

Don Jamón's The Weekly Ham (Season 3)

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Week 31

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM

MARKETS

Skyrocketing food prices cause mass animal starving Just as predicted by *Dr Cabbage* last week, the short term price pressure has now turned into a massive inflation: With increasing prices, many can't afford to buy the critically needed amounts of berries, rushes and other types of kibble that are required to keep their animals well fed and healthy. The *Bureau of Accountable Statistics and Intangible Counting* has notified us with a shocking message: The animal death rate has increased 279% since last week, and will probably continue this trend for the foreseeable future.



Where is Dr. Geoffery?

A letter from a reader

Since a couple of years, I suffer from serious insomnia, caused by a work incident involving a banana, a grappling hook, a dwarf and a flock of sheep. Ever since then, I've been trying different therapies and medicines in an attempt to get a stable sleep rhythm back, but without success. But then I discovered *DONK*, the sleeping medicine from *Dr Geoffery*, and gave it a try, and to my surprise, it knocked me out properly on the spot, followed by a good nights rest of twelve hours sleep. I've signed up for a delivery plan immediately, with fresh doses being couriered to me every week. But the last courier never arrived, and I've fallen back to my state of permanent sleeplessness, resulting in drowsiness and poor execution of my day job as a professional mattress tester. I've tried contacting the Doc directly via raven, but I haven't gotten any response yet. If anyone has any hint on what could have happened to him, or has some spare doses of *DONK*, please let me know by sending a raven to 5.071.43.

Silent Crew vandalizes Uborton Harbor

In what can only be described as a cowardly act of poor man's activism amidst the current crisis, a mob of angry silent crewmen roamed the business pier in Uborton Harbor and trashed the local establishments: Some smeared rather shortsighted obscenities on private property, such as „Knock For Cock“ below the *KFC* sign of the franchise restaurant - which at the same time makes for a great advertising motto, given that *Kocbeam Food Court* actually does sell fried chicken. Others tried to rip down the fabulous lingerie from the sign of *Bruce's Garments, Garter's & Gauntlet's* - probably in an attempt to discover what is below. And some have tried to shoplift the penguins from *Elmier & Neo's Pet Store*, as indicated by the blood on their beaks and the fact that they were patiently lined up in front of their cage, waiting to be let back in. The most shameful attack though was the attempted demolition of the *Don Jamón* headquarters, in which the perps tried to set poop on fire in order to burn the place down. Little did they know, the headquarter was built from hardened steel and just painted to look like wood, therefore having taken no damage at all. All suspects have been captured and are now waiting for their probably just trial.



Loan shark arrested!

The *Skull Island Police Department* is proud to announce their latest catch: *Sam Hark*, the infamous scammer and loan shark, has been arrested! He was caught while swimming in the murky waters just below the landmark skull, where he supposedly was prying for simpleminded folks to pull into his defrauding scheme: He'd first lend victims money at horrendous interest rates, then bite off their fingers, toes and other similarly sized extremities for each missed back-payment day.

New communication tech proposed by VerseX

Last week we reported on the revolutionary *Pigeon 9* transport ship, developed and built by *VerseX*, which is supposed to make travel between worlds in the multiverse as cheap and reliable as getting yourself properly hammered at *New Grogston*. Only days later, the company announced another of their plans: Aptly named the *Farlink* system, they plan on deploying highly trained parrots with mouthpieces on every island and every ship's lookout to create a decentralised messaging network. Customers can then join the network using a special magic device, the *Ear-O-Phone*: By yelling through it, they send messages through the network, and by reversing it and holding it to the ear, they can listen in on messages sent to them. *VerseX* describes the system as absolutely secure, and boasts a round-trip message latency from one end of the world to another of just under a minute, low enough to even play games such as chess, with a friend overseas. No official launch date or service pricing has been announced yet.

Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1, Uborton Harbor

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 31

Week 30

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



DON JAMÓN'S
Facebalm
Headache Medicine



Every day a steak...



...and you shall reincarnate!

CARNIS
DOMUS
CHURCH



NEED CASH?



Shark Credits And
Moneywashservice

Breaking: Stopped presses stop the world!

What has been rumor and speculation for the past months has now been confirmed for a fact by scientists of the *Academy for Dimensional Manipulation and Interworldly Neurophysics*:

The world, as we know and love it, is coming to an end, and nobody and nothing can prevent the impending doom. While the exact cause for the nearing end is not yet clear, scientists believe that the excessive use of poor-quality grapeshot projectiles in naval warfare may have caused a chain reaction within the planar rift of our world, causing the strange phenomena known as „the blinks“ to increase in frequency and strength. With more and more violent turbulences on the seas as well as dangerous structural shifts on land, the inhabitants of *Kingdom's End* have begun to take precautions by stockpiling massive amounts of hamsters, staying away from populated areas and trying to just sit it all out until it's over. But in doing so, the situation is made even worse, as our financial analyst, *Dr Cabbage*, told us:

As more and more people stay at home and hoard their gold instead of spending it, the economy grinds down to a halt, causing market prices for resources to tank at first, with a hyper-inflation to hit shortly after that. With prices then skyrocketing, almost all businesses will have to cease production, given that most don't stock their required goods for manufacturing for more than a few days of operation at a single time. At that time, mass layoffs will occur, causing lettuce (which I actually prefer, despite my name) to become basically unobtainable by the average man. And when nobody gets their well-deserved salad, the working class will take the fight to the street.

But unfortunately, this is not the only thing that the end of the world will bring to the table: As our own reporter Mr Loco discovered, the Kraken has fallen asleep due to boredom, as nobody was fighting him anymore, and subsequently drowned while dozing, leaving the northeast seas basically empty.

