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As a young troll, Trog enlisted in the orcish army. Under the banner of the Great Chief, he traveled across the North and covered himself with glory in countless battles. But the war ended, the Great Chief disbanded the horde and sent Trog home.

Trog returned a mighty warrior: his body was covered with scars and his clothes were laden with trophies, among which he was especially proud of the cup made from the skull of an elvish prince.   
  
The Great Chief had promised that he would summon Trog as soon as a new war began. Years passed, every day Trog looked out for orcs from the heights of the mountain peaks, but none ever appeared.

"You're an adult troll now. Forget this war crap and live like everyone else!" -- Trog was told by the chief Pug.

But Trog could no longer live like everyone else. "Even the air smells different before a battle. "The blood boils, the heart fills with courage," he told the whelps, "It's a good feeling. I want to experience it again, and I want you to experience it too!"

Unfortunately, war was forbidden in Trog's homeland. The ancestors had willed to keep peace with all neighbors and the trolls honored that custom.   
  
"What foolishness!" -- Trog thought, "The ancestors were masters of this land, no creature dared to come here, and now what? Nasty creatures have taken over the mountains and caves, trolls crammed into a piece of land and think that's the way it should be!"   
  
Trog set out to right this injustice.   
  
TROLL CAMPAIGNING.   
  
Gathering a troop of the most vigorous cubs, Trog traveled to the mountains where the White Rex of the ogres had ruled for many years...

Ug: Look - what high mountains! What swift, clear rivers!   
Trog: It's a good land. But smell it - the stinking odor of the ogres defiles it. We'll kill them and this place will smell like trolls!   
Ogre: Hey, trolls! Why did you go here?   
Trog: The trolls have come to reclaim their lands and wipe your vile tribe.   
Ogre: Then the trolls will die.

Killed one leader:   
  
Ogre: Things are not going well. The White Rex should know!   
  
Victory:   
  
Og: You were right, Trog! Blood is boiling, it's just like you said, it's great to fight!   
Trog: Yes. But the main thing is that we've regained this land. Now the trolls will walk on these mountains and swim in these rivers.   
Oog: Uh-huh! Shall we go tell Pag?   
Trog: No. We're not going back until we've smashed the last ogre's head in.  
Ug: You want to challenge the White Rex himself?   
Yes. The White Rex will fall by my hand!   
Oog: Uh-huh! Then let's go, I want to see it soon!   
  
The trolls quickly reached the capital of the ogres, where the White Rex and his army were waiting for them....   
  
King: I was told an army of trolls was coming here, and what the hell are these? A bunch of scum! Old Pag is out of his mind to break the peace with me with such a pathetic army.   
Trog: Pag didn't send us. We came on our own. I'll destroy your ogres, White Rex, and I'll tear your head off!   
King: So Pag doesn't know anything? Then he won't mind if I break your bones and boil your brats alive and eat them! That'll be fun!   
Trog: Can you smell it, Ug? The air smells like an storm.  
Oog: Uh-huh!   
  
Victory:   
  
Trog kept his word and ripped the White Rex's head off. The ogres were horrified and fled, but the troll's clubs and stones caught up with them all. Thus ended the White Rex's long reign overnight.

Mission 3:

The trolls returned home with songs and shouts. Trog was especially prominent, waving the White Rex's head. However, Chief Pag did not share the jubilation of the newly minted warriors.

-- The ancestors forbade the shedding of blood on this land, and you know it, Trog. - he said.

-- But why? - Trog asked, -- The ancestors were masters of these mountains and caves, why did they invent such a strange custom?   
-- They were, until the Evil from the end of the world came, said Pug, -- It almost killed our tribe. It feeds on death itself! The ancestors could only seal it in the Forbidden Cave, but that cost them great effort. That is why we do not fight with anyone, and burn the dead with sacred fire - so that the evil will not awaken again! Help the trolls to settle new lands, but do not attack anyone else, or you will destroy us all!   
  
Several years passed. The trolls roamed freely in the mountains and drank from the rivers once called ogrish. Trog waited for the ancient evil to manifest itself - he had slaughtered several hundred ogres, to say the least - but nothing happened.   
  
"This Evil from the end of the world is just a fantasy to keep the trolls in fear," he decided. - he decided. - We're going on a new campaign!"

Trog: Do you know where this cave leads, Ug?   
Yes. It leads to a swampy valley with warm springs. Pag forbade us to go there, for lizards live there.   
Trog: Trolls shouldn't be afraid of these small, pathetic creatures. We will crush them and take back the valley!   
Ug: Yes... And the Evil from the end of the world? What if it awakens?   
Trog: It won't. The evil at the end of the world is a fantasy. But we're real, and we do real things!   
Real things! Uh-huh!   
  
