
The KWC Paper

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Issue the Twenty-First

News from Lesser America

After a morning of blood, sweat, and tears shed in the noble effort to obtain their new belts in Taekwondo, we have to report that the Durand family single-handedly effected a sudden leap in the prices of safety glasses, which went up by 300% in Santa Clara after an epic series of board breakings culminated in a dozen boards and pieces of boards being sent flying up into the roof of the outdoor gym by a well timed volley of *ap chaguis*, narrowly missing several astonished spectators, who cheered extremely loudly (once they had peeked through their hands and discovered it was safe), and decided next time to sit farther away.

After which, recovered spectators and Taekwondo students alike went off to celebrate their victories and survivals over mugs of Sprite and platefuls of Chilean delicacies (mostly tomatoes).

News from Greater America

News from the greater of the Americas has been scarce since our venerable editor departed its shores for the ~~balmy~~ broiling southern extremities of the earth. Most of what has reached him has been the sounds of coughing, along with certain tales of a vast treasure being piled up to the tune of a hundred pounds sterling a month...

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

If you could please tell a certain person who shall remain nameless, that if they would stop giving extreme health talks (and ruining our plans to eat hot dogs) at our homeschool meetings it would be good for my ice cream business I would quite highly appreciate it. Thank you.
—a young entrepreneurial spirit

Dear Editor,

Was it really necessary to assault me with a shower of LEGO bricks three times to get the perfect shot when we ended up getting the best one the first time?

—a somewhat smash-it-upped cameraman

*Dear smashed up cameraman,
If the aim of our ambitious production is attained, rest assured that your noble efforts will be remunerated.
—the Editor*

Sobbing on the Shoulder

Isaiah Durand

The cold wind whistled through the girl's hair as she slammed off her music and opened the door to the car with a disgruntled little sigh. Ellie shivered a little as she stepped out and waved her phone in the air for a signal, glancing disparagingly at the flat front tire of her little Subaru hatchback. Back a little ways over the road she could see the glimmer of broken glass on the pavement in the faint moonlight

that seeped through the treetops, and pulling an impatient little face she walked onto the bit of road ahead of her lit up by her headlights and glanced down again at her phone.

Still no signal.

Off the shoulder on the right a benighted squirrel smirked at her, rolling its puny, shining round eyeballs and turning to scamper up a tree, its claws rasping on the bark. She smiled at it hesitantly for a moment, trying to build up the gumption to decide to try and change the tire herself. It was hardly likely that anyone else would drive by at this hour of night, and if they did she wasn't quite sure about stopping a random stranger to ask for help anyways. She was starting to wish she didn't work at a restaurant quite so far from her parents' subdivision and didn't get back quite so late.

But she could do it. Ellie heaved a reluctant sigh and looked down at her small white hands.

Fun.

She flipped the phone flashlight on and walked towards the trunk. She had just laid her finger on the fob when something caught the light on the road behind her – it was the busted glass strewn across the pavement, but something was mixed in with it, just tinting it... red? She peered over to take a closer look and then turned away and decided against it. Whatever it was she'd rather not know.

A slight but distinct click behind her made her jump and glance around hurriedly. Slowly, Ellie made her way back to the front door of the Subaru, her back to the car, gazing around warily. She felt the handle in her grasp and jumped in hastily, locking all the doors behind her and shivering slightly.

"Don't be silly, Ellie," she breathed out... [continued on page 13](#)

Apocryphal Quotations

(The truth and probable accuracy of which however, no one would deny)

When a man or woman attains to an advanced age, in point of longevity, there seems naturally to accrue to them a certain additional respect and dignity—so, indeed, is it also with a penny, or a book, or a piece of music which has, unmarred, endured the test of time. But spinach is not thusly esteemed in its extreme old age—therefore, it must be universally allowed that there is something fundamentally wrong with that leafy, herbaceous vegetable.

Sam Adams

Ad



Wanted!

An article from Mr. Todd F. for this august newspaper

Inglenook of Poesy

*When you're born talented,
Is there really any glory in it?
If you pulled off a lid,
But it wasn't hard, not a bit,
'Cause you were born a strong
kid,
Can you really claim any merit?
I'm not jealous but it's just horrid,
That all my effort lands me in a
pit,
And with one careless stride
you're hid,
Way above where I humbly sit,
With the best that ever lived.
Still I won't throw a fit,
For talent is not all that did
Ever make a man a great wit.
Or maybe it is, but that rhymed.*

~Annanomous

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

13: The Things That Happened (At Last)

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

Chapter XII: The Things That Happened (At Last)

A madness that leads to the greatest success, is sure to be followed through with headstrong heedlessness of consequences by the fortuitous victor of circumstances.

"And that's what I always say," said Johnnie disagreeably, after the adventure was over. But then, the adventure hasn't happened yet, so she hadn't said it yet; so Pumpkin was following through with headstrong heedlessness of consequences as the fortuitous victor of circumstances.

It was not many moments since Pumpkin knocked on the door, when it swung inwards and an official beckoned them in.

"You have accreditation for entering without security checks, I presume?" he asked, carelessly.

"Ah, Treffelem Tagge!" exclaimed Pumpkin, slipping past him into the agent reception room eagerly. "I see you have been pro - ductive, recently?" he added, nervously, swallowing the word "promoted" in a flush of fright as he noticed Treffelem gathering his eyebrows of storms from the four corners of his face.

They dissipated quickly at the fine rounding of his sentence, and Pumpkin saw he had steered clear of shoals on one hand and land on the other.

"Certainly," said Treffelem, tersely, but amiably inviting the rest of them into the agent receptive room. "Let me stamp your hearts quickly as you come in," he added on second thought, taking a long stick with a camera on the end and preparing to fire it at Sam's heart. "I'm security here. Big deal though."

"What does that stick thing do?" asked Rosy suspiciously.

"It double checks the accreditation of personnel," said Treffelem, pausing slightly. "And checks their heart rate, maybe. But I'm not completely sure about that."

Sam coughed. "I wish you were," he complained. "I'm allergic to it."

"Excuse me. You're allergic to - what?" asked Treffelem, slightly perplexed.

"Yes, very allergic," repeated Sam. "I went to the hospital once." All of which was strictly true, as Johnnie afterwards remarked.

"I'm also allergic," volunteered Rosy. "To sticks."

"It's electric," observed Treffelem.

"To electric sticks," added Rosy... [*continued on page 31*](#)

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

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