

102 ENTER
J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S WORLD

Middle-earthTM Quest

TREASONTM AT HELM'S DEEP

IRON CROWN • (\$4.75 CANADA) • \$3.50 U.S.



A GAMEBOOK BY
Kevin Barrett & Saul Peters

DEDICATION: *To Christine, for the waiting.*

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TREASON AT HELMS DEEP

by
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INTRODUCTION

Based on the works of the greatest fantasy writer of all time, *Middle-earth Quest*™ gamebooks invite the reader into the world of brave and cruel Men, Hobbits and Elves, Ores™ and Trolls™, and Wizards both good and evil. The continent of Middle-earth®, rich in adventure and conflict, provides the perfect background for solo adventures. Welcome to the fantasy and thrills of J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth!

PICKING A NUMBER

Many times during your adventures you will need to *pick a number* (between 2 and 12). There are several ways to do this:

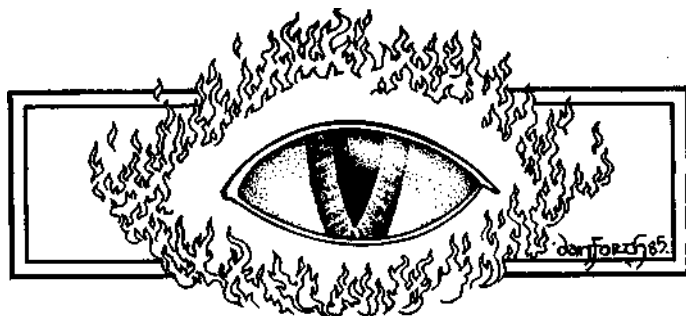
- 1) Turn to the Random Number Table at the end of this gamebook, use a pencil (or pen or similar object), close your eyes, and touch the Random Number Table with the pencil. The number touched is the *number* which you *have picked*. If your pencil falls on a line, just repeat the process.
- 2) Flip to a random page in the book and look at the small boxed number in the inside, bottom corner of the page. This number is the *number* which you have *picked*.
- 3) If you have two six-sided dice, roll them. The result is the *number* which you have *picked*. (You can also roll one six-sided die twice and add the results.)

When you are instructed to *pick a number and add a "bonus"*, treat results of 12 or greater as "12" and treat results of 2 or less as "2".

THE GAMEBOOK

The gamebook describes hazards, situations, and locations that may be encountered during your adventures. As you read the text sections, choices will be given as to what actions to take. The text section you read will depend on the directions in the text and whether the actions you attempt succeed or fail.

These text sections are listed by three-digit numbers (e.g., "365"). Read text sections only when told to do so by the text.



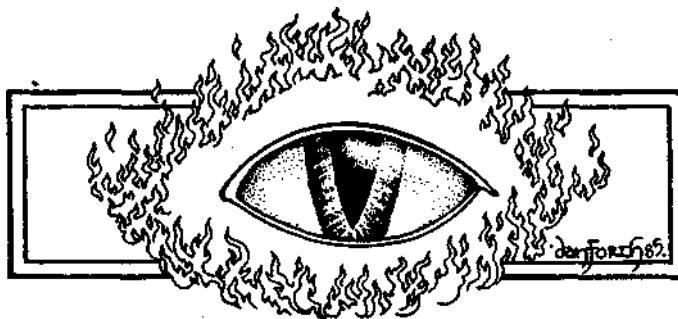
CHOOSING A SYSTEM

Before starting to play, you must decide whether you want to use the *QuestGame*™ Basic System (following this section) or the *QuestGame*™ Advanced System (at the end of this gamebook). If you have never read a solo adventure and have never played role playing games, we suggest that you use the Basic System and the *pre-created character* provided just before the prologue. After you have mastered that, use the Advanced System and create your own character.

CHOOSING A CHARACTER

There are three ways to choose a character:

- 1) You can use the *pre-created character* provided just before the prologue.
- 2) You can create your own character using the simple *Creating a Character* section at the end of this gamebook.
- 3) You can create your own character using *MERP*, the *Middle-earth Role Playing* system (an ICE product not included in this gamebook). When using *MERP*, ignore the Action Table and Combat Table provided at the end of this gamebook. Instead, use the guide-lines and tables provided in *MERP* to resolve "actions" and "combat" (see *Optional Rules* at the end of this gamebook).



STARTING TO PLAY

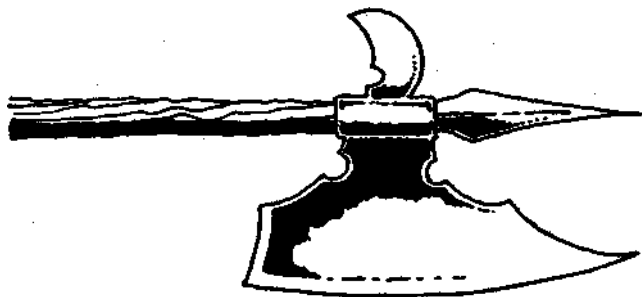
After choosing a character to play and a system to use, start your adventures by reading the *Prologue* found after the rules section. From this point on read sections as indicated by the text.



THE BASIC QUESTGAME™ SYSTEM

TIME

When using the Basic System, do not keep track of time. When the text indicates a choice of encounters based upon time, read the text associated with the earliest time.



EQUIPMENT

Whenever you acquire money and equipment, record them on your Character Record in the spaces provided. Silver pieces are "money" and may be used during your adventures to pay for food, lodging, transport, bribes, etc. Certain equipment may affect your abilities. If you wish, refer to the Advanced System for the effects of armour and weapons.

DAMAGE AND HEALING

As you adventure, you will take damage from fights, traps, falls, etc. You must keep track of this damage in terms of a total amount of *Damage Taken*. (Record the total in the *Damage Taken* space on your Character Record.) Only your *Damage Taken* total changes during play; your *Endurance* does not change.

If your *Damage Taken* exceeds your *Endurance* (see your Character Record), you are unconscious. If this occurred during a fight, you are defeated and must proceed as the text indicates. Otherwise, your adventure is over and you may begin again from the start. If the text indicates that you "wake up", change your *Damage Taken* so that it equals your *Endurance*.

Each time you read a section of text that you have not read before and that does not require you *to pick a number*, or *fight*, or *take an action*; you may "rest" and reduce your *Damage Taken* by one.

"BONUSES"

When you are instructed to *pick a number and add a "bonus"*, the bonus that you should add is the appropriate "Total Bonus" in the "SKILL" section of your Character Record. Keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive.

During play, you may acquire equipment or abilities that may affect your bonuses. The *Special Bonus* spaces may be used to record these bonuses; of course, some of the *Total Bonuses* will have to be recalculated if this occurs.

TAKING AN ACTION

When the text directs you to ***take an action***, refer to the *Action Table* at the end of this gamebook. Choose one of the actions listed and follow the directions given. Sometimes these directions will require you to ***pick a number*** and use the "Total Bonuses" listed on your Character Record.

FIGHTING

Fighting consists of a series of "rounds." During each "round," you attack your opponent *or* you attempt to flee **and** your opponent attacks you. Missile attacks and your Missile OB are **not** used in the Basic System.

After a fight, the text will indicate what you are to do next.

If you choose to fight an opponent **or** the text indicates that you must fight, the combat is resolved in the following fashion:

- 1) You attack (see below) your opponent and then he attacks you. This is one round of the fight (two attacks, two numbers picked). If you are surprised, reverse the order of the attacks for the entire combat.
- 2) Repeat step 1, one round of the fight, until one of the following conditions occur:
 - a) One of you is **killed** (a "K" result on the Combat Table).
 - b) One of you has more *Damage Taken* than *Endurance*. That combatant is **unconscious** and is defeated. (This can also occur due to a "I1" result on the Combat Table.)

c) You successfully **disengage**. At the beginning of any round of combat, you may elect not to attack for that round. After your opponent makes his attack for that round, you *may pick a number and add your Running bonus*:

- If the result is 9 or greater, you successfully *Run Away*.
- Otherwise, you are still engaged and must begin another round of the fight at step 4. (However, you may attempt to *disengage* again).

How TO RESOLVE AN "ATTACK"

- 1) Subtract the defender's Defensive Bonus (DB) from the attacker's Melee Offensive Bonus (Melee OB) **and pick a number**.
- 2) Using the Combat Table at the end of this gamebook, cross-index the number picked (in the vertical column on the left side of the table) and the difference between the OB and the DB (in the horizontal row at the top of the table).
- 3) The result is the amount of damage that the defender takes (increase his *Damage Taken* by that amount). The special results "U" and "K" end the combat immediately with the defender being knocked out (U, Unconscious) or more rarely, killed (K).

FIGHTING MORE THAN ONE OPPONENT

If the text indicates that you must fight more than one opponent in a given situation, just "fight" them one at a time as indicated above.

PRE-CREATED CHARACTER RECORD

NAME: <u>FOLCWE</u>			DAMAGE TAKEN		
STATS	Stat Value	Stat Bonus			
Strength (St)	<u>11</u>	<u>+2</u>			
Agility (Ag)	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>			
Intelligence (In)	<u>5</u>	<u>0</u>			
Endurance = <u>42</u> = 20 + (2 x St Stat)					
SKILLS	Total Bonus =	Skill Bonus +	Stat Bonus +	Special Bonuses	
Melee OB	<u>+3</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>+2</u>	St + _____	
Missile OB	<u>+1</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>0</u>	Ag + _____	
DB	<u>0</u>	= N/A	+ <u>0</u>	Ag + _____	
Running	<u>0</u>	= N/A	+ <u>0</u>	Ag + _____	
General	<u>+1</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>0</u>	Ag + _____	
Trickery	<u>+1</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>0</u>	In + _____	
Perception	<u>+1</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>0</u>	In + _____	
Magical	<u>+1</u>	= <u>+1</u>	+ <u>0</u>	In + _____	
EQUIPMENT					

NOTES:

SPECIAL RULES for

"TREASON AT HELM'S DEEP"

1) At various points during the adventure, you will be told that you have acquired an "Item" or witnessed an "Event" which is significant and has a special letter assigned to it (i.e., Item A, Event C, etc.). Make a note of these special Items and Events on your Character Record for future reference.

2) You may not spend time healing yourself naturally while you are underground during any point in the adventure.

3) The action of this entire gamebook takes place over the course of one day, so do not waste any time.

4) It is best if you play a human character during this adventure, as nonhumans would be rather hard to justify in Helm's Deep, and contradictions might appear in the text. If you happen to be playing a character who has gained experience through other books in this series, you may encounter minor inconsistencies while reading the adventure.

STARTING SUPPLIES

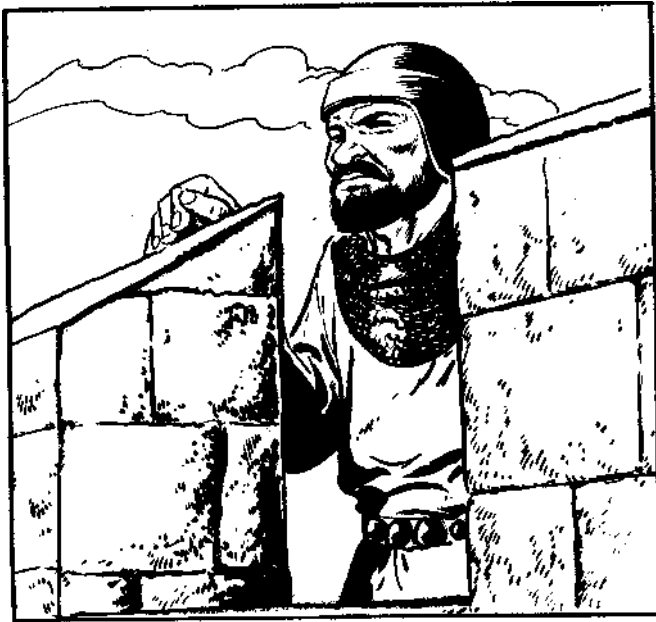
You may begin with a spear, shield and/or leather armour, unless you are playing a character who has already been developed through previous adventures in this series. In that case, you may begin with his/her familiar equipment. Regardless, you may also have two (2) doses of a healing herb which, when ingested at any time during play, will reduce your Damage Taken to 0.

PROLOGUE

The air lies still and heavy about the ancient walls of the great keep called the Hornburg. Like the smoke of battle, fierce and boiling, clouds gather on the horizon in the early dawn.

"A storm is coming," you mutter, more to yourself than to your companion, Deorhere.

"Aye, a storm whose thunder is armies marching, whose lightning is flashing blades, and whose rain is arrows," says Deorhere. His hands, gnarled with age, grasp his spear tightly as he stares out upon the darkening plain. "I fear that battle will come to us soon. Perhaps too soon."



"But our lord Erkenbrand has ridden to the Fords of Isen with many men. Will they not prevail against the Orcs?"

"Erkenbrand and the Riders face more than Orcs," Deorhere continues, furrowing his brow. "I have heard that Saruman has gathered the wild Dunlending hillmen to his cause, rekindling their ancient hatreds. Orcs and Wargs freely prowl the land, searching for stragglers to torture or save for even viler fates. The roads are haunted by the giant wolves, and no traveller is safe!"

Beside Deorhere, you look out from the fastness of the Hornburg, built in the ancient days of Gondor's glory. A great bay in the mountains opens away behind you. Men of the Mark have called this fortress Helm's Deep ever since the victory of Helm Hammerhand over the Dunlendings during the Long Winter of legendary times. The entrance to the Deep, Helm's Gate, separates it from the Deeping Coomb, and across the Gate spans the Deeping Wall, hopelessly undermanned. The Deeping Wall is anchored at its northern end by the black spur of Hornrock, upon which rests the Keep of Hornburg, your present vantage point. As you look down you can just see the Deeping Stream snaking around the Hornrock, rushing through a culvert in the Deeping Wall, thence flowing downward to the earthen ramparts of Helm's Dike. Beyond the Dike, to the east and north, lies Deeping Coomb shrouded in shadow and mist.

You are worried by your friend's words. As you and the others now gathered at the Hornburg know, the situation is desperate. The families of your mother and father, along with most Eorlingas from the Westfold, have been evacuated into the caves known as the Aglarond, at the head of Helm's Deep. The Westfold is now in the clutches of Dunlendings and Orcs, both of whom roam at will among the once-peaceful homesteads and orchards of your people.

Presently, Helm's Deep is defended by nearly a thousand soldiers, most of them too old or too young to be taken with Erkenbrand's Riders when he sallied forth to the Fords of Isen. Gamling the Old is the garrison commander now, and a fine leader he is, despite his advanced years. You are one of those left behind. True, you have not yet crossed blades with one of the hideous Orcs from the Nan Curunir, but you are old enough to fight and ride, and well-trained! Your protests were not heeded. So here you stand, waiting and watching. At least your watch commander, Deorhere, is a friend who respects your aptness, despite the fact that he is old enough to be your grandsire and has ridden with many great warriors.

Disturbed and driven by duty, you leave Deorhere and walk restlessly across the ancient wall of the Hornburg. Behind you juts the looming mass of the three-horned peak called Thrihyrne. Northernmost tip of the White Mountains, it is silhouetted in the lingering darkness of dawn. All is still and quiet in the coomb save for the occasional

caw of gathering carrion birds. Even though this is but your sixteenth winter, Gamling has put you on sentry duty. But then again, he has little choice.

You pace the battlements of the Hornburg, leaving Deorhere at his post, wondering how soon you will see battle and prove yourself worthy of becoming a Rider of the Mark, a knight of the Rohirrim! You circle the parapet of the Hornburg's outer wall, nestled as it is under the high northern cliff. Now, to your left, is a sheer drop of five man-heights to the base of the wall. In the deep shadow, you cannot quite see the stairway from the rear gate which leads down to the gorge of Helm's Deep. All seems in order here.

But wait! Was that a voice, hushed, and not too distant?

Grasping a torch from the sconce on the wall nearby, you lean over the massive embrasure and peer at the base of the wall. You hold the torch behind you for now, so as not to reveal your presence. But the torch is not necessary, for someone at the foot of the Back Gate holds a lantern that, hooded though it is, provides enough light to illuminate the two men standing there. You recognize one — it is Herulf, a Rider of the Mark wounded in a foray against scouting Orcs from Isengard but a week ago. He is a trusted commander, left behind by Erkenbrand to serve under Gamling. But next to Herulf stands a short and swarthy man, with dark hair and features. One of the hillfolk he seems, resembling a Dunlending in the half-light. But if Dunlending he be, then treachery is afoot, for hill-



men from beyond the Gap now swell Saruman's ranks. And Herulf is handing him a rolled parchment! Impossible!

By his base dialect, subdued though his speech may be, you realize that the other man is indeed a Dunlending, and you gasp in amazement. Herulf and the man of Dunland look up in surprise, their faces clearly illuminated in the light of the lantern. Herulf's look is stern and indignant, while the stranger's, framed in a matted and twisted black

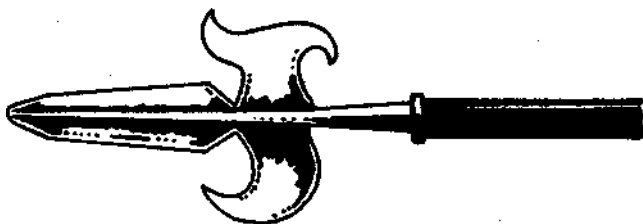
growth, is shocked and fearful. In the same instant, you realize that your face must also be clearly visible in the light of the torch you now hold beside you. You leap back from the edge of the wall, heart pounding in your chest. Treason! You have discovered a Rider of Rohan and a Dunlending in parley within Helm's Deep!

Putting the torch down, you cautiously peer over the embrasure again. But now there is nothing save a receding dark chasm; the lantern has been extinguished and the men have vanished.

You clutch the stone wall and stare into the darkness, your mind beset by confused thoughts. Is Herulf a traitor? Does he now treacherously pass on a map of the Hornburg's battlements? Or a battle plan? It will indeed go ill for the defenders of the Hornburg if a Dunlending has discovered one of the secret ways past the Deeping Wall and into Helm's Deep proper. On the other hand, perhaps the Dunlending is a traitor to his people, and Herulf is executing some plan to trap the faithless hillmen if they march on the Burg.

Whatever the truth may be, the two men have seen you. But now you must decide: pursuit or report? Time may be of the essence! *Note on your Character Record that it is now Time 0 minutes of Day 1.*

- *If you pursue the Dunlending into the Deep, turn to 327.*
- *If you seek out Herulf, turn to 209.*
- *If you continue your patrol with the intent of reporting Herulf, turn to 141.*



100

Time: 5

Quietly, you move to the nearest tower, open the unbolted door, and begin to pass down the spiraling stair. All is silent in the pre-dawn, save the creaking of your footfalls. Soon, you reach the bottom and approach the high portal which opens out into the court. If the two have not moved, they will not see you, for their view to the door is shielded by a stable which juts out from the inside of the outer wall nearby.

You slip into the courtyard, and with your back to the stable wall, you glance around the corner. The two, still crouched against the far wall, face the other way. The dog is gone. This is your chance. You move swiftly and silently across the court. Pressed against a wall (the last before the Keep itself), you are hidden from the two by its curvature.

The subdued voices speak again. Though rather high in pitch, like boys', they seem malevolent all the same. Staying close to the wall, you ready your weapon and advance. Within ten feet of them, you stop, realizing that if you advance any further, the curvature of the wall will no longer conceal you. Now a decision must be made.

If you come upon them unawares and strike quickly, you will certainly dispatch one and surprise the other. If you present yourself with weapon ready, you may capture them or allow them to overwhelm you. You see no other Eorlingas about, ready to give assistance. Your life lies in the balance. With eyes watering and heart pounding, what will you do? Just at this time, the dog appears again, hounding towards the three of you.

- *If you present yourself and tell the two to surrender, **turn to 111.***
- *If you strike quickly, **turn to 256.***
- *If you stand there and let the dog attack you, **turn to 334.***

101

Time: 5

"You are my friend, Deorhere, but I fear your judgement has waned on matters of the greatest importance." He cannot hear you, of course, and it is just as well. You have a feeling you will need all the support you can garner before the day is out.

Disregarding Deorhere's advice, you make your way from the outer courtyard around to the inner Burg gate, and there pass through to the Keep. The guard on duty sees you approach and challenges you. "Hail there, who goes?"

"It is I, Eorling and Watchman. I wish to see Herulf; let me pass."

"Very well," replies the guard. He takes no particular interest in your business and so steps aside. **Turn to 108.**

You seem to have made yourself conspicuous. The man of Dunland sees you and, in a flurry, bolts from under the small fir he was hiding beneath! Ready for the chase, you leap up and hurry after him.

He climbs higher and higher up Thrihyrne's slope, often ducking behind rocks and manoeuvring through shrubs. You lose sight of him two or three times, but manage to keep up. After a few moments he reaches a thorn bush surrounding a huge boulder, which looks as though it had once been dislodged in a rock-slide. He turns suddenly, looking back for you. Quickly, you fall prone, allowing him to believe that he has lost you. It is at this point that he too drops to his stomach and makes his way underneath the thorn bush by way of what seems to be a wolf's path. If you were to pass such a bramble tunnel under any other circumstances you would swear that it would never take a full grown man, but the proof lies right before you.

You discern the form of the Dunlending winding his way through the thorns, and when he reaches the base of the giant boulder, he disappears. A secret entrance to a mountain tunnel!

- *If you immediately follow the man of Dunland, turn to 403.*
- *If you go to the Burg to report the man of Dunland and the assumed secret pass, turn to 218.*

The afternoon is quickly slipping away into the evening, helped along by a thick ceiling of brooding, black clouds. In the distance, you notice other figures. They too march into Deeping Coomb, but they are not Eorlingas. Saruman's Orcs, more likely, you guess. They scout ahead of the siege army of the White Hand, probing the land for Eorlingas and plunder.

After a time you pass a grove of trees, and on the other side, witness a terrible scene. Taking advantage of the concealment offered by a low hedge, you see three Orcs, knock-kneed and bent under heavy packs, entering a nearby cottage. In a moment, the glow of a gathering flame becomes visible, growing until smoke begins billowing out of the windows. First one, and then another Orc comes back out of the small house. They laugh wickedly, holding their stomachs. The third soon follows, but his rough clothing is aflame, and he hoots and curses as he tries to put out the fire, which rapidly engulfs his body. This action sends the other two into fits of laughter, and it is all they can do to remain standing. Meanwhile, the cottage's roof catches fire, and its timbers begin to crumble, sending showers of sparks high into the air.

- *If you continue towards the Dike, turn to 411.*
- *If you try to sneak up on the Orcs, turn to 124.*

Herulf is nowhere to be found. **The End.**

With greater stealth than you ever could have expected from yourself, you track the Dunlending without making a sound. Barely five horse-lengths ahead of you, he continues his journey. The two of you come to several forks in the passage. On each occasion, your quarry pauses, as if considering the correct tunnel to take, and then proceeds.

You do not seem to be able to muster the courage required to attack the man. You can not advance without alerting him, and the close quarters do not favour combat.

At another split in the passageway, the Dunlending stops again, but this time he seems indecisive. After a pause, you hear him crouch down and fumble with his equipment. Soon you hear the click of a flint being struck into tinder. Within this confined space, it sounds like rolling thunder. Ahead there is now a glimmer of light; the hillman scout's silhouette takes shape in front of it. Even under these conditions you can discern that the man is indeed the one you saw speaking with Herulf this morning! He pulls a scroll out from a fold in his clothing as the tinder flame grows. The scroll Herulf gave him! It appears to be a map, and the scout is checking it. Herulf gave this rogue a map of a pass which leads right into Helm's Deep; your worst fears are confirmed! Yet, you still do not move.

The man of Dunland fastens his pack and puts out the flame, preparing to proceed. You too prepare, but to continue following. Just then, he rises, but too quickly. You hear a sharp thud, a moan, and a clatter as your quarry falls to the tunnel floor.

The hillman has struck his head on the passage ceiling! Praise good fortune! You spring forward to take full advantage of this opportunity. When you reach the man of Dunland he is limp and helpless, though still alive.

• *If you kill him outright, turn to 211.*

• *If you search his possessions, turn to 316.*



106

Time: 30

Perhaps more lost than ever before, you start down yet another passageway. **Turn to 280.**

107

Time: 5

You feel your way down the right passage, moving slowly and making sure of your footing. The tunnel seems to close in and you become quite uncomfortable having to stoop over and keep a grip on your weapon and a hand on the wall all at once. The rough corridor takes a sudden turn. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

• *If 2-7, turn to 161.*

• *If 8-12, turn to 255.*

Once past the great doors of the Keep, you turn to your left and proceed along the combat corridor. Reaching a set of stairs, you begin to ascend, thinking about where you must go and what you will say when you get there. Herulf must be quartered on the fifth floor, for Erkenbrand moved his family out some time ago and gave the apartments over to his highest commanders. But how shall I put my questions to him, you wonder.

Upon reaching the third floor you cross the Keep's council chamber to access the narrower stairwell which rises to Erkenbrand's personal rooms. There are a few old Riders seated at the chamber's heavy oak table, but you are paid no heed, as they are immersed in quiet and serious talk.

You arrive at the landing of the fifth floor and see that there are three apartments here. Two doors stand ajar, the third is closed. All is silent and no one is about. Herulf must be in the third room.

- *If you listen at his door, turn to 144.*
- *If you knock at his door, turn to 321.*

A faint glimmer of light leads you from the passageway you were following into a side tunnel. To your relief, the height of this new passage increases to the point where you can walk erect. As you approach an even wider tunnel, the light, which is a deep blue-green in colour, grows in intensity. At a point where many passages and fissures converge, a short hall is revealed. A strange plant grows on the walls; the plant gives off the light, or so it seems.

At the end of the hall are a set of matched stone doors, the likes of which, particularly with respect to their decoration, you have only seen on ancient standing-stones. The doors are engraved with arcane runes and symbols arranged in strange ways. Ways which remind you of a nightmare forest, or battle. The designs are beautiful and fearsome at the same time. Attracted, you approach the doors.

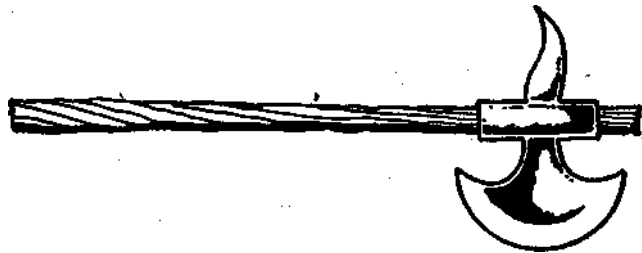
"Perhaps beyond these doors lies a chamber which leads to the mountainside," you say to no one. "I have heard tales of such. But these cursed doors, they will not open!" Try as you might, they will not move, but there is no lock, so what binds (hem? Summoning all your knowledge, you attempt to defeat the portal.

- *If you successfully cast an Item Analysis spell, turn to 225.*
- *Otherwise, pick a number and add your Magical bonus:*
 - *If 2-5, turn to 110.*
 - *If 6-12, turn to 112.*



You think that it would be best to place your hands on the doors, perhaps touching some of the runes. "That would be a particularly clever way of opening these great slabs," you say aloud.

But as you touch the doors, the floor falls away from underneath you, and you begin to plummet into a dark pit. You only stop falling when pierced by what seems like a hundred sharp and searing daggers. All hope is lost as you slowly and painfully drift into a never-ending sleep. The End.



III

Time: 5

"Surrender or die, slaves of Saruman!" you shout as you jump out from the wall and level your weapon.

In response, you hear an excited squeal from one, while the other emits a questioning "Huh?" Before you stand two Eorling stablehands, boys a few winters younger than yourself. The dog arrives, tail wagging. Looking up, the boys' pet drops a throwing stick at your feet. At once, you are filled with rage and embarrassment.

"What are you doing here?" It is all you can do to avoid screaming. The dog barks excitedly; he thinks it's all a game.

"Slaves of Saruman?" repeats one of the boys. You have thoroughly surprised them, and their wits are gone.

"Hail there! Who goes?" the voice comes deep and sturdy from the parapet of the inner wall towering above you.

Your face burns as you step back from the deep shadow and say, "All is well, Eorling Watchman. I am just putting a dog and her two whelps back to sleep."

"Well, be quick and be quiet!" is his final response.

You turn your attention back to the two boys, gripping your weapon in a threatening gesture.

"We are sorry, Watchman, but the thought of siege had woke us early," one lad says. "May we return to the stable?" You begin to shake as you lower your weapon, and the two run by, taking your gesture as an affirmation. As the second passes, you hear from under his breath: "Surrender or die?"

You look towards the graying sky and utter a mute plea, then return to your patrol route on the outer wall. Your imagination continues to play tricks on you, and again you wonder whether you should report the activities of Herulf.

- *If you report Herulf to Deorhere, your watch commander, turn to 348.*
- *If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, turn to 322.*



112

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 6

After a short time you place your hands on two of the runes.

With a start, you jump back as the two doors slowly, but smoothly, swing out towards you. They reveal a chamber cast in the same eerie blue-green glow. The room is circular, and at its centre rests a stone pillar supporting a tomb of sorts. It too is enruned, but in a more regular pattern. About the pillar are arranged three low stone statues, like squat or stumpy men who look upon the casket.

- *If you leave the area and continue on your search to find a way out of the catacombs, turn to 106.*
- *Otherwise, pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*
 - *If 2-7, turn to 113.*
 - *If 8-12, turn to 331.*

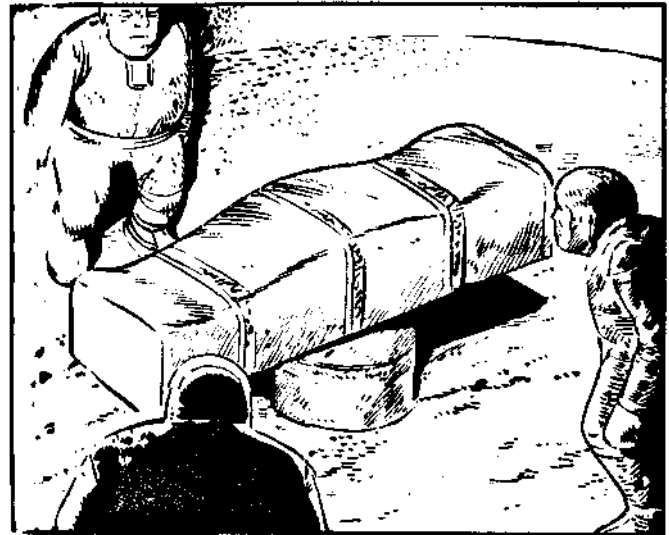
113

Time:

0

You step into the room, but as you do, your foot depresses a loose flagstone. Then a wondrous, but most horrifying, thing happens: the three statues, once still as stone, begin to move! They turn to face you with twisted grins uttering mute howls. Their lids blink, and the eyes waver from side to side. Then, as one, they advance upon you, raising wide fists preparing to strike. *Take an action:*

- *If you successfully run away, turn to 114.*
- *If you fight, turn to 115.*



114

Time: 5

You take flight from the fearsome beasts, but their short size belies their quickness. While you stumble away bent over double, the statue creatures easily pass through the tunnels and pursue you. Driven ahead of them in a flight of madness, you have no opportunity to gain your bearings or check your direction. Soon, you find yourself forced into passages of ever-decreasing size. On hands and knees now, you sense that one of the beings is very close behind. Continuing to scurry forward, you turn your head back, hoping to catch a glimpse of your pursuer. Unfortunately, your outstretched hand knocks against something, triggering a rockfall in this portion of the tunnel. You are quickly crashed by the down-rushing stone; your quest comes to a sad conclusion. The End.

