

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE MÛMAKIL™

Difficulty Level = 4

The great jungle of Harad was unlike any forest the heroes had ever entered before. It was hot and the air was humid. Beads of sweat rolled down their legs as they made their way through the dense undergrowth. Leaves of every shape were packed together so closely that they could not see more than a few feet in front of them, and the forest canopy blotted out the sky leaving them with almost no way to navigate. If they had wandered into the forest alone, it is unlikely that they would have ever found their way out again.

Yet their Haradrim guides, Kahliel and his hunters, moved among the giant leaves and low hanging vines with confidence. This jungle was their hunting ground, and the prey which they now sought was an animal they had hunted many times before: the mighty Oliphaunt. A beast large enough for many men to ride upon its back, and strong enough to carry them all the way to Gondor. The Haradrim called the beasts Mûmakil and long ago learned the trick of capturing them and riding them. In times of war they built towers upon their backs from which to shoot arrows and hurl spears, but the people of Kahliel's tribe also used them for traveling great distances, as they hoped to now.

Their village was destroyed. Sauron's Orcs had come upon the boma by night and burnt it to the ground. Howling Wargs had pursued Kahliel's people into the jungle. The heroes barely escaped along with the few survivors of Kahliel's tribe. With no home to return to, Kahliel made the difficult decision to leave their homeland and make the long journey north to Gondor. There he hoped the heroes would earn his people safe passage into a new land where they would be free from the power of Mordor.

But to reach Gondor the heroes and their friends would have to cross the vast desert of Harad. There was no hope of making that journey on foot, so they entered the jungle to capture wild Mûmakil.

Even for an experienced hunter like Kahliel, it was a dangerous undertaking. The jungle of Harad was home to all manner of deadly creatures, from stinging insects to prowling tigers. Kahliel did not have time to explain all the dangers of the jungle to the foreigners who were with him, so he bade them be silent and step where he stepped, and stop when he stopped. In this way the heroes followed their Haradrim guides through the jungle.

After a few hours of speechless travel, their guide raised his hand to signal the heroes to stop. He then waved them over to where he stood and pointed at the ground. There was a large

depression in the soft earth, big enough for a man to lay down in. "Mûmak," whispered Kahliel. He looked up from the print and motioned with his eyes. The heroes followed his gaze into the jungle where they could see a trail rent in the undergrowth by enormous beast. Bent trees and crushed logs marked the Oliphaunt's passing.

"This track is at least one day old," said Kahliel, speaking softly. "It leads deeper into the jungle. This is not good. Many apes live there. They do not like Haradrim or outsiders and will attack if threatened. There are other dangers too, so be alert. Follow me."

With that, Kahliel resumed the hunt, and the heroes followed him.

"The Mûmakil" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Mûmakil and Jungle Forest. (Jungle Forest can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



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

The heroes could scarcely believe what they had accomplished. With the help of their Haradrim allies, they had captured several Mûmakil. Using the tribal knowledge of Kahliel's people, they were able to bring the beasts down without harming them. Once on top of the Mûmak, Kahliel's tribesmen fitted each one with a harness that allowed them to control the enormous animal.

They had journeyed into the jungle on foot, but they rode out on the backs of the Oliphaunts. When they reached the jungle's edge, they were shocked at how abruptly the lush growth ended. Once they cleared the treeline, the bright green of the forest was replaced by the light brown of the desert. League upon league of cracked earth and burning sand lay before them. Even with the strong mounts that they rode, it would be a long journey across Harad.

The story continues in "Race Across Harad," the second Adventure Pack in "The Haradrim" cycle.

Kahliel

Abaan watched his father put on his chieftain's headdress and lift his spear. "When will you take me on the hunt with you?" he asked.

Kahliel stood in the doorway of their hut and turned to face his son. He felt great pride as he looked at his boy. Only eleven years old, his son was already tall and lean. One day Abaan would be a strong man and a mighty chieftain after his father. But today he was just a boy, and the great jungle was no place for boys.

"When you come of age, you will join the hunt as I did," Kahliel answered him, reaching down to ruffle his son's hair.

"When did you go on your first hunt?" asked Abaan, as he sat down on the bench by the door.

Kahliel leaned his spear against the door and sat down on the bench next to him. He put his arm around his son and told him, "On my fourteenth birthday, my father took me on a journey to see Lorgan."

"The old man who lives away by the river?"

"The same," Kahliel smiled and continued, "He is a seer, and my father took me to him to begin my vision quest."

"Your vision quest?"

"Yes, Abaan. Each chieftain of our tribe must prove himself worthy by undertaking the vision quest. After we arrived at Lorgan's hut, the old seer started a fire and stoked it hotter until sweat ran down our heads like rain. Then he gave me the seer's drink and I fell into a trance. In my vision I walked into the deep jungle for the first time. I marveled at its beauty; the height of the trees and green on their leaves. When without warning, a large cat sprang at me from the undergrowth and I woke from my vision in a fright. My father saw me trembling with fear and said to me, 'What you have seen, you must kill.'"

Abaan's eyes grew wide, and he asked: "Did he see it too?"

"I know not," answered Kahliel. "And it mattered not. The vision quest was mine to fulfill if I wanted to be chief after him."

"How did you do it?" he asked, eager with anticipation.

