There has been a war between orcs and humans for as long as can be remembered. But there was once a time, when we did not even know who our enemy was. Or what that evil green magic, the fel, had done to us. But in the beginning, how could we have known. What choice did we have? Our world was dying. And I had to find my clan a new home. Durotan. I can feel your eyes. I thought you were asleep. I was. Dreaming of a hunt, through the snow. I thought of a name. Well. Keep it to yourself, wife. I'll choose a name when I meet him. Or her. Oh. And how will the great Durotan name his son? If I do not travel with him. A son? Can you hide your fat belly? Better than you can hide your fat head. So many clans from one place, Orgrim. Laughing skull. Black rock. All have been summoned. It will be a mighty warband. I just wonder who's left to fight? Lok'tar ogar! (Victory or death!)
Victory or death!
Black rock, over there.
How much longer, Blackhand?
We are ready, Gul'dan.
Help me.
My child.
Please let him go.
I beg you.
What did she say?
She begs for you
to free her child.
But I need him.
I need all of them.
Move, half breed.
- What is that?
- Gul'dan's magic.
The fuel of my magic is life.
We only have enough prisoners to
send through our strongest warriors.
But that will be enough.
The enemy is weak.
When we arrive,
we will take them as fuel.
We will build a new portal.
And when it is complete,
we will bring through all...
of the Horde.
Let me go first.
For the Horde!
With child?
You dare bring that burden
into my war band!
Let me go, Blackhand.
Draka!
Push, little one.
Push.
My son.
A new warrior for the Horde.
WARCRAF Ironforge
Lothar, come.
I have got something for you.
- What is it?
- A mechanical marvel.
It's a boom stick.
Odd.
Take water.
You might want to
head home, big man.
Someone has attacked
one of your garrisons.
It seems your king
needs you, commander.
Stormwind
The entire garrison,
and no one saw anything.
We did find someone.
He was searching the bodies,
here, in the barracks.
In the barracks?
Finally.
Are you in command?
.
That's the mark of the Kirin Tor.
What are you doing in my city,
spell chucker?
Let me complete my examination
of the body across the hall.
Now why would I do that?
Within that body is the
secret to your attacks.
What was that?
You must summon the Guardian.
Medivh?
It should be he
who explains it.
Only the king summons the Guardian.
Get him to Goldshire.
- What kind of beasts?
- Rumors, your Majesty.
How does a garrison of 30 men
disappear without a whisper.
The fel.
Or at least it's influence.
Is this him?
Your Majesty.
Dad.
Thank you, son.
So who are you, mage?
My name is Khadgar.
I'm a Guardian novitiate.
I was.
I renounced my vows.
You mean you're a fugitive?
I'm not hiding.
Your Majesty.
I may have left my training but
I didn't leave my abilities behind.
I senses something.
Dark forces, when it's strong it...
almost has a smell.
Knowing that something so evil was
so close I couldn't just ignore it.
What's going on out there?
Smoke, Sir.
The southeast.
Your Majesty, I urge you to engage
