From his beginnings as a chieftain and commander of the Haradrim Border Guard, Suladán, the Serpent Lord, rose to become one of the greatest leaders in the history of the people of Harad.

Many scorn the tales told of Harad’s most recent battle with Khand on the outskirts of Abrakán. Skeptics say that the events are unbelievable, that they are more akin to the fancies in the minds of tune-smiths and poets than to true events that could have taken place between earth and sky. Few credit this story with truth, but it is correct in every detail. I know this to be the case, for I was there. I, unnoticed by all, walked among the men who had come to the valleys in eastern Harad. My sole purpose was to record what was to happen. I will never truly know why I was drawn there, but to all great moments in history, there is an irresistible pull that brings witnesses. So it was with me that day.

To seek understanding of the reason for that war requires a little knowledge of that part of the world. Harad as a nation, in the true sense of the word, ceases to exist east of Abrakán, where the country yields to an uncharted series of settlements and feeldoms. Similarly, Khand’s western borders are ruled in name only by that nation’s king. Neither the Lords of Umbar nor the Khandish kings have ever cared much for the lands between their realms and seek to maintain them only as a mutually recognized neutral territory. Though it is true that Harad maintained a series of fortresses along the border, they were old, ruined things, with broken defenses and crumbling walls. Command over these husks had always been given to chieftains out of favor—certainly the situation at the time of which I speak. This task fell to an ambitious and skilled chieftain named Suladán—known as the Serpent Lord—whose rivalry with a member of the Hasharih, named Khair Drózhina, earned him this inauspicious post. It was doubtless Drózhina’s wish that isolated duty would finish his nemesis once and for all, though fate would lead Suladán on a different path.

By the dawn of the year 3010, Suladán had been invested as the commander of the border guard for many long years. His name was forgotten in all circles of power, and his mind became numb to the seemingly pointless task to which he was set. It was not that the border was inactive, for many Khandish raiders and mercenaries would slip across the border each day. However, for Suladán’s pitiful garrison of scarcely five hundred men, any meaningful attempt to prevent these incursions was impossible. Faced with this inescapable reality, Suladán satisfied himself with training his men as well as he could and with keeping the area about his encampment of Pazghar secure.

It was in late spring that Suladán’s path was changed once more when a great horde swept out of Khand. No mere raid was this, no simple action of mercenaries without employ, but rather a great force of Khandish military strength—six thousand men in all. Even now, I cannot surmise what prompted this invasion with any certainty, for Khand is a land that has ever been closed to me. My feet have left their mark on Harad’s sandy soils, the green fields of Calenardhon, and even Mordor’s ash-clogged desert, but in Khad I do not travel. I have since heard that Vangaris, the king who led the attack, feared being usurped and thus needed a victory on the field of battle to secure his throne, but there is no way to know whether or not this is true. Regardless of cause, Vangaris’ army rode directly upon Pazghar. Seeing Suladán’s small garrison as his only opposition east of Abrakán, Vangaris sought to catch the Haradrim chieftain within the crumbling walls. The Serpent Lord was not to be so easily ensnared, however.

When the garrison of Pazghar realized the danger, the Khandish army was almost at the walls of their citadel. Time had not been kind to the bastion, and Suladán knew that its decaying walls could not reasonably defend against the Khandish hordes. With no better option at hand, Suladán prepared his men as best he could, as the Khandish horde assembled outside his walls. Wooden palisades were constructed to cover the gaps in the fortress’s stonework; weapons were
SCENARIO: THE ASSAULT ON PAZGHAR

Vangaris has led his army to the Harad border but has found the obstacle of Pazghar in his path. Determining to sweep away any resistance, the Khandish king orders his men to assault the ancient bastion. Though outnumbered and overmatched, Suladan and Haran muster their warriors in defiance of the Khandish horde. Can they prevail?

PARTICIPANTS: GOOD
- Suladan, the Serpent Lord
- Haran (Chiefest of Harad)
- 6 Warriors of Harad with spears
- 6 Warriors of Harad with bows

All of the Good models are on foot.

EVIL
- 3 Khandish Chieftains
- 12 Warriors of Khand with shields
- 12 Warriors of Khand with bows
- 6 Warriors of Khand with throwing spears and shields

The Evil side may include up to four siege ladders.

Use the profiles for Captains and Warriors of Rohan. If you don't want to convert models as Khandish Warriors, you can substitute Warriors and Captains of Rohan.

LAYOUT
This scenario is played on a board 24/56 cm x 48/112 cm. The stone wall of Pazghar should run along the center of the board, from short table edge to short table edge (see map).

STARTING POSITIONS
The Good player deploys his force anywhere along the wall. The Evil player then places his force anywhere outside the fortress but at least 6/14 cm from the wall.

OBJECTIVES
The Evil player wins if he has six or more models on the wall at the end of any game turn or if the Good side is slain or flees. If the Evil force flees or is slain, the Good side wins.

