**Scenario 5: Embracing the Darkness**

**Summary:**

Kalgor, an orc on a path of vengeance, embarks on a journey to learn dark magic and necromancy under the tutelage of the enigmatic mage, Voldur, in a bone-littered underground realm. This realm consists of a lava sea to the south, a training hall to the west, and a cave exit to the north. Voldur explains that necromancy is the art of manipulating life force, even after death, and assures Kalgor that it's a tool that is neither inherently good nor evil.

During the initial training, Kalgor fails to animate a heap of bones, straining and draining himself in the process. Voldur reassures him that failure is part of the journey and encourages him to rest and try again. Kalgor's subsequent attempts show some progress, but he is still unable to fully reanimate the bones.

Voldur then introduces Kalgor to an evil altar within the realm and teaches him the Tenebris Touch, a spell that saps life from foes, transferring it to oneself. This results in Kalgor undergoing a painful transformation, losing his hair and his skin turning translucent. Kalgor successfully drains a small amount of health from Voldur using the Tenebris Touch, transforming him into a wielder of dark magic.

Once transformed, Kalgor successfully reanimates multiple bone heaps, turning them into skeletons. After each success, he grows more confident and less exhausted, signaling his growing control over his new powers.

Having successfully mastered necromancy, Voldur leads Kalgor to a training hall, where Kalgor has to face and defeat a summoned skeletal champion. Upon the champion's defeat, Voldur then introduces Kalgor to the concept of Physical Detachment, a power that allows one's spirit to separate from the physical body. Despite Kalgor's initial disbelief, he follows Voldur's instructions and prepares himself for the final part of his training.

As the training ends, Kalgor escapes the underground to the north-east, in his ghostly form.

**Story:**

The obsidian blackness of the cave seemed to seep into Kalgor's very soul, a mirror to the dark path he had willingly chosen. It was a darkness not just of sight, but one that pervaded his senses, his emotions, his essence. As Kalgor delved deeper into the cave, so too did he delve deeper within himself, where ambition and vengeance burned with relentless ferocity.

It whispered promises of power and retribution, a seductive song that drowned out any remnants of reason and restraint. Every echoing step in the cave, every heartbeat in the cold, seemed to draw him further away from the orc he once was. The stalactites above mirrored the iciness that had begun to spread within his heart, freezing his sense of compassion and empathy, leaving behind a void filled only by his newfound dark desires.

Amidst this darkness, a glimmer emerged, a beacon that guided Kalgor's descent. It was Voldur, the enigmatic mage who promised not just training, but the key to unlock the dark power within Kalgor. He promised an education in the arts that would defy death and unleash destruction: necromancy, the ability to bend the lifeless to one's will, and offensive dark magic, a weapon forged from pure rage. Each lesson was a stepping stone leading Kalgor further down the path of vengeance, pushing him to tap into reservoirs of power and anger he had never known.

As Voldur outlined the grueling training ahead, it was clear that this was not merely about learning spells and incantations. It was about mastery of the self, a brutal journey inward where Kalgor would be forced to confront his own demons and wield them as his weapons.

**Scenario:**

Kalgor and Voldur find themselves in Voldur’s underground realm, with the palace-like stone hall to the east, a lava sea to the south with an evil altar, a training hall to the west, and the cave exit to the north. On the open cave floor lie 6 bone heaps.

**Event:** Scenario start

Voldur: “Here, in this bone-littered ground, you will learn the art of Necromancy, an essential aspect of the Dark Arts. The ability to control the life force, even after it has left the body.”

Narrator: “Kalgor swallows hard, his gaze fixated on the bones laying on the cave floor.”

Voldur: “Behold, Kalgor, remnants of once powerful warriors, now reduced to nothing but skeletal remains.”

Kalgor: “Manipulating the dead... But nature's law...”

Voldur: “Nature's law? Or merely an extension of the natural cycle of life and death? Necromancy is but a tool, Kalgor, and it's neither good nor evil. How you use it, that's what defines its nature.”

Voldur: “To command the respect you seek, to build an army that can help you claim your rightful place, and to strike fear into the hearts of your enemies.”

Kalgor: “I... I am ready then.”

