

A WARPSTONE PUBLICATION

LEGION

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MORE ON THE FIMIR

HELLO

Welcome to this special issue of Legion, dedicated to the Fimir as support for the article in issue 25. Here are two origin myths for the Fimir and thoughts on the lands they inhabit. Throughout you will also find sketches from John Keane, early ideas for the illustrations in the final article. This page shows an alternative border from Mike Rooth. More sketches are found in Alfred Nuñez Jr's Warhammer Fantasy Battle 6 stats, available separately.

Record of the Old Slann

A carved crystal fragment (a significant portion is broken off and missing), translated from the Old Slann by Kerielle of Saphery, Librarian of the Tower of Hoeth:

Eyes of: Blessed Tech-Priest Goolaump
Hand of: Humble Tech-Scribe Adulp

Following the Catastrophic Gate Collapse and Annihilation of the Old Ones, surviving members of High Slann Control discussed, organised and implemented a variety of damage-control and clean-up projects. One of these was Project: Warp-Bane. The aim of P:WB was to seek and destroy intruding warp entities and limit further incursions, with a long-term goal of complete eradication and permanent control. In the short-term, P:WB involved specialist Slann and support troops, but due to resource losses this could only be

considered a holding action. It was felt that a long-term, and likely post-Slann, solution was necessary. On this basis, P:WB was expanded into a Racial Configuration Program: the Geno-Priests would construct a new race, or modify an existing one, with specific abilities to control and destroy warp entities. Once again, resource limitations meant the Geno-Priests could not build a wholly new race. It was decided that the new race would be constructed from the relatively fresh racial stock of Humans, combined with that of ourselves.

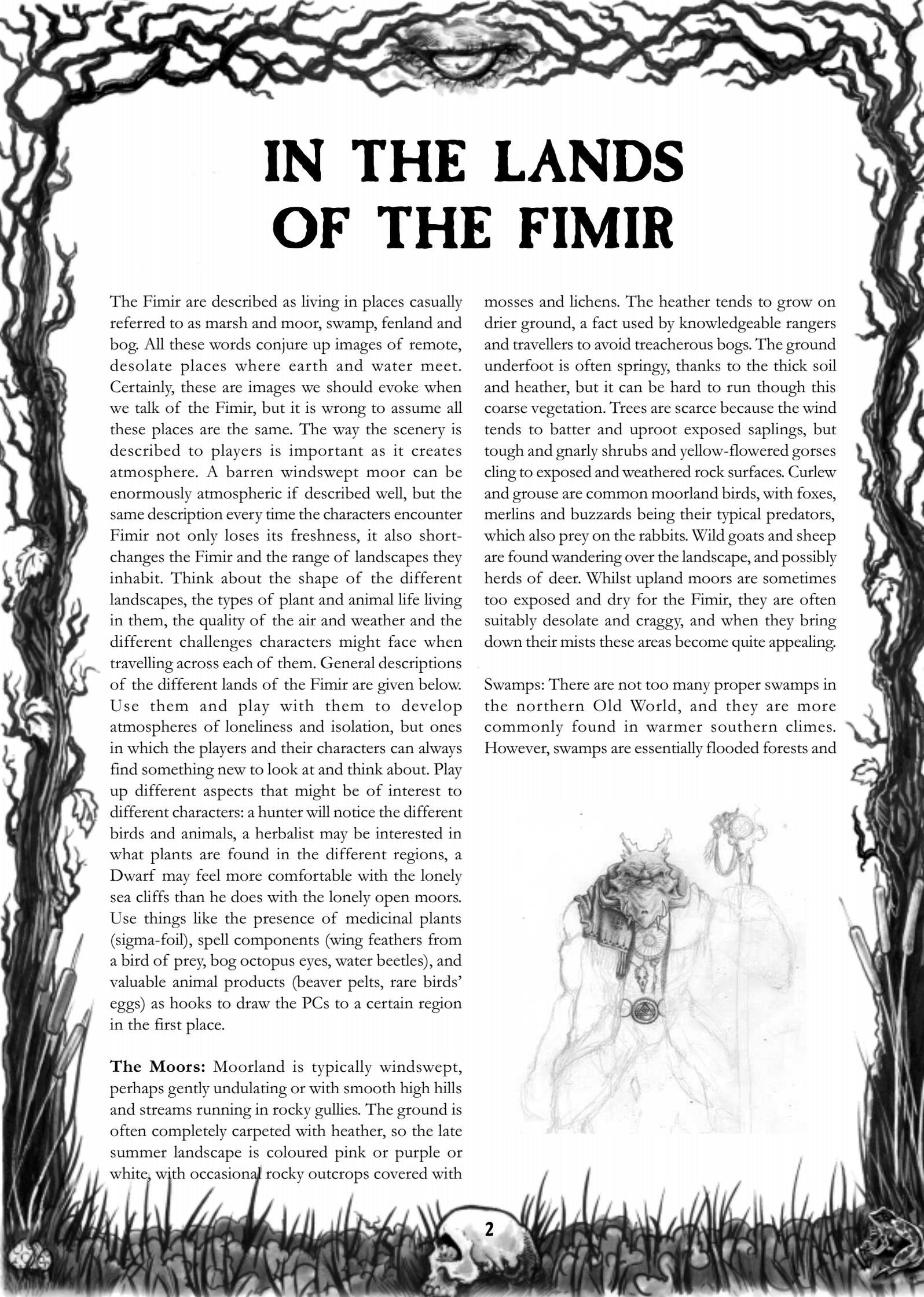
Divination Scans were targeted at larger congregations of Human tribes, specifically looking for individuals demonstrating warp-control techniques. A number of suitable specimens were identified, but one stood out as having exceptional intelligence, physical strength and warp-control abilities. Additionally, this individual was female, making her suitable for *in-utero* transformation. The Geno-Priest in charge of the project self-modified his glands to render his cells compatible with that of Humans, as well as adding in sequences identified as enhancing warp-control capabilities. It should be noted at this point that his resources and facilities were limited, and procedures were necessarily basic.

