

## The Best British Short Stories 2011

NICHOLAS ROYLE is the author of more than 100 short stories, two novellas and five novels. His short story collection, *Mortality* (Serpent's Tail), was shortlisted for the inaugural Edge Hill Prize. He has edited fourteen anthologies of short stories, including *Darklands* (New English Library), *A Book of Two Halves* (Gollancz), *The Time Out Book of New York Short Stories* (Penguin), *Dreams Never End* (Tindal Street Press) and *'68: New Stories from Children of the Revolution* (Salt). A senior lecturer in creative writing at the Manchester Writing School at MMU, he reviews fiction regularly for the *Independent* and the *Warwick Review*. He runs Nightjar Press, publishing original short stories as signed, limited-edition chapbooks. Forthcoming publications include a new novel, *Regicide* (Solaris), as well as a collection of short stories, *London Labyrinth* (No Exit Press), and *Murmurations: An Anthology of Uncanny Stories About Birds* (Two Ravens Press). He lives in Manchester with his wife and two children.

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*'68: New Stories From Children of the Revolution*

# The Best British Short Stories 2011

*edited by*

NICHOLAS ROYLE



LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SALT PUBLISHING  
Acre House, 11-15 William Road, London NW1 3ER United Kingdom

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Printed in the UK by the CPI Antony Rowe, Chippenham

Typeset in Bembo 12/13.5

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ISBN 978 1 90773 12 9 paperback

Salt Publishing Ltd gratefully acknowledges  
the financial assistance of Arts Council England



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*To the memory of*

*Giles Gordon (1940-2003)*

*David Hughes (1930-2005)*



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# Introduction

WE MAY BE living through hard times—for the arts, for anyone relying on any kind of subsidy or support, for everybody really—but there have been harder times for the short story. If I had a pound for every time a writer has complained to me that there is nowhere to send their stories, I'd have enough money to start a new magazine. But in fact there are numerous magazines that regularly publish new short fiction, from literary journals such as the *London Magazine*, *Ambit* and the *Warwick Review* to newsstand titles including *Prospect*, *The Liberal* and the *Sunday Times Magazine*.

Admittedly, most major publishers show very little enthusiasm for the form: some grudgingly allow their more established authors to slip in a collection with their new novel when agreeing a deal, but very few, any longer, will entertain the idea of an anthology of stories by various authors. Faber and Faber will still occasionally launch an author, such as Clare Wigfall in 2007, with a short story collection, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Even more exceptional is Manchester-based Comma Press, a short story specialist, which publishes collections and anthologies with imagination, flair and northern grit. Salt, too, the publisher of the present volume, supports short story writers by continuing to publish collections, and Tindal Street Press, which grew

out of a regular gathering of short story writers, the Tindal Street Fiction Group, remains true to its roots.

In genre publishing, the short story retains favoured status. Editors and publishers such as Stephen Jones, Constable and Robinson, Ellen Datlow, Maxim Jakubowski, Peter Crowther/PS Publishing, Andy Cox/TTA Press and others work tirelessly to meet a demand for high-quality short horror, crime, fantasy and science fiction.

There are numerous competitions and prizes, so many in fact that an anthology such as this could easily fill its pages by cherry-picking from the shortlists of these prizes, such as the *Sunday Times* EFG Private Bank Prize, the Manchester Fiction Prize, the BBC National Short Story Award, the Bridport Prize and the VS Pritchett Memorial Prize among others. I made sure to read a number of prize-winning stories while working on the selections for this book. One of them struck me as being very *nice*, very carefully written, but very English, very restrained and reticent. I kept wanting it to reveal itself, to make a run for it, but it kept holding itself in reserve, saving itself. The reveal, when it came, was so timid, so buttoned up, there was a temptation to think, ‘Why bother?’ All that effort for so little reward.

