

## HEROES 4 CAMPAIGN "Secret B"

Map Size = Medium

### Summary

Dogwoggle's life is turned upside down when his employer dies and an army of fanatical crusaders announce that they have come all this way to slaughter him – the Necromancer of this land. Unfortunately, Dogwoggle can't convince them that he isn't the Necromancer. To make matters worse, Dogwoggle comes into possession of an artifact with the power to destroy the world. Oh, not again!

### Map Notes

- 1) The player starts the map with the Dogwoggle Hero and five towns, but an early event will take three of them away the moment the enemy takes the Life Town mentioned below.
- 2) The enemy starts with a strong army near a Life Town far from the Player's starting position. They will take this town. Because they have a large army, they should be able to sweep through the map to another town rather quickly.
- 3) In event three, three of the player's town will change to enemy player colors. That is, two of them to red and one to blue, for example. These should NOT be the same enemy who conquers the Life Town.
- 4) The Winning Condition is to defeat the town at the entrance to the volcanic lands. This is also an enemy player. An event will give them all the resources they need to build the Death town and an army, so make their area relatively small on the upper portion of the map. Also, no one can enter their land without visiting a certain Keymaster's Tent located near the Player's Starting town.
- 5) This map is a two-level map with the Player starting on the LOWER level and the enemy on the upper level.
- 6) The upper level is split by a large mass of water. The East side is the Player's destination, but they must sail across the gulf first.
- 7) The lower level should be cavernous, filled with tunnels and dangerous creatures.
- 8) NO carry-over heroes except for Dogwoggle.

*the Sandro Hero is at Korle's keep*

### Quests

#### Quest 1 – Seer's Hut – "" ()

##### Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

**Quest 2 – Quest Guard – "" ()**

Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

**Quest 3 – Seer's Hut – "" ()**

Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

**Quest 4 – Quest Guard – "" ()**

Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

### Artifacts

## Events

### Placed Event 1 ()

### Placed Event ()

#### Event 1 (Starting Text)

Another round, Worton! Here's where my tale gets really good.

So, a year after I defeated Addran I found myself in the employ of Koyle the Soulfeeder.

What? Well, uh, yes. I had control of my own territory when I defeated Addran. I had a pretty sizable army, too. Life was pretty good.

What happened? Well, that really isn't very interesting. It's not important to my story. Oh, if you insist!

If you have to know, some other Barbarian ran me out. He was the best warrior I've ever seen, and you've got to remember I used to fight next to Kilgor. Strange thing is, I've never heard of him before. Somebody that good could make himself the Barbarian King! But even now, I can't recall his name. Targor? Tarnor? Something like that.

He defeated my army with ease – won every battle. It was as if he could read my mind or something. In fact, I think that's how he beat me. It was inhuman!

Anyway, he could've run me through if he wanted. I thought it was finally over for the Dogwoggle, but he did the last thing I expected. He let me go!

I remember he said something about my actions not being my fault, that the Barbarian people were cursed long ago or some sort of thing. See what I mean? A strange man. I got the impression he blamed himself instead.

#### Event 2 (Starting Text 2)

Now, if I can get back to my story, Koyle the Soulfeeder was a Necromancer. I usually won't work for Necromancers, but I was desperate. My belly was empty and he was hiring. The good thing about Necromancers is they're usually generous with their gold. Most of them have some lofty plan to conquer the world and they're intellectual enough

to believe that the best warriors come at a high price. The bad thing about Necromancers is they usually end up trying to turn you into a Zombie or something.

One night, Koyle gave me an odd look and asked me to have dinner with him.

When I refused, he said, "I insist! It's a celebratory meal. I have just completed my life's work and I want to share my joy with someone who breathes."

I agreed even though I sensed something was up. I had no idea what the man was talking about, but I felt I could kill the scrawny Necromancer if I was forced to. So, I joined him for dinner, but I didn't eat anything. I spent the entire meal shoveling my food onto the floor or secretly flinging spoonfuls to the rats. At the end, our Skeleton servant brought us each a bowl of honeyed dates – Koyle's favorite dish.

"So," Koyle said as he leaned back in his chair. He threw one of the dates into the air, caught it in his mouth. "What kind of name is Dogwoggle, anyway?"

"It's a strong Barbarian name! Dogwo was a great hero and my grandfather's name was Ogle."

"Sounds kind of silly to me."

