

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

THE CARD GAME

THE VOICE OF ISENGARD™

"I do not know the history of Wizards. They appeared first after the Great Ships came over the Sea; but if they came with the Ships I never can tell. Saruman was reckoned great among them, I believe. He gave up wandering about and minding the affairs of Men and Elves, some time ago you would call it a very long time ago: and he settled down at Angrenost, or Isengard as the Men of Rohan call it. He was very quiet to begin with, but his fame began to grow. He was chosen to be head of the White Council."

—Treebeard, *The Two Towers*

Welcome to *The Voice of Isengard*, an expansion to *The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game*. This expansion explores the wild lands surrounding Isengard in the years leading up to the War of the Ring. Three original scenarios allow players to embark upon urgent quests in this untamed and perilous country.



Component Overview

The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game - The Voice of Isengard expansion includes the following components:

- This rules insert
- 156 cards, consisting of:
 - 2 Hero Cards
 - 39 Player Cards
 - 106 Encounter Cards
 - 9 Quest Cards

Web Resources

There is an online tutorial for the game available at <http://www.fantasyflightgames.com/lotr-tutorial>

You can enter and track your plays and scores of these scenarios and others online through *The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game* Quest Log at <http://www.fantasyflightgames.com/lotr-questlog>

Expansion Symbol

The cards in *The Voice of Isengard* expansion can be identified by this symbol before each card's collector number.



Rules & New Terms

"Immune to player card effects"

Cards with the text "Immune to player card effects" ignore the effects of all player cards. Additionally, cards that are immune to player card effects cannot be chosen as targets of player card effects.

Time X

Time X is a new keyword that represents the urgency of the heroes' quest. When a card with the Time X keyword is revealed, the players put X resource tokens on that card. These tokens are called "time counters." At the end of each refresh phase, remove 1 time counter from each card with the Time X keyword, if able. When the last time counter is removed, there will be a triggered effect that resolves on that card. Some encounter cards will also remove time counters, making it more difficult for the players to predict when they will run out of time.

"Does not stack"

Some cards in *The Voice of Isengard* expansion have passive abilities with the text "This ability does not stack with..." While two or more effects that do not stack with one another are active, only one of them will affect the game state.

For example: *Ancient Forest* reads: "While *Ancient Forest* is in the staging area each **Forest** location in the staging area gets +1 🗡️ and +3 quest points. This ability does not stack with other copies of *Ancient Forest*." This means that even if there are 2 copies of *Ancient Forest* in the staging area, each **Forest** location in the staging area will only get +1 🗡️ and +3 quest points total.

Player cards with Doomed X

If a player card with the Doomed X keyword is played or put into play, each player must raise his threat level by the specified value.

The Fords of Isen

Difficulty level = 5.

The heroes came upon the dead rider as the afternoon darkened and the rain threatened to turn to ice.

They found him facedown on the old road where he lay still and broken among the yellowing grasses. Life had been hacked from his body with axes, nearly destroying the sigil of Rohan on his hauberk. Not far from him lay the remains of his horse, a proud Mearas slain by black-fletched arrows in its graceful neck.

As they dismounted to prepare a simple cairn for the body, a gust of western wind suddenly carried the familiar clangor of steel and screams. The dead man's killers had found new victims.

Rain and aching bodies momentarily forgotten, the heroes remounted and urged their horses to speed.

As they cleared the crest of a long bracken hill, the landscape opened up to reveal the Gap of Rohan. Below them, fed by fall rains, the river Isen crawled south like a bloated serpent. The road descended the west-facing hill and led directly into the river where a ford bubbled and frothed among smooth-worn rocks.

Today, blood and steel mingled with the waters.

A small band of mounted Rohan warriors, knights of King Théoden's household, were trapped at the center of the ford. From both sides of the river, scores of Wild Men from Dunland were attacking. Many of the Dunlendings brandished leather shields emblazoned with the crude sigil of an angry boar.

Water rushing at the knees of their mounts, the knights were trying to protect an emissary in their midst. The nobleman was riding a grey mare and wore a black cloak. He flinched as the

green shields of his protectors broke the deadly flight of the Wild Men's arrows. Already, arrows had claimed two of the knights, their bloodied detritus floating among the boulders.

