
The KWC Paper

Est. 2021

Friday, 4th of November

Issue the Nineteenth

Broken News! (from Lesser America)

In a shocking turn of events, the youngest child but two of the Durand family has been the first to break a bone (not including Anna's pinky, or Connor of course)—and, naturally, the first to have surgery on it. Upon deciding to explore the world mounted upon a steed without a saddle, Katie Durand toppled off (with Juli M., but this story isn't about her—she didn't break anything but a twig or two) and landed in a ditch, sending her fractured radius and ulna through the humeroradial joint where it belonged, whereupon she is said to have readjusted the dangling limb and asked if she'd miss Taekwondo that night. Unfortunately it seems that she'll be missing more than just that one Taekwondo class, but since the surgery she seems to be progressing well and the latest our editor has heard from her she has been enjoying the sudden influx of ice cream into her diet that her solicitous friends' sympathy has been affording her.

News from Greater America

It has been a jolly but slightly slow (but very enjoyable) month in the greater of the Americas. When Isaiah returned from playing volleyball for five hours on Monday and heard about Katie breaking her arm he's reported to have said, with a tired yawn and a slightly scattered conglomeration of brain cells, "Who... is Katie?"

(In his defense it was entirely out of context and they had just been talking about a different family with a Katie in it. Don't be mean)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

You seem to have forgotten a certain story involving a car, a bumper (dis-attached from said car), and a neighbor.

—the owner of a car now missing its bumper because her neighbor decided to park too close in an empty parking lot

Dear owner, etc.,

It was not so much forgetfulness of the aforementioned incident as the slightly more important news already filling up the column to a length past which no amount of poor parking skills could excuse us making an excursion. Nevertheless, we sympathize with you in the demise of the posterior portion of your car.

—the rather loquacious-waxing editor

Dear roads,

This is a letter penned to ask you to enjoy your last few weeks of existence before my three younger siblings are allowed to start driving.

—one of two older siblings, a mite concerned about the immediate future of vehicular transportation

A Sea Quail

Anna Durand

"Six wee duckies peeped oyt av their shells an' looked wi' scarecrow eyes at themselves an' den at de equally gaunt wee quails next dem. They were gran' wee things, an' their mothers sayin' nathin' against it they began ter associate an' play together. An' by wan tin' an' another wan wee quail got away, an' by de starval neighbor another wee quail got away, an' by wan thuotha driver another wee quail got away, an' indeed they al' went aff dyin' 'til dare wus but wan wee quail lef. An' dat wee quail followed 'is tree duckie lads (the neighbor wus pure 'ungry) everywhere. De tree wee duckies marched down de quay, an' down 'oofed de quail wi' a determined wee strided. An' wan day, as oi sat on de auld wooden box oi saw dem waddlin' down again, everyone a bit bigger, an' dohs tree duckies jumped roi into de water an' quack an' flapped an' sang ter their wee quail mucker. Nigh de quail seemed somehow ter nu yer man couldn't go dare, an' yer man flapped 'is wings an' yer man ran dis way an' yer man ran dat way an' yer man looked longingly at 'is tree wee lads. Oi sighed fer de stoney broke wee tin' an' crossed over ter git it sum bread, but oi wus slow, twas de first day oi got me peg scotch peg, an' whaen oi came back dare it wus, floatin' along side ob de tree wee duckies, drowned.

"It tart it wus a sea quail, but it wasn't."

Answers to your burning questions

*I was thinking about Gravity
the other day.*

*Picture you're on the moon,
and you can see the earth,
and you can see two ships,
one at the top of the earth,
and one on the bottom of the
earth. On the moon it would
look like the bottom one
should be falling.*

*But it's not, though, because
of gravity. What's so special
about the center of the earth
is that it pulls the boats
together.*

~Science with Gaunson

Are you
looking for something to read?



Geneva is trying to get rich by
selling her stories
[on Amazon!](#)

Inglenook of Poesy

I'm fluffy and yellow,
And a cozy fellow,
Slow but quite cheerful,
With a big bright soul,
To match my smile.
I've a tolerable pile,
Of accomplishments too!
If you think I'm Pooh,
You're almost right...
Only look closer,
I'm in your sight!

A sister of mine
written by
A different sister of mine

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

12: The New New Chapter

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

After AV had said "You begin to see how deep it is?" and Pumpkin had looked at her significantly, Johnnie drew him aside and they held a hurried, whispered colloquy together.

"What do we do now?" began Pumpkin, lowering his voice even further.

"Tradam has taken over the WAS, and is letting his criminal buddies go free," whispered back Johnnie, pulling a pair of sunglasses out of her pocket and putting them in her hair. "There's only one thing to be done," she added, punching the kitchen counter.

"You mean - beat him up?" inquired Pumpkin, unguardedly.

"Don't say it so loud," exclaimed Johnnie... [continued on page 1](#)

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

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