**Scenario 2: Ascent to Power**

**Summary:**

Following the tragic loss of his father, Kalgor nurtures a burning ambition for revenge and power. His charisma and strength draw a band of orc outcasts to form a loyal tribe. Upon learning about a tribal council gathering attended by Urgok, his father's killer, Kalgor seizes the opportunity and embarks on a perilous journey from the Southern Wastes to the council's green flatlands in the south-east.

The scenario begins on a vast map, dotted with orc castles and dominated by a large orcish settlement to the south-west. Kalgor and his tribe set up a castle to the north-east. At the council meeting, Kalgor declares his intentions to a surprised council, challenging Urgok, and thereby all chieftains present.

The chairman responds with a counter-challenge: for Kalgor to prove his worth through strength. The young orc accepts, setting the objective of the scenario as the defeat of three orc chieftains. Upon achieving this, the remaining chieftains grudgingly respect Kalgor's strength. Kalgor demands Urgok's execution, but the chairman insists on a duel, which Kalgor wins.

With Urgok defeated, Kalgor's thirst for revenge is not yet quenched. He challenges the council's chairman to a duel. Despite the chairman's strength, Kalgor emerges victorious, declaring the dawn of his rule over the orc tribes. With the chairman's dying words cautioning him about his relentless fury, Kalgor ascends to power, promising a just rule and a new legacy for the orc tribes.

**Story:**

Years had passed since the day Kalgor witnessed his father's death.

The pain of his loss has only stoked the fire of ambition in his heart. He was not merely content to survive in the Southern Wastes - he was determined to dominate. His thirst for power and revenge has become his driving force.

The harsh southern wastelands of Wesnoth forged him into a young orc of strength and determination, his mind ever fixated on revenge.

Through charisma and strength, Kalgor has rallied a small tribe of orc outcasts and wanderers to his cause.

One day, word reached Kalgor of a tribal council gathering, with Urgok among the attendees. Seeing an opportunity, Kalgor led his tribe on a challenging journey from the harsh wastelands of their home, across barren dunes and treacherous mountain passes, to the green flatlands of the council's meeting place in the south-east.

**Scenario:**

It’s a rather large map with orc castles and a big orcish settlement to the south-west, where the tribal council holds their meeting. The meeting halls are filled with 6 orcish chieftains and the council’s chairman. Kalgor has built a castle to the north-east.

**Event:** Start of the scenario

Kalgor and his men spawn to the north-east, at their castle. Kalgor moves south-west, into the council’s halls.

Kalgor: “Chieftains of the great orc tribes, I stand before you, uninvited yet undeterred. I am Kalgor, son of Kargul, and I've come for Urgok's blood!”

Narrator: “The council hall fell silent. All eyes were upon him, a mix of surprise, skepticism, and curiosity reflecting off their faces.”

Narrator: “After a moment of silence, a low rumble of laughter spread across the room. The chairman, a burly orc adorned in ceremonial armor, rose from his seat, raising his hand for silence.”

Urgok: “You have no right to challenge me, boy. Your father's blood is on my hands, yes, but by the law of our kind, I won fair. You have no claim here!”

Kalgor: “Your victory was not born of honor, Urgok. You are a usurper and a traitor. And for that, you will pay.”

Chairman: “You overstep, whelp. We settle our disputes through strength, not vendettas. You want to prove yourself? Fight us!”

Kalgor: “So be it.”

**Event:**  Kalgor moves back north-east, to his castle

**Objective:**

Win: Defeat 2 of the orcish chieftains.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** 2 chieftains are defeated

Narrator: “As Kalgor fells the third chieftain, the remaining leaders look at each other, then at him, their eyes filled with a grudging respect.”

Chairman: “You've shown your strength, Kalgor. You have earned your place among us.”

Kalgor: “My place isn't all I seek. Urgok's treachery must be punished!”

Chairman: “The ways of this council are older than any of us and have held us together for centuries. The duel has always been a tool for justice among us. Urgok's fate should be decided in a fair fight, not an execution.”

**Event:** All remaining chieftains and Kalgor move back into the council’s halls

Kalgor: “I have waited for this moment for years, Urgok, and I relish the chance to destroy you with my own hands.”

Narrator: “The council erupts in clamor, the orcs shouting and hollering, eager to witness the duel. Kalgor and Urgok square off in the middle of the council hall, the tension palpable.”

**Event:** Kalgor and Urgok duel each other

Narrator: “Kalgor's strikes are fast and furious, while Urgok struggles to defend himself.”

**Event:** Kalgor defeats Urgok

Urgok: “This relentlessness... This anger...”

Narrator: “As Urgok's lifeless body slumped to the ground, a wave of silence washed over the councilhall. Kalgor stood over his defeated foe, the red haze of revenge slowly clearing from his vision. He could feel the eyes of the council upon him - not with derision, but with a grudging respect - and a form of anxiety.”

Narrator: “A deep, unsettling satisfaction seized him, but it was not enough. His heart was still ablaze with the fires of anger and ambition. His gaze turned towards the chairman, the highest authority among the southern tribes.”

Narrator: “His voice echoed through the hall, tinged with a bloodlust that had not been sated.”

Kalgor: “I am not done yet. My vengeance does not end with Urgok. It ends when the southern tribes are led by a true chieftain. Chairman, your reign ends here. This council will be mine.”

Chairman: “Very well, Kalgor. You have earned your right to challenge me.”

**Event:** Kalgor and the chairman duel each other, Kalgor is victorious

Narrator: “Although the council's chairman proved to be a worthy opponent, Kalgor's ruthlessness and cunning strikes landed critical hits and pierced through his body.”

Chairman: “You... You wield a fury, young Kalgor. Make sure it doesn't consume you... May your rule... be just...”

Narrator: “As the chairman's life fades away, the room plunges into a silence so profound it feels as if the world itself has paused to acknowledge the shift in power. Kalgor rises, his silhouette against the dim light emanating an aura of undeniable authority.”

Kalgor: “My rule begins today. No longer will treachery go unpunished, no more will the weak lead the strong. Together, we will forge a new legacy for the orc tribes!”

Narrator: “The future of the orc tribes unfolds into a new era, an era under the rule of a once castaway whelp, whose saga has just begun.”

Scenario end