

The Lord of the Rings™ The Card Game

A STORM ON COBAS HAVEN™

Difficulty Level = 7

The heroes were beyond relieved when they finally entered the inlet of Cobas Haven. Tall lighthouse towers guided their path through the bay as the dawn sun painted the sky with shades of orange and pink. The castle of Dol Amroth loomed over the coast to their starboard side, on a high promontory that overlooked the bay. It was a beacon of hope to all who looked upon it. Even Na'asiyah seemed in awe of its strength and beauty, struck in silence for much of the voyage.

The bay was filled with Gondorian ships – some simple fishing vessels, others built for war. Horns and bells sounded in the towers around them as the Dream-chaser docked. The sailors immediately set to work, continuing the repairs on their fleet, which became a much simpler task when docked in friendly waters. The heroes asked to speak with Prince Imrahil, and they were brought into the castle at once. The prince was eager to hear their tale.

The heroes entered the grand hall of Dol Amroth, a large chamber with many open windows and a balcony that overlooked Cobas Haven. The walls were decorated with banners depicting a silver ship with a swan-prow on a blue sea. Servants brought them fresh food and water, and tended to their wounds while they rested. Na'asiyah half expected to be treated with disdain or contempt, but—to her surprise—the moment the heroes told the knights that she was an ally of theirs, she was given the same respect and courtesy as any other in the heroes' company.

Prince Imrahil came to the heroes as soon as he was given word of their arrival in the castle. Although he greeted them with joy, he grew concerned when he did not count Lord Calphon among them. "Where is Lord Calphon? I was given word that he had met with you and Cirdan at the Grey Havens, but no message has come since. When I was told of your arrival, I expected he would be with you."

"Alas," one of the heroes said mournfully, "Lord Calphon is not among us. He was slain during an attack on the Havens." Na'asiyah could see the pain and mourning in Imrahil's face, and she felt naive and ashamed to have contributed to the battle at the Havens. Clenching her fist, she met Imrahil's gaze with her own.

"Tell me everything," Imrahil said. "Spare no detail." The heroes obliged, and together they explained to the prince everything that had led to their arrival in Dol Amroth – their discovery of the black key, the attack on the Grey Havens, their pursuit of the Stormcaller, and their exploration of the undersea grotto. Imrahil listened carefully, especially to Na'asiyah's

story, for it was one of the first times he had ever spoken to a Corsair as an ally. Both Imrahil and the heroes were surprised to hear that Na'asiyah's original plan did not involve the killing of Lord Calphon.

"So you believe that Sahir has summoned the Corsair fleet?" Imrahil asked at last, and Na'asiyah nodded with certainty.

"Sahir is a cunning pirate, but whatever is in that chest has him obsessed. He will seek to protect his prize through whatever means necessary." Na'asiyah now understood the kind of person her former captain truly was. "He never really did care for any of us. It pains me that I never noticed. He stoked our anger with lies, told us of crimes against our people that were never committed, tricked us into thinking we fought for our freedom," she explained, her words sharpened with anger. "In truth, we only ever fought for him, to solidify his dominion over Umbar."

Prince Imrahil nodded, placing a hand on Na'asiyah's shoulder. "He has not won yet," he said. "We will muster our fleet and head south at once. If it is a battle Sahir wants..." Imrahil began, but his sentence was interrupted by the sound of horns over the bay. Shouts erupted from outside: "Corsairs! Corsairs from the south!" The heroes ran to the balcony and saw an approaching host of black ships.

"He's sent his fleet to intercept us while he escapes to Umbar," Na'asiyah said. "It's what I would have done. Ironic that the first time he would heed my advice would be after I have left his service."

Imrahil commanded his captains to prepare for battle before turning once more to the heroes. "Aid me in defending my city, and I will make sure your ships have a clear path to catch Sahir."

One of the heroes clasped arms with Imrahil, concurring. "We would have defended Dol Amroth either way."

"I'm coming with you," Na'asiyah declared, her expression purposeful. "I believe the Corsairs are in need of a change of leadership."

"A Storm on Cobas Haven" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: A Storm on Cobas Haven, Voyage Across Belegaer, Umbar Fleet, Corsair Pirates, Corsair Raiders, and The Dream-chaser's Fleet. (Voyage Across Belegaer, Umbar Fleet, Corsair Pirates, Corsair Raiders, and The Dream-chaser's Fleet can be found in **The Grey Havens** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



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

The battle was fierce and the Corsairs relentless. Driven by hatred and malice, the raiders spared none in their thirst for blood. Many Gondorian ships were destroyed in the battle, rammed by cruisers with iron serpent-prows, set aflame by fiery arrows, or crushed by heavy stones thrown by trebuchets.