Voldur and Kalgor move a little deeper in to the cave, to the first bone heap.

Voldur: “Reach out with your mind, let your will seep into these lifeless bones. Feel the energy of life flow through your body. Use your mind to move all that energy into the skeleton, and let it live.”

Narrator: “The bones around start to twitch, then slowly piece together into the form of skeletal warriors.”

Voldur summons a skeleton next to him.

Voldur: “Now, it is your turn. Reach out with your mind, let your will seep into these lifeless bones.”

**Objective:**

Win: Bring life to the dead.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

Note: To resurrect a Skeleton, move onto some bones laying on the cave floor.

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the first bone heap

Voldur: “Focus your will, and channel the energy of life into the bones!”

Narrator: “Kalgor breathes deeply, visibly straining as his life force flows towards the bones. He grunts in pain and stumbles back, but the bones remain lifeless.”

Kalgor takes damage.

Kalgor: “<i>(coughing)</i> It... It didn't work! And I... I feel drained.”

Voldur: “Do not let this failure discourage you.”

Narrator: “Kalgor takes a moment to regain his composure.”

**Event:** Kalgor tries another time

Narrator: “Kalgor concentrates and feels the energy circulate around the cave, forming unobtrusive surges around the bones next to him. He fully focuses and tries to move the energy into the bone heap.”

Narrator: “A faint shudder goes through the bone heap, but there's no full reanimation. Kalgor staggers, gasping in pain, even more drained than before.”

Kalgor takes damage again.

Kalgor: “<i>(breathing deeply)</i> The... the bones... they moved, but... I can't... I can't control them!”

Voldur: “The drain you're feeling is the price for power. Necromancy is not for the weak. Rest again, then try once more.”

**Event:** Kalgor tries a third time

Narrator: “After a brief rest, Kalgor steels himself for another attempt. Energy siphons from him, but this time with less pain. The bones shake and begin to form a crude skeletal figure.”

Kalgor takes damage and a skeleton appears next to him.

Kalgor: “It...”

The skeleton falls quickly apart.

Narrator: “The skeleton quickly falls apart into the lifeless, slippery heap it used to be.”

Kalgor: “It... it almost worked?”

Voldur: “Progress is evident. But it's not enough. Come over, we need to delve deeper into the dark arts. Follow me to the altar, south of here. There, you will learn to tap into the raw energy of darkness. This... is just the beginning.”

Voldur moves south, to the evil altar in the lava sea.

**Objectives:**

Win: Meet Voldur at the altar.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** Kalgor moves next to Voldur at the evil altar.

Voldur: “You've witnessed the power of necromancy, Kalgor, but the true potency of the dark arts stretches far beyond the ability to reanimate the dead.”

Voldur: “The 'Tenebris Touch' does much like what you experienced already: it saps life from your foes, transferring it to yourself.”

Kalgor: “<i>(shivering)</i> Teach me... Voldur.”

Voldur: “Close your eyes. Feel the pulsating energy around you. The darkness, in its raw and primal form.”

Narrator: “As Kalgor closes his eyes, the noise of the cavern around him seems to fade away, replaced by an icy silence. The altar of dark magic next to him pulsates with a foreboding energy, an energy that seems to resonate within his very being.”

Narrator: “It's as if a shadowy hand is brushing against his soul, awakening the latent darkness within him, intertwining with his own life force. He can almost taste the bitter tang of power, the intoxicating allure of the dark arts. His heart beats in sync with the pulsating energy, an ominous rhythm echoing in the depths of the cavern.”

Kalgor: “It feels... it feels cold... and unsettling.”

Voldur: “That's the essence of darkness, my pupil. Now, reach out with your senses. Picture your enemy in your mind. Visualize their life force as a glowing flame.”

Voldur: “Now, extend your will towards the flame. Feel the cold darkness surge forth, reaching out to smother the flame.”

Narrator: “Kalgor gasps as he feels a sudden influx of energy.”

Narrator: “Kalgor envelops in a swirling maelstrom of shadow and pain. He screams, his body convulsing as the magic takes hold.”

Narrator: “Kalgor's muscles tense, his body arching back as though in immense agony.”

Kalgor: “Aaaaaaah!”