SPECIAL RULES
Decaying Defenses: The weary and broken walls of Pazghar are no longer reliable defenses. Many of the parapets are not even waist height, and the mortar between the stones is rotten and crumbling. When rolling for "in the way" in the Fight Phase, the walls of Pazghar block the strike only on a roll of 1 or 2, rather than the usual 1, 2, or 3.

POINTS MATCH
To play this scenario with different forces, simply choose two forces. The Evil force should have roughly twice the points value of the Good force. Neither side may arm more than half of its warriors with bows. The Evil side may include one siege ladder for each ten men.
prepared; and men resolved themselves to sell their lives as dearly as they could. It is perhaps a testament to Suladân’s leadership that, even when faced with such outrageous odds, not one of his men deserted, though they clearly had cause enough.

It was early in the following morning that Suladân’s defenses were tested. Thinking victory to be his for the taking, Vangarîs launched only a portion of his army to confront the defenders—a mere two thousand men whose only semblance of siege equipment was a handful of hastily crafted scaling ladders. Even so, these men outnumbered Suladân’s followers four times over, and the fighting atop Pazghar’s walls was as desperate as it was brutal. Suladân and his second in command, Harân, fought like men possessed and masted their fellows wherever the enemy threatened. Three times the Khandish warriors came to the walls of Pazghar, and three times they were thrown back in a clash of steel, fury, and spirit. After the third assault, the Khandis were so disheartened that neither threats nor rewards could make them return to the battle that day. Pazghar was safe for a time, though its defenders were now half their original number.

Knowing that the attack was not defeated but only stalled, Suladân carried out his plans for escape, drawn up in the pauses between assaults. Under cover of darkness, fifty men, led by Harân, sailed forth from Pazghar to disrupt and distract the encircling army. Suladân had thought to lead the feint, but Harân had opposed his commander. Harân reminded the Serpent Lord that the sally was, at best, a fool’s crusade, and that his leadership would be needed if the Khandish army were to be defeated. Recognizing the truth in his lieutenant’s words, Suladân relented, and at the head of his remaining men rode hard against the weakest point in the Khandish lines. Taken utterly by surprise, Vangarîs’s warriors were slow to organize, giving Suladân the time he needed to cut through the besiegers and escape into the hills. Harân and his men fared worse. Though their distraction worked beyond reasonable expectation and they slew many times their own number, all who rode with the young chieftain were lost.

For the next few weeks, Suladân led his remaining men on a desperate series of swift strikes on the Khandish army. Suladân struck without warning from the hills and escaped before the enemy army, made ponderous by its size, could pursue. Confusion and dismay were left in his wake each time he struck. Slowly but surely, the morale of the Khandish warriors was sapped. Of course, recalling these events through the veil of time, we could be forgiven for thinking Vangarîs a fool for continuing to tumble around after his foe. In some ways, perhaps the Khandish leader was foolish, for his failure to crush Suladân at Pazghar chafed. Vangarîs was, like most kings, a man of no small amount of pride. It is also possible, however, that the king was unaware of just how small a force the Serpent Lord commanded. Indeed, so small was Suladân’s force that a month after the invasion began, there were only five score able-bodied men left to the chieftain. However, for each man he lost, Vangarîs lost ten.

After three weeks of frustrated marching and counter-marching, Vangarîs finally broke off his pursuit of Suladân and turned west toward Abrakân. By this time, however, word had spread throughout the countryside, and many chieftains had brought their warriors to Abrakân’s defense. The elders of Abrakân were certain that the walls of their city would hold against the invaders. It was several days more before Suladân learned that he was free of his pursuer at last. Gathering those who could still ride—less than sixty men all told—Suladân rode after Vangarîs.

"The leadership of this diversion fails to me. Duty demands that it be so."

"Your duty is to defend this land, not throw your life away in some fleeting gesture. If you are lost, who will command the warriors who follow you? There are other battlefields upon which you will be called to fight, lord. This attack must fall to me."

—Conversation Between Suladân and Harân
It was at the city of Abrakân that the final act of this story was to be played out. Suladän caught up with Vangaris's army, still four thousand strong, and arrived to a scene of desperate struggle. Disregarding the advice of Abrakân's elders, the Hâsharrin who had taken control of the Haradrâm defenders had led them to meet the Khandish army, rather than shielding behind the solid bulwarks of Abrakân. Such a strategy would have served him well, had his warriors been as unyielding as his sense of self-importance or as numerous as the enemy. As it was, the overmatched Haradrâm yielded ground within moments, and their general was slain before noon. From my perch on a hill above the battlefield, I could see the Merchant Guard of Abrakân holding firm about their lord. Everywhere else, uncertainty and despair were beginning to set in, and two thousand Haradrâm warriors were on the brink of flight.

