

The Triumph of the Witch-King

Chapter 1- A Cold Trek North: It is the 1st of October in the year 1636 TA. The mighty realm of Arnor has been broken up and now a powerful force out of the northeast - Angmar, land of the Witch-King, is destroying those smaller states!

Along with the onset of winter, a horrible plague has swept over the lands ravaging the human populace and weakening the Dúnedain even more. The plague has claimed many of the remaining people in Rhudaur and Cardolan and even the Witch-King has had to halt his war efforts from the loss of men. Though this may be a reprieve for the remaining kingdom of Arthedain, the country still reels from the unstoppable sickness. Círdan of Lindon has sent out some of his folk to glean some information about his human allies to the north and east. If this plague should wipe them out, then his land will be all but exposed to the forces of Angmar - a thought that concerns him deeply.

From the east, the dwarves of Khazad-Dûm have also sent out emissaries to find out the cause and affects of this plague. The Dwarves have not suffered much from the sickness - their bodies being somewhat more immune and also the fact that their kind live deep in the earth. Still, their concern is great as well for the threat of Angmar and the Orcs of Mount Gundabad are free to roam these once guarded lands of men.

Our tale picks up just outside of the city of Tharbad - in the house of Celephain, a Dúnedain lord of old Cardolan. The city of Tharbad is one of the last remaining congregations of the Dúnedain folk in Cardolan. After it's sack by Angmar in 1409 TA, many of Cardolan's Dúnedain fled to the Tyrn Gorthad (the Barrow Downs) and the Old Forest for safety from the roving enemy. It was not long before the Angmarim vacated the lands of Cardolan - their sole purpose of conquest being to simply eradicate the Dúnedain of the north. Though many Dúnedain of Cardolan survived by fleeing, there was no returning to their former glory. Only the few remaining lords (such as Celephain) returned to reclaim what they could and rule it as best as possible. Arthedain went so far as to reclaim the lands of Cardolan, but no relief came from the northern kingdom.

Though poor and unable to do anything but defend their own, the Dúnedain of Cardolan made a life as they could, in relative peace, for over 227 years. In the year 1636, the Great Plague swept up from the south and brought the already weakened folk to their knees.

Prologues: *The forested landscape stretches for miles; a lone craggy mountain rises from the green wood and casts an ominous shadow over the land. A dark presence looks out, searching for a lost treasure that will bring victory at last over the Free Peoples of Middle-Earth.*

Lightning flashes over a dark stone fortification; the barren land surrounding the castle shows how hard life is in this region; a gaunt figure of immense presence climbs from the back of his fell-beast. He looks out over the courtyard of his keep, to the south and west - "One more" he whispers, "One more..."

Scene 1- The Court of Celephain: You have all been summoned to the simple hall of Celephain. The group consists of:

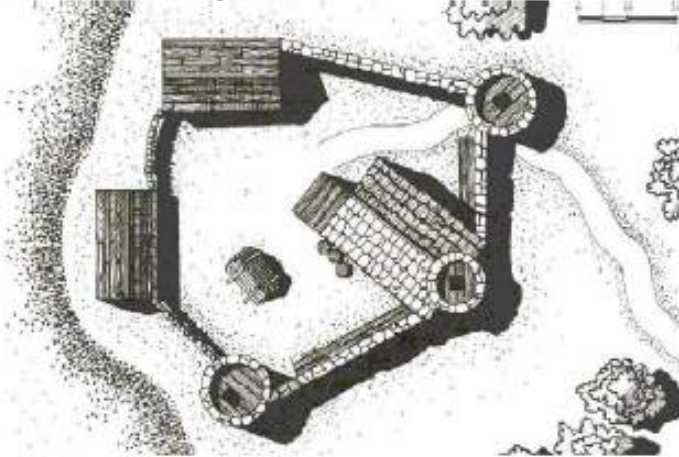
Angbor *Dúnedain Loremaster and Healer* - son of Celephain; you and your father have seen to the ruling of this land and the 17 families that reside on it. Your mother has just taken ill from the Plague and no matter how you have tried; your healing hands cannot break her fevers. Your father is beloved by his people and he is greatly concerned by the rising number of deaths.

Dirnhael *Dúnedain Warrior* - son of the now deceased Ardil, you have come to the house of Celephain to live and to help protect your kin.

Lúnduf *Dwarf Warrior* - of the folk of Khazad-Dûm, you have come into the lands of Cardolan, by order of your king, to find out how these people fare. From the west gate of Khazad-Dûm to Tharbad, you and another Dwarf have struggled through both the environs and the still roving Angmar forces.

Edrahil *Sindarin Elf Mage* - of Lindon, Círdan sent you and your comrade to learn of the fate of the Dúnedain of Arnor. You have traveled north into the lands of Arthedain and then came south to Tharbad on the Gwathló River. You have little good news to report as even Arthedain is struggling with the sickness.

The House of Celephain:



Main House – the main house is built off the eastern wall. It is a well-built (though not as pleasant as is used to be) two-story structure. There are three bedrooms upstairs and four rooms downstairs.

Downstairs is comprised of a study, a kitchen, dining room, and a hall. The hall is not grand by any means and quite diminutive when compared to some of the other castles of Arthedain and even Cardolan. Still, this is the chamber that Celephain greets his guests and sees to his servants and guards.

Stables – the stables are the western structure. The stables can easily accommodate up to 8 horses and has a loft where 3 stable hands sleep. There are currently 6 good horses in the stables.

Quarters – the servants and the small contingent of guards that Celephain employs reside in the northern structure. This meager building has enough room to accommodate at least 25 people, but it is only housing 16 at the moment. There are 4 house servants (cook, 2 maids, and a steward) at this time and 12 guards.

Surrounding lands – the lands that surround the house of Celephain are owned by him and are currently occupied by 17 families. These families' farm and herd animals and each must pay a tribute to Celephain for his protection. Though the times have been tough, the people love Celephain as he loves them.

Coming down from your mother's bedchamber, you enter the diminutive room your father calls his hall. There is a large group gathered within, including the fair folk out of Lindon and the two Dwarves from Khazad-Dûm in the Misty Mountains. These folk had arrived almost at the same time, not four days ago and your father gladly opened his house to them. Also in the room is Dirnhael, the quiet man that sees to the defense of the surrounding lands. Many of the other men from the locale have also come by your father's wish. You are concerned by how few a number there are that nod at you as you enter the room.

"Ahh my son, at last you have joined us. How is your mother this day?" (**Celephain**)

"Not well father, her fever still rages and she is soaked with sweat. She will not take any water though her body needs it badly." (**Angbor**) The look on Celephain's face speaks volumes of what he is feeling but then his face goes neutral as he recomposes himself.

"There are many more like her that suffer... we must find an answer if there is one. Angbor my son, I am asking of you to take up a journey to the far off lands of Rivendell. There you may seek the council of lord Elrond - said to be the greatest healer in all of Middle-Earth. If there is an answer to this plague, it will be within his house. The rest of you that have gathered in my hall, the fair folk of Lindon, and the sturdy folk of Khazad-Dûm, can I request your aid in this... to help my son make his way to Imladris?" (**Celephain**) - rolls a *Persuade* (rank +5) roll TN 12 for each of the individuals he is trying to recruit; *Elves* 16, *13 Dwarves* 7, 14

There is some quiet talk about the room, the two Dwarves and the two Elves speak to themselves, but then a gruff voice breaks the soft sounds. "I will be part of this company, my lord. If there is aid in the halls of Elrond, then I vow to you that I will see this journey done and your son safely delivered to Rivendell." (**Dirnhael**)

A slight smile forms on his lips as Celephain nods in

appreciation.

In their soft, fair voices, the Elf speaks... "I have been sent by our Lord Círdan to both seek information and to assist if I can. There is little doubt that though he be a Dúnedain, in these times the fence around Rivendell will be closed to Angbor. I will come as representatives of my folk and speak on behalf of the errand that your son is on - through this most of all can I aid your people. I would be honored to take up a part in this company." **(Edrahil)**

Then in his own tongue, but quickly switching to common - "I will assist you in this. It is not the way of our folk to leave a friend or an ally in the time of need. But it will only be me, my comrade will journey back to King Durin to make him aware of the plight of your folk and your lands." **(Lûnduf)**

"It was not the way of your folk when the Dark Lord overran the lands of Eregion and the west gates of Moria were closed to the elves that tried to escape there!! Thousands were slain!!" **(Edrahil shouting)** The Dwarves turn to the Elf with rage in their eyes.

