

SPIN

1. Ahab and Moby Dick / 2. A Room With
A View / 3. Farewell My Lovely /
Capital / 5. William Blake

4. Peppys Road is the setting for which
2012 John Lanchester novel?
5. Who wrote 'Tyger! Tyger! Burning
Bright'?

3. Which Raymond Chandler novel
featured a blonde who'd make a bishop
kick through a stained glass window?
2. Which romance features Lucy
Honeychurch?

1. Who was the Captain of the Pequod,
and what was he after?

QUIZ

WRITING PROMPT: *Growth*

FEMALE GAZE
BY BEX HARVEY

She watches them watching her
walk down the street

Linen spring
Silks in summer
Corduroy autumn
Woollen winter

Hair flowing
Skin glowing
or red eyes grease and blotches.

They look while she pretends not
to see.

To stare back! How arresting
it would be but-
something in her gut
witchy, smoky, ancestral
moans gently against it.

THE VIEWING

BY LAURA FOULGER

DROWNING
BY GADD NORTON

When the night comes rolling in, like
some

roaring thunderstorm you find yourself
Buried beneath regret, like some
weighted blanket

holding you down, taking comfort in it
all, some

Momentary solace from the creeping
hand of night

an uninvited guest knocking at your
door, you find

Yourself drowning beneath it all, slowly
sinking

Deeper and deeper

The estate agent drove me to a house
he said fitted my criteria. Twenty
minutes later I found myself standing
in my childhood home. They'd added
a conservatory.

"Been on the market for over a year."

I nodded. I understood why; the
smell of historical teenage angst
was unbearable.

About TYPE!

TYPE! is a bookmark magazine made by
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Submit at bookmarktype.com

RULE OF SIX

Mr President, the
codes. Now, please.
ANON

Bought a coffee.
Spilt it. Bugger.
ISAAC VERRALL

To reboot your life
press HERE.
LISA FARRELL

Stupid submit form
won't let me--
ANON

You're the only
adventure worth
having.
RIBH IRELAND

EPITAPH

BY RUBEN CARBAJAL

The **CONDEMNED** stands facing the audience. Seated nearby, holding a stopwatch they never lose sight of, is the **TIMEKEEPER**.

C A man has one minute to live.

T Actually, 57 seconds.

C What does he do?

T 54.

C Does he find love?
Write his epitaph?
Jerk it furiously?

T Please don't.

C Maybe he places hand to chest, his heart a bird seeking escape.

T 44 seconds.

C Or drinks a tall, cool glass of water.
Splashes some on his face.

T We have no water. (Beat) 40 seconds.

C Does he scream?

T 37.

C In his deliberations, he loses precious time.

T 31.

C He thinks of wasted moments; what could've been.
Will you hold my hand?

T No. 24 seconds.

C No matter, we all die alone.
What do other people do?

T You don't want to know. 18.

C I could smash the clock.

T (Offers stopwatch to C)
It changes nothing.

C I could kill you.

T There's not enough time. 12 seconds.

C What a gruesome job you have.

T It's a living. 7.

C Maybe his life could be a message, a warning, no, a plea for others. To live, every day to its—

The **TIMEKEEPER** clicks the stopwatch.
LIGHTS OUT.

WHAT WOMEN WANT

BY ABBIE FRANKLIN

Mark bustles into the flat in the harassed way one does after a food shop, laden with groceries, plastic bags straining round his fingers. Keys, wallet, bags smack on the kitchen countertop. He scans the room, ticking off tasks from the list in his head. He is drawn to the washed-out blue tiles that scream we own nothing we pay for. He can't abide the cold neglect of the room, but they are renters so nothing is to be done. Clara is on the couch where he left her. Cupboards slam open and shut as Mark puts the food away. He makes a deliberate spectacle of it, hoping to rouse Clara.

A mumble from the couch makes his ears prick: "What is it Clara?"

She takes her time to repeat herself, as if the act requires a great effort. "I want what they have." Then she buries her face into the cushions, embarrassed at her expression of desire.

Mark can only assume she's referring to the advert on the telly. It features a happy family. Three generations, in a large well-lit open plan kitchen, steam curling off dinner plates. A baby giggling. A baby. Everyone happy to be there. Everyone upright in a chair. They hug, they pass plates, they smile, they eat the food and relax back with a full-bellied sigh. The whole scene has an 'end of summer' glow to it.

And he wishes he could give her that. Mark rubs his forehead, exhaling, on the verge of tears. He wishes for sun. He wishes to take Clara away from here; to be able to give her any small thing she wants; to hold her hand and look into her eyes, feel the warmth he knows is locked away inside her. Tentatively he asks, not wanting to know, but hand clutching his heart, he asks: "And what exactly is it they have?"

Clara quietly releases a sigh. Her voice small, full of wanting, like a child.

"Dino nuggets."

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD

BY TREASA NEALON

Linda went missing after she moved in with Patrick.

Her loud cackles over a bottle of wine are now designated to muted sporadic five minute phone calls. The night before the wedding she asked if she was making a mistake and when I told her yes she resented me for my honesty.

We buried Gillian when we were 21. A man followed her home from work and she didn't even have a chance to think no. When I meet her, it is always by chance. She looks through me, like I am the ghost.

I wrote a eulogy for Mel, a long string of text messages she never answered because her heart was too broken. She is still finding the photos he took of her in the dark abscesses and hidden cracks. When strangers look at her as she passes by them on the street, she wonders what they have seen of her.

When I walk through the graveyard, I avoid reading my own epitaph and step carefully over the hyacinths. The gate to the car park has creaked open and hands are emerging from the soil, grasping for the sun.