

1. Mary Ann Evans / 2. Haley Joel Osment. He was set to voice Harry for an animated version before the live-action film series prevailed / 3. *Gone With The Wind*, 1939 / 4. *99*

5. *'After all, tomorrow is another day'* is the closing line of which Pulitzer-winning novel?
How many books?
4. In 1998 John Evans broke the world record for balancing a single column of books on his head.

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 movie hero?

1. George Eliot was the pen name for which author ?

QUIZ

WRITING PROMPT: *Bait*

DEMON

BY TOM ALEXANDER

Neil summoned the demon at midnight.

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.

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.

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.

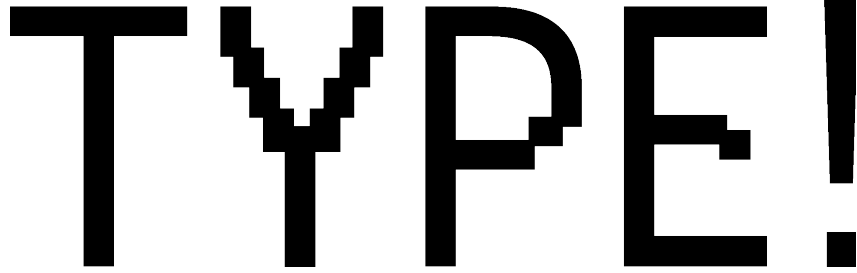
RICHARD STEPHENSON

She divulged her secrets. Shamelessly. Free.

JENI MAHONEY

Nice skin. Thanks, it’s not mine.

ELARA KENNEDY



About TYPE!

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

george@inquisitivetype.com

@BookmarkTYPE

Submit at bookmarktype.wordpress.com

spring 2023
issue #7

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?

LOVE

BY SCOTT DAVIES

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.

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.