

# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

## THE CARD GAME

### THE WASTES OF ERIADOR™

#### Difficulty Level = 6

The battle at Fornost was fierce and bitter, and left many of the Dúnedain wounded. The sight of the wraiths had very nearly broken their spirit, and had it not been for the valiant efforts of Iârion's companions, the Rangers would not have withstood the attack. Once dawn had finally arrived, the Dúnedain recuperated their strength, shoring up the defenses of Deadmen's Dike and tending to the wounded.

Amarthiûl had other concerns. Iârion had been captured during the battle by the Wraith Thaurdir, and there was still time to come to his aid. The heroes who had helped defend Fornost vowed to rescue Iârion as well, and so their hunt began. It didn't take long for them to find the enemy's tracks leading northeast into the hills.

Thaurdir and the remnants of his forces, including the minions that subdued and captured Iârion, were making great haste across the North Downs. Despite the enemy's efforts to get away, the heroes were smaller in number and eager to pursue their quarry. Iârion's captors took little care to cover their tracks, and so the hunters spent many hours chasing afoot without stopping to rest, eat or find their bearings. They traveled far into the night, hoping to overtake Thaurdir under the cover of darkness. But when the sun rose over the green hills, they had still closed little ground on their adversary.

Amarthiûl looked north to the horizon and sighed, worry etched upon his brow. "It's no use. Thaurdir is a Wraith of the shadow world, and his minions care not for food or rest. They travel unhindered for weeks without feeling weariness, while we struggle to keep pace." He turned to his companions, forlorn.

"Patience, my friend," one of the heroes said, clasping Amarthiûl's shoulder. "Whether it be at sunset tonight or a fortnight from now, we will not stop pursuing them until we have rescued Iârion. They must have some need of him alive, for we have seen no sign that harm has befallen him."

"Indeed, although that thought worries me equally," another of their company said. "Amarthiûl, what do you know of Iârion? What reason would Thaurdir have to take him captive? Surely Aragorn, Chieftain of the Dúnedain, would have been a greater prize."

The young Ranger took Iârion's pendant from one of the pouches he wore across his belt and stared at it remorsefully. "I... I am not sure," he said, shaking his head. "Iârion comes from a noble bloodline, that I do know. This is the symbol of his house," he explained, showing the heroes the pendant of the hawk-in-flight they'd seen Iârion wearing. "A lesser prize than Aragorn you say, and no doubt that is true. But Aragorn's true

heritage we have long kept hidden from the Enemy. Iârion's heritage needed no such safekeeping. As long as I've known him, he has worn this pendant proudly." The Ranger's eyes narrowed and he looked at the heroes with bitter vengeance deep in his thoughts. "Whatever the reason, I know what I saw at Fornost. Thaurdir could have taken many others, but left them dead or wounded instead. When Iârion challenged him, he sent his minions one at a time, sacrificing them to Iârion's blade in order to wear him down. He meant to capture Iârion alive. Perhaps that was his goal all along." The rest of the company nodded in response to Amarthiûl, whose logic seemed sound.

"All the more reason why we must pace ourselves," one of the heroes said. "We are no help to Iârion falling over with exhaustion. We must be ready to fight when we reach the Wraith. Let us press on!"

They continued to track their quarry for many miles, keeping a more sustainable pace, resting briefly when necessary and pressing onward with haste when the enemy's tracks led them downhill or through level country. Eventually they reached the edge of the North Downs, where the green hills gave way to the vast and desolate lands of northern Eriador. The weather grew colder and fouler the further north they traveled. Snow and freezing rain began to pelt their cloaks and hoods, and for the first time since departing Fornost, they felt the need to camp for the night.

That was the first night they heard the howling. It came from all around them, growing louder with each passing minute. One of the heroes took charge and alerted the rest of the company. "We cannot tarry. The wolves here are evil and vicious, and the darkness of night is their hunting ground." They quickly broke camp, the weight of weariness beginning to take its toll. Throughout the night, the incessant baying of wolves was ever at their heels. Amarthiûl gave voice to their common concern: "I fear our hunt has just become theirs..."

"The Wastes of Eriador" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Wastes of Eriador, Eriador Wilds, and Foul Weather. (Eriador Wilds and Foul Weather can be found in the **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)





## Valour

**Valour** is a new trigger that appears on some player cards in the Angmar Awakened cycle. **Actions** and **Responses** with the **Valour** trigger, presented as “**Valour Action**” or “**Valour Response**,” can only be triggered by a player whose threat is 40 or higher.

If an event card has two effects, one with the **Valour** trigger and one without, you may only choose one of these two effects to trigger when you play the card. You may still only choose the effect with the **Valour** trigger if your threat is 40 or higher.

## Daybreak & Nightfall

This scenario includes a double-sided objective, Daybreak / Nightfall. The Daybreak side of this objective has the text “It is Day” and the Nightfall side of this objective has the text “It is Night.” In and of itself, the condition of “Day” or “Night” has no inherent effect. However, many encounter cards in this scenario (including Daybreak and Nightfall) have additional or different effects, depending on whether it is currently Day or Night.

## Amarthiúl

Amarthiúl is an objective-ally in this scenario. During setup, the first player takes control of Amarthiúl. Amarthiúl has the text: “**Response:** After an enemy engages a player, give control of Amarthiúl to that player.” This response is optional, and allows you to give control of Amarthiúl to another player after an enemy engages that player. Amarthiúl does not pass from one player to another when you pass the first player token.

Amarthiúl also has the text: “**If Amarthiúl leaves play, the players lose the game.**” This text cannot be modified by card effects.





# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

## ESCAPE FROM MOUNT GRAM™

### Difficulty Level = 5

*Blindfolded, the company was marched into the tunnels of Mount Gram. It seemed they walked for miles uphill, and through many winding corridors. When the blindfolds were removed, they were deep in the heart of the Goblin stronghold, with no knowledge of an escape route.*

*Gornákh's dungeons were gruesome and awful. They smelled of rot and decay, and the floor was damp, covered in frost and slime. Flickering torchlight scarcely illuminated the dungeon's halls. The Goblins separated the companions and brought them down different tunnels, passing by chambers filled with wicked instruments. Cries of lament and pain echoed throughout the dungeons, filling them with dread.*

*The companions were thrown into separate prison cells, all windowless and scaled with frost. Some were dragged to cells close to the dungeon's entrance, and others were brought much further into the belly of the dungeons. Each was alone. Any attempt on their part to call out to their companions was met with a swift beating.*

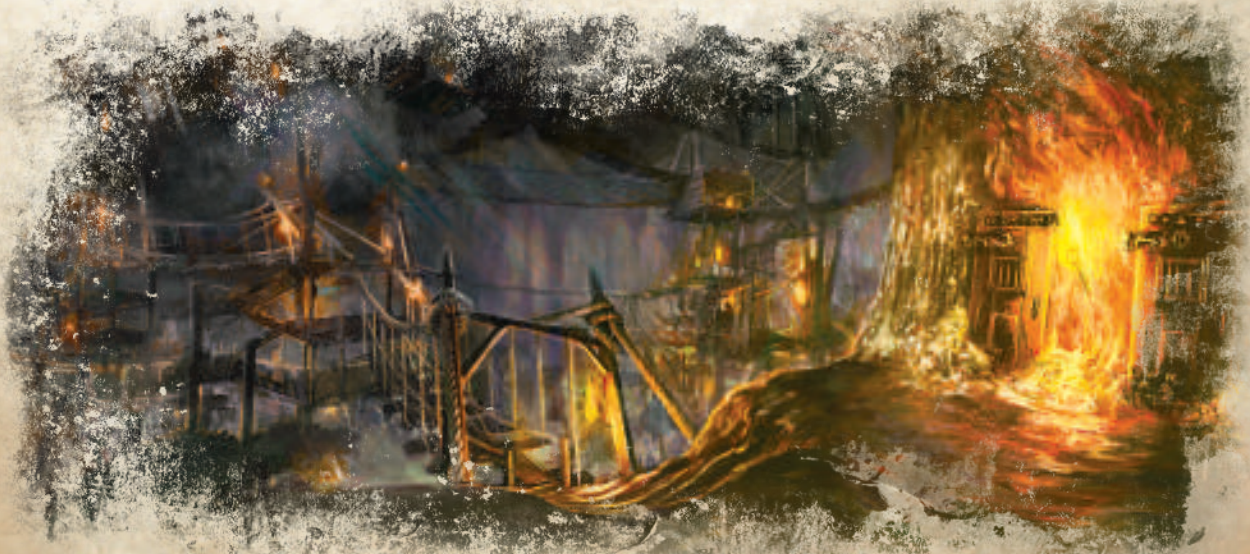
*One by one, they were brought to the chamber of Gornákh, who interrogated them cruelly at the edge of a knife or whip, adding to their scars and their misery whenever they gave an unsatisfactory answer. Even so, none would dare betray their companions or their mission, and spoke nothing other than witty retorts or curses under their breath.*

*On rare occasions, they were offered a repulsive meat of unknown origin that smelled of death, and likely tasted just as bad, though none of them dared to eat it. After prolonged starvation, however, even this foul meat was starting to look tempting. Having lost track of time in the never-ending darkness of the dungeon, they started to wonder if there was any hope of escape. A seed of despair took root and began to grow.*

*Finally, the monotony was broken when one of the company's heroes overheard what sounded like a regiment of Orcs arriving in the dungeons. "Gornákh!" a familiar voice bellowed, his voice echoing throughout the halls. "We have come to claim your prisoners in the name of Daechanar!" The hero stood in her cell and leaned against the cold bars, trying to see past the darkness. There could be no mistaking that voice, warped and tinged with evil. It was Thaurdir, the Wraith they had confronted in Fornost. The one who had taken their friend.*

*"But, we are the ones who captured them! They are our prizes, not yours... And I am not yet done playing with them!" Gornákh protested, angry with Thaurdir's presence.*

*The voice of Thaurdir was cold and imposing. "Remember to whom you speak," he responded. "Lord Daechanar has claimed these for his own. Bring them to Carn Dûm at once. They will make fine soldiers for the Lord of Angmar." There was a long, sinister pause. "Or do I have to remind you what Lord Daechanar does to those who do not obey?"*





The hero clenched her hand over the bars of her cell, surprised at the mention of a Lord of Angmar. The argument between Thaurdir and Gornákh grew heated. Several of Gornákh's guards ran out of the hall, presumably heading to where the argument was taking place. The hero shuddered to think of what fate might befall the Goblin who defied Thaurdir—or worse, the fate that awaited the hero's companions. Just then, a faint light crawled across the walls, and the lightest of footsteps approached the cell. The shape of a hooded man appeared, illuminated dimly by the light of a torch. The hero drew away from the bars cautiously.

"Don't fret," the man whispered, and Amarthiúl pulled down the hood that covered his face. He raised a keyring and unlocked the door to the cell, and a wave of relief washed over the prisoner.

"Amarthiúl! You came back for us!" the hero whispered, exiting the cell and embracing the Ranger.