115**Time: 5**

You set yourself against the charge of the statue creatures, determined to overcome them and claim what you might. You must fight each in turn unless you successfully run away.

(PUKEL-MAN #1 OB:2 DB:2 EP:10)

(PUKEL-MAN #2 OB:2 DB:2 EP:10)

(PUKEL-MAN #3 OB:2 DB:2 EP:10)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points for each Pukel-man you defeat.

- *If you successfully run away, **turn to 114.***
- *If you lose to any of the Pukel-men, **turn to 128.***
- *If you defeat all three Pukel-men, **turn to 131.***

116**Time: 0**

Climbing the knoll with as much agility as you can summon, you reach the top and slowly turn from a crouching position. Observing your surroundings as closely as possible, you eye the broken slope. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-7, **turn to 102.***
- *If 8-12, **turn to 262.***

117**Time:****0**

Is there someone coming up behind you? If there is, you think to yourself, then a bad end is at hand. At your feet is the great precipice which drops down to the Hornrock and the Burg. You rise unsteadily just as you feel a great blow to your back. You are sent flying forward, tumbling into the everlasting darkness of death. **The End.**

118**Time:****0**

Her words are sweet, but sickly! She wishes to trick me, you think, with the ring — it is so beautiful. You cast your gaze from it and close your eyes. "Insolent fool!" rages the woman, her words hard, and biting. You say nothing though, knowing that you have broken her seductive spell.

Crazed, the woman commands the Orcs who are still in the tent; "Take our guest to dinner, and enjoy him! You march on the Keep this night!" **Turn to 143.**

119**Time:N/A Exp Pt: 45**

In the end, you bring Herulf down with a mighty Mow, and justice is done. His Dunlendings are nowhere to be seen and fail to fulfil his dream of revenge on your people. Too exhausted to return to the Deep, you collapse next to Herulf's lifeless body, and let the rain wash away the blood that stains your blade.

You await the coming day with a profound melancholy. **Turn to 130.**

120**Time:N/A**

The ladder is too heavy, and held firm from below. You cannot move it! An Orc is nearly to the top of the ladder. With a drawn sword, he swings at you. *Pick a number and add your DB:*

- *If 2-5, **turn to 335.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 312.***

121**Time: 0 Exp Pt: 2**

Someone is moving up behind you! Quickly, you think: he must have evil intent, for he has come upon me at unawares. Also, he must wish to cast me over the precipice which lies at my feet, for it would be the quickest way to dispatch me.

Rapidly you develop a plan to defeat your foe. You must wait until the last possible moment and then jump aside, bringing your weapon around to throw him off balance and then over the cliff! *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 194.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 379.*

122**Time: 5**

"Gamling," you call out to catch his attention, "I have a report, Commander."

"Yes, what is it?" he asks, turning to face you.

"I have chased a Dunlendish spy into his secret warren under the peaks of the Thrihyrne! He was the same man I saw treating with a our Rider, Herulf, on the Back Stair before dawn this morning." Gamling's jaw drops open in disbelief, and the other officers lean closer to hear your story.

- *If you have Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, turn to 220.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 195.*

123**Time: N/A Exp Pt: 10**

Surprising your foe, you strike, sending him sailing to the other side of the parapet. However, you have been exposed to enemy bowmen, and they send you reeling back. The next invader siezes the chance to gain the battlement. And he does! Grasping your weapon, you charge him. *Turn to 232.*

124**Time: 0**

Coming to the end of the hedge, you draw your weapon and bend low to sneak up on the two Orcs now plundering the motionless body of the third. *rick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 157.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 134.*

125**Time: 300**

Your desperate battle against the Dunlending is valiant, but he overwhelms you. Caught off-balance by his fierce attack, you stumble and provide an easy target. You remember no more for a time.

You awaken to a fierce jolting that sends stabs of pain through your sore head. You reach for the wound, but your hands are bound! Thoroughly trussed-up, you have been thrown over the back of a pony like a hunting trophy. Opening your eyes slightly, you see daylight, but heavy clouds have blotted out the sun. You seem to be on a trail leading through, if you do not miss your guess, the thick grass of the Westfold!

Have you been brought through the mountains by a secret pass? Events are beginning to make sense for you now. The Dunlending that attacked you was not the same as the one you had seen earlier, but perhaps the two were in league, using a secret mountain pass from the Westfold to the Deep that no one thought existed! All the passes that you have heard tell of merely go from the Coomb to the Deep. But from the Westfold through the Thrihyrne! That is a danger even Erkenbrand had not accounted for. *Turn to 351.*

126

Time: N/A

As you are about to do battle with yet another Orc, lightning strikes in the gorge, and you look up towards the cliff over the Burg. There, ascending the cliff-path to the plateau, is an Eorling. You would swear on the mound of Helm that it is Herulf! Is he escaping or preparing to lead a Dunlendish force into battle?

- *If you attempt to catch Herulf, turn to 150.*
- *If you continue to fight in the Deep, turn to 164.*

127

Time: 0

Thinking that the Dunlending might suddenly see you, you scramble behind a large rock, but dislodge several stones in the process, sending them clattering down the path. You listen. The Dunlending's movement stops, but then starts again after a short moment. Relieved, you take up your pursuit again. **Turn to 268.**

128

Time: 0

Ravaged by these strange creatures, you succumb to their determined attacks. Your quest is unfortunately over, as they beat you into unconsciousness. **The End.**

129

Time: N/A **ExpPt:** 15

- You defeat the Orc, and Gimli is saved!
- *If Event B has occurred, or you have killed Herulf, turn to 164.*
 - *Otherwise, turn to 126.*

130

Time:

Special

The pale light of dawn, unhindered by cloud, washes over you. Compared to the tumult of last night's battle, all seems quiet and still. When you can summon the strength, you rise and head for the other Burg. The White Hand has been defeated. *Note on your Character Record that it is now Time 0 of Day 2. Turn to 330.*

131

Time: 0

You stand victorious over the last bloodless corpse of these Pukel-creatures. Interestingly, in death, they seem to revert back to stone, but they strike quite a different pose now! You turn your attention to the pillar and tomb. **Turn to 132.**

132

Time: 5

You approach the stone casket with its many cryptic symbols, wondering what treasures may be kept within. Perhaps they will be something to aid you- once I escape from these cursed catacombs, you think silently. The runes, again, make no sense to you, but they are not exactly like those you found upon the door. You examine the lid of the tomb and find that it can easily be moved aside.

- *If you leave now, turn to 156.*
- *Otherwise, pick a number:*
 - *If 2-7, turn to 388.*
 - *If 8-12, turn to 176.*

133

Time: 5

As you come upon the standing door, even the wind seems to hold its breath.

- If you call into the barracks, **turn to 284.**
- If you enter the barracks silently, **turn to 383.**

134

Time: 0

Stripping their unconscious comrade of his belongings, the Goblins do not notice your approach. The crackling of the burning cottage drowns your footfalls. No more than an arm's length away, you raise your weapon to strike with deadly effect. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus and your OB (either missile or melee, your choice):*

- If 2-7, **turn to 384.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 216.**

135

Time:

Your quest is over. **The End.**

136

Time: 20

You heave the Dunlendish warrior to your shoulder; he is much heavier than you first expected. Carefully, you wend your way down to the base of the Hornrock, then up the Back Stair where several fellow Eorlingas are waiting for you. Excited and vengeful cries charge the Deep, echoing through the gorge:

"Hail, brave Eorling!"

"A vile Dunlendish scout thought he would catch us napping!"

"We shall take him to the Dike to ward his friends!"

Caught up in the revelry, you shout: "Make way! Make way for the Watchman. I must make my report to the Burg commander."

"He is here. Make your report." To your astonishment, before you in the outer court of the Hornburg stands Herulf: Burg commander in Gamling's stead today.



"I... he... This Dunn..." You are struck dumb by the overbearing presence of your suspected traitor.

"Well? Report!" Herulf's voice rises like rolling thunder and his cold eyes bore into yours. He stands unblinking and bends slightly to come ever closer. You feel his breath on your face. "Did the man of Dunland hack out your tongue before you felled him?" There comes a light laughter from the assembled crowd. "Or was this your work at all?"

This proves to be too much for you to bear. You drop the Dunlending's unconscious body to the ground. "Yes, it was I who brought down this rank enemy of our lands and stables! His blood befouls my weapon, and I show it for all to see!" At this you raise your weapon to the assembly, then continue. "He came upon me, without warning as their way would be, but I bested him, Eorling to Dunlending. But I fear he may have done away with several of us on watch over the Burg before I brought him down. To come to the cliff, he must have taken one of the secret passes from the Coomb, though I know nothing of them. A spy he is. And he has had help to breach our defenses thus." At this, you now take your turn to glare at Herulf, trying to read his thoughts, though few of those around you would guess your suspicions.

"Well done. You may make a Rider yet." Herulf's reply takes you somewhat off guard, and you have no further opportunity to speak. He continues, ordering another Eorling at hand: "Take the prisoner to the dungeon. I will speak with him later. Double the watch on the cliff and beware." Then he adds for the rest: "Back to your posts! If Gamling saw you in such disarray, he would break your spears and toss you into a pit of Orcs for sport!" Herulf turns to go back to the Keep as two fellow Eorlingas follow close behind with the limp body of the Dunlending.

- *If you are wounded, turn to 424.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 281.*

137

Time: 5

You are just about to start off for Deorhere's post when a young Eorling Watchman, somewhat like yourself, calls out softly from behind you. "Fellow Eorling, attention! Do you see this apparition as I to?" You turn around and approach him, wondering how recently he arrived over the Back Stair.

"What is afoot?" you ask, quiet also, but very interested.

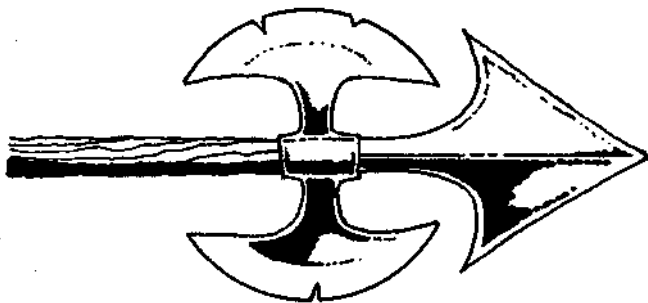
"My eyes may be tricked by some wizardry, but I would swear on Helm's Mound that out there," he points into the gorge at the bottom of the Stair, "a shadow is passing from rock to bush."

"It would be no surprise to me," you say knowingly. Straining to push back the folds of night, you try to see what your companion has already discovered.

"There it is again," he says, grasping his spear ever tighter. "A shade from Isengard, or Mordor, it seems." You see it too, but just barely. It is the size of a man, and retreating. No shade, you think, it is the Dunlending making good his escape!

"I must go," you tell the young guard. "Report all you see to your Watch Commander." With that, you leave.

- *If you continue on and report to Deorhere, turn to 348.*
- *If you again descend to the Back Gate, but this time pursue the Dunlending, turn to 203.*



138

Time: 251

Perhaps the hillman spy did not come up herd after all, for you can find no trace of him. On the verge of admitting failure, you start to make your way back to the cliff path. Ahead rises a rock) outcropping from the steep slope. "One last look from there, and then I must return to the Burg and make my report," you say to yourself. **Turn to 116.**

139

Time: 0

You raise your weapon to defend yourself, but are too late. **The End.**

140

Time: 0

Your inspection reveals nothing to brand Herulf a traitor to his sword and oath. Cursing silently, you decide whether or not to remain and look for secret hiding places.

- If you continue your search, **turn to 365.**
- If you leave Herulf's room, **turn to 219.**

141

Time: 5

You think to yourself for a moment. There must be some reason for Herulf's strange behaviour. By all accounts he is a trusted Rider of the Mark, tested in several combats. Some plan must be behind his action. Perhaps it is best to keep clear of such things, for they are above your station. But then, there is so much at stake: the lives of your comrades, loyal Eorlingas all, men and women of the Westfold, and their children. The Hornburg. Rohan!

- If you immediately report the incident to Gamling, acting commander of Helm's Deep, **turn to 396.**
- If you immediately report the incident to Deorhere, your watch commander, **turn to 348.**
- If you continue your patrol, hoping to find evidence of other strange behaviour, **turn to 296.**

142

Time: 10

You are ordered to the parapet of the Burg's outer wall above the Great Gate, where you are issued a how and a number of arrows. The men about you ready themselves; you feel the tension of the impending battle. This night you will have your fill of Orcs, or they will have their fill of you! *Note: it is unnecessary to add the bow and arrows to your Character Record.* **Turn to 159.**



The two burly Uruk-Hai who were standing behind you now grab at your wrists and ankles as they had before. Hefting you up, they carry you out, but not before stopping to pick up your gear. Once out of the tent, the Orc at your ankles drops his half of the load, allowing the leader to drag you through the camp himself. Orcs hoot and thrash and throw refuse at you during this procession, but finally it ends — at the cooking pits.

The lead Uruk drops you and tosses your armour weapons, and gear to one side. He then speaks in the common speech to a long, but rather skinny Or who wields a cleaver beneath a sun-shelter "Gaznag, another horse-man for you. Leave the skin on this time. It is most tasty." Such talk disheartening (to say the least!), but you must listen to it none the less.

"Gaznag must do all the work?" complains the reluctant cook.

"Yes! And do not play with it too long. We hungry! We are the fighting Uruk-Hai! Now quick, or we eat you too!" At that, the larger Or leaves.

"Hmmm," says Gaznag eyeing and poking you "You would make a tasty morsel, yes? Perhaps will get some of you myself. Do you like to play? The scrawny, bristle-covered Orc pulls you near and waves the big knife over various parts of your body. Frozen with fear, you give little response.



A rock strikes Gaznag in the head. "Ow!" You twist to see who, or what, threw the stone. As you do, you realize you are near the edge of the encampment and the rock came from some brush, or a tuft of high grass, just beyond a shady tree. "I will teach you young Uruks a lesson!" scowls Gaznag, now nibbling a throbbing bruise on his temple. Rising and waving the cleaver in front of him, he tramps off into the grass.

You check your bonds. They have loosened from the Orcs' rough treatment, and you manage to slip a hand free. A fight breaks out towards the centre of the camp, and you take the opportunity to unbind yourself before Gaznag returns. But he does not, and the disturbance in the camp soon quells.

*If you lie still, **turn to 265.***

*If you try to escape from the camp, **turn to 223.***

Quiet as a mouse in a den of cats, you move over to the door which leads to Herulf's bed chamber. You lean forward and press your ear against the wood...

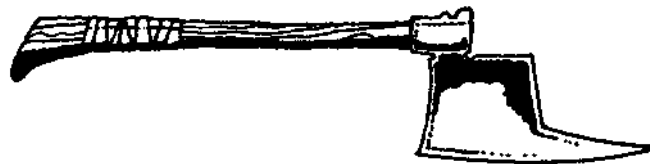
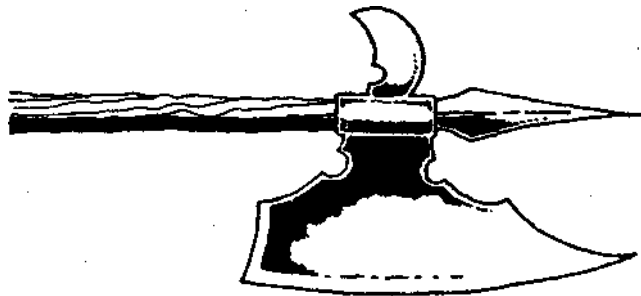
Then, too sudden for you to react, the door flies open with a crash. Herulf steps out in full battle dress and walks straight into you! You stagger back, aghast and mute. Herulf seems as surprised as you, but that is of little comfort. A tempest builds up in the man towering opposite, and when it breaks, you wish yourself a hundred leagues away.

"What is the meaning of this!" he screams. Then, quietly; "Perhaps you would like to explain yourself?" He moves to bare his weapon.

"A moment, pray," you manage, quite taken aback with the horror of what has befallen you.

"Speak!" he bellows.

- *If you would much rather be going about your regular duties, **turn to 398.***
- *If you confront Herulf, **turn to 247.***



145

Time: 0

You take a few tentative steps into the gloomy long-house, when you hear a cold voice coming from behind you: "Me you looking for, Forgoil?" A shadowy form leaps at you and you see a flash of brandished metal. In the following combat, you are surprised. **Turn to 269.**

146

Time: 0

You turn again and run towards the Riders. The Orcs soon lose interest, retreating into the encroaching night. **Turn to 212.**

147

Time: 10

You drag Herulf's limp body into his room, and immediately set about searching the chamber. There must be evidence of his treachery here, you think. His wardrobe, in disarray, conceals nothing. You search his writing table, again nothing. Then you turn your attention to his foot locker. Throwing open the lid, you sift through the bridles, boots and woollen body-clothes. At the bottom of the chest, you discover what you seek: a bound bundle of parchments.

- *If Event B has occurred, **turn to 217.***
- *If Event C has occurred, **turn to 359.***

148

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 15

Your fight in the heavy shadows proves to be your opponent's last. With one final strike, you bring down the man. Realizing he is close to death, you work quickly to extract the information from him you need. But as you lean close, you see his face more clearly and realize that, he is not the spy you saw at the Back Stair with Herulf. Holding the point of your blade to his throat, you grab his hair and drag his face up towards yours.

"How have you hillmen entered the Deep?" you demand, none too gently. He does not speak. Pressing the blade, you scream, "Speak! Or I will make your last moments most unpleasant."

You see he is near death, his life blood flowing from him, but he is terrified, and speaks truthfully. "The slope... above your precious Keep... there is a... Kill me not..." But it is too late, the man of Dunland dies in your clutches. Unfortunate, you think, but now you know how the traitorous hillmen are getting in. There must be some sort of secret pass on the slopes of the Thrihyrne over the Hornburg. Leaving the man of Dunland where he has fallen, you hurry out of the long-house and back into the Deep. *Turn to 193.*

149

Time: 0

You hear the muffled clatter of hard boots on wood. Someone is in the next building! Moving towards the door, you look out. Indeed, while it was not so just a moment ago, the door to the next barracks now stands ajar. You exit the first house and cautiously approach the second. *Turn to 133.*



150

Time: N/A

You run from the battle in a desperate attempt to catch the traitor. Once you have scaled the cliff and come to the plateau, you find Herulf waiting for you. His sword hangs from his hand. A heavy rain drenches the two of you, and lightning smites the slopes of the Thrihyrne. The crashing report of its thunder rolls down the Deep, shaking the very roots of the mountain.

"My Dunlending friends have not arrived," says Herulf, whose voice is steady and confident.

"You betrayed our people, Herulf. Why?" This you ask as you approach and bring your weapon to bear.

"Our people!" he mocks, "Your people. My father was a man of Dunland, slain by your good Prince Theodred before I was born!" Lightning strikes again, but this time closer. Shards of rock fly in all directions with the deafening boom.

"And that is enough for treason," you state, more as a fact than a question.

"It is reason enough for me!" Herulf's blade suddenly flashes up from his side. He lunges to the attack. Battle lust hardens your spirit. *Pick a number and reduce your Damage Taken by that amount. **Turn to 433.***

151

Time: 30

"I must try to get to the Westfold, and there do some spying of my own!" You hope no one is in the tunnel to hear you, but talking aloud imparts the strength you need to make it through this ordeal. You strike off in the direction which you judge to be the right one. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

•If 2-5, *turn to 280.*

•If 6-10, *turn to 109.*

•If 11-12, *turn to 228.*

152

Time: 5 ExpPt: 8

"I saw you do battle last night," Gamling continues. "You were brave and fought well. For your deeds of yesterday, and the spirit I see within you, I proclaim you a Rider of the Mark! Do you accept this honour?"

"Oh, most certainly," you answer, wondering at your good fortune.

"Very well. Then take this sword, once wielded by the Rider Dwimmerthane, as a symbol of your valour." Gamling produces a shining blade whose pommel is set with a bright green crystal.

Taking the sword, you lift it high, saying: "Rohan! I stand as your faithful servant!"

*Your quest has come to its conclusion. If you wish to play this character in other Middle-earth Quest Games, note that your new sword adds +1 to your OB. **The End.***



153**Time: 10**

As you proceed toward the head of the gorge, you soon come upon the empty barracks of Erkenbrand's Riders. Many great wooden houses are lined before you in the gathering dawn, and all is quiet except for the whispering of the wind which blows down the length of the Deep. Not even the crag-birds have come forward to greet the reluctant sun.

With the long-houses abandoned, you think that they offer excellent refuge, and even a sworn enemy would not turn down such an opportunity to escape detection by a pursuing hunter.

- *If you wish to check one of the barrack buildings, **turn to 350.***
- *If you wish to continue your journey to the head of the gorge, **turn to 155.***

154**Time: 15**

After a time in these confounded tunnels you begin to wonder what you are doing. A multitude, or so it seems, of passages have opened to either side. Could you have already passed the one which the Dunlending has used? Will you be able to find your way back out again? You stop, at an intersection which splits the tunnel off to the right and the left. One seems as bad as the other, and neither is as good as the route back, so you manoeuvre to turn around and retrace your course. As you do so, however, you sense a presence just behind you! Through laboured breathing, a hissing voice whispers: "Now you die, Strawhead." *Take an action:*

- *If you successfully run away, **turn to 187.***
- *If you fight, you are surprised. **Turn to 226.***

155**Time: 0**

You pass the row of buildings, but a sudden motion catches your eye. Turning to see what it could be, you now notice that the last barracks' door stands open, and begins to creak as it sways in the breeze. Someone is about, and whether Eorling or Dunlending, you are determined to find out who it is. Cautiously, you approach the barracks door. *Turn to 133.*

156**Time: 10**

Calmly and set with determination, you depart from this burial vault. Leaving the dim light behind, you make your way to what you think is the main tunnel, and there pause to make a decision. Then, yet one more time, you set out.

- *If you wish to go to the Westfold, pick a number:*
 - *If 2-5, **turn to 280.***
 - *If 6-12, **turn to 228.***
- *If you wish to go back to the Deep, pick a number:*
 - *If 2-9, **turn to 270.***
 - *If 10-12, **turn to 280.***

157**Time: 0**

As you come up behind them, one of the Orcs turns and looks up. Seeing you, he emits a sharp cry, and the two jump up with weapons drawn to engage in combat.

- *If you want to run from them, **turn to 343.***
- *If you stand and fight, **turn to 289.***

158

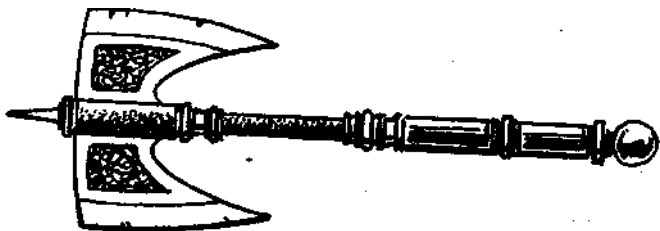
Time: 5

You fight this vile creature of the Unlife.

Note: each time the Skeleton hits you in combat (i.e., does damage), instead of increasing the amount of your Damage Taken, reduce your Strength (St) Stat Value by one (1), regardless of the actual amount of damage you are supposed to take. If the Skeleton scores a "U" or "K" result, or your Strength (St) Stat Value drops to 0, you lose the fight automatically. Strength (St) points lost in this way may be returned to your character after the end of the game.

(SKELETON OB: 2 DB: 0 EP: 17)

- If you defeat the Skeleton, **turn to 171.**
- If you lose, **turn to 173.**
- If you successfully run away, **turn to 168.**



159

Time: Special

The Coomb is veiled in an ever blackening night, split open by crackling bursts of lightning, but the thunderheads do not yet disgorge their heavy loads of rain. As time slowly passes, the Hornburg's Rohirric defenders from Edoras arrange themselves upon the walls, swelling your ranks and bringing more bows to bear.

Then, out of the darkness comes a red glow, and it seems that the whole Coomb is aflame. Saruman's great host approaches. The rearguard defenders at Helm's Dike are shattered as the mass of Orcs and evil men break over the ramparts and continue onto the very walls of the Burg itself. Black and fair arrows begin to fly. The Battle of the Hornburg begins!

*Note: in the great battle that follows, you lose track of time, being far too busy defending yourself, and the Burg, to worry about its passing. You may not spend extra time healing during the battle (although you may take any healing herbs or potions you have, of course). Normal time rules apply at the beginning of Day 2. **Turn to 429.***

160

Time: 0

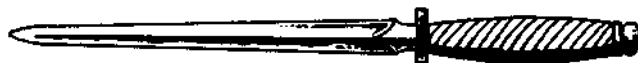
Defeating the two vile servants of Saruman, you leave their bodies for the carrion birds and head off towards the Riders, calling out to them as you go. **Turn to 212.**

161

Time: 0

Much to your surprise you seem to have come upon a pointed knife blade. A voice accompanies it, low and spiteful: "Darkness take you, Strawhead..." *Take an action:*

- If you successfully run away, **turn to 187.**
- If you fight, you are surprised. **Turn to 226.**



162

Time: 0

Your final vision is that of Herulf standing over you with wild eyes full of bloodlust. He raises his blade and plunges it into you for the last time. Your life ends cruelly and needlessly. The End.

163

Time: 0

"Young one," says Gamling, "I could not find Herulf yesterday. Do you know what happened to him?"

- *If you killed Herulf last night, turn to 386.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 314.*

164

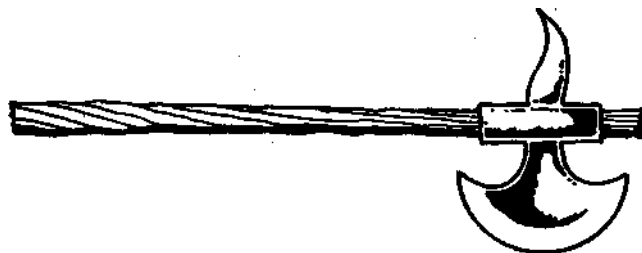
Time: N/A Exp Pt: 20

Many battles with sallow Orcs and crazed Dunlendings follow on this anguished night. You account yourself well, though the carnage mounts and the screams of war unleash the hell-fire of the Cracks within the Deep. The force you are with is pushed back to the caves at the head of the gorge, but a final valiant charge of Riders routs the invaders from the Hornburg. Overtaken with exhaustion, the fire of life burning low within, you collapse at the base of the Hornrock and await the coming day. *Turn to 130.*

165

Time: 5

When you reach the foot of the Stair, you crouch down and listen for a moment. You are quite sure you hear some movement through the brush on the slope (which stretches off ahead of you and to the right), so you prepare yourself to head off that way. And Bema help the hillman when I catch him, you think grimly to yourself. *Turn to 346.*



166

Time: 20

A call comes down from the earthen ramparts of Helm's Dike: "Gamling, attention! An Eorling approaches the Dike. Or a phantom sent from Saruman. Come quick!" The voice then cries out to you: "Eorling, if that is what you be, announce yourself!"

"It is I, Eorling and Watchman!" you call out as you advance, "I must report to Gamling. Is he there?"

"He is!" It is Gamling who speaks as he comes to meet you on the Horn Road. His figure is foreboding, despite his years, decked in bright mail and heavy helm. "What is your report?" he asks.

"I have escaped from an Orc camp of war in the Westfold and have come to you thus with important information," you declare.

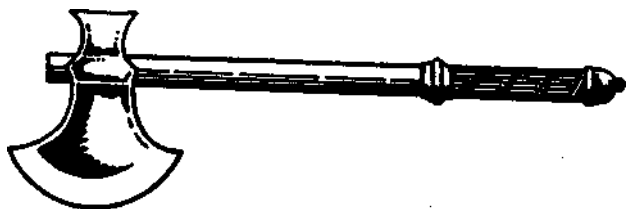
"Ah, I recognize you, young one. Were you not to be on guard at the Burg this day? But I interrupt you. Give your report, I suspect it may be very interesting." The two of you proceed back to the rampart as you begin your story.

- *If you have Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, turn to 295.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 380.*

167**Time: 0**

Upon immediate reflection, you would have to say that the man is yet another Dunlending. You could tell by his mean dress of animal skins and his dark hair. And now you know where they are all coming from: there must be an entrance to a secret passage under the boulder! Those Dunlendish rogues! From here they can discern numbers, estimate the strength of the battlements and, worst of all, plot with traitors.

- *If you find Dama and tell him what you saw, turn to 420.*
- *If you wait and watch the thicket, turn to 229.*
- *If you pursue the man of Dunland, turn to 403.*

**168****Time: 5 days**

You flee in terror from the Skeleton's frightening visage. Taking first one passage, then another, never looking back, you pass deeper and deeper into the mountain. You have eluded your pursuer, but now you are hopelessly lost. Time passes in unnumbered days, and soon, giving up all hope of freedom, you lay down in the inky blackness and let the Valar take your spirit. Your quest is over. **The End.**

169**Time: 5**

You jump up and sprint to the thicket, checking the steep slopes around you for signs of any other hillman scouts. There are none that you can see. When you reach the tunnel through the brambles which the man of Dunland used, you drop to your stomach and wend your way to the base of the boulder. Only a few thorns scratch your face and hands. Before you lies an opening in the ground barely wide enough to accommodate a man and his pack, but you slip through it quickly and quietly. Soon you stand at the bottom of a pit, shrouded in gloom. There is a passage through the rock here, but it is black as coal and you can not tell if the man of Dunland is near at hand or not. Allowing your eyes to adjust, you ready your weapon. The tunnel which stretches off into the distance is barely high enough for you to pass through doubled over. Nothing can be heard; all is silent and black. **Turn to 422.**

170**Time: 0**

After a cursory search, you move Herulf's bed and table aside in order to look for secret holes and the like. Then, unbelievably, the door to the room opens behind you! Your blood runs to ice and you freeze in place. "What is this?" speaks a voice, old and gruff. It is Ealdryhten, a brave leader of eoreds past and confidant to Erkenbrand himself! "A spy I have caught, no?" Before you can answer or explain, Ealdryhten—stronger than his years seem to allow — grabs you and takes you down to the dungeon. His last words are: "We will let Gamling deal with you when he returns!" **Turn to 435.**



171 **Time:** 0 **ExpPt:20**

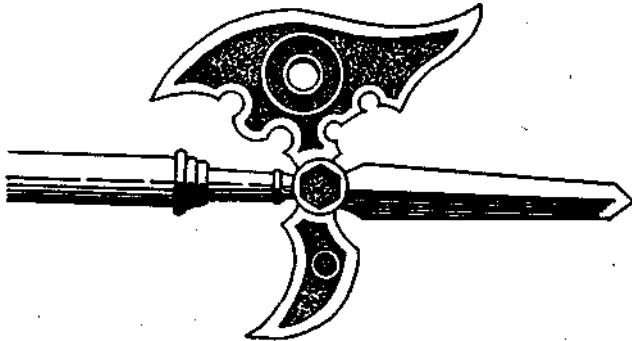
You stand victorious once again. Can no creature on, or under, Middle-earth defeat you? You make your way through the scattered bones to the open tomb and look in. **Turn to 188.**

172 **Time:** N/A

You have been knocked unconscious during the Battle of the Hornburg. Although vicious fighting rages all around, you are powerless to help the defenders. **Turn to 430.**

173 **Time:0**

Your opponent grows stronger as you weaken under his blows. Finally, unable to bare the assault, you collapse and let the long arms of never-ending sleep envelop you. Your quest is over. **The End.**



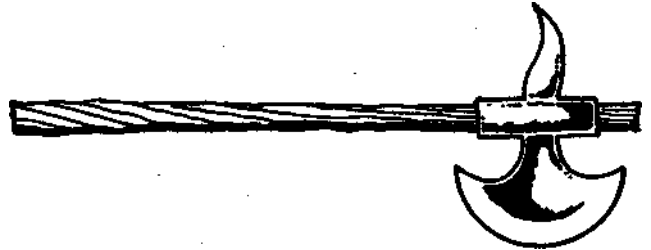
174

Time: 5

You jump out of the tall, dark grass you were standing in and block the retreat of the Orc. He lifts his curved scimitar to cut you down. You must now light the Goblin.