In-utero transformation involves natural coupling and birth processes. The Geno-Priest took advantage of the target female's normal interaction with warp entities to make himself known to her, and he was believed by her to be a warp entity himself. As a priest (of sorts) herself, she was to a degree isolated from others of her kind, which facilitated the interaction. At this time, support-Slann were withdrawn to work on other vital projects, in the belief that the fathering Geno-Priest could oversee the remainder of the work with a single Elf technician. With hindsight, this was a mistake... [crystal tablet broken at this point]

Editors: *The usual suspects.*

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IN THE LANDS OF THE FIMIR

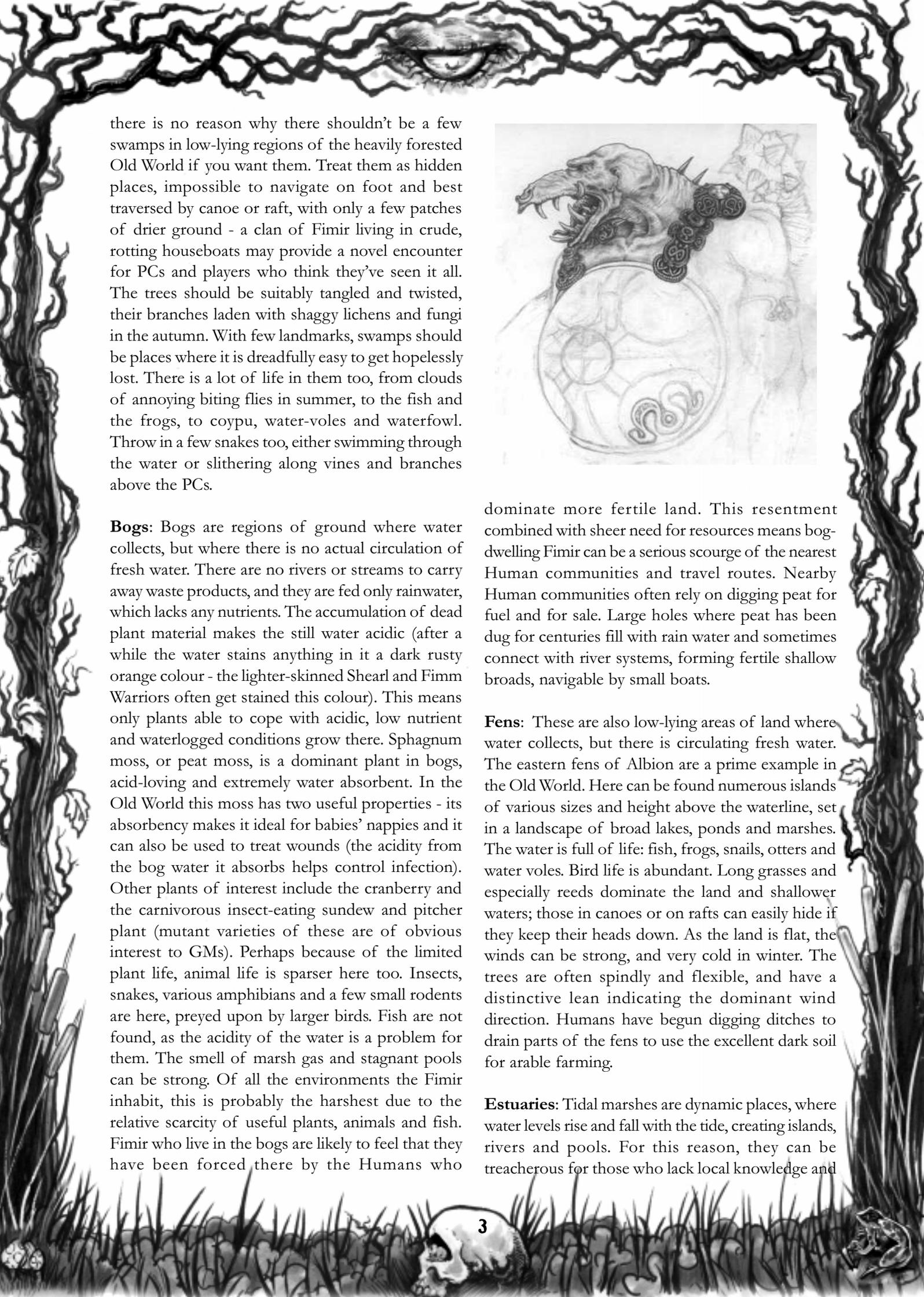
The Fimir are described as living in places casually referred to as marsh and moor, swamp, fenland and bog. All these words conjure up images of remote, desolate places where earth and water meet. Certainly, these are images we should evoke when we talk of the Fimir, but it is wrong to assume all these places are the same. The way the scenery is described to players is important as it creates atmosphere. A barren windswept moor can be enormously atmospheric if described well, but the same description every time the characters encounter Fimir not only loses its freshness, it also short-changes the Fimir and the range of landscapes they inhabit. Think about the shape of the different landscapes, the types of plant and animal life living in them, the quality of the air and weather and the different challenges characters might face when travelling across each of them. General descriptions of the different lands of the Fimir are given below. Use them and play with them to develop atmospheres of loneliness and isolation, but ones in which the players and their characters can always find something new to look at and think about. Play up different aspects that might be of interest to different characters: a hunter will notice the different birds and animals, a herbalist may be interested in what plants are found in the different regions, a Dwarf may feel more comfortable with the lonely sea cliffs than he does with the lonely open moors. Use things like the presence of medicinal plants (sigma-foil), spell components (wing feathers from a bird of prey, bog octopus eyes, water beetles), and valuable animal products (beaver pelts, rare birds' eggs) as hooks to draw the PCs to a certain region in the first place.

