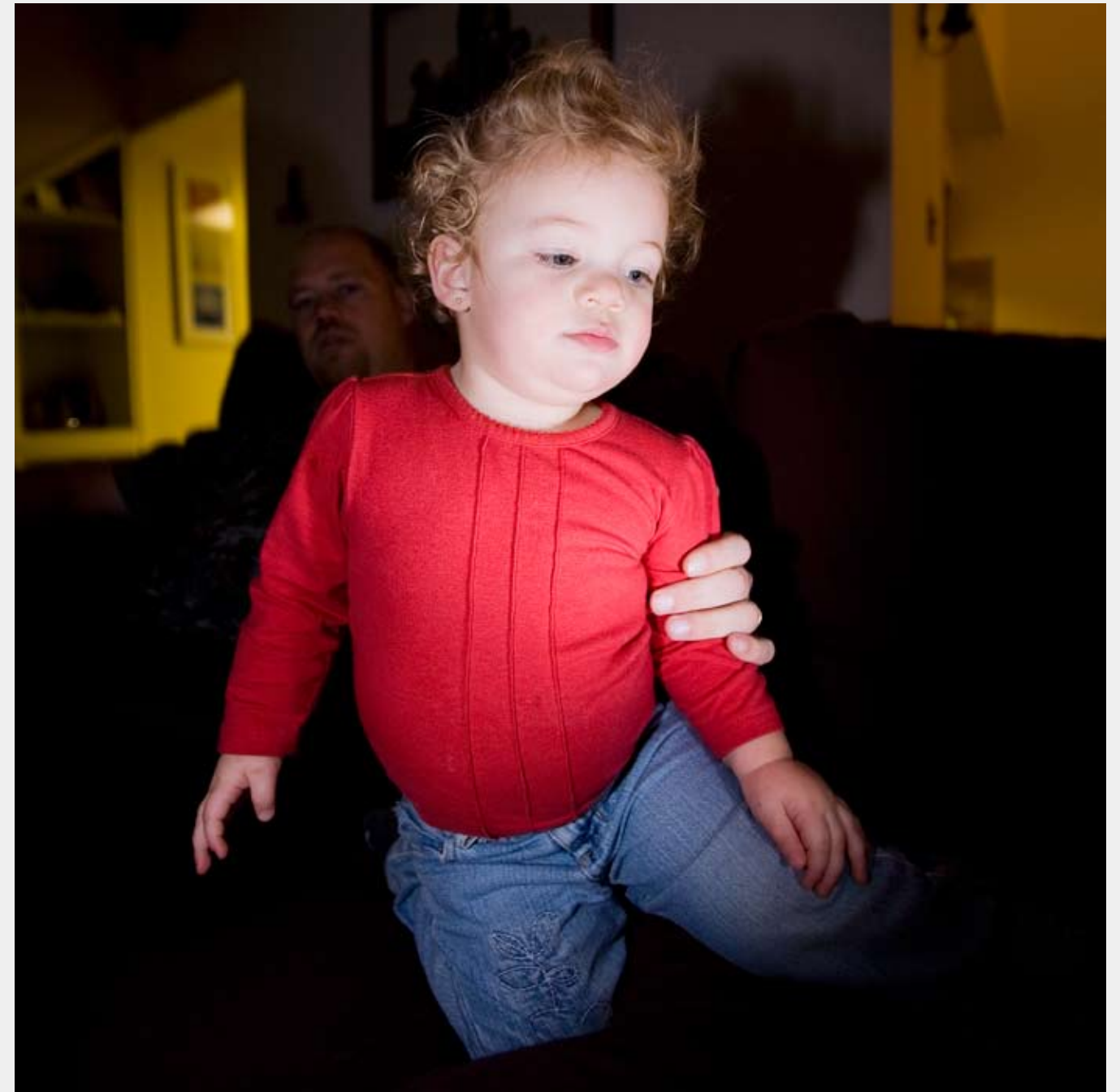


# i like to tell stories

© jonathan saunders

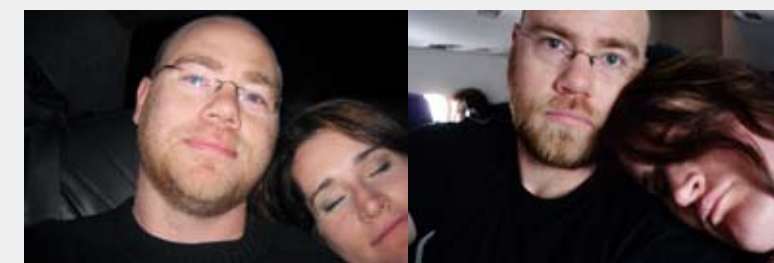
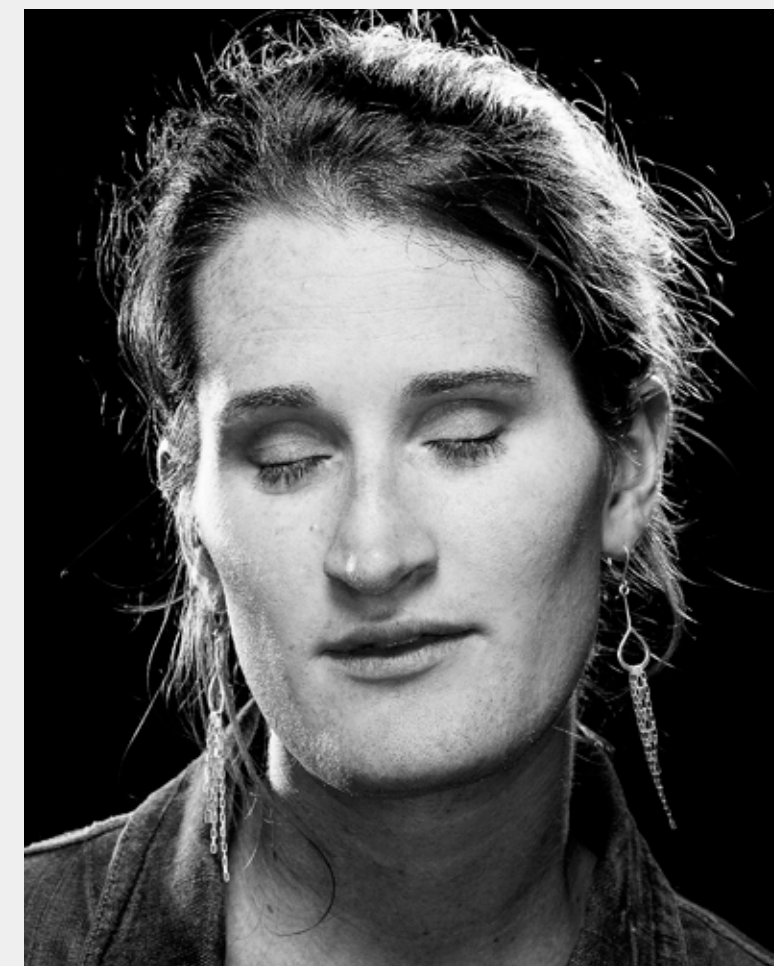


It was my brother's wedding night. I was the best man. I was to drive the big fancy town car to the reception. We all got in the car. My brother and his wife and her sister the maid of honor. Just before we left the church for the long drive to the reception the wedding photographer took a picture of us. But just before he did my brother's wife said "This is so stupid" my brother said nice "shut up and smile" they did. I started driving. When we got to the highway, I punched it. I drove until that white dotted line seemed solid. The maid of honor was squeezing my right arm. My brother and his wife laughing in the back. I passed cars like they were rocks. I raced through that fucking Texas night like it was my last night on earth and that damn picture is the best one I've ever seen.  
B-19695





98,273,084 Seconds



Ninety eight million two hundred seventy three thousand and eighty four seconds passed between the first image I made of us and the last image I made of us.









*All my Love,*  
*MJ.*

*Flowers by Michael*





Mr. Peek, Jeffrey that is, works in finance. I photographed him a few years ago before the term government bailout was a household term. Now Jeffrey works at a different place, also in finance. As I make this, he is making headlines in many major financial reporting worlds for words like bankruptcy, government bailout, billions of dollars gone and other odd, bad words too often associated with white men in suits these days. Look it up, give Jeffrey a peek, decide for yourself what exactly he is doing.