the Guardian with all haste.
- They've reached Elwynn Forest.
- The Grand Hamlet is burning.
An attack?
- What?
- Stop requesting Callan.
Stay out of my business.
He wants to follow in
his father's footsteps.
My son doesn't need your help.
Tread carefully when
you talk to your queen.
You are my sister first.
When was your last visit to Karazhan?
With you.
I don't know... 6 years?
And you had no contact
with Medivh since?
Not for the lack of trying.
Well.
He can't hide from us now.
The Guardian is summoned.
Get on.
Good luck.
Okay.
Let me go!
Frostwolves do not join the hunt?
We prefer our enemies armed
with an axe, not a child.
We have been commanded, Durotan.
Respect the old ways.
There must be a worthy foe
somewhere on this dung heap.
Find them all!
Try not to kill too many,
we need them alive.
Lothar.
Moroes.
Look at you.
You haven't aged a bit.
Where is everyone?
Many things have changed.
The power that must be locked away here,
the knowledge.
Where is she?
I didn't know so many books
even existed.
Wait here.
And try not to touch anything.
- He sees no one?
- The world's been at peace.
Good you are here, Lothar.
It would do the Guardian
a world of good
to see a friendly face
beyond this old one.
He can't refuse you...
nor King Wrynn.
Not if he's summoned.
Chop chop.
Did you summon him, Moroes?
No.
He did not.
So.
You become a sculptor?
I'm making a golem.
It usually takes years of magic
to sip into the clay, but up here it's...
... much faster.
Makes someone to keep Moroes company.
Help to clean up around the house.
Thank you.
It's good to see you, Lothar.
We need your guidance, Medivh.
Our king summons you.
Who's the boy downstairs?
Hello?
Guardian?
Have a good look around?
Getting some ideas what you are going to
do with the place once it's yours?
Guardian, I've renounced my vow.
I didn't want to come here.
I swear, Guardian.
I urged them to find you.
I told them...
... you should be
the one to explain.
Explain what?
Fel!
In Azeroth?
In the barracks,
one of the bodies.
Guardian, what is the fel?
A magic unlike any other.
It feeds on life itself.
It pollutes the user,
twisting everything it touches.
It promises great power but
it exacts a terrible price.
There is no place for
the fel in Azeroth.
You've done the right thing.
We'll go.
Hey.
Go home, you.
Step in.
- Medivh.
- Your Grace.
It has been too long.
Come.
Help us get to the roots
of these troubles about.
- What kind of beasts?
They are saying giants. 
Armed giants. 
Wolves to carry them. 
Huge unstoppable monsters 
What are the other kingdoms? 
Are they suffering the same? 
All seek our protection yet not trust 
us enough to tell us anything. 
We know nothing about 
these so call monsters. 
We need prisoners. 
Even a corpse 
can tell us something. 
I don't know what danger 
we're in, Medivh. 
I exist to protect this realm, my lord. 
It is my very purpose. 
I am the Guardian. 
At least for the time being anyhow. 
Yes. 
What are we going to do about... 
What is his name? 
Khadgar, sire. 
He'll be coming with us. 
Well then. 
We better get going.

