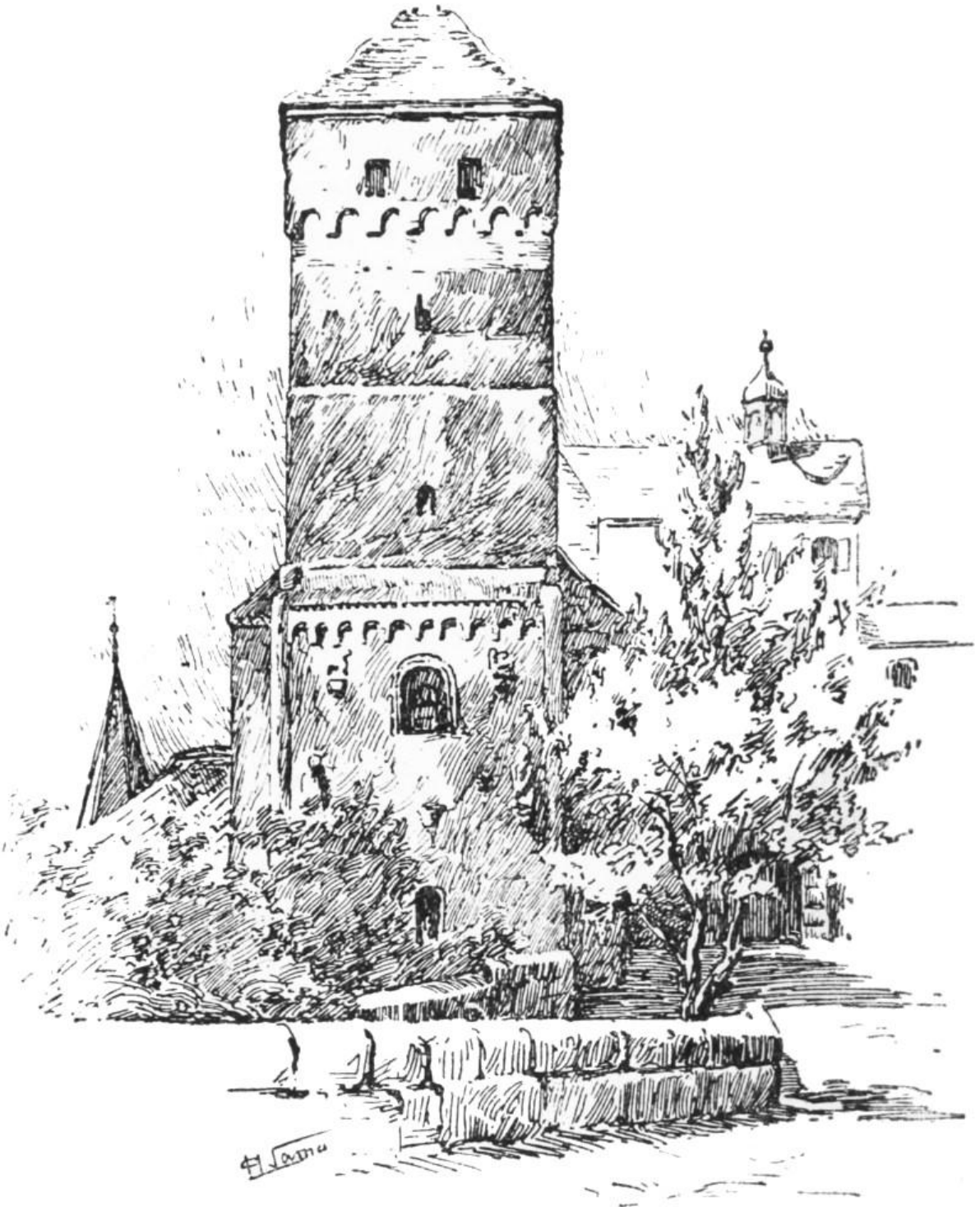


The Legacy of Tibor Brochi



An adventure for 2nd Edition WFRP by Hectorius.

Introduction

This adventure consists of seven main parts. Each is a 'major' element, but can be padded out in between with subquests, or random encounters. It begins in Nuln, decadent centre of culture in the Empire.

Part 1 puts the adventurers in possession of a dull painting that has been the subject of some critical debate. –So why are the Templars of Morr so annoyed with it, and why are the Celestial College so eager to buy it?

Parts 2-6 see the party in desperate flight across the Empire, pursued by the stone faced killers of Morr. But is this a conspiracy, or the inexorable working of prophecy?

Slowly, they should become aware that they are mixed up in the affairs of Church, College prophecy and prediction –and the author, the genius madman Tibor Brochi.

Finally, in Part 7 the party arrive in Middenheim- where the undead monster Brochi waits for them. -But how can they defeat someone who literally knows every move that you are going to make before you make it?

GM Note: This is not a tightly scripted adventure. It is intended that the Referee run other scenarios in between-All the GM has to ensure is that they are always in possession of the painting, and that every so often, their journey is interrupted by one the next scene.

This is a completely unofficial, fan-written adventure for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 2nd Edition.

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Part 1The Gallery

In NuIn, one of the great cultural Centres of the Empire, there is to be an exhibition of famous paintings. It will be the cultural event of the Season, and after the elite have viewed it, there will be a public display.

Although the *Great Galleria*, built by the Tilean architect Normano Fostero, is a flamboyantly 'traditional' building, it is still magnificent, crammed with the valuables and loot of a thousand years.