The sight is similar in the southwest: No pirate activity has been observed in the last two weeks, and the *Blood Wolves AAA services* have reported an incident-free week.

The only place that still conducts business as usual seems to be New Grogston, with massive clouds smelling of booze emanating from their harbor.

But while some companies have already requested aid from the authorities, and others filed for bankruptcy, the number of registered companies still stays somewhat stable, as opportunists and hoodlums start new businesses in this crisis - some of which mean well and attempt to help those in need, but others trying to outright scam and rob the victims of their remaining possessions.

The Weekly Ham will continue reporting on the crisis as it develops.

VerseX announces revolutionary transport ship No matter how many doubt the ingenuity of those who think outside the boundaries in general, the venturesome and hard-working entrepreneurs pretty much always leave their marks in the books of history. And one such entry will soon be made for the *Verse Exploration Technologies Corporation*, given their latest development:

A completely new type of ship, which doesn't sail the seas, but rather the skies, has successfully completed its first successful flight after three previous failed attempts and is now being built in its final form, the *Pigeon 9*. The vehicle is supposedly able to travel between worlds in the multiverse at a fraction of the cost of magic transport systems.

The companies' CEO reached out to us with a statement:

The *Pigeon 9* launchcraft will fundamentally change the way we think about transport on our world by an order of magnitude. By building fully reusable ships that can travel to other worlds and back, we essentially allow humanity to colonize all worlds in the multiverse, therefore securing the continued existence in case of a doomsday event. Our craft has been designed from the ground up by applying first principles thinking to existing ships and is completely built in house. We plan to launch the first passenger vehicle to another world in 3 days maybe, 6 days definitely. We will also build a rave cave right below the launch site for future events.

While an exact launch date has not been announced yet, ticket reservations have been opened up: Interested persons may secure their spot in the launch queue by depositing a part of the ticket price with VerseX now.



End of World Sale

0% off all uBear and uBear Pro products*

* terms and conditions apply. Some uBears may be given away for free. Only while supplies last. Donations of cheese may cause preferred treatment.

Week 27

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



don jamón's staff sent on mandatory company vacation

Due to shenanigans in another world, and the fact that the *Weekly Ham* has been going strong for 10 issues by now, *don jamón's Business Development Ltd* has sent all employees of the firm to a sponsored vacation for the next few weeks. Regular issues will return as soon as *Mr Loco* has had enough

Banana-Manta-Stir cocktails (yes, it tastes as awful as it sounds), *Ms Cuervo* got a nice tan (not that anyone would notice under her black feathers), and the outstandingly trustworthy and mostly successful *don jamón* has filled his belly with all the ham and cheese in the world. Please note that all inquiries will be read and answered once the staff returns from their holidays,

unless someone burns down the PO box until then. In the mean time, make sure you take care of your chicken, go about some monkey business, and stay safe in these trying times on the seas.

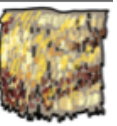


Week 26

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



MARKETS



DONATE YOUR SPARES TO LONE SEAMEN



SWINDLER & SONS WELFARE CO

Activist group conspiring against individuals

In the last couple of days, flyers and posters of the *Pirates for the Ethical Treatment of abominable creatures* were found in *Kingdom's End*, condemning the hunting of Hydras, Yetis and the Kraken and threatening the local folk with riots and vandalism, unless all huntsmen cede their businesses immediately. In addition to that, they request that all Mythos obtained by killing mythical creatures should be turned over to them.

As usual for us, we sent our trusty field reporter, *Mr Loco*, undercover, in order to uncover the truth about this rather radical group of individuals. As it turns out, the group hides in a small shack in one of the uncharted western islands of *Kingdom's End*, where they both mass-produce their propaganda, but also hoard immense amounts of Mythos. Our correspondent was able to listen in on one of their group meetings, in which they discussed the steps in their plan to seemingly end the world: At their current step, they plan to steal, scam and coerce all Mythos in the world in order to crash the economy, causing a large scale war to erupt in *Kingdom's End*.

Afterwards, using illegal variants of magic and their stash of Mythos, they would perform a ritual, in which all living creatures would be bound to their will and forced into eternal slavery.

As soon as *Mr Loco* returned from his mission and reported to us, we contacted the authorities with the whereabouts of the group - only to later hear that the group had already fled the shed and transported their stash of Mythos to another location.

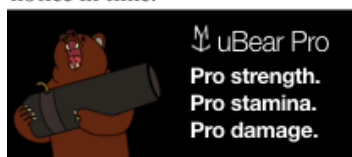
We ask our readers to contact us as well as the authorities immediately, should they encounter suspicious persons or *PETa* propaganda.

The logo of the anarchist group. If spotted, shoot and burn immediately, then notify the Weekly Ham and the authorities.



Government building project near finalization

As early settlers on *Tu Tumba* may have already observed, the governors manor building project is nearing completion in what is record-time for a state-funded project. The building will likely not only be used as a residence for governor *Roger York*, but also for festivities and as a gathering spots for future colonizers in order to discuss the islands business opportunities and the current market situation. We asked the authorities on whether any opening celebration will take place, but did not receive any notice in time.



uBear Pro
Pro strength.
Pro stamina.
Pro damage.

Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1, Uberton Harbor

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Bard Hamelot Intense



Listen now on:  

The riddle

Near a tree by a river,
there's a hole in the ground

Where an old man named Baron
goes around and around

And his mind is a beacon
in the veil of the night

For a strange kind of fashion,
there's a wrong and a right

But he'll never,
never fight for you

He's got time to kill
Sly looks and convincing

Without a plan of yours
A gull sings on enlightened skulls

Thanks to the calling of the wild
See the innocent soon piled

Week 26

Week 25

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



Bard Hamelot The Final Countdown



Listen now on:  

Relationship troubles?
Lonely? Business failure?
Smitten with a mermaid?



