



## Bolbi Bitterberg's Bloody Big Interview – Season One of the Sea of Nyx

*By Bolbi Bitterberg, Halfling Correspondent, survivor of three near-drownings and one pie-eating contest gone wrong.*

The taverns of the Sea of Nyx are roaring, the floating pitches creak on their chains and the gulls above have started betting their fish-guts on who'll be first to die. The first season is about to begin — and yours truly, Bolbi Bitterberg, bravest halfling with quill and belly both, set out to corner the fiercest managers of this league of madness.

Four captains agreed to talk (or shout, or spit) at me. The rest? They slammed the door, threatened to eat me, or muttered about “trade secrets.” But don't worry — I got enough blood, bluster and bad breath from the ones who did talk to fill this whole edition.

I found **Captain Fuzzymouth from Keelhaul Kickoff Club** in his cabin, a place that smelled like rotten oranges, wet gunpowder and despair. He greeted me with a roar: “*What bug dares disturb me!?*” I squeaked that I was here for the interview and after a swig of rum, he allowed it.

**Bolbi:** “Cap'n, how high be yer excitement for the comin' season?”

**Fuzzymouth:** “*Arrrr, ya know I am an experienced Captain. Maybe the greatest you ever heard of. This will be like a walk on the plank over a bunch of hungry sharks baring their teeth!*”

**Bolbi (muttering):** “Walk the plank I can imagine, Cap’n, but I think the sharks might be more sober than you...”

**Bolbi:** “Any crew you’re glad to see sailin’ into the league?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“Aye, a crew of noble folk, with their pouches full of gold and chests with even more shinies — which we can take from them.”*

**Bolbi:** “Which crew’s got the best chance at the crown?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“Arrr, ya kiddin’ me, little bug? Nothin’ stands in the way of the Keelhaul Kickoff Club.”*

**Bolbi:** “Yer own strength, then? What makes yer crew tick?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“This crew was welded togetta in the salt an’ blood the sea demands. They’ve every trick up their sleeves and will sell their own moth’a if needed.”*

I scribbled nervously and hid me lunch pie under the table.

**Bolbi:** “Any rival managers you fear?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“You point that out right — there be a lot o’ managers, but only one Captain ... Captain Fuzzymouth!”*

**Bolbi:** “And when the waves turn rough, how’ll you keep yer crew in shipshape?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“I grind them rough stones like the sea grinds a ship between the cliffs. Funded by the gold coins out of the chests of other captains.”*

**Bolbi:** “One last: Which player of yours will become a true legend?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“They are all capable, man and woman put forth by the sea itself. But between you and me, Polly is one eager monster I won’t mess with. Don’t tell the others I said that.”*

**Bolbi:** “And to the fans?”

**Fuzzymouth:** *“Bring gold coins, fellas! Bring a lot — we’ll outweigh it with blood on the field!”*

Then he bellowed: *“Now get out o’ my cabin, maggot!”* — and I tumbled down the gangplank faster than a halfling at an all-you-can-eat buffet.

Next, I met **Wadham Lynx**, known as “No Knees”, from **The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths**. Naturally, my curiosity got the better of me.

**Bolbi:** “So, Mister Lynx... ‘No Knees’? Dare I ask?”

**Wadham:** “Because I lost ‘em gamblin’, boy. An’ I still play better than half these seadogs!”

Right. That shut me up. I moved on.

**Bolbi:** "How high be yer excitement fer the season?"

**Wadham:** *"We be holdin' back our rum rations to improve trainin' and be ready to send the enemy to Davy Jones' Locker."*

**Bolbi:** "Glad to see any particular crew joinin'?"

**Wadham:** *"The more crew there be, the more souls Davy Jones can welcome."*

**Bolbi:** "So, who takes the crown?"

**Wadham:** *"There be only one crew winnin' — us."*

**Bolbi:** "Yer strength, then?"

**Wadham:** *"Me daughter Carlolyn be the greatest player this land has seen."*

I dared a cheeky grin.

**Bolbi:** "And the fiercest rival?"

**Wadham:** *"None worthy of the title. They all be scallywags and rascallions."*

**Bolbi:** "Crew in shipshape?"

**Wadham:** *"The obvious plan be more rum."*

**Bolbi:** "A legend among yer ranks?"

**Wadham:** *"Aside from me own offspring, ya need to watch Darin. If he had two legs he'd be unstoppable."*

**Bolbi:** "Message to the fans?"

**Wadham:** *"Avast ye scumbags. Anchors aweigh — we be killin' and maimin' our way to the crown!"*

I nodded politely and tried not to imagine Darin with an extra leg. Or me without mine.

