

The LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME



ANGMAR AWAKENED

CAMPAIGN GUIDE

Introduction

“Men once dwelt here, ages ago; but none remain now. They became an evil people, as legends tell, for they fell under the shadow of Angmar. But all were destroyed in the war that brought the North Kingdom to its end. But that is now so long ago that the hills have forgotten them, though a shadow still lies on the land.”

—Aragorn, *The Fellowship of the Ring*

Welcome to *Angmar Awakened*, a campaign expansion to *The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game*. This expansion explores the lost Dúnedain realm of Arnor and the tireless efforts of the Rangers to safeguard the people who still live in that country. Nine original scenarios task players with aiding the Dúnedain in their secret vigil.

Component Overview

The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game – Angmar Awakened campaign expansion includes the following components:

- This rulebook
- 359 cards, consisting of:
 - 24 Quest Cards
 - 290 Encounter Cards
 - 9 Campaign Cards
 - 36 Boon and Burden Cards

Expansion Symbol

The cards in the *Angmar Awakened* campaign expansion can be identified by this symbol before each card’s collector number.



Campaign Mode




The scenarios in the *Angmar Awakened* campaign expansion can be played individually or in campaign mode. When doing playing in campaign mode, all nine scenarios are played in sequential order, using the campaign cards, boons, and burdens to modify each scenario. For full campaign mode rules, see pages 30–31 of the Learn to Play book included in the core set.

When playing campaign mode, the Amarthiúl hero cannot be used until indicated by a campaign card.

Rules & New Terms

The following new keywords and card types appear in multiple scenarios in this expansion. Rules that are unique to a specific scenario are included alongside that scenario’s narrative and setup text later in this rulebook.

Battle

While characters are committed to the quest, if the quest card has the battle keyword, those characters 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.

"Immune to player card effects"

Cards with the text “immune to player card effects” ignore the effects of all player cards. Additionally, cards that are immune to player card effects cannot be chosen as targets of player card effects.

Indestructible

An enemy with the indestructible keyword cannot be destroyed by damage, even when it has damage on it equal to its hit points.

Objective-Allies:

Iârion & Amarthiúl

Iârion and Amarthiúl are objective-allies that appear in several scenarios in this expansion.

During setup for a scenario featuring Amarthiúl, the first player takes control of him. Amarthiúl has the text: “**Response:** After an enemy engages a player, give control of Amarthiúl to that player.” As with any response ability, this ability is optional. Control of Amarthiúl does not pass from one player to another when the first player token is passed.

Iârion and Amarthiúl both have the text: “**If this character leaves play, the players lose the game.**” This text cannot be modified by card effects.

Time X

The Time X keyword represents the urgency of the heroes’ quest. When a card with the Time X keyword is revealed, the players put X resource tokens on that card. These tokens are called “time counters.” At the end of each refresh phase, remove one time counter from each card with the Time X keyword, if able. When the last time counter is removed, there is a triggered effect that resolves on that card.

Side Quests

Side quests are a new type of quest card in the *Angmar Awakened* expansion. Side quests represent secondary adventures that the heroes may undertake while pursuing the main goals of the quest deck. Side quests are never considered to be a part of the quest deck. The top card of the quest deck is called the “main quest.”

Encounter Side Quests

A side quest with an encounter card back is called an “encounter side quest.” An encounter side quest is both a quest card and an encounter card. Each encounter side quest is part of an encounter set and it is shuffled into the encounter deck when setting up a scenario that uses that encounter set. When an encounter side quest is revealed from the encounter deck, it is added to the staging area. Because side quests are quest cards as well as encounter cards, **the “when revealed” effects of side quests cannot be canceled by player card effects.** If a side quest is dealt to an enemy as a shadow card, it functions as any other encounter card without shadow text.

Side Quests in Play

While any side quest is in the staging area, it functions like a quest card with the following exception: when a side quest is defeated, the players do not advance to the next stage of the quest deck. Instead, the side quest is added the victory display.

At the beginning of each quest phase, if there are one or more side quests in the staging area, the first player may choose one to be the current quest until the end of the phase instead of the quest card that is currently active via the quest deck. While a side quest is the current quest, any progress that the players make is placed onto that side quest and any card effects that affect the current quest affect that side quest. Progress must still be placed on the active location before it can be placed on a side quest. Any progress that is made beyond the current quest’s total quest points is discarded; do not place progress on any other quest card in play.

Anatomy of Encounter Side Quests

- 1. Card Title:** The name of the side quest.
- 2. Encounter Set Icon:** Each encounter side quest has an encounter set icon that indicates to which set of encounter cards it belongs. This is used in conjunction with the “Encounter Information” icons on side A of the quest cards of any scenario to determine which encounter sets are used to build the encounter deck.
- 3. Game Text:** The special abilities and italicized flavor text unique to the side quest while it is in play.
- 4. Set Information:** The encounter side quest’s unique identification number within its encounter set.
- 5. Quest Points:** The number of progress that must be placed on the side quest in order to defeat it.
- 6. Victory Points:** Each side quest has a victory point value to indicate that it should be added to the victory display when it is defeated.



Scenario 1: Intruders in Chetwood

Difficulty level = 6.

The House of Elrond was bustling with preparations. Fall was turning the leaves on the trees of Rivendell to flaming colors, and the valley echoed with the singing of merry voices. The Elves were gathering the last of the summer harvest to celebrate the Autumnal Equinox. All were busy except the Master of the House and his guests, a band of weary travelers who had recently arrived from important errands in Gondor and Dunland. The heroes were tired from a journey of many leagues fraught with peril, and Elrond had welcomed them to rest in his home and tell what they could of their adventures.

In the Hall of Fire, Elrond spoke with the heroes at length concerning their service to the White Council. Many great deeds they had done to forestall the growing power of Mordor, and for their acts of valor, Elrond made them honored guests and bid them stay until they were refreshed.

While they spoke with the Elf-lord, a messenger entered the Hall to announce another traveler newly come to Rivendell. Behind him stood a tall man of proud bearing. He wore the weather-stained garb of a Ranger. From the man's appearance, it was clear that his errand was urgent.

"Mae govannen, Dúnadan," said Elrond, "The sons of Valandil are welcome in Imladris."

The Ranger placed his hand over a hawk pendant he wore on a chain around his neck and bowed. "My lord," he spoke, "My name is Iârion, and I have ridden here in haste to seek my kinsman, Aragorn. There is evil afoot in the untamed lands north of Bree, and we Rangers have need of our Chieftain."

