



## SEASON ONE

### Report for Round 2

The second matchday o' the Sea o' Nyx League came crashin' down like a hurricane on rotted planks – a roar o' bone, steel, an' mad fury. From the stands thundered the cries o' tens o' thousands, an' the pitch soon looked less like a playin' field an' more like a graveyard gone riotous.

The noodles o' Jah Pastafari boiled across the deck like scaldin' water, knockin' undead flat an' stormin' wild into the endzone – but the Drowned Revenants would not be sunk. With shatterin' jaws an' rusty claws they struck back, an' 'fore the sun kissed the horizon, the tide o' bones swept the field an' claimed their own share o' glory.

Elsewhere, the rats shrieked like rabid gulls, hurlin' hexers into the sickbay an' spillin' blood like burst casks. Yet the Regeneration Hex stood firm as gravestones in a storm – an' when one o' their bone-riders carried the ball through the howlin' mob, the whole stadium shook like under cannon fire.











No less savage was the clash o' pirate crews: rum poured, blood dripped an' in the thick o' the fray one poor soul sailed off on their final voyage. Glory though? Not a single point t' be found – only shattered teeth, torn souls an' a match endin' like a wreck on the seafloor.

The Keelhaul Kickoff Club, though, bent the chaos like a storm sail. With brawn, guile an' one last push they drove the ball home – the stands exploded in cheer an' the Ship o' Fools stumbled off like stranded jesters.

An' deep in the fog, where Leviathan met Reaver, the voice o' the abyss thundered. Bodies crashed, warriors fell an' the breath o' the crowd was held as heroes lay broken in the dust. But though the sea screamed fer blood, the ball refused to yield a verdict. When the smoke cleared, naught but the echo o' steel on bone remained – a cursed 0:0 that hung like an ancient doom.

So the second matchday was no dance but a maelstrom – with heroes toppled, tides rollin', an' fans roarin' louder than the heavens themselves. The Sea o' Nyx has tasted blood – an' she'll be wantin' more.

## 1. Match Reports (Short)

 The Drowned Revenants :  Jah Pastafari | 1 : 1  
 Regeneration Hex :  Skavern Scallywags | 1 : 0  
 Rum Looters :  Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths | 0 : 0  
 Keelhaul Kickoff Club :  Ship of Fools | 1 : 0  
 The Dreadwake Leviathan :  Wolfsblood Reavers | 0 : 0



## 2. Match Reports (Detail)

 The Drowned Revenants :  Jah Pastafari

### Fans:

 The *Drowned Revenants*: 12.000

 *Jah Pastafari*: 8.000

  **“Bones, Brawls, and Boilin’ Noodles!” – A Tale of the Undead Tide vs. Pasta Pride**

Welcome, ladies, gents and creatures o’ the deep, to a feast of bone, pasta and raw bloodlust! The stands be shakin’—**12,000 revenant fans** howlin’ like banshees, while **8,000 hungry Jah Pastafari** faithful swing their noodle bowls in battle rhythm.

And the weather? Spotless, like Nyx himself lit the sun to make the pitch a proper **kitchen from hell!**

### **First Half – Pasta with Punch**

The coin barely hits the turf before the **Pastafari** storm the deck – and by thunder, they came to cook!

- **Vermicelli** sends **Ribs McGraw** crashin’ into the dirt
- and **Ravioli** gives **Deadman Flint** a wake-up call so fierce he goes limp on the spot – KO right outta the gate!

The crowd howls like sea hags at a moonlight orgy!

**Spaghetti** spins like a noodle in boilin’ broth, knocks **Hank** to the floor, clears the path – and **Fusilli**, nimble as a rat in a pantry, scoops the egg and charges.

**Skulljaw Jack** tries somethin’ fancy – two risky steps and SPLAT! Trips over his own shinbones like a drunk sailor. Out cold. Carried off like yesterday’s fish. *Oof!*

And the Pasta Posse stay the course.

With a lovely chain o’ blocks and the grace of a gondolier, **Fusilli sails into the endzone –**

**TOUCHDOWN Jah Pastafari!**  *Mamma mia, that’s a spicy play!*

### **Second Half – Tidal Vengeance of the Revenants**

But the **undead ain’t done**. After a wild pitch invasion (fans headbuttin’ anyone in reach!), the smell of bone dust fills the air.

