

The Lord of the Rings

Twilight of the North

A Jumpchain CYOA

Welcome, Jumper, to Arda in the middle of the Third Age. The year is T.A. 1864. The dwarves still hold Khazad-dum, and there yet remains might in the Havens of the High Elves. In this time the lines of Kings in Gondor and Arnor have not yet fallen, and the Dunedain are still strong though in decline. Especially in the North, where for centuries war has raged between the successors of Arnor and Angmar. Arnor, a shadow of its former self, clings to life in the North. Arvedui, son of Araphant, prophesied to be the Last-king, has just been born. The Witch-realm of Angmar is led by the Lord of the Nazgul, and composed of men of Rhudaur alongside orcs and other foul things deeper in the kingdom.

In the South, things are equally grim. Eight years ago, the Wainriders, a confederation of Easterlings, conquered much of Rhovanion, and slew their king, before striking Gondor itself, beginning a war that will last a century. This is where you come in, Jumper.

Will you aid the kingdoms of the Dunedain? Work to restore the glory of Arnor or Gondor and the Heirs of Elendil? Or perhaps you might wish to be in service to Angmar, leading armies to destroy the Dunedain of the North. Or a man of Umbar. An Easterling. A man of the Haradrim tribes. In any event, here's **1000 CP** to do it with.

Age: $1d10 + 24$, or choose your age (must be at least 25). Your sex remains the same, or you may change it for 50 cp.

STARTING LOCATION

Start anywhere you wish. If you wish to roll, some possible locations are:

1: The Kingdom of Gondor - Ah yes, Gondor. Ruled by the Heirs of Anárion, younger son of Elendil, and though the days of its highest glory are since past, Gondor remains yet mighty enough that it will still take centuries of weakening for Sauron to feel confident in attacking. From the quays of Umbar to the verdant gardens of Ithilien do the Gondorians hold sway, and the jeweled crown of Gondor is still viewed with awe.

2: The Kingdom of Arthedain - The last remaining successor to the realm of Arnor. Arthedain is home to the Heirs of Isildur, of the senior line of Elendil, and a realm in decline. Though the weakest it has ever been, the Dunedain here are still strong in arm and courage. They retain some of the old elvish knowledge that Gondor has since lost. War with Angmar has been constant for centuries.

3: The Realm of Rhovanion - Once ruled by many squabbling princes of the Northmen, Rhovanion has since been overtaken by the Wainriders, though some few holdouts of the Northmen remain here. Though the ancestors of those who will one day become the Rohirrim have since left.

4: Lands of the Wainriders - Home to the Wainriders, these lands are well peopled, and contain many who are under the heel of their new overlords. As well as existing tribes who are part of the confederation.

5: The Witch-realm of Angmar - The kingdom of the Witch-king himself. The lands of old Rhudaur, the easternmost part of Arnor, and the lands northeast of Arnor, make up this kingdom of dark sorcery and wicked men. Ruled by the Lord of the Nazgul, they seek to destroy Arnor, and will succeed within the next century if nothing changes.

6: Harad - The plains and sands of Harad sit beneath the scorching heat of the sun, and these lands are home to the former tributaries of Gondor. Men who have long desired vengeance for the crimes of the Númenoreans, and the rampant imperialism of Gondor. These lands have jungles in the far south, containing wonders such as elephants and the troll-men.

ORIGINS

Origins reflect culture rather than race. If you choose, you may treat any of these origins as a Drop-In, gaining no additional memories.

Northman (Free): You are in Rhovanion, under the yoke of the Easterlings or among the few free Northmen left.

Angmarim (100 CP): You are a citizen of Angmar, a Man rather than an orc, though you still are under the rule of the Witch-king.

Dúnedain (100 CP): You are one of the many citizens of the Dúnedain Kingdoms in Exile. Whether a man of Arnor or Gondor, your culture is one with a long and storied history.

Haradrim (Free): You are a man of Harad, a member of one of the many tribes in that vast land.

Easterling (Free): You are a member of the Wainriders. That great confederation that will menace Gondor for generations.

PERKS

General

Trained in Weapons (Free) - You are a gifted fighter, trained to proficiency in most types of weapons, and given a basic education in holding formation with others. While not close to being a master, you have been trained well enough to hold your own against the average soldier. Better, in fact! You are above average as a warrior. And with time you can become much better.

Survivalist (100 CP) - You are knowledgeable in survival. You know how to hunt and provide for yourself in the wilds of the world. From the cold frozen lands of the Lossoth all the way to the jungles of Far Harad.

Healer (200 CP) - You are educated in the arts of healing. You know all the plants of your homeland, and the means by which they can be put to use in healing common ailments. You know cures for colds, headaches, bodily pains, arthritic issues, and

even plague! As well, you are a skilled botanist, able to identify foreign plants and somehow know the traits and qualities they possess and whether they might be of use to some tincture or another.

Craftsman (300 CP) - You have been educated in the working of metal, stone, and other materials used by Men in their arts. You can fashion swords and armor of good quality, repair your existing armor, design a building or plan the sewage system for a city. Sketch out and lead the construction of defensive walls, or some great palace fit for a mighty king. You could start with naught but the clothes on your back and in a few years be working for a king, or even build a city of your own, as your variety of skills and quality of craftsmanship will draw apprentices to you like moths to flame.

King of Men (500 CP) - You are descended from royalty of some sort in the lands you start off in. You are stronger than those around you, and have an air that seems to lend you greater authority. Even to those in power over you. You live slightly longer, and you are more adept at learning new skills and improving your existing ones. Where others might take a lifetime to become master warriors, you'll take only a few years. Where others might need years to gain truly strong bonds with friends, you have a natural charisma to befriend people in a much shorter time. You're just... better! This perk is a capstone booster. In future jumps you'll be related to the royals in your starting area by default, if you so choose. Or the equivalent in settings without royalty.

Northman

Horsemanship (100 CP, free Northmen) - You are a skilled rider of horses, and cavalryman. Skilled in wielding a lance on horseback, and in getting the most out of your mount. You'll never fall from your saddle, and with more exotic mounts such as camels you seem to pick up the basics in a matter of days at most. And can tame them quickly.

Breeder of Horses (300 CP) - You are well-versed in not only knowing the physical health of your horses, but being able to pick the best to breed and to always ensure the most advantageous traits are bred. You can take a poor draft horse, and in a few generations their line will produce warhorses as fine as any with a thousand-year pedigree. This goes as well for other domesticated creatures.

Vidugavia's Legacy (500 CP) - Vidugavia, the King of Rhovanion, and once mightiest of all the Northmen. He managed to unite many princes under one banner and his

grandson went on to be Eldacar, the King of Gondor. Like him, you possess a knack for leadership and diplomacy with other nations. And as the epitome of Northmen, you are one of the finest riders the world has seen, a sublime warrior-prince like figure able to fight as well as any knight or king. As well, you have a way about you that draws even mightier kingdoms to look upon you more as an equal partner.

Dúnedain

Sons of Eärendil (100 CP, free Dúnedain) - The Dúnedain have long been skilled mariners, in a tradition going all the way back to Eärendil whose legendary voyages are still told to the children of those who trace their ancestry back to Númenor. But even more than that, the Guild of Venturers was first founded by Tar-Aldarion, sixth King of Númenor, to be a society for the most adventurous young ship-captains of that fair Isle.

His legacy has been entwined with the culture of the Dúnedain for millennia. As the great shipyards of Gondor or the Black Númenoreans might show. Indeed, the Dúnedain have produced many brave and bold captains or explorers. You might now join their ranks, with your natural talent and skills in all facets of the sea. You are a strong swimmer, a skilled navigator, a shipwright of fair skill, a talented captain, and all around a mariner who could one day be counted among the truly great. You could take a ship meant for calm seas and not only survive, but navigate the treacherous waters of the open ocean and stay alive in a storm.

