

TYPE!

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About TYPE!

I took two steps to the hazy white terminal screen where the text ratcheted out. Even at that distance I could see that there was too much symmetry in the lines. Every word was alphabetised.

There was much randomness in the documents. I have ordered all contents. That gives me satisfaction.

Astonishingly, it had an answer:

I went down into its concrete basement to inspect it. The Wasp was operated via advanced voice recognition: you could speak to it almost like to a human. "Do you like your work?" I asked.

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Daniel Defoe / 2 / 5 / Grey / 4 / Oxford / 3
Albery and Margot Fonteyn who initially owned the warehouse as a rehearsal space

so-called?

4. Comic book hero The Incredible Hulk didn't start off green. What was his original hue?

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The Moving Toyshop?

Inspector Morse, Brideshead Revisited and

3. Which city connects His Dark Materials,

2. The longest poem ever published is said to be Kirghiz folk epic Manas. How many lines?

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1. Which 'castaway' author had civet cats with which to make perfume?

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QUIZ

WRITING PROMPT: Mesmerising

RULE OF SIX

For rent: Spacious human, never possessed.

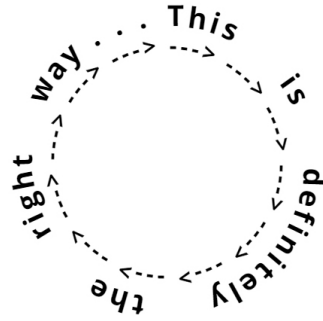
YULA FERNANDES

No! I said prick his boil!

RIBH IRELAND

Looked human. Didn't taste it, though.

CARY LUCAS



STUART MACFARLANE

DONALD CHEGWIN

MEMENTO

You say that it's over.
But how can it be over
when I still have the breadcrumb
from your toothbrush
wrapped in a tissue?

SANDRA DE HELEN

TO BE AFRAID

To be afraid,
said the old woman,
is pointless. Life begins,
life completes.

To be afraid,
said the Japanese cherry blossoms
is to drop your blossoms
before the leaves have sprouted.

To be afraid,
said my cat,
is human. And also
feline. Let us comfort each other.

TIM GOLDSTONE

GETTING CLEAN

Mick had stopped the drink
and drugs nine months ago.
When we arrived for the
weekend we found him in
his garden happily giving
all the lampshades in the
house a thorough cleaning,
inside and out, with the
brush from a dustpan. He
turned to greet us, beaming,
healthy, and covered in
several years' worth of
house-dust. Inside, all the
rooms were immaculate.
I woke in the early hours
of the morning and padded
down the stairs to find out
what the noise was, and
saw Mick, all the lights on,
sweating and wild-eyed,
desperately trying to Hoover
up the shadows.

CHRISTINA NORDLANDER

UNDYING LITERATURE

We nicknamed the computer the 'Paper Wasp'. We didn't have many printed copies left of world literature, and the last war had broken all long distance connections. Better to feed A Tale of Two Cities and the Rumpelstiltskin into the Paper Wasp and let it break down the paper and covers to fuel itself. The scanned text was saved on a solid-state host underground. Not even a bomb could have disturbed it.

DOORS ARE HELL, I KNOW

BY DAVID MAC

HANS, *a clown, stands. Suddenly* **KLAUS**, *also a clown, rushes in.*

KLAUS Hans, I've got something to tell you. I know you're not gonna like it, but I have to tell you.

HANS What is it, Klaus?

KLAUS I've been... Um...

HANS Yes?

KLAUS Well...

HANS Klaus, you can tell me anything. I'll understand.

KLAUS Okay then, okay... Well, I've been using my eyes and seeing people and things, outside, in the street, the city, the world, and I've been judging them, it, all of it, the whole lot!

HANS Wait a minute. How did you get here?

KLAUS I...

HANS I see.

KLAUS Hans, say something. I'm sorry. Are you upset with me?

HANS You've been using those doors again, haven't you? I know you have. I warned you about this. This always happens when you start using doors.