I remained silent in case he was trying to aggravate me. Koyle smiled at some private joke and popped another date in his mouth, wiping his sticky fingers on his black robe.

Then the Necromancer reached for my untouched bowl.

"Aren't you going to eat your dates?"

"No. They give me a rash," I lied.

Koyle shrugged, took one for himself.

"Good Dogwoggle, you've proved yourself an excellent commander. I want you leading my army for a very long time. I wouldn't poison you. See?"

Koyle threw the date high in the air, opened his mouth to catch it. The shriveled, dark fruit dropped into his mouth with a wet plop. When he looked at me again, I knew something was wrong. Was he about to attack? Or cast a spell?

I reached for my sword and pushed myself back from the table to prepare myself for whatever happened next. And then old Koyle started getting some color in his white cheeks. Something was definitely wrong!

He was choking. Koyle punched himself in the stomach several times, clawed at his throat. I could tell with each spasm of his body that he was attempt to draw air into his clogged windpipe but that sticky, sweet date wouldn't budge.

I froze. Koyle panicked.

Shortly after Koyle turned a dark shade of purple, his eyes rolled up into the back of his head and he pitched forward, bounced off the table, and fell to the floor. Dead.

### **Event 3 (after the Enemy takes the Life Town)**

I was sitting at the foot of Koyle's throne, still in shock over my employer's sudden and unexpected death. It seemed wrong to sit in the man's chair, especially since I just stood by and watched his die.

I said to myself, "Now what was I going to do?"

Then the door to the chamber opened. A pair of Skeletons led a Knight inside. This man was clean, his armor was freshly polished, and even his hair was perfect. Emblazed on his tunic was a brilliant yellow sun. This was not the sort of man who joined a Necromancer's army, so I came to my feet immediately. At least he wasn't armed.

"Necromancer!" the Knight said with utter distaste. "I am a messenger for the Knights of the Holy Light!"

"Uh, I think you've made a mistake," I said. "I'm not..."

"You're a blight on this holy land! Our world was destroyed to wipe out the cowardly scum hiding in their dank holes. Your kind was never meant to pass through the portals to this, the land of our salvation!"

I couldn't get a single word in, and I knew when I saw the spittle flying from this fanatic's lips that I would never be able to convince him that I was not the Necromancer. Besides, he was probably a lone maniac who thought he could conquer Koyle's land. I had five towns and the resources to raise a large army. What could he do to hurt me?

So, I decided I might as well have some fun.

"You dare to insult the great and wickedly evil Dogwoggle the Necromancer! How dare you call me a coward! I, who have drank the blood of a hundred Angels and butchered thousands just to watch them die!"

You had to hand it to Koyle. His throne room had perfect acoustics so that my voice echoed menacingly through the chamber.

The Knight spat at me, but he was too far away. I spat back and struck him squarely between the eyes. I am, after all, a Barbarian.

The Knight wiped away the spittle as if it burned his skin and scowled at me. I smiled back.

"We have freed the people of Eranhold, and the Knights of the Holy Light will not stop there. Soon, we will march on you, Necromancer! Soon, we wipe the stain of your evil from this good land!" the Knight said with such confidence that my stomach suddenly knotted up.

"It has been prophesied that a dark one would pass into this world and create the Shatterstaff – an object of such utter evil that it can destroy the world! Your days, Necromancer, are short! The Knights of the Holy Light will NOT allow you to destroy this world!"

That was it! The moment those words passed through the fanatic's lips I suddenly understood what Koyle had been talking about shortly before he choked on the date. He had called it his 'life's work'. Koyle had been celebrating his completion of the Shatterstaff.

The fate of the world was once again in my hands.

Just my luck!

#### **Event 4 (1 day after Event 3)**

NOTE: Change the ownership of all towns to enemy players except Koyle's Keep.

Wouldn't you know it, the day after my talk with that Knight everything fell apart. Word of Koyle's death spread quickly throughout his territory, as did the news that an army of enemy crusaders had come especially to kill me. Suddenly, I felt like a bucket of fish innards that had been left out in the sun for three days. No one wanted to be associated with me.

So, the other towns revolted, claiming independence from each other and me. It took all my skills to retain control of Koyle's Keep. Now, I was truly alone and I no longer had the resources I expected to use to fight off the Knights of the Holy Light.

You know what? Just thinking about it now makes me want a drink. Buy me another, Worton. And maybe we could get some food in here too. Roast pork shank sound good to you?

