

Razorbills

COMMON VIEW

<spits> "There's nothin' I hates more than those bloody Razorbills. Me Nan used to have this little cottage up in Nordland. Lovely place it was. Used to keep sheep an' chickens there. Anyhow, it was all fine 'til those birds moved in. Great big flock of 'em landed one year about a mile off. She never noticed to begin with – just kept a better eye on her stock, makin' sure those things weren't off with 'em. But then the bloody birds started nestin' proper, and suddenly they went mad! Swoopin' all over the place! Attacked me Nan whenever she left the house. I reckon she was soon too afraid to leave her home. When I got up there later that autumn, all was left was an empty cottage. I reckon they'd eaten her! There's nothin' I hates more than those bloody Razorbills! To Mórr with all of 'em!" <spits>

– BURGL KRAFSTEIN, CROFTER

'What is the point of a bird that is so stringy!'

– BLASCO SICULO, ESTALIAN CHEF

'You've got to be pretty careful of yer animals iffing you be livin' by a colony o' Razors. Just after their chicks ha' hatch'd, they ha' a lot o' hungry mouth ta feed, and iffing the fishin' be lean, they'll be aefter yer livestock. They even come aefter us iffing they be desperate enough. Ten year back, Janz lost his youngest to 'em, may Sigmar bless 'is poor wee soul. They just hopped up to the crib and stole off with the poor child while 'is wife's back was turned. Never forgave hersel'. She said she could hear Jutte cryin' by the cliffs. Died soon aefter, she did. But nets do keep 'em out, as does a swift hammer to thar head!'

– HERMUT SCHIEMANN, POTTER

'Listen to me! They ain't stupid, d'ya hear?! We was playing by the cliffs, mindin' our own business, like. It wasn't our fault one fell off the cliff! We wasn't slingin' stones at them or anyfin'! But they still came for us. Squawkin! Hunned of 'em! Killed Jaque. Pecked Crepin's eyes right out... I never go near the cliffs now. They'll see me coming...'

– ROGET HOUSSIN, FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

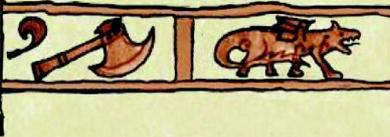
They're just like any other bird: really thick! All you need do is carry a broom and you'll be safe. Y'see, they attack the highest point, swooping down and nipping at whatever they think is threatening their chicks – which is anything within a couple of miles of their nests. So, hold the broom up high, and they'll swoop down and hit that instead. Careful they don't knock it out your hands now...

– DAFEN MAURER, EGG COLLECTOR

'According to an Elven text I secured from the libraries of Lord Baragain, the Razorbill used to be a far more benign species. However, during the Great War, when the Aethyric energies of the world waxed and the Ruinous Forces swept the land, a colony of birds in Norsca fell into the expanding Realm of Chaos. The effects were immediate and permanent. Their bloodlust increased, their taste for flesh multiplied, and they gained a previously undemonstrated pack mentality. Soon, the text claims, the local coasts were cleared of competing raptors, and the species expanded quickly. Now, there can be no doubting the success of the Razorbill, for there is no longer a coast in the Old World where they do not gather.

– SIGO BENTELE, MAGISTER OF THE LIGHT ORDER





RAZORBILLS

Razorbills are voraciously carnivorous birds that gather in great coastal colonies of several thousand. They attack any creature that comes too close to their nests by swooping and pecking, often in flights of several score. Normally they are solitary predators that hunt by scooping fish from the sea, but during hard times they gather in large flocks, combining their strength to bring down larger prey.

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An Unofficial Supplement to the Old World Bestiary



- Razorbill Statistics -

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	12%	22%	28%	10%	18%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	1	2	2 (8)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim +10%

Talents: Excellent Vision, Fearless, Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Very Sharp Beak

Slaughter Margin: Easy

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