

FIRE ON THE EASTEMNET

Welcome to *Fire on the Eastemnet*, an **unofficial** fan Adventure Pack, developed by A Long-extended Party (ALeP).

This expansion sees the heroes attempting to defeat a band of orcish horse thieves in the fields of Rohan.

Component Overview

The *Fire on the Eastemnet* Adventure Pack includes 70 cards, consisting of:

- 4 Rules Cards
- 2 Hero Cards
- 30 Player Cards
- 31 Encounter Cards
- 3 Quest Cards

Web Resources

You can check for any updates from A Long-extended Party at www.alongextendedparty.com.

You can build decks and track your plays of these scenarios and others online through RingsDB at www.ringsdb.com.

For general rules and definitions of common game terms, visit the Quest Companion at bit.ly/2MKkak9.

Expansion Symbol

The cards in the *Oaths of the Rohirrim* cycle can be identified by this symbol before each card's collector number.



Fire on the Eastemnet

Difficulty level = 6

"So, it was Gálmód all along," said one of the heroes.

"Can't say I'm surprised," said another. "Ever since he butchered that Dunlending at Erelas, it's been clear he had something to hide."

"But to betray the oaths of fealty," said Éomund, twisting his hand on the bronzed grip of his sword.

"This is foul treason. Come, soldiers. Where is Gálmód Worm-heart? Gúthwinë thirsts for the wretch's ignoble blood."

Just then, a man of the marshall's éored burst into the room. "My lord! The traitor slipped his guards in the night. There is no sign of him among the townsfolk."

Éomund grimaced, a red rage climbing his neck. "Is there no end to our misfortune? Take half a hundred horses. Scatter far and wide. Scour the country, from the Entwash to the Anduin. Devilry dare not rest while the men of Rohan are abroad."

"We will soon depart," said one of the heroes. "But first we must speak with Ealdwulf, your advisor. He swore to tell us of the sign of the white horse on a red field. It has been seen among the traitorous Rohirrim who attacked us at the beacon and amid the city streets."

Ealdwulf bowed slightly. He was an old man, though with a royal bearing. He had the broad shoulders of a warrior, and remained unbent in his old age.

"That sigil is well-known in Aldburg," he said. "For it was the coat of arms of Haleth, princely son of Helm Hammerhand. He was well-loved by the men here. They still celebrate his valour in the Old War against Dunland. When he died..." Ealdwulf paused. "When he and his brother perished, the line of succession was broken. And so the crown of Rohan passed to the grandfathers of Thengel-king."

"Could it be Gálmód and his men seek to restore the line of Haleth?" said a hero.

"Impossible," said Éomund. "The bloodline of Haleth has withered. Or so it is said."

"Nothing is impossible, my lord," said Ealdwulf. "For brother is set against brother, and blood turns against blood. Every oath of Man is at hazard."

"Go, my friends," said Éomund. "Ride for the Eastemnet. Prove yourselves upon this oath of oaths. Find Gálmód. Find him and bring him back."

And so the heroes rode, day upon day, wills bound to the promise of justice. Their oath propelled them ever forward, through gale and pulse of heat. They visited the hamlets of decent folk – horse-breeders and plowmen, laborers who smelt of salt and straw and took their meals with a smile. Many such villages did the heroes visit, and each offered the same unanswerable question. "How many would see their king deposed? How many would betray their people in the name of some faithless usurper?" As they journeyed, this uncertainty grew. Each village seemed a little grayer, a little less kindly. They slept little, and when they did it was roughly, in empty fields or in the stables amid the nickering of half-broken geldings and dark-eyed mares.

It was on one such night, looking outward on the endless plains, that they spotted a familiar glow in the distance. Against the purple curtain of dusk, a hand

of fire rose up, and with it the smell of smoke and burnt grass. And something fouler still, something they recognized at once.

“Orcs,” said one of the heroes. “The scattered host has been made whole.”

“Then we shall unmake them,” said another.

*“Fire on the Eastemnet” is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Fire on the Eastemnet and Orc-host. (Orc-host can be found in the **Children of Eorl** deluxe expansion.) These sets are indicated by the following icons:*



Steeds X

Steeds is a new keyword found on locations and quest cards in “Fire on the Eastemnet”. The Steeds keyword uses resource tokens to represent the steeds roaming Rohan which are vulnerable to capture by orcs. When a card with the Steeds keyword enters play, place resource tokens on it equal to its specified value X. Resource tokens placed on a card in this way are called “steeds” and do not count as resources. When a location is explored, a quest stage is defeated, or an enemy is defeated, move all steeds from that card to the Wild Steeds objective card.

Wild Steeds & Captured Steeds

When setting up the scenario, stage 1A instructs the players to put the objective cards Wild Steeds and Captured Steeds into the staging area. These cards represent the fate of the horses of Rohan. During the game, scenario effects will add steeds to Wild Steeds and Captured Steeds. To win the game, the players will need to finish with more steeds on Wild Steeds than on Captured Steeds.

Capturing Steeds

When an enemy “captures steeds”, move all steeds from that enemy to Captured Steeds. Then, move one steed from Wild Steeds to that enemy.

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

At last the heroes rallied, pushing the orc-host to the very banks of the Anduin.

“Ride!” cried a hero. “Ride this rabble into the river’s rush!” And with one great charge, the heroes leapt among the routed orcs, and their foes leapt from the rocks or fled into the river to be washed away like bracken.

The heroes gathered what horses remained, returning them to the fields and stables. “‘Tis well and good we stopped these thieves,” said one of the heroes. “For if war is to fall upon Rohan, she will have need of fresh horses.”

That night, as they oiled their blades and sang songs on the riverbank, the heroes were approached by a lone

rider. A scout, who removed his helmet and bent his head.

“Welcome, man of Rohan. Rest by our fire a while. You have missed quite a skirmish.”

“It was the smoke and screaming by which I found you, masters. I bear a message from Lord Éomund. Gálmód has been spotted crossing the Entwade into the western plains. He is laying low, traveling slowly by night. My Lord summons you to fulfill your vow.”

“Then west shall we ride,” said one of the heroes. “For westward lies honor and oath.”

The story continues in “The Gap of Rohan,” the third Adventure Pack in the “Oaths of the Rohirrim” cycle.