

17 February 2010

Campfire Tales: Jack

Half hidden in the dark of night, a man sits without making a sound. The flickering firelight begins to distend itself in a vain attempt to bring him into proper view. He is a quiet man, the type that prefers to observe beauty rather than interagate it. His normaly pensive blue eyes are unfocused, gazing up at the treetops with uncontrollable disinterest. Dark, red hair rustles as a slight breeze gently assaults the campsite. His lips are turned down, a slight imperfection to his still, blank canvas like posture. His leather jacket is slightly worn, which is the style, although to be honest he knows nothing about fashion. He hasn't picked out his own wardrobe since ninth grade, when David discovered his true passion. His fingers tap anxiously against the cool dark of his jeans, eager to snap a photo or two soon so their master can leave this place. He was irritated by everything the forest had to offer, but he kept himself as unreadable as an undeveloped photo. Jack, as it says on his I.D, wants nothing more than to be back home, eating one of David's Cornish pasties or pork pies, snapping stills of the lake house near his home or listening to David prattle on about Burberry, Paul Smith, Vivienne Westwood and Alexander Mcqueen. Back home, Jack is a photographer, respected in his small town, but holding himself back until David finishes collage, and the two brothers can get their respected proffessions off the ground. Back home he has a dream; taking pictures, beautiful

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photos that inspire, especially now that David keeps asking him to go out and bring him inspiration for his clothing designs. Here however, sitting unhappily around a campfire with people he hoped to NEVER see again, he was no one, a face in a haphazard circle with no purpose aside from satisfying his baby brother's artistic whims. He would never have considered going camping, even for a second, if David hadn't been aware of how tightly wound around his finger he'd gotten Jack to be. The little brat owned him and he knew it. Jack sighed contemptuously at the thought of waiting until after 'Story Time' to get his pictures and LEAVE.

When it was Jack's turn to tell a story he scoffed inwardly, fingers drumming angrily against his Nikkon camera, his most prized possession, which he had recieved on the day David was born, and he had fallen in love for the second time. The camera eased his foul mood as the other campers watched him expectantly. He opened his mouth to refuse, but then changed his mind.

"I knew these kids in highschool named Cornelius and Jake, " he began, his voice holding a bit of amusement at the memory. "One night after practice...We broke into coaches beer cooler, and they walked in together..which was weird becasuse-"

to the tale: <http://www.collectiveconscious.com/chaucer/!!stuwork/9delmontale.pdf>