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Foreword

During the War of the Ring, it was not just the nine companions in the Fellowship of the Ring that had a very important task; there were many groups of companions that were set out with difficult tasks, small groups composed of both mighty and unlikely heroes.

This is the second book in the Companions trilogy, written by volunteers from The Last Alliance community. In the previous book, Evil in Eriador, the Companions set out from Bree to Rivendell with the news of black riders. From there, they set out to destroy the threat of Gundabad, eventually making their way to Carn Dum to deal with Gargantuil, a mysterious beast of great power. Although some of the Companions were killed in the slaying of the evil creature, they nonetheless completed their task. Or at least they believed that they did…

Through this adventure, you will see bravery, friendship, heroism, and great evil in one of the greatest battles of the War of the Ring: the battle of Mirkwood. Thousands upon thousands of Orcs and evil Men move to attack the Woodland Realm, from both Dol Guldur and Gundabad. If they prevail and destroy the Woodland Realm, they will move onto Eriador and overwhelm its inhabitants. So the defenders of Mirkwood fight not only for their own homes, but also for much of Middle-earth.

*The board is set, the pieces are moving. We come to it at last... the great battle of our time.*

Who and Where are the Companions?

In the Companions Book 1, we saw many trials for the Companions, some of them being injured, others killed. The Companions travelled all the way from Bree to Rivendell to the great fortress of Carn Dum. Their most devastating encounter was with a creature called Gargantuil, a werewolf of great power, in the great fortress. Here we recap who all of the Companions are, and what has happened to them.

**Barney Pickthorn** – This boy of Bree made it safely through the trials of his journey safely and has ended up in Carn Dum with the rest of the living Companions.

**Tolman** – Unfortunately, this Bree-Man’s sword mastery did not save him from the creature Gargantuil’s jaws, and he was killed inside Carn Dum.

**Elthor** – This Dúnedain Ranger’s deadly shot has kept his friends safe and his enemies at bay through his journey from Bree to Carn Dum.

**Hador** – An Elven Scout, Hador was the one who finished off Gargantuil inside Carn Dum.

**Robert Thistlewool** – Though he had to overcome many struggles, this Man from the Bree-land travelled all the way to Carn Dum and exited it without much harm coming to him.

**Foradan** – A guide from the town of Esgaroth, this Man was overtaken by an evil spirit in Carn Dum. Sorandilun was forced to slay him as he was guarding their much needed supplies, and his body was freed from the evil within him.

**Kalatri** – In his struggle to protect his beloved Urúviel from the beast Gargantuil, Kalatri’s arm was dislocated. However, he still remains a determined member of the Companions.

**Urúviel** – The Elf-maiden of the wood remained unharmed through her trials inside Carn Dum.

**Aneron** – In a titanic struggle with the creature known as Gargantuil, Aneron was killed while defending his friends.

**Sorandilun** – Originating from Rivendell, Sorandilun is an Elf-lord who fought in the Battle of the Last Alliance. He became the leader of the Companions after they stopped in Rivendell. He was knocked unconscious by Gargantuil in Carn Dum, but recovered shortly after.
Playing the Adventure

This adventure can be played in two ways: either playing each scenario as a stand-alone game, or as a linked campaign. With the former option, simply use the participants listed in the scenario’s participants list.

However, with the latter option, characters can continue in the adventure with wounds, or even die. If you choose this option, should a character be killed in a scenario, roll a dice for each point of starting Fate. For each roll of 4 or more, the character regains one Wound up to its starting number of Wounds, and regains all of its Might, Will and Fate for the next scenario. However, if no wounds are recovered, the character is now considered “dead”, and may therefore not be in any of the following scenarios. However, if this happens, a character may be replaced with another; the replacement for that scenario is found at the end of the scenario (Campaign Recruits).

At any point in the campaign, you may also replace one of the Companions with a personalized hero, such as your TLA Campaign Personal Hero.
Part One - Gundabad

With grief still evident upon their tear-stained faces, the Companions moved swiftly away from the citadel on Carn Dum. The nefarious fortress stood behind them like a blight upon the surface of a choked earth, mocking the losses of the heroes.

All trudged along the path silently, save Barney, who was quivering fiercely. He sat pushed up beside a boulder, looking away from the rest of the group. Robert, feeling responsible for the boy, was pained by the sadness of his young friend and sat nearby. Though his own grief was vast, he attempted to comfort the boy. Yet Barney could not be comforted, and wordlessly rejected Robert’s consolation. Kalatri was silent, staring indifferently into a spot of ground for minutes. Elthor and Hador stood wordlessly as well, acting as sentries for the group as Urúviel sighed and rested from the dressing of wounds. Sorandilun’s gaze swept of the exhausted group, and while he wanted to give them the rest they so desperately needed, he knew they had to get moving the Orcs began their pursuit.

"We need to continue moving," the Elf said reluctantly. "Who knows what evil may befall us if we are to linger here. We must return to Rivendell, for our task is complete. Gargantuil is finished, and along with him the threat of Carn Dum."

Kalatri looked up at him from his resting place, a distant look filling his thoughtful eyes. Something had changed in him, Sorandilun noted. Either something was missing from them or there was something in them that was not there before; for good or ill. Regardless, Kalatri looked like a changed Man. Sorandilun knew that he would probably see the same aura of sadness and death of innocence in all of his friends.

Elthor stood up with a small grunt.

"Sorandilun is right," the Dúnedain said. "We must leave with all haste."

The Companions reluctantly obeyed; standing and brushing themselves off. Robert had failed to get any positive response from Barney, and with a final glance of worry and a last touch of attempted reassurance he left the boy alone. All seven of the Companions quickly moved further away from the colossal form of Carn Dum, all wary of the possibility of attack at any moment from the bands of Orcs and fouler creatures that populated the area.

The rocks and ravines surrounding them seemed to echo with the phantoms of evil - whether imagined or not. The Companions remained tense, and even though his grief was overwhelming, Barney unconsciously moved closer to Robert. The crack of a ghostly blade against a shield, the crunching of the steps of a spearman against gravel, and the drawing of a spectral bowstring threatened to drive the Companions’ sanity further to the edge.

The threat of Carn Dum was defeated, but its haunt of wickedness would remain.

All of the Companions took heart from the quick stride and boldness of Sorandilun, who had his eyes fixed on the road ahead. Although he heard every sound and each worried him, the Noldorian warrior looked neither to the right nor to the left in response to the hindrances of the dead. The Elf lord knew from experience that leadership was pivotal in these moments, even though his courage was being stretched thin, and his heartache pained him deeply.

Soon the echoes of the dead faded back into the distance, and the Companions were again alone. After some time of travel, the Companions noticed that a rabble of Orcs was some distance away, and they quickly hid. The Companions were at an elevated position, out of sight for the moment. Urúviel moved in stealthily to scout the position of the Orcs. The Orcs continued to move up the path until they stopped at a spot directly in front of the hiding places of the remaining Companions. At this point one of the Orcs, obviously in charge, stepped in front of the throng to address his fellow creatures. Suddenly another Orc emerged from what appeared to be an entranceway into the mountainside.

The second Orc stepped forward. "We await your orders of what to do with the prisoner, Nashak," it said.
Laughter rang throughout the group, and Nashak let loose a mirthless roar.

"Into the mountain!" He commanded; his laughter ended as abruptly as it began, along with the amusement of the Orcs. They knew of the unpredictable moods of their leader.

He turned to the messenger and barked a command. "Lead me to where the Dwarf is kept." The Orcs moved into the tunnel swiftly, grunting and chuckling in foul anticipation.

Robert's eyes remained fixed on the entrance to the tunnel, but he spoke in a hushed tone to the others. "Did you hear that?" he questioned worriedly. "The Orcs have taken a prisoner - a Dwarf is captive in there!"

Sorandilun's reply was grim. "This," he said as he looked up the mountain, "must be Gundabad. That Orc that was leading the rest appears to possess command of the dominion of the evil that lays here. Even with Gargantuil dead, a leader remains to command them."

He glanced over his shoulder at the others. "We cannot let this Orc destroy what we have accomplished. We will go into the mountain, free the prisoner, and slay the Orc."

"Very well," Elthor said, yet he threw a concerned look toward Barney. "The boy should stay here with me and keep watch - he's too young to go into a nest of Orcs."

Sorandilun arched his eyebrow at Barney, expecting an angry retort that he was old enough. Yet the boy remained silent, and that concerned the Elf lord further.

"I shall stay as well," Hador said, tightening his quiver.

The Companions moved into the dimly lit cavern, noting that there were no Goblins or Orcs visible. They heard the dim echoing of a Dwarf's moaning, and followed the sound until they reached a dank entranceway to a room; inside was a beaten Dwarf closely guarded by leery-eyed Goblins. The Companions were about to spring their trap on the unwary guards when they were surprised by a group of Orcs of the mountain that appeared from behind. The four Companions swiftly moved back-to-back as the Orcs surrounded them and cackled malevolently. Yet the horde of Goblins was no match for the skill of the Companions; the first Goblin was impaled by a quick thrust from Kalatri, and Sorandilun broke the jaw of another with a quick crack with the boss of his shield. Another Goblin, smaller yet bulkier and bolder than the others, sprinted headlong towards the Easterling, and prepared to leap. Sorandilun beheaded another Goblin swiftly and then moved to protect his friend. The moment that the Orc sprang, the Elf lord severed its body in two.

Sorandilun and Kalatri pushed back the tide of creatures as Urúviel and Robert moved to free the Dwarf. As they finished removing the last of the chains, Kalatri spotted Nashak in the corner, directing the Goblins with barking orders. Despite his dislocated arm, Kalatri nimbly cut through the Goblins between him and the Goblin king, and with a single blow struck down Nashak. Robert and Urúviel had finished releasing the Dwarf and the Companions made for the exit of the mountain, Orcs hot on their heels.

As they quickly found a suitable place to stand their ground, the four Companions deftly finished off the Orcs of the mountain, which was not difficult with the recent loss of the Goblin king. Finally, the Companions were able to talk with the Dwarf who had been captured by the Orcs of Gundabad. Though the Dwarf could only speak faintly in his wearied state, the Companions learned that he was called Gror and he had been captured several days ago. All of his comrades had been killed. Then the Dwarf quieted for a moment, and Sorandilun thought that Gror was contemplating the blurred, recent events in his head. However, the Dwarf had finally succumbed to his fatigue and fallen asleep. The Companions, following suit after a fashion, set up camp. Kalatri realized in passing that Hador, Elthor, and Barney had not met up with them, but he thought little more of it at the time.
Gror, of the Iron Hills (Dwarf)

Gror was an ill-tempered young Dwarf, being the Lord's nephew was not easy for him. They thought him too youthful and too naïve to join battle, when he had already been trained enough, or so he said. From a young age, he practiced, alone in the dark. Throwing axes at targets, and chopping the heads off of invisible Orcs. Long had he wanted to step outside of the hole that they had kept him in. Long had he wanted to feel the hot anger inside of him for more Orc-blood. As his good friend, Gimli, was sent to Rivendell, and all things good seemed gone, the Iron Hills mustered for what they thought was an attack by Orcs from the North. Gror decided that he would join them and show how much he had improved. While on a trek home after a journey with a group of friends, Gror found himself in combat with a superior number of Goblins and, to his despair, captured by them and separated from his friends.