The Wild Men, tired of having their arrows deflected, began to charge. A few were already engaged in melee with the riders, but many were just now beginning to wade into the icy water with their shields raised as protection from the swords of the mounted knights. The bellowing of the attackers grew louder.

The heroes didn't hesitate before they charged down the hill. The men of Rohan were friends, and what help could be given, the heroes would give.

The Fords of Isen encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: The Fords of Isen, Dunland Raiders, and Dunland Warriors. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Gríma Objective-Ally

When setting up The Fords of Isen scenario, the players are instructed to attach the Gríma objective-ally card to the location, The Islet. An objective-ally card is considered to be both an objective and an ally. If an effect allows the players to take control of the Gríma objective-ally, it is moved into the controlling player's play area. Once there, Gríma can be used the same as any other ally.

Because the Gríma objective-ally is a unique character, no player can use the Gríma hero card when playing The Fords of Isen scenario.

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

As the body of the largest Dunlending fell into the river, the Wild Men finally gave up the attack. They'd thought victory to be at hand, but a group of steel-willed strangers had appeared on the eastern ridge and brought relief to the hated men of Rohan. Denied of their prize, the remaining Wild Men retreated into the rocky highlands northwest of the ford. Their blue-painted faces screamed in fury back at the victors, their axes banging and pointing to the boar sigils on their shields with promises of revenge.

The remaining Rohirrim knights, exhausted but pleased at their renewed lease on life, greeted the heroes with bright smiles. The senior among them was about to speak when the dark-clad emissary knelt his mare forward. He was a young man with pale skin and inky circles under his grey eyes. Thinning wet hair matted his scalp in forlorn streaks and his black cloak clung to his body like dead skin.

"Help unlooked for is help most obliged!" The emissary's flat voice was one of accustomed authority, but its treble betrayed the terror he'd suffered during the attack. He shot a frosty look at the knight who'd been about to speak. "It seems Threol's lack of vigilance did not doom us after all," said the emissary. The senior knight whom the heroes guessed to be Threol cringed at the rebuke, smile forgotten.

The emissary returned his dark glance to the heroes, evaluating them.

"I am Gríma, son of Gálmód, loyal advisor to Théoden King."

Gríma pointed northwards where the valley of Isengard lay wreathed in rain and mist. In its midst, the spire of Orthanc emerged like a black nail hammered through a grey blanket.

"I travel with a message to the White Wizard." As Grima spoke, he noticed that the river's current had pushed the corpses of two Dunlending warriors into the shallower waters of the nearby bank. He shuddered. "We must be on our way."

Threol cleared his throat and spoke for the first time, his gratitude to the heroes outweighing his deference to Grima. "The King surely will reward you for the bravery shown to us today."

"Of course, of course." Grima composed himself and eyed Threol with irritation. He circled his horse to study what remained of his escort. The councillor seemed as uncomfortable among the warriors as he did with the dead Dunlendings floating nearby. Grima raised his pale face to the wind to study the hills, calculating the odds of another attack.

After an uncomfortable moment, Grima turned his horse to face the heroes again. "We would be...honored if you would come with us to Isengard," he said. "Your protection would be appreciated."

"As would your company." Threol found his smile again.

"Saruman is a gracious host," Threol continued, stealing a glance at Grima with ill-hidden dislike. Threol was clearly embarrassed by the emissary's self-serving behavior. "Warm food and dry beds must have appeal in this cursed weather, yes? Besides, I should dearly like to share a drink with those that saved our lives here today."

Almost imperceptibly, Grima inclined his head in agreement but said nothing.

The heroes accepted, and the group headed northwards into the low clouds, into the Wizard's Vale.

Into Isengard, home of Saruman the White.

To be continued in "To Catch an Orc" the second adventure in "The Voice of Isengard" box.



To Catch an Orc

Difficulty level = 4.

Saruman received Gríma and his escort at the steps of Orthanc. The strange black tower rose coldly from the midst of Isengard's luscious gardens. Its ebon walls seemed out of place among the greenery of the vale and stood in stark contrast to Saruman's brilliant white robes.

Saruman, somehow, had already known about the affair at the ford. He lavished praise on the heroes for their rescue, and reassured Threol.