(ORC OB:2 DB:0 EP:15)

- If you defeat the Orc, **turn to 332.**
- If the Orc defeats you, **turn to 360.**
- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 175.**



175

Time: 0

You run past the Orc, onwards to the swift Eorling host. He does not pursue you, but continues his night. You call out to the Riders as they pass, but they are still far away and you are not sure that they will hear. **Turn to 212.**

176

Time:0

With a heave, you manage to shove the coffin lid aside and look in. There lies the moldering corpse of some long dead chieftain, or so you surmise. An eerie light seems to radiate from the body, but all is peaceful now, so you pay it no mind. Several items are cluttered together at the foot of the corpse. **Turn to 188.**

The woman stands in the distance, watching your approach. Upon reaching her, you see that her woollen dress is torn and her face scarred. She holds her wrapped child in her arms.

"Oh, many thanks, Rider!" she gasps when you arrive. "I would not have survived their pursuit if you had not come. Nor would Eiffel." At this she folds back the cloth which covers her baby's face.

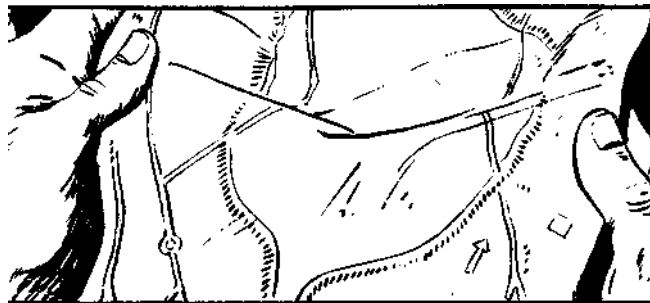
"Thanks are unnecessary," you tell her, "I am only sorry that I lost my horse. But quickly, let us get to the Dike. From there you will be taken back into the caves of the Deep where you will be quite safe. How did it come to be that you were out here?"

"I live alone, deep in the Westfold, to the north. I was coming to the Deep with other homesteaders near to me, when we were waylaid by wild men. Dunlendings I think they were. Some of us managed to escape. Eiffel and I were the last ones. I have come many leagues by foot, and the ways are dangerous!" You well believe they are.

Fortunately, your journey is without further incident, and the three of you walk on for some time before reaching the Dike. By this time, the Coomb has become quite dark. You linger behind the Dike's ramparts after saying goodbye to the woman and her child, wondering at their future, and yours! However, you are soon ordered to the Burg wall to take up its defense. Scouts report that Saruman's army is moving on the coomb! *Note: advance the accumulated Time total on your Character Record to 800, if it is not yet that high. Turn to 389.*

"It may be of interest to you to know that Rohan is doomed," the woman cackles, all pretence of seducing you with magic gone now. "Your precious Erkenbrand's forces were broken at the Fords of Isen. Legions of thousands march on the Burg this night. All is lost for you, pitiful creature." She says to the Orcs who are still in the tent, "Take him to dinner! Get him out of my sight." **Turn to 143.**

You open the packet, heart racing. Your eyes pass over the unfolded papers. As you thought: troop strengths, dispositions and leaders are written thereon. Complete battle plans. Information the enemy could devour and then spit back at the defenders of Helm's Deep! Your inspection becomes more considered: the reports are detailed and complete. One page shows Erkenbrand's table of organization and route to the Fords of Isen, where he hopes to crush the White Hand before it can invade the Westfold. It all smacks of defeat.



Herulf must already have passed on the completed, final copies to the enemy. This thought puts you in a rage you have rarely experienced. This information will no doubt cost the hearty Eorlingas dearly and may bring about ultimate defeat at the hands of Saruman's hordes. And Herulf walks confident and unscathed! "I will soon change that," you say aloud, determined to bring this to Gamling's attention at the Dike. *Note on your Character Record that you now carry Item D, the Traitor's Documents. Turn to 353.*

180

Time: N/A

With a final, mighty blow, Herulf, traitor to you and your people, ends your life. **The End.**

181

Time: 20

As you climb down the rocky slope and come to the plateau, you find a lone sentry standing guard there. "Hail, Eorling!" you call out.

"Hail," he cries as he turns to see you approach.

"What is amiss, Watchman?" you say. "Where are the cliff's guardians?" The man, who is much older than you, seems confused, for indeed he probably has no idea how you came to be descending the slopes of the Thrihyrne.

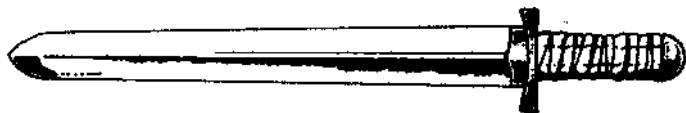
He answers your question: "A Dunlending war party came over the mountain from the west a short while ago. To test our strength, no doubt. There was a fierce battle hither," he says, pointing into the middle-distance, up the slope. "Half our men have gone back to the Burg with the prisoners, while the other half pursue those who escaped the way they came. But were you not with those Riders?"

"No," you answer, "I was chasing a Dunlending of my own. Through the mountain, not over it! There is an entrance to a secret passage under the three peaks, up there." Now it is your turn to point.

"That bodes ill for us if the wild hillmen can use it rightly," says the guard.

"Indeed."

- If you wish to report what has happened to you to Gamling, **turn to 201.**
- If you resume your duties at the Burg, **turn to 192.**



182

Time: 5

"Eorlingas, awake! Eorlingas, awake! Alarm! Alarm! Infiltrators in the outer court! Alarm!"

You scream until hoarse, and your voice cracks in pain. Watchmen like yourself but much further along the parapet of the outer wall hasten to your calls. A dog begins barking. Two or three Eorlingas flank you on either side, as more stream into the court below, some only half-dressed in the early morning chill. "Where? Where?" they call out to you, brandishing weapons of cold steel. Some raise bows, arrows nocked and strings pulled taut.

"There!" you proclaim pointing at the two now slowly rising from their crouch against the inner wall. Strange, you think, they seem so small for Dunlending warriors. Perhaps they are Orcs! What fish to catch in your net! **Turn to 405.**

183

Time: 15

"Commander," you continue, trying to keep Gamling's attention, "I have escaped from an Orc battle-camp in the Westfold. I was captured. I believe that one of our Riders is a..." Speaking is of no use however. Gamling has already left you and is now arranging men and instilling courage. "Oh, this is of no use!" you say to yourself, "I must have proof of Herulf's treachery."

You then leave the Dike's rearguard defenders and hurry to the Burg, where men are already arraying themselves on the battlements. **Turn to 142.**

184

Time: 5

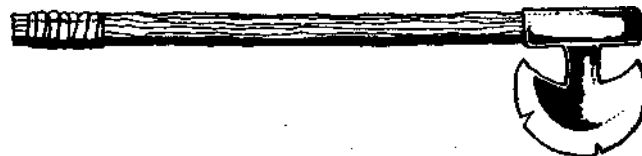
"Oh... To Mordor with Dama! I cannot search for him all day; the man of Dunland is escaping!" With that, you turn and bound back towards the boulder. At the low entrance into the thicket, you drop to your stomach and begin to crawl through the brambles. Only a few thorns scratch your face and hands as you arrive at the boulder. Before you lies a pit just wide enough for a man and his pack to squeeze through, but you will have to go head first and hope that the man of Dunland is not waiting in the gloom to cut it off. You slide in quite easily, but tumble into a heap at the bottom of the pit as you lose your handholds. Picking yourself up, you wait for your eyes to adjust to the deep shadow, then draw forth your weapon. A tunnel, just high enough for you to pass through doubled over, stretches off away from you. Nothing can be heard. All is silent and black. **Turn to 422.**

185

Time: 0

You determine that it would be best to gain the wisdom of your superior, so you ascend the same stairs and come back out again at the top of the outer Burg wall. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 348.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 137.**



186

Time: 10

The rocky path is steep, but you have used it before and are sure of your footing in the darkness. Watch-Commanders sometimes post a guard on the plateau over the Burg, for it affords a good vantage point for observing both the Coomb and the Deep. This is the path which leads there, and you have had such duty two or three times before.

After ascending a quarter of the path's length, you stop. Ahead, you can barely make out a moving form. The Dunlending! Or so you would guess. Moving closer, you now hear laboured breathing drifting down to you, but shrubs and high rocks to the sides of the path prevent you from clearly seeing your quarry. You must sneak up on your unsuspecting foe! *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 127.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 268.**

187

Time: 15

You run from the Dunlending in a blind panic, several times knocking your head on low hanging rocks or banging a shoulder on yet another unseen bend in the passageway. Finally you stop, heaving in gasps of dank air. You rub your eyes. It does not help; you see nothing. Starting to move again in desperation, you begin on your hands and knees. Soon rising to your feet, you are still doubled over because of the low ceiling. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-4, *turn to 270.*
- If 5-10, *turn to 109.*
- If 11-12, *turn to 280.*

188

Time: 10 Exp Pt: 2

At the bottom of the casket you discern the following items: a short staff of black wood, a talisman made of ivory and jade, and a spear whose shaft is of shining bone. You reach in and grab one of the treasures, but just as you do, the other two break apart and burst into a low white flame. They are destroyed.

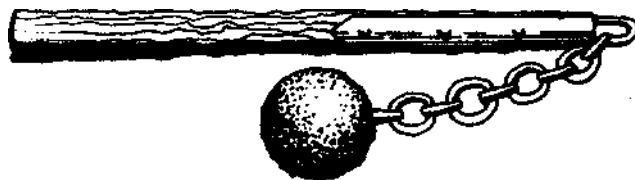
- If you picked up the staff, *turn to 204.*
- If you picked up the talisman, *turn to 206.*
- If you picked up the spear, *turn to 222.*

189

Time: 0

Again, you turn your attention to the passing Riders, some far away. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-7, *turn to 276.*
- If 8-12, *turn to 261.*



190

Time: N/A Exp Pt: 30

You push the ladder back! And with it fall four Orcs! Not all of the defenders on the wall are as successful as you, however. Running towards you along the wall's battlement is another Orc. He raises his weapon, and with a shrill cry, engages you in combat. *Turn to 232.*

191

Time: N/A

Try as you might, you are unable to strike an attacker. *Turn to 221.*

192

Time: 30

"I must go now back to the Burg. Tell the next watch commander who comes here of my discovery, would you?" you ask.

The old guard replies, "Certainly, and be diligent, young one. Saruman and his allies are a treacherous crew."

With a "thank you," you head for the cliff-path and follow it down into the gorge behind the Hornrock. From there, you ascend the Back Stair and arrive at the Burg's outer court. You report to Deorhere, and after telling him of your adventures, ask to be assigned a new post. *Turn to 421.*

Looking back towards the Burg, you see the cliff which towers over the Hornrock. Ascending the cliff to your left is a path with often turns back on itself and leads onto a plateau commanding both the coomb and the Deep. You have been up there two or three times yourself while on watch, for it is an excellent vantage point. It seems now that it also serves as the front porch for treacherous Dunlending scouts and spies!

"The hillman I saw with Herulf must have reached the plateau already," you think aloud, "and I missed him in the dark." Undaunted, you strike out towards the path on the cliff-side, intent on catching the spy before he escapes by whatever means is available to him above the Deep. Once you reach the base of the path, you begin the hard climb. There are many standing stones and bushes to either side of the path, and these make you wary. If two Dunlendings reached the Deep, there may very well be twenty. Or two hundred!

You are just about to round one of the very pillars of rock that you suspect is hiding a troop of Dunlending warriors, when you stop suddenly, holding your breath. Not two yards in front of you ambles a huge mountain bear! You slowly drop to one knee and set your weapon. Fortunately, he does not take much notice of you, and soon leaves the path. **Turn to 213.**

You rise and wheel around just in time to see a Dunlending hillman charge you with a sword held out in front of him. His eyes are wild and he spits out the words, "Die, Forgoil!" Unfortunately, he is not the same man of Dunland you saw with Herulf on the Back Stair.

You have no chance to escape at such close quarters, so you must fight him. *You may not attempt to Run Away.*

(DUNLENDING OB:2 DB:1 EP:30)

- If you kill the Dunlending, **turn to 428.**
- If you knock the Dunlending unconscious, **turn to 267.**
- If the Dunlending defeats you, **turn to 125.**



195**Time: 5**

You continue: "I was unable to catch the Dunlendish spy, but I am sure that he will use the tunnels I speak of to bring Dunlendings in force to our rear during Saruman's siege." You then go on to tell Gamling of all the events which you have been a part of this day, in all necessary detail. Once you have finished, Gamling considers for a moment.

"Your accusations are serious," he begins, "and I am wary of much that you have to say. But you do not lie! My years tell me that much. I will have Herulf brought before me, and he will answer the questions you raise. Be sure!" **Turn to 367.**

196**Time: 0**

Though you can not be sure of your own ears, you would guess that you just heard a creaking door. Perhaps it was one of the other barracks buildings. One thing is for certain; you will not discover the truth of the matter by staying in here.

You exit the building and step back into the Deep's breeze. The door to the next house stands open, and you are sure that it was not so, just moments ago. Someone is near. You approach the open door. **Turn to 133.**

197**Time: 0**

Blood burning, you heave the body of the hillman to your shoulder and with a defiant scream of rage, throw him over the precipice. You watch on as the corpse lands outside the walls of the Hornburg. There, you can see watchmen on the walls below gather on the ramparts nearest the Dunlending, as they point and call out. **Turn to 340.**

198**Time: 0**

"You should not be here. Be gone!" **The End.**

199**Time: 5**

The path, and the spy, round a standing stone just ahead of you. Now is your chance to prepare your attack. You rise fully to your feet, and holding your weapon in front of you, you charge into combat. Crying "Death!" you round the pillar of rock and strike. *Pick a number and add your melee OB:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 362.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 329.**

200**Time: 250**

Your desperate battle against the Dunlending is valiant, but in the end he overwhelms you. You have been knocked unconscious for a few moments, and when you regain your wits, the man of Dunland has lit some tinder. He is checking his map in the light of the flame. He sees your eyes open and shifts his attention, saying; "Ah, Forgoil! You stupid to come after me. Maybe you looking for this!" The spy who spoke with Herulf holds up the map. He then lifts a rock and brings it down on the side of your head, plunging you back into darkness.

You awaken again to a fierce jolting which sends stabs of pain throughout your body. You try to reach for your wounds but find that your hands are bound. You are thoroughly trussed up and have been thrown over the back of a pony! Like a hunting trophy, you think to yourself.

Opening your eyes slightly, you see that it is daylight, but heavy clouds have blotted out the sun. You seem to be on a trail leading through the thick grass of the Westfold!

The Dunlending spy has spared your life and taken you through the secret pass. But for what purpose? Your pony is being led by Dunlendings, but the spy is not among them. What could happen next? **Turn to 351.**

201 **Time: 40**

"I must go to Gamling and tell him what has happened. Where is he now?" you ask.

The older man replies, "I believe he is still at the Dike. You may find him there."

With a nod of thanks, you head for the cliff-path and follow it down into the gorge behind the Hornrock. From there you ascend the Back Stair and arrive at the Burg's outer court. Hundreds of brave warriors go about their preparations for war here. Bows are being strung. Arrows counted. Blades sharpened. Orders issued. Tonight the Orc-hosts come, you think.

You pass through the yard, round the inner Burg, and out towards the causeway past the Great Gates. When challenged, you declare your intent firmly, and are let past all guard points. Finally you arrive at Helm's Dike, and there find Gamling standing with a few officers looking out over Deeping Coomb. **Turn to 122.**

202

Time: 5

After Widwine is finished, you thank her and proceed around to the Keep's entrance. There a guard challenges you. "Hail, Eorling. What is your business here?"

"My business is with Herulf, and no other. Let me pass," you reply.

"Very well," says the guard, and you pass into the Keep. **Turn to 108.**

203

Time: 5

You leap to the nearest tower door, and swing it open. Plunging into the darkness, you fly down the spiral stairs therein and land like a clap of thunder on the guardroom floor at the bottom. Gaining your bearings, you rush for the door which leads out onto the outer courtyard of the Burg. Once outside, you skirt the tower and come upon the arched passage know to all at the Burg as the Back Gate. You traverse the normally well-protected tunnel and notice that no guard keeps a station here as is the usual practice. Most interesting, you think. Even more unusual, the Back Door, always locked before the dawn, stands ajar! **Turn to 395.**

204

Time: 0

*This staff will enable you to cast the spell "Fire Bolt" five times before its magic is expended, and it becomes useless. See the spell description for Fire Bolt at the end of this book to determine its effects and usage restrictions. You do not have to increase your Damage Taken total by 6 when you cast a Fire Bolt from the staff. **Turn to 156.***



205

Time: 0

Herulf dispatches you without much difficulty.

If Event B has occurred, turn to 290.

If Event C has occurred, turn to 162.

206

Time: 0

This talisman will increase your DB by 2 for as long as you wear it. Turn to 156.

207

Time: 0

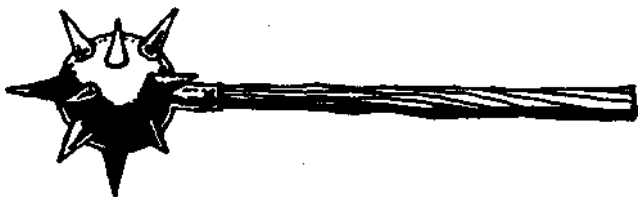
Soon you lose the trail. Cursing, you rest a moment and listen. **Turn to 300.**

208

Time: 0

"I do not know his fate, Commander," you tell Gamling, "but I would guess that he fled the battle before fate guided a righteous arrow to him."

"I see," says Gamling. "But now, let us turn to other matters." **Turn to 152.**



209

Time: 5

Herulf, of all the Eorlingas! He must be made to answer for this. You put the torch back in its place and enter the tower over the Back Gate. Its heavy wooden door creaks solemnly. You are about to slip inside when you hear a similar noise coming from the bottom of the stairs. Herulf must be passing into the outer courtyard now, you think. The staircase down to the foundation of the tower is made of heavy stone slabs projecting from the inside of a circular stairwell. Cautiously moving down in the utter darkness, you reach the bottom, and cross to the massive door which allows you to pass out onto the outer court.

The guard who should be stationed here is nowhere to be found. "This is indeed strange," you say aloud, much to your own surprise. Slowly you push open the door, listening anxiously for the slightest sound, peering for the faintest flicker of movement. He may suspect that I follow him, you reason; I must not allow him to catch me off-guard! *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 333.*

- *If 8-12, turn to 382.*

210

Time: 0

Wounded by many arrows, you experience a cruel and painful death. Your quest has come to a sad conclusion. **The End.**

211

Time: 15 Exp Pt: 20

Driving the point of your weapon into his chest, you finish off the Dunlending spy. A cold sweat grips you as the dead body lies there: you realize that this man may have been the only one who could have lead you out of this maze of catacombs safely. I must rely upon the traitor's map, you think, as you begin searching the hillman's body.

Soon you have his flint struck, and the tinder burns softly with a red glow. You pull out the map and examine it. At first it is very confusing, being merely a scattered criss-crossing of lines and circles. Slowly a larger picture takes shape in your mind. Aloud, you say; "This the Hornrock and cliff must be, and these the peaks of the Thrihyrne. Here is the main tunnel, and those are the side passages or rockfalls... but where am I?"

You admit to yourself that you are quite disoriented, but one thing is certain: if you have guessed at the map correctly, there is a tunnel branch which leads right to the Westfold near the Isen. "A highway to the Deep and defeat, if the Dunlendings can come in behind us!" The tinder is now exhausted; you must make your way in the dark. *Note on your Character Record that you carry Item A, the Map to the Secret Pass.*

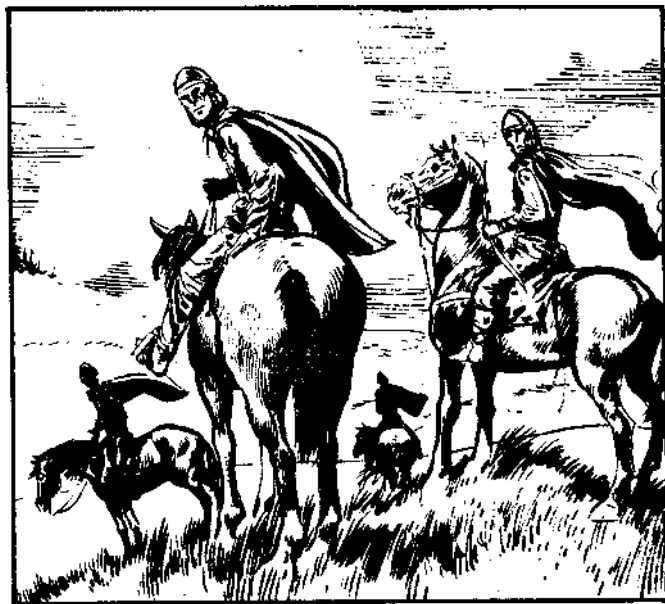
- If you try to go to the Westfold, **turn to 151.**
- If you try to go back to Helm's Deep, **turn to 378.**

212

Time: 25 ExpPt:2

"Eorlingas!" you cry, "Hail, Eorlingas! Listen to me!" Your pleas are drowned out by the beating of horse's shooves, and no one sees you. Now the host's trailers pass, and you offer one final desperate call before they continue on to the Hornburg; "Attention, Eorlingas!"

One Rider turns on his mount and slows. With him are four others, and as they see you running towards them, one lifts a drawn bow. But he does not let the arrow fly. You near the five, who have now stopped, and they marvel at your appearance out of the Orc infested pastures.



"Eorling," says the one who first saw you, "I am Dernmod, and these Riders, my sons. How have you been stranded thus?"

You begin to explain, but he interrupts: "Never you mind; we will hear your tale later. Now we must ride to the Burg before the siege army of the White Hand comes nigh!" At this, you are pulled onto the back of Dernmod's horse, and the six of you start off to catch up with the main host of Riders. "Many thanks," you offer, but go unheard.

"Theoden leads at the vanguard, does he not?" you ask of Dernmod.

"Aye," he answers while urging on his mount, "We come from Edoras. It is said that Gandalf Greyhame came to Meduseld and cured Theoden of his years, giving him counsel to ride to the Deep and stop Saruman. My sons and I donned our war gear when the mustering horns were sounded."

"Strange, these events you report, Dernmod," you reply.

"And stranger still," Dernmod continues, "A Dwarf and Elf, of all Middle-earth's creatures, ride with the King!"

"Is Gandalf Greyhame with them?" you ask excitedly, for you know he is a wizard of some repute.

"No."

As the host of Riders approaches the Dike, Dernmod offers you a healing herb if you need it. *If your Damage Taken is greater than 0, pick a number and reduce your Damage Taken by that amount. If your Damage Taken equals 0, you decline the herb. Turn to 347.*

213

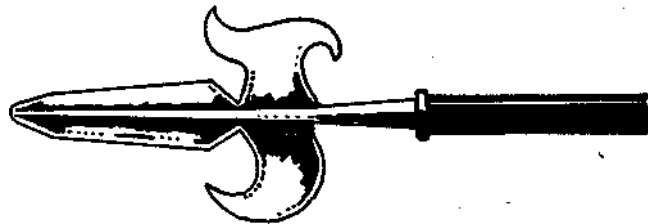
Time: 15

Watching the bear retreat, you stand and take up the path again. What next?

Soon your attention returns to the Dunlending. Where could he be? Alternating your determined climb with listening rests, you make your way to the path's summit. This day's watch has not yet arrived, so you are here alone, unless the spy is close by.

I will have to track him again, you think to yourself, and at this you bend low and begin to look for more traces of the man of Dunland's passing. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 138.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 271.**

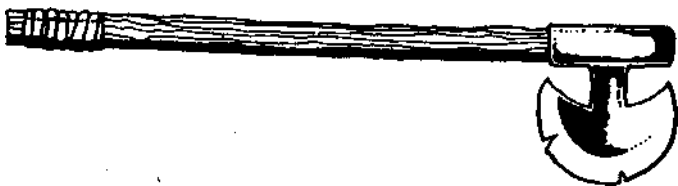


214

Time: N/A

You grab the top of the ladder and begin to push it back, but Orcish bows launch many arrows and some come close to their mark. *Pick a number and add your DB:*

- If 2-3, **turn to 263.**
- If 4-7, **turn to 236.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 317.**



215

Time: 5

Quite by accident, your weapon scrapes against the tunnel wall with a noise so sharp and sudden, a surprised gasp escapes you! You freeze in silence, a flurry of thoughts running through your mind. That has done it, you think; they heard that in Khand. You listen with such intensity, the walls themselves seem to wail and block out every other sound. Then, there is a quiet shuffling ahead which soon ends. Your only hope is that your quarry is as frightened as you are. I must go on, you think silently. **Turn to 364.**

216

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 20

You strike with a crushing blow, killing the first Orc outright. Surprised, the second falls over and fumbles for his weapon. You have just enough time to draw your weapon and ready it again before the second Goblin engages you in combat.

You fight the lone Orc.
(ORCOB:2 DB:-1 EP:12)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points if you defeat the Orc.

- If you defeat the Orc, **turn to 248.**
- If the Orc defeats you, **turn to 360.**
- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 279.**

217

Time: 5

You open the small packet, heart racing and face flushed with excitement. Your eyes pass over the unfolded papers. As you thought! Troop strengths, dispositions, and leaders. Information the enemy would devour! But what is this? The closer you look, the more desperate you become. The leaders have Dunlendish names. The troop camps are located on the west side of the Isen. Troop strengths are listed as Dunlending and Orcish units! These documents will help the Eorlingas defeat the legions of Saruman! "Oh, what mistake have I made!" you wail helplessly.

Just then, a shadow passes the doorway. It returns, lingers, then a great figure steps in. It is Ealdryhten, an old and trusted Eorling warrior, commander of eoreds past. "What is this!" he cries. "Herulf dead or dying, his room torn asunder, and a young Rider sifts through his papers. Explain yourself!" You are quite beyond explaining however, as you seem to have made a grave error in judgment. Your head, just moments ago swollen with victory, now pounds the knell of defeat. You have done your worst to an Eorling like yourself. No, not like yourself, you think; his decisions were the right ones. Your hopes of becoming a brave Rider of the Mark are dashed forever. **The End.**



With the sure-footedness of a mountain goat, you jump from shelf to rock, descending towards the path leading down to the Deep. As you approach, a group of Eorlingas led by the watch commander Dama, breaks up from the path out onto the plateau.

"Dama!" you call out to him, "Dama, attention!"

He sees you, and, dispersing his train of Watchmen, waits for you to arrive. When you reach him, quite out of breath, only one lone guard stands near at hand. Quickly you realize that this group of Eorlingas must be the day's cliff-watch, with Dama assigned as their leader.

"Dama," you gasp, "I have pursued a Dunlendish scout up here from the Burg this very morning. I saw him at the Back Stair." You decide that it is best not to mention Herulf at this moment. Continuing, you say: "And I chased him until he ascended the slope, there." You point the way you came.

"Why have you not captured him?" Dama asks.

"He slipped beneath a thorn bush near a boulder, and disappeared. I fear infiltrators have found a way to the Deep by way of tunnels under Thrihyrne! Come, I will show you." At this, Dama and the young guard standing beside him follow you back up the slope.

Shortly, the three of you arrive at the thicket, where you point out the tunnel through the bramble. Dama looks skeptical, but gets down on his stomach and squirms through the wall of thorns. You can discern his form as it nears the underside of the boulder, at which point he disappears, much the same way as the Dunlending had.

A moment later, Dama returns. "It is as you say, a hidden entrance. But I know not where it goes, if it goes anywhere at all. I found no trace of the man of Dunland, but I believe you saw him here." He stops to consider for a moment, then erupts. "Spears and spikes! I must go and report this to the Burg commander at once. You two stand here and let no one come out. I will be back when I can." You and the younger guard exchange glances that are both surprised and knowing. Dama is perhaps not as experienced as he would want his charges to believe. He strides off purposefully.

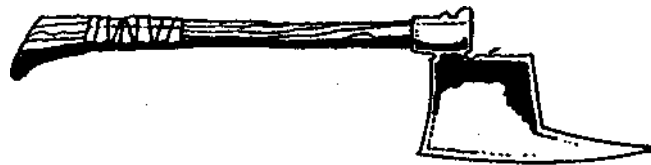
Your fellow guard strikes up a conversation. "He will be off to report this to Herulf then."

"What!" you exclaim.

"Yes, that is right," the Eorling continues calmly, "Gamling is at the Dike this day, and our brave Herulf commands the Burg in his stead. You seem troubled."

'Troubled' understates things. How horrible, you think; Dama will report this to Herulf, and while he stalls, the Dunlending dog will be halfway to his destination, or better!

- If you wait for Dama to return with orders and reinforcements, **turn to 246.**
- If you enter the secret pass without waiting, **turn to 310.**



219

Time: 10

"It is folly for me to remain here," you say to yourself, "Herulf hides nothing in his own bed chamber." And with that, you leave, taking care to arrange things as they had been before. Once outside, you make your way to the outer wall, quite disgusted. **Turn to 423.**

220

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 20

You continue: "I slew him in the tunnels, and took this, a map of the pass, from his body." You pull the map out from under your tunic and show it to Gamling. "This is the document I saw Herulf pass to the spy on the Stair. Herulf is a traitor who, by my guess, hoped to bring Dunlendings in force to our rear during Saruman's siege. His actions smack of treachery."

Gamling and the others consider your words. Then Gamling says, "These are strong accusations, young one. Are you certain of what you say?"

"Yes, Commander!" is your reply.

"Very well," says Gamling, "I will send an officer to find Herulf. He will come before me and answer your charges. Leave this map with me." *Remove Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, from your Character Record.* **Turn to 367.**

221

Time: N/A

You took careful aim with your arrows but exposed yourself to the enemy's darts. *Pick a number and add your DB:*

- If 2-3, **turn to 263.**
- If 4-7, **turn to 323.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 224.**

222

Time: 0

This spear has a "Strength" spell permanently embedded in it. Therefore, whenever you use it in combat, you always double the number of the damage delivered result on the combat table (i.e. an 8 becomes a 16). The magic in the spear does not affect "U" or "K" results however. **Turn to 156.**

223

Time: 0

This is your chance! Rising to your feet, but keeping low, you prepare to dash towards the brush at the edge of the camp before more Orcs return. *Pick a number and add your Intelligence Stat bonus:*

- If 2-4, **turn to 402.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 373.**



224

Time: N/A

All of the black-feathered arrows which are aimed at you miss. You are indeed fortunate! **Turn to 249.**

225

Time: 0

The door is magical in nature and was constructed long ago by sorcerous men of the White Mountain vales. To open the door, you must touch two specific door runes at the same time. Intrigued, you decide to do this. **Turn to 112.**

226

Time: 5

You fight the Dunlending scout.
(DUNLENDING OB:2 DB:2 EP:40)

The battle is joined at close quarters and in pitch blackness. Parries and thrusts take you down corridors which you have not traversed. Soon you are completely lost and fighting for your very life.

