
The KWC Paper

Est. 2021

Friday, 6th of May

Issue the Thirteenth

News from Lesser America

A new and unexpected pest has broken out in the lesser of the American continents (and most particularly in our backyard—and side yard and front yard and every other yard imaginable) in the form of hairy milk-and-meat providing quadrupeds which, having trampled upon their fences and left them in a sorry state of disrepair, now spend their time standing in roads, leaving fertilizer in all the wrong places, and overrunning bushes and plants of the woody variety with the utmost lack of regard for how many years those venerable herbagacious pieces of vegetation have occupied the verdant sward at their precise and prestigious altitudes of approximately 1'4" each. And the worst part is that, the nature of this pest is such, that one must keep the fence closed to keep them *in*, and when they escape out the front gate, one must drop everything one is doing and tramp over hill and vale until you have brought them back safely again! Needless to say, these pests are up for sale, if anyone would be kind enough to take them off our hands, and we hope to be amply rewarded in return for our troubles in abiding such beasts.

But I will say, hamburgers never looked better.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Wuld you please tell me what is the nasanule antiaem of graet britania?

—*an inquisitive sibling*

Dear inquisitive sibling,

I believe the famed national anthem of Great Britannia is the song that begins, "Oh say can you spell..."

But, if you *could* spell, maybe googling *Rule Britannia* would yield results somewhat more in accord with the intention of your question (despite not being anyone's national anthem and Great Britannia not being the name of any country).

—*an only-a-tiny-bit-sarcastic editor*

At Your Own Peril

Isaiah Durand

"Alright, but only one," smiled the great big fellow as he leaned against the bed his little girls were thrown on to, in all kinds of disarray. "Here you go."

"Once upon a time there was a great village of Vikings, and the men were all very big and bold, and all the women were pretty and were wonderful cooks," and he paused to pat the middle girl on the head. "The last part doesn't sound very realistic," put in the oldest girl, lifting an eyebrow at her

youngest sister. "And it came about, one day," went on her father, ignoring the impertinent remark, "that it was time for the chief ceremony in the village, and the Jarl, a strong, brave fellow with a massive and mighty beard had to compete for his right to be Jarl with the other men of the village. They would all get together at one end of the village and toss the biggest logs they could find, and whoever threw it farthest got to be the next chief.

"Well now, it so happened that this day the Jarl, though big and brave, was astonishingly tired, because he had stayed up toooooo late telling stories to three tragically cute little girls who wouldn't let him stop, and he dropped the log on his foot, and that's the end of the story.

"That actually almost happened to me once, you know," laughed the big fellow, enjoying the flabbergasted look on two of his daughters' faces. "Just ask Adelina."

"Did they all live happily ever after?" asked the second girl, wistfully.

"Mmm, no, Emicia, they didn't," answered her dad, after a thoughtful pause.

"Oh come on dad, that's not much of a stooorry!" exclaimed Anise.

"Do you want me to drop a log on my foot tomorrow?" and Osric Haldorr lifted an eyebrow as he picked up the little girl and deposited her in her bed. "And do you want Ulf Alisander to be the next Jarl and us all to be eaten by dragons?"

"N-no," replied the girls, with widening eyes.

"Good night then, Jarlsdotters!" exclaimed the Jarl with a grin, snuffing out the candle as he left his three dozing daughters to, undoubtedly, the sweetest of dreams.

**Exclamations
For Daily Use (To
Make Your Life More
Literarily Entertaining)**

Birds and mice!
Heart of my thumb!
I'm not a lever!!!
In earnest now?!
Fiddlestick's end!
Georges and gems!
Tramp or amend!



Juli M.

Wanted, dead or alive. For scaring a kid
at the homeschool conference (we tried to
catch her and put her in jail then but she
was too fast).

10 ¢ reward!!!!!!!!!!!!
(It's all I have)

~ Vincenzo and his army

**Column of
Learned
Citations**

*"A man of business, Emma, is
a man of sense. It's true
because it rhymes. But... only
if you read it right."*

~ quotes by George Knightley
and Emmet's blind-wizard
hat-dude-mentor-who's-name-I
-can't-remember. They
collaborated to make the
quotes, XP

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

6: The Yellow House Again

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

"So why *did* you bring Sam's electro-acoustic transducer?" asked Pumpkin, as soon as they were well out of the small throng of annoying people the world has the graciousness to call "reporters."

Johnnie pulled her eyes violently down in an attempt not to roll them. "It's a phone; just say phone. We can stop talking code now."

Pumpkin shrugged. "I'm not the one who thought using three words instead of one was a good code. But anyway you know Sam gets mad if anybody answers his phone calls."

"Well, I needed it," Johnnie explained. "Tradam's going to send him a picture of Mr. Semmes - and we may as well do something as not."

"Like look at it?"

Johnnie nodded. "Might as well have as much fun as we can while Sam's stuck in the parking lot," said Johnnie to herself, grinning. "You don't happen to know his password?" she added aloud.

"Oh no," replied Pumpkin, quickly. "He doesn't have a password, he uses one of those fingerprint things."

Johnnie looked at the phone in sudden horror, and as she looked at it in horror she exclaimed, "Dash it! then we won't possibly be able to break into it. Oh bother it all, now we have to go back. Oh bother!"

"Oh no, it's okay," said Pumpkin, reassuringly. "My fingerprint is just the same... [*continued on page 17*](#)

Wishing you all a very happy Friday,
The Knickerbocker Writers Club

Unsubscribe by replying to this email and asking (politely) | [Subscribe](#) | Share with your friends!