ELWYNN:
FOREST Halt!
It can't be. 
- What is this? 
- Can't tell from the look of it. 
.
Guardian.
Close ranks!
Watch your back!
Victory or death!
Watch the flank to your left!
Watch your flank!
- Watch your flank!
- To your left!
Guardian!
Now you die, you beast!
Don't try and take them on
with brute force.
They are stronger.
Be smarter.
The fel.
They're all dying.
Only the green ones!
Kill that big bastard!
Durotan.
Move.
Guardian.
Guardian, what did you do?
I was right, wasn't I?
It's here.
- Where are you going?
- Get these men safely back to Stormwind.
I've to return to Karazhan.
You did well today.
- Where's the Guardian?
- Karazhan.
We need a prisoner.
Where's your horse?
- Uh. They took my horse.
- Really?
Just stay there.
How much do you
love your master?
I'll do it.
Back off!
Pity.
It would have make a good coat.
Over here!
- You took it alone.
- Yes.
Looks like the runt to the litter.
You.
What are you?
And why do you
attack our lands?
- He does not know what you speak.
- You speak our language?
Speak one more word
of their language.
And I will wear your tongue.
I will not warn you again.
- Tell him to stop.
- You tell him.
You're welcome.
Have you a name?
You understand our language.
Again, have you a name?
Garona.
She calls herself, Garona.
What kind of being are you?
She seems more like us
than those... beast we fought.
Orc.
Orc?
That's what you are?
Or the beast in the cage was?
I know every races in the Seven Kingdoms.
I've never heard of orc.
Show me where you come from.
This is not orc world.
Orc world is dead.
Orcs take this world now.
Not from this world.
How did you get here?
The great gate.
Deep in ground and through
magic brought us here.
But how did you learn our language?
Orc take prisoner for the gate.
- I learn from them.
- Prisoners?
Our people?
Are they alive?
Yes.
- Many.
- Why?
To feed the gate.
To bring the Horde
to take your world.
You'll take us to them.
No.
You'll take us to them or you will
end up like your friend in the cage.
You think you are fearsome.
Orc children have pets
more fearsome than you.
We're not trying to be fearsome, Garona.
We are trying to protect
our people, our families.
If you help us.
I give you my oath.
You will have your freedom.
Fearsome Blackhand.
Warchief of the Horde.
You have allowed the smallteeths
to kill your warriors.
Worse.
You shamed your people
by running from an enemy.
Are you too weak
to talk, destroyer?
The Horde has no use for weakness.
Respect our tradition, warchief.
You know the penalty.
Death.
Done.
- You dare interrupt this judgment?
- We fought hard!
Their warlock use
your fel against us.
Only I can control the fel!
I see you and
your men have survived.
Perhaps Blackhand kept you
safely away from the battlefield.
Maybe he knows you are weak too.
Do you wish to challenge me,
little chieftain.
I do not question, Gul'dan.
But the fel is born of death,
must have a price.
A price paid in lives taken.
Will you hold your son?
He will be a great chieftain.
Like his father,
a born leader.
I was no leader today.
He challenges you already.
If Gul'dan can infect
born as innocent as he.
What chance do
the rest of us have?
Whatever happens.
Whatever happens.
I see you.
This gate,
who showed it to Gul'dan?
Who lead him to Azeroth?
Gul'dan call him a demon.
Did you see it?
Not the face,
but the voice...
Like fire and ash.
I'll be here if you need me.
Your mate.
I could kill you before
he even reaches me.
Lothar?
He is my brother.
The king is my mate.
You are the chieftain's wife then?
I suppose so.
Then killing you will bring
me even greater honor.
Not among my kind.
It is a cold night.
I thought you might use these.
It will warm you.
More of our villages burned tonight.
One of them is
the village of my birth.
I can not imagine what horrors
you have been through, Garona.
But this does not
need to happen.
We have peace in these lands
for many years now.
Peace between races
from all over the world.
What is this?
I can have it removed.
There is a life here for you, Garona.
With us.
A life of freedom.
If you want it.
The great gate.
From light comes darkness
and from darkness, light.
Well, that's clear.
Ask Alodi.
Alodi.
Ahh.
It's good to see trees again.
And the snow.
Even from a distance.
Remember when we would track
blood ox through the Frostwind dunes?
There is always meat.
Always life.
You know, it's strange
that we lost our home when
Gul'dan came to power.
One orc could not
kill a world, Durotan.
Are you sure?
Look around you.
Does it not remind you of something?
Wherever Gul'dan works his magic,
the land dies.
If our people are to make
a home here, my friend.
Gul'dan must be stopped.
We are not powerful
enough to defeat Gul'dan.
No.
No.
But with the humans help,
we could be.
I want that weapon.
You'll have me to protect you.
I need no one to protect me.
What are you looking at?
Bookworm.
Take the first watch.
Respectfully, Commander,
my name is Khadgar.
My deepest apologies, Khadgar.
You see, I thought we bonded when I didn't put you in a prison cell for breaking into royal barracks. Now take the watch.

