

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN



A SOURCEBOOK FOR VAMPIRE: THE DARK AGES™

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN



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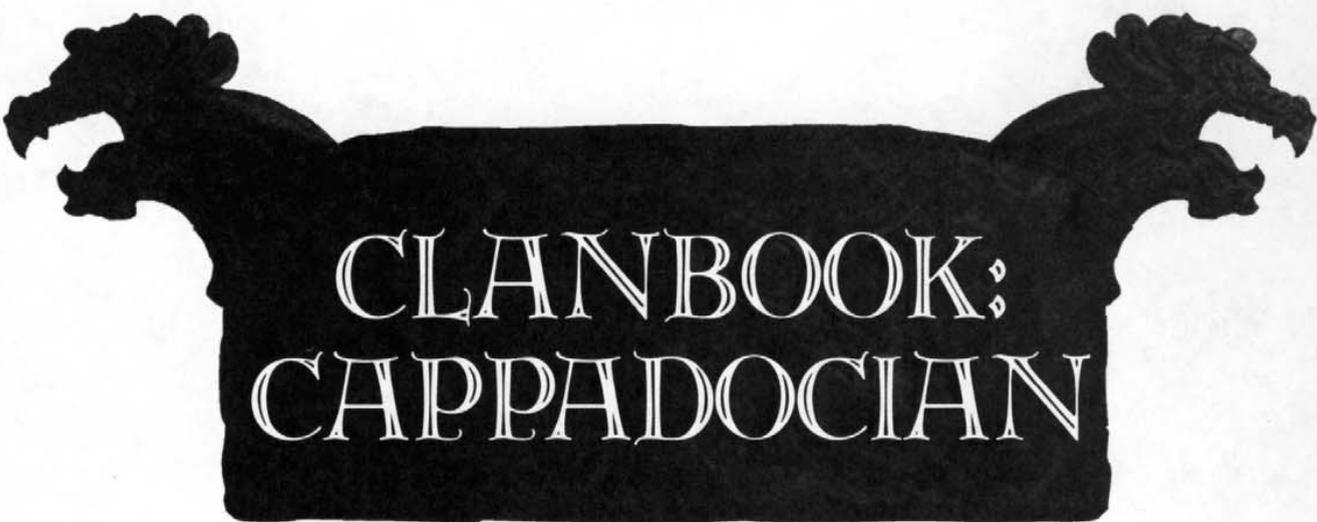
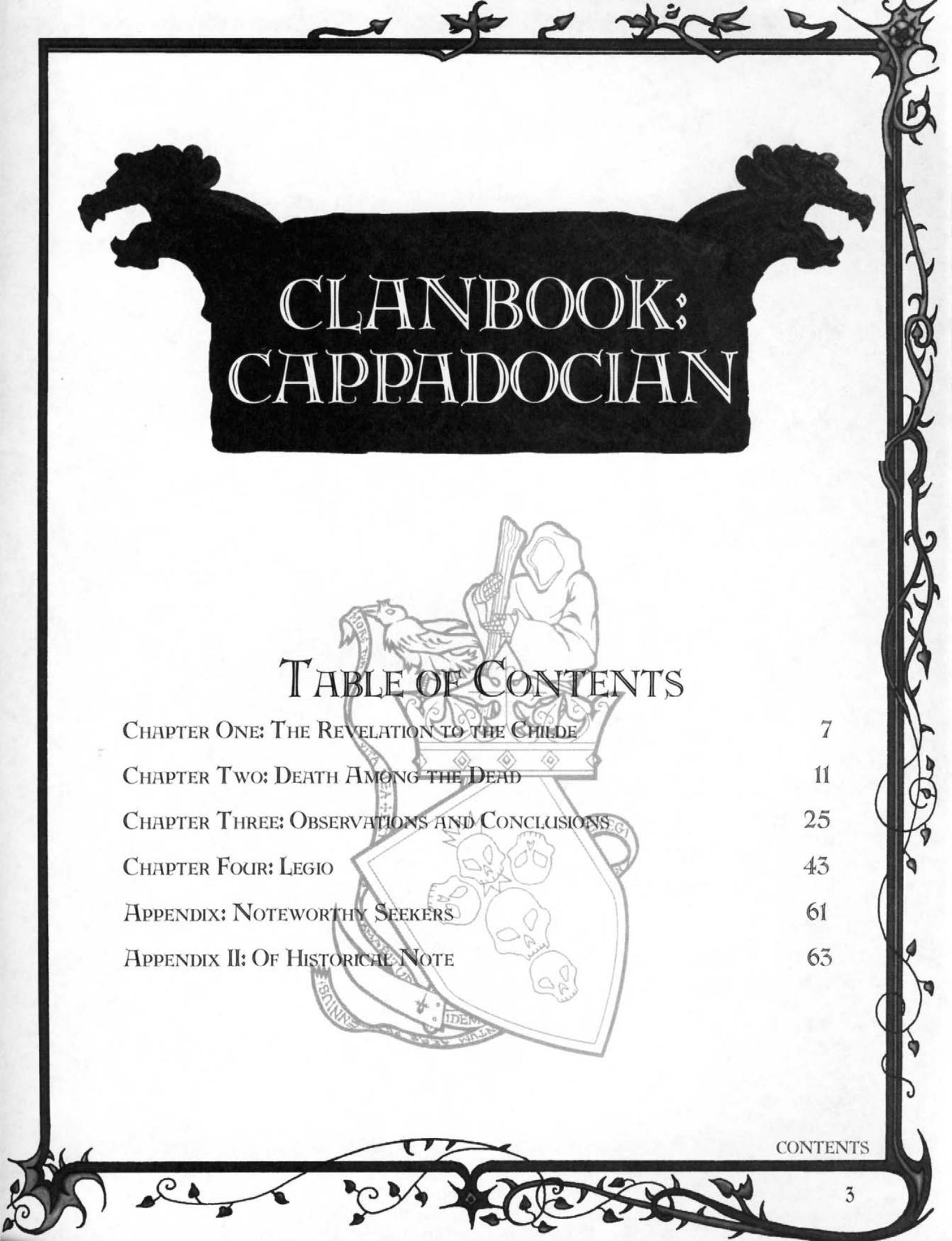
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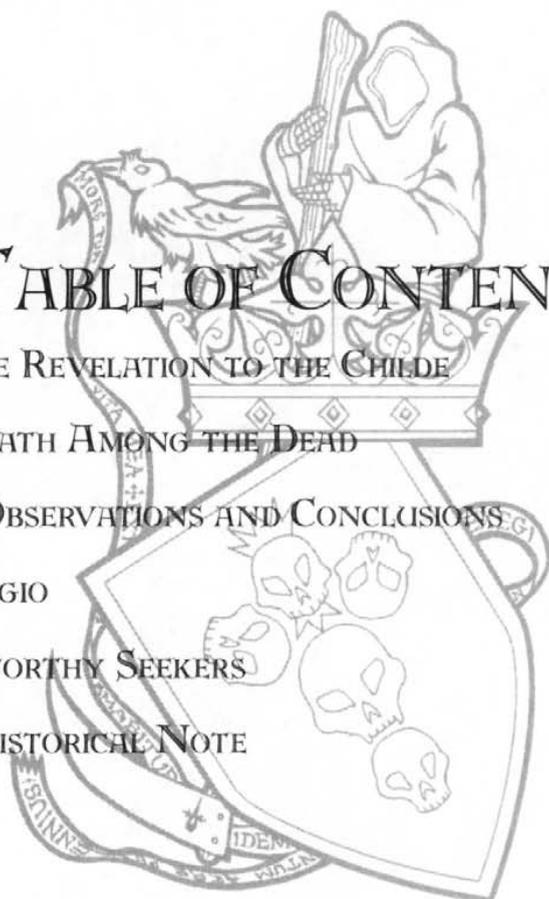


TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE: THE REVELATION TO THE CHILDE	7
CHAPTER TWO: DEATH AMONG THE DEAD	11
CHAPTER THREE: OBSERVATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS	25
CHAPTER FOUR: LEGIO	43
APPENDIX: NOTEWORTHY SEEKERS	61
APPENDIX II: OF HISTORICAL NOTE	63

devouring time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
and make the earth devour her own sweet
brood

— william shakespeare, sonnet 19



death is
more than
the end of life:

it is a rebirth. to war
poetical is fruitless, and to gar-
ner the temporal is folly. the
curse of the blood bears a
barb as wicked as any scimi-
tar, for even in death the answers bespeak
more questions.

we know the pain of being dead and
yet still dying.





Chapter One: The Revelation to the Childe

I opened my eyes and found myself surrounded by blackness. I was lying down, and felt cool stone on all sides. My fingers and feet touched the stone as well; I was in some sort of box.

Something lay on top of me. It was light and leathery, and very dry. A bag of sticks, perhaps? I moved around a bit, trying to feel out my boundaries, and some dust shook loose from the thing, getting in my mouth and nostrils. I noticed that the thing was about as long as I was. Oh God, a body!

I shrieked, trying to roll the corpse to one side and press myself to the other, though the tiny dimensions of the box only let me wedge it to one side. A piece of the body broke off, and I flicked it away like an offending spider. I tried to rise and bumped my head against the low ceiling of the box.

I was buried alive.

My eyes grew wide, but did me no good in the utter absence of light. I curled up to one side of my unforgiving tomb, shoving the brittle body as far away as possible. I felt the old bones and leathery skin break as I pushed and kicked. Only a shattered heap remained of the once-human body, a heap which I feared might be my eternal companion.

I howled in terror and a cold sweat rose on my brow, carrying with it a pungent smell that unnerved me and excited me at the same time. It smelled of blood. Good Lord, I was bleeding! Then I noticed a curious and horrifying fact: My heart was not beating. Tears streamed down my face, heightening the carnal scent. Was I really crying and sweating blood? Was I dead?

Scrabbling at the stone ceiling of the tiny cell, I quickly tore my hands to bloody stumps in a vain effort to escape. I was not buried alive; I was surely dead. Oh, merciful God in Heaven, help me! My heart lay still and the cold of the grave chilled my body. "How can this be death" my reeling mind wondered, "when I can still move?"

"Yet how can it be life when your heart and blood are cold and dormant? You have been... gifted with the curse of Caine."

The voice took me aback. Was I not alone? Was this crumbled corpse talking to me? The horror of my entombment must have been driving me mad.

"Calm yourself. Let the blood speak with you. Let it listen for you."

The voice felt like it lived inside my own mind, yet it spoke as if it came from someone else. Reining in my fear, I followed the voice's instructions. I breathed out by force of habit, noting that I had not been breathing at all until then. Resolving to attend to that later, I devoted all my attention to listening.

I heard the rustle of someone moving outside my sepulcher, and the sputtering gutter of the oily lamp he carried. This must be the person talking to me. The bore of worms through soil also came to my ears, as did the minute scraping of a rat's claws as it crawled across the stone of the tomb. I heard my own eyelids fluttering open and shut over eyes that were useless in the dark.

"Now let it feel for you; let it taste and smell for you."

I did as I was told. My fingers sensed every aspect of the cold stone around me, picking out individual irregularities and tiny ridges that I could not imagine even seeing with my eyes. Rough and cold, covered with tiny indentations no deeper than a hair's breadth, the stone sepulcher felt as if it were one giant fingerprint. The rough fabric of the corpse's shroud felt

impossibly complex as well. In the dark, I imagined myself feeling each individual thread of the linen; if only I had kept count! Even the bones were a revelation to touch. They were smooth and hollow, like a flute.

The smell, now that I paid attention, was as revealing as it was horrible. Just past the charnel stench of death lay a sweet, cloying scent. Sickness. The other body in this tomb must have died of plague or leprosy. Pieces of the linen had long since taken with rot as well, and the physical dryness of the crypt clashed oddly with the subtle and cloying, wet scent of mildew. I even smelled a minute bit of metal: The body had been buried with a ring on one of its hands.

"Who are you?" I shouted to my unseen benefactor, who was likely my malefactor as well. The roar of my own voice nearly deafened me, so heightened was my level of hearing.

Experimenting with this newfound power, I realized that I could turn it off as well. "Let me out!"

"Perhaps later," came the response. "For now, you have much to do. I will leave you alone until the next night. You have died, and risen, and soon will die again. Think on that in your gracious ~~mind!~~ What is to be done now is that you have escaped it? Or have you escaped it? Do you live in death or die in life? When is it that death truly begins? You will not answer these questions, but you will gain a vast appreciation for their gravity, my friend."

It was right, this disembodied voice outside my cold crypt. I recalled that I did not breathe, my heart did not pound and my blood welled out where my other humors had before.

As I thought of blood, I felt a hunger grow from deep within me. In moments, I was ravenous, thankful that I was shielded from this person's sight as I licked at my own bloodied hands. I even stuck out my tongue to catch the trickle of precious fluid that ran from my eyes and down my brow. I was drinking blood! Somehow, I had become a monster! Yet, in this hunger, my monstrosity had no import. I desired only to feed; this rapacious craving for blood had overtaken all my faculties. I envisioned my unknown mentor just outside this sepulcher, practically feeling the warm red blood that surely coursed in his veins....

"Wait!" I called out, hearing him preparing to exit. "At least take this corpse out of here!" And let me open your throat and gulp down your blood, I thought to myself.

He spoke his next words as if he were smiling, or so it sounded:

"No, I'll leave him with you. Maybe he can answer some of your questions."





THE REVELATION TO THE CHILDE





Chapter Two: Death Among the Dead

Our nights of yore are nigh as nebulous as those of the other brood of Caine, much to my chagrin. This is peculiar for us, as scholars and advisors, and raises many questions. Did we consume ourselves in our studies at the expense of our own history? Or does our founder have his own dark designs? Such has always been and will always be the question; such is the nature of the Jihad.

NIGHTS OF ENOCH, THE SECOND CITY, AND WANDERLUST

Cappadocius alone remembers the time when Enoch stood, having watched it all unfold as truly as if he had written it. Cappadocius sired no childer during the nights of Enoch's reign, and sired no childer during the time of the Second City.

Cappadocius was not lonely, as was Caine, for the Embrace was not a curse to our founder. Rather, the Embrace gave Cappadocius the opportunity to study the eternal question which haunts men to this very day: the mystery of death. Fascinated by the intricacies of unlife, Cappadocius devoted his waking hours to unraveling its secrets. Cappadocius learned and studied and experimented through the long years, while the rest of Caine's childer fought and burned and destroyed. He kept his own counsel, and sometimes that of Ventrue and Saulot, never wishing to burden another with the weight of solving the riddle of life's short cycle. Many Cappadocians also believe that Cappadocius did not wish to share his discoveries, and kept to himself out of secrecy.

When the Flood descended upon the Earth, Cappadocius was no closer to answering the riddle. When the patricidal treachery precipitating the fall of the Second City came, Cappadocius realized the answer eluded him because he did not understand the question.

With this insight, Cappadocius decided to sire childer. Fleeing the wreckage of the Second City into his homeland, held today by the Seljuk Turks, Cappadocius embraced the first of his progeny, a simple traveler named Caias Koine.

It was at this time that Cappadocius first experienced his precognitive visions. Our founder saw himself surrounded by a host of his childer who mourned the loss of something unknown. Sharing his dream with Caias, Cappadocius and his childer undertook this new mystery with a passion that rivaled that of their quest for the answer to death's conundrum.

Cappadocius and Caias then sired progeny to help them with their studies, including Japheth and Lazarus, who consoled them throughout the millennia and helped them seek the answers that eluded them. They traveled throughout the world, watching kingdoms rise and fall, feeding as they felt the need and uncovering clues with every step. Cappadocius spoke with Zoroaster and Buddha, gleaning from these prophets greater knowledge of what he sought in the eternal mystery. He walked the lands of Babylonia with great Nebuchadnezzar and saw the Hanging Gardens. He queried Alexander the Barbarian and quizzed Ptolemy. Cappadocius spoke at length with Antiochus of Seleucus and with the host of Greek thinkers.

None provided him with the answers he needed.

OF THE PROGENITOR

Very little is known of Cappadocius before his Embrace save that he was a priest, shaman or holy man, given to radical philosophies. Even this claim is dubious at best, as none can place his original faith or even state any of his early dogma. Scholars within the clan point to Enoch, identifying Cappadocius as one of the mortal slave caste of the mighty Cainites in their heyday.

The true name of Cappadocius is lost to the winds of history, known only to the vampire himself and written nowhere. As the gradual mingling of cultures in the world progressed, Cappadocius chose for himself a name that revealed his origin and nothing else, and this he gave to Caine and his childer when they selected Cappadocius for the Embrace. "Of Cappadocia" is all the world knows of this enigmatic Cainite, and it may be all it ever knows.

Some Cainites believe Ashur sired Cappadocius, while others believe Ashur to be Cappadocius himself. Regardless, numerous sources identify Cappadocius' generation as third, and most Cainite apocrypha enumerate only three vampires of second generation. This discrepancy is the spark of many Cappadocian debates: Was the founder of the third generation or the fourth? Was Ashur perhaps of second generation (a fearful prospect which lends credence to Assamite genealogy)? Or was he of the third and diablerized by Cappadocius? Is there any truth to the whispers that Ashur also sired those who would become the Baali? Or is vampire dictum wrong altogether?

