

J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S

THE LORD OF THE RINGS, VOL. II

The Two Towers



Interplay™



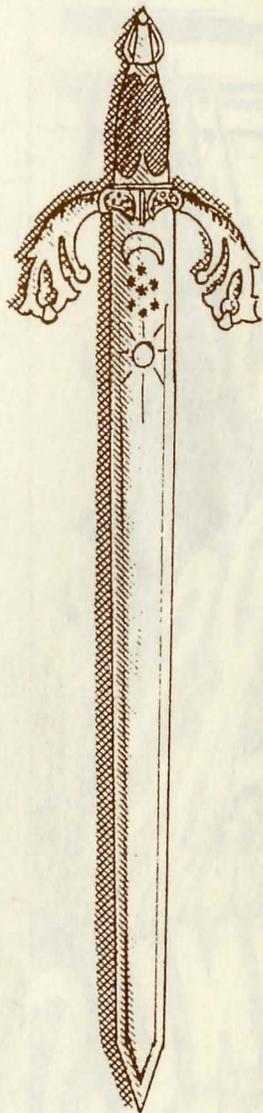


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INTRODUCTION

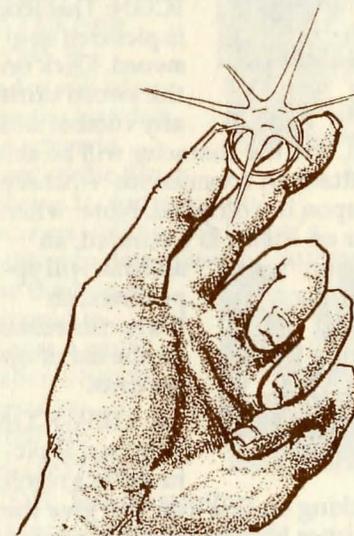
Welcome to the second part of Interplay's adaptation of "The Lord of the Rings" for the personal computer, "The Two Towers". This game is a sequel to the first game in this series, "Lord of the Rings, Volume One", which was published by Interplay in December 1990.

We've added technical improvements to enhance this game: automapping; an interface where it is less cumbersome to move between menus to use skills or items; improved handling of items; even better graphics, and more music. We've also added cliffhangers, where the action will shift between various parties, something which has never been done in a computer RPG. All of these things will, we hope, add to your enjoyment of the game.

"The Two Towers" is meant to serve as a sequel to the original "Lord of the Rings" game, but it is also should be playable by those who have not played the original game, or those who have not read J.R.R. Tolkien's epic saga.

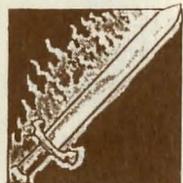
The one hundredth anniversary of J.R.R. Tolkien is in 1992, and as with all birthdays, it's a cause to celebrate. I am not certain that Tolkien would have approved of computer games; Tolkien was not a

technophile, and came to see machines as engines of destruction, which is reflected in his writings. Hopefully, this adaptation of "Lord of the Rings" will transform the machine into an object of delight (if not enlightenment); something more fit for Rivendell than Mordor. After "The Lord of the Rings, Volume One", the highest complement we received was not critical praise; it was the people who told us that we inspired them to read Tolkien. I hope that this sort of inspiration becomes a tradition with this series.





INTERFACE



Attack

the interface, either press the Space Bar or click on the right mouse button. This will bring up the icon window at the bottom of the



View

tion, and the character will be able to attack an enemy with whatever weapon is equipped. Note: whenever an enemy is wounded, an



Get

Clicking on this icon will give the statistics for any character whose

"The Lord of the Rings, Volume One" uses a full screen display with a "hidden" interface, or icon window. To trigger

screen. This will bring up the following icons:

1) **ATTACK ICON:** This icon is pictured as a sword. Click on the sword during any combat situation, and the character will be able to attack an enemy with whatever weapon is equipped. Note: whenever an enemy is wounded, an asterisk will appear next to his/her/its name on the list of opponents.

2) **VIEW ICON:** This icon is pictured as a scroll.

picture is currently displayed on screen. This also gives the listing for the amount of money, in silver pieces, possessed by the ENTIRE party.

3) **GET ICON:** This icon is pictured as a hand picking up a ball. This icon serves three functions: 1) to grab treasure that the player may find during the course of the game, 2) to purchase items from merchants, and 3) to learn skills from someone willing to teach them. This icon is triggered automatically when an item can be picked up.

4) **USE ICON:** This icon is pictured as a hand dropping a ball. This icon allows a character to use items, show items, equip items, trade items, or discard items. The use command also allows the player to view the character's inventory.

Above the item names is the name of the character to whom the item belongs. Clicking on this name will allow you to cycle through the members of the party without having to leave the menu. This is different than "Lord of the Rings, Volume One".

Equip items allows an item to be equipped or de-equipped. This in-

cludes all weapons, as well as the Ring.

5) **SKILL ICON:** This icon is pictured as a scholar's cap. During some situations, a character will need to perform skills (picking a lock, climbing a cliff, etc.) The skill icon will give the player access to his character's skills. This icon defaults to the skills of the leader; to access other character's skills, click on the character selection icon and select the character. Each character has different skills, so your party will have to work as a team.

Above the skill names is the name of the character to whom the skill belongs. Clicking on this name will allow you to cycle through the members of the party without having to leave the menu. This is a change from "Lord of the Rings, Volume One".

6) **MAGIC ICON:** This icon is pictured as a magic wand. It will allow a character to cast spells, including words of power. If a character has no words of powers or spells, this icon will not activate.

7) **TALK ICON:** This icon is pictured as a word balloon. It allows a character to talk with some of the creatures that he meets on screen. Make certain your character is close enough to be heard by the character he's trying to talk with! Clicking on this button produces the following sub-directory:

a) **RECRUIT:** This allows you to ask creatures or characters to join your party.

b) **DISMISS:** There is a maximum of ten characters that may join the

Fellowship at any time. If you wish to make room for new characters, use Dismiss to remove them.

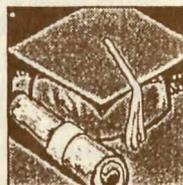
c) **TALK:** You will meet many characters in Middle-earth with which to converse. Use Talk to get an initial message. Use Question, which comes up on the subdirectory, to talk with them about a specific subject. (Example: To learn more about what is going on in Rohan, type "NEWS" when you meet the Rohirrim. Sometimes the initial message will give hints on which subjects a character may be questioned about.)

8) **LEADER ICON:** The leader will often take the brunt of the action in "Lord of the Rings, Volume 1", and many encounters will use the leader's abilities to determine the outcome. Use the human pyramid to choose a new leader when it seems appropriate.

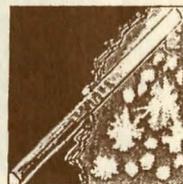
9) **OPTIONS ICON:** This allows the player to fulfill the follow-



Use



Skill



Magic



Talk

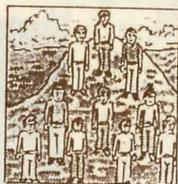
ing functions:

Load Game (L)
Save Game (S)
Quit Game (Q)
Pause Game (P)
Stop Music (M)
Toggle Music Off/On (T)
View Automap (A)

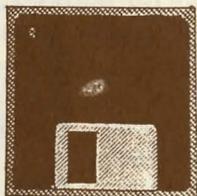
The automap will show exteriors and undergrounds; it cannot be used to view the interiors of buildings.

10) **EXIT ICON:** As it says.

For those playing "Lord of the Rings" without a mouse, refer to the reference card for keystroke commands.



Leader



Options



Exit



OMBAT

Combat in "Lord of the Rings" is determined on screen. When a hostile enemy appears, the characters have two options: attack, or run away. To attack, move your icon close to the enemy and press the attack icon, or press the attack icon, if you're firing with a ranged weapon such as a bow. To run away, simply move your character off the screen. It should be noted that in some encounters, your characters will not be allowed to leave the screen (Ringwraiths will hunt down your characters in most combat situations).

Characters have access to a full range of their abilities in combat. They may use and trade items, they may cast spells and use words of power, and even employ skills.

Characters with a high dexterity score get to move first in combat. Those with very high dexterity scores will often have multiple chances to hit in combat against slower creatures (such as trolls).

In combat, a character will take damage to his life point total. If his life points drops between one and five points, he will be rendered unconscious. The life points will drop during combat; eventually, the character will die, unless the combat is over. Once a combat ends, an unconscious character will regain consciousness with a total of six life points. Unconscious characters abandoned in combat (by running away) will die.

When an enemy is wounded in combat, a marker will appear beside his/her/its name on the icon menu. If it is barely wounded, an asterisk will appear beside it; if it is seriously wounded, an exclamation point will appear beside it.

Characters who have skills with weapons will get a chance to perform special maneuvers with the weapon if it is equipped. These special maneuvers are:

BLOCK: (Usable with swords and staves only) This maneuver allows a swordsman to fight defensively. It is not as easy for him to hit in combat, and he does less damage, but anyone who attacks him does so at a considerable penalty.

SWING: (Usable with axes skill only) This maneuver gives the axeman a slight penalty to hit, and adds a considerable bonus to anyone who attacks him, but also greatly increases the damage done by his attack.

AIM: (Usable with bows skill only) This maneuver increases the archer's chance to hit the target, and adds to his damage, but makes it very easy for opponents to strike him in combat.

DODGE: (Usable with dodge skill only) This maneuver makes the person doing it very hard to hit; he cannot attack while performing a dodge.

See also Weapons in the items section.



HARACTER TYPES

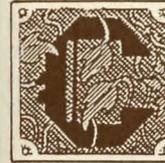
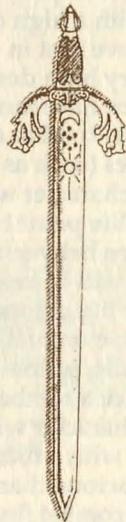
In "The Two Towers", there are two types of characters. A Player Character (PC for short), is a character who belongs to the Fellowship, the group of characters participating in the Quest of the Ring. A Non-Player Character (NPC for short), is a character who does not belong to the Fellowship, but with whom it is possible to interact (either through trade, speech, or combat, occasionally all three).

In "Two Towers", there is also another distinction: the player characters who belong to the Fellowship may be defined as permanent or temporary player characters.

Permanent player characters are the Fellowship from the Lord of the Rings trilogy: Frodo, Sam, Pippin, Merry, Gandalf, Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli. They will join the Fellowship and remain in the group for the duration of the game. They may be dismissed, and they may be killed, but they will not abandon the Quest. These characters may be brought into further games in this series, such as the Return of the King.

Temporary player characters will join the Fellowship, but are not interested in the Quest and will instead pursue their own goals. Their paths may cross with that of the Fel-

lowship, and they will gladly help them and accept help from them, but will eventually leave the Fellowship when their job is over or when the Fellowship goes too far from their goal. Example: Freod, a soldier from Dunharrow, is looking for the agent of Saruman who murdered his brother. He will join the Fellowship if the Fellowship agrees to help him. If he finds the murderer, or if the Fellowship leaves Dunharrow, Freod will tell them that he is not interested in travelling away from his home and will remove himself from the Fellowship.



HARACTERISTICS

Every character in Lord of the Rings, Volume One has a set of six attributes. These attributes are known as characteristics, and represent a character's personal abilities. They are defined as follows:
DEXTERITY (DEX)

This represents the character's ability to move swiftly. This is especially important in combat, where it determines how often a character may strike, how accurate his blows are, and how agile he is at avoiding the blows of his opponents.
ENDURANCE (END)

Endurance represents how much punishment a character may take. A character with a high endurance (such as a Wizard) can endure a lot of injury; characters with low endurance scores (such as Hobbits) will fall after taking very little punishment.

LIFE POINTS (LIFE)

Life points represent the current injury level of a character. A character's maximum life points is equal to his endurance. A character who falls below six life points in combat is unconscious, and may die. A character who falls to zero life points is dead. Characters who die in "The Two Towers" cannot be resurrected, at least not by any spell available to the player.

STRENGTH (STR)

Strength represents the capability of a character to lift heavy objects.

Strength also adds to the damage a character does with a weapon in combat; a character with high strength does a lot of damage with a weapon. Strength helps slightly in striking a character by knocking a parry or a shield aside.

LUCK (LUCK)

Luck represents well... it is sometimes said that it's better to be lucky than good. Luck represents an unseen attribute, one's ability to get good breaks in life. A character with a high luck value is harder to hit in a combat situation than a character with a low luck score. Hobbits are lucky characters.

WILLPOWER (WILL)

Willpower represents mental toughness and determination. It also represents the ability not to be affected by objects of evil power, such as the Ring. Hobbits have a very high willpower score.

INCREASING CHARACTERISTICS

Characteristics are increased through the acquisition of experience, especially experience with the major powers of Middle-earth. Characteristics increase when the characters complete quests, or in contact with certain items that give increased strength, luck, etc. Increases in characteristics occur automatically.



KILLS

A character is not just shaped by his personal attributes; often what he can do with them is what counts.

SKILLS in "the Two Towers" can be divided into three categories: Active Skills, Combat Skills, and Lore. Active Skills will only come into play if the player triggers the skills icon and uses them. Combat skills give bonuses in battle. Lore skills give the character extra information about a race or a culture. Both Combat Skills and Lore will never need to be triggered by the skills icon.

ACTIVE SKILLS

BOATS: Characters with this skill can use boats with an expert's skill, from small rafts, to the huge swan-ships of the elves.

BRAVADO: This skill allows a character to sway the opinions of a large number of people. When a crowd expresses disapproval or despair, a show of bravado can encourage them. This skill is not useful in "Lord of the Rings, Volume 1", but will play a role in "The Two Towers" and "Return of the King", the next two games in this series.

CHARISMA: This skill is similar to Bravado, but affects an individual, rather than a group. A character who is unwilling to do something may have their minds

changed by charisma. A kind and gentle word can often heal a hardened heart.

CLIMB: There are many steep hills and mountains in Middle-earth. Those who use the climb skill may climb all but the steepest of these slopes, and be able to guide those who travel with them over such terrain. Climb is also useful in crawling down into holes, and climbing up them again.

DETECT TRAPS: The Dark Lord has built many fiendish devices over the millennia, and those who are especially greedy love to protect their wealth from thieves with deadly traps. When the Fellowship approaches an item that might be trapped, using this skill will warn them of the presence of these perils.

DEVICES: There are many machines in Middle-earth. Some were built by the Dark Lord. Others were built by the dwarves. Others were built by the wizard Saruman. The devices skill allows a character to understand a complex device and use it.

Devices is also the skill that allows a character to disarm traps.

HIDE: There are many foes in Middle-earth, and sometimes discretion is more appropriate than valor. Using the hide skill will

sometimes hide the player from the view of those who wish to harm him. It is rarely useful to hide in the open.

JUMP: In the depths of Middle-earth, one can often find great chasms. Those who are skilled at jump can navigate these chasms, and guide the rest of their party over them as well.

PERCEPTION: A sharp eye can solve many of the mysteries of Middle Earth. Use the perception skill to find hidden objects; clues will usually be given, so in general, it isn't always a good idea to use this skill without knowing that something might be there.

PICKLOCKS: In Middle-earth, people are not always trusting with their valuables, and many keep them locked. Those with picklocks skills can all but the most sophisticated lock, or those that are magically defended.

READ: There are many languages in Middle-earth (and even more dialects and offshoots). A character with this skill is capable of reading inscriptions and writings in many languages.

RIDING: This allows the character to control horses, even steeds as great as the Mearas, the great horses of Rohan.

SNEAK: A character with this skill can instruct his party on how to move silently and stealthily in dangerous places. If you see an orc, and he doesn't see you, it is usually a good idea to sneak past him.

COMBAT SKILLS

The ability to perform well in combat is very important. While everyone can use weapons (provided they have enough strength to safely use them), those who are skilled at using a weapon has an increased chance to hit with them in combat. These combat skills are:

AXES: Those have this skill have an increased chance to hit an opponent when armed with an axe. Many dwarves have this skill.

BOWS: Those have this skill have an increased chance to hit an opponent when armed with a bow. Woodland elves are known to have this skill.

BRAWL: This represents unarmed combat. Those who know how to brawl have a good chance to affect someone even without weapons.

DODGE: Characters with this skill get an additional defensive bonus in combat.

SWORDS: Those have this skill have an increased chance to hit an opponent when armed with a sword. Most of the great warriors of Middle-earth have this skill.

LORES

There are also skills which are not actively used by the player, but can give valuable information if the player possesses them. These skills are known as lores.

Lore skills work when a character enters an area where his knowledge is useful. A character with Numenorean lore, for in-

stance, could enter ruins which were built by the Numenoreans, he would then tell something about the ruins to the rest of the party. This occurs automatically; actively using a lore skill is never useful.

The lores available in "The Two Towers" are:

Hobbit Lore

Elven Lore

Dwarf Lore

Orc Lore

Ranger Lore

Numenorean Lore

Wizard Lore

Dark Lore.

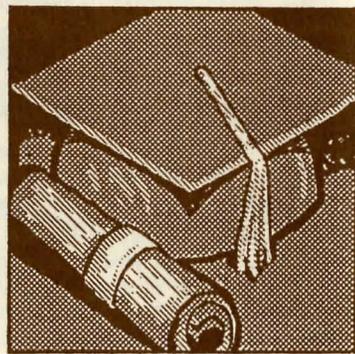
These skills describe, respectively, being knowledgeable about Hobbits, Elves, Dwarves, Orcs, Rangers, Numenoreans, Wizards, and the Dark Lord.

ACQUIRING NEW SKILLS

There are two ways to acquire skills in "The Two Towers"

(1) The most common way is to find a place where an expert can teach people skills. Trigger the purchase icon, and a list of skills will appear. Then, just give the skill to the person you would like to learn it.

(2) There are certain places where characters will suddenly acquire a skill, where (magically or otherwise) the character gains knowledge. These places are very rare; and often the knowledge has its price (you usually don't want to learn Dark Lore in this manner). Check your character's skills lists on occasion to determine whether any new skills have been added to their inventory.



PELLS

MAGIC IN MIDDLE-EARTH

Magic in Middle-earth is very rare. Many of the inhabitants of Middle-earth have lived their entire lives without seeing anyone cast a spell. The rules of spellcasting magic are as follows:

Magic is divided into white and black magic. White Magic is used by the Five Wizards of the White Council: Saruman, Gandalf, Radagast, and two others who do not come into these tales. Various forms of white magic are practised by powerful elves (such as Galadriel and Elrond). The children of Numenor occasionally employ ancient magic items. The palantiri, the seeing stones of Elen-dil, are an example of magic items used by humans (note: these items will not appear until the second game in this series).

White magic exacts a price from the caster, in the form of lost life points. Each spell will drain 1d4 life points; when a caster's life point total is reduced to a point where casting spells will cause unconsciousness, spells will fail to take effect. The list of spells known to white magicians are given below.

White magic is cast with the blessing and approval of the Valar.

Wizards carry a staff, given to them by the Valar, as a symbol of their authority.

Black magic, on the other hand, is evil magic derived from Melkor, Lord of darkness. While it is intended (by the caster) to enhance his power, it actually corrupts his soul. Black magic is typically wielded by the Ringwraiths and their apprentices, evil sorcerers. Black magic is typically wielded by humans, but Gandalf has hinted that orcs have also cast spells and learned black magic.

In short, magic is weak, unreliable and dangerous. The wisest wizards will only employ magic when it is an absolute necessity. Given that advice, the most common spells in "The Two Towers" are:

WINTERCHILL

Description: This offensive spell creates an area of coldness around a single target, a cold as bitter as the blizzards of Redhorn Pass. This spell is rarely used by white magicians, as the cold of Northern winters has ever been the domain of the Dark Lord.

FIREFINGER

Description: This offensive spell creates a jet of searing white flame. This flame is enough to singe the whiskers of a warg, or worse. This

spell is known to be used by Gandalf the Grey, on the rare occasions that he uses magic openly.

VINECRUSH

Description: This offensive spell creates vines from stone or earth that crush an opponent. This spell has also been known to restrain a fleeing opponent, though using this spell in this manner is not always guaranteed to succeed. *Vinecrush* is a favored spell of the wizard Radagast the Brown.

COUNTERMAGIC

Description: There are many places in Middle-earth which are enchanted, under the influence of magical powers. Certain doors, for example, may be held shut by magic. To dispel these enchantments, a *Countermagic* spell is usually employed. Certain enchantments, however, may be so powerful that the *Countermagic* spell is useless; so do not expect this to work in every case.

UNLOCK

Description: This spell will affect normal locks. It is considered to be more reliable than using a *Lock-picks* skill, but there are some locks in Middle-earth, particularly those of dwarven manufacture, that even an *Unlock* spell cannot open.

ILLUMINATE

Description: There are many dark places in Middle-earth. An *Illuminate* spell is the method most favored by wizards of dispelling the darkness and bringing light to the blackest places of Middle-earth. This spell will endure except when

dispelled by powerful magic, or until one has returned to the surface.

ANIMALSPEAK

Description: There are many birds and beasts in Middle-earth, and sometimes valuable information and counsel can be gained from them. To speak with animals, an *Animalspeak* spell will often allow a long and profitable discourse.

KINGSHAND

Description: The Hands of the King are the hands of a healer, or so it is said in Gondor. This spell will heal some of the damage done against the entire Fellowship, allowing them to regain their strength and vigor.

ACQUIRING NEW SPELLS

As spells are the domain of wizards, one can only learn new spells from a wizard or something of greater power than a wizard (i.e., the Valar, or Sauron). Because of this, it is all but impossible to learn new spells.

WORDS OF POWER

Magic spells, both white and black, may only be cast by trained magicians. However, there is another type of magic that may be used by anyone with the knowledge -- Words of Power.

Words of power are used to invoke the great powers of Middle-earth. If a person were sailing in the middle of a great storm, and their ship was about to sink, using the word of power *!Ulmo* might cause the Vala of the Seas (*Ulmo*) to appear and save his ship from destruction.

Words of power always begin with a "!", as the use of a word of power is considered an recognition of the greatness of the invoked power. Words of power in "The Two Towers" include:

!Elbereth
!Luthien
!Felagund
!Gwaihir
!Edro
!Fimbrelthil

Using these words of power at a certain time and place will be of great benefit. Using them at the wrong time or place achieves nothing. Unlike spells, once a word of power is successfully used, it will disappear from the spell inventory.

All characters in the beginning part of the game who might belong to the Fellowship will begin with

!Helphelp. This all purpose word is useful in times of great trouble, but it is up to the player to discover what circumstances require the use of this word.

ITEMS for "THE TWO TOWERS"

WEAPONS AND ARMOR

(Middle-earth is a dangerous place, and there are many foes that can only be overcome with use of arms.) The chart on the next page lists the weapons that may be used by the members of the Fellowship.

Explanation of Terms:

Damage: This is the amount of injury, against a character's life points, of the damage done by a particular weapon.

