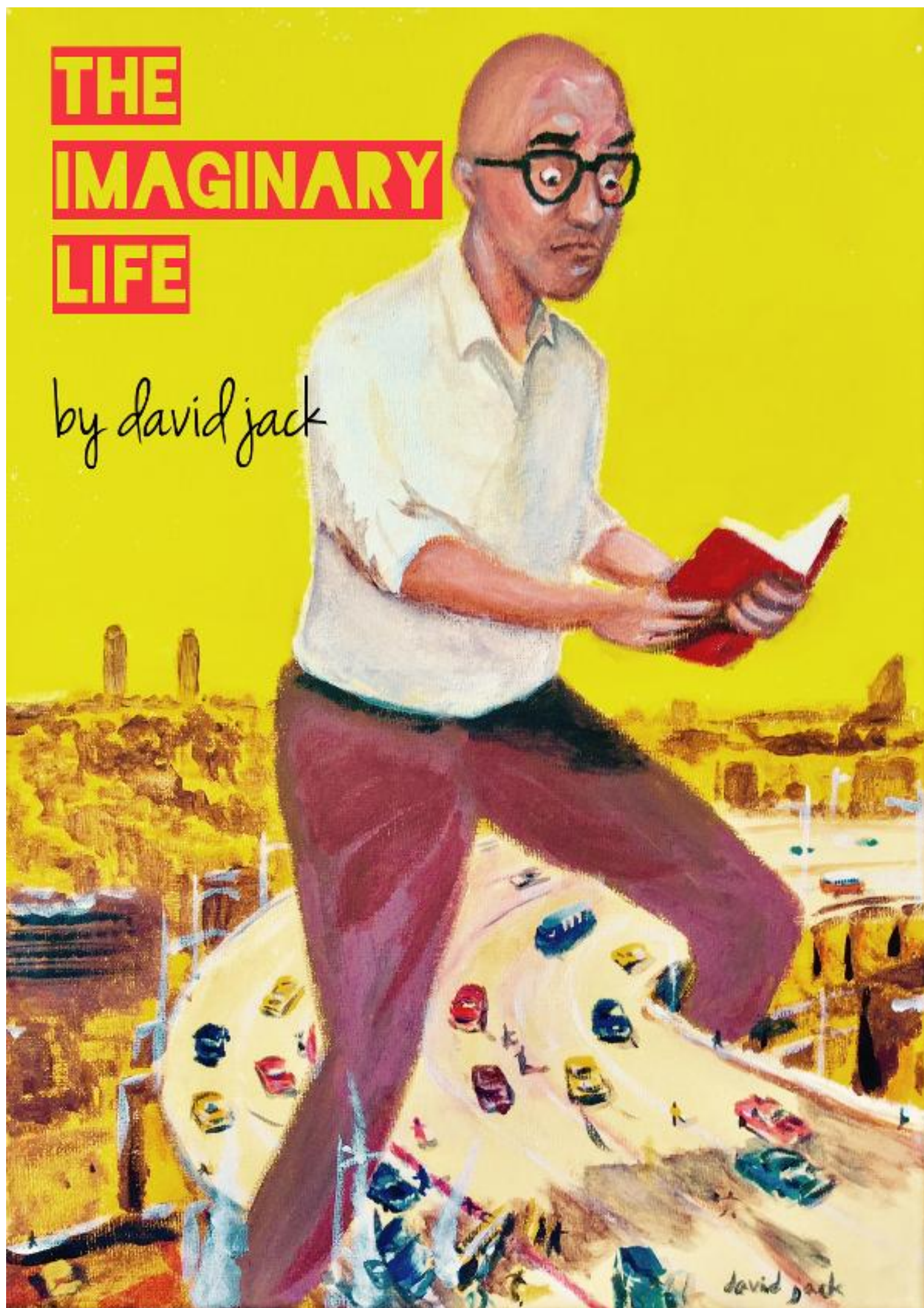


# THE IMAGINARY LIFE

by david jack



## **The Imaginary Life**

Short stories from 2009 to 2010

(c) David Jack

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[www.davidjackart.com](http://www.davidjackart.com)

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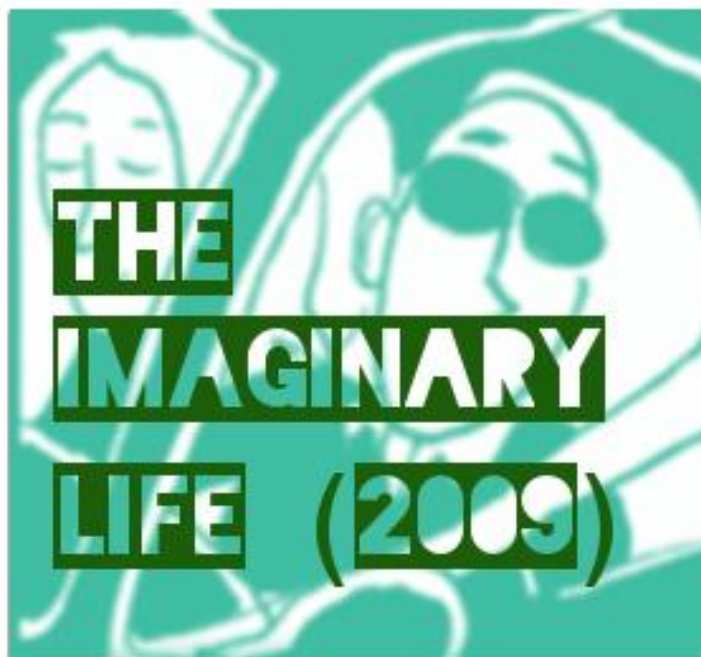


**NOSTALGIA**

**(2009)**



**THE  
IMAGINARY  
LIFE (2009)**



**NO LOOKING  
BACK (2009)**



**CHINESE  
SHADOWS**

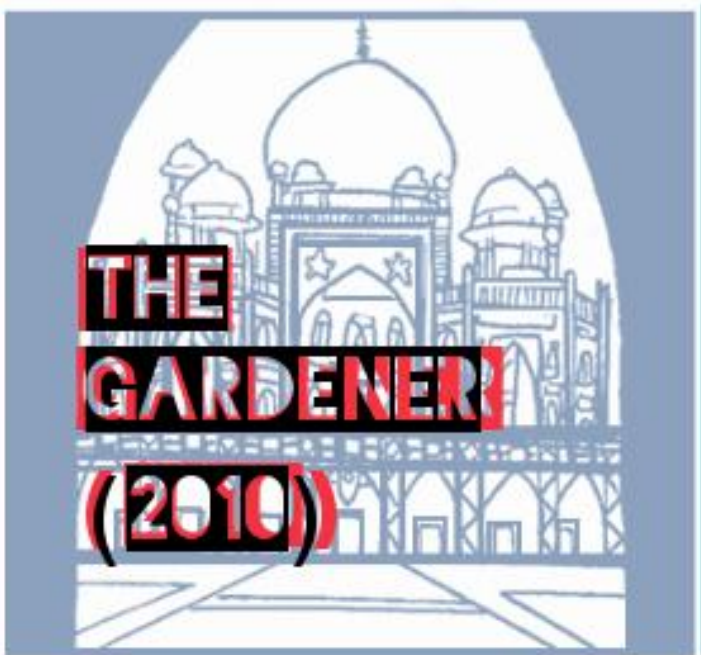
**(2009)**



**WRITE TO  
ME (2010)**

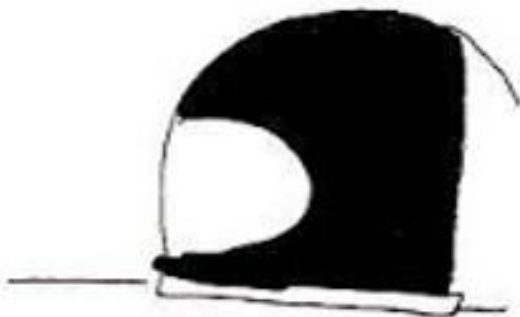


**THE  
GARDENER  
(2010)**

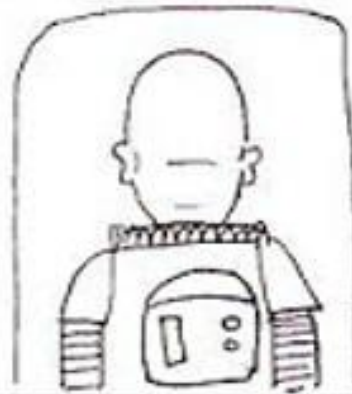


# Nostalgia

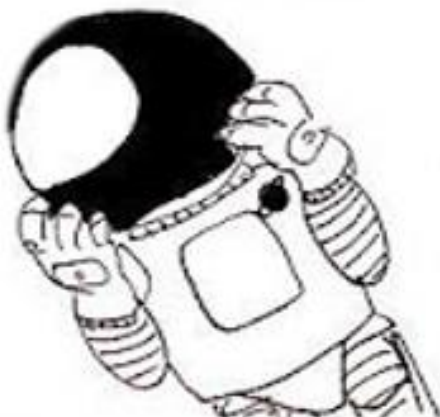
I'M A MELANCHOLIC  
PERSON



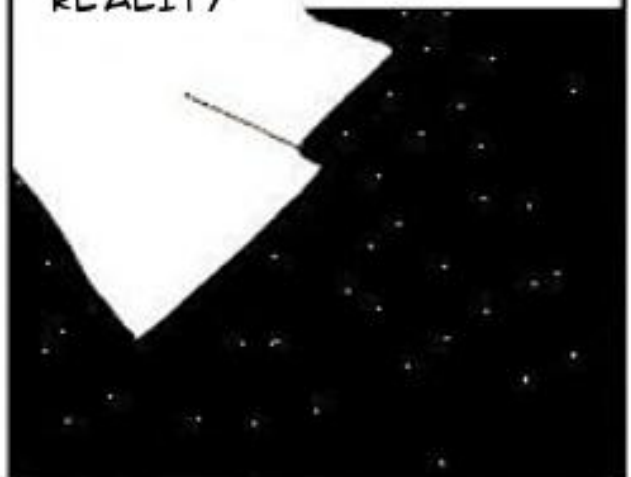
I LONG FOR  
EXPERIENCES THAT ARE  
NOT IN THE PRESENT.



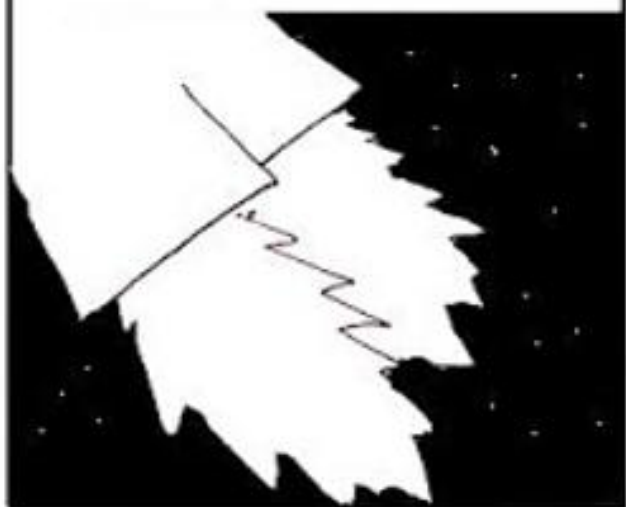
I NATURALLY LIVE THEM  
IN MY MIND.