Lore of the Lost Homeland (300 CP) - Though in these days much has been lost of the lore of Númenor, even from the days of Elendil, you now possess such knowledge as was available during the days of the ending of the Second Age and as such can be considered one of the most learned in those subjects of any living Man. Indeed, such lore as the waybread and drinks used on the march and held in need-wallets that are like to the elven lembas and miruvor but less potent. The knowledge used in the making of the Othram, the great outer wall of Minas Anor, its outward face hard and dark and smooth, wrought of the same black stone used to construct the tower of Orthanc. Unbreakable by any means available to Men. The lore used in the making of such weapons as the barrow blades, or the fine armor of the Númenorean lords. Even the knowledge of ship-lore and building. The various architectural and engineering wonders of the early years of Arnor and Gondor are yours to know.

Blood of Númenor (500 CP) - By some chance the blood of Númenor runs true in you, nearly as much as it does among the royals of Gondor and Arthedain. You are one of

the Dúnedain or Men of Westernessee. Tall, dark-haired and grey-eyed, and more noble in spirit and body than other Men despite the fading of your kind. You possess the gift of foresight to some degree, though it is not infallible nor predictable. You are stronger in body than any among Men save the Troll-men of Far Harad, and in lifespan you can expect to live two centuries or more.

You inspire those around you by your mere presence, and can ward off the effects of fear on your men. You have some innate talent for the healing of wound and hurt. There is an innate air of authority to you, like the Kings themselves, and even those who have never met you will at least recognize it. In future Jumps, humans will recognize this in you, and view you as something above human even if they cannot put their finger on it.

Angmarim

Touched by Shadow (100 CP, free Angmarim) - You are touched by Shadow, and it has marked you in some unseen way. Indeed, elves and some men can tell on sight or even before. But most have a feeling of unease around you, and even if you look like the most handsome person to ever live, you have a feel of foulness about you. This is not without its benefits, however.

Orcs are more inclined to work with or under you, and feel the urge to avoid betraying you. Men with great evil in their hearts will avoid angering you overly much, unless you prove yourself weak or have angered them greatly. Creatures like wargs and trolls will be inclined to let you pass, or even do work for you if not as readily as orcs. In future jumps this perk can be toggled off.

Hill-man's Vengeance (300 CP) - As a descendant of the Hill-men of Rhudaur, your family was once subjugated by the Dúnedain ruling class of Arnor, and for centuries struggled under the yoke until choosing your own king. However, since then you have been annexed by Angmar. Rhudaur is not free, not truly. Though you might wish to serve the Witch-king, no matter what there remains some small part that desires freedom to make your own destiny.

Should you decide to break free, you feel that with time, and luck you might even be able to convince others to join in your revolt. Seeing farmers that could be trained into disciplined soldiers, hunters that could be made archers to match the finest of the army of Angmar, and a voice to convince the lords under the Witch-king, those of your hill-men kin, to serve under you and throw off the shackles of servitude. In

future jumps, this will allow you to choose a disenfranchised group in society, or a race, and find those diamonds in the rough that can be made into officers and lords of skill. Find folks who would be willing to aid you in rebelling against the system no matter the odds, and carving out your own destiny in pursuit of a home to truly call your own.

Morgul-Lore (500 CP) - You are deep in sorcery and possess knowledge surpassing any save perhaps the Witch-king himself. With but a gesture and a word you can make a sword crumble in the hands of a man, a door seal shut against any but those with might greater than your own, enchant siege weapons with dark spells to blast asunder great gates, and enspell daggers with enchantments akin to those of the morgul blades. You can stir up a storm on a cloudy day, and in winter make the cold more deadly.

You can brew disease and plague. You can bind the spirits of the dead and command them. Send them into tombs to inhabit the long deceased. Create illusions and phantasms. Make flame and lightning. Force orcs and trolls into your service with a few words or even merely a hard look. Extend your life. Speak with the crows and wolves and other evil creatures. With time and effort, you may even approach the might of the Witch-king himself, should you acquire even a lesser Ring.

Haradrim

Troll's Might (100 CP, free Haradrim) - From the hot lands of the Far South there come huge men, oft likened to half-trolls in appearance, with white eyes and red tongues. Traditionally they wield large weapons that even the strongest of men would struggle to wield, let alone swing them with such ferocity as do these men of Harad. To kill them takes no few number of wounds, and even then they are likely to slay more than a few men before they are brought down. You are one of these men, and whether you have their troll-like appearance is up to you. As well, you are resistant to poisons and venom.

Ivory and Gold (300 CP) - Harad both near and far has long been home to vast riches in the form of gems, ivory and gold. Indeed, there is no resource in all of Middle-earth, save mithril and certain gems, more sought after than the ivory collected from dead Mûmakil. Now you seem to have come into possession of some fount of vast wealth. Connected to your warehouse or in the form of rich lands you drop into the jump, you now have incomprehensibly vast riches if only you could find miners and craftsmen who could turn the ivory tusks, gold and silver and gems into

finished products. As it turns out, you can, and they are skilled craftsmen able to make fine works desired by all in Middle-earth. Though inferior to the Elves and Dwarves, they are the finest jewelry and ornamentation craftsmen among men. In future Jumps, this will provide you with a supply of locally valuable trade resources and craftsmen that can work it. Trade routes will also shift to ensure your lands are rich and vital on them.

The Black Serpent (500 CP) - In later days, the most prominent king among the Haradrim kingdoms, principalities, and chiefdoms will be called the Black Serpent. A worthy warrior inspiring loyalty and fervor in his men, and a great chief. You are more than his equal, you are skilled as any man alive with sword and lance. On both foot and astride a mighty Mûmak. The desert's scorching sun holds no worry for you, and the humid heat of the jungle is but a pleasant caress.

The Men of Harad see you as a leader to follow even into death, if you should choose to pursue the route of conquest you will find that the neighboring princes and chiefs will be more keen to listen to your offers of diplomacy or alliance. In addition, you will receive a scepter fit for a king. It is in the shape of a smooth, dark rod; entwining it is a black serpent with ruby eyes, burning as if with red wrath. In future jumps, men analogous to those of Harad will be easier to persuade and convince to work for you.

Easterling

Steppe Outrider (100 CP, Free Easterling) - A child of the plains of the east, you are trained in both bow and sword in equal measure, and are a master of riding a horse. You need no saddle, guiding your horse as an extension of yourself with only words and shouts. Your aim on horseback is as accurate as on foot, and your sword arm is only less deadly due to lesser range. Though not trained to fight in heavy armor, you know the ways to harass an enemy at range and escape with ease. Your skills as a warrior are more than equal to the soldiers of Gondor.

Kine and Horses (300 CP) - Being one of the Easterlings, you know the value of good kine and horses as well as the ways they may be trained. From dairy farming all the way to warhorse breeding, you can tell the quality of cattle and horses at a glance. With little more than a few words you can calm wild horses, and with the right methods you can induce terror in the horses of your enemies. Under your care, cattle produce more and horses perform better. A shaggy old mare will work as well for you

as a thoroughbred warhorse in battle. With effort, you could even tame one of the horned rhinos of Far Harad to use in battle.

Warchief (500 CP) - Warchiefs are some of the most influential and powerful lords among the Easterlings, and you have the potential to be one of the greatest. To aspire not only to being part of the great confederations that might topple empires, but to rise to the top of them and form your own. You are a master of the steppes and plains, your skills both at driving a wain and riding horse are great, and you can ride circles around the finest knights with ease. Your words have weight with those of the clans of the Wainriders, and your presence is enough to improve flagging morale in a losing campaign. Your enemies make small mistakes when you are involved, ones that can be exploited for greater plunder and glory. In future Jumps, this perk will allow you to work similarly with other nomadic groups and the dominant kingdoms.

Items and Gear

You are given a stipend of 200 CP to spend here

Masterwork Armor (Free) - Whether made by Dwarven or Mannish hands, this armor is a work of art as well as some of the greatest protection available short of mithril. Equal even to the works of the greatest of the armor-smiths in Númenor. A helm cunningly wrought and quite strong complementing the masterfully-wrought mail for your body.

Masterwork Weapon (Free) - Whether or a finely wrought composite bow of wood and horn decorated with silver and gold, or an axe forged by the dwarves. This weapon will serve you well in battle and last for generations, perfect for an heirloom and fit for a lord of good wealth.