Well.

At least you're not reading. He wishes to lie with me. I beg your pardon? You will be injured.

- I don't want to lie with you. Good.

You would not be an effective mate.

Why do you laugh? I can't see how you humans survive such a thing. No muscles to protect you. Brittle bones that break. You don't look that different to us.

How did you survive? Broken bones heal stronger. My are very strong. I'm sorry.

Do not be.

My name, Garona, it means "curse" in orc. My mother was burned alive for giving birth to me. They kept you alive though. Gul'dan did.

He gave me her tusk to remember her. My parents gave me to the Kirin Tor when I was 6 years old. That's the last time I saw them or... any of my brothers and sisters.

It brings a family honor to offer a child to the Kirin Tor. To have their son taken up to the floating city of Dalaran and be trained by the most powerful mages in the land.
Less so,
to have them run away.
Well.
That was cheerful.
The great gate.
Why do they need
so many prisoners?
Like wood for a fire.
Green magic takes life
to open the gate.
How many more orcs are
they planning on bringing?
All of them.
This is just a warband.
When the portal is open,
Gul'dan will bring the Horde.
Get them back to Stormwind.
We ride ahead.
Garona, we should go.
It's not safe...
Durotan.
To the north, there is a black rock
that touches the sky.
I would meet with their leader.
To challenge him?
I saw you, lead the
smallteeths to our encampment.
They have seen
what is being built.
And only you know, what
Gul'dan has planned for my people.
His magic is death
to all things.
He must be stopped.
Tell him, the black rock,
when the sun is highest.
I will.
Chieftain.
If I returned, would you
take me into your clan?
You're safer here,
with them.
Is it as you feared?
- The fel is everywhere.
- Then you mustn't leave again. They need the Guardian's help now more than ever. Maybe the boy can help. - We need solution! - Easy for you to say! - The Dwarf enforcers must work overtime. - You treat us no better than dogs. - We shall supply you no more! - Enough! You have all called on Stormwind in the past either for troops or arbitration. If we do not unite to fight this enemy, we will perish. Stormwind needs soldiers, arms, horses... Ha! We have our own kingdoms to look after. - Fight your own wars! - Your Majesty. Commander. The Orcs are building a portal, through which they plan to bring an army. If we do not stop them now, we may never get another opportunity. Where is he? Where is the protector of Azeroth? Where the Guardian? Where is Medivh? - My liege. - I suggest we take a recess. Take as long as you like. We're done. Commander. What's left of the 4th has retreated from Stonewatch. What's left? Callan is among the injured. Dad? I'm fine. It's fine. You had me worried. Where's the rest of your troop? They took most of them alive.
We'll get them back.
Don't be in such a hurry.
You're all I have.
I know.
I'm a soldier.
He would not ask for this meeting if he thought he could defeat Gul'dan alone.
- The fel must truly terrified him.
- Durotan is scared of nothing.
The location.
The suddenness of this meeting.
- Sounds like a trap.
- It is not.
- Could be.
- It is not.
- Could be.
- It is not.
What do you think?
It's too good an opportunity to ignore.
I think we have no choice.
We must stop the orcs from opening the portal.
But we will need help.
- And if he's lying?
- Orcs do not lie.
- What if he is?
- There is no honor in it.
And where is the honor in betraying his own people?
Durotan is protecting his clan.
His enemy is the fel.
Gul'dan is the betrayer.
This orc, Durotan.
How do you know him?
He freed me,
and he is loved by his clan.
He's a strong chieftain.
Strong chiefs must earn their clans trust.
If we are to expect you to join us.
We must earn yours.
To defend yourself.
With this?
Yes.
Find the Guardian.
What is this?
Guardian?
Uh.
The gate.
We saw it, in the morass.
I've been putting together
all the clues I can about it.
This.
This drawing.
- Where did you copy it from?
- Guardian.
And this?
And this?
And this?
I've been researching ever since
I felt the presence of the fel.
I am the Guardian.
Me, not you.
Not yet.
I just thought you might
appreciate some help.
Don't presume you can help me.
You have no idea the forces
I contend with.
If you want to help,
protect the king.
You leave the fel to me.
- Interesting choice.
- Guardian.
Pack up and move
to the west gate.
You there.
Pack up your stall
and get moving now!
I need your help.
- I found a book.
- Of course you did.
There was an illustration
that showed the gate
like the one
we saw being built.
- Sorry. Sorry.
- Khadgar.

Listen. I tried to show the Guardian but he became furious. He burned all my research. He would have burn this too if I hadn't hidden it in my robe.

