

Genevieve wasn't about to go to the Broken Isles without setting foot on them. This was a dead man's journey, for sure.

"Are you turning me down because of some sailor's superstition?"

I took a slow drink of wine to give me a moment of thought. Genevieve's eyes never strayed from mine. I could tell that she expected me to refuse. There was no trust in her expression. She placed her hands on the arms of her chair, ready to stand and leave.

"Tell me," I said as I put down my empty glass, "what is so important that I have to risk my ship?"

She grinned like a victorious gladiator and took another deep gulp of wine.

"Magic, Pherlon! I'm going to change magic as we know it!"

Event 2 (Starting Text 2)

The sea was surprisingly calm for our voyage to the Broken Isles, but all I could think about was an old sailor's saying.

"Watch out for gentle seas – you always pay for it later."

I accompanied Genevieve in the dinghy to shore, but I had no plans of trekking with her around the island. Do not think me a coward. I didn't want to leave the Stormwatcher without its captain in such a dangerous place as this. Without my ship, none of us would return home.

A pair of sailors jumped out as we pitched in toward the sandy beach on a hip-high wave. They pulled the dinghy ashore with some effort, and then Genevieve and I hopped out. I handed the woman a traveling pack filled with fresh water and dried rations.

"Are you sure a few of my men can't go with you? I'd feel much better if they do," I asked.

"No," Genevieve said sternly. "I can handle myself."

I looked around at the shore for the first time and noticed something odd about the vegetation. It was entirely too regular, almost as if it had been manicured. It would take too much effort to manage an entire island, so what was causing the bushes to grow in straight lines and the flowers in perfectly square patches?

"Strange place," I commented.

"Not really, if my theories are correct," Genevieve said. She threw her pack over her shoulder and smiled at the wilderness. There wasn't even a hint of fear in her expression.

"Ah, yes, your mysterious theories." I said

In the weeks it took to get to the Broken Isles, Genevieve had refused to talk about these theories of hers. She only mentioned that the old way of practicing magic was inefficient and incorrect. would only

"We're forcing spells to fit into an elemental format, but that doesn't make sense," she had said.

"It doesn't? Seems simple to me."

"You'll understand, Pherlon. The elements don't rule magic. It's the other way around! Magic controls the elements, and if that is the case then there must be other forces, undiscovered forces, that rule magic. I'm going to find them!"

Genevieve rode off on the horse we brought to shore in a second dinghy.

"Good luck!" I called to her.

"I don't believe in luck, Pherlon!" she shouted back.

"Anyway, if you should need help there will be a boat waiting here!"

But she was gone. Such a headstrong woman, it was no wonder the other magic users call her "Mistress Bull" behind her back.

Event 3 (week 2)

It has been a couple weeks and still no word from Genevieve. Although we never established a method of contact, I expected her to get in touch every few days or so at least. She could be dead for all I know, but it wouldn't be unlike her to forget I was waiting here.

So, today I decided to give her another month. Then I would either organize a search party or go home.

Event 4 (two days after event 3)

I was standing on the deck of the Stormwatcher, eyeing some dark clouds on the horizon with a suspicious eye, when I heard shouts from shore. I turned to find several sailors sprinting across the beach for the dinghy. ~~I immediately knew~~ they were my waterfinders.

"Ho! Archers to deck! Now!" I shouted.

Within seconds, half a dozen sailors with longbows stood against the port side with arrows notched. The waterfinders made it to the dinghy and hurriedly rowed out into the surf. I noticed already that their number was short by two, so I raised my speculum to my eye and scanned the shoreline. Not a sign of anyone, or any thing for that matter.

When the dinghy pulled up next to the Stormwatcher, I leaned over the side and said, "Ho, down there! What's this? What happened?"

"A snake woman, Captain!" the sailors screamed in unison.

I waited until they climbed up to the deck, then pulled aside the most experienced one in the bunch. I dragged him into my cabin and sat him down at my map table.