- **Scabskin Silas** scoops up the ball with grimy finesse,
- while **Keelhaunt Kade** and **Ghosthook Gale** flatten anything shaped like a noodle.

**Gale** steamrolls **Fusilli**, knockin' the poor lad into dreamland.

The Pasta crew reels, **Lasagne** gets whacked off the pitch more times than a forgotten oven tray. But **Spaghetti**, bless his durum heart, digs in his heels, clobbers **Rami** and holds the line with nothin' but grit and garlic.

Then it hits:

In the middle o' chaos, clatterin' limbs and marinara madness – **Scabskin Silas** grabs the ball again! Shielded by **Barnacle Bess** and a vengeful **Skulljaw Jack**, he stomps into the endzone –

**TOUCHDOWN Drowned Revenants!** 🦴 *The undead tide rolls in!*

### 🔪 **Final Clash – One Last Swing**

The score's tied, the stew's boilin' and the fans be frothin' like seafoam.

**Ravioli** tries to wrangle the ball for one final push, but fists be flyin', knees be crackin' and skulls be rollin'.

**Spaghetti** ain't quittin' though – he lays **Fleshless Faye** flat with a smack so clean it could pass for holy water.

The Pasta fans erupt, cheerin' like they won the sacred Parmesan wheel.

But that be all she wrote.

**Final whistle blows**, the dust settles and the sea calms. A **1:1 draw** – fair as a coin toss, and twice as wild.

### **Final Score:**

🧟 *The Drowned Revenants:* 1

🍝 *Jah Pastafari:* 1

🔪 **Regeneration Hex** : 🐭 **Skavern Scallywags**

### **Fans:**

🔪 *Regeneration Hex:* 9.000

🐭 *Skavern Scallywags:* 8.000

### 🦴🐭 **"Curses, Claws, and Chaos!" – When Hex Met Rat in a Storm o' Spikes**

Welcome, ye blood-bent buccaneers, to one o' the most **chaotic clashes** this pitch has seen in many a tide!

The **Regeneration Hex** hit the field with banners flappin' and bones rattlin', their **9,000 fans chantin' curses** loud enough to wake the dead – while **8,000 screechin' rat-lovers** from the **Scallywags** howled like a bag o' weasels in a rum barrel.

The opening boot sent the ball skyward and **Orange Ye Gladd** plucked it from the heavens like he'd snatched the moon itself. No sooner had he wrapped his mitts 'round the leather, than **the brawl began in earnest**.

First to land a blow?

**Guttertail Grim**, grinnin' like a sewer demon, slammed **Swampe Socke, Jr.** so hard the lad flew off the pitch, bones jangled and spirit broken.

A hard loss for the Hex and the rats cackled like cursed gulls.

But **Starlyte** weren't havin' it – he clobbered **Mouldsnout the Quick** so fierce the little flea farmer saw stars for a fortnight.

Then came the slapstick: **Plague-Eye Pete** tripped over his own whiskers tryin' to grab the ball, **Ron Cycles** and **Quadruple Y** fumbled like drunkards at a carnival coconut stand.

But just as it looked lost, **Quadruple Y** snapped into action – grabbed the egg, bolted downfield with steam in his boots and **danced through the defense like a spell-drunk banshee**.

Two wild, blind steps... and BAM!

**TOUCHDOWN Regeneration Hex!**

The crowd roared like a kraken in heat!

But the rats weren't finished – not by a long shot.

As soon as the ball hit the pitch again, **Snagtooth the Sly** and **Wharf-Rat Wiggles** went scuttlin' mad across the field, knockin' Hexers left and right. **Wiggles** took down **Starlyte** with a hit so nasty, he had to be dragged off like a sack o' soggy bones – another **serious injury** for the Hex! **Snagtooth**, not wantin' to be outdone, knocked **Silk** senseless – and the rats be cheerin' like pirates on payday.

But the Hex? They ain't the foldin' kind.

**Ron Cycles** charged in and flattened **Guttertail Grim** right outta the match – sweet vengeance in motion!

And **Quadruple Y**, still buzzin' from his earlier run, slammed into **Scurvy Snoutspike**, bustin' him up good. Another rat down, another cheer from the bone choir!

The stands shook with every clash and even the rodent fans had to tip their tricorns to the fact:


**Today, the Hex brought harder bones and meaner fists.**

When the final whistle blew, it were **a narrow, but well-earned victory for Regeneration Hex**.