Similar sources also attest to other peculiarities of Cappadocius' existence, with especial regard to his frequent periods of torpor. As with many of his age and power, the founder spends a great deal of time sleeping the bloodless sleep of the Ancients. Unlike most other Antediluvians, however, Cappadocius' slumber is fitful and fleeting, like that of an insomniac or a disturbed child. He is known to rise from torpor periodically, conduct some affair or deliver some cryptic decree, and sink back into slumber at random. This fact is commonly regarded as one of the primary reasons that Clan Cappadocian is so fractious and decentralized; because its founder could at any moment arise and pronounce a new directive for his childer, no one individual or group may impose its own ends on the clan. Even Japheth Cappadocius and Augustus Giovanni, the most frequently seen (if such can be said of the fourth generation) progeny of the founder, are given to random and incalculable periods of dysfunction.

THE FIRST REVELATION

Though his travels seemed fruitless, Cappadocius pressed onward, sending his brood to search the world as he did. Was there none who could reveal the answer to the mystery of death? Surely others had pondered these same questions. Who could give him insight?

He came upon the answer while wandering the lands of the Hebrews, just south of his native lands of Cappadocia. In all his questing, he had lost sight of the objective of his research. No amount of studying the bodies of the dead or coaxing words from their departed souls could reveal the simple statement to which the living bore witness every day. God alone held the grand truth.

Cappadocius found a lone tent on the plains of Canaan, far from the cities of Gaza and Jerusalem. A feeble light flickered within, and there was little movement. A loneliness lingered in the air, which Cappadocius mistook for despair.

Tired, disillusioned and ravenous, our founder descended on the tent in a rapacious mood. He was, at this point, intent on learning the answer by killing this vessel, which would sate the thirst of the Beast.

Into the tent he tore, eyes aflame, and spoke to the terrified Jew within.

"I seek the answer to death. Perhaps yours will reveal it."

"That I cannot prevent this, I know. But I know that God will protect me," responded the Jew.

"Who are you that God so looks after your well-being?" snorted the enraged Antediluvian derisively, barely staving off pangs of frenzy.

"I am but a man. God looks after me, for he is sovereign, transcendent, and good," came the feeble reply.

Cappadocius stopped, the Beast vanishing from his visage.

"With your simple wisdom, you have bought your life," he said, and the Beast fled from his soul.

Cappadocius cursed himself for his foolishness. Here he was, a childe of Caine who had wandered all over creation for thousands of years, asking mere mortals for insight into the unanswerable question. Thousands of years wasted! If he really wanted to learn, he would have to listen at the feet of God.

THE TEMPLE AT ERCIYES

Rejuvenated in spirit with his newfound focus, Cappadocius sent word to all of his childer that he had news of urgent import. In exactly one month's time, all members of the brood would assemble in the carved-rock city of Goreme in preparation for the news the founder bore.

When the Cappadocians assembled, the founder told them that the new direction of the search required that they be closer to God. The first step in resolving the riddle involved physical proximity to the heavens.





J. R. B. B.

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

Cappadocians have never been known for martialry. Thus it was strange on a night over 1200 years ago when a procession of Graverobber monks climbed to the top of Mount Erciyes in the center of Cappadocia. Stories about that night found their way back through the extensive channels of the Cainites. Ghouls awoke to find that their hospitable Cappadocian hosts had vanished. Eastern princes heard tell of a vast army of pallid vampires moving through their cities. Traveling merchants, who would have fallen beneath the fangs of less focused groups of Cainites, watched the grim procession from the cover of trees. Other itinerants looked on as the silent legion trod ever onward.

Erciyes, also known as Argaeus, housed a wretched and forgotten monastery which was nonetheless invaded by the childer of Cappadocius, who promptly slew the temple's four hundred human residents and its sole Cainite tenant. Led by Caias Koine, the monks took the temple and promptly resumed their previous docile natures.

No heresies had taken place in the temple; the former occupants had no truck with demons and had led ascetic lives. The single vampire there, a Malkavian known only as Algol, met Final Death after accusations of existing as an Osiris, feeding from the monks under the guise of a prophet. In one night, the sway of the temple was forever changed and devoted to a new learning.

The temple had hardly fallen when the news began to circulate. Cainites all across the land wondered at the Cappadocians' motive, though the Canaille went about their business in their typically ignorant fashion. The curious stole up Erciyes under cover of darkness, hoping to catch a glimpse of the horrible orgies and deviant rites that must surely be conducted therein. Instead they found only more monks.

The temple had changed overnight. The Cappadocians had worked tirelessly, rebuilding the monastery to suit them, tearing down old walls and erecting new ones. They had excavated great underground chambers and built libraries and mausoleums above them. In only a few months time, the renovation of the temple was complete. Since then, the temple has had a hundred names, all of them entreaties of enlightenment and the revelation of secrets. To those who knew the Cappadocians, the temple was reputed to be a place where death itself was the sole subject of study. While the vast majority of the Cappadocian clan seeks their endeavors elsewhere, all Cappadocians could attend the temple at any time to report, study or simply rest.

After establishing their new home, the assembled Cappadocians proclaimed that they would reconvene, to the best of their ability, every year for the winter solstice. There, they would discuss their studies and formalize their opinions on matters of clan business.

THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY

Not long after the capture of the Erciyes temple, Christianity began to spread throughout the Western world. The Cappadocians openly embraced Christianity, as we embrace any faith which might aid our probe into the nature of the spirit. The lands of Cappadocia became realms of protection for persecuted Christians, who, though the religion was on the rise, still faced antagonism. Two Cappadocian cities, Derinkuyu and Kaymakli, cut into the ground itself, harbored many Christians during the earliest nights of intolerance.

Cappadocians were instrumental to the growth of Christianity, carving churches and monasteries into the rock of the lands. In fact, members of the clan are active in our founder's homeland today, contributing the Elmali Kilise, Karanlik Kilise and the Uzumlu Kilise, churches which attend to the needs of Christians in that land most sacred.

Himself following the teachings of Christ, Cappadocius took refuge with several of his childer in the underground city of Derinkuyu. The vampires favored the cool, dry climate of the subterranean city, and the protection it offered from the sun was incomparable. Many of them became actively involved in spreading and teaching Christian thought to the children of Seth. Others withdrew into the secretive darkness, working ever more toward comprehension.

At this time, Cappadocius realized that his progeny need not devote themselves utterly to unraveling the riddle. Following a philosophy espoused by the father of history, Herodotus, the leader instructed those with whom he spoke to "in all things, be moderate." Cappadocians thus followed their founder's advice, and tempered their quest with studies in other realms of expertise. This period saw an increase in Cappadocian librarians, philosophers, theosophists, cartographers, linguists and scholars of numerous other ilk. Some early nonconformists even bestowed the Embrace on travelers, warriors and civil servants. The reasoning behind this, they explained, was to keep the clan from stagnation. For millennia, the clan had pursued false leads. Increased contact with broader ranges of people helped to bring new views to light. Studies of the dead continued unabated, while the ranks of the Cappadocian clan admitted unprecedented quantities of new members.



CAPPADOCIUS THE CHRISTIAN

Though Cainites trace their origins back through Biblical histories and documents, a striking minority of the Ancients are actually Christian themselves. Most of them acknowledge the Christian God, but place themselves either outside religion or above it, believing faith to be a contrivance of mortal men. This creates an interesting relationship between vampires and the world: Do they aspire to Heaven, or do they revel in their damnation? How does their agnosticism explain their origin from Caine, who killed his brother Abel as an offering to God?

Cappadocius does not suffer these doubts. Even during his mortal life, the founder was a priest, and quite aware of the workings of God above, though he was not Christian at the time. (The nights when Enoch stood long pre-date the emergence of the faith.) What matters is Cappadocius' total conversion to the faith, the product of a miracle sent directly from God.

While traveling through the lands he called home, Cappadocius found himself committing the sin of despair. For hundreds of years he had searched for some new insight into the mystery of death. Those searches proved fruitless, and the weight of his quest bore greatly on his shoulders. One night, he decided to give up.

He lay down on a cone of volcanic rock and closed his eyes. Using his mastery of the Protean Discipline, Cappadocius sank into the earth. He remained there for untold nights, some say for as many as 33 years. Each night he awoke, more feeble than the night before, but refused to rise and return to his empty pursuit.

Finally, after unknown years had passed, he saw a vision of an angel. It seemed that he would remain forever, or perhaps fall beneath the fangs of a lesser Cainite, but the angel said that it was not to be. Cappadocius was destined to quest for the answer, the angel said, and God wished that the quest be fulfilled.

"I cannot," protested the founder pitifully, "For I am too weak."

"Then I shall make you strong," said the angel, and cut his own wrist with a sword of holy light. The blood trickled down the angel's arm, and a few drops spattered across the lips of the Antediluvian, reinvigorating him and burning him with the power of faith at the same time.

"God wills you succeed; pray do not disappoint him." With that, the angel ascended back into Heaven.

Cappadocius burst from the ground, casting in a spray of broken rock in all directions. Slaking the rest of his fiery thirst on a passing Arab caravan, Cappadocius walked the Earth again. From that point onward, he embraced the Christian faith, knowing that God had chosen him for greatness.

DREAD EGYPT

Cainite commentators seem surprised that Clan Cappadocian has historically scorned Egypt as an areas of concentration. Long acknowledged as the land of the dead, Egypt seems a prime choice for a clan of scholars who wish to reveal the nature of death and its mysteries. Thus, Egypt would be an excellent choice.

Unfortunately, Egypt harbors the scourge of the Serpents, vile followers of the undead demigod Set. Of Set himself, Cappadocians know little other than what is presented in the lore of the region. They know, in addition, what the *Book of Nod* tells them; Set was one of the 13 Antediluvians from whom the clans originated. Very few Cappadocians have met Set, due to his great age and inhuman secrecy. This is not strange in and of itself, as very few Cappadocians have met any of the third generation.

The Cappadocians are familiar with the Followers of Set, however. The relationship is not a pleasant one, highlighted by the clash between the Cappadocian urge to study unmolested and the Setite urge to befoul everything they touch. Sojourns to Egypt have almost invariably proved fruitless, their merits offset by the high price of dealing with the Serpents.

During the spread of Christianity under the Roman emperor Nero, Saint Mark brought with him into Egypt what would become the Coptic faith. Cappadocians, following under the banner of Christianity, hid among the flocks, hoping to establish secret outposts in this long-tainted land. Setites had only to hear of a vampire in a monastery, however, and they would flood the Coptic churches with their unholy ranks and overturn every stone until the Cainite was discovered. Cappadocians (and other vampires — the Setites were hardly discriminating) then became the targets of corruptive practices designed to lead them from their course. As some Graverobbers could attest, a Cappadocian enticed to the Via Serpentis was a hideous sight to behold.

Nonetheless, Cappadocians still try to infiltrate Egypt, waging silent and covert crusades into the lands across the Mediterranean Sea from their ancestral home. Although a few have succeeded in eking out wretched unlives in the burning sands of Egypt, none profit thereby. Many still continue the struggle, hoping to be the ones who break the clan's legacy of failure.

EXODUS FROM DERINKUYU

It came to pass that the habits of Cappadocius began to trouble the people of Derinkuyu. Though the cool, underground air preserved the corpses that Cappadocius loved to study, the bodies' proximity made the underground dwellers nervous and uncomfortable. The vampire and his childer felt the revulsion of the mortal children of Seth and withdrew ever more into their macabre studies.

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN



Eventually, the people could bear no more. They had seen enough of the cadaverous vampires, skulking silently in the catacombs. They had borne too long the unpleasant and unholy rites that these strange yet benevolent monsters practiced. They had given enough of their blood to sustain the disturbing presence of these parasites who probed ever deeper into mysteries that men of faith should not learn.

Cappadocius spoke with the people, finding that the growing ranks of his brood sorely taxed the resources provided by these mortals; they grew anemic due to mass feedings and sickly due to constant exposure to the unpreserved corpses under inspection.

Understanding the woes of the people, the founder realized that he had made a grave error in bestowing the Embrace so lightly. He returned to Erciyes to pore over the translated *Book of Nod*; noting in the Tale of the First City its proscription against the profligate spread of Caine's blood, and the sin which followed his childer's disobedience. Indeed, Cappadocius remembered the nights when he sat reading, the sole member of his line, while his cursed brothers and sisters created progeny with wanton abandon. Remorseful of his own carelessness, he once again called his brood to convene, this time in the lowest chambers of Derinkuyu's sister city, Kaymakli.

None other than Cappadocius himself could have prepared for the assembly. A prescient vision of this event had told the founder what he must do even before the throng arrived.

THE FEAST OF FOLLY

The underground hallways and chambers of Kaymakli could accommodate up to 15,000 citizens. On the night of the convocation, 12,000 vampires of our clan attended. We were aghast. How could a group known as the Clan of Death have such fertile vitae? How could we possess such prodigious numbers?

In an absurd and motley congregation, the Cappadocians displaced the citizens of Kaymakli, forcing them from their homes for nights on end while the convocation progressed. Innocuously, and with the help of Caias and Japheth, Cappadocius subtly culled the ranks of his clan.

"Who among you has not helped build or plan a church or temple?" asked the founder, directing those who responded to follow Caias deeper into the city.

"Who among you cannot read or write? Who does not follow Via Caeli? Who has not begun the search for answers to the great riddle?" Slowly but inevitably, the ranks of the



assembled Cainites dwindled, as ever greater numbers of them descended into the city. Surely the founder had a plan for them. He was undoubtedly making the most accomplished among them leaders in some sort of new order.

When he had asked his last question and sent the last Cappadocians selected into the depths of Kaymakli, the founder ordered Caias and Japheth to seal forever the portal into the city. As the millstone mechanism slid shut over the howling pit of condemned Cainites, Cappadocius lay his ward over the portal: "Let no childe of Caine ever leave through this passage; let no son of Seth enter."

The founder wept hot tears of blood as he turned from the mass tomb. His carelessness and shortsighted obsession had condemned thousands of his innocent, if poorly sired, childer. Only his hypocrisy and lingering humanity had saved him and the select few still outside from the same fate.

"Go from here. This place is cursed," Cappadocius said to the mortal residents of Kaymakli. "Go and do not ever return."

To this night, the ward holds, though all of the occupants have surely fallen to torpor or the fangs of their brothers. None can say for certain, however, as none wishes to test the ward of Cappadocius which prevents Cainites from leaving once they enter.

LAZARUS' ABSENCE

As Cappadocius placed the ward upon Kaymakli, Japheth stole a private word with Caias. Neither had seen their brother Lazarus at the convocation, and Japheth felt that the childe's absence was an insult to their father. Though somewhat reluctant, Caias agreed to visit their brother's home and discern why Lazarus thought himself above the founder's edict.

Lazarus had long made his home in the fiery lands of Egypt. Undaunted by the curse of Set, Lazarus took a select few bold Cappadocians and made his haven near the banks of the Nile. To this night, dark whispers accuse Lazarus of compliance with the wishes of Set; some even attribute a Blood Oath to the lost Cappadocian.

Whatever the case, Caias' visit was ill-received. Lazarus and his fellows had, of course, heard the founder's call, but the prescient among them had foreseen the dire consequence of heeding it. Some suspect Lazarus feared that Cappadocius would see the curse of Set upon his soul.

"My brother," said Caias, "surely you heard our fathers call?"

"That I did, Caias," replied Lazarus.

"And surely you intended to heed. What great woe prevented you?" asked Caias, his ire rising at the insolence of his blood-sibling.

"No woe of my own contrivance, brother. We were prevented by the woe bestowed by our father."

Caias flew into a rage. Who was Lazarus to question the will of Cappadocius? Caias leapt at Lazarus with murderous intent while the latter's childer looked on in terror. Two ancient vampires clashed in a battle of such epic proportions it is said that the Nile flowed backward during the year that followed. In the end, however, even the skill and wile of Caias proved futile; Lazarus resorted to the use of vile Serpentinus, which is unanimously regarded as the province of the Snake Clan. Caias fell, but not without catastrophically wounding the traitorous Lazarus, who sank into the sandy earth and has not been seen since.

Without the guidance of their leader, the Egyptian Cappadocians scattered to the winds. Some returned to Erciyes and begged forgiveness from Cappadocius. Others merely traveled aimlessly, going where their fates took them.

THE SECOND REVELATION

Not long after the Feast of Folly, Cappadocius experienced another powerful and undeniable vision of what the future held for himself and his childer.

Cappadocius envisioned the Crucifixion: Christ's tattered body nailed to the cross in sacrifice for the sins of the children of Seth. He then saw the thousands of vampires he had consigned to waking entombment, shrieking with rage and impotence. The vision shifted perspective to show Cappadocius and the remaining few Cainites of his clan walking away from the imprisoned childer.

Cappadocius saw a parallel between those vampires and the Son of God — sacrificing themselves so that the others could continue to exist.

Cappadocius then received another vision of the future, one less vivid to his mind than the terror of his previous vision. Cappadocius saw himself on the cross. Japheth and Caias probed his wounds with their fingers, while an infinite number of mortal men wept at the foot of the hill. Cappadocius interpreted this as a mandate for his sacrifice to sustain humanity amid the oppressive sea of vampires.

Cappadocius knew he must achieve Godhead.

Cappadocius and his closest childer devoted themselves to obtaining divinity. Over the course of the clan's studies, several references to the power of consuming the host came to the fore. Certain documents implied that one could literally become God by devouring His body and blood. These texts included Gnostic and Zoroastrian writings, as well as Egyptian accounts of travel between the worlds of the living and the dead. By performing a ritual predicated upon the attainment of utter peace and tranquillity, one could ascend into Heaven itself, take the throne of God and bring all of humanity into Heaven as well.