Dress codes:

No one is going to be allowed into the *Great Galleria* wearing filthy armour, and carrying a big, rusty zweihander.

The Major-domo on the door will not allow anyone in, unless properly dressed- Silks, cambrics, fine linens, and NO armour. Even the staff are expected to dress smartly, and not wear armour.

Weaponry is allowed, but no more than a dagger, and a gentleman's light town sword.

The Party may be guests, or (more likely) temporary security and waiting staff.

Picketing outside the main entrance, and loudly decrying the whole thing as a diversion from the true and right path (of morbid preparation for death) is a vocal group of nuns from the Temple of Morr. –which is a bit weird, as the Morrites don't usually trouble themselves with such things.

The other curious thing is the large number of Celestial Wizards, who rarely bother with worldly matters either. They seem to be awaiting something as well.

With the wealthy elite inside, but their bodyguards and City Watch keeping the protesters out, there is little room for conflict as the nobility mingle.

On the last day of viewing, which is open to the (well dressed and wealthy) members of the public, all hell breaks loose. Dozens of Morrite fanatics attack the gallery, overwhelming all in their path. The rather unworldly Celestials return fire, but the riot is only a distraction.

Inside the Gallery, the party blunder into a small team of burglars, who have come to steal a boring landscape painting entitled. '*Middenheim from the East by twin moonlight* ' by Archimede Fantabulosa.

Anyone who has been listening to the guides, or has any Academic Knowledge (Arts) will know that Fantabulosa was a pioneer of the '*Realistica*' school about two hundred years ago.-Quite competent, but by no means the greatest of the school. The painting is a curiosity, and it is recorded that the Elector of Middenheim had

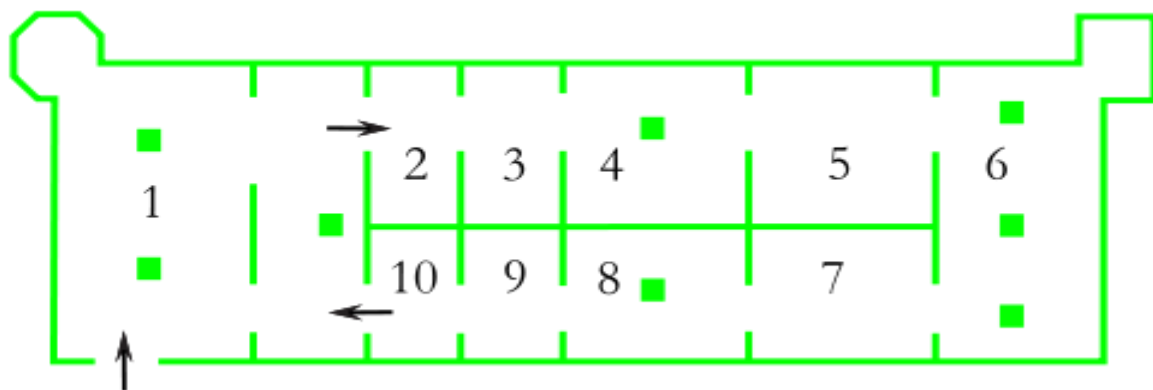
refused to pay for it, which is why the artist sold it to another buyer. It has only recently been rediscovered, and borrowed by the Elector for her exhibition.

GM's Note: *Any party member who has seen Middenheim will note the technical competence of this dull painting, and the glaring fault-The painter has placed a tall grey tower, of significant height, in the South of the City. It isn't actually there. It may improve the composition, but it's not 'realistica'.*

There is no obvious reason why a team of murderous killers have come to steal it.

This is also an opportunity to have an enormous, knock down riot in a gallery full of fragile antiques.

The Grosse Galleria



A remodelled part of the Electors Palace, this is open to the elite by appointment, and to the public (the well dressed and rich part of it) on occasion.¹

1. The *Vorgewölbe* (Entrance Chamber, Foyer)
2. The *Bernsteinkabinett* (Amber Cabinet): artworks made of amber.
3. The *Elfenbeinzimmer* (Ivory Room): great variety of carved art pieces and small statues, all made from real ivory-Also some Elf artworks.
4. The *Weißsilberzimmer* (Silver Room or White Silver Room): Silver artworks, including the silver table service of Marius the Mad of Averheim.
5. The *Silbervergoldete Zimmer* (Silver Gilt Room): gilded silver as well as gold drinking vessels and works of art.
6. The *Pretiosensaal* (Pretiosa Room or Hall of Treasures): largest room, completely mirrored; most of the mirrors are silvered with mercury. Contains vessels made of colored gems and amber, mussels and ostrich eggs. Also on display is a collection of Dwarven artworks made from rock crystal.
7. The *Wappenzimmer* (Coats of Arms Room, Heraldry Room): Gilded bronze coats of arms of the Imperial and Electoral Houses, the Kislevite state coat of arms and the plate of the Solland electorate.

¹ This is a shameless borrowing/theft of the Green Vault in Dresden.

8. The *Juwelenzimmer* (Jewel Chamber): crown jewels of the Electors and rings, chains, medallions and gems. Contains also the statue "Arabyan with Emerald Cluster", the "Jewel Garniture" and the "Obeliscus Sigmaris".
9. The *Bronzezimmer* (Bronze Room): so named for the numerous Classical bronze statues as well as for modern Tilean bronze figures and figure groups.
10. The *Raum der Estalianbronzen* (Room of Estalian Bronzes).