#### **Event 5 (5 days after Event 4)**

Koyle's Skeleton servants tore apart the keep to find the Shatterstaff the Knight had spoken of, and after several days of nothing I began to relax. Maybe the Knight had been as crazy as I thought?

Of course, I was wrong. On the fifth day a Skeleton brought me a staff made entirely of blackened ivory. Magical runes were carved into its surface from head to toe, and when I held the item I could sense its power tingling through my skin. This was the Shatterstaff, I was sure of it. I was holding an object capable of destroying the world!

And I had no idea how to operate it. Even if I did, I wouldn't want to use it.

I should've left the Shatterstaff where it was, packed up some gold, and disappeared. That would've been the smart move – just wash my hands of the entire mess. But I kept thinking about the earthquakes and the blistering heat of lava that tore apart the land of my birth. What was the chance that another portal would open up and take us to another world?

Not good, I think.

And I couldn't leave the Shatterstaff to those crazy Knights of the Holy Light either. Those fanatics were likely to use it to wipe out all the evil people in the world, even if they had to kill the good ones in the process. Of course, I couldn't leave it at Hoyle's Keep with all those Necromancers and things around. That would be just plain stupid!

So, I kept the Shatterstaff. At least that way, I knew no one would use it.

And then I ordered the servants to search for any scrolls mentioning the Shatterstaff. I had to know more about it so I didn't accidentally say the wrong word or something. I kept picturing horrible scenarios where I said something like 'honeyed dates' and the world exploded up beneath my feet.

Well, not this time! This world was going to stay just the way it was – intact – if I had anything say in it.

### Event 6 (7 days after Event 5)

One night, a Skeleton brought me a scroll. There it was, the answer I had been looking for. A section of a diary. I have come to learn that my former employer often wrote down his thoughts when he had to work out a specific problem. Even though I had read the scroll three times, I scanned the words again.

"All that is left is a good name for my creation. Something fitting. Something that will bring shivers to the spine of whatever creature comes to this world in the distant future and finds the utter destruction that I, Koyle the Soulfeeder, have created!

"The Death Dart? The Demon Dart? No. I need something that describes what it does! Let's see. Upon command my creation burrows down through the earth to that place deep within the world's heart where many of the best geological texts claim there are oceans of molten rock and metal. And before it is consumed by the tremendous heat I will give it the command to explode, thus shattering the world and destroying all life.

"So, what burrows? Worms. Snakes. Rodents. Ha, ha! How about the Rabbit Staff? No, that's just silly!

"Maggot! Now, there's a creature that strike fear and disgust into everyone! Maybe the Death Maggot or the Deathmaggot Staff. Something like that? Maybe I need to run these ideas by someone else. Perhaps, that oaf, Dogwoggle..."

A few words stuck in my mind. Well, first I was angry because Koyle called me an oaf. I mean, who was he to call me an oaf. He was the idiot who choked on a date!

When I calmed down though, I recalled the phrase, "And before it is consumed by the tremendous heat..." and wondered if this was the clue I needed. Unfortunately, there was no mention of the command word that would cause the Shatterstaff (I thought this was a better name actually) to explode. Still, if the Shatterstaff could be destroyed by fire, then all I had to do was find a place where I could throw it in some lava.

And the closest place was the burnt-out desolate lands to the east across the Gulf of Shadows. Unfortunately, the Knights of the Holy Light were between that distant land and me.

Just great!

### **Event 7 (after the Player defeats the Knights of the Holy Light enemy)**

You know, just when you thought you couldn't possibly get any better, you reach down within yourself and pull off the kind of victory you thought you were never capable of. At least, that's how I feel sometimes.

How do you improve on perfection?

Well, I took the perfection that is Dogwoggle and stepped it up a notch when I stomped those silly Knights of the Holy Light. Worton, you should've been there! All their armor and fanatical talk was nothing compared my leadership and tactical skills!

What d'you say, Worton? You might want to hire me some day? That's fine by me – just remember perfection doesn't come cheap! Not at all cheap!

### **Hero Bios**

#### **Dogwoggle (Might/Barbarian)**

Dogwoggle is a hapless hero who has a way of getting into trouble. He often brags about his abilities (which are questionable) and exhibits an outer confidence no matter how often he fails. However, with his mindless persistence and a little bit of luck, he manages to stumble out trouble and always comes out on top.