These fragments of forgotten lore inspired new hope in Cappadocius. As he interpreted the manuscripts, if he attained Golconda and diablerized God, he could become God. Even while he was in torpor, the founder dreamed of a world of

Paradise and of how he would attain it. In his mind, the riddle once again had been answered, but the question remained elusive. The answer was that by bringing Heaven to Earth, life and death would be one, infinite and unending. The question, though, was how?

CAPPADOCIAN INFLUENCE IN EUROPE

While Cappadocius spent his nights in isolation at Erciyes, the surviving members of the clan spread into Europe, eager to escape the land which served as a tomb for many of their childer and siblings. Some stayed at Erciyes; others dwelt in the lands now claimed by Turkey and Byzantium; most left their painful legacies behind, moving ever westward.

It was in these nights that the unspoken alliance between the Ventrue and ourselves came to the forefront. In exchange for facilities in which to study, we gladly assisted the Patricians in affairs of counsel and research. The practice continues presently, and this symbiosis advances our studies in numerous ways.

THE INFITIORES

At the time of Cappadocius' call for the Feast of Folly, several of his brood were unable to make the journey. Whether due to physical inability to attend, transient lifestyles that prevented them from hearing the call, or some aspect of Cappadocian prescience that bade them to not attend, a few escaped possible imprisonment beneath Kaymakli.

These Cappadocians, known as *Infitores*, have grown to hate their clan founder, for none know whether they would have been among the trapped had they attended. They forswore all allegiance to the clan itself, pursuing their own agendas and avoiding all truck with their former kind. They live wretched, solitary unives, embittered by the treachery and unjust judgment of the man they once followed in good faith.

Infitores rarely interact with other vampires, and never with Cappadocians. They are encountered around the Holy Land and in lands held by Muslims, if at all.

In later centuries, this tiny fragment of Cappadocian society flee from the persecution of the Giovanni and end up in secluded communities in Haiti, Portugal, Jamaica and remote African islands and inlets. Surviving *Infitores* will avoid the Giovanni patricide due to their disavowment and lack of communication with their former clan, and due to their slow but significant change in appearance. By the 20th century, those that survive no longer resemble anything that would pass for human, even in dim light, and renounce all claims to their Cappadocian heritage.

With the aid of Ventrue capital, we found it easier to continue our medicinal studies, through our own endeavors and by influencing the growing medical community of barbers and herbalists. The money, prestige and contacts of the Ventrue allow us more and easier access to those who have found forgotten texts and unearthed useful documents. The courts of the Ventrue (and to some degree, the Lasombra, though rare is the Magister who keeps counsel other than his own) are also cosmopolitan places where we may discourse with the foremost thinkers of the day, both mortal and Cainite. Finally, the Ventrue provide great protection from the ubiquitous hazards of the world. Lupines find it extremely difficult to assail us in castles.

Our spread into Europe has proved invaluable, as our yearly meetings at Erciyes attest. Though not particularly devoted to garnering influence, we have nonetheless established ourselves in corners of the continent where our work may continue at the pace we set for ourselves. (Our illustrious clan even claims a few princes in a scattered handful of cities.)

We are often accused of single-mindedness as a clan, but in truth, we have greatly diversified since our movement into mainland Europe. We have a broad membership, mainly at the behest of our elders who do not want to duplicate the fruitless wanderings that followed the fall of the Second City. We claim many poets, who question the soul with their carefully crafted words. We have many among the priests and clergy who tend faith and the varied heavens of Christianity, Islam and paganism, among others. We have Embraced artisans and craftsmen and civil engineers, preserving their works that fulfill the basic needs of nightly life. (Are not eternal answers found in those things we take for granted each evening?) Philosophers, barbers and scientists join our ranks, adding to the font of knowledge we hold so dear. Even chamberlains and councilors grace our clan, guiding the feudal lords with the wisdom we impart and the understanding we command.

INFLUENCE WITHIN THE CHURCH

As our spirits cried out for the answers to eternal questions, more than a few of our members heeded the call of the Church. During the early nights of our migration into Europe, many of us took up the cloth at isolated monasteries. Cloistered beyond the reach of other scheming vampires and the depredations of urban society, Cappadocian monks whiled away the nights in solitude. We had found a very productive niche in which to pursue our goals, whether copying books or translating manuscripts. Living among humans without their knowledge, Cappadocians spread like an invisible veil over the land, drinking what little they could from brothers in the monasteries or from animals in the abbey stables. Most monasteries in Christendom have at one time sheltered a Cappadocian in their ranks, if they do not currently.

Attaining the high ranks within the Church has always been difficult for us, given our pale complexions and nocturnal nature. Regardless, we insinuated ourselves into every bishop-

ric of the Holy See, from the Catholic reaches of England to the Orthodox holdings of Eastern Hungary. In an age when the clergy had only begun to taste the indulgence that its position affords it today, our peculiarities were, on the small scale that we kept them, forgiven. Here our members watched and learned from every nuance of the vicarage. As abbots we led entire monasteries in search of truth. As bishops we fortified the works of our allies. As humble priests we led the midnight masses and vigils from compline to matins. Cappadocian nuns and brothers healed the sick among mortals, ever observing the entropy and decay evident in the lowest serf and the highest-born prince. We delivered the last rites to humans and Cainites alike as they sank into the earth when the last life or unlife left their bodies.

AND THE MATTERS OF STATE

Though very few of us hail from noble families, we still influence matters of state to a great degree. Our knowledge is so vast that our counsel is frequently sought by Cainite leaders, and even by mortal authorities who know individuals by reputation. Many have remarked that we are not worth the trouble to kill, though this insult indicates that prospective killers would have us advise them instead of their foes.

We work at the fringes of the demesne of politics. Many are the Cainites who, proclaiming their temporal title, have run afoul of mortal displeasure and greeted the

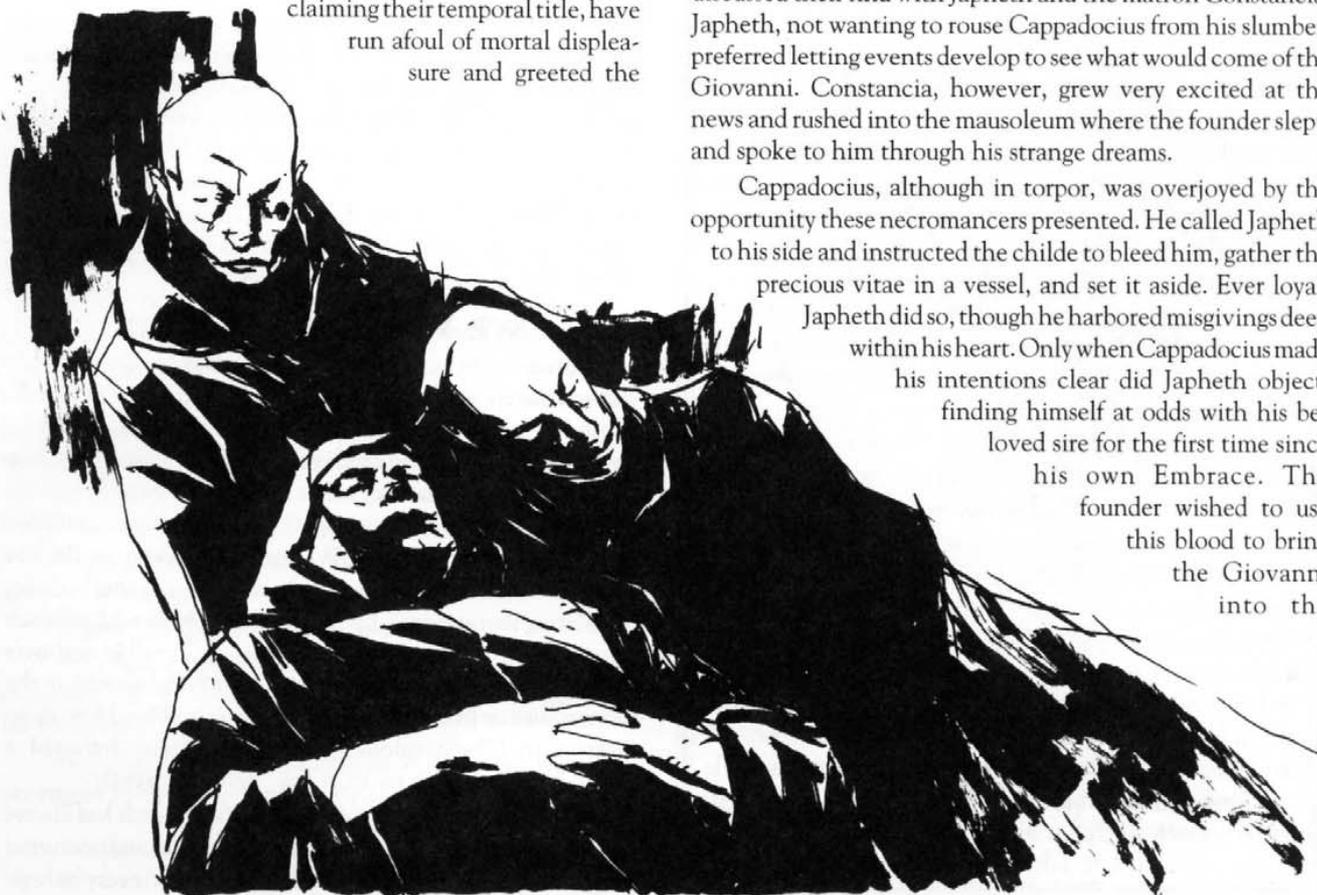
sunrise with stakes through their hearts. Thankfully, most in our clan suffer neither hubris nor the short-sighted allure of power. Instead, we make agreements with other clans similar to those we make with the Ventrue: In exchange for protection and access to reserves of lore, we gladly offer our counsel.

THE GIOVANNI EXPERIMENT

Early in the 12th century, agents of the clan came across a small cabal of mortal necromancers in the city of Venice. This insular coven was composed exclusively of members of one family, a group of Crusades profiteers known as the Giovanni. The family made vast sums of money by charging exorbitant prices for passage to the Holy Land and for delivery of supplies to the war fronts. Debasement and depravity followed their financial success, and the indulgences of the Giovanni family were known throughout northern Italy. Having practiced every activity proscribed by the Church, the Giovanni ultimately turned to the forbidden art of *nigrimancy*.

These dabblers proved remarkably adept at their black art, opening new vistas and succeeding where their predecessors had managed only to scrawl a few blasphemies in goatskin books. They were successful in contacting the spirits of the dead still loosely connected to the physical world, and questioning them about what lay beyond. Naturally, Cappadocians took news of the coven directly back to Erciyes, where they discussed their find with Japheth and the matron Constanca. Japheth, not wanting to rouse Cappadocius from his slumber, preferred letting events develop to see what would come of the Giovanni. Constanca, however, grew very excited at the news and rushed into the mausoleum where the founder slept, and spoke to him through his strange dreams.

Cappadocius, although in torpor, was overjoyed by the opportunity these necromancers presented. He called Japheth to his side and instructed the child to bleed him, gather the precious vitae in a vessel, and set it aside. Ever loyal, Japheth did so, though he harbored misgivings deep within his heart. Only when Cappadocius made his intentions clear did Japheth object, finding himself at odds with his beloved sire for the first time since his own Embrace. The founder wished to use this blood to bring the Giovanni into the



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

THE TRAGEDY OF FATHER EUSTACE

In the late 11th century, a Cappadocian known as Father Eustace assumed responsibility for the parish of a small town between Toulouse and Tours. He was beloved by his flock, guiding his parish with firm but fair demeanor, and promising the vast rewards of Heaven to those who accepted the bounty of Christ. He also promised the infinite torments of Hell to those who strayed from the path, much as any good priest should.

As Eustace involved himself more and more in the lives of his flock, they grew to love him even more. He radiated an aura of calm and piety. Those who attended his midnight masses marked his pallor as a strange sort of stigmata that signified his closeness to God. Even his confessions, held in sacred privacy for those fortunate enough to have Eustace's ear, induced near-rapture in the confessors.

In the end, Eustace's popularity proved his undoing. At the beginning of a particularly promising harvest, the priest's adoring flock gathered at his church. Convinced that the benevolence of God stemmed from this most pious servant, a crowd of peasants gathered at the doors and demanded to see the good father. Unswayed by the brothers' warnings that the father could not be disturbed by day, the throng surged into Eustace's quarters, taking up the sleeping priest and marching in a gay procession into the street, cheering all the while. Of course, no sooner did the crowd expose the slumbering priest to the sun than he burst into flame, consumed within moments by the touch of its unforgiving rays. To this night, Father Eustace is remembered in the town and revered as a saint, taken back to God's bosom by the ignorance of the unruly crowd. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.



CHAPTER TWO: DEATH AMONG THE DEAD

clan. Japheth argued that the mortals had not earned such powerful blood, that these Venetians were untrustworthy and bore more observation. He alluded to the treachery of the Tremere and begged that the Cappadocians should have no commerce with mortal magicians.

Despite his child's misgivings, Cappadocius reached out through his dreams to Augustus Giovanni. He entreated the head of the necromancers to come to Erciyes and partake of the gift of immortality.

Upon his arrival, Augustus was confident in his decision to accept Cappadocius' offer. This ancient temple, filled as it was with arcane secrets, was a ripe plum, ready to be plucked. Japheth and Constancia, looking with Soulsight, saw the rot that festered within this petty mortal. Augustus sought only power; his motives and means were as corrupt as any mortal despot's. Though his necromantic breakthroughs were impressive, this fool did not seek enlightenment, knowledge or the answer to the eternal question. He merely wished to crush his opponents.

Learning this, Japheth asked Constancia to prepare Augustus for his Embrace. While she did so, Japheth laid a curse on the vessel that contained Cappadocius' blood:

"He who partakes of this boon shall forever be judged by this blood and by the will of God. Color this vitae with the deeds of its drinker. Let him sup with his soul every time he feeds. Deliver this blight unto him as the founder delivers this stigma unto us."

Thus, the blood of Cappadocius was delivered to Augustus Giovanni.

As the Venetian lay naked on a stone table, two Cappadocians drained his blood. Before they finished, Constancia stopped them, draining the last bit of Augustus' blood into a clay jar which she sealed with beeswax. As she finished, Japheth came into the chamber, bearing the blood of Cappadocius. The two looked at each other, faltering for a moment in their task. Yet in the end, loyalty won out, as Japheth poured the vitae into the dying body of Augustus Giovanni. Bloody tears streamed from his eyes, and Constancia turned away, unable to watch.

Augustus rose, bloated as a tick, reeling as the liquid fire burned through his once-frail body. He stumbled, giddy as a drunken fool. The two attendants who had drained him earlier recognized the familiar look of hunger smoldering behind Augustus' eyes and ran from the chamber, only to have the powerful fledgling suddenly appear in front of them. With mighty blows driven by the blackest of hearts, Augustus beat the vampires with his bare hands, smelled their blood as it coursed beneath their skin and lapped it up as it flowed in viscous rivulets between his fingers.

Japheth called to the Lamia men-at-arms, those strong and vibrant Cappadocians who had formed their own bloodline long ago. Through their strength and Japheth's soothing words, Augustus' Beast-driven fury abated. Constancia or-

dered slaves brought in to slake the new vampire's thirst, having taken advantage of the commotion to secrete the vial of Augustus' mortal blood in a hidden alcove.

"Welcome to the eternal night, Augustus Giovanni," said Japheth. "You have received the blessing of immortality and the curse of Caine. Please follow me, as our father wishes words with you."

Japheth led Augustus below the temple and into the mountain. They finally stopped at a door which stood almost impossibly deep within the earth, beyond which slept Cappadocius. There, the three most powerful members of our clan discoursed on what was to be.

RESPONSE TO THE GIOVANNI EXPERIMENT

As is typical in a clan as disorganized as ours, no formal stance was taken regarding the Venetian necromancers. Most Cappadocians were ambivalent about the whole affair while others pursued relations with the Giovanni. The Lamia, ever loyal, supported the decision of Cappadocius to bring the Giovanni into the fold.

A few dissenters actively spoke against the Giovanni, not wanting to compromise their position within the Church by associating with necromancers. Sensible Cappadocians pointed out that if any Church officials perceived the connection between Cappadocian clergy and vampires, necromancers would be the least of their worries.

On the whole, the Giovanni experiment was met with cool and sincere disinterest. Support for the new Discipline and greater insight into the eternal riddle were the true benefit of what was taking place. Who cared if there was a special "subclan" within the clan that carried it out? Were not the Lamia themselves a separate bloodline, one which happily coexisted with the Cappadocians?

THE THIRD REVELATION

Not long after the Embrace of Augustus Giovanni, Japheth and Cappadocius both slipped back into the arms of torpor. Augustus was "third-in-command" of the clan, but, as we Cappadocians are loosely structured, his position carried no real authority. Augustus concerned himself mainly with the pursuit of the family necromancy, determining how it would best be translated into an effective Discipline.

While he slept, Cappadocius had the third and most vivid of his premonitions. He saw himself consumed in a bloody fire. The fire spread to consume all of his childer while shadowy figures stood just beyond the flames, laughing at the fate of the clan. As he himself burned into nothingness, a single glowing spark rose from his ashes and ascended into Heaven. The founder realized his clan was doomed.

Cappadocius departed immediately for Rome, forsaking the temple and its stale books for the documents that would surely reaffirm his quest for Godhead. His contacts in the

Church allowed him access to the secret vaults beneath the Pope's own chambers. There, amid the forbidden books on satanic practices and Tantric magic and the foundations of all the world's heresies lay the books that would pave Cappadocius' way into Heaven and the mind of God. He labored with the passion and fever of a man who must escape his own destiny. At this point, all of his past endeavors were meaningless, and he knew that if he did not succeed, his failure would damn the entire world.