- *If you win the fight, **turn to 274.***
- *If you are knocked unconscious, **turn to 200.***
- *If you successfully run away, **turn to 187.***

227

Time: 40

Struck several times, you lose consciousness before being able to reach the tunnel.

When you awaken, torn and battered, you find that you have been thoroughly trussed up and thrown over the back of a pony. One Dunlending leads the pack animal, while the others walk ahead. **Turn to 351.**

228

Time: 230 ExpPt: 6

While traveling through the tunnel, you try to count the time, but it passes out of reckoning. On and on the passageway goes, with no end in sight. Several side tunnels and fissures open away to the right and left, but you are not tempted to follow one; the path you are on now seems the best. On occasion, however, the tunnel splits, with one way seeming as good as the other. At these junctures you make your best guesses. Eventually, you see faint daylight reflected across the passage walls. Pressing toward it, you are finally rewarded with the sight of an outlet at the bottom of a steep ramp covered with loose stones.

Descending excitedly, you disturb the gravel so that it slides down with you, all in a clatter. Cave bats, now agitated, flutter about. Ahead, outside, you see the tumbled rocks and waving grass of the Westfold slopes. All is covered by the overcast sky.

- *If you exit the tunnel, **turn to 242.***
- *If you wait, **turn to 233.***

229

Time: 5

Without moving, you continue to watch the thicket and boulder. The hillman does not emerge. You must take action now!

- *If you seek out Dama, and tell him what you saw, **turn to 354.***
- *If you pursue the Dunlending, **turn to 169.***

230

Time: 5

You evade the Orcs who tried to pursue you. Now I must find that woman, you think to yourself. **Turn to 177.**

231

Time: 10

You make your way down the tunnel as a feeling of uneasiness grows inside. What if you have passed the Dunlending? There have been many side passages which you have ignored, preferring now to stay on what seems to be a main corridor.

Suddenly you stop, hearing a scraping noise close behind you. It ceases. You are being followed! Soon there is a quiet shifting and the sound of shallow breathing followed by: "Now you die, Strawhead..." *Take an action:*

- *If you successfully run away, **turn to 187.***
- *If you fight, **turn to 226.***

232 **Time: N/A**
You do battle with one of Saruman's foul Half-ores.

(HALF-ORC OB:2 DB:2 EP:10)

- You may not attempt to Run Away during combat*
- If you defeat the Half-orc, **turn to 385.**
 - If you are knocked unconscious, **turn to 172.**
 - If you are killed by the Half-ore, **turn to 432.**

233 **Time: 10**
You think it best not to be hasty. For all you know, a host of Saruman's Orcs could be waiting out there for your arrival! *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-9, **turn to 234.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 235.**

234 **Time: 0**
All is quiet beyond the tunnel's opening. Even the sound of the wind comes reluctantly.

- If you go back into the tunnels and try to find your way to the Deep, **turn to 239.**
- If you exit the tunnel, **turn to 242.**

235 **Time: 0**
All is quiet beyond the tunnel's opening. Even the sound of the wind and birds comes reluctantly. You decide that because of the way the tunnel exit is situated, it is difficult to hear things outside.

- If you go back into the tunnels and try to find your way to the Deep, **turn to 239.**
- If you exit the tunnel, **turn to 242.**

236 **Time: N/A**
You are struck by an Orcish dart. *Pick a number and increase your Damage Taken by that amount.*

- If your Damage Taken now exceeds your Endurance value, **turn to 172.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 377.**

237 **Time: 0** **Exp Pt: 6**
"I am sorry, Eorling," you say with some sincerity, "but I have a pressing task and I have not the time to help you." With that, you hurry off. **Turn to 288.**

238 **Time: N/A**
Quickly searching the battlements for spent Orcish arrows, you turn from the ladder. Those missiles you do find are broken or bent however, and quite useless. You turn again, just in time to see an attacking Goblin as he brings his heavy weapon down. *You are surprised.* **Turn to 232.**

239 **Time: 60**
You turn and retrace your steps back into the catacombs. Strangely, though, you soon find yourself disoriented. The darkness has caused you to panic and take a wrong turn, or so you think. You find a new, straighter tunnel and decide to travel along it. **Turn to 280.**

240 **Time: 0**
Your quest is over. **The End.**

241

Time: N/A Exp Pt: 30

You hit two Orcs who tumble over and soon disappear. *Turn to 221.*

242

Time: 0

Drumming up your courage and conviction, you stride out of the tunnel, relieved to be in the open air again. Nothing appears amiss, so you leave the dark passage behind and head for the slope which leads out onto a plane below.

Before you can take a handful of steps, however, you stop short. Something is dreadfully wrong. There is movement and hushed voices all around. "Who is there?" you call out, preparing your weapon. "Show yourselves!"

A man reveals himself from behind a rock with a nocked arrow and drawn bowstring. He calls out in a harsh tongue, "Kurung, Forgoil!" A Dunlending! You are about to act, when several others like the first seemingly grow out of the surrounding terrain. There are five that you can now see, and each has a nocked arrow, trained and ready. Another calls out, "Ik as Forgoil!" Then they all seem to take up the phrase, though you know not what it means.

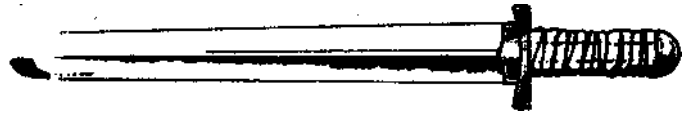
- If you run back to the tunnel, *turn to 252.*
- If you drop your weapon, *turn to 260.*
- If you stand ready, and wait, *turn to 266.*

243

Time: 0

Gamling turns his attention to you.

- If you killed Herulfin in his room at the Keep yesterday, *turn to 440.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 163.*



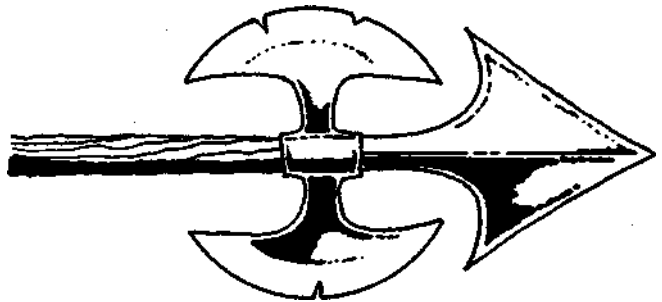
244

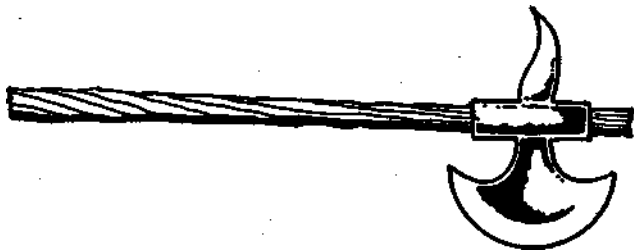
Time: 30

The late hour and brooding clouds cast the coomb into a deep gloom. Neither moon nor star lights your path, and a thunderous rain begins to fall. Lightning strikes once, and then again somewhere off behind you, and when you turn to see where, a most awe-inspiring and fearful sight commands you to stop. Stretching for leagues into the distance are a multitude of torches carried by an army of destruction. Saruman's Orcs march on Helm's Deep! But you could never have guessed at their great number. If Erkenbrand had fought but a fraction of what you see approaching, he would have been overwhelmed without a hope of victory.

In a panic, you turn and run, the sheer weight of numbers bending your mind to madness. *Pick a number and add your Running bonus:*

- If 2-7, *turn to 297.*
- If 8-12, *turn to 301.*





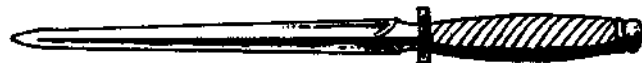
245

Time: 20

Nothing in all of Middle-earth would give you greater pleasure than to tell this lovely and mysterious woman everything. Filled with warmth and love, your mouth falls open and begins speaking as it never has before. The woman smiles gently while you talk. On occasion, you hear what you are saying: "I saw Herulf and a Dunlending on the Back Stair... I was at the Burg... I think I was in a tunnel... The sky was dark... I was with Dunlendings..." You go on and on in greater and greater detail. It seems so trivial though. You can not imagine how the woman could find all of this so interesting.

Once you have finished, she speaks again, and it is like being wrapped in a warm blanket. "How absolutely marvelous! You are so strong and brave, tell me of your friends. How many are there and how do they manage to guard the great Hornburg." So delighted are you by her interest, you begin anew, telling of the undermanned walls and weak flanks. She is sympathetic, and you are filled with joy, all the time watching the glorious ring on her delicate finger.

Again you stop, now empty of words and exhausted. The woman withdraws her hand, and suddenly the oppressive stench of the camp comes rushing back in. She is not nearly as beautiful as you had first thought, being actually rather old and bent. Pain stabs at your joints, and your head swims as you think of what you have just revealed to a perfect stranger in league with Orcs! Your head falls forward in shame while the woman cackles with a low and evil laugh. "Worm," she sneers, "you are so weak and pestilent. Know you not that your brave Erkenbrand was broken at the Fords and that you now compromise the Strawheads of Helm's Deep? Saruman is my master, and death, yours. Rohan is doomed!" Then she turns to the Orcs still in the room, "Take him away, and I care not where." **Turn to 143.**



246

Time: 60

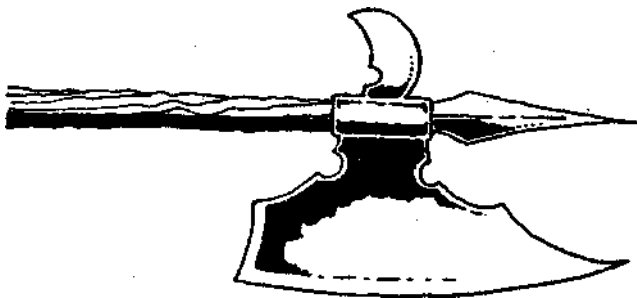
Both you and the younger guard, whose name is Hermgarth, stand impatiently for some time, and you begin to worry that Dama has met some ill fate and will not return. Hermgarth, during your wait, often eyes the tunnel through the thicket nervously, as if all the legions of Saruman might suddenly come bursting forth from under the rock. Your mind begins toying with this thought too. There are only two of you guarding what you assume to be a vital tunnel. Vital indeed.

You are just about to seek out Dama again (or enter the tunnel yourself!) when he approaches with five experienced Riders. "You two may return to your duties. These men will take care of any who would use this secret lair without our leave."

"But... excuse me commander," you stutter, "will you not be pursuing the enemy scout through the passage?"

"By no means!" is the response. "Herulf is convinced that all the tunnels under the Thrihyrne are circular, or lead to bad ends. This man of Dunland you saw must have entered it in panic, to avoid us catching him. When he comes out, we will deal with him. Now return to your duties, and be careful: there are reports that a great army of Orcs is mustering in the Westfold, east of the Isen!"

Could Dama be part of Herulf's traitorous scheme? What about the men he brought with him? You may have made a grave error bringing all of this to his attention! Losing hope, you return to the Burg. **Turn to 423.**



247

Timer: 5

"Commander, I accuse you." Your voice grows strong as you commit yourself. "I saw you at the Hack Stair treating with an enemy. A Dunlending, no less. One who came from Saruman's ranks. What say you to this? You handed the Dunlendish rogue a parchment — a map, or plan, or message I know not which, but it stinks of treason and I will find out. My family hides in the Glittering Caves, and they will be saved even for the likes of you!"
rick a number:

- If 2-7, note that Event B has occurred and **turn to 272.**
- If 8-12, note that Event C has occurred and **turn to 341.**

248

Time: 55

The Orcs defeated, you leave their corpses for carrion birds, and go to the burning cottage. Although the heat sears your face, and the smoke brings tears to your eyes, you realize you will have to enter the building to find out whether or not anyone may be trapped within.

Once inside, you give up hope that there may be survivors. The heat is too intense, and you reason that the homesteaders would have left for the safety of the caves some time ago.

You leave the burning house and continue on to the Dike. By the time you arrive, weary and in need of rest, the black storm clouds which have gathered throughout the day bring on an early nightfall and cool drizzle. **Turn to 166.**

249

Time: N/A

The creatures of Saruman have managed to throw scaling ladders up to the wall's embrasures. Already, sword battles have begun along the wall's parapet off to your right. The top of one ladder comes close to you, and no other defenders are attending to it. The ladder shakes. Someone is climbing it!

- If you leave the wall, and run down to the courtyard below for safety, **turn to 406.**
- If you look around on the walkway for more arrows, **turn to 238.**
- If you wait behind the merlon next to the ladder and surprise the soldier when he reaches the top, **turn to 302.**
- If you try to throw the ladder back, **turn to 214.**

250

Time: 5

"You do not give up easily, my Dunlending friend." Kind though the words seem, you spit them out. *Note: you need only strike him once to win.* (DUNLENDING OB:1 DB:2 EP:0)

- If you win the fight, **turn to 211.**
- If you are knocked unconscious, **turn to 200.**
- If you successfully run away, **turn to 187.**

251

Time: 0

You take a few tentative steps into the gloomy long-house, when from behind you hear a quiet shuffling. Spinning around, you just manage to deflect an arc of brandished metal. Following behind is a shadowy form and a cold voice, which hisses: "Is it me you're looking for, Forgoil?" You find yourself in a furious melee. **Turn to 269.**

252

Time: 0

You turn and run, but it is of no use, for the swift arrows of the men of Dunland pierce you; and you are pelted with stones hurled from the heights above. *Pick a number and subtract your Defensive Bonus (DB):*

- If 2-7, **turn to 227.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 210.**

253

Time: N/A

You are unable to surprise your foe, so you cross blades with him. **Turn to 232.**

254

Time: 10 Exp Pt: 4

Confident that the Dunlending will not be moving on his own for some time, you set off along the top of the cliff to search for evidence of other men of Dunland, and to check with the other guards stationed here with you. You know that off to your left, on the other side of a great barrier of rock, is your nearest fellow watchman. When you arrive at his post you find him cruelly slain, wounded in the back. There is no evidence of a struggle.

You find no other men of Dunland and so return to your captive. There stands another Eorling guard from your watch; you explain what has happened. Then you tell him of your slain comrade. "Hold firm, Eorling," he says once you have finished. "You take this treacherous Dunlending rogue to the Burg, and I will collect our friend." With a nod, you concur. **Turn to 136.**

255

Time: 0

You stop. Intuition stays your advance. Just ahead in the darkness, you now hear shallow breathing. Then a low and malevolent voice says: "Come closer, Strawhead..." It is the Dunlendish spy! *Take an action:*

- If you successfully run away, *turn to 187.*
- If you fight, *turn to 226.*



256

Time: 10

With a cry of "Eorl!" you crash down upon your opponents like a bolt of lightning. Your weapon sinks deep into your first foe, and you hear a moan and a surprised squeal. The dog begins to bark, but does not leap to attack you. As you withdraw your weapon from the limp body, ready to strike again, you notice that your victim is much smaller than the mighty Dunlending warrior you were expecting. You look at the second, and in the deep shadow, recognize that he is one of the stable-boys. He looks down at his stable mate, whom you have just terribly wounded, and he gasps in horror. The two boys could only be a few winters younger than yourself. "Hail there! Who goes?" cries a watchman from the parapet of the inner wall towering above you.

"Assistance! Assistance, Eorlingas," you manage to say as you collapse to your knees and drop your bloodied weapon. You become dizzy, and soon there are many men surrounding you. You think you hear yourself say: "...a Dunlending spy...I thought..."

The fire of life leaves your veins, or so it seems, as you sink into unconsciousness. Around you sound the voices of brave Eorling warriors, and their words smite like hammers: "This one will be no good to us if Saruman's legions lay siege. Best we leave him as an offering at the front gate."

Although your comrades neither kill you nor leave you for the Orcs, you are incapacitated throughout the major battle fought this night. In a week's time you leave the Westfold in disgrace. **The End.**

257

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 40

With a vengeful swing, you knock Herulf aside. He strikes his head on the hard stone wall and falls to the floor in a crash of armour and weapons. "Dog," you hiss, "that is how it goes when the pure of heart pit themselves against the spawn of the Enemy!" *Turn to 147.*

258

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 6

The woman withdraws her hand, and with it, the ring. The sensation of ease which you had been feeling is gone now, and the witch's demeanour changes. She says, with a screeching voice, "How unfortunate that you do not know what I wish to discover. You Strawheads always have been most inadequate." After a short pause, she continues, "I find it most wonderfully delicious that my master, Saruman, will sweep the mighty horse-lords from Middle-earth forever." She then turns to the Orcs who are still in the tent and says, "Take our guest to dinner, and be generous with the gravy!" To you, she adds: "Farewell, Eorling." *Turn to 143.*

259

Time:N/A

The Orc, seeing your charge, diverts his attention from Gimli to you. *You must fight him and may not Run Away.*

(ORC OB:1 DB:0 EP:18)

- If you defeat the Orc, **turn to 129.**
- If you are knocked unconscious, **turn to 172.**
- If the Orc kills you, **turn to 432.**

260

Time: 30

With your weapon lying at your feet, the five men advance. The first one reaches you, and with cruel, wild eyes, grabs for your neck and shakes you mercilessly. Too concerned with your own fate, you have no time to listen to the man's raging. Not that you can understand his base language anyway. He babbles on for some time, the grip on your neck ever tightening. How miserable! The other hillmen join in and kick at you until you lose consciousness.

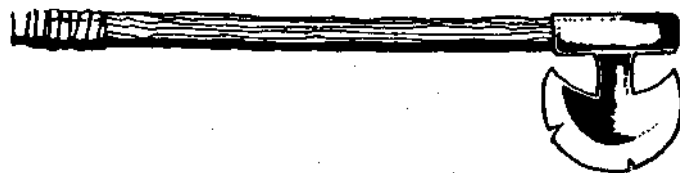
When you awaken, you find that you have been thoroughly trussed up and slung over the back of a pony. One Dunlending leads the pack animal, while the others walk ahead. **Turn to 351.**

261

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 4

You are about to call out to your fellow Eorlingas when you hear men, or worse, approaching from behind! You spin around and there stand two more Orcs, like the first, with weapons drawn and fanged mouths agape. **Take an action:**

- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 146.**
- If you attack the two Orcs, **turn to 264.**



262

Time: 5

Below the knoll, and not far off, you see the figure of a man lying under a fir at the bottom of a shallow stream bed. The Dunlending! "I have you now," you whisper.

Quietly, you leave the pile of rocks and begin to stalk towards your prey, keeping low to the ground.

Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:

- If 2-7, **turn to 102.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 355.**

263

Time: N/A

Struck by a black-feathered arrow squarely in the chest, you stumble back, falling over. Sadly, your body will be counted among the defenders killed at the Battle of the Hornburg. **The End.**

264

Time: 5

You fight these two spawn of Nan Curunir.

(ORC #1 OB:1 DB:1 EP:10)

(ORC #2 OB:2 DB:2 EP: 15)

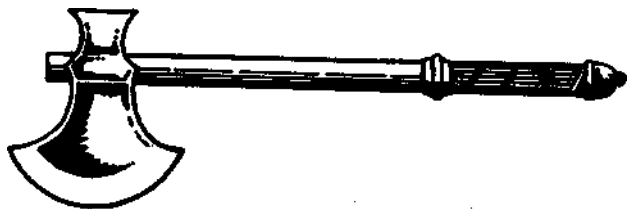
Award yourself 20 Experience Points for each Orc you defeat.

- If you defeat both Orcs, **turn to 160.**
- If you are defeated by an Orc, **turn to 360.**
- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 307.**

265

Time: 5

The Uruk leader swaggers over, and when he sees Gaznag gone and you still lying uncooked, he becomes very upset. "Must I do everything myself?" the Orc asks, not expecting an answer. When he sees your bonds removed, he starts to yell: "Gaznag, you fool, when I get my claws into you..." But before he finishes, he draws forth his sword and sinks it into your body. Too petrified with fear to react, you lay there and slowly die. Your quest has come to a sad conclusion. **The End.**



266

Time: 20

You stand perfectly still for a moment, eyeing your opponents and trying to guess at their intentions. Quite suddenly, a heavy weight comes crashing down on the back of your head, and you lose consciousness. How miserable!

When you awaken, you find that you have been thoroughly trussed up and slung over the back of a pony. One Dunlending leads the pack animal, while the others walk ahead. **Turn to 351.**

267

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 20

The fight is fierce, and the Dunlending proves to be a formidable foe. Thank the Eorlingas for your training! The man of Dunland is reckless though, and he overextends his thrusts. You see an opening and press your advantage. After you deal him an exceptionally severe blow that surprises even you, the Dunlendish warrior collapses.

- If, in your rage, you toss the Dunlending over the cliff, **turn to 197.**
- If you try to rouse him for questioning, **turn to 391.**
- If you take him back to the Hornburg and report the incident, **turn to 136.**
- If you search the immediate area for more Dunlendings, **turn to 254.**

268

Time: 0

Much more quickly than expected, you close the distance between you and the spy. He is no more than a few yards ahead of you, but still shrouded by darkness and rough terrain. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 199.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 410.**

269

Time: 5

You must fight the Dunlending, and because he blocks the door, you may not Run Away. (DUNLENDING OB: 1 DB:0 EP:20)

- If you lose, **turn to 326.**
- If you win, **turn to 148.**

270

Time: 50

Quite sure that you are walking in circles, you begin to believe that you will never be able to get out of these tunnels. But, just when you are about to give up hope, you see a glimmer of light. Daylight! Thank Helm!

As you approach, the tunnel walls become brighter and brighter, until, finally, you reach the pit under the boulder. The thorn bushes are visible above you through the crack in the earth, and all that is necessary to put these catacombs behind you forever is a short climb. You grab some rocky outcroppings above you and haul yourself up. Wending your way back through the thorn wall, you stand, once again on the slopes of the Thrihyrne above the Hornburg.

But no Eorlingas are in sight. The day watch on the plateau is nowhere to be seen, and no Watchmen cry out your arrival. You decide to go to the cliff-path which winds down to the bottom of the Deep.
Turn to 181.

271

Time: 10

Soon, you pick up the hillman's trail again. Here, his path leads up from the plateau to the ever steepening slope of the Thrihyrne. You follow it as best you can in the half-light and arrive at the base of a rocky outcropping, where you lose all signs of the spy's passing. Not about to give up now, you decide to climb the mound and look from there.

Turn to 116.



272

Time: 5

Herulf glowers, then says with a low and restrained voice, "My actions are not accountable to you, Watchman. But so that you do not worry for your mother, for I doubt you have children: listen and mark my words. The Dunlending is a traitor to his people and to Saruman. He brings us much valuable information. Fearful of discovery, he demands secret words. That should be enough for you. Now be off!"

"But the parchment..." you persist.

"Shall I clean your ears with my blade?" Herulf's voice rises again, "I said, BE OFF!"

- If you think Herulf speaks the truth, **turn to 418.**
- If you think Herulf is lying, **turn to 282.**

273

Time: 0

Deeping Coomb stretches away to the east and south, a rolling land of fields and gullies, orchards and small woods which rises up to meet the White Mountains. Once a peaceful and prosperous vale under the watchful eye of the Hornburg, it now lies empty of Eorlingas, quietly awaiting Saruman's conquering hordes. You must head for Helm's Dike and find Gamling so that you may bring him news of what has befallen you. And you can ill afford to waste time! *Note: because of the urgency with which you must go to the Dike, you may spend no time healing while you are in Deeping Coomb.*

- If your accumulated time is less than 700, **turn to 103.**
- If your accumulated time is from 700 to 900, **turn to 349.**
- If your accumulated time is greater than 900, **turn to 244.**

274

Time:

0

Exp Pts: 35

The motionless body of your foe lies at your feet while you take a moment to catch your breath. **Turn to 392.**

275

Time: 0

"So, you think I am stupid." The woman's voice no longer holds a charm. **Pick a number.**

- If 2-7, **turn to 325.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 178.**

276

Time: 0

You open your mouth to call out to the Riders, but only an desperate gasp issues forth. You have been struck from behind! Two Orcs have seen your fight with their third and have now come upon you to take their revenge. *Note: in the following combat, you are surprised.* **Turn to 264.**

277

Time: 0

Exp Pt: 2

Ahead of you lies a path which leads up the gorge's cliff wall to the sloping plateau above the Hornburg. You have heard many hint at the existence of entrances to secret tunnels above the cliff's face. It seems likely that if that is true, the man of Dunland must have used one to come into the Deep. "I shall go there too," you say silently. **Turn to 186.**

278

Time: 0

You cross the dark courtyard, wary of shadows lurking in corners and the clatter of wind-tossed refuse. **Turn to 288.**

279

Time: 50

You outdistance your Orcish pursuers, as they are loaded with large packs (full of loot from Eorling homes) and have little desire to come to the Dike without larger numbers. In time, you arrive at your destination. The pale light of day has given way to a early darkness and a steady drizzle of cool rain. **Turn to 166.**

Feeling your way down this cold and black passage, you begin to sense a draught blowing against your face, though you hear nothing. The tunnel bends and begins to slope down when you lose your footing on some loose gravel. You fall and slide down the passageway, which, much to your horror, grows steeper and steeper. Clammy slime clinging to the walls and floor prevents you from catching a handhold. Your stomach rushes up to your throat as you begin a free-fall: you have slid into a chasm! You feel a solid blow against an arm, then a leg and you spin in mid-air. The next blow hits you squarely in the face, and you remember no more. Your quest is sadly over, and neither your moldering bones nor battered armour will ever be found. **The End.**

"Young one," says Deorhere, approaching, "I would speak with you."

You turn to face him, guessing at what he wants to say. His face is cold, his expression hard as granite. "You must be wary of Herulf. I can see he knows the game you are playing, if the others here do not. And I fear it will go ill for you if you press him. He has many duties to occupy him, but do not think that he will overlook you if he sees you are a threat. For now, keep your suspicions to yourself. If it is as you think with Herulf, there are higher judges than us, and he will pay. If your eyes were clouded and your thoughts deluded, pursuing him will only bring us woe.

"As for the Dunlending," Deorhere continues, "we must assume that Saruman's spies scouted our secret passes long before this day. That is why we have watchers on the cliff!"

Having delivered his warning, Deorhere withdraws and will not hear your protests. You find yourself alone in the courtyard.

- *If you confront Herulf anyway, turn to 101.*
- *If you return to your duties, turn to 431.*

Herulf's words are unworthy of a Rider of the Mark. His insults have wounded, and his actions seem to speak for themselves. Herulf is a liar.

- *If you attack Herulf, turn to 292.*
- *If you wish to leave the Keep, turn to 328.*

Wizards and waincarts! To the Crack of Doom with all of them! But you find that your compulsion to help a fellow warrior is stronger — and perhaps safer — than the task at hand. Besides, you think, Herulf is going nowhere; I will snare him later.

You walk up to the strong, swarthy warrior and inquire: "How may I assist you?"

He replies with the accent of a homesteader from the far Westfold, "I have a load of forage for the horses at the Dike this morning, but this wain's hitch is bent. If you would bend down and hold it thus," and he shows you, "I could attach the bindings to the mare's harness."

- *If you decide that you would rather be off after Herulf, turn to 237.*
- *If you finish helping the man, turn to 438.*

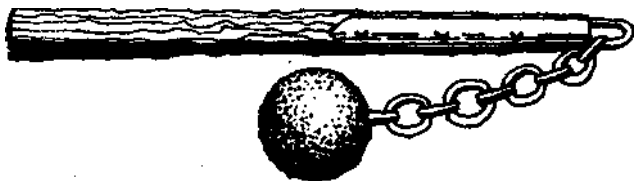
284

Time: 0

"Hail, Eorlingas!" you call out. "Are any about?"

Receiving no reply, you pass through the open portal ever so slowly. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-7, turn to 145.
- If 8-12, turn to 251.

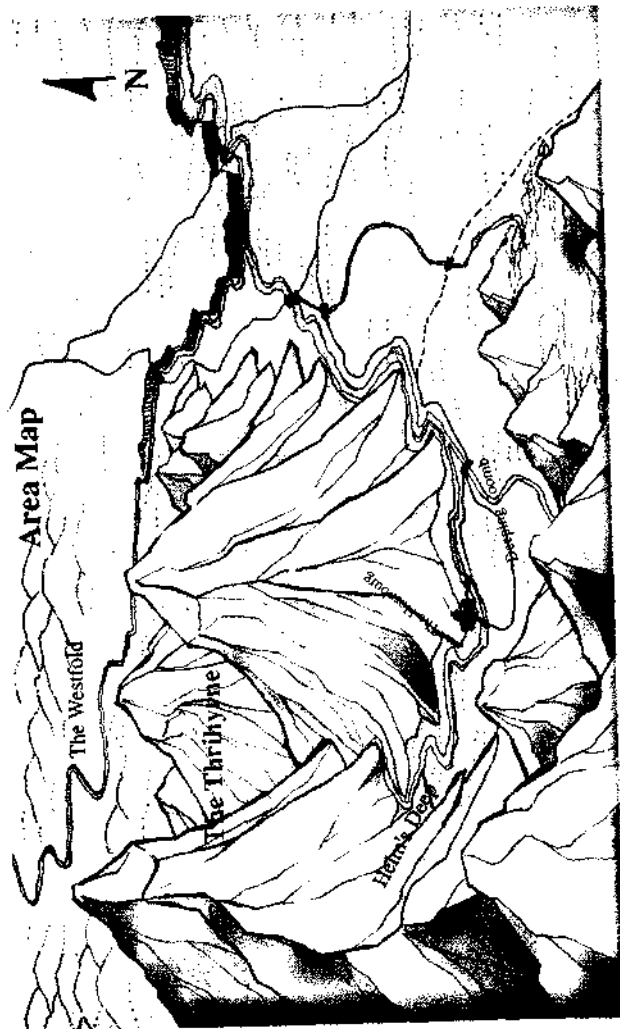


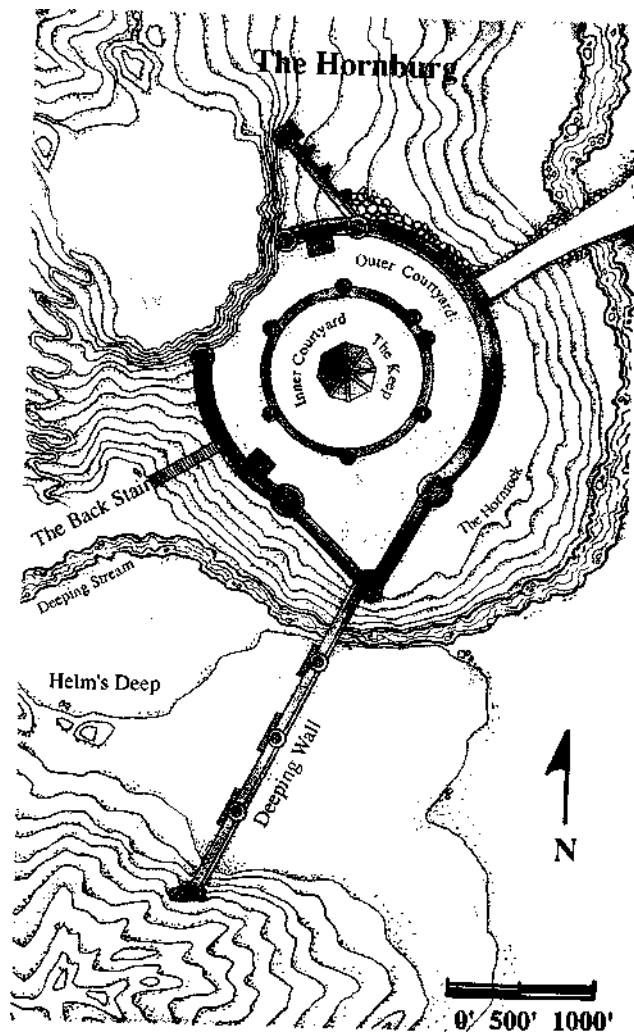
285

Time: 30

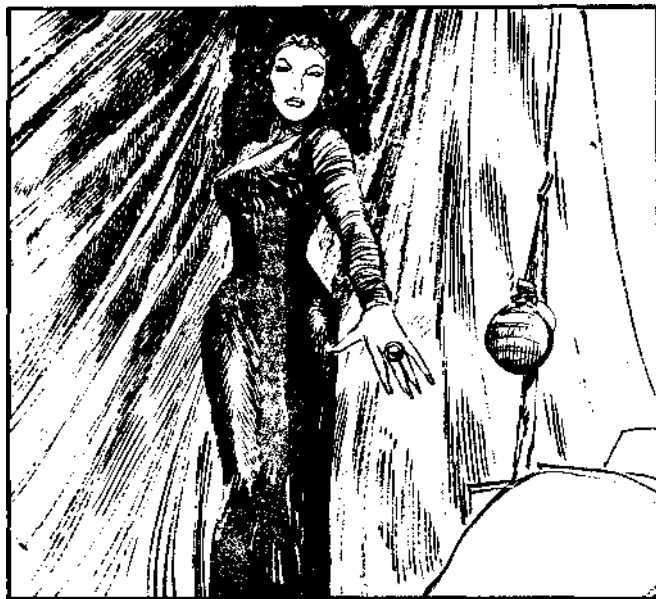
When your nightmares next fade to reality, a rank odour assaults you. At best guess, you would reduce it to a vile mixture of smoke, sweat, excrement and carrion. You approach an Orc camp! There is a great deal of activity and noise. Weapons are being checked by gloating Uruks. Lesser Orcs distribute supplies, and all these creatures of the Nan Curunir make a ruckus, each fighting over some trivial thing or another.