It’s why short stories so often get short shrift from readers, and, consequently, from publishers. Many have little point to them. Picture a figure—a featureless man or woman—standing on a path in a nondescript landscape, the middle of nowhere. The figure starts walking, continues to walk for a bit and then stops. The story ends. The view has barely changed from the walk’s starting point. I want my walker to get into difficulty, perhaps face a parting of the ways, speed up, slow down, run for a bit, get out of breath, maybe have to get down on all fours to advance. In front of him or her is a forever retreating

summit and beyond that a view we can only imagine until we get there. It may be an epiphany, or a change of heart, or pace or tone; a twist, perhaps, a revelation that calls into question everything that came before. It could be anything, but there's got to be something.

The best stories take you somewhere new, somewhere different, or they take you somewhere you might have been before but by a different route. They help you see the world afresh. They wake you up and make you dream, both at the same time.

I'd rather be left with questions than answers. With a vague feeling of uncertainty rather than one of satisfaction at how neatly everything has been tied up. I'd like the story not to be completely done with in the ten or twenty minutes it takes me to read it. I'd like it to have insinuated itself into my head and taken up residence there for the rest of the day with its questions, its ambiguities. I'd like to find myself remembering it at odd times and wondering whether what I'm remembering is a dream or something that happened before remembering that what I'm remembering is a story.

Having said which, I do want a story to finish, not just to end. Or I want it not just to finish, but to have an ending.

Giles Gordon and David Hughes edited *Best Short Stories*, an anthology series that ran from 1986 to 1994; the publisher was Heinemann. The introduction to their first volume opens: 'This volume has been put together with affection for the most exigent and elegant of prose forms . . .' I would echo that and add that I held and continue to hold enormous affection and respect for the work of Gordon and Hughes.

I had just started seeing my own short stories

appearing in print when the series began and I bombarded the editors with photocopies of typewritten manuscripts in the hope that they would agree that my stories were among the best being written at that time. Fortunately they had the good sense—and taste—to resist my juvenile efforts, responding politely year after year. Eventually, on 2 February 1991, Giles Gordon wrote to me:

I'm sorry to be returning to you again the stories which you submitted to David Hughes and me for us to consider for this year's BEST SHORT STORIES anthology. In truth, your stories just don't appeal sufficiently to us. They are certainly most competent but they don't, for us, sing out with the necessary individuality and voice. I'd suggest that in future we contact you if we see a story of yours which appeals rather than your going to the trouble of sending stories to us.

Apologies for the typing. I'm stranded at home and my correcting tape has run out.

The funniest and most elegant 'don't call us, we'll call you' letter I ever received—twenty years ago, almost to the day, as I write this.

It was the Gordon/Hughes series that was my inspiration for the present volume, the first of a new series. The main difference between the two series is that Gordon and Hughes picked stories by British and Commonwealth writers, while I am selecting stories by British authors only, wherever they may be based. The stories in this book were first published—whether in print or online—in 2010. It wasn't planned, but as I compare the contents list of the first Gordon/Hughes book with that of the present volume, I see that two names appear in both: Christopher Burns and Dai Vaughan. One or two other writers on

my list were represented in later volumes, although some were barely walking when the 1986 volume appeared.

A surprising consistency between the two volumes is that neither features anything reprinted from *Granta*, perhaps the only UK literary magazine that might be named by the man or woman in the street. Gordon and Hughes went on to pick several stories from *Granta*, but I found nothing that grabbed me in the four issues that came out in 2010. Indeed they included very few short stories by British writers. There were memoirs, essays, novel extracts (is there anyone, among readers, writers and editors, who finds a novel extract in any way welcome or useful?) and stories mainly by writers from the US, Pakistan or Spanish-speaking countries. On the evidence of 2010, and the issues that I read in a university library since the magazine failed to respond to requests for copies, *Granta* offers very little support to British short story writers, which is a great shame. Maybe 2011 will be different.

