



SEASON ONE

Report for Round 1

Ahoy, ye landlubbers an' bone-crackers – what a blasted openin', what a feast o' mayhem an' madness! The first round o' the Sea o' Nyx League struck like a broadside o' twenty cannons an' still the fans an' players stagger 'twixt rum-drunk frenzy, wild ecstasy an' shattered jaws.

From the stands roared more than fifty-thousand throats, an' what they beheld was a maelstrom o' blood, splintered timbers, an' helmets flyin' like gulls in a gale. The Scallywag rats scurried like rabid gulls across the deck, the Buccaneers stomped through the fray like hellspawn beasts, the Looters sent souls down t' Poseidon, the Leviathans dragged noodles screamin' into the deep an' the Reavers turned their vessel into a rollin' butcher's block. There was bellowin', bashin' an' – aye – even dyin'. More than one player set sail on his final voyage t' the deep blue, while others were battered so sorely that e'en the Chaos gods grimaced.

An' what sights, me hearties! E'en the gulls quit their screechin' when a rat got clobbered clean t' the afterlife – the crowd roared like thunder. One o' the hexes staggered off the pitch covered in bruises, while on the other side a pirate was struck so hard the planks themselves quivered. Amidst noodles rollin' 'cross the grass an' undead stumblin' like drunks, the ball – aye, the ball! – still carved its path through the storm o' bone an' chaos.

But in the end, only the boards be speakin' truth: blood, points, an' glory. The rats skittered off with speed, the Buccaneers crushed all in their wake, the Looters cheered their triumph with another corpse in tow, the Leviathans slipped back t' the depths with a narrow win, an' the Reavers crowned the day with a double strike, though they too paid in bones.

So the first round ends like a sea shanty drowned in ale, blood an' tears. The Sea o' Nyx League has made its entrance with thunder an' fire – an' if ye be thinkin' that was wild, best pray the next storm don't rip yer sails t' tatters. For one thing be certain: this be only the beginnin', an' the sea still holds plenty o' hungry sharks.

1. Match Reports (Short)

Skavern Scallywags : Keelhaul Kickoff Club | 1 : 0

The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths : Regeneration Hex | 2 : 0

Rum Looters : The Drowned Revenants | 1 : 0


Jah Pastafari : The Dreadwake Leviathans | 0 : 1

Wolfsblood Reavers : Ship of Fools | 2 : 0

2. Match Reports (Detail)

Skavern Scallywags : Keelhaul Kickoff Club

Fans:

 *Skavern Scallywags*: 15.000

 *Keelhaul Kickoff Club*: 7.000

"Avast, Ye Sports-Lubbers!" – Match Report from the Shakin' Decks

Ahoy, me hearties! Strap in tight and hold on to yer rum mugs – today's match rocked the planks of the arena like a storm in a barrel of barnacles! On one side, the **Keelhaul Kickoff Clubbers**, heavy as anchor chains and with more brawn than brains. On the other, the **Skavern Scallywags**, quick as rats fleein' a sinkin' ship – and twice as loud, aye! Their fans crashed in like a tidal wave of squeaks and screeches!


From the openin' kick, the wind was clearly blowin' in the rats' favor – a lightning strike start! Before the pirates could tell port from starboard, **Cookie** was out cold in the mud and **Kevin Klumpfoot** got flattened by **Bilgerat Blackwhisker**. But then, a moment that could only be described with a thunderin' "Ooooooooooooh!": **Dörte** didn't just knock **Barnacle Gnawpaw** down – she sent the poor scurvy dog straight off the plank into Davy Jones' locker. Dead! The crowd exploded and even the seagulls stopped squawkin' in shock.

But rats don't quit, nay! With cunning, shriekin' chaos and legs faster than a cannonball run, **Wharf-Rat Wiggles** snatched the pigskin and scurried into the endzone. 1–0 to the Scallywags!

The Clubbers tried to strike back, but their luck was as empty as a leaky rum jug. **Polly** face-planted twice on the dash, **Old Franz** got knocked out and **Bob the big baby** rolled himself right outta the game. Still, they fought on with fire in their bellies, tossin' rats like rag dolls and sendin' **Scrimshaw Skitter**, **Cheeserip Clawhand** and more scurvy rodents to the hammocks. But those whiskered fiends had a nose for the ball: **Rotgut Redtail** and **Rustfang the Swift** kept things movin', while **Guttertail Grim** and **Scabjack Rattlefang** stormed the pitch like bloodthirsty banshees – until they too were beaten back by the furious fists o' the pirates.

