

Pineleaf Presents:

An Alliterative poem based on
of the epic story line from
The Lord of the Rings Online

Pineleaf Needles



The LOTRO Epic Story

The Shadows of Angmar

Prologue - Amdir

The Blackwold brigands
Brought me to a cell
'Til Strider's sword
Struck them down.
We freed two hobbits
Held by the thugs
But Amdir fell
To a festering blow.

We now were free
To fly from the jail
And plot a path to Archet.
Yet danger pursued
In deadly strides
For ruin was ready to strike.

Foul Calder Cob
Was cruel and mean:
He betrayed the town
That trusted him.
He invited Angmarim
(invaders most foul)
To burn down Archet
In Bree-land fair.

We faced our foes
And felled the traitor
Yet still the blaze did burn.
Archet was ashes
And Amdir was taken
And little hope was left.

We buried the dead
From the Blackwold raid,
Then searched for the ranger
That the shadow stole.
We found him locked
In a fragile cell
That he bashed and banged
'Til he broke it down.

In his rage he swore
That the rangers would die:
Toradan he tore
With a terrible blow,
Mundol he mauled
In a Midgewater Cave,
Then Reniolind he ripped
With rapid strikes.

How can we halt
The hatred of Amdir,
The wrecked ranger of Archet?
One Strider we must seek
To stalk our foe
And bring hope Back to Bree.

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Book 1 – Stirrings in the Darkness

With Strider we sought
To strike a blow
At the Blackwold Brigands
That burned our lands.
There a dour dwarf
Most deadly we found,
One Skorgrim Dourhand,
Scourge of the Blue.

Nastier than Dourhands
Were the Nazgûl most foul
Who created Amdir
As a Cargûl in Red.
There we rendered Amdir
The rest he deserved
To break the back
Of the Blackwold horde.

We sought the servants
Of Sauron the Dark
But found a flock
Of feathered spies.
Our foes did fly
To the forest Old,
Where for time untold
Tom did abide.

Tom sent us to search
In the sickened barrows,
Where we found our foe,
The foulest of wraiths.
There the king of death
With Dourhand grim
Met a lord so gaunt
That he gave us chills.

We pursued the three
That sought our doom
In a twisty maze
Of tombs and death.
We lost our foes
And feared to be trapped
Until old Tom
Tore the grave

The barrow is cracked
And Bree is saved
We drove off dread and darkness.
Now to lonely lands
We look to go
To stem the stench of Sauron.

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Book 2 – The Red Maid

We head to lands
Lonely and dry
And find there Candaith
At a camp near a hill.
Weathertop it is called,
A most windy peak,
From where you can see
For several leagues.

He sent us to slay
Several orcs
Who sought to storm
The summit of the winds.
Yet more did come
Who moved to the height
'Til we slew a troll
To send them away.

To Radagast the Brown
We rode in haste
And found him worried
About wights in the swamp.
There Gaunt men grew
A graveborn army
That aimed to destroy
Ost Guruth.

Deeper we delved
Into the dim shadows
Where Nature cringed
From the nauseous foes.
The trees were turned
Into terrible foes
While wights did watch
The way we sought.

We found our foe
The fell Ivar
The bloody hand of the bog.
Ivar and wizard
Waged a battle
'Til the lord of the gaunt did leave.

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Book 3 – The Council of the North

Fornost did fall
To forces from Angmar
That now were near
The North Downs homes.
A council was called
To quickly find
A means to meet
The massing foes.

We called the dwarves
Who dwelt to the north
But they were harried
By threatening foes.
The Dourhands dared
To take Dori away,
'Til we raided that rabble
To rescue him.

We called the elves
Who cared for the south
There Gildor grieved
For the glade's wounding.
To stop the orcs
We stalked our foes
'Til we dealt out death
To Drukodh the foul.

We called the men
Mustered at the bridge
Who fought the orcs
At a frequent rate.
Yet tribes unknown
To Trestlebridge
Did come until
We countered them.

We aided all
The allied folk
So to council they did come.
Can we stop
The stranglehold
Of Angmar, our ancient foe?

