Appendix Entries:

Royal Crown:

Newspaper:

Thermometer:

Incompetent: Let it be known that glass baubles will rise or fall based off of the time of year. During the summer, more baubles will rise, while they fall during the winter.

Farmer: After ten years of rigorous study, I believe that I have determined without a doubt when \_\_\_\_\_ balls are floating in the upper half, conditions should be just right for planting seedcorn. My son complains though about how hot and uncomfortable it is to break the earth at this time. Bully for him, because seedcorn is delicious and makes porridge fit for the throne’s cows and poorer merchants. Besides, a little sweat and a little sun makes children grow big and strong.

I have it in mind though to purchase shallots and onions. As these seem to grow better in cold weather, I will plant these when only \_\_\_\_ glass bulbs remain floating. \_\_\_\_ degrees seem about the right temperature for them to flourish.

Rain Gauge:

Incompetent: What a splendid little device! We need not to carry a heavy bucket all the flights of steps to drink a glass of water. Keeping a record of how much fluid one intakes is vital to maintaining good health. Drinking too much will result in an upset stomach and the only acceptable treatment for a proper man will use is leeches.

Farmer: I must keep careful records of how much rain comes. \_\_\_\_ tick per day is acceptable both for my beryl berries and sailing ships. However, once ­­­\_\_\_\_\_ ticks start coming in, sailors must be on their guard.

However, if \_\_\_\_ ticks come in a week, farmers must pull tarps over their plants and even the best sailors should stay in port, lest our crops rot away and our ships go under, leaving our people nothing but destitute and beggars.

Cup Anemometer:

Incompetent: Seeing how fast this little device can whirl around is always a highlight of my job. Ship captains always ask me how quickly it was spinning today before I head out for my other duties for the day.

Farmer: I hate this device but a duty is a duty I suppose. When the gales blow, it is nigh impossible for me to count how many times it spins!

Weather Vane:

Incompetent: This device’s purpose is obvious. Even an apprentice should be able to tell how this thing works. If you are unaware of how it works you ought to leave this profession and never return.

Farmer: This thing was useful once maybe, however, parts has worn away. I do not trust the work of whatever craftsman repaired it. Besides any captain worth his salt should be able to feel this in his bones.

Hygrometer

Incompetent: How much

Fitzroy Storm Glass

Incompetent: This is my crowning achievement. This magnificent tool will be able to tell the weather based off of what forms within the flask. It cannot make diamonds yet, but making crystals in a glass shows my experiments in alchemy are finally getting results. But for now, I suppose it can be useful in this line of work.

Farmer: I do not understand how this thing works. Winds blow, plants grow, and screedcorn is delicious but crystals should not form in a jar before snow falls. What kind of foul sorcery was used to make this?

Beetle

Incompetent: A man of superior intellect cannot rely on such things like this… thing. Ignore it, or better yet squash it.

Farmer: This varmint is a pestilence on our crops but surprisingly useful in checking the weather. I cannot believe how many times this has shown me the way or how many sailors it has saved.

Weatherman 2: I am told that this particular type of insect has a long pedigree of being used for this kind of duty. I am even prouder to proclaim that we have used this beetle’s ancestors to predict when our ships should sail or remain in port for \_\_\_\_\_ beetle generations.

Due to new record-keeping requirements passed by parliament, all weather stations now are required by law to provide the Royal Crown with weekly predictions on \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ data.

Appendix:

Records Format:

[DATES]

Air Pressure:

Wind Speed:

Wind Direction:

Daily Rain Fall:

Temperature:

Precipitation Type:

Cloud Cover:

DAILY NOTES: (Or Flavor Text)

Record Keeper’s Signature:

Flavor Text:

Day 41: My crops seem

Daily Notes:

Newspaper:

Weatherman makes successful prediction for once.

Forecasters? Better than sailor’s instincts or worse than barnacles.

Fishing season approaching.