Blood, bruises, pratfalls and a sprinkle o' black magic – just the way the fans like it.


**Final Score:**


 *Regeneration Hex*: 1

 *Skavern Scallywags*: 0

## Rum Looters : Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths

### Fans:

 *Rum Looters*: 8.000

 *The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths*: 6.000

### “Rum, Revenge, and the Rattle of Broken Dreams” – No Points, Just Pain

Right from the first step onto the pitch, the air stank of **rum and blood**. The **Rum Looters** swaggered in with that roguish charm only a crew can muster when they know how to tap a barrel *and* a skull in one smooth motion.

The **Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths** cracked their teeth and growled – but before the ball was even in the air, the crowd erupted like a keg in a furnace.

A **wild wave** of chaos crashed over the sideline, sendin’ **Deckscribbler Dawkins** and **Salty McStubby** straight into the dirt — like **Nyx himself** had reached up and pulled ‘em below deck.

*Welcome to Sea of Nyx*, ye lovers of fine blades and dirty boots.

**Jolly Roger Rumrooter** nabbed the pigskin early and started his jig – or as close to a jig as ye can manage when every other soul’s got a hook aimed at yer guts.

Then the match descended into that **delightful madness only two pirate crews can create**.

**Ruford “Blunderbuss” Norman** first rattled **Davy Doubloon’s teeth**, then, seekin’ escape, tangled himself in his own ghost stories and crumpled to the turf.

No one near to catch him. Just the breeze, a wheezy whistle and the kind o’ injury that earns a **free grog in every dockside tavern — as a cautionary tale**.

The **Looters hacked**, the **Buccaneers bit back**: **Clumb “Tigershark” McCloggins** cut into the fray and laid **Salty McStubby** out for a long, painful pause. **Reefwrecker Robbins** blasted through like a figurehead with issues.

Then it happened. The air turned heavy with **citrus, tar, and tragedy**.

**Manny Maroonbritches** took aim — and sent **Hayley “Nightmare” Quinn** on her final voyage.

A gasp. A cry. Then **silence**.

And then, the game rolled on – as it always does on this cursed turf.

The **Buccaneers tried to seize the rhythm**: **Carolyn “Four Teeth” Lynx** tucked **Timbershiver Tim** in for a deep nap with some bloody dreams. **Somerton “White Hair” Hamilton** cleared out two Looters and turned the heat up. But the ball — that cursed lump o’ leather — was the slipperiest beast on the field.

With the Looters, then in the mud, then in hands that wanted no part of it.

**Peg Leg Jennings** picked it up and ran a fair stretch, only to be swallowed by the storm.

**Leta “The Hawk” Lea** dove headfirst right when she shouldn’t’ve, and the ball bounced like a drunken gull.

**A gold tooth hit the wood. The crowd howled.**

## Second Half – New Bruises, Old Scores

The second act started with a twitch and a prayer:  
A smooth hand-off, a glint of hope — and BAM!  
The same wall of greed and fury sent ‘em packin’.

**Cabin Boy Richard** clocked in for overtime and **hailed Carolyn off the pitch.**

**Beldon “The Idiot” Ward** got a bit *too* close to a starfall and saw more than stars.

**Wayne the Insane** surged forward, only for **Aldred “Savage Soul” Reks** to **ice the Tigershark** with a crunch heard ‘round the harbor.

**Cody “The Rat” Hartford** had the ball *almost* secure —

But “almost” in Blood Bowl’s just another way to say “Not today, mate.”

And so the game swayed like a ship in a storm.

Every inch forward met with a pull back.


Every open lane turned into **a pile o’ limbs and bad decisions.**



**No flags. No whistles of joy. Just smoke, splinters, and snarls.**

The match ended the way all true sailor’s tales do — **with no glory, but plenty o’ scars.**

**Final Score:**

 *Rum Looters:* 0

 *The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths:* 0

 Keelhaul Kickoff Club :  Ship of Fools

**Fans:**

 *Keelhaul Kickoff Club:* 12.000

 *Ship of Fools:* 5.000

 **"Stormy Skirmish and a Single Strike"**

The skies be smilin’ like a dockhand three mugs deep in grog and the stands? Well, they be drownin’ in **Keelhaul Kickoff Club** colors, their chantin’ ringin’ louder than cannon fire at dawn.