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Book 4 – Chasing Shadows

The Nine Nazgûl
Nearly won
The ring of Sauron
That rules them all.
But the wraiths were washed
By the waters of the ford
Back to their Master
In Mordor dark.

Yet one escaped
The avalanche
To sow the seeds
Of sinister plots.
We sought to find
This fiend of darkness
That was loose to wreck
The lands near Elrond.

In the hills we found
His horse long dead
So we knew the Nazgûl
Was near at hand.
We searched three caves
But came with naught
So we asked an ent
That proved angry and hasty.

From Legalos
We learned the need
To stalk the trolls
That stayed in the wood.
The Nazgûl we found
But he fled away
As we killed the troll
That was king of the rest.

We foiled the plot
To foul the shaws
The treacherous troll is dead.
But the Nazgûl fled
So now we must
Resume our search for him.

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Book 5 – The Last Refuge

Nowhere near us
Was the Nazgûl we sought
So to the Misty Mountains
We made our way.
We asked old Glóin
To guess the place
Where the shadow servant
Did sit in wait.

We searched the goblins
To gain some news
But all we found
Was a foul Dourhand.
We sought the key
To the keep where they hid
And found Skorgrim the cruel –
A creature most fell.

When Skorgrim we slew
We could scarcely pause
For a spirit of spite
Sped from his corpse.
We had to head
To Helegrod
To learn what lay
To unleash a scheme.

There Drugoth Death-monger
A dragon did wake
With spirits most fell
From the fortress of Angmar.
Yet he could not keep
The crafty drake
As it flew away
Into the fog and night.

We now could face
The Nazgûl we sought
And send the wraith from our sight.
Out from the mountains
To Mordor it fled
To leave our lands at last.

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Book 6 – Terrible Heart

From Helegrod
We headed north
To the evil land
Of Angmar the cruel.
There Corunir
Recalled a time
When he failed to cross
A most fearful line.

We were sent to learn
The secret held
By the statues that stirred
A most striking terror.
We learned of hearts
That held the fear
But the first was finished,
And faded was its power.

The heart that was whole
Was held by Tath
A sorcerer of Angmar
The served the vile.
When he was dead
A dangerous spirit
Was found to fuel
That fearful heart.

We fought the spirit
And found the way
To cross the cruelest line.
To the east we went
Into evil lands
To find the fate of friends.

Book 7 – The Key to Death

From Lorniel we learned
Of the loss of her sire,
As her father was kept
By the forces of ill.
A key we must find
For Carn Dûm the foul
So that we could find
A way to save him.

To enter the gate
We must gain a key
That is stronger and sturdier
Than steel or brass.
From mithril and a mold
We can make this key
With a hammer that's held
In the Halls of Skorgrim.

With Lorniel we went
To unlock the gate
Then she searched the slain
For a sign of her dad.
We fought off trolls
And tried to reach
The very door
Of the vile stronghold.

Mordirith then made
A malicious entry
With Golodir dragged in the dirt.
Then Lorniel he slew
With a slice so cruel
To leave Golodir with guilt and grief.

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Book 8 – Scourge of the North

With Lorniel's loss
Laerdan advised
That we find the arms
Filched from Golodir.
Three ambassadors
We brought to an end
To take back his shield,
Mail shirt, and sword.

Ere we gave the gear
To Golodir we had
To repair the damage
That was placed on it.
We searched for smiths
To smooth the dents
And reshape the sword
To be sharp and true.

Then back in Carn Dûm,
The blight of the North,
We returned to tear
Our terrible foe.
Then Golodir drove
Dunûchar home
To send Mordirith
To Mordor the dark.

The Scourge of the North
To the nether had gone
And hope we hold once more.
But the palantir was lost
As a lady quite old
Did steal it from its stand.

Book 9 – The Shores of Evendim

Sara did steal
The seeing stone
That was kept by Mordirith
The malevolent lord.
We traced her path
Through perilous ruins
Where she unmasked herself
As Amarthiel the Champ.

