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# The KWC Paper

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## News from Lesser America

### *The End of an Era*

After forty-five weeks, one day, and roughly twelve hours (but who's counting?) the Medina-Rubio family have at last returned to their ancestral halls as they have long threatened. With this departure, the longest Invasion we have ever sustained has come to a Victorious Close. For five days of the week, the Invaders invaded relentlessly between the hours of eight and five, but they were unable to do more than temporarily exhaust our larder, our chef, and our supply of fresh games.

The Ms are expected to return before the end of the year, or at least the decade, to take possession of their new vines and palm trees in the great metropolis of Sta. Clara. In the meantime, a brisk correspondence is kept up between Mrs. M and Isaiah. We hope the correspondence continues to be brisk (unlike all other correspondence in which Isaiah wields a pen), because both correspondents write very funny emails.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
Would you please explain relationships to me? I don't know whether it's ships that pick up relations, or relations that own shipping companies.  
--a perplexed highschool graduate

Dear editor of the previous edition,  
It's very gratifying to see my serial story jump from chapter 2 to chapter 33 with such little work on my part. But I do wonder what it is you get paid for.  
--the editor of the present edition

Dear editor of the present edition,  
The starvation salary makes my blood sugar low and I thought I was just seeing double.  
--the editor of the previous edition

## Cow Talk

*Cheryl and Geneva Durand*

Have you ever read a story where the main characters were cows?

Rabbits, maybe; a horse, or a mouse, or even a chicken; but cows?

Once there was a very special cow who lived on a modern farm and spent most of her time in a metal-framed barn eating genetically modified corn. This cow was called 401.

There was another cow too, named Daisy. Her barn was so small that the little hill between the modern farm and it completely hid it from view. It was so old that the red paint was peeling and the moldy old wagon wheel propped up against the wall had lost three of its spokes to the carpenter ants.

Daisy frequently wandered in the direction of the shiny metal barn as she ate. Sometimes 401 happened to be near an opening, and the two cows would get a chance to catch up on each other's lives.

One day 401 stuck her head out and saw Daisy nibbling on a juicy bit of grass.

"Raw vegetables," 401 said in a disapproving tone. "Off the ground. Highly unsanitary."

Daisy only mooed contentedly and waited for 401 to continue the conversation.

She didn't have to wait long. "How can you stand it, Daisy?" 401 asked. "I feel so sorry for you. Everyone knows that my farm is far superior to yours. All my fellow bovines are sleek and—and superior in every way. I wonder if you know the reason why?"

Daisy flicked an eyelid. "Mootation," she replied.

"Genetic modification," 401 clarified. "But there are other things—you know there are. My farm has evolved. That red paint you tell me is on yours—look at this shiny covering we have! And see how big it is! I know you believe the Bible and all that old fashioned God and creation business. Do you know where I get my ideas?"

"Moovies?" Daisy wondered.

"Very funny. No, I get my ideas from educated scientists who have proved that the world is 4.1 billion years old. Or is it 5.7 billion years old now? Anyways, that's the beauty of knowledge these days. Experts tell us what happened in the past, and they keep studying so that if it changes, we can still know it's true because the experts say so. How could anyone be happy with your unchangeable six days of creation? I'm a modern heifer and can't believe in something that's been true for thousands of years. I

stay abreast of the times. I know you think I just watch movies, but I consume plenty of news too. New movies and new news, 24/7. Oh, and also lots of—”

“Moosic,” Daisy said quickly.

“That’s the smartest thing you’ve said yet. Yes, with the invention of the radio, music became something to sell. I love the new tunes. They can be produced quickly and cheaply, so between our music and our news we can keep a beat on today and what is wrong with our changing world. Do you know what I think is the main problem facing cows in the world today?”

“Mooney?” asked Daisy.

“What a simplistic outlook! No, we don’t need more money. We need more education. Look at me. You can’t hardly say a word, but I’ve had the benefit of higher education because of the Head and Tail program. We need more programs to fix the economy, healthcare, the climate—you name it and a program can fix it. I know you believe that our problems come from evil works and rebellion against God. Really, the idea of hell is positively medieval, but you say that we need to be redeemed by the atoning sacrifice of Christ alone. A government education would have taught you better. Think about it, Daisy. We only need to do more good than bad. If only the government owned everything and portioned it out to everyone equally, it would all be perfectly fair. Then we’d be in…”

“Mootopia,” Daisy interrupted.

“Such a country accent!” 401 exclaimed. “It’s u—topia. Oh, I know you believe in heaven and glory. How quaint! You think you have purpose in life because you want to bring honor and glory to the Lord. But face it, we evolved accidentally from nothing. Where we end up is up to us,” 401 swooshed her tail. “It’s only a matter of…”

But here came the farmer, looking for the fattest cow to take to the slaughter house. 401’s talking days were done.

Daisy, with her bell jingling, ambled back to her little old barn to be milked.

“How are you, girl?” Farmer Brown asked. “Are you in a good mooood?”

Good old Farmer Brown loved his cow jokes, but fortunately he also loved milk—and fried chicken.

## Wisdom

When I feel proud,  
I try to be humble.  
When I feel humble,  
I know I'm proud.  
--anon

It's its not it's.  
--Josiah

It is quite a task to raise a  
muffin.  
--the Mother of a muffin

## REPLACEMENT NEEDED!



## Nook of Poesy

*Faithy's got fairy pigs all over her  
hair,  
They always come out when she  
sits in a chair,  
'Cause her combing isn't  
frequent but rather rare—  
Either way, she doesn't much  
care.*

*For they go right back when she  
goes to bed,  
And scramble and scumble all  
over her head.  
--Sarah*

Malcolm Defroster

## 4: Cold, Cold Steel

Geneva D

Savannah grew up—and grew out of hide and seek. Malcolm, learning as she learned, but not growing as she grew, was always ready to follow her interests, and they were almost inseparable. But every now and then Savannah said, “Absence makes the heart grow fonder,” and would give Malcolm some complicated commission while she roamed through old unused warehouses, empty office buildings, or any out of the way spot in Place she could gain access to.

One afternoon Savannah came back from a ramble and found Place buzzing with excitement. Knots of people stood on every street corner, whispering. Savannah, glancing from face to face, caught the curiosity tinged with horror and stopped in front of her apartment building, lending an ear to the gossip.

“They said it was a bloody mess,” a neighbor was saying. “His hand was chopped clean off at the wrist and he bled to death.”

“I heard that it was a slow acting poison injected into his bloodstream... [continued on page 23](#)

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

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