"The son of Arathorn is not here," answered Elrond. Gesturing for the Ranger to sit in the empty chair next to him. He continued: "But tell me more of your errand. Long have the Dúnedain kept the villages of Bree safe with secret vigil, yet seldom have they sought for aid in that thankless task. What evil drives you here now?"

The Ranger took the seat that was offered to him before explaining: "Orcs have been discovered west of the Weather Hills in greater number than we have seen in many years. They are spying out the land, and we believe they plan to attack."

"Alas, Aragorn is far afield with my sons and the warriors of my house," replied Elrond. "Until they return, I have no one to send to your aid."

Iârion looked downcast but mastered himself before speaking: "Then I must return at once to my kinsman and

help them prepare as best I may."

"I will tell your Chieftain of the threat to his people as soon as he returns," said the Elf-lord.

The Ranger stood up, bowed to Elrond, and turned to leave, but the heroes who were sitting there rose to their feet and stepped forward. "We will come with you," spoke one, and the rest nodded in agreement.

"I thank you strangers," replied Iârion. "But as Master Elrond has said, our deeds are secret and thankless; we Dúnedain receive no reward for our sacrifice, and neither do we have any to offer."

"Hunting Orcs is its own reward," said the hero evenly, and continued, "we will not sit idle here while you and your folk fight this battle. Not while we have strength left. We will come."

"Then let us ride swiftly to the aid of my people," said Iârion with fresh hope in his eyes.

"May the favor of the Valar be upon each of you in this task," spoke Elrond in farewell.

Together the Ranger and the heroes bade farewell to the Last Homely House. They rode west from the valley of Rivendell toward the villages of Bree-land. They followed the Old Road over the Last Bridge all the way to the southern end of the Weather Hills. There they turned aside to climb Weathertop, the tallest of the hills. Its summit commanded a great view of the surrounding area, and Iârion told his companions there would be Rangers keeping vigil there. From them, the Dúnadan hoped to learn some news before pressing on.

When they reached the top, they found two Dúnedain who greeted them. "Ho, Iârion. I see you have brought others to help us, but I fear it may be too late," one of them said grimly. "A large number of Orcs descended from the hills last night. A war party it seemed to us, but moving warily and avoiding the road. We watched them creep north and west along the edge of the marsh until they disappeared beyond the fens."

"It is likely that they mean to come upon the villages of Bree-land from the north," replied Iârion looking in the direction the Rangers indicated. "Our people in Chetwood must be warned! One of you take my horse and ride with haste to do so. My companions and I will follow the Orcs and do what we can do to delay them."

Turning to the heroes, Iârion laid his hand on the pommel of his sword as he addressed them: "There are many lonely homesteads north of Bree. We must do what we can to track these Orcs and safeguard those people. Come!"

Setup

The Intruders in Chetwood encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Intruders in Chetwood*, *Iârion*, *Eriador Wilds*, and *Angmar Orcs*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: *Intruders in Chetwood* campaign card (♣156), *Iârion's Pendant* (♣157), and *Protect the Innocent* (♣158a).

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

Iârion leaned on the hilt of his sword and watched the last of the Orcs flee to the east, away from peaceful villages near at hand. The Ranger and his company of heroes had chased their quarry to the very borders of Bree-land, where they forced their enemy to turn and give battle.

The war-party was better armed and better disciplined than the sort of ordinary rabble the Ranger was accustomed to hunting, but in hindsight it seemed clear to Iârion that the Orcs were bent more on pillaging than fighting, for they broke and fled after only a short battle.

"Clearly these Orcs did not expect to be met by such determined resistance," said one of the heroes triumphantly, looking down at the body of the last Orc they had slain before the rest turned to flee.

Roused from his tired musings, Iârion turned to face them and replied gravely, "Yes, but the audacity of their attack unnerves me; the Orcs have not dared to venture this far west in years. What is it that leads them here now?"

The heroes could see the concern in the Ranger's eyes, and the rush of victory faded as they considered the implications of his question.

"I'm afraid our work is not yet finished, my friends," said Iârion, gazing into the distance. "There is to be a gathering of the Dúnedain at Fornost in a few days to celebrate the Autumnal Equinox. I must go thither with news of this attack for I fear it is but a prelude of things to come, and the Rangers must be ready for what follows."

Turning to the heroes with him, Iârion continued, "However, we cannot allow those Orcs that fled to escape, or they may return again in even greater numbers. Since I must go to Fornost, I ask you: will you track them in my stead?"

From the strained look in his eyes, the heroes could see how hard it was for the honorable Ranger to burden them with this dangerous task, so they made him an oath that none of the Orcs who had ventured so close to Bree would live to return again.

"Well said," replied Iârion. Then, he raised his sword in salute and spoke, "May the spirit of Oromë guide you on your hunt!"

With that, the Ranger sheathed his blade and hurried away. The heroes watched him head north along the Greenway for a minute before turning their eyes to the east and the trail of their enemies.

Scenario 2: The Weather Hills

Difficulty level = 5.

For days, the heroes pursued the remnants of the war-party east from Chetwood across the northern edge of Midgewater Marshes and into the wide plain beyond. Along the way, they came upon several burnt homesteads. Each was plainly the work of Orcish savagery. However, at each home, the heroes were surprised to find no bodies. Instead, they found signs of struggle and the unmistakable tracks of Orcs dragging their captives away.

“Why would retreating Orcs stop to take prisoners?” asked one of the heroes, examining the impressions on the ground.

“Perhaps they think to ransom their lives?” answered another as they emerged from the charred ruin of a collapsed hovel.

“One or two prisoners would have sufficed if that were their intent, but these Orcs have taken a dozen at least,” replied the first. “Look at the markings here.”

The hero in the doorway knelt by their companion to examine the earth more closely. After a minute they said, “I think I see the answer to this riddle: The Orcs we chase are not the same that attacked this home, though it is likely that they are in league with each other. Look here! The prints made by this family as they struggled against their captors are at least a full day older than those of the Orcs we have pursued here.”

The rest of the heroes agreed that they were right, but this discovery did little to ease the group’s mood since it suggested the attack near Bree was only part of a larger plot. There was a brief silence as each member of the company contemplated what that might be.

At length, one of them spoke, “If the Orcs are in league together, then it is likely that the ones we hunt will lead us to their meeting place. There we may hope to find those who were captured. Even if we cannot rescue them, we can at least avenge ourselves upon their captors!” The rest agreed that this was their only course of action, and they resumed the chase.

