

Tillitus

of House Bonisagus

by Matt Ryan

Characteristics: Int +5, Per +1, Str -2, Sta +1, Prs +1, Com +2, Dex -2, Qik +1

Size: -1

Age: 35 (Apparent Age 35)

Decrepitude: 0

Warping Score: 0 (0 points)

Confidence Score: 0 (0 points)

Virtues and Flaws: The Gift; Hermetic Magus; Secondary Insight; Affinity with Latin, Free Study, Great Intelligence (twice), Premonitions, Puissant Ability (Magic Theory) (free Virtue), Special Circumstances (casting while tipsy); Low Self-Esteem, Driven; Clumsy Magic, Lesser Malediction (unlucky), Small Frame

Personality Traits: Hesitant +2, Modest +2, Self-centered +1

Reputations: None

Combat: *Fist:* Init +1, Attack 0, Defense +3, Damage -2

Soak: -2

Fatigue levels: OK, -1, -3, -5, Unconscious

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-4), -3 (5-8), -5(9-12), Incapacitated (13-16)

Abilities: Awareness 1 (dark corners), Brawl 2 (dodging), Breton 5 (city dweller's slang), Brittany Area Lore 2 (urban centers), Carouse 2 (begging drinks), Chirurgy 2 (self-treatment), Code of Hermes 1 (Normandy Tribunal magi), Concentration 3 (under

duress), Finesse 1 (Auram), Folk Ken 2 (lower classes), French 3 (barroom cant), Guile 2 (disavowing responsibility), Latin 5 (Hermetic usage), Magic Theory 3+2 (extracting Vis), Order of Hermes Lore 1 (Normandy Tribunal magi), Paris Lore 2 (students' quarters), Parma Magica 2 (Ignem), Penetration 1 (Auram), Premonitions 2 (personal rejection), Stealth 2 (hiding), Survival 2 (city streets)

Arts: Cr 5, In 5, Mu 4, Pe 4, Re 5; An 3, Aq 2, Au 3, Co 2, He 2, Ig 0, Im 2, Me 3, Te 0, Vi 5

Twilight Scars: None

Equipment: Wizardly robes.

Encumbrance: 0

Spells Known:

Panic of the Elephant's Mouse (ReAn 15/+9)

Broom of the Winds (CrAu 15/+9)

The Chirurgeon's Healing Touch (CrCo 20/+8)

The Gift of Vigor (ReCo 20/+8)

Trap of the Entwining Vines (CrHe 15/+8)

Discern the Images of Truth and Falsehood (InIm 15/+8)

Panic of the Trembling Heart (CrMe 15/+9)

Sense the Nature of Vis (InVi 5/+11)

Appearance: Tillitus is a short, gangly sort of fellow, with sad, droopy eyes and a slightly stooped posture. His bright blue eyes nearly sparkle, which would signify his sharp intellect if his gaze ever rose from staring at his shoes. He wears a graying goatee and a sloping mustache, and his dark brown hair is long and tangled from a lack of grooming. He wears a traditional star-patterned purple robe and a dark black leather skull cap.

While Tillitus might be the typical sort of magus from House Bonisagus, he is not the typical magus just leaving apprenticeship. He is much older than his peers, younger men and women also starting on the long road of a magi's life. This difference is readily apparent and Tillitus is acutely aware of it, so much so that it has become a liability more than a strength.

In public with his peers he is clumsy and awkward, tongue-tied when he speaks and fumbling when he casts spells. In private he is much more confident, at ease with magical research and innovative when inventing spells or undertaking other arcane ventures. He is strongly driven to overcome his public failings, and constantly pushes himself to reattempt and succeed at his past mistakes. Unfortunately, his second effort usually fares as poorly as his first. Tillitus is the hermetic embodiment of the idea that if you fail, you should try, try again.

In Tillitus's case, you should try, try, try, try . . . you get the picture.

Background

Tillitus doesn't remember his mother or father, nor does he know the circumstances of his birth. He grew up with the village wise woman, the only woman in the village interested in aiding the abandoned child. During his birth he was cursed with ill luck by an unknown assailant, which so deeply affected him that it became part of his essential nature.

As a child growing up in Brittany, Tillitus had talent, a wizardly knack for finding things. Many of his

neighbors thought the annually visiting maga would select the boy for apprenticeship, but it was not to be; a clever young girl was chosen instead. Better luck next time, they said.

Tillitus had a flair that bordered on the fantastic for combining tinctures and herbal remedies, but as a teenager wandering behind the village wise woman, he felt his life lacking. He waited again, holding his breath, as the Russian magus eyed him over, judging him against a precocious albino boy. Tillitus failed to pass the magus's muster and was again passed over for another.

The magisters of the University of Paris were surprised when Tillitus stood before them, requesting admission to their academy. Although the young man impressed them with his erudition and self-taught Latin skills, there was something unsettling about the rustic. At twenty, he was a tad too old to begin academic studies, so he was refused, passed over again.

Tillitus went to an inn and, pestering the inn-keeper until he was sold a tankard of ale, drowned his sorrows with the bitter tasting brew. He then bought another, and another, until he had become quite drunk and was thrown out into the street. Naturally, thought Tillitus, it was raining.

And that is precisely where his soon-to-be mater found him, laying stinking drunk in the gutter, the rats and cut-purses avoiding the bedraggled young man. Some whisper Maga Countenance adopted Tillitus on a dare, others mused it was to win a bet, but for whatever reason she, one of the Order's most prestigious and inventive magi, accepted Tillitus as her apprentice.

Tillitus's ill-luck continued throughout his apprenticeship. While he quickly learned his arcane studies, and effortlessly mastered many minor cantrips, he always seemed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Bad luck followed him like a black rain cloud, making for many adventures. Finally, fifteen years later - although Countenance swears it felt like thirty - Tillitus was gauntleted and awarded the title of Magus of House Bonisagus.



With a final parting gift and many more words of advice, Countenance hustled her protégé out the door. As a final act of kindness, she had procured a place for him among a distant Covenant. Tillitus left, with a smile on his face and a newly worn hole in his coin purse, spilling pennies in his wake. Countenance smiled, waved good-bye, and moved house once he had traveled out of sight.

Role-playing Tillitus

Tillitus's curse is such an integral part of his nature that he doesn't realize he is cursed. Instead he assumes that his failings are his fault and not a magical malady of any sort. While this has crushed his self-esteem, it has also driven him to surmount his own perceived shortcomings. He is not depressed, possessing a thriving spirit, but he is shy and a tad embarrassed. He has learned that alcohol will bolster his confidence, especially when spell casting, and will knock back a few drinks before especially important situations. He is

intelligent enough to realize the consequences of his behavior if he were to abuse it.

Tillitus is shy and outwardly nervous. He often stands in the back of a group, wringing his hands, looking for the opportunity to leap to the fore to impress his fellows. This ploy rarely works, and Tillitus resumes his place at the back of the pack.

Tillitus isn't very interested in his personal background and would most likely disbelieve anyone who told him about his birth. Information about his past might draw him into a story, but he is more interested in proving who is, rather than discovering who he was. Removing Tillitus's curse would have serious ramifications, and might even quench his Gift.

In play, the curse manifests itself as the opposite of the Minor General Virtue: Luck. Rather than giving Tillitus a penalty on die rolls that involve luck more than skill, the storyguide should play up the failings of the magus, making him roll more botch dice during spell casting is a good example. Tooling up the negative social aspects of Tillitus's Gift is another.

