

# BIGGEST LITTLE FUR CON

An Annual Furry Convention  
Established 2013 in Reno Nev.

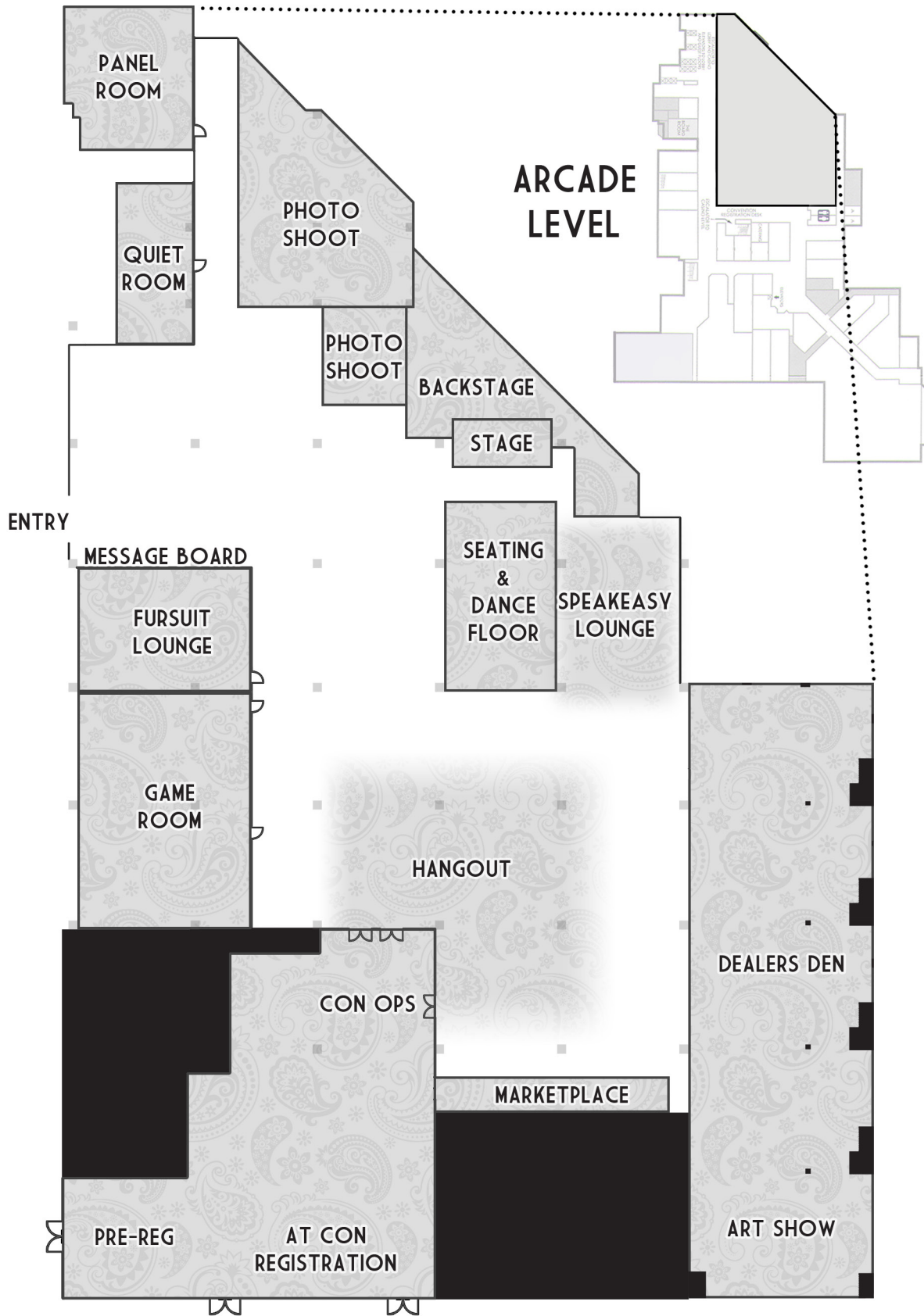
MAY 3-5, 2013

FIVE CENTS



The *Roaring Twenties*

# MAP



## Our Charity

Our charity this year is the Nevada Humane Society, a non-profit, no-kill shelter that works very hard to re-home abandoned pets that have tons of love left to give. The money we donate to them will be used to maintain clean and safe facilities, help feed our hungry four-legged friends, fund the free spay-neuter clinic, and maybe even buy advertisements that will bring adopters into the shelter.

If you're considering adopting a forever friend, please head to their shelter at 2825 Longley Ln. and bring some extra joy into your life.