The Orcs’ trail led them north and east towards the Weather Hills. As they marched, the sky above them grew dark with clouds driven by a chill wind out of the north. By the time they reached the first rocky slope of the hills, it was unusually cold.

The heroes drew their cloaks about them, but it did little to keep out the frosty air. As freezing rain began to fall on the heroes, one of them lifted their eyes skyward and said aloud, “This is an ill omen, my friends. The weather turns against us and washes out our trail. I fear there is some new evil at work here that gives aid to our enemies.”

There was some murmur of agreement among the company before another spoke up, “It matters not whence the rain comes or if the trail ends; our quarry hides somewhere in these hills, and we must find them or forsake their captives and our oath.”

There was a hushed ring of steel as each of the heroes drew his weapon in silent reply. The heroes pulled up their hoods and began to search the hills for sign of the Orcs...

Setup

The Weather Hills encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *The Weather Hills*, *Angmar Orcs*, *Foul Weather*, and *Ruins of Arnor*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: The Weather Hills campaign card (♣159), Mysterious Omens (♣160), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

The Orc Deck

When setting up The Weather Hills, the players are instructed to create the “Orc deck.” The Orc deck represents the scattered Orcs hiding among the Weather Hills that the heroes must find and destroy. To create the Orc deck, remove each enemy card with the Angmar Orcs encounter set icon, as well as all copies of Concealed Orc-camp, from the encounter deck and shuffle them into a separate deck. This is the Orc deck. When a card from the Orc deck leaves play, it is placed in the encounter deck discard pile. If the Orc deck is depleted, ignore any effects that refer to the Orc deck.

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

The Orcs had made their camp inside an old Dúnedain border-fort built at the northern edge of the Weather Hills in the Second Age during the war between Arnor and Angmar. The ancient wooden gates were destroyed with age and the Orcs could not stop their pursuers from entering in. Once inside, the heroes fulfilled their oath to Iârion by slaying every Orc they found hiding among the ruins.

After the fighting was finished, the heroes cleaned the blood from their weapons and began searching for the Orcs' captives. Inside what might once have been the great hall of the fort, they found the mutilated bodies of several villagers. Their desecrated corpses were arranged at the center of an evil pattern on the floor. The victims had clearly been sacrificed as part of some unholy sacrament, but none could guess what it was. Then did the heroes rue their decision to slay all the Orcs without questioning them first.

"This is not Orc work," said one of the heroes who looked with horror at the scene. "This is foul sorcery."

"Aye, but whose?" asked another in reply.

"Let us search the rest of the fort in hopes that we may find the answer," said a third, covering his mouth and turning his face away from the bodies.

At the far end of the hall, they found a darkened stairway leading down. The heroes lit a torch and descended the narrow passage as it twisted its way underneath the fort. At the bottom of the stairs they found a dank cellar sealed by a locked door. From inside they could hear the sounds of shuffling and whimpering.

The heroes forced the door open and thrust a torch inside. The flickering orange light revealed a small group of survivors huddled together in a corner. They appeared half-starved, and they shivered in the cold dungeon. The heroes removed their cloaks and placed them around the unfortunate prisoners to help warm them.

The air was cleaner outside, so the heroes led the survivors back up the stairway and away from the dungeon. But as they passed the bodies in the hall, the rescued captives screamed and wept.

"Who has done this?" asked one of the heroes, but they were too distraught to answer.

Outside the wind had died down and the rain had stopped. The heroes lit a fire in the courtyard of the old fort and the survivors gathered around it. At length, an older man named Thaurdir spoke, "We didn't see what happened. We couldn't. They kept us locked in that dungeon for days without any light. We could only hear the screams..." His voice trailed off.

The man's hood covered most of his face so the heroes could not see his expression. After a moment he continued, "We could hear the harsh voices of the Orcs too, but there was another voice that commanded them. I don't know what kind of creature it was, but it was terrifying to hear."

"We found none but Orcs when we arrived here," spoke one of the heroes.

"Then it must have escaped," answered the old man.

"If that is so, we cannot stay here," replied the hero. They turned to their companions and said, "We should take these people to Fornost where the Rangers are gathered. Iârion will want to hear what they can tell him of their capture." Turning to the former prisoners, he said, "You will be safe there."

The rest of the heroes voiced their agreement, but the traumatized survivors merely nodded. After they had given their charges something to eat and water to drink, the heroes began their slow march to Fornost.

Scenario 3: Deadmen's Dike

Difficulty level = 7.

It was a long journey from the Weather Hills to Fornost Erain, made longer by the weary survivors the heroes were escorting. The unfortunate villagers had suffered much hardship during their captivity, and the unusually cold weather did not improve their condition. Soon they were all sick from their ordeal. In the end, the heroes had to send a runner ahead to summon help from the Dúnedain they were seeking.

With help from the Rangers, the heroes were able to bring the survivors safely to Fornost. Once the capital of Arthedain, the ancient city was abandoned after the war with Angmar, almost a thousand years ago. Now the desolate ruin was called Deadmen's Dike, yet on high days, the Dúnedain still gathered there, as they did now.

Iârion and a younger Ranger were there to greet them when they entered the city gates. The noble Dúnadan had a look of wonder on his face as he watched the heroes bring the survivors inside the walls. "You have exceeded your oath in saving these people," he exclaimed. "On behalf of the Dúnedain, I thank you friends. Come, join us at the council fire and tell us your tale. My brother, Amarthiûl, will take care of your charges."

The younger Ranger, a man of good stature, brought the survivors to see the healers while Iârion led the heroes to the central square of the city. A council of Dúnedain were gathered there around a large fire. In the place of honor was their Chieftain, Aragorn, son of Arathorn. He looked at the heroes with keen interest as Iârion introduced them, "Here is the valiant company that helped us defend the villages of Bree-land and pursued our enemies to their hiding place in the Weather Hills. They have come here with the survivors they rescued from the Orcs, and with evil news."

The heroes described for the Rangers the details of their adventure: the burnt homesteads, the Orcs' captives, the old border-fort of Amon Forn, and the grisly sacrifices. After the whole account had been made, there was a long silence before Aragorn finally spoke.

"Your tale is full of woe," said the son of Arathorn, "We have not heard of such evils since the fall of ancient Angmar."

"Indeed," replied Iârion, "their tale bears the very trappings of Angmar. The king of that cursed land was a powerful sorcerer, and many stories such as theirs were heard in his day."

"Aye," answered Aragorn, "but the armies of Angmar

were defeated, and the Witch-king fled the North. That fell wraith now commands the fortress of Minas Morgul and threatens Gondor with war. These foul deeds cannot be his doing."

