

# TYPE!

TYPE! is a bookmark magazine made by curious creatives Inquisitive Type.

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@BookmarkTYPE

1. Fingal O'Flahertie Wills / 2. J.R.R.Tolkien and George R.R. Martin /
3. Swedish North / 4. Hector Hugh Munro

5. Saki is the pen name for which British writer?

4. Who wrote sci-fi novel The First 15 Lives Of Harry August?

3. What nationality was playwright August Strindberg?

2. Which two fantasy authors share the middle initials R.R.?

1. Name one of Oscar Wilde's three middle names.

## QUIZ

### WRITING PROMPT: EXILE

#### RULE OF SIX

They loved once,  
and will again.

DARL CARVEL

Your absence has  
become a presence.

HENRY SCANLAN

Weather:  
discussed. Tea:  
declined. Leak:  
fixed.

AMBER BOOTHE

For hire: highly  
successful  
recruitment  
consultant.

LUKE CRESSWELL

### GUEST OF THE HUNT BY KATHERINE CLAIRE SANKEY

“She’s alive!”

I watched as the police officers ran towards me through the pine trees, all wrapped up in their yellow coats. They were more than a little perplexed when they saw what I was wearing. They asked me where I got the cloak and furs, but I knew I couldn't explain. They asked what happened a week ago, when I disappeared in the forest. I couldn't explain that either. After all, who was going to believe that I had run into the Norse gods' hunting party? Or that I went to feast with them? If only Loki hadn't stolen my phone...

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*About TYPE!*

#### DATE NIGHT

BY RISHI

INT. BAR - NIGHT

*Speed dating. Couples chat. A buzzer sounds.*

*Mass rotation. Sitting at one table is ERIN*

*(30s). Opposite her sits TONY (30s). She squints at his name tag.*

ERIN

30 seconds, Tony. Describe yourself in one word. Make it good.

TONY

Funny. Now you.

ERIN

Man-eater.

*They smile. Their sexual attraction is palpable.*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TONY and ERIN slam into the room. They dive on the bed.

ERIN straddles him, pinning both his arms. They kiss. Passionately.

We focus on the wall, watching their shadows get hot and heavy with each other.

TONY (O.S.)

Wow! You're incredible.

ERIN lifts her head. Suddenly, she morphs. Her lower jaw dislodges to reveal a large set of razor sharp teeth.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell!

TONY's shadow kicks wildly, trying to escape.

Blood splatters against the wall as Erin's shadow chows down on Tony.

Anguished, gurgled screams.

THE END

## WHEN THE BUBBLE BURSTS

BY RUTH HURL

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By its very nature a bubble is a delicate, temporary thing; the higher it floats the more anxious we all get imagining its ultimate demise. People talk about bubbles bursting all the time, the tech bubble, financial bubble, actual bubble, bubbles. But nothing, nothing is as upsetting as an exercise ball bursting.

“Don’t worry, this will be good for you,” Linda said as Jess desperately tried to control the neon exercise ball rolling around under her bum.

Linda, perky, with core fully engaged, continued: “It’s great for the mind, gets you out of the house and helps you lose a few, not that you need it but you know.”

Linda waved a hand in the general direction of Jess’s mid-section.

It had been three months since the break-up. Jess felt that a diet of Coco Pops and white wine had been a perfectly fine existence and was really taking to her new life of a self-pitying, self-hating blanket-dwelling cave woman. Why was Linda so opposed to Jess’s decision to be a hermit? It was her life after all and people have definitely spent their lives doing worse. She was sure that right at this moment someone was stealing

underwear from Primark, leaving the dirty pair on the changing room floor. She’d never done that.

“Ok guys let’s get started with a simple warm-up exercise,” the instructor said from the top of the room. The class rolled and wiggled gracelessly, bobbing about, like life supports floating in the sea.

“And now lean back, balancing your lower back on the ball and then come up into a tummy crunch,” the instructor continued. The ball much like Jess’s ex, was desperate to roll away from under her. Repeatedly she tried to gain some sort of equilibrium, bend the ball further this way, walk her feet forward, scooch her bum back. But the ball did not want to, as they say, play ball.

Then it happened, all so fast, a loud bang, like a balloon pinpricked by a naughty child and a sharp thud. Her ears stung, her arse stung, her pride, well what was left of it, was in flames.

She stared up at the old wooden beams of the community hall. She was completely motionless, not because she was in pain, no, because this, this Jess realised was rock bottom. She had thought her life on the

couch surrounded by wine bottles and crisp bags was rock bottom but no, as it turns out, the dusty floor of the community hall surrounded by an enthusiastic, if slightly annoying aerobics class was where she would find rock bottom.

“Oh my God, she’s not moving! Do you think she’s paralysed?” asked a classmate.

“Nonsense, you can’t get paralysed from a burst exercise ball,” the instructor replied.

“Well she’s not moved in five minutes!” said the woman.

“Probably due to her lack of fitness. She listed her fitness level at a 2.5, but let’s be honest we saw the tummy crunch, she is a 1 at best. Jess? Jess if you can hear us, raise your right leg,” called the instructor.

And with that, Jess thought to herself, this, this is how I die.

She closed her eyes and let them believe she had been paralysed by the burst exercise ball lying flaccid beneath her.

## SMILE

BY CHARLOTTE MOORE

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It’s just a smile.  
Come on, you can do it,  
It might never happen, love.  
Chin up, let’s see it.

You don’t feel like smiling?  
You’re a miserable cow, I can see it  
in your face,  
You think you’re better than me  
now?  
Stuck up bitch.  
Did no one teach you to be polite?  
You smile when you’re asked to,  
Come on - you know I’m right.  
Give me a smile babe, I need  
cheering up,  
Are you listening to me?

*Remember don’t interrupt.*

You can make my night,  
Just smile for me when I ask,  
Why are you walking away?  
Slow down - not so fast.

Didn’t nobody ever teach you how  
to be polite?

*No, they taught me not to walk alone  
on a late February night.*