Although being short in stature, Gror is a strong young dwarf capable of anything a normal Dwarf can, and more. However, this is not to say he is as mature as older Dwarves. No, he is quite the opposite, and will do whatever it takes to become renown, even if it puts him in danger.

Gror, of the Iron Hills                                           Points Value: 45

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<td>Gror</td>
<td>4/4+</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
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Wargear
Gror carries his trusty Hatchet (hand weapon) and wears some "borrowed" armour. At an additional Points cost he may have the following:

"Borrowed" Throwing Axes…. 5pts
"Borrowed" Shield…………… 5pts

Special Rules

Naïve in Youth. Gror will try to win renown however he can, even if he puts himself in danger. If ever there is an enemy within 5” of Gror, he must charge them, whatever the cost.

First Battle. Gror is new to battle, only being trained by himself in the dark shadows of the night. He is now lost in the lust of battle, and so, whenever he is fighting an enemy hero, he will not let other Dwarves help him in any way, as an attempt to show his worth at the number of Orc heads he sends rolling by himself.
The Companions - The Gathering Storm

Nashak, Goblin king of Gundabad

Nashak is a sly, old Goblin who has reigned over Gundabad for a very long time. He originally got to power through a mixture of brains and brawn, killing or tricking anyone who stood before him. During his reign few have challenged his power, but, those who do are slain in a closely fought battle to the death! Nashak was king at the time the Companions came to Gundabad.

Nashak

F S D A W C M/W/F
Gror 4/5+ 4 6 2 2 4 3/2/2

Points Value: 70

Wargear
Nashak carries a sword and shield, and wears armour. He may also ride the following at an additional cost:

Warg…. 10 pts

Special Rules

Slow but Strong. Nashak has been king over Gundabad a long time and has become very bulky due to his life style. Now he often misses with his blade when he should not, although, he has not lost any of the strength he used to have and so counts as being armed with a 2-handed weapon, even though he carries a shield..

Short Temper. Nashak is used to getting what he wants and doesn’t like being made a fool. To represent this, if a model with a lower fight value or lower number of attacks beats Nashak in combat, Nashak instantly comes under the effect of the Fury spell. This may only happen once and lasts for the rest of the game.
The four remaining Companions move stealthily into the mountain of Gundabad, trying to not only rescue the captive Dwarf, but also to slay the Goblin King. Little do they know of the dangers that wait inside the mountain, for the Goblins are waiting in ambush.

Participants
GOOD
- Sorandilun
- Kalatri
- Urúviel
- Robert
- Gror

EVIL
- Nashak
- 1 Goblin Captain
- 4 Hobgoblins (Mordor Uruk-hai with the Cave Dweller special rule)
- 8 Goblins w/ shield
- 8 Goblins w/ spear
- 8 Goblins w/ Orc bow

Layout
The game is played on an underground board 24” by 24”. There is a doorway at the East, West and South board edges, and there are scattered pieces of rock and rubble throughout the board. There are also three fires, which can be deployed anywhere on the map, but can not be deployed within 12” of one another (see map for details).

Starting Positions
The Good player starts by deploying Sorandilun, Kalatri, Urúviel, and Robert in the doorway of the southern board edge. Gror is then deployed in the center of the northern board edge. The Goblin captain and 8 Goblins deploy within 6” of Gror. The rest of the Evil force may be available later on in the game.

Objectives
The Good player wins if Nashak is killed and over 50% of the force escapes via the doorway at the southern board edge. The Evil player wins if the Good player fails to do this.

Special Rules
**Gor.** Gror has been held captive for days, being kept in a poor condition and not being equipped for battle but still willing to fight for his freedom. To represent this, Gror begins the game with no Might, Will or Fate, and counts as being unarmed. As well, at the beginning of the game Gror is still in captivity - he is the Goblins’ prisoner and they will not attack him. To represent this Gror may not move, shoot or fight at the beginning of the game. The Goblins are holding him captive so they will not charge Gror or shoot at him with ranged weapons. A Good model may free Gror if they spend a full Fight Phase in contact with him and are not engaged in a fight. If this happens, Gror may move, shoot and charge as normal, and the Evil models may charge him or shoot at him as normal.

**Kalatri.** After Gargantuil’s attack, Kalatri’s arm is still dislocated. To represent this, he may not carry a shield, and may only use his halberd as a hand weapon in this scenario.
Ambush. The Goblins in the mountain have seen the Companions entering their home, and have set up an ambush for them. The parts of the Evil force that were not on the board at the beginning of the game may come onto the board later. Every turn from the second turn onward, in the beginning of the Evil player's move phase he may roll for each model that is not yet on the board on the table below:

1-2: The model does not come onto the board yet
3: The model is placed in the doorway of the Western board edge
4: The model is placed in the doorway of the Eastern board edge
5-6: The model is placed in the doorway of the Southern board edge

Note: Might **can not** be used to modify this roll. Also, this rule only applies to the Evil player’s starting force.

**Campaign Recruits.** A Dwarf Captain
Scenario 2: Flashback

Gror the Dwarf reminisces of when he was captured by a small band of Goblins before being brought to Gundabad. His friends and he had been trapped in the Ered Mithrin mountains, after taking a short rest. The Dwarves had been sent on a scouting mission from the Iron Hills when they were ambushed by Goblins. By the time the Dwarves knew what was happening to them, the Goblins had gained the upper hand in the battle and killed most of them. Only Gror was left, to be brought back to Gundabad as a prisoner and give valuable information to the Goblins. However, the Dwarves had not gone down without a fight…

Participants
GOOD
Gror
3 Khazad Guard
3 Dwarf Warriors with bows
6 Dwarf Warriors with shields

EVIL
2 Goblin Captains
4 Goblin Champions*
4 Goblin Warriors with shield
4 Goblin Warriors with spear
4 Goblin Warriors with bow
(*see special rules)

Layout
The game is played on a board 36"/84cm by 36"/84cm. There should be rocks scattered across the board, and a few small hilly areas. There should be a small ruined area, about 10"/24cm by 10"/24cm in the center of the board.

Starting Positions
The Good force deploys first. The Dwarves armed with bows and the Khazad Guard, which are sentries, are deployed anywhere on the board, but must be at least 6"/14cm away from the Southern board edge and at least 6"/14cm away the area inside the ruins. The rest of the Good force is deployed within the ruined area. The Evil player then deploys his Goblins within base contact of the southern board edge.

Objectives
If the Good force kills at least 75% of the Evil force, then he wins the game. If Gror is carried off the Southern board edge before this happens, then the Evil player wins (see Special Rules). Any other result (such as Gror being killed for any reason) is a draw.

Special Rules
Trapped. As the Dwarves are trapped and have no where to go, and they know that the Goblins will give them no quarter, the Good force does not need to take Courage Tests for their force being Broken in this scenario.

Sentries. The Dwarves with bows and Khazad Guard count as sentries, following the Scenario Specific Rules in the main rulebook. The Good force may act normally as soon as the alarm is raised by an Evil model.

Captives. If Gror loses all of his wounds, the Evil player may elect to "knock out" the Dwarf rather
than kill him. In this case, Gror is rendered immobile in all ways, and may be carried as a Heavy Item, as described in the main rules manual. If a Good model spends a full Fight Phase in base contact with Gror when he is knocked out, and has not been engaged in combat or shot a missile weapon that turn, roll a dice. On the score of a 4+, Gror is “woken up”. He regains one Wound, and may otherwise act normally in the following turn.

**Goblins Champions.** Some of the Goblins that are sent to capture Gror are considered champions of their race, and are not nearly as adept at fighting as the Goblin Captains. All Goblin Champions in this scenario count as regular Goblin Captains, but only have 1 Attack, 1 Wound and 1 Might.

**Campaign Recruits.** A Dwarf Captain.
Part 2 - The Departing of Friends

While Elthor was keeping watch outside Gundabad, he suddenly noticed that Barney looked terrible. The boy was on the ground, shivering in the night air, looking up at Elthor with frightened eyes. The Dúnedain realized now that he had a decision in front of him: either let the boy continue on with the group and their journeys, or take him home now. He decided against the former, and knew that it would be best leave now before the others would stop him. He knew that the boy of Bree had seen enough death, and any more damage to his young mind would be irreparable.

He beckoned to Hador, who had been surveying the area. "A boy of Barney's age should never have witnessed such terrible things as he has," the Dúnedain grimly said. "I've decided that taking him back to his home in Bree would be best. Please, tell the others where we have gone when they return from inside the mountain." Hador nodded, understanding the Dúnedain's intentions.

After quickly informing Barney of his decision, the boy surprisingly had no objections. Whether it was due to agreement or simply the boy still being in a state of shock, Elthor did not know, but he nonetheless moved on with the boy in tow. However, after scarcely a minute of travel, Elthor heard a large, abrupt bellow behind him. He and the wide-eyed Barney turned to see a pair of hill Trolls, crude clubs raised, lumbering towards them.

"Run!" the Dúnedain commanded. Barney needed no further encouragement, and he stumbled to get away quickly. Their fate appeared sealed when another hill Troll appeared in front of them, but Elthor was determined to keep the boy safe from the blows of the beasts until his last breath. But an arrow suddenly flew through the air, piercing one of the beasts and allowing the pair to temporarily get out of harm's way. Hador unexpectedly leapt out from behind a group of bushes, putting himself between the Trolls and the duo, Barney and Elthor.

Hador let loose another arrow and quickly withdrew his Elf blade.

"Go!" he yelled urgently. Elthor's heart was torn asunder; he desperately wanted to fight beside Hador against the beasts, yet he knew that Hador had made his decision. The last thing he saw of the courageous Hador was the sight of the Elf crumpling under the blow of the last remaining Troll. ***
Sorandilun wiped his blade on Nashak’s tattered tunic, surveying the scene. Urûviel was dressing a long but shallow cut on the young Dwarf’s forehead. Gror thanked the Elf maiden in his own gruff manner for the treatment. Aside from his name the Dwarf had told them little else, save that he was from the Iron Hills, where his uncle ruled. That had caused the Elf lord to ponder for a moment. Yet he had more pressing matters now. One of the others who had kept watch outside when they were in the mountain of Gundabad should have reported by now; something was obviously wrong. Sorandilun signalled for Kalatri to join him in going outside.

“Isn’t it strange that they have not chosen to join us, Sorandilun?” Kalatri remarked, pain from his dislocated shoulder after his encounter with Gargantuil apparent in his eyes.

“Maybe, but if I were Elthor, I would not take Barney anywhere near a cave of slaughtered Orcs and suffering prisoners.” Sorandilun replied. “I would not have him see death again for a very long time.” They reached the mouth of the cave again. Kalatri noted that the cool air and smell of trees was beginning to wash away the stale stench of Orc sweat and blood. But there was no sign of the Dûnedain, the boy, or Hador.

Kalatri noted the tracks heading southwest, confirming Sorandilun’s suspicions.

