

# I SMELL AND REMEMBER

A COLLECTION OF STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANNE R. PETIT



FROM THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES



FOR MY LITTLE DOG WHO SMELLS LIKE CORNCHIPS WHEN HE SLEEPS  
AND ALL THE FRIENDS WHO  
GENEROUSLY SHARED  
THEIR STORIES

# "I SMELL AND REMEMBER"

## A PARTICIPATORY BOOK

STORIES BY  
MINDY BELLOFF  
ANNETTE KUDRAK  
MARIANNE R. PETIT  
ROBERT RYAN  
TRACY WHITE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
MARIANNE R. PETIT

THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES BEGAN IN JANUARY 2007. I DECIDED I WANTED TO MAKE SOME BOOKS AND IN MY HEAD I COULD SEE THEM, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE ANY CONTENT TO ACTUALLY MAKE THEM. LIFE HAD BEEN COMPLICATED FOR A REALLY LONG TIME AND I DIDN'T WANT TO USE ANY OF MY OWN STORIES. THE TRUTH IS, I WAS SORT OF TIRED OF MYSELF AND FIGURED OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE STORIES WAY MORE INTERESTING THAN MY OWN.

SO, I STARTED A BLOG THAT ASKED QUESTIONS. HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SMELL TRIGGER A MEMORY? DO YOU BELIEVE IN AN INTERVENTIONIST GOD? HAS THE MENTAL HEALTH OF OTHER PEOPLE HAD AN INFLUENCE IN YOUR LIFE? DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR FIRST LOVE? CAN YOU TELL ME THE STORY OF A BREAKUP?

AND THEN I ASKED SOME FRIENDS TO PARTICIPATE. THIS IS ONE OF THE BOOKS FROM THIS SERIES. I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO SEE SOME OF MY OTHER WORK YOU CAN VISIT MY WEBSITE: [WWW.MRPETIT.COM](http://WWW.MRPETIT.COM) M.R. PETIT COPYRIGHT 2007.

NOTE: SOAP GAME BOOK TEXT BY ANNETTE KUDRAK.

PARTICIPATORY BOOK ENTRY:  
I SMELL AND REMEMBER

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SMELL TRIGGER A MEMORY OR STORY?

ARE THERE CERTAIN SMELLS THAT BRING BACK A PLACE?

A TIME? A PERSON? YOUR CHILDHOOD? YOUR FIRST LOVE?

WHAT ARE THOSE SMELLS? WHAT ARE THOSE STORIES?

TELL ME A SMELL AND A STORY AND I'LL ILLUSTRATE IT ...

# "SMELLY FIRST LOVE"

STORY BY MARIANNE R. PETIT

MY FRESHMAN YEAR OF COLLEGE I MET MY FIRST BOYFRIEND. HE WAS A GUY WHO HUNG OUT A LOT IN HIS DORM ROOM AND IN THE CAFETERIA. I DON'T THINK HE WENT TO MANY CLASSES. HE DRANK BEER AND SMOKED POT AND CIGARETTES. HE PLAYED THE DRUMS IN A BAND. HE DIDN'T SHAVE AND HE WORE FLANNEL SHIRTS. I'M NOT SURE IF HE BATHED EVERYDAY. HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T WEAR DEODORANT. AND OF COURSE, I THOUGHT HE WAS THE COOLEST GUY EVER.



IN FACT, HE WAS SO COOL HE DROPPED OUT AFTER HIS FIRST YEAR, TELLING HIS PARENTS ...



WE DIDN'T GO OUT VERY LONG. MAYBE JUST A FEW WEEKS. I WAS AT A PARTY WHEN ANOTHER GIRL, A VERY MATURE SOPHOMORE, APPROACHED ME.



I WAS HEARTBROKEN ... RIDICULOUSLY SO, GIVEN THE LENGTH AND DEPTH OF OUR RELATIONSHIP. I THINK I MOSTLY FELT STUPID AND ASHAMED FOR BEING SO INEXPERIENCED.