To Hit: Some weapons are easier to wield and more accurate in combat than others. Swords, daggers, and staves are all more effective at hitting an opponent than other weapons.

STR Min: Some weapons are harder to use than others. Unless a character has enough strength to

WEAPONS EFFECT CHART

Weapon	Damage	To Hit Bonus	STR Min
DAGGER	1d6	GOOD	0
SWORD	1d8	GOOD	16
STAFF	1d6	GOOD	7
AXE	1d10	NORMAL	20
CLUB	1d6	NORMAL	8
BOW	1d8	NORMAL	7
TORCH	1d6	NORMAL	0

match the strength minimum of a weapon, they will be unable to equip it. Thus, hobbits, with a low average strength, are not capable of using a sword in combat.

Dagger: A short blade, the size of a large knife, and sturdier. The preferred weapons of hobbits in close combat.

Sword: A long blade, used for millennia by Elves and Men of Middle-earth.

Staff: A long, thick wooden stick. A staff is used by wizards, though Gandalf prefers his magic sword, Glamdring. The staff of a wizard also has other special properties which will be discussed later in the game.

Axe: A preferred weapon of dwarves. Axes are not as precise as a sword, but will inflict heavy damage.

Club: A thick piece of wood, used by ruffians and trolls.

Bow: The favored weapon of wood elves, bows fire arrows over long distances. For game purposes, it is usually easy to recover arrows after combat, thus it is not necessary to keep track of the precise number of arrows that are used.

Torch: Primarily used as a light source in dark places, torches are also quite useful as weapons when one does not have anything else.

Magic weapons such as **Anduril**, **Sting**, and other weapons that will be encountered in the game have higher damage and "to hit" ratings than other weapons.

When one is involved in combat, it is usually a good idea to be wearing armor. There are four types of armor that the Fellowship members have access to in "The Two Towers". Armor reduces the amount of damage that is taken from an enemy's blow; however, heavy armor affects a character's mobility, making it a little easier for an opponent to hit him.

Shields do not block damage, but can improve the ability of a Fellowship member to defend himself by making him harder to hit. Below is the Armor Effects Chart.

Explanation of Terms:

Damage Reduced: This is the number of life points which will be subtracted from a damage roll by armor. Thus a character who is wearing mithril armor (which absorbs five points of damage) who is hit for nine points of damage by a

blow, will only suffer (9-5) four life points of damage.

Effect on Defense: This explains how the armor affects the character's defensive adjustment. Leather armor reduces the defensive adjustment slightly, while chain mail affects it considerably, but provides better protection.

Cloth: This armor type is simply very heavy cloth, which absorbs a small amount of damage from a blow.

Leather: This armor type is thick leather, worn as a jerkin, to absorb damage from a blow.

Chain: This armor is a mail suit, finely wrought pieces of chain with a cloth backing to pad the skin. This provides very good protection, but also hinders movement in combat.

Mithril: This is the finest dwarven armor, as light as it is sturdy. It is made from mithril, a metal ore that can be found in only one place in Middle-earth, the dwarven mines of Moria.

ACQUIRING WEAPONS

Weapons and armor are sold in only a handful of places in Middle-earth; while Shire Hobbits have known how to use weapons (bows in particular), they do not sell or give away weapons. In general, the easiest way to get weapons is to find them in treasure hoards.

MAGICAL ITEMS

There are many magical items in Middle-earth, however, their exact powers and locations remain a mystery. Here are a few items that are known to exist, and the powers they are known to possess.

THE ONE RING

The One Ring of Sauron the Terrible, currently held by the hobbit Frodo Baggins. The Ring has the ability to render anyone who wears it invisible, and to preserve their life, though, as Gandalf has said, this is really an Unlife, where one eventually becomes a wraith and falls under the command of the Lord of the Rings, Sauron.

The Ring drains the Will of anyone who uses it, and when one's will has become reduced to Zero, they are effectively dead. Using the Ring will drain Will, and the longer the Ringbearer wears it, the lower the Will score becomes.

The Ring is known to have a mind of its own, and will often play tricks on the Ringbearer, trying to escape and come back to its Master, the Dark Lord.

The Ring is a burden on anyone who uses it, and only creatures with an extremely strong will should handle the Ring. For this reason alone, it is recommended that the Fellowship include a full complement of hobbits, who have a very strong will.

ARMOR EFFECTS CHART

ARMOR DAMAGE REDUCED EFFECT ON DEFENSE

CLOTH	1	NONE
LEATHER	2	SLIGHTLY IMPAIRING
CHAIN	3	IMPAIRING
MITHRIL	5	NONE

WIZARD'S STAFF

The staff of a wizard is a symbol of their authority from the Valar to wield white magic. In extreme emergencies, a wizard can call upon the full power of his staff, which usually shatters it. Wizard's staves are possessed by the wizards Gandalf, Radagast, and Saruman.

GLAMDRING

This is the magical sword of Gandalf, which he took from a troll's hoard.

NARSIL/ANDURIL

This sword was used by Isildur to cut the Ring from Sauron's finger during the last battle of the Second Age of Middle-earth. Narsil was broken into several pieces; Aragorn reforged them and renamed the sword Anduril.

STING

This powerful magic dagger was used by Bilbo Baggins during his quest with the dwarves, and was taken by him to Rivendell, where it was given to Frodo.

LESSER RINGS

During the second age of Middle-earth, Sauron and Celebrimbor fashioned many Rings of Power. The greater Rings of Middle-earth have been given away or destroyed, however, there were numerous lesser Rings of Power. There may still be numerous lesser Rings, which may aid the Fellow-

ship in its Quest to destroy the One Ring.

OTHER ITEMS

FOOD

Adventure is important, but to hobbits (and the other denizens of Middle Earth) food is a necessity.

The major game effect of food is that it restores lost life points. Food will help heal a character, but is only effective at healing once per day. Different types of food have different effects; rations have only a minor curative effect, but lembas, the waybread of the elves of Lothlorien, is very good at promoting healing. Here is a list of some of the food of Middle-earth and their effect on a character's life points.

MIRUVOR

This is also known as the cordial of Imladris; this elixir is proof against the cold storms of mountain passes, and will reduce the effect of the cold on members of the Fellowship. It is only given by Elrond.

Food	Restore Life/Day
Rations	2
Red Beans	2
Mushrooms	3
Hot Food	3
Dwarfwort	4
Lembas	6

ATHELAS

Known in Gondor as Kingsfoil, this herb is a powerful curative. It is useful in the hands of a healer or someone skilled in Herb Lore. This herb is said to be especially effective in the hands of the rightful King of Gondor.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE...

In a hole in the ground lived a hobbit. That hobbit's name was Bilbo Baggins, and, quite unexpectedly, he was taken off on an adventure by a wizard named Gandalf and thirteen dwarves. The dwarves wished to regain their home, which they had lost long ago to a dragon named Smaug. Since dwarves are not very stealthy (and hobbits are), Bilbo was hired to act as a Burglar, to sneak and scout in Smaug's lair.

Eventually, Bilbo came back from this adventure, quite rich and happy. He also came back with a magic ring that could make himself invisible, which he had won in a contest of riddles with a creature named Gollum. Gollum was not happy to lose his ring, (his Precious he called it) and swore an oath: "Baggins! We hates it forever!"

On his 111th birthday, Bilbo had grown tired of life in the Shire (the land of hobbits) and decided to leave and retire with his friends, the elves of Rivendell. Bilbo gave his Ring to his nephew Frodo. Bilbo had become very attached to his ring, and found himself surprisingly hesitant to give it away, but

with Gandalf's help, he left it behind.

Bilbo's reluctance to give away the ring made Gandalf very worried. Gandalf travelled through many lands to discover what the ring truly was. He found his answer. The ring was the One Ring, forged by the Dark Lord Sauron as an instrument of evil magical power. He who possessed the Ring had the ability to conquer the world. But the Ring also corrupted anyone who used it. Gandalf also learned that the Dark Lord had captured Gollum, and knew that the Ring was held by a hobbit named Baggins. Gandalf returned to the Shire and told the young hobbit, Frodo, of what he had found.

They decided that Frodo was to go to Rivendell, the home of the elves, and there they would decide what to do with the Ring. On Frodo's birthday (at the latest) Gandalf would come to escort him to Rivendell personally. Frodo would pretend to move in with his family in the eastern part of the Shire, and then quietly travel to Rivendell. If Gandalf couldn't make it, then he was to go by himself. Gandalf advised him to do two things: use the name "Underhill" (since the Dark Lord would be searching for "Baggins") and to take with him friends that he trusted.

Frodo did as Gandalf said, selling his home, Bag End, to his odious cousin Lobelia Sackville-Baggins, and waited for Gandalf to arrive on his birthday. But Gandalf did not

come. At this point, the first game in this series, "Lord of the Rings, Volume One", began. The events, as described in the novel, are as follows:

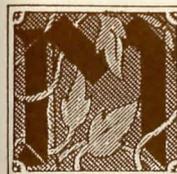
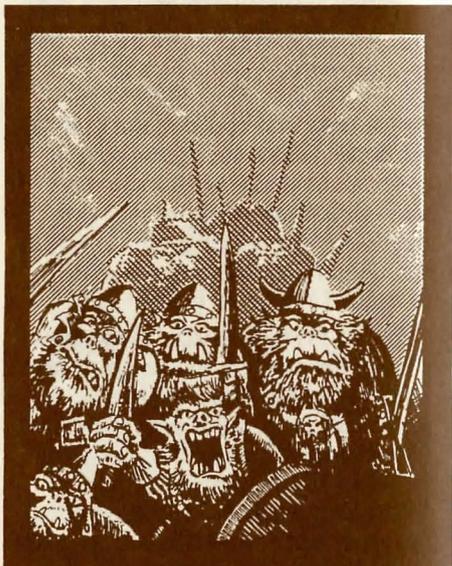
Frodo set out with his friends Sam Gamgee, Pippin Took, and Merry Brandybuck, and travelled to Rivendell. There, they encountered the Nine, the Black Riders, the most powerful servants of Sauron. With help from the ranger Aragorn, the Fellowship made it to Rivendell, where they met Gandalf.

A great council was held at Rivendell, and it was decided that Frodo would take the Ring to Mount Doom in Mordor, and destroy it. Nine members of the Fellowship of the Ring would go on this great quest: Frodo, Merry, Sam, and Pippin; Gandalf, and Aragorn; Boromir, Captain of Gondor; Legolas, an elven prince from Mirkwood; and the dwarf Gimli.

To escape pursuit from wolves, the Fellowship entered the mines of Moria, the great city of the dwarves, now abandoned. There, they found many orcs, evil creatures in the service of the Dark Lord, and the Balrog, a demonic creature of great power and evil. In combating the Balrog, Gandalf apparently fell to his death. The Fellowship took refuge in Lorien, home of the Lady Galadriel, where they were given gifts. Under the leadership of Aragorn they continued eastward, until they reached a point where they were forced to decide whether to continue to Mordor, or to accompany Boromir to Minas Tirith,

which was greatly in need of defense against Sauron. Boromir, however, had other plans to defend his city, and tried to seize the Ring from Frodo.

Frodo put on the Ring and fled, pursued by Sam. Before the other members of the Fellowship could pursue the Ringbearer, orcs attacked them. Boromir was slain defending Merry and Pippin, who were kidnapped and taken to Isengard, fortress of the renegade wizard Saruman. Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli left in pursuit of the captured hobbits, leaving Frodo and Sam to take the Ring to Mount Doom. And thus our story begins...



AJOR CHARACTERS

FRODO BAGGINS: The nephew of Bilbo Baggins, Frodo's parents drowned in a boating accident and Frodo was adopted by his uncle. Frodo inherited Bag End following his uncle's mysterious and scandalous disappearance during his eleventy-first birthday party. Frodo is a wise and responsible hobbit, but tormented by his burden, the One Ring, and his quest.

SAMWISE GAMGEE: The son of old Gaffer Gamgee, Samwise (better known as Sam) is Frodo's closest friend. Samwise works in the gardens of Bag Row, and is known as one of the sturdiest hobbits in Hobbiton, as well as an exceptional gardener. Sam has taken on the role of Frodo's servant and protector in this quest.

PEREGRIN TOOK: Peregrin (almost always known as Pippin) is the oldest son of Paladin Took, the Thane of the Shire. Pippin is a jolly hobbit who makes a good friend, but is rather immature and irresponsible.

MERIADOC BRANDYBUCK: Meriadoc (almost always known as Merry) is the only son of Saradoc Brandybuck, the Master of Buckland. Merry is a childhood friend of Frodo Baggins, his cousin, and he and his friend Pippin are virtual-

ly inseparable. Unlike Pippin, Merry is a smart and responsible young hobbit.

ARAGORN: Also known as Strider, also known as Elfstone, Aragorn is the chief of the Rangers of the North, the last surviving descendant of Isildur, who took the One Ring from Sauron long ago, and the rightful king of Gondor. Aragorn is a masterful scout, tracker, and woodsman, among many other skills.

GANDALF: Known to the elves and the people of Gondor as Mithrandir, Gandalf is the last surviving wizard of the White Council to involve himself in the defense of Middle-earth against the forces of Sauron. Unfortunately, he fell from a great bridge in Moria and died.

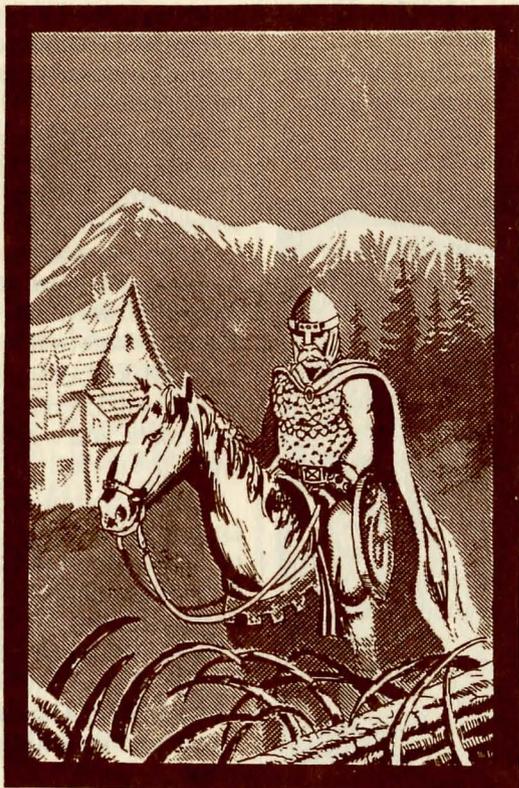
LEGOLAS: An elven prince of Mirkwood. Legolas is high-spirited and noble, and a good friend of Gimli the dwarf.

GIMLI: A stout dwarf from the Lonely Mountain; Gimli is the son of Gloin, one of the companions of Bilbo during the quest to slay the dragon Smaug. He is crusty but valiant, and a true friend. He and Legolas have become fast friends.

BOROMIR: The eldest son of Denethor, the Ruling Steward of

Gondor; Boromir was a valiant man, but stubborn; his belief that men could not be corrupted by the One Ring led him to attempt to seize it by force from Frodo, an action that led to the break-up of the Fellowship. Boromir died shortly after that, defending Merry and Pippin from orcs.

GOLLUM: This creature once held the One Ring, until he lost it to Bilbo Baggins, Frodo's uncle. Since then, Gollum has been searching Middle-earth for "his Precious", and will not stop until he gets it back.



GUIDE TO ROHAN AND THE SURROUND- ING COUNTRY

(For a reference to these locations, refer to the map on pages 44 & 45.)

ROHAN: The Kingdom of Rohan was founded in the year 2510, when a great invasion of Gondor by orcs and men of the East threatened the Kingdom. Eorl, a chieftain of a tribe of men that dwelt near the source of the river Anduin, came down from the north unexpectedly from the North with a great number of cavalry, and defeated the invaders on the field of Celebrant. The Stewards of Gondor then awarded Eorl and his people with the lands of Calenardhon, which were renamed Rohan. The people became known as the Rohirrim, and its Kings were the House of Eorl.

The House of Eorl has ruled Rohan for over four hundred years. Brego son of Eorl built the great city of Edoras to serve as its capital, and built the Golden Hall of Meduseld to serve as his palace. For many years afterwards, Rohan had peace.

However, during the rule of King Helm Hammerhand, there was a rebellion by the Dunlanders, and

the Rohirrim were overthrown. Helm led resistance at the fortress of the Hornburg, and kept the Dunlanders from completely destroying the Rohirrim. Legends say that, during the Fell Winter in which he was overthrown, he would wander into the camps of his enemies and slay them with his bare hands. Helm died during the winter, but his efforts at resisting the Rohirrim resulted in the liberation of Rohan and the restoration of the House of Eorl. It is said that Helm's spirit still wanders the world, blowing its horn, putting fear into the hearts of the enemies of Rohan.

When Frealaf, nephew of Helm, was crowned King of Rohan, the wizard Saruman came to Rohan, bearing gifts and proclaiming his friendship with the Rohirrim. He was well received, and was given the keys to the ancient Gondorian fortress of Isengard. For many years, Saruman was a good neighbor, but as he became more corrupt, he began to see Rohan as an object to be possessed, as a target for attack. During the reign of Theoden, Saruman gathered a large force of the orcs of the Misty Mountains

and brought the peoples of Dunland under his sway, and began his plans of conquest.

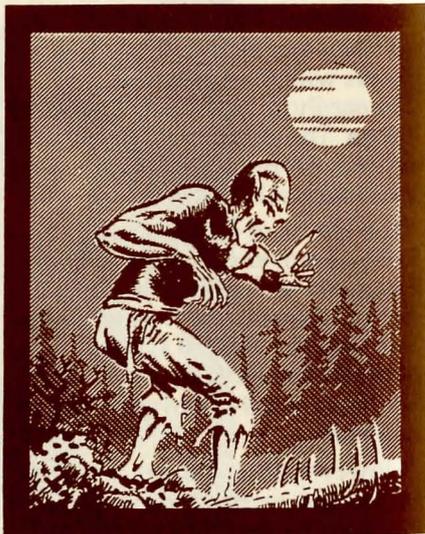
Rohan is divided into two areas: the Westfold and the Eastfold, also called the Westemnet and the Eastemnet. These lands are not widely settled, and the villages on these lands have suffered greatly at the hands of orcs.

ISENGARD: The great fortress of Angrenost (now called Isengard) was built by the people of Gondor in the early Third Age of Middle-earth. It is a huge obelisk of extremely hard black rock, which rises hundreds of feet into the air. It was given by the Steward of Gondor to Saruman several hundreds of years ago, and he has fortified it since, in imitation of Sauron's fortress of Barad-dur.

FANGORN: This is one of the great forests of Middle-earth, although not as large as it was in the elder days; it may also be the oldest. The forest is legendary as the home of the ents, the shepherds of the trees. It is also said to be a place of great dangers; few people will dare to enter these woods because of these dark legends.

DUNLAND: The people of Dunland are known for being unfriendly and dour. The Rohirrim say that they are jealous of them, because they were given the grassy plains of Rohan by the Gondorians, instead of them. There have been frequent wars between the Dunlanders and the Rohirrim; even so, in times of peace, Dun-

landers are far more amenable to trade than the orcs.



GUIDE TO THE LANDS EAST OF ANDUIN, SOUTH OF RAUROS

RAUROS: Rauros is the greatest waterfall of Middle-earth, and marks the Northern border of Gondor during the height of its territory. On the east bank is a series of treacherous cliffs, difficult for even an experienced mountaineer to climb.

DEAD MARSHES: This region of dense swamp and marsh was once part of the vast battle plain where, at the end of the Second Age, the elves and men of the Last Alliance fought against the forces of Sauron. Many were buried here; over the course of time, the marshes grew, and swallowed up the graves. It is said that there are places in the marshes where at night the faces of the dead appear, and that the shades of the dead wander the marsh.

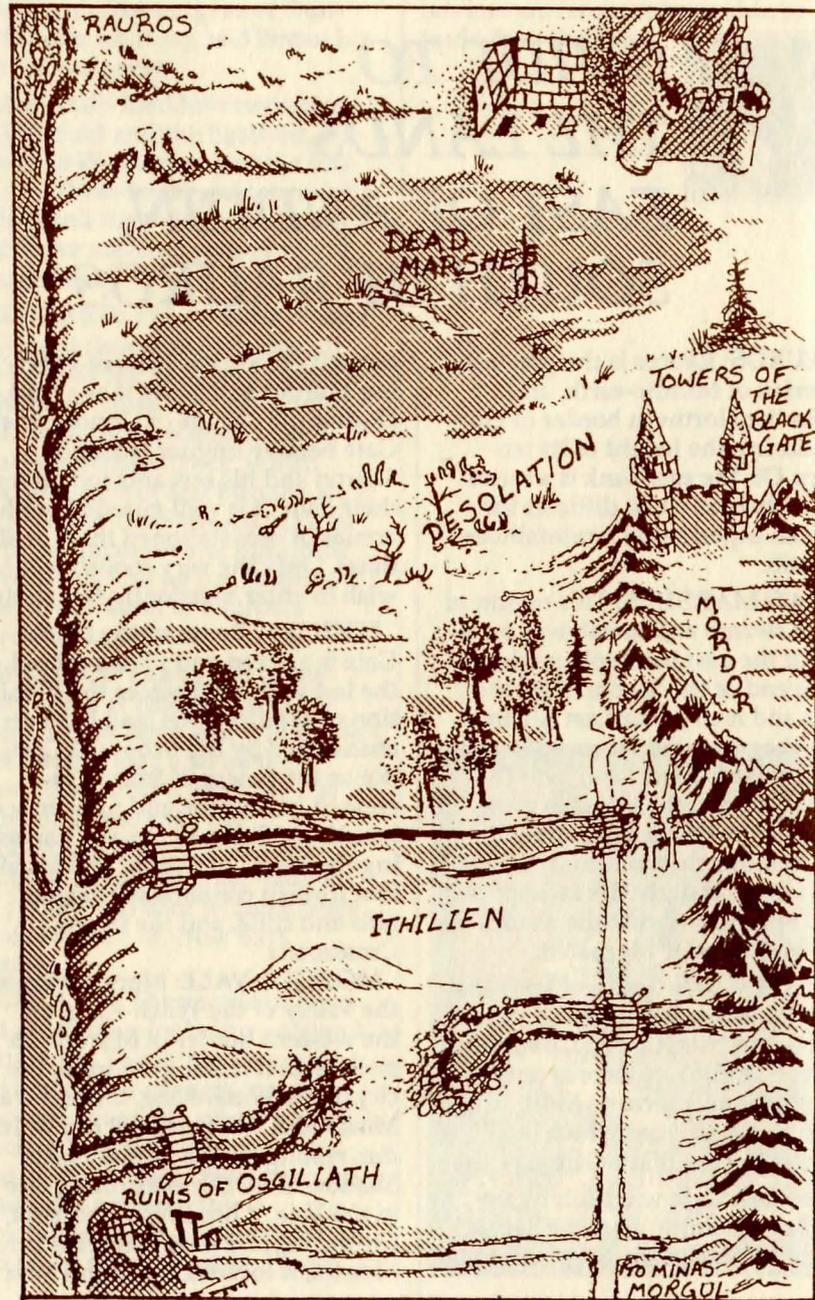
BLACK GATE: South of the Dead Marshes is the desolation of the Black Gate; this is a dead, barren, charred landscape. Here is only one of two entrances to Mordor, a huge mountain pass which is guarded by the Black Gate.

