


TYPE!



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

About TYPE!

— what they wouldn't give.

As we gaze slowly into our sideways view of
the world,
I drink in a privileged close-up.
I think of the women you'll have walked
past,
bought coffee from, discussed business
with today

OUR BED, AT NIGHT

BY VIC PICKUP

QUIZ

1. In which year was Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet written?
2. In 1989 Mills & Boon distributed 750,000 free copies of Penny Jordan's 'A Reason for Being' to mark which world event?
3. Harold Pinter's play 'Betrayal' chronicles his relationship with which broadcaster?
4. 'Love means never having to say you're sorry' comes from which film-turned-novel?
5. In 1976 romance novelist Barbara Cartland received a Guinness World Record for most books written in a year. How many?

1. 1597
2. The fall of the Berlin Wall. The books went to East German women /
3. Dame Joan Bakewell / 4. Love Story / 5. 23

RULE OF SIX

I am homeless,
unmoored without
you.

MEGAN ROMAINÉ

All the photos I
took. Burned.

KATHERINE CLAIRE SANKEY

Love; two magpies
and then one.

SORRELL BLAMMON

I love you, he
said, never.

IVY HAYDN

WRITING PROMPT: Craving

LUKEWARM LOVE

BY BETH NOONAN-ROBERTS

It's a lukewarm love
Sunlight kisses
Moonbeam pecks
On the tips of wishes.

Half full or half empty
Lingering hands
Lie-ins aplenty.

Swirling pink, reds and blues
Long nights, short days
All for you
For you.

Toe dipping but never swimming
Misplaced tears
Sky black, stars dimming.

Stowaway secrets
Hidden treasures
Mindless talk
Simple pleasures.

KITCHEN DISCO

BY HELEN FERRIS

We're light on our feet
dusty from the beach

strands of damp hair clinging to my back
make a mental note to cut it all off
it will be easier

Outside the rain was hot
an erratic bleed of ink from the sky

the garden warm with smoke
we left the party the minute it began
we laughed.

Inhaling fruitcake enveloped by marzipan
you blow soft crumbs from my fingers

You tell me how your world was small
a family and some walls
before we danced.

FORAGERS

BY ROB WAKEFIELD

EXT. SUBURBAN LOCATION – DAY

A parked car with two people inside.

CUT TO: INT. CAR – DAY

Natalie and Chris are sorting through a bag of mushrooms. They both look a little shell-shocked.

NATALIE Well, all considering, it's a fairly good haul today.

CHRIS It's the rain... it's really helped. So shall we go through it all?

NATALIE Yep... we've got a nice amount of amethyst deceivers... some really nice boletus... and of course... the cash and a human hand...

Natalie pulls out a severed hand from the bag of mushrooms. In its grip is a stack of high denomination dollar bills. They share a look of desperation.

CHRIS Oh god, it looks worse out of situ... it looks worse in the car.

NATALIE You're the one who told me to bag it.

CHRIS What did you want me to... just leave it in the undergrowth?

There's got to be at least a couple of thousand dollars there.

NATALIE Yes... it's not the money I have a problem with... it's the death-gripped human limb that is encasing it that's freaking me out.

CHRIS It's just a bit of rigor mortis. There must be a way to soften it up...

try the heaters.

NATALIE Are you fucking crazy, the car stinks enough as it is, without pumping it full of eau de corpse!

CHRIS Okay, look...

Chris gets out a small foraging knife.

CHRIS Just trim it a bit... take a couple of fingers off, and then maybe we can just slide the cash out.

NATALIE You've got to be kidding... why me?

CHRIS You know what I'm like with blood.

Natalie shakes her head and takes the knife. She begins hacking away at the hard flesh.

NATALIE Go foraging they said, it will connect you with nature they said, it's good for your mental health they said...

Chris distracts himself by looking out of the window.

CHRIS Whose hand do you think it is?

NATALIE Well there's some interesting tattoos on it. I'm going to go with Russian Mob.

CHRIS Pfft... out here? At this time of year? I doubt it.

NATALIE Oh, I'm sorry... I didn't realize that severed limbs were seasonal.

CHRIS Do you think the rest of it is still alive?

NATALIE What?

CHRIS The body bit... that the hand was from... do you think he's still walking around somewhere... sans hand?

NATALIE I don't know... why does it matter?

CHRIS Well he might come back for it... I'd come back for it... if I lost a hand... not to mention a hand with thousands of dollars in its grip.

NATALIE I really don't know. Have you got a sharper knife?

CHRIS How do you think he lost it... the hand... maybe it was some kind of 127 hours shit, and he had to cut it off himself.

NATALIE Yeah maybe.... look I know you don't like blood, but this is like cutting through a burnt steak with a paper straw... can you give me a hand?

They smirk at each other.

CHRIS I've got an idea... why don't we soften it up... tenderise it a bit?

NATALIE How?

CUT TO: EXT CAR – DAY

Natalie places the hand behind the rear tyre.

NATALIE Ok go.

Chris reverses, then drives over the hand multiple times, creating a variety of squishing and cracking noises.

CHRIS How's it looking?

There is a popping noise.

NATALIE Hold up...

She crouches behind the car, reappearing with a pile of bloodstained cash.

NATALIE The hand is off. The cash is looking a bit worse for wear.

CHRIS Oh god... that's a bit much.

Chris passes out. Natalie looks down at the wad of cash in her hands. She puts it in her pocket and walks away.

INT. CAR – LATER

Chris slowly wakes up to the sound of someone banging on the car window with their bloodied stump of an arm. He rolls down the window, and sheepishly pulls out a bag.

CHRIS Hey mate... mushroom?