[www.nevadahumanesociety.org](http://www.nevadahumanesociety.org)  
775.856.2000  
2825 Longley Lane, Reno, NV 89502



**Nevada**  
**HUMANE SOCIETY**

## A Word from Our Con Chair

From every single staff member, thank you so much for attending Biggest Little Fur Con, and believing in our new little convention. All of our staff are honored, humbled, and impressed by the support and faith everyone in the fandom has shown for us. We will be doing our absolute best to make sure this convention will be a fun, memorable experience for all of you. It's going to be a lot of hard work over the next few days, but when you all get to go home after this con with fond memories, it will be worth all the trouble.

We're also grateful for the support we've gotten from the Grand Sierra Resort. They really want our convention to succeed, and want you to have as much fun as you can. Hotel staff is excited to see us here; we've brought in some fursuiters for the staff a few times, and they think it's all a lot of fun, and much more interesting than a stodgy old trade show. Let's all show the hotel how much fun the furry fandom really is, and make them want us to come back next year. Please don't be stingy with tips; Nevada does allow employees who receive tips to be paid below minimum wage, so many times, they're relying on tip income to make ends meet. Also, out of simple respect for the hotel, please stick to food and drink purchased on-site if you're bringing it into the convention space (obviously, you can keep anything you like in your hotel room).

Fursuits are welcome in the building anywhere except where gambling is happening. This means that when on the casino level of the building, there is a line you must not cross, and it's easy to remember: it's at the last set of elevators. Also important: the casino has entertainers on-site on Friday nights, and sometimes Saturday nights. Remember that these performers make their living off of what they do, and to make their living, they depend on people watching them. When performing your fursuit craft, please be careful to maintain a respectful distance from these performers, and please don't approach them unless they invite you to perform with them.

You've probably noticed by now that our convention space is a bit different than your typical con. There is some history to this: PawFur, the one-day prototype in 2012 organized by S.C.I.E.N.C.E., used a one-room layout, and we heard nothing but compliments about it. We're trying to keep that tradition alive as much as practical, which leads us to the layout you see this weekend. We also decided our first year is the best time to run an experiment: Our art auction uses a different format, one which we hope will spare you from bid snipers and also spare you from last-minute defending. Head over to the art auction for more details.

Here in Reno, we like food. There's a reason this hotel has 11 restaurants in it. Additionally, the hotel has agreed to set up a bar for us during the dances, and they've even created some fun drink specials just for us. One word of warning for those who drink: we are at 4,500 feet, and alcohol is a little more effective at altitude. Stick with one less drink than you'd usually have, and you won't end up being the person your friends have to spend all night babysitting.

Above all, we want everyone to have a safe, happy, entertaining convention. We are always open to suggestions; please contact any convention staff member (con ops is always a good place to start) if you have suggestions on how the con can be made better. We will try to implement it immediately if possible.

Enjoy our con, and make us proud of the fandom we all love so much.

-Tyco  
Chair, Biggest Little Fur Con 2013

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## Fursuit Heads & Masks

HEY! THIS IS IMPORTANT!  
DO NOT GO TO THE CASINO FLOOR  
WITH YOUR FACE COVERED.

Please be aware that if you are wearing a mask or full fursuit head that you are not to wear it into the casino area. Casino security will quickly find you (there are cameras everywhere), and escort you away. They are within their rights to eject you from the property; don't test them.

This rule only applies to the casino area. Our convention area is separate, and it's easy to get to and from your hotel room, or the parking lot, without breaking costume.

Our convention-floor level is okay, and you can get to and from the hotel elevators easily with your mask on.

Anything that makes it so that the security cameras can't see your face counts as a mask.

## Casino

This convention is taking place inside a casino-hotel.

For the convenience of our attendees under 21, the convention space is not in the casino area. Individuals under 21 are not allowed in the casino area, but you may walk around the casino area to get to restaurants and other businesses within the hotel.

If you are 21 or older, you are welcome to visit the casino and partake in some gambling at any point during your stay.

## Photo ID Required

Current (not expired) photo ID is required to attend Biggest Little Fur Con. Minors not accompanied by a parent also require a photo ID.

# Attendee Policies

## General Conduct

This is an all-ages family-convention; please keep your dress and behavior in line with this fact. If you are doing or wearing anything offensive, obscene, or disruptive, and you may be asked to leave. If you are asked to leave repeatedly, your badge may be revoked.

Obey all laws. If it's not legal for you to do it anywhere else, it's not legal here.

Please don't ignore any reasonable request by the staff. Please don't block any doors. If you're in a line and the line goes past a door, please leave a space for the door. Please don't block pathways and high-traffic areas; step to the side.

Do not display, draw conspicuously, or otherwise 'have out' any sexually explicit or adult artwork that you may have purchased or brought with you. Please be mindful of the safety of yourself and others; don't throw things, don't tackle people from behind, etc.

No panhandling. No selling anything unless you are an authorized dealer or artist. If you want to sell things, please talk to the staff and we will help you obtain a temporary Reno business license (it's pretty easy).