"Please, Please - let us not let the sad happenings of the past ruin this potential league! We have all suffered under His shadow but only by standing together can we overcome it!" **(Celephain standing up from his chair)** - rolls a *Persuade* (rank +5, +2 for the urgency of the situation) roll TN 15 for each of the individuals he is trying to calm; *Elves 15, 12 Dwarves 14, 13, Celephain spends 3 Courage points to gain the advantage for the scores he did not succeed on - new scores are 15, 15, 17, and 16 respectively. The Elves and the Dwarves acquiesce.*

"The company is set. From my house, you will provision yourselves and you will set off in the morning. Now please, rest for your journey and prepare the things you need." **(Celephain sighs)**

The company spends the rest of the day preparing for the long road to Rivendell. From the Dwarves, it is learned that the direct road east is to hazardous to take - the Angmarim forces still control a great area of northeastern Cardolan (just southeast of Amon Sûl). After looking over many maps, the company decide to head north up the Greenway and make for Bree - from there they will head east to Rivendell. By taking this course, they will maneuver around the Angmarim and pass them well to the north. With their provisions set and their course chosen, the company settles for the night... *Each player is awarded 10 EP for contribution (role-playing) to the scene.*

Scene 2- The Road out of Tharbad:

Day 1

The day breaks on a cold and wet October morning. The company plans to set out even though the weather is forbidding – the urgency of their quest driving them to go. Even the horses are gloomy as the stable hands saddle and prepare them for the long trip to come. The horses are all stocked with two saddle bags that have stowed within – 15 days of rations each consisting of dried meat, dried fruit, corncakes, and some vegetables for boiling (potatoes, onions, and turnips); two waterskins each; a blanket each; and one horse is stocked with a cooking pot. There is room left on each horse for a change of clothing, and small personal items. Weapons and shields will need to be carried or hung on the horses' flanks.

Angbor's father stands on the porch of his house as you all climb into your saddles. Angbor salutes his father saying, "The Company is prepared my Lord, we will see this quest done for the hope of all the Dúnedain of the north!"

"*Anar caluva tielyanna*" replies Celephain "*Onen i-Estel Edain*" (Language (Sindarin) roll **TN 10** for translation), "Farewell my son, Good Luck!"

The company moves out along the road leaving Celephain's land. The *Iaur Men Formen* (aka - the Greenway), which lies not 2 miles away, will be their road north. The cold rain makes everyone pull their cloak closer around their bodies. Only the elves seem to feel no discomfort from the cold wet; but like the rest of the company, their spirits are low. The gray landscape offers no solace – the rolling land of Tharbad shows the many scars of the struggles. The homesteads lie empty across your view, their occupants gone from both war and disease.

Yet, some homes show the twinkle of lights and plumes of smoke rise from the chimneys – and it is this that strengthens your hearts, knowing that your quest will not be in vain.

You ride on in silence, each of you going through the thoughts in your minds and the road you are on merges into the Greenway and begins to take you north. The quest has begun.

The company rides on for the rest of the day. Dirnhael rides over to speak with the Elf, when he is intercepted by the diminutive Lûnduf. The chatty dwarf proceeds to keep Dirnhael in conversation for a better part of the afternoon, leaving the Elf to speak with Angbor.

The rains become intermittent throughout your travel but the sun makes no appearance. The wind picks up as you continue north and its temperature drops as it blows into your faces – this seems a foreboding wind to you – a sign of troubles ahead.

- 1. The Company will need to make a Stamina test for Weariness TN 10 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is dropped to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.
- 2. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival (Field or Plains) test TN 12 (base 10 plus Physical modifiers) at the end of this travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a –3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company for each period that they do not get good rest.
- 3. Minus a days rations (14 days left)

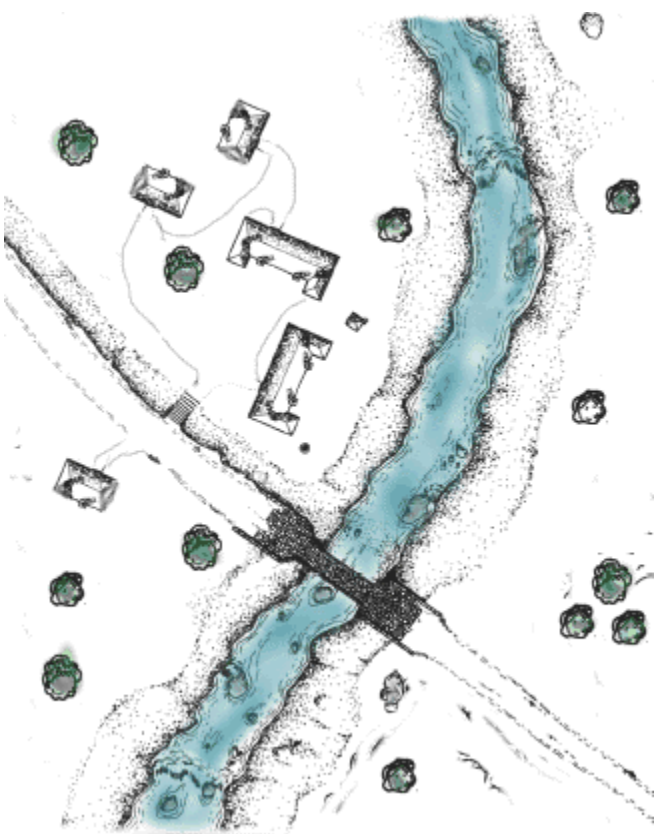
Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	11	N/A	7	-1 Winded	14	N/A	9	-1 Winded
Stamina 2	10	N/A	10	N/A	17	N/A	9	-2 Tired
Stamina 3	7	-1 Winded	12	N/A	18	N/A	15	N/A
Stamina 4	6	-2 Tired	8	-2 Tired	17	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 5	4	-4 Weary	9	-4 Weary	19	N/A	12	N/A
Survival		No fatigue		No fatigue	17	No fatigue		No fatigue

Day 2 - The Seeds of Death

The day is as cold and wet as it was yesterday. The company rides through intermittent rain and strong cold breezes and spirits are low. The horses hang their heads and the company draws their cloaks tightly to themselves. There is little that is dry on any of you and it is very discomforting and clingy. The saddles have begun to chafe some of the riders due to the wet clothing and slippery leather.

- 1. Any characters that have a Perform or Inspire skill may attempt to enhearten the company (TN 10). If a Marginal Success (=TN), the company each gain a +1 modifier to any Stamina tests while traveling; a Complete Success (1-5 above TN) the company gains a +3 modifier; a Superior Success (6-10 above TN) the company gains a +4 modifier; a Extraordinary Success (11+ above TN) the company need not make any Stamina tests for the next 4 hours (or skip 2 tests per that travel). This can only be done once for the day.
- 2. The Company will need to make a Stamina test for Weariness TN 10 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is dropped to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.

The days travel ends upon an elevation of land that overlooks a small river. The river is one of the many tributaries of the great Gwathló (Greyflood) River that runs through Tharbad to the sea. A small bridge of stone crosses over the river and to its north a small village sits. To the eyes of the elves can be seen a tower sitting on a hillock about ten miles to the south and west.



There is no light or movement within the town; the rain continues to fall; and your company needs to make camp for the night. You decide to ride into the town to seek shelter and any potential hospitality. Once you have entered, you see that there is no hospitality to be offered – only the smell of death greets you at the gates.

Lûnduf Upon seeing and smelling the town (and how quiet it is), I dismount from my pony and unhook my shield off its flank.

I want to check out the two large structures near the river. I will make my way towards them moving slowly. I will go to the one that is most east (or south?) and listen at the door. I rolled a Observe (Scent) roll - 13 (I do not know what the TN will be) to see if I can pinpoint where the smell is coming from.

I also rolled a Observe 12 and an Observe 9 to See and Listen...

Narrator - Good rolling... the TN's for your observations are 8 for the smell and see and 5 to listen (all weather and night related)

Lûnduf, you make your way to the (South-east) structure. It is a long building that you can see would have housed a few people. As you approach, you smell the scent of decay coming from the house but the only sounds you hear are the winds over the plains and the water coursing the riverbed.

You get to the door and...?

I want to open the door slowly and peer inside. If it is dark, I will first take a moment to light up a torch

Narrator - the evening sky is gray but there is enough light left of the day to dimly illuminate the interior. You open the door and are smitten by the smell; I need a Willpower Test (TN 10) to continue into the house.

I got a $(5 + 1) = 6$ no dice

I turn away as the door swings open.

Dirnhael I am going to also get off my horse and follow Lûnduf's lead and draw my longsword. I will stay back about 10 feet between Angbor and the Elves. If nothing happens when he opens the door, I am going to go checkout the other big house. Since it is getting dark, I am going to see if there is any dry wood to make a torch but I am staying ready with my sword.

Narrator - You hold back as Lûnduf opens the door. The dwarf looks inside and then pulls back - his face is a little ashen as he turns away muttering. You walk up and looking into the house, you see the remains of the people; all show evidence of the plague. Lûnduf recomposes himself and he starts to scout out the other buildings. The Elves dismount after seeing the reactions by you and the Dwarf. They begin to also search the remaining buildings.

I am going to recommend to the group to make camp there for the night.

