

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE DREAD REALM™

Difficulty Level = 7

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 Iârlion was struggling in torment. Spurred onward by steel resolve, the heroes began their search...

“The Dread Realm” is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Dread Realm, Cursed Dead, and Dark Sorcery. (Cursed Dead and Dark Sorcery can be found in **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.

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 Iarion'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 Amarthiül had left, the young Ranger approached Iarion'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 Amarthiül'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 Iarion and Daechanar is ended." With that, Amarthiül stepped forward to place Iarion's pendant atop his tomb. Letting go of Iarion'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 Amarthiül's shoulder. The Ranger had come a long way and had grown much during their journey. "Iarion 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?" Amarthiül 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 Lost Realm" and the "Angmar Awakened" cycle 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 cycle, 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 Dúnedain who became a powerful sorcerer under the tutelage of the Witch-king himself. His back story 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: Iárlion, and his pupil, Amarthiúl. We hope that their story of kinship is one that the players enjoy. For the character of Iárlion, we assume that other Dúnedain, besides the heir of Vandalil, are able to trace their ancestry to noble families from the three kingdoms of Arnor. It is Iárlion's lineage, as a descendant of Iárchon, that ties him to the villain Daechanar. That bond is what drives our story forward. For the character of Amarthiúl, 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 him. The bond that would result from that close relationship would undoubtedly be strong, as we see in Amarthiúl's determination to rescue Iárlion.

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 the "Angmar Awakened" cycle.

