**Scenario 6: Vengeance**

**Summary:**

Escaping from his spectral prison in an underground realm, Kalgor returns to his physical form and embarks on a quest for revenge against the humans who have occupied his homeland. Braving harsh conditions and threats, he rallies the scattered and leaderless orc tribes, drawing on his reputation as a former council leader. With a united front, Kalgor leads the orc forces towards his former stronghold, now a bustling human fortress.

The sight of his homeland triggers a resolve in Kalgor to reclaim it at all costs. During the battle, he reveals a newfound dark power to resurrect fallen orcs into undead warriors. Despite initial shock and horror, the orc forces rally behind Kalgor as he uses this power to tip the balance of the fight. Their efforts lead to the death of Marshal Disgustus, the human leader, signifying a hard-fought victory for the orcs.

However, victory comes with a price. Kalgor's transformation into a more sinister and fearsome figure becomes evident, leaving the orcs both victorious and fearful. His embrace of a dark power that transcends death alarms his allies, but Kalgor remains unwavered, claiming it's essential for their survival. The scenario concludes with a clear shift in the orcs' loyalty, following Kalgor out of fear rather than respect.

**Story:**

Barely clinging to his spectral form, Kalgor pushed against the invisible walls of the underground realm. The world vibrated with arcane energies, threatening to rip him apart. With a final, furious effort, he shattered his prison of stone and darkness, emerging into the cold, biting wind of the mountain range. His body flickered and solidified, and he fell heavily onto the snow-laden ground, now a being of flesh and blood once more. As he breathed in the icy mountain air, his heart pounded with the sweet thrill of freedom. But there was no time for respite. Urgency consumed him, for he had a purpose: revenge.

Under a moonlit sky, he began his arduous trek down the treacherous mountain passes. Snowstorms howled, threatening to bury him beneath their cold wrath. Wild beasts prowled, their eyes glowing with hunger in the darkness. The wind whispered tales of death and despair, carrying the scent of war and decay. And every step reminded him of the home he'd lost, the tribe he'd left behind. But the hardship steeled him, each tribulation a testament to his unyielding determination.

When Kalgor reached the foot of the mountains, he found himself standing before scattered tribes of his own kind, disoriented and leaderless. Seeing the familiar banners of the southern tribes stirred a surge of emotion within him. But he hid it well, cladding himself in the stern mask of a council leader. As he moved through the tribes, his commanding presence began to rally the orcs to his side, his reputation as the former council leader stoking the fires of unity.

He implored his orc brethren to unite under a single banner once more. He shared stories of their former glory, of battles won, and enemies vanquished. He whispered promises of revenge against the humans who had desecrated their sacred lands. And he spoke of a future where orcs held their heads high, free from the tyranny of the invaders. His words were met with roars of approval, and one by one, the tribes pledged their loyalty, joining his march towards their former headquarters.

With his army of old allies and newfound followers at his back, Kalgor finally stood before the ruins of his once-mighty stronghold, now a bustling human fortress. His heart clenched at the sight. The once-pristine green flatlands were now a testament to human greed, the sacred earth marred by alien structures and fortifications. His former home had been tainted, and his people replaced by the very beings who had driven them to near extinction. The sight fueled his desire for vengeance.

But Kalgor was not the same orcish leader who had once commanded with relentlessness and cunning. His time under the mountains and his training with Voldur had transfigured him, twisting his noble fury into something more sinister. He was a vessel of darkness now, a being forged from sorrow, loss, and ruthless vengeance. The once proud warlord was replaced by a creature teetering on the edge of malevolence. As he surveyed the stronghold, he acknowledged the daunting odds. The orcs were brave, yes, but the humans were abundant and well fortified. The battle would be a cruel one. However, he was resolute. His path was set. And he would stop at nothing until he had recovered what was rightfully his, until every drop of orc blood spilled had been avenged.

**Scenario:**

Kalgor and 2 allied leaders are north of Kalgor’s former headquarters, in an open green flatland.

**Event:** Start

Narrator: “The sight of his old headquarters, now a human stronghold, strikes Kalgor to his core.”

Kalgor: “This is the land we bled for... The land they stole.”

Allied Leader: “We bleed again, if we must, chieftain.”

Allied Leader: “Kalgor, leader of the southern tribes. We are with you.”

Kalgor: “Today, we reclaim our home. Today, we take vengeance!”

**Objectives:**

Win: Defeat Marshal Disgustus.

Lose: Death of Kalgor.

Lose: Death of an allied orc leader.

Note: Kalgor can resurrect his fallen men by moving onto their corpses.

Note: For each risen body, Kalgor takes damage.

**Event:** Kalgor rises the first corpse

Narrator: “As Kalgor breathes life into the first fallen orc, his comrades recoil in horror, their usually hardened faces mirroring their shock and disbelief. The undead orc's eyes flicker open, glowing with an eerie green light.”

Kalgor: “Rise, my child of darkness. Your duty is not yet fulfilled!”

Allied Leader: “<i>(voice shaking)</i> Kalgor... What is this witchcraft?”

**Event:** Kalgor rises the second corpse

Narrator: “The orc's lifeless body jerks upright. This time, the shock among his men is greater, the whispers louder, the fear more palpable.”

Kalgor: “Embrace the power beyond death!”

Allied Leader: “Stop this madness, chieftain! We are warriors, not... not these... monstrosities.”

**Event:** Kalgor rises the third corpse

Narrator: “The orc's body jolts with an unseen energy, and he rises, more ferocious than before, his eyes ablaze with an unholy light.”

Kalgor: “Stand once more, child. Show them our might!”

Allied Leader: “This... this isn't our way, Kalgor. We die with honor, we don't... we don't claw our way back.”

**Event:** Kalgor rises the fourth corpse

Narrator: “The series of resurrections sends waves of terror and confusion across both sides of the battlefield.”

**Event:** Marshal Disgustus dies

Disgustus: “But we just settled...”

Narrator: “The human's life slips away, his body slumping to the ground.”

Kalgor: “This land, this stronghold, it belongs to us! The human tide from the west has been repelled! This is the victory I promised you, my kinsmen.”

Narrator: “Silence falls upon the field. Kalgor's warriors watch their leader, mixed emotions playing across their faces. They've won the battle, but at what cost?”

Kalgor: “But our victory was not won by strength of arm alone. I have found a new power, a power that transcends death. It is a power we will need if we are to survive the battles to come.”

Narrator: “Kalgor's voice is a low growl, as he reveals the depths of the darkness he has embraced. Fear and anxiety seizes the orc ranks.”

Allied Leader: “But, Kalgor, this... this is not the way of the orcs.”

Kalgor: “I am your chieftain, and you will follow where I lead.”

Narrator: “Kalgor’s gaze turns icy. His hand clenches, and a spectral glow begins to emanate from him. The orcs recoil, but it is clear. The chieftain they once followed out of respect now commands their obedience through fear.”

Scenario end