The kickoff came from the **Ship of Fools** and right outta the gate, **Polly** soared up and nabbed the high-flyin’ ball with the ease of an old seabird chasin’ fish.

Then — BAM! — the first scrap erupted and it were clear this match’d taste like brass, brine, and busted bones.

**Bob the Big Baby** rumbled through mid-pitch like a storm-fattened whale, **Limpin’ Larry** danced round his first mark like a one-legged jester and **Dörte** cleared a flank like a pro with a cleaver.

But then came the first real groan from the crowd – **Dromio**, sharp as a boarding hook, crashed into **Kevin Klumpfoot** with a hit that made the healers scramble faster than rats from a torch.

The **Kickers** were forced to reshuffle and the **Fools** smelled blood in the brine.

**Dogberry** added insult to injury, sendin' **Half of Herbert** off to the surgeon's tent.

The pitch turned to bedlam – bodies crashin', elbows flyin' and even the **fans got involved**, givin' **Clown** a not-so-gentle welcome to the sidelines.

Amidst the chaos, the ball flapped 'round like a stubborn gull in a gale – **Falstaff** had it, but **Dörte** scythed him down like seaweed at low tide. **Cookie** scooped up the leather and the cutter was back on course.

A smooth step, a clean pass to **Scurvy Bastian**, and the flank looked open...

That wave may've crashed short, but the sea was risin'.

Next kickoff – and the **KKEC coaching crew** had their signs flyin' like semaphore in a storm.

This time, it all clicked like a loaded flintlock: **Cookie** snatched the ball from the turf, **Polly** pulled defenders wide, **Scurvy Bastian** carved through the lines like a sabre in sailcloth and **The Beardless Nick** barred the back like a locked hatch.

**Dromio and Dromio Also** got sat down like naughty cabin boys and **Clown** tripped over his own boots.

That's when **Bob the Big Baby** did what he does best: cleared the bloody road.

**Cookie** stayed cold as a widow's stare – one feint, a sidestep, another lunge – and **BOOM!**

**Touchdown for the Keelhaul Kickoff Club!**

The stadium shook like someone'd cut the anchor chain loose!

The **Fools** came out growlin' – no more laughin' now.

**Launcelot Gobbo** found his fury and decked **Cookie** on his way off the pitch, sendin' him to the locker room early.

**Nick Bottom** brought the hammer in tackles, but couldn't find the scent o' the ball to save his soul.

**Sludge** saw stars for a beat, but clung to the bench like a barnacle to hull.

**Limpin' Larry** held the center like an anchor in a squall, while **Hansi Hook** and **Scurvy Bastian** kept sweepin' clean behind the front.

And when things got messy?

**Bob the Big Baby** showed up big – like a tide risin' to swallow a skiff.

The **Fools** tried, aye, but the gaps just weren't there.

They'd crash the line, only to find it turned to stone.

The final whistle blew on a match that felt less like a game and more like a **tug-o-war between two briny wrecks**, groanin' with every pull.

**Final Score:**



*Keelhaul Kickoff Club: 1*



*Ship of Fools: 0*

## The Dreadwake Leviathan : Wolfsblood Reavers

### Fans:

 *The Dreadwake Leviathan*: 10.000

 *Wolfsblood Reavers*: 7.000

### "Fog, Fury, and the Ghost of Vengeance"

Good evenin', ye brine-sniffin' barnacle-brains! Today, the tides trembled as the **Dreadwake Leviathans** and **Wolfsblood Reavers** stalked outta the mist like legends carved from salt and steel.

The skies were clear, but down on the pitch?

**The sea was screamin'.**

Right off the bat, **Captain Verek Hollowtide** grabbed at the slick-slick leather, fumbled like a fish outta net, caught it again and charged forward with boots heavy as anchors.

The crowd roared, but the **Leviathans** rolled in like a thunderhead — **Krusk Wavebreaker** barreled through, slipped, staggered, slipped again — but kept on with the stubbornness of a rusted cannonball.

Then came the first **true crack** of war:

**Gorethump Grinbarrel** plowed through **Edda Crowbone** like a wave through driftwood.

Silence.

The Reavers' bench raised arms, the healer sprinted and the match took on that **lead-gray taste** only found in the **Sea of Nyx**, where glory and grief drink from the same cup.

The center of the pitch turned to a proper maelstrom.

