

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE CROSSINGS OF POROS™

Difficulty Level = 5

There were many glad reunions when the heroes returned to camp with the captives rescued from the dungeons of Cirith Gurat. Kahliel's people cried tears of joy and wonder when they saw how many of their loved ones had survived the Orcs' attack on their village, but their chieftain did not allow the celebration to last long. The red sun was already descending into the west by the time they returned, and the hunt would soon be up.

"This is the last leg of our journey," Kahliel said. "We cannot falter here. The Orcs' will send their Warg-riders to pursue us, and The Black Serpent will send his men after us as well. We must cross the river Poros before they find us, or we may never reach Gondor."

The whole company struck camp as quickly as possible. Children who were reunited with their parents held their hands, and the heroes supported the injured, as they set out across the desert.

"The Crossings of Poros" is played with an encounter deck built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Crossings of Poros, Mountains of Shadow, Desert Sands, Desert Creatures, Harad Soldiers, and Mordor Orcs. (Desert Sands, Desert Creatures, Harad Soldiers, and Mordor Orcs can be found in **The Sands of Harad** deluxe expansion to **The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game**. The Mountains of Shadow encounter set is included in this adventure pack.)



Multiple Encounter Sets

"The Crossings of Poros" comes with two encounter sets: The Crossings of Poros and Mountains of Shadow. When setting up the scenario, the Mountains of Shadow encounter set is set aside along with four other encounter sets. Only The Crossings of Poros set is used to create the encounter deck at the beginning of the game. Throughout the rest of the game the players are instructed to shuffle in other encounter cards from set aside encounter decks. Once a set aside encounter card is revealed, put into play, placed in the encounter discard pile, or shuffled into the encounter deck, it is considered to be part of the encounter deck for the rest of the game.

Removed from the Game

When the players advance to a stage 2A, they are instructed to shuffle either the Desert Sands or Mountains of Shadow encounter set into the encounter deck and remove the other one from the game. When an encounter set is removed from the game, it should be placed back in the box and remain unused for the rest of the game. Effects that target a "set aside" encounter set cannot target an encounter set that has been removed from the game.

Encounter

Encounter is a keyword that appears on player cards with an encounter card back, and it has the following rules:

- Player cards with the encounter keyword cannot be included in any player's deck because they have encounter card backs. Instead, when setting up a scenario, each player may set up to 3 cards with the encounter keyword aside, out of play. These cards do not count toward the player's deck minimum of 50 cards.
- Player cards with the encounter keyword have a dash (-) instead of a cost because they are never played from a player's hand. Instead, player cards with the encounter keyword are meant to be shuffled into the encounter deck. In order to shuffle one of the set aside player cards into the encounter deck, a card effect must instruct a player to do so.
- The "when revealed" effect on player cards with the encounter keyword cannot be canceled.
- If a player card with the encounter keyword is dealt as a shadow card to an enemy, it is treated like an encounter card: place it in the encounter discard pile after resolving that enemy's attack.
- If a player card with the encounter keyword leaves play, it is removed from the game. Do not place it in a player's discard pile or in the encounter deck discard pile.



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

After the din of battle faded and the enemy was driven back from the Crossings at Poros, there was an uncomfortable silence as the Gondorians who guarded the ford exchanged looks with the Haradrim who followed the heroes across. Nervous glances were cast from soldier to refugee and back. As Kahliel marked the mistrust in the Gondorians' eyes he grew afraid that his people might have risked everything to reach this point only to be turned away. He looked at the heroes who had traveled here with him and wondered if they would abandon him now that they were safe.

"Greetings," said a Gondorian, breaking the silence. He spoke to the heroes in the common speech, but his eyes looked warily at the Haradrim who huddled together by the river bank. "I am Targon, Captain of the Crossing. Who are these people with you? And what is their business here?"

Kahliel noticed that Targon did not sheathe his blade and neither did his men, though they had lowered them since the fight. The heroes sheathed their weapons, and one of them held out his palm in token of peace before speaking. "Well met Targon of Gondor. This is Kahliel, chieftain of his tribe, and these are all that is left of his people. Their village was destroyed by Orcs after they rescued us from the desert and sheltered us in their homes. They have traveled many leagues with us to seek refuge in the land of Gondor."

Wonder filled Targon's eyes as he listened to the hero's story, but he remained cautious. "How did you come to be in Far Harad yourselves?" he asked.

"We set sail from Mithlond to avenge Lord Calphon after he was murdered by Corsairs in an attack on the Grey Havens," answered the hero. "We pursued his killers all the way to Umbar where justice was done to the pirates who carried out the raid. But our ship was sunk and we were stranded in the City of Corsairs, so we fled into the desert. There we would have died if not for this man." The hero put his hand on Kahliel's shoulder.

"The Lord Calphon is dead?" said Targon. "That is ill news, and you have done well to avenge it." He paused a moment to consider what was said before passing his judgment. "You and your companions are free to enter the land of Gondor, but I must detain the Haradrim here; for we have not had dealings with the people of Harad since the rule of the Stewards began. It is for the Lord Denethor to decide their fate."

"Then take us to Lord Denethor by the speediest way, Captain Targon," urged the hero. "And let Kahliel come with, so that we might plead his people's case before the Steward."

The captain was surprised by the hero's loyalty for the Haradrim. "Very well," he replied. "Their chieftain will represent his people before the Steward, but no others. The rest must surrender their weapons and remain here."

