You are a bandit. You don't remember your name. You're not that old, but you're weathered. You're tough. Whatever this is, you won't let it be the end.

Combat Style: If you tie while throwing rock, 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 DS A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
Once two rival gangs fought over which was truly favored by the Leopard Cat Prince. He favored the one that won.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Dog's Snout. That wasn't the name you used to go by, back in your glory days, when you ran your own gang. No, you had another name, before Lion crushed you under his heel. But you outlived him. Not bad for a dog.

You told Chicken Legs how it was, when you were a bandit leader. How you cared for your gang, treasured the loyalty of your gang members, and (until it went sour) kneeled to no man. You had dignity, under that other name, and you gave the same to those who followed at your heels.
Lion treated Chicken like dirt, knocked the kid around. He could see how Chicken hated it, you could tell, he might even have enjoyed it. Lion's Jaw thought he was safe, but that fire in Chicken's eye… you could have warned him, maybe. But you and Chicken were both on the bottom of the ladder, down in the mud, and maybe the kid would prove Lion wrong, good and hard. And now a god's come calling, and you're worried. Chicken's a good kid. Maybe a murderer, but a good kid.

You'll remember more if…

You win a fight [claim memory DS B]
You claim something valuable that belonged to Lion [claim memory DS C]
You form an alliance with at least two others [claim memory DS D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

DS B:

Wolf. You used to be called Wolf. That's what your name was in the Winter Hawk gang, when you were young (you're not that old) and thought you were going to rule the world (you still might). Wolf was respected. Wolf was strong. You got used to winning fights, to respect, to friends who would die before surrender. You laughed in the face of winter, the soldiers of the state, anything that thought it could challenge you.

You left the Winter Hawk gang, but it wasn't bitter. You just had to see what a Wolf could do. You pulled together a crew, the Howling Wolf gang (you had a right to your pride) and for a while it was a golden age. Until, of course, Lion's Jaw got wind of you. You remember him wiping your friends' blood off his hands, looking down at you, boot on your throat. He offered you survival, and you imagined it was with respect. To be a Dog was worse than a Wolf, but you thought…whatever you thought, it doesn't matter. Lion gave you nothing but shame.

[END OF PAGE 3]

DS C:

Lion, when he was alive, liked to make an example of you. You understood, eventually, that that's why he wanted you in the gang - he felt stronger, making you seem weak. He would grin and ridicule you, send you into the worst scraps and forget you when the gang returned back to the hall. A Dog to kick, not to hunt. But Lions hunt alone, and Dogs know their pack. Your plans were better, often. You knew it. And so did Tiger's Eye - Lion's lieutenant. Tiger made sure you were heard, when you were clearly correct, even going so far as to stand up to Lion face to face. After that, when the shouting was done, you made sure to approach the lieutenant and offer your loyal friendship.

There are others in the gang you can tell are better than Lion. Rat's Tail seems familiar, though you could never place it, but friendly enough. The young Dragon's Mane, Lion's own heir, has real potential, as does Dragon's friend Rabbit Foot. Monkey Fingers is a bit too fond of music and drink, but deserves your goodwill. The whole gang could be so much better without Lion. And perhaps there's a chance of that now.

You remember proposing it to Tiger, and you remember them listening intently, when you said Lion could be done away with. You even outlined a plan, though you can't remember the specifics… though you know that Chicken played a part.

[END OF PAGE 4]

DS D:

You were never very religious, for a bandit. Seeing the Leopard Cat Prince in person isn't something you ever thought a Dog would merit, frankly, especially since joining the Lion's Jaw gang. Your old gang had a Cat's Claw priest, of course, but certainly not someone like Ram's Horn - damn, but you never knew a priest could do something like this! It's a special occasion, of course (not every week is a bandit king killed at his own feast, a sacrifice to the bandit god) but still.

If you'd had a priest like Ram, well, maybe your gang would still be here, and Lion's Jaw would have been the one with a new name. (You could also have used a doctor like Horse's Hair, who's patched you up quite a few times). But then again… the bandit god favors the one who wins. So you'd better win, and win with a vengeance. And maybe try to stay on Ram's good side. Who knows, you might have a pack again, before too long…