Suladän truly earned his ascendance that day. Though tired to the bone, he drove his men into the rear of Vangaris's army like a spear. Less than sixty men, scattered and worn, rode beneath the banner of the Serpent through the Khandish ranks and cut down all who opposed the Haradrâm. It must have seemed as though nothing could touch them—no arrow, no spear, no sword. Though outmatched, their fury gave them strength enough to carry Suladän to the very heart of the Khandish horde and before the king himself. As Suladän's men engaged Vangaris' bodyguard, the Serpent Lord fought the Khandish king. Though the chieftain was easily the better swordsman of the two, Vangaris was fresh to the battle. Only a will of iron kept Suladän in the saddle of his steed. As battle raged about them, the two men circled, cutting and parrying faster than the eye could perceive. The two warlords seemed well matched, the Serpent Lord's skill and speed blunting itself upon the layered iron plates of his foe's armor. It was only when Suladän's steed was slain, speared by one of Vangaris' men, that the contest turned. As Suladän rose up from the dust of the battlefield, his blade bit deep into the Khandish king's side and sliced up between the overlapping plates of armor. With a cry of pain, Vangaris tumbled from his saddle and sprawled in the dust. Winded by the fall, the fallen king was helpless before Suladän's vengeful strike. Quick beyond belief, the chieftain's blade flamed down through the golden mask's eye hole to end the life of the Khandish King.

In that moment, it seemed as though all eyes on the battlefield turned to where Suladän stood victorious. For a moment, there was silence, as history began to shape itself into a new course. Then, the killing began once more. With the death of Vangaris, the tide had turned, and the fight went out of the Khandish army. All across the battlefield, the Khands began to retreat, first by ones and twos and then by whole companies. Within minutes, the entire army was in full flight and was pursued with a vengeance by those who had expected nothing but defeat.

In the years after, various stories have surfaced to explain the scope of the victory that day. Some claim that much of the Khandish army was composed of mercenaries who were bought by the wealth of the elders of Abrakân and who changed sides partway through the battle. Others speak of the valiant efforts of various Haradrâm chieftains that, when seen as part of the larger tapestry of fate, brought victory that day. One tale even suggests that, although Vangaris was killed at the height of the battle, Suladän was not responsible, and it was, in fact, one of the Hâsharrin who slew the Khandish king. All I can say, without doubt or contradiction, is that I saw none of these things and that the victory that day belonged to one man, one who may yet cause great good or ill in the years to come.

**SCENARIO: THE BATTLE OF ABRAKÂN**

The fate of Harad is to be decided on the plains of Abrakân. Two thousand Haradrâm warriors mustered to meet the Khandish horde in battle—an army twice their size. As the tide turns against the sons of Harad, they begin to retreat. Though all seems lost, the Khandish victory is not certain. Even on a field of six thousand warriors, one man can make a difference.

**PARTICIPANTS: GOOD**

- Suladän, the Serpent Lord
- Hâsharrin (Chieftain of Harad)
- 12 Warriors of Harad with spears
- 12 Warriors of Harad with bows
- 6 Haradrâm Raiders with lances
- 6 Haradrâm Raiders

**EVIL**

- Vangaris (case the King of Men profile)
- 2 Khandish Chieftains
- 4 Warriors of Khand with shields
- 4 Warriors of Khand with bows
- 4 Warriors of Khand with throwing spears and shields
- 12 Khandish Raiders

Use the profiles for Captains and Warriors of Rohan. If you don't want to convert models to use as Khandish Warriors, you can substitute Rohan profiles instead.

**LAYOUT**

This scenario is played on a board 48"/112 cm x 48"/112 cm. The game takes place on the fields outside Abrakân and thus should be a moody flat plain broken by occasional hills and forests.

**STARTING POSITIONS**

The Good player deploys his force (excluding Suladän and the Haradrâm Raiders) within 6'/14 cm of one board edge. The Evil player then places his force within 6'/14 cm of the opposite board edge. Suladän and the Haradrâm Raiders are kept to one side and may become available later in the game.

**OBJECTIVES**

The Evil player wins if he reduces the Good side to 25% or less of its starting numbers. The Good player wins if the Evil side is reduced to 50% of its starting numbers and Vangaris is slain. If both conditions are met in the same turn, the game is a draw.

**SPECIAL RULES**

- The Striking Serpent. From the 4th turn onward, at the start of each of his Move Phases, the Good player may roll a D6. On the roll of a 4+, the Evil models that were not deployed at the start of the game may move onto the board from any edge (they must all arrive along the same edge). Newly arrived models may not charge on the turn they arrive but may otherwise act normally.

**POINTS MATCH**

To play this scenario with different forces, simply choose two forces of roughly equal points value. Neither side may arm more than half of its warriors with bows. The most expensive model on the Evil side takes the role of Vangaris.