
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Seventh

News from Lesser America

Plans for travelling to the United States next year at the Durand household are still planned on being planned. Many details still remain to be worked out - like air ticket refunds, exact timing details, and whether it will be best to go by boat, plane, amphibian, helicopter, bicycle, or some other means of transportation ("not bicycle please, the peddle tends to fall off if you ride more than 2 mph," I just heard someone say) - all the same, excitement is beginning to build. But as one member of the family expressively put it, "there are still quite a few humps to jump through."

In other news, the three youngest members of the Durand household have now each won their own first ~~Olympic~~ Taekwondo Tournament medals, all in their own styles and with varying levels of determination, gusto, and finesse. All, however, with an equally great appreciation for their accomplishment and trophies.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

When the seven-year-old wakes up at 12:28 a.m. and says, "Who's here?" it's a sure sign that there's been too many visitors.

A rather late sleeping sister

Dear Editor,

It- it was that she had footpads, you see, and I didn't, so that was why when we crashed our feet together I got hurt and not her because she had footpads (which totally were between her foot and mine when they crashed together but somehow not between mine and hers - yes, this totally makes sense). So that's why.

An explanatory explanation from a dilettante combatant

The Brownies Fiasco, a Tragedy

by the noted tragedian, Ebenezer Trigerton

Isaiah D.

It was a cold December day

And wintry in every way;

The wind was howling past without,

*And all were staying in without a doubt,
When an idea suddenly entered Lilliann's head,
To make a batch of brownies (she said).*

*And so, of course, we all agreed,
And waited by with patient greed,
As she did mix in the mixing bowl,
Each and every ingredient into the whole;
And into the oven the gooey mix did glide,
While all said how glad we were to be inside.*

*Before long the aroma filled the house,
And left all mouths watering – even the mouse;
And my sister opened the oven door,
And pulled out the tray she had put there before;
And round we all gathered expectant and glad,
For it looked the best brownie we ever had had.*

*But off went my sister to go get a hat,
And she pulled down her snookie from off of the rack,
And got out her mittens and her ear muffs and coat,
While we each stood by with our hearts in our throat.
“Where- where are you going?” we all sputtered together,
As she beamed gleefully out the door and soaked in the weather;
“Why, what did you think?” and Lilliann laughed,
“These are for our neighbors and old Mrs. Shaft.”*

Insight Into a Child's Brain

(also known as, terrible excuses)

"Playing with my cars helps me go to sleep! If I don't play with my cars I'll be awake for another fifty hours!"

~Navarre



Learn the art of creating that golden moment of silence when everybody suddenly wonders where the conversation has just vanished to! It's like a magic trick with words - it's just *that* stunning! In fact, it's so powerful that it's been scientifically proven that just having this on your coffee table can often end the conversation before it's even begun! A must read for anyone with the prequel, *Conversation Starters* (maybe we'll write the *Conversations* someday - only if this one doesn't sell though!) Get your copy today, and enjoy that delightful sensation of looking around on the faces of half a dozen sensible people who all of the sudden don't have anything to say!
Get yours while supplies last!

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

1: Prologue

Sophia Gould and Daniella Hillebrand
(and Sarah and Anna Durand)

The briefcase closed slowly, the pages inside crinkling and crackling like a winter fire, peeping out of their cage like they wanted to let the world know what the dark, threatening black ink on their pages said.

A hand pushed them gingerly back in, touching them as little as possible, as if it knew that with only a spark they could set the world on fire.

Mr. Semmes paused, his hand still on the briefcase, and stood looking absentmindedly at the bitten cookie on the refreshment plate that lay on the paper and dust crowded desk.

He closed his eyes and thought for a moment.

Was it really that easy to get away with such colossal crime?

How is it that in less than the space of time it takes to finish a good old fashioned homemade cookie, everything can change?

Mr. Semmes found a back exit out of the WAS building, pulled his coat closer, and borrowed a light bender from his Executive Protection Agent, who said in reply to a startled question from Mr. Semmes, “I sent it home an hour ago, sir. My Winton blur detected a DGR device on it. Evidence points to the substitute limousine never making it. You have our apologies, sir. A walk seems quite safe, though it will be a long one, sir.”

Mr. Semmes felt all in a moment that it was too awful to live like this.

“We’ll walk to the yellow house on 24th St. then,” he remarked, in a depressed voice. “It’s only a few blocks away. Unfrequented streets too, is it good?”

The EPA nodded.

A few days ago, Mr. Semmes would have wound his way along the streets carelessly; would have never glanced backwards; would have never asked his Executive Protection Agent to pace up a bit; would have never been afraid of the dark.

Tonight, the very air had subtly changed; he knew he was being followed, somehow, somehow, he knew harm was coming fast, and swift, and sure, and would find him at last.... [continued on page 14](#)

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