"And yet the crimes we hear of now are the same as were uncovered in this very city when it was recovered from Angmar many years ago," insisted Iârion. "If they are not the Nazgûl's work, then perhaps one of his disciples has returned to take his place?"

As the Dúnedain debated this question, the setting sun fell behind the hills of Evendim to the west, and the sky darkened above them. From another part of the city there came a shrill cry, and a moment later Amarthiûl came running towards the council.

"Iârion! Iârion!" he shouted between breaths. "We are betrayed!"

"What is it?" asked Iârion. "What has happened?"

"Black sorcery!" said Amarthiûl, seizing Iârion's arm. "One of the survivors. The old man. The one called Thaurdir. He..." The younger Ranger took a breath, "He is a wraith!"

"A wraith? How did you learn this?" asked Iârion with an astonished voice.

"When I brought the survivors to see the healers, I saw the old man slip away. I thought that suspicious, so I followed him in secret," explained Amarthiûl, speaking quickly. "He walked straight to the tombs and there cast aside his cloak. His face was drawn and withered like a corpse, but his eyes!"

The young Ranger blanched, and then continued, "I made no sound, yet he looked straight at me where I hid among the shadows, and I knew he could see me with those hollow eyes. Being discovered, I drew my sword to confront him, but he merely laughed. It was the most horrible sound I've ever heard! Then, from the open tomb behind him, I could see the spirits of the dead gathering around him. That is when I ran here."

Iârion was about to reply when the flames of the great fire suddenly burst into the air and then died, leaving the Rangers in total darkness. All about them, a chill fog gathered. From within the black mist they could hear scraping and rustling sounds. As their eyes adjusted to the dark, they descried the horrid outline of many ghouls in rusted armor surrounding them. The dead faces glared at them with hollow eyes, and rotted hands raised ancient blades to attack.

"To arms, Dúnedain!" shouted Aragorn, drawing his blade. "The wraiths of Angmar are upon us!"

Setup

The Deadmen's Dike encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Deadmen's Dike*, *Iârion*, *Dark Sorcery*, and *Cursed Dead*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: Deadmen's Dike campaign card (♣166), Iârion's Pendant (♣157), Amarthiul's Courage (♣167), Thaurdir's Legacy (♣168), Thaurdir's Majesty (♣169), Thaurdir's Spite (♣170), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

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

The Rangers were unprepared for an attack, and they were nearly overmastered by the sudden onslaught of Thaurdir and his ghouls. But the heroes who stood with them rallied the Dúnedain to victory with their unyielding courage.

Even so, it was a frightful battle. Swords were not the enemy's only weapon, and the fear of them nearly drove the heroes mad. Yet as the dawn drew closer, the sorcerer's spells began to fade and the Rangers gained the upper hand. However, just as victory seemed assured, Thaurdir seized Iârion and fled the city. The brave Ranger was holding two enemies at bay when the sorcerer struck him over the head with a resounding blow. Then, Thaurdir ordered two of his minions to retreat with the body. From behind a press of ghastly warriors, the heroes saw Amarthiúl give chase but they were unable to aid him because of the enemies that barred their way.

As the first light of sun broke through the clouds, the heroes struck down the last of their unnatural foes and ran after Amarthiúl. They found him at Deadmen's Gate; his eyes glazed in a stupor. He still wielded his sword and struck at the air around him, but there were no ghouls left to fight.

"Amarthiúl!" cried one of the heroes, "The dawn has come, and the enemy has fled."

The Dúnanadan lowered his sword and regarded the heroes as one waking from a dream. "I couldn't reach him," he muttered as he fell to his knees. "When I saw them take Iârion, I tried to follow. But the fog grew thick around me, and I lost my way."

"It was an evil spell that clouded your eyes," said one of the heroes, trying to comfort the young Ranger. "The wraith that attacked us was a powerful sorcerer. It was he that took your friend."

"Why?" asked Amarthiúl, but none could answer. On the ground, the young Ranger found the hawk pendant of Iârion and regarded it in his hand.

"It matters not," said the Dúnanadan, clutching the pendant and rising to his feet. "Thaurdir has taken my friend, so I will pursue him."

"We will aid you in this quest," spoke the heroes with one voice. "We cannot abandon Iârion to the same fate as those village people."

"Then let us depart swiftly," said Amarthiúl, sheathing his weapon. "We may still rescue him if we move quickly!"

Scenario 4: Wastes of Eriador

Difficulty level = 7.

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 Iârión'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.

Amarthiúl had other concerns. Iârión 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 Iârión 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 Iârión, 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. Iârión'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.

Amarthiúl 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 Amarthiúl's shoulder. "Whether it be at sunset tonight or a fortnight from now, we will not stop pursuing them until we have rescued Iârión. 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. "Amarthiúl, what do you know of Iârión? 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 Iârión'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. "Iârión 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 Iârión 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. Iârión'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 Iârión challenged him, he sent his minions one at a time, sacrificing them to Iârión's blade in order to wear him down. He meant to capture Iârión alive. Perhaps that was his goal all along." The rest of the company nodded in response to Amarthiúl.

"All the more reason why we must pace ourselves," one of the heroes said. "We are no help to Iârión 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. Amarthiúl gave voice to their common concern: "I fear our hunt has just become theirs..."

Setup

The Wastes of Eriador encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Amarthiúl*, *The Wastes of Eriador*, *Eriador Wilds*, and *Foul Weather*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: Wastes of Eriador campaign card (♣171), one copy of Determination (♣172) per player, Fend Off Despair (♣173), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

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.” 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.

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

They had endured the freezing cold and the biting fangs of evil wolves for many days, traveling as far as they could by day and fending off fierce attacks each night, but over time the company had grown weary. Defeating the pack’s leader had caused the creatures to retreat, but spending restless nights chased and harassed by wolves had forced them far off track, close to the peak of Mount Gram which towered into the northern clouds. They were far from Thaurdir and their friend Iârion, with no way to tell how much time had been lost fighting the evil wolves. Worse, they were far too exhausted to continue marching without sleep, and many of them had grown sick from the cold. What little game there was to hunt in the wastes had been scared off by the wolves, and the rations from Fornost were running out.

After many days of these conditions, a night with no howling was a great relief. The company discussed at length whether this meant it was safe to camp for the night, but in the end, they were too hungry and weak to continue. Knowing they were in a dangerous position, they had no choice but to stop for the night.

