>Be a dwarf leopard living in the boonies of South America. Somewhere near a small outpost of farmers that are taking advantage of the area’s propensity for growing Cocoa beans, coffee, and hot hot peppers.

>You’ve been living off the settlement for a couple of weeks now and have gradually lost your natural cautiousness, the humans are so slow and easy to steal from after all.

>Turns out that while they may be slow and easy to steal from, they can make improvements.

>They set up a trap for you at the chicken houses that you were planning to raid today and they catch your overconfident ass. You scratch one or two of them as they’re getting you out and they decide to declaw you and keep you as a mouser.

>A month passes, and you grow tired of these shackles imposed on you by these men, they have no right, no say in what you do as an animal. You are meant to be wild and free and untamed but you continue to be their servant, keeping the mice out of their granary and getting fed a meager amount of food, just enough to keep you alive.

>One day a man comes into the granary, he looks different from all the other men you’ve seen. He is tall and imposing, dressed in green camouflage and toting around a passel of firearms. He looks at you for a lingering moment and then speaks to someone else saying, “My bed will be in here and be sure to bring me the maps and the latest intelligence you have on the troop movements of The United Federation Forces.”

>Other men come in with a bed roll and several other things, setting them up dutifully just as the man asked, you nap in the rafters as they set all of it up properly.

>The imposing man comes back in later that evening and reads up on some of the papers that are left on the little fold out desk, he makes a few marks on them and then sets them aside. He looks up at you and beckons you down. You hesitate for a moment, unsure if you can trust another man, but you eventually relent, you have nothing much left to lose.

>He pulls out a handcannon from his belt and flips it into the air before catching it by the barrel, you can hear his leather gloves squeak under the pressure of his grip. He looks at you intensely, and then offers the gun to you. “Someone tried to crush me too when I was young and foolish. They did not expect my spirit to stay strong, for me to grow older and wiser but not less wild on the inside.” The wood of the gun stock is hard and cool in your paw. “I will teach you.” He Says, and he does over the course of his time there.

>The imposing man eventually leaves and takes with him the rest of his men and his weapons and you are left with only his gun and his words to keep you company. You keep training in the way he taught you, getting better every day. You gain a reputation in the village for sharpshooting and they make you the town guard, paying you a better sum of food. They offer to house you somewhere more opulent, but you refuse. The granary is your safe haven now, your home.

>One day other men come, and they come with fire and flame and destruction. They begin laying waste to the village while you sleep and you awaken to cries outside of the granary to find half of the village in flames and several of the townspeople prostrated before ugly men with flamethrowers and assault rifles.

>You leap down from the granary and land before them, your gun clenched in your paw, they stare open mouthed at you and you relish their shock. You spin the gun in your paw, showing off in front of them and maybe putting a little fear into their hearts. They level their weapons at you in return. The wood of the stock is smooth and cool in your paw as it slaps back into your hand form where it had been spinning, you fire six shots and six of the men fall. The others run.

>You stroll up to the townsfolk and the woman who brings you fresh fish from the river sometimes speaks up. “Thank you, thank you so much.” She says. “Thank you, Revolver Ocelot.”