Get yourself an emotional
support chicken!

- Will always listens to you
- Doesn't judge you
- Low maintenance
- Can be used as pillow
- Free eggs for breakfast
- Plays Nuggetball with you
- BW AAA deductible*

DON JAMÓN'S
Therapy Cock Store

*only applicable if bought after a high seas incident
involving sunken ships. Terms & Conditions apply.

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Port Royale seized, new administration installed

Following a lengthy and overly bureaucratic auditing process of both the *East Royale Trade Companies'* processes and tax filings, as well as an inspection of their island, *Port Royale*, the *Arbitrium Omnibus* has decided to act upon §13 of the *Debt Restructuring And Mortgage Act*: As of now, all ERTC assets have been seized, with the island being repurposed to provide housing opportunities for low income individuals in an attempt to combat *Kingdom's End's* rampant homelessness issues. With the island being renamed to *Tu Tumba* and put under control of governor *Roger York*, the fledgling colony will offer parcels of land to any and all intrepid pathfinders wishing to settle there. With no taxes being levied, the *Arbitrium Omnibus* expects the island to quickly grow into a flourishing colony.

The governor has provided us with the following statement:

"The island of Tu Tumba is a near untouched paradise just waiting for enterprising individuals to settle, I am eager to see what those with the proper dedication can achieve in this great new venture."

New scientific theory questions the end of the world

In a new theory developed by researchers from the *Institute of Divine Interactions and Outerworldly Technologies*, a rather different meaning has been given to the magic barriers that border our known world: The walls of flames and smoke are not actually the end of the world, but they have been constructed by the divine as a means to prevent normal folk from trespassing over into their realm! The theory bases its foundation around multiple

recent sightings of the divine within Kingdom's End, and the observed strange changes in the laws of nature and existence at the same time. A multitude of practical experiments have been proposed in order to prove the theory, including flinging persons over the border using catapults, attaching the head of a hydra to the front of a ship and ramming the barrier, as well as trying to befriend the kraken and asking him to smash the magic wall. Potential volunteers for experiments and folks with neighbors they do not wish any well are asked to contact the institute.

Have you seen this parrot?

Granny Spacebar is missing her parrot. It is about 1 parrot large, has colorful feathers and likes to babble about planks. Please see the picture for more details. If found, please return to *Saltsmith Shipwright's* in Uberton Harbor.



Breaking: Divine bird spotted on Skull Island

It's now more than ever clear that we are not the top of the food chain, as another surreal being has been spotted right amidst us: Over the last weeks, passengers on trade street heard repeated whispers of the word "Baron", with no one near them speaking more so if they visited the *Tikki Bar & Grill*, with whispers becoming more of a cawing, again, with no apparent source. As our very own frontline reporter *Mr Loco* has uncovered, the word was spoken by a crow engulfed in black smoke sitting on the bar's roof. While we could not find a plausible match in the *Divinopedia*, we still believe that the bird is from the ranks of godlike entities, and has visited us to deliver a message - of which we can't decipher the contents yet.

Upcoming event

The *World's End Bar & Grill* proudly announces a *Capture the Galleon* competition on Friday the 19th at 23:59 BST / 18:59 ET. Attendance in your finest garments is preferred. The event will be recorded.



NEED CASH?



Shark Credits And
Moneywashservice

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 25

Week 24

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



Do people litter your harbor with junk?



We can help you!

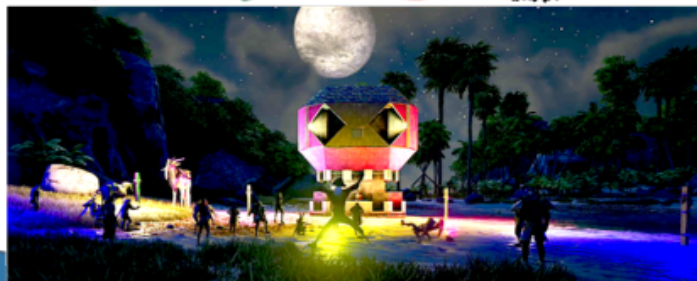
Find us at the
trade fair or
send a raven to
4.55/4.55

DON JAMÓN'S
Appropriation &
Sinking Service

Carnis Domus Church fined for violating health regulations

At the last trade fair, field agents of the *Federal Establishment for Carbine and Edible Safety* were spotted doing an investigation on *Skull Island*. As we later learnt, they had received multiple anonymous complaints about severe food safety violations, including boars being used as bartenders, street food vendors selling chicken eggs without properly boiling them, and instances of grilling meat without using a proper cooking device. After full and thorough inspection of all establishments on trade street, none of these complaints could be confirmed by *FECEs*. However, members of the *CDC* were observed throwing cooked food on the floor before serving it to guests. When the agents confronted the members about their actions, they were told that *CDC* superiors explicitly instructed their subordinates to „throw the meat to all the people“. A cease-and-desist order has been sent to the *CDC*, and an outstanding fine of 1.000.000 Gold has been declared, as well as a business embargo upon all their operations on *Skull Island* until payment. The *CDC* denied commenting the incident upon our request.

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Tomorrowham festival lands on Skull Island

It's finally here! Last Friday, the sought after *Tomorrowham* festival has set up a permanent stage near trade street on *Skull Island*. At the end of the trade fair, the festival's opening act was performed by none other than *Bard Hamelot*, who played a variety of modern and classic tracks in his very own style, with a light show to be observed miles away from the shore by passing ships. The lineup of future acts is yet to be announced by the organizers, we have confirmation that the *Skull* stage will host a variety of different shows during this season, including some of the most popular artists in *Kingdom's End*, while also providing a place to connect young talent with future fans.