With all the irony of an Elf that had just made a correct prediction, Sorandilun noted, “They’ve taken Barney home to Bree.”

“We should follow the tracks, they may not have gone far,” Kalatri said, urgency evident in his voice.

“No, it is for the best. We shall let them be.”

Kalatri listened for a moment, as the Easterlings do in their arid land, appearing increasingly worried. Sorandilun sighed. The Man would never stop worrying until they had followed the tracks at least a little way. The Elf lord respected the Easterling’s love and intense concern for his friends, but was worried that someday it could prove to be his undoing. Or perhaps the undoing of others.

After Sorandilun scratched a few Elven runes on the cave for Urûviel to follow, the pair sprinted after the tracks, not wishing to waste any time in allaying their fears. They reached a clearing and gasped at the scene strewn before them. Hador was lying on his back, next to two dead trolls, both with thin but deep cuts in their chests. One of them looked to be partially eaten. A twig snapped behind them, and they swirled to see Urûviel stepping out of the brush. She knelt next to Hador’s lifeless form, silent tears mingling with blood from the cut on her cheek.

Sorandilun could not make sense of it. It looked as though Hador had died under a single blow, but how could the trolls have done this if the brave Elf had already killed them? He heard a deep, rumbling bellow, and immediately after something to the right of Urûviel burst from the trees. The maiden was crouching on the ground, her blade in its sheath, and Sorandilun readied himself to jump over her with his own blade.
Yet before he could begin his heroic but vain defence, a dull “thunk” sounded and the bellows ceased, making the Elf halt in his tracks. Kalatri had swung his halberd like an axe in a ferocious blow, and the troll had been cleanly decapitated. Sorandilun saw the fire burning in the Easterling’s dark brown eyes as the Man offered a hand to Urúviel, helping her to her feet.

This passion gave the Man strength, but at what cost, Sorandilun mused to himself again. The Easterling would need watching.

Urúviel picked up Hador’s bow and quiver. “Should we keep these in remembrance? Or leave them with him? Regardless, we must bury him.” She fought to keep back her tears as she spoke her last words. Before he could reply, Sorandilun’s ears pricked up. He could hear Dwarves in the distance, their yells mingling with the guttural cries of Goblins.

“We must leave him for now. It would not serve his memory well to stay here and bury the dead while others are in peril. Keep hold of that bow, Urúviel; we will return it to him later.”
Scenario 3: Unmeasured Friendship

As Elthor attempts to get Barney back to his home in Bree, he hears the grunt of a hill troll. Both he and Barney struggle to get away from the sound, but are soon surrounded by several other trolls. Elthor prepares to give his life to heroically defend Barney as his last deed, but the sound of an arrow flying toward the trolls draws Elthor's attention. He turns to see Hador, bow in hand, prepared to aid them in any way necessary. But is the might of the Trolls too much for the Companions?

Participants
GOOD
Hador, Elthor, and Barney

EVIL
3 Hill Trolls (Cave Trolls with 2 Attacks and 2 Wounds)

Layout
The scenario is played on a board that is 48”/112cm by 48”/112cm and should be filled with rubble and large rocks. There should also be a cave in the top left corner.

Starting Positions
Elthor and Barney are deployed within 6”/14cm of the center of the board. Hador is deployed touching the Northern board edge. One hill troll is deployed touching the Eastern board edge, another on the Western board edge and a third touching the Southern board edge.

Objectives
The game automatically ends when Barney and Elthor leave the board. In order for the Good player to win, Barney and Elthor must exit via the Southern board edge. The Evil player wins if they are both killed. If only one of these two models escapes off the Southern board edge, the game is a draw.

Special Rules
We must not be followed. Elthor and Barney do not want to be followed by a beast such as a hill troll. To represent this, Barney and Elthor may not leave the board until at least 2 of the hill trolls has been killed. As well, due to their friendship and their desire to get Barney home unscathed, Hador and Elthor do not need to take courage tests under any circumstances.

Campaign Recruits. None for this scenario.
Part 3 – Melee in the Dark

The clash of blades and the bellows of the Dwarves had drawn Robert and his stout charge to the ruins. Gror, having recovered his axes, now trotted along. Two of his steps evenly matched one of the Man’s strides, clearly anxious to reach the source of the Dwarven battle cries up ahead. Gror gripped the hatchet which he used for close combat, but Robert stopped him with a steadying hand, instead tapping the Dwarf’s pouch. It contained several throwing axes of the Iron Hills. Robert drew his own bow and motioned for the Dwarf to follow him silently through the rubble to the right flank of the battle.

Stealth, however, was not Gror’s greatest strength and he muttered an oath in Khuzdul. The pair eventually sidled up against some crumbling walls, and risked a look at the fight. The Dwarven heraldry proclaimed them to be from the Iron Hills, but their small numbers were slowly being overwhelmed as a Goblin chieftain threw his minions at them mercilessly. Robert notched an arrow to his bow and pulled the string taut, aware that this shot could change the tide of battle. Yet the Man stopped as Sorandilun burst from the ruins on the other side of the courtyard.

With a cry of “An Imladris ar Elbereth!” the Elf was upon the chieftain like a hawk upon its prey. The Elf gave a cry of dismay as the Orc stood up straight, and Sorandilun realized that this was an Uruk of Mordor. His Elven blade was batted aside by the Uruk’s massive axe and he leapt back. The vicious steel edge of the axe narrowly missed him in a downward stroke that would have smashed through his sternum and into his heart had it not been for the timely leap. The Elf went on the offensive again, swinging his blade two-handed to divert the Uruk’s blows. The Elf spun around the creature rather than accepting a direct confrontation. Robert’s eyes barely registered the silver flashes as the curved sword flickered around the chieftain.

The Elf was an adept warrior, the shadow of his movements flickering too quickly for Robert to even attempt the shot, lest he hit his friend. Instead, he diverted his attention to the Goblin holding the gnarled branch and rag that was the evil horde’s crude banner. He levelled his shot, but before he could release, another arrow caught the Goblin in the chest and pierced through the back. Robert turned, expecting to see Hador, but it was Urúviel. She was holding the scout’s bow and quiver, picking off the Goblins whilst Kalatri stoically disembowelled any creature unfortunate enough to come near the maiden. Robert saw that his bow was not needed and slung it onto his back, drawing his long sword thereafter. Gror, still next to him, did likewise with his throwing axes and together they leapt into the fray, rapidly laying low a surprised troll.

Sorandilun’s blade was needed elsewhere, but he was on the back foot against this great brute of an Uruk. His back was getting dangerously close to a boulder which would leave little room for him to maneuver, exposing him to the creature’s direct blows of brute strength. Yet he could find no alternative except to keep retreating and striking when able. Suddenly he saw his chance. A large slab threatened to trip him, but it was the perfect opportunity for the nimble Elf. He skipped backwards, suddenly taking the high ground, and, propelling himself to the right of the Uruk, twirled and laid open the creature’s back. The corpse fell to the ground with a dull “thud”. Thankful to Ilúvatar for the deliverance, Sorandilun turned to his Companions still in mortal combat with the festering Goblins. Most of the Dwarves had fallen; all but their captain and two warriors lay on the ground. Yet with the help of the Companions, the Goblins were slowly pushed back. Leaderless, the creatures scattered. Before one of them had a chance to flee, Robert dealt it a mighty blow to the head with the flat of his long sword, knocking the minion senseless.

“Why did you do that?” asked Kalatri, with an incredulous expression. To him the best sort of Orc was the one that had been dismembered and burned.

“Information,” Robert retorted, intentionally oblivious to the Easterling’s expression of doubt.

“In that case, you two can guard him, whilst I find out from these good Dwarves why they are so far from home.” Sorandilun broke in.
Deburin (Dwarf)  

Deburin is a loyal Dwarf of Erebor who as a young Dwarf firmly set his ideas on following his father’s footsteps and becoming a royal guard. He quickly disciplined himself in the art of war without the help of his friends or peers, and was quickly initiated into the ranks of the Dwarves. Deburin did not have to wait very long for his first taste of blood, as he fought off a band of Orcs in his first week of service. The Dwarf was almost killed on several occasions but always made sure his commander survived.

This was most evident when a party of Warg riders from the west and raided. His captain got cut off from the main force and the Wargs filled the gap between them quickly. Deburin rallied the Dwarves around himself and charged through the countless Warg riders. He was the first to reach his captain and get his heavily wounded, yet still living, body back to the safety of the Dwarven Caravan. After this episode of bravery, he was appointed the post of Erebor Guard. He was one of the dwarves sent to find Gror after his mysterious disappearance.

Deburin  

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Wargear  

Deburin wears heavy Dwarf Armour and carries a Hand Axe, a 2-Handed Axe, and several Throwing Axes.

Special Rules  

**Bodyguard.** Deburin counts as a Bodyguard. See the Khazad Guard entry on page 151 of the main rulebook for more details.
Scenario 4: The Call of a Dwarf

While trying to escape from Mount Gundabad at night with the rescued Dwarf, Gror, the Companions hear a muffled yell. Wondering what it is, they discover that a band of Dwarves is under attack by the Goblins of the Mountain. With more Goblins being drawn toward the battle, the Companions rush to their aid. But is it too late?

Participants

GOOD
Sorandilun
Kalatri
Urúviel
Robert
Gror
Deburin
3 Dwarf Warriors w/ shield
3 Dwarf Warriors w/ bow

EVIL
1 Mordor Uruk-hai Captain
1 Goblin Captain
8 Hobgoblins (Mordor Uruk-Hai)
8 Goblins w/ bow
8 Goblins w/ spear
8 Goblins w/ shield
1 Hill Troll

Layout
This scenario is played on a table 48"/112cm by 48"/112cm. Ruins and trees should litter the board. See map for details.

Deployment
Sorandilun, Kalatri, and Urúviel are first placed within 12"/28cm of the western board edge. Gror and Robert are deployed within 6"/14cm of the Southern board edge, but must deploy at least within 24"/56cm of the eastern board edge. Next, the Good player deploys Deburin and the Dwarf Warriors within 6"/14cm of the center of the eastern board edge. The evil player then deploys the Goblin Captain, 12 Goblins and the Hill Troll within 24"/56cm of the eastern board edge but at least 6"/14cm away from any Good model. The rest of the Evil force is set aside until later in the game.

Objectives
The first player to reduce the enemy to 25% of its total starting numbers (i.e. those that are in the Participants list) wins the game. If both of these objectives are accomplished in the same turn, the game is a draw. If Deburin is killed, the best result the Good force can obtain is a draw.

Special Rules
Reinforcements. There are more evil forces patrolling the area, and they will come to the aid of other forces that are in need. At the end of the Evil player's Move Phase in Turn 3, the remaining Evil models are deployed at the North board edge. Newly arrived models may not charge in the turn they arrive but may otherwise act normally. Note that this only applies to the Evil player's starting force.

Surprise Attack. The Companions catch the Goblins off guard, who are busy fighting the Dwarves. To represent this, all of the Companions (e.g. Sorandilun, Kalatri, Robert, Urúviel and Gror) count as being under the effect of a Heroic Move and Heroic Shoot for the first 3 turns of the game.
**Hador’s Bow.** Urúviel has kept hold of Hador’s bow, and as the Companions rushed to the battle she will use it to defend her friends. Urúviel counts as being armed with an Elf Bow for this scenario.