The Black Gate was built by the people of Gondor, after the Second Age of Middle-earth, to prevent the

servants of Sauron from re-entering Mordor and using it as a base. During the decline of Gondor, the Gate became unguarded, and Sauron and his servants took it for their own. It is well guarded, with armies of orcs stationed there at all times. Only the very foolish would wish to enter Mordor by this route.

ITHILIEN: South of the Black Gate is a green and pleasant land, the last such land before the desolation of Mordor. This land has been abandoned by the people of Gondor as the power of Sauron increased in Mordor, and now only a handful of Rangers remain, harassing the forces of Sauron and his allies. Ithilien contains spectacular falls and cliffs, and the famed Crossroads.

MORGUL VALE: Morgul Vale is the Valley of the Witch-King, on the western border of Mordor. Its main citadel is Minas Morgul, the city of the Witch-King. Once it was Minas Ithil, the beautiful city of Isildur, resting on the Mountains of Shadow, now like everything else in the Vale, it has become corrupt. Cirith Ungol, a pass that leads into Mordor, is located in Morgul Vale.



HISTORY OF MIDDLE EARTH

THE FIRST AGE

In the beginning was Iluvatar, also known as Eru "The One". He created all things from the thoughts of his mind. Desiring to create things where there was nothingness before, he created his servants, the Valar and the Maiar, and brought them together in a great music, which contained the creation and the destiny of Middle-earth.

These spirits descended to Middle-earth to build the world, in accordance to the music that had Eru had devised, and also in accordance to their own creativity. But there was one among the Valar, the greatest of spirits, Morgoth, who sought to impose his own thoughts on Middle-earth that were contrary to the will of Eru. Thoughts of evil. Morgoth's evil was powerful, and he subverted many of the Maiar to his cause, most notably spirits of flame and shadow called Balrogs, and Sauron, the Deceiver.

In time, as Eru had planned, elves were born. The Valar, eager for their companionship, invited them to their land of Valinor. And the elves came, and learned from the Valar. Of these elves, the greatest was Feanor, who created the Sil-

marils, three jewels of light that captured and preserved the living radiance of the Two Trees of Valinor.

Morgoth, who hated the friendship of the Valar and the elves, plotted to destroy it. He slew Finwe, the father of Feanor, stole the Silmarils, and poisoned the Two Trees. Feanor swore to lead the elves on a crusade to destroy Morgoth, but the Valar forbade this. Feanor defied the Valar and many elves followed him. They came to Morgoth's northern fortress of Angband, and a long, bloody, and doomed war ensued.

The War of the Silmarils lasted nearly five hundred years, and contained many deeds of heroism and tragedy. At this time, humans joined the elves in the war of Middle-earth, and the names of men often stand beside those of the greatest elven heroes: Beren and Luthien, who cut a Silmaril from the Iron Crown of Morgoth. Hurin and his son Turin, both cursed by Morgoth, who committed both deeds of valor and atrocities because of the curse. The seven sons of Feanor, whose oath to recover the jewels of his slain father led to the slaughter of elves by elves. The fall of Gondolin, where some of the

greatest deeds of heroism occurred. But in the end, Morgoth defeated the elves, mocking their efforts to destroy him.

However, his triumph was short-lived. Earendil the Mariner fled Middle-earth and sailed through great perils to the land of the Valar and pleaded pity for the humans tormented by Morgoth and mercy for the elves that had defied the Valar. Then the Valar mustered their host, and waged war against Morgoth, and threw him down. Angband was destroyed, as was much of the west of Middle-earth. The Balrogs were slain, save for a few that hid themselves in the depths of the earth. Morgoth was shackled by the Valar until the Last Day, at which time he will be judged. Of his great servants, only Sauron survived, and even he hid for many years.

THE SECOND AGE

The First Age ended with the fall of Angband and the destruction of the Western portion of Middle-earth, Beleriand. The Valar invited the elves to return to Valinor, and most returned. Of all those who had led the rebellion against the Valar's wishes, only Galadriel, the wisest of the elves, remained alive; she chose to stay in Middle-earth. The High King of the Elves was Gilgalad, grandson of Fingolfin, Feanor's brother. The only survivor of Feanor's house was Celebrimbor the smith, grandson of Feanor, who dwelt in Eregion near the dwarven mines of Moria.

The sons of Earendil, Elrond and Elros, were given a choice by the Valar. Elrond chose to be counted as an elf, and was given elven immortality. Elros chose to be a man; he and those humans who had fought with the Valar against the forces of Morgoth were given a great continent to rule in the midst of the Western Sea; the continent was called Numenor. These men, the Numenoreans, lived long, prosperous lives, and with the friendship of the elves and the gifts of the Valar, built the greatest empire that the world has ever known. The Valar placed only one restriction on the Numenoreans: they were not allowed to approach Valinor, or sail into the west out of sight of their western shores. This restriction was known as the Ban of the Valar.

In the middle of the second age, Sauron came to Eregion in disguise, and won the friendship of Celebrimbor. During this time, they collaborated, and created Rings of Power, designed to preserve and sustain Middle-earth. Three Rings were given to the elven lords, Celebrimbor, Galadriel, and Elrond. Seven were given to the dwarven lords in their halls of stone. Nine were given to the greatest of the Numenorean Princes who dwelt in Middle-earth. Then Sauron betrayed Celebrimbor, and created the One Ring. The Wearer of the One Ring would receive many powers: to walk unseen amidst men, to become ageless and immortal, and most important of all, to

dominate all who wore the Lesser Rings.

When Sauron placed the One Ring on his finger, the elves became aware of what Sauron truly was, and removed their Rings. There was war between Sauron and the elves, and it would have been likely that the elves would have been defeated utterly, except for the intervention of Numenor. Then Sauron, bitter in defeat, vowed revenge against Numenor, and retreated into his fortress of Mordor. He became a tyrant who oppressed much of the East, but he did not make war against the elves (who lived in the west of Middle-earth) again for many centuries.

Numenor began to colonize Middle-earth, and where the Numenoreans built their great towers, Sauron retreated. However, as the centuries passed the Numenoreans themselves became discontent, and the Ban of the Valar troubled them greatly. The kings of Numenor broke their friendship with the elves and became tyrants. Only a small portion of the people of Numenor kept true to the old ways; these were known as the Faithful.

Finally, Ar-Pharazon the Golden, the greatest king of Numenor, heard that Sauron was mustering his forces to attack the Numenorean bases in Middle-earth and drive Numenor into the sea. Angered, Ar-Pharazon mustered the might of Numenor into a massive army, sailed to Middle-earth and marched on Sauron's Dark

Tower, the Barad-dur, in the heart of Mordor. He demanded that Sauron come forth from the tower and declare himself his vassal.

And Sauron came.

Even at the zenith of Sauron's power, even with the One Ring, Sauron knew that he was not a match for the power of Numenor. He abased himself before Ar-Pharazon, and swore allegiance. Ar-Pharazon was not deceived by Sauron, but brought Sauron to Numenor.

This was a major mistake. For Sauron took the already corrupt Numenoreans and led them into utter darkness. He told that whoever possessed the land of the Valar would have immortality. Ar-Pharazon, who was feeling the effects of his age and feared death, believed Sauron. He mustered the greatest fleet that was ever built to attack Valinor and seize immortality. The Valar responded by destroying the fleet and burying the great continent of Numenor forever under the sea.

From Numenor came seven ships filled with those Faithful to the Valar, led by Elendil and his sons Isildur and Anarion. With them came a sapling of the White Tree, the symbol of the eternal friendship between Numenor and the Valar. They established great human kingdoms in the North and South of Middle-earth, named (respectively) Arnor and Gondor. However Sauron also survived the downfall of Numenor, and waged war against the Faithful and the

elves, who thought Sauron to be dead. In response to Sauron's attacks, the Faithful and the elves formed the Last Alliance of Elves and Men, and a final battle was fought at the gates of the Dark Tower. Gil-galad the High King was slain, and Elendil and Anarion were killed, but in the end Prince Isildur cut the One Ring from Sauron's finger, and the Dark Lord's spirit fled his body. Thus ended the Second Age of Middle-earth.

THE THIRD AGE

During this Age, the power of elves and dwarves diminished; for it is said that the destiny of the world is now in the hands of humanity.

Sauron was slain by Isildur, but could not be permanently destroyed while the One Ring existed. Elrond counselled that Isildur throw the Ring into Mount Doom and the fires in which it was made. Isildur proudly refused, saying that it was to become a trophy for his House, taken to avenge his father's death.

Soon after this, Isildur was slain by an ambush of orcs as he crossed the Great River. His son inherited the kingdom of Arnor, but there were too few people to hold it together. Eventually, Arnor split into three kingdoms: Arthedain, Cardolan, and Rhudaur. Soon afterwards, a terrible enemy emerged: the Witch-King of Angmar.

The Witch-King was in fact the greatest of the Ringwraiths, those human princes who had been ensnared by the Nine Rings. He waged constant war against the three kingdoms of Arnor, and corrupted Rhudaur to his service. Eventually, he destroyed the kingdoms of the sons of Arnor, but forces from the south led by the Prince of Gondor came soon afterward to destroy Angmar, and the Witch-King fled into hiding. The descendents of the kings of Arnor were too few to govern a kingdom; for long years none save the elven lords knew their fate.

In the South, Gondor grew into a great power, at its height recalling the glory days of Numenor. But it went into decline. Earnur, the last king of Gondor, was slain by the Witch-King ages ago, and the stewards of Gondor took control of the affairs of Gondor "until the king returns."

Sometime at the height of the age a Shadow fell upon Mirkwood, and an evil presence made its home in Dol Guldur, the Hill of Dark Sorcery. At this time five aged wizards appeared, who offered aid and counsel to those who would listen. The greatest in power and knowledge was Saruman the White; the wisest and most compassionate was Gandalf the Grey; and closest in tune with the forces of nature was Radagast the Brown; of the other wizards, no tale speaks: They struggled to discover the nature of the Dark Power of Dol Guldur; Gandalf crept into its vast

chambers and discovered that Sauron had returned. They allied with the elves to drive Sauron from Dol Guldur, but Sauron simply returned to his old fortress in Mordor and raised the Dark Tower once again. Armies of orcs continuously fought against the forces of Gondor, as Sauron wore down the armies of his ancient enemy. And most of all, Sauron sought to discover the hiding place of the One Ring.

The One Ring was not discovered by Sauron. Instead, it was found by one of the hobbits who lived near the great river, a hobbit named Deagol. Deagol showed it to his friend, Smeagol, who murdered Deagol and took the Ring as his own. Eventually Smeagol's people drove out the malicious creature, and it fled into a cave in the Misty Mountains, where it kept the Ring, its "Precious", for many years. Smeagol became known as "gollum", for the swallowing noise that he constantly made.

The third age was an era of great tragedies for the dwarves of Middle-earth. The greatest dwarven fortress of Middle-earth were the mines of Moria, which the dwarves named "Khazad-dum". A monstrous terror was accidentally stirred from slumber by dwarven miners, and the dwarves were expelled from the mines. Some fled to the North, and made new mines in the Lonely Mountain, Erebor. But Smaug, the greatest dragon of the Third Age, pillaged the Lonely

Mountain and took its treasures for his own.

The dwarves fled; they returned to Moria, which was found to be full of orcs. The orcs murdered the King of the dwarves, and in retribution there was a pitiless battle, Azanulbizar, where many dwarves and orcs were slain. The dwarves won the battle; but did not re-enter Moria for fear of the evil that had been awakened, which they named Durin's Bane. Yet Moria was the greatest of their mines, and they did not forget that.

At this time, Thorin Oakenshield, the proudest dwarf prince, met with the wizard Gandalf the Grey. They both sought ways to destroy Smaug; now they joined forces. But the dwarves were not stealthy creatures, and they needed stealth to succeed against a dragon. So they recruited a rather reluctant adventurer, the most famous Burglar in history, a hobbit named Bilbo Baggins.

The quest to slay Smaug was a success, but during this adventure an even greater event occurred: Bilbo encountered Gollum, the wretched creature that had taken the One Ring, and won the Ring in a contest of riddles. Gollum swore vengeance against "Baggins", and left his mountains to pursue him. Eventually, Gollum was captured by the Dark Lord, who learned that "Baggins" had his Ring.

These are desperate times. In his Dark Tower, Sauron broods and plots, focusing on three objectives. First, he intends to conquer Gon-

dor, the last remaining kingdom of his ancient human enemies. Second, he intends to destroy the last remnant of the elves of Middle-earth. Third, he intends to recover the One Ring. Once he has the One Ring on his hand, nothing will stop him.

A BESTIARY OF MIDDLE-EARTH CREATURES

There are many dangerous creatures in Middle-earth, though anyone with good hobbit sense will know well enough to avoid them, here is a guide for those accursed with an adventurous streak who might meet them:

FOES

SAURON: The Dark Lord of Middle-earth is Sauron. In his origin he was one of the Maia whom Morgoth corrupted to his service. During the First Age of Middle-earth, he was Morgoth's lieutenant, and the greatest of his servants. After the fall of Morgoth, he took up his master's former role as the Dark Lord. Sauron is known to be a terrifyingly powerful sorcerer, a master of deceit, and a tyrant whose ambitions are boundless. The state of his physical form is unknown; he is usually symbolized as a lidless red eye. Sauron is the current incarnation of Evil in Middle-earth today.

RINGWRAITHS: Also known as the Nazgul, or the Nine, or by a dozen other dreadful names. These

are Sauron's most powerful servants, great humans of Numenorean stock who were enslaved by the Nine Rings that Sauron gave to them. The Ringwraiths may be slain, but usually they will abandon their forms at the instant of death, and flee as shadows back to Mordor to take new shapes. The mightiest of the Ringwraiths is the Witch-King, formerly the ruler of Angmar. It has been prophesized that "not by the hand of man shall he fall."

ORCS: Also known as goblins, these foul creatures were created by Morgoth in the Great Darkness during the First Age of Middle-earth. Through dark sorcery, the Great Enemy corrupted elves and transformed them into these brutish slaves. Orcs delight only in watching things suffer and die; these soulless creatures bear special malice to elves and dwarves, against whom they have fought many battles. There are three levels of command in the hierarchy of orcs: there are the commanders, the uruk-hai, normal orcs, and the snagas, who are the slaves.

Orcs are tough in combat; not even the toughest human hero should take a battle against the uruk-hai lightly.

TROLLS: Of all of Sauron's servants, trolls have the greatest physical might. These huge gigantic figures may be the corrupted forms of tree spirits, created by Morgoth in the Great Darkness. Trolls are normally incapable of withstanding daylight, but recently Sauron

has created a new breed of troll, the olog-hai, that can withstand daylight.

WOLVES: The wolves of our world are predators who feed on caribou and do not attack humans; however, the wolves of Middle-earth are not as gentle. Normal wolves are noted for their fierceness, especially when hungry. However, the largest wolves of Middle-earth are the subject of much more fearsome tales; during the First Age, Morgoth captured wolves and filled them with cunning and malice, transforming them into wargs, beasts of hatred. Wargs enjoy hunting and killing their prey, be they hobbits, humans, or elves. Wargs often work with orcs, which has led to the proverb "where the warg howls, there also the orc prowls." Orcs have been known to ride wargs like horses into battle.

Middle-earth is also known to be the home of werewolves, wolves that can vary its form between human and wolf form. Such creatures are quite rare, but should be guarded against; during the First Age, Sauron was the Captain of Werewolves and undoubtedly commands their allegiances.

SPIDERS: The first spider was Ungoliant, who helped Morgoth destroy the two Trees of the Valar and steal the Silmarils. From her evil progeny have come the spiders of Middle-earth, both great and small. The huge spiders of Mirkwood are greatly feared; large, deadly spiders can be found in vir-

tually every part of Middle-earth. It is believed that at least one great spawn of Ungoliant exists, somewhere in the mountains of Mordor.

EVIL SPIRITS: As documented in the History section, there were many spirits created by Eru, the One, before the creation of the world. Many of these spirits were seduced by Morgoth, Master of the Great Darkness, Sauron's master during the First Age of Middle-earth. While most of these spirits were slain in battles many years ago, a few still hide in the deep places of Middle-earth. Of these spirits, the most terrifying are Balrogs, demons of fire and shadow who were Sauron's lieutenants during the wars of the First Age. It is thought that Balrogs may still exist in the deep places of the earth.

BARROW WIGHTS: These terrible monsters inhabit the Barrow Downs between the Old Forest and Bree. Little is known of them, for few have lived to tell of an encounter with them, and of those few none will tell their tales willingly. It is probable that they are spirits who were corrupted by the Witch King long ago, and serve the evil intent of Sauron.

SORCERERS: There are few practitioners of the black arts, however, there are some humans and orcs who have been taught sorcery by Sauron, or his greatest captain, the Witch-King. Sorcerers are evil and should be avoided where possible.

DRAGONS: The greatest and most powerful of the creations of

Morgoth, the greatest dragons are even more deadly than Balrogs. Few dragons remain alive today, and those are usually found in the wastes of Northern Middle-earth. They have a heavily armored scaly body, sharp teeth, and breathe fire; some dragons have huge wings, while others have none.

VAMPIRES: Though no vampires have been seen since the end of the First Age of Middle-earth, it does not mean that they still do not exist. Vampires are sorcerers (or witches) who can assume the form of a giant bat. Of these creatures, little is known.

PEOPLES OF MIDDLE EARTH

ELVES: The first people of Middle-earth, elves are beautiful, strong, and immortal. They can only be slain by weapons in battle, or by severe grief that robs them of the will to live. There are four major enclaves of elves in Middle-earth: the kingdom of Tharanduil in Northern Mirkwood; the Last Homely House of Elrond at Rivendell; Lothlorien, which is ruled by the Lady Galadriel; and the Grey Havens of Cirdan west of the Shire. Elves are usually either carefree and merry, or sad and thoughtful. They enjoy song and poetry, and derive little joy from acts of war.

HUMANS: The second people of Middle-earth, humans are similar to elves, with one major difference: they are not immortal. Humans have a lifespan of sixty to one hundred years; the Dunedain (the

Men of the West, i.e., those descended from Numenor) have an extremely long lifespan. The major human nations are in the East and South of Middle-earth: Rohan, Dunland, Gondor, the Kingdom of the Harad, and Rhun. Many of the humans of the far south and east are in league with Sauron.

DWARVES: These tough sturdy peoples are the creation of Mahal, the Vala known as Aule. Dwarves are stubborn, aggressive, covetous, and quick to take offense, yet they are also honorable, steadfast companions. The major dwarven strongholds are in the Blue Mountains west of the Shire, and in the Iron Hills and the Lonely Mountain, which are located in the east of Middle Earth.

HOBBITS: Of these small, civilized but small creatures, much is said elsewhere. The origin of hobbits is a mystery, but it is believed that they have existed in Middle-earth for millenia before they came to the Shire. Hobbits are peaceful and deplore violence and adventure, though when forced, they are very strong-willed, sturdy creatures indeed. Hobbits chiefly dwell in the Shire and in Bree.

ENTS: The tree shepherds; these beings were created by Eru at the behest of the Vala Yavanna, to protect the woods from those that would do them harm. Ents are huge tree-like creatures; they are slow to anger and do not believe in being hasty. Having said that, it should be noted that anyone who

stirs the Ents to anger will usually regret it.

EAGLES: The Great Eagles of the North are the most intelligent birds in Middle-earth (many of whom have been gifted with the ability to speak to humans). The Eagles are the servants of Manwe, the chief of the Valar, and are often sent by him to aid the forces of good in time of great need.

In addition to the sentient creatures of Middle-earth, there are wide variety of less intelligent and/or antagonistic creatures: these include ponies, horses, bears, and even the legendary oliphant.

GLOSSARY of NAMES

(For Tolkien fans; this is lore that the Fellowship members would have had a reasonable chance of acquiring, and may be misleading. Some of these entries are incomplete, as not to spoil the mysteries of Middle-earth for players who have not read the series. Also, for convenience sake, we have anglicized some of the spellings).

AMON SUL: A ruined area on top of a mountain east of Bree, also known as Weathertop.

ANARION: The younger son of Elendil; Anarion was slain in the last battle of the Second Age. His sons became the rulers of Gondor.

ANGMAR: An ancient kingdom in the north slopes of the Misty Mountains, ruled by the Witch-King. Angmar destroyed the kingdoms of Arthedain, Cardolan,

and Rhudaur, but was overthrown by forces belonging to Gondor.

ARAGORN: A great tracker and hunter, known to be a friend of Gandalf. Aragorn is a direct descendent of Isildur.

ARNOR: An ancient human kingdom in Northwest Middle-earth, founded by Elendil and ruled by the children of Isildur. Internal conflicts caused it to be divided into three smaller kingdoms: Arthedain, Cardolan, and Rhudaur, which were later destroyed by the Witch-King of Angmar.

ARTHEDAIN: The greatest of the three kingdoms that replaced Arnor; Arthedain was destroyed centuries ago by the Witch-King. Aragorn is a descendent of its last king.

ARWEN: The daughter of Elrond, betrothed to Aragorn.

AR-PHARAZON: The last king of Numenor. He captured Sauron during the Second Age, but Sauron tricked him into attacking Valinor. The Valar responded by calling upon Iluvatar, who destroyed Numenor.

AULE: The Smith of the Valar, creator of dwarves, and husband of Yavanna. Known to the dwarves as Mahal.

BALROGS: Demonic servants of Morgoth, with powers of fire and darkness. (See Evil Spirits in the Monsters section).

BARAD-DUR: The Dark Tower of Sauron, his principle stronghold.

BEREN: The most renowned human hero in history; he took a Silmaril from the Iron Crown of Morgoth, and married Luthien of Doriath. Beren was an ancestor of the Kings of Numenor.

BILBO BAGGINS: A hobbit who was recruited by dwarves to steal treasure from the dragon Smaug, and who accidentally found the One Ring. He is the uncle of Frodo Baggins.

BLACK GATE: The heavily guarded gate to Mordor, located south of the Dead Marshes.

BOROMIR: The oldest son of Denethor of Gondor, and its greatest warrior, slain by orcs defending Merry and Pippin.

BUCKLAND: The eastern part of the Shire, which lies across the River Brandywine. Buckland is home to the Brandybuck family.