A short(s) way to failure

There's always a right way and a wrong way to conduct business. On Tuesday, a particular individual of a company that was recently met with unfavorable circumstances, decided that it would be best to execute a grand heist to get his company back into the spotlight and revitalize the companies' operations. While such an attempt at viral marketing can yield impressive amounts of recognition and therefore a substantial increase in revenue, there is also the risk of it backfiring and damaging the brand. And in this case, it did backfire: His plan was to sail to all other companies' headquarters at night, anchor in a hidden spot, sneak into the executives offices, shave the CEO's heads bald and steal their underpants, probably to assemble both to a depiction of his own flag at a later point. Unfortunately for him, his plan didn't work out, as he was spotted immediately upon anchoring and greeted by gunfire, ultimately getting his own boat sunk and being hung, shot and decapitated on the spot. Our advice for the next time? Hire a professional instead.

WHETHER YOU'RE A FAILED
LAWYER OR JUST A JOBSON
WITHOUT A CLUE - THERE'S
A PATH TO FAME FOR YOU!

DON JAMÓN'S



REPUTATION
CONSULTING

Bard Hamelot
Sandstorm



Listen now on:

Grogs end company lockdown

It was neither a force of nature, nor was it a plague that struck *New Grogston* and caused the company to halt their business for multiple weeks: As our field reporter *Mr Loco* learnt from an interview with a drunkard at the last trade fair, a team consisting of multiple penguins infiltrated the *Grogs'* main base of operations, broke open their strong room and stole the whole supply of booze while the security guards were sleeping off their jag! The incident forced the company to go under lockdown and investigate how the thieving pack could exfiltrate everything in a single night. While the details of the heist are still kept under wraps, the *Grogs* have resumed their operation in order to restock their supply and quickly recoup the losses.

Pirate lord reported missing

Chaos struck the *Blood Wolves* company more so than usual when they discovered their esteemed dreadlord, *Mr Nairou Wulf*, had been missing for an unusually long amount of time. The companies' leadership spontaneously gathered all employees at their headquarters, motivated them to start a group investigation and shot the rest, to then determine that his absence started around the time of the wedding reception at the *World's End Bar & Grill*. Neither had anyone seen him, nor his long lost wife, *Mrs Kaizu Ko*, since their departure from the festivities. Their ship, the *Husband Hunter*, was also nowhere to be found. Due to the difficult circumstances, *Mr Griffiths Sedridge* has taken custody of the mantle of leadership for the company, with all employees swearing loyalty in an expedited oath ceremony, provided he does not give them any actual orders as per pirate tradition. Our readers are asked to send any information about the whereabouts of either missing person or the ship to the *Blood Wolves* company, for a generous reward of nothing.

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 24

Week 23

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



„Reader of the month“ award
The sought-after „reader of the month“ award of the Weekly Ham goes to none other than one of our most enthusiastic fans: *Bruiser the ostrich of the Voxian Imperium*.



Don't ask your doctor for nutritional advice...



...ask your priest!

**CARNIS
DOMUS
CHURCH**

Green team cowardly attacks press staff in galleon event
During last week's galleon battle tournament, we sent out front reporters to give our readers an insight into all the happenings on the high seas. Unfortunately, our reporters had to withdraw early from the event, as the green team shamefully decided to fire upon the sloop used by our reporters, even though it was clearly marked as press vehicle.

The Weekly Ham has therefore decided to stop any further public coverage of this event. For more information, please contact our security correspondent *Roger York*.

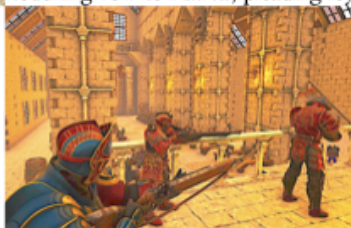
Monkey business, or: A pirate marriage by the book

A comment by the don himself

My story begins last Sunday morning, when me and a few colleagues set sail for *Bear's Triumph*, to take our guest spots in the wedding of *Ms Esere Rardeau of Aldford* and *Mr Nairou Wulf of the Blood Wolves*. We set out, well dressed and rather chic as is typical for the *Ubor Squad*, and quickly arrived at the dry and sandy island. The welcoming committee greeted us with a round of drinks and led us to the guest lounge, where we had a good round of table dance and laughs while waiting for the rest of guests. The chief tart of *Ubor*, *judge Mackor*, arrived shortly after us, as he was finishing up an important case of cheese beforehand. Clearly being a bit strained from his excessive work, I lent him my trusty monkey, *Mr Loco the ham reporter*, for a relaxing shoulder massage. A short while later, we lined up orderly and marched in procession towards the cathedral. As no armaments were allowed inside, we quickly gave *Mr Loco* all of our flintlocks and told him to stash them at our boat - to our later surprise, he just wrapped them in banana peel and snuck right past the rather strict security, with no guard taking a closer look. Once seated, events took an unusual turn: After groom and bride stepped forward, and the officiant gave his opening speech, *Esere* spoke an incredibly touching vow to *Nairou*, pleading loyalty of not only herself, but also her