Narrator - You and the Dwarf make a quick inspection of the remaining houses and find that they are all empty. No dead, no nothing... It looks as if you are not the first to pass by this village for it has been stripped clean of most valuables - the houses are ransacked. You find dry wood aplenty in the houses from all of the broken furnishings.

We will start a fire and make a camp in the house that is furthest from the house with the dead. In the morning, I will ask the Company if they will aid me in making a pyre for the deceased. Angbor breaks out the cooking pot for both vegetables and tea. The Company settles for the night. In the morning we will re-fill our skins from the river or any fast moving streams that run into it.

3. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival Test (TN 5 if they stay in the town, TN10 if they stay on the outskirts) at the end of this travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a -3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company if they do not get good rest.
4. Minus a days rations, water will need to be re-supplied (13 days left)

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Perform/Inspire	14	+3 bonus	7	failed	7	failed	12	+3 bonus
Stamina 1	14	N/A	8	-1 Winded	22	N/A	16	N/A
Stamina 2	12	N/A	11	N/A	16	N/A	17	N/A
Stamina 3	12	N/A	6	-2 Tired	13	N/A	15	N/A
Stamina 4	14	N/A	13	N/A	17	N/A	14	N/A
Stamina 5	11	N/A	14	N/A	14	N/A	18	N/A
Survival		No fatigue		No fatigue	10	No fatigue		No fatigue

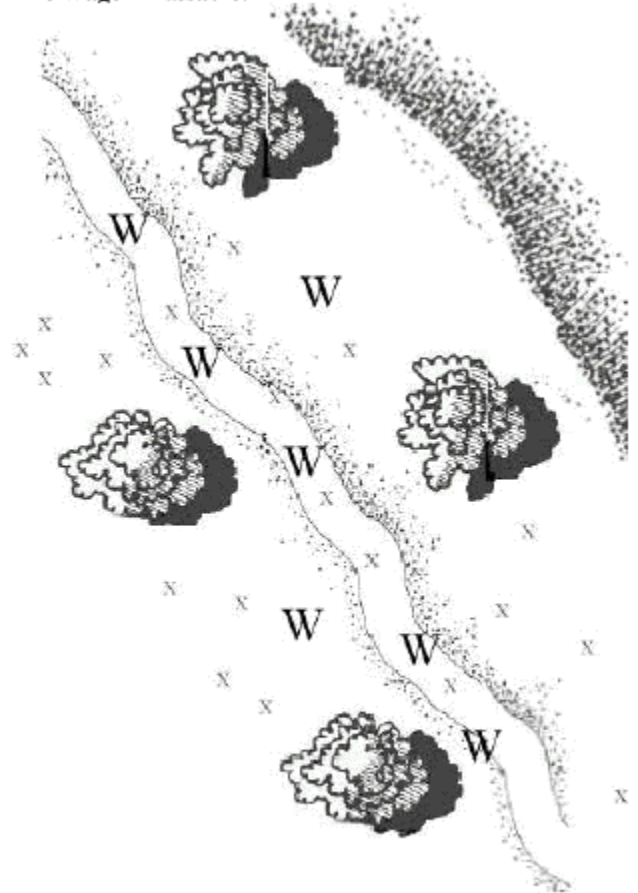
Day 3 - The Presence of War

The day is cold and gray, but the rain seems to have subsided. The company wakes early and works diligently to put the deceased to rest and make it so animal or beast will not defile their bodies. Using the house in which the bodies lay as a pyre, you set it ablaze and each of you draws your cloaks over your heads. Afterwards, the Company presses on north and west along the Greenway making better time with the absence of the rain. The spirit of the party has become a little higher and there is much more conversation than the prior two days.

The plains stretch out a gray green in all directions and birds of prey can be seen spiraling in the skies above you. Occasionally, great flocks of birds traveling south for the winter pass overhead with much noise – but for that, the road and the fields around you are empty of any people save yourselves. Your voices, muffled by the rain for the last two days, now slightly echo, as you talk on the silent plain. You feel so alone as you remember stories and remember seeing the Greenway busy with folk going north and south about their business. If that day could return for the greatness of Cardolan...

- Any characters that have a Perform or Inspire skill may attempt to enhearten the company (TN 10). If a Marginal Success (=TN), the company each gain a +1 modifier to any Stamina tests while traveling; a Complete Success (1-5 above TN) the company gains a +2 modifier; a Superior Success (6-10 above TN) the company gains a +3 modifier; a Extraordinary Success (11+ above TN) the company need not make any Stamina tests for the day. This can only be done once for the day.
- The Company will need to make a Stamina test for Weariness TN 10 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is Wearied to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.

The Wagon Massacre:



*Each W is the location of a Wagon; each X is the location of a dead body. The Narrator can determine which wagons burn and which do not, as well as age and gender of the slain.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Perform/Inspire	13	+2 bonus	5	failed	--		9	failed
Stamina 1	14	N/A	11	N/A	12	N/A	12	N/A
Stamina 2	5	-1 Winded	10	N/A	17	N/A	16	N/A
Stamina 3	10	N/A	9	-1	14	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 4	12	N/A	6	-2	20	N/A	10	N/A
Stamina 5	9	-2 Tired	6	-4	16	N/A	17	N/A

As the sun sets in the west, you have all completed another long days travel. With his elven eyes, Edrahil spies a brightness to the horizon that is not from the end of day. Even though saddle sore and tired, you all decide to push on a little further to investigate the glow. Coming with the wind, you begin to smell the smoke and see the plumes that rise in the distance before you.

You cautiously approach the burning carnage before you and discover that it is a wagon train that is in ruins. Some of the wagons lay toppled and most burn as you look upon the wreckage. You see the bodies of many folk scattered amongst the wagons. You spur your horses and slowly ride forward – the sound of metal being unsheathed can be heard as Dirnhael draws his sword. The smoke is thick and it gags you a bit for it is not only burning wood that you smell.

3. All need to roll a Willpower Test TN 8 to continue riding forward amongst the dead.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Willpower	11	N/A	9	N/A	12	N/A	13	N/A

The party disperses throughout the wagons to see if there are any that may require aid – unfortunately, the wagon teams have all been slain. You see that both women and children lie amongst the dead and that these people are predominantly Eriadorians of the region! You see no evidence of the plague on any of the slain. These folk must have been refugees of another dead town, trying to get to the safety of Tharbad, when they were waylaid.

Dirnhael - Unpleasant though it may be; Dirnhael carefully checks the bodies. While he does not expect to find survivors, he knows he must hold to hope. When he discovers it is in vain, Dirnhael kneels and quietly mumbles with reverence in Sindarin. After a moment, he rises - with his jaw set tightly, and an angry glint in his gray-flecked eyes...

Lûnduf - Preparing himself for the stench, Lûnduf continues forward among the dead and burning wagons.

Angbor - I am going to dismount and begin to move around the scene checking to see if there are any survivors. If there are, I will administer aid to them. I loop my sword belt over my shoulder so that it will lay across my back for easy access but to not be in the way.

Edrahil - I will aid as I can, but I feel something is not right. I will draw my sword and gaze into the growing darkness of night, trying to not let the light from the fires obscure my ability to see anything out in the gathering dark. I draw my sword for the feeling I have cannot be shaken.

Unbeknownst to the Company, the attackers have spied them entering into the wagon train wreckage. The Orcs grin to themselves and spur their Wargs forward. “Who cares if there are five of them to our three” one grunts in Orcish. “We shall kill these as well!”

The Company quickly glances up as three Orcs atop their howling Warg mounts race into attack them...

A large gray-black Warg charges on Lûnduf as he readies his shield and axes. Lûnduf makes a half-hearted swing at the Warg as it passes but it bites at him and the Orc atop of it leaps. Lûnduf knocks away the Warg with his shield and nimbly sidesteps the Orc as it leaps at him; in the same motion, he swings his axe on the Orc but the attack falls short. With the Warg to far out of range to worry about, Lûnduf prepares for the Orcs attack. The Orc swings wildly in a large sweeping arc and catches Lûnduf's shield as he parries. Lûnduf brings his own axe down and hits the Orc in the chest. It's leather jerkin splits open and it falls back to the ground. Lûnduf turns back towards the Warg as a dark shape looms out of the darkness behind the beast.

Five feet away, Dirnhael and Edrahil are dealing with their own enemies. The Elf seems to be holding his own, but Dirnhael makes fast work of his Orc. With a couple of stabs and parries followed by a riposte, the orc falls from its mount with two wounds in its torso. Still the warrior bleeds where the Warg had gotten its fangs into him. Now he faces off against it as Angbor rushes in yelling... "Cerduil, Cerduil! And the house of Celephain!"

As the Company combats the Orcs and Wargs, a horseman rides in to the fray his spear lowered and his shield covering his chest. He wears a helm that masks his eyes and partially covers his face with jaw and cheek guards. Is he friend or foe...? He quickly shows his colors as his spear penetrates the back of the Warg struggling against Lûnduf.