CARDOLAN: One of three kingdoms formed when Arnor collapsed; this kingdom was destroyed by Angmar long ago. It was situated where Bree and the Barrow Downs now stand, and Weathertop (Amon Sul) was one of its strongholds.

CELEBRIMBOR: An elven smith, co-creator (with Sauron) of the Rings of Power. Celebrimbor was betrayed and murdered by Sauron in the Second Age of Middle-earth.

DAGORLAD: The battle plain before the gates of Mordor where the battle of the Last Alliance was fought.

DEAD MARSHES: A large expanse of marsh, located north of Mordor, inhabited by spirits.

DENETHOR: The current ruling steward of Gondor, father of Boromir and Faramir.

DOL GULDUR: The citadel of Sauron in Southern Mirkwood.

DOORS OF THE DEAD: A gateway that leads between Dunharrow and the sea through a haunted tunnel in the White Mountains. Only one person has been brave enough to pass through the Doors, Baldor son of Brego, second King of Rohan; he was never seen again.

DUNHARROW: A refuge located in the mountains behind Edoras.

DUNLAND: A land on the southwestern slopes of the Misty Mountains, the ancient enemies of Rohan.

DURIN: The father of the dwarves, the first of their race, and oldest of the Seven Fathers of the Dwarves created by Aule.

DURIN'S BANE: A monster of unknown origin that slew Durin.

EARENDIL: A leader of the humans at the end of the First Age; Earendil took the last Silmaril to Valinor and pleaded mercy for the sins of the elves and humans to the Valar, which resulted in the last battle of the First Age. Earendil sails a heavenly ship that shines with the light of the Silmaril; this ship is called Earendil's star.

EASTEMNET: The Eastmarch of Rohan, which is guarded by Eomer.

EDORAS: The capital of Rohan, where Meduseld the Golden Hall is located.

ELBERETH: A elvish name for Varda, the Queen of the Valar, who made the stars. She is the Vala who is most feared by forces of evil.

ELENDIL: The leader of the Faithful in Numenor, who sailed to Middle-earth when Numenor was destroyed. Elendil set up the kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor, and was slain in the last battle of the Second Age. His sons were Isildur and Anarion.

ELROND: One of the two sons of Earendil, who chose to become an elf and founded Rivendell. Elrond is the father of Arwen, and was the brother of Elros.

ELROS: One of the two sons of Earendil, who chose to become human and became the first King of Numenor. Elros is an ancestor of Aragorn.

EOMER: Nephew of King Theoden of Rohan, protector of its eastern borders.

EORL: The first king of Rohan; the House of Eorl is the name of the royal family of Rohan.

EOWYN: Niece of King Theoden of Rohan, sister of Eomer.

ERKENBRAND: Marshall of the Westmarch of Rohan, a strong and capable soldier.

ESTEMNET: A village in the Eastmark of Rohan.

FAITHFUL, The: The group of Numenoreans who remained loyal to the old traditions of friendship

with elves and the Valar; they fled Numenor before its downfall and founded the kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. They were led by Elendil, who was a direct descendant of Elros, first King of Numenor.

FANGORN: A great forest, located northeast of Rohan.

FARAMIR: The youngest son of Denethor, known as a scholar and soldier, second only to Boromir in the esteem of the people of Gondor.

FEANOR: The greatest elven smith who ever lived; Feanor created the Silmarils, and when they were stolen by Morgoth, he defied the will of the Valar by leading a large number of elves into a war against Morgoth. Feanor was slain early in that war by balrogs.

FORSAKEN INN: An inn located east of Bree.

GALADRIEL: The Lady of Lorien, Galadriel is renowned for her power, wisdom, and beauty. Arwen is her granddaughter.

GAMLING: A lord of the Rohirrim.

GANDALF (the Grey): Known to the elves as Mithrandir, the wisest of the wizards.

GOLDEN HALL: The palace of King Theoden in Edoras.

GONDOR: The great human kingdom of the south; its current capital is Minas Tirith. It was ruled by the sons of Anarion until a thousand years ago, when his line died; it is currently ruled by the Steward Denethor. Gondor is the greatest military power in Middle-earth that is opposed to Sauron.

GRIMA: A counselor of King Theoden of Rohan, much disliked by everyone else, who has acquired the nickname Wormtongue.

GROND: The mace of Morgoth, master of Sauron; also a name for a magical battering ram built by Sauron for his assault on Minas Tirith.

HARROWDALE: The valley in which Dunharrow is located.

HELM: A great warrior King of Rohan, who built Helm's Deep.

HELM'S DEEP: A fortress, built by King Helm of Rohan, which is the most secure citadel in Rohan.

HELM'S DIKE: A barrier near Helm's Deep.

HORNBURG: The great central citadel of Helm's Deep.

HOUSE OF EORL: The name of the ruling dynasty of Rohan.

ILUVATAR: The One, the creator of all things, master of the Valar. Also known as Eru.

ISENGARD: The fortress of Saruman, located north of Rohan.

ISILDUR: The oldest son of Elen-dil; Isildur cut the One Ring from Sauron's finger in the final battle of the Second Age. Isildur kept the Ring as a trophy instead of destroying it. Isildur died when the Ring fell from his finger and exposed him to orc archers as he swam across the Anduin; this is why the Ring is known as Isildur's Bane. Isildur's sons became the rulers of Arnor.

ITHILIEN: A land of great forests and beauty, on the western border

of Mordor. Ithilien belongs to the crown of Gondor, but is all but deserted; a few Rangers of Gondor wander the land, harassing the forces of Sauron.

KHAZAD: The dwarves' name for themselves.

KHAZAD-DUM: The dwarven city built underneath the Misty Mountains, referred to by the elves as Moria.

LONELY MOUNTAIN: Also known as Erebor, this mountain was an ancient home of dwarves, until they were expelled by the dragon Smaug the Golden. Nearly a hundred years before the start of this game, the Lonely Mountain was recaptured by the dwarves (with the assistance of some humans who lived nearby, and that most famous Burglar, Bilbo Baggins). It is currently ruled by the dwarven king Dain.

LORIEN: Also known as Lothlorien; this forest is the home of Galadriel, the most powerful elf in Middle-earth.

LUTHIEN: The daughter of Melian and Thingol of Doriath, and wife of Beren; Luthien helped Beren take a Silmaril from the Iron Crown of Morgoth. It was this Silmaril that became Earendil's Star.

MEDUSELD: The Golden Hall of Theoden in Edoras.

MAHAL: The dwarves name for the Vala Aule, who created them.

MAIAR: Powers who serve Iluvatar, similar to the Valar, but not as powerful. Sauron was a Maia, as was Melian of Doriath.

MANWE: The chief of the Valar, husband of Varda.

MEARAS: The kings of horses, which roam the fields of the Rohirrim.

MELIAN: One of the most powerful and wisest of the Maiar, who married the elven King Thingol of Doriath. Melian was the mother of Luthien, and a close friend of Galadriel.

MELKOR: The original name of Morgoth.

MIDDLE-EARTH: The world, where elves, dwarves, humans, and hobbits live, the setting for this game.

MINAS MORGUL: Formerly Minas Ithil, this city of Gondor is now inhabited by the Witch-King; it has become a place of corruption and evil.

MIRKWOOD: A dark and dangerous forest, inhabited in the North by good elves led by Thranduil, and in the South by evil spiders and the dark citadel of Dol Guldur.

MORGOTH: Also known as Melkor, the greatest of the Valar, who fell into evil. He waged many wars against those Valar that remained faithful to Iluvatar. He stole the Silmarils from Feanor, and fought against the elves and men who struggled to recover them. Morgoth created orcs and trolls to serve as his slaves; he was defeated at the end of the First Age and is imprisoned for eternity.

MORDOR: The land of Sauron. Mordor is a land of grey ash plains

in the south-east of Middle-earth. It is surrounded by mountains, and contains the most feared mountain of all -- Mount Doom.

MORGUL VALE: The valley in which Minas Morgul lies, where the stairs that lead to Cirith Ungol are located.

MORIA: The greatest mansion of the dwarves, who refer to it as Khazad-dum.

MOUNT DOOM: A volcano in Mordor, where Sauron forged the One Ring.

NAUGRIM: The elven name for dwarves, meaning "Stunted Ones."

NESSA: Sister of Orome, and swiftest of the Valar. Wife of Tulkas.

NUMENOR: A great star-shaped kingdom of men during the Second Age of Middle-earth, given as a reward to the sons of those men who had died aiding the elves against Morgoth. The Numenoreans became proud and eventually rebelled against the Valar, which resulted in the destruction of Numenor. The Numenoreans are the ancestors of the Dunedain, and the Lords of Gondor.

ONE RING: The greatest of the Rings of Power, forged by Sauron.

RANGERS: Hunters who wander the North of Middle-earth, mistrusted by those around them.

RED BOOK: A volume written by Bilbo Baggins, Frodo Baggins, and Sam Gamgee, in which the history of Middle-earth is written.

RINGS OF POWER: Rings created by Sauron and Celebrim-

bor. There were three elven rings (whereabouts unknown), seven dwarven rings, and nine rings for humans. These rings had the power to preserve Middle-earth, but Sauron forged the One Ring to control those who wore the other Rings and rule Middle-earth.

RINGWRAITHS: Nine servants of Sauron who were originally great Numenorean Princes that took Rings offered to them by Sauron; they became ghostly servants of great power, eternally enslaved to the will of Sauron.

RHUDAUR: One of three Kingdoms created when dissent tore apart Arnor; Rhudaur quickly fell under the domination of the Witch-King and was completely destroyed.

RHUN: The lands of Eastern Middle-earth, whose inhabitants are allied to Sauron and ancient enemies of Gondor.

RIVENDELL: The stronghold of Elrond on the western slopes of the Misty Mountains, also referred to as Imladris and the Last Homely House.

ROHAN: A kingdom of warriors, closely allied to Gondor, which is renowned for its horses.

ROHIRRIM: A name for the people of Rohan.

SARUMAN (The White): The greatest of the wizards, known for his knowledge and power, who betrayed the White Council. Saruman is an ally of Sauron, but wants the Ring for his own. He cur-

rently dwells at Isengard, North of Rohan.

SAURON: One of the greatest of the Maiar, who fell into evil and became Morgoth's lieutenant during the first age; known for his shape-shifting ability and his deceit. He escaped from the Valar during the battle at the end of the First Age. He helped Celebrimbor in the forging of the Rings of Power, but betrayed him by forging the One Ring to rule them all. He was captured by Ar-Pharazon, the last King of Numenor, but tricked him into attacking Valinor, which resulted in the destruction of Numenor and Sauron's physical form. Sauron fled back to Middle-earth in the hideous form of the Dark Lord, unable to ever again assume a shape that humans or elves would find pleasing. He waged war on the elves and the Faithful, but was defeated by Isildur, who cut the One Ring from his hand. Sauron could not be destroyed while the Ring existed, and spent the Third Age of Middle-earth increasing his power to become the unchallenged Master of Middle-earth.

SHADOWFAX: A horse, befriended by Gandalf.

SHIRE, The: A land of rustic villages, streams, fields, and gentle hills. The Shire was originally part of the Kingdom of Arthedain, and given to the hobbits by the King as a settlement. After Arthedain fell, the hobbits remained. The Shire is the starting point of this game.

SILMARILS: Three jewels created by the elven smith Feanor,

which captured the light of the two trees of Valinor. These Silmarils were stolen by Morgoth; one was later recovered by Beren and Luthien and used to light Earendil's star; the other two jewels were lost at the end of the First Age.

SMAUG: The last great dragon of Middle-earth, slain eighty years ago.

THENGEL: The father of King Theoden of Rohan, now deceased.

THEODEN: The current King of Rohan.

THEODRED: Son of Theoden, King of Rohan, recently slain in battle at the fords of Isen.

TOOKS: A family of hobbits known to possess an "un-hobbitish" adventuresome streak. Their family head receives the honorary title "Thane of the Shire." Peregrin Took is a member of this family; Bilbo Baggins and Frodo Baggins are both closely related to them.

TOWERS OF THE TEETH: The two towers of the Black Gate of Mordor.

TREEBEARD: The legendary eldest ent.

TULKAS: Champion of the Valar, renowned for his prowess in wrestling. He is the husband of Nessa.

ULMO: The Vala who is the Lord of the Sea, and friendliest to the Eldar in Middle-earth.

VALAR: The chief servants of Iluvatar; they are led by Manwe and his wife Varda. They rule the realm known as Valinor, and will

not interfere in the affairs of Middle-earth except in gravest peril.

VALINOR: The land of the Valar, where most elves also dwell. Elves may sail to Valinor by sailing westward; humans may not sail to Valinor.

VARDA: Another name for Elbereth.

WEATHERTOP: A ruined tower on top of a mountainous area, which once belonged to the now dead kingdom of Cardolan, located east of Bree. Also known as Amon Sul.

WESTEMNET: The Western March of Rohan, guarded by Erkenbrand.

WITCH-KING: The lieutenant of Sauron, the Black Captain, chief and most powerful of the Ringwraiths. The Witch-King ruled the Kingdom of Angmar many centuries ago, but was defeated by Gondor.

WIZARDS: Five men of great age, wisdom, and magical power, whose origin is unknown. The greatest wizard is Saruman, followed by Gandalf and Radagast.

WORMTONGUE: A derogatory name for Grima, counselor of King Theoden of Rohan.

YAVANNA: One of the Valar, who has a special interest in trees and nature.



PARAGRAPHS

**** 001 **** Once upon a time, there was a Dark Lord named Sauron. Now Sauron was not the happiest of Dark Lords. Nasty hobbits, rude wizards, and narrow-minded rangers wandered the land.

Maybe if I made a Ring, the Dark Lord thought, and he made himself a Ring. It was a long and difficult labour, one that strained his abilities and made him work many long hours, giving up spare time and leisure for the enjoyment of others. And, to record his Ring for posterity, he made a book full of paragraphs.

But evil men and women abused his book, looking where they shouldn't look as they struggled to overcome Sauron. But the Dark Lord laughed, saying, "You shouldn't believe everything you read, hobbit!"

Okay, okay, so the part about the ceramic throne was funnier in the first game...

**** 002 **** The Hands of the Giants are too much for Ansalathon as the great beast hurtles headlong into the abyss. A flaming cry issues from the dragon's throat as it falls, its wings useless in this pit, then it is gone.

**** 003 **** From your vantage point you see an old wooden bridge which spans the Entwash.

Beyond the bridge lies Fangorn, the ancient forest. Though the trees here are quite old and stand close to each other, the wood is not as dark as Mirkwood. The forest gives the impression of stuffiness, not in a gloomy way, but rather like an old study which is filled with books and interesting objects. The woods grow wild, but there seems to be some sort of primeval order behind it. The whole area is tree-ish, that is to say it seems unlikely that animals live or tarry long here. There appears to be some sort of dim path beginning at the other side of the bridge, and a great, tree-covered hill lies due north of the bridge.

**** 004 **** A horseman riding from the north approaches. The vanguard lets the loyal warrior approach. He is a weary man, with dented helm and cloven shield. Slowly, he climbs from his horse and stands there a while gasping. At length, he speaks to Eomer.

"You come at last, but too late, and with too little strength. Things have gone evilly since Theodred fell. We were driven back yesterday over the river Isen with great loss; many perished at the crossing to the north. Then at night fresh forces came over the river against our camp. All Isengard must be emptied; and Saruman has armed the wild hill men and herd-folk of

Dunland beyond the rivers, and these also he loosed upon us. We were overmastered. The shield wall was broken. Erkenbrand of Westfold has drawn off those men he could gather towards his fastness in Helm's Deep. The rest are scattered. There is no hope ahead. Return to Edoras before the wolves of Isengard come there."

**** 005 **** The orcs shout orders and threats at each other, voices fearful and angry. Bows twang all around you. Two of the long-haired men in mail topple from their saddles, spears falling from failing, convulsed hands, as arrows find their faces.

With a savage roar, the horsemen thunder into the fast-scattering orcs, spears driving hard into snarling, sword-waving bodies. Uruk-hai are tossed aside, or hewn down as they try to fight or flee. In the space of but a few frantic wails and death-screams, the band that was taking you to Isengard ceases to be.

Hard-eyed riders circle, as spears now dark with blood strike down the last crawling and fleeing orcs. They keep out of your reach, but in grim silence ring you about with ready spears, drawn swords, and moving horses.

**** 006 **** A cowed, cloaked figure moves silently forward out of the shadows of the hall. It leans on a staff, a wide-brimmed hat pulled down low over its face--- rather as Saruman appeared, when watching you, or Gandalf looks like, covered against wet weather in the North.

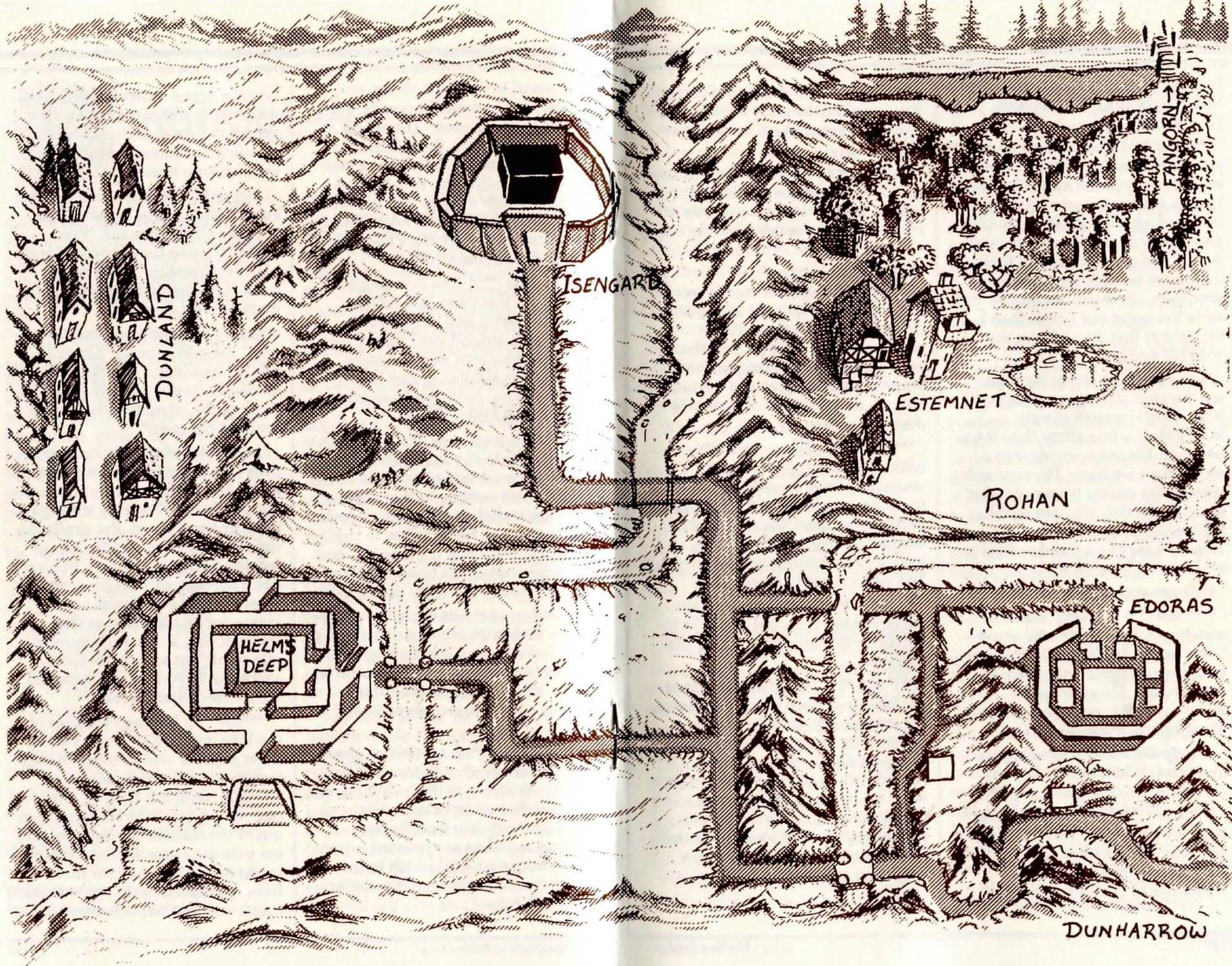
As the figure comes towards you, it suddenly flings the hat away and shrugs the cloak aside, to stand revealed as a human maid of breathtaking beauty.

Clad only in knee-high travelling boots and her long, flowing hair, the lady glides forward. "I've waited for you long indeed, heroes of the Fellowship." She pauses, hands on hips, and looks challengingly around at you all.

"Hasn't Gandalf told you about me?," she asks huskily. "Or do I remain, as always, one of the White Council's closest secrets? Do all think of the Istari as just so many bearded old men?"

Flames blaze from her eyes, and then race up and down her shapely limbs. Her dark boots smoulder, but the flames flickering through her hair harm it not. She strolls unconcernedly closer, until you can feel the heat of the flames. Behind her, a tapestry catches fire from her flaming body. She spares not a glance for its crackling, as she stares at you, and says, "Saruman was right. You are valiant fools--- and some of you are handsome as well. Come closer to me!"

****007**** Joining the ranks of the Ents, you are impressed at the sheer number and strength of these tree-men, who march resolutely towards Isengard. Such an army no one would dare interfere with, and out of the corners of your eyes you see patrols of orcs and men cowering in fear and hiding for their lives. You cannot help but to think that if you had not accompanied



DUNLAND

ISENGARD

ESTEMNET

ROHAN

EDORAS

HELM'S DEEP

FANGORN →

DUNHARROW

the Ents, you probably would have had to fight the dark forces by yourselves!

**** 008 **** Your speech so impresses Faramir that he removes his mask to see you the more clearly. He has a stern and commanding face, and a keen wit lies behind his grey eyes. "If hard days have made me any judge of words and faces, then there is something strange about you, an elvish air, maybe. But more lies upon our words than I thought at first. So will you come with me and my guards?"

"You cannot go along the road southwards, if that was your purpose. It will be more closely watched after this affray than it has been yet. We are going now to a secret place we have. The orcs and spies of the enemy have not found it yet, and if they did, we could hold it long even against many. There we may lie up and rest for a while, and you with us."

Will you go with Faramir? (Y/N)

**** 009 **** "At last!" says the mewlip. "A face of friendly view! Long have I dwelt here in this dripping cave, trapped with these ancient shades. For your aid in escaping, I offer you the tenth part of my hoard, a princely price."

To help the mewlip escape, you must recruit him into your party. Do you accept the mewlip? (Y/N)

**** 010 **** This room is rather large, but it is filled with nothing but dust. Only a large carving of an eagle sits against the southwesternmost portion of the wall.