Kahliel leaned his head back and closed his eyes to picture it. "I held my spear in my right hand as I entered

the forest. I didn't know where I was going at first, so I listened to the jungle and searched for tracks. I soon found them, and they led me deeper in. I followed them to a clearing where I stopped to admire the sky. That's when I recognized the trees from my vision.

"Suddenly, I noticed the jungle was still. The birds and insects were silent. It was so quiet that the beating of my heart was like drums in my ears. I knew in that moment that death lay crouched nearby waiting to pounce."

"Were you afraid?" asked Abaan.

"I was terrified," answered Kahliel. "I barely turned around in time to see the beast leaping toward me from the brush. In that instant, I leveled my spear and the giant cat impaled himself on the point."

Abaan's face was full of awe and wonder for his father as Kahliel finished his story. "I drew my knife and skinned the beast. I took its head for my crown, and carried it back to the village."

"Is that where you got your headdress?" remarked Abaan. "Is it the one from your vision?"

"The same," said Kahliel smiling. "When your mother saw it, she fell deeply in love with me, and we had you," he added playfully.

"Dad!" Abaan squirmed in his father's arms.

Kahliel looked into his son's eyes and said, "She would be very proud of you, son. Just as I am."

"I hope that I will fulfill my vision quest someday just as you did," said the boy looking up at his dad.

Kahliel's expression faded. "There will be no more vision quests Abaan. We are leaving the village and traveling north."

Standing up and taking his spear, he continued, "I go to join the hunt that will bring food for our journey. You must stay here and look after our guest. He and his friends barely lived when we found them on the desert road. They are a strange people, but they will guide us to a new land where we can finally be safe from Mordor."

Then, taking one final look at his boy before setting out, Kahliel left the village.



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The Mûmakil
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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

RACE ACROSS HARAD™

Difficulty Level = 6

Riding atop an Oliphaunt was a new experience for the heroes. It almost reminded them of sailing. They swayed from side to side with each lumbering step of their mount like on the deck of a ship, and the dunes below them rolled into the horizon like the waves of the sea. Overhead, the stars shone bright and the white light of the moon illuminated the desert around them.

They traveled mostly by night and rested by day to avoid the heat. They were amazed at how docile these giant creatures were once Kahliel and his men had fitted them each with a harness. The Mûmak responded to the rider's every command. It was so simple, that Kahliel insisted the heroes try it for themselves. Their attempts provided some amusement for Kahliel's men, but after a short while the heroes were driving the Oliphaunts with confidence.

"Good," said Kahliel clapping his hand on the hero's back. "You drive well. Almost as good as my son," he started to laugh, but it stuck in his throat and his voice trailed off.

The hero turned to look at him, but the chieftain would not meet his gaze. He stared into the distance, grief etched into his face. The hero chose not to say anything but turned his attention back to the task at hand. From his vantage point atop the Mûmak he had an impressive view of the desert. It seemed to go on forever. The ancient road beneath them stretched off into the distance where it was obscured in the darkness.

As the hero's mind wandered over the endless sand, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. He wasn't sure what it was, but he turned around to see that Kahliel was also alert and looking behind them. Had he heard something?

Then the sound came unmistakable: the eerie howl of a Warg. He couldn't tell for certain what direction it came from; sound could travel for miles over this open ground.

The Warg's cry was answered by another. The cry came from a different direction. Then, there was another louder howl. Nearer to them but still hidden from view. Soon the whole desert was alive with the sound of Wargs. Though he could not see them yet, the hero knew: they were being hunted.

Even from atop his towering Mûmak, the hero felt afraid. Out here in the shelterless desert, there was nowhere to hide. And where the Warg howls, there the Orc prowls. The hero gave the reigns a shake and urged his mount faster: it would be a race to the river Harnen.

"Race Across Harad" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Race Across Harad, Desert Sands, and Mordor Orcs. (Desert Sands and Mordor Orcs can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



Player cards with Doomed X



If a player card with the Doomed X keyword is played or put into play, each player must raise his threat level by the specified value.



Preparing the Orcs' Area



The setup for this scenario instructs the players to "Prepare the Orcs' area" To prepare the Orcs' area, the players must prepare a second quest deck consisting of stage 1C, stage 2C, stage 3C, and stage 4C, in that order. (The quest stages labeled stage 1A, 2A, 3A, and 4A are used in the player's quest deck, as normal.)



The Orcs' Area

The Orcs' area is a new play area, separate from the staging area, that represents the Orcs' pursuit as they try to overtake the players on their journey through Harad. As the players advance through their quest deck, the Orcs also advance through their quest deck, attempting to reach the same stage as the players and defeat it before they do. The quest stage on top of the Orcs' quest deck is called "the Orcs' stage." Each of these quest stages has the following text: "**Forced:** At the end of the quest phase, discard the top card of the encounter deck. Place X progress on this stage, where X is the discarded card's  plus the total  in the Orcs' area." Every round, this effect causes the Orcs to make progress on their stage, just as the players try to make progress on their quest stage. If the Orcs' quest stage has progress on it equal to or above its quest points, they advance to the next quest stage in the same way players would, first advancing to the "C" side of the next stage, resolving its effects, and then advancing to the "D" side.

While the Orcs are at a different quest stage than the players, cards in the Orcs' area are immune to player card effects, and are not considered to be in the staging area (and thus do not contribute their  to the total  in the staging area). Players are considered to be at "the same stage" as the Orcs if their main quest stage's name and number match the Orcs' quest stage ("2B—Racing North" and "2D—Racing North," for example).