NONETHELESS, YEARS LATER, EVERYTIME A SMELLY DRUNK PERSON SAT NEXT TO ME, OR I SMELLED DAY OLD BEER THE MORNING AFTER A PARTY, I WOULD GET FLOODED WITH EMOTIONS. ON THE ONE HAND, IT WOULD MAKE ME SMILE AND I WOULD FIND MYSELF GETTING SENTIMENTAL AND DRIFTING INTO WISTFUL NOSTALGIA. ON THE OTHER HAND, THAT OLD SHAME WOULD RISE TO THE SURFACE AND I'D FIND MYSELF CRINGING, EVEN THOUGH I KNEW IT WAS SILLY.



ONE DAY I LOOKED HIM UP ONLINE TO FIND A PHOTO OF A ROUNDISH MIDDLE-AGED BALDING MAN, WHO LOOKED LIKE HE STILL THOUGHT HE WAS JUST AS COOL AS HE DID AT EIGHTEEN. THE BUBBLE POPPED AND I FELT OKAY. THE SMELL JUST MAKES ME SMILE, BUT NOW FOR SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT REASONS.

# "THE SOAP GAME"

STORY BY ANNETTE KUDRAK

I LOVE THE SMELL OF BAR SOAP WRAPPED IN PAPER.



WHEN I WAS AROUND 8 OR 9, ONE OF MY FAVORITE INDOOR ACTIVITIES WAS THE SOAP GAME.



ONE PLAYER WENT INSIDE THE LINEN CLOSET, WHERE THERE WAS A SMALL BOX FULL OF BAR SOAP ON THE FLOOR.



(MY PARENTS WERE DEPRESSION BABIES AND STOCKPILED EVERYTHING.)

IN THE DARK, YOU REACHED INTO THE BOX, PICKED A BAR OF SOAP, AND TRIED TO GUESS ITS BRAND FROM ITS SMELL. THEN THE OTHERS OPENED THE DOOR TO SEE IF YOU WERE RIGHT.



SOME WERE A DEAD GIVEAWAY, LIKE TONE, AND ONE THAT SMELLED REALLY MEDICINAL.



(TONE HAD A CURVY SHAPE)

OTHERS WERE:



I WANTED MY MOM TO BUY LAVA, BUT SHE WOULDN'T.



MY SISTER GOT SO GOOD SHE COULD SMELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHITE AND ORANGE DIAL. WOW!



NOWADAYS BAR SOAP IS ON THE WAY OUT, AND IT COMES WRAPPED IN PLASTIC OR IN BOXES ... A WASTE OF PACKAGING AND IMPOSSIBLE TO SNIFF THROUGH.



BUT I STILL TRY... I LOVE THE SMELL OF BAR SOAP!