**** 011 **** "Butterbur!" you cry. You run after the pudgy innkeeper. "How did you make it down here?"

But the image flickers like a rainy sunset and fades away. The building too disappears, leaving only a mist of watery vapors. Nothing left -- except the echo of Saruman's laughter.

**** 012 **** An old man is watching you. He is wrapped in a great cloak, and leans on a staff. His wide-brimmed hat is pulled down over his eyes, but in its shadow you see the curling end of a white beard -- and the glint of teeth. He does not speak.

**** 013 **** The room is filled with a beautiful golden light emanating from the white marble fountain which sits in the middle of the floor. Sparkling clear water bubbles up inside the fountain, and its sound is pleasing and calming. The water is easily accessible.

Bas-reliefs of a male and female elf, obviously Linandel and Olorindel, decorate the wall opposite the entrance.

**** 014 **** You stand in a great roofless ring, open in the middle to the sombre sky; and the spaces between their immense boles are like the great dark arches of some ruined hall. In the very center four ways meet. North lies the road to the Morannon; south it runs out again upon its long journey; to the west the road from old Osgiliath climbs up and crosses, passing

eastward into darkness: the fourth way, the road you are to take.

**** 015 **** The stench of death is everywhere in these caves. Piled as high as the ceiling are thousands upon thousands of bones. This is certainly the dragon's dinner chamber, and look who's the next course!

A mouthful of women and children have been hiding in the corner of the chamber with no where to run to, until now. They immediately cluster around your adventuring band, begging to be rescued. Someone has to take them back to safety!

Who will act as escort?

**** 016 **** A silence fills the room. Theoden draws a sword from its sheath, and, eyes narrow, advances on you.

**** 017 **** The gesturing phantom howls, "Avenge me! See Wormtongue driven from this hall and land, and Saruman's evil broken and spent."

The phantom sighs; a chill breath whistles among you. "Wormtongue killed me. In life, I was Falrin, page in this Hall. I betrayed my king and realm--not once, but many times. I would make amends, if you will aid me. End this evil--strike down Grima the Pale! Slay or cast out also the others here who serve Saruman: Isur, Helmmar of the guard, Olbrin the butcher, the merchants Felgund and Halardin, and Edeana of the Hall's kitchens."

**** 018 **** This vast room contains a large bed of great comfort.

There is a table with some food, a small sack, and a pipe and tobacco. There is a carving of an eagle on the southwesternmost portion of the wall. A crystal ball sits on a stand next to the bed.

What really commands your attention is the stern faced visage of a man in a multi-colored robe. He is wielding a staff, and he leans on it as he stares at you with piercing eyes. His hair is white, save for some small streaks of black.

"I am Saruman, and you, you are fools. I have not invited you into my home, and I'll wager you have laid your thieving hands on my possessions! No matter. It is apparent that you have never heard of the admonition about no meddling into the affairs of wizards, or if you have heard it, you are about to learn just how quickly a wizard is to anger! A pity that your lesson will last only as long as your lives, that is, several heartbeats!"

**** 019 **** The word is INIK-ZUN.

**** 020 **** The gates to Isengard fling open, and hundreds of horns blare their warnings. The thunder of hoofbeats and ironshod boots fills the air as thousands of men and orcs spill forth from Isengard, marching off to war. It takes a while for the armies to pass, and the Ents remain still, waiting patiently for the host to pass. The ugly faces of the orcs, the sharpness of their weapons, and the odor that wafts from them is enough to make you want to flee, but you derive some comfort and

confidence from the Ents which surround you. As the last of the army leaves, the gates close shut with a resounding boom.

****021**** A letter reads:

Flizhpot-

Your primary mission is for you and your troops are to hold the western edge of Fangorn, cutting and clearing away as many trees as possible. In addition, you will report to me any sightings of hobbits in the area. Beware of walking trees- they should be eliminated with the utmost dispatch.

As for your earlier question, you are indeed under the command of Chagaluk. I warn you against attempting anything on him, as his troop is my elite, and their defense of the tunnels which lead to Isengard is crucial. Leave Chagaluk to his command under the mountains, you take care of the trees! If that assignment is too beneath you, perhaps we can arrange a new task for you- perhaps caring for my engines that power Isengard.

The letter is signed with a stylized White Hand.

**** 022 **** At this point in the Quest, your thought goes back to the First Age of Middle-earth, and the Quest of Beren and Luthien to take the Great Jewel from Morgoth, the master of Sauron. "Why that was a worse place and a blacker danger than ours!" you state.

You try to remember the first stanzas of the Lay of Leithian:
"A King there was in days of old;
ere Men yet walked upon the

mould
his power was reared in caverns'
shade,
his hand was over glen and glade.
Of leaves his crown, his mantle
green,
his silver lances long and keen;
the starlight in his shield was
caught,
ere moon was made or sun was
wrought."

You continue to recite the poem, and it brings comfort to you on the borders of this evil land.

**** 023 **** Athelwyn notices a box with the symbol of an iron crown. You move to take it, but she shouts: "Do not touch it! The power of the Great Darkness is upon it!"

**** 024 **** A very large, very old eagle wearing a gold crown, approaches you. He is surrounded by 15 other eagles, only a little less older and larger, each of them wearing a golden collar. The items appear to be of dwarven make.

The leader addresses you. "You have done us a great service. After the disappearance of our associate Radergast, and the evil perpetrated by Saruman the so-called Wise, we were beginning to lose heart in the goodness of the dwellers on the Earth. You have done much to restore our faith, in addition to restoring to us our young, thus ensuring our continuation on Middle-earth.

"Gold and silver have we none, for we are creatures of the air, and have no need for wealth, but this I give you: my name is a word of great power, and it may help you

when you are confronted by corrupted eagles, or if you find yourselves 'high and dry', with no way to get down.

"Also I give you this boon: Name any place in the regions of Fangorn, Isengard, or Rohan, and we shall bear you there on our grateful wings!"

**** 025 **** The word is BARAZ-DIN.

**** 026 **** At the crossroads you come upon a huge sitting figure, a great stone king. The years have gnawed it, and orcs have maimed it. Its head is gone, and in its place sits a round stone, rudely painted with a grinning face and one large red eye in its forehead.

Suddenly, you see the old king's head; it lies rolled away by the roadside. The eyes are hollow and the carved beard is broken -- but the king has a crown again!

About the high stern forehead there is a coronal of silver and gold. A trailing plant with flowers like small white stars has bound itself across the brows, and in the crevices of his stony hair yellow stonecrop gleams.

"They cannot conquer forever!" you think. And then over the bleak heights of the Ephel Duath to the east you see again the great slow-rolling pall of cloud.

**** 027 **** Treebeard carries the party many Ent-strides until he reaches a large wall of evergreen trees. Skirting around them, he descends into an area that they party recognizes as a large, bowl-shaped

depression. The air is filled with the hoom-hoom of many Ents, some already in their places, others marching into the bowl area. And what Ents they are! No two are alike, just like no two trees are alike. There are many old Ents, and a few ancient Ents, even some smooth-barked Ents like trees in their prime, but, sadly, no saplings.

Treebeard sets the party down, and introduces you to a young Ent. "This is Quickbeam," Treebeard intones. "Bregalad is his Elvish name. He is the closest thing to a hasty Ent that there is, and you all ought to get on well together."

**** 028 **** As you approach the cliff wall, you can see Erkenbrand and a handful of loyal warriors, their backs against each others for protection against an onslaught of vicious Uruk-Hai. The bodies of hundreds of orcs and hill men lie amid scores of slain warriors from Edoras. The orcs turn to greet you, sensing fresh meat. The battle to save Erkenbrand has begun.

**** 029 **** But wait! Some of your forces are turning coat and joining the orcs! You have been deceived by bandits masquerading as loyal warriors. The treachery of it all. The battle is not nearly as easy as it first appeared.

**** 030 **** The snow-clad mountains before you grow slowly larger as you approach. A little way ahead is a swift-flowing river, flanked by a broad road.

The Riders slow. You see pride and love shine together on many a face, as they look forward, and a

Rider nearby says to you, "Look now upon Edoras, seat of the Kings of Rohan for many long lives of men. Behold its golden gleam from afar! Within sits Theoden King, Lord of the Mark. He will speak with you, and his judgement shall prevail upon you. Make ready, travellers, and speak fair, for his ears have heard much in recent days that is troubling."

"Enough, Duthdag," says another Rider roughly. "Speak not of the Lord to these folk. Say instead more of the glories of Edoras---safer talk."

"Well, then," Duthdag responds, "look you, travellers: see the river Snowbourn, before us? It descends from snowy Starkhorn, down Harrowdale, and where it comes out into the plain, the Golden Hall of Rohan stands. Meduseld it is called, and it rises in the midst of fair Edoras. Without the gates of Edoras, where we will take you, rise the barrows where the great Kings of the Mark of old now sleep: seven mounds on the left, and nine upon the right."

A green hill rises at the eastern side of the valley Duthdag indicates. A dike, mighty wall and thorny fence encircle it. Within, you see the roofs of houses, rising to a green central terrace. There stands The Golden Hall---a great building, its roof gleaming gold. The same hue can be seen on the pillars that flank its entrance---and even from this distance, you can see the wink and flash of sunlight upon armor,

as guards there turn and pace, perhaps peering your way.

"It is my hope," Duthdag adds softly, "that you have come into the grasp of the Horse-lords of your own will, and truly bear no evil scheme or force hither. Or it is in my mind that the Golden Hall may be the last fair thing you see."

**** 031 **** As you ride up to Helm's Dike, you can see a number of strange things. Trees surround you where there were none a few days before. And armies of orcs and hill men seem to be waiting for something. They haven't noticed your presence yet.

And then, a horn sounds in the distance. Not just any horn, but the sound of King Theoden riding to battle once again. In a flurry of horses and men, they charge through the stunned ranks of orcs and make way for Helm's Dike, for one last brave stand.

The time is right for victory, Gandalf and Erkenbrand lead their forces to battle as Erkenbrand sounds a horn of his own. Both sides know the other is coming, and the forces of Saruman seem not quite as confident as they appeared just moments ago.

But is it enough? Thousands of evil minions still lie between victory and defeat. And now, instead of one handful of warriors, there are two. Two handfuls of men, against a sea of bloody hands.

**** 032 **** You notice the Witch-King flying overhead, borne on his ghastly steed.

"We're doomed Mr. Frodo sir!" Sam says. Gollum says nothing, but hisses and trembles.

"We have more important things to worry about, Sam," Frodo replies, "something has been lost which must be told!"

See Paragraph #1 in the Addendum.

****033**** Returning to the Entmoot, the party is greeted by Treebeard. "Hoom! You have returned! The Ents have discussed long what we should do about Saruman the tree-killer and orcfriend! Hrmm! Many of the Ents believe we are being too hasty, and desire words of wisdom from Leaflock and Skinbark, two Ents who are ancient as myself.

"Skinbark is located in the far northwestern edge of Fangorn, while Leaflock is the far northeastern edge of the woods. Both Ents are very tree-like now, and will require water from the Entwash, taken from the banks near my house. It is concealed by a brambly wall. Ha! This bank is located south of my house at Wellinghall.

"Go to the old Ents, and get their words. Since the errand is dangerous, and the way is treacherous with Huorns and the like, I would recommend that Quickbeam be allowed to accompany you. I also give you !Fimbrethil, a word of great might which will summon Huorns to fight for you, though this only has

power in the woods of Fangorn. Use it wisely. Hroom!

"May the sheltering branches of Fangorn keep you safe, friends. Your burden is great, for if we do not get the words of wisdom, the Entmoot will have been for naught, and we cannot have that! Har-room! Now go, and beware of hasty actions!"

The entire Entmoot falls silent, looking for all the world like a quiet, well-tended forest.

**** 034 **** "Welcome, great heroes," begins an old man guarding the breach. "I am lord of the watch here and as such, it falls on me to give you the quick tour. Since I can't leave my post, I'll have to tell you rather than show you. You, with the pointy ears, take notes.

I'll take you troops and reassign them while you travellers get comfortable and learn your surroundings. There's a going to be a whale of a scrap tonight, and I'd hate for you to get lost a looking for it!

Following the Deeping Stream west takes to the falls. Behind the falls ... I said BEHIND the falls, are the glittering caves.

Right now, you got two options. You can head for the keep and get some rest, or head to the glittering caves for some food, water, and ahem a bath. If I know the guards at the keep, I'd get cleaned up before going there.

Take care and remember what I said. Search the entire area now, before things get ugly. Take heart,

my comrades, legend says the Hornburg has never fallen to siege.

**** 035 **** Theoden raises his spear and shouts:

"Arise, riders of Rohan! Fell deeds await, our spears shall greet the foe! Forth eorlingas!"

A great horn sounds. The journey to Dunharrow has begun.

**** 036 **** As you move towards the inner wall, one of the Rohirrim approaches.

"I know you are tired and hungry, but I have heard fell tidings, which may mean our doom.

"For centuries, there have been legends of secret passages above the main caves and chambers of Aglarond. Supposedly, they provide a secret exit to the surface somewhere nearby. If all goes well, they might provide shelter for the women and children of this land should the battle go ill for us and the forces of Saruman lay siege to Helm's fortress.

"More disturbing, is a thought that occurred to Theodred some weeks before his death. Saruman has had many years to scout and learn these lands. His cunning is immense. If he has enough knowledge of these caves to place a force of orcs in waiting there, our situation would be grave indeed. There are legends of monsters in the depths of Aglarond, spawn of the great serpent of Aglarond that Helm the Hammerhand slew. What if such creatures were in league with Saruman?"

"Great lords, if you will accept my counsel, go to the Glittering Caves now. If the enemy comes while you are there, you will have as good a defense as you would in the Hornburg. If they do not come, we may thwart a terrible adversary before it could be used by Saruman to his best advantage."

**** 037 **** You notice three stones, on a marble table. One is an emerald, another a sapphire, the third is a ruby.

"Prettiesss!" Gollum hisses, and he lunges to take them...

**** 038 **** A high mocking voice stabs at you. "You thought you had seen the last of me, did you not? Did you know the power of a witch to feign one's death? Now, at last, the Ring is mine. Not for the Dark Lord, or for the fool of many colors in Isengard. Mine!"

"Athelwyn!" you cry in a horrified, astonished voice.

**** 039 **** Before you even lift your light, you feel at once this must be a tomb.

The dusty air is stifling but not foul. Now and then you feel a draft of cool air, issuing from unguessed openings in the walls. The sound of your footsteps echoes hollowly. No gleam comes from your elven blade.

Square stone pillars in a line reach back into darkness. The first bears a bronze plaque. Written in Feanorian characters is the name TELANDRING, and beneath it, in an antique mode of the Common Speech:

HERE LIE IN GLORY HERION
MAGISTER LAST OF HIS LINE
WITH HIS BELOVED ANCES-
TORS UNTIL THE WEST RISE
AGAIN -- MARDAHIR
STONEMAKER HE CARVED
THE HALL IN THE FOURTH
YEAR OF BELEGORN REGENT
STEWARD

Along the walls to north and south lie coffins, sarcophagi, superbly carved in black stone. To the north are men, finely dressed; to the south, women in flowing gowns. But they are all defiled, their lids thrown askew, bones piled at their pedestals' base.

**** 040 **** Gandalf stands suddenly tall, his staff in his hand. He speaks in a clear, cold voice.

"The wise speak only of what they know, Grima. A witless worm have you become. Therefore be silent, and keep your forked tongue behind your teeth. I have not passed through fire and death to bandy crooked words with a serving-man till the lightning falls."

He raises his staff, and there comes a roll of thunder. The Golden Hall is suddenly as dark as night--save for Gandalf, standing white and tall.

In the gloom you hear Wormtongue hiss, "Did I not counsel you, lord, to forbid his staff? That fool, Hama, has betrayed us!"

**** 041 **** You recover from your dizziness in time to feel an icy wind blast you. Above your head, clouds roll in ominously. You stand amazed to find that you have been

sent to the pinnacle of Orthanc! There is no way down. You can see for miles all around you, since you are at a very great height. The smooth, black stone of Orthanc offers no comfort, no shelter from the cruel winds. This is a place of despair.

**** 042 **** The word is NIJILASDIN.

**** 043 **** You stand in the midst of a ring of smirking orcs. The rope around your neck leads straight to the fist of one of them. The points of drawn swords are held close all around you: a single jerk on the rope will haul you into helpless impalement upon them.

"Stand silent, meat!," snarls a huge orc whose arms, are a-crawl with old scars. "Or I'll snack on a tongue or two right now!" Then it turns its head, and says to other orcs around you, "My orders are that strangers not of the Mark are to be taken to Isengard. Alive and as captured; no spoiling. So I was told."

"Your orders," says one. "Not mine. I say kill them--the horse-riders are as thick as these blades of grass, all about, and we've no time to drag along such cursed nuisances. I wish to have a little sport, kill, and move on."

"Then you can wish again," growls the scarred orc. "I command here. I am taking this meat to Isengard. Now."

He jerks on the rope. Sword-points jab you for an instant, ere they are pulled back, and the orcs, with much muttering and dark

looks your way, begin to move. You are pulled along, like a dog on a leash, a prisoner. On---to Isengard.

Then the orcs break into song, something about being off to see a wizard...

**** 044 **** From the ground, the shades of the dead arise and survey you. They are humans, tall and grim, in heavy armor and wielding great weapons. One of them bows and says, "You are not servants of the Enemy, that is clear to see. Neither are we. Ask, and we shall answer freely, in accordance with our knowledge, that we might aid thee."

**** 045 **** Saruman stands revealed, a scowl of contempt on his face, his staff brandished menacingly at your group. "Pfah! Slow-witted trees and a few miserable folk! With such you expect to topple Saruman the White, greatest of the White Council? Well you do against simple stone walls and iron gates, but Orthanc and myself will prove far more formidable! Begone, and perhaps your lives will be spared, this I magnanimously promise to you, even though you so maliciously destroy my property without provocation. Leave, I say! And let me retire to Orthanc in peace!"

**** 046 **** "The time has come, friend Radagast," Gandalf says. "We must fight the final battle, and depart, in fulfillment of our purpose." Radagast looks at Gandalf, then flees, saying nothing. Gandalf shakes his head.

**** 047 **** It is as you most feared. A balrog. And this time, Gandalf is not here to protect you.

**** 048 **** Another guard joins in. "The Sleepless Dead are awake indeed. On that moonless night, but a little while ago, a great host in strange array passed by. Whence they came none know, but they went up the road and vanished into the hill, as if they went to keep a tryst."

He looks at you. "If you're curious, be warned---go not past the marker-stone, in Dimholt. Orcs, brigands, and worse lurk thereabouts, for we often let them go, once they pass the stone. The Dark Door's a fell place.'

"Dead Men of the Dark Years guard that way, and suffer no living man to come to their hidden halls. The last man of Rohan to try the Paths of the Dead was Baldor son of Brego; he was never seen again.'

"But at whiles the Sleepless Dead pass out of the door like shadows, down the stony road. Then the people of Harrowdale shut fast their doors and shroud their windows and are afraid. But the Dead come seldom forth and only at times of great unquiet and coming death." He smiles thinly. "You've come here at one of these joyous times, it seems."

**** 049 **** Faramir says, "Boromir was Captain-General of Gondor and our leader." His eyes watching you grow harder. "Would

you grieve to learn that Boromir is dead?"

You catch the look in his eye. "Do you mean he is dead? But he was alive and strong when we parted. How do you know the son of Denethor is dead?"

"Night oft brings news to near kindred, 'tis said. Boromir was my brother."

A shadow of sorrow passes over his face. "You may remember that Boromir bore a great horn bound with silver. If it be blown at need anywhere in Gondor, its voice will not pass unheeded. Eleven days ago, I heard the blowing of that horn, dim as an echo in the mind.

"Three nights later, I sat on watch by Anduin nigh Osgiliath, which our enemies now hold. I saw a boat of a strange fashion floating, with none to steer it. A pale light was round it. The boat was almost filled with clear water, and in it lay Boromir, my brother, dead. One thing only I missed: his horn. Boromir! I cried. Whither goest thou? O Boromir! But the boat turned and passed glimmering on into the night. He has passed down the River to the Sea.

"The shards of the horn came severally to shore, and now lie on the lap of Denethor in Minas Tirith."

**** 050 **** The path, called the Stair of the Hold, coils like a snake up the steep rockface, with many loops and switchbacks, steep as a stair. Horses can walk up it, and wagons can be slowly hauled, but

no enemy could force entrance up it, if were defended.

And it is defended. Watchful men of Rohan sit with swords ready on their knees, on stone seats at the head of the Stair, where it leaps up through a short rock cut onto the high meadow where you stand.

There are perhaps a dozen warriors in view, and tents nearby speak of more. You have been seen. One guard sheathes his sword and strolls towards you. His manner is curious, not hostile, and he does not appear to have ever laid eyes on you before, or to be suspicious of your looks or presence.

**** 051 **** The man runs past you, panting in his haste and excitement. It is one of the Dunedain---but this one is more joyous than you've ever seen one of those grim, quiet men be.

"An Entwife! Araphor, I've seen an Entwife!" he calls, almost singing the words. His lithe leaps and bounds carry him over the rocks, and out of your view.

**** 052 **** Athelwyn smiles and holds the crystal ball in her fingers. "Now limitless knowledge is in my hand..." Then her gloating stops, and she becomes transfixed by a single red eye that appears in the glass. "Yes master." she says in an evil monotone. "Saruman has fallen. I shall await the messenger..."

**** 053 **** A band of battered warriors are nursing their wounds and putting their dead comrades to rest. Some are horribly burned, while others have been slashed by

the huge claws of some tremendous beast. One of the guards is peering around the corner up ahead of you, as if he expects to see something appear any minute. Most of the men are visibly terrified.

Your presence startles one of the injured. He screams incoherently and passes out in shock.

**** 054 **** A huge red form rises from the great abyss, and lands with the weight of a mountain on the ground. The monster is not old and crusty, as was the legendary SMAUG, but young and strong and full of new life.

The light of your torches reflects over him as if his scales were made of the finest black silk. The beast is well-muscled and graceful, but the rack of human skulls strung about its neck belies its true nature.

The sinewy neck of the beast now arcs forward towards you, and the monstrous bony head of the immense reptile levels its gaze across your party.

The eyes flash with a red glow that seems to rise from within the beast, and a sinewy trail of fetid white smoke trails its way from the rear of its powerful jaws.

Suddenly, the jaws of the beast rip open, exposing row after row of young ivory teeth. The great monster roared loud enough that the whole of Middle-earth could feel it in their bones. Even Sauron the Dark was affected.

"I am Ansalathon the Red," the great beast called out in a voice as

deep as thunder. "My father was the greatest dragon the universe has ever known. My mother fed me on a thousand infants a day until I was old enough to claim my own meat."

"Know you of Ancalagon the Black? Can you see in me, his son, the power of all that is evil? Do you know how close you are to death at this very moment of your short mortal lives?"

