

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

ESCAPE FROM MOUNT GRAM™

Difficulty Level = 5

Blindfolded, the company was marched into the tunnels of Mount Gram. It seemed they walked for miles uphill, and through many winding corridors. When the blindfolds were removed, they were deep in the heart of the Goblin stronghold, with no knowledge of an escape route.

Gornákh's dungeons were gruesome and awful. They smelled of rot and decay, and the floor was damp, covered in frost and slime. Flickering torchlight scarcely illuminated the dungeon's halls. The Goblins separated the companions and brought them down different tunnels, passing by chambers filled with wicked instruments. Cries of lament and pain echoed throughout the dungeons, filling them with dread.

The companions were thrown into separate prison cells, all windowless and scaled with frost. Some were dragged to cells close to the dungeon's entrance, and others were brought much further into the belly of the dungeons. Each was alone. Any attempt on their part to call out to their companions was met with a swift beating.

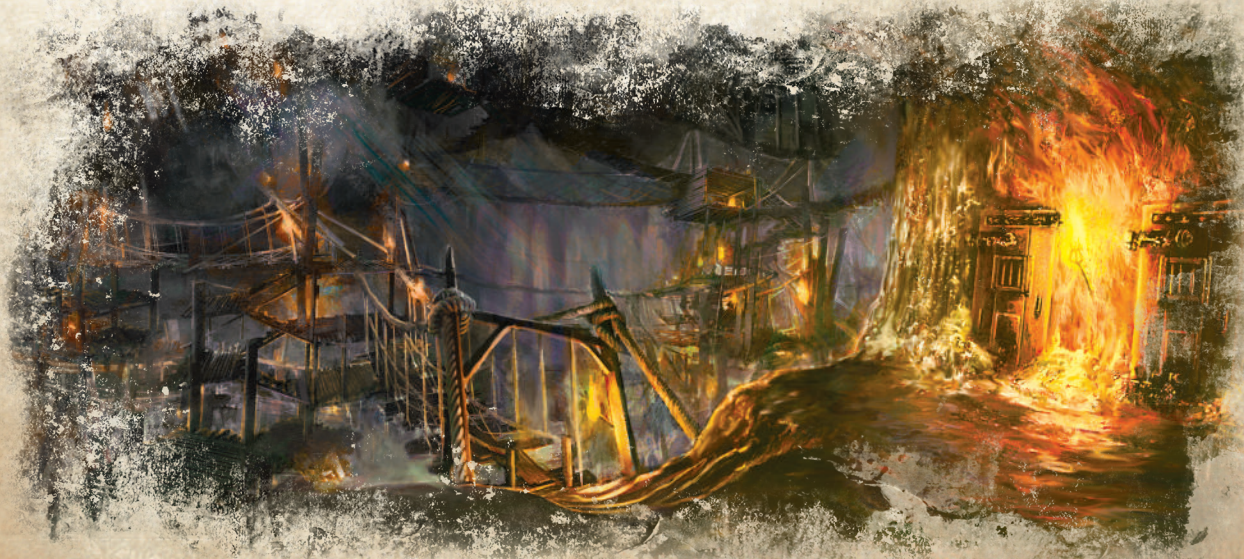
One by one, they were brought to the chamber of Gornákh, who interrogated them cruelly at the edge of a knife or whip, adding to their scars and their misery whenever they gave an unsatisfactory answer. Even so, none would dare betray their companions or their mission, and spoke nothing other than witty retorts or curses under their breath.

On rare occasions, they were offered a repulsive meat of unknown origin that smelled of death, and likely tasted just as bad, though none of them dared to eat it. After prolonged starvation, however, even this foul meat was starting to look tempting. Having lost track of time in the never-ending darkness of the dungeon, they started to wonder if there was any hope of escape. A seed of despair took root and began to grow.

Finally, the monotony was broken when one of the company's heroes overheard what sounded like a regiment of Orcs arriving in the dungeons. "Gornákh!" a familiar voice bellowed, his voice echoing throughout the halls. "We have come to claim your prisoners in the name of Daechanar!" The hero stood in her cell and leaned against the cold bars, trying to see past the darkness. There could be no mistaking that voice, warped and tinged with evil. It was Thaurdir, the Wraith they had confronted in Fornost. The one who had taken their friend.

"But, we are the ones who captured them! They are our prizes, not yours... And I am not yet done playing with them!" Gornákh protested, angry with Thaurdir's presence.

The voice of Thaurdir was cold and imposing. "Remember to whom you speak," he responded. "Lord Daechanar has claimed these for his own. Bring them to Carn Dûm at once. They will make fine soldiers for the Lord of Angmar." There was a long, sinister pause. "Or do I have to remind you what Lord Daechanar does to those who do not obey?"



