

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

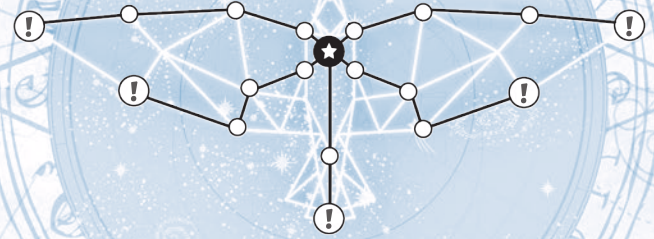
You knew you would quit your position aboard the ship long before you finally do. When your adventure concludes, all you have left is a smelly, disgusting (4) to show for it. You immediately trade it away to get passage back to your childhood home. The life that follows is humdrum and predictable, and though devoid of pirates and their company, so too is it devoid of meaning. You spend your later years wistfully staring out at the ocean and wondering what might have been. When you eventually perish, following a protracted battle with (3) brain, you leave behind a legacy of bitterness and wasted potential. Your family buries you next to the grave of Captain (2), having known all along of your scandalous, secret affair.

(!!!!) = GOOD

All your life you'd been searching for something. The pirate life finally revealed what it was. After your time on the ship is up, you sell your (4) and plan an expedition with a fledgling crew of ex-(1)(s) to a mysterious island in the southern seas of Sunset. In the heart of a jungle there, you and your team find a mysterious and long-lost temple. As you enter the chamber within, your eyes fill with the glowing light of a magnificent, gigantic crystal. It fills your soul with contentment and satisfaction. This is what you've always been meant to find! The crystal consumes your thoughts even as your team screams out in terror and tries to flee the temple. Slowly, the chamber fills with (3)(s) and the outer doors seal themselves. As the others struggle to escape, you laugh with abandon, the secrets of the cosmos finally revealed to you.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

While the pirating life proved to be a bit too much for you, it awakened your wanderlust like nothing before. After your time on the ship you decide to collect the maps, journals, and other adventurer's ephemera that Captain (2) had left behind to try to follow in his footsteps. You find great fulfillment in continuing his life's work. Eventually it leads you to build a library in his name where pirates and explorers of the world at large can sell and share hand-drawn maps of newly discovered locations in Sunset. This provides a greatly needed service to the community, and gives you access to the most interesting locations the world has to offer. You even develop a great friendship with (5), whose smell you eventually grow quite fond of.



## THE SEEKER PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★		★	★		
Brawn		★	★	✗	✗	✗	✗	✗
Hunting		★		★			✗	✗
Aim		★			★		✗	✗
Swagger			★	★			✗	✗
Navigation		★		★	★			✗

## STORY BLANKS


Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.



1. A profession that involves travel: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A dumb name: \_\_\_\_\_
3. An animal: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A collector's item: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_



## BACKSTORY OF THE SEEKER PIRATE


Exploring the world has always been my passion. In my youth I was a(n) (1) and volunteered for every exploratory expedition I could find. After a time I found myself aboard the ship of Captain (2), the fearless royal explorer who became my mentor. I learned much on his vessel as we travelled the seas, but eventually luck ran out, and our vessel was sunk by a giant (3). The captain perished, and it was time to find a new vessel to sign up with. When I heard a pirate captain was going to sail past the Ocean's Edge, I realized the world was about to become an even more interesting place, and pirates might very well hold the key to the thrills of exploration. Now I find myself on a pirate ship and am forced to confront the fact that I hate pirates. I hate their unwashed bodies, their complete disregard for the King's Tongue, not to mention their ridiculous obsession with (4) (s). Their very presence soils what should be a transformative journey of self-discovery. Take (5), for example. Who could stand to be around this lout for even five minutes? Gods-damned pirates.




## CONSTELLATION EVENTS



When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.

 I squirmed as it slid down my mouth. It wasn't the worst thing I've eaten, but the thought of eating a live, miniature (3) made my stomach do cartwheels. Pirates sure do have quite an expansive array of things they qualify as food. Supplies  +3.

 I buried the (4) just as they told me to, marking the spot with an 'X' so I'd remember where. I'm not quite sure what the point of it was. It doesn't seem to make much sense to collect it, only to throw it in a hole on a random island I doubt I'll ever visit again. Oh well, it doesn't matter much anyway. Numerous possessions will likely get me stabbed or robbed on this ship. Gain 1 skill of your choice. Re-roll  +1.

 I finally found something that seems well-suited for me. It reminds me of the one Captain (2) used to have on his ship. Oh how I miss being with him. Him and his big, strong hands... Retrieve card 25 Superior Spyglass from the story deck.

 Maybe if I trade this to (5) they will agree to move to another hammock. I am so tired of them stinking up the place. It's bad enough that most of the crew doesn't bathe. Treasure  +1 OR discontent  -2.

 I seem to have attracted two new pirate fledglings. They think it's "cool" that I still have all of my teeth - a rare thing among the rest of the riff-raff on this vessel. Only the best for this ship, I suppose. Crew  +2.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

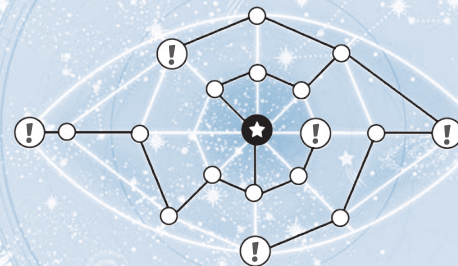
Your visions of the <sup>(3)</sup> never lead to anything more than a few extra coins. Using your earnings, you visit a local casino, thinking to use your second sight to win big. You do, and amass a large fortune before the casino's security suggests it is time to leave. Laughing, you exit the casino with several sacks of coins, then you are promptly run over by a speeding <sup>(1)</sup> pushing a cart full of <sup>(2)</sup>. Your sacks explode, causing bystanders to scramble for coins. Later, when your corpse is scraped off a cartwheel, the driver shakes her head sadly. "Poor little blighter," she says. "They never saw it comin'."

(!!!!) = GOOD

Most people are slaves to fate, playing the cards that life deals them. But a pirate with second sight can make their own fortune! More accurately, they can make a fortune by controlling which cards get dealt to suckers who visit their casino. Despite never quite finding out what the visions of the <sup>(3)</sup> mean, you use the treasure you earn on your pirating adventure to open a successful gambling house called The Lucky <sup>(4)</sup>. The casino turns out to be a big hit. You even get <sup>(5)</sup> to do a show there five times a week. Your ability to have visions allows you to fleece the many fools who come hoping to win big. It might not be honest work, but then again, neither was pirating.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

Though life in a pirate crew suits you, you are still plagued by visions, both of the future and the past. In your mind's eye you see the <sup>(3)</sup> as clear as day, haunting you and drawing you ever closer. One day, <sup>(5)</sup>, tells you the tale of the Dirty <sup>(1)</sup>, a naval ship that had gone missing in the area and was rumored to be filled with royal treasure. The flag of the ship was said to depict an image of the <sup>(3)</sup> in the same exact pose you saw in your visions! Using your gift, you lead a small expedition to find the shipwreck and its glorious bounty. Your visions prove more reliable and accurate than ever, and you successfully plunder a vast collection of treasure. After giving each member of your expedition their share, you have more than enough to live a luxurious life of leisure. The visions stop after that, and you finally know peace.



## THE ALL-SEEING PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★	★			✕
Brawn				★	★		✕	✕
Hunting		★		★			✕	✕
Aim		★	★		★	★		
Swagger		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Navigation		★		★			✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A large animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A heavy object: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A well-regarded profession: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A type of location: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A famous man: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE ALL-SEEING PIRATE

I grew up on a small island village, governed by my mother. Gifted with a second sight, she successfully saw the village through many trials. Because she was well-loved, no one found it troublin' when I also began to exhibit signs o' havin' a seer's eye. But bein' a seer had its own challenges. "You must remember," my mother once said to me, "that we be as cursed as we are blessed. There are two visions a seer must always be wary of. The sign of the (1) and the sign of the (2), as these are ill omens for us," and she proved this true when she was killed when a(n) (1) kicked a cart carryin' a(n) (2) onto her. Haunted by her death and havin' no desire to govern the village, I left one night, leavin' the village to its own devices. Later, I signed onto a pirate ship, hopin' to find my place in the wide world. It was at sea when I started havin' visions of a(n) (3). What could it mean? Hopefully my adventures will lead me to an answer.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled (1) below and read its corresponding text.

- (1) I held the treasures in my hand for just a moment when the vision came. One would bring me pleasure, the other pain. Perhaps they're still spiritually tied to their former owner, who from what I understand was a(n) (3)?

Infamy ☠️+1. Look at the top 2 cards of the treasure 📦 deck. Gain 1 and discard the other OR gain both and misfortune 🌪️+1.

- (1) My visions told me that I should bury my treasure beneath the (4). I had no idea that the visions would also be leadin' me to an even greater reward. I remember my mother usin' these salts when she needed to see more clearly. Hopefully they can help me do the same.

Retrieve card 59 Seeing Salts from the story deck.

- (1) When I leapt into the waters the crew thought me mad. They had no idea I'd be bringin' back (5) with me, who I found strugglin' for his life beneath the waves. I don't know how he got here, but we welcomed him among the crew. My sight tells me he will be exceptionally good at swabbin' the deck.

Crew 🧑+1. Infamy ☠️+2.

- (1) What a fascinatin' object! It must have some remnant of the (3)'s magic. Before I even throw it, the object sees through my eyes, tellin' me where and how it will hit, every time.

Retrieve card 33 Following Harpoon from the story deck.

- (1) The great treasure was there just as I'd seen it in my vision. But takin' it may end up causin' unfortunate circumstances. Is the (3) leadin' us into a trap? I feel like I could deal with the consequences, but can me crew? I ain't so sure.

All players: Treasure 📦+1. Misfortune 🌪️+1.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You left a long trail of broken hearts behind you, and it was bound to catch up with you eventually. Royal Duke (1) tracks you for months and finally hunts down your ship. (4) and (5) happily turn you over to the duke in exchange for a bucket of (2) feet. The duke declares that you are to walk the plank at dawn the following day, and despite your best efforts, no amount of smooth-talking proves able to save you from your sad but predictable doom.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After years of scamming easy marks and dull-witted townsfolk, you think it is high time to give back to the community. You use the loot you earned to open a school, called (3)'s School for Grifters, a fine institution dedicated to teaching the art of the grift to pirates. It pays okay, but proves frustrating work given that most pirates are illiterate murderers barely able to clean their own navels. But with a little patience and diligence, you produce annual classes of skilled and admirable pirates, better able to separate fools from their money. Of course once (4) and (5) hear of your esteemed school they ask to join, but you deny them entry, knowing that not even you could help mold them into upstanding pirates. But you of course still charge them tuition just for applying.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You use the loot you earned on your adventures to acquire your own ship, which you name the Sweet (3). As a captain, you are able to use your quick thinking and coercive speech to earn a number of victories for your ship and its crew. You tell your conquered foes how lucky they are, and describe the horrible violence you have inflicted with just one can of (1) upon less fortunate prey. Soon, ships you assail on the open seas quickly surrender without a fight. Rumors spread of you and the crew of the Sweet (3) being vicious, predatory fiends, capable of the most repulsive of atrocities. You take full advantage of the situation, and when you eventually retire years later, you do so having fought only three times during your entire illustrious career.



## THE GRIFTER PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Brawn		★		★			✕	✕
Hunting			★		★		✕	✕
Aim		★			★		✕	✕
Swagger		★	★		★	★		✕
Navigation			★	★	★			



## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A condiment, soup, or dessert: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A particularly smelly animal: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A friend or famous person: \_\_\_\_\_
4. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of yet another player: \_\_\_\_\_







## BACKSTORY OF THE GRIFTER PIRATE

My ol' mum insisted on gettin' me a top-notch education, so naturally I skipped school and blew my tuition money on rum and debauchery. It's not that I don't see the value of education, it's just that I'm far too intelligent to pay for one. On the streets I ran lots o' confidence jobs such as the Admiral's Stepdaughter, Six-Card Squid, and the always-profitable, hollowed-out leg filled with <sup>(1)</sup> scam. Each o' these grifts would turn a respectable profit when run on the dolts o' my hometown. When dear mother died, happily believin' her only child possessed a half-dozen degrees, a number o' certificates of specialization, and a doctorate in <sup>(2)</sup> ology, I decided it was time to move on to greener pastures.