No, turn the page. Here. Look. See.

What do you think the image means? The orcs were summoned. From this side of the gate. They were invited in. And the Guardian burned your research. He's probably just trying to protect you.

Now go away. Good spot for an ambush. Our sentries are well placed. I will check again.

You requested to speak to the leader of the humans. This is he. I am the King Llane. I'm told you wished to talk.

Ask him if they plan to return to their home? Our world is destroyed. There is nothing to go back to. We are not responsible for destroying your world. War with us will solve nothing. He says, "Orcs, war solves everything."

Then why is he here? To save my people. Fel takes life from more than it's victims. Kills the earth and corrupts those who use it.
Gul'dan will poison everything
with his death magic.
If my people are to survive,
Gul'dan must be destroyed.
In 2 suns, the humans
we have captured...
... be used to fuel the portal.
If you attack our camp,
and draw his warriors away,
Frostwolf clan,
will kill him.
Two days.
If we do this,
you will protect my people until then.
I will try.
It's a trap!
Traitor die!
Retreat!
Back!
Return to our camp!
Fall back!
Stay together!
Focus.
Like old times.
Cover your flank!

Push!
You alright?
You are no good to us dead.
Go.
I'll get the others.
Fall back!
We're all getting out.
Medivh will cover our retreat.
Garona!
Stay together!
Fall back!
Keep it up!
Where's the bloody Guardian?
Protect the king.
I got them.
Move back!
Shield FORMATION!
Retreat to the plateau.
Fall back!
Up the hill.
Move!
Medivh.
Medivh, take it down!
Medivh!
Hold on, son.
Dad.
For Azeroth.
Medivh!
Stop.
Callan.
He's here!
What's wrong with him?
We need to get
him to Karazhan.
- I'll get the horses.
- You won't make any time by road.
Take one of my birds.
Place him in the fountain.
- Moroes, what's wrong with him
- I told him not to leave Karazhan.
I have to go.
We need the help of
the Karin Tor, now.
Go.
There are medicines I must prepare.
Sit with him.
You and the baby
must leave now.
You're a traitor, Durotan.
No.
One who values what we once were.
Like you used to.
That time is past.
We are but fuel
for the fel now.
There is still hope, Blackhand.
Our children.
Do not make me take more
innocent lives, young chieftain.
If I submit...
... will you let my people be?
What will I call our son?
Go'el
You.
Where's the older man?
He told me to watch you.
- The king.
- He is alive.
Lothar's son is dead.
I argued for the meeting.
Lothar will hate me.
This upsets you.
He is a great warrior.
He defends his people well.
A good mate for an orc.
I am no orc.
I am no human either.
When I was younger,
I used to feel apart from my kin.
I traveled far and wide,
looking for... wisdom.
Feel a connection with all the souls
I was charged with protecting.
On my travel, I met
a strong and noble people.
Among them, a female,
who accepted me for what I was.
Who loved me.
It was not a life
I was fated to have,
but it taught me something.
If love is what you need,
you must be willing to travel
to the end the world to find it.
You left your mate.
Go find Lothar.
Step inside the circle.
This... is my gift to you,
Garona.
A whole world and
exchange for a statue.
Gods are strange creatures.
Frostwolves, you are a practical people.
Those of us from the south have
always admired that about you.
When the portal opens,
when the rest of the Horde join us we will give them the fel.
- All of them.
- Durotan did not agree to this!
And why would you care what that traitor thinks?
It is time for a new leader of the Frostwolf clan.
One who has the best interest of his orcs in mind.
One who appreciates Gul'dan's vision, ... his power.
Come.
I will grant you the fel.
Durotan, he... has poisoned the Frostwolves against the fel.
Let me gather them, bring them here.
Grant me the fel in front of them, let them see...