"I will eat the elf first, by peeling the flesh from his bones one strip at a time. Then, I will taste the sinews of the wizard, while I crunch the dwarves strong bones in my teeth. Men I will cook first, brazing them alive over a low fire. Your blood will boil as you scream for merciful death."

"Now, I am hungry again. You should have left the valley while your fate was still your own to decide."

**** 055 **** The forest around you is healthy and vibrant. You get the feeling of newness, as if the woods were just born this very day. One large tree moves toward you, and shows you its face, which, though bark encrusted, looks human. It speaks to you in a deep voice.

"Hoom! Strangers in the wood! You do not carry the stink of orcs on you, nor do you look like the sort that Saruman deals with! We are watching Isengard, making sure that Saruman the tree-killer does not do anything hasty. It is regrettable, for it is rumored that Saruman is very wise. If anyone

knew anything about the fate of the Entwives, it would be him. Hrmm!

"It has been said that a clue to the fate of the Entwives was inscribed in ancient tongues on a piece of bark, and it now lies deep in Isengard. How helpful the clue is, and indeed the trueness of the clue itself, is not known. Still, anything at present would be helpful. Hmmm!

"Harrooom! You have the look of elf-friends, and long have the elves venerated the trees! If you are indeed elf-friends, could we prevail upon you to search the underground of Isengard? Decide amongst yourselves, but do not make a hasty decision. We would go, but the siege of Isengard keeps us occupied! Ha! I only hope that our hasty actions at Isengard have not ruined the room which contains the clue, if it indeed exists!"

**** 056 **** The great oliphant trumpets, and you feel its tusks crash into you, sharp and strong, and you know no more...

**** 057 **** "I would bid you send a message to my father Gormod, if he still lives. He was fighting at the fords of Isen, but word has it that all have been destroyed. Nonetheless, I would have you look. I will go with you."

**** 058 **** The ghost of Linandel appears again, seeming much relieved. "You have done well. With new trees growing here, I can now rest easy, knowing that the trees will thrive and prosper. I now ask that you free my sister from her obligations. Below us is an under-

chamber with a very special fountain. If you can obtain water from it and pour it into the Entwash, it will tell my sister that the trees grow here again, and she too will be able to rest.

"I leave you now with these two words of wisdom: Look to the new trees for the means to enter the fountain chamber, and look beyond my sister and I if you wish a reward. Farewell, and thank you once more, elf-friends!"

With that, the smiling elven ghost fades away.

**** 059 **** "Precious!" Gollum shouts at the sight of his beloved. You do not even have time to place it on your finger...

**** 060 **** "Bow down before me! You mistress commands it!" But the orcs ignore her, advancing with swords drawn. In response, she draws a dagger, and hisses like a cornered snake.

**** 061 **** Faramir shakes his head. "My brother's murderer demands a weregild. This precious little bauble should suffice."

**** 062 **** Hama is not pleased by your refusal. "If you will not obey the wishes of a King in his own hall, do not expect him to honor yours. Leave Edoras, and if you are prepared to show courtesy, you might be allowed to speak with him later.

**** 063 **** She is an elven maiden; no music that you have ever heard is so sweet and so sad. She introduces herself as Ethriel, daughter of Maglor.

**** 064 **** "It is true," Theoden replies. "He had rebelled against my commands, and threatened death to Grima in my hall."

"A man may love you and yet not love Wormtongue or his counsels," says Gandalf.

"That may be. I will do as you ask. Call Hama to me. Since he proved untrusty as a doorward, let him become an errand-runner. The guilty shall bring the guilty to judgement." Theoden's voice is grim, but he smiles at Gandalf--and the smile smooths away many lines of care from his face.

They return again as Gandalf whispers to the King, telling him of the Ring-bearer's quest, the peril of Sauron, and the work of Saruman.

****065**** Gandalf walks up to the entrance to Orthanc and looks up at the balcony. "Saruman, come forth!", he shouts. After a few minutes, the balcony door opens, revealing Saruman the White, a kindly old man, clad in a great cloak. "Who disturbs my rest? What vile thing could I have done to deserve such treatment?", he asks in a kind but sad voice.

"But regardless," Saruman continues smoothly, "I know two of you: Theoden King and Gandalf. I would speak first to the Lord of the Mark. Ruin comes to you soon, and despite the injuries inflicted upon me by the Rohirrim, I still offer you my help." Theoden appears to consider Saruman's kind words. The Riders of Rohan are enraptured at

Saruman's eloquence. Finally, the King steels himself and responds to Saruman. "Your voice has lost its charm, Saruman. You are a liar and corrupter of men's hearts and minds. There shall be no peace until you and your works are thrown down!"

"Foolish Horselord!" Saruman spits. "I do not need you! And you," he says, looking at Gandalf, "I expect better of you! We are different from these simpletons! Why do you consort with the likes of them? Join me, come up to my tower, and together we will defeat Sauron and rule this world the proper way!"

Everyone holds their breath until at last, Gandalf laughs. "Saruman, you should have been a jester! You do not understand me at all. No, I will not come up, but rather I repeat my offer for you to come down. You shall not be harmed."

Saruman sneers at Gandalf. "You are obviously drunk and not in your right mind! Come back and talk when you are sober!" Saruman wheels about and heads back into Orthanc.

**** 066 **** "No, not Aragorn." the grim voice says. "The name is Thuringwethel..."

**** 067 **** The word is KENZANTHRUK.

**** 068 **** You listen with horror as Pippin tells Him everything. About Aragorn, and Gandalf, and about the Ringbearer. The Quest has failed.

**** 069 **** This dark and dismal chamber was obviously cut

from the living rock by the hands of men. It is also quite obviously, someone's tomb.

The walls are decorated with bas relief images of women serving the man. He is a great warrior, with a chest the size of a water barrel and arms as large as most warriors' necks. His long flowing beard belies a barbarian's heritage.

The only unusual thing about this old king's panorama of fantasy is the set of metal gauntlets the king is always wearing. Surely the great lord resting here would not have passed on to his eternal paradise without taking his most prized treasure with him.

In the rear of the chamber, set deep into the wall is a stone slab. From this distance, you can see that there is a humanoid form lying atop the sarcophagus. The glint of metal catches your eye.

**** 070 **** "Very well!" Athelwyn snaps. "I suppose I must work with you, if only to survive this nightmare. But when this is over, we will be mortal enemies once again."

Aragorn nods but says nothing, keeping a watchful eye for the worgs.

"The fire is getting low." Athelwyn noted, getting close to Aragorn. "I suppose it is beneath the dignity of a Prince of the Dunedain to give his cloak to a lady in the howling cold..."

**** 071 **** Saruman smiles. "It is good to at last have one of Gandalf's rag-tag in my clutches. A

chance to be repaid for his many injuries to me!"

**** 072 **** Faramir looks out to the pale mists that shimmer in the great vale below. Far off in the West the full moon is sinking, round and white. "Moonset over Gondor. Fair Ithil, as he goes from Middle-earth, is worth a few shivers. But look now what Anborn has spotted."

He leads you to the edge of this high wet platform. Far below, the white waters swirl darkly about a deep oval basin. In the moonlight a small froglike figure climbs from the water and up the bank. Silver glints in the moonlight. It is Gollum, caught fishing in the pool where none may come unbidden.

Faramir says, "Your gangrel companion slipped my keenest huntsmen. Now he has dared to come to Henneth Annun, and fish from the pool may cost him all he has to give. Anborn has him at the arrow-point, but this is a harder matter than it seems. Shall we shoot?" (Y/N)

**** 073 **** The Witch-King turns, and walks away. The hour of this meeting has not yet come.

**** 074 **** "I hid the key to the dragon's treasure chest under rock in the river! Find it if you're smart enough!"

**** 075 **** This huge ram, great as a forest-tree a hundred feet in length, bears a name carved in the Angerthas runes: GROND, a memory of the Hammer of the Underworld of old. Its hideous head, founded of black steel, is shaped in

the likeness of a ravening wolf; on it spells of ruin lie. Ahead and to its side hang the empty harnesses for the great beasts that draw it.

The fell weapon has crawled the road from Mordor near to Osgiliath, the ruined city. You guess its destination: the Tower of Guard, Minas Tirith. Faramir knew the attack was coming, but was he in time?

**** 076 **** "These are lost to us?," cries Hama. "In my Wardship? Lord, take my life!"

He offers his sword to the Lord of the Mark. Theoden shakes his head, pushing it away.

"Take back your sword, loyal Hama," the King says slowly. "The scepter Grima brought to me for a time, days ago, when I lay ill abed... he left us, now, with nothing so great in his hands, and no time to take such up---no, he has hid these things, in three places, these keys tell us, here about Meduseld---within these walls, where he could lay hand to them without all of Eodoras seeing him going about with such precious things, if I called for them and would not be talked into forgetting ... as I have been, more than once, I now recall..."

**** 077 **** An old man clad in robes and carrying a staff blocks the mountain pass. As he sees you, he says "Beware of where you tread! You are heading to Haryarn, village of the Dunlanders! They are now most friendly, seeing the valor of the Rohirrim and the mercy of

their king. Welcome, and enjoy thyselfes!"

**** 078 **** The spirit smiles and disappears.

**** 079 **** Vorondur shakes his head. "Do not do this thing. You have not the strength. It is better to be damned than to see the innocent damn themselves for your sake."

**** 080 **** "Hoom!" Treebeard says. "This is more than I expected! The seed has been lost for many years, but only the ent-wives know the secret of the growing. And the ents never learned to read the words of the entwives. Writing is such a hasty thing."

**** 081 **** As the water from the fountain is poured into the Entwash, the ghost of a beautiful elven woman emerges from the river. She says nothing, but sings a wordless melody which will haunt you for the rest of your days. With a look of peace on her face, she rises away from the river and fades away. The party is overcome with feelings of peace and of healing, as some small wafer-like objects appear on the bridge.

**** 082 **** "As you wish..."

**** 083 **** You notice that the dragon has a soft spot in its belly. It is preparing to breathe...

**** 084 **** Gollum chants in a voice that is neither Smeagol's or his own: "One Ring to rule them all, one Ring to find them, one Ring to bring them all and in the Darkness bind them, in the land of Mordor, where the Shadows lie..."

**** 085 **** In this recess at the back of the cave, partly screened by curtains, Faramir speaks of his late brother. "I remember of Boromir as a boy, that it always displeased him that his father was not a king. 'How many hundreds of years needs it to make a steward a king, if the king return not?' he asked. 'Few years, maybe, in other places of less royalty,' my father, Denethor, answered. 'In Gondor ten thousand years would not suffice.' Alas! Does that not tell you something of Boromir?"

Sam says, "You're warm on the scent sir, if I may say so. Now I watched Boromir and listened to him, from Rivendell all down the road -- and it's my opinion that from the moment he first saw it he wanted the Enemy's Ring!"

Then Sam turns white, then flushes scarlet. "There I go again! O dear, O dear!"

Faramir smiles a strange smile. "The One Ring! And Boromir tried to take it by force? And you escaped? And ran all the way -- to me! And here I have you: a host of men at my call, and the Ring of Rings. A pretty stroke. Ha!" He stands up, very tall and stern, his grey eyes glinting.

You set yourself with your back to the wall, fumbling for your sword-hilt. There is a silence. But Faramir sits down, laughs quietly, and suddenly speaks gravely.

"Alas for Boromir! It was too sore a trial. But I am wise enough to know that there are some perils

from which a man must flee. And be comforted, Samwise, for it was safe to declare this to me. But do not even name this thing again aloud. Once is enough."

**** 086 **** The orcs bow down before you. "Master, Ringbearer!" Gosyuk snarls. "We are ready to destroy the Lugburz for you, and bring you His nine fingers as a trophy."

"Excellent," you say. "Begin the attack at once. Let the Lord Sauron beware, his downfall has begun. Take no prisoners. I want to see Lugburz in ruins, or you shall suffer."

Gosyuk grovels again, and you laugh long and loud. Becoming the Master of the Ring hasn't changed you. What was Gandalf talking about?

**** 087 **** Before The Golden Hall is a portico, its pillars made of mighty trees hewn in the upland forests and carved with interlacing figures gilded and painted. The doors also are of wood, carven in the likeness of many beasts and birds with jewelled eyes and golden claws.

Over them hangs the banner of the Lords of the Mark, The White Horse Upon Green.

The broad stair under your feet ascends to the stone portico. There you see two stone benches flanking the closed doors of Meduseld. On them sit men with drawn swords laid on their knees.

Their golden hair is braided on their shoulders, the sun is blazoned

upon their green shields, and their mail corslets flash brightly as they stand smoothly, watching you approach. They seem very tall, and the swords in their hands are long and bright.

**** 088 **** "You have used my axe unwisely." the apparition says. "You are no longer worthy to wield Durin's axe."

The item shimmers, and disappears.

**** 089 **** The towers of Minas Morgul light with a fell light, and the sound of drums is heard: "DOOM! DOOM! DOOM! DOOM!"

"Masster! We must runs! We musts!" Gollum shrieks.

**** 090 **** "You do not understand." Athelwyn said. "To be alive in Cardolan in the days of the Witch-King. I was glad when he was destroyed! Glad! I tried to befriend Prince Earnur, but he wouldn't knew what to do with a woman if one bit him."

**** 091 **** Taking large, purposeful strides, Treebeard guides the party through the twisting maze of old trees. Many of the trees wave their branches at Treebeard, or lift their limbs for him, making the path easier to travel.

"Ents are tree shepherds," Treebeard explains. "We care for the trees, though many of us have become more tree-ish lately, growing sleepy. Some trees have bad hearts, some huorns which will waylay any who dare wander Fangorn without being escorted by an Ent."

The time passes, and Treebeard eventually leads the party to a hill, with a great hall made of living trees. "We are here!" Treebeard booms. "In your language, this place would be called Wellinghall. It is one of my houses, and I enjoy it. If you need refreshing, I can offer you some Ent draught. It is water from the Entwash, and much more. It will help you grow and thrive!"

**** 092 **** "Take me with you!" Eowyn begs. "I am no wet-nurse, but a shield maiden of the House of Eorl! On the battlefield I shall avenge the honor of my house, but in this home I am but a caged thing, incapable of knowing joy."

**** 093 **** You have come to the ruins of an old village, a village which was not ruined until quite recently. In some places, the embers of destruction still smoulder. There are many freshly dug graves scattered throughout the area, wooden markers carved with runes in the tongue of the Rohirrim.

As you approach, you feel the presence of the survivors. It is not pleasant. They stare at you like you had committed some heinous crime, and say nothing; their silence is a greater condemnation than anything they could say. They are gathered around a woman, dressed in armor, carrying a spear. She is middle-aged; her features must have been very beautiful once, and still they might be, if they were not hardened by bitterness.

"I am Leofyn, leader of the Rohirrim of Estermet," she says. "If you have come to recruit us to your cause, you can go elsewhere. All have called on us for aid and long we gave aid freely, but in our time of need, none would give us any. Until a weregild is paid to compensate us for our losses, we shall aid no one."

**** 094 **** The word is HYAZATUK.

**** 095 **** You think to yourself: "This man is a liar!" But Treebeard looks down at the messenger until he is squirming on the floor: "I was expecting you, Master Wormtongue. Gandalf came here first."

**** 096 **** The haggard man's eyes seem to grow less wild as he remembers stories of an older time. "Legend speaks of three old men from the West, who came from the West to befriend the men of the East. One of them, the wizard Bezaduk, is said to live in a great towers of Gondor near the gap of Rohan. The two others, Paazin and Agrithu, lived for many years in friendship with the Lords of Rhun. Many things they taught them, the secrets of horse and wheel, chariot-making, and they became known as the Wheel Lords. But the Dark Ones came again, and told the Wheel Lords that they were the greatest of men, and that they should challenge the men of Gondor once again. For the lords of Gondor had conquered them long before, and their ancestors had paid great tribute to the mighty

kings of the West, and they hated the men of Gondor, and passed that hatred down through the generations.

"It is said that the Blue Wizards tried to dissuade the Wheel Lords, and were trapped in an impenetrable prison of moving stone. And the Wizards, seeing their teachings turned to evil, despaired, and never escaped their prison. The Wheel Lords attacked the men of Gondor and were defeated, and Gondor still stands, if only for a little while. The Dark Lord hates Gondor with a great hatred and seeks its destruction above all else. This I know well."

"No," you say, "not above *all* else." The haggard man gives you a strange look, and you blush and say nothing. He seems to forget your words very easily.

**** 097 **** The roar of white lightning explodes about the keep. All around you, the sounds of men calling the alarm can be heard. In a flash of an instance, a troop of guards barge in on your party, screaming, "To arms! To arms! The enemy is come. The horrid swell of Saruman is at our door."

Then begins a low, dull thud rhythmically beating in the distance. Captain Hama runs to a nearby window and in a moment has his answer.

"The hideous horde is ramming the gates! We must hold them at bay or all his lost. They are too many, a black sea of evil rolling off into the horizon!"

We have no choices, brave heroes. Within the outer wall is a small postern door. It is secreted in the northern regions of the wall and leads to a secret path that heads south to the main gates. Perhaps you have already been there? We can drive the horde back if we are forceful and quick. It will be dangerous in the extreme, as we will put ourselves against the very heart of evil. Would that we had some other way...

In any case we must move with haste! The future of all we hold dear depends on us!"

**** 098 **** Skinbark's roots eagerly soak up the pure water of the Entwash, and he immediately begins to look better. "Ahh, much better! Harrooom!" sighs Skinbark. "Only an Ent, most likely Fangorn himself, could have told you about this water. If he has sent you to deal with these orcs, tell him whatever action that he and the other Ents take has my blessing! Give him my word of blessing, the word of wisdom 'Ungoliant.'

**** 099 **** Hircanus draws his sword. "I would willingly drop my sword and sue for peace. But I will not die without a blade in my hand, if your law will not accept my surrender."

Mablung and Anborn move to attack, but Faramir gestures them away, sighing, and drawing his sword. "I cannot show mercy to the enemies of Gondor. But at least you may die as a warrior and not a criminal, with a blade in your hand, against a solitary opponent."

**** 100 **** You cannot move! The webbing is too thick!

"Mr. Frodo! Mr. Frodo!"

There is no response, but the gurgling of some inhuman thing in the tunnel, clawing on rock as it moves its huge bulk.

**** 101 **** The wall of the Hornburg crumbles. Aragorn plummets from the gate, and is gone in the throng of orcs that is assailing the fortress.

"Gandalf has failed us!" Theoden proclaims bitterly.

**** 102 **** From the postern path, the entire scene is illuminated with a flash of unholy lightning.

All the space between you and Helm's Dike is boiling and crawling with black shapes, some squat and broad, some tall and grim, with high helms and sable shields. Hundreds and hundreds more are pouring over the Dike and through the breach. The dark tide is flowing up to the walls from cliff to cliff. Thunder rolls in the valley as the rain keeps lashing down.

Charging into battle, all but one group of orcs and hill men drop their ram-trees and turn to fight. They feel strength in numbers and even the weather seems to be on their side.

**** 103 **** The rest of the evil horde fall back as your heroic deeds have saved the weakened gates for now. As you stand back to take a new appraisal of your predicament, some of the monsters you supposedly just defeated leap

up to ambush you! Many were just feigning defeat!

**** 104 **** Hooray, the gates are truly saved ... for now.

But wait, trumpets are blaring from the west. The Great Wall has been breached! Orcs have snuck in where the Great Wall passes over the river! Soon, they'll be pouring in, surrounding everyone on the Hornburg and leaving the glittering caves open to attack!

You must make it outside to the place where the river meets the Great Wall and drive the invaders back, or all is lost.

**** 105 **** The ethereal spirit of a male elf, clad in white-grey robes, floats near the trees, trying to prune them with his ghostly fingers. He turns to you, with a look of serenity on his face.

"Greetings, I am Linandel, a once caretaker of this wood. You have the look of elf-friends, and since the Ents have seen fit not to thrash you, then you must be welcome here.

"You are in my area of responsibility, and like any good gardener, I should tell you what lies further up the northern path. There are the sad remains of a small elven outpost up ahead, though the area is now overrun by foul-tempered Huorns. If a special seed is planted in the ruins, and watered by water from the source of the Entwash, something wondrous will happen. Both items can be found in the underground tunnels in the mountains which border Fangorn's west

edge. The ruins presently have a key which is needed to gain access to the source of the Entwash.

"My sister dwells in the Entwash itself, though not at the source. She guarded the river while she walked Middle-earth, and her spirit is now bound there until it is released. I cannot tell you how to do so unless you first plant the seed in the ruins.

"Obviously I cannot bound you to do these things, but if you are truly elf-friends, your hearts know that this is right." Linandel ends his speech and smiles at you. "I know that your races are curious folk who wish to have as much knowledge about things before trying them. So, if you have any questions, I shall try my best to answer them."

**** 106 **** Well, you are now trapped on the summit of Isengard, again. "You shall not escape me a second time, Gandalf the Grey!" Saruman laughs. "We shall deliver you into the clutches of Mordor, and my Master will pleased."

**** 107 **** "We have a saying in our country." Hircanus remarks. "That in the hour of hottest sun, kismet shall provide the worthy with a cool and unexpected rainfall. Let us hope that it shall rain soon!"

**** 108 **** "You are indeed a woman of great spirit and cunning." Faramir says. "I am indeed loth to slay thee, for I remember the consequences of the exile of Queen Beruthiel. No good comes from violence against women, even those with black hearts."

"You have bested me this once." Athelwyn says. "But I can travel places where you cannot go, at speeds at which you cannot dream. There is one who marches on Isengard whom I shall make my servant, and he shall command thee! Farewell, for I shall grudge any other the pleasure of your life."

The witch vanishes. Gollum peeks at the scene through his fingers, relieved that she is gone.

**** 109 **** This land is wide and hot, part of the debatable lands between Gondor and the Harad. You suddenly realize with horror that you have come too far south, that you have tarried too long, and that the Quest is in jeopardy.

"Look, Mr. Frodo! Oliphants! Dozens of oliphants!" Sam cries with joy. Hircanus puts his hand on the hobbit's shoulder.

"They have come here to die, Samwise of the Gamgee," the Southron says softly. "This is their graveyard. It is a place sacred to us. Let us leave at once."

**** 110 **** You are surrounded in a ring of trolls. Laughter is everywhere. "Surely you did not think that Moria would be our final battleground? How amusing you are! Surrender the Golden Wheel!"

**** 111 **** The word is KARIZ-THEKT

**** 112 **** Treebeard lies on his bed and puts his hands behind his head. "I would be very interested to hear your story, providing that you are not hasty in the telling. But

I also can answer some of your questions, if you seek information. I know these woods well, and all who dwell in them."

**** 113 **** Theoden toasts the victory to come, and takes a long draught from his cup. Then -- disaster. His face turns white, and haggard, and he begins to choke, as if invisible fingers were grasping at his throat. A few seconds later, he slumps to the floor.

