
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Sixth

News from Lesser America

We are proud to report the accomplishment, at long last, of the highly anticipated Event which most of the Durand world gave up on three or four years ago. I refer, of course, to Isaiah's graduation.

After six years of grueling study, the worn out student has finished summa cum laude. But the laurels now adorning his brow were doubtless worth it all. The laurels, of course, are all figurative. In fact, his diploma is at our grandfather's house and all the pictures of the celebration feature Geneva's diploma from when she graduated in 2018.

We also congratulate Josiah on his notable Victory over a black belt at a recent Taekwondo event. But you really shouldn't keep refusing to fight him any more just in order to keep your title.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I asked Sarah what she had to say about my brain and she said, "That organ must remain undescribed, because its presence is unfelt." Can you tell me a good way to insult her back? (I thought an organ was like a piano.) --anon

Dear Editor,

Should I name the book on homeschooling I just wrote *Seven Mistakes My Parents Made Raising Their Family of Eight?* --one of us

Dear Readers,

We regret to inform you that it is against this paper's policy to give advice that could get us into trouble, and it is our policy to only ignore our policy on very special occasions.

Therefore we recommend telling Sarah that you hope time will not be altogether without effect in bringing her to a more sisterly frame of mind, but you sincerely doubt it.

We decline to give an opinion on the book. --the editor

A Maid's Story

Isaiah Durand

It was a beautiful summer day by the river Nile, and the sun beat down mercilessly as usual (hence my umbrella), and Ra'amses stretched out gorgeous as always from the palace terrace before us when Hat proclaimed once again that the hour of doom had come.

This, of course, resulted in a general outcry (it always did) from all of us maids, for among most of them the crocs were a regular fright, though I personally objected to it from the principle of it being ridiculous for anybody to wash so often (especially somebody who was afraid of water, like Hat) rather than from any such nonsensical scaredycatedness. Here was Ra'amses, ever ready to be explored, had the princess only guts enough to slip out and do it, and here was the palace, if she hadn't (which she hadn't), delightfully cool and inviting under the fronds of the massive palm trees and the fans of the servants, and I could most happily have sat there doing nothing all day and munching on ice – but no, Hatshepsut must have us all out with the sun beating down on us for her daily wash in the river, which with her, like Mary [this is a learned reference, but the author never explained--ed], usually meant nothing more nor less than an hour of her vainly endeavoring to do her hair.

Well, off I went to fetch the princess' rolling pins and a book in case the conversation got boring, and down we went to the river, me chatting with Chione and Panya and Masika, and Hatshepsut gazing whimsically into her mirror with Rehema by to catch her in case she were to faint. The rest of them got into politics despicably soon so I left them to amble down the river's side by themselves and headed back to check on the princess myself, for she did like to have me by her as I was her favorite maid (and the only one with any gumption, I may add). I found her in the midst of doing her hair, as expected, but what I had not expected was to see her whispering and pointing (with the hand that was not holding up her hair) at the flags and the cattails at the brink of the river in curiosity and unusual animation.

"What do you think that is, Anipe?" she called to me as I came up (such being my beautiful and melodious name), pointing towards the basket in the reeds.

"A crocodile!" I exclaimed, with a fierce grimace, to enjoy the start of trepidation which was sure to follow.

At that all the maids that were near – Sabah, Rabiah, Nuru, Masika, and Layla (soo original of their mothers, I know right?) – jerked and shrunk back as I had totally expected, much to my amusement, but Hat only smiled and rolled her eyes at me, for, to her honor be it said, she never did credit those ridiculous fears of the girls, for everybody knew that there were no crocodiles anywhere close to Hatshepsut's bathing grounds.

"'Tis a basket, silly, I meant what's in it," she said. "Go and fetch it, Anipe, will you?" for though the affair had brought all her maids to the scene nothing would bring the other maids to the water's edge

now, for they had no more courage than a mouse (see what I did there? haha!) [this is another cryptic reference--ed].

"It might be a trap," I grinned, preparing myself for the dive and the adventure, which was utterly unnecessary as the water was only waist-deep.

"Yes, that's why I'm sending you," sighed the princess calmly, though we all of us knew that was mere tosh – the real reason being that she was afraid of water and didn't touch it if she could avoid it, and that none of them all but myself knew how to swim.

And so I waded through the flags to retrieve the mysterious basket, which I had quite the desire to peep into, for I had an inkling of it being some sort of romantic overture, but did not (for the other half of me expected it to explode in her face), and delivered it safe and sound to my overly-curious mistress.

But lo and behold, she opened it and saw a little baby child, which at once began wailing ever so endearingly at the horrid state of her hair, as anyone would of who had seen her at the moment. Now, with all her faults the princess is a very tender-hearted girl – which may also be a fault in her, but anyhow; I always said it would bring her into trouble, and this was the proof of it – and when that child started to wail she instantly fell for him head over heels and, if anyone ever took my advice, I predict that the next basket floating down the river will be- well, best not give any ideas, lest I should get in trouble myself over here.

"This is one of the Hebrews' children," the princess exclaimed to Aziza and Renenet who were peering dotingly over her shoulders and the maids now clustering around her. I was on the point of dropping down into the water and making believe to be a crocodile in good earnest now when suddenly another one of them (a Hebrew, or a Hebrewess, to be precise – not a croc) popped out of the reeds by the side (for they were popping out of everywhere that day) and proposed to call a nurse and suchlike convenient things for the little child to which the princess most promptly agreed, that she might spend the rest of the day ogling over that little child without further interruption and then hand off all the trouble to somebody else (a clever notion on all sides, I say, if I ever saw one).

And well! She ended up adopting that child, as was no surprise to anyone except her pa, and she named him Moses, though I always thought she should have named him Amenhotep and he might have been a great Pharaoh. But she always said she had done it "because she drew him out of the water," – forsooth! – and I predict that if he ever does become something great she'll take all the credit, and the

future will attribute all sorts of greatness and wit to her, and she'll go down in the history books as the one that rescued the boy Moses; but – it was me that did all the work.

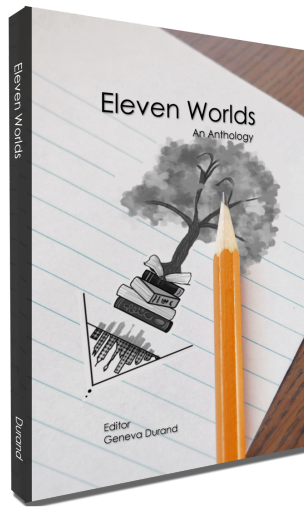
Wisdom

You don't know what's in a child until you are a child. In fact you don't barely know anything at all until you are a child. I never heard a newborn give the square root of seven.

Variegation in the human mind is the paraphernalia of aquatic nature, therefore when I look at a fish I know it is a fish.

As such, I avoid it.

THIS AD IS SERIOUS



but the book is a lot of fun
it's got 11 stories
some by Isaiah, so... fun

[Available on Amazon](#) in digital and hardback!

Not as Easy as Bad Poetry

*Assuage my poverty-stricken
grief, O muse,
And my heart with
money-making schemes
infuse.*

*Rome was not built in a day, O
sage,
You should not expect to be
rich at your age.*

Malcolm Defroster

6: The Last Sunset

Geneva D

Malcolm had made no errors in his calculations, and he knew that rescuing Savannah from her addiction was the easier part of his task. As a Unit, he could only ignore the code by overriding his core programming. But though Savannah was cured and he knew it, the code knew no such thing—and at core programming level, Malcolm was still programmed to follow the code; he was still programmed to...

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

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