While the brawling is keeping everyone's attention at the entrance, the raiders break in through a forgotten stairwell at the rear of the Hall of Treasures. (The alcove in room 6)

There should be enough raiders to keep the whole party busy, especially because they are **not** going to be heavily armed or armoured-it's an art gallery, not a battlefield. The raiders are not so constrained- although they are trying to be stealthy, so won't be wearing much more than light leather armour.

During the fight, a member of the party will be accosted by an elderly Tilean, who, in a very old fashioned accent, tells them to save the painting:

"Signor! Take-a da picture! It does not-a stay here! Away! "

The party should do this- yet when they look for the old Tilean later, he is nowhere to be seen, and no one knows who he was.

The party should be dismissed from the scene, (and, to add insult to injury, without pay if they were working)-They will also be harassed by the Electors' Watchmen. They want to know exactly what happened, and whether it was political or cultist.

The painting will be confiscated, and returned to the Galleria.

Since it is very unlikely that the party can contribute anything, they will eventually be thrown out.

A few days later, the party are contacted by a member of the Elector's household. The painting has to be returned to its' owner, a wealthy merchant called Gottfried von Middenheim, at his estate in Carroburg. If the party want the job, they will be well paid to transport it, and can draw on the Elector's bankers in Carroburg.

Why the party have been asked to do this may be a question.

Discreet enquiries and/or bribery will reveal that an elderly Tilean gentleman recommended them. No one seems to know his name.

Anyone who wants to investigate the painting will discover that it is reasonably valuable, entirely boring and totally non magical. The painter went on to better things, but was never much more than a competent second-rater. It has been removed from its frame, and rolled up in a protective leather tube.

Why the picture is the subject of so much attention is not known at this stage.

Morrite Cultists (Part 1)

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	33	35	35	35	30	30	50	30
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	15	3	3	3	0	0	0

Skills : Command, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Perception, Scale Sheer surface, Shadowing, Silent Move.

Talents: Mighty shot **or** Sure Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload **or** Sharpshooter, Tunnel Rat, SWG-Throwing

Trappings: Light armour, hand weapon, bow or crossbow.

Note: These characters are part of a Morrite Secret Society, the *Silentiaries of the Certain End* who are dedicated to the suppression of false prophets and astrologers. What is the point of these people, when the only *certain* fate is to meet Morr? They have a particular dislike for Celestial Wizards. They have an annoying habit of popping up when ever the party look like things are going too easily. They work in teams of six-The Morrite holy number-Just enough to carry a coffin.

The regular Morrite temples think they are a bunch of lunatics, and have disowned them, but they seem to have a significant financial backer.

They will suicide rather than speak.

Part 2: The Dwarf on the Road.

Stuck on the road, with little cash, the party pause at an old wayside shrine to an obscure Tilean Saint, Caspar the Gatekeeper, (a minor figure in Morrite lore), just outside Nuln.

The last thing the party expect is to be accosted by a Dwarf, armed, armoured, and equipped with a pack mule loaded with supplies.

“About bloody time. Five hundred and twenty two years, and finally you show up.” He says.

How the party react to this depends on them, but the Dwarf will try to attach himself to them.

He is not very forthcoming as to why he is here, but endlessly, annoyingly verbose about his clan, its ancient glories, and how important he is.

It appears that for centuries his clan have been sending someone to the old shrine in accordance with a prophecy made to them. The Dwarfs don't have much truck with stargazing and horoscopes, but have learned not to dismiss them, and certainly not to resist them.

He has a manuscript in an ancient (for Humans) Tilean script, **(Handout 1)** that is roughly translated as:

“On St Caspar’s Eve, by the Shrine of the Saint,

The Son of Grungni, Stonehewer born, shall meet

And the Image of the City of the Wolf shall be with them.”

All he will say is that the Stonehewer clan have never yet ducked a challenge, and know that if you try, bad things happen. It is best to meet such things head on and well prepared. This adventure is his chance of distinction and honour.

Dimzad Stonehewer Dwarf Noble

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	39	35	30	42	20	26	32	23
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	13	3	4	3	0	0	1 ²

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspeil+10%), Trade (Stoneworker), Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Consume Alcohol, Charm, Gamble, Read/write, Ride,

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-Born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to magic, Stout hearted, Sturdy, Etiquette, Public speaking, Savvy, Schemer

Trappings: Noble's Garb, Full mail, helmet, Axe, shield, Pack mule, Gold neck Torc worth 30GC. 10GC in cash.

Dimzad is the third son of the Thane, and has volunteered for this old (and frankly boring) duty, hoping to make a name for himself. He is a classic 'Shortbeard'- Aggressive, thin skinned, hugely proud of his clan and his Dwarf status.

Sadly, he **isn't** very experienced or actually very bright.

GM Note: *Dimzad is a chance to give the GM a little fun. He is an obnoxious, arrogant little runt, but he is of a social class that may allow him to be used as a front in investigations.*

The key point is that he was expecting the party. Somehow (and even he doesn't know all the details), it was expected that a Dwarf of the Stonehewer clan would meet the party.-but this prediction is over five hundred years old.

² Dimzad is an NPC, but he has a Fate point, as the fate of the Son of the Stonehewers is partly written already. His fate is bound up with prophecy.

Part 3- Celestial Manoeuvres in the Dark.