When the players and the Orcs are at the same quest stage, cards in the Orcs' area are no longer immune to player card effects, can leave the Orcs' area, and are considered to be in the staging area (and thus do contribute their  to the total  in the staging area). Thus, when the Orcs catch up to the players, the players can engage enemies in the Orcs' area and travel to locations in the Orcs' area.

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

The Oliphaunts crossed the river with ease. The brown water of the River Harnen flowed around their giant legs and their riders stayed dry upon their backs. Angry shouts and howls pursued them from the southern shore. The Wargs paced to and fro along the edge of the water and Orcs shot arrows from recurved bows. The black-feathered arrows fell in the water around the heroes. A few stuck harmlessly in the thick hide of the Mûmakil.

And so the heroes crossed safely to the north side of the river and into the land of Harondor. The servants of Mordor on the further shore hated and feared the water and would not dare to swim. Instead, their pursuers would be forced to travel many miles to the Ford of Harnen. By the time the Wargs were able to pick up their trail again, the heroes would be far away.

But their journey was not yet finished. They had escaped the servants of Mordor that pursued them across Harad, but now they drew nearer to the Black Land itself. The heroes would have to travel many leagues within sight of the Mountains of Shadow in order to reach Gondor. Many foul creatures long ago descended from those dark heights to dwell in Harondor. At night they crawled out from dark pits to prey upon the unwary, and as the sky darkened around the heroes and their allies, hundreds of hungry eyes watched them set up camp.

The story continues in "Beneath the Sands," the third Adventure Pack in "The Haradrim" cycle.

SUGGESTED PLAY AREA FOR "RACE ACROSS HARAD"

The Players'
Quest Deck



The Orcs' Quest
Deck



Staging Area



The Orcs' Area



Thurindir

Thurindir knelt beside a little stream that ran through Chetwood and scanned the rocks for sign of his quarry. He was pursuing the Orcs who had fled after Iârion and the Rangers had prevented their attack on Bree. The Orc war party had been seen descending the Weather Hills and moving towards Bree-land when Iârion gathered all the Dúnedain he could to intercept them. There had been a fierce battle in the forest less than a fortnight from Bree, yet the villagers would never know how the Rangers had toiled and shed blood to spare them from the savagery of the Orcs.

Thurindir resented it not. He loved the little villages he and his kin protected and he took joy from the peace they provided. When he wandered into town to buy supplies, folk there stepped to the other side of the road and cast suspicious looks at him, but he only smiled to overhear them talk of their ordinary lives: the comings and goings of their neighbors, their favorite pipeweed, visitors from the Shire, and so on. Their easy lives comforted the Ranger, and he took solace from it.

But it wasn't often that Thurindir enjoyed a pint of beer or a comfortable bed, for his lord, Aragorn, often required him to roam further afield than most Dúnedain. Thurindir was an excellent tracker and fearless on the hunt, so his chieftain frequently asked him to track their enemies wherever they may be.

As he crouched by the stream, he guessed they were about a half-day ahead of him, moving north through Chetwood.

After the battle with the war party, most of the Orcs that survived had fled west towards the Weather Hills, but some few had broken from the main pack and struck out on their own. Thurindir had volunteered to track the stragglers himself and urged Halbarad to continue west with the rest of the Dúnedain to the Weather Hills.

"Can you handle them on your own?" asked Halbarad scanning the prints that led north. "I count at least three Orc tracks."

"Still many more lead west. You will need more Rangers to track them through the hills that way," replied Thurindir. "Take these men with you and let none escape. I will deal with these Orcs."

"Very well," said Halbarad. "May Oromë guide you."

Thurindir and Halbarad clasped arms and then Halbarad

led the rest of the Rangers west, leaving Thurindir to hunt alone. The Ranger followed the Orcs' trail to the bubbling steam where he crouched. Moss scraped from the rocks by heavy boots told him they had passed this way, and the fresh depressions in the mud on the other bank told him he was close.

Thurindir loosened his sword in its scabbard and cautiously followed the trail, being careful to make no sound in the light underbrush. After a short while he heard the sound of Orc voices. They were speaking to each other in the common tongue.

"There ain't no way them Rangers followed us here ya gutless rat!" said one. "They'll be after those fools that fled back west, so quit yer worrying."

"What makes you so sure?" asked another. "We left a trail easy enough to follow, thanks to yer iron boots. You should've taken them off when we fled."

"If you want my boots maggot, come here and I'll kick yer teeth in!" said the first.

"Garn! Knock it off you two!" hissed a third. "You make enough racket to wake the dead. If we are being followed, we ought to keep..."

The word 'quiet' stuck in the Orc's throat along with Thurindir's dagger. The Ranger had crept right up to the Orcs while they argued. In the same moment that he let his dagger fly, he drew his sword and charged the remaining two Orcs. He struck down the frightened one before he could raise his weapon, but the first was up and thrust his spear at the Ranger. Thurindir stepped aside and cut the Orc's right arm clean off. The Orc howled with pain and looked at the Ranger in astonishment.

"He was right about the boots," said Thurindir and plunged his blade into the Orc's chest.