Making the effort to look up again, you see a most disgusting sight. From the few trees that remain standing here hang the corpses of brave Riders, murdered in the most horrible ways. You want to cry out, but you cannot. The Orcs must not see weakness in you!





All of the sudden, you are dumped, most uncere-
moniously, to the ground. Two large, drooling Orcs
pick you up by your wrists and ankles, which is very
painful, considering that you are tightly bound and
your hands lie prostrate behind your back. They
carry your aching body to a black tent near the
centre of the camp. Throwing back the flap, the
Goblins thrust you inside, veritably tossing you to
the floor. Beside you lands all of your gear. There,
on the hard ground, you roll over and look up. A
woman, dark and strangely beautiful, stands over
you. She speaks the harsh words of the Black
Speech, and the two Uruks who brought you here
lift up your body, propping it in a low chair.

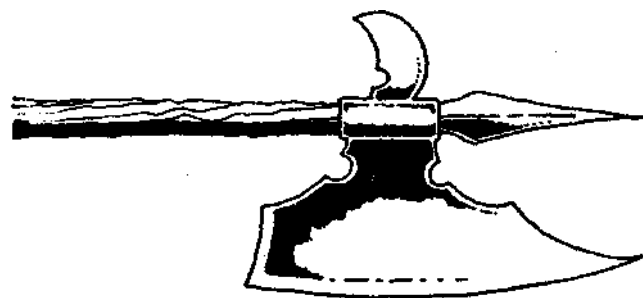


The woman turns to you now and reveals her hand, upon which rests a most wondrous jewel set in a ring. You stare into the gem, marveling at its beauty as it sparkles and glistens though no lamp lights the tent. "Pray," her lilting voice falls upon you, "accept my most humble apology for your treatment." Her words are a melody of birdsongs after the crude Orc-speech. The dancing gem envelops you. "Let us talk now of many things. Sparkling streams and clover in the meadow. Let us forget Orc-talk and death. Think of honey and mead. Fragrant flowers and crisp snow. Do you like these things?" It is all you can do to nod. Her voice is soothing and restful, like that of a hale matron. "Tell me of your journey, what you saw, and how it was you came here. I crave knowledge. It fills me. You would not deny me this, would you? I only wish for your safety... you will be warm, and in want of nothing. Tell me... tell me *now* "Pick a number and add your *Magical bonus*:

- If 2-8, **turn to 245.**
- If 9-11, **turn to 118.**
- If 12, **turn to 361.**

286 **Time: 0**

Becoming confused, you decide to scout along the basin of the Deep. It seems to make sense that the Dunlendish spy may be seeking refuge at the far end of the gorge, near the Glittering Caves. Who would look for him there? Once again determined, you set off. **Turn to 153.**



287 **Time: N/A Exp Pt: 50**

Three arrows take three Orcs! "Well done, Eorling," says Legolas behind you, "you will make an archer yet!" **Turn to 221.**

288 **Time: 5**

From the outer courtyard of the Hornburg, you round to the gate at the inner Burg wall, pass through, and approach the Keep. The guard at the door comes to attention and asks: "Who goes?"

"It is I," you respond, "Eorling and Watchman. Let me pass."

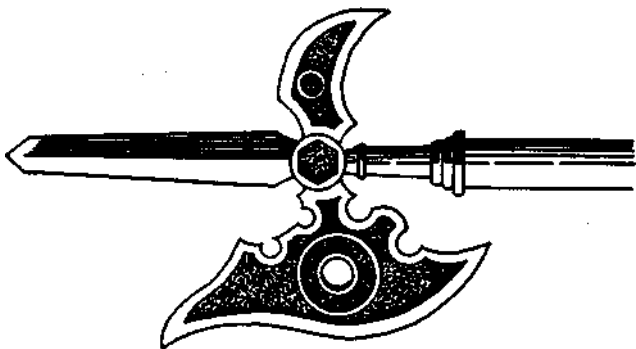
"What need you in here?"

"I wish to speak with Herulf. Be quick — it is urgent."

"Very well," says the guard, "you may enter. He has gone to his quarters." And with that, you pass into the Keep. **Turn to 108.**

289 **Time: 0**

The two, spitting vile froth, lay on with flashing blades. **Turn to 345.**



290

Time: 1 day

You awaken in a cold and dark place, though not all is silent. Beyond a door, or that is what you guess it is, you hear subdued voices and the shuffling of hard boots. It takes you a moment to remember what has happened to you, but then it all comes back like a flood of nightmares. Herulf has defeated me, you think. But where is this place? Before long, the door is thrown open. A light blinds you and you turn away, but you hear the voices, now more clearly: "There he is, my Lord. He attacked one of my senior officers, compelled by some dream or fantasy, so it is said." These are definitely the words of Gamling, if you do not miss your guess, but the next speaker freezes you to the floor. It is your King, Theoden.

His words drive spikes of ice through your heart. "It is unfortunate. Perhaps the thought of siege was too much for him. I must ride now with Gandalf to Orthanc, do with him as you deem fit."

For your crime — that is how your actions are viewed by others now — you are banished from the Westfold and cast, alone, into a vast Middle-earth on the eve of war. **The End.**

291

Time: 150

Both you and Hermgamel dash through the waist-high grass, but you have been seen too soon by the Orcs. Raising battle cries, they loose their arrows. Hermgamel falls, struck twice! There is nothing to do but continue on.

Eventually, the Orcs fall behind and you can take the time for a short rest. Mourning the passing of Hermgamel, you vow never to forget his service and hope that one day you too may be as brave and selfless.

Free of pursuit, you approach Deeping Coomb. **Turn to 273.**

292

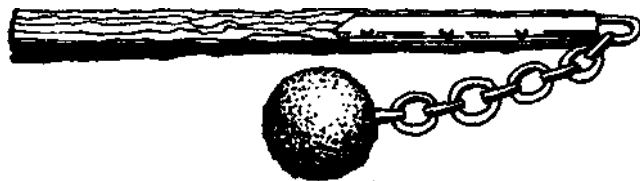
Time: 5

"You lie, Demon of Rohan!" With this cry, you lay on to the attack.

You must fight Herulf, and you may not attempt to Run Away.

(HERULF OB:4 DB:3 EP:45)

- *If Herulf knocks you unconscious, turn to 205.*
- *If Herulf kills you, turn to 162.*
- *If you knock Herulf unconscious, turn to 257.*
- *If you kill Herulf, turn to 407.*



Unfortunately, Deorhere could not help you very much. You decide that you should report Herulf's actions to Gamling the Old.

You leave the parapet of the outer wall by way of the nearest tower and descend to the courtyard below. From there, you round to the gate at the inner Burg wall and approach the entrance of the Keep itself. In the half-light, the guard at the main door sees you approach.

"Hail there! Who goes?"

"It is I, Eorling and Watchman. I wish to make a report to Gamling. Let me pass!" you reply.

"You may pass," says the guard, "but you will not find Gamling here today. He has already left to set the defense at the Dike, and thereafter has planned to sortie into the Coomb to collect any from the Westfold who have not yet reached Helm's Gate. He has left Herulf in command of the Keep; do you wish to speak with him? I do not believe he is awake yet."

Not awake! It seems this guardian is none too attentive. Unfortunately, you will not be able to speak with Gamling.

- *If you go to confront Herulf, turn to 400.*
- *If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, turn to 320.*

When you reach the brush, you glance around, trying to figure the best escape route. Then you see the dead body of Gaznag! He is pierced by a long arrow which is neither of Dunlendish nor Orcish make. It is the arrow of an Eorling!

Off to your right, you hear a friendly but strained voice, "Fellow Eorling, I am here." From behind some tall grass pokes a blond head, followed by the body of a stout Rider! "Come hither, and be silent!" You approach your rescuer with as much stealth as you can muster.

"Friend!" you exclaim once you reach him, "I am forever in your debt. But how did you come to save me?"

"I was with Erkenbrand's forces. We were scattered at the Fords of Isen, but not destroyed. I have been trying to come nigh to the Deep, but Orcs have barred my way. I arrived here, and when I saw you brought into the camp, I waited to see if I could help. It seems I could."

"You could indeed. And your name?" you ask.

"Hermgamel," he answers.

"Ah yes, I know your son, Hermgarth, at the Burg. He is well, but we must leave this place if we should hope to come there!"

"That is the way," Hermgamel points around a shoulder of the Thrihyrne, "to the vale and Deeping Coomb. It is far. I will not ask how you came to this place just now, but you must tell me later. Do you have the strength to make the journey back?"

"I do!" You rise, just as your absence at the camp is discovered. "Come, we must hurry."

Hermgamel offers you a sword and shield. *If you wish to take one or the other, or both, add the item(s) to your Character Record. Turn to 437.*

295

Time: 10

As you tell Gamling of the day's events and your most compelling adventure, you produce the map you took from the Dunlending spy. "This," you say, "was the parchment given by Herulf to the man of Dunland on the Back Stair before dawn this morning. I slew him under the Thrihyrne and took it. If this map had fallen into the hands of the enemy, they could have used the pass to come upon our rear during battle. The entrance is on the plateau above the Burg." You point into the gathering gloom above the Keep. "They may still. I cannot guess."

"Thank you for your report, Eorling. You have done well: Herulf will have some difficult questions to answer. Give the map to me, and I will deal with him. But now I must set the Dike's defense. The White Hand marches upon us this night! Go to the battlements, for every spear is needed there."

"Yes, Gamling," are your final words as you give him the map. *Remove Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, from your Character Record.* **Turn to 389.**

296

Time: 10

You pass along the parapet of the Hornburg's outer wall, wrestling with your thoughts when you hear yet more quiet conversation. This time it comes from within the courtyard below, inside the curtain wall! Could it be infiltrators, come to slay the garrison before it wakes? What now!

Cautiously, you peer down into the outer court of the Burg. Below in the shadows you can discern two small figures huddled next to the far wall. One points while the other seems to hold a bow or spear in one hand.

Nearby sits a dog like those used by herders in the high vales. It could very well be a hunting dog, for you have heard that the Dunlendings use such beasts on forays in their native lands beyond the Gap. Desperately, you search for others in the quiet court, but none can be seen.

Nearby is a tower containing stairs down to the court. If you are silent, you could come upon these two and deal with them swiftly, for they seem in no hurry to move and are unaware of your presence. Perhaps they are waiting for a signal. Alternatively, you could raise an alarm, or you could hail them. But then they might escape by whatever secret entrance they used to get here. Surely you cannot just walk away!

- *If you sneak up on them, turn to 100.*
- *If you raise an alarm, turn to 182.*
- *If you hail the two, turn to 427.*

297

Time: 0

In the vanguard of the creeping onslaught ride wild Orcs on huge Wargs. They scout the way for the rest, and put down any who would impede the progress of the main body of troops. Unfortunately, you are on the host's main axis of assault and so, intent upon running you down, several Orcs wielding scimitars descend upon your retreating shadow and hack you down. Without a hope in all Middle-earth, you die in the Deeping Coomb with memories of a better time. **The End.**

298

Time: 0

You have been stunned by your fall, so in the following combat, you are surprised. **Turn to 336.**

299

Time: 0

Your quest is over. **The End.**

300

Time: 5

You find no trace of the Dunlending and can no longer hear any unnatural movement. In a quandary, you consider which way to go. *Pick a number and add your Intelligence Stat Bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 286.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 277.**

301

Time: 20 Exp Pt: 8

In a desperate attempt to remove yourself from the army's line of advance, you head for the eastern slopes of the Thrihyrne. However, two of the many Orcs who are scouting ahead of the main body of troops have seen you and are now in pursuit. They seek their first kill of the night.

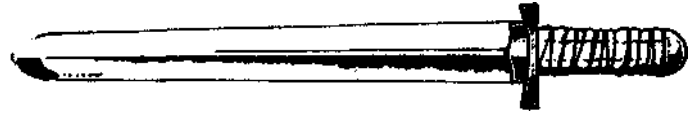
- If you turn to fight them, **turn to 304.**
- If you run away from them, **turn to 315.**

302

Time: N/A

An Orc, or something like one, scrambles to the top of the ladder. He is just about to leap out onto the rampart when you come upon him from the side. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 253.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 123.**



303

Time: 10

"Well, young one," says Gamling in high spirits, "I see no Orc claimed your head for a war trophy last night!"

"No," you respond, "and thank Helm for that!" Pausing for a moment of uneasy silence, you then pose a question: "Gamling, what of Herulf and the battle? Have you spoken with him? What is his late?"

"Oh, that is a sad tale," begins Gamling. "Out-numbered ten to one, Herulf was set upon by Dunlending warriors in the Deep. But before he was brought down, he took no less than five of them." This news is most interesting, and you have much time to ponder it in the days ahead. In the meantime, you attend to your pains and rejoice in the knowledge that a band of outnumbered Eorlingas were able to better the full weight of the White Hand. The End.

304

Time: 5

You fight these two Orcs of the White Hand.

(ORC#1 OB:1 DB:1 EP:13)

(ORC#2 OB:1 DB:0 EP:10)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points for each Orc you defeat.

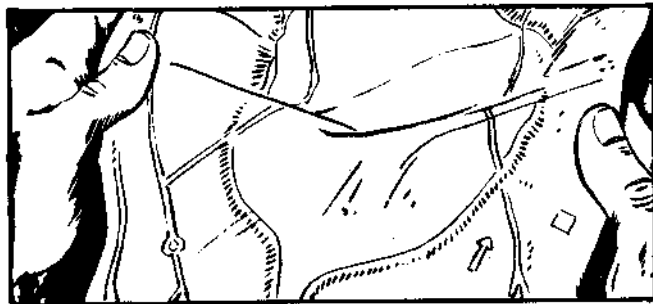
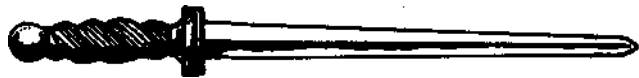
- If you defeat the Orcs, **turn to 306.**
- If an Orc defeats you, **turn to 311.**
- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 315.**

305

Time: 5

You open the small packet, heart racing and face flushed with excitement. Your eyes pass over the unfolded papers. As you thought: troop strengths, dispositions, and leaders fill up the sheets. Information the enemy would devour! But what is this? The closer you look, the more desperate you become. The leaders have Dunlendish names. The troop camps are located on the west side of the Isen. Troop strengths are listed as Dunlending and Orcish units! These documents are to help the Eorlingas defeat the legions of Saruman! You have made a great mistake. Erkenbrand would have seen these papers and used their information to plan his ride to the Fords!

Just then the door to the room flies open, and in steps Ealdryhten, a great Eorlingas leader and commander of eoreds past. With a raging voice, tempered only by years of experience, he says: "Ah! I thought a spy was afoot. Herulf is on his rounds." Before you can react, or defend yourself with speech, Ealdryhten—much stronger than his years seem to allow — grabs you and takes you down to the Keep's dungeon. He will not listen to your protests, and his last words to you are, "Gamling will deal with you when time permits, but if I had my way, spies like you would rot down here forever. And perhaps you will!" *Turn to 435.*



306

Time: 0

You are the victor in this, your first fight Eorling to Orc. Unfortunately, you realize that you will have no opportunity to make your way back to the Dike. The Coomb below you now crawls with advancing Orcs and Wargs. Resigned to this fact, you climb higher into the rocks and watch the night's proceedings, hoping that the Burg's defenders can best such a numberless foe. *Turn to 337.*

307

Time: 0

You evade the Orc you are fighting in the near-darkness and run towards Theoden's Riders, calling out to them. *Turn to 212.*

308

Time: 5

After a short time, and despite their heavy packs, these creatures bred for labour catch up to you. Realizing you must fight them or be cut down from behind, you turn and engage them. *Turn to 345.*

309

Time: 0

You have little option but to fight the Orcs. *Turn to 336.*

310

Time: 5

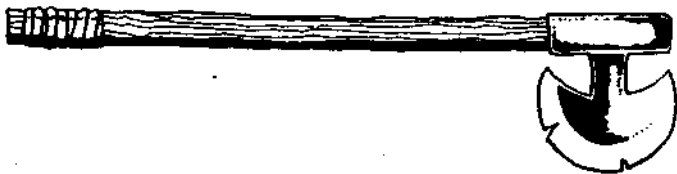
After a short time you lose patience. You turn to your fellow guard and inquire: "Eorling, I have seen you at mess, but I do not know your name."

"I am Hermgarth, son of Hermgamel."

"Well, Hermgarth, I have no intention of waiting for our good Dama to return. I may be old and wise by then. I will enter the secret pass myself."

"I wish you good fortune," says Hermgarth, "but you will go alone. My family has lived in these hills for years too many to count, and I have heard tell of the deep chasms to be found in the tunnels under the Thrihyrne. The safety of the Glittering Caves you will not find there!"

"Be that as it may, I go." You drop to your stomach and wind your way through the opening in the thicket. Only a few thorns scratch your face and hands as you arrive at the boulder. Before you lies a pit just wide enough for a man and his pack to squeeze through, but you will have to go head first. You slide in quite easily and soon find yourself standing at the bottom of a pit. You wait for your eyes to adjust to the gloom and then ready your weapon. A tunnel, just high enough for you to pass through doubled over, stretches off away from you. Nothing can be heard. All is silent and black. **Turn to 422.**



311

Time:0

One of the Orcs brings you down with a slicing Mow to the back of the knee. As you collapse, your defenses are cast aside, and one final swing ends your life on this Middle-earth. **The End.**

312

Time:N/A

The creature misses you, but forces you back from the embrasure. **Turn to 393.**

313

Time: 0

Or can something be done? Herulf's limp body lies on the floor next to you. Almost without considering your actions, you draw forth your weapon once more and take justice upon yourself. Screaming "Traitor!" you plunge the blade into his chest. Shaking with horror and unbridled emotion, you let it rest there for a moment before twisting it, and tipping it out. Herulf emits one last bloody gasp, then leaves this Middle-earth forever.

In a moment, you pick up the bundle of documents and start off for the Dike where the Burg commander, Gamling, prepares his troops. *Note on your Character Record that you carry Item D, the Traitor's Documents.* **Turn to 353.**

314

Time: 0

"I do not know his fate, Commander," you reply, "but if he is not here, nor among the dead, I would guess he has escaped. I do not envy him. Saruman will be rude company now."

"Well-said, and true!" gloats Gamling. "I know someone who wants to meet you, young one." **Turn to 439.**

315

Time: 20

You elude your pursuers on the mountain side, but realize that with the Coomb now crawling with raiding Orcs and Wargs, and an advancing army following behind, you will be unable to come to the Dike this evening. Resigned to this fact, you climb higher into the rocks and watch the night's proceedings, hoping that the Burg's defenders can best such a numberless foe. *Turn to 337.*

316

Time: 5

You drop to your knees and search the unconscious body of the Dunlending. As you strip away his weapon and harnesses, you sense that he is moving but still without his wits. As you begin to feel your way into his belt-pouch, you hear a scrape. He is lifting a rock to attack you! *Take an action:*

- *If you successfully run away, turn to 187.*
- *If you fight, turn to 250.*

317

Time: N/A

All the Orcish darts miss you! *Turn to 377.*

318

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 2

May the Valar strike you down if you are not sure you have just seen the same Dunlendish scout Herulf was secreting with earlier this morning! There must be an entrance to a hidden pass underneath the boulder.

- *If you find Dama and tell him what you saw, turn to 420.*
- *If you wait and watch the thicket, turn to 229.*
- *If you pursue the Dunlending, turn to 403.*



319

Time: 5

"Gamling," you say, "I am glad to see that you are alive, and well-kept!"

"Indeed," he answers. "Young one, I was not able to find Herulf yesterday, and I saw him not last night. Do you know what happened to him?"

- *If you killed Herulf last night, turn to 413.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 208.*

320

Time: 0

"No," you reply, "I do not think I will disturb him just yet." You turn from the guard and make your way back to the outer wall. *Turn to 322.*

321

Time: 0 ExpPt: 2

You approach Herulf's bed chamber door and rap at it several times. In a moment it swings open and in front of you stands a man whose innermost thoughts you can only guess at. "Yes, what is it." His voice is loud, perhaps overly so.

"Herulf, I would speak with you." Your voice seems meek in comparison, and confidence all but melts away.

"Yes?" he begins softly but ends with a crashing boom, "What!" *Turn to 247.*

322

Time: 30

The sun struggles to breach the black veil in the eastern sky. Indeed, it seems as though the land of the Enemy is belching forth clouds of war. War to be waged on Gondor! But now you are concerned with the Eorlingas, as well you should be. Looking up, dark clouds are gathering here, too. If the weather remains overcast today, that will bode ill for the Coomb, as Saruman's raiding Orcs will continue their advance towards the Deep.

You move from the battlements to your assigned day-time post. It is a secluded place on a ledge high upon the eastern side of the crag overlooking the Hornburg. Climbing vigorously for some time, you reach your post as the sun is just beginning to cast its rays on the Burg. You settle yourself to watch for foes; if a Dunlending could come to the Back Gate of the Hornburg, then all would be threatened, no matter how distanced. **Turn to 372.**

323

Time: N/A

You are struck by a black-feathered arrow. *Pick a number and increase your Damage Taken by that amount.*

- If your Damage Taken now exceeds your Endurance value, **turn to 172.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 249.**

324

Time: 0

Helm's Deep is saved! **The End.**



325

Time: 5

"You WILL tell me what I want to know!" and at that, the woman's ring seems to burst into flame. You are struck dumb as the flickers dance in your mind. But soon, things become calm again, and the woman croons; "Now tell me everything..." *Pick a number and add your Magical bonus:*

- If 2-11, **turn to 245.**
- If 12, gain 10 Experience Points and **turn to 118.**

326

Time: 0

Your last vision in this Middle-earth is that of a wild hillman raising his blade for one final, fatal strike. **The End.**

327

Time: 0

The Dunlending has only one course of action; he must retreat into the Deep at this very moment! You must catch him, for surely he is a vile enemy, and a double-threat to the Riddermark if he carries an Eorling map or plan. A curse on Herulf! But you will deal with him later. Now to the man of Dunland! *Turn to 203.*

328

Time: 10

Disgusted, but not sure what to do, you take your leave of this worm of Saruman. "I will speak of this to no one," you manage to say as you begin to descend the stair. Herulf stands at the landing, and does not follow. Soon you are outside again, and retreat to your post on the outer wall. *Turn to 375.*

329

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 2

The head of your weapon comes curving down and delivers a solid blow. To a bear! This is not the Dunlending, you think wildly, but a mountain bear! You fall back in utter shock, pulling your weapon with you. When you again look up, the bear, now sorely wounded, bounds off into the gloom. *Turn to 213.*

330

Time: 30

As you near the inner Burg, your friend, Deorhere, approaches. "Young one," he says, though you do not feel so young this day, "I could not find you and feared that you had been slain."

"No," you reply, "I am not dead, though I feel that I am."

"Indeed!" says Deorhere, "that is battle."

"How did we prevail against such numbers last night?" you ask. "All seemed lost to us."

"Erkenbrand returned with his scattered Riders and one other, Gandalf Greyhame! They came upon the rear of Saruman's host and shattered it. And now, such sorcery as I can not believe is upon us."

"Pray," you ask, "what is it?"

"Come hither and see." Both you and Deorhere rise to the top of the inner Burg's battlements, and from there, look out across the Coomb. Therein stands a vast forest, where none stood before! "The Dunlendings surrendered to us when the battle was won, but the Orcs fled. They passed into that ghost-forest, and we have heard nothing of them since. It is as if the trees swallowed them whole." You stare in disbelief. "It is all Gandalf's doing, if you ask me. But do not! The affairs of wizards are no concern of mine." With that, Deorhere leads you down from the wall to the inner court where he takes his leave, having to attend to other business.

Before you now stands Gamling the Old, and though his sword is sorely notched, he is unwounded.

- *If Event B has occurred, turn to 303.*
- *If you gave Item D to Gamling, turn to 243.*
- *If you gave Item A to Gamling, turn to 163.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 319.*



331 **Time:** **0** **Exp Pt: 4**

You are about to step into the chamber when you notice a loose flagstone just past the threshold. Some sinister trap meant to put me at odds no doubt, you think. You step over it and, looking past the brooding statues, turn your attention to the pillar and tomb. **Turn to 132.**

332 **Time: 0** **Exp Pt: 15**

You best the Orc, his shield's White Hand now darkened by black blood. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 344.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 189.**

333 **Time: 0**

Herulf has slipped away, or is hiding and waits for you to pass, for you cannot see him in the courtyard. You have two options now: you can report Herulf's activities to your Watch Commander, Deorhere, or you can go to Herulf's quarters in the Keep and challenge him when he arrives, if he has not stole his way there already.

- If you report to Deorhere, **turn to 185.**
- If you go to Herulf's quarters, **turn to 278.**

334 **Time: 5**

You stand ready and set your weapon for the animal's charge. But he does not leap to the attack, for his tail is wagging and he holds a throwing stick in his mouth. He approaches the two just beyond you along the wall, and now you hear clearly the voices of two Eorling boys: "Yes, Arodban! Very good," and "Now, get it again." From out of the shadow flies the stick, and the dog chases it.

Stablehands, you think to yourself, boys who are for the horses still left at the Hornburg. They are probably awake early because of the unsettling rumours of an impending siege by Saruman's army. But to be playing with their dog so early in the morning when there are watchful guards all about! It is fortunate that you did not attack them.

You head back to your patrol route on the outer wall as your imagination continues to play tricks on you. Again you consider whether you should report Herulf.

- If you report Herulf to Deorhere, your watch commander, **turn to 348.**
- If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, **turn to 322.**

335 **Time: N/A**

You are hit! *Pick a number and increase your Damage Taken by that amount.*

- If your Damage Taken now exceeds your Endurance value, **turn to 172.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 393.**

336 **Time: 5**

Two Orcs engage you in a wicked melee. You must fight them.

(ORC #1 OB:1 DB:0 EP:12)

(ORC #2 OB:0 DB:2 EP:15)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points for each Orc that you defeat.

- If you defeat both Orcs, **turn to 390.**
- If one of the Orcs defeats you, **turn to 360.**
- If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 230.**

337

Time: several hours

The events of this night will appear in the annals of the history of Middle-earth as a great victory by the men of Rohan over the host of the White Hand. And you were able to watch it unfold before you. Oh, but only if you could have fought on the Burg's walls!

A great army of Saruman's Orcs and Dunlendings from the west marched on the Burg. They broke over the Dike and crashed against the Hornrock as rain and lightning smote from above. The Burg seemed doomed as sorcery from Isengard flew through the low sky and battered the Keep and its outmatched defenders. The sound of battle would rise with each fresh assault and roll down the Coomb, shaking the very rock of Middle-earth. Then, when all seemed lost, an unlooked-for troop of Eorlingas, led by Erkenbrand, marched into the Coomb and came upon Saruman's forces from the rear. You made to join them, but they scattered the army's rearguard ahead of them, and these Orcs came up the slope towards you. You had to hide to stay alive.

At length, the Orcs and Dunlendings were routed, but before they could escape the Coomb, a most miraculous thing occurred. It seemed to you that a whole forest filled up the vale and swallowed the Orcs who ran into it.

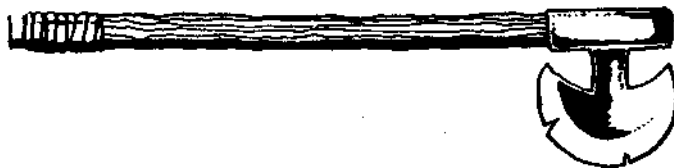
The next morning, when you managed to reach the Hornburg, your first questions inquired into the whereabouts of Herulf. Unfortunately, you could not find him. Although none witnessed his fate, it is said that he was lost in battle. **The End.**

338

Time: 5

You come upon some broken twigs and a swath of grass, freshly trodden. Excited, you follow the meagre track. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-5, *turn to 207.*
- If 6-12, *turn to 368.*



339

Time: 10

As you stand there thinking, you barely notice the approach of two doughty Eorling warriors. Much to your surprise, they stop at your side, pressing close and offering no escape. You look up in shock; their faces are lean, with eyes narrowed and mouths pursed. "Yes, fellow Eorlingas," you begin, "is (here some service I may render you?)"

"We have heard," one of them speaks with a voice low and malicious, "that a fool, disguised as a Watchman on the outer wall, doubts his resolve in the fight against the White Hand."

"Yes," offers the other viciously, "it is said that this particular young excuse for an Eorling doubts the words of his superiors. He even questions their orders. Perhaps, it is said, that this particular dog may waver and refuse, when the time comes, to lay down his life so that those in the Aglarond may be saved."

"Do you know of this cur?" asks the first accusingly.

"But... surely you..." As you start to defend your integrity — for you are definitely the target of their misgivings — you realize that you have never seen these two Riders who speak with strange accents. You continue anyway, "Now just a moment! I would guess at who has filled your minds with such lies. If such an Eorling as you describe exists, he beds in the Keep, and directs these slanders at me!"

"We are of a different opinion," says the second man as they both come closer.

"I think I smell a mouse. He scurries along the battlements and would cast brave archers into the jaws of Orcs at siege." The first Eorling drops a heavy and pointing finger squarely on your chest. "If you should see him, young one, tell him that others watch on the honoured ramparts of the Burg. He could be disposed of, and none would miss him."

