
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Seventeenth

News from Greater America

Time has been flying in Greater America (we can't believe we've been up here three months already!), but it and the date of the rest of the family's arrival are not the only things that have been up in the air. Last Wednesday we flew down to Cairo sporting our best Afric hats, took a tour of the old place, went out to see some pyramids, and flew back after downing some Philly Cheese steaks in the middle and had some amazing night flying on our return trip (we actually narrowly missed colliding with the sun on our westward trip back from Egypt)—the weather was marvelous, and we only almost missed out on having a GPS to fly by. But we managed to get a new plane in time—which is good, or else we might have ended up in some half-abandoned old civil war/post-apoc town in Illinois. It was a lot of fun though!

We also recently had a blast with a very literary game night, which was not at all disappointing to those secretly hoping for an abundance of material for this august newspaper.

News from Lesser America

Don't trust Josiah with a briefcase with \$5,000 in it. Even if it is just monopoly money.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

If you will not found the pooh's house when you return maybe the little mouse that live in my house is the guilty.

—sincerely the guilty, I say sincerely Rocío

Dear Editor,

I was ahuntin' some b'ars t'other morry whin I hern o' how you could one o' thes days be on this Penn and Teller TV show, and then by the time I'd shot my b'ar I's tole how you's already been aschedooled—but here I jes got back at almos' dark and now I seed as I done gon an already missed it. D'ye do that time travlin stuff now too? However'd you managed all that while aflyin' down to Egpy and back is beyon' me...

—a confusen Hoosier

Dear Hoosier,

I am sorry to say that the rumors of my magical prowess may have been slightly exaggerated. That was a (somewhat apocryphal) development which was a bit more sudden than I'd anticipated myself.

—an honest Editor

Synephobic with a Possible Oronym Complication

Isaiah Durand

It was a hot summer day as I dropped into my chair in my mud-daubed hut which I dignified by the name of a surgery and picked up my slate to compose some prescriptions. It was slightly cool after the

Afric's heat that I'd had to endure on my rounds that day, but I think the heat might still have been playing in my brain, for a sort of low drone hummed away in my head as I wrote out the orders.

Mwamba had synepthobia. Kukua was the one had told me all about it, for Mwamba was a cousin of his—wherefore I pulled it up in my book o' med'cine, and discovered soon enough (after struggling for a moment with the spelling) that such patients were usually administered a few doses of a treatment called Ivermectin, a compound propagated by Ilectin and which was more commonly used in the 15th century. Why that was precisely I don't know, but generally if something was used more often in the age of alchemy and astrology then in our enlightened modern 1842 I tend to entertain second thoughts hospitably. But then something else about it sounded a bit off to me.

I had heard about this treatment—or thought I had—the medicine originally happens to come from the amber coloured sap of the Arctic oak, and the natives of Botswana use it to paint squirrel tails red. That's what it was—how on earth did anyone in the 15th century ever get their hands on the sap of an Arctic tree in the first place? And come to think of it, how'd those Botswanian fellers get it either—as for painting squirrel tails red, it was hardly a surprise to one as inured to the natives' preposterous ways as I was to suppose they would waste it like that, however they got it. I knit my eyebrows in slight confusion and flipped over to Ivermectin in the medicine book.

'An anthelmintic in veterinary medicine, used nowadays as a treatment for river blindness.'

"Bother! Dash it all," I muttered—but if "Balderdash it all!" was what you heard I won't waste breath arguing about it. Quite frankly I didn't know what any of that even meant at all.

Suddenly a thought crossed my foggy brain like the ray of light shining through the chinks of the wall, and I wiped the cumulonimbus nebula accumulating on my brow off with my hat. Mwamba had been eating a reg'lar elephant of black oats as a feat of manliness or something of the sort—Kukua had mentioned that as one of those irrelevancies that natives and girls delight in producing whenever an occasion occurs, but come to think of it that was probably all that was needed to do it in for his stomach. So probably he should just stop that. More than likely he was just completely making up that thing about synepthobia to begin with. I yawned. My limited knowledge of human nature was nevertheless ample enough to conclude that he had though I'd never met him—but I popped open my med'cine chest and sent him some Ivermectin anyways—maybe just for that very reason. I won't commit to anything.

**Sagacious
CIPHERING
Suggestions**
regarding that branch
of human knowledge
commonly called
Math

(Completely in context)

As you start to paint a
picture in your mind,
always look to the
circumference of each
flower of the field.

—*Esther H.*

Also

Never do math in public.

—*Mr. John L.*

Especially if your name
is Esther.

—*Todd F.*



태권도
Taekwondo

If you...

Want some fun exercise – self-defense –
discipline – to be a cooler person – or just
want to hit us...

We are giving Taekwondo lessons!
Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:00 pm,
contact us for the details!

636-751-4145

(This is a legit ad. \$10 an hour to kick us and your first class is free! Who can
turn that kinda deal down??)

**Inglennook of
Poesy**

It doesn't die
It doesn't cry
But it sure does fly.

It's not an animal
It's not a vegetable
And it's not a mineral.

You can't eat it
You can't make it
You can't keep it.

In short, to define time
Is beyond this rhyme
For it's much too sublime!

—*an ambitious poet*

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

10: The Ghostly Chapter

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

"Pumpkin, what are you doing on that side of AV's ghostly establishment?" hissed Johnnie, sticking her face inside the cat hole.

"My good fortune was on a two-month vacation," explained Pumpkin patiently, lifting the latch from the window and putting his head out in reply.

"So, your point is...?" said Sam, resting his hands on the sill and pushing Pumpkin's face slowly back in with his hand.

"So I came back to clean AV's windows. I'll send him a handsome bill for it when I'm done here. Earn me some money. Hey, why do you two look like you saw a ghost and couldn't catch him?"

Johnnie looked aggrieved. "Pumpkin, I wish you wouldn't say such things," she said, getting up on her feet and bounding in all at once through the window he was cleaning.

"Johnnie! AV didn't say you could come in," protested Pumpkin, frowning at her and closing the window on top of Sam. "But I guess he'd be okay with it, as long as he never figured it out," he added with sudden thoughtfulness

"What about Sam?" asked Johnnie, peering down at said individual, who was now in the act of pounding at the window and gesticulating violently towards them. He looked a little threatening, too.

"Well I'm sure AV wouldn't want *him* inside, anyhow," said Pumpkin, maliciously sticking his tongue out at Sam from a safe distance.

"Well, that's possible," replied Johnnie, reluctantly. "He's a horrible hand for breaking things - I don't know what he'd do in a house like this... Sorry Sam," she mouthed, shrugging her shoulders and pointing at Pumpkin while he was looking the other way.

Presently, and forgetting Sam, they walked down the corridor together, and turned into the living room - carefully, because of the ax.

“Say,” said Johnnie, turning suddenly on Pumpkin, “where’s Rosy? I don’t see her anywhere. We’re going to be in big trouble with Sam once he gets past that window if we don’t find her...”

“View all, Johnnie,” began Pumpkin, pouring himself a cup of coffee. “She went to the WAS with AV and Daniella.”

“My torture! Daniella works at the WAS?” said Johnnie in disbelief. “How is that possible? You mean all these years, I could have...”

Pumpkin held up a finger and swallowed the rest of his coffee in a gulp. “No, sorry, Daniella went to take her biology test. I know that actually, because she hates school and it took AV and Rosy more than five minutes to convince her to go.”

“How did you figure all this out?”... [*continued on page 7*](#)

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

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