You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. It looks like you're one of the youngest here. You want to believe you can trust your comrades, but you have a good nose and something smells wrong here, literally. Something bitter.

Combat Style: If you tie while throwing scissors, 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 RF A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
The Leopard Cat Prince's favorite offerings are stolen treasures, gemstones, potent herbs, secrets, memories, and the meat of small birds.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Rabbit Foot. You are, you learned not so long ago, of noble blood. It's a secret - you've grown up as a bandit, alongside your best friend, Dragon's Mane, the heir to the bandit king Lion's Jaw. Dragon knows, and Lion must have known, but Lion is dead and Dragon…

Well, you remember Dragon talking about how much better off you would both be, if banditry weren't an inescapable family trade. If Lion weren't around, trapping you both in this hall and this bloody business. Dragon is brave, energetic, and perhaps a little impulsive…

Dragon is your best friend, and also - you're pretty sure - Lion's killer as well as his heir.

You'll remember more if…
You smell something bitter [claim memory RF B]
Tell someone about your family [claim memory RF C]
Present a favorable offering to the bandit god [claim memory RF D]

[END OF PAGE 2]

RF B:

You and Dragon both knew the wine was poisoned, when you drank it. The look on Dragon's face, when Lion started to choke - a shudder, a horror and a bravery at once - how could you forget that? For your part, you trusted the antidote, you felt daring and you felt revenged, but you also felt for Dragon. For you, it was revenge. For Dragon, it was patricide. You don't know what exactly this murder means for anyone else, especially not the two at the high table with you, Lion's lieutenant Tiger's Eye, and the enigmatic Snake Tongue.

The bitter smell of it has not left your nostrils.

[END OF PAGE 3]

RF C:

It was Snake Tongue who told you about your secret past, not long ago. In secret Snake bowed to you, and told you that not only were you of noble blood - your parents were slaughtered, and you were abducted. By Lion, your best friend's father, the man who had loomed over your entire life. You hardly know how you responded - you were full of fury and despair - but you also remember this: Snake is not a mere bandit, but a spy for the state, and offered you a way out. You told Dragon, of course, because you're best friends - and now you're wondering if that was a good idea. A state spy is hardly going to be received well by a bandit born and bred…

Maybe you need help, in case Snake and Dragon are at odds. Monkey Fingers, the musician, is a favorite of Dragon's and might be able to smooth things over if you can't. And if it came down to it… You'd choose Dragon. Wouldn't you?

[END OF PAGE 4]

RF D:

You've been thinking that you don't want to be a bandit. It's a hard and violent life, and you didn't exactly choose it. But what options are there? Ox's Back, the peddler, has offered to take you away and apprentice you in the trade of treasures and gewgaws, buying and selling. That doesn't exactly appeal, but Ox means well…

Good old Horse's Hair, the bandit doctor, who's always been a mentor to you and Dragon, might have some advice. But then, Horse is still a bandit, if not an active raider. Then there's Ram's Horn, the priest, who could help tell your fortune, but Ram is the bandit priest of a bandit god. Or the cook Boar's Head, compassionate and friendly, who always lent an ear to your young troubles, and also always cooked with the spoils of bandit raids.

Really, you've only known bandits, all your life. It can make it hard to imagine anything else…