With that, the two withdraw. You stand warned. It takes a few moments for you to compose yourself, but it is difficult to hold one's head high after such a blistering assault. You wonder about the two, their origins and their true intentions. Do they mean to slay you in the night? Or perhaps embarrass you in front of Gamling, or Erkenbrand upon his return? Whatever game they are playing, you are glad that they are now gone. You must decide what you should do. *Note that Event E has occurred.*

- *If you return to Herulf's room while he is out, turn to 356.*
- *If you continue with your duties, turn to 423.*

You leave your post and descend the rough stair giving access to the Deep. As you approach the Hornrock, you can see that several fellow Eorlingas are bearing up the body of the Dunlending and taking him within the walls of the Hornburg. Once at the bottom of the gorge, you begin your own ascent of the Back Stair where you find several Eorling Watchmen waiting for you. The first calls out to you: "Was that your work?"

"Yes," you reply. "I must report to the commander."

Once inside the outer courtyard, you find many warriors gathered around. At their head stands Herulf. "I am the Burg commander in Gamling's stead this day, for he has gone to the Dike. You will tell me of what passed upon the cliff." He stares at you with cold, knowing eyes which peer deep into you. He is tall and intimidating. You want to shrink from him, but you cannot. You must not!

"The Dunlendish scout came upon me unawares with intent to slay me before I could raise an alarm," you begin. "But I heard, and engaged him. The result of our battle you know." Then you say, loud enough for all to hear, "For that hillman to have come upon me so, one of the secret passes he must have taken. I know not much of them, where they lead, and from whence they came, but we are not safe if our rear is exposed to spies and traitors!" With this you glare at Herulf and try to discern his mind, but he eludes your eyes and turns to the assemblage.

"Double the watch on the cliff, and beware," he calls to one of the tower guards. "As for you," he turns back, "return to your duties as soon as you may." Some unspoken message passes between the two of you.

"Now, back to your posts," Herulf cries out to the gathering. "If Gamling saw you, thus he would think you had the leisure of days instead of moments. Now move, I say!" Herulf spins on his heel and returns to the Keep.

- *If you are wounded, turn to 424.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 281.*

341

Time: 10

Herulf stares at you through slitted eyes. His lips curl, and when he speaks, he spits his words with an almost uncontrolled rage: "I account myself to neither whelps nor rumour-mongers. You," and he leans ever closer, "are both!"

However, without further prompting he says: "The hillman you saw is a traitor to his people. He comes here to deliver valuable information. To me! He demands secrecy, and I grant it. Idle talk by fools like you would ruin him, and what he gives to us. Speak not of this to any, or I will cut out your wagging tongue. Now be off!"

"Herulf, the rolled parchment..." you continue, but he interrupts.

"Would you have me clean out your ears with my blade?" he threatens. "I said, BE OFF!"

- *If you think Herulf speaks the truth with respect to his meeting with the Dunlending, turn to 418.*
- *If you think Herulf is lying, turn to 282.*

342

Time: 0

Hiding in a clump of tall, dark grass, you let the Orc run past. When he is gone, you run towards the host and call out. **Turn to 212.**

343

Time: 0

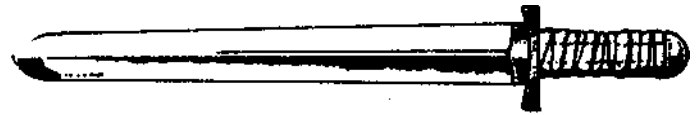
You quickly turn and run, trying to get farther from them, and closer to Helm's Dike. **Pick a number and add your Running bonus:**

- *If 2-5, turn to 308.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 279.*

344

Time: 0

Turning your attention once again to the passing Riders, you call out and run to them, although you are not sure you will be either seen or heard. **Turn to 212.**



345

Time: 5

You battle the two Orcs.
(ORC #1 OB:2 DB:-1 EP:12)
(ORC #2 OB:1 DB:1 EP:10)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points for each Orc that you defeat.

- *If you defeat the Orcs, turn to 248.*
- *If an Orc defeats you, turn to 360.*
- *If you successfully Run Away, turn to 279.*

346**Time: 0**

Now crawling among the rocks and bushes which line the slope behind the Hornrock, you search for traces of the man of Dunland's passing. At the same time you are v ory of an attempt to ambush you; the hillmen are a wild race and would not think twice about slaying an Eorling unaware of his peril. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 300.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 338.**

347**Time: 0**

When the Riders reach the ramparts of the Dike, you dismount. Thanking Dernmod, you then set about finding Gamling, for you know he should be here.

Theoden's host soon leaves for the Burg's causeway and the Great Gates. Meanwhile, Gamling, suited in bright mail and heavy helm, is feverishly setting a rearguard for the Dike. "Gamling," you say, "a word with you, if I may."

"What is it?" asks Gamling, quite distracted and worried.

"It is I, Eorling and Watchman. I have a report," you begin.

"Can it not wait?" asks the old Rider, "the legions of the White Hand have already entered the Coomb!" He then yells orders to some gathered men.

- If you have Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, **turn to 376.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 183.**

348**Time: 10 Exp Pt:4**

You pass along the top of the parapet to the location of your watch commander. "Deorhere," you begin, "I was just at the Back Gate, and there saw such a strange sight as I could not believe."

"Report then!" says Deorhere, taking on the more official air of his posting.

"Only moments ago I looked over the wall at the Back Stair and saw our valiant Herulf in league with a Dunlendish scout!"

Deorhere stares in disbelief, then says, "Let us go there, and you may explain in greater detail."

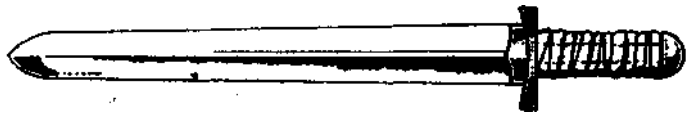
The two of you arrive at the wall over the Back Stair, and you point to where you saw them just below. All is dark and silent. You explain yourself again, this time taking greater pains to be accurate.

"I do not know what to tell you," Deorhere says finally. "It sounds like a wild wolf's tale, but if you say you saw this thing, then I believe you. Perhaps there is more to it than we can guess. Herulf is a respected and powerful man. I would not be quick to accuse him of anything. Perhaps if you talked to him, he would explain his actions."

Such a prospect holds little promise; you have heard other guards speak of Herulf's quick temper.

You part company with Deorhere as he leaves to set the next watch.

- If you go to Herulf's quarters in the Burg and confront him, **turn to 288.**
- If you report Herulf to Gamling, **turn to 293.**
- If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, **turn to 322.**



349

Time: 10

The late hour of the day combines with the brooding cloud to cast Deeping Coomb into a darkening gloom. Rain threatens but does not yet fall. You pass farther into the vale towards the Dike when you notice, off to the east, a host of horse-men riding at great speed to the Burg. It is a mustering of Riders. A mighty eored! And at the van of the troop flies the banner of the King. Theoden comes from Edoras!

As they ride, you now notice that they scatter foul Orcs ahead of them. Saruman's ilk, they have come into the coomb to scout ahead for their siege army. You begin to run towards the legion of Riders when, out of the darkness flies a routed Orc, wild and reckless.

- If you attack this Orc, **turn to 174**.
- If you let the Orc run past, then resume your run to Theoden's host, **turn to 342**.

350

Time: 5

You approach the door of the nearest building, and slowly push it open. The interior of the long-house is dark as night, but you enter and allow your sight to adjust. There is a strange odour which seems out of place; it takes you a moment to fix it in your mind. Lamp oil, and something else. Your feet shuffle through something loose on the floor. Straw! That is the other scent.

The length of the barracks floor is covered with straw and oil. Someone intends to bum the building down! But it could not be the spy you seek, he never would have had enough time to do all this. There must be another, at least! A fire in the barracks would cause quite a diversion for the men now at the Hornburg. This long-house stinks of victory for Saruman, you curse. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 196**.
- If 8-12, **turn to 149**.



351

Time: 20

You travel onward in a pain-filled haze, often not knowing whether you are dreaming this awful turn of events or living it. It is of little use trying to discover where you are bound for; the Dunlendish warriors seem unable to speak your language. You manage, however, to raise your head on occasion and look out over the Westfold plain, but there lies the worst of the nightmare.

All along the horizon billow pillars of smoke, each marking a ransacked homestead. Also, crossing the path of your little group with some regularity are bands of evil men. They are dressed for war, and in high spirits. Erkenbrand must have been defeated at the Fords, you think to yourself, and these wildmen muster for the assault on the Deep. "Strength to the defenders of the Burg..." you sputter in despair.

There is some confusion ahead; the pony comes to a halt. Twisting your head around, you glimpse your Dunlendish captors talking with another group of men. No, they're Orcs! But this does not make sense. It is day-time, yet these Orcs stand their full height and are at ease. Most strange.

Voices are raised in an argument, and the words come floating back to you. Westron! Broken and ill-pronounced, but the hillmen and Orcs speak in Westron. The familiar words are of no comfort, however, for the two groups argue over you!

"He, ours!" spoken defiantly.

"Was yours, now ours!" comes the grunting of an Orc. "He goes to Krina. Orders!"



One of the vile creatures comes back to your pony, grabs you by the hair, and pulls up your head till it is level with his. The pain is unbearable. You look into the black pits of his slanted eyes and feel his hot breath on your face, as it passes through a mouth bristling with sharp, yellow teeth. You stare, mesmerized by the sickening visage. "What is wrong, fresh-meat," croaks the Orc, "Have you never seen a fighting Uruk-Hai! Krina will have her fun with you, and then we will have ours!" And at this the Orc howls with laughter as he finally lets go. You make to spit at his foot, but miss, and for your efforts you are rewarded with a cuff across the ear.

The Goblin makes his way back to the others, who have drawn their weapons. Insults and base threats fill the air, and when one Dunlending waves his blade, a furious battle is joined. You hear the awful cries of wounded and dying men, for the Orcs prevail, and they laugh wickedly as the surviving Dunlendings take flight.

Two Orcs grab at the pony's reigns and pull it in a new direction. Fate has been cruel to you this day, and it is all you can do to avoid breaking down. But you must not! These Goblins will not shatter your spirit! You look back and see yet another Orc dragging along one of the vanquished men of Dunland by the foot. But why? The answer, when it comes to you, is so shocking, you lose consciousness again. *Note: your Damage Taken now equals your Endurance, and you may not heal by any means until you are free (assuming you survive).*
Turn to 285.

352**Time: 0**

At the bottom of a footlocker filled with wool lens, boots and a bridle, you discover a small bundle of parchments! "Now I have him," you say to the hallowed walls of the Keep.

- *If Event B has occurred, turn to 305.*
- *If Event C has occurred, turn to 179.*

353**Time: 20**

Once out of the Keep, you pass through both the inner Burg gate and Great Gate on your way to the Dike. The clouds above blot out the sun and threaten rain at any moment. A cool breeze blows out of the gorge, whipping up dust and grit from the dry soil. When you arrive at the Dike, you find Gamling standing with a few officers looking out over Deeping Coomb.

Summoning up your courage, you say sternly, "Commander, I am afraid I must report treason in our ranks!" Gamling and the others turn as you say this.

"What?" is Gamling's first response. You produce the papers you found in Herulf's room.

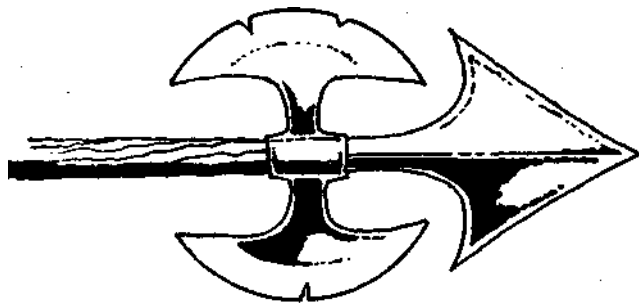
"These," you say, "are plans of our defenses. Troop strengths. Leaders. Weak points. Documented by a Rider, here at the Hornburg, so that they may be passed on to the enemy. I fear Saruman already has the final and completed copies." Gamling grabs the parchments from you and looks through them. His face goes red and his eyes show unmeasurable rage. The men standing next to him stare on in disbelief.

"Where did you get these?" Gamling explodes. Who wrote them?"

Your answer is simple. "Herulf."

"Where is he?" Gamling rages, while drawing his word. "When I find him he will wish he were in Barad-dur!"

- *If you have killed Herulf, turn to 363.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 358.*

**354****Time:****5**

Soon enough you find him. He is talking with one of the youngest guards on the watch, trying to instil fierce courage, no doubt. He answers your calls and approaches. "What news, Eorling?" he asks.

"Another Dunlendish scout," you gasp, trying to catch your wind, "I saw him enter a thicket and pass under a boulder. It is an entrance to one of the secret passes, I am sure! That is how they are making their way past our guard posts."

"Show me," is Dama's response, and he beckons the younger guard to follow.

Shortly, the three of you approach the thicket and boulder. When you arrive, you point out the tunnel through the bramble. Dama appears unbelieving, but gets down on his stomach and squirms through the wall of thorns. You can discern his form as it nears the underside of the boulder — then it disappears! A moment later he returns. "It is as you say, a hidden entrance. But I know not where it goes, if it goes anywhere at all. I found no trace of your spy, but I believe you saw him here." He stops to consider for a moment, then erupts: "Spears and spikes! I must go report this to the Burg commander at once. You two stand here and let no one escape. I will be back when I can." You and the younger guard exchange glances that are both surprised and knowing. Dama is perhaps not as experienced as he would want his underlings to believe. Your superior strides off purposefully. How terrible, you think to yourself: he will report to Herulf, of all people, while the Dunlending makes good his escape.

- *If you wait for Dama to return with orders and reinforcements, **turn to 246.***
- *If you enter the secret pass without waiting, **turn to 310.***

355

Time: 0

Approaching closer, you ready your weapon, and prepare to strike. Then the hillman fumbles through his equipment and pulls out a folded parchment. You stop. He seems to be studying the page. With interest, you try to edge your way to the streambed's crest on your elbows, so that you too can spy the parchment's markings. "Crack!" Your trailing foot snaps a twig. **Turn to 102.**

356

Time: 100

Certain that Herulf is out inspecting Helm's Gate and the culvert, you make your way back to the Keep. Again, the guard allows you entry, and you climb the long stairs to Herulf's chamber. Once on the fifth floor, a quick examination reveals all is quiet and the three doors off the landing are closed. You approach Herulf's door, open it, and enter. The room is clean, if somewhat barren, and no one is within. You set about your task, being as silent and quick as possible. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-5, **turn to 170.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 370.***



357

Time: 0

You begin to cross the courtyard, like a wolf stalking a lamb, you imagine. But without warning, you are distracted. "Eorling, a moment, if you please." Confound it! Who could that be? You turn towards the voice and face one of the many stables, now mostly empty, which line the inside of the outer wall of the Hornburg. There you see a warrior preparing a gelding and wain. He beckons you again; "Help me with this hitch; I should have been off last hour." There is no one else in sight to aid him so early in the morning.

- *If you go over and help him, **turn to 283.***
- *If you ignore him and continue on, **turn to 237.***

358

Time: 5

"I know not where he is now, Commander," you answer, "but if he knows you have these papers, I would think he would be on his way to Nan Curunir."

"You!" Gamling says to one of the officers standing nearby, "find Herulf and bring him to me. He will answer to this."

"Yes, Commander," says the officer as he runs back towards the Burg.

"Now, as for you, young one," Gamling says more gently, turning back to face you, "I must keep these papers, but the credit for finding them is yours." *Remove Item D, the Traitor's Documents, from your Character Record. Turn to 367.*

359

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 50

You open the small packet, heart racing and face flushed with excitement. Your eyes pass over the unfolded papers. As you thought: troop strengths, dispositions, and leaders are written thereon. Complete battle plans. Information the enemy could devour and then spit back up at the defenders of Helm's Deep! Your inspection becomes more considered. You are amazed at the detail and completeness of the reports. Here is a page which shows Erkenbrand's table of organization and route to the Fords of Isen where he hopes to crush the White Hand before it can invade the Westfold. The traitorous scum!

Herulf must already have passed on the completed, final copies to the enemy. This thought puts you in a rage you have rarely experienced. Here is information which will cost the hearty Eorlingas many lives and may bring about ultimate defeat, and there is nothing to be done about it now.

- *If Herulf is dead, turn to 409.*
- *If Herulf is unconscious, turn to 313.*

360

Time: 0

Knocked to the ground, a final swing of the Orc's blade heralds your passing from Middle-earth. Your quest has come to a valiant, but sad, conclusion. **The End.**

361

Time: 5 Exp Pt: 10

Suddenly realizing that an enchantment is being cast, you come to your senses and decide that it would be best to play along with the witch's game. "Oh most lovely and gentle woman," you begin, "I was walking through the long grasses of the Westfold when I saw a great army marching. I thought they were tall Riders, so I approached, but was over-powered by Dunlendings. From them, Orcs took me, and brought me here. It is all that I know." **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-10, turn to 275.*
- *If 11-12, turn to 258.*

362**Time: 0**

The head of your weapon comes curving down, but it only delivers a grazing strike. To a bear! This is not the Dunlending, you think wildly, but a mountain bear! You fall back in utter shock, and hope that the animal does not turn to dispose of you. Fortunately, you seem to have scared it, and the wounded creature bounds off. **Turn to 213.**

363**Time: 5**

"He is dead, Commander," you say to Gamling, "I slew him, for I discovered his treachery and took justice upon myself. You may find his body in his room at the Keep."

Gamling and the others look at you in awe. At length, Gamling sheaths his sword and says, "I believe you have done the right thing. I will, of course, keep these papers and look into this matter more deeply, but I count you among our heroes this day." *Remove Item D, the Traitor's Documents, from your Character Record. Turn to 367.*

364**Time: 15**

Cautiously, you advance down the tunnel, often stopping to listen and bending down to check for traces of the man of Dunland's passing. Soon you come to a three-way fork in the passage just as all light fails you.

- *If you take the left passage, turn to 436.*
- *If you continue on straight ahead, turn to 280.*
- *If you take the right passage, turn to 107.*

365**Time: 5**

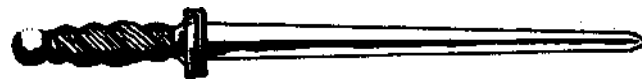
You move aside the bed, and then the writing table, looking for loose floorboards or secret hiding places. Then, to your horror, the door opens, and Herulf walks in!

Surprise gives way to fury as he draws his weapon. "What sort of slithering spy have I come upon!" he snarls, suddenly lunging forward. Unable to escape or explain yourself, you prepare your own weapon.

You must fight Herulf and you may not Run Away. You are surprised.

(HERULF OB:4 DB:3 EP:45)

- *If Herulf defeats you, turn to 162.*
- *If you defeat Herulf, turn to 419.*

**366****Time: N/A**

Just as you are about to descend the stairs, you are grabbed from behind by strong hands. Twisting your neck around, you see the faces of the two swarthy Eorling warriors who talked to you on the battlements earlier today. "Coward!" shouts one above the discordance of battle, "Herulf was right. You belong with the Orcs!" With that, the two lift you up, and you are powerless to stop them. Despite your protests, they heave you over the breastwork, and you fall, flailing, into the sea of Orcs below. You die, suddenly and horribly, at the Battle of the Hornburg. **The End.**

367

Time: 5

Gamling continues to speak: "Most worthy deeds you have performed, and there will be time for honours later. But now, I have a choice assignment. I must send a detachment of Riders into the Coomb to teach the Orcs, who roam freely there, a lesson. Will you ride with warriors of the Rohirrim?"

"Oh, most certainly, Commander!" It is all you can do to keep from jumping with excitement.

"Herubrand," Gamling turns to one of the remaining officers, "find this young Eorling a mount." He then turns to you and says, "Keep it well." *Turn to 401.*

368

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 4

The Dunlending's trail leads to a path which rises high up to the plateau overlooking the Hornburg. It is long and steep, and you are unable to see whether anyone climbs it now. You stop and think for a moment. Memories of stories heard long ago surface in your mind. You have heard of lost tunnels which have their entrances in the steep face of the Thrihyrne, near the Deep. It is said that they lead to dead ends, and only the mad enter them, but if one such pass lies true, then the Dunlending could have used it to come to the Deep. Determined, you decide to ascend the path. *Turn to 186.*

369

Time: 30

The group of Riders you are with makes its sortie from the Dike. You ride swiftly over the Coomb's fields and through its orchards. Exhilarated, you feel as though you are flying, though the horse's hooves beat a steady rhythm.

Then, too soon for your liking, the leader of your foray spies some dark figures in the distance, now running desperately for cover. He signals the attack, and the five horses of the company leap forward, galloping faster than you could have imagined. For no reason, other than fate, you take an opportunity to look back. There, off to your left, and in the gathering gloom, runs a woman carrying a bundle. She is pursued by other dark figures, and they gain on her. An Eorling woman chased by Orcs in the Coomb! You are behind the other four horsemen when you call out for their attention, but their concentration, coupled with the thunder kicked up by the horses hooves, prevents them from hearing you.

You break off your steed's attack and bring it around to the left. Then, alone, you charge the new threat.

There are five Orcs by your count, and they are barely within bow-shot of the fleeing woman. As you bear down on them, they see you and scatter, but you pick out your target nonetheless. He is a particularly ugly specimen with bowed legs and spiked helm, but he is fast, and has come nearest your countrywoman. He turns to face your charging mount as you lower your weapon and prepare to strike. The stallion increases his speed. *Pick a number and add your General bonus and your melee OB:*

- If 2-7, *turn to 374.*
- If 8-12, *turn to 371.*

370**Time: 5**

There is a wardrobe, bed, table and footlocker to search. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 140.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 352.**

371**Time:****0****ExpPt:20**

Contact! You feel the crushing impact of your blow as it travels back up your weapon. The Orc flies off his feet, head thrown to one side and arms flailing. Other Orcs run about in disarray, giving up their chase of the woman; some now turn their full attention to you. **Turn to 434.**

372**Time: 20**

Slowly, the sun continues to rise. But the Deep, which you now look down upon, will not be lit until the sun is half-through its journey, and then only if the storm clouds have parted.

The events of the last hour trouble you, and give you cause to be nervous. Here at the top of the cliff, the wind blows hard and cold, dislodging gravel and howling in a most menacing way. You force yourself to concentrate as the time passes, for you do not want to be distracted. What game is Herulf playing? You hear more rocks tumbling behind you, and your spine tingles. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-3, you are surprised; **turn to 117.**
- If 4-11, you are not surprised; **turn to 194.**
- If 12, **turn to 121.**

373**Time: 0**

You pick up all your war-gear, which is near at hand, and dash away from the camp. Unfortunately, you were not able to regain all of your possessions. *Select one piece of equipment, armour, shield, or a weapon from your Character Record, and remove it. Note that you need not remove Item A (if you acquired it; you have hidden it under your tunic, and the Orcs did not find it).* **Turn to 294.**

374**Time: 0**

At the last moment, the Orc jumps aside, and you cannot hit him. Off-balance, the Goblin swings his axe, and you pull hard on the reins to avoid his blow. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 381.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 397.**

375**Time: 5**

Taking a moment's rest, you consider further action. Gambling the Old will be at the Dike today, preparing its defenses, leaving Herulf in command of the Burg. He will perform a circuit of the Burg's watches soon, and thus be out of the Keep. At such a time you might return to his room and search for evidence of his misdeeds. This action would entail great risk, but the rewards... *Pick a number:*

- If 2-7, you may make one of the following choices:
 - If you return to Herulf's room while he is out, **turn to 356.**
 - If you continue with your duties, **turn to 423.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 339.**

376

Time: 20 Exp Pt: 20

"Commander!" you insist, "treachery is afoot within our walls! I have just escaped an Orcish war-camp in the Westfold, and how I came to be there is a story for many nights. But the gist of it is that in coming there, I obtained this map," and you produce the parchment you took from the spy. Gamling becomes more intent on listening to your story. "It is from a Dunlending spy I slew under the Thrihyrne, in one of its secret tunnels. The map shows the route of the secret pass, and its exit is on the plateau above the Burg!" At this, you point over the Keep and into the gathering night. "If this map had been delivered, even now we could have been assailed from the rear."

"Know you how the Dunlending got the map?" asks Gamling.

"I do," you affirm. "This morning, before dawn, I saw our Rider, Herulf, pass this map to the hillman on the Back Stair." Gamling stands shocked by your accusation, as do several other Eorlingas who have gathered near to hear your report.

"Impossible!" exclaims Gamling.

"No, commander, I speak the truth," you say resolutely.

After a moment, Gamling speaks. "Thank you, Eorling. I will take the map and confront Herulf. Now, go to the Burg's battlements and ready yourself for siege. Every spear is needed." Handing the map to Gamling, you turn and run to the Great Gates of the Hornburg. *Remove Item A, the Map of the Secret Pass, from your Character Record. Turn to 142.*

377

Time: N/A

With a mighty shove, you try to dislodge the scaling ladder and those that are on it. *Pick a number and add your Strength bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 120.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 190.**



378

Time: 30

"I must try to get back to the Deep and report to Gamling!" You hope no one is in the tunnel to hear you say this, but talking aloud is somehow reassuring. You strike off in the direction which you judge to be the right one. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-4, **turn to 280.**
- If 5-9, **turn to 109.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 270.**

379

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 5

Just as you feel you are about to be knocked over the cliff, you move aside and whirl about, blindly swinging your weapon. Contact! For an instant you get a close look at the man who would have assailed you; he is a Dunlending warrior! However, you are sure that it is not the same one you saw earlier with Herulf.

He emits a horrible cry as he falls over the edge of the precipice. **Turn to 428.**

380

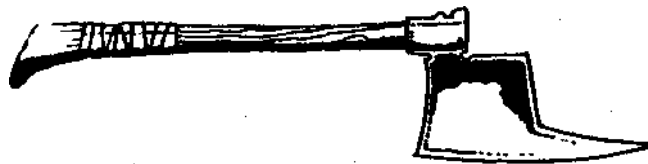
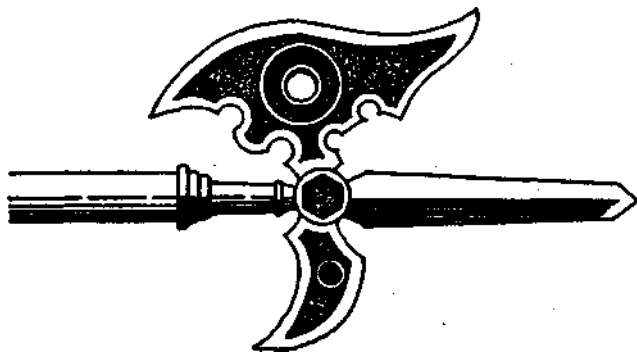
Time: 5

You tell all that you remember of the day's events, including your witnessing of Herulf's parley with the Dunlendish spy at the Back Gate. Gamling, however, remains somewhat skeptical of your wild story, as do those Riders who have gathered around you to hear it. "Do you have proof of these things you tell of?" asks Gamling.

"No, Commander," you reply sternly, "but I do not lie. I think Herulf is a traitor and has passed documents to the enemy. And if I do not miss my guess, I would say that there are other agents of the White Hand among our ranks."

"Thank you for your opinions and report," concludes Gamling. "I will confront Herulf when there is time. But now, we must prepare for siege. The White Hand marches upon us this night!"

You are ordered to the Burg's battlements. **Turn to 389.**



381

Time: 0

The Orc's axe strikes your leg. *Pick a number and increase your Damage Taken by that amount.*

- *If your Damage Taken total now exceeds your Endurance, turn to 412.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 434.*

382

Time: 0

You see Herulf in the dark grey middle-distance, a solitary figure moving among the flickering shadows of the wind-blown courtyard. He passes around the far side of the inner Burg wall, making his way toward the main doors of the Keep, no doubt. He strides swiftly yet quietly. You move away from the tower to follow him. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-9, turn to 357.*
- *If 10-12, turn to 426.*

383

Time:

0

Slowly, you pass through the open portal. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 145.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 251.*

384

Time: 5

You strike the first Orc in the back, but do not kill him outright. Surprised, both Orcs fall over the charred body of their mate and fumble for then weapons. Readyng your weapon again, you en-
gage in combat.

You fight the two Orcs.

(ORC#1 OB:1 DB:1 EP:2)

(ORC#2 OB:2 DB:-1 EP:12)

Award yourself 15 Experience Points for each Orc you defeat.

- *If you defeat both Orcs, **turn to 248.***
- *If an Orc defeats you, **turn to 360.***
- *If you successfully Run Away, **turn to 279.***

385

Time: N/A Exp Pt: 15

You defeat the Half-orc whose brethren are also slain behind him by other men of Rohan. This latest assault on your length of the wall subsides for a few moments, and the defenders here have time to regroup. Legolas, who has now come back into view, sheathes his glittering sword, and retrieves all the spent arrows he can find. You are about to join him when, abruptly, you are called away by a senior officer. Orcs are forcing the Deeping Wall!

You run along the parapet with some twenty other warriors to the Deeping Wall gate. Just then you hear a tremendous crash like ten thunderclaps and see a flash reflected off the bulwarks. What sorcery? Men cry up from the Deep behind the wall. Orcs stream through the culvert! Your force of men is diverted to the new threat. You reach the Deep by way of a long stair down from the wall, and there see many Orcs and men.

No quarter is being given in this frenzied battle, and you will soon be in it! Then you see a strange sight indeed. Several of the Orcs charge a solitary figure. It is Gimli, the Dwarf! But no matter how may assail him, the same number of severed Orc-heads come rolling back. And the corpses mount. Now there is one Goblin you see who circles behind the Dwarf, to take him from behind. But not if you have a say! With a cry of "Death to the White Hand!" you charge the assassin. **Turn to 259.**



386

Time: 0

"I slew him on the plateau over the Burg," you proclaim. "He was there awaiting a company of men of Dunland, but they never arrived."

"What news!" exclaims the elder warrior. "I know someone who wants to meet you." **Turn to 439.**

387

Time: 5

In your haste, you take the stairs two at once. Unfortunately, just as you reach the bottom, you tumble over in a crashing heap, having missed the last step! Your weapon and equipment stir up such a ruckus that the Deep itself seems to hear you, sending word of your clumsiness all the way back to the Aglarond. Oh, will nothing go right this day?

You lie still for a moment and listen for other sounds as intently as you can. When the crickets resume their sullen chirping, you take stock of your own situation. Waves of sharp pain pulse up from your ankle. You have twisted it during your fall. A curse must be upon you!

