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# The KWC Paper

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## News from Lesser America

It was the best of times, it was the busiest of times. It was the age of organization, it was the age of chaos. It was the epoch of excitement, it was the epoch of exhaustion. It was the season of work, it was the season of play—in short, travel, interest, change, excitement, are all hiding just round the corner and we are rushing about like madmen trying to prepare for it. (I use “we” advisedly. I’m watching from the sidelines 5,000 miles away; a very comfortable place to be, I assure you.) After eight long years, Lesser America is at last going to witness the long-planned, long-deferred departure of those pillars of society, the Durands. Various reasons are adduced for this departure-at-last, but the fact that the oven has broken down for the seventeenth time in the last seven months (or thereabouts) is probably the true reason. Food, here we come!

## News from Greater America

I do fear me that the news from Greater America is rather humdrum. Geneva has been making money hand over fist (not really but a little bit... finger over knuckle, perhaps), and the eternal battle against the squirrels goes on (the squirrels are still winning), and... oh also I almost died! Forgot about that. I didn’t though.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
You know we're all a little busy down here. But I heard tell that Connor had a narrow escape from marriage, being obliged to postpone it merely because his father just spent the boy's dowry on an old truck. Such is life!  
Trucks > Marriage.  
—*an almost-best man*

Dear Editor,  
How different are you from a rock?  
—*someone who I'm sure wasn't implying anything*

## The Nazarene

*Geneva Durand*

*No man is born into the world  
Whose work is not born with him.  
—James Russell Lowell*

Three hundred foxes, yelping and squalling, gamboled across the valley of Timnath in front of their captor, whose cheery laughter rang out on the evening air. He whistled and cracked his whip, giving an

extra twist with his left hand to the thong that their hundreds of leashes were tied to. Then Samson turned to the boy walking by his side with a smoking basket of charcoal.

"You can set that down now, Halek," he said. "This'll be a good place to start lighting things up."

"Yes sir."

Samson slipped the thong around a handy fence post and grabbed hold of the two nearest foxes by the napes of their necks. He tied them back to back, braiding a brand into their tails. The small boy stood respectfully by, too scared to come near the yelping foxes, but too absorbed in admiration to run home, though Samson had dismissed him with a good-natured nod.

"What are you going to do with them?" Halek asked.

"Teach the dirty Philistines a lesson. It's about time they learn some manners." He lit the brand between the tails and let the frightened foxes... [continued on page 17](#)

## WANTED: One Private Chef



To cook something besides PB&J for Josiah while he is alone in February. No one who likes bananas need apply

## Inglenook of Poesy

*This world—so oft misjudged for its true worth,  
Though love and peace found in it, hopeless dearth.  
This world—seen truer when its shadows we perceive;  
The dark sides of a place we long to leave;  
This world—speaks hope and purpose unfulfilled,  
Turning round and round as God has willed.  
This world—a mix of brimming love and binding hate,  
Where joy and fun and burning wrath do mate;  
This world—where life eternal comes undeserved to some,  
While a bitter end in hell itself's by sinners won;  
This world—formed by a Hand that's infinitely wise,  
He made it man's most noble aim to reach the skies;  
This world—so hard to love and understand,  
Though we know tis guided all by His own Hand;  
This world is Our World, where first we see the light,  
Where eyes first open giving to us sight;  
Where we study, wonder wide, hope, fight, try,  
We dream on fancies, wish on stars, live, love, die;  
We're in it you and I, deep as that blue unending sky;  
But one day I'll say to earth my last Goodbye,*

## Quotations

### Of Undoubted Authenticity

*God said it wasn't good for man to be alone. Eve gave him the forbidden fruit; fancy what Adam might have gotten himself into without her! —Augustine*

*You may say what you will about the difficulties of life before batteries – THEY never had to plug their chargers in in the dark. —Einstein*

*Sorry to burst your bubble, but people spend a lot less time thinking about you than you spend thinking about what they think about you. —Smith*

*And then my heart would break if you my little sister dear,  
Had never learnt from me how much there is to fear.  
How one wrong step can turn your heart from God;  
How one false move can make you doubly proud;  
How you lose sight of your way once you've begun to stray;  
How when you cease to pray life's edges start to fray.  
So hold to Jesus, little one, so tight,  
He pities always our contrite sense of plight;  
Whisper to Him the cares and sorrows of your hours;  
And He will make your weeds to blossom into flowers.  
—Sarah & Geneva*

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

## 14: The Evening Hornet

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

When Pumpkin dared to look around the corner again, Tradam was folding up his beach chair and putting away his newspaper.

Rosy appeared to be in earnest conversation with him, and kept jumping every once in a while in a wild effort to read the name of the paper.

After watching her for some moments with exasperation, Pumpkin got her attention and made violent signs to her, moving his hand like a mouth and gesticulating with a finger to the paper.

"Does it say anything about the weather?" asked Rosy hesitantly, moving her head awkwardly from Pumpkin's prompting to Tradam's unapproachable face.

He only rolled up the newspaper in his left hand and smacked her on the head with it for an answer.

"What about..." Rosy paused and looked at Pumpkin in panic. "What about - the stock exchange? Are they up, or down?" she added, eagerly, reaching for the roll in his left hand.

He switched hands and asked cautiously, "Have you any?"

Rosy looked puzzled. "Have I any - newspapers?"

"Any stock," Tradam clarified patiently.

"Without the T, I have," replied Rosy, looking down at her feet. "Is that what you were reading about in the paper? Was it in the lost and found section?" she added, genuinely excited at last.

"On this page it shows a graph," observed Tradam, ignoring her last remark as he carelessly unrolled the newspaper and showed her a corner.

Rosy grabbed at it eagerly, accidentally knocking over... [\*continued on page 48576013\*](#)

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

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