Mithril Armor (100 CP) - Armor forged of mithril is wondrously light and surprisingly strong, providing excellent protection in battle, and is also quite rare. This set of dwarf-wrought chainmail and helmet are fit for a mighty lord indeed.

Crow-friend (100 CP, free Angmarim) - Large birds akin to crows that generally dwell in the areas around the southern Misty Mountains, Dunland, and Fangorn. You have a flock of these birds that have been trained to follow your commands, to spy and scout, and you can understand their speech. If any should die, another will appear to replace them a day later. If you are in danger, and request their aid, they

shall fly to your assistance, bringing food or pecking out the eyes of those who attack you.

Armored War-wain (200 CP, discount Easterling) - It has been a centuries-long tradition for some of the richest and most powerful noblemen of Rhûn to ride to war carried on mighty wains pulled by four strong horses. This armored wain bears a chief outside of battle and lends greatly to his prestige, attracting the most ambitious warriors to serve in his retinue. Naturally, yours is even finer than those of other chiefs. Your war-wain shall not be harmed by anything short of direct siege artillery fire, though the men driving it are not so protected. The wain frightens enemy cavalry and can even traverse rocky terrain with ease. For another hundred CP, you can upgrade your wain even further, replacing the javelin throwing men with a great javelin-launching bow capable of punching through the armor of your enemies from a distance.

Mûmak (200 CP, discount Haradrim) - Only the wealthiest and most powerful men can afford to keep one of the mighty Mûmakil at his estate. By whatever means, you have managed to acquire one of these great beasts. Save only for the Eagles these beasts are unrivalled in their size as well as their strength. Riding in towers atop the backs of the Mûmakil, javelin throwers hurl their near-limitless supply of shafts into an enemy often already filled with terror. The Mûmakil utterly ruin an enemy's morale though they themselves are hard to control as a means of attack. Your Mûmak is large even for one of the Mûmakil, and its hide is strong enough to resist arrows for a time as well as the thrown spears of your enemies. It possesses a keen empathy and intelligence, almost equal to that of the average human, and will protect you as best it can. Even in a frenzy, it will recognize you and avoid harming you.

Blade of Westernesse (200 CP, discount Dúnedain) - The blades of Westernesse are enchanted with many words of hatred to the dark and ancient foes of Númenor. Wrought of a metal light and strong, these blades rival the finest Elf-made weapons and cast a similar fear onto one's foes. These swords possess the traits not only of not rusting, nor losing their edge... but also harming the Unseen or the Dead. Ghosts and wights are harmed especially, and this weapon could even render the Witch-king susceptible to killing. But this sword is even better, it will resist sorcery and attempts at destroying it by anything short of the Dark Lord's hand. If you choose, you can instead have an existing weapon take on these qualities. In future jumps, this weapon will have a similar effectiveness against evil creatures.

Mearh (200 CP, discount Northman) - In later days Men will say of the Mearas that Béma (whom the Eldar call Oromë) must have brought their sire from West over Sea. The sire of the Mearas of later days was Felaróf, the great steed of Eorl the Young; it was said that he could understand the speech of Men, and that he was as long-lived as any Rider. While earlier in time, you somehow have found one of those horses kin to the ancestors of Felaróf. This horse shall bear you swiftly on errands, and be as a king among other horses that other horses shall gladly follow and be hesitant to attack as well as one that cavalry on your side shall fight even more strongly when you lead them. As well, if you so choose this horse comes with a splendid set of armor that will protect it from anything short of a lance point straight to the eyes or some attack by the Lord of the Nazgul.

Alcarondas Flagship (200 CP, discount Dúnedain) - While not the ship sailed by Ar-Pharazon, nor as large as the truly massive ship of the last Númenorean King. This is a ship made by either the Gondorians or the Men of Umbar, Alcarondas means 'Castle of the Sea' in Adûnaic, and well does this ship suit its name: multiple masts like towers, raised decks like small fortresses at both prow and stern, with archers and highly trained mariners to defend her 'walls'. Yet she is not cumbersome but fast and relatively quick to turn in battle. This ship shall not succumb to weathering or rot, and shall remain in pristine shape and nothing short of a dragon might set it ablaze successfully. An Alcarondas is only outclassed by those vessels crafted by the Elven shipwrights of the Grey Havens- and they are few and far between. Truly glorious is this floating monument to the Dúnedain's maritime heritage!

White Tree (200 CP, discount Dúnedain) - The White Tree of Gondor has an ancient lineage, going as far back as Telperion, Eldest of Trees, and Galathilion, the White Tree of the Eldar, which was made by the Vala Yavanna in the Elder Days, and planted before the Mindon in Tirion in the Uttermost West. A seedling of this tree became the Celeborn of Eressëa, whose seed in turn became Nimloth the Fair of Númenor. Nimloth was cut down and burned by Ar-Pharazôn the Golden, King of Númenor, at the urging of the Dark Lord Sauron. Before it was cut down, however, Isildur managed to steal a fruit, and so the line was preserved in Gondor. That fruit was planted in Minas Ithil, and grew into the first White Tree in Middle-earth; it was burned by Sauron when that fair city fell, but Isildur had taken a sapling with him north to Arnor. This sapling was later planted by Isildur in the Citadel of Minas Anor in memory of Anárion, his brother, who had fallen at the siege of Barad-dûr. It died during the Great Plague in T.A. 1636, but a new one was planted shortly after by Tarondor, twenty-seventh King of Gondor, in the Court of the Fountain. This tree is kin to that tree planted by Tarondor, a cousin of sorts. As well, this comes with its own plaza in

front of a great Hall fit for kings and there is a white-paved place where a sweet fountain is playing. About it is a sword of bright green, but in the midst above the pool the White Tree stands proudly, proclaiming the health of you and yours. Once you have chosen where to place this wonder, it shall reflect the state of the realm you are a part of, and so long as the tree itself remains healthy so too shall your line.

Morgul Blade (200 CP, discount Angmarim) - Made from iron ingots found in the Dark Land, these blades are sharp and strong, but that is not their true purpose. Their purpose is to inflict wounds that will not heal by normal means, and if used properly even turn the victim into a wraith under the control of the one who wounded them. A worthy weapon for a sorcerer, this longsword will not crumble upon use nor will it fade with the light of dawn after being used. As well, it is able to withstand strikes from even the finest of Dwarf-wrought weapons. It is cold to the touch, the edge will never dull and nor will the blade rust.

Crown of Angmar/Crown of the North (300 CP, discount Angmarim. Pick one or the other) - The Crown of Angmar, also called the Iron Crown, is a simple crown wrought of iron and unadorned by either jewels or inlays. Borne by the Witch-king himself since before he even came to the lands of Angmar, it is a sign of power over the wicked men and creatures of the Witch-realm of Angmar. You now have a copy of this famous crown, and it provides a number of benefits that may prove useful. Firstly, it enhances your ability to command other men, in that your vassals and soldiers will not hesitate to obey your orders. Also, it provides you with an aura of fear, lesser in potency compared with that of the Witch-king himself, but still a powerful tool if used properly. Your enemies will be hard pressed to prevent themselves from cowering in utter terror at your coming, if they are not trained to withstand such or led by a truly great man. It will also provide a slight increase to the potency of your sorcery, should you know it, and in future jumps will give a similar enhancement to your other forms of magic.

The Crown of the North is new, representing a realm of free people not ruled by the Witch-king nor the Heirs of Elendil, and the materials reflect the strength needed to make that possible. The crown is steel, forged from good iron found near the Misty Mountains, and damasked using means learned from dwarf-smiths freed from Angmar. Set with silver shaped by craftsmen of the Hill-men, in the shape of small swords, and blazing red rubies set by gemcutters of Dúnedain descent, who worked the rubies to near perfection as they take in light and reflect it as if small flames were set in your crown rather than gems. This crown gives you an aura of command and natural authority, especially when among those of your own lands. You say jump, they jump

without needing to ask how high. You lead a charge into the maw of a dragon and they will eagerly follow you, or indeed will even go without you should you so command. With this crown, you will find that making groups of very different people cooperate under your rule is quite easy. You could make Longbeard Dwarf and Sinda Elf work together as though they were old friends, for instance.