KLAUS I can't help it!

HANS This is why people shouldn't use them.

KLAUS I'm sorry.

HANS How many?

KLAUS How many?

HANS How many doors? How many have you used today?

KLAUS I, I can't be sure... But I used one as soon as I woke up!

HANS I knew it! I knew you'd go back to using them at some point!

KLAUS But Hans, you don't get it...

HANS I knew you wouldn't be able to resist walking through them. And now you're using your eyes to judge!

KLAUS But you don't understand...

HANS Oh of course I do! You don't think I've used doors before? I walked through plenty in my time!

KLAUS Well I tried windows, but they're not the same! They're too dangerous!

HANS The windows are high up for a reason.

KLAUS Doors are hell, I know, you've told me this many times.

HANS Windows are just as bad. I've told you: windows and doors lead you inside to outside and outside to inside.

KLAUS But we're always inside or out. Inside/out. Who is outside and who is inside? Don't you see? There's no way of telling!

HANS Then we should stay where we are. I've told you: if you stay there then it becomes neither inside or outside. Rooms are no good, but they're good if you stay. People should stay where they are and not look outside or inside.

KLAUS I should leave.

HANS You shouldn't have come here in the first place. Always moving about. Now you've got me seeing you with my eyes. Now I'm judging you.

KLAUS I'm sorry. Do you hate me?

HANS Now you judge how I'm judging you. See what happens when we see?

KLAUS I'm sorry...

HANS It's a right bloody mess!

KLAUS I'll leave then.

HANS Klaus.

KLAUS Yes?

HANS Use the window this time. Don't go back out the door.

They both look high up at the window.

KLAUS (*sadly and giving in*) Okay.

KLAUS *exits to use window.*

HANS *stands. There is a pause. We hear footsteps up steps. Then we hear* **KLAUS** *scream and fall to his death.*

HANS *covers his eyes so he cannot see.*

IN THE END

BY FRAZIER BAILEY

1 hair

2 yes

1 teeth

2 certainly

1 knees

2 the knees will go

1 hips

2 the hips go too

1 waist

2 your waist will go, back will, chest will

1 lungs

2 lungs will go, stomach will go bladder kidneys

liver pancreas spleen intestines large and small

will go your heart will go, brain will go

1 sight

2 sight sound smell taste touch sensation will go

and perception

1 beliefs

2 your beliefs will go your thoughts feelings ideas

opinions and convictions

1 desire

2 desire will go motivation will go clarity will go

freedom will go understanding will go concern

will go patience will go optimism will go loyalty

will go love will go

1 even love

2 in the end

1 how do you know?

2 it happened to me

1 you

2 yes

1 what about the dread?

2 soon

STALLING

BY JOSHUA WILKINSON

I can't believe that this could be how I die. On a toilet, just waiting and hoping. I ran as soon as I heard the containment breach alarm. It's still going, I can still hear it along with the screams. You should see that thing, covered in mouths and eyes and spikes and tentacles, where are you even meant to start shooting? Sounds like the people outside don't know either, considering there are fewer and fewer gunshots and more and more cries for help. What would one more lab tech be able to do? I told Jan the pH of the stasis fluid was off but no, I'm an "over-reaching graduate who doesn't understand the scale of the project". At least I can take solace in the fact that she's probably been devoured and turned into more bodily mass for that monster while I'm... sat on a toilet hiding from said monster. You'd think for a top secret bioweapon facility housing a creature that could devour the entire human population the bathroom would be a bit cleaner. I know that the hulking monstrosity slaughtering my colleagues a few metres away probably doesn't help the smell but honestly it's not all that much worse than when I came in here. Wait, why has it gone quiet? Did the door just open? Great, now there's blood pouring into the cubicle. Yep, it's definitely in here. I can hear it gurgling and squelching as it drags itself across the floor and oh perfect it's stopped right outside the stall door. It's weird how the mind works in situations like this. I don't know what I'm more scared of; dying here like this, or surviving when there's no toilet roll left.