Poet and translator Michael Hulse has a good eye for a story: three of the stories in this book are reprinted from the *Warwick Review*, which he edits. Two appeared first in the *Sunday Times Magazine*, where deputy editor Cathy Galvin oversees the fiction slot. I make no apologies for selecting two stories by Hilary Mantel, each published in a different section of the *Guardian*. Other magazines represented include the *London Magazine*, *Ambit*, *Wasafiri*, *Riptide* and *New Welsh Review*. Perhaps I ought to seek the reader's indulgence over my selection of one story first published by my own small press: Alison Moore's story appeared in the first instance as a chapbook from Nightjar Press. I am merely following the example of experienced editors Ellen Datlow and Stephen Jones who have both

reprinted stories from their own original anthologies in best-of-the-year volumes they also edit.

Of course, these stories are the best *in my opinion* and who's to say I'm right? I remember the words of my English teacher, the late Peter Craze, as he responded to the latest of my cocksure outbursts: 'Yes, Nick, literature *is* a matter of opinion, but you're wrong and I'm right.'

Still, I believe this book demonstrates that the short story in Britain today is in excellent health and I hope that readers will agree.

—NICHOLAS ROYLE  
Manchester  
February 2011

DAVID ROSE

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## Flora

I CAME ACROSS her first in Kew Gardens. I watched her scrambling over the rocks of the rockery, and wondered how long it would be before a warden (are they called wardens? Not guards, surely) remonstrated with her.

Strangely, none did.

A little later, she was in the Alpine House, peering at a saxifrage on the Arctic bench, notebook and pencil in hand. I contrived to peep over her shoulder. She was sketching it, not merely noting its name in the manner of most botanical tourists. The sketch was most accomplished, in my humble opinion.

Later still, she was back on the rockery, sitting on a slab, her feet in the stream, plimsolls by her side, sketching a contorted pine. This time, after a few minutes, she *was* cautioned by one of the staff. She tossed her hair, picked up plimsolls and rucksack and walked away barefoot across the grass.

I completed my seasonal tour of the woodland beds, then went to the Orangery for a little sustenance.



I have never believed in Fate, although I have several times been tempted. But there, in my carriage on the train home, she was. Feet—sans plimsolls—on the opposite seat, a hibiscus blossom, picked, I surmised, in the Tropical House, braided into her hair.

She was blissfully unaware of my disapproval.

I was preoccupied in the weeks after my visit to Kew. I had discovered a fungal infection on a Japanese maple which—the nub of my concern—is host to a rare codonopsis, one I had (I'm boasting here) grown from seed brought back from China.

I spent anxious days swabbing the bark with softsoap and water, checking morning and evening for any fresh irruption.

Yet even as I swabbed and scrubbed, I had to admit to a sneaking regard for the fungal growth—not only its persistence, but its own strange beauty, the subtlety of its opalescent colours, the intricacy of its structure. Are we right, I wondered, to divide Nature as we do?

Nonetheless it had to go, in deference to the codonopsis. Anxious to implement some prophylactic measure, and as my modest library had exhausted its usefulness, I went to the local reference library.

Needless to remark, there she was, still barefoot, her hair, draped over one shoulder, curtaining the book over which she was hunched.

I went on to the next bay, Pests and Diseases. I removed several books *en bloc* for perusal, and noticed that through the resulting gap, I could observe her at her desk. Her posture was one of total concentration. Her stationary arm, deeply tanned, pointed toward me. The elbow was

rough, dry, white against the tan. From propping up bars, perhaps. But that, on reflection, was prejudice, for which I mentally rapped my knuckles.

In fact, on further reflection, I realised that what I had caught in myself was closer to tenderness, almost pity for that nonchalantly uncared-for patch of skin.

I took my pile of books over to the furthest desk and arranged them into a little wall.

They turned out to be limited in scope. My best option was to consult the bibliographies and order the most promising titles commercially. I whittled down the list to an economically feasible number and came away. I think she was still there. Appeared, in fact, not to have moved.

Such is the demand for quasi-academic textbooks that it was some weeks from my initial enquiry before I was able to collect them. I went straight round after receiving the bookshop's postcard (I rarely answer the telephone).