Trog: Come on, let's take back the valley!   
  
With a roar, a shout and a rumble, the trolls rushed after their fearless leader. They ran until they found themselves in the middle of a swamp, from which hissing hordes of lizards were rising one after another....

Lizard King: How dare you break into my domain?! You are surrounded! Surrender! I'll let you go if Pag pays me well.   
Pays well, yes!   
  
Trog: Insolent creature, let's see how you sing when I squash you like a bug!

Oog: Ooh! I can't calm down! My ears are ringing with the screams of the lizards.   
Trog: It was a good fight, wasn't it? And the valley is ours now.

Pag said the mud in it has magical properties. Let's rest and see!   
  
Dropping their weapons, the tired but happy trolls began to bathe in the mud, throwing away crushed lizard corpses as they came to hand. Then it was time to return home...   
  
Mission 5   
  
The trolls marched triumphantly through the caves, shaking the walls with their shouts. Ug even made a drum out of fresh lizard hide. But suddenly their shouts were echoed by a chilling howl.....   
  
Trog, did you hear that? What was that?   
Trog: I don't know. But whatever it was, it has no place in our caves. Stay close to each other. Let's go and face him.   
  
We've seen a dead man:   
  
Oog: It's an ogre! Dead but alive!   
Trog: Don't be afraid, give it a good kicking!

Gost attacked:  
  
Troll: Nothing can take him!   
Trog: That can't be true! Try again!   
  
Killed the guest:   
  
Troll: Phew, they can be killed!   
Trog: Then we have nothing to fear. Come on!   
  
They see the king of the ogres:   
  
King: It's you, Trog... Where's my head? Give me my head!  
Trog: White Rex! But I killed you and your vile tribe!

A great power has brought me back for revenge! Now I will tear off your head and destroy your tribe! And then we will serve our lord together!   
Trog: No way. Now you're going to die one more time.   
  
The king of the ogres has been killed:   
King: You think you've won, you stupid Trog? I'll be back. We'll all be back! Ha-ha-ha-ha!   
  
Og: How awful! It's definitely the evil from the end of the world!   
Trog: Evil or not, we defeated it. But we won't tell Pag about this battle.   
Oog: Uh-huh, we won't.

Mission 6:   
  
The trolls walked the rest of the way in silence. They were all as gloomy as the night, and Trog was the gloomiest, for he felt that Pag's fears were beginning to come true....   
  
-- You're back at last, you idiot Trog! Where have you been? Where did you take the trolls this time?   
-- We have cleared the swampy valley of the vile lizards. Now the warm springs are ours.   
-- I told you not to attack anyone else! Idiot, can't you feel the rocks shaking? For the first time in hundreds of years, the Evil at the end of the world is stirring!   
-- I don't feel anything like that. It's all as usual, only more troll lands have returned to their masters.   
-- I knew the orcs had beaten the last of your brains out of you! I have no other choice, Trog. I cast you out! Go away!   
  
Trog left his home cave in confusion. To Pag's surprise, Ug and some trolls followed him. For three days Trog wandered silently through the mountains and pondered. On the fourth day, he gathered his companions and said:   
  
-- "I have made up my mind. I am a warrior, and I cannot live any other way. I want to fight for the land of the trolls, but since the trolls have rejected me, I have nothing to live for. I will go to our strongest neighbors, the dwarves, and kill them until I die. That will be the end of my journey!   
  
-- We are warriors too, the trolls replied, -- You made us that way. We will go with you. Let the dwarves know how terrible is the last fury of trolls!  
  
So Trog went on a suicidal attack against the dwarves. Upon learning of this, some of the trolls ran away from home to join him - so strong was their hatred for the dwarves. Soon Trog's troop came to a valley, above which towered the impregnable Bastion of Thunder.   
  
Trog: There it is, Thunder Bastion! Forward, trolls! Attack! Let us die like warriors!   
Oog: Uh-huh, like warriors! Let's go!   
Dwarf: My lord, a band of rabid trolls is heading straight for the walls!   
What the hell is this? Well, I never liked peace with those barbarians. Charge your thundersticks, draw your axes! Let's show them what Thunder Bastion is like!   
  
Victory:   
  
Ug: The dwarves are dead, but we're not!   
Author: Trog took a bone cup from his belt and filled it with the blood of the dwarven leader, an old warrior custom he had learned from the orcs. Drinking it down, Trog said:   
Trog: Then I did everything right! Look around you - for centuries the trolls were afraid to go near the Bastion, and now what? The Bastion is destroyed, the dwarves are gone! We were outnumbered, we didn't want to live, but we still won!   
Oog: Uh-huh! But what now?   
Trog: Now we go home! If the Evil from the end of the world is really hiding in the Forbidden Caves, I'll go down there and crush it with my hammer!

