You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. You are cautious, friendly, and have ink stains on your fingers.

Combat Style: If you tie while throwing paper, you win.

If you bring the Leopard Cat Prince a clue to the murder of Lion's Jaw, your memories may be returned. [When this condition is fulfilled, you may claim memory RT A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Burglars promise the Leopard Cat Prince the rarest object from their spoils so he'll silence their steps in the night.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Rat's Tail. It's a good, unassuming name - a good fit for a bandit spy. You've gotten very used to negotiating split loyalties without betraying anyone who didn't deserve it. Your real gang are… well. That hasn't come back yet.

Snake's Tongue is a spy too, you're very certain. After all, only spies do what you caught Snake doing: Drinking poison. Not much, though definitely (you have an eye for detail) enough to kill most people. Certainly more than enough to kill a bandit king, if they drank from the same cup. But, there's the problem: You don't know which gang Snake represents, nor do you know what Snake knows, or what Snake knows you know, and so on. Accusing a fellow spy is at least slightly uncouth, and more risky. Not if there's any other option.

You'll remember more if…

You learn another bandit's secret [claim memory RT B]
You pitch joining a different gang to another bandit [claim memory RT C]
You start an argument or confrontation between two other people [claim memory RT D]

You can get a boon from the Leopard Cat Prince by accusing someone of the murder.

[END OF PAGE 2]

RT B:

In this gang, you're the accountant. You keep the ledger. It's not glamorous, of course, but that's perfect for your work. It lets you keep tabs on things, and ask nosy questions. You thought it was very clever of you, and so it's proved. So clever, it even let you take a real stab at solving a problem your real gang had had for a long time (and a problem this gang was struggling with): Lion's Jaw, the unbeatable and unbearable. It was easy to cover up the traces for purchasing the ingredients of poison and antidote. Someone else cooked the deadly feast, but you can rest assured you cooked the books.

The only one likely to figure that out is Ox's Back, the peddler, since you often buy from Ox, and so any crooked accounts might turn up, if they keep receipts. Might be worth checking what they know, you know?

[END OF PAGE 3]

RT C:

Chicken Legs really deserves better, the poor bastard. There's a young bandit with potential, who takes everything Lion could throw at them, doomed to never go anywhere in life. There are better gangs out there, like your real gang. Chicken would go far there, you're certain of it. And look at Dog's Snout, the poor old mutt. Once great, now discarded and treated like trash by a brutish upstart. Whatever the story there, you're sure it's one of broken promises and cruel misrule. Back when Lion's wife Turtle's Shell was around, this gang looked to rise to incomparable heights. Even now, that ambitious lieutenant Tiger's Eye tries to keep things working… but Lion wasn't carrying them to glory anymore. And, of course, he's dead.

Luckily, you're a kind and helpful Rat. Besides looking for information, treasure, and advantage, you're looking for recruits. Bandits with real potential, ready to follow your instructions and leave this mess behind, are not exactly common. Pick them out, make the offer. After all, what's honor among thieves, given everything you've seen here?

[END OF PAGE 4]

RT D:

That's it, your real gang! The Winter Hawks are an old crew, with a long history of banditry. You've been with them a while, and they've stood you in good stead. You can assure any new member of the Hawks that they'll be taken care of. The Hawks are professionals. They are, however, in need of a number of skills: You don't have a Cat's Claw like Ram's Horn, for one thing, and a bandit priest that sharp is worth quite a lot. You also don't have a cook like Boar's Head - Boar's thoughtful and compassionate, but the food is really something else. Not to mention Rabbit Foot, who's great raw material, and you're pretty sure Snake is sneaking around and talking to them. Might be worth trying to steal Rabbit out from under them, whatever they're up to.

And there are a lot of rival gangs out there, really, and a lot of wrong choices to make. New gangs start and end, sometimes painfully. Dog, for example, broke off from the Winter Hawks a long time ago, and not even a bitter parting, to start the Howling Wolves - only to be taken down by Lion, and ended up serving him. That sort of thing isn't good for anyone - Dog deserved more respect. Maybe you could bring the old Wolf back, and back to the Hawks.