Over the din, you hear the Elf yell out as he is struck- first, from the Orc's cruel scimitar and then a bite from the Warg! The Orc reels back as an arrow strikes his shoulder - it seems the horseman is adept at more than the spear. The Orc and Warg still press their attack on the staggering Elf, but fail to land any more blows. Just in time, Dirnhael plunges his sword through the beast he is fighting and then turns quickly to slash through the Orc attacking his Elven ally. It slides off the Wargs back and hits the ground- the Wargs are now alone!

In a few more moments, it is over - the Wargs lay dead upon the ground. The cold starlit night is filled with the light of the burning wagons, but even these are dying out. The folk of this wagon train have been avenged of those who slayed them. You all stand still as

the cold breeze blows across you chilling the sweat and blood of battle. You all look to the stranger in your midst as he dismounts and regains his spear - his name is Fengel and he is from across the Misty Mountains to the east.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded
Combat Results	0	-1 Dazed	0	N/A	3	N/A	3	N/A	0	N/A

KILLS represent the number of creatures slain by the character. WOUNDED is the wound level of the character at the end of the combat.

Fengel tells you that he gave his service to a merchant that had come into the northern Anduin Vale and had followed him into Eriador. When the plague had set in, the people that he had worked for took ill and eventually all died. Now he is stranded in these lands and he wishes nothing more than to get back home. It is easy to see that he is proud, but he is quite cordial - not learned like the men of the west but wise in many things. It is also easy to see that he can be trusted and would be a great ally on the road - the Company invites him to join them on their quest, to which Fengel graciously agrees.

With the adrenaline flowing out of your systems, Dirnhael begins to again search the wreckage and for any survivors; he also checks the Orcs for any insignia's. Unfortunately, there are no refugees that survived the attack. Fengel explains that as the sun was hanging low in the west, the Wargriders attacked the caravan. None of these people were warriors of any type and he was hard pressed to aid them. One of the Wargriders attacked him and held him at bay while the other three, who the Company just dispatched, did their awful slaying. Dirnhael sees, not far from the train, the fallen Wargrider of which Fengel spoke. After he killed his attacker, Fengel charged out into the darkness after the remaining three but lost them in the night. It was when he heard the attacks on you that he realized that they had looped back around. The wagons that had not been burnt are filled with useless personals of the refugees - nothing that could help the party in their travels. Again the group see to the dead making sure that nothing will defile their remains.

While Dirnhael prepares a camp away from the wagon massacre, Angbor tends to Edrahil and Lunduf and Fengel unpack the necessary gear off of the horses. The Company sets a watch order for the night, they eat, and then hit their blankets - the rest is well needed and well deserved.

4. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival (Field or Plains) test TN 12 (base 10 plus Physical modifiers) at the end of this travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a -3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company if they do not get good rest.
5. Minus a days rations (12 days left)

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Survival		No fatigue		No fatigue	15	No fatigue		No fatigue		No fatigue

Scene 3 - The Touch of Fear

Day 4

The day is cold and gray, and the rain has been replaced by a misty fog. The evening temperature dropped low enough for the ground to freeze and the road is quite treacherous to the horses with its many hard ruts. The wagons are scattered across the road, some completely burnt out. The scene looks much worse to you in the light of day, especially with this gloom and fog. You decide to ride the horses in the field parallel to the road so none will "throw a leg".

Angbor checks each of you for your wounds making sure there has been no new bleeding. All of you marvel at the Elf, who seems as if he has fully recovered from the two wounds he had sustained the night before. He even tells Angbor to see to the others instead, which leaves the Healer amazed by the elven endurance.

During your ride, to keep the spirits up and the weariness away, Angbor starts to cant poems and heroic tales of old. Then softly, the voice of Edrahil is heard and he starts to sing - even though the Company is not all fluent in Sindarin, the words seem to paint images in your minds. Angbor occasionally joins in with Edrahil, but for the most part he lets the Elf sing the tale. It is a wonderful story, both happy and sad, of Thingol and Melian and the ancient realm of Doriath now lost beneath the sea. He sings of the meeting of Elwe Thingol and Melian the Maia and how together they forged a great strength against the Black Enemy of the North. It tells of the coming of Feanor and his kin, out of Aman and how they brought their doom to the Elves of Beleriand - finally ending with the Trumpets of Fingolfin and the coming of the Day.

Though all in the party are a bit saddened by the loss of the Elves, still they feel invigorated by the words, and ride on with greater enthusiasm. Dirnhael rides up and claps Edrahil on the back and gives him a smile "My wound does not seem to ache as it did... you weave healing magic with your words, Edrahil!" to which Edrahil smiles and nods.

The days ride is long, but finally ends on the outskirts of another riverside village. To your joy, you see people moving about the village doing their mundane evening chores. You ride into the village...

As you ride in, three elders of the village who ask you to halt 20 feet from the village surrounds, approach you. You oblige the folk and Edrahil and Angbor both ask to approach, to which they are given approval. They converse quietly with the elders for a few moments and the rest of the Company realize they have success as the three men begin to nod. Edrahil looks back to you all and smiles "We have been welcomed into the village. Come, they are going to give us lodging and allow us to take food with them." The Company rides into the village and ties their horses off to the hitching posts.

Later that evening, the company sits around a central fire in the village. The woman and children folk have settled in for the night for the most part - many had stayed up late to hear your tales of far off places. Now just sitting and smoking amongst the men of the town, you discuss the road and the surrounding area, as well as the sickness that is spreading like wildfire.

Dirnhael, having earlier found out the towns name - Camentir, sits and questions the elders. "We came across Fengel just yesterday and a caravan of wagons. Sadly the folk of the wagons had been slaughtered by Wargriders - Fengel, hard pressed, was unable to save them. Did these people come from your town?"

An old man with long white, stringy hair and a patch over his left eye replies, "No. These people were from the north - towards Tyn Gorthad, I surmise. They came to seek refuge with us for a while, but there were sick amongst them and we could not take them in... not without putting our own people in jeopardy. I think I heard some of them say they were from Arnach and Andrath. If you continue north on the Greenway, you will come to these places."

Dirnhael draws on his pipe, the embers making his face glow a faint orange, "The Orcs, have they bothered your folk?"

"No", the old man speaks. "I think it is because of the old tower" and he point to the south and west. "I think they believe our Dúnedain champions of old still keep their watch." To this, the old man chuckles and draws deep off his own pipe. Dirnhael sits back and thinks of the sarcastic remark. If only those days of old were here still...

The party rests for the evening - unbeknownst to them as well as these simple folk, death has already come into the town. A small child of four years sneezes in the night and with that sneeze brings death to her whole family and soon after her entire village. The Company has unknowingly resisted an encounter with a far deadlier enemy than they met last night. Unfortunately, as they bid farewell in the morning, little do they know that all of these kind people will be dead within a month.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lünduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Inspire	14	+2 bonus	11	+2 bonus	--	--	6	Fail	10	+1 bonus
Stamina 1	12	N/A	10	N/A	13	N/A	15	N/A	12	N/A
Stamina 2	10	N/A	11	N/A	9	-1 Winded	12	N/A	7	-1 Winded
Stamina 3	10	N/A	4	-1 Winded	14	N/A	11	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 4	6	-1 Winded	6	-2 Tired	12	N/A	12	N/A	12	N/A
Stamina 5	14	N/A	7	-4 Weary	10	N/A	16	N/A	11	N/A
Persuade	18	Gain Entrance	12	Gain Entrance	--	--	--	--	--	--

- Any characters that have a Perform or Inspire skill may attempt to enhearten the company (TN 10). If a Marginal Success (=TN), the company each gain a +1 modifier to any Stamina tests while traveling; a Complete Success (1-5 above TN) the company gains a +2 modifier; a Superior Success (6-10 above TN) the company gains a +3 modifier; a Extraordinary Success (11+ above TN) the company need not make any Stamina tests for the day. This can only be done once for the day.
- The Company will need to make a Stamina test for Weariness TN 10 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is Worned to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.
- Someone in the Party will need to make a Persuade (Charm) Test TN 10 to gain the trust of the village. With war and disease at their doors, trust is a hard commodity to come by. If failed, the Company will be asked to leave the town. If not, they will be invited in and given warm food and beds to sleep in for the night - any wounded may heal 1 Health Point.
- If in town, the Company can strike up any conversations that they would like with the townsfolk. Post any conversations, questions, etc. to the board.
- If in town, the Human and Dwarf party members must make a Stamina Test TN 10 or become infected with the plague. The Dwarf's TN is 5.
- Minus a days rations, 11 days left
- If not in town, no Stamina roll needed, just a Survival Test TN 10.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina <i>or</i> Survival	--	--	10	N/A	11	N/A	13	N/A	10	N/A

Day 5

The weather is still cold and misty when you rise, promising another cheerless days travel. You prepare yourselves for the new days journey taking food and drink, feeding your horses, and gearing up.