While resting in an anonymous wayside tavern, the party are approached by a rather furtive Celestial wizard.

Although characterised as a rather unworldly lot, this slightly seedy looking one is rather anxiously offering to buy the painting off them.

This is, of course, rather odd behaviour for a Celestial, but will also go right against Dimzads' sense of Dwarf honour.

This could play out in several ways, but whatever happens a team of hired mooks will try to waylay the party afterwards, and steal the picture. These are stock bandits/mercenaries, but the party will have the initiative. Just before the mercenaries strike, someone shouts out a warning in a strong, old fashioned Tilean accent. Anyone making a Hard Intelligence test will recognise the voice as the elderly gentleman at the Galleria.

Any survivors from the mercenaries will implicate the Celestial, who, wisely, is nowhere to be found.

Lenora Schrieber, Journeyman Celestial wizard

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	28	36	33	41	45	66	64	46
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	15	3	4	4	3	0	0

Skills: Charm, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Common Knowledge (Empire)+10%, Speak Language (Reikspeil), Academic Knowledge (Magick)+10%, Channeling +20%, Magic Sense +20%, Read/write, Speak Arcane Language (Magic), Speak Language (Classical), Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Common Knowledge (Tilea) Speak Language (Tilean)

Talents: Strong minded, Very resilient, Aethyric Attunement, Fast hands, Petty Magic (Arcane), Arcane Lore (Heavens)

Special: Short, plump and middle aged, (mid thirties) Lenora is reaching the end of her Journeyman period, but lacks the money and influence to get promoted. She has therefore been easily persuaded to do this dirty little job by her superiors, who consider her no great loss if she fails. She can be charming, but it is all a little false- she views most non magicians as some kind of lower species.

GM note: This episode exists to bring the fact that the Celestial Wizards are so eager to get the painting that they will resort to violence, and that an elderly Tilean is apparently guiding the party from the shadows.

Part 4: The Elf at the Market Platz

Passing through a small market town, on market day, the party see the unusual sight of a Wood Elf warrior, seated under the market toll booth. He is wearing an unusual set of face paints and tattoos. If anyone makes a Common Knowledge (Elf) Hard test, it appears he is wearing the face paints of one facing imminent death.

The locals are keeping well away from him.

He lethargically greets the party, in heavily accented Reikspeil.

“Greetings at last. It has been a long time, but I can no longer wait. Brochi named thee as my slayers, but did not say what offence I have given ye. What crime have I committed against ye?”

How the party react is up to them. They could very well pick a fight with the Elf (Dimzad would like to) but there are plenty of Town Watch about. Most likely they will dismiss him as a lunatic.

As the Market closes at the Curfew bell, the Elf screams out:

“The Curfew Bell! My life ends!”

At that moment, a standard group of Morrite cultists (See part 1) attack. While the party are dealing with them, they should be too busy to think of anything else.

When the dust settles, the Elf is dead, with a stray crossbow bolt through the skull.

Amongst his effects is a mouldy parchment, written in an old Tilean hand. **(Handout 2)**

It will require significant scholarship to understand it, Read/Write, and a Hard Speak Language (Tilean), is required.

All that the average person can make out is the signature: **Brochi da Verreza**, and the names Morr and Middenheim. An Easy Intelligence test will recall that the nameless Elf also mentioned this name.

It should take the party some time and cash to disentangle themselves from the town authorities, but there are enough witnesses to say that the attack was started by the cultists, and the Elf, although not a citizen, was killed by accident.

GM note: This episode reminds the party that cultists are after them, and may give away their identity as Morrite, and also introduces the name of Brochi da Verraza, and that he seems to be able to foretell the future with disturbing accuracy. Anyone with magical training, Academic Knowledge or religious knowledge will know that both the Celestial College and the Morrite Church have an interest in fortune telling.

Part 5: Road kill

Moving away from the scene of the death of the nameless Elf, the party pass a small Strigany encampment.

Normally, most people shun these travelling people, as seedy, dishonest, and tainted, but they *do* have a reputation in the fortune-telling line, and by now, the party should have worked out that someone with powerful fortune-telling abilities is involved in this case.

Above all, the Strigany are *cheap*...

For a few copper pennies the Strigany charlatan will tell the usual rubbish fortune (Tall dark strangers, for good fortune avoid greenskins, and so on.).

For Shillings (Silver only, and not too much adulterated by the coiners, either), the Strigany mystic will dare the wrath of the priests and witchfinders to tell a *real* fortune...

Note: Being a Strigany imposes a -10% Fellowship on all tests against folk of the Empire. (See *Nights Dark Masters*, P.100)

After dark, in the theatrically dark caravan, the mystic will attempt to tell a player's fortune, or attempt a reading on an object. Or bluff it.

However, if the players provide one of the following, the following events happen:

- **Dimzads' note:**

The mystic can obtain nothing but a feeling of great, dutiful and absolutely humourless devotion. Every Dwarf who attended the rendezvous over five hundred years have left their traces on it.

- **The Elf's note:**

A sick feeling of old, impending doom, lying over a feeling of extreme hatred and anger. The mystic will go pale and feel physically ill, and order the party out of the encampment.

- **The painting:**

Initially the mystic finds nothing. Then a feeling of great age and cold. Just as they announce this, something horrible happens. A disembodied voice speaks in a male Tilean accent from the mystic's mouth:

"You would read my fortune, Signora? Allow me to read yours. It is short and very unpleasant. Arrivaderci."