Crown of Gondor/Elendilmir (300 CP, discount Dúnedain. Pick one or the other) -

The first Crown of Gondor was the helm worn by Isildur throughout the War of the Last Alliance. A new crown, however, was crafted of silver and jewels during the reign of King Atanatar II and has been borne by all subsequent Kings of Gondor. You possess a copy of the famed first Crown of Gondor, the war-helm of Isildur, and though this does not make you the king of Gondor, it does provide you with a substantial boost to your charisma and when leading in battle none of your men shall break unless it is the most dire of circumstances. They will fight harder for you, fight longer, and in addition... the crown is good protection for your head and looks pretty swanky.

The Elendilmir is one of the marks of the royal household of Arnor, a white gem set into a headband of mithril worn on the King's brow. It burned with such ferocity at the battle of the Gladden Fields that the Orcs feared to approach its bearer. When Isildur put on the One Ring to escape, he wore a hood to cover the gem that burned red and wrathful as a burning star. The Elendilmir was lost in the Anduin at the same time as the One Ring when he was slain by Orcs. You now have this lost relic, and though it does not possess the same protective qualities as the crown of Gondor, it is undoubtedly older and grants a greater degree of charisma enhancement, and it strikes fear into the hearts of your enemies.

Palantír (400 CP) - Seven seeing stones were brought to Middle-earth after the downfall of Númenor, though many more had been made by Feanor, and one of them has somehow made its way to you. With this stone you can communicate with any of the others, and scry far off locations with ease. You are the master of this stone, and this one is special. Despite the size being that of one of the stones akin to those in Orthanc or Minas Ithil or Minas Anor, it is as strong as the lost chief stone from Osgiliath and can even see to Avallónë like the Elendil Stone. With effort, you can view backwards in time as well.

Elven Gardens (400 CP) - When Telperion and Laurelin grew upon the mound of Ezellohar in Valinor, their burgeoning lights flowed throughout the city; but twice a day, as the light of one Tree waxed and the other waned, there came a time when

their lights were softly mingled. These gardens are but an imitation of that ancient display, but a more otherworldly sight in Middle-earth one is not likely to find. Carefully designed with varying shades of silver and gold, these gardens boast an astonishing variety of colors and plant life, many of which were tenderly borne here from far-flung Elven lands. Even the sickest of hearts is likely to be cheered and enriched after spending an afternoon sampling the visual wonders here. As long as such visions of Valinor remain on this side of the Sea, the Elves may find places of refreshment and peace. Indeed, you shall find that elves from all kindreds will come to visit these gardens, and some may choose to stay to tend them or live near to them. Forming their own small settlements that will come with you to future jumps, and in those future jumps native elves will find themselves drawn to visit your gardens and settle your lands should you desire it.

Ring of Power (600 CP) - The Rings of Power were forged in Eregion by the great smiths of the Gwaith-i-Mírdain during the Second Age. All of the Great Rings save the One had a single gem, and not one design was repeated. Every ring was imbued with a power that came from the combined skill of the great Noldor craftsmen that wrought them and the knowledge brought by Sauron in the guise of Annatar. Your Ring of Power, greater than any of the Nine, possessing to at least some degree the powers of the Three, and to a minor extent even carries some form of the power of the One, is untouched by the corruption of the Ruling Ring. Independent in power, and wholly yours. In material it is mithril or a mithril-gold alloy depending on your taste in color, it has an inscription of your choice in Quenya using the Tengwar, and a unique jewel set into it. This Ring cannot be seen by any save for another who wears a Ring of Power, or Sauron himself. In potency, your Ring is lesser than the One, but greater than any others. Occupying a halfway point.

Mithril Mines and Armory (600 CP) - There may be older and fouler things than Orcs in the deep places of the world, but there are great treasures and opportunities to be found in those places as well. Dwarven miners know this, and the lure of mithril often proves irresistible. With this, you need not worry about the presence of any Balrog or Orcs, as your veins of mithril shall lie within a mine dropped into a location near to where you start or even just connected to your Warehouse. The great quantities of mithril that these mines make available allow Dwarf-smiths, should you have invited any, to craft marvellously strong and light armor for your warriors or yourself.

More than simply a store-room and workshop for Dwarven smiths, a Mithril Armory is capable of outfitting an entire host in the most supple and strong metal known in Middle-earth. The presence of such materials naturally attracts the finest Dwarven

smiths, who may also turn their efforts to forging superior weapons in addition to crafting mithril armor. Armored and armed in shining mithril and dwarf-made weapons, your forces are certain to be fearsome indeed on the battlefield. In future jumps, you will attract whatever setting equivalent to the Dwarves there happens to be. To find work in your armory and lands.

City of Renown (600 CP) - Fornost, Tharbad, Pelargir, Minas Anor, Osgiliath, Minas Ithil, Umbar... The renowned cities of Middle-earth are truly awe-inspiring works filled with people and mighty walls. Even the least of them are well made and defensible. Now you can have one of them for your own! Filled with a generic population fit for the culture of the city, and lacking the artifacts within the originals... but the city itself will be at its full splendor and connected to your warehouse or accessed by pocket dimension with a special key you are given. In future Jumps you can choose to have this city placed inside the world you are Jumping to, in an appropriate place as close as possible to the geography of its original location.

Companions

Friendship (100 CP) - Should you befriend someone in the Jump, you may choose one of these friends to take with you. Alternatively you can choose either your spouse, or one child to take with you as a proper companion for free.

Import Companion (100 CP) - You can import an existing companion into this Jump, standard companion rules and limitations apply.

Maglor Fëanorion (300 CP, requires King of Men) - Born in Valinor before the destruction of the Two Trees, the second son of Fëanor is the only member of the House of Fëanor to have survived into the Third Age, Maglor is a famed bard and composed some of the greatest songs in the history of Middle-earth, including the Noldolantë. He is also one of the greatest warriors left in Middle-earth, and though an echo of his former glory, as the light of Valinor has slowly dimmed in his eyes, he is still an Elf to not anger. In you, he has seen someone special, someone worth following and whose legend might be worth writing a song of. In you, he has seen something to rekindle hope not felt since the end of the First Age. While he cannot return to Valinor, he will venture with you as a loyal ally unless you should choose to ally yourself with evil. He is 7'2", with coal-black hair and grey eyes that seem to glow with an inner light. He carries with him a sword made by his father Fëanor in the First Age (which he will not give away), and a harp made in Doriath.

Siriondil (200 CP, discount Dúnedain) - Eldest son of Calimmacil, and grandson of Prince Arciryas, the younger son of King Telumehtar of Gondor, this scion of the House of Anárion is a robust man, in the prime of life at thirty years of age, and in him the Blood of Númenor runs true. Standing at 6'6" tall, with deep black hair, pale-grey eyes and strong handsome features, he is everything one could expect from a Gondorian of the royal house. He is a skilled warrior, disciplined soldier, and a bold captain. Traits he would pass on to his son Ēarnil in the original history. Somehow, he has found you a person worthy of following, and is more than willing to join you on your journeys. In him, you will find a man capable of leadership, and of prudence as well as a strong sword arm when need be. His clothing is practical, and in color black, with silver trim. With the symbol of his house emblazoned on the front.

Isilmë (200 CP, discount Dúnedain) - A distant cousin to her kin of the ruling line of Arthedain, Isilmë nonetheless is clearly of the House of Isildur. Thirty years of age, and standing just shy of six-feet tall, her hair is jet-black and waist length, normally braided, and her eyes a bright grey. Beautiful, and with fair skin, she is fairly athletic. In terms of clothing she prefers to dress in dark blues, with either silver or white for trim. She is an eager learner and educated in the ways of healing as well as her knowledge of history and lore, surpassing all but the most wizened sages with her talent and skill. In addition, her looks belie a natural determination and grit that will carry her through a wight-infested barrow or worse should you choose to lead her through. You have gained her interest through one way or another, and now she would like to follow you in your adventures.

