

# THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

## THE WASTES OF ERIADOR™

### Difficulty Level = 6

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.

Amarthiûl 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.

Amarthiûl 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 Amarthiûl'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. "Amarthiûl, 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 Amarthiûl, whose logic seemed sound.

"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. Amarthiûl gave voice to their common concern: "I fear our hunt has just become theirs..."

"The Wastes of Eriador" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Wastes of Eriador, Eriador Wilds, and Foul Weather. (Eriador Wilds and Foul Weather can be found in the **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



## 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.

## 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.” In and of itself, 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.

## Amarthiúl

Amarthiúl is an objective-ally in this scenario. During setup, the first player takes control of Amarthiúl. Amarthiúl has the text: “**Response:** After an enemy engages a player, give control of Amarthiúl to that player.” This response is optional, and allows you to give control of Amarthiúl to another player after an enemy engages that player. Amarthiúl does not pass from one player to another when you pass the first player token.

Amarthiúl also has the text: “**If Amarthiúl leaves play, the players lose the game.**” This text cannot be modified by card effects.

## 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 Iárlion, 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, “Gornákħ 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.”*

The story continues in “Escape from Mount Gram,” the second Adventure Pack in the “Angmar Awakened” cycle.



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