Relaying the vision to Japheth through dreams, Cappadocius knew his fate was sealed. Though he had no idea when, where or at whose hands this terrible fate would come, Cappadocius knew that to ascend to the Godhead, he must work quickly. The vision imparted such a dire sense of urgency, he told Japheth, that he feared it was already too late to complete his quest. Nevertheless he must try.

Japheth was left with the grim responsibility of revealing Cappadocius' vision to the clan. He delivered the news at the solstice meeting at Erciyes, which shocked the attendant members to their very souls. Nothing else was discussed at that year's meeting; no other business was conducted. Most visibly shaken were the newly inducted Giovanni Cappadocians. It seemed they felt that they were just given the great gift of the Embrace, only to have it taken away. Surely they perceived that the Embrace is a double-edged sword, and not merely the shortcut to supremacy that their leader had expected.

The other Cappadocians at Erciyes received this news with varied responses. Those who walked the Road of Heaven were shocked; how could a Cainite, cursed by God, ascend to His throne? It was unabashed blasphemy, yet somehow, they saw his conviction. The followers of the Road of the Bones shook their heads in doubt, refusing to believe that the defeat of death would result in eternal life. Those who followed Via Humanitatis shared the founder's joy. They would transcend the petty concerns of the Earth and rejoin their father above.

After assembling all of the books, scrolls and documents he would need, Cappadocius fled from Rome. No one has seen him since, but he has visited many of us in our dreams, promising to lead the procession into the home of God.

CAPPADOCIANS IN THE 12TH CENTURY

Since the third revelation, many Cappadocians have developed defeatist attitudes, languidly awaiting the night of judgment. Others have taken the opportunity to leave their marks on the world, making numerous advances in their fields of study. Some of the most ancient among us have dropped from sight, entering torpor or taking flight to secret and remote locations. For the most part, those Cappadocians who are aware of our inevitable fate go about their typical nightly business, unwilling to challenge destiny.

To those Cappadocians who have not been able to attend gatherings at Erciyes, time is an invisible Sword of Damocles, dangling precariously over their heads. Most Cappadocians make it a practice, when meeting previously unknown members of the clan, to relate the prophecy. Yet many ignorant Cappadocians remain, isolated from contact with others and unable to attend annual meetings.

It is unknown whether the *Infitores* are aware of the clan's impending damnation. Certainly some few are, but the vast majority, due to their disassociation from the rest of us, have no idea. Only time will tell if their disavowment will prove to be their undoing or their salvation.

As a matter of course, modern Cappadocians refrain from speaking of the clan's inevitable doom around other Cainites. While it may be possible to rally support from amiably disposed clans, or to root out the traitor in our midst, we remain silent. In these nights when the destruction of Saulot is so easily forgotten, we do not wish to tip the scales in favor of any who oppose us. At the end of his vision, Cappadocius saw his soul ascend into Heaven. If it is God's will, we will join him on the journey.







Chapter Three: Observations and Conclusions

The children of Cappadocius are among the most scholarly Cainites in the Dark Medieval world. Though they may travel and adventure and suffer the myriad slings and arrows of vampiric fortune, most Cappadocians ultimately seek the knowledge that can be gleaned from such travails. Insight drives them, and a Cappadocian is equally comfortable in a prince's court, in a mausoleum or on the road.

THE LONG NIGHT

Cainites of other clans find aspects of the Cappadocian Embrace peculiar. While the Embrace itself is no different from that of any other vampire, Cappadocians' subsequent ceremonial practices are.

The vast majority of Cappadocian neonates are buried or otherwise enclosed at the time of their Embrace. This practice carries multiple meanings. The newly whelped vampire is restrained either with chains or rope and ceremoniously "buried" for the first night of her unlife. Not all Cappadocians actually bury their new childer; some place them in secluded sepulchers or hide them in tomblike cellars. In any event, a fledgling spends her first night utterly alone and confronted with a sense of death and loneliness.

The reasons for this ritual are twofold. First, the sensation of the mock burial creates great resonance in the spirit of the neonate. The newly dead subject spends an entire night deprived of any sensory input. All but the most callous spend this introspective period confronting their fears of death and experiencing the stultifying yet thrilling horror of becoming immortal.

Second, Cappadocians enact the burial as both a lesson and reminder of the Feast of Folly. Immortality is a dark and powerful gift, and an unwise neonate would not be the first to spend eternity locked away, beyond the reach of any outsider. If she becomes too great a burden on her peers or the children of Seth, the tomb awaits, cold, unforgiving and eternal.

Some recently Embraced vampires prove too fragile for this practice and have to be extinguished when they are unearthed. This is embarrassing for a childer's sire, for she has obviously chosen poorly and may not be permitted to sire again.

A few Cappadocian sires leave their childer in this state longer than one night. Particularly cruel Cainites leave their childer imprisoned until they escape by their own means. This horrible ritual may have inspired the Creation Rites of the Sabbat, which will come to the fore in later centuries. Though not expressly prohibited, this extended entombment is frowned upon by most Cappadocians, as they believe it excessive.

When a Cappadocian seeks to Embrace, she pays particular attention to the letter and spirit of the Third Tradition. She petitions both her sire and her local prince or vampiric liege for permission. The former is consulted in remembrance of the Feast of Folly and for a blessing. The latter she asks to demonstrate her courtesy and responsibility. The sire of the



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

petitioning vampire usually take a hands-off approach (as is typical of most policies in this loosely knit clan); she merely asks out of respect for the Traditions.

Cappadocians select prospective childer from numerous echelons of society. Most candidates are freemen, though many third and fourth sons of nobility are selected from the ranks of the clergy. Some childer have been chosen from the nobility itself. Europe has seen more than one Graverobber prince.

New members are selected according to utility. Cappadocians do not Embrace with caprice or whim. Sometimes a strong right arm is needed; at other times, mortals with riches or other assets are chosen. The vast majority of Cappadocians, however, are scholarly types or those fascinated by death. In the end, almost all members seek answers to the great question, whether through assisting other Cappadocians or through making advances of their own.

THE HEARTH

The havens maintained by Cappadocian vampires tend toward the macabre. This is not due to any bestial nature or social declivity, but is more a result of their grim studies. Visitors to a Cappadocian's sanctuary are likely to find cadavers, preserved corpses of mortals and animals, skulls of various creatures, and implements for dissection and physiological study. By the same token, a visitor may find ancient texts and tomes, archaic maps, extensive libraries and long-forgotten artifacts. Contrary to stereotype, the clan does not obsessively focus on death; rather, members seek the answer to death through a variety of forms. Insight might be found in a treatise on Roman infantry tactics just as easily as in the skull of a condemned witch. Everything lies in interpretation.

Cappadocians favor solitude when selecting locations for their havens. Their work and its subjects tend to disturb mortals and squeamish Cainites, so they remove themselves from society as much as possible. Favorite locales include crypts and mausoleums, both of which provide endless supplies of materials for study and experimentation. Some members favor sites of knowledge and repositories of lore, such as disused libraries, forgotten rooms in schools and monasteries, or wings of castles provided by a lord or prince.

More affluent Cappadocians favor the construction of labyrinths, which provide both security and ample space to conduct research. Rare coterie of Cappadocian scholars also attest to the use of these subterranean mazes. Many older Cappadocians prefer labyrinths as well, recalling the comfort of their nights beneath the earth in the cities of Derinkuyu and Kaymakli. These underground dens hide troves of lost knowledge and other grim secrets.

THE MATTER OF SUSTENANCE

Many Cainites are taken aback when the predatory nature of the Cappadocian comes to the fore. They seem to forget that Cappadocians are inherently vampires, and vampires must hunt and drink blood to survive.

The normally docile demeanor of the clan perpetuates this reaction. How can scholars, priests and pacifists so casually take the lives of innocent mortals? The bottom line is that they must. If all Cappadocians starved themselves into torpor for ethical reasons, none would remain to perpetuate the clan! Some members only realize this with time. Elders smirk at the thought of the fledgling, assured of his place in the eyes of God, surreptitiously drinking from livestock in the barnyard shadows.

Cappadocians, more than anyone, know that the cycle of life is finite. Some people's lives are of brief extent, something the Graverobbers are willing to hasten. Natural law supports this case: Wolves slay and eat deer. Are they not creatures under God's auspices? In truth, some more ancient and withdrawn Cappadocians reason, are not men the only creatures who suffer such qualms and pangs of conscience? Such pretenses only belabor the issue of Cainite hunger. Cappadocians also rationalize their actions by justifying their ends. The average peasant, of which their is a practically infinite number, hardly contributes as much to the quest for the meaning of existence as does a Cappadocian. One must die, here and there, so that the many may live in greater comfort and knowledge. The less genteel among the clan state simply that vampires are humanity's only natural predator.

CLAN HIERARCHY

Cappadocians have never been well-organized. Instead, "they are rugged individualists and isolationists." The roughest himself prefers to work at his own pace, making each discovery through thought and reason, rather than the rote memorization of the typical teacher-student relationship. This autonomy is reflected in the functions of the clan as a whole: Sires frequently part ways with their progeny, encouraging childer to find their own paths in the pursuit of knowledge.

This is not to say that the clan lacks focus. Once a year, each Cappadocian who is able makes the journey to Erciyes, where the clan discusses its findings and policies. It is here that new developments in Mortis are demonstrated, new clues to the eternal question are shared and other political endeavors are resolved. Many Cappadocians take advantage of visiting Erciyes, studying in its vast library (which contains the most complete version of the *Book of Nod* currently available, as well



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

as a transcription of a document of unknown origin called the *Guarded Rubrics*) or making use of the extensive crypt and mausoleum to test pet theories. Some Cappadocians even dwell at Erciyes all year, as the round trips from some places can take longer than eight months!

The clan has no formal structure, other than that dictated by common courtesy. Cappadocians do, however, afford great renown to their elders and most learned scholars. Resourcefulness, knowledge and wisdom are prized over physical prowess and cunning.

A tale is told of two Cappadocian chamberlains, one assistant to the prince of Marseilles, the other a ranking official in the archbishopric of Tours. The two were locked in an argument which began in Latin, and they changed the language of their discourse at every opportunity, each trying to outdo the other. Sixteen changes of dialect later, they realized that they were at an impasse and vowed to renew their discussion the following year.

FACTIONS

In spite of the clan's loose structure, many Cappadocians share common viewpoints on their beliefs. The resulting factions are much more social than political, though some enthusiastic members take their beliefs to great lengths, refusing even to speak with members of rival factions. A few of the most notable factions are detailed below.

ESCHATOLOGISTS

Eschatologists support the Cainite heresy, pointing to Cappadocius' aspiration to Godhead as evidence of divine right. Most members of this faction follow the Road of Heaven. They have deluded themselves into the belief that by giving of their bodies to followers, they are contributing to the consubstantiation of the Eucharist. They firmly believe that they are the agents of God on Earth, and have an exclusively Christian membership. Eschatologists believe that they will deliver the children of Seth into Heaven on the night of judgment.

Individual Eschatologists often surround themselves with cults of mortals whom they have ghoulled into subservience. They often find themselves at odds with the local clergy for obvious reasons; thus, they tend to travel a great deal to avoid the Church's wrath. Their entourages tour the countryside, sometimes setting up in secret, sometimes staging grandiose "revivals." It is at these revivals that they convert new members, many of whom are convinced of the vampires' divinity by the "miracles" they perform. These miracles are more often than not simple rituals or uses of Disciplines, though there are reports of truly phenomenal effects that cannot be created by blood alone.

THE CYCLOPEAN COVENANT

Cappadocians involved with the Cyclopean Covenant wish to extend their studies further into the realms of magic (see below). These vampires actively encourage an alliance

with the hated Tremere. Some few of them are reliably rumored to know a bit of the new Thaumaturgy Discipline. The Cyclopean Covenant wholeheartedly supports the Giovanni experiment, hoping for success on the part of the Venetians in order to add credibility to their own agenda.

Members of the Cyclopean Covenant typically keep the company of Tremere. They are known to pursue Thaumaturgy in the hope of safeguarding against the clan's doom. Cappadocians in this faction typically become members of Tremere chantries, though not to the degree that the Usurpers themselves do. As like-minded scholars, the Tremere share their Graverobber associates' thirst for knowledge, though most Cappadocians are considered morbid by the grim warlocks. Covenant Cappadocians, while not at the beck and call of their allies, usually accompany them on searches for ancient lore and magical artifacts.

GIOVANNI

The insular and incestuous Giovanni family of merchant-traders became immensely rich through profiteering during the Crusades. Depravity came with the riches, and the family turned to forbidden studies in order to titillate its members' jaded tastes. Ironically, these spoiled dabblers have made some serious headway with their magic and have embraced the art of Necromancy entirely, adapting it for optimum use with vampiric blood as a catalyst. The Giovanni Embrace only from within their family, although it is a highly guarded secret that "family" also includes those who marry female Giovanni, thereby extending the potential for childer to those who do not bear the family surname.

The Giovanni are actually quite a diverse group. Augustus seems to want to build an extensive power base, and to this end he encourages the Embrace of family members who show expertise or utility. The Giovanni vampires have recently inducted bankers, merchants, mercenaries, diplomats, spies and many others into their ranks. Most of this occurs without the permission of the Cappadocians, and obviously without their knowledge.

It bears mention that many Giovanni do not share Augustus' lust for power, wishing instead to aid the traditional Cappadocian quest for enlightenment. Of course, for every "altruistic" Giovanni (though that is certainly a euphemism), six wicked ones also exist.

LAMIA

The Lamia exist outside the typical social structure of the clan, though they are actually a Cappadocian-based bloodline as opposed to a political faction. The mysteries of Lilith intrigue this strange and solitary group (they were a cult devoted to The Woman Who Came Before Eve when Lazarus Embraced their priestess), though members share a penchant for death with their Cappadocian forebears. The Lamia differ most from the Cappadocians in their approach to the question of death: Where Cappadocians prefer to study and interpret



the eternal question, Lamia choose to view the event first-hand. Lamia are also known for their physical prowess, often appearing as grim paladins, resplendent in armor that dates back to the earliest Crusades or before. Their loyalty to each other and to Clan Cappadocian is unfaltering. More information on the Lamia is presented in the **Dark Ages Companion**.

Lamia often accompany their Cappadocian companions whenever the latter see fit to undertake journeys. As the Cappadocians seem always to be searching for lost books or the bones of some revered dead person, the Lamia will never want for something to do. Most Lamia enjoy these travels, as it gives them a chance to observe the peculiarities of death beyond the Graverobbers' laboratories.

Some Lamia also travel alone, away from their Cappadocian relatives. Many of these were adventurous types in their mortal lives: soldiers and mercenaries, mostly. They chafe under the academic endeavors of the Cappadocians and long for the open road, sometimes regarding other Lamia as domesticated.

Later in time, as the Giovanni rise against the Cappadocians, the Lamia prove their loyalty by remaining at their brothers' sides. The Giovanni slay the Lamia to the last one, hunting down even the most transient.

TRANSCENDENTALS

These Cappadocians supplement their studies of death by consorting with the Restless Dead. The Transcendentals record the accounts of ghosts doomed to an eternity on Earth and denied Heaven or Hell. This faction makes many grim reports with regard to the fate of individuals left unshriven or cursed, and its essays on the composition of the soul are chilling. Many of these Cappadocians are skilled in the Lamia Discipline of Deimos (detailed in the **Dark Ages Companion**), as well as the traditional Discipline, Mortis.

Trancendentals commonly travel to those areas known to be centers of wraith activity. Large graveyards, abandoned churches and sites of battles draw these Cainites, where they hope to catch a glimpse of those who linger beyond death. Transcendentals also tend to pursue the personal effects or relics of dead saints. They claim these relics give them a spiritual connection to the saint in question, whose spirit they may channel from Heaven.

There is a shadowy subset of Trancendentals that is ascribed membership in the *Manus Nigrum*. Naturally, the Cappadocians under this suspicion deny it, though some proof has linked them to the mortal death cult in the *Manus Nigrum's* history.



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN



MAGIC AND THE CLAN OF DEATH

Cappadocians have long been interested in the magic arts as a means to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. Some members of the clan profess having belonged to magical orders during their mortal lives, but claim the Embrace dulls the capacity for wielding these forces (or so it seems). As it stands, no Cappadocians, other than the most ancient, are able to manipulate more than the simplest hexes or most rudimentary forms of alchemy.

The Giovanni's Necromancy, of course, is the outstanding exception to this rule. The Cappadocians argue that the base of this necromantic power stems from the blood of Caine, which runs through all vampires; it is no more "magic" than Mortis or any other Discipline. The Giovanni believe differently, having practiced the Art before their Embrace, but their voice carries little weight and their recent introduction into the clan labels them as naive.

The Cappadocians have no unified opposition to the Tremere because of the vast potential of magic. A schism thereby exists in the clan. Some believe that vampire politics and history are incendiary things; the Tremere may have acted rashly, but the Thaumaturgy they bring presents new opportunities to study realms of knowledge. The Discipline-based nature of Thaumaturgy circumvents the Cainite prohibition against magic, and they wish to exploit this as they would any other resource. Detractors warn against any extended contact with the Tremere, pointing to the destruction of Saulot as the most damning evidence of the Usurpers' intentions: Nothing is worth extinction.