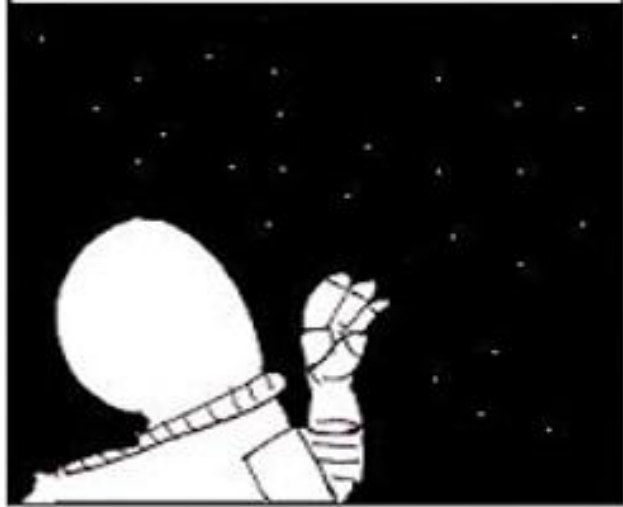
THEY CAN BE PAST OR  
FUTURE, FICTION OR  
REALITY



THEY CAN BELONG TO  
ME OR BE ALIEN.



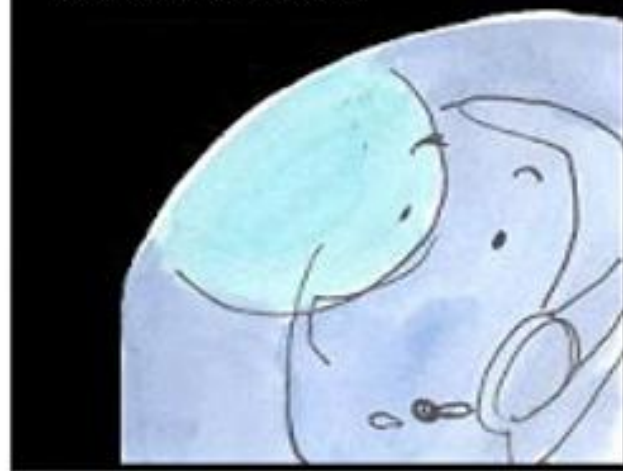
NEVERTHELESS THEY ARE  
EVERYTHING TO ME.



IT'S A LIFE OF  
NOSTALGIA



*CAN YOU HEAR ME  
MAJOR TOM?*



I COLLECT SONGS



WORDS

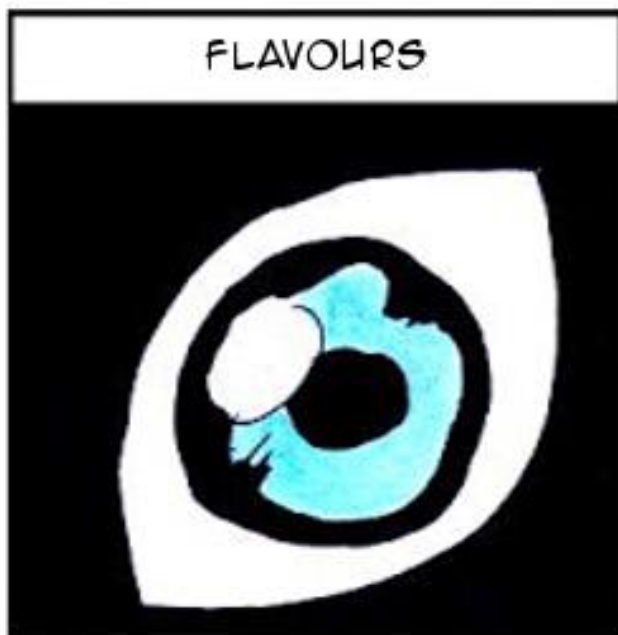




TRAVELS, ADVENTURES



FLAVOURS



AND EXPERIENCES.



THESE FORM THE SYMBOLS  
FROM WHICH I EXTRACT A  
LANGUAGE



WITH IT I CAN PRONOUNCE  
MY NAME



AND WITH THIS NAME  
GAZE BACK TO THE WORLD.



# The Imaginary Life

IT'S BEEN OVER ONE YEAR SINCE  
I LEFT BARCELONA.



IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT  
I'D LEFT BUT THIS TIME IT WAS  
GOING TO BE YEARS BEFORE I  
WOULD RETURN



BEFORE LEAVING I WANTED TO  
MAKE SURE MY HEART WAS IN THE  
RIGHT PLACE.



OH,  
BOY!



I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO EACH  
ONE OF THE PLACES THAT HAD A  
SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME...



THAT IS... A TRIP TO THE PAST.





VISITING EVERY TOWN AND  
EVERY ROAD



ADDING MEMORIES  
TO MY MEMORIES.



THE HARDEST AND MORE SURREAL  
PART WAS TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO  
MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY



TO RECOGNIZE THAT THE WORLD  
WOULD STILL KEEP TURNING  
WITHOUT ME.



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FLIGHT I  
WASN'T ABLE TO SLEEP.



I WANTED TO FEEL EVERYTHING, TO  
BE ABLE TO CARRY ALL THOSE  
MEMORIES WITH ME.



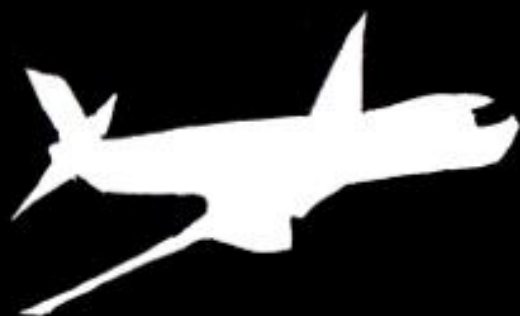
I RECEIVED PRECIOUS MESSAGES  
FROM MY FRIENDS.



IT WAS TIME TO BOARD THE  
FLIGHT AND DEPART TO A NEW  
LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.



TO WHATEVER MAY COME...



No Looking Back



TWO YEARS  
AGO WHEN I  
MOVED OUT



I FOUND MYSELF  
PACKING MY  
WHOLE LIFE INTO  
ONE SUITCASE



EVERYTHING  
ELSE WOULD BE  
LEFT BEHIND



IN A FEW HOURS  
I'D BE ON A  
PLANE TO SYDNEY  
AND WED IN  
MONTHS



IN THAT MOMENT  
IT HIT ME: I  
WOULD NEVER  
RETURN TO THIS  
PLACE.

IT ALL WOULD  
END ONCE I  
WALKED DOWN  
THE STAIRS AND  
GOT INTO THE  
CAR.



I SAID GOODBYE TO MUM'S CHATS

THE AROMA OF COFFEE

THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

I EMBRACED  
HIS ABSENCE  
ONE LAST  
TIME

I NEVER  
COULD SAY  
GOOD-BYE  
TO HIM.

I STILL  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW.



I WOULD  
NEVER COME  
BACK TO  
THIS PLACE.

IT WAS TIME  
TO MOVE ON.

I LEFT DETERMINED TO  
ACCEPT A NEW LIFE.



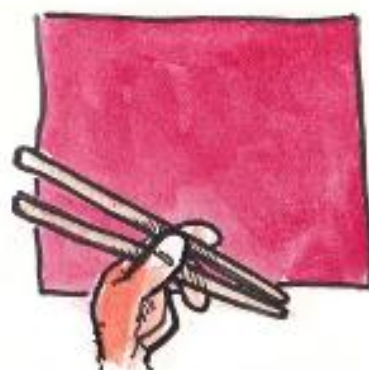
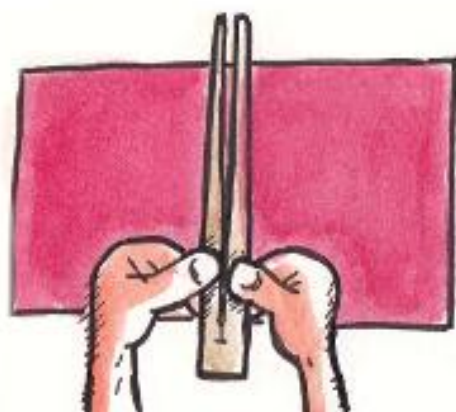
(BUT MY  
MOBILE WAS  
IN THE  
KITCHEN.

SO I WENT  
BACK.)



# Chinese Shadows





WHAT IS CHINA  
FOR ME?





CHINESE FOOD.  
CHOPSTICKS.



LANTERNS



BEIJING





A PARTICULAR SMELL



COMMUNISM.



EXTREME WEATHER





THOSE ARE JUST CLICHES EASY TO CREATE  
FROM THIN AIR.



I'M PRECONDITIONED. I NEED TO OPEN MY MIND TO THE HERE AND  
NOW, WITHOUT PREJUDICES.







HOW CAN YOU START TO DESCRIBE ONE BILLION PEOPLE OR THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF HISTORY?

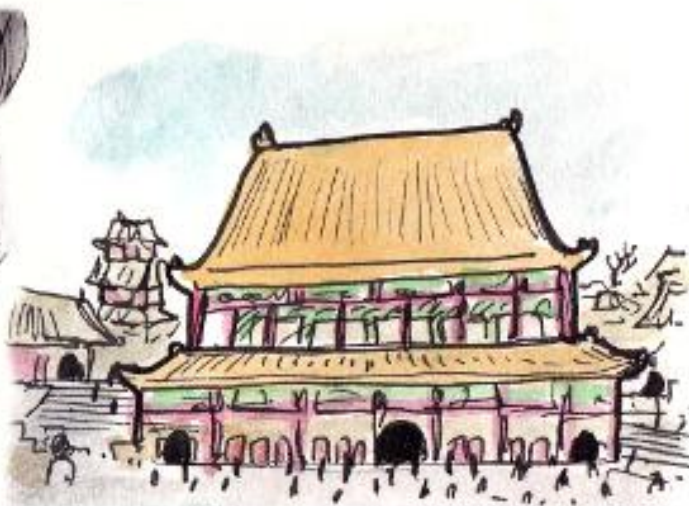




# THE FORBIDDEN CITY







THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.



I CAN BE INSPIRED. I CAN LEARN. I CAN GROW.