She was—I had almost expected it—there, in the Botanical recess. As I waited for the assistant to locate, price and wrap my books, she came to the counter. She was holding a copy of Wilson's *Flora Pyrenaica* from the second-hand section, but judging from the binding, it was the 1907 edition.

Hesitantly, I said, You do realise there is a later edition, superior to that? Your edition is incomplete; it suffered a partial appendectomy in the printing. Do they not have a copy of the 1912 edition secreted somewhere? Let me ask for you.

She finally looked up.

She said, This is okay. I only need the illustrations. And it's cheap.

I said, You're on a budget? Student, then? Where are you studying?

She gestured vaguely. Up at the College. Holloway.

Botany? I understood they had closed the Botany department. They have sold off the Botanical gardens, I know.

Oh, it's rumoured.

What does your course comprise?

A little of everything.

A foundation course?

I suppose so. But I want to concentrate on botanical illustration.

I thought of the fungus, and the little patch of dry skin.

I said, The departmental library—doesn't it have the Wilson in any edition?

I don't think they have the library now. Perhaps it was sold with the gardens.

I said, That's scandalous. But look, I have a modest library at home. You would be most welcome to use it. It would save your book grant. I take it you have a book grant?

I gave her my card. It was slightly dog-eared from my wallet. I rarely have cause to give them out. But she didn't seem to notice, just tucked it into her book.

We had settled into a spell of fine weather, so I was spending more time in the garden. I even had time, between tasks, to admire the results of my work, to enjoy the garden as a visitor might. The maple was showing no sign of further infection, and the codonopsis insinuated through it was budding nicely.

As I raked the gravel of the dry pond in the Japanese section, the sun was setting, the light sifted through the black bamboo, shadowing the stupa. The breeze stirred the windchimes.

I crossed to the bench in the Mediterranean section to catch the last of the sun before beginning my watering regime. My footfall in the gravel released the scent of lavender and cistus, and suddenly I felt absurdly happy. Also, a sense of—privilege, I would have to call it—that I was able to enjoy all this. I felt obligated to share it all; that my work was in vain if it were all for myself.

I looked across into the sunset, watching the bronze heron as it sank into the dark.

Next morning it was raining.

I answered a knock at the door around midday. She stood, one foot on the step, the other still on the path. Her hair was gathered into a single braid which hung round her neck and over one breast.

I waved her in.

She said, I'm so sorry to intrude. I just wondered. Do you happen to have *Orchidaceae of the Amazon Basin*?

I noticed then that she had a faint accent which, despite my years of travel, I couldn't place.

I said, As it happens, I have.

I led her into the sitting-room-cum-library.

As I unlocked the glass of the book-case, I could see her peering in.

You have *The Clematis in Western Culture*.

Yes. First edition, as it happens. With the hand-coloured frontispiece.

And *Plant Hunting in Nepal*. Where did they come from?

Oh, one collects, you know. Over the years.

I don't normally use the formal construction, but there are times when one finds it appropriate. I handed her the orchid book. She went to put it into her bag.

Ah, I said, as you may have gathered, this copy is quite rare. I can't really allow . . . You understand?

She coloured charmingly.

You are welcome to use my desk. Stay as long as you wish.

She sat at the desk, unpacked sketchbooks and a pencil case embroidered with beetles. I left her to it.

To mitigate any abruptness in my tone, I took her in a tray of coffee and chocolate digestives. She was immersed in her copying.

Around five, she put her head round the door, to say she was going. I showed her out, and insisted she returned. To show I meant it and in token of my trust, I showed her the spare key to the bookcase. I said, This will be hanging in the hall by the clock. I want you to use it. Books need airing, after all.

I watched from the window as she walked up the street. And as she was met at the corner by a friend. A man, I realised, with a short pony tail, so short as to be almost a pig tail. In my years abroad I had encountered such fashions, years before they were commonplace here. Likewise the anklet above his sandal.

They embraced in the street, in the manner of the young.

Despite my broad-mindedness, I did think to check the library. The book was neatly closed on the desk, the chair exactly in its place.