Of course, this dispute may be meaningless in the long run. The Tremere are notoriously stingy with their newfound secrets. Rumors abound, though, of rogue Tzimisce who coax their blood magic from them.

CHAPTER THREE: OBSERVATIONS
& CONCLUSIONS



BECOMING A WRAITH

Vampires who become wraiths after suffering Final Death are rare, though it happens on occasion. As always, the Storyteller has the final say as to whether or not she wishes her players to assume the roles of wraiths after their Cainite characters die.

Vampires who make the change to wraithdom no longer retain vestiges of their vampiric status; most notably, their Disciplines vanish when they join the ranks of the Restless Dead. Attributes and Abilities remain the same (and can indeed be quite substantive), while Arcanoi, Passions and Fetters may either be chosen as normal or determined in a manner amenable to the Storyteller's wishes.

Vampires who have achieved the elusive state of Golconda may not become wraiths, nor may vampires who have met their end due to diablerie. More information on wraiths may be found in *Wraith: The Oblivion* and Chapter Nine of *Vampire: The Dark Ages*.

CAPPADOCIANS AND THE RESTLESS DEAD

Many Cappadocians have discovered methods of communicating with wraiths during the course of their macabre studies. It appears that the veil which separates the physical world from the lands of death thins in the presence of vampires and their ilk. Communications with these nether shades are limited at best, but Cappadocians who specialize in studying these ghosts report that there is a society in place beyond the Shroud which closely mimics that of humanity. The accounts of numerous Cappadocians agree on several generalities of this dead land.

The meaning of these discoveries has been hotly debated among the factions of Cappadocians that devote their study to these realms. Some, like members of the Cyclopean Covenant, became disillusioned by these insights, and actively oppose the transcendental viewpoints of the rest of the clan. They believe that if death merely continues the institutions of the living, nothing much can be gleaned from further studies of the next world that could not be learned elsewhere. Other, more religious minds in the Transcendental camp maintain that these condemned spirits are not the denizens of Heaven or Hell, but are somehow trapped between damnation and salvation as described in the Book of Matthew. Radical elements in the faction discount even this claim, maintaining that as children of Caine, vampires themselves are suspended within the realm of Purgatory. Cappadocians who support

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

these schools of thought argue their cases during each assembly at Erciyes; to date no particular faction has been able to incontrovertibly prove its point, instead trying to impress its outlook as the "correct" matter of faith.

A few elder Cappadocians have also observed a peculiar wraithly manifestation bearing remarkable resemblance to their own advanced power of Vigor Mortis. Certain wraiths are apparently able to reanimate host bodies, forcing themselves into decaying corpses and going about their inscrutable business. These "Arisen" can speak, although their host bodies limit this to whatever degree is physically possible. In addition to being incredibly rare, these sentient zombies generally have little time for Cainites of any ilk, unless of course they are looking for the particular vampires who caused their deaths. These walking corpses are sometimes mistaken by many vampires for the *zombu* servants typically associated with the Cappadocians; on occasion they are even mistaken for particularly decrepit vampires. Imagine the surprise of a vampire hunter when her prey continues to fight on, even with a stake through its heart! The *zombu* themselves are wholly different from the "Arisen," being nothing more than simple shells animated by vampiric Disciplines rather than by souls.

THE GIOVANNI PROBLEM

One of the reasons that the Cappadocian position on the Tremere remains undecided (beyond the clan's tendency for disorganization) is the internal division created by the induction of the Giovanni. Many elder Cappadocians are actively and openly dissatisfied with the decision to embrace the Venetian necromancers. Some suspect the Giovanni of malicious intent, pondering the ominous revelation of the clan's inevitable doom. Others see the Venetians as kin to the Usurpers; they have effectively, in certain Cappadocians' opinions, stolen the Embrace as have the loathsome Tremere. Though Cappadocius gave his blood to Augustus freely, dissenting clan members believe that the Venetian had not earned it. Still others are simply jealous that Augustus Giovanni caught the attention of their founder and received the boon of such potent vitae. These critics argue that, regardless of the necromancers' utility, they have pulled the wool over Cappadocius' eyes and aim to use the Embrace for their own ends, Clan Cappadocian be damned.

Most of the more ancient Cappadocians cannot be found, much less offer a vocal opinions, but both Japheth and Cappadocius himself speak in favor of the necromancers. The resentment exhibited by young Cappadocians, these two say, is merely a weakness in their beings, and can only hamper their studies if left unchecked. They point to recent inroads with the burgeoning Discipline of Necromancy as a portentous event, though Japheth's enthusiasm is grudging at best.



CHAPTER THREE: OBSERVATIONS
& CONCLUSIONS



The vast majority of Cappadocians, however, simply do not care, believing that one as ancient as the founder is more than entitled to his eccentricities. If something fruitful comes of the necromancers' Embrace, the clan is all the better for it. If not, the Venetians are hardly any less disposable than their brethren who lie entombed beneath Kaymakli.

The Giovanni, in typical family fashion, are indignant that they should be suspected of any ill intent. Augustus and his mortal family provide the only stock for the bloodline, so they can hardly be accused of a coup through numbers. Their new Discipline, while fledgling, has opened great doors and greater opportunities into the study of death that all Cappadocians hold close to their unbeating hearts. More than anything else, the Giovanni appear very eager to prove themselves.

For the most part, Cappadocians have little to do with the Giovanni if only due to the rarity of the latter. The average Graverobber wouldn't do any less for a Giovanni than he would for any other Cappadocian (which is still exponentially more than he would do for some vampires), and the Giovanni presence as a whole will, it is hoped, prove beneficial. When a Cappadocian is opposed to the Giovanni experiment, though, she will usually take any opportunity to voice her antagonistic opinion, at least in the company of other Cappadocians.

GHOULS

Cappadocians rely extensively upon ghouls to make their unlives more convenient. The vampires select their charges from a wide range of mortals, depending on what environment they choose for themselves.

In general, Cappadocians do not Embrace those ghouls to whom they are particularly attracted or whom they find exceptionally useful. For the most part, they see ghouls as necessary tools for their continued survival (in spite of their revelations of doom), and not as a "proving ground" for potential neonates. As such, a Cappadocian does not typically dangle the carrot of immortality over the heads of her ghouls. Instead, she treats them, sometimes even respectfully, as valued servants.

Cappadocians in the monastic clergy usually create ghouls only from their immediate peers, even then selecting only one or two close compatriots to bring into the fold. Any more, and a Cappadocian will surely be found out. These ghouls tend to be less servants and more allies, making excuses for why the Cappadocian is not at mass, and trading duties that can be performed during nocturnal hours for those which must be done during the day.

Those Graverobbers who oversee monasteries, however, often have numerous ghouls at their beck and call. These ghouls are much more traditional in their functions, taking care of little things that their master cannot be bothered with, or simply does not wish to perform. Cappadocian abbots have been known to ghoul their monasteries entirely, giving their

blood to the monks during Communion by mixing it into the wine. This practice is looked down upon by most Cappadocians. Not only is it highly vulgar and high-blasphemous, but an entire monastery full of lay brothers driven by a blind devotion to their abbot is a bit obvious. Practitioners of this method of ghoulish-making are dangerously close to the Cainite heresy in the eyes of their peers.

Cappadocian priests in charge of churches often take ghouls to ensure the upkeep of the church and its properties and to take care of its daytime affairs. Again, some priests ghoulish their entire flocks by the method described above, but such doings are significantly more rare. After all, erratic behavior is much more easily noticed among townfolk than among the cloistered residents of a monastery. Typically, a priest will draw only two or three ghouls into service, provided that his diocese is large enough to sustain them without scrutiny.

Itinerant Cappadocians will sometimes ghoulish their traveling companions, ensuring loyalty as well as giving them the extra measure of strength that makes enduring the road easier. These ghouls keep watch over their master's resting site during the day. By night, the numbers they present discourage bandit gangs and other predators. The Potence inherent in the blood that creates the ghoulish also allows him to carry greater loads without tiring as quickly.

Noble Graverobbers, as well as those who serve noble lords (whether Cainite or otherwise) frequently command cadres of ghouls, drawn from all ends of the lord's manor or castle. They have at their disposal sergeants-at-arms, seneschals, stablekeepers and all manner of other petty servants, whom they use for information and other duties.

Generally speaking, the clan initiates ghouls who will be useful in a variety of ways. The Cappadocians have created entire families of ghouls, though not to the degree that the Tzimisce have. These families provide the Cappadocians with manpower and money, both of which are vital to their masters' quest for knowledge. The families fund expeditions, purchase books and other texts, send members as retainers to their masters and any number of other subtle aids to the clan. The Giovanni, with the exception of those Embraced by the clan, is one of these families.

Ghouls are usually assigned the most unsavory duties that are nonetheless important to the Cappadocian's comfort. In this respect, they are like every other ghoulish in any vampire's employ. Where they differ, though, is in the nature of their duties. Where a Ventrue or Lasombra ghoulish may be assigned to watch over her master's sepulcher, a Cappadocian ghoulish may be required to dig up freshly dead bodies for her master's experiments. For the truly unpleasant Cappadocian master, a



CHAPTER THREE: OBSERVATIONS
& CONCLUSIONS

ghoul may have to bring in bodies not yet dead. She may have the honor of preserving parts of the bodies for later study, or of feeding the “test subjects” in their hidden cells.

Not all ghouls have such odious responsibilities. Those who are monks will typically continue their normal duties, with the only added stipulation of protecting their master. Sometimes they will copy manuscripts or translate works for their master's benefit, or may simply be left in charge of the library. A ghouled courtier may only have to provide her master with valuable information. The Cappadocian use of ghouls is truly as diverse as the Graverobbers themselves.

ZOMBU

Exclusive to the Cappadocian clan (though the Tremere may be said to have gone one better with the Gargoyles) is the *zombu*, commonly known as the zombie. *Zombu* are animated corpses fueled by vampiric vitae, created through the use of the Mortis Level Six Discipline Vigor Mortis. These animated dead are *de rigueur* in any Cappadocian haven and serve their masters with unerring and unthinking loyalty. Though less capricious than ghouls, *zombu* are less durable, crumbling to dust three nights after their creation.

Cappadocians favor the use of these shambling husks in many situations. As they are mindless animated corpses, *zombu* prove quite useful for exceptionally disgusting or repetitive physical labor. After the sack of the monastery atop Erciyes, the Cappadocians converted many of the slaughtered monks into *zombu*, thereby creating a vast force of manual laborers. They used these zombies to tear down the old temple and to quarry the rock for the new one.

Zombu also feel no pain, and, while they don't make great shock troops, they do make effective wards and guardians. Though they are only as physically formidable as they were in life, *zombu* have no fear instincts. They will never flee a superior foe and will fight to the death, or second death, as the case may be.

ALTERNATE CREATION OF ZOMBU

Numerous Cappadocian ancillae, unable to attain sufficient knowledge of Mortis due to their generation, petitioned their sires to reveal the secret of creating these automatons. The masters gladly shared choice bits of wisdom, but kept select details away from their childer in order to encourage the study of the Discipline of death.

Cappadocians without mastery of the sixth level of Mortis may still create *zombu*, but the practice requires a bit of preparation and knowledge of other arcane arts. The ritual must also be learned from one who knows it or from written texts; it is not inherent knowledge. The product of this ritual is a thumbnail-sized translucent “gem” formed from the blood of the vampire. Known as a blood pearl, such a gem can be used to roughly emulate the animation of a *zombu*.





Creating a blood pearl requires eight hours and three Blood Points. It also demands at least eight levels of mastery between the Disciplines of Mortis, Necromancy and Thaumaturgy, with no fewer than two levels in each. The Blood Points must come from the Cappadocian who wishes to create the pearl, or the ritual will not work. The player must then make an Intelligence + Occult roll, with the difficulty equal to the number of hours for which the *zombu* will remain animate. Unfortunately, the practice and effect of making a blood pearl are imprecise, and the creator cannot know whether or not her ritual has succeeded until she attempts to use the pearl.

Any corpse may be animated by inserting the blood pearl into its mouth. The *zombu* will remain animate for the number of hours stipulated by the difficulty of the roll. At the end of this time, the *zombu* will collapse and rapidly decompose, leaving nothing but dust. Cappadocian scholars believe this rapid decay to be a result of the unnatural magics which had animated the body.

THE OTHERS

ASSAMITES

These killers are notoriously competent at their work, yet their concerns lie with the mere act rather than its meaning. Had these brutes any true knowledge of the meaning of death they would be fearsome beyond belief. For the time being, try to avoid arousing their ire.

BRUJAH

These fellows are easily moved to extremes when matters of passion arise, though the specifics of the events seem not to matter to them. What curious behavior for childer of Caine to possess! Be aware that when discoursing with them, facts will be next to useless; take the tack of vehemence and volume instead. Some Brujah break this mold, however, and may be quite erudite.

FOLLOWERS OF SET

Subtle practitioners of what they call corruption, the Serpents follow paths that more typically lead them to debasement. Their glorious greater evils are more often than not feebly veiled bacchanals. Nonetheless, they are deadly enemies, worthy of their serpentine epithets.

GANGREL

The lives of all creatures draw to an inescapable close, whether man or beast. These feral monsters would do better to consider their stake in the immortal drama that transcends our time on Earth. For now, they are content to wander the fields and gnaw at bones. Speaking with them may prove enlightening, however, if one seeks an unfettered and uncomplicated opinion.

CHAPTER THREE: OBSERVATIONS
& CONCLUSIONS

LASOMBRA

The Lasombra are wise and knowledgeable, though deluded by their own self-importance. They make good leaders, and we often find ourselves in their retinues. Ultimately, they are too shallow and concerned with their own pursuits to satisfy our quest for answers.

MALKAVIANS

I have found that two types of Madmen exist: simple idiots and the truly disturbed. Simple idiots are the addled jesters who cause us to roll our eyes upward, while the truly disturbed possess such refreshingly colorful perspectives as to unknowingly answer questions beyond their comprehension. These latter should be prized for their insight, while the former should be extinguished and studied *postmortem*.

NOSFERATU

Strangely enough, the majority of these Cainites do not revel in their monstrous immortality. Instead, they hide among shadows and under pig troughs. This clan claims a variety of members, many of whom possess vast knowledge. The secrets it keeps, however, pale in comparison to the physical mysteries that its members present.

RAVNOS

To be given the gift of timelessness and squander it by making peasants see visions of the Virgin? The less said about these jackals, the better.

TOREADOR

This clan seeks experience of the artistry which surrounds it. Unfortunately, these vampires are all too often given to hedonism and other trappings of the physical world. Their introspection and soul-searching would be better applied in pursuit of universal truths rather than on material objects. There may yet be hope for them yet, however; they are perhaps the ones closest in temperament to ourselves.

TREMERE

Untrustworthy, vile and reckless, the Usurpers are the most likely candidates for bringing about our clan's inevitable destruction. They have, after all, proven that they are not above such things. Would that there were special hells set aside for these contemptible wizards. I spit upon their ashes.

TZIMISCE

A clan of atavisms, the Tzimisce are nonetheless born to rule in their hostile realms. Certain members of this peculiar bloodline maintain Cappadocian advisors, although most do not. This clan embodies both the best and worst aspects of the Embrace. Tzimisce make marvelous cases for study, though one would be wise to remain at a safe distance from such a subject.

VENTRUE

Rulers of men and the self-styled keepers of their Cainite brethren, the Ventrue set goals and attain them. Ultimately, they suffer the same flaws as the Toreador, in that their successes are transient and ephemerally physical. Cities held by Ventrue are some of the safest in Christendom and beyond, as these vampires so thoroughly intertwine themselves in the welfare of the children of Seth.

BAALI

The Baali are to the nether demons as the Gangrel are to animals. These devil-worshipping lapdogs wish to revisit their sins upon the world a millionfold. If reincarnation exists, these vile spawn will surely enter their next lives as rot grubs or coelacanths. Do not suffer one to make his home in your domain.

WEREWOLVES

A capricious lot, more beast than man, even though their physiology implies an even division. While these creatures are interesting, they are ultimately unimportant. Learn from them if you can, run from them if you cannot. Bear in mind that it is highly unlikely that you will learn from them.

MAGES AND MAGI

One would be better off predicting where individual raindrops will land than attempting to grasp the workings of a magus' mind. Our paths cross more often than we would like, for they frequently pursue the same ends we do. A few of them are worthy companions, as we have learned with the Giovanni necromancers. Many more are odious and insufferable, as we have learned with the Tremere.



NEW TRAITS

Due to the Cappadocian predilection for death, the clan has made a few inroads in otherwise neglected areas of thought. Though the following Traits are suited particularly to the morbid Cappadocians, they are not exclusive, and may be taken by any appropriate character in **Vampire: The Dark Ages**. As always, though, the Storyteller is the ultimate arbiter of what is permissible in her game, and may choose to disallow these Traits.

KNOWLEDGE

THANATOLOGY

You are well versed in the phenomenon of death in all of its guises. You are familiar with decrepitude and aging, the effects of plague and illnesses (though this Knowledge may not normally be substituted for Medicine) and matters of the spirit. You are also skilled in the practice of preserving corpses, whether through mummification, embalming or other methods. In addition, you are versed in the metaphysics of death, harboring your own philosophy or subscribing to another about what happens to the spirit when its mortal host dies. At her discretion, the Storyteller may allow characters with Thanatology to try to determine the cause of a subject's death, if it is not immediately obvious.

•**Dabblers:** Everybody dies. You've seen it happen a few times.

••**Student:** You've done some research on the subject, and are familiar with multiple cultural beliefs about death.

