



THE CITY OF  
NEW ORLEANS

SCENARIO BOOK



# PROLOGUE

**A**s they often do on Sunday afternoons, the neighborhood kittens scurry into the reading room of the old Laveau mansion, to hear Madame tell her tales. Too eager to sit still, they huddle together on the carpet, wrestling and wriggling and rolling around, batting at the rug's tassels as they wait for Madame to speak.

Madame is as much a staple of this community as the heat of the sun or the smell of the sea. For many of these children, she is doctor, caretaker, and midwife. She delivered them into this world, just as she delivered their parents and, in some cases, their grandparents. Even those children who were birthed in a ritzy facility upstate know Madame. She is, to all of them, a friend.

Under normal circumstances, the sight of these youthful spirits would push through Madame's rough fur and wrinkled skin, forcing a smile onto her face. But her heart is heavy today, for today she must be more than a friend to the little ones. She must be their teacher.

This litter is old enough to start hearing the important stories, the darker tales, the ones the kittens need to remember if they want to thrive and survive in the years to come. Such knowledge is a burden she would rather not place on them. But the world is an imperfect place, and they cannot be kept from all its ugliness forever. Not if they want to have a chance at fixing it.

She hopes to let them down easy.

Madame leans forward, and the creak of the wooden slats in her rocking chair freezes the little ones in their tracks. In an instant, they cease their wrestling and line up across the carpet in perfect rows of three, their eyes turned forward and their ears perked up, ready to listen.

Madame takes a deep breath. Then she begins.

"What is a haint?"

The children have heard many of Madame's spirit stories before. They know this much already. A fluffy brown bobtail in the back raises her paw, and Madame calls on her.

"Issa nasty ghost, a angry haunter who gobbles up naughty little kits." The girl makes some faux chomping noises, and her classmates laugh.

Madame smirks but doesn't quite smile. "That's right. But not all haints take the form of a ghost. People can be haunted by lots of thgs. Memories or regrets. Even ideas, if they're the right ideas."

The kits keep listening, puzzled. Madame has never lectured them as bluntly as this. Kits understand where darkness comes from. It's only as adults that cats learn to ignore that which haunts them so they can justify going out into the world — and making new ghosts.

Madame knows this, but she also knows tale is too important to leave ambiguous.

"This is a story about some friends of mine, who encountered a haint in the days after the war. It's about how they nearly caught the creature and how, despite everything, it got away from them in the end."

Madame takes a moment to adjust her shoulders. The muscles around her neck reflexively stretch and shake. This is harder than she thought it would be.

"I tell you this because I have faith in you. Blind faith. The kind I never thought I'd have again."

She leans forward. The chair lets out a sharp creak.

"I tell you this, because I love you kits, and because one day you might encounter this haint and you need to be prepared." The words spill out of her so quickly that she can't help but raise her voice. "I tell you this because I believe you can beat it! You can succeed where I failed! Where your grandparents failed! Where their grandparents failed! Where every generation has fallen short! You can be the first ones to make things right!"

Against her own wishes, a tear claws its way out of the Madame's eyes. The children are just too beautiful. She finally smiles.

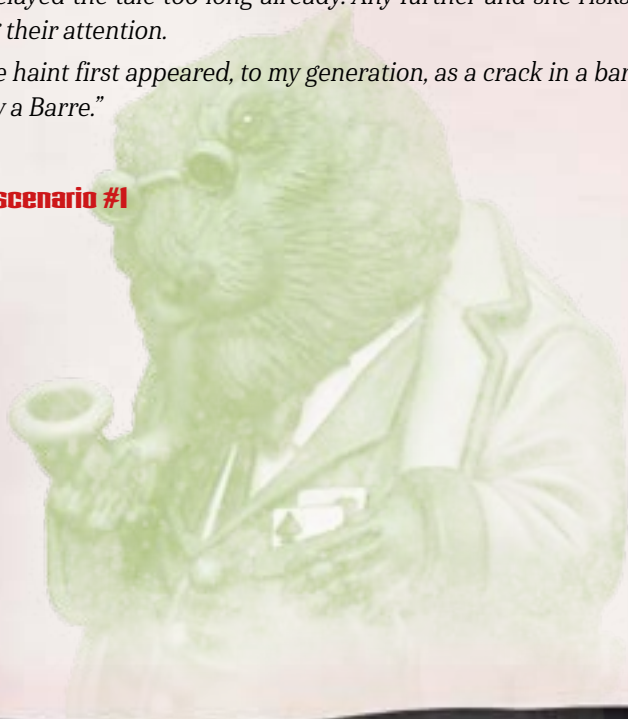
Then a cloud passes over the sun, and doubt lets itself back inside. Madame wipes the moisture from her whiskers and composes herself. Her voice regains its usual soft purr.

"And I tell you this because even if you can't win, someday, somehow, someone else might come along who can, and you'll need to pass this story along to them."

couple of the kits in the back restlessly shift in their seats. She has delayed the tale too long already. Any further and she risks losing their attention.

