

Week 51 - The Winter Ham

THE WINTER HAM

MARKETS

The best profits are those you share with your loved ones. Stay safe, count your nuggets and have a great Winter Festivus!

PS: Eggnog market price will go up soon.



Five things your silent crew says when you're away

Ever wondered why your employees are unusually quiet when you're around? Actually, they have tons to say behind your back:

- *I'm too old for this ship!*
Silent crew have a lower average lifespan than the rest of the people, so they're often thinking about their retirement plans.
- *Why is the rum gone?*
It may seem stereotypical to you, but rum is actually a very useful beverage on high seas: High in calories, it'll keep cold sailors warm and nurtured for days.
- *Is that a dagger in your pocket, or are you happy to see me?*
With the limited amount of personal space aboard a ship, it's always a good to carry a small knife around. Especially if it's time for a mutiny.
- *Arrrrrr.*
Instead of keeping grudges and grumpiness lurking within them, a hearty vocal expression will get rid of the anger immediately, preventing future conflicts in advance.
- *What shall we do with the drunken sailor?*
It's a difficult thing to fix that has no universal solution.

You got boomstick?
Orks hope pinkskins have fun an ova indulge, fatten up jus 'n time for our festive feast

News from Kingdom's End!

In what was nothing but an incredible feat of engineering, *VerseX Technologies* was able to establish a small portal to *Kingdom's End* for a short while, discovering that there are still people living on the other side! The moment was used to discuss the *opportuclysm* and exchange information about the fate of those who remained in the old world:

- The *Aldford-Blood-Wolves Conglomerate* has masterfully overcome all troubles and established a new way to profit on high seas: With their latest subscription service, individuals can now order arbitrary goods, which will then swiftly be acquired by the companies' naval fleet and then delivered to a port of choice.
 - *Ubor* has found a way to quadrantly their sales figures: Instead of giving their *Ubears* and other services away for free to persons in need, they now sell every product for G0.
 - *New Grogston* built a tanker ship and filled it with rum, intending to send it as a relief ship. However, while the barge made it safely out of port, the booze did not.
 - *The Remnant* is honoring their name quite literally, given that the majority of their crew got sent to *Blackwood* in the *opportuclysm*, and only the remainder - or remnant - is still in *Kingdom's End*.
 - The same applies to the *the Elusives*, as their members are nowhere to be found. Seriously, where are they?
 - The icy cold north by the name of *Phantom's Hold* - once home to *Ghost Industries* - is still pretty cold nowadays. Better take a jacket.
 - *The Isles of frequent Blinks* have been renamed to *The Isles of the permanent Blink*. Nobody has any clue what's going on around there.
 - *The Kraken* has gained quite a bit of weight, as he can't do his former workout routine - chasing ships that fire at him - due to the low amount of visitors. Voices on the streets tell that the satisfying feeling of achievement after slaying *the Kraken* has disappeared.
- After all messages were passed through, the prototype device suddenly exploded - just as the *VerseX* stock ticker - and took all technical documentation with it. We therefore don't expect any further communication with the old world in the foreseeable future.

Azemberly say this



DJM is hiring

For its latest innovation in generic assistance technology, *Don Jamón Multiversal PLC* is searching for capable individuals that possess a scientific degree in either metal-flexology, steam-tinkering or coconut-based machinarium testing. Future employees can expect an exactly average salary, regular overtime, a mediocre work-environment and free nuggets. Please send applications to the *Rodriguez Department, Bearvalley Hills Hotel, Blackwood*.

An anonymous horse has something to say



There's moar on the next page! And I'm really hangry because Mr Sack forgot to feed me!

Lone Goblin donates ladders to dwarven town, helps them decorate a festive tree and build a snow-cannon

Mother Nature surprise attacks Blackwood, trees announce strategic alliance with Ent Empire

MaceDonald's invents new vending technology, now allows customers to smash, cash and dash from the comforts of their own naval vessel

Crazy man on a hill has gone walkabout for months, another less-crazy man decided to take his place instead

Weather forecast: Snowy with a smell of sugar and crumpets

Pundz's PUN OF THE WEEK

Why are winter trees bad at sewing? They keep loosing their needles! But wait, there's myrrh: You may find my puns rude-olph, but it's the season of giving and I'm not elfish! So let us drink some reinbeers and have a punderful time!



You don't need to be smart when your hair looks like art



DJM HAIRDEON



THE WINTER HAM



The happenings of a lifetime

Did you know that the average nugget in the wild has a lifespan of just one year? *Henrietta*, the breakfast-assistant of our press office, doesn't know. But she knows that there's an opportunity in every day, and no matter what, she'll take it! And it's not just her, the people of *Kingdom's End* and *Blackwood* follow bravely in her footsteps. While we all had our challenges on the way, there's also been times of success, of joy and laughter. And what better way to end the year than to remind ourselves of all the good times? So here's what happened, in mostly chronological order:

Not only did we find a new home for ourselves after fleeing *The Great Upheaval*, we found a paradise rich in resources. Soon after, our new home flourished and most found wealth. Some however did not succeed at first, such as *Shack Constantine*, the infamous lawyer that not only got his client, *Mr Texfire*, found guilty, but also himself during his first and only case! It was a net win for the law system though, as the *Urborton Courthouse* was in the spotlight, and from then on rented by other companies for their internal matters. Shortly afterwards, *Don Jamón* started his first successful business ventures: *The Shoot-Your-Own Steak House* was a ship in which guests could experience the thrills of the hunt, without all the risks, and for an affordable price as well!