The Moors: Moorland is typically windswept, perhaps gently undulating or with smooth high hills and streams running in rocky gullies. The ground is often completely carpeted with heather, so the late summer landscape is coloured pink or purple or white, with occasional rocky outcrops covered with

mosses and lichens. The heather tends to grow on drier ground, a fact used by knowledgeable rangers and travellers to avoid treacherous bogs. The ground underfoot is often springy, thanks to the thick soil and heather, but it can be hard to run through this coarse vegetation. Trees are scarce because the wind tends to batter and uproot exposed saplings, but tough and gnarly shrubs and yellow-flowered gorses cling to exposed and weathered rock surfaces. Curlew and grouse are common moorland birds, with foxes, merlins and buzzards being their typical predators, which also prey on the rabbits. Wild goats and sheep are found wandering over the landscape, and possibly herds of deer. Whilst upland moors are sometimes too exposed and dry for the Fimir, they are often suitably desolate and craggy, and when they bring down their mists these areas become quite appealing.

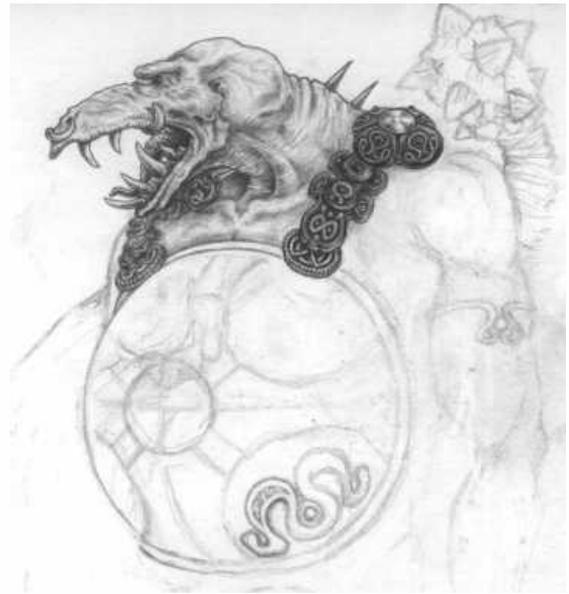
Swamps: There are not too many proper swamps in the northern Old World, and they are more commonly found in warmer southern climes. However, swamps are essentially flooded forests and





there is no reason why there shouldn't be a few swamps in low-lying regions of the heavily forested Old World if you want them. Treat them as hidden places, impossible to navigate on foot and best traversed by canoe or raft, with only a few patches of drier ground - a clan of Fimir living in crude, rotting houseboats may provide a novel encounter for PCs and players who think they've seen it all. The trees should be suitably tangled and twisted, their branches laden with shaggy lichens and fungi in the autumn. With few landmarks, swamps should be places where it is dreadfully easy to get hopelessly lost. There is a lot of life in them too, from clouds of annoying biting flies in summer, to the fish and the frogs, to coypu, water-voles and waterfowl. Throw in a few snakes too, either swimming through the water or slithering along vines and branches above the PCs.

Bogs: Bogs are regions of ground where water collects, but where there is no actual circulation of fresh water. There are no rivers or streams to carry away waste products, and they are fed only rainwater, which lacks any nutrients. The accumulation of dead plant material makes the still water acidic (after a while the water stains anything in it a dark rusty orange colour - the lighter-skinned Shearl and Fimm Warriors often get stained this colour). This means only plants able to cope with acidic, low nutrient and waterlogged conditions grow there. Sphagnum moss, or peat moss, is a dominant plant in bogs, acid-loving and extremely water absorbent. In the Old World this moss has two useful properties - its absorbency makes it ideal for babies' nappies and it can also be used to treat wounds (the acidity from the bog water it absorbs helps control infection). Other plants of interest include the cranberry and the carnivorous insect-eating sundew and pitcher plant (mutant varieties of these are of obvious interest to GMs). Perhaps because of the limited plant life, animal life is sparser here too. Insects, snakes, various amphibians and a few small rodents are here, preyed upon by larger birds. Fish are not found, as the acidity of the water is a problem for them. The smell of marsh gas and stagnant pools can be strong. Of all the environments the Fimir inhabit, this is probably the harshest due to the relative scarcity of useful plants, animals and fish. Fimir who live in the bogs are likely to feel that they have been forced there by the Humans who



