You are a bandit, probably? You're sturdy, reliable, you kind of feel like you might be a bartender…Or maybe a chef, your clothes smell like a kitchen. You don't remember your name, either way.

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 BH A.]

There's one thing you do remember, about the Leopard Cat Prince…
The Leopard Cat Prince likes to steal the memories of drunkards, collecting nights of revelry and debauchery from across the land.

[END OF PAGE 1]

You remember…

Your name is Boar's Head. You are a bandit, but mostly you're a chef. You look after the gang, and keep them alive, and try to help them enjoy life. After all, isn't that the point of a bandit's freedom?

One thing you very much enjoy is Tiger's Eye, your lover and lieutenant of the Lion's Jaw gang. Tiger always kept you in confidence, treated you well, and well - a gallant bandit's exactly the kind of pleasure you signed up for.
You remember… there was something unpleasant recently, not between you, but a conversation. You had finished telling them something very important, something that shocked you to your core, but all you remember is the shock. And then: Tiger told you how terrible it was, working as Lion's second in command. How it grated, stung. How Lion was monstrous… how something had to be done.
Oh, Tiger! Could it have been you, my love?

You'll remember more if…

You listen to someone else complain [claim memory BH B]
You stop a fight [claim memory BH C]
You stand up to someone more dangerous than you [claim memory BH D]

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

[END OF PAGE 2]

BH B:

That's it! That's what you had told Tiger, before they had said it was so terrible to work with Lion. You were lying in the dark together, wrapped in furs against the chill of night, and whispering. You two might have been alone in the universe, and you were telling them the most awful story you'd ever heard: That Lion's Jaw, your king and unquestioned leader, had been the one to - oh, it's awful to think - that Turtle's Shell, the bandit queen and wife of Lion's Jaw, had not been killed by a rival gang. She had been so beloved - the bard Monkey Fingers had wanted her hand, as well, and everyone looked to her - and she had died by Lion's hand, his face scarred not by her killer but by her blade. They had quarreled over the gang's direction and he had killed her when they came to blows. Even if the fight was fair, he needed to be held accountable.

No wonder you wanted to kill him, Tiger… wouldn't it be justice? Wouldn't the Leopard Cat Prince approve?

These thoughts kept you awake.

[END OF PAGE 3]

BH C:

The Lion's Jaw gang has been falling apart, despite your efforts, for a long time. And you really did try. When Chicken Legs, the newest bandit, was given menial scutwork straight through mealtimes, you made sure to keep them fed. When Snake Tongue drank too much, you entertained them in the kitchen (now, to be fair, you did this with most of the gang). When the teenagers, Dragon's Mane and Rabbit Foot, needed someone to look after them, being barely more than children, you made an effort. But a cook can only do so much. You considered asking the priest Ram's Horn for help, but these aren't exactly a bandit priest's concerns, amid the harshness of a bandit life. Maybe you still could.

You couldn't do much for Dog's Snout at all, though. Dog used to be a great bandit, before joining the Lion's Jaw gang, and now… barely a shadow. A sad and pitiful fate, and not something a good meal can cure. But perhaps worst of all, Horse's Hair, the physician, drifting into deep glooms and apathy more and more in recent days - a friend, even a compatriot in tending to the gang, slipping away, and you don't know why.

Something has gone terribly wrong.

[END OF PAGE 4]

BH D:

Your hands shook as you measured out the wine, and quickly - but very carefully, you are a careful cook, this would never happen by accident - mixed the poison in. The antidote was cooked into the food.

Lion would never eat or drink anything that was not shared. A bandit king has reason to be suspicious. But an added bitter herb dish, something he would never eat himself, wouldn't alert him. The poison would not go to him alone, but you would keep the others safe.

Still, your hands shook.