Haroun (200 CP, discount Haradrim) - Born the son of a tanner and seamstress, Haroun worked his way to becoming an archer of fair skill as well as managing to raise a wild Mûmak from near infancy to adulthood, gaining the notice of his lord and with time gaining a respected rank among his people as a tamer of beasts and as the one in charge of his own Mûmak. You have befriended this man, and gained not only his friendship but that of his massive grey friend. An armored war beast named Lokhu-achi. Thirty-one years old and standing at a height of 5'8", Haroun takes good care of his dark hair and skin, though his choices in jewelry are a tad overkill, simply due to his upbringing as a poor man suddenly thrust into a position where he must interact with the wealthy relatively often. His eyes seem to glint with a hint of mischief.

Azruthor (200 CP, discount Haradrim or Dúnedain) - Though descended from Castamir through a female line, the blood of Númenor runs more thinly in Azruthor

than it has for any of that line. He possesses the height of his kin, being 6'4" with dark-brown hair and tan skin and hazel eyes. He also possesses a broader build, making him seem even larger than he is. Though he lacks the other qualities of his Númenorean ancestors, he is, however, a born warrior and consummate commander. As well, both his richly made clothing and his manners match the image he presents, that of a bold captain and educated lord. His beard trimmed and his hair close-cropped, he appears both sophisticated and professional. His speech is mild, but the way he speaks gives the impression that he is accustomed to being obeyed. A swordsman of peerless skill among the Corsairs, he has gained renown as a captain of ships and some small fame for his skill in small scale tactics. He spends most of his time aboard his great warship, and throughout the coasts of the Harad his sails are dreaded. His symbol a silver scimitar surrounded by a circle of seven stars on a field of dark blue. Feeling listless for the past decade, this forty year old Corsair has decided to follow you on your adventures.

Temair (200 CP, discount Angmarim) - The twenty-five year old daughter to the brother of a clan chief among the Hill-men of Rhudaur, Temair is everything that her father could have wanted in a son. Standing at 5'8", fairly muscled and with the dark hair and eyes and the swarthy complexion of her mother's kin, she is strong and skilled. Bold and fearless. And wishes for her people to be free of the Witch-king. She possesses a talent for speaking with crows, and even commanding some to do her bidding. She dresses in wool pants and a long fur jacket, as well as leather boots in order to help keep out the chill of the recent years. Respecting your strength, she has decided to follow you, and will keep doing so unless you harm her people or treat her unfairly.

Gerhild (200 CP, discount Northman) - Standing at 5'9" with golden hair in a braid and pale-green eyes seemingly always looking for adventure, Gerhild dresses fairly unremarkably in green clothing. A daughter of a soldier and a fairly wealthy merchant, she's left her home seeking glory and wealth like she's imagined in the stories she heard of shield-maidens as a child, and you seem to have caught her eye and gained her friendship. She is great with horses, both breeding them and riding them, and is fairly skilled with a spear and lance.

Droza Sahd (200 CP, discount Easterling) - Dark-haired and dark-eyed with olive skin, Droza's features are typical of the men of his tribe, and as a third son to the chief of his clan, he has much to prove that mere looks cannot gain for him. Indeed, his height of 5' 4", shorter than any of his brothers, and his slimmer build has only made him an object of mockery among those his social equal, and that mockery has

spurred him on to become a great rider of war-wains as well as a mighty bowman. Dressing garishly in bright oranges and yellows, and wearing bracelets of gold studded with jewels, he has chosen to follow you on your adventures, believing you might just be someone he could make his way in the world with.

Drawbacks

The Three Kingdoms (+0) - If you so choose, you may start as early as T.A. 861, at the dissolution of Arnor when the three sons of Eärendur were fighting over the lands of Arnor and sowing the seeds for the destruction of the North Kingdom.

An Age of Men (+0) - If you choose, you may extend your time in this jump as long as you want past the initial ten years. Drawbacks remain after the first decade but become potentially defeatable or removable. This does not affect scenario time limits, if any.

Return to Arda (+0, cannot be taken with The Three Kingdoms) - If you've been to Arda in any time period before this, you may choose to include your history and the changes made into this jump.

Youngling (+100 CP) - While you may, one day, be a mighty warrior, it is not yet that day. Ignore your age roll - you are instead a child 10 years of age. All of the perks which you have selected from this jump are not fully effective until you reach maturity (roughly 16 years of age). Your time in this jump is extended six additional years to compensate.

Oathbreaker (+200 CP) - In many places in this world your word is your bond, and deservedly or not you have a reputation for breaking yours. From now on people will not trust you, nor will they entreat with you unless under duress.

Tolkien Traditionalist (+300 CP) - You have far too much respect for Arda's narrative to contaminate it with outside nonsense. You lose access to all powers and items not purchased in this jump and to your Warehouse. An exception is made for things purchased in other Middle-earth jumps. For every 3 jumps you have taken before this, an extra +100 CP is given up to a maximum of a bonus +300 resulting in a combined Drawback bonus of +600 CP.

Under the Enemy's Sway (+500 CP) - It would be great to be confident in yourself, to trust who you are. But for you, this is much harder; you find yourself enthralled by the enemy-perhaps you were stricken by a Morgul blade, or hear dark voices in your head. Regardless, you will have to be very careful with your actions now, Jumper: one wrong move, and you might find yourself fully controlled by the Shadow.

Alternatively, if Angmarim or otherwise Shadow-aligned, there is still some good in you. You find it difficult, painful even, to carry out many of your master's orders, knowing they will be wrong. Hope the Witch-king never begins to doubt your loyalty...

Scenarios

Scenarios Are Not Available to Drop-Ins

The Fall Averted (Dúnedain)

Since its birth in T.A. 861 with the separation of Arnor into three kingdoms Arthedain has been slowly fading in power and glory. With only a few moments of respite. Kings shorter lived than those in Gondor, and a population that only continues to fall. The Great Plague, though it did not hit Arthedain as hard as its sister kingdoms in the South was nonetheless plagued by wars with Angmar, a long defeat that seems to have no way of being stopped. Cardolan's fall has only hastened the decline. Now, with a sparsely populated kingdom with little to its name but old glories and the prestige of the ruling bloodline, it falls to you to save the North. You are a royal of the household of Fornost, the eldest grandchild of Araval though of the junior line through his younger son, and a potential heir to the throne if things go wrong with your kinsmen. Including the infant Arvedui.

You are tasked with saving Arthedain. At the very least defeating the Witch-king, and possibly Angmar. You must reconquer all the lands of Arnor under the banner of the House of Isildur, and then re-establish ties with Gondor. Arthedain must remain a kingdom of good men, and not ally with the wicked or evil. The lines of Anárion and Isildur must join by marriage, and the city of Annúminas must be restored to its former glory.

If you should succeed in this task, you will be offered the title of Prince(ss) of the lands that were once either the kingdom of Rhudaur or Cardolan, or even the title of ruler of Arnor if your royal kin have died off or proven unworthy. In addition, the decline of the Dúnedain in your kingdom shall halt, no more will their lifespans decline nor their attributes, and you will find that they will breed far more quickly

until the lands of Arnor are once again as populated as they were at their height. For reuniting Arnor and defeating Angmar, you will also be gifted with a reforged Narsil by the elves of Rivendell, as well as one of the lesser of the seven palantíri in the form of the stone of Annúminas and one person of your choice who you have befriended in the Jump will be made a full companion free of charge and for future Jumps your lands shall go with you. Lastly, these lands shall contain the restored Annúminas whether or not you became the ruler of Arnor, or if you really want you can take Fornost Erain instead.

Heirs of Anárion (Dúnedain)

For centuries now the realm of Gondor has been in decline, with the Kin-strife, then the Great Plague, then the various former tributaries rebelling and splitting off from Gondor, and now.. now the Wainriders have slain a king, and have forced the Kingdom of Gondor off from their lands north of Ithilien. Umbar is barely held, and Rhovanion is overrun by Easterlings. These are perhaps the darkest times that the kingdom has known since its founding, save for when the Dark Lord warred on her doorstep and burned the White Tree in Minas Ithil.

