



fimir

A Supplement to the Old World Bestiary



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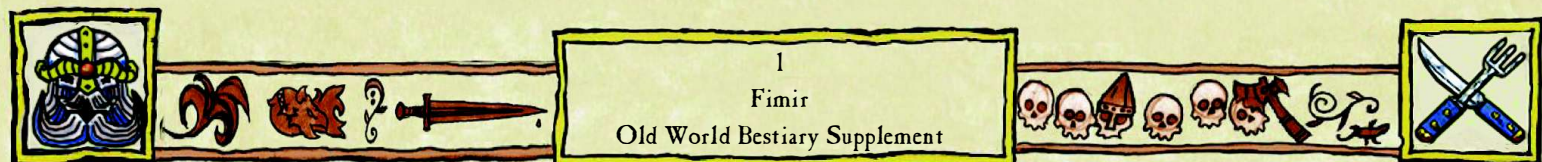
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COMMON VIEW

"Marienburgers travel north only by sea and with good reason. The Cursed Marshes stretch out about their city like a vast wound. When the wind blows southerly, you can almost gag from the decay if you aren't prepared for it. Mutants live in the marshes, as do other, worse beings. The Dwellers in the Mist they call them and always they make the Sign of the Hammer if they must speak of them. I don't know anything about them other than this: herbs from the Cursed Marches are worth a fortune, yet a fistful of Guilders can't convince a Marienburger to visit the swamp a mere hour from his door. Think on that."

—KASTAR HANDLIN,
TRAVELLING MERCHANT

"Aye, I've fought them. The damned Fog Dwellers. The Fimir. They come with the mist. Always with the mist. They have but one eye, but they miss little with those burning orbs. You've got to watch out for their tails, too. One of my lads, name of Karlfried, poor soul got himself disemboweled by a bladed tail swipe. It's certainly true they steal women. In fact, they're desperate for 'em. One time, I was guarding a caravan and we were jumped by a pack of Fimir. They ignored us and the goods to grab a couple of women and make a run for it. I could hear the girls' screams as they disappeared into the swamp... I still hear them, some nights."

—ERNST WOLFENBURG, MERCENARY

"They are Chaos spawned blasphemies. Degenerate beasts that steal our women folk off to their marshy lairs to bear their horrid spawn. They traffic with daemons and revel in their damnation. It is fortunate, indeed, that they mostly keep to their stinking swamps, but their terrible need for 'breeding stock' sometimes brings them to our very doorsteps. When such a time comes, hold to your courage and remember that a single large blazing eye makes for an excellent target."

—RUPRECHT TORE, WITCH HUNTER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"The records of the Elves and Dwarfs hold that the area now known as the Wastelands was, thousands of years go, a paradise. Marshy in places, true, but abundant with rare beauty and fecund with life. A curious race dwelt there, an ancient people who had some limited contact with the Elves. 'Fayros Thron Kai' the Elves called them, 'The One-Eyed Ones'.

For an age they dwelt in peace, keeping to themselves and neither race has much to say of them until the coming of Chaos.

Little is recorded of their fate other than that they fought 'a terrible war' against some mysterious foe. Though they were eventually victorious a terrible cataclysm struck them down and they fell into darkness."

—HEINRICH MALZ,
HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN

"Ahhhhh, the Fimir. Now there is a damned race if ever there was one. Some foes should not be fought unless you are willing to sacrifice all and victory can sometimes come at a very high cost, indeed. So it was, and remains, with the Fimir.

They fought a great war with the Skaven, when the world was young, battling through the swamps and marshes that both races laid claim to. Though the Fimir had to turn to daemons for aid in the end, they won. But the Horned Rat does not like to lose and in vengeance for his people, he cursed them to die. The females of the Fimir race have always been the stronger and as the males sickened and died, they lived on though they had been rendered sterile. Knowing that their race was doomed if they did not act, once again they turned to their patron daemons for an answer, which they were granted, after a fashion. They steal women because men seldom survive the transformation process and even if they do, the Horned Rat's curse lingers yet. Aye, Magister, the stolen women don't give birth to Fimir, they are the Fimir."