# "SOLACE"

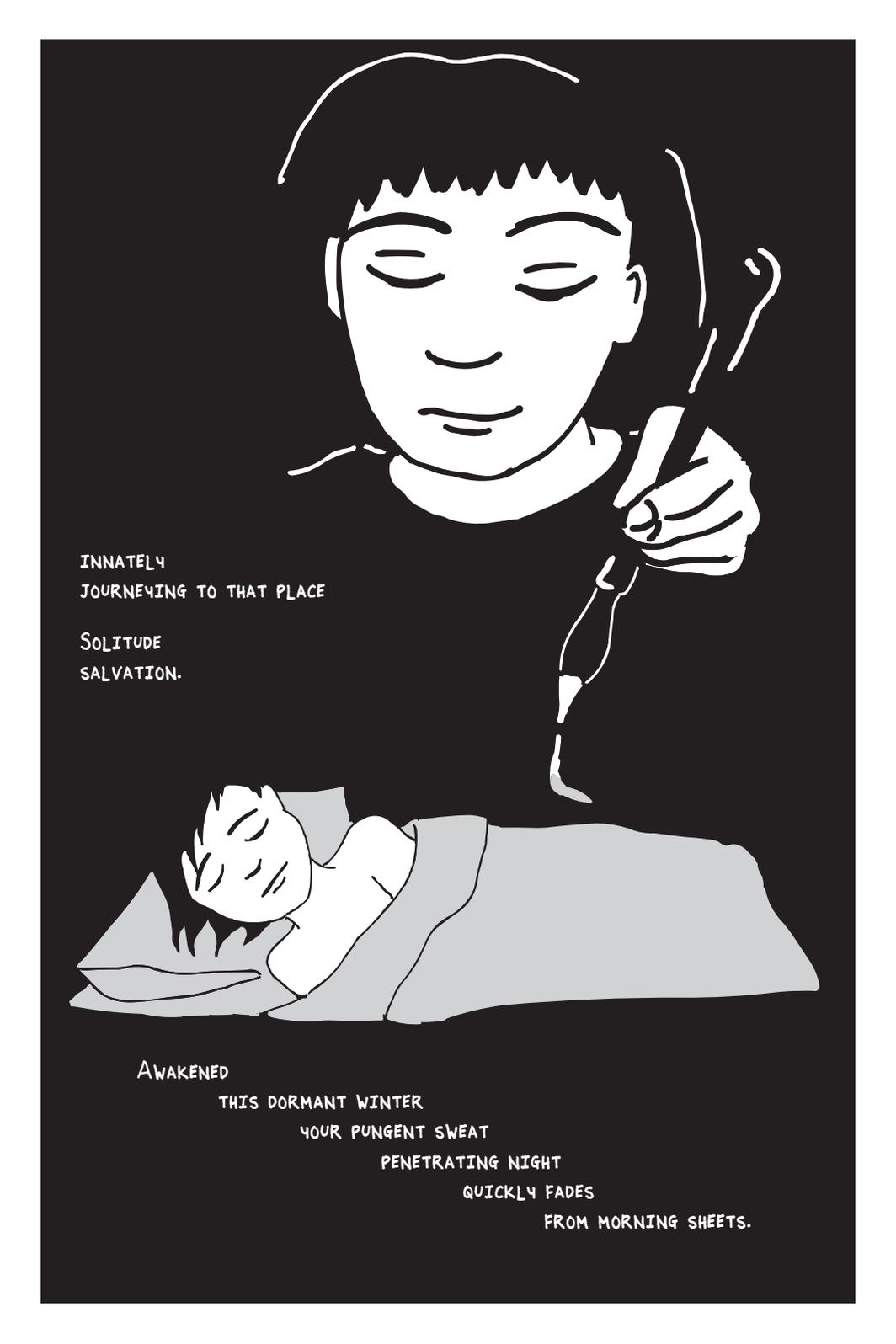
POEM BY MINDY BELLOFF

REMEMBERING  
THE SMELL OF STOP BATH & FIXER  
LURING ME  
SECURED  
IN THE DARKROOM



TURPENTINE AND PIGMENT  
TRANSPORTING  
MY BODY & MIND  
ON CANVAS





INNATELY  
JOURNEYING TO THAT PLACE

SOLITUDE  
SALVATION.

AWAKENED

THIS DORMANT WINTER

YOUR PUNGENT SWEAT

PENETRATING NIGHT

QUICKLY FADES

FROM MORNING SHEETS.

