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THE
MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE

Typo's

Editor: Dillon Christensen
Executive Editor: Jara Christensen

TYPOS

the magazine for interesting people

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Editors' Note

So issue 6 took forever to release didn't it? We had so much fun making issue 5, we got so caught up in it that we immediately started working on this issue. Seriously. I had written two stories and added illustrations and even laid them out by the middle of May. Yet somehow along the way we had a little too much fun and downtime. Sorry for the crazy delay. We can assure everyone that it is well worth the wait. This is our most ambitious issue yet. We've increased the length of the magazine by 20 pages! We've also been doing some research on other zines both modern and vintage to get some design and layout ideas. We keep on exploring and applying what we learn to see what we love and what we can live without. So far, we're loving everything that's making up issue 6. So we were serious about that six month shindig. We will work on getting some more formal plans and send out invitations to get this party started. TYPOS didn't make it six months on its own merits. We had the help from our friends and the love they shared with their stories and perspective of the world both in pictures and words. Thank you guys! You made TYPOS awesome and keep it the most fun passion project either Jara or I have ever had to work on!

Let's hear some more feedback, what does everybody like or dislike about the magazine. What can we do better? What is TYPOS missing? We'd love to hear any ideas or critiques anytime! Just shoot us an email at editors@typosmag.com and we'll get to it.

To you, you interesting person, you.

Scribble Stories

by The Champions of the Sun

The following are three stories that were written by ten different minds spanning three decades of age groups. We all got together for dinner, games, and found ourselves playing with the typewriter. The idea was simple. We will each take a turn on the typewriter and put down one sentence. The trick is that each writer can only see the previous sentence and nothing more. The goal was to keep the context very close and allow the writer to exercise their creativity making very weak connections to build a bigger picture. The stories are published here having only minor grammar corrections. These were incredibly fun to write together so we can only hope they'll be even half as fun to read.

Pink Sores / Baby Elbows

Eva distractedly leafed through a maternity magazine while the wails of her four-month-old echoed through the pediatrician's office. "Pink sores on baby elbows and other common concerns" read the title page. Her eyes drifted up to the Pepto-Bismal walls and focused on a large painting with a bright green frame. The frame reminder her of a memory long forgotten then sadly remembered. A memory so dark, so bleak, that she cringed at the thought of that dreaded day. Never again would she trust the advice of a tollbooth operator. Maybe now it makes more sense as to why they are people that you just speed by and toss nickels at. Which reminded her, she really needed to wash her hands. Something she hadn't done in over a week, maybe two.

Once day as she was walking down the street, she stumbled upon something great; something that she has never seen before. A fully-functional adult! No one can ever believe that she's one herself, but we'll keep on the charade for as long as she can keep it up. She often wondered what it would be like to forfeit adulthood and just enjoy life. This very thought caused her to yell, "these freaking pink swords and baby elbows are always in my way." Suddenly, a cloaked raven came to rest aloft a nearby tree.

This is the first time that a lemonade has actually sounded appealing, like never has any form sounded delicious at any point in my life until this very moment. "Give me one" she said as she tossed a quarter on the plastic table.

That night when she arrived home, a man was waiting for her while holding a rifle. She looks up from her dreary daze and as her brain is computing the situation, she reaches for her dagger. She hands it to the baby and says coolly, "you know what to do."

Now equipped with the new knowledge that the baby has, she sets out for the biggest quest of her life, ever. Her first stop was the Pediatrician's office where it all started. It was in that moment that she knew her life was about to reach its highest point, its end. At that moment she found that she was the reason for her own demise.

Space Dandy

It was year seven when I started having these foul mouth blurt-outs. Started with words like, your mom but eventually it turned into things like salmon cakes!

