
The KWC Paper

Est. 2021

Friday, 1st of July

Issue the Fifteenth

News from Greater America

Despite the best intentions of several of our well-meaning friends in Chile who would have kept us there forever, the long-awaited trip of the Durand family to the US finally successfully started last month!!! ...or at least—rather—the first stage of it. In short, in a word, not to waste any more breath or ink upon it, and without further ado, the - what was I saying?

Anyways, Geneva and I got to the greater and more northerly of the Americas at the beginning of last month, got our LEGO builds back together, had an amazing time at BrickWorld Chicago (thank you so much to Pastor Calvin for hosting us!), and actually got some good sleep—though mostly not at night. Also, we hosted a game night in Missouri on the one single decent day of the month outside—that was impressively well planned (except for the fact that we invited everybody like the day before and most of them didn't show up—cheers to all those two who did! And we will see you all next time! Yes, assuming you come).

Oh, and our amazing president, as Geneva predicted, saw fit to remove the testing requirements the week after our flight. (She jinxed us, yes.) And Tio Juan—yes, I am trying to miss you.

News from Lesser America

Never has there been, in the 'membrane of man, greater appreciation for the cookie monster-ous tendencies of various inmates of the Durandian household (mainly referring however to Connor, may it be remarked) as at this recent date.

This happens to be the result of a highly enjoyable cookie-making contest attempted at Josiah's birthday party, when Josiah and his friends and all the dads and boys of the party attempted to make those calorie-ridden spherical balls of sugar without a recipe, and with only the ingredients provided them—among which were included yeast and water and various other unbefitting constituents of the mass, deludingly placed there to beguile the unwary at the instigation of some laughter-convulsed chef who shall remain nameless. It was a blast, however, we are informed, and though some of the cookies were not particularly edible, thanks to Connor and crew the day was saved.

In other news, things are slowly but surely progressing for the trip to the United States, whereupon Tio Juan was prompted to attempt to prevail upon our parents to pinky promise to come back.

MY FAVORITE WAY TO DIE TWICE

Sarah Durand

"Tell me a bed time story, Mitch! Carry me, I'm tired. Come on, hurry up with the story, Mitch."

"Alright, um... It was a normal night in New York City, and the rain was thundering around a dark figure dressed in a black jacket and a dark green baseball cap."

"Was he a detective?"

"Yes."

"What was he running from?" asked the little girl as he hoisted her up onto his shoulder.

Mitch pretended to think for a moment.

"The mayor's son. He had exposed the underground black market the son was running, and now the blickerfones were stuck on him to track him down. He started in a coffee shop, but there was a deal about the electricity going out, and he managed to escape. Then some little girl took it into her head to fall out of a second story right into our main character's arms, which was fortunate for him because it helped him blend right into the crowd, changing from a felonious detective agent into a normal-looking dad."

"What was his job?" asked the little girl dreamily.

"His job, ninny? He worked for the government capturing criminals."

"Do you ever capture them, Mitch?"

"They tend to kill me once or twice before I do."

"That's a happy thought," said the little girl, settling onto... [continued on page 16](#)

Apocryphal Quotations

Electricity!

This kite, sirs, this kite is the key—pardon me, I mean, this key is the kite—oh dear. Bother, never mind. Frankly, I'm actually not totally sure that I did this at all. Let's just call this pole a lightning rod.
—Ben Franklin

Oh shoot. Should have stolen some days from March.
—Julius Caesar



Inglenook of Poesy

*Now this is grand!
There's so much sand,
And nary a ship in sight,
Upon this strand,
Where I did land,
When nature assailed us on every hand,
And when the ship went down that night.*

~Sir Bartholomew Briggs, one of the twenty men so very wealthy that they are owners of private islands in the world.

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

8: Ambushed

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

Long before Pumpkin had arrived in front of AV's hauntingly tenebrific house, Sam and Rosy had made their successful exit out of the crowd, and entered a nearby Si Galala where Sam decided they would wait for Johnnie to show up so they could talk over a plan of action.

Johnnie normally did show up, no matter where they were, at some time or other, so they hoped she would show up there, before much time had passed. (It was not a reasonable assumption, but they held to it without a second thought).

Their expectation was shortly exculpated by the sudden appearance of Johnnie herself looking in at them through the high-tech motion window, through which they saw her cross her arms after beckoning them outside.

Sam and Rosy jumped through the trapezoid in the center of the window, and landed under the fountain in front of Si Galala with dynamism.

“At your service,” said Sam, bowing as much like other people as he could.

“You shouldn’t risk getting caught for something so silly as not walking out the front door,” remarked Johnnie in a rebuking tone, as she looked at them admiringly.

Sam smiled. “No one was looking.”

Rosy raised her eyebrows, as much as to say “that’s not true” and Sam looked uncomfortable and muttered beneath his breath, “Except you.”

“We’ll let it pass, but you’d better be more careful Sam, you never know who could be on your track. Why, Sam old fellow, you’ll never believe what happened-”

“I will, I promise to,” interrupted Sam, quite eager to finally have a good excuse to believe something totally unbelievable.

“Of course you will!” remarked Johnnie, crossing her arms again and suddenly looking thoughtful (or offended, Sam wasn’t quite sure which)... [continued on page 4](#)

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

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