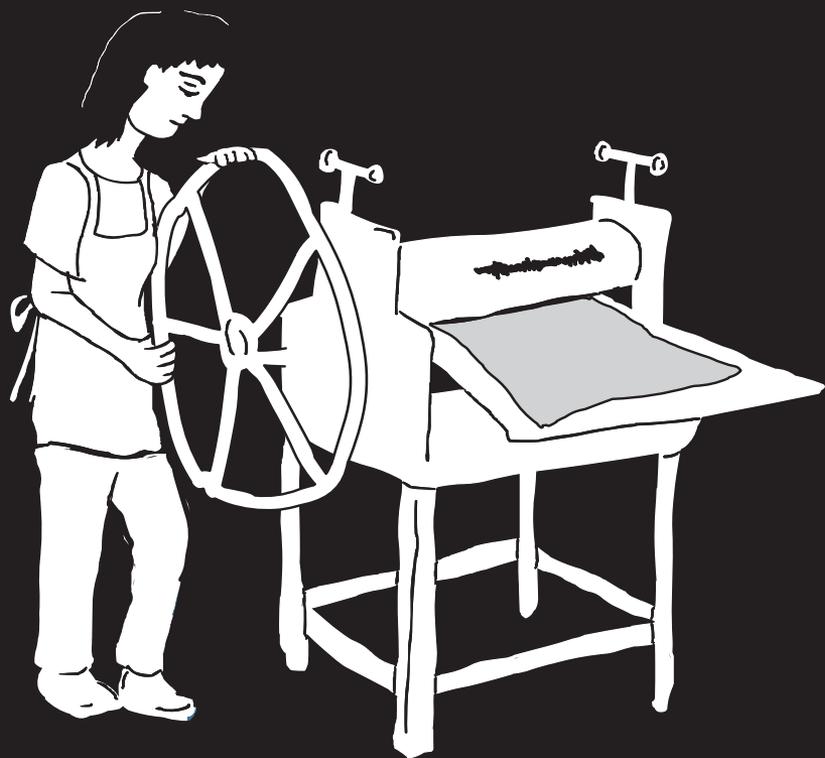
INSTINCTIVELY

I TURN

RETREAT TO LOYAL LOVE

INK ON PRESS

METAL TO PAPER



FAMILIAR SOLACE

I BREATHE IT IN

PASSIONATELY

TENDERLY

DEEPLY.

# "LIQUORICE"

STORY BY TRACY WHITE

LIQUORICE IS RUINED FOREVER FOR ME. ONE WHIFF IS ALL IT TAKE TO BRING ME BACK DRY MOUTHED WAKING UP UNDER A HOT RISING SUN MY BRAIN TOTAL MUSH.



I LOOK OVER TO SEE MY FRIEND. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP.



WHICH IS WHEN I SIT UP WHICH IS WHEN I REALIZE I AM ON THE FLAT ROOF OF A SMALL HUT.



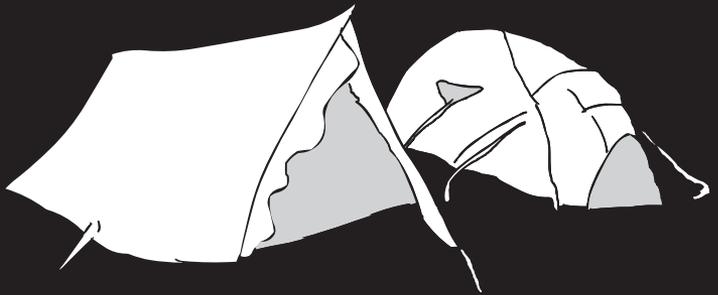
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS OUR 16 YEAR OLD SELVES AT THE HOUSE OF MUCH OLDER GUYS DOING SHOTS OF OUZO, THE GREEK NATIONAL DRINK WHICH SMELLS LIKE LIQUORICE.



AND ME PROJECTILE VOMITING ACROSS THE SMALL WHITE ROOM UNABLE TO EVEN GET UP OFF THE PILLOW I WAS SITTING ON.



DID I MENTION WE WERE IN GREECE LIVING ON A CAMPING GROUND FOR A FEW WEEKS? IT WAS OUR FIRST NIGHT THERE AND APPARENTLY THE LAST NIGHT WE WOULD DO SHOTS...



THAT MORNING  
UNABLE TO RECALL  
ANYTHING I WOKE  
UP MY FRIEND.



WHO MUMBLED THAT WE'D BEEN DRIVEN ALMOST HOME.



SHE'D DRAGGED ME TO THE CAMP.



AND THEN, AFRAID OF ALL THE ANTS SHE SAW CRAWLING ON ME ONCE I'D CRUMPLED TO THE GROUND AND PEACEFULLY STARTED SNORING ...



SHE'D LIFTED ME, THAN HERSELF TO THE SAFETY OF THE ROOF WE WERE NOW ON.



