

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

RACE ACROSS HARAD™

Difficulty Level = 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Player cards with Doomed X

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

Preparing the Orcs' Area

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



The Orcs' Area

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUGGESTED PLAY AREA FOR "RACE ACROSS HARAD"

The Players'
Quest Deck



The Orcs' Quest
Deck



Staging Area



The Orcs' Area



Thurindir

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thurindir and Halbarad clasped arms and then Halbarad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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