She returned the next morning. We both smiled as she took down the key. I had left a tray of milk and biscuits on the desk, in case.

The sitting-room-library was originally dining- and

sitting-rooms until I had them knocked through. The serving hatch was now unused, but I hadn't bothered to have it bricked up. Open, as it now was, I caught a glimpse of her arm, sleeved, moving at her work.

After she had gone, I could tell from the disturbance of the books what she had been copying. She had gone on to the genus *Convolvulus*.

I said, before she settled down for work the following morning, Why not work from real life? I have a *Convolvulus mauritanicus* in flower on the Alpine bed.

She followed me out.

I had a camp stool waiting, but she turned it down, squatted cross-legged on the grass with her sketch book on her knee.

She came back mid-morning for her snack. I had realised that milk and biscuits were hardly suitable, and laid out martini, buttered crackers and a dish of olives. As I brought it in, she began to enthuse over the garden. She said I hope you didn't mind me poking about, but it's all so lovely, like a miniature Kew.

I said, Not at all, I'm delighted to share it. Come and go as you please. Bring your boyfriend sometimes.

Oh, he's not my boyfriend.

Just a chum? Bring him anyway. I will arrange to leave the gate unbolted between ten a.m. and eleven p.m.

She blushed and bent to her books.

He turned out to be considerably older on closer view, or as close as my kitchen window allowed. Still, they made a nice couple as they foraged in the garden.

A week later, she handed me a package as she unpacked her bag. I unwrapped it carefully as she watched. It was a

painting of the *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, in ink and water-colour, in an antique frame.

I said, Thank you so much, it's charming. Your own?

I couldn't read the signature, and besides, I didn't know her name.

She said, Yes, but framing it was Jerome's idea.

I said, Thank him for me. It's just right. How clever of him.

She reached for the key of the bookcase. Evidently she had exhausted—temporarily, I hoped—the profusion of my garden.

The desk, she said, you've moved it.

Only a foot or so. I thought it would give you more leg room.

I left the tray on the side table.

Now, with the serving hatch open, I could see her entire. The scuffs on both elbows, the down on her neck, the vertebrae above her top. But someone loved her and I was glad of that.

The fine weather persisted and often, after her work in the library, I would catch glimpses of her, sometimes them, sitting on the benches or strolling in the sun. I had dug out my old birdwatching Zeisses, and could see them comfortably from the bedroom window. She would bend and stroke the foliage on her cheek while he stooped to check the name-plates. Fortunately I was confident of their accuracy, since it had crossed my mind that he may have been her tutor. Such things are not unknown. Certainly he seemed protective.

There was an incident one afternoon—I was in the

kitchen, binoculars not to hand—when I heard a little scream, or maybe a moderate cry. All I could make out was him stamping, almost viciously, on something on the grass. I was at a loss to work out what it could have been. A slug which had somehow evaded my beer traps? But slugs are no more than an irritation to a botanist, although I as a gardener would be dismayed at one.

I searched that evening for some squashed remains but found none, only the outline of something lozenge-shaped and sharp stamped into the lawn.

That, I realised later, was the last time I saw him.

She, after a few days, was back as before, working quietly in the library, her arms more tanned but still scuffed at the elbows. Her concentration was even stronger, and she was taking from the bookcase more and more titles, but always returning them to the shelves as she finished with them. I guessed she was completing a project, up against a deadline. Such was the pressure on her time that she didn't even consume the contents of her tray, except for the martini.

This continued for several days. I thought it better not to break the rhythm of her work, and she came and went ungreeted.

Then she stopped coming. A week had elapsed, then a fortnight, then I knew she wouldn't be back. Her project, I assumed, was finished or she had exhausted my library.

I confessed to a slight hurt that she hadn't said goodbye. I had the framed convolvulus, of course, but I felt that a word of thanks or goodbye wouldn't have been amiss.

The library felt heavily empty when I finally went in. The desk was tidy, the chair straight, the books back in order