"Of course. After the battle with the Goblins, I escaped and managed to track everyone to this mountain. I couldn't find a way in at first, but when Thaurdir and his Orcs arrived, I slipped in behind them. Once the jailor was distracted, I made my way to your cell. The way I came is now guarded by Orcs from the north. However, there is another exit, a hidden gate high in the southern end of the mountain. I overheard one of the Goblins talking about it."

"Good," the hero replied. "We'll find as many of the others as we can and make our way to this southern gate."

Amarthiúl hesitated for a moment, and clenched his jaw. "If Thaurdir is here, that means that Iârion is here as well. He must mean to bring us all north to Carn Dûm, together." He handed his keyring to the hero, closing his companion's hand around it. "There are many more of our company imprisoned here. Find them and make your way to the southern gate. I will try to find Iârion, and meet you there." The hero nodded, and the two clasped forearms. With that, the Ranger quietly headed back the way he came.

The newfound sense of freedom gave way to anxious dread. The halls were quieter than ever before. Alone and without weapons or gear, the task ahead was daunting. Even so, the rest of the company could not be abandoned. The hero steeled her resolve and went to work...

"Escape from Mount Gram" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Escape from Mount Gram and Angmar Orcs. (Angmar Orcs can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



## Preparing A Captured Deck

When setting up Escape from Mount Gram, stage 1A instructs each player to prepare a separate captured deck. A captured deck represents the allies, heroes and equipment taken from each player's party that he or she must find and recover before they can be played.

To prepare a captured deck, remove all allies, **Item** attachments, **Mount** attachments, and **Artifact** attachments from the player deck, and shuffle them together. This pile is now referred to as your captured deck. A captured deck does not have its own discard pile; any cards that are discarded from a captured deck are placed in its owner's discard pile.

After preparing his or her captured deck, each player chooses only 1 hero to be his or her starting hero. Then, each player randomly sets aside 1 of his or her other heroes, facedown. Shuffle any remaining heroes into their owner's captured decks, then place each facedown set aside hero on top of its owner's captured deck.

## Capture X

Capture is a new keyword in Escape from Mount Gram that represents locations or enemies that guard one or more captured cards. When an encounter card or quest card with the capture X keyword enters play, before resolving that card's "when revealed" effects, each player takes the top X cards of his or her captured deck and captures them by placing them facedown underneath that card. (If the players are at different stages of the quest, only the players at that stage perform this act.)

## Captured Cards & Rescuing Cards

When cards are captured facedown underneath an encounter card, those cards are called "captured cards," and are considered to be out of play, under no player's control. This can occur from the capture X keyword, or from encounter card effects that instruct a player to capture 1 or more cards underneath a specified card. If a card is captured from play, all tokens on that card and attachments on that card are discarded.

When an encounter card or quest card with 1 or more captured cards underneath it leaves play, all of the captured cards underneath it are "rescued" by their owners. Rescued cards are placed in their owners' hands. If a hero card is rescued, immediately put it into play under its owner's control.

## Creating a Staging Area

When each player is instructed to "create his own staging area," each player sets aside an area in front of himself to serve as his own private staging area. Only players that share a common staging area can interact with each other in any way. Players continue to resolve each phase of the game in turn order, starting with the First Player (which continues to move), but the resolution of each phase occurs as if only the player or players that share any given staging area are currently in the game.

- Players cannot affect players (or cards controlled by players) that do not share a common staging area. This means that you cannot lower a player's threat, play an attachment on one of his characters, etc., unless that player shares a staging area with you.



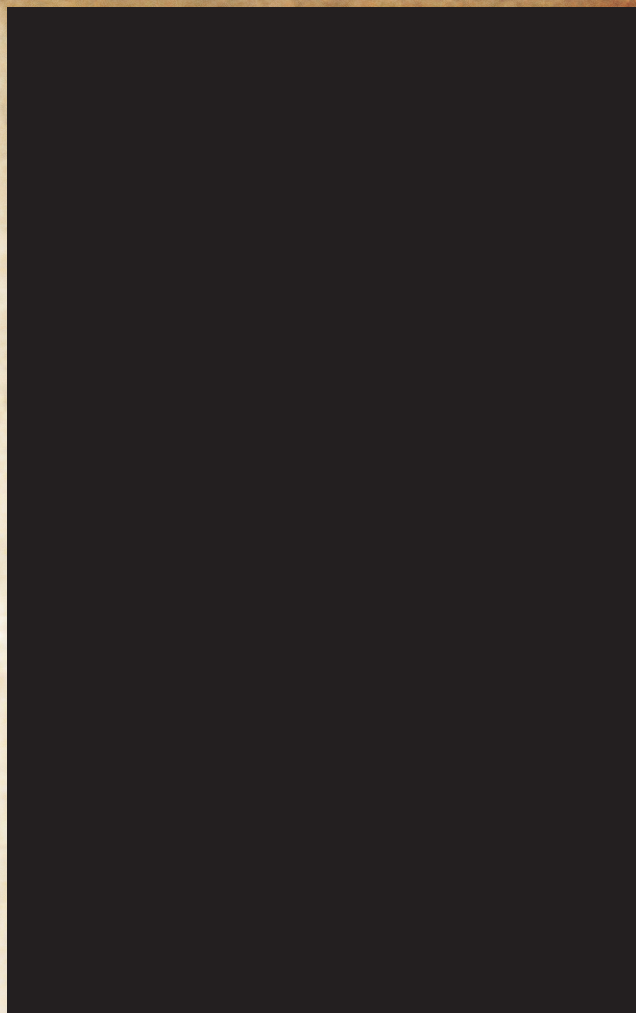
- During the encounter phase, players only reveal 1 card per player that shares their staging area. So in a 4 person game, where 4 players have been separated, each player would add 1 card to his staging area.

