

Fimir Warriors

To isolated and lonely settlements on fog-shrouded fen and swamp, from the hinterlands of the Empire to the edges of far Cathay, the Fimir are a creature of horrific legend made manifest. Cold and cruel and mightier than any man, with a single baleful eye atop a pointed snout bristling with jagged fangs, to some these scaled nightmares are daemons incarnate, but the truth is much stranger and darker.

Once when all the world was fog-shrouded and dark, legend has it that these cyclopean fiends ravaged the Old World in mighty warbands, tearing down the cities of the High Elves and struggling in bloody conflict with the wild men who dwelt in the lands that would millennia later become the Empire long before Sigmar arose there. For centuries they roared the praises of the dark gods of Chāos and many creatures, now long forgotten, were butchered on their gore-splattered altars. Then their time came to an end, the world changed and the fickle lords of Chaos abandoned them to a slow lingering death amid their crumbling fortresses and lost glory.

Now the dwindling Fimir, degenerate and malign, are reduced to plotting petty raids within their forlorn strongholds and nursing bitter hatred for those that now rule where once they were masters. Larger and more ferocious than their sorcerous Draich brethren, with tails tipped with huge bony clubs, the Fimir are mighty warriors, their deathly yellow-grey flesh all but immune to pain so that each can shrug off blows that would kill a man outright. They now march forth from the few remaining hidden Fimir holds under dense blankets of fog—summoned and controlled by primitive talismans forged in blood and bronze by the Draich and their foul matriarchs, their goal to tear the warm-blooded screaming from their shattered homes and holdfasts.

Few wizards possess the means to call forth the Fimir from their places of hiding—for these creatures swore ancient oaths of service to the daemons of Chaos which were committed to binding scrolls of flayed skin in the blood of races long since extinct, and fewer still dare to use them. Those that possess this dark knowledge though can summon forth black armoured warbands of the Fimir to walk the Old World once more, leaving nothing but death and destruction in their wake.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Fimir	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry	3-12	75 each
Fimir Noble	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	4	8	Monstrous Infantry	*	*

EQUIPMENT

Great Weapon & Heavy Armour (this combines with the Fimir's scaly skin for a 4+ Armour save).

OPTIONS

- **Fimir Noble*** 15 points
One Fimir may be upgraded to a Fimir Noble with the profile shown above.
- **Two Hand Weapons** Free
All Fimir in the unit may exchange their great weapons for two hand weapons.

SPECIAL RULES

Scaly Skin (6+), Swamp Strider, Tail Attack (S5), Ambushers, Cold Blooded & From the Mist.

Cold Blooded: Fimir roll 3D6 for all Leadership tests and discard the highest dice.

From the Mist

(Bound Spell, Power Level equal to 4+ for a unit of three or less Fimir, or 3+ for a unit larger than three. Remains in play):

Fimir travel within a dense mist to conceal their bestial nature, protect themselves from the sun's blinding rays and the sight of the Dark Gods. If this spell is successfully cast then all ranged and melee attacks targeting the Fimir unit suffer an additional -1 to hit modifier and the Fimir unit can force any unit declaring a charge against it to re-roll its charge distance.