



SEASON ONE

Report for Round 3

Ahoy, ye storm-soaked madfolk – the third round o’ the Sea o’ Nyx League be done, an’ what a cursed spectacle it was! The stands howled like banshees through snow, rain, an’ blazin’ sun, an’ the pitch drank deep o’ blood, sweat an’ rum. This weren’t sport so much as a week-long wake with broken bones fer music.

In the Blizzard Bowl, the Ship o’ Fools an’ Regeneration Hex fought a frostbitten saga fit t’ haunt taverns for years. The Fools struck first, smashin’ skulls an’ takin’ the lead, but the Hex hexed ‘em right back, silk-smooth, snatchin’ the equalizer in the dyin’ moments. A 1:1 draw, but no man called it dull – the snow was red as a butcher’s deck by the end.

Further south, the Buccaneers o’ the Infernal Depths served up pasta for punishment. The Pastafari came boilin’ with fury, but Leta “The Hawk” Lea carved ‘em down like dry seaweed, and Cody “The Rat” Hartford dove in for the lone, hard-won touchdown. By the whistle, the noodles were scattered, overcooked an’ trampled – Buccaneers takin’ the win an’ the glory.

The Skavern Scallywags squeaked an’ shrieked their way t’ a 2:0 triumph over the Rum Looters, swarmin’ the deck with ratty glee. Peg legs snapped, tails flew, an’ by the end there was enough splintered timber an’ broken pride to build a whole new brig.

On the sun-blasted pitch, the Dreadwake Leviathans an’ Drowned Revenants played a match more fit fer the grave than the scoreboards. Bones cracked, fans groaned, an’ one poor soul got sent straight t’ the abyss, yet not a point was made. A brutal 0:0 – a silence so loud it rattled the gulls.

An’ in the Rain Bowl, the Keelhaul Kickoff Club an’ the Reavers drowned each other in mud an’ misery. Legs snapped, spirits sank, an’ the sea claimed Polly fer good. No touchdowns, no glory – just scars, sludge, an’ songs sung in the key o’ pain.

So ends the third storm o’ this cursed season – bloodier than the last, crueller than the first. The Scallywags scurry ahead, the Buccaneers burn hotter than hell’s galley, an’ the rest be left lickin’ their wounds, starin’ at the horizon, wonderin’ which o’ them the sea’ll swallow next.

1. Match Reports (Short)

🚢 Ship of Fools : 🧪 Regeneration Hex | 1 : 1
🏴‍☠️ The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths : 🍷 Jah Pastafari | 1 : 0
🐭 Skavern Scallywags : 🍺 Rum Looters | 2 : 0
🌊 The Dreadwake Leviathan : 🧟 The Drowned Revenants | 0 : 0
🐺 Wolfsblood Reavers : ⚓ Keelhaul Kickoff Club | 0 : 0

2. Match Reports (Detail)

🚢 Ship of Fools : 🧪 Regeneration Hex

Fans:

🚢 Ship of Fools: 8.000
🧪 Regeneration Hex: 8.000

❄️ 🏴‍☠️ "Blood on the Snow, Bones in the Wind" – The Blizzard Bowl Brawl!
Ship of Fools (SHFO) vs. Regeneration Hex (REHE)

Welcome, ye snow-stompin' landlubbers, to a clash so cold the **teeth froze mid-scream** and the **snow turned red** by the first quarter! The fans stumbled into the stands with frost cling'n to their boots - but spirits were hot and bellies full o' fire as the storm howled and the match began.

The **Ship of Fools** kicked things off with an **aggressive cannon blast o' a kickoff**, and within seconds - CRACK! - **Autolycus** and **Nick Bottom** flattened Hex defenders like crates in a squall.

Then it happened - **Nick Bottom**, swingin' like a tavern brawl champion, **pummeled poor Weymon Miller straight to the afterlife!**

A one-way ticket to Davy Jones' locker.

The crowd went mad. Snow turned crimson. A proper start!

Meanwhile, **Cloten** plucked up the pigskin and **strolled through the storm like he owned the deck**, while the Hex defenders got stomped into the slush like soggy biscuits.

The only flicker o' light for Hex?

Starlyte sent **Dromio** sailin' to sleep - but twasn't enough.