The cathedral on Bear's Triumph

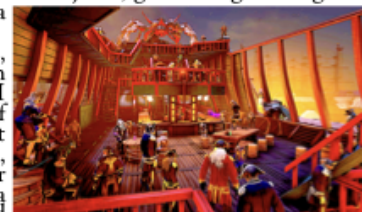


The groom Nairou Wulf, as he gets emotional support from his groomsmen

company. *Mr Wulf*, however, had troubles reciting his vow, requiring a crib from his best man. The situation worsened, given his reading disability, and not even two friendly carbine barrels from his groomsmen could help him to complete his speech. Seconds later though, I discovered that the reason for his nervousness was not his poor performance, but rather his current wife, given that he was already married. She turned up just in time to object to the wedding, causing a quarrel that ended in both the groom and his wife getting wounded by gunfire. They were arrested and escorted out of the cathedral. Then, *Mr Mackor* stepped up to the bride, offering his condolences and gifting *Mr Loco* to her, unbeknownst that he had just given all of our weaponry away. However, shortly afterwards, *Mr Griffiths Sedridge of the Blood Wolves* stepped up and unveiled his pure and long standing love for *Esere*. She responded that she felt the same, thus getting married to him on the spot. After they exchanged their companies' blades in honor and kissed, another person in the room was blessed by the pair when they threw the holy parsley: While I could not determine who it was, a short person successfully caught the bridal bouquet with a bucket, leading me to think that we may see another grand wedding taking place in Kingdom's End pretty soon.

With the marriage sealed, we traveled over to the majestic *World's End Bar & Grill*, where the reception was held. The prestigious establishment, erected by the members of *the Elusives* and run by *Mr Geoffrey von Slender*, opened its doors for the first time. Given the widespread reputation for my very profitable businesses, I was granted a spot in the VIP area, where I was treated with a grand meal consisting of a celery soup, a *Baron's Try-Or-Die Pork Pie* - the best one of my life - and a whole tasty cake for dessert. With the feast over, gifts were presented to the couple - mine being a hand-selected pair of chicken, each carrying a present around their neck: The female contained a legendary pillar, in case they need it on their honeymoon, and the male held a common flintlock with a single bullet, in case the *Mr Wulf* would decide to interfere in their luck at a future point in time. But it wouldn't come to that, as the crook tried to flee his jail. He didn't get very far though due to his previous injuries, got shot again for good measure and then presented to the couple to be judged. He was loaded onto a catapult and flung out into the seas, with both *Esere* and *Griffiths* taking shots. Afterwards, the bar was rearranged to allow for a good number of brawls, with no other than the eloquent *Mr von Slender* acting as the announcer. In the meantime, as I was not only invited for joy, but also for business, I opened up the *Luxe Casino* to the guests to try their luck in a round of *Bacon Roulette*. After a few more hours of games, drinks and laughter at both the bar and the casino, the happy couple set off for their honeymoon, with a lot of guests leaving the festivities sometime later. Late after midnight, the good *Dr Geoffrey* offered a safe harboring spot as well as a portion of *Donk*, his sleeping medicine, to those who were still around and energetic from the incredible evening.

After having a good nights' rest and unforgettable memories of the previous day, I'm looking very much forward to the next grand wedding in *Kingdom's End*, and will definitely come back and visit the *World's End Bar & Grill* again soon.



The festivities at the World's End Bar & Grill

Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1, Uberton Harbor

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 23

Week 22

DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM



Five reasons why pirate lords make the best spouse

Why marry a pirate? Simple:

1. *They already take a lot of blame in their business.* You can be mad at him all day, but he will still love you.
2. *They're great drinkers.* Over time, you'll either get sick of each other, or you'll start drinking. A lot.
3. *They're romantics.* They enjoy every bit of life, and every bit of love.
4. *Their job is more sweat-inducing than any fitness center.* Would you look at those abs?
5. *They love travelling the seas.* And they will happily take you on a holiday trip, every day.



**VOXIAN
IMPERIUM**



Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1, Uberton Harbor

Aldford exposed: The truth about their business

More often than not, while wandering through the streets of *Skull island*, one can hear the mutters about *Aldford* being a shady company, that they would conspire with pirates, fencing their stolen goods. In some cases, people's hearsay mentioned that the company would buy all twigs in the world to inflate their market value, and one particularly smelly individual told us a story about them being a cult, regularly conducting ritual acts.

As journalists of the weekly ham it is our purpose to bring our readers nothing but the latest news and definitely unbiased facts, so we sent one of our frontline reporters, *Ms Cuervo*, undercover, to investigate what's actually happening on a typical day at *Aldford*. At the last trade fair, we overheard a well-known craftsman mentioning sailing over there afterwards, so we smuggled her on board of his boat, where she persuaded a crew member into leaving his spot by offering a few berries. While she was on her mission, we followed her with a distance and picked her up again later at an opportune time, throwing the conned crewman back on deck after the target person left *Aldford* harbor. Even though she was very exhausted and had trouble reciting all happenings after her stressful mission, the following



A picture painted from safe distance, showing the Blood Wolves' galleon, the "Dark Sovereign", in Aldford harbor. They were likely invited to discuss volume discounts for their AAA protection plan.

- After that, the craftsman enjoyed a round of hide-and-seek with the local folk.
- A group then formed, and set out to visit a large tower, from which they jumped down into the harbor basin.
- Next, the group visited an indoor zoo, and after that, what we believe to be a gentlemen's club, given the rather vague description of "naked buttocks on the wall" by our reporter.
- Lastly, the group left the harbor city and visited a place with loud booming noise. This could have been a shooting range, but it's more likely that the location is a nightclub, given the recent popularity of medieval dance music festivals such as *Tomorrowham* in *Kingdom's End*.

With all these facts gathered, *Aldford's* secret now seems blatantly obvious: They hold highly expensive and exclusive private parties for their business partners in order to gain access to rare contracts and preferred prices. While this tactic may seem immoral to some, we have to remind our readers that such events do not violate any written or spoken law, and that other companies may be holding similar festivities.

events took place during the night:

- While on the move, the craftsman suddenly stopped his boat and caused a loud splashing noise. We suspect that he may have either dropped a large object into the water, or jumped in himself, which seems unlikely given the cold climate around *Aldford*.

- Upon exiting the boat, a large number of bunnies were spotted by our reporter. We do not know the purpose of those fuzzy friends as of yet.