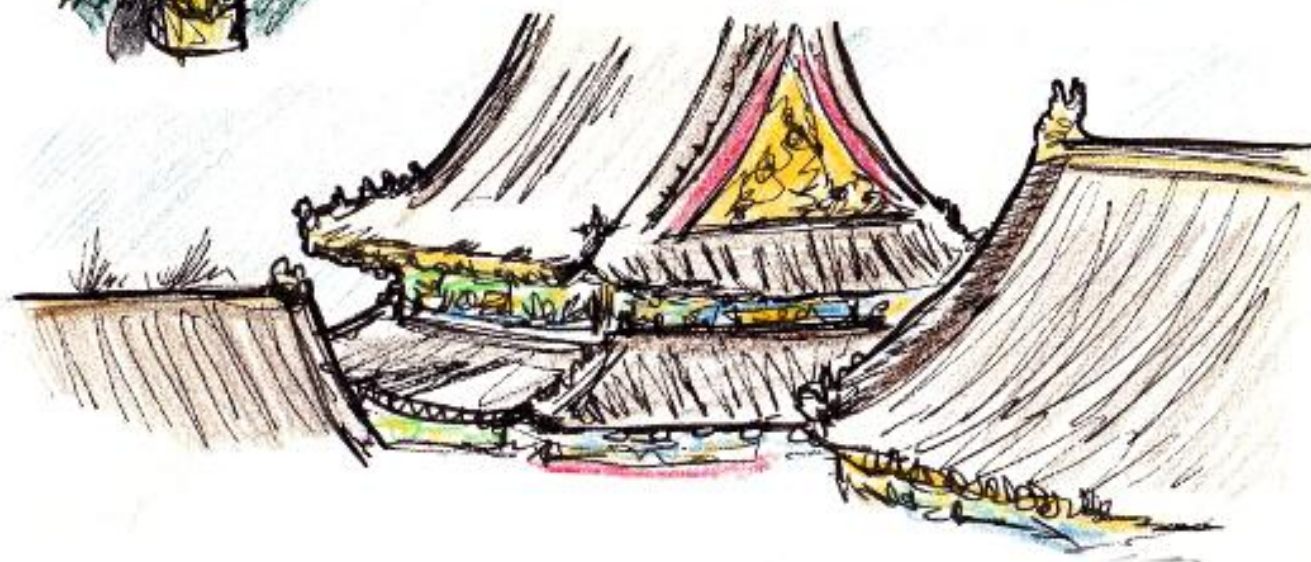
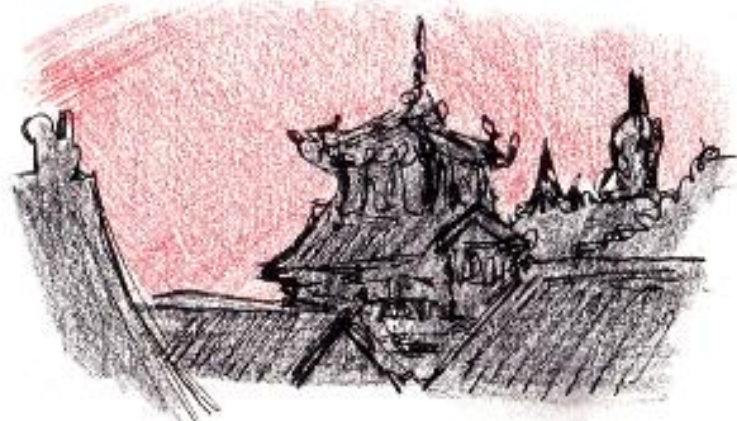


I CAN DO  
BETTER.

I CAN SHARE...



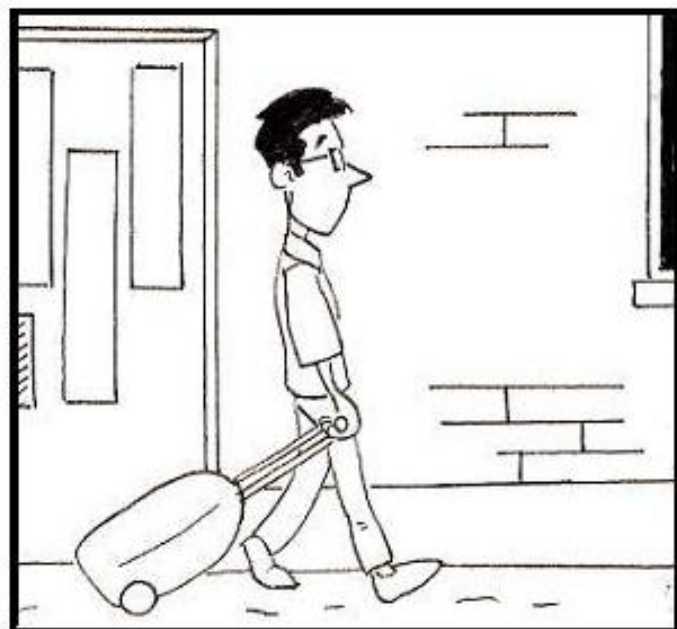
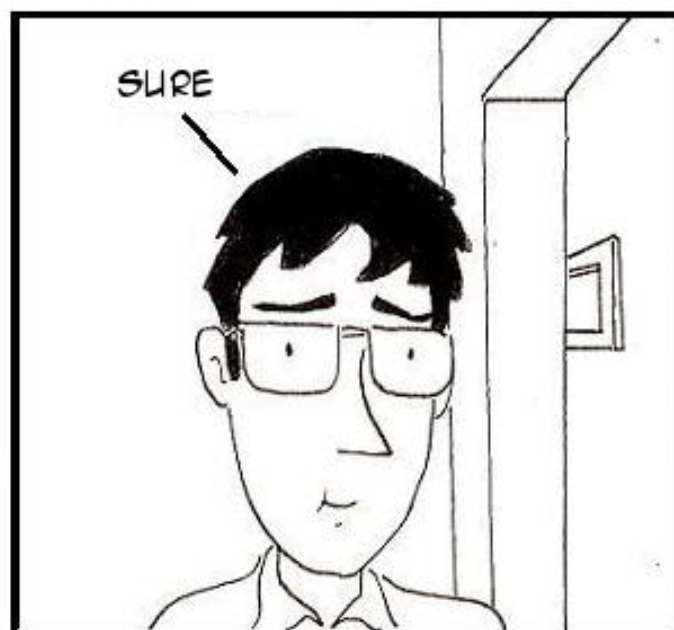
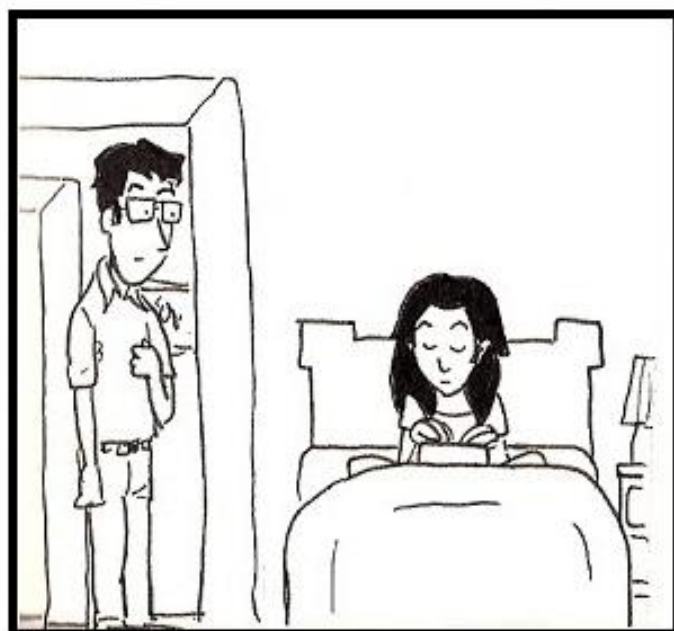




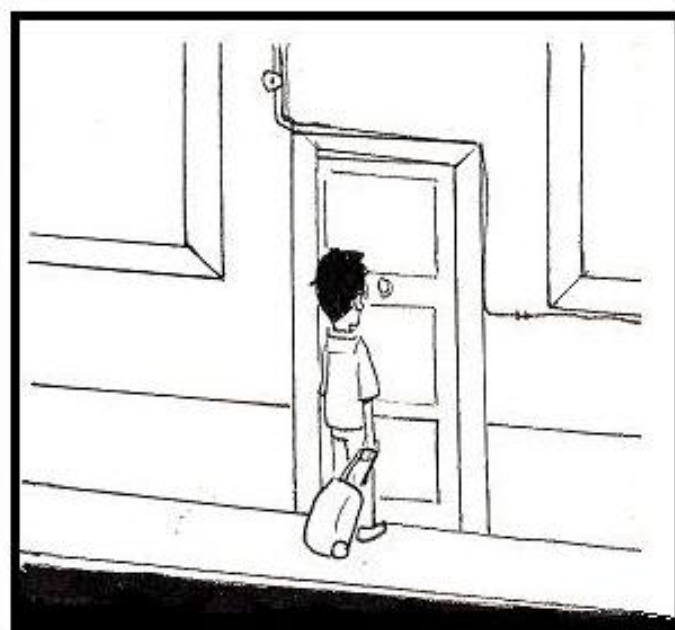
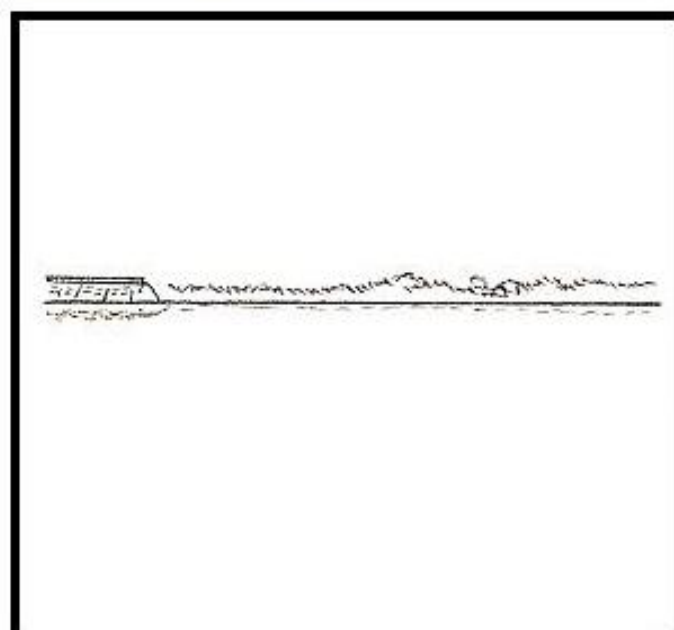
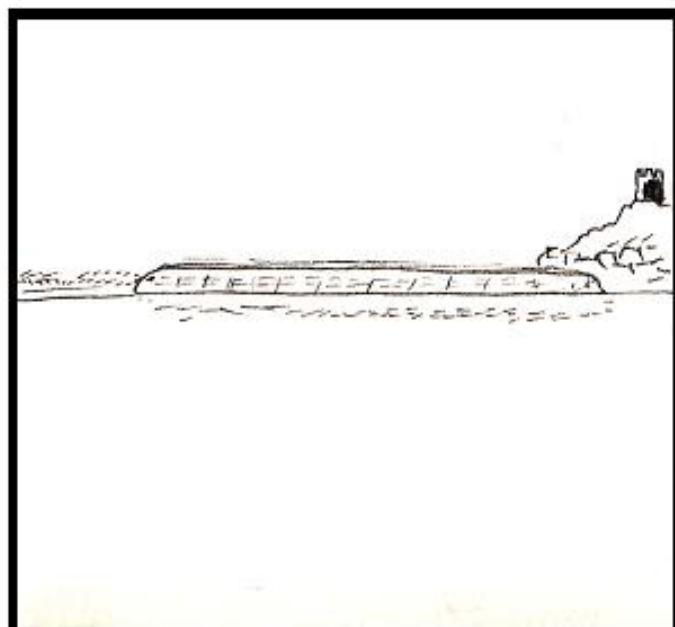
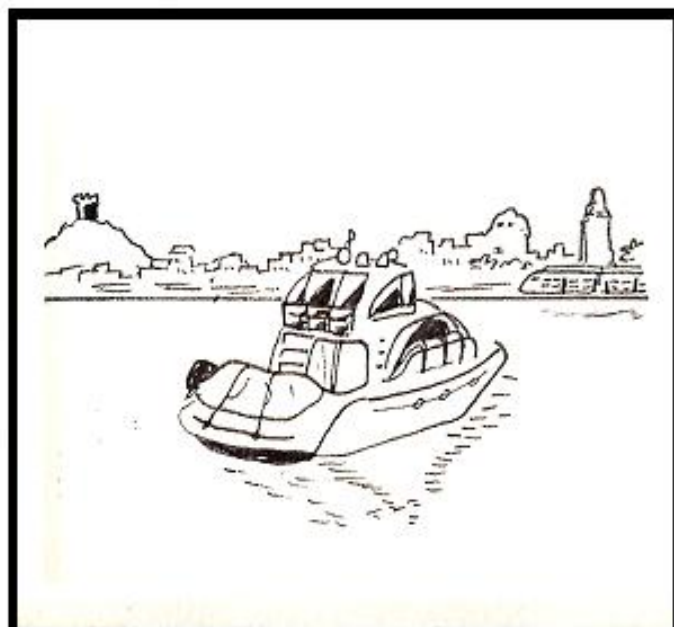