How much stronger I become.
As I said, a practical people.
This is a new dawn.
The time of the Horde.
Be reverent, or be killed.
I'm sorry.
Callan's mother, died in childbirth. I blamed him for it, for years.
I'm not going to blame you. He was so young.
In my entire life, I have never felt so much pain as I do now.
Gul'dan does not want to waste his power on the Frostwolves. Burn them!
Take the weak, kill the strong!
I'll bath in your blood. Maybe, but not now.
I can't give you long, but I can give you a head start. For the sake of your son, Draka. Leave... now. You should have trusted in your chieftain, Orgrim Doomhammer. Wait for me.
- Khadgar!
- How dare you to come here!
Get out!
I come seeking your wisdom. There is nothing for you here now. The Guardian, Medivh, is unwell. What?
- He's been poisoned by the fel.
- What?
Ridiculous. What do you know of the dark portal? You come back, and accused the Guardian...
What is Alodi?
How does he know? Alodi. What is it? An entity from a time before the Kirin Tor existed. We think it serve the functions similar to that of the Guardian. Protector. No one beyond the arch council knows of it's existence, and it will stay that way. And you to mention it in the same breath as the dark portal is too much to be mere... ... coincidence. Do I go in? I don't know. It's never done that before. Khadgar. I know you, from the library.
You're Alodi?
I used the last of my energies
to summon you here.
- The Guardian has betrayed us.
- Medivh.
- I saw the fel in his eyes.
- He is consumed by it.
If he is not stopped,
this world will burn.
I don't have the power
to defeat a Guardian.
Guardian is but a name.
The true Guardians of this world
are the people themselves.
I know you see what
the Kirin Tor can not.
It's why you left them.
No one can stand against
the darkness... alone.
I don't understand what
you want me to do.
Yes, you do.
Trust in your friends.
Together, you can save this world.
Always remember...
From light comes darkness,
and from darkness... light.
Up, up.
Thank you, Moroes.
You'll recover, Guardian.
You always do.
No...
Thank you.
For everything you've done.
Sorry, old friend.
It seems I have let
the orcs into this world.
The fel has twisted me.
I...
... don't even know
what else I may have done.
I just don't remember.
Everything I fought to protect,
I have... destroyed.
I can't control the fel.
No one can.
Five legions to block Deadwind Pass.
Another ten here, here, and here,
along Redridge Mountains.
Supply lines here.
While the Eastern Sea hems
them in both south and east.
If we hold these positions,
we will be at our strongest.
Containment?
Until there is a better option, yes.
And where there is
10 times as many.
What then?
If there were easy answers...
Our priority must be
to stop the gate from opening.
Fail there, and it's
just a matter of time
before they beat us
with sheer numbers.
What do you suggest?
Send everything we got.
Destroy the gate, free our people,
and end the immediate threat.
- And the Orcs that remain?
- We'll take care of them later.
After they've ravaged the entire kingdom?
- My Lords.
- Medivh. You are up and well.
I am.
I feel... restored.
We need you.
We've been agonizing over our options.
Some of us believe
there are no options.
- We need fresh eyes.
- I have news.
- I've met with Durotan.
- You met with Durotan.
The rebellion against Gul'dan
is gaining strength.
With their help we can
destroy this gate.
- That doesn't change my plan.
- What plan?
Anduin believes we should
attack with full force.
I'm concerned it leaves the rest
of the kingdom defenseless.
How many legions would you need
to hold the orcs in place?
Five for Deadwind Pass.
Ten for the Redridge Mountains.
Ten more to protect the city.
We've already lost 18 legions.
- That leaves one, two, three.
- Can it be done, Medivh?
No, it can't be done.