- The craftsman was quickly escorted into a room, in which he assembled three shiny sticks. At first we believed those to be weapons, but it's now more plausible that it was garlic bread in tin foil.

Wedding Invitation

Together with their companies

Trade Empress Esere Rarlean
and

Pirate Lord Nairru Wulf

invite you to share in their joy as they exchange marriage vows.

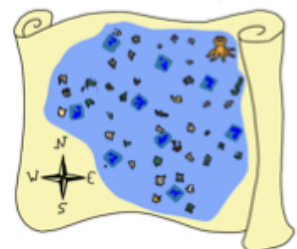
Sunday, May 31st

08:30 PM EDT / 1:30 AM BST

Cathedral of the Bear's Holy Parsley
B3, Bear's Triumph

Please find your way to the *Aldford* trade docks on the northwest of the island. Boats should be parked along the north coast.

From the North, South, East or West.



Be it People, Parcels or your Pets.



**ARMCO
PRIME**
is the best.

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 22

Week 21



DON JAMÓN'S



WEEKLY HAM

Luxe Casino opening today!

It doesn't matter if you're poor or rich. It doesn't matter if you're old or young. What matters is the date: If today is the 22nd of May, you're in luck, because the *Luxe Casino* will open its doors for the first time! Grab a few sticks and stones, head over the bridge and get on the *Carne Vale*, because luck awaits you!

Once aboard, you're greeted with a lovely view of the veranda, aptly named "*Granny's favorite spot*", overlooking the lower decks as well as the roulette field. Take the stairs down and you will find yourself at the bar, where you can always order a refreshing drink and a bite to eat. This is also the place to deposit and withdraw your gold and resources before you may participate in the brand new game of *Bacon Roulette*.

Once you're ready to make a bet, go up to the playing field, wait for the bets to open, then say your name, the amount to bet and your strategy. When the turd drops, the croupier will announce the results: If you've won - congratulations - if not, luck awaits you in the next round.

And if you're still with us reading this article, there's more to win! All players get a chance to win the grand prize, an *uBear*! The lucky winner will be announced towards the end of the trade fair, at the casino's closing act.



Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1, Uberton Harbor



Two heads gone ham

It was a fine day in Kingdom's End, when *Ms Punda*, *skull-collector and grog-enthusiast*, decided to call it a workday and headed out for a good pint of brew in the pub. She was clueless that on that night, she should be a part of something much bigger than just laughter, dance and games.

At usual, she threw away all of her work tools, jumped into the waves and started swimming towards *New Grogston*. After a while she washed ashore near the pub and took big strides to quickly reach that beautiful bucket of grog waiting for her. Once at the pub, she took a solid chug of that cold, sparkly drink, sat down at the veranda and watched the spectacle on the horizon: Ships of multiple companies were out and about, circling each other and yelling obscenities from one lookout to another, anxious to have a fight erupt between them. From time to time, some ships started to close in, fired a salvo and then gained distance again.

At that point, *Dr Punda*, *expert in Skullology and Applied Beheadings*, decided to bring up a work-related topic with the good company she found herself in, and asked the local folk on whether anyone would know *Mr Jebes'* whereabouts, as she was in dire need of his skull. People directed her towards *the Assembly*, as they were on the lookout for the same person. With the newly gained knowledge, *Ms Punda*, *CEO of the church of the Skullologists*, set off, jumped back into the sea, swam towards the fray, then used her grappling hook to attach herself to a vessel, effectively waterskiing around the seas for while until she reached the vessel.

Unfortunately for her, *the Assembly* could not disclose details of *Mr Jebes'* position, sailed to the closest island and let her depart the ship. Saddened by that experience, although she did a sick flip while being pulled behind the ship, the high priestess wandered about the island for a bit, just to find a rather curious little pig. She gave it a gentle pet, then made a frightened leap backwards as the little creature turned towards her and showed its true face - or rather its two faces, as the pig was no other than the mythical creature *Porkberus*, the two-headed watcher of the underworld. The creature smiled at her and disappeared with nothing but a poof. Confused and slightly desperate for a skull, *Ms Punda* decided to swim back to her workplace, as a new day had dawned. Only after meeting her company peers and getting told the events that took place, she realized that it wasn't just a drunk dream, but that she actually had contact with a celestial being, as from the moment she touched it, the world around her froze and was sealed off by a magic barrier that no ship and no men could traverse for a whole day. And just as the the divine being disappeared, so did the barrier, with no magical traces to be found.



Markets



HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 21

Week 20



DON JAMÓN'S



WEEKLY HAM

A bridge too far?

Some people like to travel the seas. Some people prefer to keep their feet dry and stay on land. And other people, which some may refer to as „lunatics“, „geniuses“ or „greeblers“, prefer bridges. Whether it's short brigs over a chasm, a drawbridge at a castle, or a huge monument that spans a bay, they definitely do have their place in the world. Not so much for this idea of the community: Instead of building a bridge on an island, they plan to build a bridge between islands!

Their plans involve lining up a massive number of ships in a row, tethering them together with ropes and adding a few planks in between to allow traversing the bridge seamlessly by foot, horse, boar, giraffe, elephant or shieldhorn. While this endeavor may seem like utter nonsense to some, a representative of the *Blood Wolves Co* told us that a prototype of such a bridge has already been constructed by them: Even if it was just the outcome of an unfortunate parking job, they have created a perfect combination of sea gateway and bridge, in which a brigantine acts as movable door piece that is also traversable and uses its side cannons for defensive purposes.

On the other hand, *Mr Poetic*, holding a doctorate in Blinkology and Foundational World Theory, provided us with a rather brisk statement: „Please do not attempt to build a bridge between islands.“ His colleague, *Mr York*, almost fainted when asked about it, begging us to stop and not to bring up „this stupid bridging islands idea again“.