•••**Learned:** Your knowledge of numerous cultural, religious and philosophical outlooks on death is deep, and includes limited understanding of the supernatural.

••••**Scholar:** Your understanding of death is quite extensive, including a good deal of supernatural knowledge. At this point, you have probably conducted your own experiments and may even keep a laboratory dedicated to study.

•••••**Savant:** You are acknowledged as an expert on the subject, and may be sought out for your valuable opinions.

••••••**Visionary:** You are an undisputed master, and your speeches at Erciyes help shape the direction of the clan for the coming years. You believe that you understand the mystery of death.

Possessed by: Cappadocians, Necromancers, Giovanni, Priests, Cultists, Heretics

Specialties: Cultural Beliefs, Religious Beliefs, Wraiths, Causes of Death

ROAD

ROAD OF THE BONES

The body is merely a vessel for the soul, or so the followers of the Via Ossis believe. Cainites, according to followers of this Road, are suspended in a vexing state of unlife. Though they are not alive, like mortals, neither are they dead, as they may still think and act. Those who walk this path are by turns morbid and existential. They are, at times grounded in the temporal world, at other times concerned with the plight of their immortal spirits.

Though the physical body makes a transition from birth, through life and into death, the soul remains constant. When the body dies, the soul is placed in another body, oblivious to its prior existence. Adherents to this Road do not revere life on an individual basis, but rather as a collective. As such, many vampires on this Road conduct sacrifices or experiments in which subjects die, so that they may study the journey of the soul back to its origin.

Cainites on the Via Ossis see their state of vampirism as a break in this cycle. They draw a strong connection between vampires and parasites, illustrating their dependency on blood as "borrowing" part of the cycle from the mortals upon which they feed. Many of them assume that, upon their Final Deaths, they will be re-introduced into the cycle, but very few of them are especially eager to hasten this.

This path draws a narrow group of followers, primarily from the Cappadocian clan (though more than a few morbid Tzimisce follow this Road). Proponents generally seek a scientific answer to these matters of the spirit, though some seek merely to substantiate their faith. While generally spiritual, followers of the Road of the Bones are not commonly passionate, but content to believe what they believe and continue learning.

The Road of the Bones, centered upon the empirical pursuit of spiritual matters, upholds the Virtues of Conviction and Self-Control.

THE ROAD OF THE BONES AND THE SABBAT

The Road of the Bones remains in use until the late 17th century, even after the destruction of the Cappadocian clan at the hands of their Giovanni childer. At that point almost exclusively followed by Tzimisce, the Road all but disappears. A few years later, however, the Tzimisce will bring tenets of the Road into a more modern philosophy, which will become the Path of Death and the Soul as practiced by the Sabbat. At that point, the newly emergent Path will gain wider support from the *antitribu* of the Malkavians and Toreador as well.

ROAD OF THE BONES

Score Minimum wrongdoing for Conviction roll

10	Showing fear of death
9	Failing to study an occurrence of death
8	Refusing to kill when the opportunity presents itself
7	Refusing to feed when hungry
6	Succumbing to frenzy
5	Refusing to share insight with another follower of this Road
4	Letting compassion sway a decision
3	Acting in a sacrificial manner
2	Needlessly preventing a death
1	Showing aversion to death

MERITS AND FLAWS

The following is a collection of optional Merits and Flaws exclusively suited to Cappadocians. Use these Traits to personalize your characters, or adapt them to suit your needs. Remember to consult your Storyteller before taking any Merits or Flaws; see the Appendix in **Vampire: The Dark Ages** for further details.

GIOVANNI LINEAGE: (2 PT. MERIT)

The Cappadocians have recently Embraced key members of the Venetian Giovanni family. These necromancer-merchants possess a keen insight into what may one night become a legitimate Discipline, and their Embrace encourages its development. Characters with Giovanni Lineage may take and learn the founding Discipline of Necromancy as an additional clan Discipline. Giovanni characters may not begin a chronicle any lower than 11th generation, nor may they take Prescience or Mad Visions; these peculiarities are curiously absent among Giovanni Cappadocians.

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

PRESCIENCE: (3 PT. MERIT)

Some Cappadocians bear the strange gift of foresight, though their revelations are brief and dim. Prescience gives little insight of immediate or tactical value, but it does prepare the vampire somewhat for the future. This insight may be anything from knowing whether or not an individual may be trusted, recognizing an object of value, or any other effect that the Storyteller will allow for the sake of the story. The exact nature of a character's premonitions are handled by the Storyteller.

It is worthwhile to note that the Graverobber's visions are not "possible futures." Rather, they are murky and vague fragments of a definite time to come.

HORRIFIC APPEARANCE: (3 POINT FLAW)

An increasingly frequent occurrence among Cappadocians is a strange accentuation of their inherent clan weakness. Numerous Cappadocians, already prone to resembling walking corpses, have shown a more pronounced Horrific Appearance. Those who exhibit this aberrant trait become even more corpse-like; their skin draws tight over their bones and scales away entirely in patches. Advanced cases may exhibit open sores, excessive decomposition of the body, limbs and head (commonly resulting in the loss of the nose and ears) and a repulsive scent reminiscent of the grave. Cappadocians suffering this Flaw have Appearance ratings of 0. This may never be improved, although it may be physically hidden or masked with magic or Disciplines.

MAD VISIONS: (3 PT. FLAW)

Some Cappadocians report cases of peculiar aberrations of Prescience, in which the afflicted Cainites claim to have apocalyptic visions.

The vampire cursed with Mad Visions sinks periodically into tormented trances, sometimes in the middle of performing tasks, and drops to the ground, twitching feebly. When questioned as to the nature of these waking nightmares, the Cappadocian reports either visions of hellish personal agony or vivid but inexplicable premonitions of the entire clan's destruction. A few frail psyches even block out all memory of the episodes.

Cappadocians who suffer Mad Visions or experience Prescience rarely share their visions with Cainites outside the clan. Indeed, many of those with the visions are driven to the verge of madness by burgeoning Cassandra Complexes in which the prescients know the horrid truth of the future and realize their inability to prevent it. Thankfully, this condition is infrequent, and few suffer to the fullest extent, though more than one Graverobber has had to be alleviated of her misery.

CAPPADOCIAN DISCIPLINE POWERS

Certain Cappadocians have developed new and intriguing uses for the Disciplines they possess, resulting in morbid abilities that augment their studies. These powers are not included in the interests of min-maxing player characters; their use is solely at the option of the Storyteller.

REAPER'S PASSING (MORTIS LEVEL SIX)

By using this power, the Cappadocian creates a "near-death experience" in the subject of her choice. The victim immediately experiences a nonfatal heart seizure, lack of air or another potentially disastrous turn of physiological events. Whatever its specifics, the experience often affects the target profoundly. Callous Cappadocians often use this power to bully mortals.

System: The vampire must touch her target for this power to take effect. The player makes a Manipulation + Medicine roll (difficulty equal to the target's Willpower) and spends a Blood Point. The number of successes on the roll indicates how profoundly the target is affected; one success equals slight discomfort while five successes signifies a massive coronary attack whereby the subject may bear psychological scars due to the gravity of the event. A botch incapacitates the Cainite for the remainder of the scene while she suffers visions of her own gruesome Final Death.

This power affects only living beings; vampires are unharmed by its effects (except in the case of a botch).

THE LEPER'S GAIT (MORTIS LEVEL SEVEN)

The Cappadocian selects one of her target's limbs and induces internal atrophy and decay. The limb immediately becomes useless, and will rot and fall off gruesomely within a few days. This power may also be applied to the head, and will be universally fatal if applied to the head of a mortal.

System: The vampire must touch her target. The player spends a point of Willpower and makes a Stamina + Medicine roll (difficulty equal to the target's Willpower), and must gain more successes than the target has Stamina. The atrophy is messy and whichever limb is affected will fall off in a number of days equal to the target's Stamina. A botch indicates that the Cainite affects her own limb instead. If this power is used on a vampire, its effects will wear off when the vampire rises the next night, although a vampire whose head is affected by this power may not use Disciplines or feed until that time.



THE ILLNESS UNVEILED (AUSPEX LEVEL TWO, FORTITUDE LEVEL SEVEN)

This grim diagnostic power is based on Soulsight, except it reveals a different aspect of the subject's condition. By looking at her subject, the Cappadocian may discern exactly which physical disease, if any, ails the individual, and may cure it by lending the subject a bit of her own Fortitude. This power is limited by the knowledge that the Cappadocian has.

System: When a vampire uses this power, the Storyteller may wish to make the roll in secret in order to keep the result from the player. This power requires a Perception + Medicine roll (though the Storyteller may substitute Herbalism if the character suspects poison) of difficulty 8, with the number of successes indicating the precision and accuracy of the diagnosis. A failure indicates that the Cappadocian does not know the disease, while a botch indicates a wholly inaccurate result. It should be noted that this power reveals only which physical symptoms ail the subject; psychology is almost entirely unknown at the time. This power is also limited by the Cappadocian's knowledge; if the vampire is unfamiliar with a disease, he will be unable to identify it.

Thereafter, with an additional roll of Stamina + Medicine (difficulty set by the Storyteller, equal to a level appropriate to the disease; a cold may have a difficulty of 5 while typhoid has a difficulty of 9), the Cappadocian may actually cure the disease if he recognizes it. The victim, while she does not instantly become vibrantly healthy, takes a definite turn for the better, and will fully recover in due time. A botch on this roll aggravates the illness, with possibly fatal effects. This power costs 20 experience points.

BLESSED RESILIENCE (FORTITUDE LEVEL EIGHT, MORTIS LEVEL FOUR)

Millennia of passivity in the face of opposition breeds an indomitable constitution. Vampires with this power have been known to rise from Final Death. Limbs and appendages reattach themselves if severed, and heads reknit themselves to necks, if need be. Anyone attempting to exterminate a Cappadocian had better be sure that her "victim" does not command this power or she may find herself with a powerful, very long-term enemy.

System: In the unlikely event that the vampire using this power has any Blood Points left, she must spend them all. In addition, four Willpower points must be spent, plus one for each severed limb (count-

ing the head) which needs to be rejoined to the body. If the Cainite does not have enough Willpower, she experiences Final Death as normal. Recovered body parts must be proximate to the corpse, as they will mystically "crawl" back to the parent body (an unsettling sight); the Storyteller's judgment is required for this. The vampire using this power is miraculously healed up to the "Mauled" Health Level, and hopefully crawls into some hole where she can recover further, given time. The vampire enacting Blessed Resilience permanently loses one dot in every Attribute. These dots are crossed off and may never be recovered. This will result in lower maximum Trait ratings. This power, when necessary, takes effect automatically and immediately, and the would-be killer may freely interfere with it (if she is smart enough to see the job done). Note that catastrophic damage, such as diving into a live volcano or being deposited in a field at noon, is still fatal, and beyond the regenerative capacity of this power. Learning this power costs 36 experience points.

UNIQUE DISCIPLINE: NECROMANCY

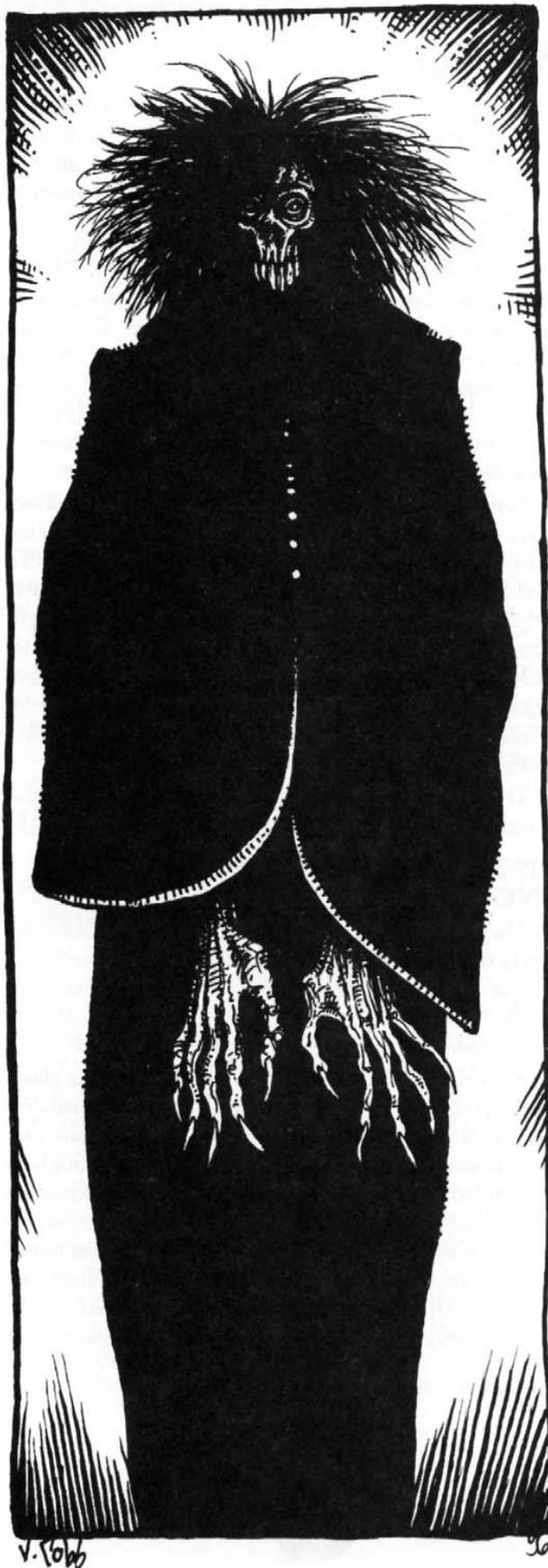
Necromancy has only recently surfaced as a vampiric power. It currently exists in the hands of the Giovanni family of Cappadocians and a very few non-Giovanni Cappadocians. The Venetian merchants jealously hoard their knowledge, plotting to use it for their own ends, though they do teach its rudiments to their Cappadocian sires in some cases. Necromancy is far from perfect, and only currently known to the third level of mastery, though to hear a Giovanni speak, one might think the family could open the very gates of Hell. Storytellers should not normally allow non-Giovanni characters to possess any knowledge of Necromancy. Giovanni characters should certainly not spread their knowledge to other characters, whether player or otherwise.

• THE TRAGEDY REVEALED

By holding the skull or brain of a recently deceased individual, the necromancer may gain a mental image of the last thing to cross the vision of that individual.

System: The vampire using this power must hold either the brain or skull of a dead person. A roll of Perception + Occult (difficulty 8) is necessary to activate this power. This difficulty becomes 10 if the skull or brain is older than a fortnight. The Tragedy Revealed will not work if the subject in question had attained the state of Golconda. Clarity of vision varies by successes garnered on the roll.

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN





- 1 Success A hazy sense of how the subject died.
- 2 Successes A reasonable estimate as to the cause of death and a vague image of the surroundings.
- 3 Successes A clear grasp of the cause of death and a firm grasp of the immediate location.
- 4 Successes Certain knowledge of the cause and a rough image of the killer (if the killer was seen), as well as a clear scene of the location.
- 5 Successes Infallible insight as to the cause of death, a clear vision of the killer and a picture-perfect image of the scene.

A botch garners utterly false information.

•• CALL FORTH THE HOST

This power summons a spirit. The necromancer using this power must fulfill many requirements before it will work successfully. The character must know the name of the spirit she is attempting to summon and must possess some fragment of the deceased person's corpse. The actual ceremony of calling forth the spirit must be performed in complete silence, with only the invocations themselves spoken aloud, lest the spirit flee in fear. The ceremony requires 15 minutes to perform correctly. Vampires who have reached Golconda may not be summoned in this manner, nor may individuals who possessed True Faith during life.

System: The player must make a roll of Charisma + Occult (difficulty equal to the spirit's Willpower) in order to force the spirit's attendance. The number of successes on this roll indicates the clarity of the spirit's communication. After

each question asked of the spirit, it may try to break free. In this case, the necromancer must once again make a roll to maintain contact. A botch summons a malignant spirit who pretends to be the one sought. It will lie with reckless abandon, but will have the utmost conviction in the tales it tells.

••• CORPOREAL HOME

This necromantic ability allows the user to bind a spirit into some sort of physical object, preventing it from breaking contact with the necromancer. The object must be some sort of receptacle; bowls, pouches, boxes and even lockets may house bound spirits. The ceremony requires that the necromancer first summon the spirit with Call Forth the Host and then bind the spirit, a process which requires eight hours of uninterrupted concentration.

System: Successfully enacting Corporeal Home requires an Intelligence + Occult roll (difficulty of the spirit's Willpower +2). If this is performed, the spirit is considered bound and may not break contact with the necromancer. Understandably, this makes most bound spirits quite hostile, though a few of them serve their necromancer masters gladly. This power keeps the spirit contained for a period of one week, after which the difficulty of repeating the ritual to continue imprisoning the spirit increases by one for each prior use of this power.





Chapter Four: Legio

You're not among those louse-bitten
friars of yours anymore!

- Umberto Eco, *The Name of the Rose*

Not all Cappadocians are shroud-garbed skeletal monks, consigned to an eternity of haunting mausoleums and graveyards. Each Cappadocian, like each Cainite in the Dark Medieval world, is *uniquely individual*, with her own personal set of likes, dislikes and opinions. Some of the following characters are stereotypes, while others are twists on preconceived notions of what the "average" Graverobber is like.

These characters are appropriate for use by Storytellers and players alike. Feel free to change them to suit your style; swap Traits, alter Deameanors or rearrange them altogether. After all, they have a lot of work to do if they want to leave their mark on the world before fate swallows them whole.