With three legion,
Frostwolves, and my power...
With all due respect, Guardian,
your powers
have proved unreliable
at best recently.
- Llane. Have I ever let you down?
- Let him down?
Where have you even been
for the last 6 years?
Please, Anduin.
Medivh is the Guardian...
Not the one you remember.
He's lost it.
He's unstable.
And he won't be there
when you really need him.
Find your bearings, Anduin.
I'd march into hell for you,
if I thought there was a
slightest chance of victory.
But there isn't,
this is suicide.
Is this about Callan?
It was a tragedy.
If he hadn't been trying so hard
to win your approval,
- he might still be with us.
- Medivh.
Callan wasn't ready.
You knew it.
- And you let him play soldier anyway.
- Anduin, stop!
You killed him!
Commander.
Please, sir. Please.
Varis.
Take him to a cell to calm down.
You are no use
to us like this.
We'll protect the kingdom, my lord.
You and I.
Why are you here?
The king.
He goes to fight the Horde.
With your Guardian's help,
Durotan will kill Gul'dan.
Don't trust him.
I've told you,
Orcs do not lie.
Not Durotan.
Don't trust Medivh.
I will try to
protect your king.
Don't go with them.
Why?
I don't want you
to get hurt.
Come back alive.
Hey, Frostwolf.
Who goes...
Now you are enemies
with all sides.
I'll tell them it was you.
What happened?
I'm sorry, Durotan.
I did not see how we could
side with the humans...
against our own kind.
I was wrong.
Gul'dan's fel magic is destroying us.
Where Draka?
Safe?
But, the rest.
They won't follow him,
if they see what he has become.
And I will show them.
There is no other man I would entrust
the safety of my family to, Varian.
Keep them safe
while I'm gone.
Ready?
I would feel better if
Lothar were riding with us.
We'll be fine.
I'll return to Karazhan
and get ready for battle.
Find me at the portal.
Whoa. Whoa.
Whoa, whoa!
Guard.
I know you're just doing your job,
and a good one at that.
But I've cool down now.
So, if you just come
and open this gate.
So I can protect the king.
OPEN THE GATE!
I am just following my...
- Where the hell have you been?
- The Kirin Tor.
It only works on the simple minded,
last about a minute.
Your armor, commander.
Sorry.
They have a full day
ahead of us.
- I just hope we're not too late.
- We can't go after them.
Not if you want to save Azeroth.
- My king needs me.
- AZEROTH needs you more!
If you want to save your king,
we need to stop Medivh first.
Where is Medivh?
We got a demon to kill.
Go.
Search over here.
Remember.
You are the son of
Durotan and Draka,
an unbroken line of chieftains.
I am Durotan,
son of Garad.
Chieftain of the Frostwolf clan.
And I am here
to kill Gul'dan.
Ghost cannot invoke Mak'gora.
   (Duel of honor)
You are the chieftain
of no clan.
Your people are food for worms.
Some of us still live, warchief.
Do I make
a quick end of them?
I always thought you were
one for tradition, Blackhand.
Durotan.
Your clan was weak,
and you are a traitor.
I accept your challenge,
if only to personally
ripped the heart out
of your pathetic body.
What of the portal?
You must be ready when
the incantation begins
This won't take long.
Kill him, Gul'dan!
It's the incantation
to the Orc home world.
He's opening the portal,
we need to shut him up.
The incantation.
I have no time for this.
Blackhand!
   (... Orc tradition...)
This is a Mak'gora.
   (Duel of honor)
You will respect our tradition.
Keep fighting.
Gul'dan cheats.
- Cheating!
- Shame on you!
You cheat, Gul'dan!
This is not our way.
Traitor!
GUL'DAN!
You have no honor.
You will follow this... demon?
Will you?
You will follow this demon?
I will not.
I follow a true Orc.
A chieftain.
May your balls rot, demon.
Anyone else?
And you, warchief.
You will take the fel,
and you will become stronger
than any Orc has ever been.
And when the fel has remade you,
you will crush the smallteeth.
Now claim my new world.
Legion!