—DR. ATHREN ABOLAS, FACILITATOR OF CHANGE



FIMIR

The Fimir are a race of cyclopean humanoid swamp dwellers that fear the light of the sun, which they call 'The Great Burning Eye' in their degenerate tongue. Direct sunlight disorients them and they prefer to move about under the aegis of a mystic fog which some of their race can invoke. They are quick to put buildings that other races have discarded to their own uses. Fimir abide by a strict caste system that they are "born" into. The Fimir have great barrel chests with short legs and three-toed clawed feet that are excellent for gripping marshy ground. Their bodies appear to be flabby, but they hide deceptive strength. Their large heads are mostly hairless and taper to a noseless tusked snout. Their infamous single eyes are pupil-less and are typically coloured either amber or milky-white. They have long snake-like tails and smooth leathery hides.

FIMIR SHEARL

The worker caste of the Fimir, the Shearl are always menials and are treated little better than slaves. They have a smaller build than the Fimm and smooth tails.

- Shearl Statistics -

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	12	42	35	22	20	20	15

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Fimir), Perception, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Unsettling.

Special Rules:

- *Fear the Great Burning Eye:* Fimir Shearls in direct sunlight lose the effects of the Fearless Talent and halve both Weapon Skill and Agility (rounded down).

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Average

FIMIR FIMM

The warrior caste of the Fimir, the Fimm have bladed tails covered with bony knobs, which they can use to great effect. They have far better equipment than the Shearls and always lead Fimir raids.

- Fimm Statistics -

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	22	57	50	37	20	35	25

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	21	5	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Fimir), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Natural Weapons, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Unsettling.

Special Rules:

- *Be Wary of the Great Burning Eye:* Fimir Fimm in direct sunlight halve both Weapon Skill and Agility (rounded down).

Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt, Helmet)

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapons or a Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Challenging





FIMIR DIRACH

The Shaman of the Fimir, the wizardly Dirach have horned heads and smooth tails. They regularly deal with swamp daemons, and all other Fimir save the Mearghs regard them with dread.

- Dirach Statistics -

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	32	47	45	32	35	40	30

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	4	4	4	2	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10, Channelling, Common Knowledge (Fimir), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore (Chaos), Dark Magic, Fast Hands, Fearless, Lesser Magic (Aegis of Mist), Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking, Strike to Injure, Unsettling.

Special Rules:

- *Be Wary of the Great Burning Eye:* See **Fimir Fimm** for rules.
- *Daemonic Patrons:* While Dirach use the Chaos Lore they are, in many ways, Shaman of their mysterious swamp daemons. Correspondingly, failures to cast a spell are, in fact, rolled on *The Wrath of the Gods* chart in the core book.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

LESSER MAGIC: AEGIS OF MIST

Casting Number: 9

Casting Time: Half Action

Ingredient: A vial of swamp water (+1)

Description: This spell weaves a patch of thick fog 3 yards in diameter per point of Magic Characteristic anywhere within your line of sight. Individuals outside of the mist cannot see through or past it. Those inside cannot see out of it. The Aegis lasts until the caster chooses to end it. Only one Aegis of Mist can be maintained at a time and it automatically ends if you take a Critical Hit.

FIMIR MEARGH

The leaders of the Fimir, Mearghs are phenomenally dangerous beings, many of which have lived centuries. All Fimir strongholds are lead by a single Meargh who will suffer no rivals till her time has come to pass on, which will lead to her soon choosing a suitable replacement. Mearghs are the only Fimir with an overtly female outward appearance. Their heads are often covered with swamp-matted tresses of mossy green or dark bluish black. They often have horns, but they are smaller than those of the Dirach. Their skin is often heavily wrinkled, due to their great age, and their tails are smooth.

- Meargh Statistics -

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
58	32	52	55	57	45	45	35

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	24	5	5	4	3	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling +10, Command, Common Knowledge (Fimir) +10, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense +10, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Search, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore (Chaos), Dark Magic, Fast Hands, Fearless, Frightening, Lesser Magic (Aegis of Mist), Lesser Magic (Aethyric Armour), Lesser Magic (Dispel), Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Special Rules:

- *Daemonic Patrons:* While Meargh use the Chaos Lore they are the chosen of the swamp daemons. Correspondingly failures to cast a spell are, in fact, rolled on *The Wrath of the Gods* chart in the core book.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

