

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE MÛMAKIL™

Difficulty Level = 4

The great jungle of Harad was unlike any forest the heroes had ever entered before. It was hot and the air was humid. Beads of sweat rolled down their legs as they made their way through the dense undergrowth. Leaves of every shape were packed together so closely that they could not see more than a few feet in front of them, and the forest canopy blotted out the sky leaving them with almost no way to navigate. If they had wandered into the forest alone, it is unlikely that they would have ever found their way out again.

Yet their Haradrim guides, Kahliel and his hunters, moved among the giant leaves and low hanging vines with confidence. This jungle was their hunting ground, and the prey which they now sought was an animal they had hunted many times before: the mighty Oliphaunt. A beast large enough for many men to ride upon its back, and strong enough to carry them all the way to Gondor. The Haradrim called the beasts Mûmakil and long ago learned the trick of capturing them and riding them. In times of war they built towers upon their backs from which to shoot arrows and hurl spears, but the people of Kahliel's tribe also used them for traveling great distances, as they hoped to now.

Their village was destroyed. Sauron's Orcs had come upon the boma by night and burnt it to the ground. Howling Wargs had pursued Kahliel's people into the jungle. The heroes barely escaped along with the few survivors of Kahliel's tribe. With no home to return to, Kahliel made the difficult decision to leave their homeland and make the long journey north to Gondor. There he hoped the heroes would earn his people safe passage into a new land where they would be free from the power of Mordor.

But to reach Gondor the heroes and their friends would have to cross the vast desert of Harad. There was no hope of making that journey on foot, so they entered the jungle to capture wild Mûmakil.

Even for an experienced hunter like Kahliel, it was a dangerous undertaking. The jungle of Harad was home to all manner of deadly creatures, from stinging insects to prowling tigers. Kahliel did not have time to explain all the dangers of the jungle to the foreigners who were with him, so he bade them be silent and step where he stepped, and stop when he stopped. In this way the heroes followed their Haradrim guides through the jungle.

After a few hours of speechless travel, their guide raised his hand to signal the heroes to stop. He then waved them over to where he stood and pointed at the ground. There was a large

depression in the soft earth, big enough for a man to lay down in. "Mûmak," whispered Kahliel. He looked up from the print and motioned with his eyes. The heroes followed his gaze into the jungle where they could see a trail rent in the undergrowth by enormous beast. Bent trees and crushed logs marked the Oliphaunt's passing.

"This track is at least one day old," said Kahliel, speaking softly. "It leads deeper into the jungle. This is not good. Many apes live there. They do not like Haradrim or outsiders and will attack if threatened. There are other dangers too, so be alert. Follow me."

With that, Kahliel resumed the hunt, and the heroes followed him.

"The Mûmakil" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Mûmakil and Jungle Forest. (Jungle Forest can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**.)



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

The heroes could scarcely believe what they had accomplished. With the help of their Haradrim allies, they had captured several Mûmakil. Using the tribal knowledge of Kahliel's people, they were able to bring the beasts down without harming them. Once on top of the Mûmak, Kahliel's tribesmen fitted each one with a harness that allowed them to control the enormous animal.

They had journeyed into the jungle on foot, but they rode out on the backs of the Oliphaunts. When they reached the jungle's edge, they were shocked at how abruptly the lush growth ended. Once they cleared the treeline, the bright green of the forest was replaced by the light brown of the desert. League upon league of cracked earth and burning sand lay before them. Even with the strong mounts that they rode, it would be a long journey across Harad.

The story continues in "Race Across Harad," the second Adventure Pack in "The Haradrim" cycle.

Kahliel

Abaan watched his father put on his chieftain's headdress and lift his spear. "When will you take me on the hunt with you?" he asked.

Kahliel stood in the doorway of their hut and turned to face his son. He felt great pride as he looked at his boy. Only eleven years old, his son was already tall and lean. One day Abaan would be a strong man and a mighty chieftain after his father. But today he was just a boy, and the great jungle was no place for boys.

"When you come of age, you will join the hunt as I did," Kahliel answered him, reaching down to ruffle his son's hair.

"When did you go on your first hunt?" asked Abaan, as he sat down on the bench by the door.

Kahliel leaned his spear against the door and sat down on the bench next to him. He put his arm around his son and told him, "On my fourteenth birthday, my father took me on a journey to see Lorgan."

"The old man who lives away by the river?"

"The same," Kahliel smiled and continued, "He is a seer, and my father took me to him to begin my vision quest."

"Your vision quest?"

"Yes, Abaan. Each chieftain of our tribe must prove himself worthy by undertaking the vision quest. After we arrived at Lorgan's hut, the old seer started a fire and stoked it hotter until sweat ran down our heads like rain. Then he gave me the seer's drink and I fell into a trance. In my vision I walked into the deep jungle for the first time. I marveled at its beauty; the height of the trees and green on their leaves. When without warning, a large cat sprang at me from the undergrowth and I woke from my vision in a fright. My father saw me trembling with fear and said to me, 'What you have seen, you must kill.'"

Abaan's eyes grew wide, and he asked: "Did he see it too?"

"I know not," answered Kahliel. "And it mattered not. The vision quest was mine to fulfill if I wanted to be chief after him."

"How did you do it?" he asked, eager with anticipation.

Kahliel leaned his head back and closed his eyes to picture it. "I held my spear in my right hand as I entered

the forest. I didn't know where I was going at first, so I listened to the jungle and searched for tracks. I soon found them, and they led me deeper in. I followed them to a clearing where I stopped to admire the sky. That's when I recognized the trees from my vision.

"Suddenly, I noticed the jungle was still. The birds and insects were silent. It was so quiet that the beating of my heart was like drums in my ears. I knew in that moment that death lay crouched nearby waiting to pounce."

"Were you afraid?" asked Abaan.

"I was terrified," answered Kahliel. "I barely turned around in time to see the beast leaping toward me from the brush. In that instant, I leveled my spear and the giant cat impaled himself on the point."

Abaan's face was full of awe and wonder for his father as Kahliel finished his story, "I drew my knife and skinned the beast. I took its head for my crown, and carried it back to the village."

"Is that where you got your headdress?" remarked Abaan. "Is it the one from your vision?"

"The same," said Kahliel smiling. "When your mother saw it, she fell deeply in love with me, and we had you," he added playfully.

"Dad!" Abaan squirmed in his father's arms.

Kahliel looked into his son's eyes and said, "She would be very proud of you, son. Just as I am."

"I hope that I will fulfill my vision quest someday just as you did," said the boy looking up at his dad.

Kahliel's expression faded. "There will be no more vision quests Abaan. We are leaving the village and traveling north."

Standing up and taking his spear, he continued, "I go to join the hunt that will bring food for our journey. You must stay here and look after our guest. He and his friends barely lived when we found them on the desert road. They are a strange people, but they will guide us to a new land where we can finally be safe from Mordor."

Then, taking one final look at his boy before setting out, Kahliel left the village.



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