There was some commotion among the Haradrim when they heard this, and Kahliel held his son close to his side. The Gondorians stepped forward to collect their weapons, and they looked at the heroes with nervous eyes. The heroes nodded and the Haradrim reluctantly began to offer up their weapons.

Captain Targon extended his hand towards Abaan and motioned for Kahliel to let him go. "The boy will be safe here under my care," he started to say, but Kahliel stepped in front of his son and his hand went to the hilt of his sword. Death was in his eyes.

Captain Targon stepped back and shouted "Guards!"

They might have come to unhappy blows if the hero had not thrown himself between them with his hands up. "Hold!" he shouted. "Hold!" He looked at Kahliel and said, "Be still! This man is not our enemy."

The chieftain's eyes glowed hot and his nostrils flared, but he relaxed his grip and lowered his arm, never taking his gaze off the Captain.

The hero looked at Targon and explained, "The boy is his son, Abaan. Kahliel thought him dead after the assault on their village. He risked everything to rescue him from the Orcs in Cirith Gurat. You cannot ask them to be separated."

Captain Targon only took his eyes off Kahliel for a second to glance at the boy, then to the hero, and back to Kahliel. When he saw that Kahliel had relaxed his weapon arm, he signaled his men to stand down with a wave of his arm and sheathed his sword. "I also have a son," he said, speaking to Kahliel. "I don't know what I would do if he were taken by Orcs, but if I had him back again I would never let go. Your son may go with you."

An expression of gratitude replaced the fire that was in Kahliel's eyes and he raised his palms in a gesture of peace. Then he slowly drew his sword and presented the hilt to Targon. As he surrendered his weapon to the Gondorian he said, "May you live to see your grandchildren's children."



Epilogue

Captain Targon himself escorted Kahliel and the heroes to Minas Tirith. He left orders with his men that Kahliel's people were to be housed and fed while they sought the Steward's judgment. They traveled first to the port city of Pelargir, where they boarded a ship bound for the capital. Kahliel and his son enjoyed their voyage upriver, even if most of the crew looked at them unfavorably. The two Haradrim had never been on a boat before. Abaan leaned over the side to watch the bow speed through the water and feel the spray on his face. Kahliel smiled to see his son happy again after his ordeal in Cirith Gurat.

When their ship docked at the Harlond, they got their first glimpse of the White City. The proud chieftain would never have imagined such a place existed: seven walls ascended the mountainside to a high plateau, and thereupon stood the shining tower of Ecthelion. It looked to him as if the city had been built by gods and not men. The Haradrim's wonder only grew as they approached the Gate of Gondor and entered through. By the time they had climbed the winding road through all seven levels of the city and reached the doors of the tower, they were speechless.

Captain Targon presented himself to the guards at the door and they were permitted to enter. The guards spoke no words and opened the doors for them to pass through. Inside the Tower Hall they found the Lord Denethor sitting on the Seat of the Steward at the foot of the throne. He leaned forward in his seat and watched the heroes and their companions cross the high-pillared hall. Abaan thought the old man looked like a hawk perched on the edge of his seat, indeed his eyes were sharp and searched each one of them as they approached.

"My Lord Steward," said Targon, kneeling before the throne. "I am Targon, Captain of the Crossing at Poros, where a fortnight past we did battle with Orcs and Southrons who pursued my companions here to the river. The enemy was denied the crossing, but there are many Haradrim who remain in the custody of my men. They came with these adventurers seeking asylum. This man, Kahliel, is their chieftain. I have brought him here to receive your judgment."

"Well done, Captain," said the Steward, motioning for him to stand. "Remain here until judgment is passed." Then, looking at the Haradrim warrior who stood in the Hall of Gondor he said, "Step forward Kahliel, and tell me the tale of your people."

The chieftain remembered his people who were depending on him, and told the Steward his story: from refusing to pay the Dark Lord's tribute and the Orc's attack on his village, to rescuing the heroes and their long journey together. To all of this the Lord Denethor listened intently, but no emotion escaped his countenance. In the end he agreed to allow Kahliel's tribe to enter Gondor, but not to stay.

"You may not serve the Dark Lord," Denethor said to Kahliel, "but many of your countrymen still do. And while Harad remains hostile to Gondor, no Haradrim may dwell in our land. Because of the actions of these men with you and their testimony on your behalf, I will permit you to cross our borders, but you cannot settle here. You must seek a place for your people to the north, beyond my realm."

Kahliel spoke no words, but bowed to the Steward's judgment. Before Denethor permitted them to leave, he made Kahliel swear an oath never to take up arms against Gondor or her allies. Then he dismissed them into the care of Captain Targon.

The Captain led them out into the Court of the Fountain, and there Kahliel spoke to the heroes. His voice was strained. "What now will become of my tribe," he asked them. "We have escaped the Enemy, but now we are a houseless people. Surely we will be despised wherever we go."

"Gondor is not the only realm in Middle-earth," reassured one of the heroes. "There are others who are not so proud. Perhaps King Brand in Dale will have room for you. His kingdom already has dealings with Elves and Dwarves; your people are closer kin than they." He smiled.

"Tell me of Dale and King Brand," said Kahliel.

The hero shared his knowledge of the Northmen with Kahliel as they followed Targon down the winding road through Minas Tirith on their journey back to Poros.



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