

# !adve

1. Vanity Fair / 2. Vietnam /  
3. Hero Of Our Time / 4. Treasure Island /  
5. Dashiell Hammett

5. Which crime author created The  
Continental Op?  
4. Which famous adventure features  
The Admiral Benbow Inn?

3. Pechorin is the anti-hero in which  
Russian classic by Mikhail Lermontov?

2. In which country is Graham  
Greene's The Quiet American set?

1. Which classic satire sees George  
Osborne exposed as useless with  
money and women, and then shot?

## QUIZ

## WRITING PROMPT: Injustice

### RULE OF SIX

**Born. Lived. Died.  
But never loved.**

MARTIN KEADY

**Crying over my  
peacock and chips.**

CALUM ECROYD

**Insurrection. I  
much preferred  
First Contact.**

TRACY DAVIDSON

**Man seeks  
companion – for  
twelfth time.**

BILLY MORTON

What are you waiting for?  
Submit an entry!

### SPRING TIDE

BY SELINA WISHART

White-tipped waves roll in  
hypnotically charging and retreating,  
Buffeted by wind gusts like sparring  
fencers.  
Pebbles and sand and translucent green  
seaweed,  
Swirl and swim in the glistening sea-  
spray.  
Seagulls swoop and glide,  
Searching and soaring playfully.  
A lone surfer whispers along rushing  
breakers,  
And disappears into swaying blue-grey  
valleys.  
Sleek dots surface by a rocky island,  
Liquid black eyes peer curiously.  
All dive into the deep in an effervescent  
Splash.

### SELF-SUFFICIENCY

BY MARTHA PATTERSON

After a tumultuous divorce, two  
rebellious kids, a foreclosed home,  
and assorted other troubles of a rather  
personal nature, her new lover, Rick,  
stole valuable family jewels from her  
bedroom chest of drawers.

Unwilling to forgive and forget, she  
pressed charges. Now he wrote to her  
from jail – could she give him a second  
chance?

“No,” she thought – he’d been too  
confident of her love – and she’d  
always been too trusting and caught  
up in ‘faith’.

She burned his letters, satisfied. At  
last she was discerning and free. Like  
a wild, hunted bird, escaped from a  
fowler’s snare.



About TYPE!

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—  
We want to share your work.  
Get in touch!

george@inquisitivetype.com  
@BookmarkTYPE

# ALL THE SOFT THINGS

BY RACHEL TOOKEY

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She was one of those women  
You know  
She had that face  
You know  
The kind they sell nice soft things  
with (And some of the not so nice)  
And what was her  
It was one of those names  
What was  
  
And she lived in this house  
The white house us kids called it  
Right at the top of the street  
And  
My mum always said  
There goes Jackie Kennedy  
And I think my mum  
She'd never say it  
She'd never say a bad word about  
anybody  
Heart of gold  
But she'd nibble her pinky  
And then you'd know  
And I remember once we saw  
What was  
Let's call her Jackie  
It was at Tesco  
And I remember it because you didn't see  
her out often  
She was a recluse her husband too  
And she was in the veg aisle and she was  
trying to pick up one of those  
A pepper  
I think  
(Or was it)

Only her fingers had splints and she  
couldn't quite-  
  
I gave her a hand and dropped it in  
her basket  
But she didn't  
Not a word of thanks  
Gave me a look like-  
Then stalked off  
My mum damn near nibbled her  
pinky right off  
  
We didn't see Jackie around much after  
She went to stay with a relative  
Or at least that's what we heard  
At least that's what he  
Her husband  
Nasty man  
He'd always  
He'd rev his car at us kids when we were  
playing-  
And  
My fiancé  
He says  
Why d'you always think about such horrid  
things eh  
But  
I just  
You just think  
Why did she  
You know  
  
Stay  
Why didn't she  
Run out the door not up the stairs that's

what you learn from those horror films  
Run out the door  
And I  
Sometimes I have this dream and in it  
I have to pack everything before-  
You know the essentials  
Passport  
Toothbrush  
And I'll get to the car and realise I forgot  
my purse or something  
And I dash back in  
And-  
  
It was these little kids that found it  
A suitcase  
Gosh can you imagine  
These little  
They were only  
Playing  
And they pushed it over  
And-  
  
The smell.  
  
And to this day I can't I can never be  
in an elevator  
Small spaces  
I feel packaged that's what  
I can't  
I take one step and I think-  
  
I think about her all the time actually  
  
We saw mum this Christmas  
And I wanted to know if she remembered

But my fiancé he got very  
He got quite mad actually  
Not mad no  
He just  
Hot headed  
That's it  
We had to leave before lunch in the end  
He and mum-  
  
She wouldn't usually say a bad word  
about anybody but  
  
It's my fault really  
I shouldn't've brought it up  
He doesn't like it when I go on  
And I know I go on  
I do  
But I can never-  
What was-  
Her name  
  
Helen?  
Maybe-  
  
No, that wasn't it.