That was when the Goblins struck. They emerged under the cover of darkness, clad in white fur that blended with the snow. The sentries that kept watch were taken from behind, pulled to the ground and

gagged. One spotted the approaching Goblins and called out, but was immediately struck by Goblin-arrows. The sentry’s shouts woke the rest of the company, but taken by surprise and outnumbered nearly ten to one, the odds were grim. The largest of the Goblins stepped forward and grinned wickedly. “Surround them! Don’t let any escape!” it bellowed, “Gornákh wants them alive!”

The ensuing battle was futile. The heroes fought valiantly, but the heavy snow impeded their movement and the Goblins had a strong upper hand. Most of the company was knocked unconscious or cornered and surrounded. Others fought to the bitter end, though the Goblins seemed to be trying to take as many captives as possible. Those who resisted and could not be captured were pierced with stone arrowheads or spear-tips, and left to bleed in the snow.

The heroes were forced to submit, disarmed of their weapons, and bound. They looked amongst themselves for a moment before they realized that Amarthiúl was no longer standing among them. They weren’t sure if his body was among the slain.

“Come along now, lads,” the larger Goblin growled, pulling one of the heroes to his feet and forcing him to march at spear-point. “Mount Gram awaits.”

Scenario 5: Escape from Mount Gram

Difficulty level = 4.

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, making their hearts sink 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 their 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 their hand over the bars of their 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 their resolve and went to work...

Setup

The Escape from Mount Gram encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Escape from Mount Gram* and *Angmar Orcs*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:

Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: Escape from Mount Gram campaign card (♣174), Loot the Dungeons (♣175), and every card in the Campaign Pool.



The 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 they 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 a player's deck and shuffle them together. This pile is now referred to as that player's 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 their captured deck, each player chooses 1 hero to be their starting hero. Then, each player randomly sets aside 1 of their remaining 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 their captured deck and captures them by placing them facedown underneath that card. (If the players are at different stages of the quest, players do not perform this act for cards entering play at quest stages they are not currently at.)

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 or campaign 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.

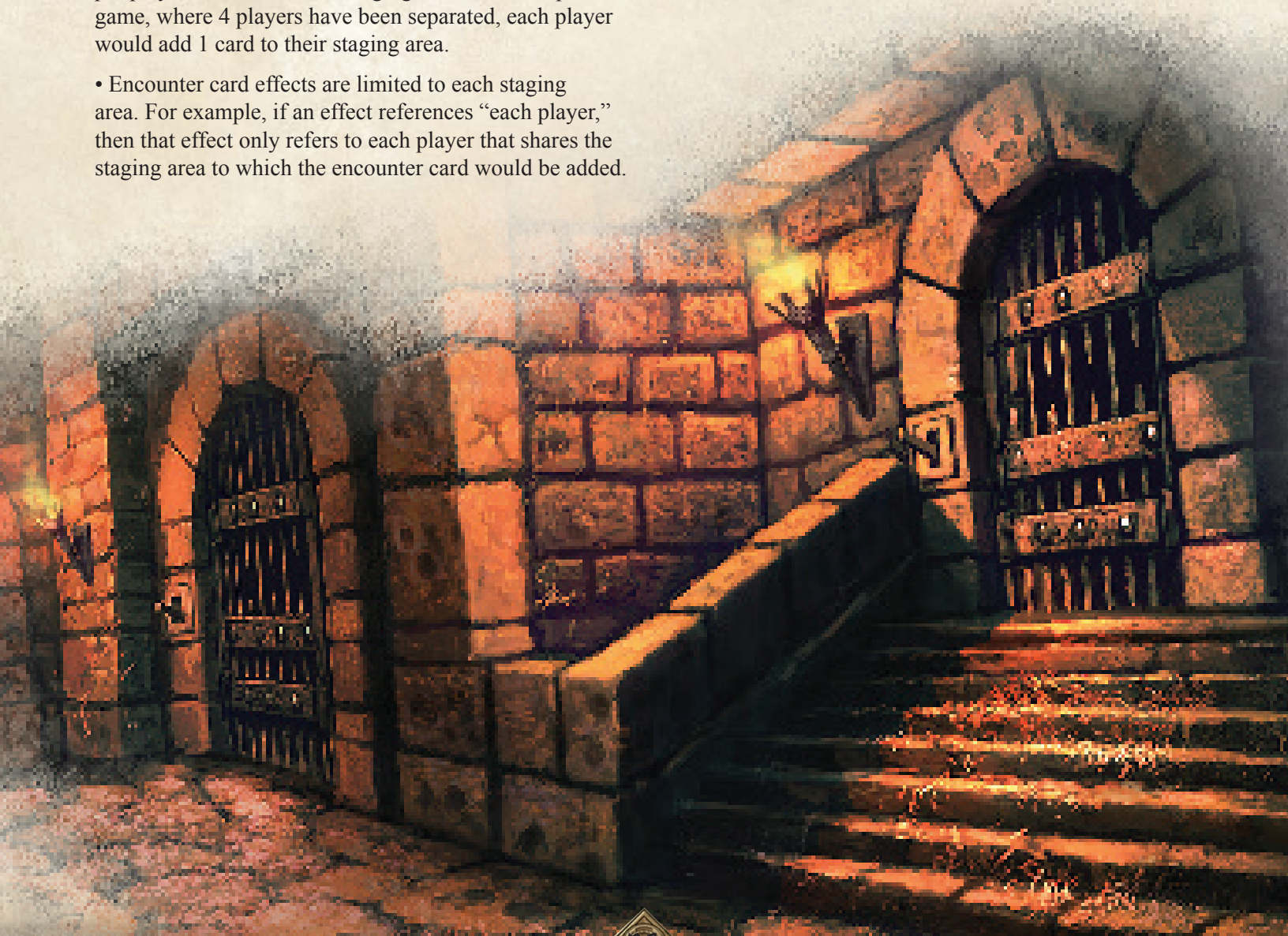
Creating a Staging Area

When each player is instructed to “create their own staging area,” each player sets aside an area across from their heroes to serve as their 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 another player’s threat, play an attachment on one of their 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 their 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 their own staging area to the staging area of the player(s) they are joining with, keeping any enemies engaged with them 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.

In hindsight, the dank cold of the dungeon was tranquil in comparison to the icy weather outside. The narrow pass twisting down the snowy mountainside was slippery and treacherous, and one false step could spell doom. After cautiously making their way down the pass for hours, they reached the base of the mountain, hid in the treetops, and waited.

