

Michael Murphy



## **Expanded Bio**

25 years after I started writing, I started writing.

My non-fiction had appeared in the Asheville Citizen-Times, satire in the Hampstead Village Voice, and write-for-hire pablum in myriad feeds, screens, and pulp. Decades of scribbling. Headlines, brand names, articles, scripts, love letters, hate letters, halfhearted manifestos.

It wasn't until 2020 that I started writing fiction. Since, my work has featured in the Notre Dame Review, Squawk Back, Sunspot, and MONO, and been longlisted for the Desperate Literature Prize for Short Fiction, Cambridge Prize for Short Stories, and Dillydoun Short Story Prize.

## **Author Commentary**

“Symptomatic” was written while I was living in north London. I had taken on a column for a city satirical magazine while working full-time for a creative agency I co-founded in the States. Being five or six hours ahead of Yank-clocks, many mornings were spent walking Hampstead Heath and middays finding cozy pub corners in which to turn Wi-Fi and a pint into words.

Some of those words became an outline sketch for “Symptomatic,” inspired by where my meanders on the Heath were shaded by a cancerous specter that had cold-touched my family – that had twisted my sense of time and place.

“Symptomatic” found its final form at the Guardian’s Kings Cross offices where it was workshopped with poet and novelist Michèle Roberts (thank you, Michèle). It is story that is less story than collage – a patchwork of reflection and memory, of overheard language, driven by the oftentimes unsettling imbalance between the inner and outer.

## **Web Links**

Although hopeful for a website in '24, I'm currently limited to Instagram: @mpmurphy