You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. You're young, scrappy, disheveled.

Combat Style: When you lose a fight, you can fight again immediately.

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 CL A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince:
Everyone knows the Leopard Cat Prince has favorites. When someone should by all rights be dead after the stupid shit they pulled but they come out ahead, that's when you know they've got his eye. Of course, if you don't try some stupid shit in the first place, you won't find that out, will you?

[END PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Chicken Legs. You don't like it, but it's the name you were given when you were made a bandit. It wasn't that long ago.

You had to do a lot of scutwork, helping set up the feast. You'd wanted to impress Ram's Horn (ah, fuck, how you wanted to impress Ram) so you went to make sure everything was set for the feast. Ram told you there was going to be a sacrifice (Ram's the priest, you remember, which impressed you a lot - a bandit priest!) but you didn't need to buy one. There'd be something else, something worth a lot more than any animal -

Oh. Oh shit. Any animal, except a Lion.

Ram probably did it, but, also, you like Ram a lot more than you liked that fucker Lion. Shit luck, huh? A hot priest and probably a murderer, you really know how to pick 'em.

You'll remember more if…

You lose a fight [claim memory CL B]
You disrespect your elders [claim memory CL C]
You have a heart-to-heart with Dog's Snout or Boar's Head [claim memory CL D]

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

[END PAGE 2]

CL B:

It wasn't that long ago you were just your parents' second child, the other one, not the heir to their chickenshit plot. It wasn't that long ago you learned how much debt they'd fallen into, poor peasants, and that they'd had to beg the bandit king for help. It wasn't that fucking long ago your father sadly introduced you to Lion's Jaw, a huge man with a hungry eye, who told you that your name was Chicken Legs now, and you were going to be a bandit because your father couldn't pay his damn debt.

You tried to fight, obviously. That was the first time Lion left you bruised in the dust. It wasn't the last. The old man had a wicked hand, and you hadn't learned to fight yet.

Back at the caves, in the hills, you met the rest of them: Snake's Tongue, the scout; Tiger's Eye, Lion's right hand; the boss' brat Dragon's Mane with best croney Rabbit Foot, and the rest. All of them ranked higher than you, from the first day, even the ones younger than you.

But you also met Dog's Snout and Ram, so being a bandit it wasn't all shit. Despite the bruises. You might have run away, damn your parents' debt, if it weren't for them.

[END PAGE 3]

CL C:

It was just last night. You served the wine at the high table. Dragon and Rabbit and Tiger and Lion, and he was in fine spirits. Still told you to fucking get over there, bring the wine, shouted you around, but he didn't kick out when you were slow, or clip you with a hard-knuckled fist. You almost wished he would. Not to feel justified, you felt entirely fucking justified, but because you would have relished it all the more knowing you were serving him the poison. They all raised their cups full of death, Monkey Fingers calling a toast (loud one, Monkey) and you must have been smiling a hard bandit smile.

Really, Lion should have been proud of you, as the life left his eyes. You wouldn't have had the guts, not that long ago.

[END PAGE 4]

CL D:

Not that long ago, you and Dog were sitting by the fire. You can count your friends on one hand, among the bandits (not much respect for the fucking Chicken, the loser, the boss' punching bag), but Dog's one. Dog used to be a big shit deal, a real bandit lord, before ending up in Lion's gang, and not much higher up than you. Maybe that's why, or maybe some bandits really are noble outlaws, but either way, Dog's had your back and helped you learn.

Anyways, you and Dog were eating, after the rest had finished. At least Boar's Head, the cook, made sure you always got enough. (Besides them, Rat's Tail was always friendly and solicitous… and that's about it, for the ones you could really trust not to pull rank, with or without a kick). Dog was talking about the possibility of maybe getting off the bottom rung of the ladder. You just had to prove your worth, together - and you had a part to play. After all, why was being a bandit such hell? It wasn't the fucking profession. It wasn't even your youth or Dog's fall from power.

It was Lion.

And if there wasn't Lion… a lot more became possible.

That was when you broke Lion's first rule for you, and decided you'd rise or die trying. You told Dog the name your parents called you. Jun's not a bandit's moniker, but it's a damn sight better than Chicken Legs.