You hear movement nearby and try to distinguish if it could be the Dunlending coming back to dispose of you. Swiftly, you reach for your weapon and ready it. Nothing approaches. After a moment, you use the spear to help you rise to your feet, and though it pains you to do so, you stand to test the weight your ankle will take. Satisfied you can continue, you prepare yourself. *Subtract 1 from your number picked the next time you use your Running bonus.* **Turn to 346.**

388

Time:

0

You push back the lid of the great stone container, and just as you do, a flashing figure leaps at you from the inside! Its eyes bum with a red flame and it claws at you with talons of hard, white bone. Aghast, you stumble backwards, crashing up against the chamber's wall. The bone-creature advances, eyes blazing and teeth snapping. What have you released? *Take an action:*

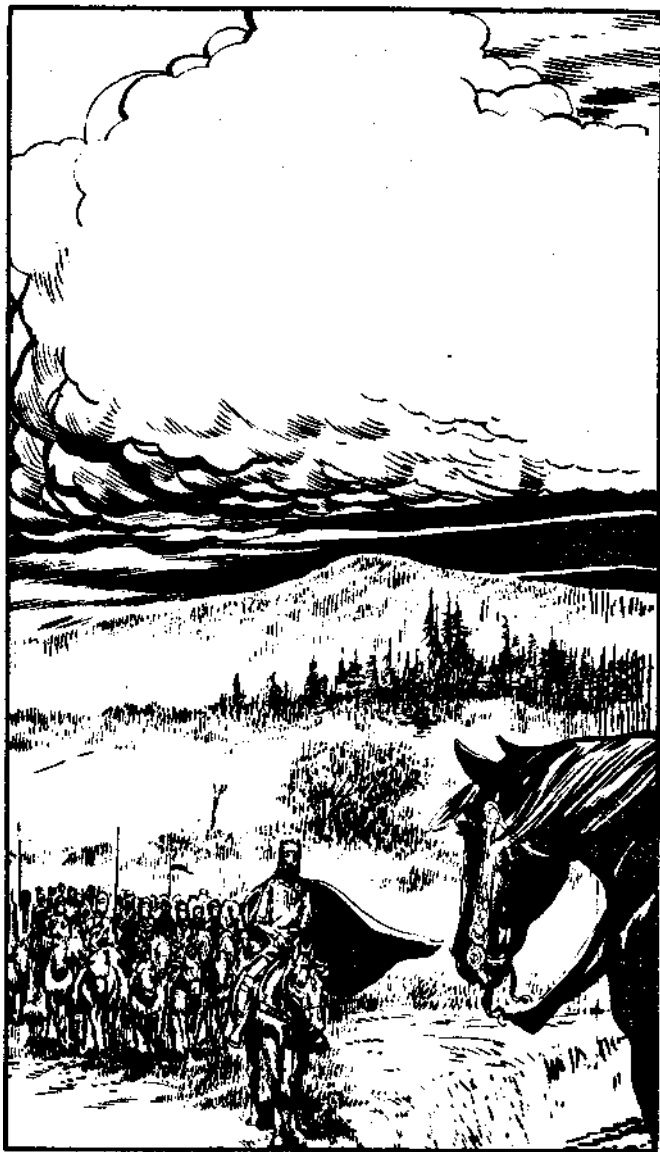
- If you successfully run away, **turn to 168.**
- If you fight, **turn to 158.**



389

Time: 20

As you head from the Dike to the Burg's causeway, a cheer a thousand voices strong erupts from the walls of the Hornburg. You turn to see what could cause such elation. The sight lifts your heart and spirit, so that you too call out and join the chorus. Approaching the Dike is a great host of men, but not just ordinary men. They are Riders all, mounted and with force of arms. In their vanguard rides a standard bearer whose banner shows the device of the King himself. Theoden comes to Helm's Deep!



You watch as the van arrives at the Dike, and Theoden, surrounded by many tall and worthy warriors, speaks with Gamling. You cannot help but feel that the Burg is saved and could repel an assault from Mordor itself, even if it emptied every barrack, cell and hole!

Riders start to pass you now as they head for the Great Gates. One stops, seeing you on foot, and hoists you up on his mount. "No need to walk when there are horses!" he says.

"Most definitely, and thank you!" you say. "But what are they?" you ask, staring at two other riders on a horse that passes yours.

"Of all the creatures on this Middle-earth," begins your fellow Eorling, "a Dwarf and an Elf ride with us! Gimli and Legolas are their names, or so I am told."

You wonder after them and cannot guess how Theoden, who you thought sickly and locked forever in Meduseld, could ride forth with a great eored again. You are certain nothing stranger could ever happen. Dismounting at the Great Gate, you thank the Rider again. *Turn to 142.*

390

Time: 0

Fortunately, you have bested the two Orcs, and the others have run to surrounding orchards or streambeds for fear of their lives. Your horse lies dead, so you must head back to the Dike on foot. I must find that woman, you think to yourself.

Turn to 177.

391

Time: 5

You bend over the body and grab the man's face. "You, man of Dunland," you say none too gently, "speak!" Blood gurgles in his throat, and his eyes flicker slightly, but he does not immediately regain consciousness. You search him for a map or a weapon but find nothing. Suddenly, his eyes open and his face twists in pain. Now is your chance! "How did you get here? By secret pass, or did Saruman change you into a mountain goat for the journey!" The questioning is of no use; the Dunlending cannot understand you.

You discard his weapon, take on his supplies and force him to rise to his feet. As he begins to realize what is happening to him, he makes a dive for the precipice you are both standing dangerously close to. Too stunned to react, you watch in disbelief as the Dunlending hurls himself over the cliff's edge to his doom. You come to the edge yourself and look over. Below, you see that the hillman landed near the Hornburg, and many watchmen are gathering on the ramparts nearest him. **Turn to 340.**

392

Time: 20 Exp Pt:20

To be sure your opponent is finished, you drive the point of your weapon into his chest. "Now, what have you got, Dunlendish spy?" You begin to search his body. Soon you have what you guess to be a flint and a small quantity of tinder. There is also a folded piece of parchment. Doing your best in the dark, you pile the tinder and strike the flint. After many false starts, a soft red glow and wisp of smoke signals success.

Once a low flame develops you look at the man of Dunland's face: this is the spy you saw this morning with Herulf. Trembling, you unfold the parchment. A map! But a very confusing one. The criss-cross of lines and circles indicate a secret pass, no doubt the one you occupy now, but where are you, and which way is the right way? A cold sweat breaks over your skin as you realize that you have become quite disoriented. "Here is the Burg and the Deep," you say aloud, "and the peaks of the Thrihyrne. And this is a tunnel to the Westfold near the Isen!" Your finger traces a line with many branches. "But where am I?"

At this, the last of the tinder burns away and you are left in darkness once more. It is best that this map was not delivered, you think silently, for it shows a secret highway which could bring enemies into the Deep from north unto the Isen. And if Erkenbrand lost there...

You rise, determined to make your way out of the tunnels. *Note on your Character Record that you now carry Item A, the Map to the Secret Pass.*

- If you try to go to the Westfold, **turn to 151.**
- If you try to go back to Helm's Deep, **turn to 378.**

393

Time: N/A

This soldier of the White Hand now jumps from the ladder and lands on the walls' rampart. Grasping your weapon, you attack him. **Turn to 232.**

394

Time: N/A

But before you can descend the stair, an Orc—or something like one—blocks your way and engages you in combat. *You are surprised.* **Turn to 232.**

You slip through the crack at the Back Door and stand atop the Back Stair. All is dark and gray ahead and below you. Descending a few steps, you find the lantern used by Herulf and the Dunlending, now extinguished and tipped over. *Pick a number and add your Intelligence Stat Bonus:*

- If 2-6, **turn to 414.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 417.**

Out of the confusion of your thoughts, one thing seems clear: you must tell Gamling what you saw! No doubt he is wise enough to pass a fair judgment. He would also know if Herulf was planning to trick the Dunlendings with some intricate plan. You hurry to the nearest stair, rush down into the outer courtyard below and then make your way around to the gates of the Burg. As you arrive, you are just in time to catch Gamling the Old and his personal guards making their way out of the Keep. They are about to head down to Helm's Dike and take up their posts for the day.

"A moment, Commander; pray, a moment," you gasp as you run up. "I have a report."

The group turns and halts. The commander of the guard, an older but fit warrior, speaks first. "What troubles you? Is something amiss?"

"I must speak with Gamling. It is urgent!"

Gamling the Old, commander of the Deep's garrison in lieu of Erkenbrand, makes his way through his guard and stands before you. "Yes?" he says.

"Eorling and leader," you begin, "not but moments ago I was above the Back Gate on my patrol route when I heard voices on the stair. I looked over the wall to see a Rider, and fellow of our garrison, conversing with..." You pause for a second, searching the faces of Gamling's guard, "a Dunlendish scout." Shocked expressions, mixed with those of disbelief, arise all about. Gamling remains stern.

"Who was this Rider you saw?" asks Gamling. The guards draw closer. "Did you see his face?"

At this moment you become unsure. Each and every one of the men about you is a fast friend of Herulf's. He is a very popular leader, and it is said that one day he may ride at the head of an eored. "See his face I did, lord," you begin, but pause again. Then at a further prompting you manage to say, "It was Herulf."

A murmur stirs the guardsmen, and some laugh. Gamling shakes his head. "I know not what you saw, youngling, save perhaps a fevered Vision. Herulf is a Rider, a brave and battle-scarred one at that, ordered here by Erkenbrand, who places great trust in him. These wild accusations do you no credit! There is no possible way that a Dunlending could have found his way in here, save through the Great Gates or the culvert, and both are well-guarded, as you know."

"But my lord," you protest, "what of the secret passes from the Coomb to the Deep which all Eorlingas have heard tell of, though few can traverse rightly? I saw the Rider pass a parchment to the hillman — what if it was a map?"

"A dream you have had; it's Saruman's doing," Gamling concludes. "We shall speak no more of this. I know you mean well, but such charges injure us more than they help. Speak not of this to others for they have enough to concern them. Continue with your duties and be diligent. I fear if Erkenbrand returns not this day, we will have our fill of Saruman's hospitality." His mind spoken, Gamling turns away with his guard in train and they proceed through the main gate on their way to the Dike.

Dejected and embarrassed, you return to the outer wall, knowing that you will soon be on your way to your new post. You consider Gamling's words: could it be true that you have had an evil dream? You are almost convinced! **Turn to 322.**

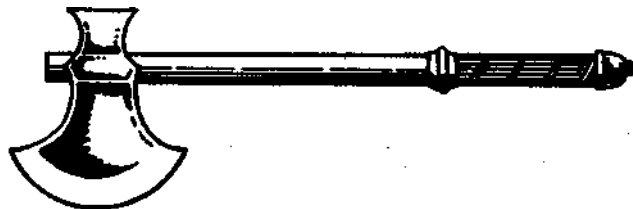
397 **Time: 0**
Fortunately, the Orc's blade misses you. **Turn to 434.**

398 **Time: 5**
Before you give Herulf an opportunity to separate a piece of your body from the rest, you fly down the stairs babbling incoherent pleas of forgiveness. You do not slow until reaching the combat corridor on the first floor, at which point you check behind to see if Herulf is pursuing. Fortunately, he is not. Stumbling out of the Keep, you make your way to the outer wall and try to reassemble yourself. **Turn to 322.**

399 **Time: N/A Exp Pt:12**
You bury a shaft in an Orc carrying a scaling ladder. He falls over and is gone. **Turn to 221.**

Time: 0

"Yes, I will speak with Herulf," you answer, "and I will do so now, for I do not believe I will find him asleep." You pass the guard and enter the Keep. **Turn to 108.**



401 **Time: 10**
Your horse is as white as snow upon the mountains, and strong! You will ride with four others out across the Coomb in search of Eorling stragglers and scouting Orcs. Full of courage and resolve, you mount the horse, as your fellow Riders mount theirs. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 408.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 404.**

402 **Time: 0**
You dash as best you can from the camp, but in your haste, you forget your equipment. And it was lying near at hand too! *Remove all of your armour, weapons, and equipment from your Character Record (except for Item A, if you acquired it; you have that hidden under your tunic and the Orcs did not find it).* **Turn to 294.**

403

Time: 5 Exp Pts:4

Immediately you jump up and dash for the thicket. Once there, you drop to your stomach and pass through the brambles just as the man of Dunland had. You wend your way through the thorns as quickly as you can, disregarding the scratches stinging your face and hands. At the base of the boulder you find a crack in the ground just wide enough to accommodate a man and his pack. You hesitate a moment and listen. Could those sounds be retreating footfalls? Was Felarof a Meara! Shaking with a mixture of fear and excitement, you pull yourself down into the gloom below.

Your eyes adjust slowly to the dim light. You stand at the bottom of a pit, and a dark, low tunnel stretches away from you. The sound of footsteps has stopped. Did the hillman hear you and stop? Or have the bends in the passageway baffled the sound while he escapes? You grasp your weapon and advance, doubling over in the low passage. *Note: you may spend no time healing damage naturally while you are in the tunnels or their chambers. Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 364.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 416.**

404

Time: 0 Exp Pts:8

Although you are merely astride a horse, you feel as though you command Middle-earth's most fearsome beast. "This is the place for an Eorling," you say to one of your companions, "over a sturdy mount, under a wide sky, Orcs level with the lance!"

"Aye," replies the Eorling, sharing your view of the world. **Turn to 369.**

405

Time: 10

"And is it our own stablehands who spy on us now?" calls a stout Eorlingas warrior from the courtyard below. He advances out of the deep shadows of the inner wall with two stable-boys, which only a few winters younger than yourself. Their dog is barking and jumping up in play. The warrior looks up at you as if bidding an explanation. You are struck dumb.

Spears are lowered and bowstrings relaxed as the sizable group of recently aroused fighters begin to disperse, cursing and glancing back at you. "Well?" the voice of the same Eorling booms.

"Pardon, Captain," you offer feebly, "the dimness of the light tricked my eyes."

"And does the faintness of a sound you hear change a bee to a bear?" the warrior retorts. "If we did not need every man at the wall, I would have you in the kitchen! Back to your post, and this time look for Orcs and men wielding cruel steel, not boys playing sticks with their dog!"

Face burning with shame, you continue your patrol. The other guards you pass avoid your glance, and some laugh none too silently. Your imagination continues to play tricks with you, though, and you wonder again whether you should report Herulf. But would anybody believe you now?

- If you report Herulf to Deorhere, your watch commander, **turn to 348.**
- If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, **turn to 322.**

406

Time: N/A

You run along the battlement to the nearest stair which leads down to the courtyard.

- If Event E has occurred, **turn to 366**.
- Otherwise, **turn to 394**.

407

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 40

Herulf lets out a surprised gasp and looks down to his stomach. There rests your blade, sunk to the haft. Dazed, he shifts his gaze to you, then collapses. You draw forth your weapon, head swimming in the ecstasy of victory. **Turn to 147**.

408

Time: 0

The stallion is large and spirited. Although you are loath to admit it, this steed will not be easy to control. *Reduce your General bonus by 1 while riding this horse.* **Turn to 369**.

409

Time: 0

You cast a glance of hatred over Herulf's lifeless body and utter an oath of eternal pursuit and revenge. Then, picking up the bundle of documents, you start off for the Dike where the Burg commander, Gamling, prepares his troops. *Note on your Character Record that you carry Item D, the Traitor's Documents.* **Turn to 353**.

410

Time: 10 Exp Pt: 6

A faint glimmer of the morning sun, struggling through the clouds, reveals your foe. It is a mountain bear! What a mistake it would have been to come upon it unaware!



Freezing in place, you watch for a long, drawn-out moment as the bear sees you, but decides to slowly wander away.

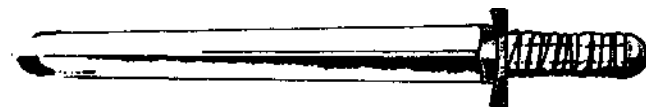
Still with a resolve to search for the Dunlending upon the plateau, you get ready to resume your ascent. **Turn to 213**.

411

Time: 60

Giving the Orcs and the burning homestead a wide berth, you continue on to the Dike. There are other occasions over the next hour where you see Orcs in the distance, but you are able to avoid them quite easily.

As you travel along, the pale light of day succumbsto an early night, ushered in by a thick gathering of brooding, black cloud. As you arrive at the Dike, a cool drizzle begins to fall. **Turn to 166**.



412

Time: 0

The Orc's blow sends you flying off of the horse. Landing on the ground with a solid thud, you lose your weapon and gear, and before you are able to recover from the fall, several Goblins set upon you for the kill. Your quest comes to a sad conclusion.

The End.

413

Time: 0

Most certainly you know what happened to Herulf. You killed him! But you say nothing of this to Gamling, deciding to keep this to yourself. "Commander," you say, "I am sure that Herulf encountered the fate that best suited him."

"Aye," replies the old warrior, "that is the way of it. But let us turn to other things." **Turn to 152.**

414

Time: 0

You hurry to the bottom of the Back Stair in the gloomy gray of the pre-dawn light. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 387.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 165.*

415

Time: 0

Both you and Hermgamel dash through the waist-high grass, but you have been seen too soon by the Orcs. They loose their arrows, and Hermgamel falls beside you, struck twice. As you waver there, you too are pierced and fall. Your last vision is that of battle-frenzied Orcs coming upon you with cruel, curved swords. Your quest has come to a sad conclusion. **The End.**

416

Time: 5

Quickly, you advance down the tunnel. When you stop to listen for the man of Dunland, you are surprised to hear some shuffling and scraping noises. They are not too far ahead of you, and it seems the Dunlending is trying to gain his bearings in the utter darkness. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 215.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 105.*

417

Time: 0

Thinking quickly, you surmise that the Dunlending spy must have come into the Deep by way of some secret path which he must now be making for, to insure his escape. **Turn to 414.**

418

Time: 5

You are convinced that Herulf speaks the truth, and if it is to be done with harsh words and insults, then that is his way. "I will speak of this to no one," you say as you retreat towards the stair. Turning, you descend, never looking back at Herulf. You decide that no Rider of the Mark could ever really turn against his own, and it was unwise of you to think it could ever be so.

Once you reach the Keep's main door, you step out and look to the sky. A strange day indeed, you think. "I must turn my thoughts to more pressing matters." At that, you proceed to undertake your assigned duties for the day. **Turn to 423.**

419 **Time: 0 Exp Pt: 40**

"Treacherous whelp!" you spit out, standing victorious next to Herulf's unmoving body, "That is how a true Eorling fights!"

Looking about, you decide to finish the task you began here. Realizing that the footlocker remains unopened, you kneel down next to it, push back the lid, and begin to sift through its contents. Beneath the bridles, boots and woollens, you discover what you seek and draw out a bundle of parchments.

- *If Event B has occurred, turn to 217.*
- *If Event C has occurred, turn to 359.*

420 **Time: 5**

Nimble, you leap down the steep slope. You must find Dama and tell him of what you have discovered. The plateau above the Hornrock is quite vast, however, and you do not find Dama quickly. Indeed, you do not find him at all! You call his name, but only fellow Watchers answer, and none knows where he is posted now. Should you continue looking for him, or take matters into your own hands and pursue the man of Dunland yourself?

- *If you still wish to report to Dama, turn to 354.*
- *If you turn back and enter the secret tunnel, turn to 184.*

421 **Time: 5**

"You weave an interesting tale," says Deorhere, "and there will be an accounting of it after we have dealt with Saruman. In the meantime, I believe you should help your fellow warriors at the stables. What few horses we have left must be ready when called upon." **Turn to 423.**

422 **Time: 10**

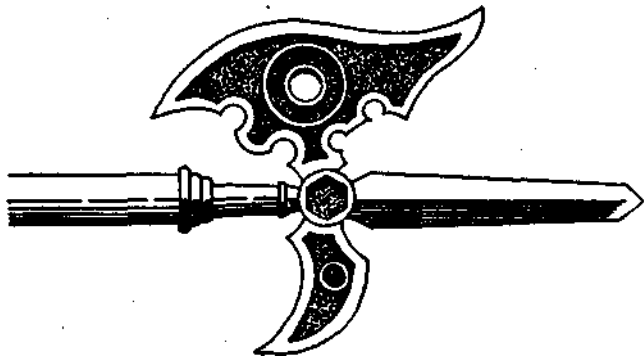
You enter the tunnel, bending over low and trying to stay as silent as possible. Try as you do, you cannot help but disturb the loose gravel which covers the passage's floor. Several times, you curse your bad luck but still hope that the man of Dunland has not heard you, if he is not far ahead. The passageway curves and dips, but never allows you to stand upright. You continue your pursuit. *Note: you may spend no time healing damage naturally while you are in the tunnels or their chambers.* **Turn to 364.**



423 **Time: 120**

Submerged in thought, you wander somewhat aimlessly to one of the stables which juts into the courtyard from the outer Burg wall. All around you, men prepare for war. Orders are shouted, arrows are counted and distributed, and warriors sharpen their blades. When you enter the stable, you see no more than ten horses, and an equal number of Eorling Riders tending them.

Here, you are immediately put to work readying lances and strapping tackle to one of the larger stallions. As you work, the other warriors talk of their experiences in battle. Envy takes hold of you, as these men are seasoned Riders of the Mark. "I too, will have my tales of valiant battle," you say to yourself. **Turn to 425.**



424

Time: 30

Deorhere approaches as the majority of the assembled Eorlingas return to their duties. "You have been wounded," he says with concern. "I have sent for the healer, Widwine. She will have more than her share of work in the days coming, but she should have time for you now." Deorhere tries to lift your spirits with light-hearted talk, but you are silent and distant. When Widwine, a brave and beautiful Eorling woman full with years and wisdom, arrives, she ushers you to her station on the Burg's inner courtyard. There she concocts a potion of brewed herbs which, though bitter to the taste, is heartening all the same. As you drink the tea-brew, she tends your wounds with dressings. Deorhere leaves after he is satisfied that you are being well looked after.

***Pick a number** and reduce your Damage Taken by that amount.*

- *If you return to your duties, **turn to 431.***
- *If you confront Herulf, **turn to 202.***

425

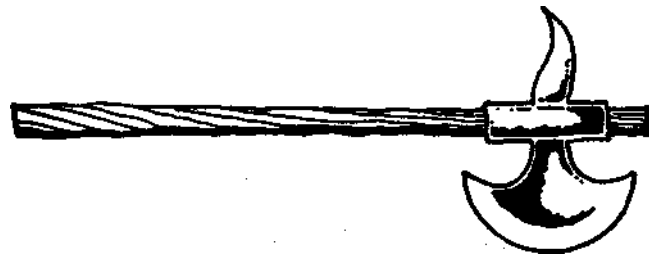
Time: 30

Just then, Herubrand, one of Gamling's officers, enters the shadowy confines of the stable. "You five there! Bring those horses you are working with and follow me." Much to your surprise, you are one of the Eorlingas Herubrand pointed at!

The five of you lead your horses out into the open courtyard and follow Herubrand towards the Great Gate. One of your number runs forward to the officer. "Herubrand," he says, "what is this about? The horses are barely prepared."

Herubrand stops and turns so that all of you can hear. "There are men and women of the Westfold who are still in the Coomb, wishing to take shelter in the caves. This would be nothing to concern us if it were not for the Orcs and wild Wargs who scout ahead of Saruman's forces. You Riders will form one of our sorties into the vale. Kill all Orcs you find, and bring our own back to us. We fear that it has gone poorly for Erkenbrand." Herubrand then continues toward the gate while the five of you exchange wondering looks.

Once assembled at the Dike below the Hornrock, your group receives its final orders. ***Turn to 401.***



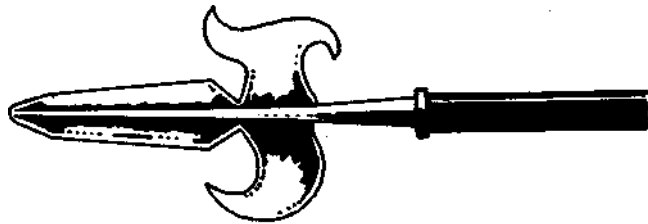
You dart from shadow to shadow while making your way along the outer wall. When Herulf comes into sight again, he is walking with less assurance, stopping often and checking behind him. At these times, you freeze in place and hope he looks past. He never sees you. As your quarry is about to pass through the inner Burg gate, he pauses to take a look at the sky. You imagine he utters a prayer, to the Enemy you would guess! He is then gone from sight.

You cross to the gate yourself and look in. There stands the Keep of the Hornburg, stout defender of the Westfold and all Rohan for time out of reckoning; winter haven for Helm Hammerhand, and countless wardens and Marshals of the Mark since. And to think it now shelters a traitorous spy; it is enough to make your blood turn to fire and give you strength to slaughter a score of Saruman's warriors!

Herulf has passed the guard at the Keep's doors, so you follow. The guard sees you and states his challenge: "Who goes?"

"It is I, Eorling and Watchman," you answer, "let me pass."

"Very well," says the guard, and you enter the Keep. *Turn to 108.*



"You two by the wall there! Show yourselves!"

At your shout, the two rise to their feet. They are much shorter than the Dunlending warriors you expected them to be. They come away from the wall and out of its deep shadow with the dog following close behind. "Do you speak to us, Watchman?" one calls. His voice is that a boy's. The dog begins to bark and jump up in play. They are only stable-boys, you realize, probably unable to sleep owing to the rumours of impending siege. Held in one of the boy's hands is a throwing stick for the dog.

"Back to the stables, Eorlings; play is for daylight and less troubled times!" you call. Then more sternly you say, "I nearly slew you for Saruman himself! Now, back to the horses; I fear they will be needed this day."

"We are sorry, Watchman," they say with downcast eyes. The two, who are perhaps only a few winters younger than yourself, return to their stable.

A fellow guard approaches along the rampart, attracted by the interchange. When he arrives, the children are out of sight. "What was that about, young one?" The Eorling is advanced in years and suffers a slight limp.

"Stablehands playing at Dunlendings," you mutter and continue your patrol.

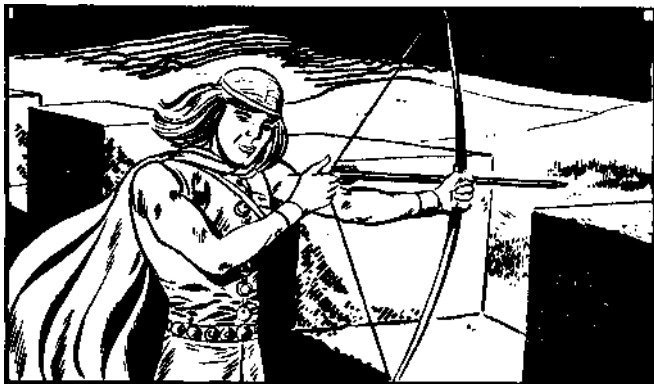
Your imagination continues to play tricks on you; you wonder again if you should report Herulf.

- If you report Herulf to Deor here, your watch commander, *turn to 348.*
- If you continue with your assigned duties for the day, *turn to 322.*

428

Time: 0 Exp Pt: 30

Owing to your nimble action, the Dunlending plummets down the cliff face to meet a horrible end just outside the walls of the Hornburg. You stand, shocked, for a moment. **Turn to 340.**



429

Time: N/A

With your arrows set near at hand, you begin sending them wildly into the writhing mass of soldiery below. Many shafts come up to meet yours, but you have yet to be truly threatened. The sound of death and battle play heavily on your ears as the din increases in intensity with each new assault. When you are reduced to three missiles, a voice, musical and fair, speaks close behind: "Eorling, steady your hand when you release the string." You turn, and see that standing behind the next merlon is the Elf, Legolas! He speaks again: "Take aim, and let the shaft fly sure."

You watch on as the Elf moves to his embrasure and with two smooth pulls of his bowstring, catches two Orcs in the throat. His victims fall but are immediately replaced by a swarm of others. "Every missile must strike!" he says.

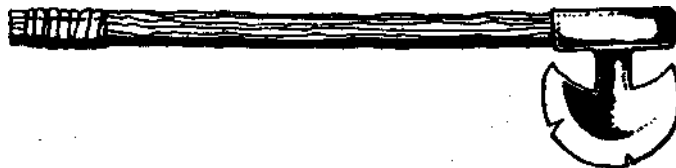
You turn back and look at your three remaining arrows. Heart racing, you pick up the first, and, finding a target below, draw and release. Your first shot is followed by the next two. *Pick a number and add your Missile OB:*

- If 2-4, **turn to 191.**
- If 5-8, **turn to 399.**
- If 9-11, **turn to 241.**
- If 12, **turn to 287.**

430

Time: Special

Slowly and painfully, you awaken. The sun of dawn shines across you, and the cries of battle fade away into your uneasy dreams. Rising, you see the bodies of foe and defender alike. Compared with the tumult of last night, all seems very quiet and still. You rise and make your way to the inner Burg. *Note on your Character Record that it is now Time 0 of Day 2.* **Turn to 330.**



Slowly you make your way to the Back Stair, for your guard post continues to be the cliff-top above the Hornrock. At the Back Gate you meet Dama, a fellow Eorling who is the Senior Watchman on the cliff this hour. Friendly and tall, he slaps your back when you draw near, and says, "You dealt well with that Dunlending scout. Fine work!" You feel troubled again, so only acknowledge his praise with a grunt and a shake of your head. He guesses wrongly at the cause of your brooding and remains silent during the hard climb to the top of the ledge.

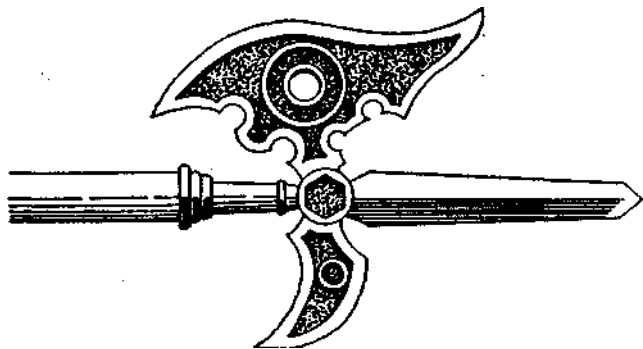


Meanwhile, you are thinking to yourself: What is Herulf? Traitor, counter-plotter, spy, or hero? You are worried for your family and your friends.

Once you reach the top of the cliff, Dama sets about organizing his doubled guard. You are sent scouting, instead of standing a post as you had expected. All the better, you think. You do not want to be assailed from behind by any more ambitious men of Dunland! You climb the ever steeper slopes of the Thrihyrne in search of those allied with Saruman, those who would come forth from the Wizard's Vale.

After a while, you take a moment to crouch and catch your breath. You look up. Something is moving ahead of you. Immediately you become still as stone. What is it? As you watch, the mystery takes shape and your heart leaps. A man, and not an Eorling! He approaches a huge boulder, tilted in such a way that you would guess it was dislodged in a rockslide. The mass is surrounded by a sharp thicket, but the man stoops and enters it by way of a low tunnel that one would imagine was used by a wolf if one did not see it accommodating a full-grown warrior. You see his shadow pass under the brambles and behind the boulder. He does not come around from the other side. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-7, turn to 167.
- If 8-12, turn to 318.



432

Time: N/A

You are cruelly slain at the Battle of the Hornburg. **The End.**

433

Time: N/A

There, on the rain-beaten rock, you fight Herulf, as the Battle of the Hornburg is decided below.

You may not attempt to Run Away.

(HERULF OB:4 DB:3 EP:45)

- *If you defeat Herulf, turn to 119.*
- *If Herulf defeats you, turn to 180.*

434

Time: 0

You pull your horse around to bear down on another Orc, but as you gain speed, several shafts strike your steed, and he tumbles to the ground, brought down by Orc arrows. You too roll out onto the firm earth, but manage to maintain a grasp on your weapon. Two Goblins come at you with drawn scimitars. *Pick a number and add your General bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 298.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 309.*

435

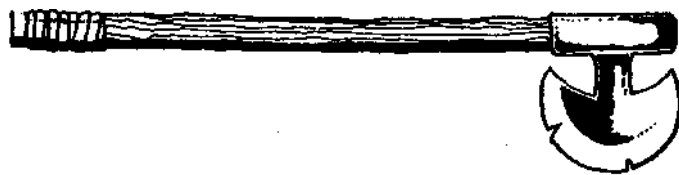
Time: 1 day

You awaken from a cruel dream in a cold and dark place. After a moment, you remember that you are imprisoned within one of the Keep's holding cells. Soon judgment will be passed on your actions, righteous though they seemed to you!

