

HEROES 4 CAMPAIGN "Secret C"

Map Size = Medium

Summary

Dogwoggle has come a long way to throw the destructive Shatterstaff in the Fire Lake, thus saving the world from its deadly potential. But one of his own captains, the ambitious lich, Sandro, has betrayed Dogwoggle to the barons of this region and wants to get claim the Shatterstaff for himself. Now, Dogwoggle has every Necromancer and Bandit Lord in the area looking for him. Somehow, he needs to fight his way through this mess to destroy the staff.

Map Notes

- 1) The Player starts with the Dogwoggle Hero, a medium army of Barbarian and Death troops, and NO towns. NO carry-over heroes as well.
- 2) There are four enemy players on the map. Enemy 1 has two Death Towns and guards the Border Guard that will give Dogwoggle access to the Fire Lake so he can win the game. Enemy 2 has two Chaos Towns. Enemy 3 has a single Death town and Enemy 4 has a single Chaos town. There should be a neutral Death and Chaos town on the map to fill out the rest of the towns.
- 3) Give Enemy 1 the Sandro Hero from the previous map (carry over and change player if possible).
- 4) Access to the Fire Lake is a one-way teleporter behind a Border Guard allowing only Dogwoggle to pass. Unfortunately, it is close to a Enemy 1's Death town and should be VERY difficult to reach. So, place some extra Death creature generators in the area, allowing the Enemy 1 to build a sizable army.
- 5) The Underground section has a single Death town belonging to Enemy 1. More creature generators could be placed here as well as mines to help this player give a challenge bother to the player and Enemy 2.
- 6) None of the Enemy players are allied, but all of their win conditions should be Kill Dogwoggle. I want them to try to come after Dogwoggle, not just let him pass.
- 7) There is a river coming from the mountains down to the ocean. Rocks, the river, and other objects should force the player into a chokepoint where Placed Event 2 will be set off for Dogwoggle (ONLY) when he crosses.

Quests

Quest 1 – Border Guard – “Tarnum’s Gate” (Only Dogwoggle can pass)

Proposal Text

The man who poked his head over the wall had reddish-brown hair. It was tied back with a strip of leather. He stared down at the visitor with a confidence seldom seen in any man. No one was going to pass through this gateway without this man’s permission.

“Only Dogwoggle may pass!” the Barbarian leader shouted.

Progress Text

“Only Dogwoggle may pass,” is the command of the Barbarians manning the gate.

Completion Text

“I am Dogwoggle,” I shouted.

Moments later, the main gate opened and the Barbarian leader stepped into the open.

I immediately reached for my sword although I knew I would lose a battle with this man. All I could hope for was to scratch his flesh so he would have a reminder of our battle for the next few days.

“Nice to see you again, Dogwoggle,” the man said.

Oh, Worton! You and your interruptions. I was about to tell you who he was.

I knew this man well. He was the one who had defeated me a little over a year ago and ran me out of the Barbarian lands. So, what was he doing here? And why was he helping me?

“I’m sorry, I don’t recall your name.”

“It’s Tarnum,” the man said. “Don’t fear me. The Ancestors want me to help you this time.”

Oh, yes, that was something I had forgotten about this man. He always seemed to talk about the Ancestors, the gods of the Barbarians. Kilgor had believed they didn’t exist.

“Go,” Tarnum said, gesturing for me to pass through the gate. “Destroy the Shatterstaff. Save the world, and save yourself.”

Slowly, I walked by the big man. I didn’t want to take a chance that he would change his mind. But later when I thought about his odd presence here and his insistence that

he help me, I got the feeling that I wasn't entirely in control of my life. Someone was manipulating me. Was it this Tarnum guy? Or some dark being in some distant castle?

Or something grander?

Whatever the case, I was going to get rid of this blasted staff and disappear somewhere. Then it would finally be over!

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 (Near Dogwoggle's starting position)

NOTE: Small group of Berserkers join the Player.

They were camped on the path ahead, a group of rugged-looking, bearded men. They were Berserkers, men who committed their lives to battle. My kind of people.

They spread out in front of me, axes in hand, and scowled as I approached. Although they didn't seem anxious to attack, they were on the defensive. They wanted to talk, and I knew how to deal with them.

"Get out of my way, girls!" I shouted.

The Berserkers roared their anger, shook their axes, and one of them threw a rock at me. If he had wanted to hit me though, I would've been on the ground with a bloody gash in my forehead.

"We move for only one man!" their leader replied.

"Really? Who's this man who sends you running like a bunch of bearded women?"

I certainly didn't expect their answer.

"A Barbarian known as Dogwoggle! We've come to join his quest to destroy a powerful magic!"

