
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Sixteenth

News from Greater America

If anyone happened to be at the Kennedy Recreation Complex last Friday afternoon they would have seen an amusing sight as a blue Camry drove around from one parking lot to the other for literally an hour. Signage being poor and the doors being locked, not to mention having their windows covered with black paper, the occupants of said blue Camry came to the natural conclusion that that was not the building they were looking for. Followed visits to the golf club building (whose helpful inmate suggested turning either left or right once or twice and driving way far down the road—though it turned out that he'd given much more specific directions, but the person he'd given them to forgot them before he got back to the car) and to the petting zoo across the street. So after wasting, I repeat, literally an hour, we finally found an unlocked entrance and pushed our way into a dimly lit ice rink without the ice. Despite the inauspicious beginning, we are pleased to report that the event came off well with Isaiah's LEGO ship being vastly admired by young and old alike and Geneva's underground habitat receiving five minutes of stare time from the renown Rocco himself.

News from Lesser America

Apparently snow is not as easy to find in the southern hemisphere as one might expect, despite the current reign of winter in those latitudes. Not only was a trip to the mountains required, but one afterwards had to climb the mountain—on foot—in order to actually reach the snow. We delight to announce that Sarah got plenty of exercise by timing her climbs very poorly, while Connor got no exercise at all, and only saw snow because Sarah considerably brought down a ball full to throw at him.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,
Please write this book:
Genre: Pilgrim's Progress
Characters: An Old Fashioned Girl
Plot: Sarah Noble
Theme: Despicable Me
—your ambitious sister

Dear sister,
Was there even a plot in Sarah Noble?!
—the Editor

Dear Editor,
I'm too shy to ask you this, but what does consanguinity mean?
—Alana

Dear Alana,
Consanguinity means being related by blood. It's a kind of useless word though. I'm not sure you can use it in any other way than as in "the bond of consanguinity."
And you may be too shy to ask me, but as you see, I'm not too shy to read your emails and make up that you asked me.
—the Editor

Dear Editor,
You should put names in a hat and draw them and force them to write a story for the paper so I always have something new to read. You'll need to come up with a real horrid punishment for truancy though.
—Anna
Oh yes, do that and I'll fill a hat with Mr. Todd's name.
—Isaiah

WAYLAND TERRAFORMERS, INC.

Rogue Planet

Geneva Durand

Fenmoor is a little known planet in the deep suneast, barely lit by a red dwarf star whose rays struggle through a fog of rock dust. Life on Fenmoor is gloomy and tough, and so are those who live there--outcasts from the solar system, too bad at being bad to stay out of jail anywhere else in the galaxy.

But then, Fenmoor is a rogue planet--not owned by Earthcorp or Krancore, or by one of the little guys like Liberium or Envision. It's not even all owned by a single person--like the Rockefeller System or the Duchy of Jupiter-Winslow. Most of Fenmoor is no man's land, and the rest is a medley of tiny stake outs--usually a long day's walk from each other--where each family independently farms just enough to feed and clothe themselves--most of the time.

Without capital--and without resources to attract it--terraforming has been slow in Fenmoor. Aegis, the biggest terraformer of the galaxy, hasn't touched it with the long end of a stick ever since Jim Settler (formerly the notorious con artist Jamie Kalypso) scammed them out of a fifty acre wheat field and the waterworks to match by promising an Earthcorp job that wasn't his to offer. Aegis tried to get Krancore to go after Settler, but Fenmoor was too far off the beaten path to go hunting con artists and besides, Krancore's board felt that it served Aegis right for wanting to work with Earthcorp.

So the terraforming companies have all steered clear of Fenmoor--and besides the fifty acre field that got the planet going, all other terraforming has been a home job. A zero export planet, Fenmoor receives virtually no imports--except for Jim Settler's Christmas gift, which comes regular as clockwork. For Jim's daughter has been Duchess of Jupiter-Winslow for a decade now--which, as a surprisingly unromantic romance, is worth a story to itself sometime--and though the first year she sent him an infuriating vial of Jupiter dust (plus a sweet note, "just thought you'd want a smell of home this Christmas"), ever since then she's... [*continued on page 5001*](#)

Author's Note: I'm very sorry Katie, I truly meant to put a Grandma on the planet and make her have to escape from a fire but somehow she turned into a Duchess and named herself Lucy and, well, nada que hacer. As for the fire... you'll see.

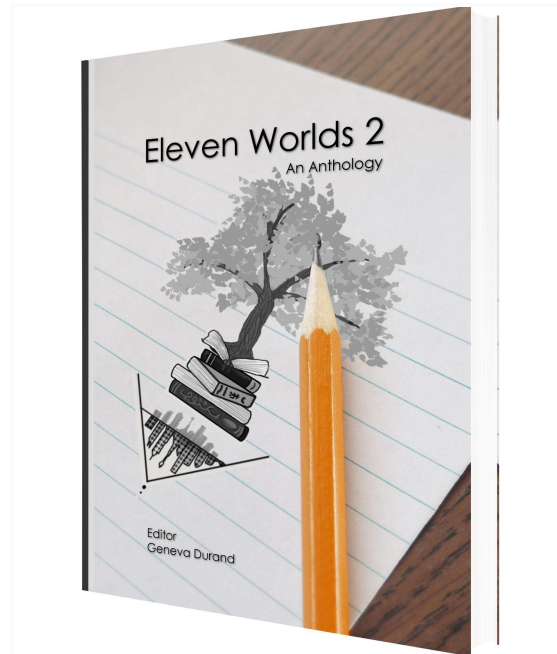
Wisdom According to Sarah

Greed is the
sustension of life.

The color of a car gives
a subtle infusion to the
character of the driver.
When they step out of it,
the car seems such a
part of them it's hard to
not think of them
together forever after.

Misery in its primitive
state is just pure
enjoyment.

Go jump gates and
ponds and call it
painting.



If you enjoyed the previous volume
of stories you'll love this one!
If you didn't know a previous
volume existed, you need to
come out from under that rock.
get it on [Amazon](#)

Inglenook of Poesy

Sarah thinks,
She is so sweet.
Sarah thinks,
She eats no meat.
Sarah thinks,
She makes her bed.
Sarah thinks,
Her ears aren't red.
Sarah thinks,
She did her duty.
Sarah thinks,
She is a cutie.
Sarah thinks,
She is so fit.
But I think,
Just the opposite.

—a loving sister

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

9: The EPA Chase

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

No, the night was not through. No, oh dear no - the night was not through at all! Dear me, I was quite mistaken about its having been through! But no doubt you, dear reader, were at least somewhat aware that the night was not going to end there, with everybody comfortably a-bed, (except of course, Johnnie, Sam and Pumpkin, who were outside standing in the cold), - at least, you would never have supposed so if you had pursued a more steady course of novel-reading.

Pumpkin wished it would end, certainly; as a matter of fact, he wished the whole evening away several times throughout the course of the night; and began bandying nonsense about severe colds and numb extremities and sudden amputations to such an extent that Johnnie and Sam had more than once to grind their teeth and keep their tempers from lashing out into more stirring expressions.

And dear me! I was not only wrong about the night having ended, but about Rosy's ever having ever gone to sleep, and about there being no further stir below.

You see, I got my impressions from Rosy herself, who was laboring under all these delusions, (except of course, the delusion of her being asleep, which deception was practiced for the benefit of Daniella alone... [continued on page 5098](#)

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

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