"The Dunlendings have grown daring of late, dear Captain." The wizard spoke with a silky voice. It was a voice that enthralled, a voice that rung wiser than the wind, and its faint lilt was as encouraging as dawn itself. "Such an attack surely could not have been imagined until this ambush."

The wizard's servants took the company's packs and horses, and Saruman led them up the steps into Orthanc's great front hall. The walls were made of the same glassy black substance as the tower itself, generously hung with white tapestries and lit by delicate sconces. Fires from several braziers warmed the hall yet seemed to give off no smoke.

"The clans have never forgotten their old feud with the people of Eorl," Saruman continued, his voice reverberating in the great hall. "The clans fight amongst each other, and they all fight Rohan." He spoke with sadness and regret "It is a shame such bravery and strength is wasted, when the days now darken in the east."

Saruman glanced sideways at the heroes, keen intelligence in his gaze. "I hope one day to convince the clans to unite their efforts." Saruman smiled, and none felt untouched by it. "For the cause of our greater good."

On their fourth day in Isengard, Saruman asked the heroes to dine with him. Neither Gríma nor the Rohirrim were invited.

They ate in the wizard's elaborate private study. A great balcony adjoined the room, overlooking the great cobblestone courtyard that laid before Orthanc's front doors. A late harvest moon shone

through the balcony, white and wreathed in a ghostly halo. The food and wine was splendid, rivaling even that of Denethor's table. Saruman ate little, preferring to talk and ask questions while sipping wine.

"I sense you are under the favor and employ of my dear friend Gandalf the Grey," he said after concluding a bout of questions on Gondor and the disposition of Ithilien.

"You must know that we seek the same end, Gandalf and I," Saruman continued, pleased with his guests' comfort and attentive ears. "While Gandalf wanders, while he turns the rocks and douses small fires, I confine myself here." The heroes nodded in appreciation as the wizard gestured proudly around his study. He sighed gently. "Here alone I study matters of the deepest significance. Of old things. Of such lessons as would help us face the rising shadow in the east."

"While Gandalf's ways differ from my own, there is one thing we share in equal measure." He smiled. "The need to retain brave allies—those of stout heart to face danger and hardship in our cause." He toasted the heroes, and all seemed right with the world.

"To that end, my friends, I ask you for your assistance, which I dearly hope you will choose to grant." He steepled his hands, as if emphasizing what was to be said. He looked at each hero in kind, taking their silence as interest to learn more.

"You already know the Orc threat has been growing in the mountains," he continued. "In Gundabad, in Moria, near the high passes. Like the Wild Men, the servants of the enemy grow ever more aggressive." He took a sip of wine, and his voice grew more intense. "In fact, one such band threatens the peace of this very valley."

"I am uncertain of the band's numbers, but I know they are led by a particularly large and gruesome specimen of their kind—a chieftain who goes by the name of 'Mugash.'" Saruman pursed his lips as if the word was bitter.

The heroes rose and spoke at once, proclaiming their willingness to destroy the Orc. Saruman waved them to their seats once more. "I am afraid it is more complicated than that," the wizard sighed. "This chieftain, this 'Mugash,' has knowledge of his kin's desires,

of their movements, of their plans, and, most importantly, how they are receiving word from the east."

Saruman lowered his voice to a near whisper. "The task I request of you, is not to kill this specific Orc," he curled his fingers to form a cage as he asked the impossible, "but to capture him."

The To Catch an Orc encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: To Catch an Orc, Misty Mountain Orcs, and Broken Lands. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



The Out-of-Play Deck

When setting up To Catch an Orc, each player is instructed to set the top 20 cards of his deck aside, out of play. Those 20 cards become that player's out-of-play deck.

Mugash

There are 4 enemy cards in *The Voice of Isengard* that have player card backs: 1 copy of Mugash and 3 copies of Mugash's Guard. These are encounter cards, not player cards, and cannot be included in any player's deck. The reason Mugash and his guard have player card backs is because they are meant to be shuffled into the players' out-of-play decks when setting up To Catch an Orc.

Searches X

The Searches X keyword represents the heroes search for the Orc captain, Mugash. When a location with the Searches X keyword leaves play, the player (or players) identified by that location reveals the top X cards of his out-of-play deck. Players who reveal cards this way add each revealed enemy to the staging area, choose 1 player card to take into their hand, and discard the rest.