They were very dry, reminding me of the cold dark escape into the barren wasteland called space. Space, what is space? Space is a cold place known as the depths of my sadness. Then a dragon showed up. Gorp was his name. He was the friendliest space dragon to sail the seven space seas. He roamed the lonely universe in search of his lost love, the Duchess Isadora. She was the one and only mate for his soul, but she was destined to wed his nemesis. He was very sad. Sadness engulfed his heart as if a black hole was eating a solar system. Then the moon disappeared, close enough. Oh the hateful moon watching all that happens in the night with its judgmental eyes. I would much rather see the sun with its soft eyes that care for me. That's the way life goes. Life gently caresses you and spits you out of its bosom at the same time.

A good word, bosom, reminds me of a better time. Just as I was lost in an earlier time, a car swerved to miss an animal crossing the road and ran directly into my dang ol' woodshed! "What the heck are ya doin' young man?" I screamed at the hot rod driver now stuck halfway inside my shed. And by my shed I mean my... shed. What I really mean by my shed is my... uh my... grandpa? He was a real mardy bum because he would pick up receipts on the walkways outside of the Wal-Mart every other day.

But he greedily used a coupon app to redeem money on the receipts so he could save for astronaut training. Instead of supporting his local business employees by paying full price.

Lucky Punxtilious

Once upon a time in a land not so very distant, there was a man and a piece of toast. This was a land in which every resident was assigned a carbohydrate upon birth. The assigned carbohydrate to him was named Punxtilious Quarnofegus. So you can tell that big things were expected from him early on. Punxtilious was your usual carbohydrate, except for one major difference...It was used primarily in resurrection elixirs.

Now that we've moved on from that monstrosity, let's move on to something more enlightening! The fairy crusades of the late Neapolitan Era left hundreds of thousands of woodland creatures fearful of the chocolatey hilltops that surrounded the village. Being so pale, the fairies were overly harsh to the darkness contained in the chocolatey hilltops. As each fairy flew above the hilltops, the shadow creatures glared at them from their hiding spots. It was then that Princess Filterglob appeared from the darkness riding her dragonhorse. The dragonhorse was a magical steed indeed, his luscious hair ran from the back of his head all the way to his golden anklets. It really was a shame that the council had condemned him to death by glue factory for his decades of newly discovered treason. Because the fortunes he had amassed from said treasons were astronomical in value.

Thankfully his treasons were forgiven by the Gnome Queen, Gabriella III. On the one condition that he would promise to become her love slave. If not he would be turned into a frog. She agreed while simultaneously giving a non-committal look in his direction. Why did I marry this moron she asked herself for the seventeenth time. That isn't to say that she never knew why did. What it is to say, is that she did know that she needed to start writing down her thoughts.

Which were of course all spoken in another language so that the Prince couldn't read them. However, little did she know, he spoke every language known to man. Except, of course, the language of love. That language of course being French, the primary language of her country of origin. No one spoke this dead language anymore. So therefore love was lost. And without love in the realm, the world became a much happier place and all lived to the ripe old age of fifty-five.

SUBMIT

content for the next issue of TYPOS! We really want to see what you've got!

What can I submit?

We are looking for poetry, short stories, non-fiction articles, doodles, spray paint art, photography, sculptures, music (I think that'd be neat), cool book findings. Really anything that you think would make TYPOS cooler.

What's in it for me?

After receiving a submission our team of editors will carefully analyze and methodically determine using a 19-point system whether or not we will run the piece. If the piece somehow makes it past this rigorous and wholly academic process, then you will receive a free copy of the issue that your work is contained in. You will also, and this goes without saying, have the purest form of pride ever achieved by mankind. A pride that no one can ever strip from you. The pride of being a part of the TYPOS team. The free issue may fade and corrupt with time, but that pride will be passed down generation to generation. You're welcome.

How do I submit already?

Simply go to typosmag.com and follow the instructions there to submit your works.

What do I do if I have more questions and/or hesitations and/or am struggling with self-consciousness?

Shh. You just asked that on the back of this issue! But if you have any other questions/comments/concerns just email us at editors@typosmag.com. All emails are kept confidential. Unless we publish them.