dominate more fertile land. This resentment combined with sheer need for resources means bog-dwelling Fimir can be a serious scourge of the nearest Human communities and travel routes. Nearby Human communities often rely on digging peat for fuel and for sale. Large holes where peat has been dug for centuries fill with rain water and sometimes connect with river systems, forming fertile shallow broads, navigable by small boats.

Fens: These are also low-lying areas of land where water collects, but there is circulating fresh water. The eastern fens of Albion are a prime example in the Old World. Here can be found numerous islands of various sizes and height above the waterline, set in a landscape of broad lakes, ponds and marshes. The water is full of life: fish, frogs, snails, otters and water voles. Bird life is abundant. Long grasses and especially reeds dominate the land and shallower waters; those in canoes or on rafts can easily hide if they keep their heads down. As the land is flat, the winds can be strong, and very cold in winter. The trees are often spindly and flexible, and have a distinctive lean indicating the dominant wind direction. Humans have begun digging ditches to drain parts of the fens to use the excellent dark soil for arable farming.

Estuaries: Tidal marshes are dynamic places, where water levels rise and fall with the tide, creating islands, rivers and pools. For this reason, they can be treacherous for those who lack local knowledge and



understanding. Here, saltwater meets fresh, and this brings plant life that can survive the changes. As well as fish and seabirds, there are crabs and shellfish. Underfoot is a thick matting of dead grasses and seaweeds, fish bones, dead crab legs and carapaces and seashells. The smell of salt, rotting seaweed and dead fish is strong in the air. As entry points to the sea, estuaries are often sites of Human settlements taking advantage of ships coming from inland out to sea and *vice versa*, and this might make them a focus of Fimir raids. However, salt marshes are of no use for growing crops, so farming communities do not develop here.

Sand Dunes: Large, deeply undulating dune complexes are fantastically atmospheric places. The sandy dunes are often high with very steep sides. Deep hollows (called 'slacks') form between the peaks and when you're in one, it seems that you're cut off from the outside world as the surrounding dunes block even the sound of the wind coming in off the sea. The silence can be terribly eerie, but the sensation of utter isolation is enormously appealing to the Fimir. The dunes are held together by the deep roots of densely-growing maram grass with its sharp-edged leaves, as well as many other grasses, and dotted over with sea holly, yellow-flowered evening primrose and pink-flowered sea stock. In summer, the dunes are alive with insects, grasshoppers, butterflies and moths. Rabbits and nesting sea birds, lizards and even hedgehogs are found here. Few Fimir permanently settle in dune

complexes, but the more nomadic clans may overwinter in the dunes when the mists roll in off the grey seas to settle over the hills and hollows. Dunes are notoriously dangerous to burrow into (unless you're a rabbit), usually collapsing onto anyone foolish enough to try. However, an earth elemental can stabilize a tunnel system for a time.

Cliffs: Battered by winds at the top, showered with salt spray at the bottom and often terribly cold along the Sea of Claws, cliffs are seemingly inhospitable yet often covered with life. There are nesting seabirds by the hundreds if not thousands, small snakes, lizards (eating eggs, no doubt) and insects on the cliff face, not to mention crabs and snails and other sea animals in rock pools at the bottom. The rock is often covered with lichens, tough mosses and heathers, and other hardy flowering plants (as well as thick masses of bird droppings which some enterprising souls gather for fertilizer); at the base of the cliff seaweeds of red, green and dark brown cling in rubbery clumps, full of small snails, some of them edible. Centuries of waves smashing into the rock can open up crevices, working them into passages and caves where the Fimir or worse creatures crawling from the sea may be found. This is another bleak landscape, but a noisy, lively one as the winds and waves crash against the rock and the seagulls call and screech.