The hero clenched her hand over the bars of her cell, surprised at the mention of a Lord of Angmar. The argument between Thaurdir and Gornákh grew heated. Several of Gornákh's guards ran out of the hall, presumably heading to where the argument was taking place. The hero shuddered to think of what fate might befall the Goblin who defied Thaurdir—or worse, the fate that awaited the hero's companions. Just then, a faint light crawled across the walls, and the lightest of footsteps approached the cell. The shape of a hooded man appeared, illuminated dimly by the light of a torch. The hero drew away from the bars cautiously.

"Don't fret," the man whispered, and Amarthiúl pulled down the hood that covered his face. He raised a keyring and unlocked the door to the cell, and a wave of relief washed over the prisoner.

"Amarthiúl! You came back for us!" the hero whispered, exiting the cell and embracing the Ranger.

"Of course. After the battle with the Goblins, I escaped and managed to track everyone to this mountain. I couldn't find a way in at first, but when Thaurdir and his Orcs arrived, I slipped in behind them. Once the jailor was distracted, I made my way to your cell. The way I came is now guarded by Orcs from the north. However, there is another exit, a hidden gate high in the southern end of the mountain. I overheard one of the Goblins talking about it."

"Good," the hero replied. "We'll find as many of the others as we can and make our way to this southern gate."

Amarthiúl hesitated for a moment, and clenched his jaw. "If Thaurdir is here, that means that Iârion is here as well. He must mean to bring us all north to Carn Dûm, together." He handed his keyring to the hero, closing his companion's hand around it. "There are many more of our company imprisoned here. Find them and make your way to the southern gate. I will try to find Iârion, and meet you there." The hero nodded, and the two clasped forearms. With that, the Ranger quietly headed back the way he came.

The newfound sense of freedom gave way to anxious dread. The halls were quieter than ever before. Alone and without weapons or gear, the task ahead was daunting. Even so, the rest of the company could not be abandoned. The hero steeled her resolve and went to work...

"Escape from Mount Gram" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Escape from Mount Gram and Angmar Orcs. (Angmar Orcs can be found in **The Lost Realm** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



Preparing A Captured Deck

When setting up Escape from Mount Gram, stage 1A instructs each player to prepare a separate captured deck. A captured deck represents the allies, heroes and equipment taken from each player's party that he or she must find and recover before they can be played.

To prepare a captured deck, remove all allies, **Item** attachments, **Mount** attachments, and **Artifact** attachments from the player deck, and shuffle them together. This pile is now referred to as your captured deck. A captured deck does not have its own discard pile; any cards that are discarded from a captured deck are placed in its owner's discard pile.

After preparing his or her captured deck, each player chooses only 1 hero to be his or her starting hero. Then, each player randomly sets aside 1 of his or her other heroes, facedown. Shuffle any remaining heroes into their owner's captured decks, then place each facedown set aside hero on top of its owner's captured deck.

Capture X

Capture is a new keyword in Escape from Mount Gram that represents locations or enemies that guard one or more captured cards. When an encounter card or quest card with the capture X keyword enters play, before resolving that card's "when revealed" effects, each player takes the top X cards of his or her captured deck and captures them by placing them facedown underneath that card. (If the players are at different stages of the quest, only the players at that stage perform this act.)

Captured Cards & Rescuing Cards

When cards are captured facedown underneath an encounter card, those cards are called "captured cards," and are considered to be out of play, under no player's control. This can occur from the capture X keyword, or from encounter card effects that instruct a player to capture 1 or more cards underneath a specified card. If a card is captured from play, all tokens on that card and attachments on that card are discarded.

When an encounter card or quest card with 1 or more captured cards underneath it leaves play, all of the captured cards underneath it are "rescued" by their owners. Rescued cards are placed in their owners' hands. If a hero card is rescued, immediately put it into play under its owner's control.

Creating a Staging Area

When each player is instructed to "create his own staging area," each player sets aside an area in front of himself to serve as his own private staging area. Only players that share a common staging area can interact with each other in any way. Players continue to resolve each phase of the game in turn order, starting with the First Player (which continues to move), but the resolution of each phase occurs as if only the player or players that share any given staging area are currently in the game.

- Players cannot affect players (or cards controlled by players) that do not share a common staging area. This means that you cannot lower a player's threat, play an attachment on one of his characters, etc., unless that player shares a staging area with you.

- During the encounter phase, players only reveal 1 card per player that shares their staging area. So in a 4 person game, where 4 players have been separated, each player would add 1 card to his staging area.

- Encounter card effects are limited to each staging area. For example, if an effect references “each player,” then that effect only refers to each player that shares the staging area to which the encounter card would be added.

Joining Another Player

On stage 2B players are instructed to “join another player” if there are no captured cards underneath it. Joining another player happens at the beginning of the travel phase. The joining player(s) must add any encounter cards in his own staging area to the staging area of the player(s) he is joining with, keeping any enemies engaged with him and discarding any active location in the staging area being left. If multiple players have no captured cards underneath stage 2B during the same phase, they join quests starting with the First Player and proceeding clockwise around the table. If there is no player to join, then players must continue to stage 3.