Voldur: “<i>(laughing)</i> Breathe, Kalgor! Let it happen!”

Narrator: “Kalgor's hair starts to fall out, clumps of it whisked away by the chaotic magic surrounding him. His skin becomes paler, almost translucent, his veins standing out starkly against it. His body looks as though the spell is drawing not just his energy but also his vitality.”

Kalgor turns into an evil version of himself, embodying dark magic and the evil.

Kalgor: “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaargh.......”

The Tenebris Touch works out, Kalgor drains a very small amount of health from Voldur.

Narrator: “Kalgor's screaming gradually subsides, replaced by harsh, rasping breaths. He straightens, a new light in his eyes — a harsh, predatory gleam that was not there before.”

Kalgor: “<i>(breathing heavily)</i>”

Narrator: “Finally, the dark energy recedes, leaving Kalgor standing in the center of the room, transformed. He's different - there's a power in his gaze, an intensity in his aura that wasn't there before.”

Voldur: “You have done well, my pupil. Now, you truly are a wielder of the dark arts.”

Kalgor: “Yes... Voldur...”

Voldur: “With your deeper understanding of darkness, get back to reanimating those bone heaps.”

**Objectives:**

Win: Bring life to the dead.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

Note: To resurrect a Skeleton, move onto some bones laying on the cave floor.

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the first bone heap

Narrator: “Kalgor steadies himself, extending a hand towards the first bone heap.”

Narrator: “A surge of dark energy envelops the bones, binding them together into a skeletal form.”

A skeleton appears next to Kalgor.

Narrator: “Kalgor staggers back, panting heavily, but there's a glimmer of triumph in his eyes.”

Kalgor: “I... I did it... I summoned... a skeleton.”

Voldur: “You have unlocked the power of necromancy. But your journey has only begun.”

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the second bone heap

Narrator: “Encouraged, Kalgor turns towards the second bone heap. The energy dissipates before the skeleton can fully form.”

Kalgor: “<i>(frustrated)</i> What... what went wrong?”

Voldur: “Even the darkness needs its time to take shape. Try again.”

**Event:** Kalgor moves once more onto the second bone heap

A skeleton appears next to Kalgor.

Narrator: “This time, the skeleton forms completely. Kalgor looks less exhausted, a proud grin spreading on his face.”

Kalgor: “I... I can control it. I can control the dark arts.”

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the third bone heap

Narrator: “Also this heap of bones presents a challenge. The first attempt fails, leaving Kalgor disappointed.”

Voldur: “Patience, Kalgor. The dark arts don't yield easily. Try again.”

**Event:** Kalgor moves once more onto the third bone heap

A skeleton appears.

Narrator: “The second attempt is successful, and the third skeleton springs to life. A look of determined satisfaction dawns on Kalgor's face.”

Kalgor: “The skeletons... they obey me.”

Voldur: “Yes, they are bound to your will, Kalgor. The dark arts have accepted you as their master.”

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the fourth bone heap

Narrator: “Energized, Kalgor moves on to the fourth heap of bones. With a confident incantation, the skeleton forms almost instantly.”

A skeleton appears.

**Event:** Kalgor moves onto the fifth and final bone heap

Narrator: “The fifth and final heap proves no challenge to Kalgor, who raises the last skeleton with an air of authority and control.”

A skeleton appears.

Voldur: “Kalgor, you have done well. But mastery is not merely in learning; it lies in using that power effectively. It's time for you to put your new learnt powers into practise.”

Voldur moves to the training hall.

Voldur: “This is your training ground. This will be the crucible where you will hone your skills.”

Voldur opens the door to the training hall.

Kalgor moves into the training hall, taking his position in the south of it.

Kalgor: “What...what will I face here, Voldur?”

Voldur: “Your past. Your future. And the very nature of your power.”

Voldur moves north of the training hall.

Voldur: “The skeletons you will face here are not just mere creatures; they represent the will of the dark arts you've chosen.”

Narrator: “Voldur raises his staff, and the training hall comes alive with dark energy. Skeletons materialize, their hollow eyes glaring menacingly at Kalgor.”

Voldur summons a skeletal champion.

Voldur: “Prove yourself.”