CJ, as in, I don't want Jonathan to use my real name, works in finance. I have absolutely no idea what she does. I did not photograph her at her office. She had seen a photograph of a friend of a friend of a friend I had photographed nude for a very specific project. She wanted her photograph made this way too, well, maybe not this way, but nude and however the mood struck us. Then after many months and very few emails without ever having met in person, she showed up and we made photographs, it was fun.



Atlantic City

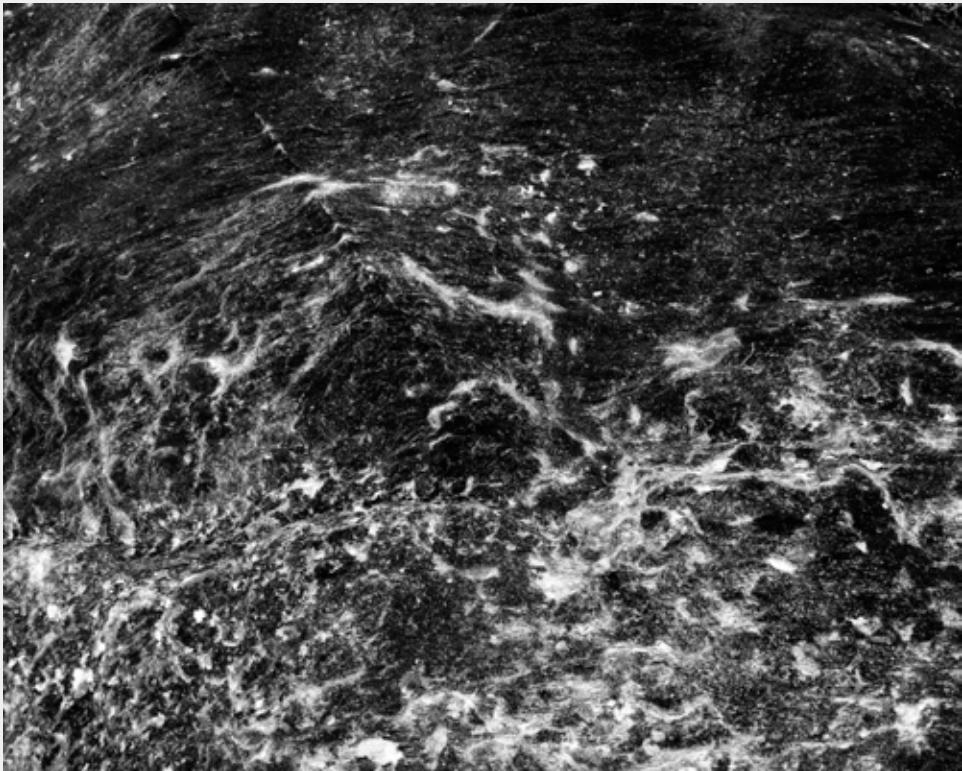


Las Vegas



D I E S   S A T U R N I   X I   J U L I U S   M M I X

SATURDAY JULY ELEVENTH TWO THOUSAND NINE









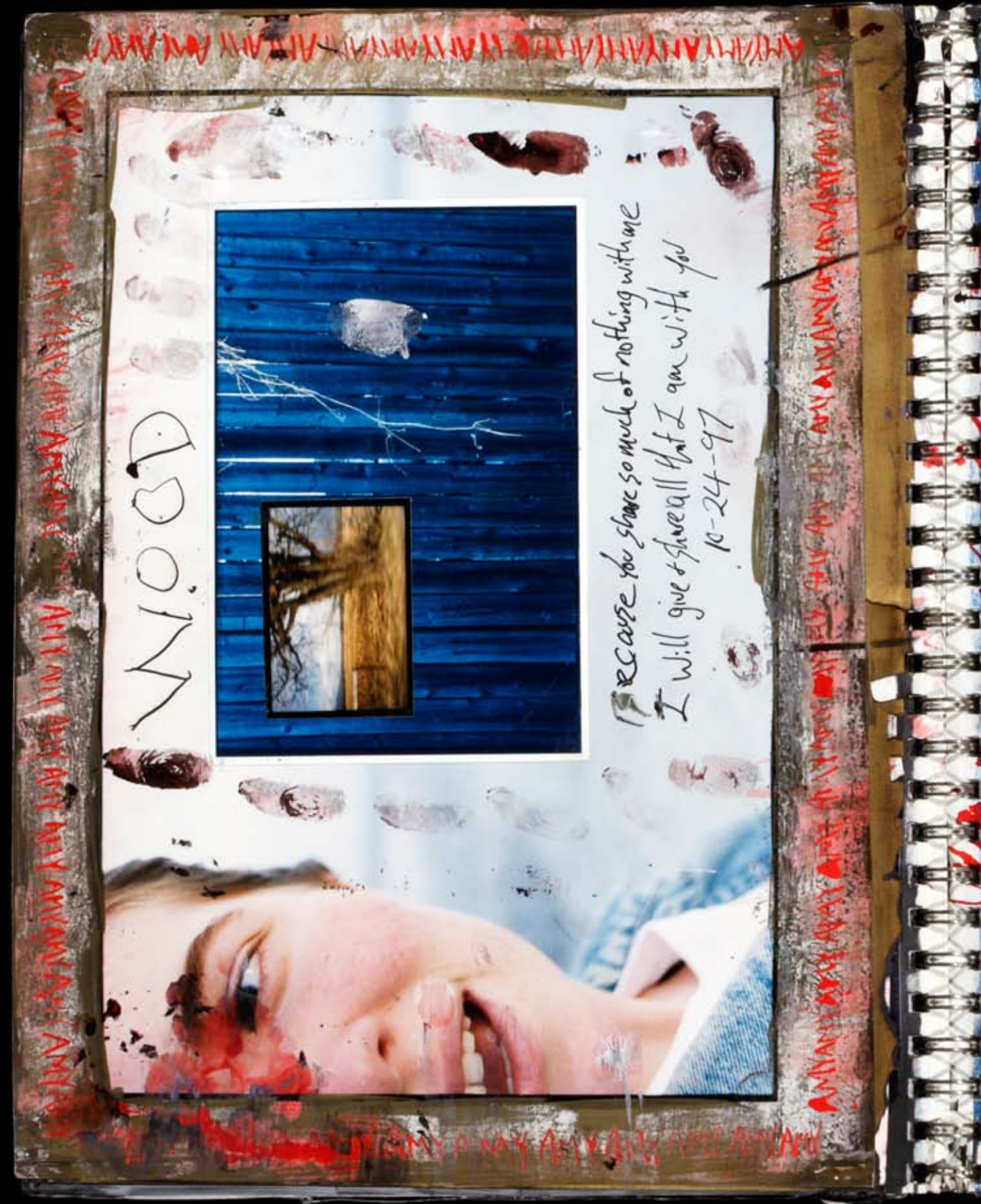


There was a group of us, all of us excited and in various states of happy places, walking through the night streets from one place to another. I've known her a long time now and even photographed her as a bride. Tonight she wanted none of it, constantly hiding her face with her hands from me and my camera. I assumed it was a playful avoidance, but I'll never really know. She was excitedly telling a story as we approached a cross walk with our green light. She was directly to the left and slightly in front of me and followed the rest of the group into the street to cross.

As she turned towards the group and stepped off the curb, I made an image similar to this one about the same time I noticed a large white van with flashing lights coming right at us... then I heard it's siren. It was not going to stop and it was not going to avoid us. My left arm was free and the closest to her. I grabbed her bag strap and pulled her out of the way, close enough that my arm then went around her waist and I didn't stop pulling her out of that white van's way till we were almost back up on the curb.

I've done similar things before at awkward streetlights and always, always, always overreacted, once so bad I never lived it down.

This time, this night, I did not overreact.





**[www.iliketotellstories.com](http://www.iliketotellstories.com)**

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