Piracy can be dangerous work, but if there's one thing I learned in my previous life, it was how to talk or scheme my way out of any dangerous situation. I feel certain I can make a name for meself on the open seas, but just in case, I have my trusted alias of <sup>(3)</sup> to give out if any royals start asking questions.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ I convinced <sup>(4)</sup> that I didn't take nothin'. These pirates are so gullible. It's a wonder the cap'n decided to recruit these fools into the crew.  
Treasure  +1. If able, steal 1 treasure from <sup>(4)</sup>.
- ❷ I swindled royal Duke <sup>(1)</sup> out of this pen, along with his household stamp and seal. Oh, the trouble I can cause with this! I do feel a little bad though. That sucker fell for me hard. He's goin' to remember me for the rest o' his life, but that's probably on account o' the <sup>(2)</sup> fungus rash I gave him.  
Retrieve card 42 Ivory Pen from the story deck.
- ❸ The cap'n felt a bit under the weather and let me take the helm. Of course I used the opportunity to order <sup>(5)</sup> around a bit. I needed to whip this ship into shape, after all. Of course I took a thing or two from <sup>(5)</sup> while they were busy. I think I could get used to livin' a life o' respectable leadership.  
If able, steal 1 treasure  from <sup>(5)</sup>. Infamy  +3.
- ❹ I rarely like to get my hands dirty, but it doesn't hurt to have one o' these on hand. And it's good to remind the others that I'm just as deadly as I am clever. I think I'll call it Little <sup>(3)</sup>.  
Retrieve card 27 Ebony Pistol from the story deck.
- ❺ I told <sup>(4)</sup> they'd get a kiss if they went and caught me some fish. I told <sup>(5)</sup> the same. They wrangled up more fish than we've had on this ship for a while. Man those two are suckers. I made 'em both close their eyes and had 'em kiss each other. Those fools were none the wiser. I guess I still got it.  
Supplies  +4. Infamy  +2. Discontent  -1.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You thought you were a step ahead of the Lavender Syndicate the entire time, but you see now that the (4)s you targeted were actually just a distraction as the heads of the Syndicate tightened a noose around your neck. In your final moments, as their enforcers beat you to a pulp, you wonder if they were the ones who actually hired you to thin the family, or was it just to flush you out? Were the people you killed even members of the shadowy organization? Your thoughts are cut short as you are killed with your own (3), and left to die in some back alley. Eventually your corpse is dragged away by hungry (5) pups.

(!!!!) = GOOD

The pay for eliminating the (4) family is exactly (2) gold coins. Money like that allows you to retire from the pirate life and spend the rest of your days lounging on a beach and drinking the finest rum, or at least that's what you planned. You quickly find that a life of stalking your marks from the shadows has left you paranoid and fearful of others seeking revenge against you. You squander your small fortune on an exorbitant amount of (3), survival supplies, and locks for the door to your modest home. When your funds are fully depleted, you are forced to go back to assassination work. But the years off have left you sloppy, and your signature (1) can't even take out an unsuspecting seagull. This realization forces you to find work as a bodyguard at some dingy casino, where you live out the rest of your days not killing a single person. Wait, this was a good ending?

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

After months more of searching, it all comes down to this. You triple backflip into the most powerful version of your (1) move, deftly extinguishing the life of the final (4). You feel a strange calm come over you, knowing that you've earned a sizable payday from your benefactor, but also that you've struck a major blow against the Lavender Syndicate, and for the first time in your life you consider using your skills to hunt the evil and the corrupt. From that day forward you go out, (3) in hand, riding upon the most majestic and virile (5) you can find. You swear an oath to stamp out villainy wherever it decides to germinate, and your resulting adventures inspire four best-selling novels.



## THE ASSASSIN PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★			✕	✕
Brawn		★		★	★			✕
Hunting		★	★		★	★		
Aim				★	★		✕	✕
Swagger			★			★	✕	✕
Navigation		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. Name of an attack move: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A really high and cool number: \_\_\_\_\_
3. Your preferred weapon: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Last name for the family you are to assassinate: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A large and imposing beast: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE ASSASSIN PIRATE



My first kill was a man named Darby Gilweed, and he was easy enough. It only took one <sup>(1)</sup> to the neck and he fell like a ton o' bricks, assumin' bricks made wet, gurglin' noises. The second was a woman, Alissa Bairns. She gave a little more fight, but went down just the same. They start to blur together after that. By my count, <sup>(2)</sup> have lost their lives to me, most by my <sup>(3)</sup>, but many by my hands alone. No mission has ever been without its challenges. But this one, this new mission, is goin' to require all the tools I have at my disposal.

It's the first time I've been tasked with takin' out a family. A unique assignment, made all the more interestin' by the family's reputation. The <sup>(4)</sup> family are no ordinary brood. Many are well-known, high-rankin' members of the Lavender Syndicate. They're a ruthlessly violent group of assassins like meself, used by criminals and royals alike to further their personal aims. It ain't goin' to be an easy assignment, but it'll pay well, and when's the last time I got to take out some actual bad guys for a change?

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.


- ❶ Geoff <sup>(4)</sup> was the first target I was able to track down. I used my <sup>(1)</sup> but it didn't do the job. First time that's happened in <sup>(2)</sup> days. I eventually took him down though, and made sure to make it look like an accident so the others don't catch on.

Treasure  +1. Infamy  +2.

- ❷ The <sup>(4)</sup>s are a crafty bunch. I am goin' to need some more unique tools to get the job done. It was a pain to take the <sup>(5)</sup> down, but the quality of weapon I was able to craft from its corpse will be well worth the effort.

Retrieve card 49 Monster Tooth Dagger from the story deck.



- ❸ Debbie <sup>(4)</sup> was a formidable woman. But in the end my <sup>(3)</sup> skills were too much for her. Dang, I'm cool.

Infamy  +3. Gain 1 skill of your choice.

- ❹ I think they might be on to me. Last night I was attacked by me bunkmate while sleepin'. Unfortunately, my <sup>(1)</sup> sent his body out the porthole before I could find out who he was workin' fer. Nobody'll miss him.

Discontent  -1. Crew  -1. Treasure  +1.

- ❺ Timmy <sup>(4)</sup>, that clever little boy. I thought he'd be the easiest to kill. Turns out that little scoundrel is one of the most deadly. Sneaky too. He has escaped my <sup>(3)</sup> over <sup>(2)</sup> times. Still, I'll get him in the end. I always do.

Re-roll  +3. Infamy  +2.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

\_\_\_\_(2)\_\_\_\_'s men hold you in place in the foyer of the monster's home. "You \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ed 'em! You \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ed 'em all!" you scream. "Do you even remember doin' it?"

"Let me explain something to you, savage," the captain sneers. "The day \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ came to your village was the most important day of your life. But to me, it was just another Wednesday!" \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ strides away laughing, as guards drag you off to the dungeon where you live out the rest of your miserable days.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After your time as a pirate, you wander the world with \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_, never really finding a home to call your own. It's not so bad though. You're able to assist other refugees like yourselves, helping them recover from the trauma of \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_\_. When you later hear that \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ has passed away and the royals have erected a large statue memorializing the monster, you wonder if you made the right choices. But the passage of time eventually makes you realize all that matters is that you lived a life that your \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ could be proud of. And in the end that gives you peace.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

After years of searching, newly-promoted Admiral \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ stands at the end of your axe, grovelling for mercy. It is strange that even though you had spent your every moment tracking the monster down, seeing them there as they beg for life brings you no joy or closure. You realize that instead of honoring the memory of \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_, you've instead let your life be consumed by revenge. You throw your weapon to the ground and turn away. For the rest of your life you work to rebuild the \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_, and as a community builds up around you, you finally know peace once again. Later, you learn that \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ died screaming from an accidental \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_, so that is nice too.



## THE SURVIVOR PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration			★		★		✕	✕
Brawn		★		★	★	★		
Hunting		★		★	★			✕
Aim		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Swagger			★		★		✕	✕
Navigation		★		★			✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.


1. *Something foul:* \_\_\_\_\_
2. *A villainous name:* \_\_\_\_\_
3. *A made-up interrogation tactic:* \_\_\_\_\_
4. *Someone you hold dear:* \_\_\_\_\_
5. *The name of a woman:* \_\_\_\_\_


## BACKSTORY OF THE SURVIVOR PIRATE


The (1). That's what the royals called my homeland. T'was a place o' hard beauty, where warriors were born, livin' and dyin' by sword and axe. But despite their prowess, my people fell when Captain (2) brought the royal navy to our shores. The royals used (3) on my people, for no reason other than they knew they could. In the end, no one survived.


Except me, born again in the flamin' ruin of all I knew and loved. My (4) was dead. My modest barbarian home insurance business was bankrupted. My left hand was naught but a bloody stump after being (3)ed by a royal soldier. And I bellowed into the frozen night, up at the uncarin' stars that sat in the black sky, placed there by uncarin' gods. Lost and adrift in a world I no longer knew, I wandered for years until joinin' a pirate crew that valued my martial prowess. Now, I am the last survivor of the (1), and I will see that Captain (2) pays in blood.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS


When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.

-  I (3)ed a man for over an hour before sending him to his god. He had been there, all those years ago. Maybe it didn't matter that he didn't pull the trigger or give the order. Maybe what matters is that he didn't do anythin' to stop it. Maybe I don't even need reasons now.


Infamy  +3.

-  I can't believe it. Another survivor like me! For so long I thought I was the only one. But here she is. She doesn't remember how she escaped, but she does remember our home. Even if her name is (5), a cursed and vile name among my people, it still feels good to discuss old times. I can't remember the last time I felt so complete.


Crew  +1. Discontent  -1.

-  It's been a while since I held one in me hand. Most of 'em have been lost since the destruction of my people. I can still remember when (4) would forge a new one every year. It's dangerous to use, but these be dangerous times.

Retrieve card 22 Cursed Blood-Axe from the story deck.

-  Two days ago I (3)ed a woman who said she was one o' the royals that sacked me village. I wish I could say it felt good, but I don't really feel anythin'. Mostly just a numbness. No matter how many lives I take, it won't bring my (4) back. Is this even worth doin'?

Re-roll  +1.

-  This was (2)'s, I can smell it. Their stench is all over it. Their treasured little toy. What kind of monster values something like this over human lives? I'm glad I took it. I want to take everythin' from (2), just as was done to me.

Treasure  +2.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

In the end, even your own peers can't stand you. (5) won't return your letters and the last time you see (4) in person, she spits on you. One morning, after an evening of drunken, impassioned arguments on behalf of the rights of seagulls everywhere, an argument even the seagulls didn't ask for, you awake to find the crew has left you stranded on a deserted island. You sit there on a sandy beach in stupefied silence, furious at the betrayal.

"I dunno, maybe it's me?" you wonder aloud.

"Yeah, maybe it is," says a passing seagull, and it poops on your head.

(!!!!) = GOOD

Your grand adventure concluded, you begin to wonder if there isn't some other way to practice your unique talents. The answer comes at a port town far to the north, when you are approached by an agent of the Royal Legal Association.

"The R.L.A. has heard considerable things about you, from our mutual friend, (3)," the agent says. "We'd like to make you a royal attorney. You'd be using your talents to keep your clients rich, in power, and far away from the noose, despite their numerous indiscretions."

"Nay!" you cry. "It'd be a betrayal of everythin' I believe in as a pirate!"

"We will make you rich."

"I'll do it!" you agree, and quickly sign the proffered contract.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

Your grand adventure concluded, you begin to wonder what is next. The answer comes when you are approached by an agent of the Grand Pirate Council.

"The council's heard all about ye," says the agent, "and your friend, (4), has written a letter of recommendation. The council thinks you'd make an excellent pirate lawyer. Whaddya say?"

"A lawyer?" you scoff. "Sounds rather dull for someone of my skill level."

"Dull?" laughs the agent. "Listen you, council members are always bein' accused of the most heinous crimes in the world, crimes which they are assuredly all guilty of, and for which there is insurmountable evidence provin' that guilt. This is the hardest job in the world! Plus, you'll be filthy rich. And I mean real filthy."

"I'll do it!" you agree, and quickly sign the proffered contract.