- Encounter card effects are limited to each staging area. For example, if an effect references “each player,” then that effect only refers to each player that shares the staging area to which the encounter card would be added.

## Joining Another Player

On stage 2B players are instructed to “join another player” if there are no captured cards underneath it. Joining another player happens at the beginning of the travel phase. The joining player(s) must add any encounter cards in his own staging area to the staging area of the player(s) he is joining with, keeping any enemies engaged with him and discarding any active location in the staging area being left. If multiple players have no captured cards underneath stage 2B during the same phase, they join quests starting with the First Player and proceeding clockwise around the table. If there is no player to join, then players must continue to stage 3.

**DO NOT READ  
THE FOLLOWING UNTIL THE  
HEROES HAVE WON THIS QUEST.**





# Rossiel

**I**eneth nin Ninnith. I call myself Rossiel, but it was not always so. At birth my father gave me the name Ninnith, a name I carried with me for centuries. My older sister was named after mother's red hair - rare among the Elves of Lórien - but when my sister's hair grew in, it was golden like the leaves of the Mallorn. All names are a prophecy yet to unfold, mother told us. But neither of us ever felt a connection to ours.

As a child, I was adventuresome. My tutelage began early, but I often spent my days exploring the woods of Lórien with my older sister. Father told me not to wander, but my heart was in the treetops. Deep in the dark of night I would climb one of the trees atop Cerin Amroth, the highest point in Lórien. I loved to look out to the northeast, towards the forest once known as Greenwood. Its treetops were barely visible on the horizon, green and full of life. And without fail, sister would sneak out and follow me through the woods. "Is your head in the clouds again, Ninnith?"

"Climb to me!" I'd reply, and she would, joining me atop the golden-leaved branches. We would sit for hours, watching the sun rising above the forest. When we returned to Caras Galadhon, mother would scold us. She would tell us to find one of the Lady's handmaidens and do whatever she asked of us.

I long for those days again. The days when the shadow was thin, Greenwood was green, and I could see my sister smiling.

My tutoring progressed more rapidly than hers. Elves spend hundreds of years learning and practicing their crafts, but I would master each subject within mere decades. Some called me a prodigy. I hated that word. It inferred I had some power to change my fate. Lórien was a beautiful prison, but a prison nonetheless. Before long I was under the tutelage of Lady Galadriel herself - a great honor. I rarely had the opportunity to visit my family. Most of my years were spent living in the great tree in the center of the City of Trees, separated from my sister. Unlike me, she was allowed to leave the Naith on diplomatic errands with an escort of Elves. She often traveled to Amon Lanc, what was once capital of the kingdom of Thranduil. Sometimes she would come to Lady Galadriel bearing messages from Thranduil himself. "My little Ninnith!" she'd call out when she saw me, her joyful smile warming my heart.

Many centuries passed. The shadow in the east grew. Whispers of a dark menace growing in southern Greenwood were met with sorrow and inaction. The last time I slipped out of the city and climbed Cerin Amroth, I looked towards Amon Lanc, and saw a great darkness over Greenwood. A shudder coursed up my spine. I had a terrible feeling, as

though I knew what was to come but could not accept it. As I looked out to the horizon, I knew I had to leave.

I ignored the shouts of the sentries as I descended the flets of the great tree with haste, taking a silver spear wreathed with leaves from the craftsman's halls. I ran as fast as my legs could take me, through the great gates and crossing the white bridge that was the only exit from the city.

I felt a terrible freedom as I ran through the woods of the Naith, weaving through Mallorn trees with steps as silent as the wind. But I could not bring myself to enjoy the journey, for I knew there would be no joy at its end. I did not stop running until I'd reached the Anduin, using one of the white boats that was moored on the western bank to cross the river. Although I'd never left Lórien until that night, my sister often spoke of the route they traveled to reach Amon Lanc. I recalled her words and followed the path they took without straying.

I reached the eaves of Greenwood at the end of the third day. As I stood before its towering trees, I felt the maleficent presence within. It did not stop me from entering, but with every step into the darkness, the shadow thickened. It wasn't long before I saw the horror which confirmed my worst fears. I dropped my spear and fell to my knees, my eyes watering.

The Elves were slain cruelly, trapped by thick webs and hanging from the treetops, a vile demonstration. Trembling, I climbed the branches and cut them free from their webs. Their skin was ghostly pale, gaunt as though it was stretched thin over their bones. Their faces were frozen in pain.

My sister was among them. My sister, Rossiel. Slain by monsters, children of Ungoliant that had infested the forest and driven Thranduil's people out. The beautiful Greenwood I sang about as a child. Tears filled my eyes and blurred my vision. I gripped my spear tight. Rossiel. My sister.

Her name would not be forgotten. Her name which mother gave her. Mine is meaningless; hers is the name to which prophecy is ascribed. The name I used to murmur in my sleep when I longed to see her. The name that brought a smile to my lips whenever I heard it. Her name would live on.

I reached up and touched a lock of my red hair in disbelief. All names are a prophecy yet to unfold.

From that moment on, her name would be my own. I vowed that I would one day cleanse the evil that inhabited this place. No longer would I allow myself to do nothing, to be held captive within the Naith. I took charge of my destiny, and strove out into the world, the memory of my sister forever burning in my mind.

I eneth nin Rossiel. Yes... Rossiel is my name.