"The haint first appeared, to my generation, as a crack in a bar run by a Barre."

## Play scenario #1



## SCENARIO 1:

# BAD TIMES AT THE BON TEMPS (Loot 1)

**M**osquitos have been swarming over The Bon Temps all night, charging out of the bayou simply to drive the city nuts. You're about to have your pistol take up your complaints with them when a gunshot cracks out, halting every raised glass in midair. Then everyone's favorite bartender — Toussaint "Thumper" Barre — staggers into the center of the room with a hole in his chest. He licks his lips as if searching for the right words before croaking, "Sorry, folks. Bar's closed."

Thumper collapses onto the floor, face first, and his wife screams and rushes over to his bleeding body. The young rat who fired the

shot stands near the door, stunned, pistol smoking. "He wouldn't back down. I — I thought he had a weapon."

An older rat grabs the kid by the shoulder and hustles him out the doorway. "First time, eh? We're just getting started."

You and a few other grizzled patrons nod at each other, wordlessly agreeing on one hard fact. Someone needs to pay for this. You just need to slip past all these mosquitos first.

### FORCES

**VERMIN ARMY POOL:** Bloodsucker x4

### SETUP

Standard

### SPAWN

Standard

### OBJECTIVES

- Avoid the Bloodsuckers.
- Check on Thumper at square **O**.
- Exit via the green arrow.

### SPECIAL RULES

**HOT PURSUIT:** If all cats have not exited the map when the round counter reaches the end of the track, the vermin responsible for Thumper's shooting escape. Replay the scenario.

**EVASIVE THE BLOODSUCKERS:** If a Bloodsucker activates beside a hero they sound an alarm, and a swarm of mosquitos descends upon the place. The scenario ends. Replay the scenario.

**NO FIGHTING:** The heroes cannot attack.

**CHECK ON THUMPER:** Investigate square **O** to see how Thumper is holding up. When you do, **read entry #1**.

**LOOT CARDS:** Remove all the weapons from the loot deck.

### EXIT

Having grabbed what supplies you could find, you and your companions make your way outside. Armed rats and mosquitos swarm the streets. Cats howl in anguish in the distance, and spires of smoke rise over the horizon. Whatever's going down in New Orleans today, it's a lot bigger than one bartender.

**Play Scenario #2: Fighting in the Streets next.**

### BETWEEN SCENARIOS

- Each hero gets to pick one of its preferred weapons. You can find these in Loot Deck 1. **Play scenario #2 Prêt au Combat, next.**





## SCENARIO 2: FIGHTING IN THE STREET (Loot 1)

Out on the street, the rat who shot Thumper sees your posse coming and punches his compatriot on the shoulder to let him know. The older rat — now starting to panic too — pulls his pistol and fires a warning shot over your heads, cracking the glass windows that front The Bon Temps.

“Don’t come any closer! This district is under martial law, by order of the Rat King!”

That might be true for the rest of the district, but not for your drinking hole. Time to take these fools down.

Some of you have waited your whole lives for this, for others, it is a road well travelled. Either way, there are nerves.

### FORCES

**VERMIN ARMY POOL:** Bloodsuckers x8, Pistoleers x2

### OBJECTIVES

- Defeat the Pistoleers.
- Exit the map via the green arrow.

### SPECIAL RULES

**OUT OF AMMO:** The Pistoleers have already fired all their ammunition and cannot use their pistols.

**THUMPER AVENGED:** Once both Pistoleers are defeated, **read entry #2.**

### EXIT

You head back to The Bon Temps, and a cheer goes up inside. Stella bursts from the tavern. “He’s going to live! Thanks to you all, my husband’s going to live!”