Three men of Mordirith
Were to march to her aid
But we found them first
To finish their plots.
We then followed our foe
With fervent strides
To Evedim
And Annúminas.

She seeks to find
Her severed ring
To regain her glory of old.
Can we find a way
To free the stone
Before the hidden finds her hand.

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Book 10 – The City of Kings

In Annúminas
She nurtured her plan
To find the ring
Of fell power.
Before we could look
For the palantir stone
We needed to take
The town from our foe.

She sought to seal
A savage deal
With the cruelest folk
We faced near the shore.
They pressed an attack
To purge our friends
From the City of Kings
And leave sad memories.

While we stopped the foes
It stalled our hunt
And Amarthiel made
The most of that time.
Yet we found a means
That could foil her hopes
And let us steal
The stone of sight.

We fought our foe
And found the stone
So we took the terrible tool.
Yet Laeradan was lost
As we left the place
Where Amarthiel made her plans.

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Book 11 – Prisoner of the Free Peoples

The scouts had seen
No sign of our foes
So we warned them to watch
The ways with care.
In Tinnudir our guest
Soon tore from his cell
And killed the guards
That kept him there.

We mourned those lost
By laying out stones
Then learned of the road
The ravagers did take.
We followed them east
To the fords of Bruinen
To search the land
For a sign of the ring.

In our search we found a home
Whose cellar hid a book
That spoke of keys
That were kept well hidden.
When we unlocked the door
Into Delossad we went
Where Narmaleth was kept
From the knowledge of the wise.

We learned the truth
Of the troubles we had
When Laerdan did hide his love.
His daughter he kept
In Delossad away
To evade the vengeance of the elves.

Book 12 – The Ashen Wastes

We returned to the city
On the south of the lake
To look for the place
Where Laerden was held.
We learned he was moved
To the land of dread
So to Angmar we went
Into the ashen wastes.

We stole the gate key
That was kept by a troll
Then rescued Laerdan
Who languished in a cell.
We learned of the ring
And raided its home
But only half was stored
In the stash of the keep.

The ring had been split
To spite our foes
So our quest we cannot quit.
To Forochel we go
Into the frozen wastes
To find a trace of the terrible ring.

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Book 13 – Frigid Forochel

Frigid Forochel
The frozen waste
Was a place where ice
Paralyzed the ground.
We spoke with Lassi
Of the Lossoth race
To learn what news
Would to Narquil lead.

We faced three tasks
To test our worth:
Strength and stamina
So we could stay alive,
Plus wisdom to show
The way to survive.
To make us ready
For Mordrambor's wrath.

From a seer named Saija
We sought advice
That led to a ship
That was shattered in ice.
There Arvedui, the king
That left vacant the throne,
Haunted the shore
Of the shivering bay.

We followed the trail
To a frozen cave
Where an elf had sheltered
After his ship's demise.
Yet Angmar's agents
Were able to stay
A step ahead
In our hopeless quest.

We faced our foe
On a floor of ice
As Saija the seer transformed.
A new master had Modrambor,
So Amarthiel he fought
As we plucked the precious Narquil.

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Book 14 – The Ring-forges of Eregion

We have the ring
That was riven in two
Which must be melted
In the moldering forges.
Before we went,
To the west we were sent
To prepare for the road
To where the rings were made.

Yet this was a trick
To make us travel far
So Laerdan could leave
Alone to the south.
He sought to repair
The powerful ring
In hopes to restore
His estranged daughter.

We sought to learn
The lore of the rings
And found that the fires
Of the forge would need
The bellows of old
To breathe on the flames
And a tool to shape
The terrible ring.

A step behind
We stayed in our quest
And Angmar was first
To find the tools
We then headed south
To the heart of the forges
To stop Amarthiel
From making the ring.

We fought through the forges
And found at the heart
That Amarthiel remade
Her malevolent ring.
Yet just as she raised
A jubilant shout
Mordirith returned
As the master of the north.

Mordirith was strong
And struck down his rival
And the ring was ripped from her hand.
Laerdan was killed –
A loss that freed
Narmaleth from the need of Narchuil.