PROOF OF  
PURCHASE  
Escape from  
Mount Gram  
MEC40  
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# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

## THE CARD GAME

### ACROSS THE ETTENMOORS™

#### Difficulty Level = 4

*The company had barely escaped from the dungeons of Mount Gram with their lives, thanks to the bravery of the Ranger Amarthiul and the skill and guile of the heroes who rescued their companions. Heading south from Mount Gram, they found the return to Rivendell fraught with peril at every turn. The need for haste forced the company to travel into the wild lands of the Ettenmoors, a decision they quickly regretted.*

*The Ettenmoors were an untamed and dreary land, overrun with Trolls and beasts that roamed the wilds, constantly searching for food. The heroes had recovered some of their belongings in the dungeons, but were exhausted from their imprisonment and in bad shape to be fighting such monsters.*

*The rolling hills were beset with horrid weather. The skies did not clear for even a moment, a torrent of rain constantly pelting their cloaks. The rain muddied the ground, soaked their clothes and chilled their bones. The clouds overhead were obsidian. At night, they blotted out the moon and the stars, and the occasional flash of lightning was the only light to guide them. Now and again, a roar of thunder crashed around them, setting their ears to ring.*

*There was little food to be found in the hills of the Troll-fells, and even less shelter. If they could find a haven - a small cave to hide in, or a patch of trees to give them cover - they could take a brief rest, safe from the Trolls and the rain. However, they would soon be forced to move again, for they would have to keep a steady pace to make it to Rivendell in time to help Iarion. At least, that was the reason they gave for their haste. They knew the Wraith Thaurdir was pursuing them still, and the thought of him catching up to them in this dreadful place brought terror to their hearts...*

“Across the Ettenmoors” is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Across the Ettenmoors, Eriador Wilds, and Foul Weather. (Eriador Wilds and Foul Weather can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)






#### Valour


**Valour** is a new trigger that appears on some player cards in the Angmar Awakened cycle. **Actions** and **Responses** with the **Valour** trigger, presented as “**Valour Action**” or “**Valour Response**,” can only be triggered by a player whose threat is 40 or higher.

If an event card has two effects, one with the **Valour** trigger and one without, you may only choose one of these two effects to trigger when you play the card. You may still only choose the effect with the **Valour** trigger if your threat is 40 or higher.

#### Battle

If a quest card has the battle keyword, when characters are committed to that quest, they count their total  instead of their total  when resolving that quest. Enemies and locations in the staging area still use their  in opposition to this quest attempt.

#### Objective-Locations

In this scenario, there are four objective-location cards: Patch of Woods, Secluded Cave, Abandoned Camp, and The Hoarwell. These cards are objectives that are also considered to be locations for all purposes, except they do not have , and can have the guarded keyword, like other objectives.

While an objective-location is guarded by another encounter card (including side quests), it cannot be the active location. Like other guarded objectives, once the attached encounter is dealt with, the objective-location returns to the staging area. Only then may the players travel to it. (If an objective-location is guarded by a location, traveling to the location guarding the objective-location does not count as traveling to the objective-location.)

#### Safe

**Safe** is a new keyword in the Across the Ettenmoors scenario, representing havens in which the players can take refuge from the harsh weather and vicious Trolls of the Ettenmoors.

When players travel to a location with the safe keyword, immediately return all engaged enemies to the staging area.

While a location with the safe keyword is the active location, ignore the “when revealed” effects of all treachery cards, treat the printed text box of all encounter side quests as if they were blank, and enemies do not make engagement checks. At the end of the quest phase, if a safe location is the active location, add it to the victory display.



## Amarthiúl

Amarthiúl is an objective-ally in this scenario. During setup, the first player takes control of Amarthiúl. Amarthiúl has the text: “**Response:** After an enemy engages a player, give control of Amarthiúl to that player.” This response is optional, and allows you to give control of Amarthiúl to another player after an enemy engages that player. Amarthiúl does not pass from one player to another when you pass the first player token.

Amarthiúl also has the text: “**If Amarthiúl leaves play, the players lose the game.**” This text cannot be modified by card effects.

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FANTASY  
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# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

## THE CARD GAME

### THE TREACHERY OF RHUDAUR™

#### Difficulty Level = 5

Having escaped imprisonment in the Goblin dungeons of Mount Gram and an icy death in the rugged Coldfells at the hands of hungry Trolls, the heroes had finally reached the woods of Rhudaur. The company made good time for several days, fair weather and plentiful food motivating them to travel at a brisk pace. Yet, no matter how many leagues they crossed, the dark presence and fear that had been tugging at the back of their minds ever since escaping Mount Gram never ceased to haunt them. When they slept, they were plagued by dreadful nightmares, and every waking moment was filled with the sensation of being pursued.

As they traveled, evidence of the kingdom's collapse peppered the woods. They crossed through ancient ruins and made their way around towers of stone and rubble, long forgotten and ravaged by years of disrepair. "This area has been largely uninhabited for centuries," Amarthiúl explained to them. "Once Rhudaur was annexed by the Witch-king, those loyal to him were called to fight in his long war with Arthedain. The kingdom of Rhudaur was abolished and left to ruin."

"They should have you teaching young pupils," one of the companions said with a chuckle, and Amarthiúl himself gave a smirk.

"Perhaps, but this is the path I chose for myself," Amarthiúl disclosed. His expression grew solemn. "When I was younger, I followed Iârion and several other Rangers on a hunting expedition. I was eager to prove myself to the others, that I could be one of them. But I was too brash and foolish, and the orcs captured me. Iârion risked his life to save me. His determination, his willingness to sacrifice everything, inspired me to become more than a scholar or a healer. I swore that I would repay my life debt with steel and blood. I wanted to become a warrior and a leader like him, to save others like he saved me." The Ranger gave a sigh and rubbed his forehead, worried. "Now he is the one held captive, tortured or worse, and I am powerless to help."

Amarthiúl appeared inconsolable. It had been tough watching the young Ranger's determination go unrewarded for so long. "I understand now why you are so driven to find him," one of the heroes said. "Do not lose hope. We are not defeated yet."