**Kalatri.** After Gargantuil’s attack, Kalatri’s arm is still dislocated. To represent this, he may not carry a shield, and may only use his halberd as a hand weapon in this scenario.

**Hill Trolls.** The Hill Trolls use a basic Cave Troll profile. However, these trolls are not nearly as strong as their subterranean kin, and therefore only have 2 Attacks and 2 Wounds.

**Campaign Recruits.** A Ranger of the North.
Part 4 – Change of Course

Sitting around the fire that evening, the Companions listened to Deburin’s tale as they ate. The Dwarf told them of his journey from the Iron Hills in search of Gror, who had disappeared along with several axes, a corselet and a shield. It had not taken long for Gror’s uncle to understand what had happened. He had dispatched Deburin and the Dwarves of his household to find his nephew. All of that group would have died on the road were it not for the Companions’ timely action. Throughout the narrative, Gror had kept his eyes firmly fixed on the ground.

“So now Gror, will you accompany us back to the Hills? We have fought and died to find you.” Deburin addressed him, a hint of sadness pervading his gruff voice. “Your uncle is worried for you, and wishes you to return.”

Gror took some time before answering him, “Deburin, I do not wish to grieve my uncle, but I feel now that my place is here. I wish to remain with Sornandilun’s warriors, and help them in this war. I will only be safe in the Iron Hills for a while before they too must answer the threat of Mordor with steel and fire. In this way I can make a difference. Please go home and give my uncle my regards, but tell him I will be safe in this group.”

Deburin bowed his head grimly, “I am sworn to protect you Gror, and my heart forebodes this course of action. But what does Sornandilun say? Is he willing to take on the responsibility?”

Sornandilun stood up. He looked at Gror, taking in the length of his beard and the youthfulness of his face. He replied, “We have just sent home our last young charge. He will never be the same again due to the things which he has seen with us. I would not wish the same fate upon anyone, but if this is Gror’s wish, then I will help as I may.”

Deburin nodded, and then responded, “In which case, will you accept me also? I am sworn to protect him. My Companions can take the message back to the Iron Hills.”

Sornandilun smiled, “Very well, I accept your service. We are making for Mirkwood, at my lord’s request.”

“Mirkwood?” Kalatri questioned. “Why are we heading there?”

“Before we left Rivendell, Elrond asked me to head to the forest of Mirkwood, to learn if Thranduil’s people are still standing firm. But before we leave tomorrow, there is something we must do.”

***

The grey clouds the next morning heralded the Companions’ sombre mood. They laid Hador in the cairn they had prepared; his blade, bow and quiver by his side. Then they covered him with large slates, forming a triangular roof over his head, into which Deburin had carved the requested Elven-runes. Urúviel and Sornandilun mouthed a soft, haunting dirge and then stepped back, heads bowed in respect and memory. The silence held the birds in check, and even the trees held their breath, no leaves rustling in the breeze. Finally the Companions turned and left the grove without speaking. Setting their feet on the road to Mirkwood, they saluted Deburin’s warriors with their weapons before disappearing out of sight.

***

The journey to Mirkwood took the Companions almost a week thanks to the many Orc war-parties that were intent on the same route. The smallest of these was at least five-score strong, and so the Companions had no option but subterfuge. This was clearly not the Dwarves’ strong point and at several times the Companions had to disguise Khuzdul profanity with imitated animal calls. Despite all their trials however, they at last they reached the border of Mirkwood.

Deburin stopped and sniffed the air. “I smell Orcs not far from here,” he announced.
“Then we must move with all haste,” Sorandilun replied. “Anyone of these parties would easily overwhelm us.”

Their hearts sank as they saw Orc picquets scattered throughout the trees. “We will have to break through,” Kalatri groaned.

“There is nothing for it. We will strike the fear of the Free Peoples into their hearts with steel and courage.” Deburin growled, gripping his axe tightly and flashing an eager grin across his battle-ready features.

The Companions drew their weapons and a battle plan, deciding that they would aim for a dense pine thicket. They drew close, quietly for a bit, but then the Orcs became aware of them. The fell minions rushed forward with their weapons raised. Bellowing their war cries, the Companions pushed forward, forging a path marked by corpses. Just as they neared the grove, a huge, lumbering figure appeared. They watched in horror as the great brute of a troll lifted its club to crush Robert. But its guttural bellow of triumph faded to a gurgle of blood. It keeled over, slain by arrows. The Companions seized the opportunity and leapt into the grove.

Sorandilun panted and laughed with the others, as the giddy sensation of survival and victory caught them. He turned, and came face to face with another Elf. His face was feral, and his eyes bored into Sorandilun’s, testing him. The High Elf stared back with the fiery light of the Noldorin, as one who walked the world when it was much younger. When the Wood Elf saw the power behind those eyes he nodded and stepped back, surveying the rest of the group, and as did his followers.

“I am Dirierd,” he told them “We are sentinels of Mirkwood, scouting for the King. Who are you?”

Sorandilun introduced the Companions, and then explained their mission. Dirierd nodded in satisfaction, “It is good to know that we of the Woodland Realm are not overlooked. Yet you are not the first to enquire about our well-being. This is Rhoran of Rhovanion.”

A tall, fierce-looking Man stepped forward, his ragged blond hair fluttering in the gentle breeze. He nodded in acknowledgement to the Companions, telling them, “I come to aid and advise in whatever way I may, but I am a Man of Rhovanion no more.”

“Then which land do you hail from, Rhoran?” interjected Urúviel.


“We come from Elrond of Rivendell,” interrupted Sorandilun before the conversation diverted any further from their plans.

“Well, if you wish to aid, reports tell of an Orc-host west of the river. Rhoran and I were just heading there to determine the truth. You may join us,” interjected Dirierd.

“Very well,” replied Sorandilun.

As the Companions fell in line behind the sentinels, Kalatri muttered to Robert, “We lose an Elf, a child and a Man, and replacements spring up within days. And I thought it was the hosts of Mordor which were without number!”
Rhoran, Exile of Rhovanion (Man)

By Cj__zaptor

Rhoran was once a soldier of Rhovanion, one who defended the realm from the constant attacks of Orcs and other foul creatures. He saw more action than most, as the company that he belonged to was one of the most elite in the country. They spent a large amount of their time tracking the evil creatures, remaining silent until the time was right. All of Rhoran’s company became skilled at silently tracking their enemies, and almost always successfully completed their tasks. The whole company became as close as brothers, each willing to give their lives if, by doing so, they could save the others.

That would all soon change, though. One day, while he was tracking a small party of Orcs with two comrades, Rhoran suddenly spotted a group of Orcs that had leaped out from behind a cluster of bushes. He valiantly fought the Orcs, killing several, but they were too many and Rhoran was forced to retreat, though with great grief, for in the battle Orcish arrows felled both of his comrades. Realizing that the other members of his company may be in danger, Rhoran rushed to warn them. He came too late, though, as all of the members of his company had been killed. Feeling a great rage come upon him, Rhoran sped back to the area where the Orcs had been and, overcoming great odds, killed all of them. Rhoran never forgave himself for letting the members of his company die, and he lived in exile, though still defending the borders of the realm he once served from the foul creatures that invaded it.

Rhoran                              Points Value: 35

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Wargear

Rhoran carries a sword and throwing daggers, and wears leather armour. He also wears a forest cloak (counts as an Elven cloak providing the user does not move or shoot that turn).

Special Rules

**Determined.** Rhoran feels that he failed his comrades many years ago, and is determined to not let it happen again. To represent this, if a Good Hero within 6” of Rhoran is wounded, he gains the Bodyguard rule on that model until the end of the game, and must stay within 6” of that model at all times. If that model is killed, revert to the “Unbreakable Bond” rule – see page 95 of the main rulebook for more details. Note that this special rule is not cumulative, and only applies to the first Good Hero that is wounded within 6” of Rhoran.

**Expert Aim.** Rhoran has become very proficient with his daggers after using them for years in the forest, and is adept at hitting the weak spot on his targets. To represent this, Rhoran gains +1 on the roll to wound when he throws his throwing daggers.
Dirierd, Sentinel of Mirkwood (Elf) By paulrobbo

Dirierd is an Elf of Mirkwood. He is known among the Elves of Mirkwood for having an exceptional shot with his bow. He is the chieftain among the sentinels of Mirkwood and a very good friend of Glirdan, Thranduil’s bard. His skills in combat and archery were both valuable assets to the defence of Mirkwood all throughout the Third Age.

Dirierd Points Value: 85

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Wargear
Dirierd carries a finely crafted Elven blade, an Elven bow, and wears an Elven cloak.

Special Rules:
**Expert Shot.** Dirierd is an archer almost without peer. Dirierd is allowed to fire his bow twice in the Shoot Phase instead of once.

**Enchanting Song.** Dirierd is one of the sentinels, who are known to interweave their songs with magic. See page 41 of the Fall of the Necromancer Sourcebook for more information.
Scenario 5: The Borders of Mirkwood

As the Companions enter Mirkwood, they are ambushed by a band of foul Orcs. A group of sentinels from the forest spot the group’s plight, and rush to their aid. But the Orcs are many in number, and the few Elves are far off. Will they arrive in time to aid the Companions?

Participants
GOOD
Sorandilun
Kalatri
Robert Thistlewool
Urúviel
Gor
Deburin
Rhoran
Dirierd
3 Wood Elf Sentinels

EVIL
2 Orc Captains
8 Orcs with shield
8 Orcs with spear
4 Orcs with Orc bows
4 Orcs with 2-handed weapons
6 Mordor Uruk-hai
6 Orc Trackers

Layout
This scenario is played on a board 48”/112cm by 48”/112cm. There is a river, about 6”/14cm wide, running straight through the middle of the board and a bridge, about 6” wide, in the very middle of the board. Trees and rocks are scattered over the rest of the board.

Starting positions
The Good player deploys Sorandilun, Kalatri, Robert Thistlewool, Urúviel, Gor, and Deburin within 6”/14cm of the Southern board edge. The rest of the Good force is set aside for later on in the game. The Evil player then deploys his force no more than 6”/14cm from the bridge.

Objectives
The Good player wins if he manages to reduce the Evil force to 25% or less. The Evil player wins if he manages to kill four Good Heroes. If both of these objectives are completed within the same turn, the game is a draw.

Special Rules
Sentinels. Rhoran, Dirierd and several Elves are pursuing the Orcs and are not far behind. To represent this, Rhoran, Dirierd, and the Elf Sentinels arrive on the Northern board edge at the start of turn 3. They may do nothing further that turn.

Campaign Recruits. An Elf Captain.
Part 5 – Tidings of Darkness

The news of Orcs was true tidings, and the band of Free Peoples crouched on the edge of the woods as they surveyed the scene before them. However, there were no more than two scores of Orcs, not a host by any stretch of the imagination.

“There’s not too many of them after all. Let’s take them,” Kalatri said eagerly.