In the end, though, the tale be clear: for all the brawlin' and bloodshed, the score favored the rats. A filthy win – just the way they like it.

Final Score:

 Skavern Scallywags: 1

 Keelhaul Kickoff Club: 0

The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths : Regeneration Hex

Fans:

 The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths: 9.000

 Regeneration Hex: 3.000

“Hellfire vs. Healing Potions” – Buccaneers Board the Hex!”

Welcome, ye bloodthirsty romantics of the pitch, to another edition from the pit where taste goes to die! Today’s cookin’: **The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths** vs. **Regeneration Hex** – or as we say it below deck: *Hell* vs. *Band-Aids*.

Weather? Sunny as a siren’s smile.

Mood? 9,000 roaring Buccaneers screamin’ fire from the stands, while 3,000 Hex-fans muttered hexes and boiled potions from their seats.

The coin flip? Heads! Buccaneers receive. And I, by thunder, take a long, hearty swig o’ rum.

Right off the kick – **CRACK!** The Buccaneers roar into the fray with gusto! Extra rowdiness in the stands, and **Nancy “Rim Lover” Swailes** charges like a dock wench on payday. **Ruford “Blunderbuss” Norman** clears the lane like he’s knockin’ crates off a gangplank, while **Aldred “Savage Soul” Reks** stomps ahead like a thunderin’ forge.

The ball slips once – aye, butterfingers! – but **Carolyn “Four Teeth” Lynx** scoops it up just as the Hex swarm in. **Swampe Socke, Jr.** dishes out some rugged “skincare” and **The Milk Man** drops the hammer: **Salty McStubby** takes a nap.

Then comes the first real *crack ‘n crunch*:

Nancy breaks down the flank, flattens **Cotton** and the lad ain’t gettin’ up. “Badly hurt,” as the landlubbers might say. The Buccaneers scent not just blood – but **points**.

Leta “The Hawk” Lea rings **William Muggs’** bell, **Ruford** stamps **Weymon Miller** into the turf like yesterday’s fishbones and **Nancy** smuggles the rock over the line. **Touchdown Buccaneers!** Hell leads 1–0 and Hex fumbles about searchin’ the rulebook for how to stop a storm.

Next kickoff? Chaos! The crowd explodes, a mug flies through the air – **Ron Cycles** gets beaned and sees stars. The match goes wild!

Somerton “White Hair” Hamilton slaps **Starlyte** like fine porcelain, the Hex just can’t find their grip on the game.

One more restart – the Buccaneers line up sharper than shark teeth – and **Starlyte trips ‘n coma-dives** all on their own! Perfect moment for **Hayley “Nightmare” Quinn**: slicin’ through the defense like a dagger in the dark, she scoops the ball, vanishes behind a wall of golden teeth – and

BAM! Buccaneers score again! 2–0!
Hex's bench fills up – the scoreboard don't.

Now Hex tries to work some "magic":

The Milk Man gets his revenge, sendin' **Hayley** nappin' – fair's fair – and **Darin "One Leg" Read** eats a knuckleduster straight to the jaw. But for every KO they manage, the Buccaneers clap back louder.

Ruford "Blunderbuss" Norman slams home the next nail – **Silk** gets a first-class trip to the massage table in the clouds.

Nancy and **Leta** clean the field like deckhands on inspection day and somewhere in the scramble, yet another Hex player bites the dust – turns out boots be slippery when wet.

Final quarter? A dance of missed picks and wayward balls:

Quadruple Y wants it, the ball don't.

Starlyte has it – then doesn't.

Orange Ye Gladd gets clobbered by **Darin**, comes back later to shove, but time be runnin' out like rum at a pirate wedding.

Whistle blows – and the Buccaneers fans cheer like someone just forgave their debts.

This wasn't surgery – it was a dockyard demolition with a cannonball finale.

Summary?

The Buccaneers may not play a pretty tune – but they hit all the loud notes.