Just then, the young Ranger's gaze was drawn behind the heroes, deeper into the woods, and his eyes widened. "Is that what I think it is?" he muttered, and ran ahead. They hadn't seen Amarthiúl run that swiftly since departing from Fornost. It didn't take long to catch up to the Ranger - the building he had seen lay fifty meters away, obscured by trees and brush. The pinewood forest opened into a small clearing, concealed on all sides by

dense overgrowth. At the other end of the clearing, they saw a stone gatehouse, decrepit from years of disrepair, forgotten by time, but standing strong nevertheless. Behind the gatehouse stood the ruins of an ancient keep tucked into the woods. They had seen several such ruins throughout their journey, but what caught their eyes was the symbol painted upon the wooden door of the gate. It was the symbol of the regal hawk-in-flight. Amarthiúl pulled Iârion's pendant from underneath his tunic, where he wore it on a thin chain. "This symbol... It's the same!" he exclaimed, holding the pendant up next to the symbol on the door.

"You said Iârion wore this pendant proudly as a symbol of his lineage," one of the heroes said, and the company exchanged anxious glances. "This is a fortuitous discovery. We have not the slightest clue why Thaurdir - and this Daechanar who commands him - took Iârion captive at Fornost. If Amarthiúl is right and the Wraith was after Iârion in particular, these ruins might hold the answer to this mystery."

There was a murmur of agreement, and Amarthiúl nodded. "Then what are we waiting for?" he declared, an eager light in his eyes. But as soon as they opened the door to the gatehouse, a furious gale, chill as ice, knocked them to the ground. The wind shrieked. There was a foulness in the air all around them - in the ruins, and in the woods behind them. Something evil haunted Iârion's ancestral home, and worse, the malevolence that had followed them from Mount Gram was close behind...





“The Treachery of Rhudaur” is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Treachery of Rhudaur, Cursed Dead, and Ruins of Arnor. (Cursed Dead and Ruins of Arnor can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



## Valour

**Valour** is a new trigger that appears on some player cards in the Angmar Awakened cycle. **Actions** and **Responses** with the **Valour** trigger, presented as “**Valour Action**” or “**Valour Response**,” can only be triggered by a player whose threat is 40 or higher.

If an event card has two effects, one with the **Valour** trigger and one without, you may only choose one of these two effects to trigger when you play the card. You may still only choose the effect with the **Valour** trigger if your threat is 40 or higher.

## The Investigation

This scenario includes 3 side quests which are added to the staging area during setup, “quest side faceup.” These cards are double-sided, with a side quest on one side and a **Clue** objective on the other side. While they are quest side faceup, they function as an encounter side quest. Each of these quests has the text, “**When this quest is defeated, flip it over.**” This means you turn it so that it is objective side faceup. As an objective, each of these cards has text that allows the players to claim the objective and attach it to Amarthiúl, or to a hero. Therefore, by completing each of these side quests, the players are able to claim objectives that aid them in their quest.

## Amarthiúl

Amarthiúl is an objective-ally in this scenario. During setup, the first player takes control of Amarthiúl. Amarthiúl has the text: “**Response:** After an enemy engages a player, give control of Amarthiúl to that player.” This response is optional, and allows you to give control of Amarthiúl to another player after an enemy engages that player. Amarthiúl does not pass from one player to another when you pass the first player token.

Amarthiúl also has the text: “**If Amarthiúl leaves play, the players lose the game.**” This text cannot be modified by card effects.

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FANTASY  
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# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

## THE CARD GAME

### THE BATTLE OF CARN DŪM™

#### Difficulty Level = 8

*The leaves had fallen and winter's cold bite had crept ever southward by the time the heroes' company reached Rivendell. They were greeted by Elven guards who recognized the heroes and welcomed them, escorting the company into The Last Homely House and offering them food and drink, which they accepted heartily. When they asked to see Elrond, they were granted a swift audience and brought into Elrond's Hall.*

*The Elf-lord entered soon after, bidding the heroes to sit and tell their tale. The company spoke at length with Elrond about their long journey - their discovery at Amon Forn, the attack on Fornost, their imprisonment in Mount Gram, and the information they found in the ruins of Rhudaur.*

*When they mentioned the name Daechanar and showed Elrond the tome they had found in the home of Iârion's ancestors, his eyes narrowed with recognition and his jaw clenched. "That is a name I have not heard spoken in over a thousand years," he said. "The Daechanar you speak of was once a Dûnedain of Rhudaur. It is he who paved the way for the kingdom's collapse, defecting to the side of Angmar and joining the Witch-king as one of his trusted lieutenants. His brother Iârchon and his sons were among the few Dûnedain who managed to escape, fleeing here to Imladris to dwell for a time."*

*Elrond knew of what he spoke by memory. He had lived through these events, and not read of them in a book. "Not long after, the forces of Angmar laid siege to Rivendell. We were beset by our enemies for some time, but after many seasons we broke the siege. Iârchon was among those who fought to defend Imladris. I watched as he met his traitorous brother on the fields of battle. Daechanar was slain and the battle was won, but Iârchon was disturbed by his brother's last words and came to me seeking counsel. I still remember those words, to this day: 'I will outlive all of you and haunt your descendants long after you are dead. My master has seen to that. I feared that the lord of the Nazgûl had taught some manner of foul sorcery to his lieutenant, that which knits dead flesh and traps spirits long-deceased within this realm.'"*

*Amarthiûl's eyes went wide with fear and realization, and he rose to his feet. "Do you mean to tell us that the Daechanar who commands the dead we have encountered is this same Daechanar, who died so long ago?"*