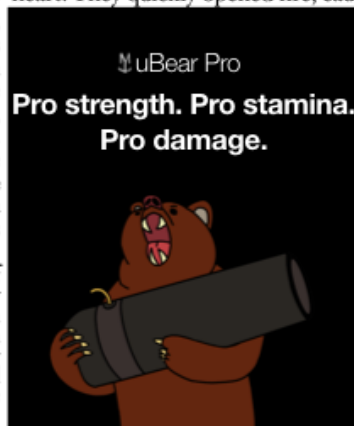
Quite obviously, this is a topic that will be the basis for many more heated discussions. We shall see if these contradicting camps will find a bridge between them.

How a great day could have ended in tragedy

A comment provided by a reader

Just a few days ago, I was invited for a lovely berry tea party on the neighboring island. In aspiration for a nice hot brew, I packed a sack of crumpets and flapjacks, jumped aboard my little schooner and set off. While the seas were calm and slightly misty at first, a thick, grey fog quickly snuck up on me, rendering my navigational skills useless. My instinct told me to reef my sail, just in case I'd be heading towards a cliff, and so I did - within seconds, I was left with nothing but the eery rushing of waves and a mess, as I stepped on a biscuit. But then, to my despair, a large ship emerged port, glowing bright and green, then another one starboard! I was sure that the end was nigh, that I should just enjoy a last sugary treat while waiting to be sunk. But reason prevailed: My ship was small and hard to hit, so I set sail, hoping to quickly escape. It was at this point that a brigantine appeared right in front of me, with bloodied sails and an appearance that would strike fear into everyone's heart. They quickly opened fire, causing me to yell for help and whimper

for mercy, but to my surprise, not one cannon ball hit my little vessel. Instead, they quickly sank the ships of the damned, lined up with me and jumped aboard, asking if I would need any help to patch up my ship. I politely declined, as the only thing that went through the roof was my pulse, thanked them for their help and offered a few cookies. Only then I recognized the marks on their uniforms: They never intended to fire on me, as it was a ship of the *Blood Wolves AAA services*! Never was I happier than at this point to know that I did the right thing in signing up my little schooner with their *protection plan*,



as they not only ensured my survival, but were also the most handsome people to get me out of a dire situation and gave me the correct heading out of the mist, ultimately helping me to get to the tea party just in time. The party was great, by the way, as we talked and laughed a lot while the neighbors' kids played a round of nugget ball in the garden. No matter who asks me now, I'm always recommending the *Blood Wolves AAA protection plan* if asked about safety on high seas, as their years of experience on the seas fill me with nothing but confidence in their service.

And from what I've heard, they now also offer *business plans for company captains* at a reasonable price-point.

If anyone from the *Blood Wolves Co* happens to read my letter, thank you again for saving me on the seas, and while I won't forget this day in my lifetime, I can sleep well, knowing that you guardian angels are out there.



Business partners wanted

Don Jamón Business Development Ltd. is currently searching for partners interested in developing a property into a state of the art sports arena, to be named the *don jamón Hamorial Stadium*.

Not only is the project to be proposed as a season residence to the *Nugget Ball Association*, it will also be available for other companies to host their events, whether it's bear-cart derbies, cockfighting or a music festival. For more information, please inquire via raven or leave a message at *PO Box 1, Uborton Harbor*.

Markets



Week 19



DON JAMÓN'S



WEEKLY HAM

Get your Ticks, Sailor!



a Sea Wolves Company

For Commissions send a Raven to Silas McCrundle

Five things animals don't want you to know about their poo habits

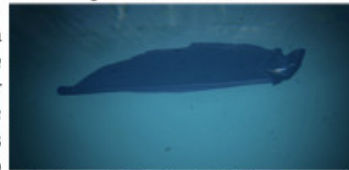
You may think there's nothing special about your pets and the wildlife frequently dropping turds, but you couldn't be more wrong! Here's a list of shitty facts you should know about:

- **Poop is a great fertilizer.** Not only does it naturally fertilize soil, but you can always take a fistful and shove it into your crop plot to improve plant growth.
- **Poop marks territory.** Some animals like boars use excessive pooping to mark their own territory and to deter rivals by the objectionable smell.
- **Pooping is demonstration of power.** Combative animals, like the Shieldhorn, will unleash a scary and deafening roar when letting go, to demonstrate their strength.
- **Poop is a weapon.** Monkeys have adapted to use feces against foes by throwing it. Enemies hit by such a projectile will usually stumble in confusion and disgust.
- **Excessive defecation is a sign of bad health.** If you happen to poop a lot more than usual, you might want to have a doctor check out your vital stats - you may be lacking vitamins!

Is Kingdom's End headed for doom?

The seas have been quiet for the last days, but it seems that there's a storm brewing in Kingdom's End, and it may be the last one! As we have heard from 4 eye-witnesses, the strange phenomena occurring around populated islands, commonly referred to as „the Blinks“, have increased in frequency, with no predictable pattern as to when or how they haunt seafarers and islanders.

Just days ago, the *Vanguard*, a brigantine owned by the *Misneden Trade Company*, was traveling near Rock Jaw, when it suddenly froze in place, chucking its passengers into the water! Luckily, no passenger was harmed, but the ship refused to move any further, even though neither a rock nor the 8 arms of a kraken were spotted anywhere near it.



The Vanguard, floating free in the water with nothing beneath it (image: Mr. Kosmik)

After the last trade event, seafarers reported giant waves of about 15 ft around Skull island, some even sending ships into the air for seconds.