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In hindsight, trapping Mugash was the easy part. Transporting the Orc back to Isengard was a problem unlike any the heroes had ever faced.

At first, they were pursued by angry remnants of Mugash's band, often forced to halt and seek defensive ground. Yet worse than the pursuit was the journey itself. While fall storms ravaged the lowlands, early winter had come to the mountains. Gales of sleet made the path treacherous, and the wind willfully bit into every inch of exposed skin. Shallow ravines and steep rivulets, dry for most of the year, now gushed with ice-laden water. The nights froze, and every morning the stony slopes were coated in jagged ice.

They'd pried a staff beneath Mugash's arms and bound his hands before him with thick rope. His legs had been forcefully bent and then tied together over another staff placed in the hollow of his knees. In this way, the heroes could drag the Orc or carry him by both poles when necessary.

On the first day of the return journey to Isengard, upon realizing his entrapment, Mugash had roared and yelled continually, spitting anger and snapping his fangs at his captors. His curses echoed in the mountainsides and encouraged the pursuers. After a day of listening to his screaming, the heroes had finally stuffed a piece of an old surcoat into the Orc's fanged mouth. Using strips of leather, they tied the cloth so tight behind his head they heard his skull groan at the pressure.

At first, the gag seemed only to make Mugash angrier. It took another full day to traveling before he settled down somewhat, his breathing whistling angrily from frozen nostrils, eyes glaring at his captors with unvarnished bile.



After three days, the pursuit finally stopped, but the weather turned for the worse. The winds howled along the cliff sides, and a mordant never-ending sleet left their faces raw and blistered.

There was little forage on the trail, and the heroes walked on slim rations. They dared not feed Mugash. Undoubtedly, he'd begin screaming again, and even if the pursuit had ceased, they didn't want to chance its renewal.

As the heroes drew nearer to Isengard, Mugash became ill. His eyes, which were once alive with hate, became puffy and closed in feverish sleep. His nose leaked a blue-green sludge, and his breathing was reduced to a thin whistle. His dark skin had turned ashen grey, except where his limbs were pressed around the staves. There, it had bruised into a blackish purple. Mugash no longer struggled or grunted, and his weight seemed to have deadened.

That night, the heroes were troubled. They'd finally begun their decent into the lower passes and the weather had turned milder; but their prisoner seemed likely to die before reaching Isengard.

Reluctantly, they loosened Mugash's bonds to improve his circulation. They removed the gag and forced hot wine and a paste of bonemeal into his foul mouth. The beast was burning with fever; so they placed him farthest from the fire near a

boulder that blocked the worst of the wind. His breathing was so slight it could barely be perceived.

That night was the coldest of the journey, but the weather was clearing. A few stars could be seen in gaps between moving clouds and the sleet had paused. After choosing a sentry, the heroes huddled down near the fire and for the first time in their lives, they drifted off to sleep hoping that an Orc would not die.

Hours later, as the cloud-streaked moon dropped behind the south summit, the sentry thought he heard the scurrying of wolves down the mountainside. He rose to briefly investigate, but the darkness held nothing and he returned to the embers of the fire. As he settled, he no longer heard the Orc's breathing, and so guessed the captive must have finally died. With a sigh, he rose again to investigate.

In the shadows of the nearby boulder, where he expected to see Mugash's corpse, he instead saw scraps of cloth and rope. The two staves lay nearby; Mugash must have cunningly and quietly slid them inch by inch away from his body by pressing them against the boulder.

Mugash was not dead. Mugash had escaped.

To be continued in "Into Fangorn" the third adventure in "The Voice of Isengard" box.



Into Fangorn

Difficulty level = 6.

Mugash was free and running.

The sickness lingered in his body, but he savored its malevolent presence. Because of it, his tormentors had thought him near death and loosened his bonds. The fools had even fed him.

Mugash's arms and legs stung. His joints were swollen and throbbing where the ropes had tied him to the poles. His limbs had been useless the first few miles of his escape, and he'd crawled like a worm down the mountainside, pushing himself forward with shoulders and hips. The great Orc had laughed at the pain.

His way, the way of the Uruk, was not one of stealth and silence, but last night on the mountainside, stealth and silence had been his closest friends.

He flexed his hands. Through the pain he felt strength returning. He had outwitted the hated bright-eyed humans, and now he was free.