*"Just so," Elrond replied, and bid the young Ranger to sit once more. "Only I believe he was never truly defeated - his body was broken, but his spirit remained. 'I will haunt your descendants long after you are dead.' You say that Iârion was captured alive at Fornost, and I do not believe this to be*

*coincidence." He paused for a long moment, considering what he had heard. "Iârion is of Daechanar's blood. I believe he means to possess Iârion, to use as his new body. Then, his return to this world will be complete. With the Witch-king in Minas Morgul, Daechanar would rule over the dark land of Angmar - you've already seen orcs at his command and the Goblins of Mount Gram in his allegiance. The safety of the north would be shattered." It seemed difficult to believe, but the wisdom of Elrond did not lie, and the heroes did not doubt for a moment the truth behind his words. Finally, everything they had experienced made sense.*

*"Iârion has been captive for weeks," one of the heroes said mournfully, hoping all was not lost. "Are we too late to stop Daechanar's plan from coming to fruition?"*

*Amarthiûl clenched the pendant of the hawk-in-flight which hung from his neck, and spoke passionately. "We must head north immediately!"*

*Elrond spoke calmly despite the dire situation, raising his palm to the Ranger. "Your bravery is admirable, young Ranger, but have patience. A powerful ritual such as this is not something easily cobbled together. It is no coincidence that Thaurdir and his forces attacked when they did. In several weeks, midwinter will be upon us. It is the coldest and darkest day of the year's cycle, the last day before life begins to spring anew. On midwinter's night, Daechanar will find his passage into Iârion's body easiest. If I am correct, he is biding his time and waiting for the right moment. That means we have time to gather our strength, and for you to rest. You must be weary from your long journey." The Elf-lord then called several Elves into the hall, and tasked them with traveling south and west to find as many Rangers as they could and summon them to Imladris. "I do not have a host of Elves to send into battle, but those I can spare will accompany you north, to the fortress of Carn Dûm."*

*The heroes looked at one another and nodded, confirming their intentions and rising to their feet. One of them gave Elrond a short bow and addressed him politely. "Daechanar must be stopped. We shall venture north as well, and see this mission to its end."*

*Amarthiûl turned to the heroes, his expression full of stern determination. "My friends, time and time again you have put your life on the line for my kin. Please, allow me to join you. Wherever your travels lead you, my swords shall be yours if you give me leave to assist."*

*"You have earned your place among us," one of the heroes said, clasping Amarthiûl's forearm. "We are grateful to have you fighting by our side."*



*For over a fortnight the company rested well in Rivendell, recovering from their wounds and exhaustion. Each day more Rangers responded to Elrond's call, arriving in Imladris with bow and sword, eager to seek vengeance for their brethren who fell in Fornost. They waited as long as they could to prepare for the assault, but they were soon out of time and could tarry no longer if they wished to reach Carn Dûm before the winter solstice. With a small but determined band of Elves and Rangers at their side, their only hope was to fight their way into the fortress so they could stop Daechanar's ritual...*

"The Battle of Carn Dûm" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Battle of Carn Dûm, Angmar Orcs and Dark Sorcery. (Angmar Orcs and Dark Sorcery can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



## Thaurdir

Thaurdir is a double-sided enemy card who is added to the staging area when setting up The Battle of Carn Dûm. One side has the **Captain** trait, and the other side has the **Champion** trait. Each of his sides has a **Forced** effect that triggers after a **Sorcery** card is revealed, or after he is "flipped." Whenever an effect flips Thaurdir from one side to another, after he is flipped to his new side, trigger his new **Forced** effect.

Whenever Thaurdir flips from one side to another, keep all tokens and attachments that were on him. He does not leave play during this transition.

Because Thaurdir has no encounter card back, he cannot be placed or shuffled into the encounter deck for any reason.

**Example:** The players are on stage 1B and Thaurdir is **Captain** side faceup. The players reveal the treachery card "Daechanar's Will," which causes the players to flip Thaurdir to his **Champion** side. Once flipped, he triggers his new **Forced** effect, which reads: "**Forced:** After Thaurdir is flipped or a treachery card with the **Sorcery** trait is revealed, Thaurdir heals 3 damage and makes an attack against the first player." Thaurdir will heal 3 damage and make an attack against the first player, and remain **Champion** side face-up.

At the end of that round, if Thaurdir is still **Champion** side faceup, the players will have to flip him back to his **Captain** side, because of the text on stage 1B, which reads: "At the end of the round, if Thaurdir is **Champion** side face-up, flip him." Once flipped he will trigger his new **Forced** effect again, which reads: "**Forced:** After Thaurdir is flipped or a treachery card with the **Sorcery** trait is revealed, deal 1 shadow card to each enemy in play."

## Valour

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If an event card has two effects, one with the **Valour** trigger and one without, you may only choose one of these two effects to trigger when you play the card. You may still only choose the effect with the **Valour** trigger if your threat is 40 or higher.

## Battle

If a quest card has the battle keyword, when characters are committed to that quest, they count their total **✖** instead of their total **☉** when resolving that quest. Enemies and locations in the staging area still use their **☹** in opposition to this quest attempt.

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# Amarthiúl

**I**ârion placed his hand on the hilt of his sword as he often did when he spoke sternly to his pupil. "You are not coming with us on this mission. I have made myself clear on this matter numerous times." His order was firm, his gaze unwavering. Years ago, when Amarthiúl's father fell in battle, it was Iârion who had taken the boy in and become his mentor, teaching him the ways of the Dúnedain. The boy was smart, but reckless.