Another event happened to a captain of the *Ubor Squad*: While their schooner, the *Dwarven Mantis*, sailed at a decent 16 knots, it suddenly vanished into thin air, sending the captain straight down into the ocean for an involuntary bath! The fate of the ship was only discovered a while later when the *Lost Freedom Privateers* sent a raven to *Ubor*, demanding reparations, as it had suddenly appeared 23 miles further at their island and crashed into their property.



A ship jumping in excitement after a successful trade fair (image: Mr. Pilfit)

Many craftsmen told us about their experiences trying to nail down a plank, only to have it jump away to the opposite side of the wall as soon as the nail is hit. And not only that, some water pipes were reported to have disappeared at random.

In an attempt to appease whatever entity it may concern, a tribute of 42 skulls was offered at a temple, still pending a magic response.

While we can't state for a fact that the end is actually near, we advise caution and preparedness to our readers while travelling the seas. You should always bring planks and plenty of gold with you, just in case you need to call AAA services.



A ship romantically identifying itself as submarine (image: Mr. Farrell)

A culinary guide for Skull island Trading is a serious and draining business, and everyone has to take a break and nourish themselves from time to time. If you're just looking for a quick refreshing sip, go to *CIC's* shop - they offer free water at their tap. But if you're in for a good portion of fish & chips, the *Tikki Bar & Grill* got you covered: great scenery and a dwarfen friendly dancing podium make this a must-visit. And after a long and stressful day, you can relax at the *Mad King Loyalists' Cafe* with a hot berry tea and a piece of *Monarch's* cake while watching the beautiful scenery from your table.

Markets



Week 18



DON JAMÓN'S



WEEKLY HAM

Weather Forecast



NBA series headed for Kingdom's End

What has been but a rumor in the streets for the last weeks has now been confirmed by a spokesperson of the *Nugget Ball Association*: The critically acclaimed sports tournament series is coming to Kingdom's End! While no match dates or team lineups have been released so far, an official announcement is likely to be made in the upcoming weeks.

A matter of statistics

Recent studies have uncovered that a majority of the seafarers share an alarming amount of similarities with the generic witch: Not only do both have a higher sense of fashion regarding their headdress, they also share their appreciation for feathered companions and tend to curse a lot. But in good news, only 3.14159% of sailors were found to take part in actions of piracy.

Don Jamón Business Development Ltd.
PO Box 1
Uborton Harbor



The Remnant scores first place in Assembly melee competition

Last Friday, a melee-only combat event, hosted by the Assembly, took place on a Galleon far to the north-east. Multiple companies fought for control over the *Venture*, as the winner was to gain the vessel itself as well as prize money.

After an hour of sweat, blood and thunderstorms, the *Remnant* was declared as the winning company for their exceptional fighting prowess, with the *Blood Wolves* and *Aldford* achieving the second and third place. A special „Best in Show“-prize was granted to the *Elusives*, for their 80's-themed sails on their ship, the *Nowhere Fast*. Unfortunately, aside of the many casualties among the fighters, another tragic loss occurred on the seas: The architect of the Galleon, *Granny Spacebar Saltsmith*, lost her ship, the *Bandwagon*, to a cyclone during the storm. A honorary price was granted, and the companies pitched in to donate planks and other goods.

After the award ceremony, another event was teased: The maze on Skull island opened its doors for the first time, exclusively for the competitions' participants.



The Venture before the event

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YOU CAN'T BUY THE LAW,



BUT YOU CAN RENT IT!

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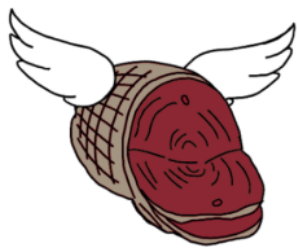
Markets



HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Week 18

Week 17



DON JAMÓN'S



WEEKLY HAM

Weather Forecast



Your story here!

One may rightfully think that the *Weekly HAM*, being an independent newspaper, will paint a neutral picture of the happenings of our world, without any bias or fabricated news. But that only stands as true as long as there's no one around paying us a good bag o'gold to write their cheese into our articles. And this could be no one else but you! And there's more: You can always be honest and just do traditional advertising with us!

A pirate walks into a bar

A pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel attached to his crotch. The bartender looks at the steering wheel and asks: „Doesn't that bother you?“ The pirate responds: „Yarr, it's driving me nuts!“



First court house rental a success: Federation leadership found guilty!

This wednesday, the Ubor Squad's courthouse was rented out for the first time in Uborton's history. And the honorable tenant was no other than one of the first companies in Kingdom's End, the Federation!

The outcome of the case initially appeared to be certain: *Mr. Kovu Pride*, the defendant, was accused of reckless elephanticide! According to witness reports, *Mr. Pride* fell asleep while driving the company elephant to harvest resources, eventually steering the giant mammal into the ocean where it ultimately drowned. While the prosecutor, *Mr. Tacticus*, argued with negligence of the driver, the defense lawyer, *Mr. Lucas Boticus* blamed the unfortunate loss on the lack of occupational health and safety measures provided by the company.

If not for dwarfen law, the case would have been shut at this point. But his excellence in law, judge *Mackor*, once again uncovered the truth. Not only was the defendant found guilty for reckless elephant driving, but also the companies' leadership, *Mr. Bart Boatbauler* and *Mr. Tacticus*, as well as the eye witness, *Mr. Acid* were ruled guilty for not attempting to rescue the elephant in time.

As it is custom in dwarfen law, all culprits were stripped to their underpants, thrown into the fighting pit and had to fight for their life as punishment.

Mr. Tacticus provided us with a comment:

„A fair trial in a beautiful courtroom was needed, so that is where Ubor's [courthouse] filled the need.“

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Has your public standing suffered due to bad decision making or poor execution of your profession? We can help you!

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