It took some convincing, but when I showed the Berserkers the Shatterstaff they immediately accepted me as their friend.

They told me that they were part of a larger Barbarian force that had come here to help me. I asked them how they knew about my quest, and all they could tell was their leader had known about it.

"He's guarding the passageway to the great Fire Lake in the north. That's where you can destroy the Shatterstaff, if you can get there?"

And so, I had a destination and some new recruits as well. I think I was so excited to know that someone out there was helping me that I forgot to ask the name of this man who had found the Fire Lake.

And don't even ask, Worton! I'm not going to tell you. That's my little surprise!

Placed Event 2 (at a chokepoint where they cross the river for Dogwoggle only)

Fate, the gods, or whoever is in control of my life has it out for me. You would think that I did something wrong to deserve this kind of punishment!

What am I talking about? I will tell you.

We came to a river, and since the horses hadn't been watered in a while I ordered a momentary break. When I dipped my own hands into the water, I found it warm like a bath – probably heated from by this volcanic environment. I didn't dare drink from it, but I did wash some of the blood and grime from my face.

Then I gave the order to cross. It seemed shallow at this spot. I mounted my horse and rode into the river. I enjoyed its soothing heat so much that for an instant I forgot about the Shatterstaff. It wasn't until I rode out onto the opposite bank that I absently checked for the magical staff tied to my staff.

And it was gone!

NO! Not again. I am really going to have to learn how to tie a knot that doesn't come loose in the water.

Fortunately, I noticed the Shatterstaff was missing early enough to spot it floating along the surface of the slow-moving river. I raced along the bank, screaming curses at whatever god had cursed my luck. When I was slightly ahead of the Shatterstaff, I leaped from the saddle into the river and swam as hard as I could. My armor and clothing weighed me down, threatened to drown me. I kept cutting through the water with my arms and legs, never giving up even when I felt a numb exhaustion enter my muscles.

Finally, I reached out and my hand clasped the cool, tingling surface of the Shatterstaff. Now, I could die if I wanted to. After that, I wouldn't care if the world blew up.

But, of course, I didn't die. I turned toward the shore and swam to safety.

And I swore I would never ford another river for as long as I live!

Placed Event 3 (at the x,y,z in around the Teleporter exit near Fire Lake)

I popped through the magic portal only to be hit with a wave of heat that sucked the air from my lungs. I didn't have time to be sick to my stomach, as usual. I was too busy trying to breathe.

I found a shield among my gear and held it in front of me in an attempt to redirect some of the fiery heat. It helped a little. Within seconds, I had sweat pouring down my face but it evaporated before it had a chance to drip from my jaw.

Oh, it was horrible! I thought I would die there, but I had to continue. After all that I had come through, I couldn't give up now. I forced myself to take a step, and then another. All I had to do was get close enough to throw the Shatterstaff and this would all be over!

Placed Event 4 (at the Win Condition x,y,z)

Well, Worton, I have come to the end of my tale. No more wars, no more Necromancers chasing me all over.

In the end, I stepped as close to the great Fire Lake as I dared and heaved the Shatterstaff into the lava. It hit the surface, released an eerie screech as the heat attacked the ivory, and then sunk out of sight. And that was it.

Yes, well, maybe a little anti-climactic but believe me I was glad for a little calm at that moment. I had expected the thing to explode or something. The quiet way the Shatterstaff sunk to its destruction was a welcome relief at the time.

After that, I just wanted to get as far away from the Fire Lake as possible, maybe as far from this land too. I wanted grass beneath my feet, a mug of something cold in my hand, and a cool wind blowing against my face. And peace. I wanted years of peace.

So, instead of returning to claim all the town and castles I had conquered during my long battle to destroy the Shatterstaff, I left it all behind and headed east. I didn't have a copper to my name, but for the first time in my life I didn't care.

I had saved the world, and although no one was around for me to brag about it, I still didn't care. I had saved the world! Sure, I destroyed one too, but all is even now, right?

Anyway, I've finished my last drink and the sun is up. It's time for me to move on, maybe find a new employer. Maybe we'll see each other again some time, Worton.

Oh, one more thing! I almost forgot to tell you that I journeyed here to your fertile land by ship. I had to sell some of my things, but all that mattered to me was getting as far from the Fire Lake as possible. Along the way, I befriended some of the sailors and I finally learned how to tie a knot that won't come loose when it gets wet.

You can bet that if an artifact of mass destruction comes into my hands again, I will not lose it in some river!

Good day!

Event 1 (Starting Text)

Well, Worton, I see by the light coming through yonder window we have talked the night away. A good thing I am coming to the end of my story, eh?