"I am a better fighter than any of the others my age, and the swiftest. I have passed every test the elders have given me. I am ready, I swear to you!" Though Amarthiúl was only ten-and-four, he spoke the truth. Among his peers, he had proved himself to be of superior intelligence and skill at arms. The boy was quick to learn and already knew much of their people's lore, but he was more interested in hunting Orcs and other agents of the Enemy.

"You believe winning a hundred sparring matches and reading of the wars of our ancestors prepares you for anything, but you have never hunted an enemy such as this. Orcs are tough-skinned, mighty, and truly frightening. Their hate is overwhelming; it drowns their thoughts with rage and makes them more dangerous than you can imagine."

Amarthiúl put on a brave face and began to speak, but his mentor shook his head and cut him off. "My word is final. You are to stay here and continue your training." With that, Iârion and the other Rangers left Fornost with haste. Their mission was urgent. Scouts had reported Orcs venturing along the hills of Evendim. Whether they were agents of a greater plot or searching for victims along the shores of Lake Nenuial, the Rangers would deal with them all the same.

Amarthiúl refused to be left behind so easily. He gathered several days' worth of rations and armed himself with two blades from Fornost's armoury. He followed the other Rangers west, close enough that he could track their prints, but too far for them to tell they were being shadowed. The young Dúnedain took care to make sure he wasn't spotted; he knew if he revealed himself close to the river Brandywine, the Rangers would have no choice but to let him tag along.

The Rangers' pace was much faster than Amarthiúl had anticipated, crossing many leagues each day. Though he struggled to keep up, he was determined to prove he was capable of the feats of his brethren, and his resolve spurred him onward. He fancied that when he finally revealed himself to the other Rangers, they would be proud of him, impressed that he was able to keep pace.

Unfortunately for Amarthiúl, he hadn't anticipated the Orcs traveling east along the Brandywine. Seeing an easy target, they came upon Amarthiúl under the cover of night, when they were strongest and their foe was weary. When the first

Orc screamed a battle-cry in its guttural tongue, Amarthiúl froze and his heart pounded in his chest. The Orcs charged at him from all directions. Valiantly he drew his blades and tried to defend himself, but he was overcome with terror. His years of training fled from his mind, replaced by panic. Within seconds, he was overmatched.

The Orcs weren't looking to kill the young one. Instead, they knocked him to the ground and disarmed him. One Orc grappled him, and he was blindfolded and bound tightly with thick rope.

"Har! What have we got here lads?" asked an Orc with a laugh, kicking the bound Dúnedain cruelly.

"Looks like fresh meat," answered another. "Let's eat it!"

"Don't be too quick! This one's a young 'in. I bet there's more of his kind nearby. Let's catch 'em first. Then we'll kill the whole lot."

Amarthiúl cursed himself for his foolishness. Because of him, the other Rangers would be waylaid by the band of Orcs they sought to hunt.

"No! I'm the only one—" he began to say, but one of the Orcs gagged him with a sash of heavy wool and his voice came out muffled.

They tied him upside-down from the branch of a high tree and hid, knowing that any other Rangers nearby would come to investigate the sounds of the scuffle. Before long, Amarthiúl heard the sounds of leaves rustling around him, and suddenly the sounds of battle erupted like a storm. Blindfolded and unable to see, he could only listen helplessly as he heard swords whistle, bowstrings twang, the clash of steel on steel. And then, it was quiet.

Amarthiúl was cut loose and dropped to the ground, his bounds cut one at a time, though he was held from behind firmly by his wrists with a gloved hand. When his blindfold was removed, it was Iârion who stared at him wordlessly. All around the boy, the Orcs lay slain at their feet. Many of the Rangers were wounded, their armor nicked or cut loose, bleeding wounds being tended with herbal paste and bandages.

Iârion said nothing. It was the silence that stung the most. He knew he had failed them, he had put them in danger. "I... I..." he began, his heart leaping into his throat as words failed him. "...I'm sorry," was all he could say before he began to sob.

"It's all right, young one," his mentor said, taking the boy in his arms and resting a hand on his head. "One day, you'll return the favor."





# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

## THE DREAD REALM™

### Difficulty Level = 7

*The capital of Angmar was a terrifying place. Once the heroes had defeated the Orcs guarding the entrance and made their way inside, all was eerily quiet in comparison to the battle raging outside. The halls of Carn Dûm were cold and lonesome, though no matter where the heroes ventured within its walls, the feeling that they were being watched never ceased. The realm of Angmar had claimed immeasurable lives over many hundreds of years in its long war with the Dúnedain. With each step they took, their burden grew worse.*

*The fortress was sprawling, but if they strained their senses, they heard cries of pain coming from below. So, deeper into the stronghold they ventured, down many long and steep flights of stairs, the corridors becoming narrower, the stone walls pressing in all around them.*

*Somewhere within these catacombs, surrounded by the watchful dead, their friend Iârion was struggling in torment. Spurred onward by steel resolve, the heroes began their search...*

“The Dread Realm” is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Dread Realm, Cursed Dead, and Dark Sorcery. (Cursed Dead and Dark Sorcery can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



### Valour

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### Reanimated Dead

Many encounter cards in The Dread Realm scenario instruct players to “reanimate” a card. When a player is instructed to reanimate a card, place that card facedown in front of that player, as if it had just engaged that player from the staging area. Facedown cards that have been reanimated are called “Reanimated Dead” and act as if they are **Undead** enemy cards with 0 engagement cost, 2 ♠, 2 ♣, 2 ♥, and 2 hit points. As a reminder, each quest card has the text: “Reanimated Dead are **Undead** enemies with 2 ♠, 2 ♣, 2 ♥ and 2 hit points.” If a Reanimated Dead is destroyed or leaves play for any other reason, it is placed in its owner’s discard pile.