You are a member of the House of Anárion, distant kin to the kings but still someone of importance. Whether a governor or captain in the army, you must save Gondor and restore her to her former glory. You must defeat the Wainriders, driving them out of Rhovanion. You must reestablish control over the Harad that Gondor once possessed. The men there sending Gondor tribute. You must restore the utter naval dominance of the South Kingdom, and reclaim the borders held during the reign of Atanatar II. In addition, you must reinforce the watch on Mordor and reclaim all Gondorian forts that have been taken by the Enemy. Lastly, Osgiliath must be restored to her former glory.

Should you succeed in this difficult task and Gondor is once again the premier power of Middle-earth such as it has not been for centuries, then you shall be granted the title of Steward of Gondor, second only to the King, and the lands of Ithilien and Harondor be made your personal fiefs. Or even perhaps claim the rulership of Gondor for yourself, if you are so inclined, though it may lead to war. Regardless, you will find that your lands will have an influx of settlers and a population boom to ensure prosperity on par with even the wealthiest regions of Gondor. In might you will match even the greatest kings in the men you can muster. Your line will be blessed with fruitfulness and good luck. The Dúnedain in your lands will no longer decline in their gifts. In future jumps, these lands will come with you along with the city of Osgiliath.

Rise of the Witch-king (Angmarim)

Starting from T.A. 1300 the lands north-east of Arnor have been held by the Lord of the Nazgûl who brought with him many sorcerers and for this reason was named the Witch-king of Angmar by the men of Arnor. In T.A. 1409 he annexed Rhudaur and by this time most of the Númenoreans and a fair number of natives had been slain. For the next several centuries the might of Angmar would wax until eventually in T.A. 1974 the last remnants of the kingdom of Arnor would be destroyed and for a season the Witch-king would sit in Fornost until being driven out by a combined force of High Elves and Gondorians. Then, in the War of the Ring, the Witch-king himself would be slain. Not if you have any say in it, for your task is to prevent the destruction of Angmar and to lead the kingdom to victory over the West. Whether the one in charge of Angmar is the Witch-king or not.

You have chosen to remain true to your master in Carn Dûm and aid him in his conquests. The road will be long and difficult, as you will not only need to finish off the kingdom of Arnor but also ensure the survival of Angmar against Gondor and the Elves. You must spread the banner of Angmar from the frozen wastes of the Lossoth down to the bay of Umbar. The Dark Tower must rise again, under the hand of your master the Witch-king. The Men of Gondor must be destroyed utterly, and their works unmade or conquered. Caras Galadhon must burn and Rivendell rooted out and the High Elves driven from Middle-earth. Then, after these conquests you must aid your master in challenging Sauron for the mastery of the One.

Should you at last finish this undertaking, your reward will be great. You will be granted the fortress of Minas Ithil along with the lands of Ithilien and a significant portion of Mordor as your fiefs, and be made the new Lord of the Ringwraiths though with your will intact. You will be given command over the eight other Ringwraiths and many lesser wraiths. You will be able to take these lands and boons with you to future Jumps, and will find that dark creatures heed your commands.

Revenge of the Hill-men (Angmarim)

For centuries the Dúnedain had held your ancestors in chains, and then when at last they had thrown out the last of the hated Sea-kings, along came the Witch-king to place your people under a new yoke. This must end, and you might make deals with any and all that could aid you in securing a homeland for your people.

Should you choose to remain true to the ways brought to your people by the Witch-king and his sorcerers, you will have not only your Hill-men chiefs and warriors... but the numerous orcs and mighty trolls to lead. As well, your knowledge of sorcery allows you to command the spirits of the dead against the hated Witch-king as well as your other enemies. Your task will be to drive the Witch-king from Angmar, and to defeat the North Kingdom of the Númenoreans along with their elven allies. Should you accomplish this, your reward shall be a free Angmar for you to rule. A realm of trolls and orcs and wicked men learned in sorcery. Lesser wraiths under your command. The fortress of Carn Dûm as your seat, and a Ring of Power for your own. In addition, you shall be able to take your realm to future jumps where it will attract settlers of evil race and local sorcerers.

If you should instead throw off the yoke of Angmar entirely, including the ways they brought with them when they conquered your people, you must unite the chiefs and defeat the orcs, trolls, men, and wraiths under the command of the Witch-king. Carn Dûm must be taken and burned to the ground. Whether you do this with an alliance between yourself and elves and even the hated Númenoreans or merely by yourself matters not, only that you free Angmar and Rhudaur from the rule of the Witch-king and rule successfully by yourself for ten years. You must also take the Weather Hills and hold them for that time. Should you succeed, you shall gain the rule of this new kingdom and homeland for your people. A land filled with men. You will also be granted a perfect replica of the Amon Sûl stone, and a fully restored fortress of Amon Sûl. (For more information on Amon Sûl, refer to the notes section at the bottom of the Jump)

In future jumps, your lands will attract settlers and immigrants from among the oppressed and disenfranchised of society. Seen as a land of new opportunity and you as a great leader for them. Your lands will be a cultural melting pot, a meeting place of cultures and races. No matter what, these lands will be loyal and seek to throw out any attempt to place them under the rule of a foreign power.

Might of the Wainriders (Easterling)

For years now, the people of the East have defeated the armies of the West-men and their Northman allies. Conquering the lands they call Rhovanion as well as the northern frontier of the Kingdom of Gondor. Their mighty war-wains and horse-archers killing and burning and conquering their way with ease. With chariots and hot hooves thundering across grassland and town alike. Perhaps it is time for a

new power to arise in the world, to finally put the Men of the West and North into their place.

Should you choose to undertake this mission, your tasks will be quite straightforward and potentially achievable if you are great enough. First, you must utterly shatter the armies of Gondor and the remainder of the Northmen. Secondly, you must raze their great cities to the ground and take their wealth as spoils of war. Osgiliath, Pelargir, Umbar, Minas Anor, and Minas Ithil must be destroyed utterly. Lastly, you must force the shattered remnants of the Northmen and Gondorians into client-state status, or destroy them as people or nations. Never to arise again.

If you should succeed, you will be granted unquestioned mastery over your lands, as well as good health and fertility for both your people and herds. In future jumps, you may choose to start with a reputation as a great conqueror and destroyer of civilizations, and the people of steppes will be drawn to you as a sort of godlike figure. Last, you will be given an Armored War-wain that should be impossible to make work, but yet it does perfectly. Drawn by ten horses, and impervious to damage unless sorcery wielded by the Dark Lord's hand were to assault it, your War-wain will be able to maneuver through forest and mountain terrain as easily as open plains. In addition, it will possess a dwarf-craft siege bow in the back, accurate to man sized targets at up to four hundred yards, and able to shatter even iron gates with but a single strike.

Time in the Sun (Haradrim)

The people of Harad have long clashed with the Adûnâim or Dûnedain or whatever they call themselves. These scions of Númenor once placed a leash over all the men of the South, sitting in their fortified havens and putting your people into chains for years beyond counting. Until one day their homeland was destroyed, surely an act of divine retribution for their wicked deeds, and though Gondor was yet another Númenorean master placing chains upon your people, and the Men of Umbar and the Principalities of the Adûnâim did not cease to exist, they have since weakened greatly. Plague and infighting have brought low these once insurmountable foes. Now perhaps is the time for the Men of the South to have their time in the Sun...

Should you choose to undertake this great labor, you will first need to unite the men of Near Harad under your banner and drive the Gondorians from Umbar. That you might take that ancient symbol of Númenorean oppression for the Men of Harad. The lands between the river Poros in the North, the Cape and Bay of Umbar in the West,

the Far Harad in the South, and the border of Khand in the East must be secured whether by conquest of the men of Khand or treaty to ensure your border's safety. Secondly, you will need to force the Men of Gondor to accept your rightful overlordship of the lands you have taken, and then to make them alongside the Easterlings and Northmen west of the Orocarni mountains into your tributaries. Lastly, the armies of Gondor must be destroyed utterly in retribution for their centuries of treating your people as little more than sources of wealth.