Dirnhael asks the people of Camentir if there is any way they may procure more food for the road, but they cannot. The winter is pressing in and times are too hard. They fill your waterskins from a creek running into the river but this is the most that they can offer. With the sun behind the clouds for less than an hour, you mount and begin to ride.

The company rides on through the clinging mists, trusting to their senses and watching the road pass before them. Talking sounds muffled in the fog so there is little chat amongst you - there will be no inspiring song this day, that is for sure!

After lunch, as the Company rides, you are all suddenly filled with the uttermost terror as a long moaning wail pierces the fog from above you. Some of the Company fights to keep their mounts under control while some jump to the ground and cover their heads. And then it is gone - as if a icy cold hand had reached out and touched your hearts and then pulled away. You all look at each other in wonder of what it could have been - you can see plainly the fear in Fengel's eyes as he controls his horse.

"What was that!" he yells. "It was as if the very mist around me turned to ice and took hold of me!"

"This mist is deep, even for my elven eyes to pierce, but I pray it is not what I think it was... I will not speak of it." Edrahil calms his horse; "Fear not my friends, Elbereth will guide us through this peril."

The two Dúnedain and the Dwarf look at each other apprehensively, but then Dirnhael spurs his horse and the Company follows. "We must get this days road behind us", he says. "We will look for a suitable campsite in a few hours."

You continue on for the rest of the day and by dusk, you have cleared the foggy mist. The stars shine brightly in the night sky and you all look forward to potentially good weather in the morning. Still, the search for campfire and a hollow that will block the wind is unsuccessful and Dirnhael and Lunduf cannot keep any fire going for the night. You all try to get some rest but it is proves to be futile.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Willpower	18	N/A	19	N/A	18	N/A	17	N/A	13	In Fear
Stamina 1	4	-1 Winded	9	-1 Winded	16	N/A	13	N/A	9	-1 Winded
Stamina 2	8	-2 Tired	8	-2 Tired	11	N/A	10	N/A	11	N/A
Stamina 3	10	N/A	10	N/A	11	N/A	10	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 4	4	-4 Weary	4	-4 Weary	15	N/A	17	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 5	9	-8 Spent	5	-8 Spent	9	-1 Winded	14	N/A	12	N/A
Persuade	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

1. The Company will need to make a Stamina test for Weariness TN 10 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is Wearied to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.
2. The Company will need to make a Willpower Test against the *Terror* effect (2d6+10) = TN 17 - the Company gain a +5 bonus due to distance (and don't forget Courage). Any Extraordinary Failures will cause the individual to give up on the trek, unless they can be Inspired by another (Inspire/Willpower Opposed).
3. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival (Field or Plains) test TN 10 at the end of this travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a –3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company if they do not get good rest.
4. Minus a days rations (10 days left)

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Survival	--	-3 Fatigue	-4	-3 Fatigue	9	-3 Fatigue	--	-3 Fatigue	3	-3 Fatigue

Scene 4 - No Place to Call a Home

Days 6-8

After three days of mundane riding, spirits have increased quite a bit for the simple fact that the sun has come out and the temperature has risen a bit. The lands look less dismal as the fall colors splash across the horizon. Leaves drift on the wind and the smell of the untended apple orchards adds a fragrance to the air. The effects are so much that even the Dwarf starts singing in his deep and gravelly voice - but then he notices all of the other Company looking at him, their faces showing a pained look. Lûnduf gives a slight laugh and lowers his voice - singing under his breath.

On the third day, the party rides into an encampment of refugees. A ragtag group of 47 humans (mostly Eriadorians) are settling in to a temporary encampment. The children and women folk fashion small tents and lean-to's as the men maneuver the wagons and pushcarts into a ring for safety. Livestock and dogs mew and bark throughout the encampment.

The refugees are concerned by your approach and once again, Angbor speaks for your Company to let them know your intentions. It does not take long and soon the Company is again sitting amongst kind people who share the little that they have, and make you feel welcome. During dinner preparation, Edrahil entertains with both song and story. For the children, he creates a small orb of light that dances over his hands. The children laugh as it changes hues and the Elf is himself amused. The Company again is bombarded with questions regarding the southern road and Tharbad...

"Is the road clear?", "Did you all come from Tharbad?", "Will we be welcome when we make it to the city?" ... and so on, to each of which you reply with the most optimistic answer you can give. You recount little of the orc raids, at least to the majority, waiting instead to speak of it solely to the protectors of this train. Tongues continue to wag into the night, but slowly the people begin to fade away and you are left with just a few men and yourselves to talk. You recount the Wargriders over pipeweed and the carnage of the wagons. You tell the men that there is potential refuge at Camentir.

The men tell you that they are the last of those that dwelled in the old town of Andrath. They left 4 days ago heading for the safer lands that surround Tharbad. They speak of Orcs roaming the lands and of Fell spirits that have only recently been seen and felt around the Barrows and the lands of Tyrn Gorthad (the Barrow Downs). These people will be heading on south in the morning but they wish you well on your journey and let you draw water from their barrels. You all settle in for the night and fall asleep in the relative safety of the wagon ring. The fire pops and snaps sending sparks into the night sky, adding to the stars. You here someone mumbling "Reminds me of the fireworks I had seen when I was a child, brought by... what was his name?" Your eyes close and you drift off...

1. The Company will need to make a series of 3 days Stamina tests for Weariness TN 7 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel - 5 Tests per day) if any company member is Wounded to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip - i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.
2. The Company will need to make a Persuade (Charm) or Bearing Test TN 8 to win the confidence of the refugees. If successful, they will be welcomed in, if not they will be asked to move along.
3. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival (Field or Plains) test TN 10 at the end of each travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a -3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company if they do not get good rest.
4. Minus 3 days rations (7 days left)

Day 6 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	7	N/A	7	N/A	15	N/A	14	N/A	7	N/A
Stamina 2	6	-1 Winded	7	N/A	8	N/A	11	N/A	8	N/A
Stamina 3	2	-2 Tired	4	-1 Winded	14	N/A	16	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 4	0	-4 Weary	6	-2 Tired	15	N/A	11	N/A	17	N/A
Stamina 5	1	-8 Spent	4	-4 Weary	8	N/A	12	N/A	9	N/A
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	8	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	10	No Fatigue
Day 7 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lûnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	8	N/A	12	N/A	18	N/A	15	N/A	11	N/A
Stamina 2	8	N/A	7	N/A	15	N/A	18	N/A	8	N/A
Stamina 3	6	-1 Winded	16	N/A	12	N/A	14	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 4	10	N/A	10	N/A	14	N/A	12	N/A	10	N/A

Stamina 5	8	N/A	4	-1 Winded	16	N/A	12	N/A	12	N/A
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	14	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue
Day 8 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lünduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	3	-1 Winded	7	N/A	11	N/A	16	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 2	8	N/A	11	N/A	16	N/A	11	N/A	12	N/A
Stamina 3	10	N/A	6	-1 Winded	15	N/A	9	N/A	5	-1 Winded
Stamina 4	7	N/A	5	-2 Tired	12	N/A	10	N/A	8	N/A
Stamina 5	5	-2 Tired	9	N/A	14	N/A	14	N/A	10	N/A
Persuade	19	Gain Entrance	13	Gain Entrance	--	Gain Entrance	--	Gain Entrance	--	Gain Entrance

Scene 5 - Cold Bones and Heartless Spirits

Days 9-12



The party continues for another 4 days of travel, passing the deserted town of Andrath, where the refugees that they met had resided.

Angbor and Fengel trudge along with their companions as they follow the road north. Slowly the rolling downs of the Tyrn Gorthad come into view and the road starts to rise. Though saddle sore at the end of each day, both companions are able to maintain a full days ride. Unfortunately at the end of each day, they are unable to help in finding and setting a comfortable camp.

Edrahil spends the next four days simply concentrating on the road, and trying to keep moving. At the end of each day, he's more than just a little sore and tired, as this long road seems to continue dragging on forever in front of him. Finally, at the end of the 12th day when the Company rides into the town, he's happy to simply see any signs of civilization and the chance to sleep in a bed again, even briefly. Edrahil somewhat questions this choice of his, to travel on the open roads - not really the thing for him. But as his mentor said often, "Hardship builds character". Or something like that. Apparently all this traveling was supposed to build up his endurance, which would in turn make it easier to cast his spells. Hopefully, his mentor was right about this...

You push on further north to the empty town of Arnach. This little village sits upon the Tyrn Gorthad, or the Barrow Downs as it has come to be known. You decide to take refuge in the town as a bad storm presses in on you, late on the fourth day. Thunder, lightning and freezing rain end the previous six glorious days of sunshine and the party hopes for better weather with the dawn.

Fengel proceeds up the road a bit to Observe the whole town for any signs of danger (3+1+4=8 vs TN 5 Pass) and sees nothing that could pose any immediate threat. All he notices is that the doors swing open and the shutters bang against the houses as the winds pick up from out of the north. He looks to find proper housing for the horses in an old barn, while Angbor checks out the house at the hook in the road where it turns north. The structure looks sound and is empty - a perfect place to weather the storm...