THE MASTER OF SECRETS

Quote: *You haven't heard talk of the hideous swamp-beast of Castle Belleme? Well, you have quite a bit to learn before heading for the baron's lair....*

Prelude: You were the sixth son of a seventh son, and the last of your father's offspring. Only one more brother and destiny would have planned great things for you, but such was not to be. Nonetheless, your upbringing and environment aroused in you a great interest in those things beyond the ken of most men.

No price was too high to pay for hidden secrets, which is why only four of your brothers remain. After all, if God had not meant men to find occult truths, why would He have left traces of such things on His Earth? You gathered book after book, scroll after scroll, relic after relic — the forgotten keys to realms of untold horrors.

Finally, you found yourself amid the ruins of a decrepit pre-Christian temple, surrounded by books and maps that seemed strangely out of place in the moldering library. You crept deeper into the temple, heedless of the impending night and the reluctance of your traveling companions. The answer to the final mystery lingered palpably in the air, but just beyond your fingertips. Onward you pressed, stopping once you reached the crumbling remains of the crypt that lay below the temple.

Surprisingly, the monster within was very well-read and knew many of the secrets you did. In fact, he presented an all-new puzzle to you: the riddle of life beyond death.

Concept: You are not satisfied with the "common" sciences known to men, so you probe into mysteries best left unearched. You find morbid fascination in all manner of bizarre entities and insist on learning the rites to control them. Your friends are merely tools useful for getting you to whichever arcane ruin or dilapidated castle holds your interest currently.

Roleplaying Tips: All secrets should be yours. The more hidden a truth is, the more you desire to learn it. After all, it's not a secret if any fool with access to a library can discover it. Besides, wouldn't you rather be able to open a mystic seal than know how to remove a wart?

Equipment: Filthy shift, walking stick, bag of herbal concoctions



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: **FANATIC**
DEMEANOR: **TYRANT**
CONCEPT: **MASTER OF SECRETS** HAVEN:

SIRE:
GENERATION: **11TH**

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●○○○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●●○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●●○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●●○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●●●○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●●○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ○○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ○○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ○○○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ○○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ●○○○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ●○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○	Medicine _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ○○○○○○○○	Occult <small>ANCIENT LORE</small> ●●●●○○○○○
Larceny _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ○○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Science _____ ●●●○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ●●●○○○○○	Survival _____ ●○○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
AUSPEX _____ ●●●○○○○○	GENERATION _____ ●○○○○○○○	Conviction _____ ●●●○○○
FORTITUDE _____ ●○○○○○○○	RESOURCES _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	RETAINERS _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○

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ROAD

BONES

●●●●●●○○○○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●○○○○○

□□□□□□□□□□

BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□□

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HEALTH

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAKNESS

DEATHLY PALLOR

THE LOST CRUSADER

Quote: *Death takes many faces. Your death takes mine.*

Prelude: You heeded the Pope's call to arms, taking up the sword against the Saracen infidels who swarmed at the Christian gates. Your regiment cut a bloody swath into the Holy Land, leaving heaps of mangled bodies in its wake. As you stabbed deeper and deeper into the Levant, you finally saw the vanity in forcing your faith on other people. Even the *paynim* saladin allowed Christian pilgrims into the Holy Land; could the same thing be said concerning Muslim visitors to Europe?

Knowledge of your hypocrisy felled you where the scimitars of the Muslims could not. You doubted Pope Urban's wisdom, your fellow Christians' integrity and yourself. What was left in this world that could sustain you? You found your solace in drink.

One night on the streets of Antioch you were accosted by a group of Islamic thugs. Immediately sobered, you grasped your sword...and faltered, whether due to the failure of faith or the triumph of despair. The pack of brigands left you bloody and all but dead in a dark, filthy alley.

You awoke in the cold arms of your sire, who showed you that there was more to life than blind faith. God was just, but his ways were strange and unknowable. You discovered a greater faith in yourself and your sire than God had ever instilled in you, and you lent your prowess to your clan and your friends as it was needed.

Concept: Your past was unpleasant, but you bear forgiveness rather than grudges. You have not lost the will to fight, but the motives must be pure. Unlife has opened your eyes to the true nature of the world, though it has made you a nocturnal predator. You still suffer bouts of depression as you try to reconcile your vampirism and God's will, but ultimately your lust for unlife wins through.

Roleplaying Tips: Zeal and righteousness motivate you, and you guide others toward similar ends. Follow your heart instead of the wiles of another, and encourage your companions to do the same. Fighting should always be your last resort, but if it comes down to it, show your opponents no mercy.

Equipment: Ancestral sword, piecemeal armor, rosary, sliver of wood you devoutly believe to be a fragment of the True Cross



CLANBOOK: CAPPALOCIAN

THE PRODIGAL NECROMANCER

Quote: *Have you never spoken with the restless shades? Your loss.*

Prelude: You knew there was more to the Black Art than the family believed. Your parents and relatives, members of the powerful Giovanni family, grew rich on the efforts of Christians in the Crusades, and with that money came degeneracy. In its depravity, your family turned to *nigrimancy* for a cheap, forbidden thrill. What fools.

Learning the magic of the dead gave you power, and power in turn garnered greater success. You could easily solve murders by talking to the wraithly remnants of the victims, and you were not above using these revelations for blackmail. Your mastery grew greater and greater, as did your sway over those whose secrets you learned. Before long, you had many influential local figures under your thumb, and any number of favors at your beck and call. You even kept up appearances, attending Church just to keep a watchful eye on your little herd of murderers. You couldn't have them absolving themselves at confession, could you?

One evening, a wealthy aunt came to visit from the south, and you instinctively realized that she took the Art as seriously as you did. Taking you

aside, the crone whispered that not only could she work the magic of death, but that she herself was beyond it. Begging this gift of immortality from her, you bid goodbye to your parents and journeyed to your aunt's abode. You joined her coven, and with your newly acquired immortality became a vital member of a cabal of necromancers that aspired to answer questions beyond death itself.

Concept: It's all about power, and yours comes easily. Necromancy is your calling, and your comprehension of it exceeds even that of your elders, though you share what you know with the coven and have no regrets for doing so. For you, vampirism is not a curse; you have always been a monster, and in retrospect seemed destined for the Embrace.

Roleplaying Tips: You're not conceited; you really are better than everyone else. Your friends are useful only as a means to an end, but you learned long ago to be civil and to not burn any bridges. You are utterly mercenary, looking out for your best interests and the route that leads to the best results with the least resistance.

Equipment: Stained robes, necromantic scrolls, list of people who owe you favors for keeping your mouth shut



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

THE BLACK SHEEP

Quote: *I don't remember hearing about that. When did it happen?*

Prelude: Born into serfdom, all you had to look forward to were endless days of backbreaking toil in the lord's fields and taking enough food to scrape by. Your father died at 30 years of age, and your mother at 27. You became a ward of the manor, but your lord simply stuck you in another peasant hovel, where you performed your chores as thanklessly as ever.

Enough was enough, and you set out on your own. Sneaking out of your adopted home under the cover of darkness, you began your own life and became a free man after living on the run for a year and a day. During your travels, you became a jack-of-all-trades in order to make ends meet, and wandered abroad in your freedom. When you stopped by a town or city for a few days, the local folk in the tavern looked at you as though you were crazy, and told you that all this wandering about was dangerous, that you would probably get your head bashed in by brigands. You'd been a brigand, though, and you knew that they were too disorganized to effectively pursue a lone man.

One night, while you were camped just out of sight of the road, you heard a carriage rumble to a stop. A strange looking man got out of the carriage and stared directly at you through the underbrush. So alarming was his speed that you hardly knew he was after you before you found yourself in his seemingly frail but remarkably strong arms. You fought like there was no tomorrow (and if you were to fail, there would be none), and impressed this strange and wizened man

with your lust for life. After growing tired of the sport, he drained all of your blood and replaced it with the tiniest bit of his. Too weak to resist, you could only watch as his men bound you in heavy blankets and strapped you under the carriage.

Confronted with your own mortality and the possibility that a vampire's unlife was just as brutish as a man's life, you lost control. Amid the red haze of frenzy, you burst your bonds and vanished into the woods, killing all who obstructed your flight.

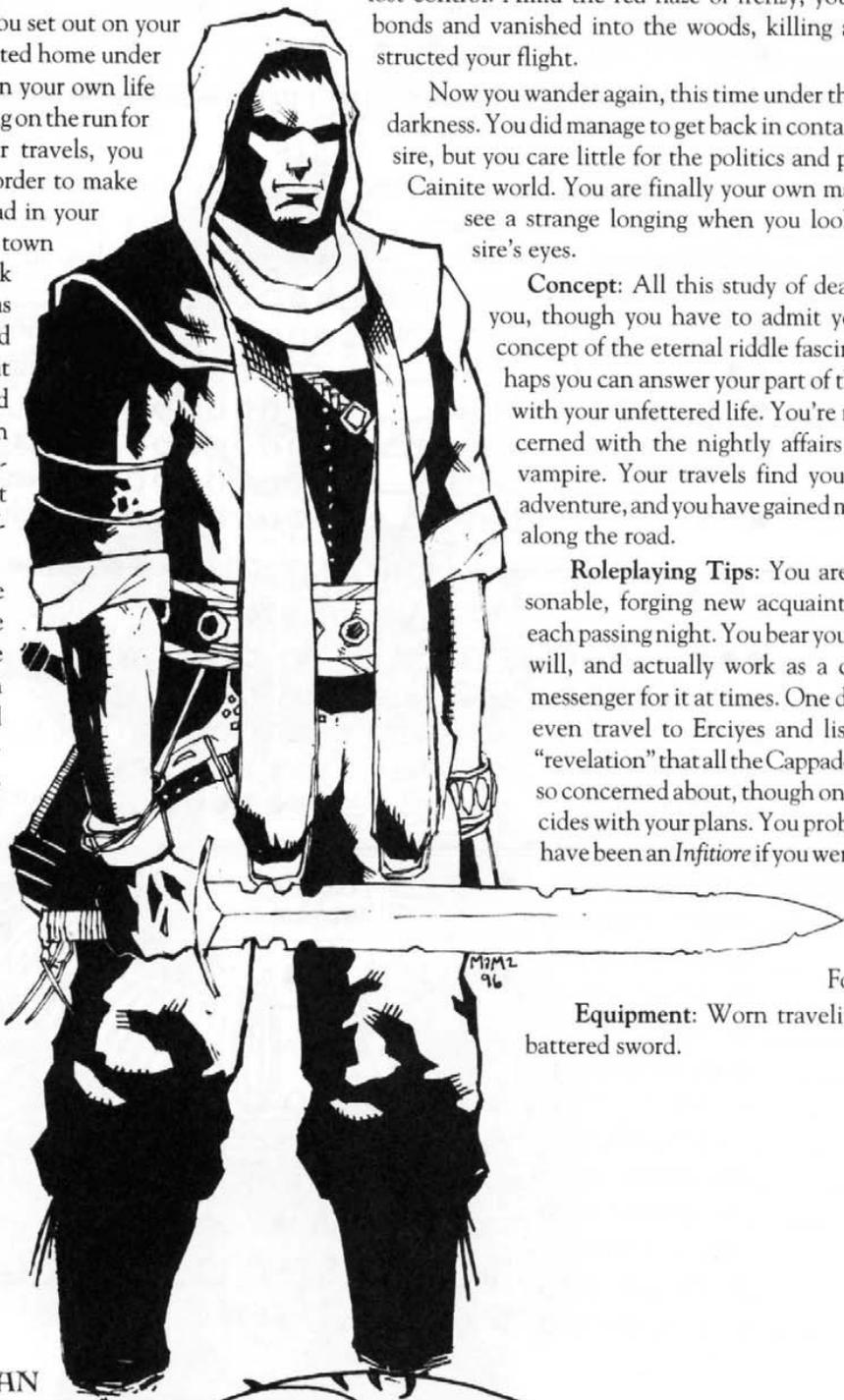
Now you wander again, this time under the canopy of darkness. You did manage to get back in contact with your sire, but you care little for the politics and pomp of the Cainite world. You are finally your own man, and you see a strange longing when you look into your sire's eyes.

Concept: All this study of death isn't for you, though you have to admit you find the concept of the eternal riddle fascinating. Perhaps you can answer your part of the question with your unfettered life. You're mostly concerned with the nightly affairs of being a vampire. Your travels find you in endless adventure, and you have gained many friends along the road.

Roleplaying Tips: You are quite personable, forging new acquaintances with each passing night. You bear your clan no ill will, and actually work as a courier and messenger for it at times. One day you may even travel to Erciyes and listen to this "revelation" that all the Cappadocians seem so concerned about, though only if it coincides with your plans. You probably would have been an *Infitiore* if you were around at

the time of the Feast of Folly.

Equipment: Worn traveling clothes, battered sword.



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: **SURVIVOR**
DEMEANOR: **REBEL**
CONCEPT: **BLACK SHEEP**

SIRE:
GENERATION: **8TH**
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●●○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●●○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●●○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●●●○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●●●○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ●○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ●○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●○○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ○○○○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ●○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Medicine _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ○○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ●○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ●○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●●●○○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ○○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ●●●○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
AUSPEX _____ ●○○○○○○○	GENERATION _____ ●●●●○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●●○○○
FORTITUDE _____ ●●●○○○○○	HERD _____ ●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

ROAD

HEALTH

_____ ○○○○○○○○	HUMANITY	Bruised _____ <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	~~~~~	Hurt _____ -1 <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	=====	Injured _____ -1 <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	WILLPOWER	Wounded _____ -2 <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	●●●●●○○○○○	Mauled _____ -2 <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□□□	Crippled _____ -5 <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	=====	Incapacitated _____ <input type="checkbox"/>
_____ ○○○○○○○○	BLOOD POOL	=====
_____ ○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□□□	WEAKNESS
_____ ○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□□□	DEATHLY PALLOR

THE LEARNED SCHOLAR

Quote: *Yes, yes, I have something about just that very subject right here. Or is it over here?*

Prelude: You have always preferred safety and stability. A weak child, you faced constant illness and could rarely perform chores or field work. Your father, grieved by your worthlessness, sent you to a monastery that was a few days' journey from your family farm. Thank God it didn't rain those few days or you certainly would have taken ill and died on the trip.

Unfortunately, the monks couldn't use you either, as you were unsuited to the rigors of their ascetic rural life. You did your part for the monastery, though, in what few ways you could: peeling potatoes, washing robes, gathering herbs. You availed yourself of their charity for a time, and they taught you to read Latin as well as your native language. The allure of the lettered life enticed you; everything that ever was to be known was surely written somewhere.

Bidding the monks goodbye, you returned to your village, and worked as a clerk for the local lord. Your passion for knowledge, combined with your skill and literacy, came to the lord's attention, and you were promoted to assist the duke in his castle library. Having worked only amid scrolls and legal documents until this time, you were unprepared for the thrill of the large collection of books.

You sat in the center of a vast repository of knowledge. For once, you were grateful for your small frame; if you were hardier, you would certainly have been tilling fields instead of learning everything this font of

wisdom had to offer. You threw yourself into your work with unprecedented fervor, becoming familiar with every book on the lord's shelves.

Your penchant for learning caught the eye of the duke's odd chamberlain. One night he came to you, claiming that intelligence such as yours was rare in this world, where men are content to root for sustenance like pigs. The chamberlain exploited a few of his connections and your duties were switched to the night hours. Days later you were Embraced, and given eternity to continue your learning.

Concept: Books! Knowledge! Learning! These are your icons. Though you have all time to continue your studies, you realize that there is still much to know, and you often journey in search of forgotten manuscripts or travel to borrow certain items from other lords or from libraries of the Church. You are respected for the vast amounts of knowledge you retain, and the duke's chamberlain often comes to you to discuss the advice he gives.

Roleplaying Tips: You are quiet, calm and collected, which some people mistake for social clumsiness. When you do speak passionately, though, you come to life, illustrating your speech with parables, historical allegories and biblical quotations. The quest for knowledge drives you, though you also have a strong sense of morality; something can always be attained elsewhere or by other means if the price is too high or the motives questionable.

Equipment: Fine robes, journal, quill and inks, wax and royal seal



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *INNOVATOR*
DEMEANOR: *AUTOCRAT*
CONCEPT: *LEARNED SCHOLAR*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *11TH*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●●○○○○○	Perception _____ ●○○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●●○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●●●○○○
Stamina _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ●○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○	Academics <small>PHILOSOPHY</small> _____ ●●●○○○○○
Alertness _____ ○○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ○○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ●○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●●○○○○○
Brawl _____ ○○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ●●○○○○○	Law _____ ●●●○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●○○○○○○○	Linguistics <small>WRITTEN</small> _____ ●●●○○○○○
Empathy _____ ●●○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○	Medicine _____ ●●○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ●●●○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ○○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ●○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ●○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●○○○○○○○	Science _____ ●●●○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ○○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ●○○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>AUSPEX</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	<i>GENERATION</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●●●○
<i>FORTITUDE</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>INFLUENCE</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●●○
<i>MORTIS</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>MENTOR</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>RESOURCES</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>STATUS</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
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_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○

ROAD

HEAVEN

●●●●●●●●○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●○○○○○○

□□□□□□□□

BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□

□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised		□
Hurt	-1	□
Injured	-1	□
Wounded	-2	□
Mauled	-2	□
Crippled	-5	□
Incapacitated		□

WEAKNESS

DEATHLY PALLOR

THE PROPHET

Quote: *Heed my dream! I have seen all who cross this portal consumed by the white fire of the heavens! Bats carried you away as you burned, and great cracks opened in the Earth to swallow the rest of us whole!*

Prelude: You were a precocious youth, whiling away your monastic days in the infirmary. Abbesses frequently reasigned you to other facilities, as your fevered rantings became a burden on your fellow nuns. You were often accused of sniffing monkshood, sipping cows' milk and dancing naked under the night skies. The more you moved, the more your reputation preceded you, and the nunneries came to dread their inevitable visit from the Madwoman of Tours.

