Week 21

DON JAMÓN'S WEEKLY HAM

Luxe Casino opening today!

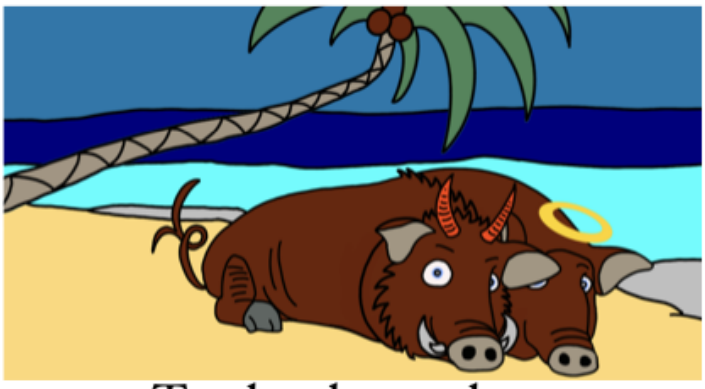
It doesn't matter if your poor or rich. It doesn't matter if you're old or young. What matters is the date: If today is the *22nd of May*, you're in luck, because *the Luxe Casino* will open its doors for the first time! Grab a few sticks and stones, head over the bridge and get on the *Carne Vale,*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





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 of 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



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