

# Who Is Jim

by Yvette Ladzinski

Jim pondered the question: Who am I? Who is Jim? He stroked his wiry, ginger beard and ran his hand over the stubble on his shaved head. His tattoos were part of him now, he'd forget about them until he sometimes caught others staring intensely at his head. He guessed blood dripping hearts stabbed with sharp knives might be quite confronting for some if you weren't quite used to it. That was how life was though, wasn't it?: A stream of images of people and places that you tried to make sense of, created stories from, hopefully to find some sense of meaning and place in the world. Jim watched others a lot too from his sagging beer stool perched in a tourist bar at Airlie Beach. Every day different people clambered into town, desperately seeking detachment from their day to day lives, hoping that the foreign, idyllic scenery would somehow mute the tapes of monotony of their own lives, at least for an escapist moment.

Jim loved the tourists. He loved to watch their reaction to him as 'The Local', loved to watch them try to compute who he was and not quite be able to process the image and stories that they were ingesting into their vanilla reality. He shared graphic stories of his former bikie life; totally candidly, without mincing words. He watched their jaws drop to the ground as he unveiled imageries of horrific vengeance, prison politics and unbreakable, brotherly bonds. He'd always take a photo with them for them to keep, a frozen, snapshot memory for them to keep: His legacy, somehow, to provide some dramatic story they could replay forever, with full throttle vigour, to their friends and future children.



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Jim works at Bunnings now; loves customer service. This punchline he'd see clinch in their minds, the brain cogs turning and their pursed, twisted lips: 'Wha...? But how did that...?'

So! As usual, that was a digression, but gave him something to work with. He typed: 'Jim is a fun-loving guy with a sense of adventure. His past might be rocky, but it's made him the man he is today. He gets a little lonely sometimes, but he loves his job and meeting new people. If you peel back the layers and look beneath his surface, you might find that Jim is just the guy you're looking for.'



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