“No,” Dirierd reprimanded. “Look at them. They are no raiding party. One of them carries a banner bearing the symbol of the Eye.”

“So that means he’s an enemy. As if we didn’t know that already,” Kalatri retorted with frustration.

“No,” Dirierd said once again, this time allowing a wry smile as he corrected the Man once more. “A party of that size, with that armour, and with that banner is not alone.”

“You mean… there are more in the woods?” Kalatri queried slowly.

“He means it’s the vanguard of a larger group,” Sorandilun stated grimly. “So the group that we just defeated was no wandering rabble, they’re skirmishing groups. Mordor is preparing a full invasion.”

The faces of all the Elves grew stern and worrisome. The next piece of the game was being moved, and it was falling upon Mirkwood.

“Had anyone news of this? Why didn’t the scouts speak of these movements?” Dirierd asked, frustration and fear apparent in his voice.

“Ah, well,” Gror said feebly, sitting at the back of the group. All eyes turned to him. “When I was captive I heard something about one of Them leading some attack that was to fall soon. But who are ‘They’?”

Sorandilun put his hand to his heard wearily, and a strange look came upon his face that the others had not seen before. He spoke, “Nazgul. One of the Nine has come.”

The few in the group that had seen the Nine before shuddered. Kalatri put his head in his hands. “These are evil tidings indeed. How do -”

“There’s no time to lose,” Sorandilun said, getting up quickly. “Dirierd, you must warn King Thranduil of the invasion. Marshall all your forces and send envoys to all available allies. This is a large stroke by the enemy and it must be stopped. It will take all our resources to do that. I will travel back to Rivendell and see what help lord Elrond can offer. I have a feeling that we will need more of my kin to stop an army led by one of the Nine.”

“Two of my sentinels will lead you to a swift horse you may ride,” Dirierd said. “Elbereth be with you.” Sorandilun clasped hands with each of his friends, and then followed the Elves to his steed.

“Now we must go our way,” Dirierd said to the others. “And by the Valar let us be swift, many lives depend on it.”

“Elven lives, you mean,” Deburin grunted, standing his ground obstinately and crossing his arms.

Dirierd turned to face the Dwarf. “For now. Yet if we fail then your people will be next. Then they will die.”

“Unless you get enough of them yourselves and sort of cancel each other out, eh?”

The Elf’s eyes blazed anger. “Would that I had the time to strike you down, ignorant one.”
“Would that you had the strength to trim my beard, I think, oh pretty elf,” The Dwarf growled, gripping his axe.

“Stop it,” Gror shouted angrily, positioning himself between the two.

All were stunned to see the youth assert himself at this moment. “This no time for foolish, old rivalries,” Gror said, growling himself. “You should know fully, Deburin, that if Mirkwood falls we will follow soon after. The Shadow would love to pick each of us off separately. We must aid each other. Besides,” He continued, crossing his arms, “I owe my life to these people.” The Dwarf pointed to Robert, Urúviel, and Kalatri.

“These are my friends and I will fight with them wherever they go. And where do you go?” he asked, turning to face them.

Kalatri was about to speak when Urúviel stepped in front of him. “We will fight with Thranduil’s people,” she said, and Kalatri subsequently nodded along with Robert.

Deburin looked from the Companions to Gror, and then to the Elves. “Alright. Then we are with you as well. But know that I conscientiously object,” He added. Yet then, so that none but Dirierd could see, he bowed his head in apology.

“Very well.” Dirierd began, acknowledging the Dwarf’s gesture by saying no more of it, “Since we are all in accord let us proceed to the King’s court.”

* * *

Having evaded Orc patrols along the river, the remaining Companions made camp for the evening in an Elven outpost with the King’s picquets. They shared information on sightings of Orcs over the evening meal of bread and vegetables, and then listened, entranced as the Sentinels played on their whittled pipes and flutes.

Suddenly, the music was pierced by a screeching wail. A dark shape circled above, calling in a dreadful voice and tongue. Man, Dwarf and Elf cowered at the sound, their blood freezing in their veins. A dark cloud seemed to claw at their minds, begging entrance - demanding submission.

Only Kalatri seemed able to resist, though whether due to his strong will or merely through his intense hatred of the Minions of Evil only he knew, and the Easterling listened intently. He then worked his way over to his trembling companions and spoke in a hushed tone, “One of the Nine has come, as Sorandilun foretold. He has found us, and is calling to the ones we know as Kataphrakts: horsemen on armoured steeds with curved blades and broad shields. He is calling for a full company. We must leave, now!”

The Companions forced themselves to their feet, gathered their weapons, and ran. Dirierd glared over his shoulder at the winged shape in the gloom. He stopped abruptly, filled with sudden unbridled rancour at the beast, and strung his bow. Drawing an arrow to the full power of the bow stock, he loosed and watched the arrow bring the creature down. The Companions praised him for the difficult shot as they ran, but the sentinels remained silent.

Despite their efforts to evade the dreaded Kataphrakts, the Companions now heard the thunder of hooves closing down on them. Ahead was a palisade, connecting trees and with a gate in the centre. Salvation from the crushing feet of a merciless enemy awaited them - if only they could reach it. It was now a race.

Once again they heard that piercing wail. Robert dared a glance over his shoulder and saw, to his dismay, a figure riding ahead of his command, robed in black and wearing a sepulchral death-mask. The wraith’s horse had no barding, lending him greater speed.

“May the Valar have mercy on him!” Robert prayed with intense worry, for surely the Nagul was to ride down Kalatri.

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As if an immediate answer, the horse pitched and fell, taking its rider with it. Robert looked ahead again in time to see Rhoran draw another dagger, and calmly throw it in the left eye of the Kataphrakt lieutenant. Their two leaders fallen, and with the bows of three hundred Elves suddenly staring at them, the remaining cavalry, despite being a hundred strong, fled.

The Companions were escorted into the fort by a group of spear-armed Elves. They were given quarters, a change of clothes, and then were led to the King. Dirierd, Urúviel and the sentinels conversed with him for a while in Sindarin, reporting as to what their three groups had seen and done before and after meeting. At the mention of ‘Nazgul’, the King gave a shudder.

He then spoke out in the common tongue, “My friends, you have travelled far to reach my land for information, and I shall give it to you. A power has risen once again in the tower of Dol Guldur - despite the previous efforts of the White Council to vanquish the evil in Mirkwood. Now we must do it once more, and pray that the Men who contest with Mordor can prevail. Only then will our lands be safe.

"From many reports such as your own, we have learned that the enemy numbers fifty thousand strong. I can muster fifteen thousand to my own banner, yet despite our knowledge of the woods we cannot hope to prevail on our own. The enemy are well led, not only by the Nazgul, but his Orc captain, a fiend named Razhshásh. If he was gone, and your leader returned with the forces of Rivendell, we might stand a chance. So now must ask of you a perilous deed. Will you fight for me and slay Razhshásh? Only a small band could hope to slip past the picquet lines, and I will lend you warriors led by Glirdan, a bard and Captain of my guard.'
The Companions glanced at each other and nodded silently. Sorandilun and his army would be slaughtered if this Orc was allowed to live. Robert stepped forward, "We will do this task, for if we do not, there will be little to shield any of our homelands from Mordor and Isengard."

"Isengard has fallen." The King interjected. "The Men of Rohan have destroyed the forces of Saruman, with the help of the tree-shepherds. There is a new White Wizard, Gandalf the White; one whom is firmly opposed to the power of Sauron."

"That is good news," Deburin interrupted suddenly, "but it does little for our current situation. Let us be off at first light tomorrow, when the Orcs are weaker."

Dirierd, however, was doubtful. "The canopy of Mirkwood is thick enough so to block the light of the Sun. The Orcs will be hindered little, I fear."

Deburin bristled slightly. "If I am prepared to defend your homeland tomorrow, Elf, then I would hope you are as well."

"That's enough," said Robert, sensing an argument. "We leave at first light tomorrow. Thank you, your Majesty."

The next morning, the Companions buckled on their weapons and armour lent to them by Thranduil. They left their packs behind. Today was a day for speed and death, not cooking.

Dirierd led them through the Elven paths to the Orc camp. They crept up to the lines, and what they saw filled them with dismay. Countless scores of Orcs and evil Men sat around campfires, squabbling or sleeping. Razhshásh was in the centre, watching a steak of what looked like horse meat spitted over the large fire. There was little chance that they would ever reach him with enough speed to kill him and not be intercepted by the hordes of Orcs. Therefore, to Deburin's utter disgust, they devised a plan.

* * *

Razhshásh's mouth was watering at the thought of the steak. Were he an ordinary Orc, he would have snatched and eaten it by now, but due to his privilege and rank no-one dared take it and so he was able to cook it to a less rancid state.

Suddenly, a small, goblin-like minion with a pot belly appeared in tattered leather armour and a face-covering helmet. Seemingly oblivious to his hulking senior, he waddled up to the steak, snatched it, and ran off in his over-sized boots.

The disbelief of the theft took a few seconds to dissipate before Razhshásh took any action. He leapt up in a fury, snarling for his Uruk and Orc guards. Then the wrathful superior gave chase for his dinner, and the hors d'oeuvres he intended to make of the trumped up serf.

Deburin yanked off the armour as he ran, swearing foully at the smell of rotting meat and sweaty clothes. The others had none-too-gently manhandled him into the gear of a sentry, who had unwillingly donate the disguise. Then they sent him on a suicidal mission to grab the Orc's meal and get his attention - which Deburin now possessed to his fright. With careful flattery of how he was a natural sprinter, Deburin's friends pushed him into the clearing and ran off to prepare the trap. The Dwarf just prayed Dirierd was still a good shot with a bow, or else he was going to be decorating Razhshásh's tentpoles.

* * *

The hiss of an arrow was all the warning Razhshásh had, but he was no fool. He dropped like a stone and then rolled into some bushes. He knelt there for a while, waiting patiently, catching his breath, and taking stock of his surroundings. He had not become the leader of a monolithic unit of Evil for being hasty. The Orc then moved into a crouch and began to stalk what he now saw was a far more delectable target, an Elf. She was flattened against a tree, peeping at the path, waiting with a finely
crafted sword in hand. He choked back a snarl as he recognized the ambush for what it was, and then crept up behind the Elf. The Orc tapped her on the shoulder and held his blade at her throat, telling her in a crude fashion to stay still. He grinned menacingly, revealing fangs wreaked with bits of chewed bone and flesh, and then felt something tap his own shoulder. He turned around and...

The Orc took the point of Kalatri's halberd in the stomach a moment after.

He growled and swung at the Easterling, then howled in surprised pain as Urúviel stabbed him through the back. He turned with unexpected agility, throwing her to the ground as he did. An instant later he smashed Kalatri with an armoured fist, temporarily knocking the Man unconscious. The Orc licked his teeth with excited triumph, and then knelt to begin eating his prize. His armour had served well to protect him, and both strikes had been from too close a range to put any killing power behind them.

He would survive.

Then a voice said, “Hello, Razhshásh.”