## THE DEBATER PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★			✕	✕
Brawn				★	★		✕	✕
Hunting		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Aim		★		★	★			✕
Swagger		★	★		★	★		
Navigation		★	★				✕	✕



## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A name for a fancy university: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A respected area of study: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A name of a bar wench: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A name for a female pirate friend: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A name for a male mystic: \_\_\_\_\_


## BACKSTORY OF THE DEBATER PIRATE


I was the smart one in me family, and they scraped together enough coin to send me to (1), so's I could earn a degree in (2). But I refused. It wasn't that I didn't want an education, but I'm a born contrarian, so I argued they were better off givin' it to (3), the empty-headed wench who worked down at the Groggy Gecko. Sadly, they did just that, then told me to shove off.



Unsure of what to do with meself, I decided to join my old friend (4) who had just signed up with a pirate ship. Life aboard the ship was difficult at first, as followin' orders wasn't exactly me strong suit. But after a couple stints in the brig, bein' lashed to the mast, and a most unpleasant keelhaulin', I learned to hold my quarrelsome tongue. Indeed, I eventually became a well-respected member of the crew, and (4) and I left for better payin' jobs aboard a new ship.


Controllin' my thirst for debate ain't easy, and when I do get the chance to let it out, I tend to go a little too far. (4) says it's 'cause I'm a natural ass, but I like to think somewhere in the world there's a job for someone good at arguin' like I am.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS


When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.

-  It was weird bumpin' into (3) after all these years. And it was painful to be dressed all scroungy the way I was, and her lookin' all fancy now. I guess the education my folks gave her paid off. She shouldn'ta been travellin' with so many baubles, but hey-o, that's a lesson they don't teach in school.


Treasure +1. Re-roll +1.

-  I met a mystic named (5) who was badly starved, and I couldn't just leave him behind. I offered him bed and board if he joined us, and he accepted. I hope he likes bein' a pirate. Surely his mystical know-how will come in handy?


Crew +1. Infamy +1.

-  (5) gave me the nicest thank-you gift today. I must say, I'm rather touched, though (4) kept arguin' the old mystic tries too hard to ingratiate himself. Personally, I don't mind if he does!

Treasure +1.

-  When (5), that old mystic, gave me the ability to convince others with my words, I knew I could have some fun. The effects, however cannot be ignored. I don't persuade them so much as I magically compel them, and I worry such a thing could get me in trouble. More than my usual nonsense.

Retrieve card 89 Vial of the Manipulator from the story deck.

-  It felt weird doin' good fer others, but talkin' that royal explorer we met into givin' his crew a fair wage, sure was rewardin'. Maybe once our little adventure is concluded, I'll use my abilities to talk the cap'n into doin' the same.

Discard all of your misfortune  tokens. Re-roll +2.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

Using the items you found on your adventure, you are able to decipher the map you found in the (3) ! You book passage to the location on the map, and, with excitement and great trepidation, you arrive at an island covered with (4) -marked flowers. To be honest, the home is a ramshackle hovel, and you are less than happy to discover your parents are two loser pirates who definitely resemble you, (2) -shaped nose and all. "So glad ya made it," says your birthmother. "We prayed this day would come. 'Cause I really need me a kidney." You quickly turn to leave, only to find your birthfather has blocked the front door.

"Hate to say it, princess," he says with a belch, "but I'm gonna need one too."

(!!!!) = GOOD

You never are able to find a way to decipher the map. So you go on living the pirate life, eventually tattooing the (4) drawing on your arm as a way to commemorate letting the search for your family go. After you have had your fill of pirating you decide you want to start a family of your own, and eventually find someone who loves you, (2) -shaped nose and all. You live out your golden years, bouncing your (1) year old son on your knee, telling him of the great adventures you had at sea. It isn't exactly the life you had pictured, but it is one that makes you happy.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

Using the items you found on your adventure, you are able to decipher the map you found in the (3) ! You book passage to the location on the map, and much to your surprise, you discover a small village and towering castle that waves banners with the sign of the (4) emblazoned upon them.

"Princess," say the guards in awestruck tones, before taking a knee.

"Say what now?" But the guards turn out to be right, and you discover that while you might be a very ugly pirate in the world beyond, on this island, you are the most beautiful princess to have ever lived, and your birthparents, the king and queen, are two of the most loving and kind people you've ever met. You spend the rest of your days living a life of luxury with an abundance of parental love and support.

Write 'Princess' in front of your name on your player sheet.



## THE ORPHAN PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★			✕	✕
Brawn		★		★			✕	✕
Hunting		★	★		★	★		
Aim		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Swagger			★		★		✕	✕
Navigation		★		★	★			✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. An age you were a long while ago: \_\_\_\_\_
2. Something that has an odd shape: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A container: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Something you would tattoo on yourself: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A sea creature: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE ORPHAN PIRATE

The old pirates say they found me on a sandy beach, washed up by the tide on an unnamed island. I was naught but a wee (1) years old, when I was found swaddled in seaweed. Touched by my plight, and recognizin' I was so ugly it was highly unlikely anyone else would take me in, the pirates made me part of the crew and raised me themselves. I always wondered where I came from, though I were half-afraid to find out. Perhaps my parents had discarded me when they saw my crooked smile, my large, webbed feet, and my (2) -shaped nose?

Then one day, while out at sea, I found a (3) caught up in a net containing a letter inside. "Has anyone seen our child?" it read. "It's been an awful long while since they were lost. Here's a drawing of them in case you see them, and a map where they can find us. If you do see them, tell them to come home soon." When I looked at the drawing, I couldn't help but see the resemblance. It was almost my face exactly! Me old cap'n said the map didn't make much sense, but I've held onto it all this time, hoping that someday I'll receive another clue. The only thing I could make out on the map is a peculiar drawing of a (4) drawn next to the island labeled HOME.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ I had a dream someone was holdin' me tight, tellin' me that I was goin' far away. I can't be sure, but I think we were ridin' on a (5). I couldn't see their face, but I felt like I knew them somehow.

Re-roll ♠+2. Discontent ♠-1.

- ❷ I found another (3) lodged inside a seagull's mouth. Inside it I found this trinket. I don't know why, but it seems familiar. Maybe it has somethin' to do with my family?

Retrieve card 60 Shark Eye Pendant from the story deck.

- ❸ The strangest thing just happened. I was out in the water tryin' to net some (5), and one swam up to me and told me I was a princess. Of course I didn't believe it. But who knows? Maybe the little fella was tellin' me the truth. Sure would be somethin' wouldn't it? Me a princess. It's funny, but after sayin' it out loud, it feels right somehow.

Discontent ♠-1. Supplies ♣+2.

- ❹ Usin' these to walk the sea-floor gives me a sense of peace. I know it sounds weird, but it feels like home down here. I hope usin' them can lead me to some more (3) I can find clues in.

Retrieve card 75 Stone Boots from the story deck.

- ❺ Someone tried to steal my Shark Eye Pendant while I was sleepin'. I woke up and gasped as soon as I saw his (2) -shaped nose. It was like starin' into a mirror. He ran, and I tried to follow, but when he dove into the water to escape, he simply vanished. Could I be related to him somehow?

Brawn ♠+1. Re-roll ♠+1.



## ENDINGS

### ≤ (!!!) = BAD

After many adventures with your new crew, you begin to build up a reputation of your own, and soon, when people hear mention of the “Sea Serpent Pirate,” it is you they think of. Unfortunately, this leads to its own complications. While docked at a royal port, you are apprehended and placed under arrest for a laundry list of crimes and offenses you have no memory of, including the murder of (5). It quickly becomes clear that these are crimes your mother carried out in her pirate career. You not only inherited the mantle of the Sea Serpent Pirate, but her warrants for arrest as well. As you are walked to the gallows, townsfolk chuck (2)(s) at you while booing your name. Looking far out at the ocean as you stand on the gallows, you are sure you can make out the sails of the (1) in the distance. Can it be that your mother has been alive the whole time? Perhaps it has always been her plan that you follow in her footsteps... and answer for her crimes.

### (!!!) = GOOD

You continue to hear rumors of the (1) being docked in a remote port and finally, after months of pursuing the vessel, you find it docked in a beachside village. The ship is abandoned, and you find a letter addressed to you in the cabin. In it, your mother said she was dying of (3) Disease, just like your father. She apologized for never returning, saying the royal navy was hunting her too aggressively, and it would have jeopardized the family. The letter is bittersweet, and while you are sad to know she has died, you are happy to finally have some closure. You take command of her vessel, carrying on the name of the Sea Serpent Pirate, and go on many fantastic adventures.

### (!!!!) = LEGENDARY

The wreck of the (1) looks as though it has been abandoned for some time. There is no sign of any survivors on the deserted island. But as your crew pilfers what they can from the wreck, you see movement in the jungle. A mysterious face disappears into the wild (2) bushes and you give chase. You follow them to a clearing and are shocked to see your mother, clad in a makeshift cloak of palm leaves and (3) feathers. “I knew you would come,” she says triumphantly. “I’ve been on this island for years now, but the stars told me you would come for me.” You take her aboard your ship and nurse her to health. The two of you spend the rest of your days together as the Dual Serpents. You share many legendary adventures, growing your fame in the world at large.



## THE SEA SERPENT PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Brawn			★	★			✕	✕
Hunting		★		★			✕	✕
Aim		★			★		✕	✕
Swagger		★	★		★			✕
Navigation		★		★	★	★		

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.


1. The name of a pirate ship: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A plant: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A flightless bird: \_\_\_\_\_
4. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A friend or famous person: \_\_\_\_\_


## BACKSTORY OF THE SEA SERPENT PIRATE

My mother taught me the ins and outs o' sailing. I was a young little thing when she took me out to sea on her pirate ship, the (1). A fearsome cap'n, she was known as the Sea Serpent, and she proudly displayed a large sea serpent tattoo across her back. My mother was always comin' and goin', while I stayed at home with my father, a farmhand who toiled in the (2) fields. Most people looked at how mismatched my parents were, and shook their heads, but there was no denyin' how much they loved each other.


One day my father came to me with dreadful news: the (1) was now a month overdue from its last voyage, and my mother was likely dead. I refused to believe it, but time passed and she never returned. I long to know what happened to her so that I might have some closure. When my father later died of (3) Disease, I enlisted with the first pirate ship that would take me, promisin' myself that I would discover my mother's fate.



## CONSTELLATION EVENTS


When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.



-  When I play this drum, I remember what my mother used to say: "Listen to the wind, child, it will guide ya home." As I play, I can feel its vibrations ripple through me, like the wind pushin' on a sail. It's definitely not an ordinary drum. I wonder who made it, and why does it play louder when I am near (3)s?


Retrieve card 90 Wind Caller's Drum from the story deck.


-  (4) said they can give me a tattoo. Should I jump at the chance and get a sea serpent tattoo like my mom had? It's going to hurt though, and I'm not so sold on their skills. The tattoo that (4) gave to Nancy the Lip was pretty awful, but knowing Nancy, that could have been exactly what she wanted.



You may give 1 of your treasure  cards to (4). If you do, Re-roll  +2 and gain 1 skill of your choice.

-  I couldn't believe my eyes when we found them. (5) was my mother's first mate. What the hell was their body doin' out here in the middle of the sea? (5) couldn't have been dead for more than a day. Could this mean my mother is still alive?

Discontent  -1. Re-roll  +1.

-  What a strange little item. I remember my dad sayin' he wanted one o' these to listen to while he worked out in the (2) fields. It's nice to be reminded of him.
- Retrieve card 61 Singing Skull from the story deck.

-  I saw a ship in the distance that I could have sworn was the (1)! I convinced the cap'n to follow after it, but the ship was too fast fer us to catch. Could it have been my mom? Or was my mind playin' tricks on me?