**Selka Veil** spun like a cutlass, **Skreech the Unhinged** saw stars and **Velra Doomwake** wasn't far behind.

But these Leviathans? Creatures of the deep. **They don't sink. They drag ye down.**

**Corvus Grime**, grim as a flooded bilge, swept aside **Old Morn Gallows**, then **Captain "Wretch" Vale** and finally **Bastin Hollowglen** — who didn't get back up.

A gasp swept the stands, the drums fell silent for a heartbeat, and somewhere in the crowd, a sailor lost his chain in a bet he'll never mention again.

The Reavers tried to sail wide: **The Widow Salt** danced the sideline, **Vex of the Shrouded Isle** jabbed with venom and **Thorne Blackjaw** bit back with a grin full o' iron.

But every time they caught the wind, a **Leviathan fin rose to meet 'em**: **Drog "No-Neck" Huller** threw boulders for shoulders, **Barnak "Barnacle" Stenn** sealed the leaks and **Nix "Ghostfeet" Halberd** darted like shadow across wet rope.

Then, **momentum swung again**: **Karn Tallowbane** sent **Thresha "Riptide" Vox** driftin' into bloody dreamland and **Selka Veil** carved a new path with steel and spite.

The ball danced, spun, bounced like a cursed doubloon — and at last, **The Widow Salt** seized it.



The clock bit into the final seconds of the match. Both sides gasped for air, sweat stingin' in salt and silence.


Over it all: the taste of **unfinished vengeance**.

### Scoreboard? Still empty.

But don't be fooled, mates. This ain't no "nil-nil". This be a **dirge of the deep**, a thunderin' sea shanty of **blood, steel, and drowned wrath** and if the **second match** be anything like this... The groundskeeper best bring a **harpoon and a holy scroll**.

### Final Score:

 *The Dreadwake Leviathan*: 0

 *Wolfsblood Reavers*: 0

## 3. League table



P	Team	W	D	L	TD+	TD-	Points
1	 Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths	1	1	0	2	0	4
2	 Rum Looters	1	1	0	1	0	4
3	 The Dreadwake Leviathan	1	1	0	1	0	4
4	 Wolfsblood Reavers	1	1	0	2	0	4
5	 Keelhaul Kickoff Club	1	0	1	1	1	3
6	 Regeneration Hex	1	0	1	1	2	3
7	 Skavern Scallywags	1	0	1	1	1	3
8	 Jah Pastafari	0	1	1	1	2	1
9	 The Drowned Revenants	0	1	1	1	2	1
10	 Ship of Fools	0	0	2	0	3	0

## 4. Next Matches

 Ship of Fools :  Regeneration Hex

 The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths :  Jah Pastafari


 Skavern Scallywags :  Rum Looters


 The Dreadwake Leviathan :  The Drowned Revenants

 Wolfsblood Reavers :  Keelhaul Kickoff Club

## 5. Transfer List

 **The Dreadwake Leviathans** bought **NewPlayer2** for 95 Gold. He is now called **Krusk “Wavebreaker” Malrin**.

 **Skavern Scallywags** bought **NewPlayer7** for 20 Gold. He is now called **Barnacle-Bite Skreek**.

 **Skavern Scallywags** bought **NewPlayer8** for 20 Gold. He is now called **Scurvy Snoutspike**.

## 6. Messages

I be postin' a right sightly reward fer the murderous scum what did our beloved crew member, Kenny Crow Nest, in. Aye, they laid him low. A bit too low, if ye ask me. But this be the kind 'O scum we be dealin' with. There be no truth to the scandalous rumors floatin' 'bout how Kenny was supposedly seen riflin' through me ship's lobster catch. No clams changed hands twixt me and Keelhaunt Kade before the match. To the bottomless deep with yer scurvy accusations! Now, where's me rum?!  
ARRRRRRRRRR!

~ GlueBeard (Rum Looters)

You loot me rum and you will pay dearly you reprobates.

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

To all the managers out there. Dörte spillen blood an developed a taste for it. If yo don wanna be one of ya fellas be smashed like a bug under a the heel of a fine polished boot. Sent me some coins of yours and we consider spare some bones next time.

~ Cpn. Fuzzymouth (Keelhaul Kickoff Club)

Arrr! Tis' team be rumblin' with cutlass creases, but we be' plungin' back in action, Yarrrrr!

~ Avast-Ye Scurvee (Regeneration Hex)

## 7. Rumors

Someone steal my loot, I will steal your soul.