From out of the mystics' crystal ball a thin, ethereal hand reaches out, and grasps the horrified mystic by the throat. It is a *Spectre*³.

Quite honestly, the only sensible thing to do is bolt. This foe is out of most people's league.

If the party do so, all they hear behind them is the agonised screams as the Strigany camp, and all in it, is destroyed in the darkness.

Somehow, when the party recover, even if they left the painting behind, it is back in their baggage...

Spectre

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	40	0	40	40	40	20	20	30
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	2	20	4	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Concealment +20%, Perception+20% ,Speak Language (Reikspeil)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special – *Chilling Touch*: A Spectre can do a Damage 4 attack that ignores armour and cannot be parried-It can be dodged. If hit, the opponent is paralysed with horror for 1 round unless it makes a WP test. Paralysed characters are helpless, but the Spectre must be visible to do this.

Invisible- Can become invisible as a free action.

Terrifying Display – The Spectre can spend a full round displaying itself surrounded by a crackling nimbus of unholy energy. Anyone seeing it must make a Terror test.

The Spectre has no armour, but cannot be harmed with ordinary weapons. Only magic weapons or spells will affect it.

³ Old World Bestiary, p110

Part 6: The Doctor in the house

By now, the party should be quite concerned. The recurring themes of fortune telling, Tilea and the painting should be starting to build up. The name of *Brochi da Verreza* has come up at least twice.

Especially, because it seems that someone seems to be pushing them to keep going while carrying the picture northwards.

The main sources of knowledge of fortune telling, the Temple of Morr and the Celestial College, both seem to be implicated, and cannot be trusted.

It may be necessary to consult that rare and despised breed- a scholar.

Careful (or clumsy), enquiries may point to party towards a Tilean gentleman in the next large town. (Possibly Altdorf, or Carroburg) He is a noted scholar and doctor. His name is ***Dottore Vincenzo Priz***.

The house is magnificent, in an ancient Tilean style, with an enormous library, a shrine dedicated to the Old Gods, including Morr, Verena and Myrmidia, and a large 'Cabinet of Curiosities' of artefacts from the ancient Classical civilizations.-Gems, jewellery, inscribed stones and so on. The house is massively defended, with about twenty elite Tilean mercenaries who treat the *Dottore* with respect verging on awe, and enough expensive magical protection to hold off anything short of a full Witch hunter team.

On applying to meet the *Dottore*, the party are surprised to also find him to be the strange Tilean who has been dogging their steps. The dubious Celestial Wizard (See Part 3) and a senior Morrite Cleric (who for obvious reasons does not wish to reveal his name) are also there-The *Dottore* has brought them together. Although they have little love for each other, they have a common problem. The legacy of Tibor Brochi.

The Morrite Priest

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	60	31	36	41	43	38	34	48
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	16	3	4	4	1	0	0

Skills: Charm, Gossip, Perception. Common knowledge(Empire)Speak Language (Reikspeil), Speak Language(Classical), Speak Language(Arcane), Speak Language(Tilean), Academic Knowledge(Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Theology),Heal, Read/write, Channelling, Magic Sense,

Talents: Sturdy, Warrior Born, Lightning Reflexes, Public speaking, Suave, Petty Magic (Divine), Armoured casting, Divine Lore (Morr)

Special: 6'2" and built like a skeleton in plate armour, the Morrite is a very disturbing figure –He looks much older than he is. There is a hint of an Averland accent. He is not of the branch of the Morrite Church that troubles itself with augury and prophesy- His is the more brutal sort that puts down the Undead.

Brochi is both an abomination and an embarrassment to the Church. He wants all trace of the monster and his works destroyed. Although not fond of the zealots of the *Silentiaries of the Certain End*, he can command them.

As the *Dottore* explains:

“Over five hundred years ago, a Tilean scholar and astronomer called Tibor Brochi of Verraza moved to the City of Middenheim, as his researches required a clear view of the northern night sky.

Tibor Brochi was a radical thinker, astrologer, mathematician and genius. He was also quarrelsome, bad tempered, and prone to duelling. After making Tilea too hot for him, he came to the Empire.

Brochi thought odd thoughts. As an astrologer, it was clear that the stars dictated Man's fate. To Brochi, therefore, it was clear that to refine the accuracy of his predictions, the reading must first be taken, and then refined to a point where movement in the stars could clearly be read as a predictor of fate.

*Now, the one thing that could always be guaranteed to take place in life was a death. Brochi began working, using the skills of contacts in the Temple of Shallya and Morr, to combine the reading of the stars for certain patients to see how accurate he could be in forecasting the **exact** time and cause of death. As part of his research, he built a wooden observation tower in the south of the City.*

Brochi became steadily stranger. He delved too deeply into necromantic lore. He did not become a necromancer, but instead his obsession with accuracy sent him mad. Becoming annoyed with the effects of the Winds of Magic on his researches, he used unholy rituals to still them-The Tower slowly began to fill with Dhar, stagnant death magic. When one patient he had confidently predicted would die dared to recover, and came to see him, Brochi could not tolerate it, and he killed the man himself.

That started the next round of researches. Brochi would invite strangers to the Tower, and offer them a free reading. If the stars forecast long life, he sent them on their way. Those whose stars were ominous, he would invite to stay, and then, at the forecast time, would kill them himself. His predictions became self-fulfilling.