Swagger  +1. Re-roll  +2.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

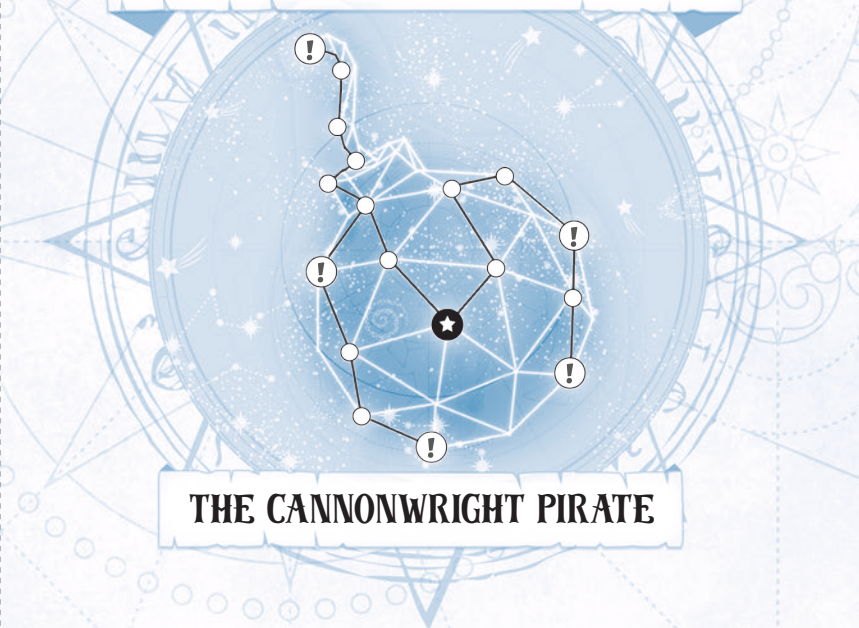
After your adventure, (5) takes command of the ship for a short time. One day (s)he sends you and a small team to rig a royal frigate to explode in the dead of night. As your team loads the ship with barrels of volatile explosives and (1) tons of black powder, you set a fuse to trigger the explosives. But as you finish the fuse, you are suddenly struck with a savage blow to your (2), causing you to pass out. When you come to, you see your team has tied you up among the barrels and gagged you. "Enough's enough, you loon!" (5) shouts from a safe distance. (S)he lights the fuse and everyone exits the ship. The only comfort you enjoy in your final moments is knowing you'll finally get to see one of your awe-inspiring explosions up close.

(!!!!) = GOOD

You've seen your share of glorious explosions in your time as a pirate, but after losing fingers, toes, teeth, a leg, an arm, the hearing in your left ear and anything resembling eyebrows, you decide it is time to hang up your cannonballs and pursue a quieter life. You settle down in a small fishing village and open a shop selling the now-famous "Explosively Delicious (4)" and other baked goods. (5) becomes your best customer, leading to an awkward but rewarding rom-com level relationship that eventually fizzles out, but is nice while it lasts.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

There's no better teacher than experience, and you gain plenty during your years spent on the high seas. You quickly earn a reputation as a skilled crafter of both explosive materials and high-end cannons. Eventually you catch the attention of the royal navy, and are hired to make your patented "Pickled (3) Liver" cannons for every ship in the royal fleet. This gets you labeled as a turncoat, and leaves you friendless. Even your best pal in the world, (5), turns their back on you. As usual though, those pirates have you all wrong. After confirming every royal ship in the fleet is armed with your cannons, your diabolical plan is finally set in motion. You hit the button you have expertly attached to your (2), and each of the cannons explode, destroying a majority of the royal fleet in one immense swoop. You've finally beat Mad Minnie Jenkins' epic pirate record of (1) thousand two hundred and twenty five royals killed, and you've done it all at once! You spend the rest of your days with your record unbeaten, solidifying your name in the history books as one of the most badass pirates of all time.



## THE CANNONWRIGHT PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★			★			✕
Brawn		★			★		✕	✕
Hunting		★		★	★		✕	✕
Aim		★		★	★	★		
Swagger		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Navigation		★		★			✕	✕



## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A number between 2-10: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A body part or type of clothing: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A mammal: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A tasty dessert: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_









## BACKSTORY OF THE CANNONWRIGHT PIRATE

My fascination with black powder, and the destructive power it can unleash, has always bordered on obsession. My skin bears the scars of countless burns, I've lost a combined total of (1) fingers and toes to explosions, and the faint odor of sulphur seems to always linger on my (2). And yet, I'm never happier than when I'm in my workshop, constructin' some new black powder horror designed to separate human beings from their lives and limbs.

Signin' up for piratin' was an obvious decision for me. Who else but pirates would allow my dangerous experiments to even be considered? Who else but pirates would be so desperate for a leg up in the world of high seas warfare, that they would employ someone whose safety record, if we're gonna be perfectly honest, is as piss-poor as my own? Who else but pirates would let me store dangerous components such as black powder, nitroglycerin or fermented (3)'s milk on a ship where people work and live? Life on the high seas is everythin' I could want, and the life expectancy of my assistants is so low I don't even need to bother rememberin' their names. Yo ho!

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ It's astoundin' what common items can take on explosive properties. Take this new recipe for (4) I've invented. It makes a tasty treat, yes, but when the recipe is combined with a pinch of black powder it actually becomes a peppery delicacy. It's not my fault (5) decided to scarf down a few of the explosive variants. Serves 'em right for touchin' my stuff!
- Supplies  +5. (5) gains misfortune  +1.
- ❷ Yes, the blast caused damage to the ship, but that is a minor price for the knowledge and skills that were gained. The others won't shut up about it though, it's like they've never seen (1) holes in a boat before.
- Gain 1 skill of your choice. Re-roll  +2. Hull  -1 OR Supplies  -1.
- ❸ I forgot how stinkin' cute it was! I remember the first time I made one o' these. I couldn't have been more than (1) years old. Of course I made some improvements, so this one can attach to my (2). Arrr, I was a cool kid!
- Retrieve card 50 My Little Hand Cannon from the story deck.
- ❹ The cap'n assigned me two new recruits and told (5) to make sure I don't kill 'em. How am I supposed to guarantee that? Am I supposed to let the quality of my work suffer just to coddle these two milksops? I won't go out of my way to end their lives, but I ain't handin' out no guarantees either.
- Crew  +2. (5) must perform an aim  check. If the result is 8 or lower, crew  -2.
- ❺ I've finally made somethin' (5) appreciates. It was rather simple, I just had to weld together the numerous cans of pickled (3) livers we stole off a merchant vessel three weeks back. The captain says it's a fine weapon, but many of the crew have begun to complain about the smell whenever it's fired. Arrr, these pirates are never satisfied, I swear!
- Gain 1 lvl 4 or lower loaded cannon.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You burst into the grand hall of Duchess \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ wearing nothing but your most ornate \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ . “My time is now, Duchess!” you bellow. “Give me royalty, or give me death!” The duchess, taken aback by your brutish entrance, immediately draws a rapier and answers your challenge. The battle is fierce and heated as the two of you match sword strikes across the grand hall. She disarms you with a deceptive feint. In a panic, you snatch the duchess’ prized \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ to fight with. Then, with a flash of intricate moves, you finally defeat her with your improvised weapon! “I’ve done it!” you yell. “I’m royalty now!” Unfortunately though, it’s never worked that way, and you are charged with murder and hung soon thereafter.

(!!!) = GOOD

Despite the lavish \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ and innumerable treasures you’ve amassed, Duchess \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ still refuses to recognize you, and you are laughed out of court when you demand royal status. The pollen count is especially bad that day, so your nose is a faucet and \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ says you looked like you were crying the whole time. Dejected and infuriated, you start a new royal dynasty of your own on an abandoned island where you declare yourself a king. Sure, your subjects are other grizzled, smelly pirates whose minds are lost to sea madness and \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_ rum, but you rule the island for the rest of your days. You even manage to sign a formal treaty with the Lanslets, though admittedly, they only do it to annoy the royals. Long live the crown!

(!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You stride into court confidently, and smirk just a bit when Duchess \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ gasps in awe at the sight of you in your gorgeous \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ . “Whoever are you?” she asks, craning forward in her seat.

“I’m a royal!” you announce to the court. “I’m unknown to all of ye, ‘cause this no-good lout named \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ kidnapped me and held me prisoner or somethin’! So now I’m back and somebody needs to give me a real nice \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ and all the other stuff befitting’ a fancy-pants like meself.” Silence settles over the court as the duchess studies you carefully.

After much silence she cries, “You heard my royal cos! Servants! Attend at once! You there! Baron McReedy! You are hereby stripped of your property and monies. It must go to this poor, little, lost gosling here. Praise be to the gods for this joyous reunion!” Your days thereafter are spent in decadent luxury.



## THE GOLD COAT PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★	★	★		
Brawn		★		★			✕	✕
Hunting		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Aim			★	★			✕	✕
Swagger		★			★		✕	✕
Navigation		★	★		★			✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A noun you don't like: \_\_\_\_\_
2. Clothing you don't normally wear: \_\_\_\_\_
3. Something you have always wanted to buy: \_\_\_\_\_
4. The name of a famous woman: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE GOLD COAT PIRATE

Aye, I smell terrible, and sure, the flesh of my body is marred by countless scars. I've got no looks, no charisma, and a pet parrot that only says, "\_\_\_\_(1)\_\_\_\_." Such is the fate of a pirate! But I know that I were intended for greater things. I was meant for a life o' riches and luxury. I dream of one day sharin' in fancy dinners and wearin' a decorative \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ at a formal soiree. The royals at court are really no different from pirates anyway. They lie, steal, cheat, and murder too, but get away with it because they're a bunch o' wealthy prigs. Well, two can play at that game!

I'm goin' to embark on one last piratey adventure. The kind of adventure that will stuff me pockets with gold, and I'm gonna use that loot to buy myself a really fancy \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_\_. And then, when it's all said and done, I'll march right up to that pompous twit, Duchess \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_, and tell her that I'm a royal too! She'll never know, and we'll become bestest friends. I've given it a lot of thought and I can't see any way this fantastic and flawless plan couldn't work.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ One step closer. One step closer! Soon I will be runnin' this ship, and then I'll have some changes to make! For starters, I'll get rid of that no-good pirate \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_\_. They'll never laugh at me again!

Treasure  +1.

- ❷ Oh, it's magnificent. The color, the fur, the way it shines in the light. Oh, it's just too perfect. I'll wear it every day. I'll wear it in me sleep! It will be the thing I wear to the grave. No other garment will ever suffice. Its perfection is second only to my own. I deserve this, I deserve it all. Duchess \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ will have no choice but to curtsy when she sees me in this!

Retrieve card 37 Gold Coat of the Lost King from the story deck.

- ❸ I've had it up to here with \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_! How dare they presume to give me, ME, orders? I'll be royalty someday, and they'll be sorry. Until then, I'm stuck scrapin' barnacles off the side of this rickety ship!

Hull  +2. Misfortune  +1.

- ❹ It descended from the heavens and alighted upon my head. The gods themselves knew of my greatness and saw fit to show me their gratitude. Oh, I pity \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ when they see me. Surely none that breathe can call themselves my equal. It must be too much for them to know they will never be this great.

Retrieve card 73 Starfire Pirate Hat from the story deck.

- ❺ Oh, what a glorious bounty! I deserve it, of course. Why else would it just be there, waitin' for me? The children didn't even put up much of a fight (except for that fat one, he left a scar on me back that looks like a(n) \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_.) I do hope the orphanage recovers, though. I'll make sure to send them a fruit basket once I am their rightful ruler.

Treasure  +2.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

Your skill grows, and you are soon renowned the world over as one of the greatest sword fighters to have ever lived. But it does little to make you friends, and soon you find yourself stranded in a foreign port. As you drown your sorrows in a local tavern, you are confronted by men claiming to have worked for Captain \_\_\_\_<sup>(4)</sup>\_\_\_\_. You quickly draw your blade, but one of them produces a pistol and shoots you in the gut. As you slouch to the tavern floor, you lament on how a lifetime of studying the sword has done nothing to prepare you for a fight against a pistol.

(!!!!) = GOOD

You tell yourself you are seeking a worthy adversary, but a lifetime of pointless slaughter has left you feeling hollow and unfulfilled. You return to your father's estate and apologize for your youthful rebellion, and eventually take over command of his sloop, the \_\_\_\_<sup>(5)</sup>\_\_\_\_ at his insistence. You hang up your sword, and as time passes your skill diminishes. One day, you hear a new officer aboard your ship fancies herself a master of the sword. You agree to spar with the young woman. As the hilt of your blade touches your hand, you recall the thrill of the fight and you strike her down with a mortal wound. Duelling is illegal, and you are forced to flee to avoid trial. You realize that the imaginary adversary you sought all your life was not a master swordsman, but rather your own lack of self-control. Enlightened, you once again begin a new life as a pirate, finding great solace in better knowing yourself.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You hear rumors of a shadowy warrior hunting you. When he finally tracks you down in Port \_\_\_\_<sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_, you see his armor bears the mark of the \_\_\_\_<sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_, your house's sigil, and it is clear the man has been hired by your father to bring you home. You laugh, and tell everyone present you are tired of beating your father's lackeys. You lash out at the warrior, but his skill is equal to your own, and soon you are fighting for your life. At long last, you have found an adversary worthy of your respect. Your face beams with pride as you clash with this skilled combatant, but then he delivers a riposte that catches you by surprise.

