

TYPE!

- 1. Casino Royale - 2. Slaughterhouse-Five /
- 3. Spearing fish by torchlight / 4. Lolita /
- 5. A Mills & Boon novel

5. What literary addition was buried in a time capsule at Castle Howard, Yorkshire in 1982?

4. Which novel was termed 'overwhelmingly nauseating' in a publisher's rejection letter?

3. What does the Algonquin word 'weequashing' mean?

2. 'All this happened, more or less' is the opening line of which novel?

1. What is the title of Ian Fleming's first James Bond novel?

QUIZ

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About TYPE!

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RULE OF SIX

Dead. Stirring.
Returning. Coming
for you.

BJ MEARS

I never knew I
could conjure.

CLAUDIA RAPP

Are you sure
that's national
curriculum?

ANON

They drew. Bang!
A gun clattered.

ALISTAIR DRUMMOND

Fancy taking up the challenge? Submit an entry!

WRITING PROMPT: Discovery

WHISKY CHASER

BY *SUSIE REBEL BELLE*

You've seen him before but can't remember where. You can hear his footsteps now, following you. You try and lose him by the canal. The towpath is narrow and muddy. You slip and fall to your knees. He's behind you now, directly behind. He grabs your neck and pulls you onto your back. Your free arm strikes his chest. He snaps your wrist. But you can't scream for his grip on your throat. Please don't kill me, please don't...

You slip into unconsciousness.

You slip into the no-longer.

Your body is rolled into the river

..... by the toe of his boot

.....where it sinks

with

your school-

-books.

THE HONEYSUCKLE THING

BY *CLAIRE DYER*

I was at the end of the garden.

In the dusk.

The solar lights were on.

And a blackbird was alarm-calling close by.

And the sky was like a mango.

And it was temporarily midsummer.

There was a small breeze.

It lifted up the scent.

The air was sweet and clear.

And it covered me.

And I got lost in it. Temporarily.

And it was as unbelievably hard

to let go of it happening

as it is to tell you this.

A DRINKING TALE

BY CHRISTOPHER OWEN

Marci and I run through the streets of Montmartre, drunk. Rain falls, turning the streetlights of Paris blurry against the dusk-time sky. Marci is barefoot, shoes in her hands, the streets too slick for high heels.

She seems exuberant, and I like it. She's been moody of late. But between then and now there'd been wine, which frees her soul. It's enough to make me forgive her incessant texting today.

We had started our day at a lunchtime writers' social. The party was full of boring fellow writers who'd brought their big dreams with them to Paris, Hemingways every one of them. Marci had made me go. Good for you to network. Some publishers will be there too, Noel. Ha! At least there'd been plenty of booze. It helped to fend off all the obligatory 'how's your writing going?' and 'have you published?' remarks.

Such things bother me when I'm sober, but hours of steady drinking have alleviated that, and as I run with Marci, I feel good. Everything seems pre-ordained and possible when you're drunk.

"Oh look, Darling, a little cat," says Marci. I don't bother to look. We've been playing this game all day.

"Let's just go into the pub."

"Oh, you," she says. "Play the game."

"Fine." I look around. "What cat? I don't see any—"

"She must have gone into that bar. Come on, let's go in."

Marci loves cats, and when she read Hemingway's *Cat in the Rain*, she made up a game where she sees them around the streets of Paris. Today they always appear outside the doors of brasseries or pubs. I don't really mind. I'm always rewarded with a drink inside.

We go in and I hear someone call Marci's name.

"Who the hell?"

"Come on, it's someone I want you to meet."

The man stands when we approach his table and holds out his hand to Marci.

"Nice to finally meet you," he says. He turns to me, hand held out like a hatchet. "Blake Vaughn," he says, "Scrimshaw Publishing."

We shake. We sit. We order drinks. My merciful bourbon arrives and helps to quell the queasy feeling that is growing inside me.

"Sorry I couldn't make the social," Blake tells us. "Crappy day. But hey, this worked out fine. So, Marci, shall we tell him the good news?"

"Good news?"

"Sure," says Blake. "On behalf of Scrimshaw, I'm pleased to say that we'd like to buy *Streets of Paris*."

"My novel? But I didn't submit it."

"Oh, Noel," says Marci. "I sent it. You've been worrying over that thing for a year since you finished it. Time to get it out there."

"But it's not done."

"Well, I'd say it is," says Blake.

"Everyone thought it was brilliant. Consider yourself lucky. We don't usually read unsolicited. But Marci was convincing, and well, friend of a friend."

"Noel, don't be mad. This is what you wanted. Take it. It's time. And lord knows you need the money."

Ouch, that stung. The grant that brought me to Paris to write has long since run out, and I've been living off Marci and her family's good graces.

"I know this can be overwhelming," says Blake. "Just think it over. But on that note, I've got to go."

Blake leaves. Marci smiles at me.

"Don't be mad, Noel."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you wouldn't have sent it."

"I would when it was ready."

"Didn't you hear him? It is ready. Let it go. Start another one. Every single word doesn't have to be perfect."

"Gee, thanks."

"Jesus, Noel, you haven't even done anything to that manuscript in months. All we do is eat and drink and carry on like..."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, like you're trying to be Hemingway or something."

"Maybe I am."

"Well, write like him, and stop drinking like the old sot for a change."

"Great. A lecture."

"Noel, I love you, but I'm tired of going

on like this."

She stands.

"Where are you going?"

"Home. You can come if you want."

"Hmph. Think I'll hang here a bit."

Looks like I've got a lot to think about."

She leaves. Through the blurry windows I see her hail a cab.

After a few moments I decide I don't like the air in this place, so I go out and walk through the rain. At length I come to another pub. In the window is a little cat. I laugh despite myself. It's the only god-damned real one we've seen all day. As I go in the pub, the refreshing scent of stale alcohol greets me.

Marci doesn't know that I've stolen a good bit of *Streets of Paris* from others, taken freely the words and sentences of long dead writers languishing in obscure novels. My plan had been to turn those phrases into something I could call my own eventually, but the task has proven difficult. Perhaps I took up a crutch that never should have been used. But my mind, these days, is no longer sharp. Even my hands shake sometimes. Whatever, it will all come out soon enough. Who knows how much I will lose? The deal, certainly. My reputation. Perhaps Marci as well.

Still dripping rainwater, I approach the bar and order a drink. Outside, the streets of Paris echo with a million stories that I'll never know or tell.