In the end, however, Dol Amroth stood triumphant, as it had many times before. The Dream-chaser and her fleet broke through the Corsairs' blockade, heading south with all of the speed they could muster. One way or another, this game of cat-and-mouse would end soon.

The story continues in "The City of Corsairs," the sixth Adventure Pack in the "Dream-chaser" cycle.



Na'asiyah

Sahir tapped his foot impatiently and waited for his first mate to join him in his quarters. He didn't like to be kept waiting, especially not by one of his crew. Fortunately, Rashad entered the chamber before the captain's patience wore completely thin. The first mate was an athletic, dark-skinned man, his arms and chest covered in snake tattoos that coiled around his body. "You asked to see me, captain?"

Sahir nodded and motioned for Rashad to sit at his table. He paused and watched Rashad, who was trying his best to maintain confidence under Sahir's piercing gaze. "What's this I hear about you bringing a child aboard my ship?" Sahir finally asked. Rashad sighed.

"Captain, during the battle with the Gondorians, the Serpent's Fang was the only ship we lost. I knew several of the men on that ship. They were fierce warriors and skilled sailors."

"Not skilled enough, it would seem."

"I wanted to save as many of its crew as I could,"

Rashad continued, paying Sahir's critique little heed. "When I led the raiding skiffs to the coast, I ordered one back towards the wreck of the Serpent's Fang, to see if there were any survivors."

Sahir's eyes narrowed. "I specifically ordered you send all of our men to raid the Langstrand villages. Now you're telling me you disobeyed my order?" Rashad did not respond, locking eyes with the captain and clenching his jaw. The captain maintained eye contact, managing to somehow look down upon Rashad while reclining in his chair. "Well? Go on. I want to know the fruits of your transgression," he said, arms crossed. Sahir had already figured out the rest, but he wanted to hear Rashad's explanation for his actions.

"There was only one survivor among the wreck of the Serpent's Fang," Rashad responded. "A young girl. A stowaway, it would seem." He sighed. "Probably a street urchin from the city, looking for some food. She must have been hiding below deck when the ship was boarded. We found her clutching to driftwood, soaked to the bone and shivering."

"And what made you think that the Stormcaller was the place to bring her?" Sahir spat angrily. "You should have left her in the village ruins on the coast."

Rashad looked away, gritting his teeth. "She is still one of us. Just because she is a child does not mean we should abandon her in enemy territory. What do you suppose would happen?"

"What do I care?" Sahir snapped back, and rose to his feet. "She's a burden upon my ship. Another mouth to feed, who cannot even wield a sword."

Rashad rose as well, facing his captain with defiance in his eyes. "She is a survivor. And she is smart. Smarter than most of the Corsairs on this ship, I'd wager. I'll train her myself." The first mate was placing his leadership—and perhaps his life—on the line in order to protect the girl. Sahir admired the man's resolve, though he felt no pity for the child brought aboard his ship. "She will be my responsibility. She can eat from my share of the rations. She'll be a Corsair in no time," Rashad continued.

Sahir nodded and sighed. "You're a fool. But fine... I suppose our haul was enough that we can support one more among the crew. Bring the girl here," he ordered. "I want to see the waif myself."

Rashad turned and opened the door to the captain's quarters, and shouted an order to a nearby Corsair. Within moments, the girl slipped inside, and closed the door behind her. She looked to be no older than ten, with dusky skin and long, black hair, greasy and tangled. She wore soaked, dirty clothing that scarcely fit, and she had many bruises on her arms and legs. Nevertheless, she gazed upon Sahir with pride in her eyes.

"Ahh, there she is," Sahir said with a grin. "And what's your name, stowaway?"

"Na'asiyah."

"You're a brave one," he declared, kneeling so he was at eye level with the girl. "But you're no Corsair yet. See this man?" He grabbed the girl and forced her to look at Rashad. "Heed every word he says and maybe you will survive. Disobey either of us, and I'll throw you overboard myself." The girl turned to Sahir and locked eyes with him, and he was surprised to see no fear in them.

"Yes... captain."