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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

BENEATH THE SANDS™

Difficulty Level = 5

There had been a commotion in the night: something had startled the Oliphaunts and their trumpet calls awakened the heroes. They heard screams and the sound of scuffling, but they could see nothing in the utter darkness of the night. Kahliel called to his men to organize them, but his shouts were drowned out by the loud braying of the Mûmakil. That soon faded as the frightened beasts tore their harnesses and stampeded away into the desert.

When the morning came, the heroes searched the ground for signs of what had transpired in the night. They found strange animal tracks at the edge of their camp, and heavy lines in the sand indicating that some of their company had been dragged away.

"I don't recognize these markings," said one of the heroes, lightly touching one of the animal tracks.

"There's no blood on the sand," observed another. "What kind of animal takes its prey without spilling any blood?" he asked.

"The great spiders of the desert," answered Firyal. "They use their poison to paralyze their victims, then drag them back to their den to eat them."

"Then we must follow the trail to their lair and rescue our friends!" exclaimed the first hero, standing up and shaking the sand from his hands.

"Just so," said Firyal. "What say you Kahliel: Do we pursue the Mûmakil that fled in the night? Or do we seek the spiders in their den?"

The Haradrim chief narrowed his eyes and gazed into the desert, then he looked at the tracks at his feet. "The Mûmakil have fled beyond our reach, but even if there was hope to recapture them, we could not abandon our friends," he said. "Gather your weapons. We follow the spiders."

"Beneath the Sands" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Beneath the Sands, Desert Creatures, and Harad Territory. (Desert Creatures and Harad Territory can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



On Track / Off Track

Included in Beneath the Sands is a double-sided **Search** objective: On Track / Off Track. This objective represents whether or not the heroes are heading in the right direction to find their missing companions. When setting up the scenario at the beginning of the game, the players are instructed to add the **Search** objective to the staging area with the Off Track side faceup. While Off Track is in play, players cannot place progress on the main quest because they are searching in the wrong direction. While On Track is in play, progress can be placed on the main quest, but the scenario becomes more challenging because the spiders grow more vicious as the heroes draw closer to their lair.

Track

Track is a new keyword in the scenario Beneath the Sands that represents the heroes' efforts to locate their missing companions somewhere in the spiders' labyrinth. After the players travel to a location, if they are off track, they discard X cards from the encounter deck, where X is the active location's Track value. If any of the discarded cards has On Track printed in the lower right corner, then the players flip the **Search** objective to On Track. If the encounter deck is ever empty while the players are resolving the Track keyword, shuffle the encounter discard pile into the encounter deck and continue resolving the Track keyword. When the **Search** objective is flipped from Off Track to On Track, discard all resources on it.

Example: Mercedes is playing "Beneath the Sands" and the **Search** objective is Off Track. During the travel phase, she chooses to travel to Nest of Vermin with Track 3. After she resolves the **Travel** effect on Nest of Vermin, she resolves its Track keyword by discarding the top 3 cards of the encounter deck. However, there is only 1 card remaining in the encounter deck, so Mercedes shuffles the encounter discard pile back into the encounter deck and discards 2 more cards from the top, for a total of 3. One of the discarded cards has "On Track" printed in the lower right, so she discards each resource on Off Track and flips the **Search** objective to On Track.

Valour

Valour is a trigger that appears on some player cards in the The Haradrim 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.

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

The heroes found their friends bound by giant webs to the walls of the spiders' cavern lair, but there were others there too.

“Kahliel?” cried one. “My chief, is that you?”

Kahliel turned to see who it was that called his name. “Lorgan?” he exclaimed in astonishment.

“Yes! It's me!” answered a Haradrim man bound with spider cords. “And Hadid is here too! Look Hadid, our chieftain has come to rescue us.”

“We thought you were dead.” said Hadid with wonder at seeing her chieftain alive, and in the spiders' den.

“We thought the same of you. How did you come to be here?” Kahliel asked as he cut them loose.

“After the Orcs attacked the village, they took some of us captive,” answered Lorgan. “They put us in wagons and brought us to their tower in the Ephel Duath.”

“Cirith Gurat?” asked Kahliel.

“Yes,” said Lorgan. “They put us to work in the mines below the fortress, but we found a way out: a narrow passage that opened into the mountains. We climbed down and fled into the desert. The spiders must have captured us in our sleep because we woke up here.”

“Then there are others of our tribe still in Cirith Gurat?” asked Kahliel.

“Yes, my chief,” said Hadid. “Your son is there too.”

Kahliel froze. His heart dropped into his stomach. “Abaan?” he whispered, eyes wide with fear.

The Haradrim chieftain staggered out of the spider's cavern and braced himself against the entrance. “My son is alive, and a captive of the Orcs,” he groaned and stared across the desert

plain towards the Mountains of Shadow. Turning to face his companions, he continued: “I must rescue him.”

“Is this possible?” asked one of the heroes. “He is a captive of Cirith Gurat.”

“My chief, we do not have the strength to assault the fortress.” added Jubayr.

“I am his father!” Kahliel shouted, and the others were silent.

“I must at least try,” he stammered. “But the burden is mine alone. I do not ask any of you to come with me.”

“You shame me, Kahliel,” said Jubayr. “I only meant to say that we need a plan.”

“Quite right,” added the hero. “You rescued us from the desert and saved our lives. It is our duty to help you in your time of need, but we need a way into the fortress.”

“Can we not enter in through the opening Lorgan and Hadid used to escape?” asked Firyal.

