

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE BATTLE OF CARN DŪM™

Difficulty Level = 8

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Thaurdir

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

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

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

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

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

Valour

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

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

Battle

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

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

Amarthiúl

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