"Well struck!" you gasp, as you slump to the floor. "I salute you, the better man."

"Ah, crap," the man moans. "Yer father will end me! I wasn't supposed to kill ya!"

"Take solace, mighty warrior," you whisper, and toss a bloodstained scroll towards him.

"Here is the map to my treasures. A suitable reward for a glorious death!" And with that, you die with a smile upon your face.



## THE DUELIST PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration			★	★			✕	✕
Brawn		★	★		★	★		
Hunting		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Aim		★		★	★			✕
Swagger		★			★		✕	✕
Navigation		★		★			✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A small animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. The number of foes you've defeated: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A noble beast: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A name for an enemy captain: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A good name for a professional wrestler: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE DUELIST PIRATE

I've spent my entire life studying the art of the sword. Under the tutelage of a legendary swordsman, I excelled and became an unmatched warrior. This was ultimately my master's downfall, as even he could not defeat me in a battle to the death. It became clear that I would never find anyone capable of matching my skills in my homeland, so I've taken to the seas in search of a greater challenge. Luckily, a privateer vessel can always use a few more hands skilled with a blade. There's no shortage of ships for someone with my expert abilities and exploring spirit.

Life on a pirate barge isn't quite what I'm used to. The quarters are cramped, the food is revolting and there's a serious <sup>(1)</sup> problem in the crew quarters. Be that as it may, I will continue to serve on this dilapidated husk of a ship until I find someone worthy of challenging me. After all, my blade has claimed <sup>(2)</sup> lives, and I cannot rest until I find the person who can best me.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ The blade had been in my family for generations, a symbol of status and prestige passed down through my bloodline. I stole it the night before I left home. The grip is covered in jewels and the blade is inlaid with gold and depicts a(n) <sup>(3)</sup>. A weapon like this doesn't deserve to sit abandoned over some mantle in a bureaucrat's office. I'm sure Father will understand.

Retrieve card 39 Heirloom Cutlass from the story deck.

- ❷ The cocky fool had bragged for weeks about his unmatched sword fighting, and the other dullards of this ship were either too stupid or too scared to test his mettle. Not I. It was a fair fight, as etiquette demands. His technique was lacking, and he paid with his life. Now, there's no question who the most skilled shipmate is with a sword. Now, they fear me.

Infamy +3. Discontent -1. Crew -1.

- ❸ As we stormed the enemy vessel, their leader, Captain <sup>(4)</sup>, drew his blade and swung wildly at me. Finally, a worthy adversary! The deck rang with the sound of our blades as they sang to each other. In the end, I struck him down with a deciding blow. My crewmates cheered, and I took a small trophy to commemorate the victory.

Treasure +1. Discontent -1.

- ❹ "Yer just lucky is all!" It was all I could do not to cut the fool down right there. I wake every day before dawn and train for hours on the ship's deck, honing my skills and strengthening my technique.

Re-roll +2.

- ❺ Father's sloop, the <sup>(5)</sup> has pursued us for several days. The captain under his employ demanded I return the family blade. Instead, we met them in battle. We turned the ship away, but not before claiming a few valuables for ourselves. I must be wary of other lackeys in his employ in the future.

Misfortune +2. All players: Treasure +1.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

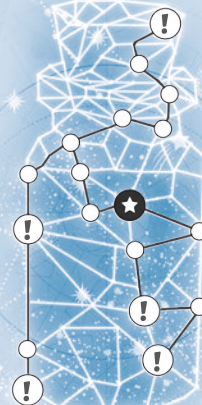
Potions and concoctions fill your life, but also your lungs. The side effects of all your strange brews begins to catch up with you in your later years. Strange <sup>(3)</sup> -shaped growths, elongated fingernails, extra patches of hair and foul odors curse you for many years. Eventually, you try to synthesize a cure from distilled <sup>(4)</sup> scales but this potent brew turns out to be your last poison. At your funeral <sup>(5)</sup> spits into your grave, glad that you are finally gone, and never able to torment them again.

(!!!!) = GOOD

You invent a potion that grants enhanced <sup>(2)</sup> for a short period of time after drinking it. The military implications of this major breakthrough are clear, but after the effects of your previous experiments on <sup>(5)</sup>, no one wants to partake. Because of this, you turn to the royal navy as a potential buyer. They begin ordering the potion in bulk for their soldiers, but soon after your supply runs out, the side effects of the elixir are revealed. Members of the navy begin to grow patches of feathers over their bodies, and many of them begin belching huge clouds of fire into the air. Horrified, the navy decides to dispose of the soldier-bird monstrosities, and then hunt you down. But the navy's forces have been depleted, and you are wealthy enough to avoid prosecution. You live out the rest of your days incredibly wealthy, unsuccessfully seeking to craft a potion for eternal life.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

The Phoenixblood Elixir unlocks an all-new level of potential in each pirate that samples it. Suddenly those salty dogs are stronger, faster, and smell of fresh <sup>(1)</sup>. The Grand Pirate Council calls on you to make more of the amazing brew until the majority of the world's pirates are hooked on your invention. Sure, most lose their <sup>(2)</sup> after a few years, but the discoveries they make and the wealth they earn, more than make up for it. Eventually the invention gives pirates enough power to craft a new world order. You live a happy life, with a family at your side in a modest estate, having given most of your elixir earnings to pirates in need. After your death, <sup>(5)</sup> erects a statue of you riding a golden <sup>(4)</sup> to commemorate your accomplishments.



## THE ALCHEMIST PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★		★			✕
Brawn		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Hunting		★	★	★			✕	✕
Aim		★		★			✕	✕
Swagger			★		★		✕	✕
Navigation			★		★		★	



## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A plant you like: \_\_\_\_\_
2. One of the five senses: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A place or thing: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A fantasy creature: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE ALCHEMIST PIRATE

I've always relied on my intellect rather than might, and it hasn't always made for an easy life. As a child I was teased by the others for my obsession with \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_ (s), but when I synthesized a poison from the plant and used it on my tormentors, I had the last laugh. My dedication to science has taken me across the land, but to truly see all that the world has to offer I'll need to brave the seas. There's little room on a pirate ship for inquisitive minds, but the others have already learned I'm not to be trifled with. My most recent elixir seems to either cause the loss of \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ or the sprouting of what can only be described as \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_-shaped fungus patches on the lower back. Since either result is undesirable, the other crewmates have kept their distance, especially \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ who is somewhat terrified of me. I think my time on this ship will be pleasant enough, although I may struggle to find willing test subjects for my... experiments.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ It was a good night for celebration, given our recent successes. The captain asked that I share my most recent brew of spirits to mark the occasion. My recollection of what followed is hazy, but I awoke the next day with a new and rather vulgar tattoo of a \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ on my stomach and a large collection of left boots from many crew members. Perhaps less cinnamon next time.

Re-roll ♣+1. Discontent ♠-1.

- ❶ On a recent excursion to an uncharted island, I discovered an unknown mushroom with a brilliant, glowing blue cap. I gathered several into a jar for future study. I forced \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ to eat one as I collected my samples. Their hair immediately turned white and they now appear to fluently speak an unknown language. More research is required.

Retrieve card 43 Key Ingredient from the story deck.

- ❶ I've been distilling a new sealant that I believe will decrease the porousness of the wood in the ship's interior and make it as hard as a(n) \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ 's behind. I have begun applying it by hand, but the process will take several weeks. As an added benefit the lower decks now smell lemony-fresh. I'm sure the crew appreciates this.

Hull ♣+2. Re-roll ♣+1.

- ❶ My fellow crewmates can be so selfish! What is a trinket or family heirloom in the face of science? Now we know how these rare minerals react with one another! Isn't that knowledge a greater treasure?! I am so close, I can almost \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ my ultimate elixir birthing into existence!

Re-roll ♣+3. Infamy ♠+4. Choose a player to discard 1 treasure ♠ card.

- ❶ Finally, my crowning achievement is complete. The Phoenixblood Elixir represents the culmination of all my research. I've produced a few vials, and now all that's needed is for \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_ to... "enjoy" this first sample.

Retrieve card 52 Phoenixblood Elixir from the story deck.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You leave your pirate life behind and decide to look up your old traveling troupe. You find them at a bustling port and begin to reminisce about the old days together. You learn the troupe is performing on a pirate ship and they invite you to join them for an onboard performance. You join your old castmates but once aboard, the <sup>(1)</sup>-like Captain explains that you are to dress as pirates, since each scene in the new play is centered around the theme of piracy. You barely finish putting on your pirate <sup>(4)</sup> when the local guard arrives to arrest everyone onboard. You and the other members of the troupe try to explain that you are merely actors and not pirates, but your words fall on deaf ears. The rest of your days are spent performing for fellow prisoners.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After years of gathering stories and chasing adventure, you finally return to the count's estate, <sup>(2)</sup> Abbey, to reclaim your position as court jester and raconteur. But you are shocked to find that the count passed away several years prior, and the new lord of the estate has little interest in entertainment or storytelling. Shunned by this new noble, you pack up your collection of <sup>(5)</sup> memorabilia and attempt to return to your life of piracy. As you look for another captain, you run into a traveling theatre troupe happy to take you in. You eventually take charge of the troupe and introduce them to new plays based on your worldly travels. The life keeps you happy and fed, and your days are never boring. Your plays never gain much traction after your death, but they made thousands cry, laugh, and cheer while you lived.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You gather a great many tales for the count and his court as you travel the high seas, not to mention a decent amount of treasure. Each year, you tell yourself you just need a few more months at sea before you can return, but before you know it you have grown old! Eventually, <sup>(5)</sup> gives you a ship of your own, and <sup>(3)</sup> serves as your first mate. Your ship earns a reputation for being one of the most festive and colorful on the sea, and many merchant vessels fall to your jolly gang of pirate jesters. After your death, the plays and tales you told aboard the ship are retold around the world for generations.



## THE THESPIAN PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★				✕	✕
Brawn		★		★			✕	✕
Hunting			★		★			✕
Aim			★	★	★		✕	✕
Swagger		★	★		★	★		
Navigation		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A farm animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A deli meat: \_\_\_\_\_
3. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A piece of clothing: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A fake famous person: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE THESPIAN PIRATE

Ever since I was a child, I've been called to the stage. At a young age I was chosen to perform in a travelin' comedy troupe funded by the Jondrum's Pickled <sup>(1)</sup> Feet Company. This troupe would travel from city to city and perform for nobles and the public alike. In one city, the rich noble count who ruled there was particularly struck by my performance, and hired me to be his court jester. Since then I've performed hundreds o' plays, songs, and skits for the count, including The Tragedy of King Spork III, Sea-beasts and Sensibilities, and of course the ever-popular <sup>(2)</sup> : A Love Story. But now the count has seen every shred of material I have, and so, in an attempt to craft new stories for my benefactor, I have taken leave to join a pirate crew and gain a wealth of experience to bring back to the count. These pirates may be a rough and ragged bunch, but they seem to genuinely enjoy my craft, and I'm already learnin' so many new tales! I just hope I survive long enough to make it back to court...

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ <sup>(3)</sup> and I have been workin' on some stage combat techniques in our free time. In one bout we also employed tomato paste as fake blood, to really sell the fight. Me performance was a bit too realistic, as several crew members now claim they saw me die that night and are convinced I'm an apparition.

Re-roll 🎲+1. Infamy 🏴‍☠️+1.

- ❷ The cap'n has called upon my skills for a bit of subterfuge and deception. I was able to raid my extensive collection of <sup>(4)</sup> and wigs for a passable disguise to sneak into Admiral Chezwitz's annual ball. The cap'n seems pleased, and this will surely make for a thrillin' verse or song someday!"

Retrieve card 31 Fancy Disguise from the story deck. Infamy 🏴‍☠️+2.

- ❸ I convinced <sup>(3)</sup> that the play we were workin' on was ready. We made a stop in town to put on an impromptu street performance. The crowd loved it, but portrayin' the events of when <sup>(3)</sup>'s ex-girlfriend ate their prized <sup>(1)</sup> was a bit too personal. Re-writes may be in order.

Supplies 📦+2. Treasure 🏴‍☠️+1.