“Perhaps,” answered the hero. “But the Orcs are certain to have noticed their escape by now, and their patrols will be doubled. If we are discovered, there will be no hope of rescue or escape.” he added thoughtfully.

“Then we must find another way in,” said Firyal, “but how?”

“We will enter through the front gate,” said Kahliel gazing into the distance again. This time his eyes were focused on a distant caravan coming up the Harad road. “The Black Serpent brings his tribute to Mordor as we speak. We will ambush his caravan, and march into Cirith Gurat under his banner.”

The story continues in “The Black Serpent,” the fourth Adventure Pack in “The Haradrim” cycle.



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Beneath the
Sands
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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

THE BLACK SERPENT™

Difficulty Level = 8

"There is an old fortress at the crossroads yonder," Kahliel pointed towards a rise in the distance, "on the other side of that ridge, where the Harad road meets the road to Cirith Gurat. The Black Serpent will camp there tonight."

"How do you know he will stay there?" asked one of the heroes with him. They were crouched next to each other atop a low hill in the desert watching the Serpent's caravan as it followed the northward road and disappeared from sight behind the opposite ridge.

"That is where we camp when we take our tribute to Mordor. All Haradrim do this," answered Kahliel. His eyes were focused keenly on the caravan. The sun was lowering in the sky behind them, but there was enough light for him to count silhouettes. He wanted to know how many warriors were in the Serpent's entourage before planning his raid.

"Should we not attack them before they reach the safety of the fortress?" the hero asked.

"No," said Kahliel, "If we attack them on the open plain, they will scatter and we will not catch them. If we wait until they are inside the fort, then they cannot flee."

"But how will we enter the fort?" asked the hero.

"The crossroads fort is a ruin: it has walls but no gate. The Haradrim camp there for the well."

"Then we attack through the gate and leave them nowhere to run," the hero voiced his ally's plan.

"Just so," said Kahliel.

The two warriors shared an understanding glance. Since making the decision to travel north together, Kahliel and the heroes had hunted Mûmakil together in the jungle, fought side-by-side against the Orcs upon the desert plain, and rescued their friends from the spiders' den. Each one of these encounters built trust between them and respect for each other's abilities.

But this ambush would be different; The Black Serpent and his men were Haradrim. The hero couldn't help but wonder how that would change things in battle, so he spoke with Kahliel as they descended from their lookout: "The men in that caravan are not Orcs or spiders, Kahliel. Are you certain that you can go through with this?"

Kahliel stopped on the hillside to face the hero. "They are worse than Orcs. Worse than spiders!" he replied sternly. His eyes were furious, but he kept his voice level. "The spider is a mindless beast. It kills only to eat. There is no malice in this. The Orc is a

slave, bound to the will of The Dark One. It has no choice but to do its Master's work. But The Black Serpent is worse than both because he is free to choose, and he chooses to serve Mordor. He worships The Dark One and dishonors his people by making them his thralls. I will not hesitate to strike him, nor will any who follow me."

The hero nodded and they resumed their quiet descent back to camp. Whatever happened after their raid began, the hero was confident that he could trust his Haradrim allies in battle.

*"The Black Serpent" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Black Serpent and Harad Soldiers. (Harad Soldiers can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)*



Guarded (X)

Guarded (X) is a new version of the Guarded keyword. When a card with Guarded (X) is revealed, instead of revealing the next card from the encounter deck, discard cards from the encounter deck until an encounter card with the matching type is discarded. Then, add it to the staging area and attach the just revealed objective to it. Once attached, an objective with Guarded (X) works just like an objective with the Guarded keyword.

Example: Matt is setting up "The Black Serpent" and the **Setup** on stage 1A instructs him to reveal a random, set aside **Harad** objective. He randomly selects **Banner of the Serpent** which reads: "Guarded (enemy or location)." Matt places **Banner of the Serpent** in the staging area and begins discarding cards from the top of the encounter deck. The first card is a treachery card, so he continues discarding. The second card is an enemy, **Southron Archer**. Since enemy is a type listed after the Guarded keyword on **Banner of the Serpent**, Matt takes **Southron Archer** from the encounter discard pile, adds it to the staging area, and attaches **Banner of the Serpent** to it.

Valour

Valour is a trigger that appears on some player cards in the The Haradrim 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.



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

“The Black Serpent has escaped,” one of the heroes informed Kahliel in the aftermath of the skirmish.

“Then he is gone,” replied Kahliel. “We have no means to pursue. Still we have his banner and his caravan, so we proceed to Cirith Gurat.”

“He may ride to the fortress and alert the Orcs,” cautioned the hero.

“No,” said Kahliel. “He is too proud to embarrass himself in front of his Master’s slaves that way. He will ride to his city, gather such soldiers as he has, and he will return here in wrath.”

“Then we must be far from here when he comes,” said the hero.

“Just so,” said Kahliel. “Let us move quickly to gather the Serpent’s things. Have each man strip one of the fallen and don his armor. I will wear the Serpent’s garb and deliver the tribute to Cirith Gurat.”

There were not enough disguises for all of the fighters in their company. Furthermore, there were many who were injured or otherwise unable to fight. So the heroes counseled Kahliel that he should appoint some of his warriors to take their camp further north and wait for them there.

