Week 23

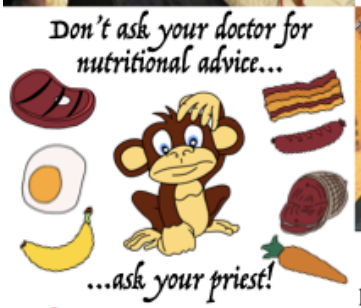
DON JAMÓN'S THE WEEKLY HAM

MARKETS

„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*.





CARNIS DOMUS CHURCH

Green team cowardly attacks press staff in galleon event

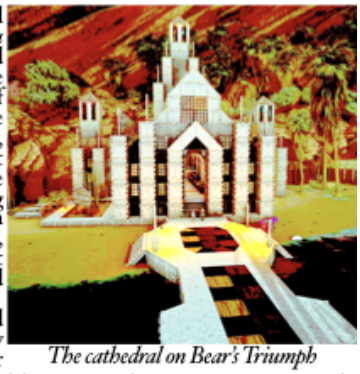
During last weeks' galleon battle tournament, we sent out front reporters to give our readers an insight into all the happenings on the high seas. Unfortunately, our reporters had to withdraw early from the event, as the green team shamefully decided to fire upon the sloop used by our reporters, even 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.



The cathedral on Bear's Triumph

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 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.



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

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 Geofferey 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 Geoffery* 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.



The festivities at the World's End Bar & Grill

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.

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