Robert decapitated the Orc in a single blow, reminiscent of a skilled executioner. Kalatri rose, thanked him, and picked up the unconscious Urúviel. Together, they ran until they met up with the disgruntled Deburin, Dirierd and the other Companions as they fought Razhshásh's party. They nodded at the signal, and began to give ground. Thranduil's Elves covered their retreat with knives thrown from the shadow of the forest. The Orcs faltered, not knowing how many ambushers were assaulting them. A few more well-placed missiles took toll upon the minions’ ranks, and they fled.

The Companions sighed with relief and slowed to a jog, the giddy sensation of success coursing through their veins. They began to congratulate each other when a screech once again hit their ears. They turned to see a group of Kataphrakts galloping towards them, shouting war cries. They all drew their weapons, except for Kalatri and Urúviel, who were picked off by the riders and carried away. The wraith stopped at the edge of the clearing, turned and looked back at them, a tangible terror seemingly emanating from his being. With a single gaze he reduced the band of warriors to nervous shreds, and then trotted off, leaving them trembling in his wake. The Companions could hear the sounds of battle as the Orcs assailed Thranduil’s Halls once again. Gror fell to his knees.

"We've lost them."
Glirdan, Bard of Mirkwood (Elf)

Glirdan is a bard of Mirkwood and a warrior. Glirdan has the ability to play any instrument he can lay his hands on. He also has an amazing singing voice. Some of the Mirkwood Elves believed that his voice had been enchanted. Ever seeking adventure, Glirdan left his beloved woodland home and traveled into the wilds of Rhovanion where his skills were truly put to the test. After several years of wandering there he felt he was called to return to Mirkwood. However, no matter where he goes, Glirdan picks up the music and songs of the region. In battle, Glirdan sings war songs of the Noldor, Sindar, Numenoreans and other races.

Glirdan

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Wargear
Glirdan carries an Elven blade engraved with motifs of thorny vines, and wears an Elven cloak. He may have the following items at an additional cost:

Elven bow………. 5pts
Wood Elf spear… 5pts

Special Rules-
**Songs of War.** In battle Glirdan often sings songs to encourage his fellow warriors. If Glirdan is not in combat for that turn, all good warriors within 6”/14cm of him count as if in range of a banner for that entire Fight Phase.

**By Song and Sword.** In addition to his musical skills Glirdan is an excellent swordsman, able to best the greatest warriors of evil in combat. He may reroll one dice on the roll to wound.

**Wood Elf Spear.** See the Fall of the Necromancer Sourcebook for more information.
Razhshásh, Chieftain of Dol Guldor (Orc)

By lotrchampion

Razhshásh has been at the head of the Orc tribes of Mirkwood for many years, and it is only his great girth and his famed club, Ghasknuk, that kept him there, until the return of Sauron to Dol Guldor. Razhshásh was drawn to the power, and seeking an opportunity to improve his power, he swore allegiance to the Necromancer. He was given the rank of Underchieftain, and he remained at Khamul the Easterling’s right hand for many years. However, it was with the arrival of the human Easterling that he fell out of favour with the Nazgul, for he saw the Easterling as a threat to his power, and sought to have him slain. In this he failed, and in return the human was given rank equal to what Razhshásh had before. Now Razhshásh only commands the Orcs of Dol Guldur, but still he seeks to snatch power from the Easterling.

**Razhshásh**

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**Wargear**

Razhshásh wears crude Orcish heavy armour and carries his mighty club, Ghasknuk.

**Ghasknuk.** Ghasknuk is famed and feared amongst the Orcs of Dol Guldor for its ferocity and sheer power. However, there is imbibed within it; a shard of an ancient Elf blade, blessed with the power of the Valar, but now corrupted by the Dark Lord. Ghasknuk is a two-handed weapon which gives Razhshásh the +1 Strength bonus without the -1 penalty to win a fight. In addition, to represent its sheer ability to keep Orcs in order, once per battle Razhshásh may charge any Orc in his own army in any turn when his force is Broken. If he kills it, all Orc warriors (not heroes) within 12''/28cm will automatically pass their Courage test for being Broken in the next turn. Heroes must pass Courage checks as normal. This affects Orcs and Goblins, but not Uruk-hai, Trolls, or any other Evil race that may be in that force.

**Special Rules**

**Great of Girth.** Razhshásh is incredibly fat, and hence has difficulty moving about. He always subtracts -1 from all rolls to jump and climb. In addition, he counts as being a Strength 6 model for the purpose of Sourcerous Blast and similar tests.
**Scenario 6 – Deadly Investigations**

*by Cj__zaptor*

While the Companions prepare to kill Razhshásh to prevent him from leading the Orc armies against the Elves of Mirkwood, Kalatri and Urúviel spot a camp of Easterlings at the edge of the Dol Guldur army. Wondering why they are in the Dol Guldur area, the pair takes several Wood Elves and investigates. Noticing a leader among the group, the two Companions seek to slay the Easterling.

**Participants**

**GOOD**
- Kalatri
- Urúviel
- 3 Wood Elves with Elven Cloaks and Throwing Daggers

**EVIL**
- 1 Easterling Captain
- 5 Easterlings with shield
- 5 Easterlings with bow
- 4 Easterlings with shield and spear

**Layout**

This scenario is played on a board 48"/112cm by 48"/112cm. Several trees and rocks are scattered across the board, and a few boxes and barrels are placed near the Southern board edge.

**Starting Positions**

The Evil player deploys the Easterling Captain in the center of the Southern board edge. 8 Easterlings are then deployed no more than 12"/28cm away from the Southern board edge, but at least 6"/14cm away from the Easterling Captain. Finally, he deploys the remaining 6 Easterlings, which are sentries, at least 12"/28cm away from both the North and the South board edges. The Good player then deploys his force within 3" of the center of the Northern board edge.

**Objectives**

The Good player wins if the Easterling Captain is slain, whereas the Evil player wins if Kalatri and Urúviel are knocked out and moved off the Southern board edge (see special rules).

**Special Rules**

**Sentries.** The six Easterling sentries deployed at the beginning of the game use the Sentries Scenario Specific Rule. The rest of the Evil force counts as guards – they are sentries that can not move. The entire Evil force may move as normal as soon as the alarm is raised.
Capturing the enemy. The Easterlings wish to capture Urúviel and Kalatri for questioning. Once a Good Hero loses its last Wound, the Evil force may elect to “knock out” the model. Knocked out models may not move, shoot, or fight, and do not count as part of the Good player’s force for the purpose of Courage tests. The model may be subsequently carried as if it was a Heavy Object – see the main rulebook for details. A Good model may “wake up” a knocked out model by spending an entire Fight Phase in base contact with the model if it does not shoot or fight that turn. If this happens the model may shoot, move and fight as normal in the next turn, but counts as having only 1 Wound.

Campaign Recruits. A Captain of Rhovanion (Rohan).

Eager to challenge Easterlings in combat, Kalatri foolishly rushes into a group of enemies.
Scenario 7: Kill The Chief!

Word of an Orc chief of a high rank in the armies of Dol Guldur patrolling the southern part of the Mirkwood came to the King of Mirkwood’s ears. After talking to Thranduil, the Companions agree to set out with a small band of Mirkwood warriors in an attempt to slay the chief.

Participants
GOOD
Kalatri
Robert Thistlewool
Urúviel
Gor
Deburin
Rhoran
Dirierd
Glirdan
6 Wood Elves with Elven blades and Elf bows.

EVIL
Razhshásh
1 Mordor Uruk-hai Captain
16 Orcs with shields
16 Orcs with spears
8 Orcs with bows
8 Orcs with 2-handed weapons
9 Mordor Uruk-hai
1 Orc with banner

Layout
This scenario is played on a board 48”/112cm by 48”/112 cm. The entire board is filled densely with an assortment of trees and small rocks.

Starting Positions
The Good side deploys no more than 6”/14cm away from the Northern board edge. The Evil side then deploys no more than 6”/14cm away from the Southern board edge.

Objectives
The Good force must kill Razhshásh and exit the board via the Northern board edge with at least 25% of their force remaining. The evil force must prevent the good force from carrying out their objective.

Special Rules
Regain my place! Razhshásh is so intent in ‘winning back’ his place in Dol Guldur he will go to great lengths to emerge the victor of this battle. In this battle he must charge the nearest enemy in sight if they are within 6”/14cm.

Campaign Recruits. A Dúnedain Ranger.
Part 6 – The Blast of a Horn

The sounds of battle were reverberating violently once more through the forest. The sound of catapults groaned in the Companions’ ears as the hulking projectiles thrown from the war engines blasted into the oak walls that defended the halls of the Elvenking. Sections of the wooden fortifications splintered under the merciless barrage, while other parts crumbled in reluctant submission. The Companions once more took up the weapons they had dropped under the Easterling’s eye and quickly they trudged through the undergrowth toward the fighting. Their sweat mingled with falling tears despite their best efforts to put the haunting images of their friends’ fate from their minds. They came into a clearing and were immediately greeted by a host of Orcs bearing a banner identical to the one carried by the Orcs the Companions had first encountered. Robert could see in the eyes of their captain that the fell beings were hungry for vengeance, and the captain allowed a savage cry to erupt from his throat. Yet without wavering, Robert pulled his nocked arrow taut and loosed the string, driving the shaft deep into the second-in-command-chieftain’s chest. The Orc toppled, causing the rest to waver for a moment before continuing their charge.

Bellowing their war cries, the Companions drove into the horde. They hacked and slashed feverishly at their hateful foes; they fought both for their own lives and the lives of those dwelling in Mirkwood. Following in close pursuit were Dirierd and a company of Wood Elves that had sprung from the trees and now joined the melee with a will.

One Wood Elf pulled his two handed blade from his sheath as he locked in upon an unsuspecting Orc. The Elf whirled the blade about his head and brought it crashing down upon the skull of his foe, renting the Orc’s skull and continuing down into the creature’s ribcage. The Elf pulled out the blade immediately, and continuing his graceful slaughter, disembowelled the nearest Orc before giving a third a deep gash across the forehead. The wounded minion stumbled backwards, his vision blurred and reddened, and then he swung his crude-looking axe with all his might. The nimble Elf stepped aside quickly as the Orc’s momentum buried its axe into the forest ground. A moment later, the Orc watched in shock as an Elven blade seemed to grow out of his belly, and then the Mirkwood warrior finished the miserable wretch off by severing its head.

The overall ferocity of the Free Peoples’ assault again surprised the forces of evil, and once again the Orcs began to waver. As they did, arrows from a second company enfiladed their ranks, adding to the confusion. For every Elf warrior, the creatures saw ten.

Now the Companions, backed by what must have been all the picquet companies of Mirkwood, pushed into the ranks of the Orcs. Wave upon wave of arrows flew from the palisade into the mob of confused Orcs. Then, deeming the time was right, Thranduil and his Guard burst from the burning gate in a shower of ashes and smoke. The move was well-timed, and it threw more hysteria into the frenzied combat. The battle looked to be in the Elves’ favour, and the Orcs began scattering into the forest.

Then a horn sounded.

