You are a bandit. You don't remember your name, but your hands remember how to strum a tune. You can almost remember the words, too. You could play an ode to a victorious king, or maybe a ballad of tragic love…but you should probably work on remembering something else instead.

Combat Style: If you're observing a fight, you may declare that one combatant wins all ties thanks to your support, as long as you remain nearby and focused on the match.

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 MF A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Once the Leopard Cat Prince's lover betrayed him, so he simply stole his own memory of ever having loved. Many songs of lost love entreat him to steal away the pain of heartbreak.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember...

Your name is Monkey Fingers. An odd name, but it certainly fits a bard like you. A bandit bard--who would've thought when you were living life on the streets you'd turn out like this! You're a jack of all trades, a lover, not a fighter, and very much the star of the show.

You frequently found yourself in Ox's Back's peddler stall, a nice retreat to avoid the hustle and bustle of bandit life and...bandit politics. You never enjoyed watching Ram's Horn and Tiger's Eye vocally demonstrate their loyalty to Lion, nor could you stand how everyone would gang up on Chicken Legs, that poor bastard. Out of everyone, you had known Ox the longest--back in the distant past you were their sister's lover, after all. They hadn't been at the stall the last time you were there, and looking around one of the herbs on the shelf struck you as particularly pungent. The assistant quickly urged you to wash your hands on touching it, as it was poison. It would've been so easy for someone with access to Ox's stock to kill Lion--and you felt Ox had a reason to do it, if you could only remember why...

You'll remember more if...

Insult the Leopard Cat Prince [claim memory MF B]
Talk about romance [claim memory MF C]
Be the center of attention [claim memory MF D]

[END OF PAGE 2]

MF B:

Ram never seemed to “understand” you. “‘Bandit bard’ isn’t a real job,” they’d quip, turning up their nose at any sort of deviation from their precious bandit lore. You provided a service, and the gang needed entertainment. If “bandit doctor” and “bandit chef” were real jobs, then so was “bandit bard.” Horse’s Hair may’ve been the one to heal the bandits’ wounds, but like Boar you could always be counted on to heal their *souls*.

Not only that, but you’d had the standard bandit background: you grew up thieving in the city and then settled down in a gang on the outskirts of town. That was somehow never good enough for Ram, though: there were “bandit traditions” to consider, and “bandit heritage.” What a load of bullshit. Lion didn’t ask you for qualifications when Ox suggested that you join, and neither did his lieutenant Tiger--all for good reason.

[END OF PAGE 3]

MF C:

You didn’t know how, and you didn’t care why, but you were positive that Lion’s Jaw had killed her. That alone would’ve been enough for you to do the deed, but there was more to it than that: you had to live with the fact that you hadn’t won her heart. Turtle’s Shell had chosen Lion: she wasn’t tricked, she wasn’t trapped, she had done it willingly. What was it that she saw in him? You couldn’t see it, and although birthed from the same loins as Turtle, Ox couldn’t see it either. Despite Turtle’s happiness, that question continued to gnaw at you: many sleepless nights you spent trying to figure it out, and so many times you came to Boar to ask what it was you could have done differently...

Maybe, you thought, just maybe, you could finally see it in Lion’s eyes before he died. So there you were, decanter in hand, proposing toasts, pouring glass after glass of mulled wine for yourself, making sure that Lion would do the same. Out of all of them *you* were the one from whom he had taken the most, and you needed to be the one to see this to the end.

[END OF PAGE 4]

MF D:

Ah, the center stage…this is why you do it and this is what quells the fury in your heart. Music, attention, even some minor fame--you hardly mean to boast--can make the night just a hair more pleasant. You may not be as old and tired as Horse's Hair, but you've had your hard times, your tragedies, and your great defeats, but your performance always gives you the strength to carry on, especially when you have such adoring fans.

The two young bandits, Rabbit Foot and Dragon's Mane, really do a lot to keep you going. You've lavished attention on them--Lion may be Dragon's father, but it's Dragon's mother that you're reminded of. That may be bittersweet, but Dragon is energetic, brave, and young, and a wonderful audience to boot. Rabbit, Dragon's best friend and hanger-on, is the same. You'd do a lot for those kids, and they'd do even more for you, you suspect.