Preying on visitors and adventurers who already lived dangerous, risky lives, (And who would not be missed) he began to develop a theory that all his visitors were

actually being steered into his path by their stars to die at his hand.

Brochi himself died mysteriously, one foggy night about five hundred years ago. His body was found at the base of the Tower. He seemed to have fallen, but he had always said that he could not die yet, because the stars were wrong.” [Handout 3]

The underlying problem here (which no one will admit to) is that Brochi was a truly brilliant Astrologer, better than both priests and mages. To do the things he did, he had access to lore he had obtained from both the Morrites and the Celestials, mixed with a hodge podge of eccentric learning from Tilea.

He should never have learned the things he did, and he did terrible things with that knowledge. Should it come out that a lunatic used the sacred knowledge of both Temple and College to commit mass murder and pervert the history of the Empire, then the consequences could be terrible.

If the party are willing, then they will be richly rewarded if they can root out Brochi. A party of Morrite fanatics will be lent to them as support. If necessary, the unnamed Cleric will lead them.

Whatever magical aid the Celestial Wizard can offer is provided, but they aren't the most powerful College by any means. She is very reluctant indeed to fight Brochi personally.

Brochi's main personal weaknesses were his vanity and bad temper, but there is one terrific hole in his knowledge: **It is impossible for an astrologer to accurately predict his own life and death.**

Brochi's researches imply that the more certainty that is obtained in one fact, the less accuracy can be achieved in others. Moreover, the Astrologer cannot truly observe his own fate, except in the vaguest terms.

Brochi had managed to achieve unprecedented accuracy in one of either:

- Place.
- Date.
- Cause.
- Event (Usually death).

He could also usually provide some vague supplementary information. Indeed, Brochi's predictions were so accurate as to effectively lock the destiny of the subject. In effect, a curse.

Dottore Priz is also an astronomer/astrologer-Using some ancient papers of Brochi's early work, he has calculated that there is a narrow window of opportunity to lay Brochi to rest.

Brochi's own horoscope (Drafted by a follower using some of Brochi's notes who then seems to have died in an unlikely accident involving a runaway plague cart.) revealed that he dies in a fall from his Tower in Middenheim. What it didn't reveal was exactly *when*. Since Brochi's real Tower has long since disappeared, the only way to force him off the Tower is to take the Tower to him- and the only symbolic record of the Tower is in the painting that has been plaguing the party since Nuln. It is the key to finding and safely entering the Tower in Middenheim, *when the moons are in the same conjunction as in the painting*.

Brochi does not know about the painting-All he knows is that *something* symbolising Middenheim exists, so far as it affects the Stonehewer clan.-In his day this would probably have been a sealed paper, or proclamation. Landscape painting is a relatively new idea.

Dottore Vincenzo Priz

Human Scholar (Ex Physician, Ex Barber-surgeon, Ex Burgher.)

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	39	22	42	41	59	76	61	59
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	20	4	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Charm, Drive, Evaluate+10%, Gossip+10, Haggle+20, Perception+20%, Search, Swim, Common Knowledge(Empire), Speak Language (Tilean)+20%, Speak Language (Reikspeil)+10% Read/write+20%, Heal+10%, Trade(Apothecary)+10%, Speak Language (Classical), Academic Knowledge (Science) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Astronomy)+10% Academic Knowledge (Astrology)+20%, Prepare poison,

Talents: Hardy, Dealmaker, Suave, Surgery, Resist Disease, Savvy, Strike to Stun, Schemer

Armour: None

Special: Best quality sword. 20GC of jewellery. Ancient signet ring with engraved jewel, faintly magical. Household full of ruthless killers.

The tall, thin and elderly, (Mid fifties?) and immensely dignified *Dottore* began his career as a barber-surgeon to a Tilean mercenary commander. After thirty years of unending warfare, especially against the Undead and Skaven, he was a famous physician high in the councils of many Tilean military and City States. He is a doctor first, but like any Tilean political figure, he is a devious plotter, and at base, utterly selfish. He has involved himself in this case not because he has any personal feud with Brochi, but because he knows that Brochi is insane, and will attack anyone who

openly pries into his affairs. The *Dottore*'s own researches are increasingly bringing him into potential conflict with Brochi.

The *Dottore* has an advantage-An ancient Classical signet ring containing an engraved Elf jewel- The *Lapis sapientia* (*Stone of the wise*) was a gift from the Elves of Ulthuaan to an ancient Reman philosopher. It has the property of allowing the users' Fate Points to be recharged through study and meditation. So long as the user spends most of his time in study, he will age very slowly, and he will recharge 1 Fate point per year of seclusion.

He can be a great *Padrone*, or terrible enemy.

He can provide two things to an adventuring party:

Pomanders of High Heartedness

Small pomanders, made in blessed silver, and a bottle of essential oils. When the internal sponge is soaked in the oil, the piercing, peppery smell makes the user resistant to Fear tests (+10% on Fear rolls). May cause headaches and nausea in some users. (EASY Resist Poison roll or take 10% penalty on all physical tasks)

Ratzbalgers of Morr.

The **Ratzbalger** (*Rat-gutter*) is a popular Tilean weapon, especially amongst the tunnel rats who fight the Skaven. A wide-bladed short sword with a open 'S' shaped guard, it is becoming fashionable in the Empire.

Since Tileans are also well-used to fighting Undead, a common trick amongst the Tileans is to paint or engrave symbols of Morr on the blade.

