

I. Overall Description

- A. Wolf, Panther, Krystal, and Katt in a foursome. Five fingers (thumb included) on the hands with claws.

II. Characters

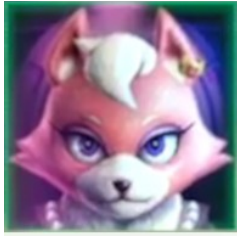
- A. See pictures. Random placement. Make it messy.

III. Background

- A. Imagine Star Wolf's hideout. Some room somewhere. Maybe Wolf or Panther's bedroom.







Katt Monroe

Feline, blue eyes, 5'9", D cup, white hair. No pawpads,
claw-tipped human hands (4 fingers + thumb)



Some shots of various Star Fox interiors for inspiration.
Not a lot to work with bedroom-wise, but it's something. (1 of 2)



Some shots of various Star Fox interiors for inspiration.
Not a lot to work with bedroom-wise, but it's something. (2 of 2)



PAPETOON SPACEPORT

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!

GET SET FOR ACCELERATION SHOCK.

WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR A PAIR OF ANTI-GRAVITY UNDERWEAR.

HIDING OUT IN THE CRYO-MUD BATHS.

HEY! WHERE'S SLIPPY?

AMPHIBIOS HAVE IT MADE.

THIS IS IT! HOOOLD ON!

STOWAWAYS?

STOP GROUSING.

PEPPER SHOULD HAVE SENT STARLINER TICKETS, FIRST CLASS.

WE MAY BE LEAVING WITHOUT A CENT, BUT ONE DAY WE'LL BE BACK AND STINKING RICH.

YOU'RE ONE DIFFICULT GUY TO RESCU. DID YOU KNOW THE COMMUNICATIONS CANTEN HAD YOU EXCOMMUNICATED FOR LACK OF PAYMENT?

YEAH, SO FIGURE.

HERE'S THE DEAL, FOX. I NEED THE BEST PILOTS IN THE STAR SYSTEM, AND THAT MEANS YOU AND YOUR TEAM OF RUTHLESS MERCENARIES.

YOUR ENGINEERS HAVE DEVELOPED THE MOST SOPHISTICATED STAR FIGHTER IN THE GALAXY—THE FOX ARWING—AND COVERED IT WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPONS.

EVEN AS I RECORD THIS MESSAGE...

KER-THOOM!

OUR WORLD IS UNDER ATTACK BY IMPERIAL LIZARD TROOPERS.

ONLY A SQUADRON OF ARWING FIGHTERS CAN COMBAT THE GROWING MENACE OF THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS.

YOU'LL BE WELL REWARDED IF YOU ACCEPT MY OFFER AND COME TO CORNERIA.

WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET, EVEN FROM MANGY OUTLAWS.

THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME, MCCLLOUD! NOW IS THE TIME TO PROVE THAT YOU STAND FOR HONOR, DECENCY AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

I'LL BE WAITING.

WHO IS HE CALLING MANGY?

FOX MCCLLOUD SR. WAS THE FINEST PILOT IN CORNERIA! AFTER FOX JR. WAS BORN, HIS MOTHER TRAGICALLY DIED. FOX SR. HOPED THAT HIS SON WOULD FOLLOW IN HIS PAW PRINTS.

THE LEGACY

JUNIOR WAS AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS. HE COULD FLY CIRCLES AROUND A FLEA, ENDURE DAYS OF GRAVITY TRAINING, RECITE THE CORNERIAN CONSTITUTION BACKWARDS AND BELCH ON COMMAND. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD.

HIS TEENAGE SON ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

VERY WELL, GENERAL.

HEY!

OH NO!