Let's see. Have I told you about that double-crossing Lich, yet? No? Ah, then we've come to the part of my tale where all seems lost. Our hero – me! – is about to fall into the darkest pits of the underworld. Will he be able to fight his way out again? Perhaps not!

What? Well, of course I know I got out! Otherwise, I wouldn't be sitting here drinking your gold away, would I? You obviously have no appreciation for a well-told story. I was attempting to build up suspense and you go and ruin it!

If I get on with it, I was just about to tell you about a Lich Necromancer named Sandro. He was an important person back in the old world. He claims he even came close to conquering the entire world – if you can believe such a thing. Anyway, he wasn't such a big man in this world though. I guess he fell far after the Reckoning.

Sandro was one of Koyle's Necromancers, and after Koyle's death became one of my main commanders. Now, only a fool trusts those crazy Liches! Anyone willing to do that to their body has to be a few bulls short of a herd, if you know what I mean?

Sandro disappeared sometime after I fought my way into the volcanic lands. I soon discovered that he had blazed a trail ahead of me, telling every Necromancer, Bandit, and robber baron along the way that I carried an artifact of mass destruction!

Can you believe that?

Somehow, this Sandro knew what I was carrying and what I intended to do with it, so he sold me out to every maniac in the region! I suddenly realized it was foolish of me to bring an object as dangerous as the Shatterstaff directly into the hands of the megalomaniacs who ruled this fiery land. But there was no going back. I had to push forth.

Event 2 ()

The Skeleton walked right into camp, never putting up a fight. It asked to see me. I agreed to a meeting, but I remained far enough away that if something happened I would be relatively safe.

Then the Skeleton's voice changed.

"Greetings, Dogwoggle!" Sandro's cold voice was magically coming out of the Skeleton.

"I have no interest in talking to you, traitor!"

"Oh, yes, you do! I am offering you your life."

That got my attention. The more I learned about the barons of this region, the less confident I felt that I would be able to battle my way through them all.

Sensing that I was interested, the Skeleton grinned and said, "Good, you're listening. Now, here's my one-time proposition. Take it, or die. Understand?"

"For something without a tongue, you sure do talk a lot!" I said.

Sandro ignored me.

"Give me the Shatterstaff and I swear that I will take you safely from this place. You're just some stupid Barbarian who got in the way – I don't care about you! But I want that Staff. You're going to give me that Staff!"

"What do you want it for, Sandro? It's only good for one thing – destroying the world. I thought you wanted to conquer the world."

"I do, and I will with the Shatterstaff. Once everyone knows that I have it, all I have to do is convince them that I am willing to use it unless they surrender their armies and their countries to me! I guarantee they would rather live under my rule than die a fiery death," Sandro said.

It's always so easy to get these power-mad Liches to reveal their plans. They're just dying (maybe that's the wrong word – undying?) to spout off about their brilliant plan.

I had to admit though; Sandro's plan was a good one. If I wasn't so afraid the thing was going to blow up in my face, I might've stolen it. Dogwoggle, King of the World, has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

Anyway, I also knew that the moment Sandro had the staff he would kill me. I really didn't have a choice, so this was one of those times when you might as well make it sound good.

"I have a question for you, Sandro," I said.

"What?" the Lich said, impatient.

"How many times does this make that you've tried to take over the world? Two? Three? Five? Why do you think you're incapable of conquering the world? Maybe you're not as brilliant as you thought you were?"

"You insolent..."

I had thrown the small axe I keep as a backup weapon. Before Sandro's words could get out, the axe took off the Skeleton's head. I just wish Sandro would be so easy to kill.

Event 3 ()

Do you know what the problem with the Undead is, Worton? No, besides the stench?

They have an obsessive anger within them, a hatred of everything that is the opposite of them. Unfortunately, their opposite is all living things, and that's most of the world. It is no wonder so many Necromancers, Liches, and things have tried to destroy the world!

I used to think their brains had rotted away, which was why they sought to destroy something that would kill them in the process. Not anymore. It's in their nature, and the stronger an Undead creature gets the more hatred it has for the world around it.

That's why you can never trust the Undead.

They're also just plain gross!

Event 4 (after Dogwoggle defeats Sandro)

When Sandro surrendered, I had my opportunity to gloat. Beating that Lich has probably been my most satisfying victory – and I've had a lot of victories. But in the end I couldn't bring myself to kill him.

At least, not yet. I had him locked up until I could figure out what to do. That was a big mistake! He escaped later. He's still out there probably, and I'm certain he has no love for me.

Oh, well, it wouldn't be the first time the Dogwoggle made an enemy. It won't be the last!

Of course, that remark about him being as incompetent as an Imp when it came to conquering the world probably stung deep enough for him to seek me out in the future.

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.