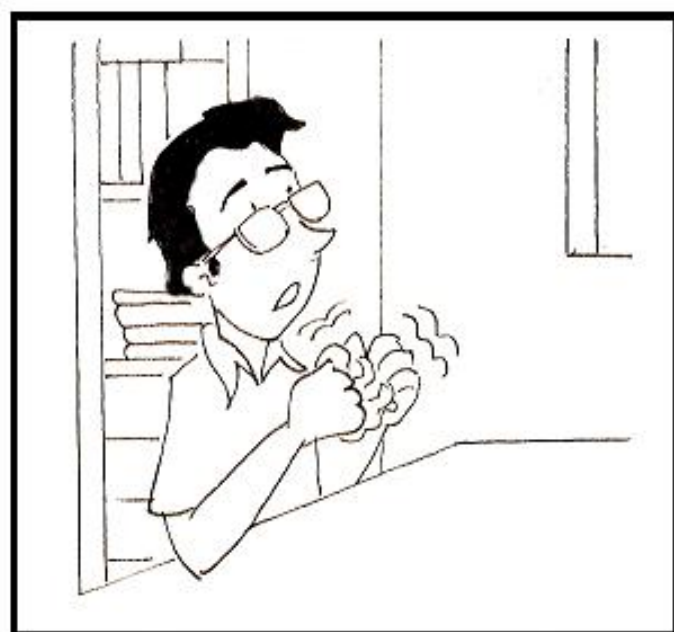
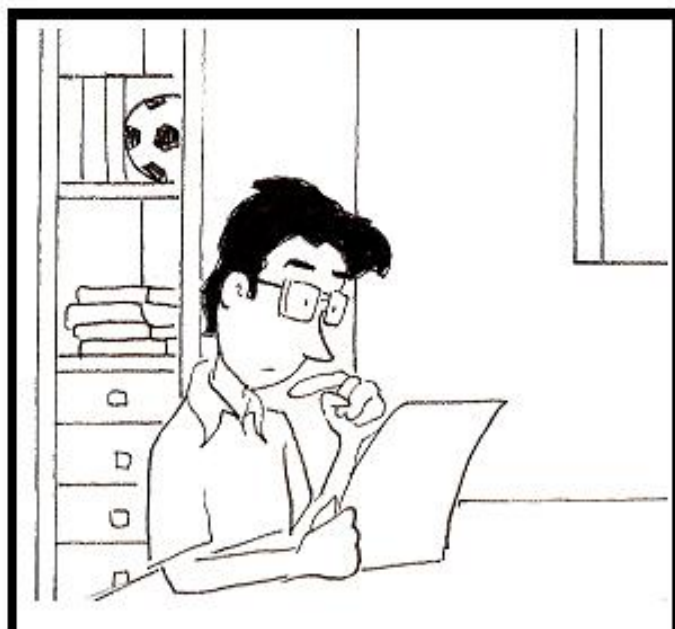
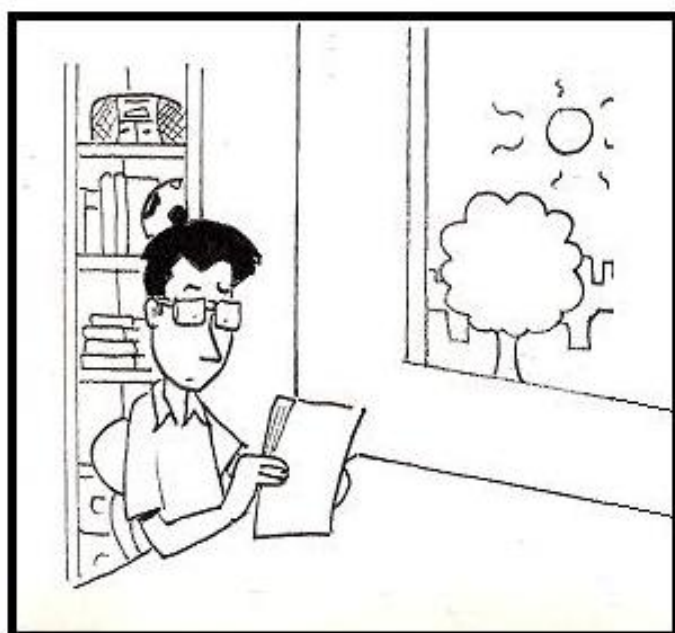
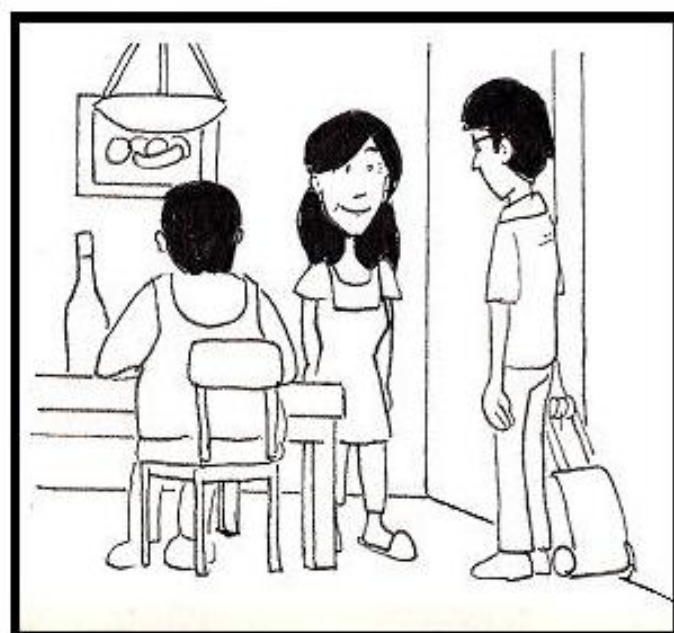
Write To Me



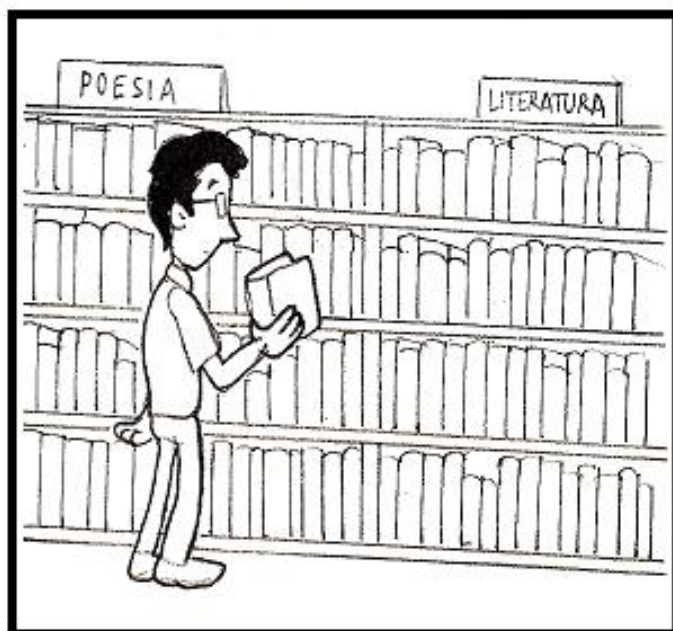
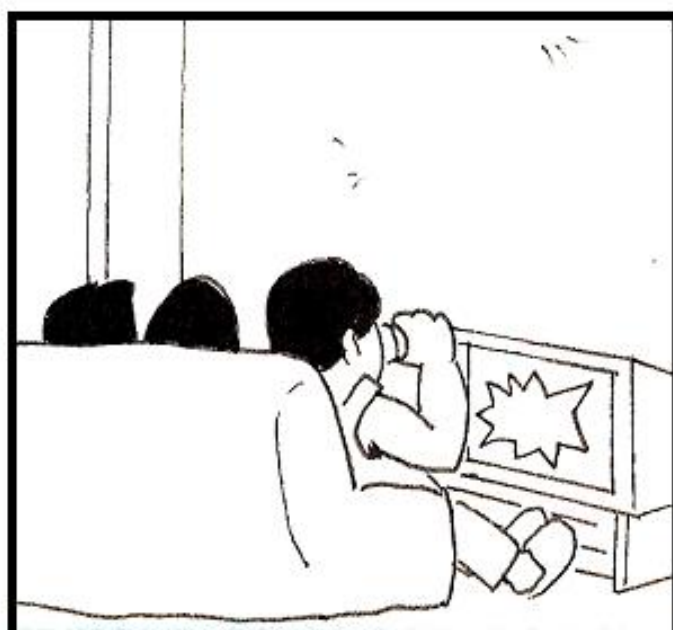