But the humans, the bûbosh skai, were hunting him. He could hear their pursuing feet in the pass above him. He spat, tasting the stale rag that had been jammed in his mouth for days. When revenge came, he would feed hot coals to his former captors.

As Mugash thought of his imprisonment, a blood rage almost took him, but he resisted the urge to turn and fight. He knew

the skill of these particular skalug, and fighting them now would be foolish. Mugash was no fool. He'd become chieftain of the southern tribes through more than strength and violence. Vengeance would wait. He'd fight another night.

How Mugash wished it was night! The sun had risen, and its vile sharpness was like a blade in his eyes. Even so, the great Orc forged on. He'd always prided himself on his resistance to the white eye. Though it hurt him, unlike most of his tribesmen—he endured its viscous glare. Even so, the bright path was hard to see and the pain was another tax on his punished body.

He'd thought of escaping back along the mountain path, but the ice would have slowed him further. Instead, he hobbled east, down the mountainside and eastward, into the damned rising white eye. Into the lower lands. Into the trees.

As the forest shadows shielded him from the sun, he grunted with relief. The southern forest, with its dense canopy of ancient trees, made for an almost-subterranean world, twilit in greens, browns, and blacks. He would have preferred a dark tunnel or cave, but this was not a bad place.

The great Uruk took a ragged breath and renewed energy came to him. He soon disappeared into the shadows of the primordial forest. It would be impossible for the bûbosh skalug to find him there.

Mugash soon learned he was wrong. This forest was, after all, a bad place.

Not far behind, the heroes followed in close pursuit. They'd caught the monster once, and were determined to do it again. Yet even the strongest determination could not stop them from hesitating when they realized that Mugash had ventured into the old forest of Fangorn, a place with a dark and dangerous reputation.

As they entered Fangorn, the air hummed with a subtle song of branch and leaf, and the tune was unkind. They'd come to a place forgotten by the world and abandoned by time. One that wished to remain so.

The trees and stone watched, as they always had. A humid wind whispered in the branches, and old memories stirred in bark and root. Sleeping things woke from sour dreams. Things that hated disturbance. Hated the smell of change and steel and fire that clung to the intruders.

The Into Fangorn encounter deck is built with all the cards from the following encounter sets: Into Fangorn, Ancient Forest, and Weary Travellers. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



Hinder

The Hinder keyword appears on the **Huorn** enemies in this scenario. While engaged with a player, an enemy with the Hinder keyword is not dealt a shadow card and does not make an attack during the combat phase.

Instead of making attacks, enemies with the Hinder keyword force players to remove progress from the current quest or active location. At the beginning of the combat phase, each player removes one progress from the current quest for each enemy with Hinder engaged with him. When there is no progress remaining on the current quest, players remove progress from the active location instead. If there is no progress on either the quest or active location, there is no effect.

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

As the trees gave way to the boulder-strewn grasslands of the mountainside, their spirits revived.

The heroes had awoken the anger of ancient things with rotten hearts. They'd fought the crushing power of old roots and strangling branches and they'd barely escaped alive. Now those horrors were behind them.

The great Orc, Mugash, was their prisoner once more, and after another two days of traveling, they finally descended on the winding path that led into the Wizards Vale from the north. Orthanc greeted them coolly among the welcoming colors of the vale's vegetation.

Saruman was grateful for their help in capturing the Orc, and his rewards were generous.

The heroes spent the winter in Isengard, recovering from their ordeals in the mountains and forest. Yet, as the season passed, the heroes saw less and less of the wizard. He was often closeted with work in his chambers, and they sensed a growing frustration in him, as if the results were not to his liking.

Upon seeing the telltale sign of summer birds returning north in the high skies, the heroes felt their northward journey must resume. Over a rare dinner with the wizard in his high study, they told him of their plans to depart the following morning. Saruman seemed displeased.

"My work is unfinished, my friends," he began as a servant refilled his goblet. The wizard sipped at the wine and continued. "The Enemy is wise, and he remembers such secrets of old that even the Elves have forgotten.

