**Scenario 6: Vengeance**

**Summary:**

**Story:**

In the shadowy halls of his stronghold, nestled within the harsh southern reaches of Wesnoth, the orc chieftain Kalgor brooded on his throne. His reign was a tempest of darkness and cunning, a storm that had swept across the southern orc tribes with relentless intensity. Fierce and ruthless, his rule had nonetheless resulted in a sinister sort of prosperity.

Despite the tendrils of fear and manipulation that snaked through his dominion, the orc tribes thrived, their strength and numbers growing like weeds in the ashes of conquest. Yet the crown of leadership was a heavy burden, one forged not just from iron, but from nightmares that clung to Kalgor like a second skin.

Haunted by the specter of his past, the echo of his father's demise at the hands of Urgok resonated like a death knell, drowning out the victories of his ascension. Amid the clamor of war and the thrill of new-found powers, there was always the gnawing ache of a loss that seemed to define his very being.

And then there was the future, a looming figure on the horizon, its visage shrouded in uncertainty and foreboding. Voldur, the arcane master who had granted him power beyond mortal reckoning, remained an ever-present phantom, casting long, chilling shadows that made even the bravest orcs shudder.

Night after night, Kalgor was plunged into a swirling vortex of nightmares. They danced on the edge of his consciousness, a sinister ballet choreographed by fear and regret.

On one such night, an ominous dream grasped him tighter than ever before. Fires raged, painting the world in shades of violent orange and bloody red. The stronghold, his stronghold, was ablaze, the once impenetrable fortress now a funeral pyre for the dead and dying. His people, once the proud warriors of the south, were reduced to helpless victims, their screams echoing in his ears as a grim symphony of despair.

With a jolt, Kalgor woke, his heart pounding in his chest as if trying to escape the horrifying images that had seized him.

But as his eyes adjusted to the dim light of dawn, he realized that the nightmare had not relinquished its grip. His dwelling was ablaze, smoke rising in thick plumes towards the heavens. The screams of his people echoed around him, a chilling reminder of the dream that had shaken him awake.

He felt an unseen force, as cold and implacable as death itself, pulling him from the crumbling ruins of his fortress.

Kalgor was led into the shadowy forest to the south, towards a revelation that threatened to shatter the very foundation of his existence.

**Scenario:**

Kalgor finds himself in a foggy forest, anxiety and darkness surrounding him.

**Start:**

Narrator: “Fear clung to Kalgor like a shroud, leaving the once mighty orc leader trembling beneath its weight.”

**Objectives:**

Start: Haunt your nightmare.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** As the player navigates Kalgor along the path through the forest, the following messages appear.

Kalgor: “<i>This nightmare... It's become my reality... But who...</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>There is... something in these woods. It's pulling me deeper into this darkness.</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>The screams... their cries for help. They are still echoing within me, a relentless tormentor... Was it all my doing?</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>This uncertainty... the dread... I haven't felt this in a long time.</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>I control my own destiny! Or... or am I nothing more than a pawn?</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>Darkness surrounds me. But this time, it's not under my control. This time, the darkness is controlling me.</i>”

Narrator: “All of Kalgor's nightmares and anxiety seem to converge to a monstrous heap of sadness.”

Kalgor: “<i>Why... What have I done...</i>”

**Event:** Kalgor spots Voldur at a ceremonial place of darkness and hatred, right in the middle of the foggy forest.

Narrator: “Emerging from the treacherous forest, Kalgor's gaze fell upon a figure shrouded in an ethereal darkness.”

Kalgor: “<i>W-what... you?</i>”

Narrator: “Kalgor's heart pounded in his chest, each beat echoing the mounting dread coursing through his veins.”

Kalgor: “<i>Why are you here?</i>”

Narrator: “<i>(silence)</i>”

Kalgor: “<i>Could you be... No, it can't be...</i>”

Narrator: “His past and present were colliding. Yet, a reality seemed to unshed upon his mind.”

Voldur: “<b>Kalgor.</b>”

Narrator: “Voldur's voice echoed, smooth and insidious as a serpent's hiss.”

Voldur: “<b>Your path has led you here, to the precipice of revelation.</b>”

Narrator: “Struck by the words, Kalgor stood aghast.”

Voldur: “<b>Every act, every thought, every sensation you've experienced since our paths crossed, has not been yours.</b>”

Kalgor: “<i>The power... my rule... my people... it was all you?</i>”

Narrator: “Voldur responded with a cruel smile.”

Voldur: “<i>(laughing)</i> <b>Your power had its price. Payday has come, my puppet.</b>”

Narrator: “The reality of his situation washed over Kalgor like a wave of icy water. He had thought himself the master, but he was, in fact, the marionette, his strings tugged and pulled at Voldur's whim. His reign, his power, his victories, all tainted by the truth of his servitude.”

Narrator: “The puppeteer had been revealed, and the puppet was left to face the crushing weight of his manipulation.”

Scenario 7 and Part 1 conclude here; Part 2 may be started automatically, or at another time from the campaign screen.