You are a bandit. You don't remember your name, but you can work with that. These things are known to happen. Some might even say losing a name is just a chance to gain a new, better one. Not that that's your plan, but if worst comes to worst, it's an option.

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 RH A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Every bandit gang worth its salt has a "priest" of the Leopard Cat Prince, the Cat's Claw. Their job is to determine appropriate timing and offerings to get as much favor as they can for the gang's endeavors.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Ram's Horn. You are the Cat's Claw of the Lion's Jaw gang, which wasn't your first choice of position but you think you've done well with it. And you are very committed to banditry, so you've thrown yourself into the rites of the Bandit God.

Some in the gang aren't so dedicated. Monkey Fingers, in particular, you always thought was more of a dilettante than anything else - what does it mean, to be a 'bard bandit'? The phrase is absurd. And Monkey, you remember last night, got Lion completely plastered. Drink after drink, toast after toast, practically pouring the wine down his throat… not that you were perfectly sober yourself, but it seems suspicious, viewed through hazy memory. Not enough to prove anything, of course, but you do remember this: Monkey had reason to hate Lion, and little loyalty to a bandit king.

You'll remember more if…

You win a duel with Tiger's Eye [claim memory RH B]
You make a deal with the Leopard Cat Prince [claim memory RH C]
You give someone advice and they listen [claim memory RH D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

RH B:

Tiger, you can respect. You've dueled before, after all, and the record is about even, you're sure. Even after Lion passed you over for lieutenant and chose Tiger, Tiger respected you. And, in return, you respect Tiger. It wasn't either of your faults that you were rivals, in any case, and when Lion didn't see your worth, Tiger did.

In fact, you think you could easily convince Tiger to appoint you lieutenant, once Lion's Jaw was no longer bandit king. Tiger spoke with you about what would happen when Lion was dead - That's proof of respect, if nothing else is, and proof of trust. You'd need to pick a replacement Cat's Claw, of course, to serve as the gang's servant of the god, but surely the Leopard Cat Prince wouldn't resent some shameless ambition - every bit of your bandit theology tells you shamelessness is next to godliness. It made it very easy for you to agree, and to take charge of the preparations for the feast.

As for replacements, you can remember a few options. Snake's Tongue is sly and slippery and a consummate professional. Boar's Head already gives good advice, though of a very different kind, but also they're Tiger's partner, which is messy. And Rabbit's Foot is young, but smart and capable with a nose for treasures, and just a touch aloof, a perfect candidate. Or someone else - all that matters is, if you can claim a higher rank, you find a capable new Claw.

[END OF PAGE 3]

RH C:

This feral bandit god is one whose favor you've sought for years. That was your position in the gang, after all, currying favor with a mercurial divinity whose power was never questioned. Reading signs and predicting good hunting or unseen dangers, as well as making sure that nothing the gang did would anger the god, these were your principal duties. You were the one who suggested that, since Lion's Jaw had shown such signs of favor (such as: Winning fights, pulling off thefts, remaining king even after every challenge, even outliving Turtle's Shell, whose bandit virtues were such that she must have been the Leopard Cat Prince's special favorite) killing him would require some particular ingenuity.

After all, what would please the Leopard Cat Prince better than to sacrifice Lion's Jaw, a favorite, to the bandit god? A feast must have a sacrifice, and the more beloved, the better. A clever, resourceful solution. You're quite proud of it. You may even have mentioned it a bit unwisely, now that you think about it… but with the bandit god in your very presence, surely the omens can only bode well?

[END OF PAGE 4]

RH D:

You yourself are a deeply, religiously committed bandit. You've been dedicated to the life since you joined, hungry and too young. Remember that - before all else, you are a bandit. But there are some people who think being a bandit is just an adventure, an aesthetic. They join up and find the life suits them well enough, but their pride and hunger and ambition simply aren't up to the task - Monkey is one of these, in your humble bandit priest's opinion. That's why it was so ridiculous that Turtle's Shell (may her soul rest in the pocket of the Leopard Cat Prince) had two suitors. Imagine, a bandit of her caliber, with Monkey! Lion's Jaw may have been a sacrifice to bandit ambitions, but at least the old brute was a bandit through and through.

Aside from Monkey, Ox's Back is quite literally not a bandit, despite being Turtle's blood relation. And then there's that poor bastard Chicken Legs, dragged into the life left out to dry by Lion… But the gang does still have some real banditry in it, even with Lion's death. His heir, Dragon's Mane, was raised to the life, and knows the right ways. Old Dog's Snout is a bandit through and through, a scarred survivor, maybe even more than Lion was - looking back, it's a shame Dog lost to him.