However, one abbess saw your insight for what it was. "The common man is afraid of what he does not know," she told you, "and he does not know your vision." You felt at ease in her presence, a comfort you had not known for a long while. This abbess suffered an affliction as well, though hers was of the body; the violence of the sun's rays burned her skin, just as the visions burned your mind.

At least that's what she told you, though she later revealed it was a ruse to put you at ease. Impressed by your vision and your fervor, she embraced you. You immediately departed as an emissary to an Orthodox church in the lands of the Levant. Since then, your visions have guided you, and you have been a tremendous boon to the crusading Christian soldiers in those lands.

Concept: You are a visionary, and the truth you perceive must be revealed. Sometimes your interpretation of your visions is incorrect, but hindsight verifies the validity of your premonitions. You seek to know God's plans for you and why He has chosen to bestow such a peculiar gift upon you.

Roleplaying Tips: You have never taken the easy path; had you done so, you would have been committed to a madhouse long ago. It is the lot of the mortal world to suffer in its inherent sin, and you are destined to lead by example, a fact proved by your persecution. After all, aren't martyrs just zealots until they die?

Equipment: Habit and wimple, rosary, handwritten book of Bible verses transcribed to cryptograms



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *PENITENT*
DEMEANOR: *FANATIC*
CONCEPT: *PROPHET*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *12TH*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength _____●○○○○○○○○
Dexterity _____●●●○○○○○○
Stamina _____●●○○○○○○○

SOCIAL

Charisma _____●●●●○○○○○
Manipulation _____●●○○○○○○○
Appearance _____●●●●○○○○○

MENTAL

Perception _____●●●○○○○○○
Intelligence _____●●○○○○○○○
Wits _____●●●○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Acting _____●●○○○○○○○
Alertness _____●○○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____○○○○○○○○○
Brawl _____○○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____●○○○○○○○○○
Empathy _____●●●○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____○○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____○○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____●●○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____○○○○○○○○○

SKILLS

Animal Ken _____○○○○○○○○○
Archery _____○○○○○○○○○
Crafts _____●●○○○○○○○
Etiquette _____●●●○○○○○○○
Herbalism _____●●○○○○○○○
Melee _____○○○○○○○○○
Music _____●○○○○○○○○○
Ride _____○○○○○○○○○
Stealth _____○○○○○○○○○
Survival _____○○○○○○○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Academics _____●●●●○○○○○
Hearth Wisdom _____●●○○○○○○○
Investigation _____●○○○○○○○
Law _____○○○○○○○○○
Linguistics _____●○○○○○○○
Medicine _____●●○○○○○○○
Occult _____●●○○○○○○○
Politics _____●○○○○○○○
Science _____○○○○○○○○○
Seneschal _____●○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES

AUSPEX _____●●○○○○○○○
MORTIS _____●●○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○

BACKGROUNDS

CONTACTS _____●●○○○○○○○
MENTOR _____●○○○○○○○
STATUS _____●●○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○

VIRTUES

Conscience _____●●●●○
Self-Control _____●●●●○
Courage _____●●●●○

OTHER TRAITS

_____○○○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○
_____○○○○○○○○○
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_____○○○○○○○○○

ROAD

HEAVEN

●●●●●○○○○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised
Hurt -1
Injured -1
Wounded -2
Mauled -2
Crippled -5
Incapacitated

WEAKNESS

DEATHLY PALLOR

THE CHAMBERLAIN

Quote: *As my lord wishes, so shall it be.*

Prelude: You were born the third son of a rural lord, and your family was noble only in title. Your destitute father and elder brothers spent most of their time fighting off tax collectors with their meager conscripted army. Although the situation was dire, you loved the way your father's advisors whipped the militia into a frenzy, telling the soldiers that they were fighting hordes of Moors under the command of Saladin.

You took this lesson to heart, even as the earl's troops overran the town below and, eventually, your castle. The women and children spit at the "Moors," howling at them as the earl's men proclaimed that they too were Christians. Though your father and brothers were run through, you surrendered, joining the earl's retinue. You never really liked your father, anyway.

The lesson paid off, and you soon found yourself commanding the affairs of the earl's house. A strange man, he kept odd hours, claiming a family sickness gave him nighttime insomnia and rendered him sluggish and lethargic by day. Thank goodness he had you to conduct his affairs and direct the household.

You learned his true nature soon enough, when he made you a ghoulish reward for your loyalty. Not too long after, your Embrace came, though your sire was actually a member of another court. You were, of course, subjected to the Blood Oath to ensure your loyalty, though that bond has not been renewed in some time; the earl no longer has any doubts about your allegiance. For that, he has no one to blame but himself, as you are truly in the service of your sire. Politics involves such strange turns of fate.

Concept: You are the consummate raconteur and a master of public relations. If you wished, you could incite your lord's armies against the Pope himself, claiming that Lucifer had taken possession of the Holy Father. Efficient, ruthless and irredeemably mercenary, you support the earl because you'd rather be kingmaker than king. After all, they're not going to come for your head....

Roleplaying Tips: You are as cagey as an old lion and as slick as an eel. Turn everything brought against you to a positive light, neatly avoiding any responsibility for plans gone awry and claiming credit for victories. The world is your oyster, and you can make it produce as many pearls as you wish.

Equipment: Fine robes of office, forged confessions of treason



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

NAME:
 PLAYER:
 CHRONICLE:

NATURE: **TYRANT**
 Demeanor: *Judge*
 Concept: *Chamberlain*

SIRE:
 GENERATION: **12th**
 HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●●●○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●●●○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●●○○○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ●○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ●●●○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ○○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ○○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ○○○○○○○○
Draw _____ ●●●●●○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Law _____ ●●●○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ○○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ●○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○	Medicine _____ ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Music _____ ●○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ●○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ●●●○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ○○○○○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ○○○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ●●●○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>AUSPEX</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	<i>ALLIES</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●●○○○
<i>FORTITUDE</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>CONTACTS</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●○○○
<i>MORTIS</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>INFLUENCE</i> _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>RESOURCES</i> _____ ●●●●○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>RETAINERS</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
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_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○

ROAD

HUMANITY
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
WILLPOWER
● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
BLOOD POOL
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

HEALTH

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAKNESS

DEATHLY PALLOR





Appendix: Noteworthy Seekers





IGNAZIO GIOVANNI

A brute among the outwardly docile clan, Ignazio spent the majority of his mortal life as a strong right arm for the family's less ethical pursuits. None too intelligent, Ignazio was nonetheless effective at his line of work, and the incestuous Giovanni branch of the Cappadocians Embraced him as insurance. He is one of the increasingly rare ghouls who has been brought into the Cappadocian clan as a reward for exceptional service.

Ignazio has acquired some distinction by working closely with the Lasombra prince of Venice as well as with the Doge. In addition to his responsibilities to the Cainite part of the family, Ignazio controls several local bands of brigands, lending their use to the prince and the Doge in return for favors and other considerations.

Ignazio's tremendous physical power and fearsome reputation have earned him the grudging respect of other vampires, but he is quite unpopular among the more insular Cappadocian mainstream. With the aid of his *gabellotti* lieutenants, he helps to keep Venice clear of criminal elements — the ones who aren't permitted, that is. He is also instrumental in warding off the rampant lupine population outside the city.



LAZARUS

Lazarus is a Cappadocian shrouded in mystery. Reports of his mortal life suggest he was a Hebrew thanatologist, Embraced for his vast wisdom and driving interest in death. According to many who knew him, Lazarus was once one of Cappadocius' favorite childer, prized for his erudite thinking and keen insight.

Lazarus sired numerous childer of his own and moved into the lands of Egypt, which most Cappadocians historically avoided due to the insidious presence of the Followers of Set. His stubborn refusal to leave Egypt to the Serpents earned him a reputation for insolence, and he fell into disfavor among the more traditional Cappadocians. Unable to resist the call of a region so heavily steeped in the lore of the dead, Lazarus and his childer established their havens in the shade of the great pyramids.

All contact with Lazarus ceased soon after. Fearing the worst, but not wanting to risk themselves, Caias and Cappadocius left him to his own devices, and assumed he was dead, in torpor or under the vile influence of the Followers of Set.

But Lazarus was not dead, as Caias discovered when Japheth sent him to check on their estranged brother after the Feast of Folly. Lazarus instead became the most powerful of the *Infittiores* by default. He has refused all contact with vampires not of his brood. He has become a secluded hermit, maintaining a haven in a Coptic monastery away from the prying eyes of his childer and the minions of Set. Whether he still pursues the eternal riddle is unknown. Those who knew him fear that the ancient corruption of the land has finally claimed him.

Why Japheth suddenly became interested in his brother's welfare after the Feast of Folly is a mystery. The most vicious rumor accuses Japheth of jealousy of Caias, and suggests that he hoped Lazarus was indeed corrupt and would destroy Caias. A darker theory implies that Japheth is Lazarus, hiding his unpleasant ambitions behind a mask of feigned torpor while he assumes the other identity. This latter theory certainly lends legitimacy to claims of Japheth's jealousy, for which no means was too great if the end result was Caias' Final Death. Whatever the case, Lazarus, on the rare occasions that he receives company, is a well-spoken source of lore and legend in the studies of the dead.



LORD CAMDEN, CHAMBERLAIN TO THE PRINCE

Lord Camden personifies the relationship between the Ventrue and the Cappadocians. As chamberlain to Mithras, the ancient and powerful prince of London, Lord Camden enjoys luxuries second to none. In exchange for his service to Mithras, Camden is allowed a wide berth with regard to his experimentation and study. Camden is the culprit behind a recent series of nocturnal snatchings. The victims of these kidnappings become the subjects of bizarre tests, designed to determine at precisely what moment death occurs.

Camden hypothesizes that death occurs when the soul leaves the body, not when the physical body fails. He is an ardent follower of the Road of the Bones, and many others who share the same views eagerly await news of his latest discoveries.

Camden is a radical among the Cappadocians, not content merely to accept the work and theories of those who have come before him. Believing that he must start without any assumptions at all, he hypothesizes that the eternal question continues to haunt his clan because its members are blinded by misconceptions of what death actually is. Not simply the end of life, death is the instant that the soul throws off its mortal coil. He makes a reference to Cappadocius' experience with the lone Jew to prove his point: It is possible that everything they have done up to this point has been incorrect.

Camden's "grass roots" philosophy endears him to both neonates and many elders. The former enjoy his brash and reflective ideologies, and the latter are amused by his "vain" insistence that they're wrong.

Camden, also an accomplished civil engineer, usually addresses Mithras' less glorious tasks in the administration of the city.

Troglodytia acts as a broker for the Cappadocians and Giovanni in her immediate vicinity, procuring dead bodies for experimentation, odd herbs and alchemical ingredients, as well as any strange artifacts that come to her attention. Though not as unseen as the Nosferatu, her sympathy with the Lepers gives her access to their vast information network. She has worked for favors more than once, and many local vampires owe her some sort of minor boon or another. Troglodytia is content to work as she does for the time being, gathering what benefit and promises she can. Who knows what will come of the favors she gains?

CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN



TROGLODYTIA

Upon her Embrace, Troglodytia acquired the unfortunate characteristic of hideousness that has come to afflict many Cappadocians of late. She resembles a corpse in the advanced stages of decomposition, or a particularly deteriorated *zombu*. Mean-spirited peers gave her the unpleasant moniker she carries to this night. She bears it like a badge of martyrdom, though, and is determined to rise above such petty concerns.

She will probably never do so, however, as her appearance is so disconcerting that it renders her unapproachable. She cannot meet others in public, nor can she speak to large groups without offending them with her visage. Though she has taken up company with a group of Nosferatu, her mastery of Obfuscate is not yet advanced enough that she may hide her appearance. True to her martyr self, however, Troglodytia has made the best of her lot, becoming a mercenary and a veritable black market all by herself.



Appendix JJ:
Of Historical
Note. What
Remains of the
Cappadocians

My Dear Emily,

I fear that I have lied to you, it only by not telling you the whole truth as I know it. I must confess that though we are resigned eternally to hideousness, the cross is not an easy one to bear, and your innocent question still sticks in my craw. Our blight stems from evils committed hundreds of years ago, evils both of our own doing and those originating in the Embrace of the horrid Giovanni. We were once capable of walking among the Kinei though we were conspicuous, we were by no means as horribic as we are today. Of course, a certain sense of imagination is required to recall those days, if the rumors are to be believed.

We still choose our members from those with a stake in death, if you will pardon the pun, but we have lost touch with what, in days past, composed our legacy. Of course, no proof exists, and there are hardly enough Samedi left who have existed since our fall to speak infallibly of the act. In truth, there are hardly enough of us to fill a subway car. For all of the passion we can muster and all of the damning evidence we can collect, the truth will never be known, save by the three or four who lived through the terrible purge, and their voices are as silent as any engaged in the contemptible Jihad. Suffice it to say that the parallels you draw from your histories and studies of our ilk are mirrored in the soul of every Samedi cursed to walk the endless night.

I am sorry for inflicting this upon you.

Thibault

After Augustus Giovanni diablerizes Cappadocius and achieves third generation, the vampires of the Giovanni family initiate a systematic and murderous purge of all Cappadocians. Though the Giovanni are incredibly thorough, a few of the persecuted Graverobbers manage to escape the parricidal wrath of the necromancers. What happens to these lonely souls is a mystery.

The Samedi, a vampire bloodline in the modern World of Darkness, are the logical descendants of the former Clan of Death. Their clan weakness takes the form of hideous disfigurement; it is so pronounced that the Samedi resemble putrid, rotting corpses. Samedi of scholarly bent claim that this horrific appearance serves a twofold purpose. It makes them too disgusting for the Giovanni to pursue any relations or communications with them, and distances them physiologically from their assumed Cappadocian ancestors.

Cappadocians looked like corpses, though certainly not as grotesquely as do the Samedi. The unique Cappadocian Discipline of Mortis focused heavily on the exploitation and study of death, while the Samedi Discipline of Thanatosis also leans heavily toward death and decomposition. And, the Samedi possess Necromancy; they don't deal too often with the hated Giovanni, but they had to learn it somewhere.

If the Samedi truly did "evolve" from a lineage of Cappadocian origin, from whom specifically are they descended? Did enough Cappadocians escape the ruthless Giovanni genocide? Possibly, although the Giovanni are quite certain they killed every last Graverobber. Could the *Infitiores* be the Samedi ancestors, given their later migration into Mediterranean locales? It's conceivable, although most *Infitiores* grew disillusioned with vampirism and rarely Embraced more neonates. Were the Lamia, whose Discipline of Deimos even more closely resembled Thanatosis, the parent bloodline? Maybe, although the Giovanni maintained that every last Lamia fell in defense of the Graverobbers (Augustus himself diablerized the mother of the bloodline). Or are the Samedi from a different, perhaps unique stock altogether?

No written records exist of the Samedi transformation in progress. History seems to have forgotten, or at least isn't offering any hints. The world may never know.



CLANBOOK: CAPPADOCIAN

CAPPADOCIAN

VAMPIRE: THE DARK AGES®

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE:
DEMEANOR:
CONCEPT:

SIRE:
GENERATION:
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●○○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●○○○○○○○○
Stamina ●○○○○○○○○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●○○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○○○○○
Appearance ●○○○○○○○○

MENTAL

Perception ●○○○○○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○○○○○
Wits ●○○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ○○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○
Larceny ○○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○○○○

SKILLS

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Archery ○○○○○○○○
Crafts ○○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Herbalism ○○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Ride ○○○○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Academics ○○○○○○○○
Hearth Wisdom ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○
Seneschal ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES

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BACKGROUNDS

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VIRTUES

Conscience/Conviction ○○○○○
Self-Control/Instinct ○○○○○
Courage ○○○○○

OTHER TRAITS

○○○○○○○○
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ROAD

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WILLPOWER

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
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BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised
Hurt -1
Injured -1
Wounded -2
Mauled -2
Crippled -5
Incapacitated

WEAKNESS

DEATHLY PALLOR

CAPPADOCIAN

VAMPIRE: THE DARK AGES®

EXPANDED BACKGROUND

ALLIES

INFLUENCE

CLAN PRESTIGE

MENTOR

CONTACTS, MINOR

RESOURCES

CONTACTS, MAJOR

RETAINERS

HERD

STATUS

POSSESSIONS

GEAR (CARRIED)

EQUIPMENT (OWNED)

FEEDING GROUNDS

TRANSPORTATION

HAVENS

LOCATION

DESCRIPTION

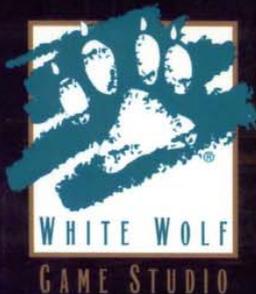


More than a clan of scholars and priests, Clan Cappadocian is the Clan of Death. From their humble beginnings in the Holy Lands, these doomed vampires have spread throughout the Dark Medieval world, pursuing their eternal quest as time and history conspire against them. They are condemned by their own actions, and toil endlessly against inevitable destruction.

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