TOUCHDOWN! *Ship of Fools take the lead, 1-0!*

The second half began with pure **snow-blind madness** - the ball flopped about like a drunk eel, no one could grip it. Then: **Silk** snatched it from the slush and launched the Hex attack like a cursed snowball spell!

Swampe Socke, Jr., frothin' with fury, **smashed Launcelot Gobbo outta the match** - a **brutal KO**, and the crowd shrieked like banshees!

But the Fools wouldn't fold **Autolycus** laid **Cotton** out flat, **Clown** rattled **William Muggs'** brainpan and the defense held like a ship lashed tight in a hurricane.

It looked like the Fools were about to seal the deal...

Until **Ron Cycles**, sly as a sea snake, **slipped through a gap**, clobbered **Dromio Also**, and **busted the line wide open!**

Then came the clutch moment:

Silk, playin' like the cold never touched him, dragged the ball forward, and **William Muggs**, hands frozen but fierce, caught it in stride.

TOUCHDOWN for Regeneration Hex!

The fans howled, the snow swirled, and the **score was tied** - 1 to 1!

Time ran out with both crews clawing for victory, but neither ship could find the final strike.

1:1 it ends - but make no mistake, this weren't no dull draw.

This was a snowstorm brawl, a frostbitten saga o' blood, ice, and bone.

A tale to echo down tavern halls and haunted coastlines for many winters yet.

Final Score:



Ship of Fools: 1



Regeneration Hex: 1

 The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths :  Jah Pastafari

Fans:



The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths: 14.000



Jah Pastafari: 10.000



"Boiled Blood and Burnt Pasta" - The Hellfire vs. the Holy Sauce

Even before the boots hit the planks, ye could **smell the trouble brewin'**.

The sun slid across the deck like butter on a skillet, the **Buccaneers** slapped hands with their screamin' horde and the **Pastafari** banged pots 'n' pans like they were cookin' up a win.

The coin spun.

The crowd held its breath.

Lady Luck blinked and the pasta lads got the short end of the breadstick.

Kickoff to the Buccaneers.

And then - may the gods have mercy - **the crowd turned on the ref!**

Tore 'im apart like stale garlic bread.

The replacement zebra took the sideline with the face of a man who'd seen the kraken - and wisely **pretended he saw nothin'.**

From that moment on, the dish of the day was **raw violence.**

Ravioli wasted no thyme (pun intended): First **Somerton "White Hair" Hamilton** tucked in for a nap, then **Salty McStubby** went down in a heap. **Spaghetti** shoved and tangled, **Macaroni** mashed **Woodrow "Butcher" Law** into fine mince.

But then... oh, then came **the Hawksquall.**

Leta "The Hawk" Lea tore through the pasta line like a cursed cleaver: **Lasagne?** Flat and starin' at the sky. **Tagliatelle?** Down with a twitchin' shoulder — **out 'til next moonrise.** Then **Corzetti**, the playmaker, tried his luck... only to be folded like bad laundry by **The Hawk.**

After that hit? The stands agreed: **pasta was now a side dish.**

As bodies hit turf left and right, **Darin "One Leg" Read** crept down the sideline, scooped up the stray ball like treasure, and **pitched it into the melee.**

Next up, **Cody "The Rat" Hartford** - quick-footed and mean - dodged forks and flailin' tongs, scrambled for the line, slipped once, caught his balance **and dove into the endzone!**

TOUCHDOWN – Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths!

Hats flew, horns blared, and rumor has it **two full stewpots launched skyward** from the fans.

After the restart, **a rock fell from the gods (or the stands)** - straight on **Darin One Leg's head.**

Everyone looked to the stand-in ref.

He looked at the clouds.

Ain't my problem, said his empty eyes.

The Pasta crew had the advantage - wooden spoon in hand, vengeance in their hearts.

Macaroni scooped the ball and weaved past two tacklers with sauce-drippin' finesse...

But for every stitch o' order they tried to sew, the Buccaneers **ripped it apart like a loose sail in a storm.** **Stanley "Mumbling" Aranas** planted a meaty strike, **Aldred "Savage Soul" Reks** shoved everything not nailed down, **Somerton White Hair** charged in and promptly kissed turf again.