- ❹ The cap'n enlisted my abilities to distract the local regent while the rest of the crew carried out an elaborate heist aboard his galleon. While they pirated, my castmates and I put on Sisterhood of the Traveling <sup>(4)</sup>. Fittingly enough, the play has a scene about a dimwitted aristocrat who is distracted by a play whilst his castle is burgled. I fear the rich irony of the plot will be lost on the regent until he returns to his ship.

All players: Treasure 🏴‍☠️+1.

- ❺ Never in all my years as a performer did I think I would get the chance to perform in front of <sup>(5)</sup>. But here they were, cheering me on as I performed <sup>(2)</sup> 2: A Breakup Story. I will forever relish this day!

Gain 1 skill of your choice. Infamy 🏴‍☠️+5.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

(3) and (5) never let it go, and eventually make you realize that it is in fact possible you are a magically animated skeleton. Unfortunately, the novelty of your status as previously deceased, diminishes the demand for you on most pirate ships, despite your exemplary track record and letters of recommendation from previous captains. You live on, forever penniless and on the street, where you learn that magically animated skeletons can experience hunger but are incapable of dying from starvation. You begin to doubt your existence, wondering if you are somehow being tortured in the hells, until one night you accidentally scare a passing brickmason who is carrying a sledgehammer, and he proves definitively that magically animated skeletons can be re-killed.

(!!!!) = GOOD

One day at a busy port, the ship takes on a contract to transport a well-known physician to a distant island. While aboard the ship, the physician becomes very interested in your skeletal condition.

"I wonder," he asks you one day, "have you ever been bitten by the silver-scaled (1)?" You can't recall such a bite, but he informs you that memory loss is one of the side effects, the other being the complete transparency of the flesh and organs of the victim. The doctor administers a potent anti-venom, and suddenly your skin comes back into view! (3) and (5) are flabbergasted that they were wrong all along. You are no longer just a skeleton, but an ordinary pirate! Unfortunately, you are also quite ugly, so win-some-lose-some.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

Being targeted at a stand-up comedy club forces you to accept you are actually a magically animated skeleton. As time goes on, the other members of your crew fall to all manner of grizzly ends, yet still you remain. Eventually you captain your own ship, the Trusty (4). It is then you learn that having a magically animated skeleton for a captain does a lot to strike fear into the hearts of your enemies, and you quickly excel in your new position. You amass a significant fortune, and go on living for close to an eternity. You have a fantastic time devastating all those who dare cross your path, and royally pissing off the captains of ghost ships who feel you've unfairly infringed on their shtick.



## THE SKELETON PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★			★		✕	✕
Brawn		★		★	★			✕
Hunting		★	★	★		★		
Aim		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Swagger			★	★			✕	✕
Navigation		★			★		✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A scaled animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A mythological creature: \_\_\_\_\_
3. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A tasty vegetable: \_\_\_\_\_
5. The pirate name of yet another player: \_\_\_\_\_



## BACKSTORY OF THE SKELETON PIRATE

I've served on a dozen pirate ships, under legendary pirates like Jonesy Two-Eyes and the dreaded Mariah <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_tongue. I've led the charge against countless foes in battle and proven my worth as a shipmate and warrior, time and time again. I've amassed rare treasures like the Crown o' the Eagle, the Crimson Cape o' Kalaver and the Gilded Blade o' Szaran. I've travelled to distant lands like the Monastery o' the Silent Salamander, the Forbidden City of Golvara and the Tomb o' the Sleeping <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. I'm a true pirate, with a love for the sea and an eye for adventure, and I ain't, as several o' me fellow pirates continue to claim, a magically animated skeleton. These rumours continue to dog me and follow me from ship to ship, but how could I possibly be a magically animated skeleton? That ain't possible. I'm a pirate, and a damn good one, and not a magically animated skeleton.



## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.


- ❶ We came upon a wrecked merchant vessel. So I swam down to the bottom to gather loot with a crewmate. I made it to the bottom without issue, but <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ barely survived. I maintain that's 'cause I'm in peak physical condition, and not because I'm a magically animated skeleton that don't need no breath, as some o' the crew have insisted.

Treasure  +2. <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ gains misfortune  +1.

- ❷ The <sup>(4)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ plague has hit our ship and many have taken ill, includin' meself. I feel faint and am sure I have a fever as well, although when I ask others to place their hands to me forehead to check, they make up ridiculous excuses like, "There's no skin on yer forehead," or, "Ya can't be sick, yer a magically animated skeleton." But I'm tryin' to rest and drink plenty o' liquids.

Infamy  +2. Re-roll  +2.

- ❸ Times are lean. The cap'n has asked us to ration our supplies for the time bein', specifically meself. I have offered to give up my share o' food for now, because I place the happiness and wellbeing' o' the ship before me own, and not because I am a magically animated skeleton that doesn't need to eat.

Gain 1 skill of your choice. Supplies  +3.

- ❹ Blendin' into yer surroundin's is a crucial skill when livin' the pirate life. I shaved the upper lip of <sup>(5)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ and used a bit of candle wax to affix the trimmin's to me face. With this cunning' disguise I can blend in with ease. I look like any other pirate now, and not a magically animated skeleton, which I would like to point out, I am not.

Retrieve card 30 Fake Mustache from the story deck.

- ❺ I stayed behind while the others explored the abandoned crypt. The idea of bein' underground with all those old bones sent shivers up me spine! But now that I'm alone I wonder, am I a bit different? I admit me complexion is pale.

Re-roll  +4.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

The crew eventually grows tired of your incessant craving for safety regulations, and they maroon you on a deserted island with nothing but a sack of rotting \_\_\_\_ (2) (s) to teach you a lesson. You eventually make your way off the island to a bustling port where, while looking for employment, you hear that your old ship has sunk after a freak accident involving black powder, several birthday candles, and a bowl of rummy \_\_\_\_ (4) pudding that had been left unattended in the hot sun. You try to feel bad for the dead fools, but it really was their own fault in the end.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After a handful of adventures, your crew is taken prisoner by the royal navy after trying to relieve some merchants of their rare shipment of \_\_\_\_ (1) livers. Much to your surprise, you actually find a strange level of comfort aboard a royal frigate. Everything is kept tidy and organized, and safety is the number one concern at all times. Once your sentence is served, you move to a mainland port where, living with a beloved \_\_\_\_ (4), you spend the rest of your days creating safety manuals and emergency evacuation maps for ships in the royal fleet.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

One night, \_\_\_\_ (3) decides to entertain the crew by tryin' to piss into an open lantern. After a particularly spirited attempt, the lantern is knocked over, and the ship quickly catches fire. Any other crew would be doomed, but your crew immediately makes their way to the nearest exit, calmly and in single file. While the ship is destroyed, not a single pirate loses their life nor are any \_\_\_\_ (5) (s) injured. Ultimately, the Grand Pirate Council decides your methods belong on every ship, and the remainder of your days are spent traveling and giving informative presentations to each crew and captain.



## THE SAFETY PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★				✕	✕
Brawn			★		★		✕	✕
Hunting		★		★	★			✕
Aim		★		★			✕	✕
Swagger		★		★	★	★		
Navigation		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕



## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A dangerous fish: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A pungent fruit or vegetable: \_\_\_\_\_
3. Pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A smelly farm animal: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A body part: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE SAFETY PIRATE

As a child, I was left an orphan after me father and mother were tragically killed after eatin' an improperly prepared <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. Years later I found out the chef who made the dish had stored the ingredients on a pile of <sup>(4)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ manure, resultin' in my parents' demise. I killed the fool, then fled and took a new identity aboard a pirate ship. Life on the ocean is hard, but pirates don't make it no easier for themselves. They store their black powder haphazardly, they're always operatin' the ship while drunk on <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ wine and they refuse to wear proper flotation vests while on deck. If it weren't for me, these salty fools would have been sunk ages ago! If only I could get <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ to wash those hands every few weeks, we might just have a shot at becomin' the best pirate crew on the seas.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ *Moldy Pete went over the edge of the ship in the dead of night. If he'd been wearin' one o' these, we would've spotted him instantly and fished him up. Instead he was wearin' that dark monkey costume he was so fond of, gods rest his moldy soul.*  
Crew 🐙-1. Discontent 🦄-1. Retrieve card 56 Reflective Vest from the story deck.
- ❷ *I had to confiscate this from <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. Perhaps when they can learn to handle this thing properly and safely, I'll give it back.*  
Steal 1 treasure 🗳️ from another player. Infamy 🦋+2.
- ❸ *I keep tellin' these barnacle-brains that we can't just store the cannons loaded and ready to fire! The smallest spark could blow the ship to smithereens! Why can't we just load 'em once we know we need them? I should fill each cannon with a handful of <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_(s) just to teach them a lesson!*  
Supplies 🗳️+2. Flip a cannon to the unloaded side, if able.
- ❹ *A strong fog bank rolled in and engulfed the ship, so I took to lightin' some torches to keep everythin' visible on deck. I should have known <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, that squid-brain, would knock them over and set the deck aflame. Keepin' these pirates alive is a full-time job.*  
Infamy 🦋-1. Hull 🐙-1 OR supplies 🗳️-1.
- ❺ *I had to bribe the cap'n for it, but I finally got approval to put on a day-long safety seminar for the ship! It's gonna include several pressin' topics such as proper weapon cleanin' and how many severed enemy <sup>(5)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ trophies each pirate is allowed to store in their bunk.*  
Re-roll 🎲+2. Discard 1 treasure 🗳️ card, if able.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

The next ten years of your life are spent fruitlessly searching for (1). Depressed and impoverished by your quest, you end up as an elderly go-go dancer doing the (4) at a seedy tavern called the Groggy Gecko. One day a ship bearing the sign of the (3) comes into port, and its crew spends a few hours at your place of work. The captain of the ship is grizzled and gray, but you can't help but notice a resemblance to your long-lost son. Indeed, his pantaloons even look like he still wears (5) diapers beneath them, just like he used to. Ashamed of yourself, you say nothing, and he is soon gone forever.

(!!!!) = GOOD

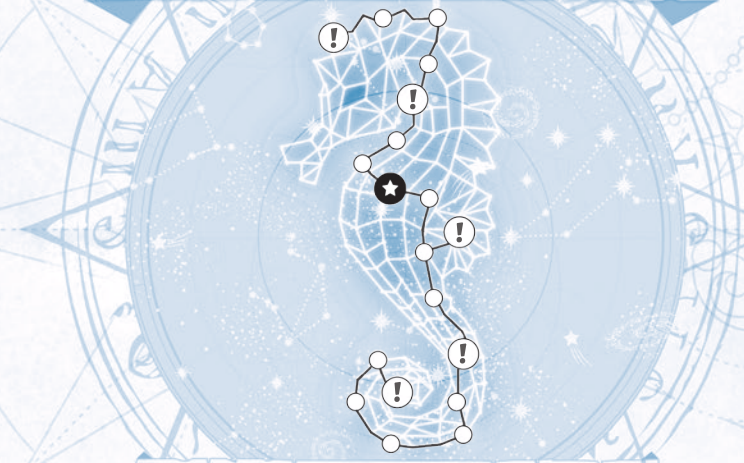
After months of tailing the ship with the (3) flag, you finally learn of their next target: a fancy merchant ship loaded with spices and fancy cheese. You convince (2) to sneak aboard the ship with you, and the two of you wait until the rival pirates arrive. Once they board the ship, you hop out and demand to know the whereabouts of (1). The other crew calls for a Lyin' Larry, and soon a short pirate appears, and in a strange way he somewhat resembles (1).

"Uh, sorry fer the deception, matey," he says. "Our cap'n wanted me to get info on yer ship, so I pretended to be a young orphan. I'm actually forty-seven years old." You return to your ship having found closure, but also regretting diapering the boy with (5) as often as you did.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You approach Ironskull Island, just as the note instructs. You can see the ship with the (3) flag docked near the coast. As you make your way to the island's interior, you come across a gathering of pirates with (1) tied up behind them! Finally, you have located the boy! But as you approach, the captain spots you and holds up her hand. She informs you the boy is free to go, provided you give up the magical compass that has been in your family for generations. When you insist you have no idea what she is talking about, the pirates check their notes, and groaningly conclude they have mistaken you for someone else.

"Sorry, matey!" the captain says with a shrug. "No hard feelin's, eh?" And with that, you rescue your beloved (1) and return with him to the ship.



