

Character Name: Francus Corvinus Castorius

Player Name: Frank Precissi

Player email: corvus@vadept.com

Place of Birth: Rome

Current Place of Residency: Rome

Background/Intro:

Its late in the Castorius house, the small candle flickers a pale yellow/red glow across the walls of the small shack which Francus calls home. Francus sits at a small table alone, a half eaten loaf of bread his only company. He is startled by a soft knock at the door. Wiping his mouth he carefully gets up and answers it.

“Excuse my tardiness Francus” a kind looking figure mutters, the pale moonlight behind him casting a shadow over his face.

“No problem at all. Please, have a seat. What services can I offer you today?” Francus softly speaks as he pulls up a chair and offers his guest a piece of bread.

“I wish to know more about you Francus. You intrigue me. How did you get where you are today?” the figure speaks.

Francus sighs and looks down at the bread sitting in front of him.

“It was the will of Apollo” Francus speaks firmly as he starts his story.

“I was born in 20AD. My father was a blacksmith, and my mother was a slave for which he fell in love with and bought her freedom. I would help my father out in the shop stoking the fire while my mother cooked, cleaned, and sold our wares. I was 10, and could work metal like you would not believe. My mother was pregnant at the time, and they prayed to Ceres and Vulcan for another boy. When she went into labor she was having problems. My father went to the local doctors to see about helping but they all wanted large sums of money. My brother was born, however my mother did not make it. I did my best to raise him the best that I could until they were both taken from me a few years later from infections. I was alone. I lived on the streets, my fate obviously guided by Apollo to go into medicine. A local doctor took me in for my metal crafting ability. I started to make him tools for which he could heal people and do Apollo's work. It didn't start as much, a few probes, some knives. In return he let me watch as he worked his craft. With each passing day, and with each procedure my thirst for medicine grew and grew. I started to make tools for myself, and hiding them where he would not find them. I would sneak out at night and read manuscripts and scrolls about alchemy and medicine. I prayed to Apollo to teach me medicine, to allow him to flow through me. I worked under him for many years, until he did the exact thing that killed my mother. He refused treatment to a poor family. I was outraged, Apollo cares not about money but about healing people! I pleaded with my master but he refused unless payment was made. I saw he had gotten greedy, his lust for fine wine and women had clouded the vision and gift that Apollo granted him.

Later that night, I took my cache of tools that I had made and visited that poor family. The woman was having problems giving birth, so with a prayer to Apollo I did what I felt had to be done. I

will never forget that night, with my hands red with blood the mother was holding a baby boy. Apollo smiled upon me, and had given me the first gifts of medicine. From that day forward I vowed to never turn someone away in need. The father of the newborn baby wished to give me all he had. I looked down at the small bag of coins he offered to me and refused. I asked him to make a donation to the shrine of Apollo instead, for it was his gift that saved his wife and baby, not mine. Still stunned I snuck back home completely forgetting to wash my blood-stained clothes.

When my master found out he immediately kicked me out of his house. He did not like me going behind his back performing medicine for free. He cursed at me, and threw my things out onto the street. Again, I was alone. I lived in the streets for many years, helping out the poor and homeless with the medicine that I had picked up over the years. I managed to scrape by until I helped that poor mother and her little girl.

It was winter, and I was living in an alley when I saw this rain-soaked mother begging for help from one of the local doctors. She said that her child was ill with the fever. The doctor stated his price but the mother did not have the money with her. He told her to come back in the morning with the money and he would help. He shut the door as the mother just sat there in the street crying. I came up to her, and asked if I could be of service. She must of thought I was just a homeless looking for some coins, but the look in my eyes must of told another story. She invited me out of the rain back to her house to look at her daughter. By Apollo's name I have never seen such a deep infected wound. It looked like a boulder was hiding under the skin of her forearm. Her fever grew worse by the hour, so I took one of the blades out of my homemade toolkit, boiled it in some water, and struck at the root of the infection. I made a poultice out of the bark of the willow and made her drink. My old master had shown me that willow bark can lower fevers and relieve pain, so I prayed that it would help. Her fever broke that night and her arm began to regain its natural color. Her mother was so happy she offered me all that she had. I declined yet again, asking her to make a donation to Apollo, for it was his gift that saved her daughter, not mine. She offered me a place to stay, I declined. She pleaded for me to stay until her husband came home, I could not refuse.

