[**Hyperlink**](https://docs.google.com/document/d/14vvMEj338R-JrH-qFEE7yvIs6F3sTJzCqredTFhp6lg/edit) **to this document  
  
Key mechanics:**  
Non-violent. Primary gameplay is pushing asteroids out of the way, bumper car style.  
Goal is safely escorting cargo barges through asteroid fields to a delivery window.  
Cannot cross too fast or too slow.  
Specialized tugs to push about asteroids.  
  
**Narrative Notes and important considerations:**  
Light hearted, serious moral question.  
Playful visuals.

**Characters:**  
Captain 'Conniption' Catnip  
  
Pirate Captain Olaf Havskatt -   
Descended from a long line of sea raiders  
  
Dispatcher: Kitty Purry (MC)   
  
Papa Pawsome (deceased) -  
Bet his life savings on experimental tugs. After leaving a long career of doing this the old way (which was...?) He poured himself into these tugs. After sinking deep into obsession, he runs out of money and turns to the pirates promising them first right of refusal for the tug services.

Dies in a tragic experiment accident? Just as his project sees completion. Children want to pick up the torch because they see their Dad's vision can become a reality.  
  
  
**Setting:**After the passing of their father the Pawsome Family siblings take over the family business. It is discovered that their father had business debts to shady kitties.  
  
Near'ish future (100-200 years).  
  
Earth-like planet, with space debris problem in orbit.  
  
**Barks:**

|  | **Pirates (Kitty says it after getting to know through in game indication)** | **Police** |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Alert player that NPC's are approaching | These sneaky little - ...there's no time to lay unkind words on them now, I have got to move! | Halt! Surrender your haul or rust behind the Purrision bars. (Thought of Purrsian Lockup as a space for delinquents and criminals in the fictional world) |
|  | How did they find me? Evasion is my priority now. | Do you realise what you've done? Stop! I do not want to hurt you. |
|  | I thought I had this under control*, purrr...* I can improvise, no problem. | You can't get past these prey-like eyes. |