If you succeed, then you will be granted several rewards. Firstly, your people's skill in metalworking shall be enhanced to heights only seen among the Dwarves in these times. With your jewelry, armor, and even weapons being almost works of masterful art by themselves. Even the finest of the old Kings of Gondor would envy the works of your peoples' hands. Secondly, you will be granted a lifespan of five hundred years, and not only the physical might of one of the Olog-hai, but their toughness of skin. Nothing but the finest dwarf-wrought weapons shall be able to harm you, save for in your eyes. Thirdly, you will be given a truly massive Mûmak. Twice as large as any other, and with armor to match. With the finest archers armed with the greatest compound bows perched atop the towers of your Mûmak, and a retinue of Troll-men to stand beside you in the Great King's seat, all of them garbed in scarlet and gold, you shall be unassailable by any save perhaps if the Dark Lord himself should return. Your people will view you as their rightful ruler, a god among men and figure of worship, and some part of you would be hard pressed to disagree. Lastly, the city of Umbar will be restored to full glory and then some. Indeed, no city in all Middle-earth shall match this glorious city-port and great haven.

King of the Wilderland (Northman)

Long has it been since the days of Vidugavia and his great realm of Rhovanion. Where the horses of the Northmen grazed from the Brown Lands east of the Anduin to shores of the Sea of Rhûn. When the might of the Princes of the Northmen had been truly respected, before the wars of Gondor, before the Great Plague, before the coming of the Wainriders and the subjugation of your people under the yoke of these cattle-herding charioteers. So great was the might of Vidugavia that a Prince of Gondor took to bride the daughter of the great king, and to this day the blood of the Northmen flows in the Kings of Gondor. Even Great Vidugavia had never united all of the Northmen, for there remained various princes independent of him in the further North, and in the East. Do you have the strength to surpass him, and unite all of the Northmen and forge an empire stretching from the Vales of Anduin to the slopes of the Orocarni?

If you should choose to accept this great task, your first goal will be to reclaim Rhovanion for the Northmen and drive out the Easterling invaders. Establishing a realm that is independent and strong. Should you choose to do this by diplomatically subjugating the Easterling chiefs that is no matter, all that matters is that you reclaim the lands of your ancestors. Then, you will need to conquer or otherwise gain overlordship of the lands between the Vales of Anduin in the West, the Dagorlad in the South, the Lonely Mountain in the North, and the Orocarni in the East. Lastly, you will need to gain recognition of your Kingship and rightful rule over these lands from all the Kingdoms of Men bordering you. Whether that be by forcing it in the terms of a treaty after a war, or by convincing them with your personal charm matters not. After this is done, you must hold these lands for twenty years.

Should you succeed in this, not only will you gain these lands you have conquered in perpetuity following you from Jump to Jump, but you will be granted a herd of horses sired by the kin of the horses of Araw the Hunter. Armored in mithril barding crafted by dwarves of the Grey Mountains. Your lands will flourish, and even the Dagorlad shall find the unnatural corruption of the remnants of the War of the Last Alliance such as the Dead Marshes to fade in a matter of months. Leaving only rolling fertile plains and grasslands. Your people will multiply, and grow until they have reached numbers your people had only begun to reach before the Great Plague. This goes for your herds of horses as well. You will be given a horn, said to be from Araw himself, a horn that when sounded in battle will fill the hearts of your men with vigor and unflagging morale, and strike fear into the hearts of your enemies from miles away.

Notes

Notes on Capstone Booster: On the whole, King of Men is meant to be an all-around enhancer for your existing perks and skills. For instance, with Healer you can do such things as Elrond or Aragorn might do. Healing Morgul wounds or the Black breath with ease. Craftsmanship improved to the level of the finest smiths of Men, especially when combined with a perk that gives more knowledge such as Lore of the Lost Homeland or Morgul-lore. Troll's Might proving true to the name, and making one as strong as one of the Olog-Hai. With skin as tough as light armor.

Vidugavia's Legacy - As a rider of horses and a warrior, your people compare you with Araw the Hunter. Orome, as he is called by the Dúnedain. This is not unearned, as your horses seem to tire less under you and a single blast on a horn by you will send your enemies into a panic. You could ride as well with a saddle as without, and your sword arm is practically unerring. Kings of mighty empires will look upon you with great respect, perhaps even some degree of envy, and almost willingly submit to deals that place them as an inferior partner.

Blood of Númenor - As a direct heir of Elendil, in whom the blood of Númenor runs true, whether in Arnor or Gondor. You are like to your ancestor as none have been since the start of the Third Age. Indeed, the span of your years will be nearly four hundred, and your height is greater than any have been since the time of Meneldil. Your very presence radiates majesty and the feeling of a bygone age. Your charisma is almost undeniable by normal men. In strength of body none in this Age can match you, save perhaps for the strongest of troll-men or the greatest of the Noldor remaining in Middle-earth. Should you press a claim to the throne of Arthedain or Gondor, you might very well be considered in a succession crisis.

Morgul-Lore - In every way that matters, you can equal the Witch-king himself, and all without being bound in servitude to Sauron under a Ring. Indeed, you know how to make your own Ring with which to enhance your power. One not tied to the power of Sauron's own Ruling Ring. With time and much searching for lore, you might one day be able to challenge Sauron for mastery should you find his Ring. Or fight lesser Maiar and bind them to your will.

The Black Serpent - None among the Haradrim have been seen that are like you. None have been your equal. The charge of your heavy lance shatters the armor of even heavily armored soldiers, a swing of your sword splits helms asunder, and your voice strikes terror into your enemies from across the battlefield. With little effort you could convince your fellows in Harad that you are some champion of your gods, and with barely more effort can make those tribe chiefs and princes kneel. The trade between you and other nations almost always favors you. Your ivory, gold, gems, and silver fetching the highest prices. None have united the Haradrim before, none have had the ability or potential, none before you.

Warchief - Your arrows are unerring, you could hit the wings of a fly at a hundred paces and not kill it. Your arrows find the holes in armor with such ease as to be trivial. A narrow slit in a helm is no challenge for you, not truly. Your horses thunder across the field of battle, and your charge will break even the disciplined battle line

of hardened soldiers. You could forge an empire of wains and bows, should you choose, and make the kings of men pay tribute. Your voice carries such weight among the tribes and chiefs that arranging for a confederation led by you is almost as simple as proposing it.

Perks and Items of Companions

Maglor Fëanorion: Trained in Weapons, Mithril Armor, Survivalist, Craftsman, Horsemanship.

Siriondil: Blood of Númenor, Trained in Weapons, Masterwork Armor, Masterwork Weapon.

Isilmë: Blood of Númenor, Healer.

Haroun: Trained in Weapons, Mûmak, Breeder of Horses.

Azruthor: Sons of Eärendil, Trained in Weapons, Alcarondas Flagship, Masterwork Weapon and Armor.

Temair: Touched by Shadow, Trained in Weapons, Crow-friend, Survivalist.

Gerhild: Trained in Weapons, Horsemanship, Breeder of Horses, Mearh, Masterwork Weapon.

Droza Sahd: Trained in Weapons, Armored War-wain, Steppe Outrider, Masterwork Weapon and Armor.

On the Ring of Power

As with any of the Great Rings, the powers granted by your Ring of Power are determined by the natural capabilities and potential of the one wearing it. Enhancing your natural capacities. Turning a humble gardener into a worker of masterful gardens that would make the elves take notice. A captain of soldiers into a leader of Men with a massive natural charisma. A sorcerer into a morgul-lord capable of defeating one of the Nazgûl.