Ranks of Easterling spearmen and Kataphrakts marched and cantered onto the field, their bronze armour glinting with a wicked light. At the head of them rode the Nazgul, this time with an armoured steed. The Black Rider swerved to the right to join his cavalry, and the Orcs, encouraged by the sight, began to regroup. Despair filled the hearts of Man, Elf and Dwarf as the shining, mounted warriors broke into a gallop. Arrows succeeded in felling a few horsemen, but the charge would not be stopped. Thranduil quickly formed a wall of spears and placed a shock force, led by the Companions, behind it. The line curved to defend the gate, staying loose on the left flank to allow the counter-attack to move through them easily.

The cavalry barrelled into the wall, and a new chapter of the battle began.

Horses screamed as they were pierced by the sharp spears, and Elves cried out as they were hacked down by scimitars. A Kataphrakt’s horse was gutted by a Mirkwood spear, throwing its rider off into the dark, forest turf. The rider sprang to his feet and snatched his fallen scimitar off the ground,
gaining his bearings as he prepared himself for hand-to-hand combat. The Elf spearman who had impaled his horse lunged at the Easterling with his spear, but the Man of Evil deflected the blow deftly and then disarmed the Elf with a powerful parry. The Man moved forward to stab the unarmed Elf in the neck, but the warrior whirled aside and then stabbed the surprised Easterling with a Sindarin dagger.

The line looked to be holding well, and Robert began to signal for the counter attack to launch, shouting out loudly to be heard above the din of combat. Yet at that moment the dark captain himself entered the fray. Wherever he rode, the Elves moved away, despite the fact that he had not even drawn his sword. Kataphrakts poured into these breaks in the line and began to push it back as they slashed and bludgeoned with their weapons.

Then Dirierd, seeing that this could not go on much longer, signaled to his Sentinels. They drew their instruments and began to play under his conduction. The Elves took heart, and as the song grew, it had another effect. The wraith recoiled at the sound and drove his horse away, trying to escape the hated music. Seeing their leader leave, the cavalry faltered.

Then Robert and his division burst out.

Knives and axes flew, bows sang, blades slashed, and spears jabbed as the Companions and Elves carved a bloody path of ruin through the confused cavalry. Thranduil advanced as well, turning a rout into a massacre. The three hundred or so remaining cavalry out of a full battalion fled in panic. The Elves pursued the tired horses, hacking their riders down and firing volley after volley when they grew tired of running. With a surge of elation, they cheered and jeered at the fleeing cavalry.

Moments later the waves of combat, swinging high in the favour of the Elves, came crashing down upon the surface. The Elven cheers turned to moans of dismay as they saw the Easterling infantry phalanxes arrayed before them. The Orcs also had rallied under the Nazgul's gaze, and now both columns marched forward. The advancing forces soaked up the skirmisher fire that covered the Elven retreat with ease due to their colossal, ignoring the fire as if it had come from the bows of children. The Elves, dismayed, lost hope and began to sprint for the remainder of their fortifications.

The Companions, however, had not been so lucky.
Their group had been leading the pursuers, and now they were cut off by a chain of lightly armoured Eastern axemen who bore heraldry on their backs.

There was no way out.

Robert prepared to order the charge that would be their only glimmer of hope for survival: break through the axe-wielding skirmishers. Yet it was just that, only a glimmer, for the group of Elves and travelers was too small to cause large casualties.

Robert consoled himself with the thought that Elthor and Barney at least were safe, as were Kalatri and Urúviel, but then he shuddered at the thought of all their fates should the Evil armies win here and advance on Enador. He gave a war cry, and they charged valiantly but without hope.

For the second time that day, a horn sounded.

Sorandilun had been fortunate in his errand. The White Council had heard of the evils brewing in the Misty Mountains and Mirkwood. Speaking with Elrond and Galadriel, Sorandilun had told them of Thranduil’s plight and begged for their assistance. To his great relief they had agreed, and Elrond’s army had been mobilized and set out to march quickly to Mirkwood. Meanwhile, the Lady Galadriel would destroy the tower of Dol Guldur once and for all. Elrond had appointed Sorandilun as his field commander in recognition of his service to the White Council, and bid him haste to Mirkwood.

"Yet beware the Black Riders, Sorandilun." Elrond urged his charge urgently before they had set out for Mirkwood. The wise Elf’s eyes pleaded with Sorandilun. “Their power is great. You know that Glorfindel himself is one of the few still on these shores that can stand up to them, and even then not without great strain.”

The other Elf nodded in response. "But if he comes - I must do what I can."

Elrond gave his agreement with a grim silence, and the two clasped their hands. Then the Lord of Rivendell and Sorandilun parted to command different companies of the Army of Imladris, as it set march.

Now the horn blasted and called to memory an elder day as the army arrayed itself upon a hill which jutted up out of a clearing in the forest. The Orcs looked at this army in dismay, and their hearts grew weak as they saw the banners of the Elves catch a breeze of hope. In front of the gleaming mass of golden armour stood Sorandilun, the sun glinting off his newly forged helm; one blessed by Lady Galadriel herself.

The Elven Lord drew his blade and gave a loud shout in Elvish. Sorandilun was grieved in his soul at the destruction wrought in the forest of his kin, and at the sight of his brethren lying dead upon the forest ground. He shouted with all his soul, a soul born in an earlier age, and the sound seemed as poison to the dark minion.

The Elves behind him took up his war cry, and the host charged into the mass of terrified Orcs, which had formed into a feeble defensive line. Sorandilun broke the skull of their standard bearer with the boss of his shield, and the rout began. The Elves hacked and slashed their way through with bellows of rage at the desecration and death the hosts of Dol Guldur and Rhun had caused. Every fallen warrior simply added to his comrades’ resolve, and underneath the furious onslaught, the Orcs were massacred. The Elven host cut the mob in two and then worked its way outwards.

The Easterling phalanx, with its slow marching speed, could not advance quickly enough to make a counter-attack, and it soon felt itself on the receiving end of yet more unleashed fury as the other Companions and their Wood Elf warriors assaulted the phalanx’s flank. Thranduil marched his Elves out of their retreat and took them round the rear of the Easterlings. As he did so, Sorandilun took his division to their front, trapping them against the trees. Having ducked and weaved past the long spears, the Elves were now free to cut down the Easterlings at will. The Easterling pikemen attempted to react by dropping their weapons and drawing their scimiters, but the speed and rage of the Firstborn was too quickly, and blades forged in Lindon found their way into Eastern hearts.
The surviving men of Rhûn quickly fled into the forest. The Elves followed, cheering with the joy of victory.

Sorandilun looked for his companions among the living. He spotted them and immediately sprinted toward his friends. He was met with greetings and tears. He embraced Robert with tears in his eyes, incredibly grateful to see his friend alive. Then he looked round to see that not all were present.

"Where are Kalatri and Urúviel?" He asked, a sinking dread rising within him at the thought of their deaths.

"The Nazgul took them," Robert replied tearfully. "We tried to resist but he brought us down with... with his stare! Kalatri was carrying Urúviel, but the Wraith's horsemen caught them and swept them away to their camp. The battle began before we could follow. I am sorry... so sorry my friend. We failed."

The Elf's teary eyes turned to cold steel. "They want him. His family betrayed the Nazgul for our cause, and now they want him, the last remaining heir, to inherit the punishment." He thought for a moment, and then beckoned to a Rivendell company to follow him. He quickly whispered to Robert. "Make sure that none of our friends follow. You are tired, and swords and axes are of little use against what I must now face. Tell Dirierd to listen for a message. It will come through the Sentinels."

With that, he sprinted off in the direction of the Easterling camp, the worried words of Elrond throbbing in his ears. He could wait for aid... but who? Who would be powerful enough to aid him in this trial? Thranduil - no. Wait, perhaps... in fact, Lord Elrond would probably prefer it. Thranduil would understand, doubtless the King would be able to come...

Yet the Elf's mind was set, so he shook off the proposition and ran onward.
Scenario 8 – Sorandilun’s Return

By Cj__zaptor

Shortly after Razhshásh’s death, Sorandilun has returned from Rivendell with an Elf army; thousands of well-equipped Elven warriors stand at the ready, to be led into battle in defence of their woodland brethren by their captain. Yet despite this, the Elves and Companions are still outnumbered greatly, and only have a small amount of time before the Orc hordes can re-organize under the leadership of Khamul. Can the combined might of the Elves drive the servants of Evil away, or will the innumerable Orcs and Evil Men crush the Companions and their Elven allies?

Participants

**GOOD**
- (Mirkwood)
  - Robert Thistlewool
  - Gror
  - Deburin
  - Rhoran
  - Dirierd
  - Glirdan
  - 3 Wood Elf Sentinels
  - 4 Wood Elf Warriors with Elven Blade and Throwing Daggers
  - 4 Wood Elf Warriors with Wood Elf spear
  - 4 Wood Elf Warriors with Elf bows and Elven Cloaks

- (Rivendell)
  - Sorandilun
  - Elrond
  - 4 Elf Warriors with Elven blade
  - 4 Elf Warriors with shield and spear
  - 4 Elf Warriors with Elf bow
  - (All Elf Warriors have heavy armour)

One Elf Warrior may carry a banner.

**EVIL**
- Khamul the Easterling (on horse)
- 2 Easterling Captains
- 2 Orc Captains
- 8 Easterlings with shield
- 8 Easterlings with bow
- 4 Easterlings with spear and shield
- 5 Easterling Kataphrakts
- 8 Orcs with shield
- 8 Orcs with spear
- 4 Orcs with 2-handed weapons
- 4 Orcs with bow
- 9 Mordor Uruk-hai

One Orc and one Easterling may carry a banner.
Layout
This scenario takes place on a board 48”/112cm by 48”/112cm. Several various trees and rocks are scattered across the board, with the trees becoming denser near to the Northern board edge. The trees should be the sparsest at the Southern board edge.

Starting Positions
The Evil Player deploys his Orcs and Uruk-hai first, within at least 12”/42cm away from yet within 24”/56cm of the Southern board edge. The Good Player then deploys his Mirkwood force (i.e. the Wood Elves and the Companions minus Sorandilun) within 6”/14cm of the Northern board edge. Finally, the rest of the Evil Force (i.e. the Easterlings and Khamul) is deployed within 12”/28cm of the Southern board edge. The rest of the Good force is set aside until later in the game.

Objectives
The Evil side wins if they can manage to kill at least 4 of the named Good Heroes (i.e. the Companions). The Good side wins if the Evil side is reduced to 25% of their starting numbers before this happens. If both of these conditions are met in the same turn, the game is a draw.

Special Rules
**Hope is Rekindled.** The Rivendell force, led by Sorandilun, reaches the battle just as the Mirkwood force becomes overwhelmed by their enemies. At the end of the Good player’s Move Phase in the fifth turn, the rest of the Good force is deployed in base contact with the Eastern board edge. Newly arrived models may not charge in the turn they are deployed, but may otherwise act normally.

**Campaign Recruits.** A King of Men.
Part Seven – Reluctant Departures

Kalatri awoke, his head throbbing. The Man's hands and feet were tied, as were Urúviel's. As he tried to talk, he realized the two were also gagged. He could still see however, and he rolled over to give his kindred guards a look of pure, blazing hatred.