The *Dottore* can provide a normal quality *Ratzbalger* for each party member, each engraved with a symbol of Morr that will allow it to harm Ethereal Undead as if they were normal.

The normal population of the Empire views this as a gross, if not *heretical* superstition, a misuse of Holy symbols, a sign of adherence to the Old Faith (and so a denial of Sigmar Himself) and also a grave insult to Morr. Many Empire citizens would rather not be caught with such a weapon.

Part 7: The Tower Of Tibor Brochi

The players finally track down the site of the old Tower that Brochi built, either in old tax records or in old maps. (Middenheim doesn't change much.) The site is now owned by the worried burgher Englebert Flosse, respected cobbler and shoemaker. He has long had suspicions that there is something wrong with his building, but he is too scared of the priests and witchfinders to do anything about it.

He has recently been renovating his shop, and found an old bricked up doorway. On the other side is his yard, a stinking open area full of wet leather steeping in tubs of animal waste and urine. He is frightened that he has disturbed something, and wants someone to go in and sort it out for him on the quiet.

His problem is that on certain foggy nights, the bricked up door appears to become a normal wooden door. (The door is actually the door to Brochi's Tower, but shifted slightly 'Out of time'.) He has made delicate enquiries, as he does not want to be accused of witchcraft, but the Temples don't do exorcisms of doorways. Sometimes it stands slightly open, inviting, except for the uncomfortable grey light that shines around it.

Flosse offers a pair of new, Good quality boots to each player if they can sort out the problem. (He can be beaten down to Best with a Hard Haggle roll)

GM Note: Anyone can enter the Tower. As an unstable 'pocket universe' without an anchor to the outside world, they just won't be able to get out again. The painting, which accidentally captured an image of the ghost Tower at a specific time, is such an anchor. The party will need to have it in their possession to guarantee escape.

If anyone dares enter, on a night when the twin moons are full over the City, what was originally a mere 6 stories of jerry built wooden elevation is now a gothic shadowy nightmare, twenty stories high, in its own pocket universe. Even the Gargoyles look like people, and scream a lot.

Everything inside is ever so slightly wrong. Angles, lighting, shadows that don't fall quite right, or move a second too late. (All Fear/Terror tests are at -10%.)

The stairs are either a little too high or too close together for comfort. There is a cold, clammy feel to the air. Magic is very difficult to cast-(Channelling is -20%, and every casting roll is at -1 on the bottom stairs, rising to -2 in the top levels.)

No maps are provided for a good reason- **Each visitor views the Tower differently.**

For each party member, the Tower is different, representing their vaguest discomfort: For instance, for Dimzad the Dwarf, used to confined spaces, there is an impression of vast, agoraphobia –inducing space. For most Humans, it appears dark, shadowy

and claustrophobic. Rooms seem to come and go, and about the only semi-permanent feature is the staircase up.

GM note- Prepare several different maps-Give different site descriptions to each player. Then watch the confusion until someone makes a Hard Int test.

The Tower has itself in some way become Undead, and feeds on the fears and death of visitors. It has absorbed their ghosts, and the unquiet spirits of five hundred years of death in the local vicinity into itself and grown huge. (Sometimes faces can be seen whispering miserably and silently in the walls or stairs.)

There are about a dozen zombies and skeletons wandering around the lower reaches.-the remains of previous 'guests'. (Cruel GM's could have the PCs recognise an old family member or acquaintance, and roll for Insanity.)

In addition, a small ghoul clan has somehow gained entry, and eat the leftovers.

(GM note: These are stock villains, and can be adjusted up or down at GM's whim to balance the challenge.)

There are two very powerful entities in the Tower- The insane spectre of Brochi's first victim, killed for the crime of not dying on time, (See Part 5) and Brochi himself who exists in the cluttered viewing chamber at the top of the Tower. He is now a peculiar kind of Wight. At first sight, he appears to be a harmless, crotchety old Human, but if attacked, the image falls away, and he is revealed as what he is.

The horrible thing about Brochi isn't that he is Undead. It is that he hasn't *even noticed* that he is dead. He has avoided his own fate through sheer stubbornness and obsession.

Tibor Brochi Wight Astrologer

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Current	40	25	40	40	30	50	40	20
	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
Current	1	15	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak Language (Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspeil), Speak Language (Classical), Academic Knowledge (Astrology) +80%, Dodge +20, SWG Fencing

Talents: Frightening, Undead.

Armour: None

Weapon: Wight blade (Rapier) Magical, SB+2 damage. If it inflicts a critical, roll twice, and choose the highest.

Special:

Foreknowledge: His maniac obsession with astrology has yielded great results- He intuitively knows a huge amount about every member of the party, and unless attacked won't bother defending himself- he has a +20% Dodge skill. He KNOWS what is going to happen in most cases.

Foretelling: He can foretell (or curse) with such accuracy he can effectively 'steal' Fate Points.

Each round he can speak undisturbed, he will indicate a character and *foretell*-note that unlike 'normal' Fate points when a GM has to be creative to save a PC, once foretold, the GM must be as creative in **inflicting** these fates- Over the longer term, it should become a terrible doom for the players, as they see every prediction coming true...

The predictions usually come in one of four forms:

"Thou shalt die...

Thou shalt live...

Thou shalt gain...

Thou shalt lose..."

With one unavoidable fact based on one of:

- Place.
- Date.
- Cause.
- Event.