Halt!
Frostwolves.
We are on our own now.
With you then.
Get to the prisoners.
We will free our people!
Charge!
Attack!
Ideas?
Very impressive.
Now try shutting him up.
Oh, that went well.
Ohhhhh.
- He's moving, do something.
- (What?)
Fine, I'll handle this.
You take care of Medivh.
Hey, over here.
Clayface.
Now, men!
Fire!
Come, my orcs.
Let the fel unleash the full power of the Horde.
- For Gul'dan!
- For the Horde!
Hey, kid!
Wake up!
You alright?
Quick thinking.
- Slicing it's head off like that.
- Yeah.
Just how I planned it.
What now?
The Guardian has to speak the incantation himself.
So uh...
As long as he is doing that...
... we can get in close.
Distract him.
Then what?
Get Medivh in the fountain.
Is that all?
Medivh.
If there is something of you still in there, old friend, come back to us.
Medivh.
Come.
Kill me.
I have got nothing left to live for now anyway.
After all, life is just fuel to you, isn't it?
But Llane, he believe in you.
Don't kill your king.
Don't kill your friend.
Whatever you plan to do, kid.
Do it now.
Now.
Now!
Now!
Now, kid!
The portal.
It's closing!
No.
You're stronger than he is.
From light comes darkness...
and from darkness... light.
Show me your eyes.
I have to go.
I'm proud of you.
Stormwind.
My lord.
Through the portal, Stormwind!
Thank you, Guardian.
Varis!
Legion, forward!
Attack!
Garona, ride with me.
Varis, set the men
in a perimeter.
Garona, Karos, take what men
we can spare and free the prisoners.
And send them through to Stormwind.
Form a line,
shield to shield!
We will hold
as long as we can.
Get to the portal.
- Go.
- Bless you.
Thank you.
I need more powder.
Get over there!
Help me push!
Come on, boys!
Put your scorn into it!
Over here! We'll go behind
the gate to attack them!
Take care of him.
We should leave.
We save as many of
our people as we can.
It's the loneliness
that makes us weak.
Khadgar.
I'm sorry.
I wanted to save us all.
I always did.
Move!
We've lost the Guardian.
Protect the flank!
Protect the flank!
Blackhand comes to claim
the honor of killing you.
Garona.
No good will come
from us both died.
Look around you,
we are surrounded.
Your killing me is the only
hope we have for peace.
You told Lady Taria that killing her
would bring you honor.
Well. Killing me
would make you a hero.
Survive.
Bring peace between
orcs and humans.
You must.
You must.
No.
No!
She has killed their chieftain,
Gul'dan.
The Horde embraces you.
Orc.
Kill him.
Kill him!
Gul'dan, the Mak'gora is sacred.
The human won, fairly.
Let your warriors honor their tradition.
I will not be disobeyed.
What are you waiting for?
Do as I say!
Traitors!
Get out of my way,
I'll do it myself.
Who will obey you?
If you go to war
with your own kind.
If you do this,
you will lose the Horde.
And this war is only beginning.
For your son.
So your spirit can teach him.
Garona's dagger.
I pulled that from Llane's neck.
Well.
There has to be an explanation.
Yes.
She made her choice.
I don't believe that.
Maybe you and I didn't know her
as well as we thought we did.
There is no greater blessing
a city can have
than a king who would
sacrifice himself for his people.
But such a sacrifice must be earned.
We must deserve it.
If we only show our unity
to mourn a good man's death.
Was King Llane wrong
to believe in you?
- No!
- No!
We will avenge you, my lady!
Lead us against the orcs, Lothar!
- Lothar!
- Lothar!
- Lothar!
- Lothar!
- Lothar!
- Lothar!
For Azeroth!
For Azeroth and the Alliance!
- For Azeroth!
- For Azeroth!
- For the Alliance!
- For the Alliance!
WARCRAF You will travel far, my little Go'el.
My world maybe lost,
but this is your world now.
Take what you need from it. 
Make a home for the orcs
and let no one stand in your way.
My lord.
You should see this.
You are the son of
Durotan and Draka,
an unbroken line of chieftains.
And our people need
a leader now...
... more than ever.