

TYPE!

Submit at bookmarktype.wordpress.com

[@BookmarkTYPE](mailto:george@inquisitivetype.com)

george@inquisitivetype.com

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

About TYPE!

--

1. Mary Ann Evans / 2. Haley Joel Osmont. He was

set to voice Harry for an animated version before

the live-action film series prevailed /

3. *After all, tomorrow is another day*' is the

closing line of which Pulitzer-winning novel?

4. In 1998 John Evans broke the world record

for balancing a single column of books on his

head. How many books?

3. How many detective novels did Agatha

Christie write?

2. A *Harry Potter* TV series is coming. But

who was originally set to play the eponymous

movie hero?

1. George Eliot was the pen name for which

author ?

QUIZ

WRITING PROMPT: Bait

RULE OF SIX

Help! I've turned into
a sentence.

JOSH DIXON

That was supposed to
be secret.

MADELEINE WRIGHT

I am not what you see.

RICHARD STEPHENSON

She divulged her
secrets. Shamelessly.

Free.

JENI MAHONEY

Nice skin. Thanks,
it's not mine.

ELARA KENNEDY

ANSWERING ANNOYING QUESTIONS AT THE SCHOOL REUNION

BY TRACY DAVIDSON

"Are you....?"

No, I'm not pregnant,
not with child,
there's no bun in my oven.
I'm just fat and I like it.
So there.

"Are you....?"

No, I'm not married,
not engaged,
there's no man on the horizon.
I'm single and I like it.
So there.

"Are you....?"

No, I've no degree,
no diploma,
there's no letters after my name.
I'm not qualified and I like it.
So there.

"Are you....?"

No, I'm not successful,
not a bit,
there's no promotion prospects at all.
I'm a dirt poor poet and I like it.
So there.

Neil summoned the demon
at midnight.

DEMON

BY TOM ALEXANDER

A thrashing mass of flesh and
teeth, it spat profanities at us
for hours on end, telling us in
precise detail how we would die
and the agonies that awaited us
in hell. At dawn, it disappeared
in an explosion of piss and
sulphur, leaving us shivering as
we contemplated what we had
done and what we had still
to do.

Worst. New Year's. Ever.

ENDINGS BY LAURA BURTON

She longs to see your face

Drained of colour, split in two.

Absence and fondness

Twisted in turn.

THE COMMON EDGE

BY MADELEINE WRIGHT

On the edge of the Common I stand,
Breathing,
Counting the shades of brown
That are beautiful because they held life and
then,
When it was right, let go.

And I watch a woman, hidden in her merlot
knitted hat,
Creased by the loves and unloves of long life,
Fumble for a glove in her bag and
I hope I grow like her -
That I wear winter solitude with pink nails.
I hope I take the wind in my stride and raise
the corners of my lips to the grey skies.

A pram rolls by nestling a pair of matching
little faces,
Who have each other, and maybe a vast life,
but who are we to promise?
A lump swells in my throat,
pulsing with everything: the way life goes,
And how the millionbrowns will crumble and
the woman will drink tea alone.

Still breathing. Still stood.
My fingers are numbing but I can't turn my
back
So I walk the length of the Common and all
the way round until
I'm falling back into the sofa that sinks to the
shape of me,
And pick up a pen
As the sun shoves the grey to one side.

I'M ON A TRAIN

BY MARK HARVEY LEVINE

*Two people in separate areas of the stage.
They don't look at each other.*

TYLER I imagine you sitting there.

MADISON I'm on a train.

TYLER As you stare out the window, you
mentally tell me what you're seeing.

MADISON I send it to you with my mind.

TYLER And somehow I... receive it... I
can hear it.

MADISON Houses... little towns...

TYLER Yes.

MADISON And then fields and farms...

TYLER Any cows?

MADISON Yes, lots of cows.

TYLER I like cows.

MADISON I know.

TYLER And sheep. Any sheep?

MADISON Not yet. Woah! Suddenly, a
Buddhist Temple.

TYLER Really?

MADISON Wasn't expecting that.

TYLER Yeah, seriously.

MADISON Now a lot of farm houses...
barns...

TYLER And we continue on this way for
a while.

MADISON A real honest-to-gosh grain
silo...

TYLER You tell me everything you see.

MADISON Oh, horses.

TYLER And you're not gone.

MADISON A little country store.

TYLER You never died.

MADISON "Homemade cider!"

TYLER You're just on a trip.

MADISON Corn fields...

TYLER You're just on a train.

MADISON Rusty tractors...

TYLER You're just on a train.

Lights fade on the sound of a distant train.

LOVE

BY SCOTT DAVIES

When she first lies down in bed, not when she
gets in bed, when she first lies down in bed,
she, and she does this every time. Every time
she first lies down in bed. And, by the way, not
once has she not done this. But every time.
Every time that she lies down in bed, after she
finishes her routine of checking her phone
that she just spent the last hour checking
downstairs, and just after she does a quick
Sudoku puzzle, when she lies herself down
ready to go to sleep. Each and every night the
same routine. It's just as she lies down and
cocks one knee up to the side. To my side. She
cocks her knee up to my side so that it digs
into my back the whole night. It's right then,
after the routine of the phone, the Sudoku,
taking off her glasses and cocking her knee
up into, if I'm lucky, my back. Sometimes I'm
not so lucky. Sometimes it's not my back. But
every single night after she does all of these
things. The phone, the Sudoku, the glasses,
the knee, the sip of blackcurrant cordial and
changing out of one set of pyjamas reserved
for sitting around in into the set reserved for
sleeping. Right after all of this. That's when
she does it.

Sometimes I miss it because I'm in my office
or downstairs when she goes to bed. But I
know that as sure as a tree in an empty forest
makes a noise as it falls, that she is in our bed
following this routine. And she does it every
night. When she first lies down in bed, right
after all of this, she farts.