"Dirnhael, Edrahil, Lunduf!" he yells "Come, I think this house will serve our purposes for the pending storm."

Fengel looks to Dirnhael, "Check it out, I will find stabling for the horses."

Edrahil stirs himself from his thoughts at the sound of a shout from Angbor as Fengel rides up to him... "I will take your horse and stable it and the rest in that old barn over there." Edrahil's eyes follow the direction of his pointing hand - across the road is an old barn that will keep the animals safe.

OOC - I need Edrahil to roll me a Observe (Sense Power) Roll TN 10 (innate ability) Observe (Sense Power) - **test:** (+2 Observe, +2 "The Art", +2 specialty) Roll (2d6)+6: 5,5,+6 Total:16 - Pass

As he dismounts and looks around the old abandoned town, Edrahil feels that something is not right. It seems that a shadow hangs over the land and this empty town. He hands the reins of his horse to Fengel as he looks about - a puzzled look on his face.

"Is something wrong?" Fengel asks as he looks around himself.

"Something here isn't right... there's a sense of evil around this town. We should be wary tonight, and set a careful watch. We should leave as early as we can tomorrow, though I'd love to stay and relax longer. This place just isn't safe."

Fengel looks at the elf, but does not question his superior senses. He takes the reins and quickly trots off with the four horses and pony. Dirnhael and Lunduf set about moving the gear inside as the rain starts to fall cold upon your faces. Edrahil walks towards the house but is unable to turn his eyes from the east or to remove this pervasive feeling of "wrongness".

After another meal of dried meat and boiled vegetables the company settles in for the night. The rain is falling heavy on the roof and lightning flashes - the dismal weather seems ominous after hearing the tales told by the refugees heading south, of the haunted Downs! There is some small chat as you each pull your blankets over you reflecting on how it is nice not to be out in the weather. "I do not think even I could have gotten a fire started in this!" Lunduf laughs as he stands by one of the shuttered windows - he has opted for the first evening watch and you all marvel at his endurance.

The evening passes and at the end of the fourth hour of his watch, Lunduf goes to wake Dirnhael - he shakes him and the Dúnadan stirs. "The rain has stopped and a fog has set in, you can barely see the barn across the road" the dwarf says tiredly, "but, all has been quiet". Dirnhael sits up, throws another log on the fire and pours himself some of the tea. He thinks to himself, it will be a long rest of the night.

OOC - I need Dirnhael, Lunduf and Edrahil to roll me an Observe (Hear) Test TN 10 - **test results:** Edrahil - (+2 Skill, -2 Untrained) Roll (2d6)+0: 2,4,+0 Total:6 - Fail; Lunduf - Roll(2d6)+0: 4,5,+0 Total:9 +3 Courage - Pass; Dirnhael - Roll(2d6)+3:5,1,+3 Total:9 +3 Courage - Pass

Still rubbing the haze of the restful sleep away from his eyes, Dirnhael softly curses himself for sleeping so soundly - he should have awakened at much less than the dwarf's prodding... frustrated at himself, he clears his head.

Just before nodding off to sleep, Lunduf thinks he hears something - not the wind but another sound. He sits up and looks at Dirnhael eager to see if he heard it too. The look on Dirnhael's face shows that he has - from the darkness outside the sound of kicking and stomping comes from the barn as if the horses have gone wild. The dwarf and the man race to the door and open it as the barn doors burst open and two of the horses race out into the foggy wet night! You can hear their hooves beat away over the soft patter of rain on the roof. The cold fog roils in the air where the horses raced by - both Dirnhael and Lunduf blanch as a horrific moan echoes through the fog and then the sound of a scream - both seeming to come from, or behind the barn!

The two companions are joined by their three other friends who stirred at the eerie sounds. The only light comes from the fireplace in the house and Dirnhael peers more intently into the foggy darkness - his hand slides towards the familiar comfort of the sword at his side...

Realizing the importance of the horses, Lunduf grabs his axe and turns to Dirnhael "Let us each take a different side of the barn and approach from two directions hoping to catch whatever it is by surprise!"

Dirnhael nods curtly, agreeing with the dwarf's suggestion. Looking at Angbor, "See if you can find or at least *see* where the horses broke too... Fengel you stay alongside Edrahil." He quietly draws his sword and motions to the others, pointing to both sides of the barn - perhaps Lûnduf's pincer maneuver will work if the Company stands prepared...

Within his own thoughts, Dirnhael tries to wipe away his fear - he has heard what terrors inhabit the cursed Downs, and he steels himself for the worst... the two begin to heads in the direction of the barn.

Edrahil feels that these sounds may be created by the same dark power he sensed upon their arrival. This place is definitely haunted by some evil creature. He follows his friends out the doorway as they start to circle around either side of the barn. He draws his long sword and moves in slowly and quietly from the front; straight towards the barn entrance to make sure nothing flees from this side. [**Stealth** (Move Silently) test +3 Skill, -2 Tired Roll(2d6)+1: 3,2,+1 Total:6]

Angbor grabs a length of wood from the fireplace as a torch and runs out of the house in the direction of the horses.

Dirnhael and Lunduf go out into the darkness and circle to each side of the barn. The ground slowly begins to grade up at the rear of the barnyard. As they come to each opposite corner, the clouds illumine with lightning and the two companions see a large form climbing up the slight embankment. In the flash of light, they see a desiccated arm dragging the still form of what appears to be a youthful man or woman. The large form turns back at them, as the lightning flashes ominously once more... [Intimidate (Fear)Roll(2d6)+20:3,5,+20 Total:28]

OOO - Dirnhael, Lunduf, Edrahil and Fengel need to roll a Willpower Opposed test **TN 28** (above). Edrahil, no Ghost Scorn... **Edrahil** - Willpower Check: +3 Willpower, +2 Strong Willed -2 Tired = +3 Total Roll(2d6)+3: 5,6,+3 Total:14 - **Pass**; **Fengel** - Roll(2d6)+2: 4,4,+2 Total:10 - **Failure**; **Lunduf** - Willpower roll (+1 willpower, +2 Hardiness of Mind= +3) Roll(2d6)+3: 4,2,+3 Total:9 - **Fail**

Fengel and Edrahil look into the dark barn; Edrahil, sensing the enemy's presence, creates a bright ball of light in the palm of his hand, hoping to fend off the foggy darkness. [**Create Light**: +1 Stamina, +2 The Art, -2 Tired = +1 Roll(2d6)+1: 2,6,+1 Total:9 - **Pass** (vs. TN 5)]. Within the barn, the two horses kick at their stall's gates - their ears laid flat on their heads and their eyes wide with terror. The pony bucks and rears at the center of the barn as if trying to fend off some unseen assailant!

Angbor moves off into the dark, it is evident after going 40' from the house that there will be no finding the lost horses until morning and the lifting of the fog. Suddenly, to Angbor's surprise, the fog starts to draw away, as if from a wind though none blows! Still, the fog is pulling back towards the barn.

Watching the shape move away, Lunduf and Dirnhael stand rigid as if petrified! The sheer terror of the form in the fog has brought both of these stalwart warriors to a halt - neither can move or talk. Meanwhile, in the barn, Edrahil moves forward talking softly in Elvish, soothing the panicked beasts and calming them down. He hasn't noticed, but Fengel is as white as the fog around him - his body trembles though the warrior tries not to show.

And in moments, the terror is gone - as if it were a physical thing, both man and beast are released of the fear's grip. The night is quiet and still around the Company - the fog quickly dissipates; Dirnhael and Lunduf walk into the barnyard looking for any trace of the form while Edrahil and Fengel calm the remaining horses.

Angbor comes walking up to the barn doors. "I cannot see anything in this dark fog, we will have to wait for morning!"

"Let me see if I can help with that, my friend." Edrahil steps out into the night air and starts singing a slow elvish song. Quietly at first, though his voice seems to have much more resonance this time than normal, as if certain people or creatures would be able to hear it even at great distances. [Beast Summoning spell, to summon back the Horses. -3 Active Light Spell, +1 Stamina, -2 Tired, +2 The Art = -2. Roll(2d6)+1: 6,4,-2 Total:8 vs. TN 8 - Pass. All horses within 2400 yards start moving at best possible speed towards me.] Edrahil keeps up the quiet song for a few minutes, before letting it fade away into the night and shaking himself from his trance.

As he sings, Lunduf and Dirnhael come from either side of the barn, they are stark white from the presence that had been here moments before...

The fog is slowly settling back into the ground although the night sky above remains cloudy and flashes with lightning. The Company all stand and look at each other, mindful of Edrahil's soft voice carrying over the area - in the barn, the two horses and pony quiet down and their ears perk up to his voice. A minute later, the sound of hooves can be clearly heard in the settling fog. Angbor claps Edrahil on the back as the two dark forms of the horses ride into the magical light emanating from Edrahil's hand. "The gifts of your people amaze me my friend!"