Regeneration Hex? All sparks, no fire.

Final Score:

🏴‍☠️ *The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths*: 2

🔧 *Regeneration Hex*: 0

Rum Looters : The Drowned Revenants

Fans:

🍷 *Rum Looters*: 11.000

🧟 *The Drowned Revenants*: 8.000

💀 "Raise the Sails 'n Lower the Dead!" – Match Report from the Blood-Soaked Decks 🚢

Ahoy ye scurvy sea dogs – what a match we witnessed! Crack open the rum barrels, fer this clash between the **Rum Looters** and the **Drowned Revenants** had it all: bone-snappin', knockouts and not one but **two poor souls takin' their final stroll off the plank!**

From the very first kick, it were clear the Rum Looters had the wind at their backs. **Peg Leg Jennings** and **Cabin Boy Richard** tore through the deck like drunk dockworkers on payday, and before ye could shout "Aye!", the first Revenants were snoozin' in the grass. And while **Davy Doubloon** let his cannons do the talkin' – sendin' **Wight-Eye Wanda** straight to the briny deep, **Jolly Roger Rumrooter**

danced 'round like a bilge rat and the crowd roared as he rode the openin' into the endzone for the first touchdown o' the day.

But the Revenants weren't about to lie down in their graves just yet. **Ghosthook Gale** and **Grave-Tide Gwen** struck back like cursed tides, knockin' skulls and leavin' the Looters reelin'. Still, fortune be a fickle mistress – their hands were slipperier than an eel in oil and the ball kept squirmin' away. With another blow: **Cabin Boy Richard**, not content with clearin' the deck once, laid **Skulljaw Jack** out with a hit that'll be hauntin' him fer seasons to come.

Then came **the moment of the match**: **Keelhaunt Kade**, grim as a thunderhead on the horizon, crashed into **Kenny Crow Nest** – and the poor looter dropped like a cannonball. No twitchin'. No breathin'. **Dead**. A second soul claimed by the sea this day! The stands quaked, and the fans screamed like a fleet of drunken corsairs – which, to be fair, they were.

From there on out it were a chaos of boots, blood and bellows. The Revenants cracked a few more bones – **Clumb "Tigershark" McCloggins** and **Percy Plankwalker** got themselves a right maulin' – but the ship had already sprung a leak.

By the final whistle, it were clear:

The Looters hadn't just claimed victory – they'd plundered their enemies' very souls.

Final Score:

 *Rum Looters*: 1

 *The Drowned Revenants*: 0

Jah Pastafari : The Dreadwake Leviathans

Fans:

 *Jah Pastafari*: 9.000

 *Dreadwake Leviathans*: 5.000

  **"Noodles vs. Nauticals" – A Culinary Clash on the High Gridiron!**  

Ohhh me hearties, break out the olive oil and brace the galley – today's match cooked up a storm on the pitch! Welcome to the grand duel of *Seafood vs. Pasta al Dente* – as the mighty **Dreadwake Leviathans** took on the saucy lads of **Jah Pastafari**! Sunshine on the sails, 14,000 throats howlin' and the mood bubblin' like pasta water about to boil over!

Kickoff! And the first fumble hits the galley floor – **Spaghetti** slips the ball like a wet noodle, but soon finds his sea legs and serves up a silky smooth assist. The pasta crew starts off with flavor. **Ravioli** sends **Riptide Vox** flyin' to the KO kitchen, **Fusilli** turns out the lights on **Corvus Grime** and **Vermicelli** rocks **Velra Doomwake** straight into dreamland!

Jah Pastafari fans be cryin' "*Mamma mia!*" while the **Leviathans** be gaspin' "*Glub glub...*" like a beast breaching fer air.

But ye don't sink a Leviathan so easy, no sir!

Drog "No-Neck" Huller rumbles forth like a dock crane in a monsoon, **Gorethump** clears the table and somewhere in the seaweed stew, **Snagglefist the Twice-Cursed** slithers up to the ball. Two long, briny strides... and BAM! A flood of fury – **TOUCHDOWN, Dreadwake Leviathans!** The Deep Sea stands erupts, while the pasta fans passive-aggressively stir their marinara.

