
The KWC Paper

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Friday, 7th of May

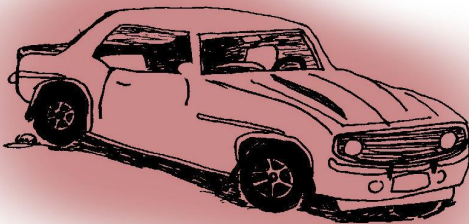
Issue the First

News from Lesser America

Broken News

Joaquin (Connor) G's accident is brightening up the headlines of every local frontpage, and calling forth deep sympathy and concern from his friends and enemies alike. After a few weeks—or days, as severally reported—in pain, CG was finally operated on while in the middle of writing an email to Sarah D (which he sent unfinished). In an interview with CG's father, we were told, "I don't know how many stitches he got." To wrap this little bit of now-history up, we are pleased to say that CG bears it quite well and holds his head up high—rather too high if you ask ME, but anyways ("What does anyways mean?" "Oh, it's just a way to change the subject." "Shhh guys, I'm writing live here!") I reckon the most painful part is the broken dreams of two-wheeled glory.

—Thanks to our eccentric newscaster on the ground for this bit of intelligence.



WANTED!

**ONE MUFFLER FOR FRANK'S CAR,
EXPENSE INDIFFERENT
(HE'LL PAY FOR IT)**

Letters to the Editor

Mr. Editor, I would hereby like to Complain upon your not having publishized before the Time of its Happening of Joaquin's bicycling incident. If I had any way of knowing that he was planning on breaking his Shoulder so adventuresomely, I should most certainly have gone to see him ride that day. What is the Use of a Newspaper if all it ever does is tell you things *after* they have already happened?

—A disgruntled reader

Dear disgruntled reader, I am afraid I must protest that it is a bit unreasonable of you to request such information, on things which we could not possibly have known, from an unpretentiously human newspaper. If a newspaper contents itself with only telling things which actually have happened it seems to us that they are doing a great deal better than most.

—The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor, would you please inform certain people that if they would spend more time checking their emails and less time watching videos of black screens they might notice that somebody had sent them something?

—Anonymous

A Sweet Story

Kathleen D

So there I was, between two girls crying for stories. "I wanna bedtime story! I wanna bedtime story!" moaned the girls. I roared and bent down to gobble one of them up. They dove under the bed covers. I stretched my dragon wings and stood up and broke a hole in the ceiling. The girls jumped out of bed and ran outside screaming.

"Help! The bedtime story dragon is after us!"

They ran down the driveway in their pajamas, waving their arms. I roared, and the flames of my breath burnt a hole through the ceiling.

I flew up and started toward the girls. The girls were shaking, trying to run to the nearest house. I reached the ground near them and the ground trembled. The girls screamed as loud as they could for help. They sounded like little bitty prairie dogs. I flew over them and grabbed them both. Then I ate them.

* * *

"And that is why," Mommy said, "you should never, ever, whine for a story."

The girls jumped into bed and said, "Thank you, mother! What a sweet story!"

Limited Edition!



Insult of the Month!

~ Faith Durand

"You make a better myth
than a legend."

—addressed to none other
than the editor of
this august paper

Inglenook of Poesy

Que linda esta la luna!
Redonda como una escopeta;
No es tuya ni es mia –
Lustreme los zapatos.
~ M. Montecinos

Which loosely translated runs,

How lovely is the moon tonight!
Round as a musket barrel bright;

Flabbergast your friends, teachers,
parents, and everyone else with this
brilliantly literary t-shirt!
Plato was heard to envy it, and
Tennyson proudly wore one while
writing his famous poetry.
Get yours while supplies last!

Yet is it neither yours nor mine –
So brighten up my shoes,
shoeshine.
~ M. Montecinos

Malcolm Defroster

1: Welcome to Place

Geneva D

The Hansberg Project. That's how the UN writes it in official papers; but to the inhabitants, it's Place, and for them, the rest of the earth—the UN included—may as well not exist.

The debris left by an experiment of the fifth industrial revolution, Place is a tightly controlled world of computers and math, where everything is precise and predictable. Back in the day, it was populated by fifty-nine volunteers eager to undergo a social experiment. Impossibly sophisticated Artificial Intelligence analyzed each participant and manipulated them by a series of stimulants for their greater happiness, ostensibly at least.

The outside world watched with fascination. TV news covering the Hansberg Project rated only slightly lower than the race to land on Jupiter. Not that everyone thought it was all good. There were plenty of warnings of an army of zombie-like manipulated experimental humans being trained to conquer the world.

At the height of the excitement Paul Hansberg went missing. Six days later, a janitor found the greatest political force in the world dead of dehydration in a malfunctioned back elevator of the UN headquarters.

After the nine days' wonder, Hansberg's colleagues remembered his Project. Six months of arguing and paperwork later, they decided to shut it down. No one could agree on who should control it.

They could have skipped the bureaucratic squabbles. Not only was Hansberg gone, the keys to his Project were gone too. No one could figure out how to control Hansberg's AI, not even for long enough to shut it down.

Then speculation caught wind of the fiasco, and rumor had a field day. Hansberg had implanted his AI with his own dreams of world domination; the zombie army was coming to attack society any day now. Or, someone inside the project had hacked the AI and was keeping UN officials out for his own nefarious purposes. Or maybe someone outside had hacked it and was building a zombie army. Or, the AI was just going about life as usual and the participants needed to be rescued before they died of starvation in their isolated world.

Rumor could have spared itself its ingenuity—no one could get in or out, and that was that. To the outside world, the Hansberg Project is still a mystery—an unknown blip on the map of earth.

All that happened 99 years ago. Place is now a world of its own, with a population of 876, completely self-sufficient, governed by a central AI with 876 individual ground units each taking care of one single human from cradle to grave.

AI has one goal: to keep...[continued on page 13](#)

Wishing you a very happy Friday,
The Knickerbocker Writers Club