"Majesty!" Hama cries. "This is my fault! That our lord would be poisoned in his own house!"

The fingers of Saruman are long indeed.

**** 114 **** "Master!" Gollum cries. "I have news. Preciouss news! You must not go until you have heard it!" See Paragraph #2 in the Addendum.

**** 115 **** The man is weeping. "The gift of sight is mine," he mumbles, not looking at you. "And I have seen a fell thing. A harper singing by firelight, of the great of Rohan fallen in a battle in Gondor." He shakes his head, tears falling upon the back of his hands, and whispers, "Red fell the dew in Rammas Echor."

**** 116 **** "Alas!" Treebeard cries. "This devilry has driven us back! We were too hasty to attack Isengard."

You cannot take your eyes off the surviving ents, as they stride into the forest. You know that no one but an ent will ever see them again.

**** 117 **** You hear a clock sound. "Tea time!" Anborn says. "Battles must stop some time."

**** 118 **** "You won't be allowed into the keep until you've had a proper bath," explains the guard.

**** 119 **** "You cannot show mercy to those who slew your brother!" Anborn shouts, drawing his sword. Mablung draws his, and stands at Anborn's side. "The Southron must die, now. Do not stand in our way, my Lord, or you shall fall beside him, and these rat rabble who accompany him."

"Mr. Frodo!" Sam cries.

**** 120 **** Hircanus waves you back, then takes a few slow steps toward the Mumak. It stops chewing and watches him with wide eyes, ready to bolt at a heartbeat's notice. But the Southron speaks soft, murmuring phrases in a language you have never heard. It does not sound like magic, but it might as well be, for the warrior comes close enough to the Mumak to lay his dusky hand upon its flank. He strokes an ear, murmuring all the while.

In minutes, the Mumak calms. At the warrior's word, it moves toward you. "The Gray Brother will follow us as we will," says Hircanus. "Another victory for the mighty warrior!" As they stare with wide eyes on the huge creature, no one in your party feels the urge to argue.

**** 121 **** As the light of the phial shines upon the pool, a

strange image forms. You are sitting in Bag End, with Rose Cotton and a child, but Frodo is nowhere to be seen. "Well, I'm back."

**** 122 **** Vorondur fades from sight. "Alas, that all of the dead in these Marshes cannot yet be free. But perhaps, if by some chance of fate the Enemy's Ring be destroyed, then all who are ensorcelled here may at last sleep in peace..."

**** 123 **** The great horse rears, and runs away.

**** 124 **** With the coming of the dawn, the orcs did not retreat, nor so any sign of fear. Spurred on by their blood lust, the smell of easy meat was in each and every primeval mind.

Suddenly, the main gates exploded, destroyed by the devilry of Orthanc. The orcs surged forward in anticipation of the battle to come. But no one answered their charge. Even as the smoke cleared into the morning mist, the beasts saw no enemy to fight, no one cringing in fear and feeling to all corners of the keep.

And then the sound was heard. Echoing through the valley was the ancient ominous sound of Helm's Horn. Theoden the King was calling all of his remaining forces to battle ... not to retreat! The orcs stepped back, stunned by the reverberating echo of the terrifying sound. Many of them began to flee out of sheer panic, but the mass of less timid forces surrounding them held all in check. They did not know what the sound heralded,

and there was now talk in the rear ranks of another great danger coming from behind. Were the orcs surrounding their enemy, or were they instead surrounded?

"The final charge of the forces of good has begun," Theoden called out, casting his now broken horn down to the ground. "The initial strike shall be to the very heart of the evil army, Helm's Dike! Then, we will take stock of our surroundings and take as many of these vile beasts as we can to the grave ... along with us I fear.

Forth Eorlingas! To Helm's Dike we ride!"

**** 125 **** "I thank you for your weregild." Leofyn says, and suddenly her face changes, and she laughs evilly. "Now I have a Ring to add to my collection, and it shall be complete!"

You recognize that face, cursing the day you first saw it. "Athelwyn!"

The witch of Cardolan smiles, and vanishes. Could she threaten the Ringbearer?

**** 126 **** And so King Theoden rode from Helm's Gate and clove his path to the great Dike. There the company halted. Light grew bright about them. Shafts of sun flared above the eastern hills and glimmered on their spears. But they sat silent on their horses, and they gazed down upon the Deeping Coomb.

The lands had changed. Where before the green dale had lain, its grassy slopes lapping the ever-

mounting hills, there now a forest loomed. Great trees, bare and silent, stood, rank on rank, with tangled bough and hoary head; their twisted roots were buried in the long green grass. Darkness was under them. Between the Dike and the eaves were the nameless wood only two open furlongs lay. There now cowered the proud hosts of Saruman, in terror of the king and in terror of the trees. They streamed down from Helm's Gate until all above the Dike was empty of them, but below it they were packed like swarming flies. Vainly they crawled and clambered about the walls of the coomb, seeking to escape. Upon the east too sheer and stony was the valley's side; upon the left, from the west, their final doom approached.

There suddenly upon a ridge appeared a rider, clad in white, shining in the rising sun. Over the low hills the horns were sounding. Behind him, hastening down the long slopes, were a thousand men on foot; their swords were in their hands. Amid them strode a man tall and strong. His shield was red. As he came to the valley's brink, he set to his lips a great black horn and blew a ringing blast.

**** 127 **** The Grey Brother gives a mournful trumpet, and dies. It died to save you; how small the difference seems between animals and thinking creatures, at times. Hircanus suppresses tears, and turns to you.

"I cannot accompany you on your quest. I must return to my own

land, and fight the Warlords. Perhaps in time we shall have peace. Perhaps one day I shall visit your land? All things are possible."

**** 128 **** The guards, naked swords in hand, watch you ascend the last steps. As you reach the top, they turn their sword-hilts to you in token of peace. "Wesath hale, feorran cumene", they chant. ("Hail, comers from afar!"). One steps forward.

**** 129 **** Helm's Ghost cries out, "I can only strike from the grave three times, and then my power is at an end. You cannot defeat me in combat, but you can outlast me. Defend yourselves well if it is the gauntlets you desire."

A cold chill crawls over the spines of the entire Fellowship, and...

**** 130 **** The hosts of Isengard roared, swaying this way and that, turning from fear to fear. Down from the hills leaped Erkenbrand, lord of Westfold. Down leaped Shadowfax, like a deer that runs surefooted in the mountains. The White Rider was upon them, and the terror of his coming filled the enemy with madness. The wild men fell on their faces before him. The Orcs reeled and screamed and cast aside sword and spear. Like a black smoke driven by the mounting wind they fled. Wailing they passed under the waiting shadow of the trees; and from that shadow none ever came again.

**** 131 **** Much of the day has passed and you are finally fully rested and your wounds have been

tended to. There is much still to be done, and Sauron has yet to be defeated, but basking in such a great victory is to be expected.

But then, rumbling through the valley is a sound. Not just any sound, but one not mad by man. No trumpet or horn, or Fire of Orthanc could make such a sound. No, this is the sound of a great and angry beast. There is a monster somewhere loose in the valley.

Guards are scrambling everywhere, and the faintest screams of women and children begin drifting between the cliffs. All realize in the same instant the awful truth of the terror.

"The caves! The caves!" the men call out to one another, as if to find some solace or sympathy. "There is danger and horror in the caves!"

Others more rational and, perhaps, with no beloved one to worry for, begin barking commands and bring the troops together.

"Form a detail and follow the river. Grab your weapons! To arms, men! To arms!"

Just as suddenly, another gentle rumble carries through the valley. This is the sound of rocks falling upon rocks, and when it is gone, so to is the screaming.

All who are able bodied move quickly towards the glittering caves, but on each and every face is a look of resolved dread, as if no one is quite sure if there is really anything anyone can do.

**** 132 **** The tunnels here look much different than any of the others in the rest of the mine. These walls are blackened with soot, and the smell of smoke, brimstone, and decay is everywhere. All along the walls, the black caked-out layer bears deep slashes, as if something monstrous has been trying to scratch its way out for a very long time.

On the floor are the scattered remnants of victims and victor alike. Rent suits of armor, soiled dresses, and bloodied infantwear intermingle with huge scales, human bones, and the odd reptilian tooth.

The smell of the beast is everywhere and a pervading aura of evil lingers like a heavy mist in the air.

**** 133 **** A deep voice rumbles "Ho! Hoom! What have we here? Turn around and let me look at your faces! I almost feel that I should dislike you, but let us not be too hasty! Hoom! At first, I thought you were orcs, but this is not the case. How odd." The tree-man pauses to think for a minute, then continues. "My name, or one of my names, is Treebeard, and I am an Ent. I realize I am being rather hasty in telling you this, but these are odd times, what with many burarum about. I must think a minute." He begins to look at your group intently.

**** 134 **** The gate-guard's speech is in the tongue of Rohan. Both Aragorn and Gandalf know this language. The guard's words

translate as follows: "Stay, strangers unknown! Who are ye, friends or foes, that have come thus strangely clad riding to the gates of this town? None may here enter in, neither beggarman nor warrior, if we know not his name. Now, ye comers from afar, declare to us in haste: what are ye called? What is your errand to Theoden our lord?"

**** 135 **** The word is NUHIGIX.

**** 136 **** A few torches cast a dim light on the glistening walls of the rock-chamber. Many men are here, but they are leaving by twos and threes through a dark narrow door on one side. The cave is filled with arms and victuals.

Faramir says, "At one time the water flowed down through this cave and out of the arch, but its course was changed further up the gorge, by workmen of old, and the stream sent down in a fall of doubled height over the rocks far above. All ways save one were sealed against the entry of water or aught else. Now we shall feed you, and then you may look around as you like."

**** 137 **** Grima emerges from the tent and smiles. "I thank you, Gamling. You have served your purpose better than I thought possible. Now the treasures of Theoden are ours, including the most precious one of all." He cannot take his eyes off Eowyn.

**** 138 **** The horses rejoice to be free, to no longer suffer the iron fists and whips of the orcs. Though none are here to praise your deed, it is a great victory nonetheless.

**** 139 **** Boromir stands before you, tall and terrible in his armor. The golden belt of Lorien gleams about his waist, and in his hand is his notched and broken sword.

"Did you not know," he asks, very softly, "that the dead can be restored to life by even the power of the Lesser Rings?"

With him stands a tall, kingly dwarf in battered and rent armor, a huge, glowing gem in one hand, and a palely glowing blade in the other. The gem is the most beautiful thing you've ever seen. It looks like a globe filled with moonlight, and hung in a net spun of the glint of frosty stars.

"Thorin Oakenshield, at your service," says the dwarf, almost haughtily. The gem in his hand begins to grow in size and brightness, and seems to float towards you, closer ... and closer...

**** 140 **** This is a low, dark space above the ceiling of Wormtongue's chamber. Here are four crossbows, affixed to a wooden frame, connected to the trapdoor with tripwires; a small iron box and a large, curving horn!

**** 141 **** "My people were never willing servants of the Dark Lord," the Southron says. "We are descendents of Bor the Dark, who fought alongside the Men of the

West against the Ice King of the North long ago. It is said that Bor would not betray his elven master, even when others of our people eagerly did so. A few of his grandsons survived, and over the course of the long years, we have not let his memory die, nor have we swerved from our purpose; to serve the Light, and revile the Dark. Even when the cruel men of Numenor fell under its spell, and became our Warlords, still we few children of Bor remained in fealty to our ideals and our hopes, that one day peace would come."

**** 142 **** Stretched like a rack of clothing on the ground lies a living warrior of Harad, a Southron. He wears a tattered scarlet robe and a corslet of overlapping brazen plates; his black plaits of hair are braided with gold. His dark eyes turn toward you, pleading. He is not wounded; by the shade of his skin, once swarthy but now as tawny as the heated sands of his home, you see he is ill, or poisoned maybe.

You wonder what the man's name is, and if he is really evil at heart, or what lies or threats have led him on the long march from his home; and if he would not really rather have stayed there in peace -- all in a flash of thought.

The warrior tries to speak, but he cannot. You could slay him with a blow; he is, after all, a servant of the Enemy. Do you attack the Southron? (Y/N)

**** 143 **** Saruman is livid, but Athelwyn merely smiles.

"Fool of many colors! How can you complain about my treason when you have betrayed so many? Perhaps you are a greater hypocrite than you are a wizard!"

Saruman shouts at Gandalf in a voice like a bird of carrion. "I will not speak with thee until that creature is gone from Isengard! Get her gone!"

**** 144 **** The place you have entered is a dishevelled mess. The cave smells of rotten meat. Broken pottery lies in a corner. A figure huddled in rags suddenly pulls out a dagger, then stops short.

"You are not orcs!" he hisses in a dialect of the elven tongue that is not easy to understand. "Who are you?"

The figure is an elven man, but one who has long been bereft of the pride and dignity of his race. He listens to what you have to say, and he questions you about what is happening. He shudders at the mention of Sauron's return.

"Long have I known the Enemy was abroad. But I did not think that the Lord of the Dark Tower had returned. That is grave tidings indeed, that such evil should be reborn." He snorts derisively. "And Gil-Galad was so proud, boasting that Sauron would be struck down forever. But that is the way of the Noldor, to boast and to die, and to drag their elven brethren with them.

"I am Nendol, a simple elf of the Forest of Greenleaves. My lord was Orophor, the King of the Great

Forest. I fought at the battle before the Black Gate, after the fall of Numenor. One of the Numenoreans, a brave warrior named Vorondur, saved my life. In return, I swore an oath not to leave him, while he stayed on the Earth. Such a foolish boast! I should have been more careful, but he was a great man, and high deeds require an equal response, otherwise gratitude is meaningless.

"Sauron's sorcery ensnared many of the high Lords of the Numenoreans and turned them into shades, who wander the Dead Marshes. As long as Vorondur cannot leave, my oath holds me, and I must stay in this wretched place until his shade finds its long home. I would ask thee, if you would prove your worth as a foe of the Dark Tower, to find him, and release him. I have tried for so long, and I have been able to do nothing."

**** 145 **** Try as you might, you cannot break the Harad's shackles.

"What is this I see?" the cruel chieftain says. "A ring of gold. Much barter will I receive for it in the markets of Umbar. Never have I seen a ring so perfect, so precious..."

**** 146 **** The orcs fall silent, and speak no more.

**** 147 **** "Mewlip" -- the name brings to mind a fragment of an old poem, a nonsense rhyme from older times:

"The cellars where the Mewlips sit
Are deep and dank and cold

"With single sickly candle lit;
And there they count their gold.

"Their walls are wet, their ceilings drip;
Their feet upon the floor
Go softly with a squish-flap-flip,
As they sidle to the door.

"They peep out slyly; through a crack
Their feeling fingers creep,
And when they've finished, in a sack
Your bones they take to keep."

**** 148 **** Treebeard spreads his boughs and assumes a very tree-like posture. "Do not be hasty..." he says, and then you can see no difference between him and the other old trees of this glade.

**** 149 **** You cannot identify the source of the laughter.

**** 150 **** When the waters of the Entwash touch the big tree, its features become more human, its trunk more pliable. "Haaa! Splendid!" the Ent booms in a deep voice which hints at the great age of the speaker. "This water is from Fangorn's private bank, I know its taste anywhere! In fact, I could smell it on you when you walked into my clearing! You must be friends of Fangorn! HA! Very well then! The birds of the air have told me why you have come, and I shall give you this word to give to Fangorn and the other Ents. The word is 'Onodrim'. Take it to Fangorn, and put down the threat of these burarum once and for all!"

**** 151 **** Athelwyn smiles and says but a single word.
"MELKOR!"

In response, the mountain splits open, and a river of flame begins to cascade down the slope...

**** 152 **** The word is DECAZD.

**** 153 **** There is something odd about Wormtongue's large, empty, canopied bed. Under it... no, that's been searched; the guards even crawled in to look at its underside. Hmm; above it? The canopy hides the ceiling!

**** 154 **** Suddenly, a rainbow appears, and a throng of ridiculously shoed hobbits dance around you, proclaiming that the Wicked Witch is dead, until her sister appears, demanding the One Ring.

**** 155 **** Suddenly, the sunlight around you dims. High overhead, dark shapes blot out the sun, as they wing over Rohan. Nazgul, flying by day? Or some new evil? They fly north, giving no sign that they have seen you, and are gone.

**** 156 **** Grima embraces Athelwyn, and they share a long kiss. "Long have I missed you, my love. And together, we have overthrown Saruman!" Athelwyn smiles. "Of course, we must deal with the Rohirrim. And that woman, Eowyn, she must die!"

**** 157 **** It is the sound of Helm's horn. The ghosts of Rohan, led by Eorl the Young, have come down once again from the North to save you.

**** 158 **** The guards push the heavy doors slowly inwards. Inside, it seems dark after the sunlight. The mighty-pillared hall before you is long and wide, filled with shadows. Here and there shafts of sunlight pierce down from high windows.

The stones underfoot are of many hues, and bear branching runes and intertwined devices. The pillars are richly carved, gleaming dully with gold and half-seen colors. Many tapestries adorn the walls, half seen in the flickering light of the fire burning in a central hearth.

Beyond is a dais with three steps. On it stands a great gilded chair, and in it sits a man so bent with age that he seems almost a dwarf. His white hair falls in great braids from beneath a thin gold circlet set with a single diamond. His beard flows like snow upon his knees, but his eyes burn brightly as he looks upon you.

Behind the chair stands a woman clad in white. On the steps of the dais before the chair sits a wizened man, with a pale wise face and heavy-lidded eyes.

They remain still and silent, as you approach.

**** 159 **** Sauron frowns. "I said, don't look at the paragraphs unless you're told too! My Ringwraiths delight in dealing with such cheats!"

**** 160 **** One of the Rohirrim notes: "The Horn of Helm is miss-

ing! We must find it before we go into battle. It is precious to us."

**** 161 **** The huge natural cavern before you can only be the dread dragon's den. It is littered with the refuse of a thousand lost souls and their belongings. There is no orderly pile of draconian possessions here, just a jumbled mass of theft and avarice. To the southeast is a great gaping hole in the floor, large enough for a ship to sail into, going who knows how deep into the bowels of the earth.

Suddenly, a booming roar echoes up from the hole, as your host makes his presence known.

"Leave, mortals, or you will face certain death. I give you only one chance to retreat for I am full of soft pink meat, and have no need for more. Stay, and your doom will soon rise to meet you."

**** 162 **** The gate-guards are as numerous as the patrol that brought you here—who bar your retreat, sitting their horses in a great crescent of speartips and mail.

The guards lower their spears to menace you. Wonder but little friendliness is in their eyes, as one stands forth, facing you, and speaks loudly and demandingly.

"Abidath cuman uncuth! Hwaet sindon ge, lathe oththe leofe, the thus seldice geweride ridan cwomon to thisse burge gatum? No her inn gan moton ne waedla mon, nefne we his naman witen. Nu ge feorran-cumene gecythath us on ofste: hu hatton ge? Hwaet sindon

eower aerende to Theoden urum hlaforde?"

**** 163 **** "You have been hasty," Treebeard says. "In writing these things, you have neglected very important things. Hoom. This must be corrected."

See Paragraph #3 in the Addendum.

**** 164 **** Theoden screams and raises his fist. "Guards, slay those who slew the noble Grima so unjustly in my hall!" Despite the fact, the noble Grima will likely go unmourned, the guards draw their swords and attack.

**** 165 **** Wellinghall appears to be a large hall cut into the side of a hill. Its walls are lined with pine trees. At the far end, a rockfall contains a shallow bay, the only place that has a roof. Treebeard's bed is set into the bay.

**** 166 **** "FREE!" the voice shouts, and all goes dark...

**** 167 **** Saruman grabs Gandalf by the throat and smiles. "You thought that you would get the better of Saruman of Many Colors? You have always been a fool!"

**** 168 **** It is said that all you see around you was built by the 'hands of giants.' Most believe this to mean that great beings of many eons past are responsible to the massive construction that is Helm's Deep. But, I know better. Helm built the Hornburg, with his own hands. With the aid of his mystical gauntlets, he built all of that you see before you, the great wall, the

Hornburg, Helm's Dike, everything. You can easily see that such an item would help us greatly in times as dire as these.

**** 169 **** You were imprisoned in some sort of storage cellar or refuge, dug into the earth at the foot of a huge, rising mountain. Peering up the rising ridges and cliffs, you realize that you've seen its distinctive peak before: it is snow-shrouded Starkhorn, the mighty mountain that you saw rising above and behind Edoras. The peak across from it must be Irensaga, and the brooding bulk to the east, at the end of this grassy valley, must be Dwimorberg, the Haunted Mountain. You are in Dunharrow. To the east stands The Door of the Dead, a haunted, shunned place ... a lair for Saruman's folk, perhaps? To the west lies Harrowdale, the valley of the Snowbourn, which flows down past Underharrow and Upbourn, to pass Edoras. Where, then, will you go now?

**** 170 **** The eagles raise their wings, fly swiftly towards the mountains, and are gone.

**** 171 **** You haven't climbed even halfway up the wall, when you hear shouts. You see helmed heads moving along the wall above. Arrows hiss at you -- and strike! The pain is like red fire! Helpless, you fall...

**** 172 **** The air outside is clear and chill. There, within easy reach of the skylight, a bronze rod lies wedged amid the thatch, one end fashioned into an open hand,

like the White Hand of Saruman. It is the sceptre.

**** 173 **** Faramir looks down on the body of the Southron sadly, and his sword falls out of his hand and clatters on the ground. "This is a baleful deed and the work of Mor-dor, that those who should be friends are set against each other. I hope that I shall live to see a happier day when there is peace between the peoples of Gondor and the Harad, as unlikely as it seems today."

**** 174 **** "It was my doing, lord," says Hama, trembling. "I understood Eomer was to be set free. Such joy was in my heart that maybe I have erred. Yet, since he was free again, and he a Marshal of the Mark, I brought him his sword as he bade me."

"To lay at your feet, my lord," said Eomer.

Theoden stand silent, looking down at his kneeling sister-son.

"Will you not take the sword?," Gandalf asks quietly.

Slowly Theoden stretches forth his hand. As his fingers take the hilt, firmness and strength seems to return to his thin arm. Suddenly he swings the blade, shimmering, high into the air, and gives a great cry.

**** 175 **** Faramir gestures you to him, claiming to show you a feature of his small earthenware lamp. Well-fed and at your ease, you hardly feel his gentle touch on the back of your neck, the slither of elven chain across your skin -- but you know instantly as the Ring

gives up its chill contact and glitters in the open air.

You grab the chain and pull your sword in almost the same motion. Take the Ring! He dies for that! -- But Faramir makes no further move; he only stands, thinking. "So that is the answer to all the riddles!" he says at last, quietly. "Isildur's Bane, the Enemy's One Ring that was thought to have perished from the world! What an heirloom of power and peril it must be.