This Ring enhances your lifespan by a factor of three and without the downsides normally associated with one of the Great Rings. It grants invisibility by drawing you into the wraith-world if you so choose to use that power, though in that “invisibility” you become a beacon easily tracked by wraiths or other Ring-bearers, inversely you gain the ability to see with little effort things that are normally invisible. Your senses are enhanced, hearing sharp as a cat and scent to match a bloodhound, including being able to see the true forms of invisible or wraithly beings. Your Ring allows you to inspire others, kindling the flames of their hearts against even the harshest times and adversaries, it allows you to slow the ravages of time on the world to a lesser degree than one of the Three, it allows you to work acts of healing somewhat better, where before you might be able to heal a bruise, now you can mend a broken bone, so to speak. You can take oaths sworn to you and make them binding to a degree. You can also use this Ring as the base for your own Ruling Ring, having other lesser rings bound to it, should they be made with knowledge of your own ring.

This Ring in addition to its other powers allows you to understand spoken language more easily, learning in weeks what others might take years to gain fluency in. In future Jumps, this Ring will grow with you and also enhance your ability with whatever magic you learn. Acting as an amplifier, and multiplying your power by up to a factor of three.

On Amon Sûl

The fortress of Amon Sûl surrounds the summit of Weathertop, the southernmost and the most strategic of the Weather Hills of central Eriador. Located at the junction of Arthedain, Rhudaur, and Cardolan, it commands the easiest invasion route between the lands of the three successor kingdoms of Arnor. Here, the Great East Road passes beneath Weathertop’s southern slopes, through the gap between the Weather Hills and the rugged downland to the south. The fortress on Weathertop was erected over the course of centuries, although the great tower and most of the inner walls date to before the War of the Last Alliance during the time when the Elendili were first establishing their kingdoms in Middle-earth in the wake of the Downfall. During this time, Elendil’s Númenorean craftsmen built the core of the citadel. Their advanced construction techniques, which are exhibited in the massive Tower of Amon Sûl and in the foundations of the surrounding curtain wall. Originally, the fortress was envisioned as a single tower, a monumental spire designed to hold the Master Seeing-stone of the North. Clad in limestone and marble and well-cut and placed granite, the tower of Amon Sûl is a marvel to behold, a true jewel at the center of the great defenses and walls of this important citadel. In the center tower one can

find luxuries and knowledge, including libraries of lore and a fine wine cellar. An armory with arms and armor fit for a royal guard. And chambers once used by Elendil himself. At the very top, there is a chamber where the Amon Sûl stone rests. This is a seat worthy of a king. And with time, you may find a town or city forming below Weathertop, a true center for your new kingdom.

On Annúminas

Set like a jewel upon the southern shore of Lake Evendim, Annúminas, the first and only capital of the Kingdom of Arnor, is a work of art and beauty surpassing even fair Osgiliath. With an expansive design intended to accommodate the type of population fit for the capital of the High Kingdom of the Dúnedain Realms in Exile, this city will not require expansion for quite some time, and as such avoids the typical problems of growing cities like the development of slums and haphazard construction disrupting the original city plans. Annúminas was designed without walls in mind, though it has five large towers at the primary approaches to the city containing large garrisons. The city has wide streets, paved with white stone and marble, trees line the streets, and fountains made with elvish assistance play in the various squares and at the central plaza of the city itself. As well as within the courtyard of the House of the Kings. The House of the Kings is a massive palace, and without fortification as it was intended to simply be home to the High King of Arnor, it has green lawns and the fragrance of athelas wafting through the air provides it with a feeling of wholesomeness unknown outside of the great elven settlements ruled by the Keepers of the Three. Most of the structure of the palace is roofed by a single large dome clad with black marble, and the facing of the Great Dome is set with countless elf-worked metals and gems of various colors that capture the light of day and glitter at night according to the seasons with the stored light, not only providing an easy way to spot the palace, but also serving to awe even the most cynical or jaded of visitors to this place.

On Fornost Erain

First built by Elendil after the Downfall, this once secondary fortress and settlement has with the division of Arnor into three kingdoms and the abandonment of Annúminas, served as the seat of power for the Kings of Arthedain. The center is built on one of the highest crests in the North Downs, and protected by walls fifty-feet high

of Númenorean construction along with stone dikes beneath those walls, this strategically important fortress has since become a formidable city in its own right, especially by the standards of the North Kingdom. The greater city itself is surrounded and protected by walls higher than those of the citadel, but of lesser strength due to being built after the decline of Númenorean lore among the kingdoms in exile. The central Citadel, home to the ruler, is a fortified palace, but not a match for the splendor of Minas Ithil or Minas Anor, nor even the palace at Pelargir, but it is a strong defensive position nonetheless. With the tallest part reaching over one hundred feet in height. Humbler perhaps than the Gondorian Kings' palaces or the House of Kings at Annúminas, it is still impressive and with effort might indeed become a match for any of them.

On Pelargir

Founded by the Faithful Númenoreans in the Second Age as a defensive harbor for the royal fleet of the Númenoreans, the great haven-city of Pelargir is the oldest and most populous city in Southern Gondor. Containing the greatest shipyards of the Kingdom of Gondor, this grand city is protected by some of the finest walls ever wrought by Men, the outer city's being eighty-feet in height and fifty-feet thick. This city consists of three islands connected by bridges and the lands around these islands. At the center of this Haven lies the fortified island home to the Lord of Pelargir and Captain of the Ships. A small city unto itself within the greater city of Pelargir with its own harbor and shipyard, guarded by walls forty-feet tall and twenty-feet thick, this central complex contains the great tower of Pelargir. The tower rises over two-hundred feet into the air, dominating the skyline even from a distance, and is made of the same material as the walls of the isle, though clad in multi-hued marble. This tower is a marvel of engineering and functions as the palace for the Lord of Pelargir.

On Minas Ithil

Nestled within the Ithil Vale, later called the Morgul Vale, the fortress-city of Minas Ithil serves not only as a strong defense against invasion, but also a beautiful seat for a ruler. Originally solely a fortress, it has since become a beauty and a marvel and a true city in its own right. A gleaming white city in a valley overlooked by the Ephel Dúath, the sight of it is beautiful enough to inspire poets and fill even the weary with hope. The Men of Westeros who built it did not choose its location idly without regard to defense. Though Minas Ithil might not boast so nearly an impenetrable a

defense as that of Minas Anor, this is due more to limitations in geography than in construction for both cities were intended to be as twin sisters. It still makes use of the surrounding mountains for its defense, and the walls of the City are over one-hundred feet high, and at their base seventy-feet thick with the thinnest portion being at the top and “merely” twenty-five feet thick. Though the walls of the City appear white and glassy and are smooth to the touch like that of the stone used in the construction of most of Minas Ithil, glowing with a soft white light that provides a form of illumination for the City at night, they are in fact made of the same material as the Othram of Minas Anor or the stone of Orthanc, a black stone of Númenorean make. The white stone being layered over the black in order to enhance the beauty of the city without compromising its defensibility. Indeed, the Nazgûl only took Minas Ithil after a two year siege with a large army, and through use of sorcery.

Of the City itself, the streets are broad and paved with marble, lined with trees, and filled with many beautiful fountains. Rising above the roofs of the rest of the city, the tower for which the city is named, Minas Ithil, draws the eye even from a great distance. Though not as majestic as Anarion’s tower in Minas Anor, the Ithil-tower radiates a power all its own. The elaborately carved structure is one of the strongest in the Realm of Gondor, and shows not one sign of its age. Made by the same means as the city’s walls and clad in pure white marble, the tower stands an impressive two-hundred feet high. Serving as both palace and final defense, the tower is a sight to behold.

Credits:

Widowmaker - Jump Maker and writer of thousands of words

Griffin - For some suggestions and aid with some drawbacks. Oathbreaker and Under the Enemy’s Sway. As well as providing additional help in the area of scenarios with his suggestions for the Hill-men.

Cliffc999 - For help with drawbacks and formatting I was too lazy to do after a long day’s work

Richardwhereat - For the Continuity Drawback

SJ-Chan - For their help in... I can’t quite recall? They can insert whatever in a comment and I’ll accept it here.

heridfel - For his help in a number of things including price suggestions and tweaks to a few perks and the origins.

Necron_Lord - For his help in the Angmarim scenarios.

CountMRVHS - For his help in some item descriptions as well as a few perks along with some of the place descriptions