Shortly afterwards though, the ship got extended and now housed the *Luxe Casino*, in which the rich and wealthy got even richer, while still somehow turning a profit on paper. It was about the same time that *Granny Spacebar*, the beloved ship-architect, designed the *Venture*, a themed ship soon to be host to a Gladiator competition, in which the best fighters in *Kingdom's End* competed for fame and riches.



The swanky World's End Bar & Grill.

But it wasn't the only respectable ship on the seas: Just a couple weeks later, *Ghost Industries* held a shipwright's competition, in which dozens of ingenious craftsmen submitted their ships to be critiqued. On *Skull Island*, the local economy was booming, so the administration decided to build a complicated maze for the locals to enjoy. After making a fortune by inventing the *DONK* sleeping medicine, *Dr Geoffery von Slender* built the *World's End Bar & Grill*, and used it to host music festivals like *Tomorrowham* and wedding receptions such as the union of *Esere Rardeau of Aldford* and *Griffiths Sedridge of the Blood Wolves*.

Then, one calm night, while we sat together and enjoyed a bottle of the *Grog's* finest brew, the unthinkable happened: All those warnings of the scientists, which we rightfully ignored before, came through, and the world around us collapsed! We, on the other hand, did not: Through some unexplainable magical shenanigans got transported to our new home, which we now call *Blackwood*. And even though these strange lands presented themselves as rather hostile environments, we still pursued our own prosperity, and soon enough new companies found a spot to thrive.

Not every success was based on trade and services, though: *The Ball & Chain Gang* strived to become the most infamous pirate company on the seas - and they succeeded! Most famous for the theft of hair from countless individuals, which they then used to craft only the finest of cannon lints for their fleet, these pirates were even feared by the lone *Ork* they caught off guard from time to time. Speaking of it: The indigenous *Azemberly* clan, while appearing brute at first, quickly learned the trade of trading, and also started to chase economic fortune soon after. Some persons decided to take a completely different approach, such as *Roger York*, *Jack Stark*, *Da Spats'* and *Zymia Punda*: They started candidating for an imaginary presidential office and fought for votes in a public debate. A little bit



The Bearvalley Hills Hotel at night.

further to the west, *Mr Farrell* designed a historically accurate representation of a small village from the ancient times of just a week ago. In the east, *Don Jamón* was at it once again: *The Bearvalley Hills Hotel*, was built in record time and is now host to a multitude of businesses and guests. Around the monumental building, one-eyed monstrosities were regularly attacking customers of the hotel. The local folk converged and formed the *Neighbearhood Watch*, a defense force to regularly hunt and kill the cyclops and other dangers around the isle. The same island was also home to the most exquisite bear breeders around: *Bryan's Bear Boutique* and *Stay Frosty* competed in providing work and leisure tames at a fair price. The latter company used their profits to quickly spin up another business venture, their well-known cruise line that made old folk young again by doing

adventure tours and whale hunts with them.

And there is for sure so much more success to be found in this world, but it'll likely be too much for one issue of *The Winter Ham*, so therefore we'll leave it at that and end this press year as it should: We wish everyone, whether out there on the rough seas, or cozied up at home, a very happy *Winter Festivus*, and a great start into the new year, and we're looking forward to meet all you fine folk again soon!

Don Jamón Multiversal PLC
Southeast Woodlands Isle, Kingdom's End

HEROICS • ALERTS • MARKETS

Rest in Peace, Mr. Farrell

Food, rum and building supplies may be sent to him care of „The Giant Gator“ Greater Mountaintop Swamp, Blackwood.

A postcard from the Gubbinz Salvage Co.

Festive greetings to all dwarves and tallies around Blackwood! Have a great time and see you soon!

A Farlink call with Maam Sliver

We are obligated to say Merry Festivities (Really? What about Christm...oh right ok). Yes, Merry Festivities from all at the Arbitrium, and may the wind ever be favourable. Right Don, now where were we? Mojitos with you and Mr Loco tomorrow?

Stay Frosty

We wish all readers happy holidays and merry festivities! Stay Frosty!

Raevyn Grimblade says... Happy Holidays from Raevyn's Watch! We watch your back so you don't have to!

The Ball&Chain Gang's winter greetings

The Queen and her Royal Consort send holiday greetings to all on the seas and offer as a token of friendship hair by the buuuuuuucketload. Have a joyous holiday season and a profitable new year!

A letter from

Lucian v. Ghost

My dear friends, as I sit here cozied up by the fireplace, there's only one thing that I can write: Ghost Industries wishes warm and merry festive greetings to all inhabitants of Blackwood!

Buuuuuuuucket!



Week 51

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