## THE PARENT PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★		★			✕
Brawn				★	★		✕	✕
Hunting			★		★		✕	✕
Aim		★	★		★	★		
Swagger		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Navigation		★		★			✕	✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A type of loud bird: \_\_\_\_\_
2. Pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A sinister symbol: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Name of a dance move: \_\_\_\_\_
5. Imaginary brand of diapers: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE PARENT PIRATE

I spent my life as most pirates do - workin' me fingers to the bone on one ship or 'nother, searchin' for treasure and easy prey. It was a simple life, and for a time I thought it was satisfyin'. Then (1) came into me life and turned it all upside down. The lad was an orphan, his family massacred by royal soldiers in one o' their political wars, and he joined the crew in search of a home. He found himself a family, 'cause we quickly took him in as one o' our own. Joe Clicks taught him how to sail and navigate the seas, Cookie taught him how to turn any mess into a proper meal, and (2) even taught him how to make fancy little figurines out o' his excess earwax. I especially took a shine to the boy, and looked after him as kin. I found more joy in teachin' him the pirate ways than I'd ever known in me previous life. One mornin', I made my way back to the ship after an especially rowdy night in port, only to find (1)'s bunk ransacked, and the lad missin'. We found a single piece of parchment on his bed with the mark of a (3) drawn on it. This is the only clue I have to findin' my boy, and I've vowed I'll not rest until I do, or until the saltless cowards who took him have paid with their lives.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled (1) below and read its corresponding text.

- ❗ I found that git Gerold going through (1)'s things like the boy didn't need 'em no more. "Not like he's got much use for any of it now!" he protested. "Best we take it!" I broke the man's jaw in a single blow and dangled him overboard for his callousness until he cried.

Treasure (1)+1. Infamy (1)+2.

- ❗ I finally got me first lead on what happened to (1). A ship flyin' a (3) flag was spotted not far from here. When we arrived at their location, there was no sign of 'em, but I know we're gettin' closer to the truth.

Re-roll (1)+1.

- ❗ I keep telling the cap'n that we need to be ready to strike when the ship with the (3) flag is in our sights. The rest of the crew thinks I'm losin' my mind. Maybe I am. But the boy needs me, and I ain't givin' up on him.

Flip all cannons to their loaded sides.

- ❗ I came up with a plan to learn more about the ship I think is behind (1)'s disappearance. It involves me pretendin' to be a high-rankin' member o' our crew to set up a meetin', and it may involve me dancin' the (4) for the pleasure of strangers, but it's me best chance at findin' the boy.

Retrieve card 94 Forgery Kit from the story deck.

- ❗ At long last, we found it! The ship with the (3) flag! It was abandoned, save for a few trinkets and a box o' (5) diapers. There was a letter in the captain's quarters, though. Its message was brief - If you want the boy, meet me at Ironskull Island, and come alone. I guess I gots no choice.

Treasure (1)+1. Supplies (1)+1.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

After years of your jokes falling flat with the crew, the captain has finally had enough and kicks you off the ship. You wander the streets for an age, and think on how your jokes get laughs from time to time, but certainly aren't paying the bills. Eventually you are forced into a job as a traveling cheesemonger, where you live out your days selling dry and smelly (1) to stuffy aristocrats, without even sprinkling itching powder down their pretentious pants.

(!!!!) = GOOD

One day the captain comes to you with a secret mission. You are to put on a one-pirate show for the Grand Pirate Council while your crew mates break in and rob a rival ship blind. You gather all your classic gags and stuff your pockets with a handful of (5) before you take the stage. The show goes well until you joke that the pirate lord's nose resembles a wedge of (1). You barely escape the resulting chaos, but the heist has gone off perfectly. You and the crew have not only robbed a member of the council, but you made him feel real self-conscious about his nose too.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

Newly wealthy from your adventures, you once again take on the role of romantic ne'er-do-well, (4), and pay a visit to Primrose Island. Just as you suspect, Professor (2) does not remember your false identity, and the passage of time proves a capable disguise. You quickly ingratiate yourself with the professor, then spend the next five years infiltrating every facet of the man's life. When, and only when, you feel you have earned his trust completely, do you slip your "crème de (1)" into his chowder at the twenty-third annual Retirees of Primrose Chowder Cook-off. The resulting uncontrollable feculence proves to be a crippling social disaster for the professor. When you reveal your true identity and gloat, the defeated man politely asks if you are looking for his twin brother, a notorious prankster. Unfazed you laugh, and book passage on a ship to the mainland.



## THE TRICKSTER PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★	★	★		
Brawn			★	★			✕	✕
Hunting		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Aim		★			★		✕	✕
Swagger		★		★			✕	✕
Navigation		★	★		★			✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A delicious cheese: \_\_\_\_\_
2. An important sounding surname: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A fruit: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Your fake name: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A party decoration: \_\_\_\_\_



## BACKSTORY OF THE TRICKSTER PIRATE

I'd never describe myself as evil. After all, I don't desire to see no one get hurt. Much. If I had to, I'd say I was possessed more of a petty, malicious bent. Me early years were mostly carefree, growin' up in the port town of <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. I was never the biggest kid on the streets, but I learned to use my wits to my advantage. Sadly, I had to flee Port <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ when I had a wee disagreement with a local <sup>(3)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ seller over what was funny and what wasn't. But when I made a new home on the Isle o' Stonerock, I met up with the infamous charlatan, Professor <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, under whose tutelage I was to flourish. He taught me the art o' makin' funnies. I excelled at every lesson, and it was durin' this time that I first created, <sup>(4)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, an alter-ego I oft used when inflictin' hilarity upon an unsuspectin' populace. Sadly, it was also at this time that Professor <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ taught me the ultimate prank, when he humiliated me at Baron Goodall's Midsummer party. The prank was perfect in every way, havin' been slowly executed over the course o' three years. Yes, my entire education was in fact a setup fer an elaborate joke, whose quality is such I am still forced to respect it. Dejected, I became a pirate, where I try to add levity to the lives of dangerous, well-armed halfwits.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.


- ❶ *'Trickin' someone into givin' you loot is amusin'. But turnin' around and tossin' it overboard like it's nothin'? Well that's the stuff o' legends.*

Choose 1 treasure  belonging to another player. You may steal it OR you may discard it to gain infamy +3.

- ❶ *I bought these at a market, thinkin' they was sure to get a few laughs from the crew! When I spit 'em onto the table at dinner, poor Cookie just about died o' fright. Serves him right fer cookin' his beef so tough!*

Retrieve card 14 Clattering Teeth from the story deck.

- ❶ *The louts on this boat have no appreciation for my comedic stylin's. Take my classic "<sup>(5)</sup> Cannon" prank. It was hilarious o' course, even if the quartermaster says the cannon will need replacin' at the next port.*

You may discard 1 treasure  card. If you do, gain 1 unloaded lvl 3 or lower cannon.

- ❶ *I graciously offered to help Cookie prepare tonight's meal fer the crew. It was the least I could do to repay everyone fer the whole "cannon" incident. Of course, I failed to mention to Cookie that my special ingredient, crème de <sup>(1)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ was actually a powerful laxative.*

Supplies +6. All players: Misfortune +1.

- ❶ *I learned ol' Professor <sup>(2)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ has retired on the nearby island of Primrose. Old coot did pretty well for himself, while I'm out here squanderin' my talent on dimwitted pirates. Perhaps it's time to resurrect dear <sup>(4)</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, and pay the professor a visit?*

Infamy +7.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

Time passes and you become the laughingstock of the ship, mocked at every turn. Lonely and abused, you beg (3) to assist you in building a submersible suit that can take you to the bottom of the ocean. They relent, and soon you have a fine suit. Giving the rest of the crew a very rude gesture, you leap into the waters. But in two minutes the suit springs a leak, and when the crew hauls your suit back up an hour later, they discover a (4) has eaten your face.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After years of searching, you finally get word of a tribe of merfolk located on a distant island. A quick visit reveals that your beloved is one of the tribe's members. The tribe is very distrusting of humans, however, and they refuse to let you live among them. But you use your piracy know-how to make a pretty convincing merfolk disguise out of a (1) pelt, several old boots, and the skin of several dozen (4)(s). You don't smell great, but with this crafty get up you are able to spend the rest of your days with your merfolk darling, and you eventually become an integral and productive member of the tribe.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You follow the map to a massive fortress rising up out of the water, where you are apprehended by guards with livery bearing the sign of the (5).

You are dragged before the mer king who says, "I am told you have fallen in love with one of my subjects. It would seem your feelings are returned, but this is pretty gross, because you know... compatibility? Oh, for crying out loud, I'm not the only one who's thinking that, right?" And he looks around for support. "Ah, whatever," mutters the king. "But if you two figure out how to make it work, please don't bring your cross-species abominations to any family events, understood?" And so you and your love live happily ever after, along with your five thousand offspring.



## THE LOVESICK PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★	★	✗	✗	✗	✗	✗
Brawn		★	★		★	★		
Hunting		★		★			✗	✗
Aim		★		★	★			✗
Swagger			★	★			✗	✗
Navigation		★		★			✗	✗



## STORY BLANKS


Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.


1. A loud animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A round fruit: \_\_\_\_\_
3. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
4. A type of fish: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A romantic symbol: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE LOVESICK PIRATE


The rest o' the crew might think me mad, but I know what I saw! It was early mornin' and I was alone on the deck when I heard what I thought was the cry of a(n) (1) comin' from the sea. I went to the railin' and there I saw it: the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen! Skin glistened with a silver-blue shine and each eye was bigger than a(n) (2) and as beautiful as the stars. I knew right away this was one o' the merfolk! It seemed to be caught in a fishin' net (3) had left cast out, and the mer looked to be strugglin' to get free. I quickly cut the fair creature from the net. They looked deeply into me eyes, then, with a gracious smile and a peck on the cheek, they swam away. I was instantly smitten, and try as I might I just can't shake them from me mind. I've decided the only course o' action is to follow me heart and do whatever it takes to locate my one true love!

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS


When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.



-  Old Finn gave me some sweet ink on my back to commemorate my beloved. Or that's what he says. It is after all, on my back.


Retrieve card 77 Sweetheart Tattoo from the story deck.

-  Perhaps it's because me heart's been touched by a child o' the sea, but when I saw that adorable (4) squirmen' in the net, I just didn't have the heart to kill it. Cookie was angry that I cut it loose, but when I pulled the net up again, there was a gift waitin' inside!


You may spend 1 supplies  to gain treasure  +1.


-  The storm lashed our ship, and some thought it might be our end. Suddenly, our ship began to cut through the waves as though we were bein' pulled through the storm! When the clouds cleared, we saw a fleet of (4) (s) had pulled us to safety. Obviously they were friends of my beloved!

Hull  +1. Infamy  +2.

-  I thought I saw signs of me darlin' on the beach o' a small island that Mad Michael and I passed. After Michael rowed the boat ashore, I found a chest marked with a (5) carved upon it, and inside were these gifts. Could they be from my true love?

Treasure  +2.

-  A shark swam up beside the ship with an overlarge (1) lodged in its teeth, and a bottle tied to its tail. One o' the men retrieved it, and found it was addressed to me! Inside, was a map claimin' to reveal a merfolk city, along with instructions on how to enter its gates. It is time to go get my love!

Infamy  -3.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

Eventually you decide it really is all about the motion of the ocean, and you leave the crew behind at the next port. You make a living fishing for (4)(s) for a few years until the royals locate you and imprison you for the murder of Duke (2). Unfortunately, you are sentenced to serve a lifetime of imprisonment on the Floating (5), a massive prison barge reserved for the scummiest of criminals and pirates. Of course your stomach begins doing cartwheels the moment you arrive. But hey, it's only for life.

(!!!!) = GOOD




You spend months avoiding the persistent hunters who dog your trail, but eventually your luck runs out and a royal frigate, the Bloated (4) traps the ship.

"Give us the murderer of Duke (2), and the rest of you can sail away free!" the enemy captain yells. But your fellow crew respond with gestures and taunts of a shocking and impolite nature. Who knew those sea dogs would stand up for you? The royal frigate opens fire, but your veteran crew responds with a blistering barrage that cripples them. You discover a month later that the enemy captain, rather than admit defeat after locating you, claimed his ship was damaged after successfully sending yours to a watery grave. The hunt has ended with your apparent death, and you return home at last to your joyous family.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

You return home to your village with clever spectacles, a fake mustache, and a new alias. The royals seem none the wiser as you are reunited with (5) and the rest of your family, and you decide to stay put. You find that your hometown has actually become a bustling and prosperous place since the death of Duke (2). Your life restored, you go back to making your tasty (1)-custard pastries, and living the good life. There is a bit of scandal when it is believed your wife has taken up with another man, but once everyone tastes those scrumptious pastries, they don't care one jot who you are.

