

# TYPE!

TYPE! is a bookmark magazine made by  
curious creatives Inquisitive Type.  
@BookmarkTYPE  
Submit at [bookmarktype.wordpress.com](http://bookmarktype.wordpress.com)

1. Daniel Defoe / 2,500,000 /  
warehouse as a rehearsal space  
3. Oxford / 4. Grey / 5. It is named after Donald  
Albery and Margot Fonteyn who initially owned the

so-called?

5. Why is famous London theatre the Donmar  
4. Comic book hero The Incredible Hulk didn't  
start off green. What was his original hue?

Moving Toyshop?

3. Which city connects His Dark Materials,  
Inspector Morse, Brideshead Revisited and The

2. The longest poem ever published is said to be

Kirghiz folk epic Manas. How many lines?

1. Which 'castaway' author had civet cars with

which to make perfume?

## QUIZ

### WRITING PROMPT: MESMERISING

**TIM GOLDSTONE**  
GETTING CLEAN

Mick had stopped the drink  
and drugs nine months ago.  
When we arrived for the week-  
end we found him in his gar-  
den happily giving all the lamp-  
shades 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 sever-  
al 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.

**DONALD CHEGINO**  
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.

### RULE OF SIX

For rent: Spacious  
human, never possessed.

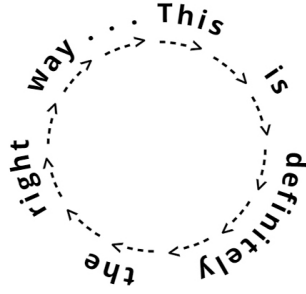
YULA FERNANDES

No! I said prick his  
boil!

RIBH IRELAND

Looked human. Didn't  
taste it, though.

CARY LUCA



STUART MACFARLANE

### CHRISTINA NORDLANDER UNDYING LITERATURE

We nicknamed the computer the 'Paper Wasp'. We  
didn't have many printed copies left of world liter-  
ature, and the last war had broken all long distance  
connections. Better to feed *A Tale of Two Cities*  
and the *Ramayana* 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 under-  
ground. Not even a bomb could have disturbed it.

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.

Astonishingly, it had an answer:

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

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.

### About TYPE!

# 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.