"Now, tell me, calmly, what happened?" I said, handing the man a snifter of rum.

*the table that I used as a map table
dinner table*

The sailor gulped the alcohol, exhaled slowly, and immediately appeared calm.

"It was one of them many-armed snake woman², sir!"

"A Naga?"

"Yeah, that's it! She was lurking around this stream we found. We was fillin' the kegs with fresh water when she jumped out of the bushes. She killed Jakins and Blake and still had enough arms left to fend off the rest of us!"

I dismissed the sailor and poured myself a measure of rum. Something had to be done about this Naga. We needed that water if we were going to stay out here much longer. Tomorrow, I would have to hunt down this Naga.

Event 5 (one day after event 4)

I took ten men with me, including the archers and one of the waterfinders so we could find the place where they lost the kegs of water. I led the way and found it easy to walk through the dense foliage because everything grew so regularly that it formed natural paths through the undergrowth. I was even more impressed when I found the stream

where my men died. It ran as straight as an arrow, never once meandering on its path toward the ocean.

"Now, that's not possible!" I said.

Water just doesn't flow straight. But as I inspected the bank of the stream I didn't find any evidence that the brook had been manufactured either. This was no irrigation path, but a common stream. I stood transfixed by my orderly surrounded, so I didn't noticed the heavy slithering approaching us until it was too late. ~~ings~~ *of the naga*

The Naga ambushed us from behind this time, cutting down one of the archers in the first seconds. Several of the men fled until I stepped before the creature.

"We can take her, you dogs!" I shouted.

Indeed, she was just a single Naga. With the rest of my archers firing arrows into her while my men and me defended ourselves from her blindingly quick attacks, the battle was over in a minute or so. The Naga looked like a targeting dummy when we were done.

"Collect the kegs, fill 'em up. We're through here," I said.

I looked at the poor archer who fell to the creature's first attack and sighed heavily. Three lives lost already. How many more would there be?

Event 6 (After Genevieve wins)

"Movement on the beach!" shouted the sailor in the crow's nest.

I picked up my speculum and went to the port side to look. There, approaching the lone dinghy and two sailors that were always on shore was Genevieve. She appeared tired but there was still some spring to her step. There were a few ribs in her clothing that hadn't been there before, and she appeared in need of a bath. *r*

I watched as they loaded Genevieve and her horse into the dinghy and started rowing out to sea toward the Stormwatcher.

"All hands on deck! I want this ship ready for launch in one hour!" I ~~shouted my~~ orders. *led*

Later, Genevieve climbed ~~up~~ *to* on the deck of the ship and sat down.

"I could use some wine," she said.

I gestured to the nearest sailor, who ran below deck.

"So, what did you learn?" I asked.

"The basics for it all, Pherlon. I learned the basics, and I learned that I am not insane," she said.

"Perhaps we could talk more after you rest," I said.

"Yes, I would like that."

well, that's a relief. Get some rest. You can tell me everything later."

Hero Bios

Genevieve Seymour (Order/Enchanter)

revising Genevieve is a woman driven by her ambition, which is why she keeps herself emotionally distant from others. She has few friends, if any, but she has never needed them. She was raised in a brothel, about as poor as anyone can be, but survived her harsh childhood thanks to her resourcefulness.

Pherlon (Order/Enchanter)

He has had an uneventful life with the exception of a couple pirate raids, but even then he wasn't directly involved in the action. He fell in love once, married, and fell out of love. He has been rich, poor, rich, and poor again. Hence, Pherlon has developed an endless store of patience and a practical outlook toward life.

HEROES 4 CAMPAIGN "No Town B"

Map Size = Small

Summary

A tremendous storm sweeps out of nowhere, damaging Pherlon's ship, the Stormwatcher before he's able to bring it into the gentle lagoon of one of the Broken Isles. Genevieve suspect magic is behind the storm, but who is behind that magic is still a mystery. Even stranger, a pair of sailors who were severely injured during the storm wake up with their wounds healed. Genevieve embarks into this lush island to discover what force is at work here that could've healed the sailors. Meanwhile, Pherlon leaves his ship as well, hoping to gather enough wood to repair the Stormwatcher.

