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# The KWC Paper

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## News from Lesser America

The report that has been circulating, that we have so far forgotten our millenia old tradition (handed down straight from Adam) of not having a TV, as to have a 48" in our own living room, is a gross exaggeration. We cannot deny that appearances are against us as there is unquestionably a 48" (or thereabouts—they measure in centimeters here, you know—no, I didn't measure it at all, in anything) in our living room. But we can strenuously deny ownership, as it belongs to the newest batch of Invaders.

But (*The KWC Paper* is nothing if not honest), we must admit that a 48" makes movie watching so much more pleasant—also so much less discreet.

To return to the latest Invaders, we are pleased to announce their successful move from our house to our other house, where they are now housed comfortably—and where we expect their 48" to follow them, though we are of course hanging onto it as long as we can, under pretense of watching soccer games together.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
After how many questions is it proper to snub an inquisitive four year old? After seven? After seventy times seven?  
—a harassed youth

Dear Harassed Youth,  
You may snub Juanki as soon as he introduces your age into the questionnaire, especially if he insinuates something about the picture of the old person on the wall being you.  
Do be warned though, you will have to snub him at least seventy times seven before he takes the hint.  
—Editor

## The Secret Life of Super Heroes

*Geneva Durand*

"Hi, what can I get for you?" The drive thru operator's voice came over the loudspeaker and the customer, squinting at the menu, answered, "A large lemonade and a spicy chicken, please."

"One large lemonade and one spicy chicken sandwich. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"That'll be it for today, thank you," he said.

“Your total is \$6.97,” Callie replied. She let the mic turn off and looked back into the kitchen where Trevor was slapping sandwiches together with superhuman speed—literally. His right hand was glowing red hot and he passed it over the chicken on the grill, cooking one side to perfection long before the grill was done with its share of the business. On the other side of him he had a row of twenty buns suspended in midair and his left hand was busy adding cheese and pickles between the bread, ready to bring each sandwich together as soon as the fried chicken was done.

“We’re almost out of lemonade,” Callie said, without looking twice. She was used to Trevor by now.

Emily from the dining room cash register put in an appearance. “Dished out our last fries three minutes ago and I need a grilled chicken now. You gotta stop leaving work in the middle of rush hour, Trevor. Oh gosh—can you please use the counter? That spooks the heebie-jeebies out of me every time.”

“It’s not my fault the bad guys always try to take over the world at rush hour,” Trevor said, wrapping a sandwich up in one smooth move and handing it to Emily.

“Well,” Emily said, “we are four customers behind and you know what that means.”

“Let me guess, more cleaning your spotless apartment,” Trevor said as Emily turned to go.

Callie was long since back at the window and receiving the customer’s cash. It was fifteen quarters, five dimes, twenty-two nickels, and seven pennies. Callie stared at it for a while, then decided that it was under the permissible discrepancy sum and shoved it into the register.

“Some people come through with a piggy bank,” she grumbled to Trevor. “Hey, you’ll fly me home tonight won’t you? I had to fill up the lemonade twice while you were gone.”

“I guess...”

“Oh—and tomorrow while you’re out fighting the bad guys, just swing by will you and feed my cat? Usually the neighbor gives her a little something between meals but he’s out of town this week.”

“Ohh—but uh—I don’t know...”

“Remember what we talked about? A fast food restaurant is only as good a cover as the friends in it who cover for you, right?”

"I'll feed your stupid cat," Trevor said, carefully guiding a stream of floating lemonade from its container into the soda fountain.

Emily stepped in looking for fries. "Did someone say cat?" she asked. "Because there is a cat on our block that has been threatening to kill my dog for weeks. Hey, that's right up your alley isn't it Trevor? Saving the under protected. Also, my tires need air."

"I hate putting my lips to your greasy valve stems," Trevor frowned.

"I legit had to tell one customer we were out of fries," Emily retorted.

"Oh boy, and my mom is coming tomorrow," Callie said, suddenly snapping back from taking an order. "I need you to shrink my trash pile. —One diet coke and one grilled chicken sandwich, yes sir. —I'm dead serious about the trash. I had a party yesterday and the trash man doesn't come by until Thursday," she finished.

Trevor finally exploded. "Anything else?!?"

"That'll be it for today, thank you," Emily grinned, grabbing the fries.

## (Wannabe) Great Quotes

Don't be a cloud, be a rainbow in the clouds. But if you're a rainbow, be thankful for the clouds, and if you're a cloud, move on.

—Confucius

Don't be so open minded that your brains fall out.

—Socrates

The law of supply and demand applies to advice as well as to other commodities: the more willing you are to give it, the less others want it.

—Ludwig Von Mises



*Weeds in the garden?  
Pests leaving ugly holes in your tomatoes?*

*The Wayland Terraformers are used to tackling big intergalactic situations, but we can handle your pea plants too... if the price is right!*

## Inglenook of Poesy

*Lord, make me  
willing for my place  
in the battle*

*No matter how  
small, no matter how  
lowly,*

*No matter how hard,  
no matter how dirty,*

*No matter how  
common, no matter  
how ugly.*

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

## 4: Who Stole the Cookie?

*Sophia Gould and Daniella Hillebrand  
(and Sarah and Anna Durand)*

The steel door slid open soundlessly. (I don't know what steel door it was, but as you don't either it can't much matter.)

AV waved his hand over the room and announced carelessly, "Mr. Semmes's office."

(—"And it *really* made him sound like a footman," as Johnnie said.)

There was a rush, a scramble, and a "don't touch anything!" from Sam to everyone except AV, who was looking on in horror.

"Is everything okay? Why does it smell like freshly mowed grass?" he asked apprehensively, when Johnnie, Sam, Rosy, and their excitement had subsided a little.

"It's fine, just I'm a liiittle thrilled about getting this case - and it's Rosy that smells like grass," responded Johnnie, looking obsessively at all the CDs and DVDs piled on a nearby shelf and beginning to throw them in rapid succession into a pile behind her. "Glory! It's awfully messy in here. Is that...[continued on page 17](#)

Wishing you all a very happy Friday!  
*The Knickerbocker Writers Club*