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Book 15 – Daughter of Strife

Amarthiel was freed
From the mastering ring
And was named once more
Narmaleth the elf.
Yet what could we do
And where could we go
To save the land
From the lash of Angmar?

One hope remained
To heal the north
And drive out the darkness
That dwelt in Angmar.
We thus retrieved
The trusty blade
That stabbed the wraith
On the stairs of the keep.

Yet first we found
At a fiery lake
Mordrambor who kept
The cruel ring.
When we fell our foe
Narm flung the ring
Into the pool of fire
To free her mine.

Yet Mordirith remained
In the maze of fear
So deeper we went
To defeat the wraith.
He summoned the visions
Of Sara and more
To make us despair
With madness and grief.

Our strength did stand
And we stilled the visions
So our foe did come
To fight our group.
Then when all seemed lost
Laerdan's daughter
Spent her strength
To strike the blow.

Our foe is defeated
And the foulness cleansed
The crown of iron has collapsed.
Yet a price must be paid
To purge the filth
So Narmaleth's spirit was spent.

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The Mines of Moria

Prologue – Durin’s Bane

In the days of Durin
The dwarves did mine
In the kingdom they called
Rich Khazad-dûm.
They mined for mithril,
A metal most light
Yet strong as steel
And stainless as gold.

Yet rumors did ring
Around the land
That little was left
Of the lovely ore.
So elves arrived
To rightly learn
The state of the mines
Where the metal was found.

To end the doubt
Durin announced
That they newly found
A fruitful vein.
But when they opened the shaft
A shaking announced
A blight of old:
A balrog of Morgoth.

On that day
Durin the Sixth
Died in the depths of the delving.
So Khazad-dûm
Was called thenceforth
The malignant Mines of Moria.

Book 1 – The Watcher in the Water

The mines lay empty
For many a year
Till Balin did delve
Into the dwarven home.
But naught was heard
From the noble dwarf
So the Garrison of Iron
Came in greater force.

The entry was blocked
Till we broke the stones
That covered the door
To Durin’s realm.
Yet the watcher did wake
When the work was done
Thus forcing a flight
From the fabled realm.

Then we found a weapon
From the wars of old
Whose legend did leave
A legacy of might.
This spear will pierce
The impregnable flesh
Of the mighty monster
Of the Misty’s waters.

We drove the beast
Into depths unknown
The Door of Durin is open.
Does Balin yet live
To bring us hope?
Are the Mines of Moria now safe?

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Book 2 – The Heart of Fire

We searched the records
For rumors of old
That spoke of an Axe
Of especial might.
Of mithril it was made,
That majestic ore
That brought the dwarves
To the depths of Moria.

Yet where was it made
And what was its fate?
Could the axe be found
At the forge it was made?
In the Hoard of Words
On weathered sheets
We learned the lore
To unlatch the way.

To find the door
We dared to face
The goblins that lived
And gathered below.
The maps we stole
Did make it clear
That a secret place
Was plundered not.

To the empty spot
We sped at once
And found the forge's door.
No axe did wait
In the Way of Smiths
But we found the Heart of Fire.

Book 3 – The Lord of Moria

The Twenty-first Hall
Was teaming with dwarves
Who strove to strengthen
Their stretch of the mines.
A battered book
We found in the ruins
That bore the fate
Of Balin's folk.

To avoid their fate
We must find some dwarves
To purge the Halls
Of the Hand of White.
Few joined the raid
But we ridded the mines
Of Ashpar who ruled
The Redhorn Lodes.

Victory was ours,
We vanquished the Hand
But they were not the main threat.
Mazog did rule
The Moria orcs
And he was the Bane of Balin.

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Book 4 – Fire and Water

To avoid the failure
That fell on Balin
A plan we'll need
To prepare for war.
We must scout the halls
And scrounge for bars
And supply our stores
Lest we starve within.

Yet hope is found
In the fateful book
For it spoke of a weapon
Of especial might.
We searched the plaques
Placed at the doors
In the Water Works
Where the Watcher dwells.