The chieftain agreed and gave orders for his people to abandon the cross-roads fort and seek shelter further north. Kahliel told his people that if he did not return from the Orc fortress in two nights, they should continue north to Gondor without them. And with that, Kahliel and the heroes raised the banner of The Black Serpent and drove the stolen caravan along the road to Cirith Gurat.

The story continues in “The Dungeons of Cirith Gurat,” the fifth Adventure Pack in “The Haradrim” cycle.

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FANTASY
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PROOF OF
PURCHASE
The Black
Serpent
MEC59

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

THE DUNGEONS OF CIRITH GURAT™

Difficulty Level = 7

The tower of Cirith Gurat rose higher as the caravan drove towards the gate. Not as tall or mighty as Minas Ithil, it was still of Númenórean design, built after the fall of Sauron when Gondor kept watch on the land of Mordor. It was situated on the southernmost edge of the Ephel Dúath, where the mountain range bent away eastwards. From here the men of Gondor would have guarded the narrow passage into Mordor and kept watch over the land of Harondor. But as with Minas Ithil and many others, the tower of Cirith Gurat was captured by the Enemy when the vigil of Gondor failed and Sauron reentered the Black Land.

Since that time, the tower had become an abode for Orcs and other evil creatures. The heroes could see them now: Orc sentries in sable armor standing atop the wall. Each of them was armed with a bow of equal height and a quiver of black-feathered arrows. Their eyes watched the caravan advance up the steep rampart that led to the tower gate.

As they drew near, Kahliel put the Serpent's horn to his lips and blew a long note. The loud blast of an Orc horn sounded its reply from atop the wall. There was a rumble from inside the fortress and the drawbridge was lowered into place on mighty chains.

Passing over the bridge, the caravan entered the courtyard through the gate. Slanted eyes watched them through the murder holes, and a large Warg snarled at them from its resting place inside the entrance. The heroes were disguised in the uniforms of The Black Serpent and their faces were covered by the black masks worn by his men so that only their eyes were visible. Kahliel himself wore The Black Serpent's armor and carried the summons from Mordor. He handed the scroll to the Orc captain who approached him. The Orc didn't bother to read them but growled in the common speech, "You're late."

"We were attacked by bandits on the road," replied Kahliel.

"Were you now?" the Orc snarled. "And who would dare to attack The Black Serpent on the road to Mordor?" he asked mockingly.

"Fools who are dead," answered Kahliel. "They tried to steal the tribute that we have brought your Master, and they paid with their lives."

"Oh ho!" laughed the Orc. "So the Serpent has fangs after all! Well lads, better watch yourselves 'round this lot!"

There was a horrible chorus of laughter from the Orcs gathered around them, but Kahliel was unmoved.

"You will show me your dungeon while your soldiers unload the wagons," he told the captain.

"Will I now?" said the Orc amused. "And why would I do that?"

"Because those are your orders," he said, pointing to the sealed parchment in the Orc's hand. "Read them yourself."

The captain looked at the scroll with frustration, then looked back at Kahliel and snarled, "No need for that. If you want to visit the dungeon, my boys will be glad to show you. Just don't do anything funny, or you may end up staying longer than you wish!"

"Gharl!" he shouted to one of his soldiers, "Take these men below and show them the dungeons. The rest of you maggots get to work unloading these wagons!"

A scar-faced Orc with long, loping arms ran over with an iron ring of keys, unlocked a heavy wooden door, and led them down to the dungeons.

"The Dungeons of Cirith Gurat" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Dungeons of Cirith Gurat, Mordor Orcs, and Harad Territory. (Mordor Orcs and Harad Territory can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



The Captives of Cirith Gurat

In "The Dungeons of Cirith Gurat," players attempt to rescue their captive friends from the fortress of the Orcs. To help represent the captives' plight, The Captives of Cirith Gurat objective is added to the staging area during setup. It reads: "While a character is attached to an encounter card, it is considered to be a guarded objective with a blank text box." This means that characters who are captured and guarded by encounter cards lose their card type, and their player card status, and gain the objective card type instead. When a guarded objective is 'rescued' and returned to its owner's control, that card regains its card type and player card status.

Valour

Valour is a trigger that appears on some player cards in the The Haradrim 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.



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

The sun was rising as the heroes led the rescued captives away from the fortress of Cirith Gurat. They chose a winding path through the foothills of the Ephel Dúath. It was difficult and slow going, but the deep crags and giant boulders at the mountains' feet hid them from the watchful eyes of the tower. The Orcs would not pursue them by day, not while the sun blazed overhead, but they could mark their trail easily enough if they set out across the sand too early. So they stuck to the rocky path and quietly made their way north.

Around midday they stopped in a low valley to rest. The heroes went from captive to captive, dressing wounds and comforting frightened refugees. Kahliel sat apart and held his son to his chest. When they had found Abaan in the dungeon of the Orcs, there had been no time for Kahliel to comfort his boy. He was never more afraid than in that moment. His only concern was getting out of the fortress with his son alive. But now that Cirith Gurat was hidden from view by the Mountains of Shadow, the weight of what they had accomplished settled in and Kahliel's composure finally crumbled. He held his son and wept.

It was still many leagues to Gondor, and the Orcs would undoubtedly pursue them once night fell, but in that moment Kahliel did not care. His son was alive and unhurt. Together they cried tears of joy and anguish.

The story continues in "The Crossings of Poros," the sixth Adventure Pack in "The Haradrim" cycle.

