You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. It looks like you're one of the youngest here, but you're not afraid of anyone or anything in this room. You're full of restless energy, itching to do something worthwhile.

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 DM A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Some bandit gangs don't keep guard dogs because they believe it offends the Leopard Cat Prince. These gangs haven't been especially successful.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Dragon's Mane, and your father is the bandit king, Lion's Jaw. And now he's dead. You imagine that you should feel much worse about this than you do - but while it's a punch in the gut (you think you know what that feels like) it's not a knife through you (you think you do not know what that feels like).

You also remember that you are surrounded by the people you've grown up with, though their names aren't all coming back. There, though, that's Horse's Hair - and you look up to Horse, feel instantly more certain seeing the old doctor. Not that you were afraid! But Horse is a calming presence, always certain and careful, grandfatherly. You can remember those hands mixing and measuring - poisons and antidotes, for example. Poisons especially loom large in your mind, and the memory of Horse explaining exactly how to measure a dose for a large man, like your father.

You'll have to ask Horse about that. Find out the explanation. There must be one, you're certain.

You'll remember more if…

You fight someone [claim memory DM B]
You learn something about your mother [claim memory DM C]
You make plans for the future with someone else [claim memory DM D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

DM B:

You're sure you flinched, drinking the poisoned wine. Lion must have noticed - what did he think of that? He wouldn't have suspected you, you could have begged off, just let him drink without you. But what kind of killer would that make you? His own heir, afraid to trust Horse's antidote, let alone cross sabers with him. You flinched, but you drank, and when he started to choke you almost choked as well, but you held firm.

You poisoned your father, Lion's Jaw. Horse made the poison and the antidote for you, and you drank with Lion, and he died. And now, you have to live with it.

[END OF PAGE 3]

DM C:

You were much closer to your mother than your father, for as long as she was alive. Turtle's Shell meant the world to you. A bandit queen, truly deserving of that title, you'll never hear a word said against her - she meant the world to you.

After her death, Horse was there to guide you through the grief, to help you find firm footing again. Like a kind, wise parent, Horse helped you tame your temper and direct yourself. And Monkey Fingers, the musician, was there to help you enjoy life again. Less of a wise parent, Monkey, and more of a wild one - but it was exciting, to find your boundless energy again. And of everyone, only the traveling peddler Ox's Back was quite as shattered by her death as you were, able to understand what it meant for you. Ox wasn't always around, but came back to visit you often.

Your father was neither wise and patient, nor exciting and empathetic. While they had ruled the gang as equals, Lion did not seem to share your grief at all, and without it, you drew away from him. You never grew close again. Now you never will.

[END OF PAGE 4]

DM D:

Rabbit Foot! How could you forget your closest friend? You grew up together, raised in the same household, running the same course. You trust each other with everything, and you would never betray each other. Rabbit has stood by your side in everything, *everything* you've ever done.

Rabbit even shared something with you that you never would have expected: Rabbit is secretly of noble blood. Your father slew Rabbit's original family and stole the infant away to be raised alongside you, and even this revelation led to another: Snake Tongue, the gang's scout, is a spy! Not just a spy for other gangs (your father warned you to beware them since you were young) but a spy for the state. You're not sure Rabbit should trust a state spy, but then again, the Lion's Jaw gang isn't entirely trustworthy in itself. Dog, a bandit your father forced into the gang at sword-point, must be itching to betray you in revenge for Lion's treatment - you know you would be if you were in Dog's place. Same goes for the peasant your father conscripted and named Chicken Legs, the poor bastard, and then there's the quiet and meticulous Rat's Tail… whom you have no real reason to suspect, but you always did.

Your father had a lot of enemies.