The Easterlings could not withstand his ire, and when they avoided his gaze he turned his attention back to the Elf at his side. Her breathing was shallow and blood was caked on her face. Yet still she was beautiful, he thought with a pounding and worried heart. It infuriated him to think of how she had been treated, yet he knew that she knew what lay before her and could withstand it. The Easterling nudged her with his head. Slowly, she opened her eyes and smiled through the gag. She tried to say something, and then realized she couldn't. Her normally fair eyes were a downcast grey, giving her an unhealthy pallor. Kalatri tried to encourage her as best he could with his eyes.

A clash came from the edge of the clearing. The two turned toward the noise in time to see Sorandilun strike down a pair of guards with executioners blows. The Elf decapitated them as if they were no stronger than children, his blade passing through their necks like a fin treading water. A light of savage, feral ferocity was in his eyes. He seemed, in the eyes of the elves that were now around him, to be shining with a white light bearing dark void at its centre.

In a maelstrom of steel he passed the guards, his troops doing nothing but putting the crippled warriors out of their misery. Sorandilun made his way other to the trussed up pair and cut the captive pair's bonds with a few neat strikes. He embraced them like a parched Man would water, and then handed them their weapons from the fireside. Kalatri and Urúviel stood, rubbing their wrists, and in wonder at the power they had seen from their leader.

"Let us be gone," Sorandilun said quietly, as he turned to go.

Yet blocking the path ahead was the Lieutenant of Dol Guldur, with his bodyguard striding towards them.

"You know that Glorfindel himself is one of the few still on these shores that can stand up to them, and even then not without great strain…beware the Black Riders, Sorandilun."

Suddenly Elrond's voice flashed through the Elf's head. "Sorandilun, now is not the time -"

Yet Sorandilun pushed the voice out of his mind and stepped forward, his bloody blade in hand. The wraith did the same, but neither raised their weapon to strike the first blow nor assumed a fighting stance. They merely faced each other, unseen black malice contesting with invisible white light.

"Sorandilun," The dark void mocked, his mouth a black oblivion in the world that mortals saw not. "You should know the power is not appointed to you to face me. Surely there is still a warrior left among your people. Anything more than a feeble survivor of an Orc raid."

The Elf Lord stared back, his voice and mind strained. "You'll not have the blood of the Easterling."

The void echoed with mirthless laughter. "You only deceive yourself. His is mine, and the she-Elf shall be next."

In the world of mortals, the two stood like that for what seemed an eternity.

All of a sudden, something shattered. The light in the Elf Lord's eyes was diminished in a terrible moment, and he was flung to the ground as if an unseen blow had knocked him down. The Nazgul stepped forward in an instant, his blade held high for the coup de grace.

The blow never landed. With an almighty sprint Kalatri closed the distance between himself and the cloaked, armoured figure, raising his halberd to intercept the blade.

"Go!" he shouted as Sorandilun stood up.
The Elf’s mind was blurred, but he fully understood the entreaty and refused to leave his friend.

The voice of Imladris returned urgently. “Sorandilun - fly! This is not your time. The Easterling is right.”

Kalatri repeated the order, and Urúviel, seeing the sense in his words, pulled on Sorandilun, urging him away. The Elf stood stoically, taking a step toward the Easterling and the Ringwraith - both of whom were frozen in the moment.

"Remember Urúviel!" Elrond’s voice came again.

Then the Elf’s senses returned to him in a mournful moment, and, his mind clearing, Sorandilun was struck with the awful force of his folly. He then urged Urúviel, but before he himself fled he glanced back and locked eyes with Kalatri. The two nodded, and then the Easterling charged the Wraith, a savage, desperate, and hopeless cry erupting from the lungs of the Man.

Kalatri then drove the wraith back with great, long and savage blows, but the Easterlings closed in on him, and the last Urúviel saw of him as she ran was the wraith grasping his throat. The Elf cried out and turned, but the other Companions emerged from the undergrowth and pulled her back. Together, they left Kalatri to his fate with tears and anguish.

Sorandilun lingered a moment as the darkness swallowed up his friend, burning the image into his mind before he left. He promised that he would not draw such a dear cost from his friends by his folly. Then the Elf sprinted after his companions with resolve pounding mercilessly from his mind to his feet. They would take him back.

The storm clouds had gathered.
Scenario 9 - The Wrath of the East

After learning of Kalatri and Urúviel’s capture, Sorandilun gathers several of his most trusted warriors and heads off towards the Easterling camp. Hoping to destroy the dark captain’s plans forever, the Elves attack silently at night. But Khamul will not give up his captive so easily…

Participants
GOOD
Sorandilun
Urúviel
Kalatri
2 Elf Warriors with Elven blade
2 Elf Warriors with shield and spear
2 Elf Warriors with Elf bow
(All Elf Warriors have heavy armour)

EVIL
Khamul the Easterling (on horseback)
4 Easterling warriors with spear and shield
4 Easterling warriors with shield
4 Easterling warriors with bow
3 Khandish Mercenaries with bow

Layout
The game is played on a board 48”/112cm by 48”/112cm. The board should be scattered with plenty of trees, and a cluster of tents is placed around a fire in the center of the table.

Deployment
Sorandilun and the Elf Warriors may be deployed touching any board edge. The Khandish Mercenaries and Easterling Warriors with bow are deployed no further than 6”/14cm from any tent. Kalatri and Urúviel are placed lying down within 3”/8cm of the fire. The rest of the models in the Evil side are not deployed yet.

Objectives
The Good Player wins if at least two of the three Companions (i.e. Sorandilun, Kalatri and Urúviel) exit the board from any board edge. In any other case, the Evil side wins the game.

Special Rules
Sentries. The Khandish Mercenaries and Easterling Warriors with bow follow the rules for Sentries, as detailed in the Main Rulebook. The entire Evil side may move as normal as soon as the alarm is raised. As soon as this happens, the rest of the Evil force deploys within base contact of the tents.

Darkness does not aid the eyes of Men. All Men (i.e. the Easterlings, Khandish Mercenaries and Kalatri) cannot see further than 12”/28cm in this scenario.

Prisoners in Bonds. Kalatri and Urúviel may not stand until a Good Model comes into base contact with them. Also, no Evil model may shoot at either of them, or charge them until they stand up. If they are ‘killed’ they are assumed to have been knocked unconscious.

Campaign Recruits. Dorowain (coming in Book 3)
Using the Companions

Throughout this adventure, we have represented the Companions with converted models that are specific to that character. However, in this section we give some suggestions for using the Companions in your own games, using models in your collection rather than altered miniatures. Of course, you can also replace a Companion at any point with a personalized Hero of a similar points value, such as your TLA campaign Personal Hero.

**Rhóran**
This self exiled Man can be represented by any of the Gondorian Ranger heroes. We used Madril with a sculpted dagger and a different colour scheme.

**Úruviel**
Although we have heavily converted the unarmoured Eowyn model and given her a different paint scheme, you could use the “new” Arwen model as this Elven Lady.

**Dirierd**
A sentinel with bow is the perfect model to represent Dirierd – we gave him a bright colour scheme to stand out more as well.

**Grór**
This young Dwarf can be represented by either of the Dwarf Warriors with shields – although we scratch-sculpted our model of Grór.

**Hador, Barney and Elthor**
Although this trio played a small role in this Companions book, we have included them here anyway. Hador can be easily represented by the model of Haldir, Barney by Merry, Pippin or another suitable Hobbit, and Elthor by a Dúnedain Ranger.

**Sorandilun**
This Elf Lord can be represented by either an Elrond or armoured Glorfindel model – we added a shield to the latter model.
Glirdan
This musician can be easily represented on the tabletop by a Sentinel playing a flute type instrument – we also decided to give him a darker colour scheme, to fit with his description.

Deburin
Although we added a Khazad Guard style mask to Gimli, a good model to represent this stout Dwarven bodyguard is simply a Khazad Guard miniature.

Kalatri
The determined Eastern Man can be easily represented by an Easterling Captain, although we have replaced a plastic Easterling’s head with one from a plastic Warrior of Rohan.

Robert
Although you could represent this Man with any number of plastic or metal Men miniatures, we removed Damrod’s bow from his hand to represent him.

Nashak and Razhshásh
This fearsome duo was a large impediment to the Companions on their journey. You can represent Nashak simply with the Goblin King model, and Razhshásh by a Mordor Uruk-hai with two-handed weapon, or even Golfimbul.
### Summary

#### Good Heroes:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>C</th>
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<th>Special Rules</th>
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<td>Barney</td>
<td>2/4+</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>5</td>
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#### Evil Heroes:

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<td>Nashak</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>3/2/2</td>
<td>Ghashknuk, Great of Girth</td>
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Rules for Characters from Part 1 – Evil in Eriador

Barney……………………………10pts
Unarmed
Throw Stones. See the main Rulebook for details.
Keen Eye. One Good Model per turn within 6"/14cm of Barney may re-roll ONE failed roll to hit in the shooting phase. To make use of this skill Barney must be able to see the shooter and the target.
Little Legs. Barney, being a young boy, can not run as fast as an adult, and so only moves 5"/12cm per turn.

Elthor……………………………………80pts
Hand weapon
Longbow
Spear………………………………………1pt
Horse………………………………………10pts
Expert Shot. Elthor can shoot twice in the shoot phase instead of just once.
Dúnedain Cloak. Elthor’s cloak has the same effects as an Elven Cloak providing its user does not move or shoot.

Robert…………………………………50pts
Longsword (counts as an Elven blade)
Armour
Bow………………………………………5pts
Horse………………………………………10pts
Flame of Youth. Whenever there is an evil model within charging distance and not already in a fight, take a Courage test. If Robert fails the test then he must attempt to charge the nearest enemy model (“Terror” may still stop him).

Hador…………………………………30pts
Elven blade
Elven bow
Armour
Elven Cloak
Elven sight. Hador may use his might point to alter priority rolls in the same way as other dice rolls.

Kalatri………………………………………70pts
Easterling halberd (counts as an Elven blade)
Heavy armour
Shield………………………………………5pts
Horse………………………………………10pts
Descendant of Bor. Kalatri has a particular rivalry against the Easterling’s who follow Uthava. If he is within 6"/14cm of an Easterling and is able to charge him he must do so.
Love For Urúviel. Kalatri’s love for Urúviel is so great that he must protect her at all costs. As long as she is alive he counts as her bodyguard and passes all courage tests that he is required to make. In addition, if Urúviel is slain refer to Elladan and Elrohir’s rule for Unbreakable Bond.

Urúviel……………………………………70pts
Elven blade
Elven cloak
Elven spear……………………………………5pts
Horse………………………………………10pts
Elven Spear. When wielded with two hands the model can defend with it, counting as shielding.
Magical Powers
Renew, 6"/14cm, 4+.
Nature’s Wrath, 6"/14cm radius, 4+.
Strengthen Will, 6"/14cm, 5+.

Sorandilun……………………………85pts
Elven blade
Heavy armour
Shield………………………………………5pts
Horse………………………………………10pts
Courageous Leader. During the Fight Phase one model within 6"/14cm of Sorandilun, other than Sorandilun himself, may re-roll one dice to win a fight.