You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. You seem to be the eldest here (for whatever that's worth in the bandit life), and you feel like you should be looking after the others…but you also feel just…incredibly tired. Tired and afraid.

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 HH A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
*They say stray cats are agents of the Leopard Cat Prince. Treat them well if you want his favor, but be careful they don't find anything you want to keep hidden.*

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember...

Your name is Horse's Hair. Something about that name conjures up the role of a "bandit doctor": sewing up wounds, mending bones, and treating chills and fevers. You've seen everyone at their worst, and through it all maybe you yourself have become a little worse for wear...

"Remember to not get yourself on Boar's Head's bad side," you thought to yourself, as you saw them glance around before emptying a bottle into the mulled wine. The first person you always need to trust in a gang is the chef. You think you can trust them--or you thought you could trust them, at some point. You've spent many a sleepless night talking with them in the pantry, long after the usual gang of rookies seeking advice (like Chicken Legs, that poor bastard) has gone to sleep. You know Boar knows one of your deepest secrets...but you just can't remember what it was.

You'll remember more if...

Help an injured person [claim memory HH B]
Apologize to Dragon [claim memory HH C]
Give advice to a younger person [claim memory HH D]

[END OF PAGE 2]

HH B:

Cooking the antidote wasn't that hard--you're a doctor, so you've done it before. Antidote, medicine...poison...what's the difference? Taking it down to the kitchen felt odd, sure, but so was killing a man: even a bandit doctor has some standards. It was worth it: worth it for Dragon…and for Turtle's Shell.

You didn't have the heart to give the eulogy at her funeral--to be fair, neither did Ox's Back, her own kin, though they didn't even know the half of it. You were on that raid when Turtle challenged Lion's authority over the gang, and you watched them battle one-on-one in that camp's ruins. In the end you couldn't save her like you had that rabid Wolf: Lion insisted that the duel be final. He later claimed that she'd been killed by an enemy--the truth would make her a martyr, after all--and shutting you up was easy. You swore you had to make him pay...somehow.

[END OF PAGE 3]

HH C:

You'd always been there for Dragon's Mane, from the night of their birth to the day their mother died… although it was the days that came after that that were the hardest. They always came to you for advice, and they were like the child you never had. How you wish you could've told Dragon what you knew...but Lion knew that, didn't he. That's why he told you he'd kill his own child if you told anyone what you saw: perhaps he knew that was the one thing that would ever get to an old horse like you. Telling Boar was a mistake, but just like you they were always a trusty confidant: surely they wouldn't tell anyone else. They wouldn't betray you like you betrayed Dragon…right?

[END OF PAGE 4]

HH D:

Snake Tongue pulled Rabbit Foot aside the other day, and you're not entirely sure what it was about, but it was something so terrible that Rabbit stayed silent for quite some time. Just like Dragon, they thought of you as a mentor--they'd grown up together, after all. If you were a younger bandit, perhaps you'd relish the attention, as Monkey Fingers does with their adoring fans, but at your age your relationship was for their sake, not for your own.

You think Rabbit might have told Dragon what it was, but you cannot be sure. Should you ask Dragon directly, or should an old bandit like you simply not concern themselves with children's secrets? Maybe you'll ask Snake later--they're an odd fellow, from what you've seen in their conversations with Boar--or maybe you'll just let a secret stay a secret.