It wasn't long before Amarthiûl descended down the narrow pass and the company was reunited at last. Iârion was not with him. "Thaurdir is aware of our escape," the Ranger said grimly once they had said their greetings and taken stock of their numbers. "Our fortunes have turned. Now we are the ones being pursued."

"And what of Iârion?" another of their company asked, to which Amarthiûl's response was solemn silence.

"I tried to reach him," he explained after a long pause. "He was held captive by the Orcs who came with Thaurdir. He was unconscious, but unharmed. I slew many of the Orcs, but that awful Wraith appeared and fought me back. He ordered that the Orcs take him to Carn Dûm, and held me at bay while they escaped."

Amarthiûl cursed and slammed his bloody fist against a nearby tree, furious and desperate. "I was beaten again. I barely made it out alive. And worse, Thaurdir is hot on our trail. I fear I've only made things worse."

"You rescued us from torture and death, or worse," one of the heroes replied, comforting their friend. "For now we must regroup and get away from this

awful place. I fear we cannot pursue Iârion's captors north, not in our current state."

"Are we to abandon our mission, then? To abandon Iârion?" Amarthiûl asked. "No, we cannot. We must make haste towards Carn Dûm, to catch up with the Orcs and rescue him!"

"I understand how you feel," another one of the companions assured Amarthiûl, "but are we, alone and weary from our imprisonment, to confront all the forces of Angmar in their bastion of Carn Dûm?"

Amarthiûl opened his mouth to respond, but he knew they were right. Most of them were wounded, and some hadn't eaten in days. Their clothing was torn, their rations long gone, and they had little of the equipment they'd brought with them from Fornost. "You're right," he said at last, sorrowful. "What, then? Have we failed in our quest?"

"No," the hero said with a smile. "Not yet. Not while there is hope. We know they desire Iârion alive, for whatever ill purpose. We have no choice but to head south, to Rivendell, to seek the counsel of Elrond and gather our strength." He clasped his hand on Amarthiûl's shoulder. "Perhaps then we can assault Carn Dûm to rescue Iârion. But there are many miles between here and Rivendell, and Thaurdir still pursues us. One step at a time, brother." Amarthiûl nodded, and the company set off to the south.

Scenario 6: 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...

Setup

The Across the Ettenmoors encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Amarthiul*, *Across the Ettenmoors*, *Eriador Wilds*, and *Foul Weather*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: Across the Ettenmoors campaign card (♣182), five copies of Losing Time (♣183), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

Objective-Locations

During 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 have the guarded keyword, like other objectives.

While an objective-location is guarded by another encounter card (including a side quest), it cannot be the active location. Like other guarded objectives, after the attached encounter leaves play, 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, the players are not considered to be traveling to the objective-location if they travel to the location guarding it.)

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.

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

The journey through the Ettenmoors was full of hardship and turmoil, but the company was able to persevere through the wilds. They had endured the cold and evaded Trolls—and worse—at every turn. When they scaled the last hill and saw the woods of Rhudaur before them, they breathed sighs of relief and rejoiced for the first time since escaping the Goblin dungeons.

“This is the land of Rhudaur, one of the three kingdoms of old Arnor,” Amarthiúl explained as they entered the pine woods. “The line of Isildur did not survive in Rhudaur, and over time the number of Dúnedain here dwindled. The elders tell us that evil men, hillmen in league with the realm of Angmar, usurped the last king of Rhudaur many hundreds of years ago. From that moment on Rhudaur was a vassal of the Witch-king, and those Dúnedain still remaining in this land were either slain in cold blood, or fled west.”

“You are well-schooled in the history of your people,” one of the heroes said in amazement.

Amarthiúl smiled. “It is important that we Dúnedain remember who we are and where we come from,” he replied. “Our kingdom was divided and our people were scattered in the long war with Angmar, and not many of us remain. But we believe there will come a time when the blood of Isildur can reunite the kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. If we forget our heritage, we lose our purpose.”

Once they felt that they had traveled far enough from the Troll-fells that they could safely rest, the company set up camp, hunted game and cooked a fresh meal for the first time in weeks. But they could not linger for long. Their destination was still many miles to the southeast, and they felt a cold chill following them into Rhudaur, as though tendrils of dread had crawled after them through the moorland...



Scenario 7: The Treachery of Rhudaur

Difficulty level = 6.

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...

Setup

The Treachery of Rhudaur encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *Amarthiúl*, *The Treachery of Rhudaur*, *Cursed Dead*, and *Ruins of Arnor*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: The Treachery of Rhudaur campaign card (♣184), Daechanar's Brand (♣185), Heirloom of Iârchon (♣186), Orders from Angmar (♣187), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

The Investigation

This scenario includes 3 side quests which are added to the staging area during setup with the 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 it should be turned 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.

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

The company's investigation of the ruins was fruitful, but dangerous. Iârion's ancestral keep was haunted by the wights of Dúnedain who had sided with Angmar, and the spirits of those they had slain in their wicked pact. It seemed that few Dúnedain had managed to escape from this place alive, just as the heroes were barely able to escape with their lives.

Once they had reached a reasonable distance, they began to piece together what they had found inside the keep as they walked at a brisk pace. Most of the ancient documents they found were too tattered and faded to read, but some were still legible. Among them was a family tree, inscribed inside a leather tome bearing the hawk crest they had become familiar with - the crest of Iârion's family.

"Look!" the hero holding the tome shouted, pointing to the tree. "I recognize this name: Daechanar. That is the same name as the one who commands Thaurdir - the 'lord of Angmar' mentioned in the Goblin dungeons!"

One of the companions shook her head, pondering what they had learned. "It cannot be the same person. It's been many centuries. The Dúnedain are long-lived, but they are not immortal. The Daechanar in this family tree should be long dead by now..."

They pondered that thought for some time, but they were too weary from their hardships to come to any conclusions. While they were starting to understand the events that had unfolded in Arnor many hundreds of years ago, there were too many pieces of the puzzle still missing.

"We should continue to Rivendell," one of the heroes declared at last. "Even Thaurdir cannot pursue us there, and we can consult Elrond about these matters. If there is anyone who will understand what we are dealing with, it is he."

There was a murmur of agreement, and the company continued traveling with great haste. The ghostly presence of Thaurdir hung over them still, an ominous stormcloud threatening to overtake them if they dwelled any longer...

Scenario 8: The Battle of Carn Dûm

Difficulty level = 9.

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...

Setup

The Battle of Carn Dûm encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *The Battle of Carn Dûm*, *Angmar Orcs*, and *Dark Sorcery*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: The Battle of Carn Dûm campaign card (♣188), Elrond’s Champion (♣189), Lore of Ancient Arnor (♣190), Raiment of the Second Age (♣191), Rivendell Skirmishers (♣192), and every card in the Campaign Pool.