Fengel's horse trots up and he goes to it - he rubs its head and reassures the beast. Angbor sees that it is his horse as well that had broken and he goes to it and takes up its reins. He starts to lead it back to the barn.

"What?!? We are planning on staying for the rest of the NIGHT?" Fengel asks incredulously.

As Angbor puts his horse back into its stall, Fengel continues to look on in disbelief.

"Do you mean to tell me we are really going to stay the rest of the evening?" he asks "You felt that horror... Dirnhael? Lunduf? You saw it didn't you? And we are going to stay in this place?!?"

Angbor looks at the unnerved warrior "What would you have us do? Move on tonight in this weather... the fog? We may lose the road and then we will be in real trouble - and I have no wish to confront whatever it is you all speak of on the open road!"

"I know these roads well... many times I have traveled over..." Fengel's statement is cut short as you all begin to realize that there are figures in the dark around you. Just on the outskirts of Edrahil magic light stand the shadowed forms of at least 11 individuals. A voice calls out... (for effect, say it in a heavy cockney accent :D)

"Oy! Where's our mate?!? Wha' did ya do wif 'im?"

"Mate? I'm not sure we've seen any of your friends around here. Haven't really seen anybody around here, for that matter. C'mon into the light and we'll have a chat, maybe we can help you find your mate." Edrahil replies.

"We won't be approachin' any closer until you tell us the truth!" the man replies. "Where 'ave you run off wif our mate?"

And from the light of Edrahil, you can now see the glint of steel in a few of the hands around you.

"Maybe we'll make it a fair trade by you givin' us a horse or two!"

[**Persuade (Charm)** Test: +5 Persuade, -2 Tired, +4 Fair Edge = +7. Roll(2d6)+7: 5,1,+7 Total: 13]

"Come now, no need to be hostile. Step forward into the light and we'll talk about this like civilized folk. I promise you we haven't taken anybody anywhere, but we can certainly help find them if you tell us a bit about who we're looking for."

While talking, Edrahil will very slowly start to move towards the main speaker, so that the globe of light gradually slides towards him. Dirnhael waits to see what kind of success Edrahil has with the villagers - after all, he's not really cut out for negotiations... He keeps his hands at a neutral position, away from his sword, and manages a wry smile in the hopes of putting the villagers at ease. All the while, though, he pays attention to the lands behind them, in case the terror visited upon them earlier chooses to return..

As Edrahil moves forward, the light reveals a scraggly looking individual. The man is well built and has a shortsword hanging from his belt; he is obviously Eriadorian but does not look like he resides in this town, as he looks very traveled.

Opposed Wisdom TN 13 Roll(2d6)+1: 4,2,+1 Total:7 **Fail**

The fog has totally settled, so Edrahil's light cast a much clearer sight of a few of the men about you.

"Well... you..." the man begins to stammer, "Stay back!"

"E's a warlock, Efram! Don't let 'im put a spell on us!" yells one of the figures behind the supposed leader.

"We don't want no trouble elf!" replies the leader, obviously unnerved by both your charm and your person (being an elf and a mage). He looks at you for a moment and then "C'mon lads! We'll be movin' on."

But then he looks at the Company, "Don't think that we'll forget this!" The group of ruffians begins to move off into the darkness.

You all watch as the men disappear into the night, wondering if they will be back or if they will meet a more horrible misfortune on the Downs. The thought of the individual dragged off comes into the minds of Lunduf and Dirnhael.

"Let us get what rest we can with the remainder of the night and be off with the morning." Angbor says as he starts to walk back to the fire lit house.

"I think that I will stay in the barn the rest of the night" says Fengel "I do not trust that these men are gone. We cannot lose any horses."

"Yes, but we should not separate..." replies Angbor.

"I agree with Angbor, we should all sleep in the barn with the horses. It's still better than the hard ground and no roof, so we should sleep well enough. We'll just have to keep an eye and ear out for the animals, and for those men to return." replies Edrahil.

"I will stand watch for the rest of the night, my friends. What I have seen will keep me from slumber anyway. I will rouse you if anything, man or otherwise, appears."

Dirnhael is a strong traveler, and is confident that he can stay awake through the night without hindering the Company's progress tomorrow. He grabs a torch, draws his sword, and begins to patrol the area around the barn as the others grab their things from the house and make as comfortable a bed as they can inside the barn.



Dirnhael circles the barn throughout the night only occasionally stopping to take a pull from his water bottle. As the morning begins, he turns the corner to the front of the barn to find three blades pointing at him. A man, not the leader, with a scruffy beard leers at him and says...

"Sorry but it's payback time friend. That was me little brother last night that was scouting out your horses and I don't think he just disappeared. I think a big guy like you put that sword to use and I plan on cuttin' the truth outta ya!"

Dirnhael see that there are 4 others that are opening the barn door, their weapons drawn.

Initiative roll for the men Roll (2d6)+3:5,4,+3 Total:12

OOO - though these are not horde creatures, I am going to use the fast combat rules with them. The men will take 3 hits to kill but an Extraordinary Success (11 + up) will be an instant kill. On the map, the green dot represents Dirnhael's location at the onset and the red dots are the ruffians.

Dirnhael, in a last-ditch effort to avoid the fight and any harm to potentially innocent people, draws himself to his full height and bellows, "Gentlemen, we did not take your friend. You are making a mistake. Do not make it worse by forcing my hand - you would only have but a moment to regret it!"

Intimidation (Power) roll: Dirnhael's skill is +4. Roll(2d6)+4:6,6,+4 Total:16(+4 3rd die for double sixes) = 20

The three men in front of Dirnhael watch as the Dúnadan rises to his full height, his stern voice causing them to be unnerved. Two of the men turn quickly and begin to run for the barn, though they do not wish to fight, they still are intent on their goal at taking what they came for.

The third man, whose brother has been lost, maintains his resolve as well - he swings his shortsword at Dirnhael's midsection catching him as the Dúnadan attempts to dodge. The sword leaves a small cut across his midsection.

"Ambush! Ambush!", Dirnhael yells at the top of his lungs; he flips the shield from his back (using his Quick Draw free action Edge), and prepares to face his foes... "One against one now" he thinks. "This should prove interesting!" Dirnhael returns a sword stroke and the ruffian's eyes go wide as he feels the blade enter his gut. He looks at the large warrior in front of him knowing that his life is over. Dirnhael pulls his sword from the man, the regret plain across his face, and he runs to the barn to aid his comrades.

Edrahil is brought quickly from his meditative sleep when he hears Dirnhael's shouts... "Ambush! Ambush!" He yells and stirs the other Company members, each drawing their weapons as the barn doors open. The new morning light makes them shade their eyes for a moment giving the assailants the initiative. A ruffian races in on each Company member in the barn, not knowing that they have come to a slaughter.

The well-armed and able warriors defend off the ruffians attack with ease, except for the Loremaster - he takes a nasty sword cut to which he returns in kind with his thrust. Lunduf and Fengel make quick work of the men in front of them, both axe and sword wielded with incredible skill. No sooner do the men fall, but their comrades that had run from Dirnhael come into assist. They immediately set upon the Dwarf and Éotheod. Edrahil though pressed is keeping his own as he and his assailant thrust and parry.

Dirnhael runs into the barn. Seeing Angbor in trouble, the Dúnadan goes to help his kin and with a stab, drops the man. At the same moment, a well-placed axe swing drops Lúnduf's new attacker - the man falls to the now body-littered barn floor. The remaining two attackers, in front of Fengel and Edrahil begin to back away as they see that there are none left but them. From the looks on their faces, it is easy to see that they are defeated - their numbers have been cut to nothing in mere seconds of combat.

With Dirnhael's entrance into the barn, the ruffians know that their "leader" has been beaten or killed. These men are thieves - they are not warriors and the fight has been taken out of them. They back away from you as you push in... "It wasn't our idea!" one yells. "We just wanted the horses! Do you know how much food we could get for them!!? Or how many days they could feed us?"

Edrahil draws himself up to appear taller, holding his sword out in front of him. "Run! Run away from this place and never return, or you'll end up just like your friends here. We never want to see you, or any more of your folk around us again."

[Intimidate (Power) test: Roll(2d6)+8: 1,6,+8 Total:15] **Opposed Willpower** Roll(2d6)+1: 1,1,+1 Total:3

The two men drop their weapons, cowering down to the Sindarin Elf and immediately turn and run from the barn. One man trips, but he quickly rights himself and in moments the two have disappeared over the Down.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lúnduf		Fengel	
	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded	Kills	Wounded
Combat Results	--	--		Dazed -1	2	--	2	--	1	--

KILLS represent the number of creatures slain by the character. WOUNDED is the wound level of the character at the end of the combat.