Vermicelli twirled into a pirouette - landed in a patch of air, mud, and regret.

The Buccaneers grinned with **bloodstained teeth**, whisperin': *If the noodles don't stick... they burst.*

The last few minutes smelled of **hope and oregano.** **Spaghetti** fought forward, **Gnocchi** pushed, **Linguine clapped and bellowed**, but time **slipped away like olive oil on a hot deck.**

Every pasta strand met a shoulder, a rusted elbow, or a barbed knee.

The ball skidded, bounced, rolled...

Then silence.

A last foot in the grass.

End of match.

Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths had cooked the pasta crew.

Not al dente - **but overboiled, stomped, and served cold.**

Match Log

Final Score:

 *Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths*: 1

 *Jah Pastafari*: 0

 Skavern Scallywags :  Rum Looters

Fans:

 Skavern Scallywags: 8.000

 Rum Looters: 5.000

“Squeaks and Splinters – Looters Swamped in Skaven Storm!”

Ahoy, mates! Under clear skies and with the screechin’ o’ rat-flutes piercin’ the air like harpoons in harmony, **8,000 frothin’ Skavern fans** swarmed the stands, shriekin’ like dock rats in a flour sack. Across the pitch, **5,000 grizzled Looter diehards** held their mugs high, hopin’ to out-shout the storm.

The coin toss fell to the Looters, but wouldn’t ye know it — the rats opened with a perfect defense. Like a swarm of hungry bilge beasts, the Skaven spun and scurried, flippin’ the Looter front line on its barnacled head.

Ball in the air, chaos on the deck — and **Reefwrecker Robbins** brought the **peg-leg physics** to bear. One mighty clobber later, **Mouldsnout the Quick** was rollin’ like loose rigging in a hurricane, ankle snappin’ like rotted rope.

Amidst the screechin’ and squall, **Snagtooth the Sly** slinked into the fray — a tipped ball, a shifty shimmy and three quick steps down the sideline like a shadow on silk.

TOUCHDOWN, Skavern Scallywags!

That mangy rat stabbed one clean through the planks and the crowd near lost their whiskers!

The **Rum Looters**, not ones to weep over spilled grog, straightened their beards, caught the next kick clean and pushed forward — slow but sturdy.

Yet **Reefwrecker Robbins** was still burnin’ hot — and while his crew fumbled for yards, **he sent Rotgut dreamin’ with a love tap from the briny depths.**

But points? None.

Just splinters, growls and one **hellfire of a "Pitch Invasion"!**

Fans flooded the field, sail poles wobbled and players toppled like rum jugs on a tiltin' galley.

When the mist settled, **Plague-Eye Pete** emerged from the wreckage, snatched the ball and danced like a drunk on deck.

Guttertail Grim, meanwhile, paid back the earlier wound in kind, **bootin' Lackweed the Lackey's ankle into a musical encore.**

A proper one-one draw — on the injury board, that is.

Peg Leg Jennings wasn't missin' out on the fun — he smashed **Bilgerat Blackwhisker** right into the rowin' benches with a shoulder full o' spite.

Up front?

Pete ducked low, hopped a rogue rope and planted the pigskin like a cursed relic in the endzone.

TOUCHDOWN TWO for the Scallywags!

The rats danced like sugar-cracked goblins in the moonlight.

The pitch stank of salt, sweat, and rodent musk.

But the tide stayed rodent-colored.

Reefwrecker Robbins found another spine to rattle — **Rustfang the Swift** got served straight to the sawbones. **Timbershiver Tim** finally caught **Snagtooth the Sly** mid-scamper and sent him crashin' into the spray, leavin' him with a knot on his noggin big as a cannonball.

The clock bled out.

The Looters cursed like cooks with no onions and the Scallywags?

They **squeaked, screeched and scurried** up into the stands, celebratin' a **ratty, ragged, beautiful 2–0 victory.**

Splinters everywhere.

Bones bruised.

Spirits cracked.

And enough kindlin' from the Looters' broken pride to build a new brig.