Weeks pass, and I am monitoring the little girl who's infection slowly cleared up. During the day I would wander around the streets helping those in need. During the nights I would raid the garbage cans of the doctors in town looking for discarded medical scrolls and teachings. When the girl's father came home I was in shock. He was a soldier for the Roman army. When the woman told him what had transpired, he thanked me and shook my hand until I thought my teeth were going to fall out of my head. He insisted that he would use the spoils from his work to buy me a small shack nearby for which I could help everyone like his wife and daughter. Out of politeness I could not refuse that offer.

I managed to setup shop in what you see before you. It's not much, but it keeps the water out, and gives me a quiet place to study. The local doctors in town however banded against me, for I was offering services without payment which cut into their profits. Not wishing to upset anyone I agreed to

close down shop. However I would still see those in need at night behind their backs. People would offer all that they had to me in thanks for what I did, but I would only ask that they make a donation to Apollo. I would find gifts on my doorstep of food and drink, but I only took whatever I needed to survive and gave the rest to the people I helped who truly had nothing. The local blacksmith guild would help me out by sharpening my blades and crafting me new tools in their spare time. For that I am much in their debt for the metal-craft skills I once had are gone.

What you see around you is what people have given me. Its the charity of others and the good graces of Apollo that I am here today. He has smiled upon me so I smile upon others. That's really how I got here today.”

The stranger sat back in his chair and rested his hands firmly upon the well worn table in front of him.

“And that is why I have visited you today Francus to help you to continue your mission set forth by Apollo to help others” he said smiling, the orange flames dancing around his face casting an looming shadow upon the wall of the shack behind him. “Join us Francus, help us help others.”

With a smile the stranger opened up a third eye on top of his forehead. Francus' eyes grew wide as he became short of breath. He quickly fell to his knees and bowed before the stranger.

“You.... You have been sent by him.. Sent by the great one... Sent by Apollo... Please, have mercy upon me, I wished to do only your bidding towards others..”

The stranger put his hand upon Francus' head.

“Fear not Francus, you have done good deeds to those around you. Your humility is something that is respectable and commendable. Do you wish to join us? To not only heal life but unlife as well?”

“Yes” exclaimed Francus, his voice quivering with a mixture of fright and excitement. “I wish to help all!”

“Then rise Francus Corvinus Castorius, and receive the gift of unlife for which I will grant upon you.”

Many 10 years have passed since that night. Francus sleeps during the day and has his home open to all who need help during the night. He has met other keepers of the third eye for which he later learned as being clan Salubri. Many has seeked his services, both living and unliving. Francus does not discriminate, all are welcome and all are taken care of.

Goals:

- To help those who need help
- To further his knowledge of both living and unliving medicine
- To be a humble servant of Apollo

3 by 3:

- Foes
 - Doctors who service the rich and important

- Doctors who service the lower/middle class but charge too much
- His old master/mentor
- Friends
 - Local homeless population
 - Church of Apollo and its die-hard cult followers
 - Select soldiers of the Roman Army who's families do not receive any money until they return and cannot afford doctors
- Impartial
 - Blacksmith guild, they exchange services
 - Other Salubri (I assume there isn't many in rome)
 - Local law enforcement (Poor people not dying means more poor people for them to clean up afterwards)

Theme: Pretty obvious.. :)

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver

Let me know what you guys like/dont like. To be honest this is just a rough concept of the character that I would like to play in this game. I don't play enough vampire to actually set-in-stone what path I should be, and nothing is set in stone as far as Clan. I would probably start the game with Valeren 4 and some Herd.

Let me know what you think.