DEAD MAN'S DICE BOARDGAME

PROLOGUE:

'Twas the year seventeen twenty-four,
When pirate Captain Ned Low sailed into lore.
A rogue so fierce, with a heart so cold,
Chasing riches and the treasure of gold.

On the wild seas, with his crew at his side,
They sailed the vast ocean, riding the tide.
'Til one fateful day, through mist and spray,
An abandoned vessel drifted their way.

Its sails all tattered, its decks lay bare,
Yet treasure awaited in the shadows there.
Within its hull, a trove gleamed bright,
Mayan gold, a beautiful sight.

They stowed it aboard with a hearty cheer,
Setting sail for a life of riches and beer.
But the treasure they took was a devil's own prize,
Its curse soon revealed 'neath the moonlit skies.

A fever took hold, both strange and dire,
Their nights filled with visions of blood and fire.
By day they were gripped with a dread most foul,
As if death itself stood ready to prowl.

The whispers of curses spread fast and wide,
And fear gripped the hearts of those who'd once lied.
"Cast it over!" the crew cried with fear,
"Let the cursed gold vanish, disappear!"

But Low, in his greed, would not let it be,
And silenced dissent by blade or by sea.
Fear gripped their hearts, and they whispered in dread,
"Mutiny's our only hope," they all said.

With cutlasses drawn and courage ablaze,
They turned on their captain to end his cruel ways.
They bound him tight, with no quarter shown,
And marooned poor Ned where the winds had blown.

An uncharted land where no map did mark,
With naught but the gold, a blade, and a spark.
Four bottles of water, less briny than tide,
Left as a mercy for his doomed plight to bide.

"A kindness," they thought, though their hearts did ache,
To leave their captain with the curse to take.
With sails unfurled, they left him in exile,
To fate's cruel embrace on that desolate isle.

Wracked by hunger, with sickness rife,
Low teetered close to the end of his life.
On death's dark brink, as hope did wane,
A Mayan god emerged from shadow's domain.

Ah Puch, The Lord of Death and Decay,
Who'd cursed the gold, now found his prey.
Drawn by Ned's greed, his soul's foul stain,
The dark god grinned and spoke his name:

"Ye scoundrel vile, thy soul I claim,
Yet I offer escape from eternal flame.
Swear thyself to this treasure accursed,
Guard it for all, till the end of earth."

To spare his soul from damnation's call,
Low pledged himself to the gold and thrall.
For all eternity, his fate was sealed,
Bound to the gold none should steal.

But the pact held a twist, a condition most grim:
A game he must craft, using his flesh, bone, and limb.
An irresistible lure for the greedy and bold,
To snare their poor souls for the god's dark hold.

Yet should a challenger best Ned outright,
The gold they'd claim, and end the fight.
The treasure won, the curse they'd sever,
And Low's dark servitude would end forever.

Ever the schemer, with a mind most keen,
Low conceived a game both deadly and mean.
Of dice and cunning, of strategy vast,
A deadly trial, each roll might be your last.

But the task called for a sacrifice dire,
Ned's strength grew weak, his hunger afire.
His own leg he severed, with resolve so grim,
And roasted the flesh to stave death's whim.

From his bone, he carved with meticulous care,
The dice of doom for the players who dare.
Each mark, each cut, a piece of his soul,
The heart of the game, the key to his goal.

Thus was born Dead Man's Dice, a game of blood and bone,
Where riches be promised to the bold alone.
Triumph brings treasure, a fortune to claim,
But failure dooms yer soul to Ah Puch's flame.

Now, bold-hearted players, the cursed dice be thine,
Dare ye roll and risk Ned's dark design?
Will ye face the perils of Low's cruel snare,
And claim the map to the treasure rare?

RULES:

<u>OBJECTIVE</u>
Within the game's hourglass, be the first to outwit Ned's ship and chart a course to the treasure isle on square 58 with an exact roll to claim the gold and end the game! But beware, if yer roll sails ye past 58, ye'll be forced to drift back by the surplus!

<u>SET UP</u>
One to four scallywags can join the hunt for the cursed gold!
Each player:
-Chooses a colored ship and set it in the port.
-Starts with two dice to sail the seas.

Place Ned's cursed black ship in the port to haunt the waters.

<u>ORDER O' PLAY</u>
Flip the hourglass and place it on the gold at the heart o' the board to start yer quest.
The oldest sea dog starts, then play sails clockwise.

On yer turn:
-Choose to roll one or both dice and move yer ship forward by the total.

At the end o' each round:
-One player must roll for Ned's cursed ship.
-Choose to roll one or two dice and move that scurvy dog.

<u>SPACES AND THEIR EFFECTS</u>
Arrow → (Right): The wind's in yer sails, matey! Roll one die and surge forward.

Arrow ← (Left): A storm blows ye off course! Roll one die and drift backward.

X: Ye get tied up. Skip yer next turn.

Prison Bars: Yer captured and tortured by Ned! Miss turns until another player lands on yer space and chooses whether to risk savin' ye.

To rescue-roll one die.

-4, 5, 6: Ye're saved, and both flee like the wind!
-1, 2, 3: Ye're freed, but the rescuer be captured and takes yer place in the brig.

Escape Option: If no rescue be comin', and ye can't bear the cruel pain o' torture no more, ye may surrender one die at the start o' yer turn — even yer last — and roll to flee yer captor. But if it be yer last die... ye be out o' the game, and yer soul be claimed.

Dagger: Mutiny in the ranks! Yer crew stabs ye in the back and maroons ye on a desolate isle. Return to port (Start) to gather a new ship and crew. Ye lose no dice, but must begin the voyage anew!

NED'S SHIP RULES
If Ned's ship lands on ye:
-Boom! That black-hearted scoundrel fires his cursed cannons and damages yer ship!
-Lose one die, and from here on out, yer vessel be slower, rollin' only one die per turn!   -
If both yer dice be lost, ye're sunk, yer game's done, and yer soul be claimed—unless a kind-hearted mate donates a die afore the next player takes their turn.
-No scallywag may hold more than two dice at any time.

If Ned lands on two or more players on the same square:
-The unlucky lot must roll one die each!
-The lowest roll loses one die.
-If the rolls be tied, roll again till a loser be found!

If Ned lands exactly on square 58:
- On his next roll, Ned sails backwards for that one turn.

Ned ignores certain spaces:
-He sails past "skip a turn," "captured," and "mutiny" spaces
-Only the arrow spaces guide his cursed course.

END O' THE GAME
The game be over if:

-A player lands exactly on Square 58 with a perfect roll — the curse be lifted, and the gold claimed.

-All players lose their dice or find themselves captured with no hope of rescue or escape.

-The 60-minute hourglass runs out before any scallywag reaches the treasure isle.

Should the game end by either o' the latter two, then ol' Ned claims every player's soul for the dreaded Ah Puch! A dark fate indeed, me mateys.

Once ye roll, ye stake yer eternal soul.

CONTENTS:

–Game Board

–Hourglass Timer

–5 Player Pieces (Ships): Red, Blue, Green, Yellow, Black

–8 White Dice

–2 Black Dice