Mission 7:   
  
Pag: It's about time you came back, Trog! Look what your wars have led to!   
Ug: What's going on?  
Pag: All those you killed have risen from the dead and are upon us! Evil from the end of the world has shown its face, all because of that idiot Trog!   
Trog: Listen, Pag, we're strong, we've defeated the dwarves. We'll defeat evil too, if...   
Pug: Shut up, you idiot! You don't know what you're talking about. Defend the settlement now that you're back! I'll perform the ritual and ward off the dead.   
  
The ritual is done:   
  
Burn, burn in the sacred fire!   
Whoa! The dead are dead!   
Pag: Uh-huh. Now let's get our supplies and get out of here. Except for you idiots - I haven't revoked your banishment!   
Trog: Why are you taking the trolls away? After all, we defeated the dead.   
Pug: They can't be defeated. You have given Evil the blood it so desperately needs, and now the dead will return until we join their ranks.   
Trog: If the trolls stand as one, they will destroy the Evil.   
Pug: Be silent, you idiot! You may go there if you wish - it will be a just punishment for your stupidity. The trolls leave.   
Trog: No. The trolls will go and destroy the Evil together.   
Pug: What are you...   
Pag is dead!   
Trog: Listen to me. Pag was a weak and cowardly leader. He sold our land to ogres, lizards and dwarves, he made you cowards and hid your power. And I have awakened it! We are one step away from becoming masters of the mountains and the caves again - we need only go down to the Forbidden Caves and destroy the cursed Evil! I'm going down there. Who's with me?   
We are with you, Trog! No one will defeat the trolls - the trolls will defeat everyone!   
Troll2: We've had enough of being cowards!   
  
Trog led the angry trolls into the Forbidden Caves. The descent was long - so deep had the ancestors sealed the evil from the end of the world. At last, Trog saw the monolith that had held back the dark forces for centuries....

Trog: This is the stone that holds evil in its prison! I will smash it and let evil come out and fight me!   
  
Shattered   
  
White King: Here we meet again, Trog! The lord is near, soon he will make you one of us!   
Trog: I have already destroyed you twice, you vile brat, I will destroy you a third time.

The tomb is crumbling:   
  
Oog: The walls of the tomb are crumbling!   
Trog: Prepare yourself, Ug, we are about to face the Evil!  
  
The enemies are revealed:   
  
Lizard King: Damned Trog! Prepare to face all the lizards you've ruined!   
And all the dwarves from Thunder Bastion!   
Lizard King: When you die, we'll torture you for all eternity! You hear me? Eternity!   
Ug: The dead leaders have risen like the White Rex!   
Trog: Don't care about them! We must destroy Evil, it's what gives them power!  
  
They see the Lich:  
  
Lich: Ha ha ha! You're a real madman, Trog! Your ancestors sacrificed everything to imprison me here, and you not only gave me blood, but you dare to destroy my prison!   
Trog: So you are the Evil from the end of the world?   
Lich: Consider it so. Hundreds of years ago, I did indeed come here from lands so far away that you cannot even imagine. And now, thanks to you, I will finish what I started and build a new immortal kingdom!   
Trog: Nothing will happen. You're going to die now.   
Lich: Ha ha ha! Your ancestors were much stronger than you, but even they only managed to imprison me and contain my power with ridiculous traditions! Why destroy yourself now, Trog? You have shown your strength, and I have come to appreciate it. Join me, I will make you first among my generals! We will challenge the whole world and emerge victorious! You will live forever!  
Trog: Stop talking, you sack of bones. I said you're going to die now!

Lich: Stubborn creature! Alright, amuse me before your ignominious demise!   
  
The arrogant lich didn't realize that Trog's hammer had hit him in the chest. All his bones crunched at once. If the lich's face had been alive, he would have had a grimace of surprise on it.   
  
Lich: How...?   
Trog: I said you'd die - you're dead! It's over!   
  
With a wild screech, the black spirit left the lich's bones and filled the cave with itself. The next moment it exploded, killing several trolls, and then there was silence. All the dead men disappeared along with their lord....   
  
Ug: Ugh... We did it...   
Trog: Yes, we did it. Let's get out of here - there's nothing more for us to do here. We are masters of the mountains now...   
  
Years passed. Having thrown off the shackles of centuries of fear, the trolls not only regained their strength, but also became true masters of the mountains. Every creature, intelligent or not, trembled in terror at the sound of their heavy footsteps. And above it all stood Chief Trog, who had become a legend among his people during his lifetime .