Just before halftime, **Jah Pastafari** whips up their finest attack yet: **Spaghetti** slices the ball through the foam like a proper chef and **Macaroni** grabs it with sauce-slicked fingers – it smells like equalizin'! But alas! **Fettuccine** slips on a rogue drop o' olive oil and lands belly-first in disaster. The moment vanishes like garlic on the wind.

Second Half: The full-contact kitchen returns! **Skreech** gives **Fettuccine** a quick sear, **Kelra "Sea Wasp"** jabs **Conchiglie** into a nap, but **Jah Pastafari** ain't done yet – **Linguine** sends **Nix "Ghostfeet"** driftin' off the pitch.

Despite all the spice, swings, and simmerin' scrums, no more goals boiled over. **The Dreadwake Leviathans** held tight, defendin' their lead like a grizzled harbormaster barkin' "No more cargo today!"

Final whistle blows.

The Leviathans dive back into the depths with the prize in tow and the **Pastafari** swear next time, they'll serve their pasta al dente... and their foes soft as overcooked gnocchi.

Final Score:



Jah Pastafari: 0



The Dreadwake Leviathans: 1

Wolfsblood Reavers : Ship of Fools

Fans:



Wolfsblood Reavers: 10.000



Ship of Fools: 5.000



"Steel, Sorcery and Splintered Dreams!" – A Reaver's Tale of Glory and Guts

Ahhh, me tender-hearted lovers of the artful blood tackle – what a day on this soggy, splintered deck of the **Wolfsblood**! The sun be grinnin', the crows squawkin' and **10,000 Reavers fans** had their throats oiled better than a siren's singing voice – enough to make the coastal watch jealous.

Opposite 'em: **5,000 brave fools**, all good cheer and better self-deprecatin' humor.

Perfect weather. Perfect noise. And then, with a thunderous boom – we were off!

The kickoff soared north like a blade through butter... and aye! The gods o' chaos took the wheel.

Edda Crowbone dove in like a storm raven, claws first, while **Grimm Yorrick** planted **Falstaff** face-first into a deep philosophical nap. Armor clanged like hell's own dinner bell as **Maura "Witchwake" Karrin** slipped away with the ball.

Two bouncin' steps, a nervous murmur from the crowd – then she darted through a gap that *didn't*

even exist – **Touchdown!**

The Reavers take the lead and the stadium shook like someone kicked a Balrog in the barnacles.

The **Fools** didn't take kindly to that. **Dromio Also** took it personal and swept **Captain Verek Hollowtide** off the pitch with a slide tackle right outta Tide Lore 101. "Just bruised," said the field medics – "But no pianoplayin' tonight."

But vengeance is swift in black steel: Reaver rage balled up into one mighty uppercut that rocked Dromio into dreamland. **Feste** took advantage o' the brawl to knock **Edda Crowbone** out cold and soon, half the pitch looked like a field hospital. Pure Sea-of-Nyx poetry, mates.

Amid the clang of helms and roarin' crowds, **Ship of Fools** tried showin' a bit o' grace.

Nick Bottom danced with the ball like a tavern bard, knockin' **Captain Darran "Wretch" Vale** into darkness before trippin' his own fancy feet right into a trap set by the Reaver line.

Iskar Nine-Lives had no patience for prancin', and tucked **Dogberry** in for a long nap. Somewhere, a stadium scribe scribbled: "Many. So many. Far too many knockouts."

Second half? Time to twist the blade.

Nareen Duskwithe caught a wobbly kick that looked more like a joke than a pass, and took off like she'd grown fins.

Meanwhile, **Maura "Witchwake" Karrin** cleared the way – **Dromio** got folded so neatly you'd swear a carriage had been ordered.

But the Fools had some fight left: **Launcelot Gobbo** sent **The Widow Salt** to the showers early and **Nick Bottom** clocked **Selka Veil** hard enough to give her visions o' her ancestors.

Autolycus took a stroll too close to the Reavers' fan curve – and received the customary "Welcome With Twelve Fists™". Result: poor for health, excellent for crowd morale.

Grand Finale:

Falstaff rose from his slumber – and oh, was he *mad*.

He found **Grimm Yorrick** and shook his bones with a handshake so hard it turned his hand to powder. That's game over for Grimm – and maybe the next one too.