Map Notes

- 1) The Player plays the Genevieve and Pherlon Heroes on this map. Again, there are no towns – even for the enemy. *unbuild resource structures*
- 2) There should be three Woodpiles on this island so the Player can build three Sawmills to fulfill one of the winning conditions.
- 3) The enemy is Arril, a Sorceress of the old ways, concentrating on Air Magic. She should start with, or have access to generators of the following creatures: Sprites, Air Elementals, Thunderbirds, Harpies and Griffins. She is out to kill Genevieve.

Quests

Quest 1 – Quest Guard – "" ()

Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

Quest 2 – Quest Guard – "" ()

Proposal Text

Progress Text

Completion Text

Artifacts

Events

Placed Event 1 (Attacked by Air Elementals)

You hear the hissing of a strong draft blowing through the treetops, but think nothing of it until the wind strikes your face. The cold air bites into your skin with an unnatural bitterness. Before you can even draw your weapons, the air suddenly takes the shape of swirling, angry Air Elementals.

"Try to use your new magic against us, fool! We will choke the life from your weak body!"

Placed Event 2 (Attacked by Thunderbirds)

Lightning strikes the ground ~~next to you~~, startling you. You topple out of the saddle with a painful thud, and by the time you pick yourself up the Thunderbirds are swooping down for the kill. Another one of the air mage's minions.

Placed Event 3 (Attacked by Griffins near a wild apple grove)

You stop at mid-day for a meal of the juiciest apples you've ever had ~~plucked~~ from the trees in this ~~area~~. Even in the wild, you've never seen a place as untouched as this paradise. You've also noticed that each morning you wake refreshed as if you had slept in a warm, cushioned bed. Could the land itself be responsible?

"Who cares?" you say, reaching for another apple. Right now, you don't want to have to worry about anything.

But a high-pitched screech makes your ears ring. A heavy weight settled ~~on the top of~~ the apple tree, spreads its gold wings, and glared ~~hungrily~~ down at you. It's a Griffin, and it's about to attack!

Event 1 (Starting Event)

We explored the Broken Isles, studying the islands from afar while Genevieve worked in her private room. She was putting the finishing touches on a spell book she would later name the Tome of Order when the storm hit.

One moment we were sailing on flat seas, and then the clouds blackened and a powerful gust hit us like a wall. I ~~stormed~~^{flushed} onto deck, lashing myself to the wheelhouse. My first mate was behind the wheel, and since he was stronger than me I left him there to follow my instructions.

Waves and wind beat at us for the better part of an hour when Genevieve dragged herself half out the trap door to the wheelhouse.

"Need my help?" she shouted. She saved my ship from a storm once, ~~when she used~~^{using} her magic to ~~cut into~~^{redirect} the wind that threatened to tip her over. That was the debt I owed her.

"This is no ordinary storm!" I said.

A horrible crack somewhat like lightning pierced the blustering wind and we all turned toward the main mast. I noticed it was bent at an odd angle and ~~cursed~~^{pushed}. Then another blast of wind hit it and the mast snapped in two. It toppled onto the starboard side, shattering the deck and fell into the sea.

"Below deck, Genevieve!" I yelled. "Either this storm will kill us or fate will spare us, but your magic can't help us now!"

This time, it was all up to my ship. Could she hold together?

Event 2 (Starting Text 2)

On the second morning anchored in the clear blue lagoon, I heard a surprised shout ~~coming~~ from somewhere below decks. I threw on my blue coat and rushed below, pushing my way past several sailors on my way to the common room where my men slept. My first mate was standing in the middle of the room with a big grin on his face, which was odd because just the day before he had been bedridden with two broken legs caused during the storm.

"What's this?" I said.