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**FANTASY
FLIGHT
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PROOF OF
PURCHASE
The Dungeons of
Cirith Gurat
MEC60

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

THE CROSSINGS OF POROS™

Difficulty Level = 5

There were many glad reunions when the heroes returned to camp with the captives rescued from the dungeons of Cirith Gurat. Kahliel's people cried tears of joy and wonder when they saw how many of their loved ones had survived the Orcs' attack on their village, but their chieftain did not allow the celebration to last long. The red sun was already descending into the west by the time they returned, and the hunt would soon be up.

"This is the last leg of our journey," Kahliel said. "We cannot falter here. The Orcs' will send their Warg-riders to pursue us, and The Black Serpent will send his men after us as well. We must cross the river Poros before they find us, or we may never reach Gondor."

The whole company struck camp as quickly as possible. Children who were reunited with their parents held their hands, and the heroes supported the injured, as they set out across the desert.

"The Crossings of Poros" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Crossings of Poros, Mountains of Shadow, Desert Sands, Desert Creatures, Harad Soldiers, and Mordor Orcs. (Desert Sands, Desert Creatures, Harad Soldiers, and Mordor Orcs can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**. The Mountains of Shadow encounter set is included in this adventure pack.)



Multiple Encounter Sets

"The Crossings of Poros" comes with two encounter sets: The Crossings of Poros and Mountains of Shadow. When setting up the scenario, the Mountains of Shadow encounter set is set aside along with four other encounter sets. Only The Crossings of Poros set is used to create the encounter deck at the beginning of the game. Throughout the rest of the game the players are instructed to shuffle in other encounter cards from set aside encounter decks. Once a set aside encounter card is revealed, put into play, placed in the encounter discard pile, or shuffled into the encounter deck, it is considered to be part of the encounter deck for the rest of the game.

Removed from the Game

When the players advance to a stage 2A, they are instructed to shuffle either the Desert Sands or Mountains of Shadow encounter set into the encounter deck and remove the other one from the game. When an encounter set is removed from the game, it should be placed back in the box and remain unused for the rest of the game. Effects that target a "set aside" encounter set cannot target an encounter set that has been removed from the game.

Encounter

Encounter is a keyword that appears on player cards with an encounter card back, and it has the following rules:

- Player cards with the encounter keyword cannot be included in any player's deck because they have encounter card backs. Instead, when setting up a scenario, each player may set up to 3 cards with the encounter keyword aside, out of play. These cards do not count toward the player's deck minimum of 50 cards.
- Player cards with the encounter keyword have a dash (-) instead of a cost because they are never played from a player's hand. Instead, player cards with the encounter keyword are meant to be shuffled into the encounter deck. In order to shuffle one of the set aside player cards into the encounter deck, a card effect must instruct a player to do so.
- The "when revealed" effect on player cards with the encounter keyword cannot be canceled.
- If a player card with the encounter keyword is dealt as a shadow card to an enemy, it is treated like an encounter card: place it in the encounter discard pile after resolving that enemy's attack.
- If a player card with the encounter keyword leaves play, it is removed from the game. Do not place it in a player's discard pile or in the encounter deck discard pile.



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

After the din of battle faded and the enemy was driven back from the Crossings at Poros, there was an uncomfortable silence as the Gondorians who guarded the ford exchanged looks with the Haradrim who followed the heroes across. Nervous glances were cast from soldier to refugee and back. As Kahliel marked the mistrust in the Gondorians' eyes he grew afraid that his people might have risked everything to reach this point only to be turned away. He looked at the heroes who had traveled here with him and wondered if they would abandon him now that they were safe.

"Greetings," said a Gondorian, breaking the silence. He spoke to the heroes in the common speech, but his eyes looked warily at the Haradrim who huddled together by the river bank. "I am Targon, Captain of the Crossing. Who are these people with you? And what is their business here?"

Kahliel noticed that Targon did not sheathe his blade and neither did his men, though they had lowered them since the fight. The heroes sheathed their weapons, and one of them held out his palm in token of peace before speaking, "Well met Targon of Gondor. This is Kahliel, chieftain of his tribe, and these are all that is left of his people. Their village was destroyed by Orcs after they rescued us from the desert and sheltered us in their homes. They have traveled many leagues with us to seek refuge in the land of Gondor."

Wonder filled Targon's eyes as he listened to the hero's story, but he remained cautious. "How did you come to be in Far Harad yourselves?" he asked.

"We set sail from Mithlond to avenge Lord Calphon after he was murdered by Corsairs in an attack on the Grey Havens," answered the hero. "We pursued his killers all the way to Umbar where justice was done to the pirates who carried out the raid. But our ship was sunk and we were stranded in the City of Corsairs, so we fled into the desert. There we would have died if not for this man." The hero put his hand on Kahliel's shoulder.

"The Lord Calphon is dead?" said Targon. "That is ill news, and you have done well to avenge it." He paused a moment to consider what was said before passing his judgment, "You and your companions are free to enter the land of Gondor, but I must detain the Haradrim here; for we have not had dealings with the people of Harad since the rule of the Stewards began. It is for the Lord Denethor to decide their fate."

"Then take us to Lord Denethor by the speediest way, Captain Targon," urged the hero. "And let Kahliel come with, so that we might plead his people's case before the Steward."

The captain was surprised by the hero's loyalty for the Haradrim. "Very well," he replied. "Their chieftain will represent his people before the Steward, but no others. The rest must surrender their weapons and remain here."