WHAT CAN I SAY ... WE DID NOT KNOW OR RESPECT THE POWER OF OUZO. I DID NOT KNOW THAT ALMOST 20 YEARS LATER IT'S REACH WOULD BE SO GREAT THAT EVEN TODAY I CANNOT SMELL LIQUORICE WITHOUT FEELING QUEASY.

# "HOT DOGS"

STORY BY ROBERT BOBBY RYAN

THERE ARE SMELLS  
THAT ELICIT SUCH  
STRONG MEMORIES  
FOR ME ...  
THE SMELL OF  
AN OLD, SLIGHTLY  
DAMP CAR REMINDS  
ME OF OLD FAMILY  
DRIVES WITH MY  
MOM UP TO MY  
GRANDPARENT'S  
HOUSE IN OUR  
DODGE COLT.



AND EVEN THOUGH  
I CAN'T REALLY  
REMEMBER WHAT  
HE LOOKED LIKE,  
A PIPE ALWAYS  
MAKES ME REMEMBER  
SITTING WITH MY  
GRANDFATHER,  
WATCHING BASEBALL  
GAMES.



I GREW UP A PICKY EATER. OK, SOME MIGHT SAY I HAD A TOUCH OF THE OCD AS A KID WHEN IT CAME TO FOOD. IF SOMETHING DIDN'T SMELL RIGHT [AND TRUST ME, I INSPECTED AND SNIFFED EVERY BITE OF FOOD AS A KID], THERE WAS NO WAY I WAS GOING TO EAT IT.



I REMEMBER I WAS LEARNING HOW TO READ. AND WHILE I DIDN'T ALWAYS KNOW WHAT WORDS MEANT WHILE I WAS SOUNDING THEM OUT, ONCE I HEARD THE WORDS SAID, I GOT THEIR MEANING.



NOW MY MOM HAD THIS DESIRE TO SUSTAIN US KIDS WITH ALL-NATURAL FOODS GROWING UP, WHICH SORT OF CONTRADICTED THE LOGIC BEHIND HER INSISTANCE ON USING POWDERED MILK. BUT, FOR EXAMPLE: SHE PREFERRED BUYING HOT DOGS THAT WERE FROM THE DELI/BUTCHER AND NOT THOSE PREPACKAGED ONES.



I NEVER REALLY LIKED THE HOT DOG, BUT AT THAT TIME I WAS READING ANYTHING I COULD GET MY EYES ON. AND ONCE, WHILE PUTTING GROCERIES AWAY WITH MOM, I STRUGGLED TO READ THE INGREDIENTS ON THE ALL-NATURAL HOT DOGS.



HERE'S WHAT THE LABEL READ:

INGREDIENTS:  
100% ALL-NATURAL  
BEEF HOT DOGS MADE  
FROM COWS LIPS AND  
OTHER MECHANICALLY  
SEPARATED PARTS.

HERE ARE THE ONLY TWO  
WORDS THAT MATTERED  
IN THAT LIST:

## COWS AND LIPS

I HAVE NOT EATEN A HOT DOG SINCE THAT DAY. I CAN'T STAND TO SEE ONE, BUT I MOST ESPECIALLY CAN'T STAND TO SMELL ONE.

I LITERALLY GAG AND CHOKED ON JUST THE SMELL OF A HOT DOG. ESPECIALLY THE HOT DOGS THAT ARE COOKED IN A POT OF WATER. WHO COOKS MEAT LIKE THAT ANYWAY??

SO STRONG IS THE MEMORY AND THE SMELL, THAT I HAVE LEFT AT LEAST ONE COLLEGE FRAT PARTY BECAUSE HOT DOGS WERE BEING SERVED AND I COULD SMELL THE NASTY HOT DOG WATER PERMEATING THE AIR.



I AM SURE I OFFENDED WHOEVER WAS HOSTING THAT FABULOUS FRAT PARTY WITH MY OBNOXIOUS, BUT VERY GENUINE, DISGUST AND HORROR. THIS IS WHY I CAN NEVER GO TO A BINGO HALL. LOOK ON ANY MENU AT A BINGO HALL AND WHAT IS THE FIRST THING YOU SEE?

