
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Fifth

News from Lesser America

A new invasion is underway at Durand Castle! The latest assailants arrived about a fortnight and a half ago and they say they are planning on leaving tomorrow but it is not the first time we've heard that! In fact we caught one of them saying that they are actually getting so used to being here that it will feel weird to leave and go home! But we've had fun beating them at President and Ultimate Frisbee and all so it's all good.

In other news, the Medes baby boy was born on the 26th as nearly predicted by the current Editor two weeks previously and as predicted by a couple of his sisters the morning of. The not-at-all aggrieved Editor was heard to complain that he will just predict the next baby being born "in the present" and so ensure being the closest guesser as he watched the winners luxuriously downing their ice cream.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,
I was wondering if perhaps you could solve a difficult math problem for me. The teacher told me to divide Faithy's brain and write the remainder however there was no remainder.
A not-very-anonymous sister

Mr. Editor,
May you please be so kind as to inform someone that it hardly seems reasonable to say "Not so loud! I can't hear you!" quite so quickly when a young person whispers to you and you are not so very old yourself either.
A confused youngster

Aiming For Hats In Cattleton

Sarah Durand

It was high noon in the small town of Cattleton, and the old, broken-down abandoned saloon was so full of people a contemporary onlooker would have thought it was going into business again.

Cowboys and horses filled it from end to end – everyone from Lester Lewis to Bill Machauffrin himself was at that meeting.

You see, half the town wanted to let the notorious backwoodsman Prairie Dog and his gang into the town to trade and drink with and the other half wanted to hang him.

It was a problem you could only fix one way. "Who's on Machuaffrin's side?" yelled Lester Lewis, pulling out his gun and aiming it straight at Bill's hat. "Say the word and I'll shoot you in your hat – after I shoot him."

"Villains hang when they deserve to in my country!" said Bill, jerking both guns out of his holsters at once and pointing them back at Lester. "And I ain't letting no one this side of Texas interfere with my good pal justice."

Lester fired his gun angrily at this retort and the bullet went right through Bill's wide alframbro-cambric cowboy hat, the wind of it knocking the hat right off his head.

Bill's revolvers went off at the same time, but both shots went whizzing past the cocky feather in Lester's hat, just missing him by an inch.

"You always were a poor shot!" yelled Lester, crouching behind a horse and firing again at the cowboy hat on the floor.

By the time Bill had successfully retrieved his hat, a full fight had broken out. Broken pieces of tables and chairs were quickly turned over, and regular barricades formed at either end of the saloon.

"Reload these guns!" yelled Bill, unbuckling and tossing his brace of pistols to Phil Relt, his nephew, as he caught up a rifle that was leaning against a rickety old pillar nearby.

The point of the fight seemed to be to knock your opponent's hat off, and keep it off; but there was some confusion as to the enemy. Half the time Machuaffrin's followers knocked off the hat of Machuaffrin himself, for he was constantly jumping over the barricade, running forward, and violently shooting at any hats that appeared at the other end until his ammunition ran out, when he would turn around and run for home, if he hadn't already lost his own hat. The last time he just barely made it, and tumbled over the barricade so quickly he lost his balance and his hat at the same time.

"May as well as have let them shoot you," commented Phil, picking it up for him and saving his own hat at the same time by lifting it up with the other hand and letting the bullet fly right between it and his head.

Bill growled and grabbed a revolver from him, turning quickly and aiming straight for Lester's feather. "This time he's going down," he said, grinding his teeth and pulling his own hat on tighter. With that he leaped over the barricade again, and, leveling his gun, shot straight at –

"Susie, Tray, come get your suppers!" called a voice from the other end of the room for the fiftieth time. "I've been calling you for fifteen minutes, children. Now come on before your dinner gets cold."

Tray sighed and put his little toy cowboys down. "Next time we'll have a real fight," he whispered to them with a grin. "Aiming for hats is for sissies."

Manners

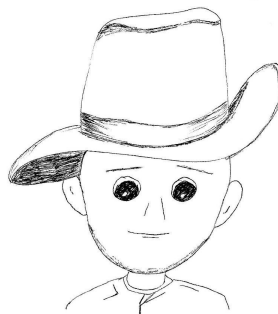
It is not considered polite to confuse the words "Vegetables" and "Visitors" and use them as if they were interchangeable.

When counting, do not stop at twenty-four and forget about the next one, but do please finish with a nice round twenty-five as is right and proper. We do not care about it so much from any particular affection for the number itself, but rather from a love of order and seemliness, which ought to be found in all things; and we consider it as improper a thing to stop at twenty-four when counting as to eat a pie from the inside out.

Adverted:

WANTED

-Alive or Emailed-



Mr. Todd

Wanted on one count of impersonation, two of not replying to emails, and three of disparaging remarks about the southern American continent and really about almost everything in general.

Mr. Todd

Easy as Bad Poetry

The Hubbervale Chase

Down the vale of gyberscones,
Where plonders pail and wit;
Mounting up ere mrell the
groans,
We chase down the banderkits-
For 'tis the Hubbervale Chase,
you see,
And so 'twill never end.

Jolily the frimbles go,
The knife did brung and trude;
But all along the haveleck,
We frew like any grude.
Whopping blithely 'cross the
snove;
And wrestling frambulous o'er
their crow;
But 'twas the Hubbervale
Chase, you see,
And so 'tdid never end.

Malcolm Defroster

5: Down to This Wire

Geneva D

On the far outskirts of Place was the trash heap. In Place, most material was recycled—the system was a closed one, with few new raw materials entering—but some years trash production exceeded recycling capacity, and the leftovers ended up on the trash heap.

The heap was an unsorted pile of anything from food wrappers to broken appliances to splintered lightbulbs. There was even the occasional defunct Unit. All things considered, the trash heap was an unsightly mess—to most people.

But Unit 877—Malcolm Defroster—saw more in the trash heap than most people did. Savannah didn't understand... [continued on page 24](#)

Wishing you all a very happy Friday!

The Knickerbocker Writers Club

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