There was some commotion among the Haradrim when they heard this, and Kahliel held his son close to his side. The Gondorians stepped forward to collect their weapons, and they looked at the heroes with nervous eyes. The heroes nodded and the Haradrim reluctantly began to offer up their weapons.

Captain Targon extended his hand towards Abaan and motioned for Kahliel to let him go. "The boy will be safe here under my care," he started to say, but Kahliel stepped in front of his son and his hand went to the hilt of his sword. Death was in his eyes.

Captain Targon stepped back and shouted "Guards!"

They might have come to unhappy blows if the hero had not thrown himself between them with his hands up. "Hold!" he shouted. "Hold!" He looked at Kahliel and said, "Be still! This man is not our enemy."

The chieftain's eyes glowed hot and his nostrils flared, but he relaxed his grip and lowered his arm, never taking his gaze off the Captain.

The hero looked at Targon and explained, "The boy is his son, Abaan. Kahliel thought him dead after the assault on their village. He risked everything to rescue him from the Orcs in Cirith Gurat. You cannot ask them to be separated."

Captain Targon only took his eyes off Kahliel for a second to glance at the boy, then to the hero, and back to Kahliel. When he saw that Kahliel had relaxed his weapon arm, he signaled his men to stand down with a wave of his arm and sheathed his sword. "I also have a son," he said, speaking to Kahliel. "I don't know what I would do if he were taken by Orcs, but if I had him back again I would never let go. Your son may go with you."

An expression of gratitude replaced the fire that was in Kahliel's eyes and he raised his palms in a gesture of peace. Then he slowly drew his sword and presented the hilt to Targon. As he surrendered his weapon to the Gondorian he said, "May you live to see your grandchildren's children."



Epilogue

Captain Targon himself escorted Kahliel and the heroes to Minas Tirith. He left orders with his men that Kahliel's people were to be housed and fed while they sought the Steward's judgment. They traveled first to the port city of Pelargir, where they boarded a ship bound for the capital. Kahliel and his son enjoyed their voyage upriver, even if most of the crew looked at them unfavorably. The two Haradrim had never been on a boat before. Abaan leaned over the side to watch the bow speed through the water and feel the spray on his face. Kahliel smiled to see his son happy again after his ordeal in Cirith Gurat.

When their ship docked at the Harlond, they got their first glimpse of the White City. The proud chieftain would never have imagined such a place existed: seven walls ascended the mountainside to a high plateau, and thereupon stood the shining tower of Ecthelion. It looked to him as if the city had been built by gods and not men. The Haradrim's wonder only grew as they approached the Gate of Gondor and entered through. By the time they had climbed the winding road through all seven levels of the city and reached the doors of the tower, they were speechless.

Captain Targon presented himself to the guards at the door and they were permitted to enter. The guards spoke no words and opened the doors for them to pass through. Inside the Tower Hall they found the Lord Denethor sitting on the Seat of the Steward at the foot of the throne. He leaned forward in his seat and watched the heroes and their companions cross the high-pillared hall. Abaan thought the old man looked like a hawk perched on the edge of his seat, indeed his eyes were sharp and searched each one of them as they approached.

"My Lord Steward," said Targon, kneeling before the throne. "I am Targon, Captain of the Crossing at Poros, where a fortnight past we did battle with Orcs and Southrons who pursued my companions here to the river. The enemy was denied the crossing, but there are many Haradrim who remain in the custody of my men. They came with these adventurers seeking asylum. This man, Kahliel, is their chieftain. I have brought him here to receive your judgment."

"Well done, Captain," said the Steward, motioning for him to stand. "Remain here until judgment is passed." Then, looking at the Haradrim warrior who stood in the Hall of Gondor he said, "Step forward Kahliel, and tell me the tale of your people."

The chieftain remembered his people who were depending on him, and told the Steward his story: from refusing to pay the Dark Lord's tribute and the Orc's attack on his village, to rescuing the heroes and their long journey together. To all of this the Lord Denethor listened intently, but no emotion escaped his countenance. In the end he agreed to allow Kahliel's tribe to enter Gondor, but not to stay.

"You may not serve the Dark Lord," Denethor said to Kahliel, "but many of your countrymen still do. And while Harad remains hostile to Gondor, no Haradrim may dwell in our land. Because of the actions of these men with you and their testimony on your behalf, I will permit you to cross our borders, but you cannot settle here. You must seek a place for your people to the north, beyond my realm."

Kahliel spoke no words, but bowed to the Steward's judgment. Before Denethor permitted them to leave, he made Kahliel swear an oath never to take up arms against Gondor or her allies. Then he dismissed them into the care of Captain Targon.

The Captain led them out into the Court of the Fountain, and there Kahliel spoke to the heroes. His voice was strained. "What now will become of my tribe," he asked them. "We have escaped the Enemy, but now we are a houseless people. Surely we will be despised wherever we go."

"Gondor is not the only realm in Middle-earth," reassured one of the heroes. "There are others who are not so proud. Perhaps King Brand in Dale will have room for you. His kingdom already has dealings with Elves and Dwarves; your people are closer kin than they." He smiled.

"Tell me of Dale and King Brand," said Kahliel.

The hero shared his knowledge of the Northmen with Kahliel as they followed Targon down the winding road through Minas Tirith on their journey back to Poros.



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