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.

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

Thaurdir cannot be placed or shuffled into the encounter deck for any reason.

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

As they slew Thaurdir, his remains crumbled and decayed into ash before their very eyes, and his armor and weapon clattered to the ground harmlessly. But before they could rejoice in their victory, the howling of wolves sounded in the air, as if all around them.

“Goblins!” One of the Rangers in the rear ranks shouted, “Goblins from Mount Gram!” The company found themselves assaulted from the south by Goblins while the Orcs of Carn Dûm rallied their defenses once more. They had but a moment to slip into the fortress before they were surrounded on all sides.

One of the Elves that had accompanied them from Rivendell turned to the heroes with a grim expression

and shouted over the clamour of battle, “You must make your way into the fortress and stop Daechanar’s ritual!”

“What about you?” One of the heroes replied, worried. “You cannot hold off these Goblins forever!”

“Then do not take forever! Now go!” he beseeched the heroes again before joining the fray. The heroes had no choice but to leave the rest of their party to fend off the Goblins, slipping through the gates of Carn Dûm. They slew the few Orcs that remained in their way, and infiltrated the enemy’s stronghold to confront Daechanar and rescue their friend...

Scenario 9: The Dread Realm

Difficulty level = 8.

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...

Setup

The Dread Realm encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: *The Dread Realm*, *Cursed Dead*, and *Dark Sorcery*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Campaign Setup

When setting up this scenario in campaign mode, the following additional cards are needed: The Dread Realm campaign card (♣193) and every card in the Campaign Pool.

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.



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

The heroes had but seconds to spare as the catacombs crumbled and collapsed around them. They ran as fast as they could, trying to remember the route they took through Carn Dûm's dark and labyrinthine halls. The walls shook and screeched as a dark power coursed through them. Walking corpses collapsed and decayed, foul spirits dispersed, and the power that Daechanar had summoned began to crumble with his defeat.

The dark clouds above the fortress scattered, and the light of day washed over the battlefield. With the defeat of their master and the sun glaring down at them, the Goblins fled south to their mountain refuge. The remaining Elves and Rangers, rallied by the turning tide, drove the Orcs into a full rout. The battle was won... but the victory was bittersweet. As the heroes emerged from the fortress carrying Iârion's body, their company was filled with a great sorrow. Though they were able to defeat Daechanar and stop his plans from coming to fruition, they were too late to save their friend. The tragedy of slaying the Ranger with their own hand was something the heroes would never forget, although they had his final words to comfort them.

The return trip was melancholy, but swift. Although winter had come to the north in full force, the deadly, unnatural weather they had become familiar with seemed to subside with the fall of Daechanar, and the evils of Angmar no longer dared to emerge and stand in the heroes' way. Once they had put the peak of Mount Gram behind them, the Elves decided to part ways, heading back to Rivendell. The heroes thanked them for their aid, and in return the Elves told them they were welcome to return to Imladris once their business with the Dúnedain was finished. The rest of the company continued west to Fornost, to lay to rest their fallen comrades.

The Rangers and the heroes buried the dead in a tomb dedicated to those who fell in defense of the North, and gathered together to speak words in memory of their valiant sacrifice. After everyone but the heroes and Amarthiúl had left, the young Ranger approached Iârion's sepulcher, holding the pendant of the hawk-in-flight. "I was not able to save him,"

he said as the heroes approached. The death of Amarthiúl's mentor weighed heavily upon his heart.

"None of us were," one of the heroes replied, mournfully. "But had you not been determined to pursue Thaurdir and rescue your friend, who knows what horrors Daechanar would have unleashed upon the lands your kin protect?"

The Ranger nodded, clutching the pendant tighter. "He had no siblings or heirs. The line of Iârchon and Daechanar is ended." With that, Amarthiúl stepped forward to place Iârion's pendant atop his tomb. Letting go of Iârion's pendant seemed to be a difficult act. As he lay the pendant on the tomb of his friend, he calmly sang:

*A fearless man in darkest night
A faithful brother bright with mirth;
His spirit now is taken flight
Beyond the circles of the earth.*

One of the heroes rested a hand on Amarthiúl's shoulder. The Ranger had come a long way and had grown much during their journey. "Iârion was a noble warrior. He would be proud to see how strong you've become."

They lingered for some time, grieving their loss, before they finally emerged from the quiet tombs of Fornost. "What will you do now?"

"I pledged my swords to you, remember?" Amarthiúl said with a warm smile. "The Dúnedain are in your debt. I aim to repay that debt. If you ever need my assistance, do not hesitate to call upon me." With those words of friendship, they parted ways. The heroes traveled back to Rivendell and spent the rest of winter under the care of the Elves, recovering from their many journeys and battles. Before the snows thawed, however, a messenger came for them bearing a scroll with a peculiar seal.

It seems the heroes were needed once again. Fully rested and ready for adventure, they thanked Elrond for his hospitality and ventured back into the wild, riding as fast as they could to the west... toward the Grey Havens.

Epilogue

Iârchon did not bother to clean the Orc blood from his sword as he stepped over the creature's body. His nose twinged, the coppery smell of blood mixed with the scent of ash and scorched wood overwhelming the battlefield. The ringing of steel swords and the clamor of battle echoed across the hills, drowning out the sound of the flowing Bruinen. He gripped his sword tighter than ever before, cursing his own kin for the treachery that had led to the downfall of his people's kingdom. Something—sweat, blood, or both—trickled down his forehead. "Daechanar," he called to the figure standing across the steep plain that flanked the ford. "This ends, now."

His older brother simply laughed - no, not his brother. This accursed man who stood before Iârchon could not be his brother, could never truly have been. Not after betraying his family and pledging himself to the Witch-king. Not after setting loose cruel hillmen on their ancestral home, and driving his sword through many of Iârchon's own kin.

Daechanar drew his blade from its scabbard, and it ebbed with dark power, like a hundred poisonous whispers in Iârchon's ears. He didn't recognize the strange sword his brother wielded, dark runes etched upon its handle. The traitor examined it for a moment, admiring its handiwork and keen edge. "You are a fool, Iârchon," he said calmly, a malicious smile tugging at his lips. "My master offered you a place at his side, as he has given me, but you refused. Now I must kill you, instead." He took several long strides forward, his tattered cloak billowing in the wind.

