
The KWC Paper

Est. 2021

Friday, 7th of April

Issue the Twenty-Fourth

News from Lesser America

Lesser America... must be a boring place without us. So we have always reckoned, you know, but now (not being there) we have a chance of establishing the facthood of our suppositions. From our (not at all bored) correspondent in the southern hemisphere:

We had some good conversations with Connor, Isaac and the Meds yesterday. Just in case you are wondering, we certainly didn't enjoy the fact that we could actually say what we thought about you beacuse (sic) you weren't here. Neither did we say that we were taking vacations of bat purns, or that you spoke weird English, or that it was weird to be in your house without having anyone insult you, nor did we enjoy the fact that there was nobody teaching us to speak like Tarzan... I don't know what would make you think any of that but just in case you did (I know you are very peculiar people), I decided to write these lines to you.

~July Expensive

News from Greater America

In other news! We have finally all arrived in America (the real one)! And we haven't time to be bored, we're too busy driving hither and yon, playing Frisbee with our Turkish missionary kid neighbor, and calculating and plotting on how to have guests over every single day (okay, that was last week). Thanks to the Everetts for answering and putting up with our invitations for a week, and to everybody else for the same in advance!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have discovered a great quote:

*Great dinner music is music that makes you feel like you're getting poisoned. —Alexander Dumas
—a super reliable source*

Dear Editor,

If you could please forward these lines to your correspondent in the southern hemisphere it'd be great, thanks!

I really did feel touched that you came a long way just to not see us at our house. I didn't know you were such a fabulous friend!

Sincerely,

—Quartermaster

You Don't Mess With An Irishman's Kids

Chapter 1: The German Station (which was likewise a Train station, to be sure)

Isaiah Durand

He had left. Just like that.

He didn't say anything except, "Ohh!! I forgot something!"

It wasn't til two days later that Lanket and Maggy Doople thought of the baby.

But Mr. Doople always forgot things and always ran off very suddenly when he remembered them, so neither of his two children were especially surprised or disconcerted at the occurrence, even if they usually did not find themselves suddenly left behind (or rather, ahead) in a German train station while their dad went back to England to find out what he had left behind (in this case their baby brother, who was all this time busy conversing with the British train ticket salesman, in very improper one-and-a-half year old baby Irish).

All that happened was Lanket said, "Jolly!" and Maggy said, "Let's run and hold hands!" and so they did, down the great, bronze, steampunk stairway in the station, and back up again, and back down again, and back up again, until Maggy said, "Let's stop and catch our breath, and then one we've caught it we can let it go and chase it again."

Lanket didn't have any breath left to answer with so he agreed.

They had just got up again to go on with their exhilarating occupation when they suddenly bumped into a great, big, smallish sort of Russian Frenchman, lugging a light sort of heavy portmanteau which Lanket figured weighed more than he did (he was a very heavy sort of light boy, his father always said, and Maggy was a very unheavy sort of light girl too - she said so anyways).

The Russian Frenchman looked down upon the two children with a massive frown, which grew no less massive when the two creatures gasped together in unison and took each a step or two back (and up).

"Mr. Trofferfer!"

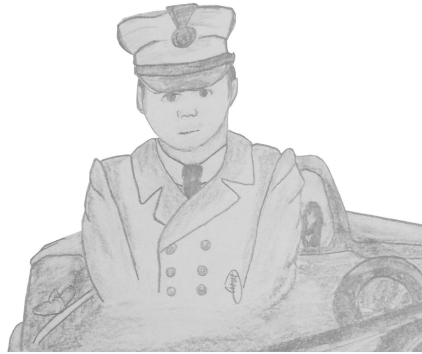
Things You Probably Didn't Know

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

What sort of food does the moon eat?

The moon eats different things,
When the midnight bell rings,
One of those things is rice,
One of those is cooked mice,
One of those
Is marshmallows.

~Faith Durand



Wanted:

A dedicated Chauffeur

(for when Geneva gets tired of driving everybody around... everywhere)

Inglenook of Poesy

*Years of life near the Amazon,
Time, spent in the wild,
Although you once were a Child,
Soon you will be old and tired.*

You've still never been down the Amazon?

*You're old, fading and mild,
Wishing you still were a Child,
Atrophied, aging, beguiled,*

*Life has betrayed you
The river is so long,
Your brown ship has sunk
Neath the blue Amazon.*

~J.

It was all Pumpkin's Fault

15: The Breaking of The Orange Ball

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

When at last Pumpkin held the newspaper in his hands, he couldn't bear to look at it.

"Twenty-three cents," he wailed. "I'm broke! For life!"

Heedless, Rosy grabbed the paper from him and scanned the page with a practiced, rapid eye.

"Twenty-three cents!" moaned Pumpkin again.

"Why, look!" exclaimed Rosy, suddenly. "It says here that Semmes went missing and foul play is suspected. And here there's a small note written beneath in red, 'He's in. Tell the secretary of WAS L-1 to prepare extra cells for the GOA.'"

Rosy paused in stunned silence. "He uses the newspaper to communicate with his particular mafia, because he knows nobody reads anything but the headlines! Did you newspapers make the headlines really big for the same reason that a baby-book does?" she added inquiringly.

Pumpkin frowned and thought. "Because it's easier?"

"No!" Rosy exclaimed triumphantly, "To put the babies - and the newspaper readers, which pretty much amounts to the same thing - at their ease."

"How was that pertinent?" asked Pumpkin, his demeanor changing suddenly. "I'm done with things that are not pertinent! All this time we have been fooling around, running down every rabbit trail - well, I for one, shall run the gamut no more... [continued on page 11](#)

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

Unsubscribe by replying to this email and asking (politely) | [Subscribe](#) | Share with your friends!