Then came **Asar**, master of the **Wolfsblood Reavers**, eyes burnin' like a forge at midnight.

**Bolbi:** "Excitement fer the first season?"

**Asar:** *"As high as the crow's nest at dawn! Me blood burns hotter than a powder keg, an' the crew's itchin' to carve their names across the league. The Wolfsblood Reavers don't step lightly — we crash into the season like a broadside o' iron."*

**Bolbi:** "Any team you look forward to clashin' with?"

**Asar:** *"Aye, the Drowned Revenants! Captain Gravebeard be a terror o' the deep, an' crossin' cutlasses with the risen dead'll make fer battles sung in every tavern. Win or lose, the clash'll be drenched in legend."*

**Bolbi:** "And if it ain't you, who takes the crown?"

**Asar:** *"If it ain't us, then it be the Dreadwake Leviathans. Bosun Krag 'Ironjaw' Vex runs a tight ship, an' his monsters fight like the sea herself—unyieldin' an' merciless. But even leviathans bleed when cut deep enough."*

**Bolbi:** "Yer greatest strength?"

**Asar:** *"We thrive on chaos. Where others plan neat like clockwork, we storm in howlin'. The Reavers don't play the game—they tear the game apart an' stitch it back together in their own bloody pattern."*

**Bolbi:** "Your fiercest rival?"

**Asar:** *"Bosun Krag 'Ironjaw' Vex, without a doubt. The man's a brute, an' he drives his Leviathans harder than a slaver's lash. He's the rock to our storm, an' I mean to smash him to flinders afore the season be through."*

**Bolbi:** "How'll you keep yer crew steady?"

**Asar:** *"By lettin' 'em fight, drink, an' curse their way through the storm. They ain't delicate flowers, they be wolves o' the tide. When the sea rages, we rage louder—an' the storm breaks 'fore we do."*

**Bolbi:** "Yer future legend?"

**Asar:** *"Maura Witchwake Karrin. The sea itself bends to her whispers. When the season be writ down in blood an' brine, hers'll be the tale etched deepest into the tide."*

**Bolbi:** "And yer message to the fans?"

**Asar:** *"Drink deep, cheer louder than the cannons, an' keep yer wagers bold. The Wolfsblood Reavers sail not just to win, but to make the sea itself remember our names. When the season's over, ye'll know there was only one true terror flyin' its flag—an' it be ours."*

I didn't argue. His teeth were sharper than me quill.

Last but not most... odorous came **Captain Gravebeard from the Drowned Revenants**, beard drippin' brine and grave-mud. The deck planks moaned under his boots.

**Bolbi:** "Cap'n Gravebeard, how high be yer excitement fer the season?"

**Gravebeard:** *"Gorsh, this season's gonna rise us outta the grave and into the clouds!"*

**Bolbi:** "Any crew you're glad to see?"

**Gravebeard:** *"All these muckety-mucks ain't worth the devil's mud 'tween my toes!"*

**Bolbi:** "Who wins the crown?"

**Gravebeard:** *"That champion's crown is already ourrrrrrs. Yer just keepin' it warm for us."*

**Bolbi:** "Yer strength, then?"

**Gravebeard:** *"Don't think we'll be givin' away our team's secret sauce so early on, savvy?"*

**Bolbi:** "Your fiercest rival?"

**Gravebeard:** *"Jah Pastrami's team looks good — good enough to eat! Harharhar!"*

**Bolbi:** "Crew in rough seas?"

**Gravebeard:** *"This crew's seen life an' death flash before their eyes. We'll train hard and smash skulls harder!"*

**Bolbi:** "Yer legend-to-be?"

**Gravebeard:** *"Ghosthook Gale's been trainin' her hook somethin' fierce. Wouldn't surprise me none if her bodycount's impressive."*

**Bolbi:** "And yer message to the fans?"

**Gravebeard:** *"The Drowned Revenants clumb out of the grave once — we're doin' it again fer a rollickin' grand time!"*

I ended the interview when his beard dripped onto me notepad and burned a hole through the page.

And there ye have it, dear readers! Four mighty crews, four terrifying captains and enough promises of blood to keep the sharks circlin' all season. The rest of the managers refused to speak — whether from fear, secrecy, or simply bein' too drunk to form words. But trust me, I'll corner 'em sooner or later.

Till then, keep yer mugs full, yer wagers bold and yer limbs attached — 'cause the Sea of Nyx Season One is ready to explode!

— *Bolbi Bitterberg, halfling journalist, survivor (so far).*