A Skaven's Tale

The Horned Rat and the Great Lord of Chaos Nurgle have always been the best of friends. During the Time of Chaos, they spent years together sorting and sifting through the flotsam and jetsam of the world, trying to outdo one another with the interesting titbits they found lurking in its cracks. They worked together on creating wonderful new diseases and afflictions for the Skaven to carry through their tunnels to every known land, laughing and smiling at each success, learning from every failure.

One day, the two gods had nothing in particular to do, and were on the point of becoming bored when Nurgle suggested a game, more of a contest really: to see which of them could shave the most Skaven in an hour. The Horned Rat thought this an excellent idea, and the pair went straightaway to the nearest Skavenhold. Nurgle bunged up all but two openings with dirty old rags, and the Horned Rat put his mouth to one opening and blew hard until all the Skaven rolled and tumbled down the passages and popped out the remaining hole. With the dazed Skaven in a huge heap between them, the gods set their hourglass and began shaving.

The Horned Rat was armed with his mighty sword, its single razor edge made of thousands of incisors pulled from the jaws of the greatest Skaven heroes and warriors to have passed beyond; Nurgle wielded a short, blunt and rusty knife, its handle bound round and round with greasy string. The Horned Rat shaved his Skaven with finesse, Nurgle with gusto. The Horned Rat's sword slid neatly along tail and under armpit, barely leaving hint of a nick or shaving rash, and he was soon in the lead, piling up Skaven nude as they the day they popped from the womb. Nurgle, despite his immense enthusiasm, had less success with his rusty blade. He lopped off ears, mutilated tail-ends and made such a mess of turning each Skaven head that he always gouged out one eyeball.

Of course, the Horned Rat won, as he always does in the end. Nurgle was disappointed in his performance, but the Lord of Decay has always been a good sport and was not bitter about it. He immediately had another suggestion for a different game to play, this time involving rotten old vegetables, worms and any Elves they could find.

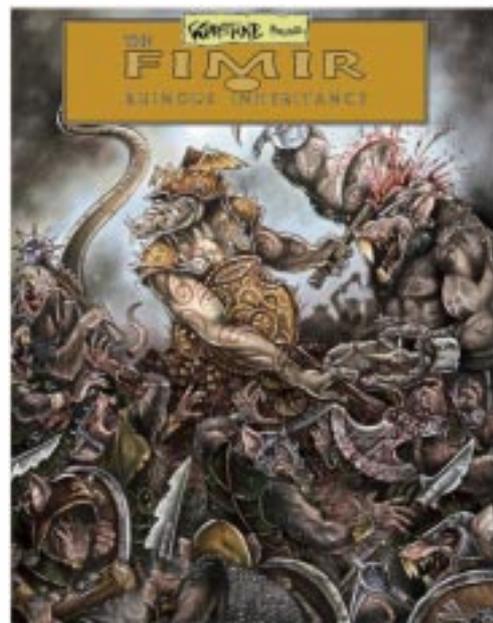
As the gods wandered off, the shaved Skaven picked themselves up and dusted off the furry shavings. The Skaven shaved by the Horned Rat shivered a little, but the sun was bright and they were not too cold as they

hurried off to unblock the openings to their Skavenhold. However, the Skaven who had been shaved by Nurgle were in a sorry state. Bleeding, earless and with only one eye left each, they fled from the sun, scared and confused. Nurgle's sickly touch infected them through their wounds and changed them in many ways: their skins changed colour, their bellies became swollen and they all became very, very stupid. Whilst the hair grew back on the Skaven shaved by the Horned Rat, those held in Nurgle's mucky palm remained hairless for the rest of their days. In time, Nurgle's shaven stopped being Skaven altogether, and the real Skaven forced them out of the Skavenhold, up into the world of men.

And that, my little ratlings, is how the Fimir came into being.



sketch for unused art



early draft of cover layout