Final Score:

 Skavern Scallywags: 2

 Rum Looters: 0

 The Dreadwake Leviathan :  The Drowned Revenants

Fans:

 The Dreadwake Leviathans: 11.000

 The Drowned Revenants: 8.000

“Sun-Bleached Carnage & the Silence o’ the Dead”

The **sun blazed down** with all the mercy of a mutinous bosun — so hot, even the **shoulder-algae** were sweatin’ bullets.

The officials called it *“Very Sunny.”*

The **Dreadwake Leviathans** called it *“blisterin’ murder on the eyes.”*

The coin barely landed on edge when all hell broke loose by the sideline.

Leviathan fans clanged iron like hull plates in a squall, while the **8,000 Revenant diehards** gurgled their **“BooooOoo”** like ghosts coughin’ up seaweed.

The ball soared, caught the salt breeze, and down below, **Skreech the Unhinged** plucked it cold as a fishmonger’s handshake.

Then—**CRACK!**

Gorethump Grinbarrel laid down the law — a hit that echoed straight to the ocean floor — **Hollow-Eyed Hank** went limp and left the pitch grinnin’ sideways, bones in need of realignment.

The waves roared higher, the tackles louder.

In the middle o’ this mess, **Barnak “Barnacle” Stenn** found his moment: One swing, one crash and down went **Keelhaunt Kade**, crumplin’ like a wet sail.

The **Reaper gave a wave**, the crowd went hush, and Barnak blinked up into the blazin’ sun like he’d knocked out the sky itself.

But the **undead ain’t known for quittin’**.

Ghosthook Gale clobbered **Krusk “Wavebreaker” Malrin** hard enough to make the bench rattle.

Corvus Grime on t’other side flipped **Barnacle Bess** so smooth she slid toward the medic tent like a fish over rain-slick timber.

Amid boots, elbows, and salt-tongued curses, the ball bounced like it had a mind o’ its own.

Kelra “Sea Wasp” Dine snatched it once — zipped through the crush like a weasel with a tailwind — only to **trip twice in the glare**, her boots findin’ nothin’ but invisible deck edge.

Laughter. Groans.

The announcer called it **“Perfect Defense.”**

The Revenants called it **“opportunity.”**

Deadman Flint scooped the ball clean as a polished bone,

Rot-Tooth Rami grabbed a pass between two writhin’ brawlers — only to have **Drog “No-Neck”**

Huller knock the daylight straight outta his helm with a forearm like a ship’s beam.

The tides seemed ready to turn — and then the Revenants **played their blackest trick**.

Skulljaw Jack, ghost-silent, slinked up like a tide in the dark — paused just long enough to **smell blood**, then **BLAM** — caught **Jarrak “Plankwalker” Veer** with a skull-rattler that rang like a shatterin’ conch shell.

Down he went.

For real.

The air turned cold. Even the seagulls stopped squawkin’.

But the dead weren’t done yet — **Black-Echo Nell** followed up with a **crushing slam on Barnak**, leavin’ him woozy but breathin’.

The **Leviathans wiped the salt from their eyes** and squared their jaws.

Sun still blazin’. Fans still howlin’.

And through it all — no score.

Final Score:



The Dreadwake Leviathans: 0



The Drowned Revenants: 0

 Wolfsblood Reavers :  Keelhaul Kickoff Club

Fans:



Wolfsblood Reavers: 9.000



Keelhaul Kickoff Club: 8.000



“Mud, Madness, and One-Legged Legends” – The Rain Bowl from the Depths

The rain came down like Neptune’s wrath, and the stands slapped together like sea witches gutting fish.

But did the **Keelhaul Kickoff Club** fans back down? Nay!

Did the **Reavers** show up with lungs full o’ thunder? Aye, even more so!

I tell ye, mates, this reeked of a **mud-wrestle with extra violence** on the side.

The coin flip?

Fumbled by the Reavers, and so the KEKC seadogs started with the ball — or tried to, at least.

The leather bounced like a **drunken gull in a headwind**, and **Rütger Rottenleg** flailed beneath it, only to grab a fistful o’ rain.

And then — as is the law in weather foul enough to drown a kraken —

Bob the Big Baby started pushin’ bodies like barrels,

and the Reavers? They replied with **greetings straight from the grave**.

Early on in the scuffle, **Beardless Nick** collided with **Captain Darran “Wretch” Vale** so hard the timbers shook.