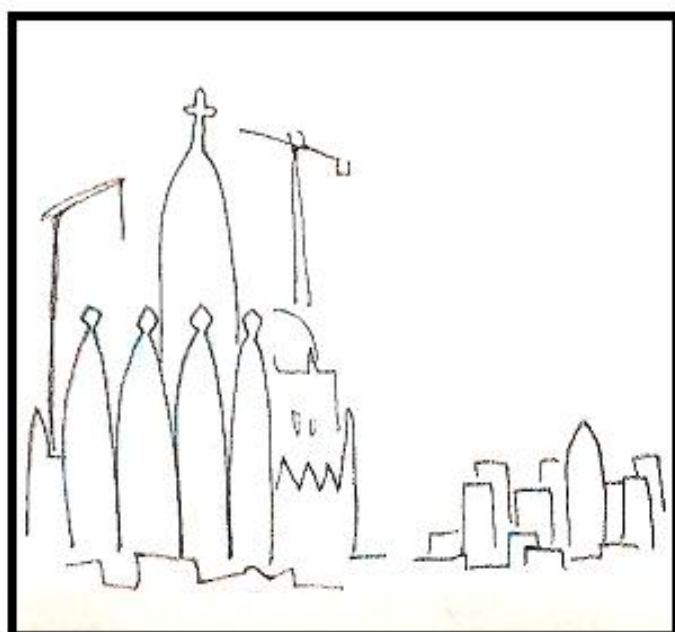
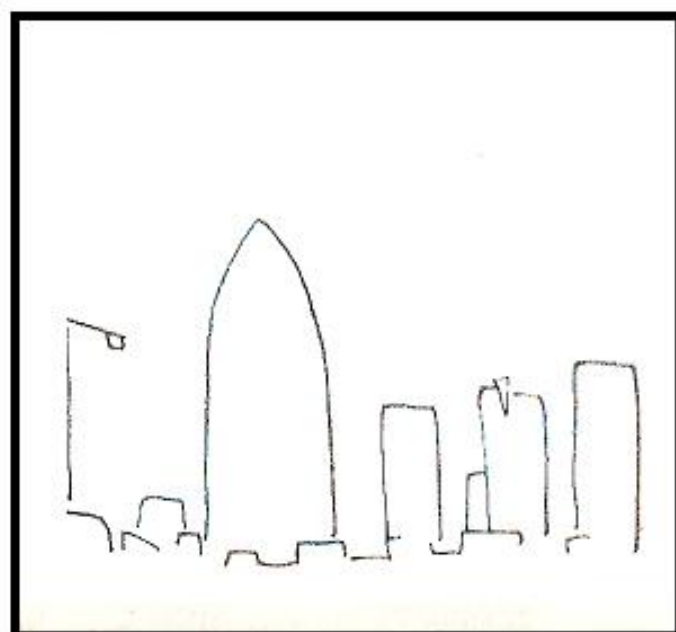
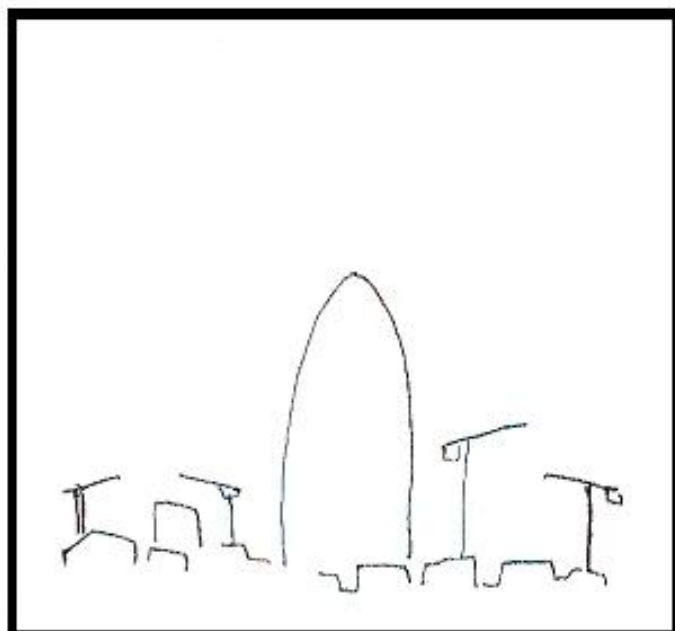
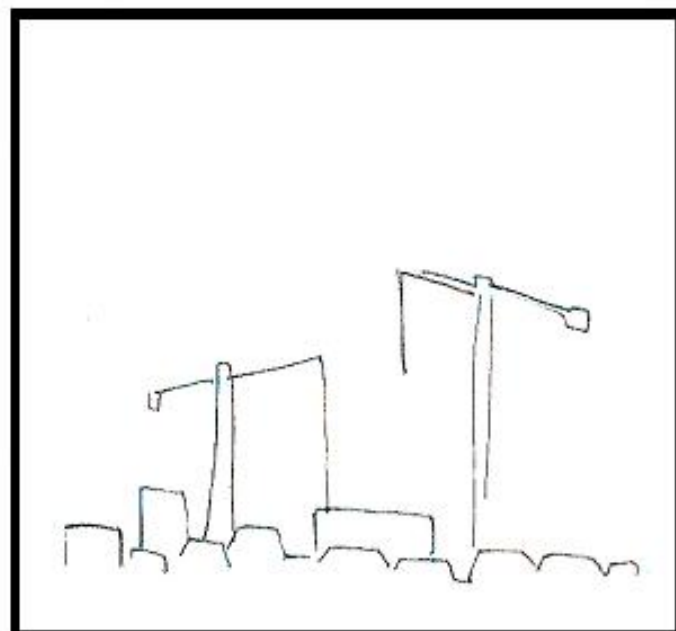




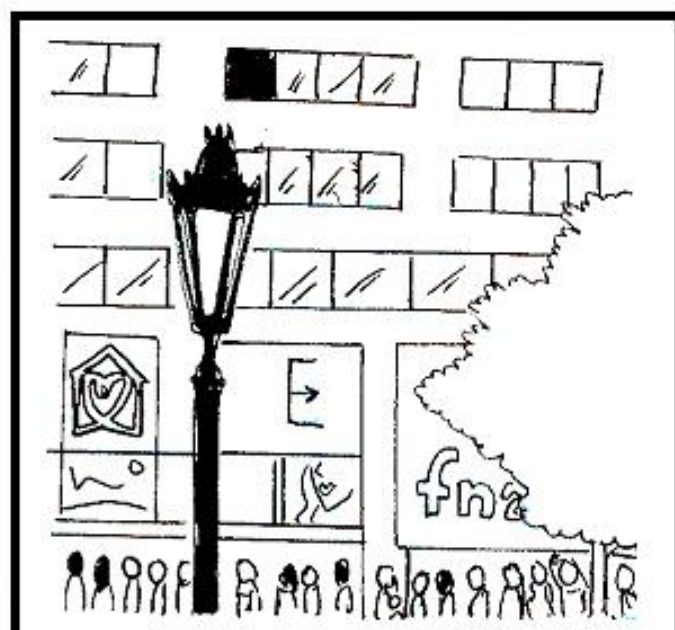
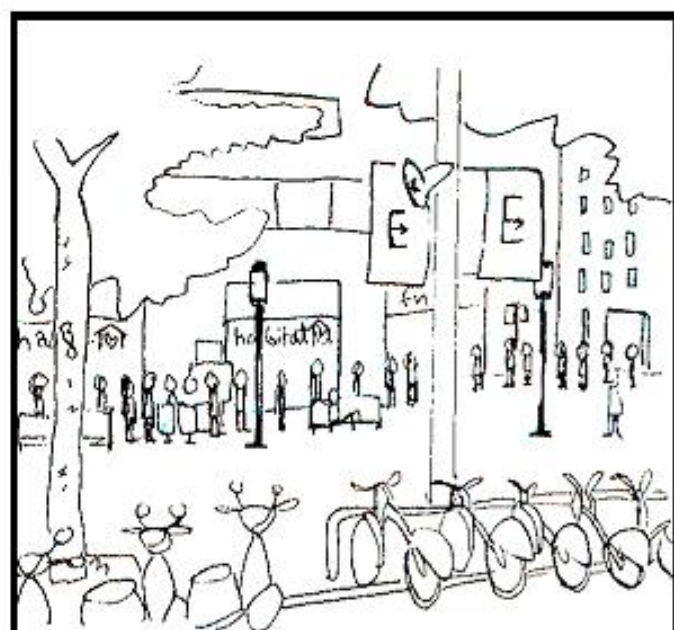


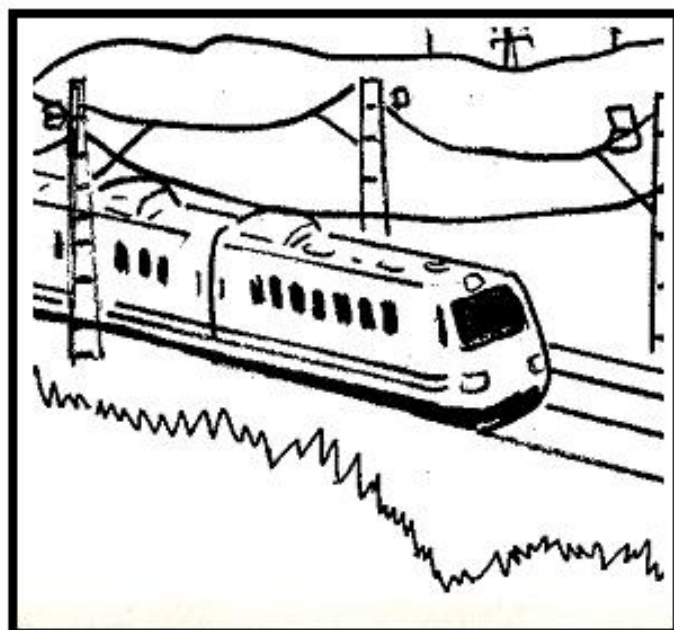
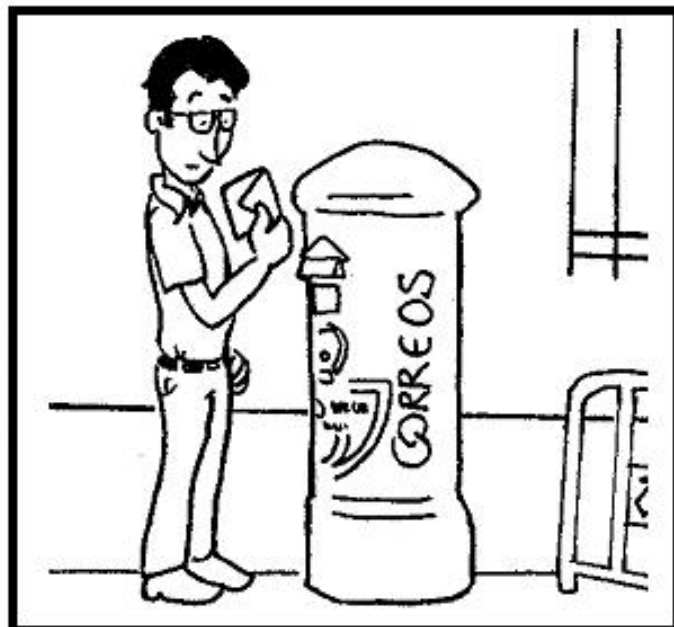