But by then, it didn't matter – the board already sang the final truth.

Nareen, slippery as the tide, dashed through the last breakers and scored the second touchdown.

The **Ship of Fools** fought to the bitter end, but this weren't no fairy tale – more like a dockside epic, soaked in splinters and steel.

And with that, mates and maidens of the violent arts, we close the ship's log:

The **Wolfsblood Reavers** win, fair and square – with two clean strikes, a dash o' witchcraft, and a shovel o' raw grit.

The **Ship of Fools**? They limp home with bruises, pride, and *plenty o' tales for the tavern bards*.

Final Score:













Wolfsblood Reavers: 2













Ship of Fools: 0




3. League table

Place	Name	TD	TD(-)	Points	Games
1	 Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths	2	0	3	1
2	 Wolfsblood Reavers	2	0	3	1
3	 Rum Looters	1	0	3	1
4	 Skavern Scallywags	1	0	3	1
5	 The Dreadwake Leviathan	1	0	3	1
6	 Jah Pastafari	0	1	0	1
7	 Keelhaul Kickoff Club	0	1	0	1
8	 The Drowned Revenants	0	1	0	1
9	 Regeneration Hex	0	2	0	1
10	 Ship of Fools	0	2	0	1

4. Next Matches

 The Drowned Revenants :  Jah Pastafari
 Regeneration Hex :  Skavern Scallywags
 Rum Looters :  Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths
 Keelhaul Kickoff Club :  Ship of Fools
 The Dreadwake Leviathan :  Wolfsblood Reavers

5. Transfer List

 Keelhaul Kickoff Club bought **NewPlayer1** for 240 Gold. He is now called **Bob the big baby**.
 Skavern Scallywags bought **NewPlayer4** for 20 Gold. He is now called **Scabjack Rattlefang**.
 Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths bought **NewPlayer5** for 45 Gold. He is now called **Salty McStubby**.

The followin' new players be up fer sale in the second Round.

Each Captain may place one bid per offered player and the highest bidder gets the player at their bid price. Remember, matey – along with yer bid, ye must be givin' the player a proper new name.

Name (Level, Strength, Value, Age, Minimum Bid) (additional info)

- ★ NewPlayer2 (1 / 81 / 120 / 1 / 89) (seems to be a fast player)
- ★ NewPlayer3 (1 / 80 / 105 / 2 / 78) (seems to be an agile player)
- ★ NewPlayer6 (1 / 77 / 75 / 2 / 56) (seems to be a brutal player)
- ★ NewPlayer7 (0 / 65 / - / 0 / 10) (this is a fresh talent)
- ★ NewPlayer8 (0 / 65 / - / 0 / 10) (this is a fresh talent)

6. Messages

Yo, Regeneration Hex, we rise from the brine DX spirit coursing through every spine We chop with the cutlass, our crosses connect Opponents walk the plank when they can't intercept Sails dyed green like a renegade X We pillage the pitch, demand your respect Booty in the net, points we annex Pirate pros reborn Regeneration Hex!

~ Avast-Ye Scurvee (Regeneration Hex)

Where's me rum? Confound yer blasted hides! Cap'n Slackweed still in hidin', I see. No surprise there, the mangy bottom feeder. Not a one 'O ye sea lasses could sail a real ship, if'n yer lives depended on it, ya barnacle smokers, Aye! And now, ye've gone ashore, avoidin' the dangers 'O the sea, in favor of becomin' landlubbers, yer natural callin', now doubt. ARRRR! Well, I be bringin' me crew, Storm-Melons and all. Aye. Who needs ballast, when she's aboard? HAR DEE HAR HAR HAR! ARRRR!

~ GlueBeard (Rum Looters)

Regeneration Hex be going to Davy Jones' locker. They can regenerate in the depths and serve on his crew.

~ Wadham "No Knees" Lynx (The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths)

7. Rumors

The Pirate Union be mighty disappointed that not a single one o' the captains be a member.

Keep yer eye on those scallywags over at the Rum Looters. A lil parrot told me they're plannin' on poaching Ship of Fools's best baller!

I heared someone say that Cap'n Whiskerfangs crew is made of stinky rats!