

Jack & Patrick: A necessary foreword

by athens7

March, 2011

Who are Patrick and Jack? The archetypes of my imagination. I don't think I could find a definition more accurate and exhaustive than this one.

Patrick is the fair one, Jack is the dark one. Their origin is a little embarrassing, but it's been such a long time that I think I can forgive myself.

When I was like 12 or 13, after reading for what I'm reasonably sure was the twentieth time SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, *The final problem* (1893), a question popped up in my mind: what if Moriarty had a son?

Would he be evil, good or both?

Surely he would be extremely intelligent and refined and handsome.

Would he seek revenge or would he condemn his father's actions?

How would he act when meeting Holmes?

And would he have his own Watson (or Colonel Moran, if you prefer)?

Thus Patrick Moriarty was born. Jack followed immediately after.

So, you see, it all started like a game. And it remained so, but with time it grew more and more complicated, according to my interests of the moment.

Oh, my Patrick. His hair are the color of the falling leaves in autumn and his eyes are as deep and blue as the ocean.

An impossibly handsome man gifted with a sharp intellect and a *maudit* temperament; he's constantly prone to self-doubt and self-recrimination and hides his sadness behind a mask of disdain for the world.

Jack's eyes and hair are black like a panther's mantle (or a raven's wing, if you want a more abused metaphor). He is a perfect study in contrasts to Patrick. He's always high-spirited, irresponsible, wild and talkative, but when he wants he reveals an astounding understanding towards other people and the world in general. I've always imagined he was an orphan, or something like that. Trivia: he was born on 25/1 and plays the guitar.

Basically, Jack's life is devoid of meaning. When he meets Patrick, he is utterly mesmerized, and from that moment he doesn't care about anything else in the world.

And it is so until the day of their death.

They remained dormant in my subconscious for a very long time. But the kind interest of a friend roused them, and now they're back, demanding to see the light. So, this is it.

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Addendum, and thanks

by mazaher

March, 2011

When athens7 sent me a few drawings of Jack and Patrick, together with some background information, I was immediately fascinated. There is an air of impossible romance between them-- all the more heartbreaking as it feels to me like one of those presumed impossibilities, rooted in a misunderstood sense of duty, that don't hold under closer scrutiny.

These two are made for each other.

That's why, when athens7 honoured me by asking for fictional comments to the drawings, I jumped to the chance.

I hope I didn't stray too far in giving them words.

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