1. The Company will need to make a series of 4 days Stamina tests for Weariness TN 7 each 2 hours of the journey (assuming a 10 hour day of travel – 5 Tests per day) if any company member is Weared to their Weary Level, they must stop for that days travel to rest. Should this happen early in the travel, within the first 3 three tests, the loss of that days travel will be added to the length of the whole trip – i.e. instead of 15 days to Bree, it will take you another day, or 16. If it does not happen until the last 2 tests, the company will see through a full days travel and keep their pace.
2. One member of the Company will need to make a Survival (Field or Plains) test TN 8 at the end of each travel day to set a proper camp and fire so the group is comfortable. If unsuccessful, the Company will start the next day not well rested and will have a –3 to all Stamina tests until they get the proper rest they need. This will be a cumulative penalty for the company if they do not get good rest.
3. Minus 4 days rations (3 days left)

Day 9 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lúnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	10	N/A	7	N/A	18	N/A	11	N/A	7	N/A
Stamina 2	10	N/A	8	N/A	15	N/A	14	N/A	11	N/A
Stamina 3	6	Winded -1	7	N/A	13	N/A	16	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 4	8	N/A	10	N/A	14	N/A	16	N/A	6	Winded -1
Stamina 5	7	N/A	7	N/A	24	N/A	17	N/A	9	N/A
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	11	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	8	No Fatigue
Day 10 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lúnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	10	N/A	10	N/A	15	N/A	15	N/A	6	Winded -1
Stamina 2	6	Winded -1	9	N/A	14	N/A	12	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 3	10	N/A	12	N/A	21	N/A	17	N/A	4	Tired -2
Stamina 4	5	Tired -2	9	N/A	14	N/A	15	N/A	6	Weary -4
Stamina 5	6	Weary -4	9	N/A	14	N/A	18	N/A	9	N/A
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	10	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	3	No Fatigue
Day 11 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lúnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	6	Winded -1	5	Winded -1	16	N/A	20	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 2	7	N/A	6	Tired -2	14	N/A	19	N/A	10	N/A
Stamina 3	9	N/A	8	N/A	15	N/A	12	N/A	11	N/A
Stamina 4	5	Tired -2	7	N/A	21	N/A	18	N/A	6	Winded -1
Stamina 5	5	Weary -4	4	Weary -4	14	N/A	13	N/A	6	Tired -2
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	15	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	6	No Fatigue
Day 12 Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lúnduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Stamina 1	12	N/A	6	Winded -1	15	N/A	14	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 2	12	N/A	3	Tired -2	14	N/A	11	N/A	6	Winded -1
Stamina 3	7	N/A	8	N/A	13	N/A	15	N/A	9	N/A
Stamina 4	5	Winded -1	7	N/A	12	N/A	16	N/A	13	N/A
Stamina 5	6	Tired -2	3	Weary -4	17	N/A	18	N/A	8	N/A
Survival	--	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	11	No Fatigue	--	No Fatigue	7	No Fatigue

Scene 6 - Perhaps the Pony

Days 13-17

The Company checks all of the fallen and find that they are all regrettably slain. Fighting against the shadow is one thing but having to fight against hungry thieves is another. These may have been honest men at one point in their lives but war and plague can change people.

You look to Angbor as he applies a poultice to himself - the wound bleeds heavy, but it is not life threatening. Angbor, though a little ashen in the face, tells you all to continue preparations to go - he will be fine.

Angbor Healing (TN 10) - Roll(2d6)+10: 1,6,+10 Total:17

Fengel says "Let us put these fallen men in a house and set it ablaze. We at least may preserve their honor in death."

The Company brings their horses out into the morning day. The sky is gray but at least there is no rain. The Downs in the morning light still hold a threatening look, as if something is out there - watching you!

In no less than two hours when the sun is sitting at 8:00 AM, the Company rides forward on their last leg of the road to Bree. Behind them they leave the quiet, sad town - a house burning with 5 bodies inside and no one to tell their tale. Still, the Company's mood is high - everyone knows in three days, you will be sitting by a fire and drinking Ale at the well-known tavern called the Prancing Pony!

The remaining three days ride out of the downs and into Bree are uneventful except for the cold and unrelenting clouds, but just the mere awareness that this leg of the trip is almost over pushes the Company on with little weariness. Unfortunately for the Company, the plague has been felt in this quaint town as well, and as a precaution, the gates to the city are kept closed.

After knocking, to the Gatekeeper, Dirnhael explains, "Pardon our ragged appearance, Sir. Be assured that it is not due to illness, but rather the arduous journey our company has made to Bree. We have slain orcs and marauders during our journey, and seek the sanctuary of Bree for a respite."

OOC - TN 10 Persuade (Charm) test needed to gain access into the town/TN 8 Persuade (Charm) test needed to gain access to the Prancing Pony. Due to these hard times, all services and products are 30% higher than stated in the items list.

When the characters enter Bree, they find the town quite charming although the shadow of the plague hangs over it. Still, the people are relatively friendly and it appears that this area has not been hit as badly as Cardolan and Tharbad. The Company is given directions to a good-sized Inn named the Prancing Pony where after a short conversation with the Innkeeper they are given accommodations. After stowing their gear, Dirnhael says to his friends, "My friends, we have labored hard and deserve a evening of mirth and merriment. Let us sit in the common room, enjoy an ale, and partake in song and conversation until we grow weary!" The Company agrees to meet in the common room (**area 4, 1st floor**) for a hot meal and a pint of ale - something that has been sorely missed on this trip. The Company spends a great deal of time in the common room listening and telling tales, though their current errand they keep to themselves. During this talk, it is decided that the Company will rest in Bree for two nights and be off on the third day. Tomorrow they will look into provisions for the remaining journey as they rest from the first weary length of the trip. Finally, the Innkeeper closes the common room and those that are not guests of the Pony are sent home and those that are shamble off to their rooms.



The Company settles in for the night. Though sleep comes with much difficulty, it does come, and the nightmare that comes with it seems to be shared by all (even the elf). As the Company sleeps, they dream of the fog covered downs and the horror creeps into their hearts... and then, a male voice, gravelly but stirring, as if rising out of the fog itself...

“Terror seeks you!”...

“You must remain persistent and continue your road...”

“And heed...” and then a new voice, that of a woman, and she speaks such...

“The path of an errand run so urgent

The life of thy kin at stake

To choose the destiny of another

The choice that must be made

For noble blood that has been poisoned

Ephanial may save - (pronounced E-fane-E-ul)

To carry on the line of kings

Far into future days”

And as the Company sleeps, the nightmarish Downs fade from their dreams and are replaced by the image of a tall, proud man – a star upon his forehead, and behind him, a white-tiered city.

A cock crows and the Company are awakened into a new day.

1. From here, the story is told on the storyboard until you leave Bree. Let me know the amount of time that you wish to stay in Bree.
2. Use the Post Board if there is anything that you want to purchase, to do, or any dialogue during your time in the town.
3. I will need 2 Persuade (Charm) rolls TN 10 and TN 8 respectively - these are to gain entrance into the wooden walled town (there is fear of the plague). Then there will be skill checks based on what it is you wish to do there. So that everyone knows, there is a 30% inflation to cost due to hard times.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lünduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Persuade TN 10	18	Succeed	10	Succeed	9	Fail	5	Fail	8	Fail
Persuade TN 8	16	Succeed	15	Succeed	8	Succeed	6	Fail	6	Fail

The total cost of the time spent in Bree is:

Lodging (2 nights) - 2.30 sp

Stabling (2 nights) - .40 sp

Total - 3 sp each

2 weeks Food (ordinary) - 2 sp each

Grand Total - 5 sp each

Remaining coins on each:

Angbor 8 sp

Fengel 0 sp (Angbor covered the difference seeing as this is his Company)

Dirnhael 0 sp

Edrahil 5 sp

Lunduf 5 sp

Congratulations! You have made it to Bree - the first leg of the trip is over (and has been a game mechanic learning experience for us all). This is the end of the first Chapter of our Chronicle and Experience Points have been awarded and are posted on the appropriate page. When your character exceeds 1,000 EP you may make an Advancement and earn 5 picks to increase your character. Use the table on the Experience Points page as a reference on how the 5 points may be spent (for those that may not have the Core Rule Book.)

Other Rewards:

Edrahil earns 1 points of Renown for his magic casting.

Dirnhael earns 2 points of Renown for both Weapon and Skill use.

Lunduf earns 1 points of Renown for Weapon use.

Angbor earns 1 point of Renown for his Healing Skill.

ALL characters must make a **Willpower Test TN 5** to resist Corruption. This is due to the willingness (*though forced*) to slay individuals that did not serve the Shadow (*the thieves*). Those that fail gain 1 point of Corruption - this test does not glean any experience point rewards.

Test	Edrahil		Angbor		Dirnhael		Lünduf		Fengel	
	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect	Roll	Effect
Willpower	12	Pass	12	Pass	7	Pass	10	Pass	8	Pass