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# The KWC Paper

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*Issue the Second*

## News from Lesser America

Some weeks hence, the geographic unit from whence this paper comes underwent the turmoil of an election cycle.

The week of the election was a week of great searchings as we endeavored to uncover the true opinions of forty-nine (or thereabout) candidates. We spent more time on Facebook that week than we have ever spent on Facebook in the course of our entire previous lives.

On the fateful morning, we were reminded by our father (for the third or sixth time) to take our blue pens with us. For undisclosed reasons of state, blue ink, preferably from a pen, is the only legitimate way to mark your ballot in this country.

Also you must fold it a particular way, and you must make only one mark, a downward stroke, beside your candidate's name. We all know this now.

We made the discovery the next day when we spoke with our neighbors. It would appear that two of us marked our ballots with a checkmark, one with an x, one of us used a black pen, and one of us (bless his heart!) signed his name.

It would appear that if the fate of the nation lies in our hands, the nation's fate is not likely to follow instructions.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
Please respectfully inform Queen Mother that saying "the calm before the still," even in a very impressive voice, does not conjure up particularly alarming thoughts.

Dear Editor,  
Tell the scared six year old that a grasshopper is not a good excuse for going into hysterics.  
—*a tired sibling*

It's 'cause it was in my shirt and it went like—like—it was bumpy! And—and I had my coat on!  
—*a scared six year old*

Dear Editor,  
I have made a valuable discovery that I would like to record for posterity. I call it the third law of Imaginality.

"In order to be inspired for a book, you must start writing a book. If you start writing a book, you will not be inspired for that book. But you will be inspired for many other ones."

—*a sufferer*

# The Absent Banana

Isaiah D

It began on a bright and cloudless morning, as the sun peeked over the far off mountaintop, shedding its glorious rays across the wide forests and dales. The wind gamboled through the trees and the squirrels and chipmunks which peopled the forest scurried hither and yon with a noise that was noiseless. Suddenly the dense silence was broken by the sound of a furious clamor, and a horse, steaming at the nostrils and bespeckled with foam, dashed with its rider through the thick woods. The rider was seated on it with his legs crossed (casually perusing a newspaper he held with one hand and munching on a half-eaten banana which he held in the other) when a low bough wiped him clean out of the saddle. The court jester plummeted to the ground, newspaper, banana, and all. Leaping up, he gathered his newspaper, forgot his banana, and rushed after his horse. But as soon as he was out of sight a figure stepped out of the bushes and approached the banana cautiously. Stooping down he gathered the remains of the banana, pocketed them, chuckled to himself, and fled rapidly in the opposite direction.

It was dusk by the time the court jester, having caught his unwieldy horse, lost half of what was left of his newspaper, and gotten as besplattered with mud as his horse was with foam... [continued on page 4](#)

## Dumbest Joke of the Month Ever

How does Abraham make  
tea?

He brews it.

Hahahahaha!!

## WANTED



## one ham radio

for the impending apocalypse  
(some of us think it's for eating  
when we're hungry)

## Inglenook of Poesy

What are young sisters for if not  
to tease?  
So truly saith the old adage;  
And truly said is truly done.  
—Let us hence, sweet Romeo.

—attributed to Shakespeare

Malcolm Defroster

## 2: Number 877

Geneva D

On a dark, humid night in July, human 877 was born. Off in the underground Unit manufacturing plant, a new Unit was being commissioned at the same time. But no one celebrates commission day.

Savannah—that's human 877's name—didn't remember more of her first four years than most of us do; unfortunately Unit 877 couldn't be as forgetful. It had vivid memories of diaper changes and spoon feeding. Some Units were handheld devices—there were even a few that snapped around their human's wrist—but Unit 877 was a fully mobile independent robot. And there was more to 877's uniqueness too. For the first time ever, 877 was equipped with independent AI. It could make personalized decisions for Savannah, without consulting the data mine unless it chose to do so. In order to make the personalization effective, 877 had been given every ability to interact with Savannah—talking to her, playing with her, working with her, and learning from her. Whether this kind of individualized Unit would lead to greater happiness reactions—whether it would be used in perpetuity or end up on the scrap heap—would have to be seen.

Savannah's earliest memory took her back...[continued on page 21](#)

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