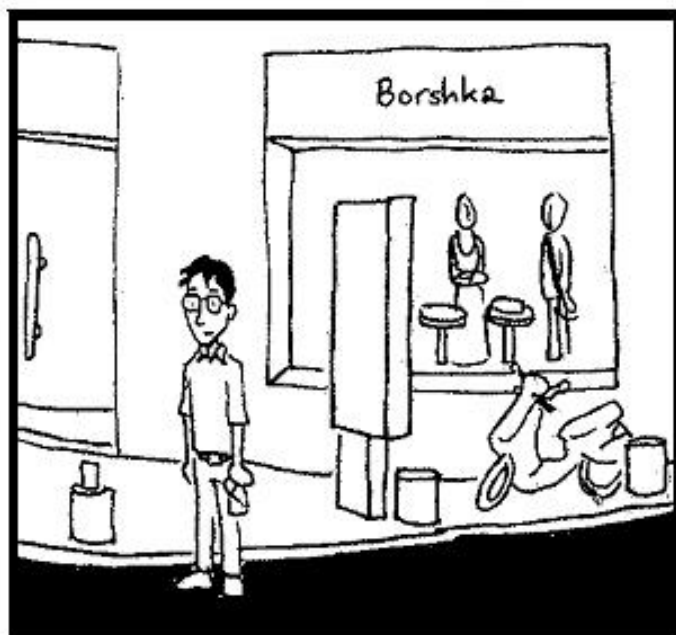
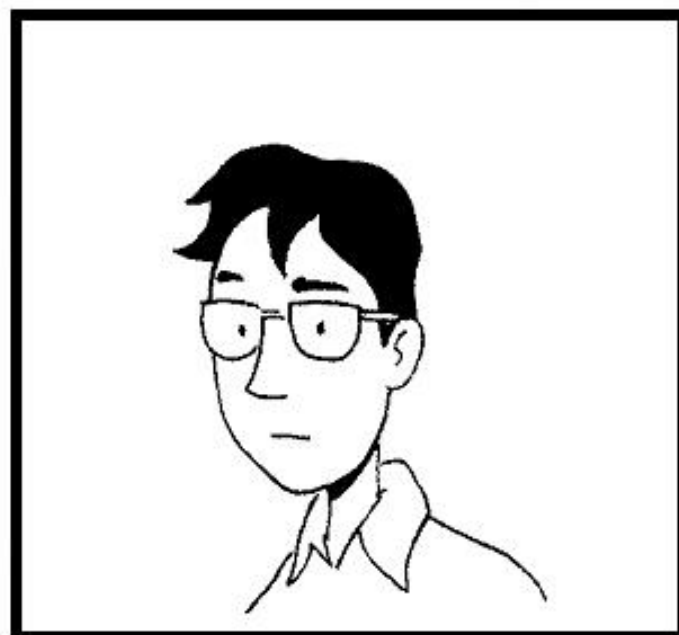








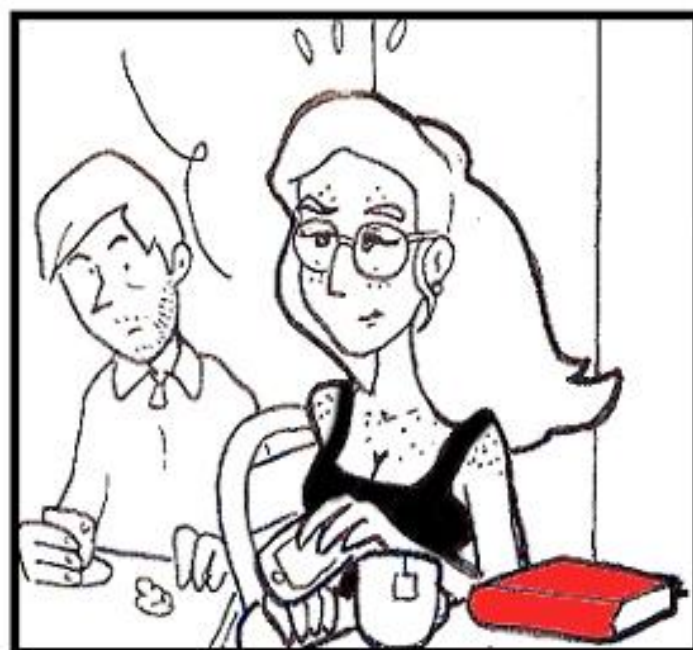
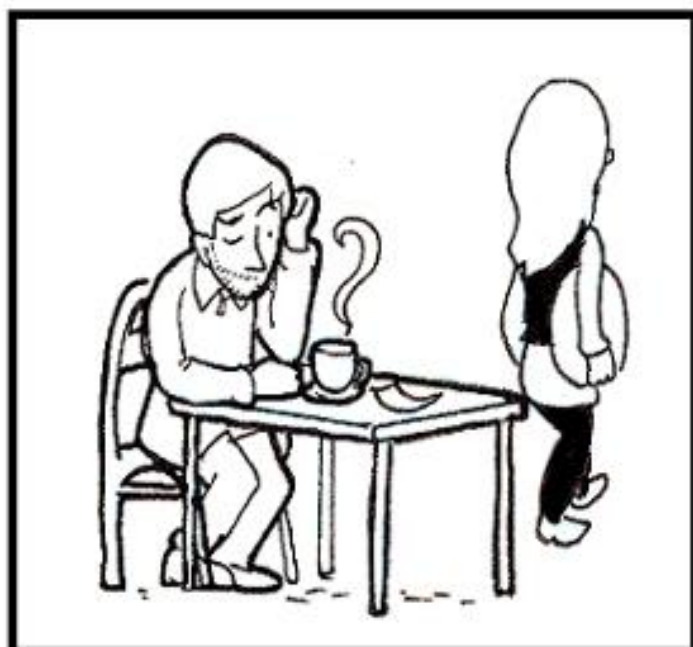




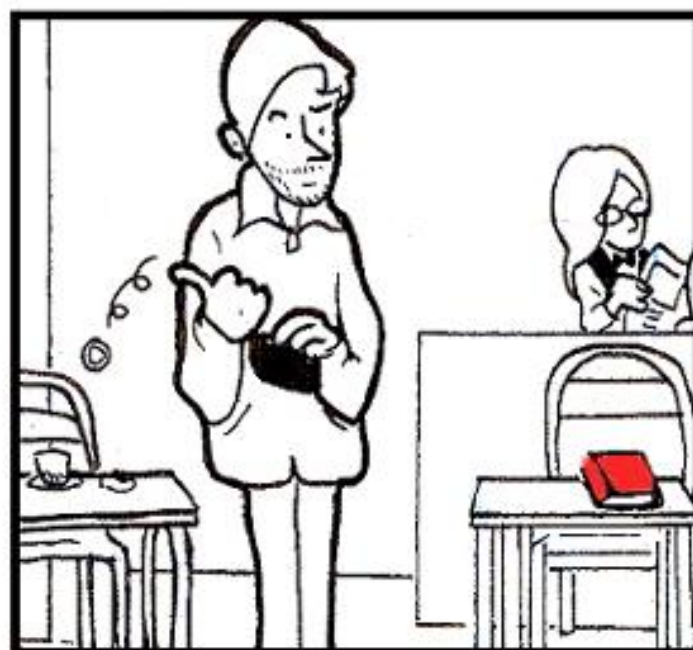
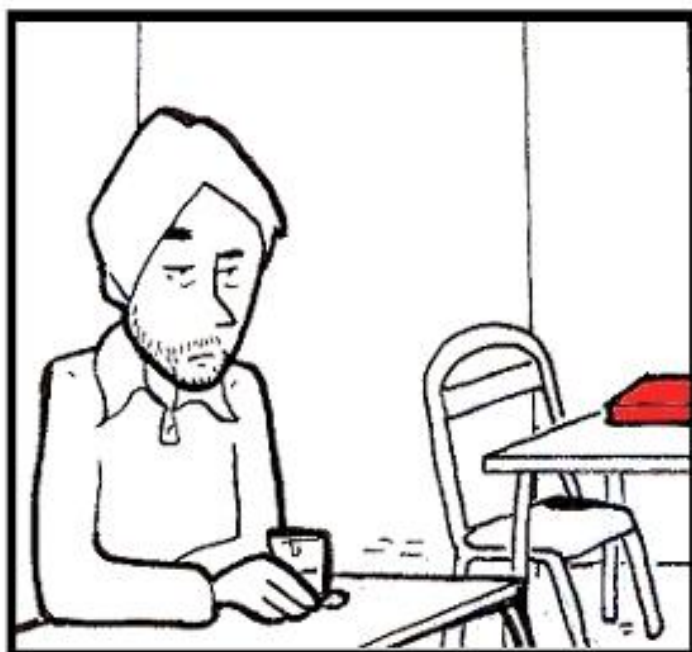
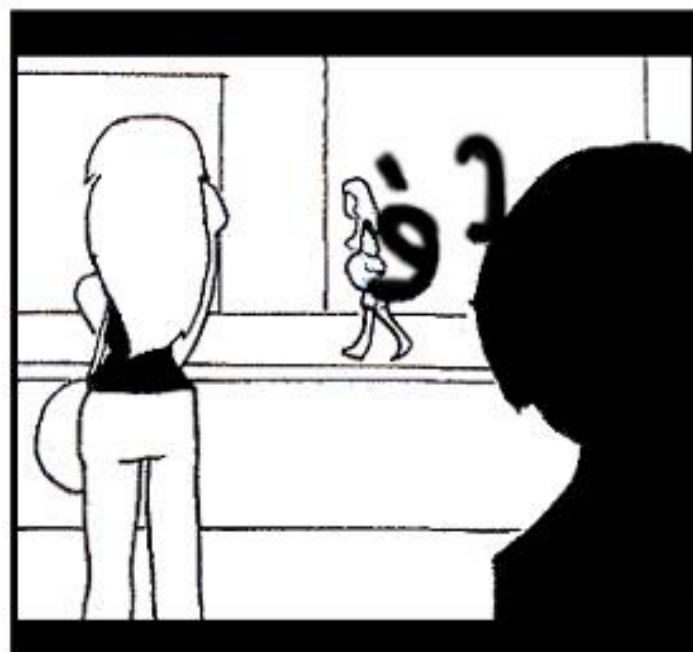
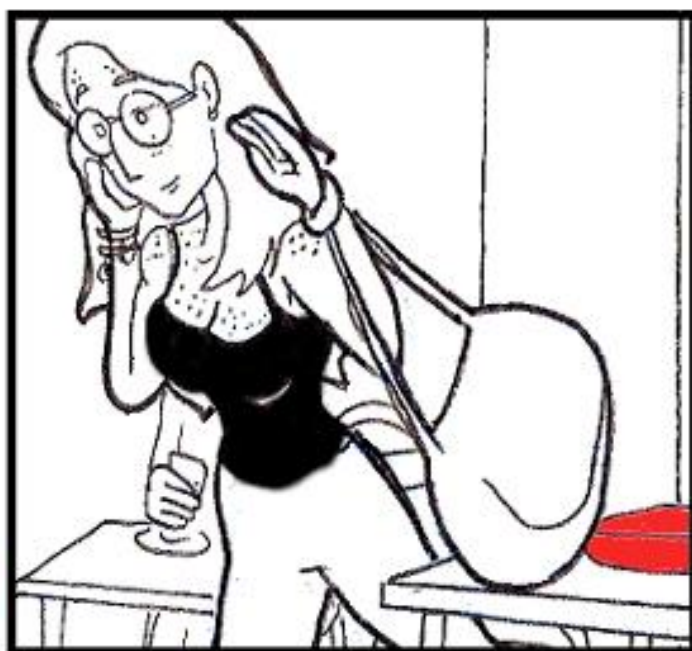


