

# 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.

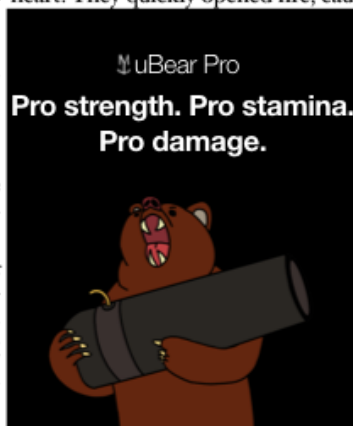
On the other hand, *Mr Poetic*, holding a doctorate in Blinkology and Foundational World Theory, provided us with a rather brisk statement: „Please do not attempt to build a bridge between islands.“ His colleague, *Mr York*, almost fainted when asked about it, begging us to stop and not to bring up „this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



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