## THE SEASICK PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration		★		★	★			×
Brawn		★	★	×	×	×	×	×
Hunting			★	★			×	×
Aim		★	★		★	★	×	×
Swagger		★		★			×	×
Navigation		★		★				

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A large animal: \_\_\_\_\_
2. The name of a fancy duke: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A food you dislike: \_\_\_\_\_
4. An ocean creature: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A type of shoe or footwear: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE SEASICK PIRATE

I'd spent my entire life on dry land. I owned a quaint little bakery with my spouse and children. We made all sorts o' cakes and pies fer royal types, but it wasn't until we started makin' \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_-custard pastries that things changed. The royals couldn't get enough o' those pastries, and we made a pretty penny. Eventually Duke \_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_ himself ordered a dozen to sample. How was I supposed to know he'd be allergic to the main ingredient? The royals quickly charged me with murder, and I was forced to go on the lam or face the hangman's noose. Luckily, or perhaps unluckily, a pirate ship was in port at the time and the cap'n agreed to take me on. It was only a few hours out o' port before I realized the sway of the ocean sent my stomach into a lurchin' tizzy. I can hardly keep down the moldy bread stored below deck, never mind Cookie's \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ in red sauce, which I always promptly retch overboard, moments after eating. If I'm to survive at all, I'll need to clear my name, find a way home, and get off this wretched pirate boat before it's too late.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ By all accounts, boiled \_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_ eyes are a favorite among the crew (and quite difficult to collect), but even the smell of them sends me runnin' fer the edge o' the ship. Luckily, someone else was more than happy to eat my share.

Supplies 🍲+1. Infamy 🏴‍☠️-1. Retrieve card 95 Courtesy Sick Bag from the story deck.

- ❷ I was only able to smuggle out a few cherished possessions when I skipped town. It hardly seems like it was worth all the trouble now. One o' my crew mates took a likin' to one o' my trinkets. I think I'll pass on tellin' them exactly how I smuggled it past the royals.

Gain 1 skill of your choice. Treasure 🗳️+1. Choose another player to gain treasure 🗳️+1.

- ❸ I got word from me sweet daughter, \_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_, that the royals are still hot on my trail. It's still too risky for me to return home. I have hope, though. Sweaty Jim thinks he can glue together a pretty convincin' fake beard for me.

Infamy 🏴‍☠️+3. Re-roll 🎲+2.

- ❹ I got a lead on a potential means to get my life and family back, but it required me stealin' to get the gear I'd need. No one will miss this barrel of \_\_\_\_ (3) \_\_\_\_ (s), will they?

You may spend 2 supplies 🍲 to gain treasure 🗳️+2.

- ❺ My plan is hatched. I will return home to the bakery, meet up with my family, and then we shall all board a ship with new identities. I am keen for us to start our lives away from the accursed royals. Time to start a new life as the \_\_\_\_ (1) \_\_\_\_ clan!

Infamy 🏴‍☠️+2. Discontent 🌪️-1.



## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You hatch scheme after scheme, planning your escape from the pirates, but it never seems to come together. Eventually, as the years pass, you resign yourself to the fact that you are a pirate cook. While your skill at piracy improves, your culinary skills decline, until soon you can only boil meat and mash <sup>(5)</sup> into a paste. When old Cookie dies, you take up his name, because that's exactly what you have become.

(!!!!) = GOOD

After weeks of planning, you see your chance to escape when the crew becomes inebriated following a drinking contest. You steal a pistol from <sup>(4)</sup>'s trousers and lower a dinghy into the water and paddle away. You are only a half day from the ship when you are picked up by a Bumblebee Delivery vessel. The kind crew treats you like an honored guest, but when you look around at their cargo, your pirate's brain can't help but calculate the value of everything you see. So you cook the crew a meal, kill them all, and proudly return to your new home, with a royal gift.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

It takes a few months after your previous adventure to find your chance. One day while the crew is vomiting uncontrollably after eating a batch of your poisoned <sup>(1)</sup> and cream sorbet, you mount a daring escape involving a barrel of black powder, some rope, and a dinghy covered in <sup>(3)</sup> feathers. Those pirate dolts never knew what hit 'em! Days later you are picked up by a Bumblebee Delivery ship bound for a royal port. When you arrive, the royals hail you as a hero and award you the Golden <sup>(5)</sup>, the highest honor for a culinary prisoner of war.



## THE CULINARY PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration				★	★		✕	✕
Brawn		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Hunting		★		★			✕	✕
Aim		★			★		✕	✕
Swagger		★		★	★	★		
Navigation		★	★		★			✕

## STORY BLANKS

Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.

1. A weird sea creature: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A scary symbol: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A type of bird: \_\_\_\_\_
4. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A perishable cooking ingredient: \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTORY OF THE CULINARY PIRATE

I was known throughout the lands as one of the greatest chefs to ever grace a kitchen. Wealthy nobles from around the world would pay for my passage to their courts in order to bless their palates with my talents. From my smoked scallop and olive pate, to my onion and ox heart fricassee, and even my <sup>(1)</sup> and cream sorbet, my dishes were the talk of the town! Sadly, on my last trip to a distant land we were beset by pirates. They flew the flag of the dreaded <sup>(2)</sup>, and they quickly put me in chains and declared that I was the new ship's cook. I tried everything I could to escape. I tried to pick the lock on my chains. I routinely undercooked dishes of roasted <sup>(3)</sup> to try and poison the crew. Eventually, I proved to be too much of a trouble and they dumped me with a rival ship. Life aboard the other ship has actually been pretty good! I'm not in chains, the captain is kind, and the crew is surprisingly polite and jovial. But their cook is a drooling halfwit. I wonder if I can set fire to the ship and escape the next time we're at port?

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS

When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled ❶ below and read its corresponding text.

- ❶ It was <sup>(4)</sup>'s birthday, so I whipped up a little cake for the crew to enjoy. The candles only took a few seconds to ignite the black powder baked into the icing and trigger an explosion. I thought it would blow a hole in the ship I could dive out of, but instead it just removed the eyebrows of everyone in attendance. Back to the drawing board.

Supplies 🍴+3.

- ❷ The captain decided to raise our spirits with a cooking competition for the crew to show off their, uh, "cooking abilities." It generated a lot of buzz throughout the ship. The captain gave me a little bonus for being a judge. I voted for the <sup>(5)</sup> dish since it seemed the most undercooked and likely to kill everyone.

Treasure 🏆+1. Choose another player to gain treasure 🏆+1.

- ❸ The crew caught a <sup>(3)</sup> and asked me if it was safe to eat raw. I said it was, provided it was first brined in grain alcohol. Hopefully one of the fools will accidentally set themselves ablaze or die of alcohol poisoning.

Re-roll 🎲+4. All other players: Re-roll 🎲+1.

- ❹ I've stolen all of Cookie's steak knives, and given each one a wickedly sharp edge. Now to make a belt I can sheathe them on, and wear when I finally make good my escape.

Retrieve card 96 Steak Knife Bandolier from the story deck.

- ❺ The captain got wind of my <sup>(1)</sup> and cream sorbet, and asked me to whip some up for the crew. As usual, it was a big hit and the captain even gave me a little bonus for the tasty treat. I think I'll try to poison the next batch and make my escape!

Treasure 🏆+1. You may choose your action first next round, regardless of infamy 🦋 order.

## ENDINGS

≤ (!!!) = BAD

You eventually become obsessed with outrunning your fate and leave your crew behind to try and disappear. Rumors of other members of Captain (1)'s crew meeting grizzly ends become all too common. Intent on outrunning your fate, you decide to make your home on a deserted island the Captain used as a resupply point in the past. While clearing out one of the many hidden supply caches, you strike a match for some light. The last image you see is the icon of a (3) stamped on the side of a black powder barrel.

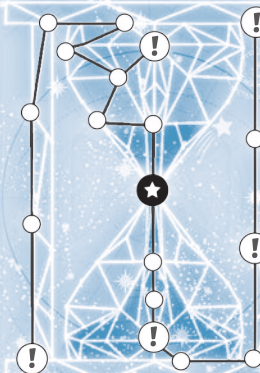
(!!!!) = GOOD

In the dead of night, a ship pulls up alongside your own. Naturally, you fear it is the end, but to your surprise the vessel is crewed by your former mates from Captain (1)'s ship! Stinky Jeff, now Captain Jeff, tells you they have discovered how to break the curse. You go over to the other ship and there Jeff explains they have paid big money for magic curse removers, wooden trinkets you are horrified to see are shaped like (3).

"Damn it, Jeff," you groan, just as a cannonball punches through the side of the hull. It seems someone on your other ship has accidentally fired one of the cannons, and the other morons, sure something is afoot, begin firing the other artillery pieces as well. "It figures," you sigh, and stoically surrender to fate.

(!!!!!) = LEGENDARY

While at first you dread the coming of your final day, in time you learn to accept your fate and make peace with it. When the day finally arrives, you expect to be blown to bits or attacked by enemy pirates, but instead you find a letter, waiting for you at the next port, the sign of a (3) stamped into the seal. You open the letter to find that your great, great grandfather had been killed in a freak accident at his highly profitable cannon factory, which he has left to you. You quickly leave your pirating career behind and take over the factory, and spend the rest of your days wealthy and successful. When you think back on your pirating days, it almost feels like a separate life entirely. You were such a worry wart! And terrible at parties. Just terrible.



## THE DOOMED PIRATE

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Exploration			★		★		✕	✕
Brawn		★	★		★			✕
Hunting		★	★		★	★		
Aim		★	★	✕	✕	✕	✕	✕
Swagger				★	★		✕	✕
Navigation				★	★		✕	✕



## STORY BLANKS


Fill in the blanks next to each prompt. When you come across a blank in your character's story, read your corresponding answer in its place.


1. A fake pirate captain: \_\_\_\_\_
2. A spooky island: \_\_\_\_\_
3. A symbol of some kind: \_\_\_\_\_
4. The pirate name of another player: \_\_\_\_\_
5. A tool for cleaning: \_\_\_\_\_


## BACKSTORY OF THE DOOMED PIRATE


Few pirates have witnessed their own death. But I have. When I signed onto Cap'n (1)'s crew, I had only thoughts of an easy voyage and a quick payday, but the fool was obsessed with treasures found in ancient and cursed ruins. We followed the cap'n to (2) on rumors of an ancient treasure in a mysterious cave, but the treasure was cursed. Each person who touched the treasure saw the moment o' their own death, includin' me. The vision came in a whirlwind, but I clearly saw the sign o' the (3) and the roar of a cannon. The vision haunts my dreams as I search for a way to change me fate before I run out o' time.

## CONSTELLATION EVENTS


When instructed to resolve constellation events, discard all of your constellation event tokens. For each token discarded fill in the next unfilled  below and read its corresponding text.

-  (4) thought I was a fool for alterin' our course, but I couldn't ignore my instinct. I'd seen what would happen to our crew if we stayed on course. Perhaps where we ended up wasn't much better, but does this mean I can change the events in my vision?


Re-roll  +2. Scout 2 spaces.



-  We passed the smolderin' remains of a ship loaded to the gills with barrels of spice and fancy (5)(s). I saw this ship in my vision, along with the treasure I found there. I purposefully chose a different one for myself. Maybe this shows I'm not beholden to the vision of my death.


Look at the top 3 cards of the treasure  deck. Gain 1 and discard the rest.


-  One upside to knowin' my fate might well be sealed in the future, is that I have very little fear of meetin' my end in the present. I've started to cultivate somethin' of a reckless and Davy-may-care attitude, from chargin' the enemy to usin' a (5) in combat. (4) made me this tunic to commemorate my newfound bravery.


Retrieve card 11 Bullseye Tunic from the story deck.

-  The day of my fated end is fast approachin', and to prepare I've begun trainin' my replacement on the ship. He's a good lad, I knew him from my days on Captain (1)'s crew. He'll be a good fit if I don't survive what's comin'.

Treasure  +1. Crew  +1.

-  The time has come. I've given up me worldly possessions and made peace with my end. There's nothin' I can do to stop fate now.

You may discard up to 2 treasure  cards.

For each card discarded, re-roll  +3.