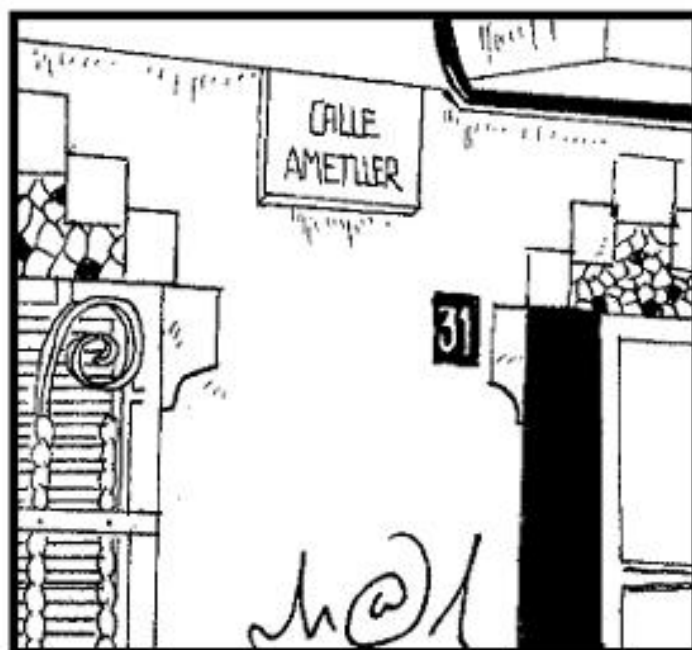
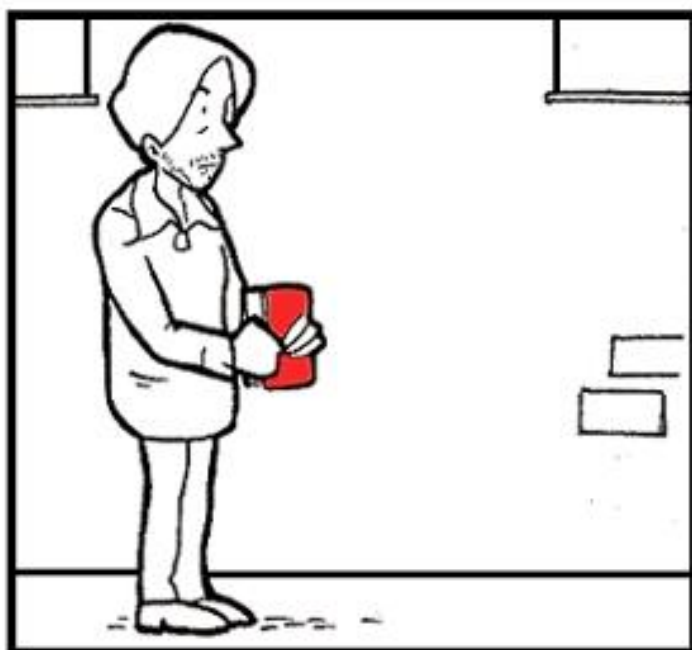
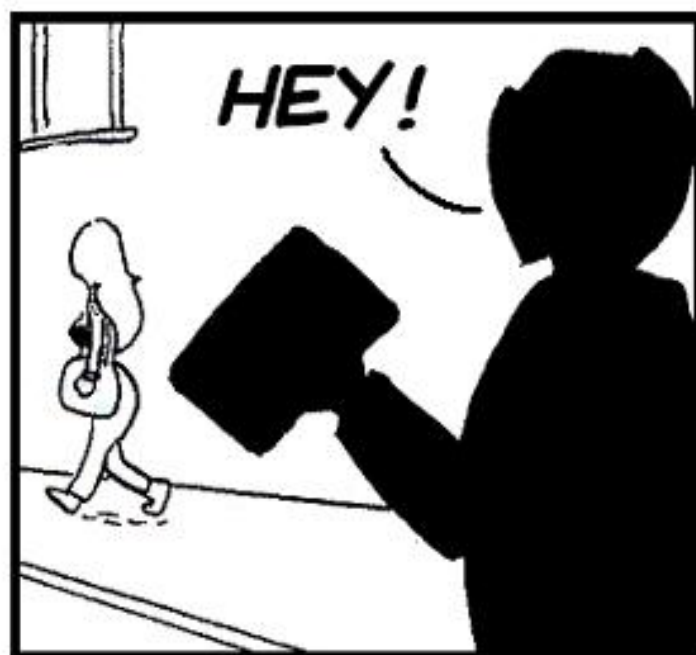


# The Gardener



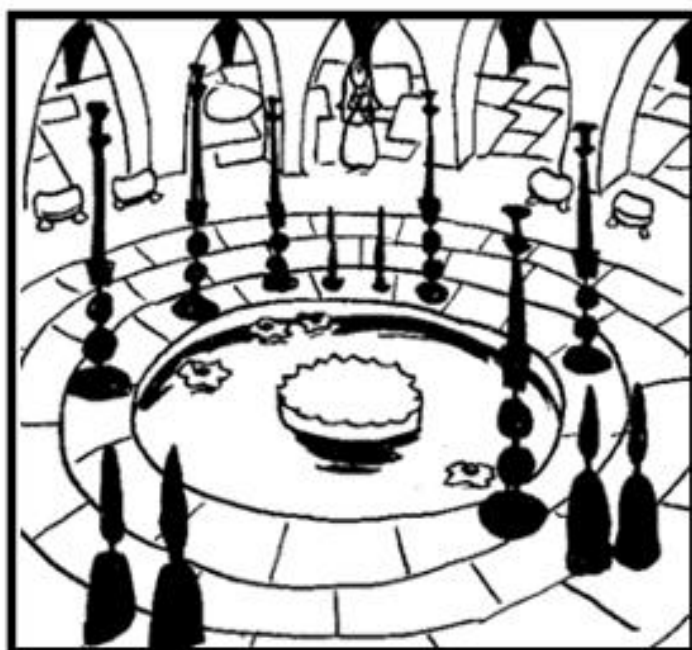
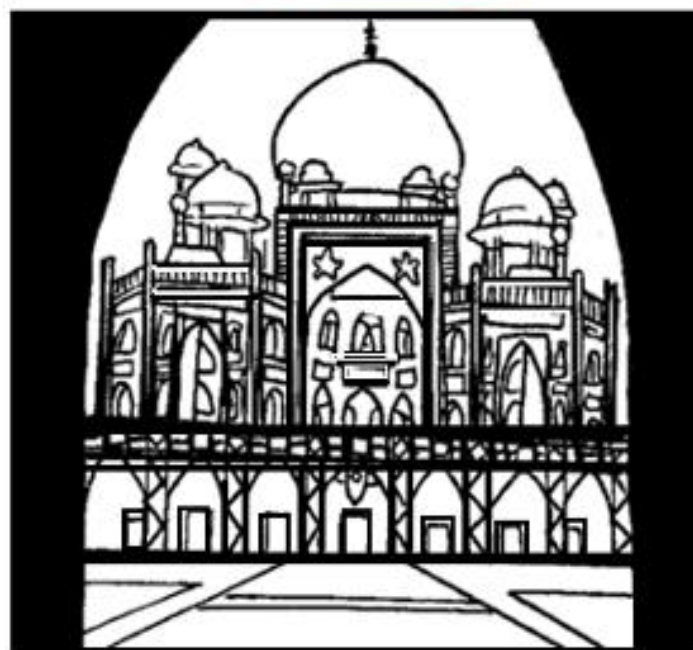




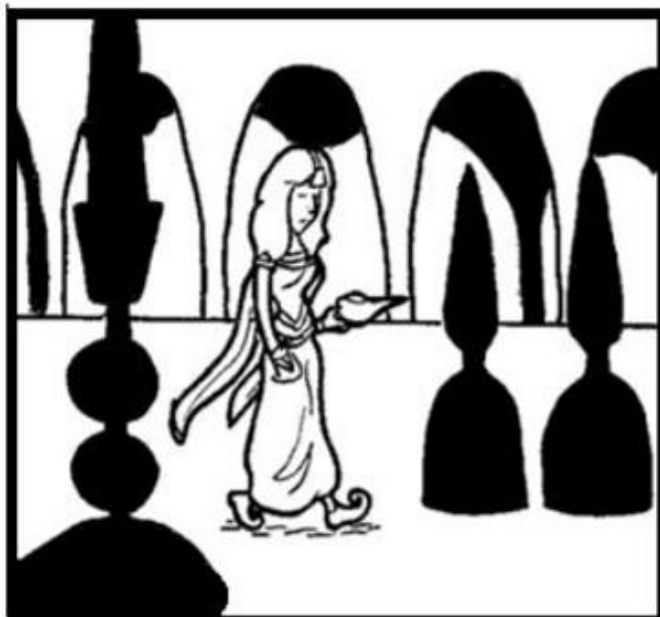


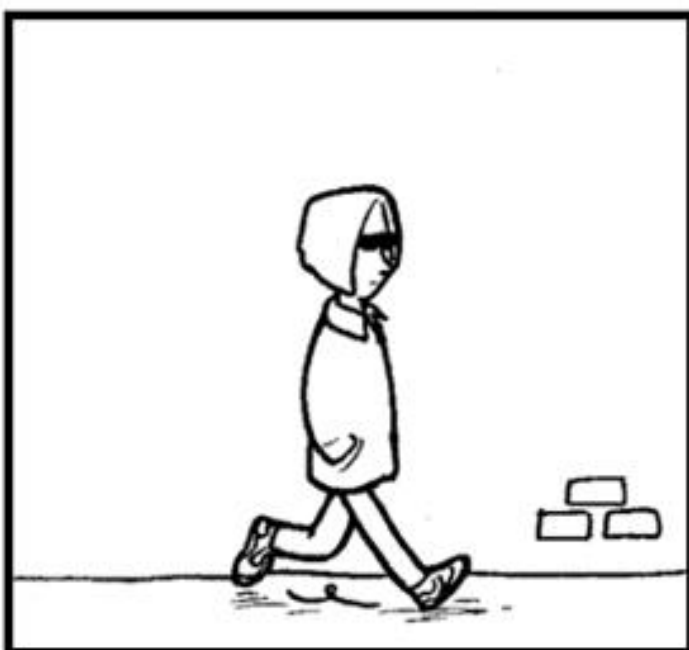
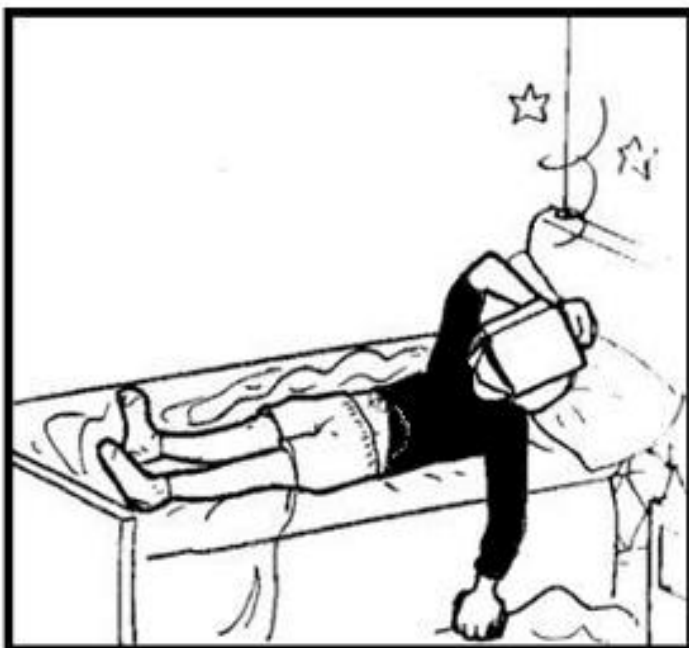