Voldur moves back south to the evil altar.

**Objectives:**

Win: Defeat the enemy leader.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** The skeletal champion is defeated

Kalgor: “I... I've done it... I have mastered the dark arts.”

Voldur: “<i>(laughing)</i> Merely improved, barely mastered. Your final challenge of is yet waiting for you.”

Voldur: “The final lesson is perhaps the most powerful of all, and yet the most dangerous. It is the ability to cross the border between life and death, to shed your physical form and become...ethereal.”

Narrator: “Kalgor's eyes widen in disbelief.”

Voldur: “The ability of Physical Detachment allows your spirit to separate from your body. In this form, you can pass through solid matter, escape any danger, survive any harm.”

Kalgor: “<i>(swallowing hard)</i> But... how?”

Voldur: “Through sacrifice. Just as you gave up your fear and hesitation to learn necromancy, you must now surrender your attachment to the physical world. Picture your body as a shell, a barrier to be transcended. Only then can your spirit become free.”

Voldur: “Meet me at the altar, Kalgor.”

**Objectives:**

Win: Meet Voldur at the altar.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

**Event:** Kalgor moves next to Voldur at the evil altar

Voldur: “Close your eyes. Picture your body as a shell. Now, imagine that shell beginning to crack, to fall away...”

Narrator: ”Kalgor takes a deep breath, steadying himself. His heart pounds in his chest like a war drum, echoing in the silence of the cave.”

Narrator: “The heat of the lava sea warms his back, a constant reminder of the dangerous power he is learning to harness. The stone under his feet feels solid, real, grounding him to the world he is about to leave behind.”

Kalgor: “<i>(whispering)</i> A shell...I am more than just a shell...”

Narrator: “He imagines his spirit, a fiery essence within him. It flickers, it yearns for freedom, like a caged bird. He can feel it pushing against the confines of his physical form, seeking release.”

Voldur: “Your spirit is strong, untamed. Let it free.”

Narrator: “As Voldur's words echo in his ears, Kalgor feels an incredible sensation. It's like his very essence is seeping out of him, leaving behind the solid shell of his body. He can feel himself floating, rising. He's no longer limited by the physical boundaries of his body. He has become something more, something ethereal.”

Kalgor transforms to a ghost.

Kalgor: “I... I did it... I feel... light, free.”

Narrator: “As Kalgor opens his eyes, he sees the world anew. He is no longer simply an orc warrior but a master of dark arts, ready to face whatever lies ahead. His journey to revenge is just beginning.”

Voldur: “Heed my warning: physical detachment is not a toy to play with. While you'll gain the ability to pass through solid matter and escape physical harm, your spirit will be vulnerable.”

Kalgor: “Vulnerable?”

Voldur: “Your spirit will be open, exposed. Not only to the elements, but also to the darkness within yourself, the fears you harbor, the guilt you bear, the loneliness you feel... In the realm of spirits, these feelings can consume you, if you let them. So you must guard your spirit as fiercely as you have your body.”

Kalgor: “How do I guard against something I can't see or touch?”

Voldur: “You guard it with your will, with your conviction, with the strength of your character. Master this, and no force in this world will be able to stand against you. Fail, and you risk losing yourself in the maelstrom of your own inner turmoil.”

Narrator: “As Kalgor ponders Voldur's words, he realizes that this power, as potent as it is, comes with its own set of dangers. He has traded physical vulnerabilities for psychological ones. It is a daunting prospect, but one he is determined to face. After all, he has a mission: revenge for his fallen kin, and nothing will stand in his way.”

**Objectives:**

Win: Escape the underground

Lose: Death of Kalgor

**Event:** Kalgor escapes the underground to the north

Narrator: “As Kalgor fades into the spectral realm, the echoes of his steps fading in the cavernous depth, he carries with all the dark power. Tools of revenge, and symbols of a journey that has seen him trade his physical vulnerabilities for more intangible ones. His spirit, freed from the constraints of his body, flutters in the subterranean gloom, a ghostly beacon of power and menace. The spectral orc fades from the cavern, stepping into the spectral realm, ready for the challenges that lie ahead, and more determined than ever to avenge his fallen kin.”

End of the scenario