Iârchon's heart wrenched. He was prepared to fight his brother to the death, but had hoped to avoid such a confrontation. Seeing now the murderous intent in Daechanar's eyes, he knew it was the only option. The lieutenant of Angmar showed no mercy, advancing swiftly and slashing savagely with the edge of his blade. Iârchon raised his sword in a defensive posture, deflecting each of Daechanar's blows. He could not bring himself to strike his brother.

"How long?" Iârchon screamed. "How long has your mind been seized by the Enemy? How long have you plotted the demise of our kingdom?" He parried Daechanar's sword to the side, twisting and letting his

brother's momentum carry him forward, past Iârchon. Before Daechanar could regain his footing, the noble brother was upon him, his sword spurred by vengeful wrath. Though he landed several scathing blows, his blade tearing through his adversary's cloak and leather hauberk, Daechanar's expression was still twisted into an uncanny grin.

"Tell me little brother, who do you think will win this war?" Daechanar asked over the sound of their swords clashing. "Do you think you stand any chance against the armies of Angmar?" Iârchon gritted his teeth. His brother's words cut deep. They had already suffered loss after loss, and now the Witch-king's forces threatened to overwhelm all of the north. Daechanar took the advantage, pressing Iârchon backwards with each of his powerful blows. Against the swiftness and strength of Daechanar's attacks, the noble brother was barely able to defend himself, the dark blade slicing into his armor and flesh several times. Blinded by arrogance and seeing his imminent victory, the traitor hadn't realized the trap until it was too late.

When they were children, they used to spar with wooden swords in their keep's courtyard. The older brother was the fiercer, nimbler fighter, but the younger brother more cunning. Whenever Daechanar tasted victory, he relished in it and abandoned his defense in order to end the fight. Iârchon put himself on the brink of defeat before his opening appeared - a gap in Daechanar's defenses. He swiftly ducked under a slice meant for his neck and drove his sword into Daechanar's chest. The turncoat's eyes widened and his face twisted into an expression of agony.

"I know not who will win," Iârchon responded, pushing his blade deeper into his brother's chest, "only that you will not survive to see the war's end." Daechanar gasped for air, his lungs pierced by Iârchon's blade. His voice croaked, one last gasp before his breath escaped him.

"You're wrong, little brother," he smiled. "I will outlive all of you and haunt your descendants long after you are dead. My master has seen to that."

Then the life fled from Daechanar's eyes, and he fell into his brother's arms.

Design Notes

“No one lives in this land. Men once dwelt here, ages ago; but none remain now. They became an evil people, as legends tell, for they fell under the shadow of Angmar. But all were destroyed in the war that brought the North Kingdom to its end. But that is now so long ago that the hills have forgotten them, though a shadow still lies on the land.”

— Aragorn, *The Fellowship of the Ring*

The story of the *Angmar Awakened* expansion explores the rich history of the Dúnedain of Arnor and their long war with the Witch-realm of Angmar by introducing a new conflict between those two powers in the time period of *The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game*. During that time, the Witch-king commands the tower of Minas Morgul and the kingdom of Angmar has been abandoned for centuries, so for the purposes of our story we introduce a powerful sorcerer, Daechanar, who is rebuilding the ancient kingdom by drawing all manner of evil creatures into his service.

Daechanar is just one of five key figures that we created for this expansion, and we hope that fans of *The Lord of the Rings* will appreciate our efforts to develop characters and a story that feel at home in Middle-earth. Daechanar in particular was an exciting character to explore: a traitorous Dúnadan who became a powerful sorcerer under the tutelage of the Witch-king himself. His backstory was inspired by the history of Rhudaur as described in the appendices of *The Return of the King*. From *The North-kingdom and the Dúnedain* we learn that after the kingdom of Arnor was divided, the people of Rhudaur became allied with Angmar. So, for our story, we suggest that some of the Dúnedain who lived in Rhudaur at that time became servants of the Witch-king. Daechanar would have been chief among them, and he learned to command the evil spirits of Angmar from his Nazgûl master. His Wraith lieutenant, Thaurdir, would have been one of those evil spirits.

As for the Dúnedain of Arnor, not many details are provided about their day-to-day life and culture in *The Lord of the Rings*, so we did our best to draw inspiration from the information that is available. We do know that the Rangers are a wandering people who keep a constant watch over the lands within the bounds of their ancient kingdom. For the purposes of our story, we suggest that the Dúnedain may have used the ruins of Fornost as meeting grounds, since we know from *The Return of the King* that they visited those ruins from time to time.

To help represent the bravery and nobility of the Rangers of the North, we introduce two Dúnedain characters: Iârion, and his pupil, Amarthiûl. We hope that their story of kinship is one that the players enjoy. For the character of Iârion, we assume that other Dúnedain, besides the heir of Valandil, are able to trace their ancestry to noble families from the three kingdoms of Arnor. It is Iârion’s lineage, as a descendant of Iârchon, that ties him to the villain Daechanar. That bond is what drives our story forward. For the character of Amarthiûl, we explore the question of how the Dúnedain grow to manhood and attain their renowned skills. Since we know that the Rangers are primarily a houseless people, we suggest that young Dúnedain live in the wild with a mentor, most likely their father, and learn from following them. The bond that would result from that close relationship would undoubtedly be strong, as we see in Amarthiûl’s determination to rescue Iârion.

Overall, we hope to have told a compelling tale that conceivably could have rested within Tolkien’s historical framework for Middle-earth. We hope players enjoyed our attempts to stay within Tolkien’s vision, and we hope, above all, that players had great fun in overcoming the challenges presented in this expansion.

—Caleb Grace and MJ Newman

The LORD OF THE RINGS

THE CARD GAME

ANGMAR AWAKENED

CAMPAIGN LOG

Player 1

Player 2

Player 3

Player 4

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Heroes

Heroes

Boons

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Fallen Heroes

Threat Modifiers

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Burdens

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Scenarios Completed

Score

Intruders in Chetwood	<input type="text"/>
The Weathered Hills	<input type="text"/>
Deadman's Dike	<input type="text"/>
The Wastes of Eriador	<input type="text"/>
Escape from Mount Gram	<input type="text"/>
Across the Ettenmoors	<input type="text"/>
The Treachery of Rhudaur	<input type="text"/>
The Battle of Carn Dûm	<input type="text"/>
The Dread Realm	<input type="text"/>
Campaign Total:	<input type="text"/>

Damage Tracking

Damage on:
Protect the Innocent / Arnor Ravaged

Damage on Heroes

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Unique Cards Stolen by Goblins

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Determined Characters

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