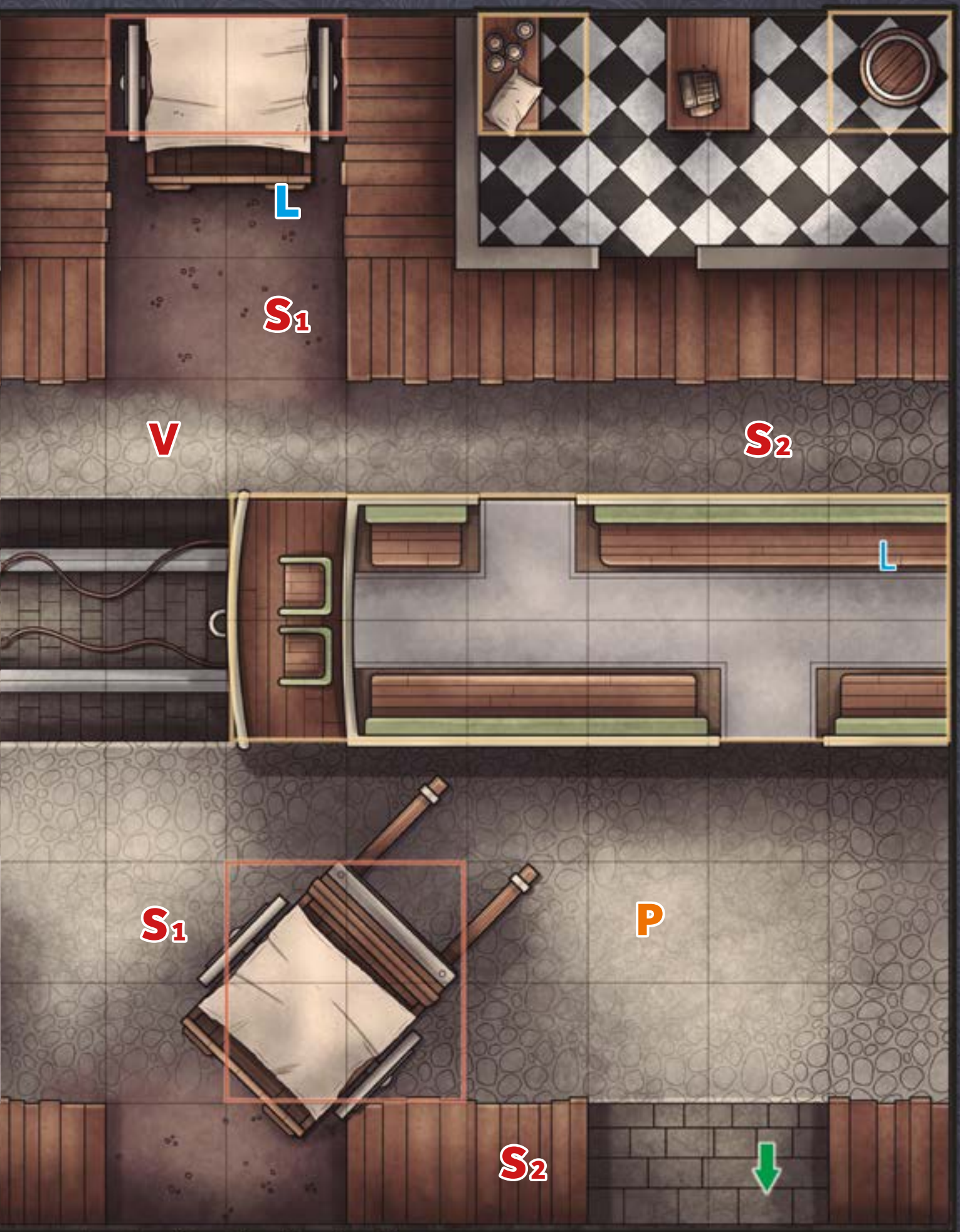
You smile although you know you can’t stay here long. If you want to stop the Rat King, you need to hit him where it hurts. Fortunately, you think you know just how to do that.

**Play Scenario #3: Rats on a Boat, next.**

### BETWEEN SCENARIOS

- Each hero may restore 1 life for free and may use any healing loot items they have.
- Heroes may heal wounds for the cost of 5 bucks for each wound.





L

S<sub>1</sub>

V

S<sub>2</sub>

L

S<sub>1</sub>

P

S<sub>2</sub>



### SCENARIO 3:

# RIVERBOAT HIJACKED (Loot 1)

You race to the Big Muddy and find that the vermin have left only a handful of guards on a steamboat they recently commandeered, *The Natchez*. Good, solid cats who'd crewed the boat lie motionless on the dock, beaten into unconsciousness or worse.

Well, if those vermin stole it from those cats, it seems only fair that you steal it back!

## VERMIN ARMY POOL

Bloodsucker x6, Pistoleer x2, Bayou Biter x1

## SPAWN

The Bayou Biter spawns on BB.

## OBJECTIVES

- Unmoor the steamboat.
- Defeat all enemies on the steamboat after it is unmoored.

## SPECIAL RULES

**CASTING OFF:** Unmoor the steamboat by spending 2 AP at both mooring lines marked O. Once the boat is unmoored, only figures on the boat remain involved in the fight, and there are no further spawns. **Read entry #3** when the boat is unmoored.

**SLAYING THE BAYOU BITER:** When the Bayou Biter is slain **read entry #4** immediately.

## EXIT

You grab one of the rats and push him up against the railing of *The Natchez*, demanding he explain what's going on. Why did the vermin rise up now?

He spits at your feet. "Like I'd say anything to a dirty cat." Then he squirms out of your grasp and throws himself overboard.

Soaking wet and badly injured, the rat scrambles into a nearby dinghy and starts frantically rowing away. You race to the helm of *The Natchez* to set off in pursuit.

**Play Scenario #4: Enter the Rat King next.**

## BETWEEN SCENARIOS

- You must visit the Steamboat.



NATCHEZ



O

S<sub>2</sub>

NATCHEZ

L

V



O

S<sub>2</sub>

S S1 BB S2 S S2