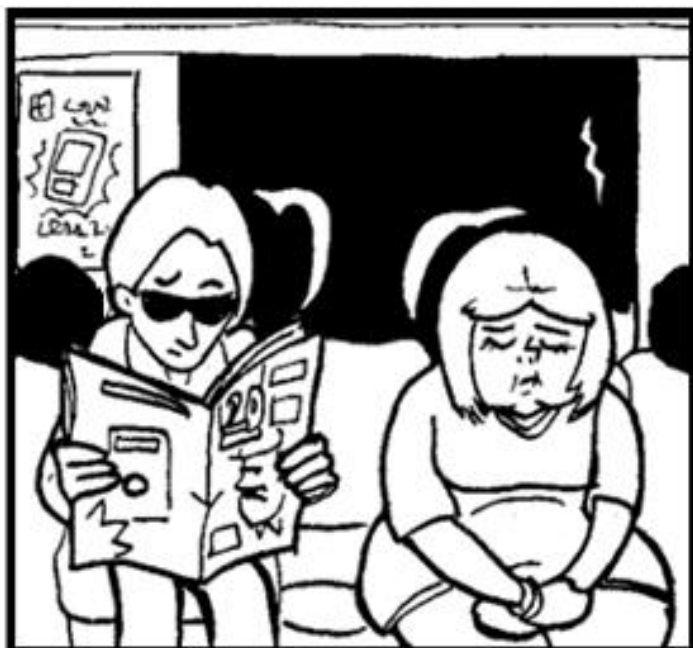


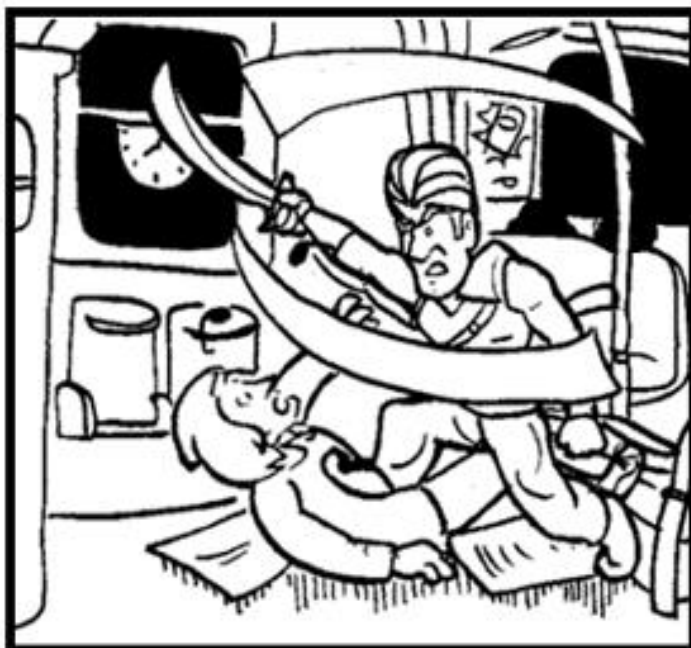




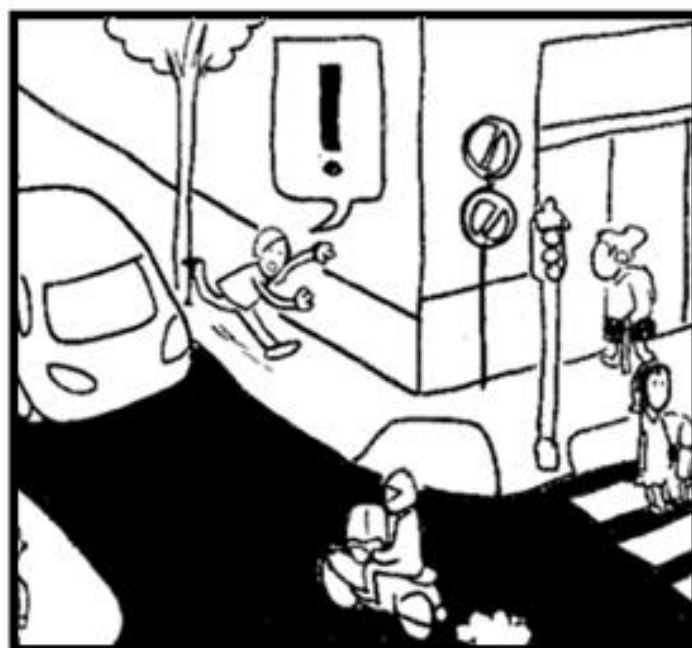
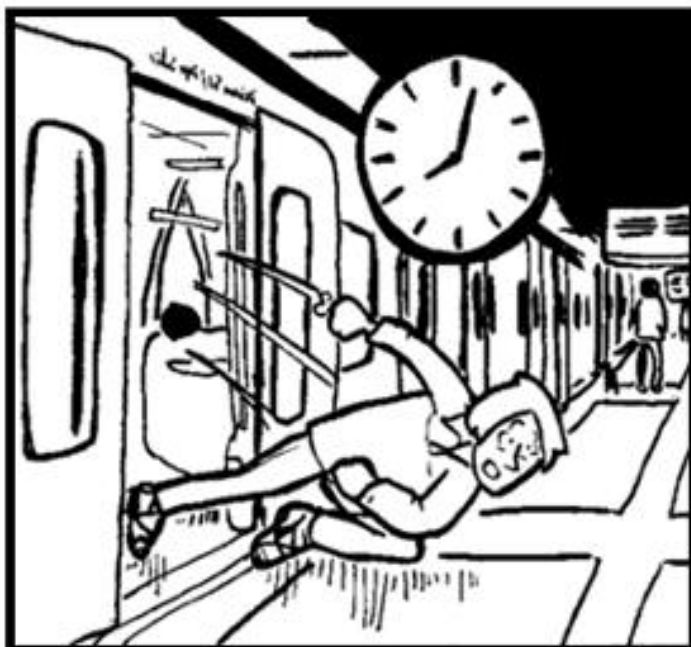






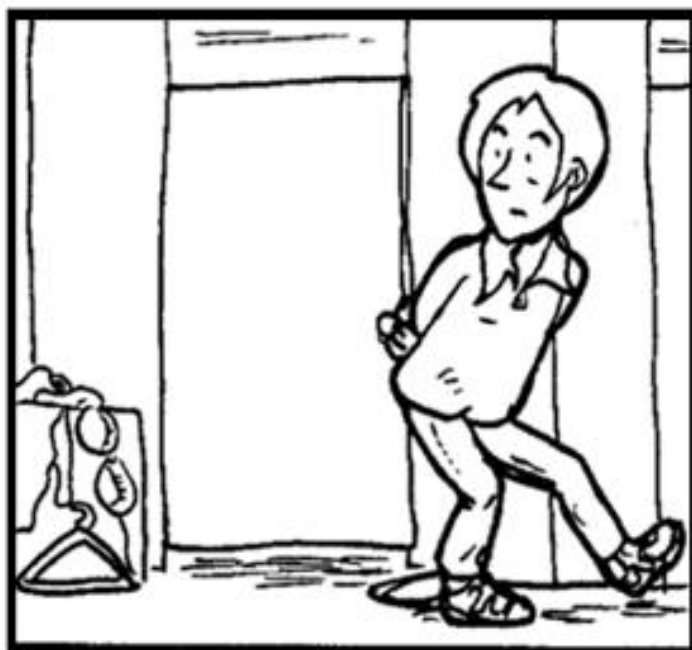
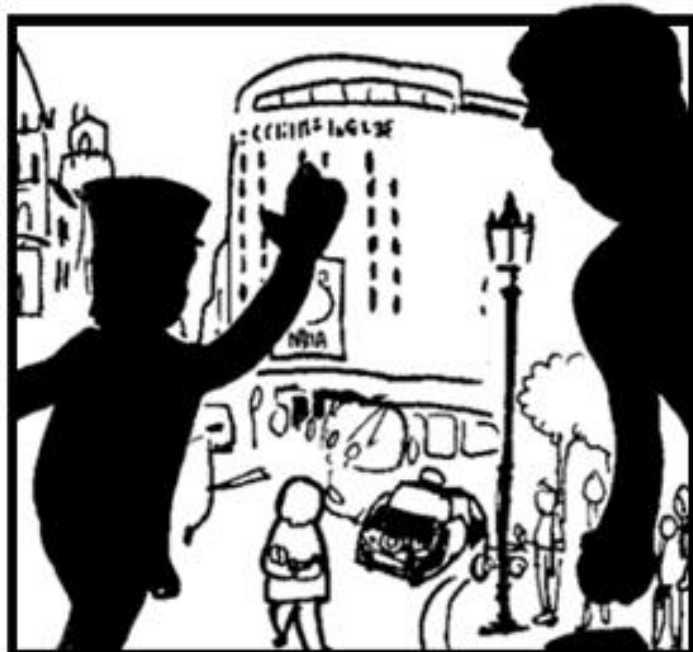


**Aaaaaagh!!**

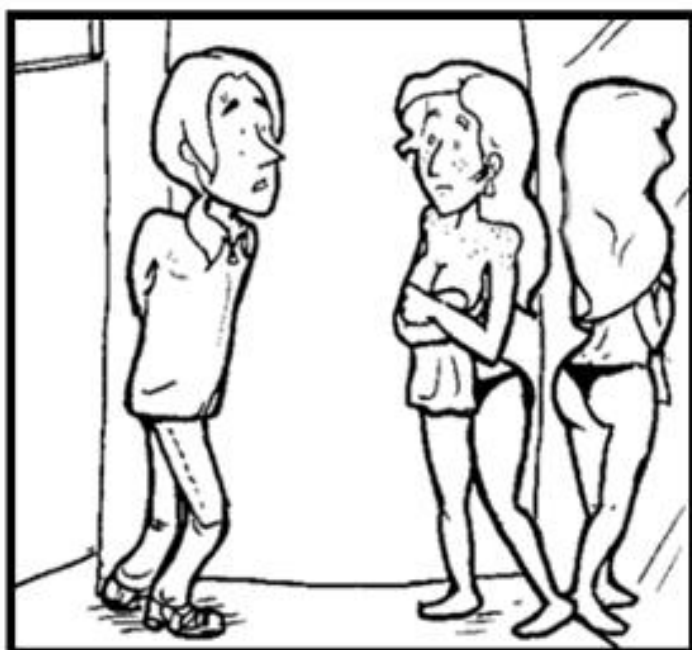














## **About the author**

david jack is from Barcelona and has spent a decade in Sydney, Australia with his sweet wife Sarah. He loves coffee, Korean fried chicken and long walks anywhere.

He also spent several years wandering Asia and learning Chinese.

This is a collection of short stories from 2009 to 2010.