You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. You are strong, and your voice is loud, but you like to take your time to listen.

Combat Style: If you tie while throwing rock, 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 TE A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Once a kingsman made a bandit king swear an oath by the Leopard Cat Prince to leave his lands be. The bandit king didn't lift a finger, but by the next new moon the kingsman's manor had burned.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Tiger's Eye. You are - were - Lion's Jaw's lieutenant. It's not an easy position to be in, but it's a position of honor even among thieves. You were the right choice. Loyal, devoted, and a fighter worthy of your name.

Or, at least, you'd always thought so. But then, you remember talking with old Dog's Snout, who used to be not just a lieutenant but a leader of a rival gang. The Howling Wolves were fierce and loyal and stood together, and even now that Dog's strength was less… Lion still should have had more respect. But then, that was the root of the problem, wasn't it? Lion was cruel, drunk on power (and, often, wine) and saw only what being king let him do. The gang was crumbling, especially since Turtle's Shell died. The bonds that made them strong were snapping, rotting.

Dog said all this, but you were the one who suggested the solution was to kill Lion.

You'll remember more if…

You duel Ram [claim memory TE B]
You have a private conversation with Boar's Head [claim memory TE C]
You swear allegiance together with at least two other bandits [claim memory TE D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

TE B:

Ram's Horn, the Cat's Claw, would have been lieutenant if not for you. You've had your fair share of scuffles, but never anything worse than that. Ram is resourceful, clever, and never one to surrender. You imagine there's some resentment there, probably, but Ram never shows it. You both respected Lion's decision to promote you to lieutenant, and you both respect each other.

Not every rivalry is so sanguine. When Monkey Fingers and Lion's Jaw both pursued Turtle's Shell, they came close to real bloodshed before she chose Lion.

Then there's Dog, of course, who was a rival gang leader when you first met - but now Dog has your back, even against Lion, when you told him to his face that he needed to change his ways. That's what rivalry should be like between bandits, clean and honest, a way to grow stronger. Dog's even been something of a mentor to Chicken Legs, that poor bastard.

[END OF PAGE 3]

TE C:

Boar's Head and you have been lovers for some time now. Lovers, but also partners - you think each of you compliments the other very nicely. Boar is practical, thoughtful, and supportive, qualities you respect greatly, and you also just enjoy spending time in the kitchen, talking, flirting, all that.

You trust Boar implicitly. It's a great weight off your shoulders. Especially when you feel you don't entirely know some of the other bandits, like young Rabbit Foot and Lion's heir Dragon's Mane (nothing against them, but you never got to know them well, when you were busy with your duties) or Rat's Tail, the accountant. But… if you're going to hold your ground and become leader like you planned, you'll need to get to know them all, and figure out which ones you can trust.

[END OF PAGE 4]

TE D:

You looked Lion in the eye, and you drank with him, and you imagined you tasted the poison. A bitterness, though it wasn't supposed to come through. He wouldn't have drunk if you hadn't, when the wine was passed around. He was smart, and brave, and dangerous as his name, and you could see he figured it out when his throat began to close, when his breath came ragged and then stopped entirely. He went for his sword, too late, once he knew you'd killed him.

Tactically speaking, you suspect the sad old doctor, Horse's Hair, must have been where you got the poison. Maybe you had something over Horse, or maybe it was a conspiracy. You wouldn't have done it without a clear plan. You would have also checked, overtly or implicitly, with Ram's Horn. A bandit gang needs a Cat's Claw, to seek the Leopard Cat Prince's favor and find auspicious opportunities, and your old rival Ram has proven exceptional at that.