

CĂPCĂUN

"Never open the door to a lesser evil, for other and greater ones invariably slink in after it."

The Art of Worldly Wisdom— *Baltasar Gracian*,

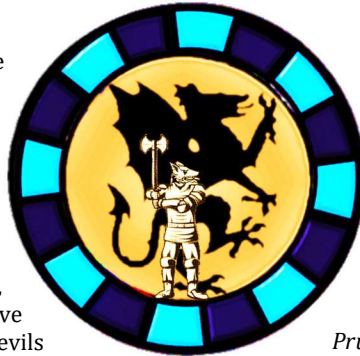
Quote: Yes, Boss, right away.

In the old days, the Căpcăun were something to be feared. These dog-headed beasts, part ogre, part goblin and Iarnă (Unseelie) to a one of them, used to be the most feared monster in the whole of the Land beyond the Forests. They would kidnap a princess, hold a kingdom ransom, take the money, and then eat the princess. They were the worst of the worst, and any and everyone knew it. Time have changed, however, and newer and greater evils have taken their place. Now, they are forever the bridesmaid, never the bride, as it were.

Usually working for somebody older, more powerful, and dastardlier, the Căpcăun have been slowly replaced by new monsters. The Sidhe of the Celtic Lands in particular, often make claims to the Lands. The Zmei of the Fire-bird Empire, even the rare extra angry Fext or Zburător of their own lands will announce their own superiority, and the poor Căpcăun will humbly hold the door for them.

However, it is a grave mistake to underestimate them. They are bad. Their Iarnă pedigree is bad. If there is none there to stand in their way, they may just have a hope of remembering how truly bad they were. Like in the old days, those princesses maybe eaten, and those kingdoms held for ransom.

Appearance: Căpcăun are brutish, large, ugly, and tired looking, no matter their scoarță. Their Om scoarță (Mortal Mien) are always the quintessential bad guy disguise. One look at them, and there is no question about their choice of occupation: *Thugs*. The Feeric scoarță (Fae Mien) fares little better. In this Mien they are a little bigger, a little thicker, and have the heads of old and haggard hounds. Some may favor fashionable clothing or the like, but it looks out of place.



Lifestyle: Unfortunately, the life of the Căpcăun is usually ordained by the Dreaming, if not the fates themselves. Petty thugs are all that they are, and petty thugs is all that they will ever be. Though one clever individual may rise through the ranks of the underground, becoming more than himself, inevitably someone of greater station will come along and relegate them back to low-ranking crook status.

Prunc Căpcăun learn the ropes pretty early, pickpocketing, light burglary, carjacking. There is the constant fear that they won't have what it takes and might end up the lunch of an older eviler Căpcăun.

Nebun Căpcăun find a boss if they can. If not, they stick to what they know; all those unsavory skills they learned as a pup.

Bătrân Căpcăun come in two stripes. There are those that have found a boss and now serve as trusted lieutenants. Then there are those that have remained on their own over the years and have built their own reputations as big bosses. Perhaps they lead groups of younger Căpcăun. These are the worst that their Vălvă (Kith) have to offer, and their greatest hope of recovering their fractured past.

Glamour Ways: Căpcăun regain De Basm whenever they serve an evil master well. That rare gratefulness a warlord might feel for a servant's job well done; this is what refuels a Căpcăun's magic.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Căpcăun are accompanied by the heady odor of dirty wet dog. There is little else.

Affinity: Prop



Birthrights:

Big Bad Beast (*Mare Fiară Rea*): The Căpcăun may be second fiddle, but they are every bit the monsters that the stories tell of. At character creation, every Căpcăun gains 3 free dots of physical attributes to be allocated in any way that makes sense, even if above 5. In addition, they each gain 2 free dots of the Intimidation ability, ignoring the cap of 3 at character creation, up to 5.

Four-Eyes (*Patru Ochi*): Traditionally, the Căpcăun were said to have two sets of eyes with which to see. That might not be literally accurate, but the truth is no less effective. All perception rolls they make are at a -1 difficulty at all times. All perception rolls using sight are at a -2 difficulty and they can see in the dark as well in the light. In addition, for a point of Glamour spent, the Căpcăun can roll any sight bases perception twice, and pick the better of the two...

Frailties:

Always a Soldier (*Mereu Soldat*): It might be more accurate to say, always a foot-soldier, and never anything more. No Căpcăun can ever have higher the TITLE background than a rating higher than 1, no matter how hard he works or proves himself. In addition, whenever somebody ostensibly evil or unseelie or the like, with a status or rank higher than the Căpcăun's own, walks into a room, the Căpcăun is immediately bound in service. There are no immediate game-mechanics beyond the Title cap above, but all Căpcăun know their place.

However, it must be stressed that the Căpcăun aren't stupid. They won't endanger themselves or loved ones but will act in accordance with the wishes of the higher-ups. For this

reason, they usually steer well clear of the higher seelie courts and their own Transylvanian Sanzienze (Seelie).

Nelu, getting too old for this, bitterly remembers all of his old masters, and those old armies he has fought against.

Chuhaister: Sometimes I serve evil masters who do good. I wish I could serve good people who do evil.

Dinsele: I really feel that they should be on our level. Yet they only serve one family. Pity, we could be great allies.

Fext: I served one once. Then he died. When he returned, I didn't serve him, but I feared him all the more.

Illyes: They may not call themselves such, but when they are there, we cater to their every whim. Take from that what you will.

Keshalyi: Wonderful ladies, beautiful friends, and even better that they want nothing from us but our friendship.

Loçolico: They are too busy chasing the Keshalyi to pay us much attention. This is good. I don't want their attention.

Sárkány: They should be our masters. Yet they are good. Too good.

Zburător: I sometimes think that we should be cousins. But they are too wild to be our kin. Still, if they come calling, we will serve them as best we can.

Cyncocephali: In the Greek islands, we do have cousins. They can breathe fire, so that's good. And are free to do what they want. But they are too nice by far.

Strigoi- Mages: The Neff Andus I have served. I regret it all.

Whampir: Some may be afraid of their secrets. But I will tell you a secret that may change your fear. They sit and scheme and plot. After 20 years serving under an old-world Whampir with a title, that is all that he did, endless plotting with nothing executed.