Before long, the door is thrown open. A bright light blinds you, though you can hear the voices of your visitors clearly. "There he is, my Lord. He was about to discover important plans and maps in the chamber of one of my commanders when Eald-ryhten ensnared him. My guess is that he is a spy of the White Hand." These are the words of Gamling, if you do not miss your guess, but the next speaker strikes you dumb by the thought of his very presence.

It is your king, Theoden. He says; "Spies have almost proved to be the end of our people and our ways. I must ride now with Gandalf to Orthanc, so do with him as you wish."

Your dreams of becoming a brave Rider of the Mark are ruined forever. You find yourself cast alone into a vast Middle-earth on the eve of war. **The End.**

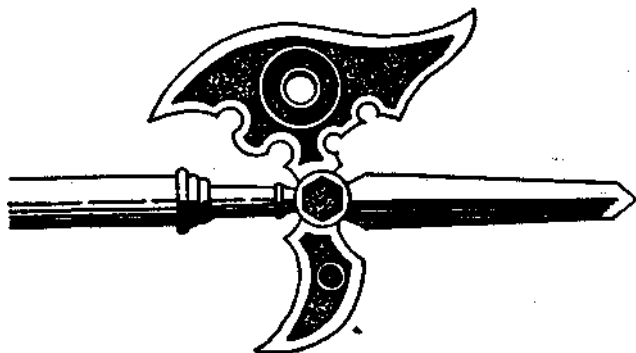


436

Time: 10

You feel your way along the left passage, blinking your eyes again and again, vainly hoping that this might allow you to see in a place as black as pitch. The tunnel alternates a slope down with a rise up, but the ceiling remains low, and your back begins to ache. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-7, **turn to 154.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 231.**



437

Time: 5

A sizable group of Uruks and lesser Orcs hurry from the camp, and they are looking for you! Soon they will find Gaznag. You must run for your life! *Pick a number and add your Running bonus:*

- If 2-5, **turn to 415.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 291.**

438

Time: 320

"Very well," you mutter and bend over to hold the hitch in such a way that the warrior can bind the cart to the breeching strap. You regret this however, for the next thing you feel is a great metal weight crashing down upon your head with a solid thump!

You awaken — some time later — to a fierce jolting that sends waves of pain through your sore head. You try to reach for the wound, but find that your hands are bound! You are thoroughly trussed up and have been thrown over the back of a pony. opening your eyes slightly, you see that, presently, It is daylight, but heavy clouds are blotting out the sun. Led by a group of men of Dunland, you seem to be on a trail leading through the thick grass of the Westfold!

But what has happened? Slowly, your thoughts arrange themselves. The warrior in the courtyard, you think to yourself: he must have been a Dunlending spy working with Herulf! That is why he distracted me. Herulf knew I was following him. You curse yourself for your stupidity: the horse pulling the wain was a gelding, but the warrior called it a mare. You conclude that you must have been secreted out of the Hornburg under the fodder in the warrior's cart. But how did you get to the Westfold? Dejected, you wonder at your fate. **Turn to 351.**

439

Time: 20 Exp Pt: 10

Gamling takes you into the Keep and up several floors. In a conference chamber, you are told to stand and wait. There are several people at the other end. Gamling has words with one of them, and when he looks up, you see your King, Theoden, now revealed. "Come," says Theoden, his voice commanding. You do so, and kneel before him. He then speaks: "It has come to my attention that you, young Eorling, have rendered us a great service. Thanks to you, we may now look no longer to the Keep of the Hornburg to find men of treachery and deceit. Such lies that these agents spread I am well acquainted with. Would that their ilk were never again to walk the lands of Middle-earth. And never in Rohan!"

"But now," continues your king, "a token of my gratitude." He holds forth a shining sword, bright as silver fire and set with a green crystal. "This blade was wielded true by Cwellanbrand, a brave Rider who fell last night. He left no heir for the sword." He pauses. "This is for you, Rider of Rohan!"

You take the sword, and lift it, saying, "Theoden King! I stand as your most faithful servant!"

Your quest has come to a most successful conclusion. If you keep your character to play in other Middle-earth QuestGames, note that your new sword adds +2 to your OB. The End

440

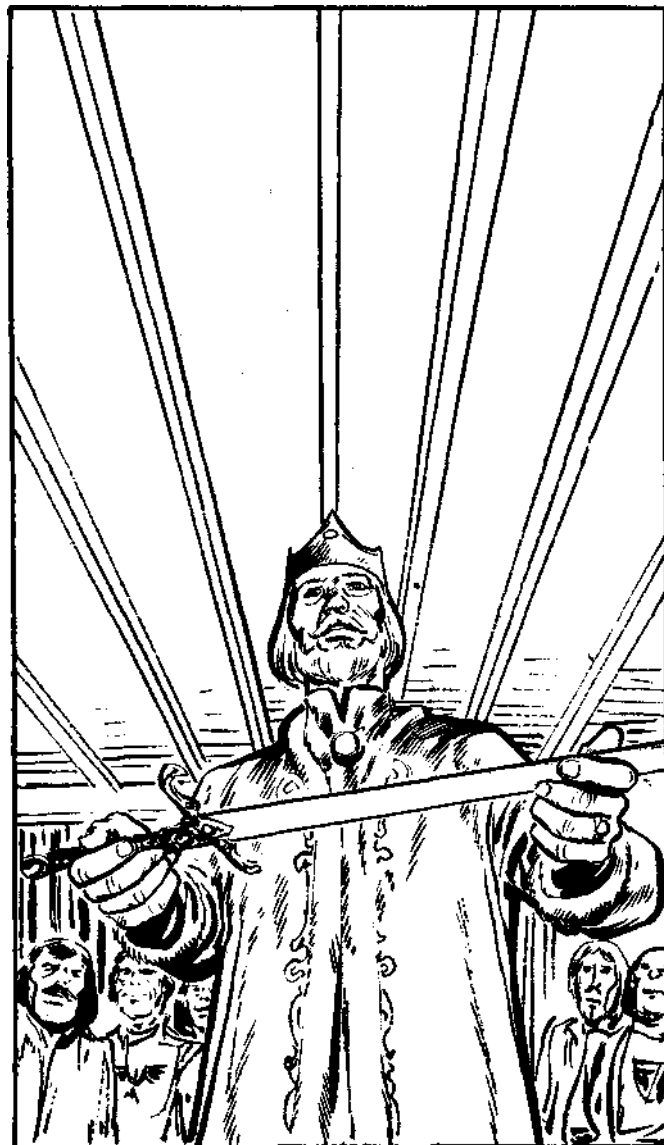
Time: 0

"You are the young Eorling who brought Herulf to justice yesterday, are you not?" asks Gamling.

"Indeed, I am," you respond.

"Good. I know someone who wants to meet you."

Turn to 439.



CREATING A CHARACTER

If you do not want to create your own character, use the pre-created character found just before the prologue.

If you decide to create your own character, you must follow the directions given in this section. Keep track of your character on the *Character Record* found following this section. It is advisable to enter information in pencil so that it can be erased and updated. If necessary, you may copy or photocopy this Character Record for your own use.

As you go through this character creation process, refer to the pre-created character found just before the prologue.

SKILLS

The following 8 "skills" affect your chances of accomplishing certain actions during your adventures.

- 1) *Melee OB Skill*: This skill reflects your ability to attack in melee (hand-to-hand) combat. OB stands for "Offensive Bonus".
- 2) *Missile OB Skill*: This skill reflects your ability to attack using a missile such as a thrown spear or a bow. OB stands for "Offensive Bonus" (not used in the Basic System).
- 3) *General Skill*: Use this skill when directed to perform general activities by the text, including; Climb, Track, Hunt, Ride, and Swim actions.
- 4) *Trickery Skill*: Use this skill when trying to move without being seen or heard (i.e., sneaking), trying to steal or take something held or protected by an opponent, picking a lock, escaping from bonds, and other similar activities.
- 5) *Perception Skill*: This skill reflects how much information you gather through observation and exploration. It also reflects your ability to talk and negotiate with beings that you meet during your adventures.
- 6) *Magical Skill*: This skill reflects your affinity with magic and spells. You use this skill when you try to cast a spell and when indicated by the text.
- 7) *Running Skill*: This skill reflects your chances of running away from danger.

- 8) *DB Skill*: This skill reflects your ability to avoid attacks. DB stands for "Defensive Bonus".

SKILL BONUSES

For each of these skills, you will have a *Skill Bonus* used when you attempt certain actions. Keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive.

- When you start your character, you have 6 "+1 bonuses" to assign to your skills; the choice is yours (see below). These bonuses may not be assigned to your "DB" skill or your "Running" skill.
- You may assign more than one "+1 bonuses" to a given skill, but no more than three to any one skill. Thus, two "+1 bonuses" assigned to a skill will be a "+2 bonus," and three "+1 bonuses" will be a "+3 bonus". These bonuses should be recorded in the appropriate spaces in the Skill Bonus column on your Character Record.
- If you do not assign any "+1 bonuses" to a skill, record a "-2 bonus" in the appropriate space. The "DB" and "Running" skills do not receive this "-2 bonus".

STATS

Your character starts with certain mental and physical attributes called "stats" (short for statistics): Strength (St), Agility (Ag), and Intelligence (In). Before beginning this adventure, determine the values of these stats. **Pick a number** 3 times, assign one to each of the three stats, and record them in the *Stat Value* column on your Character Record.

STAT BONUSES

Each stat (St, Ag, In) may give a "bonus" when performing certain activities; keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative (or zero) as well as positive.

Each stat of 2-4 gives a bonus of -1

Each stat of 5-8 gives a bonus of +0 (i.e., no bonus)

Each stat of 9-10 gives a bonus of +1

Each stat of 11-12 gives a bonus of +2

Record these bonuses in the *Stat Bonus* column next to the *Stat Values* on your Character Record.

APPLYING STAT BONUSES TO SKILLS

In the *Skill* section on your character record there is also a *Stat Bonus* column. Each space has a stat abbreviation next to it; in each space record the stat bonus corresponding to the abbreviation. (Refer to the pre-created character if you need help in following these instructions.)

TOTAL BONUSES

At this point, you should have a bonus recorded in each *Stat Bonus* space and each *Skill Bonus* space; keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive. For each skill, add the two bonuses and record the total in the appropriate **TOTAL BONUS** space.

When the text instructs you to "add your bonus," it is referring to these *Total Bonuses*.

During play, you may acquire equipment or abilities that may affect your bonuses. The *Special Bonus* space may be used to record these bonuses; of course, some of the *Total Bonuses* will have to be recalculated when this occurs.

ENDURANCE

Your Strength stat determines the *Endurance* of your character. During combat you will take damage due to shock, pain, bleeding, etc. If this "Damage Taken" exceeds your *Endurance* you will fall unconscious (pass out). Your *Endurance* is equal to:

20 plus twice your Strength stat.

Record this on your Character Record.

SPELLS

You may decide to use the *Optional Spell Rules*. If so, for every "+1 bonus" that you do not assign to a skill, you may "learn" two spells that you may cast during play (see *Optional Rules* at the end of this gamebook).

THE ADVANCED QUESTGAME™ SYSTEM

If you are going to use the Basic System do not read any further.

The Advanced System is similar to the Basic System in many respects, but it allows for more variety and action options.



TIME

Keeping track of time adds a great deal of flavour and excitement to the use of this *Gamebook*, but it does require that you keep a running total of the amount of time that passes. If you desire an easier adventure, just use the gamebook as directed and ignore the text passages and rules referring to time (see the Basic System).

Passage of time will be abbreviated at the beginning of each text section as: *Time: #*, where # is the number of minutes. As you read each text section, add this amount to your time total.

EQUIPMENT

You may only wear: 1 suit of armour, 1 dagger (on belt), 1 cloak, 1 backpack, and 1 belt and pouch.

In addition, you may carry a number of pieces of equipment equal to your *Strength* stat; this total may include a maximum of 3 weapons. If you lose your backpack, this number is reduced by half (round down), and you lose any excess equipment along with the backpack.

Certain special items indicated by the text may be obtained that do not follow these restrictions.

- **Weapons:** If you damage an opponent, your weapon can provide additional damage (this additional damage applies to each attack only when a damage result of 1 or more is obtained):

Sword.....	+1	
Mace.....	+2	(only if opponent is wearing chain or plate armour)
Spear.....	+0	
Dagger.....	-1	
Warhammer.....	+2	(but -1 to melee OB)
Battle-axe.....	+2	
Quarterstaff.....	+1	
Two-hand Sword....	+3	(but -1 to melee OB)
Bare-handed.....	-3	(and -2 to melee OB)

EXAMPLE: Using the Combat Table, you inflict "8" damage on your opponent. If you are using a sword (+1 to damage), your opponent actually takes 9 damage points ("8" +1). If you are using a Dagger (-1 to damage), he would take 7 damage points ("8" -1).

- **Thrown Weapons:** The following weapons may be used once in a given combat as a missile attack (missile OB modifications are given in parentheses: spear(-1), dagger(-1), warhammer(-2), sword(-3), mace(-3), battle-axe(-4). In such a case, the weapon may not be used in melee and may only be recovered if you defeat your opponent.
- **A bow** may only be used in missile combat (see step 1 under Fighting), not in melee combat.

- **Armour** has the following effects on your skill bonuses:

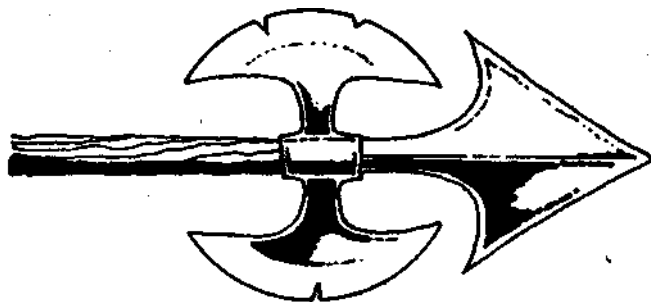
Plate Armour: +3 to DB; -3 to Trickery, Running, and Magical bonuses

Chain Armour: +2 to DB; -2 to Trickery, Running, and Magical bonuses

Leather Armour: +1 to DB; -1 to Trickery and Running bonuses

Shield: +1 to DB; -1 to Magical bonus

- A **shield** may not be used in combination with the following weapons: bow, battle-axe, quarterstaff, or two-hand sword.



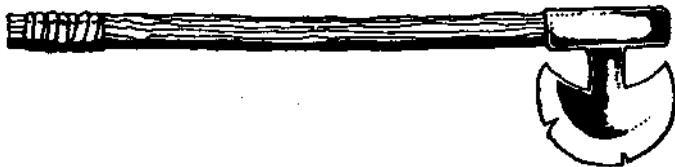
DAMAGE AND HEALING

Keep track of *Damage Taken* as indicated in the Basic System. If your *Damage Taken* exceeds your *Endurance* (see your Character Record), you are unconscious. If this occurs during a fight, you are defeated and must proceed as the text indicates. If the text indicates that you "wake up," reduce your *Damage Taken* to equal your *Endurance*.

Do not use the Basic System rule for healing. Each time you read a section of text that does not require you to *pick a number*, *fight*, or *take an action*, you may reduce your *Damage Taken* by 1 for every 20 minutes you spend "resting".

TAKING AN ACTION

When the text directs you to *take an action*, refer to the *Action Table* at the end of this gamebook. Choose one of the actions listed and follow the directions given.



FIGHTING

Fighting consists of a series of "rounds." During each "round," you attack your opponent *or* you attempt to flee and your opponent attacks you.

If you choose to fight an opponent or the text indicates that you "must fight," the combat is resolved in the following fashion:

- 1) If you are surprised, proceed directly to step 4; otherwise, proceed to step 2.
- 2) You may make a missile attack if able (see the attack resolution explanation). If your opponent is not surprised (i.e., he is aware of you), he will then make a missile attack against you if able (the text will specify if your opponent can make a missile attack).

This completes one round of the fight.

- 3) No one is surprised for the remainder of the combat. Your opponent will attempt to force melee (hand-to-hand combat). If you wish to continue making missile attacks, *pick a number and add your Running bonus*. If the result is 10 or greater, proceed to step 2; otherwise, proceed to step 4.
- 4) You are engaged in melee. You make a melee attack against your opponent, and he makes a melee attack against you. If you are surprised, the order of the attacks is reversed.

This completes one round of the fight.

- 5) Repeat rounds of the fight until one of the following conditions occur.

- a) One of you is killed (a "K" result on the Combat Table); or
- b) One of you has more *Damage Taken* than *Endurance*. That combatant is unconscious and is defeated. (This can also occur due to a "U" result on the Combat Table.) or
- c) You successfully disengage. At the beginning of any round of combat, you may elect not to attack for that round. After your opponent makes his attack for that round, you may *pick a number and add your Running bonus*:
 - If the result is 9 or greater, you successfully *Run Away* (follow text instructions).
 - Otherwise, you are still engaged and must begin another round of the fight at step 4. (However, you may attempt to *disengage* again).

Resolve individual attacks as indicated in the Basic System: Using the Combat Table at the end of this gamebook, cross-index the difference in OB and DB with a number picked. Use your character's Missile OB for a missile attack and Melee OB for a melee attack.



OPTIONAL RULES

These rules are included to allow you to develop more complete Middle-earth characters and to add certain elements of realism to your *QuestGame™* adventures.

CASTING SPELLS

For every "+1 bonus" that you do not assign to a skill during the character creation process, you may "learn" two of the spells described below. Once a spell is "learned," your character "knows" it and is able to cast it within the restrictions given below.

- If you want to cast a spell, *pick a number and add your Magical bonus*. If the result is 7 or greater, you successfully cast the spell. (Refer to the spell description for the effects.) Otherwise, the spell has no effect. You must "know" a spell in order to cast it.
- Each time you successfully cast a spell, your *Damage Taken* is increased by the number given in parentheses in the spell description. This reflects the strain of casting spells.
- If involved in a fight, you may only attempt to cast a spell when a missile would normally be fired; spells are impossible to cast when engaged in melee.
- Unless stated otherwise, the effects of a spell last for one action, one activity, of one fight.

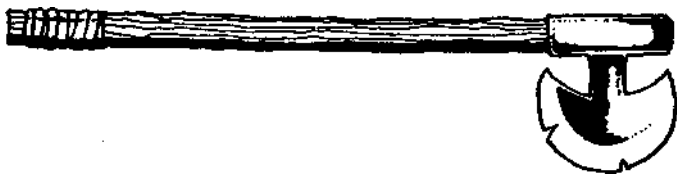
SPELL DESCRIPTIONS

- 1) Item Analysis (3): When told to by the text, you may cast this spell and "analyze" an item (follow the directions given in the text).
- 2) Balance (2): Increases your *General* bonus by +2 for one activity to be attempted at the current text location.
- 3) Calm (5): May only be cast against one animal or normal being (Man, Elf, Dwarf, Hobbit, Orc, Troll, etc.). *Pick a number and add your Magical bonus*. If the result is 8 or

more, the foe is "calmed," so you may automatically *Run Away*. Otherwise, the encounter proceeds normally. If an encounter does not provide a *Run Away* opportunity in the choice selection, the opponent may not be "calmed." This spell may not be cast if you are facing multiple foes.

- 4) Camouflage (3): For the purposes of one action, this spell increases your *Trickery* bonus by +2.
- 5) Charm Animal (6): You may cast this spell against any hostile normal "animal" (bear, wolf, snake, etc.). Proceed through the text as if you had defeated the animal. The animal will follow you (record its OB, DB, and *Endurance*) and will fight any foe you desire it to. After it has been involved in one fight for you, the animal will leave. You may only have one animal "charmed" at a time.
- 6) Clairvoyance (5): When given a choice of two or more text sections to read, you may read two of them and then proceed to the one you prefer.
- 7) Fire Bolt (6): This spell may be used during combat when you would normally make a missile attack. *Pick a number and add double your Magical bonus*; the result is the amount of *Damage Taken* by one opponent of your choice.
- 8) Healing (0): Reduces the amount of time required to heal 3 points of damage from 60 minutes to 20 minutes.
- 9) Luck (5): When you cast this spell just after you have *picked a number*, you may ignore the number picked and *pick a number* again. This spell may not cast more than once per text passage.
- 10) Protection from Magic (4): When the text indicates that an opponent is casting a spell, you may cast this spell. The number picked to resolve his spell will be decreased by your *Magical* bonus.
- 11) Shield (4): If cast at the beginning of a fight, this spell will increase your *DB* by +2. This spell may not be cast if you will be using a normal shield during the combat.

- 12) Speed (3): This spell may be cast whenever you attempt to Run Away or disengage from a fight. *Your Running* bonus is increased by +2 for such attempts. This is the only spell that may be cast while engaged in melee.
- 13) Strength (6): When cast at the beginning of a fight, this spell doubles the damage you give with melee attacks for the remainder of the fight. "U" and "K" results are unaffected by a Strength spell.
- 14) Sustain Self (2): When cast, this spell has the same effect as eating a meal.



EXPERIENCE POINTS

After certain text passages, you will see *Exp Pt: #*. This is the number of "Experience Points" you receive. Keep a running total of points in the space provided on your Character Record. You may only receive experience points for a given text passage once.

These points have no affect on the abilities of your character until you have successfully completed this adventure and wish to start another *MEQ Gamebook* with the same character.

If you are using a *MEQ Gamebook* character, for every 150 experience points you may choose one of these options:

- 1) Assign an additional +1 bonus to any of the allowed skills (see "Creating Your Own Character") or
- 2) You may change any "-2" skill bonus to "+1" or
- 3) You may choose two more spells that you may cast or
- 4) You may pick a number and increase your *Endurance* by 2 plus that number.

If you are using *MERP*, 150 experience points is equivalent to approximately 5000 *MERP* experience points.

RACE

You may choose one of the Middle-earth races for your character with the following results:

Man: Increase your *General* bonus by 1.

Elf: When underground, decrease your *Perception* by 1 and your *Magical* bonus by 1. When outdoors, increase your *Perception* by 1 and your *Magical* bonus by 1.

Dwarf: Decrease your *Running* bonus by 1. When underground, increase your *Perception* bonus by 1 and your *General* bonus by 1. Dwarves may not "learn" spells #7 and #11.

Hobbit: Increase your *Trickery* bonus by 2. Decrease your *Melee OB* by 2. Hobbits may not "learn" spells #3, #5, #7, and #11.

AN OPTIONAL COMBAT FORMULA

For people who prefer formulas to tables, the following formula approximates the Combat Table's results. Using the formula results in slightly more damage than using the table.

- If the number picked is "2", automatic no damage.
- If the number picked is "12", automatic "U" plus normal Damage Taken.
- Otherwise, the Damage Taken by defender = *Number picked* - 4 + attacker's OB - defender's DB and
 - If Damage Taken is 9 or more = "U"
 - If Damage Taken is 11 or more = "K"

UNMODIFIED PICKED NUMBERS

In many situations, you are instructed to: *Pick a number and add your xxxx bonus*. If you have a very large (or very small) bonus, this can often result in automatic success (or failure) in certain activities. To avoid this, use the following rule: whenever you *pick a number* and it is a "2" or a "12", do not add any bonuses. That is, 2's and 12's are never modified: a 2 always gives a 2 result and a 12 always gives a 12 result

USING *MERP* WITH THIS GAMEBOOK

Middle-earth Role Playing is ICE's fantasy role playing (FRP) system for J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth. We do not have room in this gamebook to describe its contents. Instead we will give guide-lines in this section on how to use this gamebook with a *MERP* character.

Since *MERP* is a general FRP system, you will have to be very flexible when using it with these gamebooks. Just use the mechanisms provided by *MERP* and some common sense, and most situations will be easily resolved. Below we provide guide-lines for the situations which arise most often in these gamebooks.

USING BONUSES

During play you are often instructed to: *pick a number and add your xxxx bonus*, where xxxx is Running, General, Trickery, Perception, or Magical. Then you are given two or more possible places to *turn to* based upon the result.

When using *MERP*, use these corresponding *MERP* "Skill Bonuses" instead of the bonus indicated:

*QuestGame*TM

Bonus *MERP* Skill Bonus

RunningMoving Manoeuvre based upon armour worn

General ... Climb, Ride, Swim, or Track

TrickeryAmbush, Stalk/Hide, Pick Lock, or Disarm Trap

Perception .Perception, Leadership & Influence

Magical Read Runes, Use Item, or Make a Resistance Roll

The circumstances of the text passage being read usually make the specific *MERP* bonus obvious (e.g., if the passage says you are attempting to "swim", you will use *your MERP* Swim Skill Bonus). If it is not obvious, use the skill that seems most appropriate.

When you use a *MERP* Skill Bonus divide by 10 (round down). For example, a *MERP* Swim Skill Bonus of 36 would be used in this gamebook as a +3 *General* bonus in appropriate situations.

FIGHTING

When the text indicates that you must fight, just use the normal *MERP* combat system, your character's *MERP* combat stats, and your opponents' *MERP* combat stats (as given in the *MERP* Stats Table found near the end of this book).

Like normal *QuestGame*TM fights, fights resolved using *MERP* normally end in one of 3 ways: you are defeated, your opponent is defeated, or you successfully *Run Away*.

Either you or your opponent is "defeated" when you are rendered unconscious, killed, or incapacitated.

You may run away by making a *MERP* "medium" moving manoeuvre (add your appropriate Moving Manoeuvre Bonus) and getting a result of "100" or more. These results are cumulative from round to round, so you might be able to run away over the course of several rounds (e.g., a result of "60" on the first round and a "50" on the second round would mean that you successfully "*Run Away*" at the end of the second round).

TAKING DAMAGE

Often the text will instruct you to *increase your Damage Taken* by a certain amount. Here are some suggested ways for translating that damage into *MERP* damage (*Pick a Number* will be referred to as "2-12"):

<i>QuestGame</i> TM Damage Taken	<i>MERP</i> Damage
A fixed number	Same number of <i>MERP</i> concussion hits
(2-12) once	A <i>MERP</i> "A" Critical Strike + 1-10 hits
(2-12) twice	A <i>MERP</i> "C" Critical Strike + 1-10 hits
(2-12) 3 times	A <i>MERP</i> "E" Critical Strike + 1-10 hits
etc.	etc.

The type of "Critical Strike" can be determined by the situation (e.g., for a fall, use "impact" criticals, for fire, use "heat" criticals). When in doubt, use "unbalancing" criticals.

RESISTANCE ROLLS

The *QuestGame*™ system uses the *Magical* bonus to resolve situations that would require "Resistance,Rolls" (RR's) I in *MERP*. When you encounter these situations, follow the *MERP* RR procedure using the bonus appropriate for the situation (e.g., use the Poison RR bonus versus poisons); when in doubt with regards to spells assume that they are Essence spells.

If the RR involves an opponent or a trap, use the levels given in the *MERP* Stats Table as the attack level for the RR. Otherwise, use an attack level of 3.

If you fail an RR, follow the instructions indicated by the lowest of the ranges given. If you resist, follow the instructions indicated by the highest of the ranges given.

If three ranges are given and you resist, use the highest range. If three ranges are given and you fail an initial RR, make a second RR. If you fail the second, use the lowest range. If you resist on the second RR, use the middle range.

MAGIC ITEMS

An item with a +1 bonus in the *QuestGame*™ system should have a +5 bonus in *MERP* and vice versa.



CHARACTER RECORD

NAME:		SPELLS (optional)	
STATS		1	
Stat Value	Stat Bonus	2	
Strength (St)		3	
Agility (Ag)		4	
Intelligence (In)		5	
		6	
Endurance =		= 20 + (2 x St Stat) 7	
SKILLS		Total Bonus =	Skill Bonus + Stat Bonus + Special Bonuses
Melee OB		=	+ St +
Missile OB		=	+ Ag +
DB		=	N/A + Ag +
Running		=	N/A + Ag +
General		=	+ Ag +
Trickery		=	+ In +
Perception		=	+ In +
Magical		=	+ In +
EQUIPMENT			
Worn (one of each Type):		Armor	
Cloak		Dagger	
Belt&Pouch (money, gems, etc.)			
In Backpack / Sheathed / Carried:			
1)		7)	
2)		8)	
3)		9)	
4)		10)	
5)		11)	
6)		12)	
DAMAGE TAKEN		TIME Minutes	EXPERIENCE Days POINTS

MERP STATS TABLE

(See *MERP* Table ST-2 for an explanation of the codes)

Text #	Type (number)	Level	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Attack	Size	Crit
115	Pukel-man #1	5	MD	50	P1	20	55Ra	M	Lge
	Pukel-man #2	5	MD	50	P1	20	55Ra	M	Lge
	Pukel-man #3	5	MD	50	P1	20	55Ra	M	Lge
158	Skeleton	3	MF	34	No	10	50Ra	M	Reg
174	Orc	2	MD	30	SL	5	40We	M	Reg
194	Dunlending	4	MD	60	No	15	40We	M	Reg
216	Orc	3	MD	24	SL	0	40We	M	Reg
226	Dunlending	5	MD	80	SL	25	45We	M	Reg
232	Half-ore	4	MD	20	RL	20	40We	M	Reg
250	Dunlending	5	VS	1	SL	25	10We	M	Reg
259	Orc	1	MD	36	SL	5	25We	M	Reg
264	Orc #1	1	MD	20	SL	10	20We	M	Reg
	Orc #2	3	MD	30	SL	15	25We	M	Reg
269	Dunlending	2	MD	40	No	10	20We	M	Reg
292	Herulf	9	MD	90	Ch	40	85We	M	Reg
304	Orc #1	2	MD	26	SL	15	20We	M	Reg
	Orc #2	1	MD	20	SL	5	15We	M	Reg
336	Orc #1	1	MD	24	SL	0	25We	M	Reg
	Orc #2	1	MD	30	SL	15	15We	M	Reg
345	Orc #1	2	MD	24	SL	0	35We	M	Reg
	Orc #2	1	MD	20	SL	20	20We	M	Reg
365	Use the stats from 292.								
384	Orc #1	1	MD	4	SL	15	20We	M	Reg
	Orc #2	2	MD	26	SL	0	35We	M	Reg
433	Use the stats from 292.								

COMBAT TABLE

<i>Number Picked</i>	Attacker's OB - Defender's DB *									
	+5	+4	+3	+2	+1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	4	3	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
5	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	0	0	0
6	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	0	0
7	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	0
8	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	2	1
9	U	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	2
10	U	U	U	8	7	7	6	5	4	3
11	K	K	U	U	U	U	8	7	6	5
12	K	K	K	K	K	K	U	U	U	U

*—If OB-DB difference is greater than +5, add the excess to the number picked; if the difference is less than -4, treat it as -4.

Results:

= A number result indicates the amount of damage taken; if the total damage taken exceeds the combatant's endurance point total, the character is unconscious.

U = Unconscious (knocked out), wounded, and out of action; see text for results.

K = Killed; if this result is achieved against you your quest is over!

ACTION TABLE

Attack: You must fight your opponent.

Run Away: *Pick a number and add your Running bonus.* If the result is 8 or greater, follow the text instructions. Otherwise, you must fight your opponent and you are "surprised" (i.e., he gets to attack first).

RANDOM NUMBER TABLE

6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3
7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11
9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8
8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9
10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
9	7	10	8	9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6
7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9
3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6
4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8	9	6	5	7
6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3
7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11
9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8
8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9
10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
9	7	10	8	9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6



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