Narrator: "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."

Narrator: "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."

Narrator: "One gloomy morning, an orc scout, out of breath and stained with the dust of distant lands, burst into Kalgor's stronghold."

Event Start

Orcish Scout: "Boss Kalgor, we needs ta talk. Big news from the westies."

Kalgor: "What is it, scout? Spit it out."

Orcish Scout: "Humans! Lotso 'em. Lookin' like they's headed our way, boss. Got a feelin' in me bones, no good, no good."

Kalgor: "Humans? What kind of force are we talking about?"

Orcish Scout: "Ain't got the countin' right, boss. But they's many, and they's ready for a scuffle. Me thinks we's oughta be ready too."

Kalgor: "And we will be."

Narrator: "The war drums echoed, their rhythmic cadence signaling the upcoming battle that would either cement his rule or shatter his vision."

Unit: "What insights can you give on the impending human invasion?"

Event Interaction with Orcish Scout

Kalgor: "Scout, give me more details. How does this human force look?"

Orcish Scout: "A right proper army, boss. Lotsa horse riders up front. Lancers an' swordsmen they are, quick and deadly. Behind 'em, foot soldiers and archers, ready to spill orc blood."

Kalgor: "Any sign of magic users?"

Orcish Scout: "Yep, boss. Seen 'em with my own peepers. Brown-robed fellas, glowy sticks an' all. Gonna be a tough scrap, they got heavy infantry supports too."

Kalgor: "What of the terrain? Where will we meet them?"

Orcish Scout: "It's mostly flatland, boss, dotted with forests here and there. But there's hills and mountains up north. Might be good for a getaway, if need be."

Kalgor: "Is there any sign of other tribes or potential allies?"

Orcish Scout: "Yep, trolls been sighted, boss. Dunno if they's friend or foe. You'll have to do some of that fancy talkin' of yours."

Kalgor: "Indeed. I might just be able to sway them to our side."

Kalgor: "I have heard enough."

Orcish Scout: "Anytime, boss."

Event Last Breath

Kalgor: "How is this possible?"