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# The KWC Paper

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*Issue the Eleventh*

## News from Lesser America

The events of the last month at the Durand household—despite its being the shortest of the year—have been manifold. First and foremost, we almost went fishing. Had we gone fishing, no doubt we would have almost caught something. If we had caught something, it would probably have been almost edible, and if it had been edible, we probably would almost have eaten it.

Nextly, since we were at our residence and not gone fishing, last month saw a very nice and handsomely attended homeschool conference, though the amount of uninvited attendants was somewhat annoying, considering that all the unexpected guests were little insects with fast beating wings, a bothersome buzz, and a long stinger. We're still recovering from the conference.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
I have a letter for you.  
'B'  
—*somebody who didn't understand  
this column*

## One Man Only

*Katie Durand*

A man glided over the great Arctic ocean, near the north pole, on a sled powered by a balloon. A hafe a year ago, a ship sailed through the Arctic ocean in one of the wild storms in history. Avendewa (it was called). It was shipwrecked, and only one man managed to stay alive by hunting, because the ship crashed very near land. Our man, Rigo, had been taught in the Eskimo ways, but he was an Italian.

One day, Rigo longed for home. The only way to get there was to wait for the sea to freeze. To walk was out of the question. Rigo searched for a solution, and finally stumbled across something.

He found a fallen tree. Most sailors, in that day, always caried axes on their backs. In the storm he had not lost it, and with that he had survived. So with the fallen tree, he had made a sled. He had a lot

of blubber, and so after thinking awhile he made a giant balloon and inflated it. How, I do not know. That took him a good long time so by then the ice had frozen and he set out homeward bound.

After about 100 miles Rigo reached an Eskim town, to his immense joy. The Eskimos were surprised at seeing a Kablunel, for it was very very rare. And even more rare, a Kablunel who spoke their language. Nightfall came and he asked if he could stay one night and they said yes. But before going to bed they sat around a campfire for awhile. Rigo explained where he came from, what had happened, and where he whated to go. He hoped they could tell him where he was. They told him that he was very south of Greenland. And with that they went to sleep.

Early next morning, after saying goodbye to all the Eskimos, he set out, hoping he would reach home in about forty days. And he was right. With a few delays and misfortunes he finally made it. The people stared in amazement. "What in the world is that?" people would say, 'cause they hadn't seen anything like that. Rigo did not stay there but went home, and had to tell his story a thousand times. He continued using his invention, and many years later, because of him, people made houses on horses. Then it got the more fancier name of carriage. When people's engineering got better they made cars; and all because of the invention of a man trying to survive.

(sic)

## Conversation Excerpts

"Where do onions grow?"  
(said Bridget one day.)

"Underground, like  
carrots," I replied easily.

"What?" said Navarre. "I  
thought carrots came  
from rabbits. Like...  
eggs."

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"It is my cherished  
opinion that... I don't  
know, that just sounded



*Would you like to... see us again?*

If you have one of these to give away that'd  
be great! Preferably one that... floats.  
Tips how to make it go where you want it to  
would be awesome too. We've been told  
that being good at nautical lingo might not

## Inglenook of Poesy

*The night is mother of the day,*

*The winter of the spring;*

*And ever upon the old decay*

*The greenest mosses cling.*

*Behind the cloud the starlight  
lurks,*

*Through showers the sunbeams  
fall;*

like it was going to be  
cool.”

cut it.

Also if you would like to come see us once  
we arrive in Hawaii that might be a good  
idea - it might be hard to leave once we get  
there.  
Just sayin’.

*(Picture courtesy of Lydia Keating. Who will  
never see this if she doesn't subscribe.)*

*For God who loveth all His works*

*Hath left his Hope with all.*

– Whittier

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

## 5: Tradam's Warning

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

After Johnnie had hollered through the keyhole for a solid five minutes, the secretary came in.

“Shall I show you the way out of the building?” she asked politely, as she led them all out into the hall. “The nearest exit is right over here,” she added, pulling Rosy - who was walking in the wrong direction - back by her hoodie.

(“Dear me, she’s distressingly anticlimactic,” thought Johnnie dolefully to herself. “I was just starting to feel like a real heroine too!”)

Johnnie had just said this to herself when, turning round a sudden corner of the building they bumped unexpectedly and violently into... [continued on page 24](#)

Wishing you all a very happy Friday!

*The Knickerbocker Writers Club*

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