The Reavers’ cap’n hit the pitch, and when the medics muttered about *“a leg only fit for decoration”*,

we knew:

this match wouldn't be remembered for graceful plays.

The ball?

Slippery as a greased eel.

Nick picked it up once — only to eat mud moments later.

The Reavers responded with tackles that looked more like hazing rituals than sportin' plays.

Dörte saw stars, **Rütger** was sent to dreamland, **Vex o' the Shrouded Isle** got buried by **Limpin' Larry** so deep the apothecaries were already boilin' towels.

Then came that rare moment when the **rain soaks the brains as much as the boots**:

Half o' Herbert tried a slippery pirouette outta the puddle and spun himself straight into blindness.

Scurvy Sebastian didn't want to be left out — slipped, splatted, and squealed like a **burst rum barrel**.

Self-inflicted wounds, the kinda comedy the gods of Blood Bowl *live* for.

Amidst the sludge, **Grimm Yorrick** gave **Dörte** another nap with his ghost-hand special.

Karn Tallowbane throttled **Rütger** so gentle-like, the lad had to be **hailed off by waterboys** just to remember his name.

Then the **crowd handled the ref situation themselves**, and up came a stand-in who looked more like a tax clerk than a lawbringer.

No whistles from that point on — only **choruses of blood-soaked shanties**, sung in the **key of broken ribs**.

And then — **the moment that stole the breath of even the saltiest dockhands**:

Selka Veil, cool as a hangman's noose, took aim at **Polly**.

One step. One grab.

CRACK.

Silence.

Polly dropped — and never rose again.

The sea claimed a name that day.

Even the **KEKC bench fell quiet**, lookin' older by the second.

Meanwhile, the ball **wobbled about the planks like a lost crab**, cursed and unwanted.

Whoever held it lost it faster than a sailor's last coin in a brothel.

And if someone'd said the leather were hexed — not a single soul would've disagreed.

Iskar Nine-Lives topped off the chaos by dimming **Cookie's lights** — though just briefly.

The rain clapped like it approved.

The clock ran out, and we were left with one o' those games that **warms the hearts of dark-humored bastards**.

Scoreboard? Empty.

Spirits? Bruised and battered.

Memories? Bloody and unforgettable.

No beauty here — only scars, slashes, and the **rusty cackle of a drenched, drunk crowd.**

Final Score:

 Wolfsblood Reavers: 0

 Keelhaul Kickoff Club: 0

3. League table

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

4. Next Matches

 The Dreadwake Leviathan :  The Buccaneers of the Infernal Depths

 Jah Pastafari :  Skavern Scallywags

 Regeneration Hex :  Keelhaul Kickoff Club

 The Drowned Revenants :  Wolfsblood Reavers

 Rum Looters :  Ship of Fools

5. Transfer List

 **Jah Pastafari** bought **NewPlayer 3** for 85 Gold. He is now called **Corzetti**.

 **Wolfsblood Reavers** bought **NewPlayer6** for 60 Gold. He is now called **Ravyn “Deadwake” Korraht**.

 **Keelhaul Kickoff Club** bought **NewPlayer10** for 15 Gold. He is now called **Rütger Rottenleg**.

 **Keelhaul Kickoff Club** bought **NewPlayer11** for 15 Gold. He is now called **Hank of Hameln**.

6. Messages

Now, where's me rum?! More importantly, where's me doubloons? Twelve doubloons? Is that all I've got to work with? Alas, the indignity of it all! I can't even afford words, anymore, so ye be best makin' do with this short message from me. Aye!

~ GlueBeard (Rum Looters)

One day, we will have revenge for Bastin!

~ Asar (Wolfsblood Reavers) to The Dreadwake Leviathans

7. Plunderin' Voyage

Captain Pacco "Black Tongue" Rose be callin' fer a grand raid, yarr! The target be the fort on the Isle o' the Diamond Crabs, an' he swears there be treasure enough to make a pirate's eyes gleam.

Each manager be sendin' up to three hands from their crew to join the raid. Fresh talents be barred from the voyage. But beware, matey – where there be booty, there also be danger an' more than one salty dog has sailed off on such a quest never t' return.