
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Third

News from Lesser America

From the front lines:

The Fourth War of the Ants has drawn to a close and the tides of battle are turning. Although the First, Second, and Third Ant-ic Wars were all decided victories for Queen Mother, we regret to announce that the Fourth War of the Ants has been carried by the superior arms (or legs) of the untiring insects. We hope it is only a temporary reversal to the Queen's arms, which are fully expected to return in undimmed vigor again for the Fifth War next year. But, for the present, we pin our hopes on General Winter, who is expected to swoop in and save the day any minute now.

Breaking news: We may have unexpected reinforcements for the cause! Skirmishes between ants and spiders have been carefully observed in various of the contested fields and we are happy to report that, although the ants appear to be relatively unfazed, the spiders have been seen to obtain several small victories.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Gen has finally attained to the ultimate sign of an experienced driver - she has locked the keys in the car.

—A sibling

Half an hour away!

—A tired dad

Mr. Editor,

I write to inform you of a most momentous occurrence, namely, that of the youngest Durand finally making it to kitchen duty age. As of yet our exuberant seven-year-old's enthusiasm for setting the table has not abated by more than one groan at lunch yesterday (when he set plates instead of bowls for Chili by mistake), but we shall have to wait and see what effect a couple of weeks shall produce.

—An experienced middle aged child

Huset, Hiorthfjellet, and the Vikings

Isaiah D

The fog showed no signs of breaking as the longship sliced through it, turning up the bright water at its bow in little ripples, its strakes creaking under the strain of the low, irregular gusts afflicting the fluttering mainsail. Why, it was so thick Olaf Adrejalsson could have cut a path through it with his axe. He had a mind to, too. He smiled slightly as he whirled the double-bladed weapon dexterously before sending it flying into the massive, decorated stempost in the bow, just an inch away from Jørlsson's humiliatingly flat nose, disregarding that aggrieved personage's angry growl.

"Och, ye dunderpate-! Meanin' it honorably, of course, chief."

Jørlsson was sore upon the point of his nose – it had no point – and was in constant apprehension lest his over active and unpredictable neighbor should split the ship in half with his volatile cleaver, even if it were his ship and he were its captain.

Adrejalsson straightened himself up with his foot resting on the raised fore-deck in evident enjoyment, and sucked up the fog which sailed through the air. It was the kind of fog that you could breathe – the kind of bright fog that fills up your lungs with that damp, fresh taste and makes your nostrils dream of snow.

Olaf turned away and uttered a sigh.

Only, it had been too long. Far too long.

In fact, it had been so long, that no one knew just how long it had been. They had entered the fog just after sailing out, and it had been months now since they had seen the sun. Once or twice a glimpse of its rays shone through the mist, but never more than that and never for long. Never for long enough to get their bearings. Never long enough to get another chance at the sea monster they had set out in pursuit of. They might have been in that fog for years – decades, for all anyone could tell.

He passed his hand through the foam leaping up around the bow and pensively lifted and dropped a handful of frigid water.

The helmsman strained his eyes to see beyond the fog, but caught little beyond the glimmering lantern hung on the mast, barely being able to make out the figures of his comrades leaning out over the bow thirty yards ahead. He stroked his mighty beard with a muttered imprecation in Norse.

But then Olaf suddenly tensed up, staring out beyond the carved figurehead, and a cold shiver ran down his spine. Jørlsson stood laughing as he poured a handful of icy water surreptitiously down his chief's back.

But to Jørlsson's surprise Adrejalsson did not even seem to feel it, his eyes peeled, his whole body strung as taut as a bent longbow. He thought- he thought he had spotted something. What he hardly cared at the moment – it was something, anything!

Yes, he had – there could be no doubt of it. A rocky ledge jutted out from the water leeward – beyond it another, and another, and the whole sea was suddenly full of masses of glacial ice. Adrejalsson turned precipitously and gave a shout that shook the timbers of the entire ship and sent each Viking soul among them jumping for the sides and claspings their beards... [continued on page 3](#)

They were the Best of Quotes, They were the Worst of Quotes

"Is she young?" he enquired.
"Not at present," I replied,
cautiously.

"We're finally going into
phase three!"
Navarre, in a whisper. "Why
do they say, Faith's one,
Faith's two, Faith's three?"



Introducing, the Ultimate Prioritizer!

We all know we need one - and we all know you need one too if you haven't emailed us back in nine months! Need some help with getting your priorities straight (or even knowing what they are)? This is what you've been waiting for! Fill it in with your to-do list and it will automatically organize them for you (and fill in the things you forgot about too!)*. Get yours today, and prioritize like a pro!

*Limited procrastinator edition also has the capacity to invert the order so the most important things get put on the bottom of the list where we all know you start first.

The Nook of Poesy

*The moon was white,
And shining bright,
With all its might
It showed its light;
And as you walk
You hear it talk —
It's time for bed,
Or so it said;
Sweet dreams.*

—Katie (when she was ten)

*Some poets are good,
Some poets are bad,
It's hard to tell which
Can make you more sad.*

—A Distressed Reader

Malcolm Defroster

3: Hiding

Geneva D

The dews that rose and fell in Place carried the months and years with them; and Savannah grew up. Eleven-year-old Savannah wasn't tall for her age, but she was healthy and active. Unit 877 spent a good deal of time sewing up holes in her clothes.

Savannah's favorite game was hide and seek; none of the children of her acquaintance (and certainly not Paulie-across-the-hall) could beat her in creativity for finding good hiding spots, athleticism for getting into them, or patience to stay in them. And although Paulie said sarcastically to her mom, "Her Majesty is awful annoying sometimes," she joined the others in meekly following her lead—so a small generation grew up on hide and go seek.

One day there was a half-hearted rebellion. "It's Malcolm's turn to count," Savannah had decided, and Paulie grumbled.

"Malcolm likes to play just as much as the rest of you," Savannah said, taking fire instantly, "and you snobby kids had better let him have a turn."

"But it's not fair," Paulie grumbled.

"What's not fair?" Savannah snapped.

"Being a Unit's not fair—not really fair, you know—he can see everything with the security cams."

"Malcolm doesn't cheat."

"He always finds you last," someone dared to say.

"Everyone always finds me last," Savannah retorted.

"One time—" Malcolm began.

"Malcolm, I'm being your champion here," Savannah said in a... [continued on page 22](#)

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