

1. Dahl was a fighter pilot in the Royal Air Force / 2. Sleeping facing north /
3. F. Scott Fitzgerald in *This Side of Paradise* /
4. Hercule Poirot / 5. Abibliophobia

!@#

5. What do you call the fear of running out of things to read?
4. Who did Agatha Christie describe as a 'detestable, bombastic, tiresome, egocentric little creep'?
3. Which novelist is thought to have used the term "T-shirt" for the first time?
2. Which night-time ritual did Charles Dickens believe improved his writing?
1. Which branch of the British Armed Forces was Roald Dahl a member?

About TYPE!

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QUIZ

WRITING PROMPT: *Ascend*

RULE OF SIX

I t bled red. The clotting forgotten.

SIMON LOVETT

Regretting words that burst the dam.

MADELEINE WRIGHT

I cried today. The ghosts listened.

SERINAH KINGSLEY

I said sorry. I regretted it.

MATTHEW MOTA

I suppose it's too late now.

LUCY SINGER

GAP

BY ERIN JAMIESON

do you wonder
in that infinitesimal gap
do we replay our lives?

no- at least I don't
I feel you beside me
& that is all
I know.

FIVE YEARS LATER

BY DAN STATHERS

It was probably more the taste
than the humiliation
of having to wash your mouth out
with cheap, municipal soap,
bent over the Belfast sink
because you shouted "Fuck" in class at the
top of your voice - an outrage
in more than ninety-seven countries,

despite the approximation of ten thousand
people
doing it in the time it took
for you to be dragged from your shoulder
sockets to the boy's lavatory,
and five years later,
when the mild-mannered doctor
talked to your mother
in spectrums and syndromes,
could you still taste the bitterness?

LIIQUID ARMOUR

BY LIV FOWLER

Relaxation and communication
intertwine through intoxication
Lips are less tight meaning fights can ignite
But that's alright
'cause tonights not that kind of night
Your mum jokes hitting the peak of conflict
Banter that won't poison like a snakebite
But what seeps through the surface is the
panic,
The fear
That people can see the struggle and won't
come near

So the beer and gear make the blanket of
safety feel
Warm
So that fear disappears
Making it crystal clear
No one wants to be here
Trying to prove our worth through social
stamina
Knowing you don't fit into that calibre
Where being cocky is the armour for
insecurity
'cause as we all know
Judging a book by its cover
Is none other than
Believing fiction as
Reality

BEGIN

BY PAIGE EVANS

I spoke to my therapist last night
And asked her why I couldn't write
And she told me that my words were derived
from pain
Not the ones I speak; there's few of them
But the ones on the page.
The well of content I use has dried up
The narrative is no longer sad, flowing, but whole.
You should write what you know,
And what you know now is love.

Maybe this is enough.
But I don't feel that he completes me
He begins me,
The sentences etched on my paper shouldn't halt
For he doesn't stop me
That dot at the end of the line is no full stop but
an ellipsis
The promise of something more
Over the cliffs of Caswell Bay
Where I told him I wanted to wake up next to him
every day from now
Not because I'm settled on his ground
But because this is where we'll moor
For the night, until we continue down the canals
Travelers exploring and learning forevermore

Maybe she is right
My therapist, last night
When I asked her why I couldn't write
The well I have been using is dried
The bucket fell as the string snapped and sighed
A sigh of relief that this was done
That I can use waters from the sea to write
my melodies
From the streams that lit him up back home when
he came to visit me

From the tears of laughter of the card game,
of the tumbles
The script of the shape that our bodies make
at 4am underneath the bedding
That's what I want my words to say
How can you scream a verse about falling as
softly as a whisper
The excruciating pain of being so adored When
the waters you have been drinking told you that
you are flawed
And you are, but that is fine,
I breathe it in -
I am not complete
With him, I begin.

BEHIND YOU

BY LUCY SINGER

A **WOMAN** *in her fifties stands on stage.*

WOMAN

I'd been telling him to sort out that mirror for
weeks. Such a lazy old bastard, he never did things
when I asked him to. He always said 'I'll do it, I'll do
it', and then he never did. I'd always end up getting
fed up and just doing it myself. And then he'd have
the cheek to complain that he was 'just about to do
it'. 'Just about to do it' my arse.

(Pause)

That morning he told me he was going to walk
round to Johnny's to watch the footy. I said I beg
your pardon. He looks at me all confused, like a
deer in headlights. I tell him 'I've been asking you to
fix that mirror for weeks now, and you said you've
been busy, but now you've got time to go round to
Johnny's and watch the footy'.

(Sighs)

He sighs. He sighs. Unbelievable. As if I'm the one
being unreasonable. He tells me that he'll do it, he'll
do it. I say that's what he says every time, and he
never does it, I always end up doing it, and quite
frankly I'm sick of it. He rolls his eyes at me.

(She takes a sharp breath)

I could've slapped him around right then and there.
But I said fine. You go to Johnny's, and I'll go to the
garage now. I'll sort it out, as always. He tells me
I'm being dramatic, that he'll fix it as soon as he
gets back, but I tell him no. I tell him I'm tired of
waiting, and if I want something done right, I best
go and do it myself. He storms out.

(She rolls her eyes)

What a child. On one of his strops, as per usual.
There's no talking to him when he's like that, so I
decide to set off. I get in the car, I start reversing
out onto the road, and then... there's a thud.

(She shrugs)

But like I say, I'd been telling him to fix that mirror
for weeks.

SOLACE

BY JOSH ENTSMINGER

At first there was scratching. Soft and quick against
the bunker door. But at least then he knew where
it was. The absurd comfort of knowing, despite
everything, it was still there. But now, there's no
scratching, no sloshing in the hallway, no drips,
no creaks.

He waited for some sign, pacing through the bunker,
hidden in a basement no one knew to look for.
Thinking back, it only took two weeks until every
time he sat down on the pristine couch, consumed
by dark swirl on the surface of the bitter instant
coffee, he knew every step he would take that day,
every motion, always glancing at the door. It was
only a week ago that he started to sleep next to the
door, his ear pressed against it, hoping for the relief
that it was still there – a creak, a scream, anything.
How many times had he reimagined the path down
the basement steps. Retracing the path through
the narrow concrete hallway to the safety bunker.
Closing his eyes to meticulously count the cracks
in the hall he missed as it chased him. The brief
glimpse of shadow and movement trailing behind
his eyes as he scrambled to shut the door. He began
to populate the hallway sometimes with faces,
paintings, embracing a neatly woven confusion,
falling prey to the hope that maybe everything was
really uncertain.

He sat, staring at the door, tracing the outline of
the door's bolt in the air with his finger. He knew
how easy it would be to release the mechanism and
open himself back up to the world. As he sat, letting
the hours pass by, a thought began to make him
smile. A thought too inviting to ignore, changing
the colour of every experience. Still, he couldn't
help but embrace it, feeling the weight of opening
the door ease with every passing second, until he
asked himself.

'Does it matter if it's still there?'