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



Rossiel

I eneth nin Ninnith. I call myself Rossiel, but it was not always so. At birth my father gave me the name Ninnith, a name I carried with me for centuries. My older sister was named after mother's red hair - rare among the Elves of Lórien - but when my sister's hair grew in, it was golden like the leaves of the Mallorn. All names are a prophecy yet to unfold, mother told us. But neither of us ever felt a connection to ours.

As a child, I was adventuresome. My tutelage began early, but I often spent my days exploring the woods of Lórien with my older sister. Father told me not to wander, but my heart was in the treetops. Deep in the dark of night I would climb one of the trees atop Cerin Amroth, the highest point in Lórien. I loved to look out to the northeast, towards the forest once known as Greenwood. Its treetops were barely visible on the horizon, green and full of life. And without fail, sister would sneak out and follow me through the woods. "Is your head in the clouds again, Ninnith?"

"Climb to me!" I'd reply, and she would, joining me atop the golden-leaved branches. We would sit for hours, watching the sun rising above the forest. When we returned to Caras Galadhon, mother would scold us. She would tell us to find one of the Lady's handmaidens and do whatever she asked of us.

I long for those days again. The days when the shadow was thin, Greenwood was green, and I could see my sister smiling.

My tutoring progressed more rapidly than hers. Elves spend hundreds of years learning and practicing their crafts, but I would master each subject within mere decades. Some called me a prodigy. I hated that word. It inferred I had some power to change my fate. Lórien was a beautiful prison, but a prison nonetheless. Before long I was under the tutelage of Lady Galadriel herself - a great honor. I rarely had the opportunity to visit my family. Most of my years were spent living in the great tree in the center of the City of Trees, separated from my sister. Unlike me, she was allowed to leave the Naith on diplomatic errands with an escort of Elves. She often traveled to Amon Lanc, what was once capital of the kingdom of Thranduil. Sometimes she would come to Lady Galadriel bearing messages from Thranduil himself. "My little Ninnith!" she'd call out when she saw me, her joyful smile warming my heart.

Many centuries passed. The shadow in the east grew. Whispers of a dark menace growing in southern Greenwood were met with sorrow and inaction. The last time I slipped out of the city and climbed Cerin Amroth, I looked towards Amon Lanc, and saw a great darkness over Greenwood. A shudder coursed up my spine. I had a terrible feeling, as

though I knew what was to come but could not accept it. As I looked out to the horizon, I knew I had to leave.

I ignored the shouts of the sentries as I descended the flets of the great tree with haste, taking a silver spear wreathed with leaves from the craftsman's halls. I ran as fast as my legs could take me, through the great gates and crossing the white bridge that was the only exit from the city.

I felt a terrible freedom as I ran through the woods of the Naith, weaving through Mallorn trees with steps as silent as the wind. But I could not bring myself to enjoy the journey, for I knew there would be no joy at its end. I did not stop running until I'd reached the Anduin, using one of the white boats that was moored on the western bank to cross the river. Although I'd never left Lórien until that night, my sister often spoke of the route they traveled to reach Amon Lanc. I recalled her words and followed the path they took without straying.

I reached the eaves of Greenwood at the end of the third day. As I stood before its towering trees, I felt the maleficent presence within. It did not stop me from entering, but with every step into the darkness, the shadow thickened. It wasn't long before I saw the horror which confirmed my worst fears. I dropped my spear and fell to my knees, my eyes watering.

The Elves were slain cruelly, trapped by thick webs and hanging from the treetops, a vile demonstration. Trembling, I climbed the branches and cut them free from their webs. Their skin was ghostly pale, gaunt as though it was stretched thin over their bones. Their faces were frozen in pain.

My sister was among them. My sister, Rossiel. Slain by monsters, children of Ungoliant that had infested the forest and driven Thranduil's people out. The beautiful Greenwood I sang about as a child. Tears filled my eyes and blurred my vision. I gripped my spear tight. Rossiel. My sister.

Her name would not be forgotten. Her name which mother gave her. Mine is meaningless; hers is the name to which prophecy is ascribed. The name I used to murmur in my sleep when I longed to see her. The name that brought a smile to my lips whenever I heard it. Her name would live on.

I reached up and touched a lock of my red hair in disbelief. All names are a prophecy yet to unfold.

From that moment on, her name would be my own. I vowed that I would one day cleanse the evil that inhabited this place. No longer would I allow myself to do nothing, to be held captive within the Naith. I took charge of my destiny, and strove out into the world, the memory of my sister forever burning in my mind.

I eneth nin Rossiel. Yes... Rossiel is my name.



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