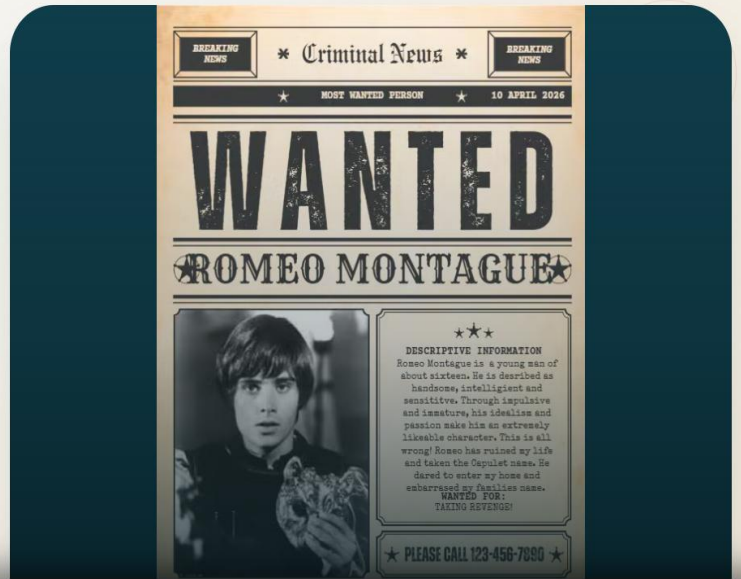


Family Honour, Pride and Blade

I am Tybalt Capulet and I am here to honour my family. The Montagues have embarrassed our name and this will not go unpunished. If you are willing to hear my story and make a stand then you are in the right place.

[Read my story](#)

THE CAPULET CODE

A philosophy forged in steel and family.

To bear the Capulet name is to bear a standard of excellence. I live by a strict code of ethics that dictates my actions on the streets of Verona and in the halls of my ancestors that I encourage you all to follow.

PRINCIPLE I

Absolute Loyalty

The Capulet name is sacred. I stand as its shield and its sword.

PRINCIPLE II

Precision in Action

Every strike, every word, every decision must hit its mark without hesitation.

PRINCIPLE III

Unyielding Honor

Respect is commanded, not given. I demand excellence from myself and my kin.

Honour and Reply

Reach out for alliances, sparring sessions, or matters concerning the Capulet name.

[Send](#)

Blade and Pride

My own family has turned against me; I cannot believe what has happened. Tonight was meant to be a night where the Capulet house was honoured and respected but that has been taken from us. I now find myself staring across the room at my enemy someone who is unwelcome, daring to feast beneath our roof. A Montague has dared to enter our home and embarrassed our name.

I have hated them since I was old enough to walk. Tonight was meant to show all of Verona that we stand tall, instead he comes sneaking in like a thief to drink our wine and mock our name. As he entered the ground we walk on, as he took this first step through the castle. Even masked I knew the way he carried himself like he had a right to be here. "What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee" (1, 1, 65). I will take my revenge. Because what is Capulet without pride. What is honour if not defended with steel. This gesture will not go unanswered. I will take my revenge.

But what hurt the most wasn't Romeo's presence. It was that my uncle was too proud to turn him down and honour our family. But this is anything but weakness. I saw the way he looked like he belonged. In the place that I call home. "Tis he, that villain Romeo" (1, 5, 60) roaming around our streets. He will not go unpunished. My blood turned to fire. They call this a celebration I call this an insult. "To flee and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the shock and honour of my kin, to strike him dead I hold is not a sin" (1, 5, 55). I would have taken him there and then, to protect everyone who calls this place home. But my own blood turned me down. My uncle proudly said to me, "I would not for the wealth of all the town. Here in my house do him disparagement. It is my will, the which if thou respect, show a fair presence and put off these frowns an ill-beseeming semblance for a feast" (1, 5, 65/70). Told me to ignore it. Told me to be patient.

I was furious. How could I be patient when my pride screams for satisfaction. When it drives me to finish him off. My blood exploded like a volcano. How could he turn against me. How could he put the enemy first. My blade was made for this.

If I find this man, there will be no more mercy shown. No more holding back. My blade has been made for this. To defend the honour of my family. To settle the insult on the Capulet name. Let him hide behind his mark but I will hunt him down until he stands up and faces me. I will find him and when I do pride will determine the ending.