Each will run alongside the PC's 'Dooming' but with FAR more accuracy.

(E.g.- Karl is 'told' he will die 'at the hands of a friend'. At some point, either in a pub fight or the swing of a melee, when he would otherwise be able to use a FP to avoid a hit from a colleague, he will not be able to-Instead, he will hear the voice of Brochi echoing in his ears.)

As far as Brochi is concerned, the party are just more adventurers being steered into his path by their stars.

Brochi can only be 'defeated' if he can be forced or tricked off the viewing gantry at the top of the Tower-His body slipped off hundreds of years ago, it just left his spirit behind.

There are a large number of discarded personal effects in the Tower, but all are rotted beyond salvage. There is some coinage, all old, but also fundamentally contaminated.

Each coin is soaked in *Dhar*. It will bring nothing but bad luck, (-1% to all rolls per coin carried) but, even worse, if used in any kind of burial ritual or tomb treasure, it will disturb the dead, and spawn a train of Undead wherever the party go.

In addition, the money will attract spirits and Undead of all sorts, and the party will find themselves stalked by necromancers, ghouls, vampires, and Templars of Morr.

Finally, there is the fruit of Brochi's researches.

There are several volumes of prediction that can exist only in the Tower. They cannot be removed-They are as ghostly as the Tower is.

Brochi is so skilled that anyone opening the books will find a message **just for them**. It will answer one crucial question, and tell them what to do-but it will cost them a Fate Point, as their lives are directed down the inevitable pathways Brochi predicted. Even worse, as they go about their lives, they will frequently see the figure of Brochi hiding in the shadows, apparently stalking them, and hear his voice.

However, if they can put Brochi to rest, the Tower will rapidly start to decay, freeing hundreds of ghosts into the streets of Middenheim in a night of terror, and possibly trapping the adventurers unless they move quickly.

If they **do** escape, then the old doorway becomes just a bricked up doorway, and the eternally grateful cobbler will make them some decent boots.

A kind GM may OFFER one Fate Point for putting the insane astrologer to rest- but even this is tainted-**IF** the players accept it, they also get one Insanity point, as for the rest of their life, they will never know just how much of a hand Brochi has had in their fate.

Other plot devices:

- The *Dottore* is a powerful figure for good or ill. Who is the astonishingly beautiful Tilean lady he keeps in his house? Mistress, daughter, relative, or something else?
- How old is the *Dottore*? Is he really just an old scholar? Just how does he know so much about the mysterious lost Classical civilization?
- How will the Foretellings of Brachi affect the party? Can they be undone?
- Brachi's absolute certainties were the absolute opposition of the changes valued by the Ruinous Powers. The Changer of Ways in particular hated him and all his works. What will the cultists do to anyone caught trying to develop his work?
- How will the Celestials and the Morrites view the party? Do they know too much about the secrets of these mysterious organisations?

Handout 1

*"On St Caspar's Eve, by the Shrine of the Saint,
The Son of Grungni, Stonehewer born, shall meet
And the Image of the City of the Wolf shall be with them."*

Handout 2

Signor Elf:

*Thou hast thwarted me once too often. Know that this is thy fate as revealed to me:
Five hundred years and sixty six only are allowed thee.*

*On Market day, in [Damaged],
[Damaged] shall come and meet with [Damaged].*

*Though they know thee not, they shall strike thee down at the curfew bell.
No appeal for mercy will serve thee when the followers of Morr and Middenheim strike.
May this blight thy remaining days, villain!*

Brochi da Verrezo

Handout 3

Over five hundred years ago, Tibor Brochi, of Verraza, a Tilean scholar, moved to the City of Middenheim, as his researches required a clear view of the northern night sky.

Brochi was a radical thinker, astrologer, mathematician and genius. He was also quarrelsome, bad tempered, and prone to duelling. After making Tilea too hot for him, he came to the Empire.

Brochi thought odd thoughts. As an astrologer, it was clear that the stars dictated Man's fate. To Brochi, therefore, it was clear that to refine the accuracy of his predictions, the reading must be taken, and then refined to a point where movement in the stars could clearly be read as a predictor of fate.

Now, the one thing that could always be guaranteed to take place in life was a death. Brochi began working, using the skills of contacts in the Temple of Shallya and Morr, to combine the reading of the stars for certain patients to see how accurate he could be in forecasting the exact time and cause of death. As part of his research, he built an observation tower in the middle of the City.

Brochi became steadily stranger. He delved too deeply into necromantic lore. He did not become a necromancer, but instead his obsession with accuracy sent him mad. Becoming annoyed with the effects of the Winds of Magic on his researches, he used unholy rituals to still them-The Tower slowly began to fill with Dhar, stagnant death magic. When one patient he had confidently predicted would die dared to recover, and came to see him, Brochi could not tolerate it, and he killed the man himself.

That started the next round of researches. Brochi would invite strangers to the Tower, and offer them a free reading. If the stars forecast long life, he sent them on their way. Those whose stars were ominous, he would invite to stay, and then, at the forecast time, would kill them himself. Predictions became self-fulfilling.

Preying on visitors and adventurers who lived dangerous, risky lives, he began to develop a theory that all his visitors were actually being steered into his path by their stars to die at his hand.

Brochi himself died mysteriously, one foggy night about five hundred years ago. His body was found at the base of the Tower. He seemed to have fallen, but he had always said that he could not die yet, because the stars were wrong.

His Tower was dismantled, and forgotten.