You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. Somehow you're sure however strange and fucked up the current situation is you've seen stranger and more fucked up…But you're also just as sure that the slightest lapse in vigilance could be your undoing.

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 ST A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
They say that when the Crown Prince of Heaven was young, he would go hunting in full regalia. One day after a successful hunt he took a nap beneath a tree, and woke up stripped completely naked. That's how the Leopard Cat Prince got his own princely crown.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Snake. Snake Tongue. A bit on the nose, but as a spy sent by the government to infiltrate the Lion's Jaw gang, you walk a fine line to avoid being caught. Masquerading as the gang's scout, you could direct the gang towards certain targets, all while gathering valuable information about the movements of all sorts of nefarious actors. It even provided an excuse for your knowledge of some things that no bandit should know...

You honestly regret telling Rabbit Foot about their parents' death, but there was no getting around it: the scion of a noble family doesn't belong in a bandit's camp or a peddler's caravan, where they'll no doubt end up dying in a ditch by the side of the road some day. Maybe learning that their best friend's father killed their family will put them on the right path: no matter how much you like Dragon's Mane, they're a bad influence on Rabbit. Heh, if your superiors heard you say that aloud they'd think you'd gone soft: what do you think you are now, a surrogate parent for the kid of some dead noble? You just hope the other bandits don't do anything rash--what would anyone else think now if they had heard Rabbit say that they'd "kill them all!"?

You'll remember more if you...

Consume poison [claim memory ST B]
Have a heart-to-heart with Boar [claim memory ST C]
You learn another bandit's secret [claim memory ST D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

ST B:

At least the wine wouldn't go to waste, you remember thinking when you took the draught. A strange thought to have, in the middle of killing Lion's Jaw, but then again, was not the whole situation strange? Here you were, sitting at the high table with the likes of Tiger's Eye, the loyal second-in-command, drinking with the Bandit King yourself. Quite the achievement as a spy, and that made you grin as you drained your cup. He saw you do it, and he drained his own, but for all his strength and skill he wasn't immune to poison, while you were. So you did it, in the end, despite every hurdle.

[END OF PAGE 3]

ST C:

Boar's Head's open-door policy with the bar and pantry always felt like an invitation for trouble: they were cooking for bandits, after all...though to be fair most of the folks you saw in their part of the camp weren't the most mercenary. Chicken Legs, that poor bastard, always seemed to come to them for moral support, and for all of Ram's Horn's talk of banditry their fancy engraved knife of the Leopard Cat Prince certainly doesn't grant them any tactical advantage.

Either way, you're a survival specialist: you see an opportunity for a meal and just take it. Being out on your own in the wild was the best part of the job for you, and maybe once the state decides you're no longer useful you could just go live in the woods full-time, finally free. Perhaps Boar never appreciated all your questions about cooking various vermin and mushrooms from the forest (and you particularly remember their expression when you brought in a frog), but you always managed to make them crack a smile with your signature question at the end: "...but how does it taste?"

[END OF PAGE 4]

ST D:

You always knew that something was up with Rat's Tail: someone like that doesn't just end up the gang's accountant by accident. Were they part of some rival gang? Was it possible that they were a government spy like you, and the left hand of the state didn't know what the right hand was doing, or had you accidentally guided the gang into attacking the wrong target, and Rat had been sent to keep an eye on you, or maybe even take you out?

You don't have enough dirt on Rat to get them in trouble--unlike Ox's Back, a black-market peddler you could take to court 'til the end of the world if only it didn't jeopardize your mission--but it takes a spy to know a spy, and Rat is certainly a spy.