The sky is blue, the seagulls have shut up for once from constantly squawking, the sun is shining.

Maybe it's time for my sunnies today. I may pop over and see mum, it's been a couple of days, she'll be wondering what's up!

Then my phone rang...she wants to talk to me.....no not mum....Emma

My girlfriend of 5 and a half years wanted to 'talk' to me. The sun drifted behind a cloud. 'Ok' I said and hung up the phone. 'Ok....'

We went for a walk around Peasholm ...

It was busy that day with loads of people. Sunshine, ducks, boats, family. Happy.

andshe broke up with me.....'It's not you it's me....or something else I didn't really hear. 'I just don't love you anymore....there's... someone else. 'Right' that's all I could say 'Right'

Heartbroken, just like that. I didn't want to show any feeling so I just froze. Felt like I couldn't catch my breath, everything was closing in on me.

I felt dizzy like I was about to pass out. Was that it? Was I nothing to her? All those years and she didn't even sound sorry. Those years felt like nothing.

She walked away, not looking back, was I not enough? I just walked around and around trying to find myself. I didn't know what time it was when I got home.

My dog, smart as she is. She found me, I cuddled her and cried to Adele'. Curled up on the sofa, the house felt empty, the sun had gone, the sky had gotten dark.

Yes I love Adele alright, who doesn't....until I drifted off. Ready to face the next day again.....alone.

It broke me and.....that's the truth, 'I thought we had something' that is why I now dress like him, the guy she goes out with now, maybe she'll want me back? We were so happy, there must be a way right....

I know it's not the way to deal with it, pretty lame but I've got to do something. One day it's gonna happen, I'll be happy. We go again tomorrow.....

Nigel the Shopkeeper;

Rolled out of bed at 6.30am, opened the curtains, got in the shower and brushed my teeth. Took the dog out in the garden. Went to open the shop. Start at 7.30am work until 9pm, day in day out. Go home have steak and chips for tea that Sandra has made. Late night walk with Sandra and the dog. Quick pint with Steve up the road cos the pub stays open until 11pm....sometimes you get a lock in if you're lucky. Few tequila shots, to take the edge off and sit with Sandra after at home.

I don't sleep much nowadays, troubled dreams. Sat on tinterweb and order some stuff for work. At least I'm being productive. The day I did it....the big mistake, was a night when my dreams had been a bit hazy. Started out like all the others, same stuff, same people, same places. I ordered the dog balls for the shop thinking they'd be a brilliant seller. 100 just to get us started. Then closed the laptop and went for a walk with Sandra and Gerrard, that's me dog. Stephen Gerrard in case you were wondering.

We walked into the Italian Gardens, Scarborough's best kept secret and sniffed the air. It was Summer, a lovely summer night where you felt like there was just too much Heat in the Kitchen but you loved it all the same.

Loving Scarborough is like a big thing; you love it and hate it at the same time. It's home, you grew up here but there are so many things that are not right. You see it all, not just the nice bits. Sometimes Scarborough feels like a pit stop on life for Old people and that's where we are at.

Loving Scarborough is the Harbour Bar but on a really chilly winter day. You know the ice cream is brilliant but it's always better in the sun. It's a bit like me really. Scarborough is different and unpredictable but also predictable.

We walked down the path to the South Bay. Still hearing the seagulls squawking, the waves lapping the sand, sand in my shoes, Gerald barking with happiness. You can see the lights of the boats at sea. Looking at those lights reminds me of warships, far off in foreign lands, lands I only now see in my dreams, that's when I get to sleep. It is just that time of night where there is still some light and some dark over the sea.

The moon is rising and glistening off the waves. The smell of popcorn drifts across to us and there is a group of kids sat on the beach eating pizza and drinking 'pop' just like when I was a kid. Never changes.

After our walk we strolled home and I open the laptop again, scrolling through the orders I looked again.....not 100 dog balls on order but 1000!!! What the hell was I going to do with 1000 dog balls. Well I'll just take 200 home, Gerald goes through them like the shop goes through electric but not sure what to do with the other 800! Lets hope Scarborough dog owners need a lot of balls! What was I going to tell Sandra? She was going to kill me. I had to tell her somehow. I finally plucked up the courage.....

'er I have a confession to make'

'what type of confession?'

'I've ordered some dog balls...for the shop'

'right....'

'Except I accidentally hit 1000 instead of 100 in the shopping basket and now we are due a truck load in the delivery!

'What...why?'

'Why?...because it was an accident and I'm stupid, please don't get mad, I love you....you see. So much, you, me and Gerald we're a team. And I need you to solve this problem. I need you in fact I need you for most things in my life so....'

So then it happened just like that out of the blue from nowhere....

'Marry Me.....' I had actually said it after years and years of never plucking up the courage I said it!

'Marry me' I got down on one knee and everything....to think those dog balls brought us closer. She said yes!.....now what to do with the delivery that was due to appear any day!

Thanks so much for watching, we hope you enjoyed

Our stories of the place we call home.

It's big and it's small, it's beautiful and faded but

We love it just the same.

It's the people that make the place.