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# THE FIMIR

## RUINOUS INHERITANCE


by Robin Low, Additional Material by Lea Crowe

*I had been struggling across the moors for many hours, having long since lost the path in the wet and dismal fog. The sodden ground sucked at my feet, the mist soaked through to my skin and I shivered, my teeth chattering with the cold. Finally, I could go no further and I dropped heavily to my knees, sinking into the icy sodden moss.*

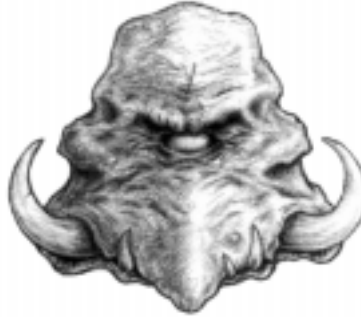
*I knelt there for I know not how long, not having the strength to move, weakening with the cold. Then, I thought I heard something: a sound, a splash of feet coming through the gloom. Men, perhaps! I forced myself to my feet in hope, trying to catch the sound again, looking wildly around me. I cried out, almost choking on the thickening, tainted mist. Someone answered, a high-pitched voice, but I could not tell from what direction it came or what was said. The fog, I thought. I called again.*

*The sound of voices became slowly louder, but still incomprehensible to me, accompanied by the sounds of feet splashing in the boggy earth. Gradually, dim shapes began to form, shapes like men.*

*But then, as they emerged from the mist, I knew that these were not men and I began to scream.*



# INTRODUCTION



Throughout the northern Old World and all around the Sea of Claws folk speak of the Fimir. Although the name Fimir is not always used, similar stories of murder, theft, abduction and bloody sacrifice are told around the communal fires of isolated fenland villages and cosmopolitan port taverns alike. Coachmen give nervous, earnest warnings to their colleagues to keep their blunderbusses ready when the mist rises across the track. Merchants bid their guards be extra wary when travelling to Marienburg through the Wasteland. Mothers threaten misbehaving children by reminding them what happened to Old Gregory's daughter when she went late to the river for water. From out over the moors, strange calls are heard when the moon is full, or at least that is what the old folk say.

In spite of all the tales, the Fimir remain a mystery. There are people who say the Fimir worship Daemons, but there are others who insist that the Fimir *are* Daemons; both beliefs are accompanied by fearful hints of suspected blasphemous atrocities. They believe the Fimir can come and go with the mist, which they can apparently turn into a choking, killing fog. Few are certain what the Fimir look like beyond having a freakish single white eye. Some claim that Fimir have horns, others that they do not, and everyone disagrees in their descriptions of Fimir tails and skin colour. Fimir captives or dead bodies always seem to vanish mysteriously before they can be brought back to civilisation, which adds to the enigma. Nobody knows what the Fimir really want or why they live in filthy stinking bogs. Nobody knows what the Fimir believe in, although word has spread of a terrible god named Balor whose eye slays all it gazes upon. The Fimir appear to prefer kidnapping women, but take men as well; the apparent bias toward the former has given rise to much cruel and lurid speculation as to their motives, but just what happens to the men who are taken? What is known about them is usually exaggerated or distorted; what is unknown is made-up, based on the cruellest and most sinister interpretations. All that is certain is that the Fimir are a mystery to be feared and hated, but mostly by those who live closest to the bleak and

lonely lands that the Fimir are believed to frequent. Of those who have lost friends and loved ones to the Fimir in the distant or recent past, only the luckiest of them have had the certainty of a battered, bloody corpse.

The reputation of the Fimir is an abominably poor one: a race of thieves, murderers, of rapists, and probably in league with Daemons. Most people know little more than that and care even less, but after all, just what *is* there to know about murderous Bog-Daemons that live in the mire except that they should be wiped out to protect civilisation? And that is if people even believe in the existence of the Fimir in the first place; not everybody does, especially in the more cosmopolitan parts of the Old World. The Fimir have become all-purpose bogeymen in popular imagination, every kind of villain rolled into one deformed and ugly package. This is not wholly unjust - by almost any Human standard the Fimir *are* evil - but it isn't the whole truth.

The only true goal of the Fimir is survival, but they can only achieve this by theft, kidnapping and murder. Their lands are often infertile, so they must raid Human settlements for food; their few females are infertile, so they must kidnap Human women as unwilling brood-mares; and, not surprisingly, Humans loathe them, so they must lurk secretly in the mist or fight and kill to stay alive. The Fimir have had to follow this terrible road for millennia now; none can foresee its end and not many more are looking for it.

Terrible though they are, the Fimir are not creatures created by the transforming touch of Chaos. They believe themselves to be the descendents of a union between a Human woman and a Daemon who had nothing in common with the truly dark Daemons of Chaos. The tales of this union, the murder of the Daemon father and the expulsion of the Fimir children from their mother's homelands form the foundation for Fimir nature, belief and behaviour, and are vital to understanding the Fimir.