

Leftover Author's Notes

by Christian Bell

6: This one originally appeared in the *New Yorker*. The editors there were pushing me for a Shouts & Murmurs piece and I said, look, I'll consider that if you'll publish this story, preferably in one of the big deluxe issues where there's enough ad content to embarrass even the most strident of capitalists. They acquiesced (they can be such pushovers!). As the Beastie Boys said, you've got to fight, for your right, to party!

22: The author has not attached a note to this story.

70: The story that shares the same name as my blog. In 11th grade, the guy who sat behind me thought I looked like Emilio Estevez. He told this to anyone who cared to listen and no one agreed with him. So, this is my fictitious take on being mistaken for Mr. Estevez.

True somewhat-related story: I was sitting in a Baltimore Harborplace restaurant bar one bitter cold winter evening watching Charlie Sheen ride a motorcycle on the harbor promenade as part of filming for *Major League II*. It's only fitting I was severely intoxicated that evening.

77: Seriously, I told her not to eat the olives but she just wouldn't listen.

91: The following is what happens when you drink too much Bombay Sapphire, get busted for smuggling Taiwanese fireworks, commandeer the top floor of a luxury hotel, and give a motivational speech to a room full of medical device company executives while dressed in glittery silver spandex. Fictionalized, to protect the names of the you bet your ass they're guilty.

113: I blame this one on Meg Pokrass.

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/christian-bell--3/leftover-authors-notes>»

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148: What the world needs is more stories about spelunking. The only advice I can offer is, exploring caves does not make for a good first date, and just because a cave has poor, what could be called romantic, lighting doesn't mean it's a Valentine's Day dinner destination.

149: Again with cephalopods! I just can't help myself.

178: This story originally won the Glimmer Train Very Short Fiction Award. Unfortunately, it was eventually disqualified when it was revealed that it had been previously published in my Aunt Steve's (yes, that name is right—it's a long story and not what you think) supermarket employees' union quarterly newsletter. I was just six when I wrote it and my aunt was always one to dote on her precocious nephew. Unfortunately, the original version in crayon is lost forever.

281: If you make it to the end on this one, I'll send you \$1,000 in cash and a bag of apples. Your choices are Granny Smith and Fuji. I can also pay you in euros if that helps.

302: Please tell me what you think of this one. What you really think. Don't tell me it's good because I don't want to hear it but I want you to tell me what's wrong with it. Be honest. Tear it apart. Don't hold back. Don't blow smoke up my ass and tell me, wow, this is amazing, great work, because I'll know you're just angling for me to read your work and say the same things about your stories and trade faves with you. If you tell me it's great, don't change a word, I'll know that you didn't actually read it.

353: I'll be honest and say that this one is a bit sluggish. The pacing picks up, though, around word 11,000.

414: I blame this one on Peg Mokrass.