"But fear no more! I wished to know the mission you have kept from me, and nothing more. Not if I found this on the highway would I take it! Not were Minas Tirith falling in ruin and I alone could save her, so, using the weapon of the Dark Lord for her good and my glory. If you will trust me, it may be that I can aid you in your present quest."

**** 176 **** The word is HEMEVRET.

**** 177 **** A journal in this room reads: "That fool Radergast! So easily manipulated, and so willing was he to reveal the presence of the Great Eagles in the mountains west of Isengard. By having my spy in Haryarn steal the eggs, I shall create birds whose natures are better suited for my plans! And thus shall I be avenged on the Lord of the Eagles who slighted me long ago."

**** 178 **** The smell of wet earth and stone is strong. The stones crumble slowly all around, but none can be pried loose. None

show any marks; nothing is hidden here. You cannot imagine even Wormtongue climbing down into this place.

**** 179 **** Though most of the books either deal with uninteresting subjects or are unreadable due to age, one passage stands out: "... and in the First Age, a group of Dwarves, remorseful over their brethren's sacking of the grey elf citadel of Menegroth, built a series of caves under the mountains in order to house the source of the Entwash. The caverns were given to our people, who made trees grow indoors so that the sweetness of the outside would also be under the mountains. Even so, the caverns are rarely used by our people.

"Despite the Dwarven gift, the Onodrim still distrusted Dwarves, and even in our present Age, axes are a symbol which invites Onodrim anger.

"During this Age, which is now rapidly passing even as these words are being written, the Entwives have disappeared, their gardens destroyed during the recent conflict against Sauron. None know where the Entwives have gone, though we suspect that Saruman the Wise may have some information in his citadel.

"Though we who tend the forest are about to pass to other lands, two of our number, a brother and sister named Linandel and Olorindel, shall remain to tend as best they can. Linandel shall tend the trees, while his sister Olorindel

tends the Entwash. Both lost their loved ones in the conflict against Sauron, and now seek to heal their wounded souls by tending to the living things of Fangorn.

"Linandel has built a small house with a cellar in Northern Fangorn. The cellar can only be accessed by trees grown from the golden seeds of the trees which grow inside the mountain, and the door is opened by the same key which opens the source of the Entwash. Linandel has made a fountain in the cellar, whose waters are meant to comfort his sister."

**** 180 **** Herion was the third of Gondor's Ruling Stewards in the latter Third Age, who took office in 2148 and reigned long and well until his death in 2204. Thereupon Belegorn took the white rod of stewardship, and in the fourth year of his reign, the lofty magistrate Herion Magister (named for the Ruling Steward) died of a cankerous boil. He built his tomb, Telandring (Sindarin "long cold end"), for his own honor and that of his ancestors. The stone coffins of seven men and seven women share the crypt.

**** 181 **** The lock is ornate, metal worked in the shape of a grinning, fanged face -- and the fangs are of real bone, smooth and cut with a tiny upright hand-rune. No doubt the poison that killed the guards lurks on them.

**** 182 **** From Athelwyn's tomb, a spirit rises. "You thought you had seen the last of me, Aragorn!" she hisses as she wails.

Death itself could not be so vengeful.

**** 183 **** No sooner does the last troll fall, when a flight of three giant eagles lands in front of you, blocking the path. "Greetings, wingless ones!" the biggest eagle says, though you sense he means no insult. "You have done good work on those trolls! Your actions speak well of your kind, and this is rare occurrence indeed, since your kind have recently stole many of our eggs! Though we are in no position to demand such of you, if you ever see any eagle eggs, would you please be so kind as to return them to us? If you follow the northern path and turn west, then south, you will find our place of meeting. Return any eggs you find to that place."

**** 184 **** The woman who lives here looks at Eomer and says: "There's the only man in the kingdom who has the courage to stand up to the Wormtongue. Though in my day we'd have taken him outside and beaten him."

**** 185 **** As you hold the messages in your hand, a guard arrives from the throne room.

"My king," he begins, "We have checked the vaults that are hidden near the hearth. All the gold and gems are gone, lord," he says bitterly. "Not a coin is left."

Theoden merely nods. "What says the message?"

You read it out, glumly: "Gone, Theoden---stolen away, even as

your power has!" He peers. "It was written in blood, not long ago."

The King frowns again, and then says softly, "The gifts of Saruman... he's taken them back."

**** 186 **** "Saruman, come back!" Gandalf demands, in a commanding voice. "I did not give you permission to leave!" Saruman is dragged back to the railing, gasping for breath and clutching his staff tightly.

"You are a fool, Saruman, for you might have been saved. You were given your chance!" Gandalf declares. "For behold! No longer am I Gandalf, the Grey, whom you betrayed. I am now Gandalf the White! You have no color now, and I cast you from your order and from the council. Saruman, your staff is broken!"

No sooner does Gandalf utter those last five words, when Saruman's staff splits asunder, bursting to a cloud of wood shards. Dismayed, Saruman flees back into Orthanc, just as a globe is hurled from a higher window. It bounces to the ground, narrowly missing your heads.

"A parting shot from Master Wormtongue, no doubt," Gandalf announces. "But of little consequence. Let us leave this place."

**** 187 **** The monster was awakened by the glorious sound of King Theoden's horn. No sooner was the war won, than our danger increased a thousand fold. Oh, the irony of our plight. True, it is said the Hornburg has never fallen to

siege from without, but what says the legends about siege from within?

What will happen when the monster is hungry again? How much time do any of us have? And what if the beast manages to get free?

We are trapped with the beast from hell, a dragon from ages past. A beast we thought extinct in Middle-earth now haunts us in our hour of greatest vulnerability.

**** 188 **** You have very strange dreams as you rest in this field of flowers. Dark dreams, nightmares that harrow your soul. You awake screaming.

"This is not a place where we should rest," Gandalf says. "Come, let us set up our camp elsewhere."

**** 189 **** The Southron warrior, now hale and strong of sinew, speaks the Common Speech in a strange, choppy accent. "I am called Hircanus. I am a mighty warrior of the Haradrim, and I have fought bravely in many battles. No man may call me coward, for I glory in the conquest of the strong and condemn the weak."

His boastful tone changes. "To aid the rise of the Powerful One, we have marched long and fought hard, and more battles are yet to come, I have heard. But my spirit gnaws me like the jackal. Our commanders are strong, but they are not great. They told me we fight for gold and glory, but that is wrong. They give no gold, and of glory --" He pauses and shivers. "I

have seen such things -- I will not speak of them.

"So I, Hircanus, who have never fled the mightiest foes, now have crept away like the snake from my brothers. My thoughts, they pierce me like the Gray Brother's tusk. Yet I have no fear. I will go home to seek gold, and the glory that is truly glory.

"I have seen in these cold lands many dangers. I would be glad of companions on the road, and the strength of Hircanus would serve you well. Shall we journey together?" (Y/N)

**** 190 **** Another guard speaks. "I have heard that you have attacked the Riders of Rohan. It is the wish of Master Wormtongue to spare Theoden King the burden of a trial. Instead, begone from this place, and never return!"

**** 191 **** The word is MUMAKIL.

**** 192 **** The King of Rohan sits motionless on his chair. Gandalf walks slowly forward to face him. As he goes, a faint light seems to grow in the Hall, moving with him. "I bid you come out before your doors and look abroad," Gandalf says softly. "Too long have you sat in shadows and trusted to twisted tales and crooked promptings."

Slowly Theoden rises from his chair. The woman behind the throne hastens to his side, and takes his arm. With faltering steps the old man comes down the dais, and paces slowly down the hall.

Gandalf walks with him, and when they reach the doors, knocks upon them with his staff. "Open!" he cries. "The Lord of the Mark comes forth!"

The doors roll back, and light floods in, until the Hall is truly Golden again. A keen breeze whistles in with it. Theoden stands blinking at the sudden brightness.

"Send your guards down to the foot of the stair," Gandalf bids, "and you, lady, leave him a while with me. I will care for him."

"Go, Eowyn," the old king agrees. "The time for fear is past."

Eowyn turns and goes slowly into the Hall, cool pity on her face as she looks at Theoden. Then her eyes turn to you, thoughtfully--- with something more in them. Stern as steel she seems, slender and tall, her long hair like a river of gold flowing around her. And then she is gone, within.

"Now, lord," says Gandalf, "look out upon your land again!"

A shaft of sun stabs down, and Rohan, spread out below you, gleams in its light.

"It is not so dark here," Theoden says, slowly.

"No," says Gandalf. "Nor does age lie so heavily on your shoulders as some would have you think. Cast aside your prop!"

**** 193 **** Faramir nods at you. "And I have one last word of advice, one that has been overlooked in the haste of the moment."

See Paragraph #4 in the Addendum.

**** 194 **** At once the Mumak's eyes shine with a fearsome glint, as if a new and remorseless light dwelt behind them. Its great head turns to face you, the elongate nose snakes out around your waist, its sail-like ears lift and flap, and without effort the beast launches into the air, carrying you to its nest.

**** 195 **** Murmuring firwoods cloak the steep mountain-side above Harrowdale. Out of their gloomy concealment lope dark shapes ---worgs, ridden by orcs! They're far away, but are definitely coming after you --

**** 196 **** "Harrooommm! Well done! You have recovered the bark! This is a good thing! Now, only time will tell whether or not it was worth it. Whatever the outcome, we give you our thanks. We have nothing to reward you with that your kind finds valuable, but if you wish, you may share some Ent draught with us before you leave!"

**** 197 **** The roof swings down, and five great axes, triggered by cunning machines, swing at you, suspended on a pendulum blade.

**** 198 **** The huddled, bloody body, its face contorted in an eternal snarl, lies unmoving. At its belt, you see a curious, hand-shaped bronze object: a stoppered flask, in the shape of a hand. A Healing Hand?

**** 199 **** "Saruman, come back!" Gandalf demands, in a commanding voice. "I did not give you permission to leave!" Saruman is dragged back to the railing, gasping for breath and clutching his staff tightly.

"You are a fool, Saruman, for you might have been saved. You were given your chance!" Gandalf declares. "For behold! No longer am I Gandalf, the Grey, whom you betrayed. I am now Gandalf the White! You have no color now, and I cast you from your order and from the council. Saruman, your staff is broken!"

No sooner does Gandalf utter those last five words, when Saruman's staff splits asunder, bursting to a cloud of wood shards. Dismayed, Saruman flees back into Orthanc.

**** 200 **** Skinbark's roots eagerly soak up the pure water of the Entwash, and he immediately begins to look better. "Ahh, much better! Harrooom!" sighs Skinbark. "Only an Ent, most likely Fangorn himself, could have told you about this water. If he has sent you to deal with these orcs, tell him whatever action that he and the other Ents take has my blessing! Give him my word of blessing, the word of wisdom 'Yavanna.'

**** 201 **** Your speech so impresses Faramir that he removes his mask to see you the more clearly. He has a stern and commanding face, and a keen wit lies behind his grey eyes. He says, "We must learn more of you, and know what

brings you so far east under the shadow of yonder--" He points to the mountains and says no name. "But not now. We have business at hand. You are in peril, and you would not have gone far by field or road this day. There will be hard handstrokes night at hand ere the day is full. Then death, or swift flight back to Anduin.

"I will leave two to guard you, for your good and for mine. If I return, I will speak more with you."

**** 202 **** An old man clad in robes and carrying a staff blocks the mountain pass. As he sees you, he says "Beware of where you tread! You are heading to Haryarn, village of the Dunlanders! They do not readily embrace strangers, and there is one in their number who is the eyes and ears of someone of great power! Beware, I say!"

**** 203 **** This sinkhole leads into a cavern, which was carved out of stone long ago. This place contains the ancient tombs of Gondor, of those Numenoreans who were slain in the battle before the Black Gate. Treasures lie at the foot of these tombs, protected by a ghostly guardian.

"I am very hungry," the ghost says. "You look like honorable folk. You would not care to share some of your provisions? It has been a long watch."

**** 204 **** As you step upon a slab of marble of lighter color than the rest, an air of watchfulness grows, and a voice sounds in your mind:

"Greetings to you who wish well to my remembrance. I was Herion Magister, named for the great Ruling Steward, born in the first year of his reign, in the glory of Gondor and the Watchful Peace. I dispensed justice in matters great and small, from Minas Tirith to aged Osgiliath. My name is known throughout the townships of Ithilien.

"I build this tomb, the largest and fairest of any magistrate, to memorialize my great career and ancestors. Consider my works, visitor, and learn from them."

**** 205 **** The guard's face darkens. He snaps an order. A calm answer comes from behind you. Turning, you see a line of drawn arrows poised to strike you down, in bows held ready in the hands of the patrol that brought you here.

The gate-guards hasten forward, and lay hands to your weapons. You dare not resist them---and are soon bound together, face-to-face and neck-to-neck, and heaved into a cart.

The patrol closes in around the bouncing, jolting horse-cart, as it carries you away from the gates of Edoras, westwards into the mountain vale.

"To Dunharrow you go," Duthdag says sadly, from beside your cart. "To confinement there, strangers, at least until these dark days pass. There you must await the King's mercy. Maybe you will wait long."

**** 206 **** This huge ram, great as a forest-tree a hundred feet in

length, bears a name carved in the Angerthas runes: GROND, a memory of the Hammer of the Underworld of old. Its hideous head, founded of black steel, is shaped in the likeness of a ravening wolf; on it spells of ruin lie. Ahead and to its side hang the empty harnesses for the great beasts that draw it.

The fell weapon has crawled the road from Mordor near to Osgiliath, the ruined city. You guess its destination: the Tower of Guard, Minas Tirith.

**** 207 **** Treebeard lumbers up to the closed gates and begins pounding on them with his huge fists. "Hoom! Saruman! Come forth! We would have words with you, killer of trees, friend of orcs, friend of stone! Come forth and face Fangorn!"

In response, arrows and rocks fly from the gatehouse. "Hrrrooommmm!" huffs Treebeard, as several other Ents join him at the wall. They imbed their great fingers in the rock wall and gates, and begin ripping apart Isengard's defenses. Men and orcs dart everywhere, and a squad of orcs comes right to you, half-mad with fear, but definitely out for blood!

**** 208 **** You stand in the midst of a ring of smirking orcs. The rope around your neck leads straight to the fist of one of them. The points of drawn swords are held close all around you: a single jerk on the rope will haul you into helpless impalement upon them.

"Stand silent, meat!" snarls a huge orc whose arms, are a-crawl with

old scars. "Or I'll snack on a tongue or two right now!" Then it turns its head, and says to other orcs around you, "My orders are that strangers not of the Mark are to be taken to Isengard. Alive and as captured; no spoiling. So I was told."

"Your orders," says one. "Not mine. I say kill them---the horse-riders are as thick as these blades of grass, all about, and we've no time to drag along such cursed nuisances. I wish to have a little sport, kill, and move on."

"Then you can wish again," growls the scarred orc. "I command here. I am taking this meat to Isengard. Now."

He jerks on the rope. Sword-points jab you for an instant, ere they are pulled back, and the orcs, with much muttering and dark looks your way, begin to move. You are pulled along, like a dog on a leash, a prisoner. On---to Isengard.

**** 209 **** The musty chamber is cold and damp with water trickling from the ceiling. In the middle of the cave, a swirl of mist appears and forms slowly into the form of Helm the Hammerhand. The ghost appears sad and mournful. Helm's spirit speaks to you.

"Many years ago I challenged the beast before you to mortal combat. Then I claimed to have killed the beast in single combat, and now my lie comes back to haunt my people.

I defeated the dragon, Ansalathon, true enough. But, kill him I did not. When the beast was

stunned, I pushed the monster into the very bowels of the earth, where I thought surely the beast has perished.

Unsure of the monster's fate, I sealed the new mines with my magical horn and a door of my own design. In a moment of foolish pride, I did not seal the door forever. The horn was the key. The horn that is now, ironically, cracked and useless.

Forgive me! I did not realize that my great door could hear the call of the horn from high in the valley. Had I even suspected such a thing, I would have destroyed the horn before my passing.

Now I can only make things right from the grave. I have been blessed with one last time here on earth and I will use it well. You wear my great gauntlets and I no longer crave their power. My spirit rests easy knowing you have worked great good with the Hands of the Giants.

When your need of me is its greatest, I shall return. Do not fear my fearsome appearance at this time, for this time, the apparition will be a benevolent one."

"Ansalathon!" the ghost calls out into the halls around you. "I have come once again. And this time, I bring comrades of great bravery and power. Do you know fear, great dragon? Can you remember bitter defeat? You will learn both anew before this day is out, I promise you."

The ghost swirls away, its fists clenched in defiance.

****210**** Amidst the clutter of the orc's room, the party finds this letter:

Chagaluk:

You will leave Flizhpot to his affairs and mind your own. Your garrison is to continue guarding the tunnels which lead back to my citadel. Also, continue in the search for the source of the Entwash, I know it is in your area!

A word of warning: do not read the obelisk. Keep clear of it until I can devote the time to study if further. At present, the matter of the halflings keeps me busy. If any halflings cross your path, you are to capture them and deliver them with no harm to their bodies. They are not for sport.

The letter is signed with a stylized White Hand.

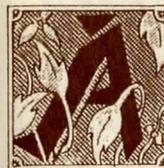
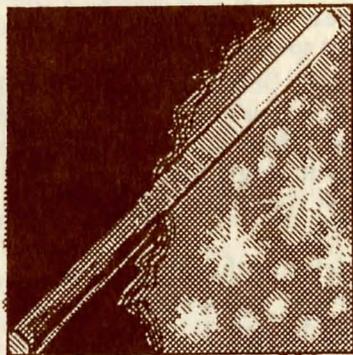
**** 211 **** Another guard joins in. "The Sleepless Dead are awake indeed. On that moonless night, but a little while ago, a great host in strange array passed by. Whence they came none know, but they went up the road and vanished into the hill, as if they went to keep a tryst."

He looks at you. "If you're curious, be warned---go not past the marker-stone, in Dimholt. Orcs, brigands, and worse lurk thereabouts, for we often let them go, once they pass the stone. The Dark Door's a fell place.'

"Dead Men of the Dark Years guard that way, and suffer no

living man to come to their hidden halls. The last man of Rohan to try the Paths of the Dead was Baldor son of Brego; he was never seen again.'

"But at whiles the Sleepless Dead pass out of the door like shadows, down the stony road. Then the people of Harrowdale shut fast their doors and shroud their windows and are afraid. But the Dead come seldom forth and only at times of great unquiet and coming death." He smiles thinly. "You've come here at one of these joyous times, it seems."



BOUT THE AUTHOR

The Year 1992 is the one hundredth anniversary of J.R.R. Tolkien's birth, and a time to celebrate one of the giants of 20th Century literature.

J.R.R. Tolkien was born in South Africa in 1892. He moved to England in 1896, and attended Oxford University, where he later served as a professor of philology, specializing in the study of Old and Middle English dialects. His essay "Beowulf -- the Monsters and the Critics" (1936), an attack on scholars who failed to see Beowulf as a literary work meant to be enjoyment enjoyed (rather than a text for linguistic discussion), is still considered to be one of the most important essays in the history of Old English criticism; he also provided an early translation of the Middle English poem "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight".

Tolkien's love of fantasy literature led him to create his own works, based in a fantasy universe called Middle-earth. He began writing the "Book of Lost Tales" in 1917; this book later became the basis for the posthumously published "Silmarillion". "The Book of Lost Tales" developed not only from Tolkien's love of literature but of language; it was written in Tolkien's imaginary

elvish language, and Tolkien felt he had to write stories in which his language had a logical place. Tolkien used Middle-earth as the setting for his first fantasy book "The Hobbit". This children's fantasy, which was released in 1937, became an instant classic and left readers wanting a sequel.

For over ten years, Tolkien worked on this sequel, "The Lord of the Rings", which was published in three volumes between 1954 and 1956. They were very well received, but it wasn't until the mid-1960s that Tolkien's universe captured public attention when "Lord of the Rings" was released in paperback. Tolkien's work generated a cult following and numerous (perhaps too numerous) imitators; certainly fantasy literature, which boomed during the 1970s, owes an unpayable debt to Tolkien for popularizing the genre. It was this fantasy boom that inspired the creation of fantasy role-playing games, and the computer role-playing games which followed.

After he retired from teaching in 1959, Tolkien spent the remainder of his life working on the "Silmarillion", a cycle of the complex myths that lay behind Middle-earth which he started in 1917 with "The

Book of Lost Tales." When Tolkien died in 1973, the task of compiling and publishing the Silmarillion was placed in the hands of Tolkien's son, Christopher, who published them in 1977. An animated motion picture of the first half of Tolkien's saga appeared in 1978; there have also been televised animated cartoons, comic books, computer games, role-playing games, and even a Harvard Lampoon parody based on Tolkien's masterwork.

Tolkien was a devout Roman Catholic; his religious influences, though interpreted through his love of fantasy, are felt throughout the Silmarillion and the Lord of the Rings. Tolkien was a member of a select society of Oxford dons known as the Inklings; they included Tolkien's close friend C.S. Lewis, whom Tolkien helped convert to Christianity. Lewis later became one of the great popular theologians of the 20th Century, as well as the author of the acclaimed Chronicles of Narnia. Tolkien was extremely proud of his German heritage, though in 1938 he refused to allow the Hobbit to be translated into German when the publisher requested that he sign a release form stating that he was "Aryan". Tolkien's love of "escapist" fantasy was unabashed and unapologetic; his essay "On Faerie Stories" remains the most cogent defense of the genre. While some literary critics failed to understand the appeal of Tolkien's sagas, he found many admirers, including Dorothy Sayers, Ursula K. LeGuin, and W.H. Auden. And, of course, millions of

fans. The Hobbit and the Lord of the Rings remain on the Top Ten list of all-time best sellers. It can already be said that his work has stood the test of time. He will almost certainly be remembered as one of the most important writers of the 20th Century, and its greatest fantasist.

(For more details on Tolkien's life, the reader is directed to Humphrey Carpenter's biography, entitled "Tolkien".)



ABOUT THE CREATORS

INTERPLAY Productions, founded in 1983 by Brian Fargo, has been honored on numerous occasions for the quality of its products. Other computer games created, produced or distributed by Interplay include: *THE BARD'S TALE* series, *THE BARD'S TALE CONSTRUCTION SET*, the inimitable *WASTELAND*, *DRAGON WARS*, *NEUROMANCER*, *BATTLE CHESS*, *CHECKMATE*, *FUTURE WARS*, *BATTLECHESS II (Chinese Chess)*, *JAMES BOND: The Stealth Affair*, *LEXI-CROSS*, *DVORAK ON TYPING*, *CASTLES*, *THE LORD OF THE RINGS, VOL. I* and *STAR TREK, The 25th Anniversary*.

Interplay will produce the final game of "The Lord of the Rings" trilogy, "The Return of the King", tentatively scheduled for Fall, 1992.

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