"It is of great consequence that we learn the depths of the Enemy's measure and mind," Saruman continued. "It is with knowledge of the past, and in the powerful weapons of yore, that I perceive

our greatest chance." He took another sip, considering his next words. "Did others not defeat Sauron and his master before? Should we not seek the old powers of Beren, of Gondolin, of Númenor?" The wizard leaned forward. A hungry, eager, light was in his eyes. "Of Isildur?"

The heroes gleaned the flaw in Saruman's speech. If Sauron had truly been defeated, then how could he have returned to power? It seemed to them that weapons of the past had merely held the shadow at bay. They didn't voice their doubts, however, for the wisdom in Saruman's voice quickly dulled all qualms.

Saruman continued his lecture. "I believe a long-lost place, one thought destroyed by the enemy, may have been uncovered in the hills of Hollin. It was among those hills that the great Elven city of Ost-in-Edhil stood, and it was there Celebrimbor and his apprentices forged legendary artifacts of good, unmatched in the world today."

Saruman's back had straightened and he seemed to glance into the past, as if he saw the forge fires of the long-dead Elven masters. His voice became deeper and his bearing mightier. The heroes felt, rather than saw, the secret light of the Istari pulsing from him, like heat from a searing oven. "Is it not incumbent upon us to seek the tools and weapons of a better age?" It was not a question he expected the heroes to answer.

After a few moments, his reverie seemed to recede and, his gaze returning to the dinner table. "Word has come to me from the north. A Dwarf by the name of Nalir claims to have found a hidden Elven forge near Hollin." Saruman paused, as if hoping for a reaction from the heroes. When none came, he seemed slightly irritated. "Nalir is waiting in Tharbad and desires to sell the forge's whereabouts for a substantial sum of gold." Saruman's intonation made it clear he valued the precious metal no more than the crumbs on his plate.

"I believe this may be nothing less than the forge of Celebrimbor himself." He folded his hands. "And it may prove a vital link to past strengths."

The wizard now looked at each of the heroes in turn. "I know you wish to return to Rivendell," he said. "I admire your dedication to Gandalf's trifling endeavors. Yet I need

your skills in exploring this place and procuring what it may contain." The heroes shuffled uncomfortably in the seats. Their absence from the north had been long, and the grey wizard's need was keenly on their minds.

As Saruman caught their hesitation, the enticement of his words seemed to magnify.

"My friends, I ask you most kindly. Travel to Tharbad for me and procure the forge's location from this Dwarf. Then reconnoiter the forge and recover its contents for me. Do this, and you may rejoin Gandalf with my blessing and eternal friendship." Saruman's shadow seemed to grow as he spoke, and the room felt suddenly small. "It is of greater importance than I can ask you to understand."

There was a moment of tense indecision, then the heroes, one by one, gave their nods. As the reluctance ebbed, Saruman relaxed. He smiled sweetly, greeting their acquiescence with a statesman's grace.

"I knew you would not turn from duty," Saruman said. His words seemed to stroke them as a master's hand would his faithful dog. "With luck, your quest may help plant the seeds of a better age."

It seemed their work for Isengard was not yet finished.

To be continued in "The Dunland Trap" the first adventure pack of "The Ring-maker" cycle.



Game Modes

The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game is intended for both casual players and dedicated enthusiasts. To accommodate different play styles, three modes of play are available: Easy, Standard, and Nightmare.

Easy Mode

Easy mode is ideal for new players and for players who prefer the narrative and cooperative aspects of the game with less challenge. To play a scenario in Easy mode, simply take the following steps during setup of any scenario:

- 1) Add one resource to each hero's resource pool.
- 2) Remove any card with the "difficulty" indicator around its encounter set icon (a gold border) from the current scenario's encounter deck.



Some older scenarios (including those in early printings of the core game) do not have the "difficulty" indicator icon on relevant cards their encounter decks. Please visit www.fantasyflightgames.com to see which cards should be removed in those scenarios.

Standard Mode

To play a scenario in Standard mode, simply follow the normal setup instructions for that scenario.

Nightmare Mode

Players who desire a truly difficult challenge, should consider using the supplemental "Nightmare Decks" (sold separately) for each scenario. More information about Nightmare Decks for *The Lord of the Rings: The Card Game* can be found at www.fantasyflightgames.com.



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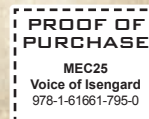
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THE CARD GAME

THE BLACK RIDERS™

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