We opened the doors
And delved inside
Into the dark and dank
And dangerous realm.
We opened gates
And gredbyg fought
Till we found Bróin
And the fairest axe.

Then the waters roiled
As the watcher returned
For we found the foul beast's lair.
We drove away
The dreadful beast
And freed the famished Bróin.

Book 5 – Drums in the Deep

Bróin did beg
That we bury the axe
For it carried a curse
Both cruel and sweet.
But Bori was sure
The silvered axe
Would instead do harm
To the hordes of orcs.

He led a raid
To rout the orcs
From the mighty hold
Where Mazog dwelt.
But Gorothúl gave
A grievous blow
So in Zabagathol
Zigilburk was lost.

We fled the halls
That felled our plans
To warn the dwarves
Of war and fire.
We must protect
The targets three
From the hordes of orcs
That harry our steps.

We defended the Deep-way
And the forges did save
Then turned to the Twenty-first Hall.
Our foes we stopped
But to stamp them out
We must call for elven aid.

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Book 6 – The Shadowy Abyss

We reached the light
And Lórien found
Where a plea we gave
For the Garrison Dwarves.
After testing our worth
They told us they sent
A team of elves
Into the terrible dark.

They started their study
In the stony foundation
Where nameless and nasty
Nightmares did dwell.
For the Lórien elves
We learned that Mazog
Sought to build his forces
With the fungal hordes.

We scoured the depths
Of the skyless realm
And found a hat
That fell from above.
From Gandalf it came
When he gave his life
To let his fellows
Flee from the mines.

We found new devilry
In the Foundations of Stone
Where foes summoned a fiend.
This plot we stopped
To stem the spread
Of darkness in Durin's old dwelling.

Book 7 – The Leaves of Lórien

We left the mines
And to Lórien returned
To find the friends
Of the fallen wizard.
We hunted orcs
That haunted the wood
And leaned of the grief
Of the Garrison of Iron.

They sent us back
To the baleful dark
Where we found a garden
Fouled by the deep.
A caerog did creep
From the cracks below
Forcing us to face
A foe from the dark.

The garden did give
A gift we needed
As it led to the lair
Of the leader of the orcs.
We trod the path
And trounced the orcs
Then found the seat
Of savage Mazog.

We caught the chief
At his chair unguarded:
Mazog a prisoner we made.
Can we use this chance
To change the fate
Of the dwarves who dwell in Moria?

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Book 8 – Scourge of Khazad-dûm

We have the head
Of the horde of orcs
That foul the caves
Of Khazad-dûm.
But we cannot leave
These cruel dens
Till we break the relics
That blight these halls.

The first we found
In foulest dens
Where merrovail marred
The mirrors of old.
We changed their courses
And cleaned their sheets
To shine the light
In Lumal-nar.

Then deep we delved
As we dared to seek
The second relic
In the river dark.
We restarted the wheels
That were stilled by our foes
Then broke the relic
Of ruin and dread.

We found in the depths
In the final relic
And broke the bane of dwarves.
The relics are cleared
So we're ready to head
From Moria to the Mirkwood at last.

Book 9 – Fortress of the Nazgûl

We alighted from our boat
At the landing in Mirkwood
Where shadow did send
Shivers down our back.
Our charge was to take
The churlish Mazog
Into the deepest woods
To Dol Guldor.

We slogged through a swamp
Sickened with death
Where light did lure
Our leader to the West.
Then we trekked through webs
That wasted our strength
To leave our charge
Chilled with venom.

We sought a cure
In the silent tombs
And revived the villain
Of vicious bent.
We then made a deal
At the dreadful gate
But the trade did end
In betrayal and death.

We broke into the keep
And Bori did save
Our friend was free at last.
Then Bróin slew Mazog
With the Mithril axe
To end his reign of ruin.

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Epilogue – Returning the Axe

We returned the axe
To the treasury old
To cure the curse it held.
With solid stone
We sealed the passage
So the silvered axe could sleep.