**Scenario 3: Bitter Retreat**

**Summary:**

Kalgor, now a seasoned warlord, starts ruling with wisdom, prioritizing the welfare of his tribe. However, over time, his leadership subtly shifts towards personal ambitions, causing doubts among his people. An orc scout brings news of an impending human invasion from the west. Kalgor quickly decides to face the threat and leads his men westward, marking the beginning of a significant conflict.

The scenario is set on a vast map, with mountains to the north, flatlands with small forests to the south, and Kalgor starting from the west. The primary objective is for Kalgor to march westward and engage the human invaders in combat. If Kalgor dies, the scenario is lost.

Initial contact with humans leads to a rallying call by Kalgor.

Trolls are sighted, leading to a tense conversation that results in the trolls becoming allies for this scenario.

The humans receive significant reinforcements at turns 6 and 9.

By turn 11, the human forces become too overwhelming, causing Kalgor to call for a tactical retreat back east.

Upon reaching the east, Kalgor sights another powerful human force approaching from the south-east, blocking their way back to their settlement. He decides to divert their course and escape north, towards the mountains.

Reaching the mountain pass, Kalgor rallies his men to brave the tough journey ahead, leading them into the heart of the mountains.

Overall, this scenario reveals Kalgor's strategic decisions, his ability to form unexpected alliances, and his flexibility in adapting to changing battlefield dynamics. It ends with Kalgor leading his men into the mountains, escaping the formidable human forces.

**Story:**

The sun shone over the orcish realm, casting long shadows across the rugged landscape. Kalgor, now a seasoned warlord, had ascended from a pit of revenge to the pinnacles of power. His rule was marked with a wisdom born from struggle, and his decisions echoed with the interests of his tribe. He stood strong, a formidable pillar of orcish integrity. He had painted a vision of prosperity, a dream the tribe had dared to share.

As seasons turned and moons waned, a subtle shift started to creep into Kalgor's leadership. His decisions were veering towards self-preservation, an increasing focus on his personal ambitions. His lust for power began to smudge the clear lines between his tribe's welfare and his own. He was still their leader, still their warrior, but the once unified path started to branch out, casting doubts on his motives.

One gloomy morning, an orc scout, out of breath and stained with the dust of distant lands, burst into Kalgor's stronghold. His words struck the air like a thunderclap, echoing with the grave news of an impending human invasion from the west. A cloud of unease hung over the stronghold, the tribe's shared dreams now threatened by the specter of war.

Without wasting a heartbeat, Kalgor made his decision. He would lead his best men westward to face the impending threat. The war drums echoed, their rhythmic cadence signaling the march to a battle that would either cement his rule or shatter his vision. As the orcish battalion marched under the crimson sky, a sense of doom mingled with the dust kicked up by their determined steps, setting the stage for a monumental conflict that would reshape Kalgor's destiny.

**Scenario:**

A wide map, stretching from east to west. Kalgor starts in the west. North are mountains, south is flatland with small forest areas.

**Objective:**

Win: March west.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** Humans sighted

Orc: “Humans ahead!”

Kalgor: “Rally up, men. Bless them with an easy death!”

**Objective:**

Win: Defeat the humans.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** Trolls sighted

Troll: “Well, well. Lookie here. Orcs, in troll land. No welcome, orcs.”

Troll Leader: “S'why you here, Orc? Dis our land”

Kalgor: “We're here to fight humans, not trolls. They're on their way invading our lands, and they won't stop at our borders.”

Troll: “We no like humans. They tricky, they loud.”

Kalgor: “We agree on that, and right now, they're winning. We could use help, and I suspect you could, too.”

Troll Leader: “You wants us to fight wid you?”

Kalgor: “Humans won't distinguish between orc and troll.”

Troll Leader: “Mmm. Humans bad for troll, bad for land. We fight wid you, Orc. But you remember - we fight together, not for you.”

The trolls become Kalgor’s allies, for this scenario.

**Event:** turn 6

Humans receive reinforcements

**Event:** turn 9

Humans receive even more reinforcements

**Event**: turn 11

Narrator: “At the heart of the battlefield, surrounded by the clash of steel and the cries of fallen warriors, Kalgor looked upon the overwhelming force of humanity. His chest heaved as he tasted the bitterness of the impending defeat, a flavor unfamiliar to his warrior's palate.”

Kalgor: “Warriors of the tribes! Look upon our foes! Their numbers are vast, like the endless grains of sand in the desert! They press on us like a storm, unyielding and relentless.”

Kalgor: “But we are orcs! We do not bend before the storm, and we do not scatter before the desert! We are the tempest, the constellation, the desert itself! Yet, even the storm retreats, and the desert rests when the sun burns too hot.”

Narrator: “His words echoed through the air, drawing looks of understanding from his orc warriors.”

Kalgor: ” Let it be known that this is not defeat! This is but a withdrawal, a tactical retreat to regain our strength, to lick our wounds and to return with a vengeance that the world has never seen!”

Narrator: “He paused, his fiery gaze sweeping across the faces of his men.”

Kalgor: “Retreat, my brethren! Let us vanish like the shadow at the break of dawn, only to return at twilight with a fury tenfold! For the pride of the tribe, for our honor, fall back to the east!”

**Objective:**

Win: Retreat to the east

Lose: Death of Kalgor

**Event:** Kalgor reaches the east

Narrator: “Kalgor's nostrils flared at the distinct scent of fresh human forces; he turned his eyes to the south-east. His heart pounded in his chest as he saw the glinting of steel and the fluttering banners of another wave of human forces, their numbers greater than before.”

Narrator: “A sense of dread washed over him, but he did not let it show on his hardened face. Instead, he raised his mighty hand to catch the attention of his men, his voice booming out over the wind.”

A lot of powerful human reinforcements spawn from the south-east, cutting Kalgor’s way to the east.

Kalgor: “The tide of the battle shifts, not in our favor. Humans, more of them, march from the south-east! We stand trapped between a rock and a boulder.”

Narrator: “His gaze turned north, towards the mountains. The path was treacherous, the terrain harsh and unforgiving, but it was a path nonetheless. A way out.”

Kalgor: “But we are not lost! North, into the mountains! It is a path less trodden, filled with risks and dangers, but we were not born to hide in comfort!”

**Objective:**

Win: Escape north, to the mountains.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** Kalgor reaches the mountains

Kalgor: “The mountains' jaws stand open, a rocky maw ready to swallow us whole. Yet, we will not falter! We are orcs, shaped by the crags and canyons of the Wastes.”

Narrator: “With these words, he turned to face the pass, his silhouette stark against the imposing mountainscape, leading his few remaining men into the uncertain journey that awaited them in the heart of the mountains.”

Scenario ends automatically