## Heckling

Please keep your comments to yourself. Please don't heckle the stage. Please don't heckle the fursuiters. Please don't heckle anyone. It's not funny and falls under disruptive behavior.

## Elevators

We understand. You like to press the shiny buttons. DON'T. The only button on the elevator you need to press is the one that belongs to your floor. Don't make someone wait for three hours by pressing all the buttons.

# Attendee Policies

## Alcohol

Alcohol is allowed inside the convention space. In fact, there will be a bar for your convenience, with special drinks just for us!

If you drink, don't drive! Please have a designated driver or a hotel room. The convention center staff will be happy to call you a cab if you need one.

Some convention attendees are under 21, and they obviously are not allowed to consume alcohol. Don't let them.

Lastly, please drink responsibly. Babysitting someone who has had too much is a huge drag for everyone.

## Other Substances

Drugs (other than alcohol) are not allowed in the hotel, or in the convention space. Hotel security will eject you from the hotel without a refund if you possess illegal drugs. The authorities will be called and the hotel/casino will be informed in the event of:

A MINOR CAUGHT INTOXICATED OR IN THE POSSESSION OF ALCOHOL!

ANY ILLEGAL DRUG USE, SALES OR POSSESSION!

Don't do any of it. Your money will not be refunded.

## Hotel

If you are hosting a room party, please remember that the person who is renting the room is responsible for anything that happens at your party. This includes responsibility for any damage or clean-up costs and checking IDs if you're serving alcohol or doing 18+ activities. The hotel personnel can shut down your party if it is too disruptive to the other guests.

Don't ruin the fun for everyone else. Please be nice to the building and the property. Don't write on the walls. Don't chew on the furniture. Don't rip up the carpets or claw the walls.

## Rough Housing

Please act responsibly! We are all here to have fun but we also recognize that things can get out of hand very quickly. Please keep it out of the artists' area, out of the game area, away from the stage, and out of any crowded areas. No place left to do it? Then don't do it! If security thinks you're causing a danger to yourself or anyone around you then you will be asked to stop. If it continues, you will be asked to leave.

## Props / Weapons

This is a casino; they take weapons very seriously. If we can't tell that a weapon is fake from ten feet away, do not bring it. No live steel (anything that can have an edge, whether or not it currently does), absolutely no guns, and nothing that could easily be mistaken for a live blade or a gun. Water guns, air soft guns, silly string, or any other projectiles are not allowed in the convention area; it's too easy for them to damage hotel property or other guests' property.

If you have any doubts, ask a staff member before bringing it to the convention area.

Your weapon/prop must be peace-bonded before you can carry it around the convention. Peace-bonding is done at the registration area. A whip or flogger counts as a weapon and must be peace bonded.

If an item is dangerous to carry around in a crowd due to size, weight, pointiness, etc, you will be asked to put it in your hotel room or car and not carry it around the convention.

Removal of peace-bond or carrying an unsafe prop is grounds for removal from the convention. Swinging or throwing a prop/weapon immediately makes it and you unsafe and is also grounds for removal from the convention.

## Photography

By attending BLFC, you are authorizing our staff members to take your picture in the convention area for promotional use. You have no claim or ownership over these pictures.

If you prefer not to have your picture taken, please notify the person with the camera. We will try to respect everyone's wishes, but if your picture has already been taken we can not guarantee it won't be used.

Please ask before taking pictures of fursuiters or other interesting individuals; you will get much better pictures from them that way. If they decline, please don't insist. They may be tired, on their way for food, or are late for a very important date. Please respect the wishes of others if they do not want to be caught on your camera.

Cameras are not allowed in some areas of the convention, such as the art auction, or the headless lounge. Signs will be posted stating "No Cameras."

## Attendance of Minors

Anyone who is between the ages of 16 and 18 years of age on the date of the convention must present a signed and notarized parental permission form unless able to produce evidence of legal emancipation. No exceptions.

Anyone who 15 years or younger on the date of the convention must present the signed form and must also be accompanied by a parent at all times. Minors 15 and younger receive a free badge with their parent's paid badge.

Minors are not permitted under any circumstances to enter areas that have been designated for mature audiences.

# Attendee Policies

## Hygiene

Bathe. If staff can smell you, you're going to be asked to leave until you can clean yourself up.

For safety, please wear shoes (or fursuit paws) when walking around.

## Flyers

BLFC will provide a table for you to leave your flyers for your clubs/conventions. You are also encouraged to leave some in the registration area.

Flyers may be posted only on the walls inside our convention space, and must be posted with blue painter's tape. Any flyers that are offensive, inappropriate or pornographic will be immediately removed.

You may also post a sign on your hotel room door, again only with blue painter's

## Handheld Signs

Any signs that advertise services in exchange for anything of monetary value will not be allowed. These signs count as solicitation, and while they may be funny, the law has no sense of humor.

Remember, this is a family-friendly convention; please refrain from signs that could be considered offensive or inappropriate.



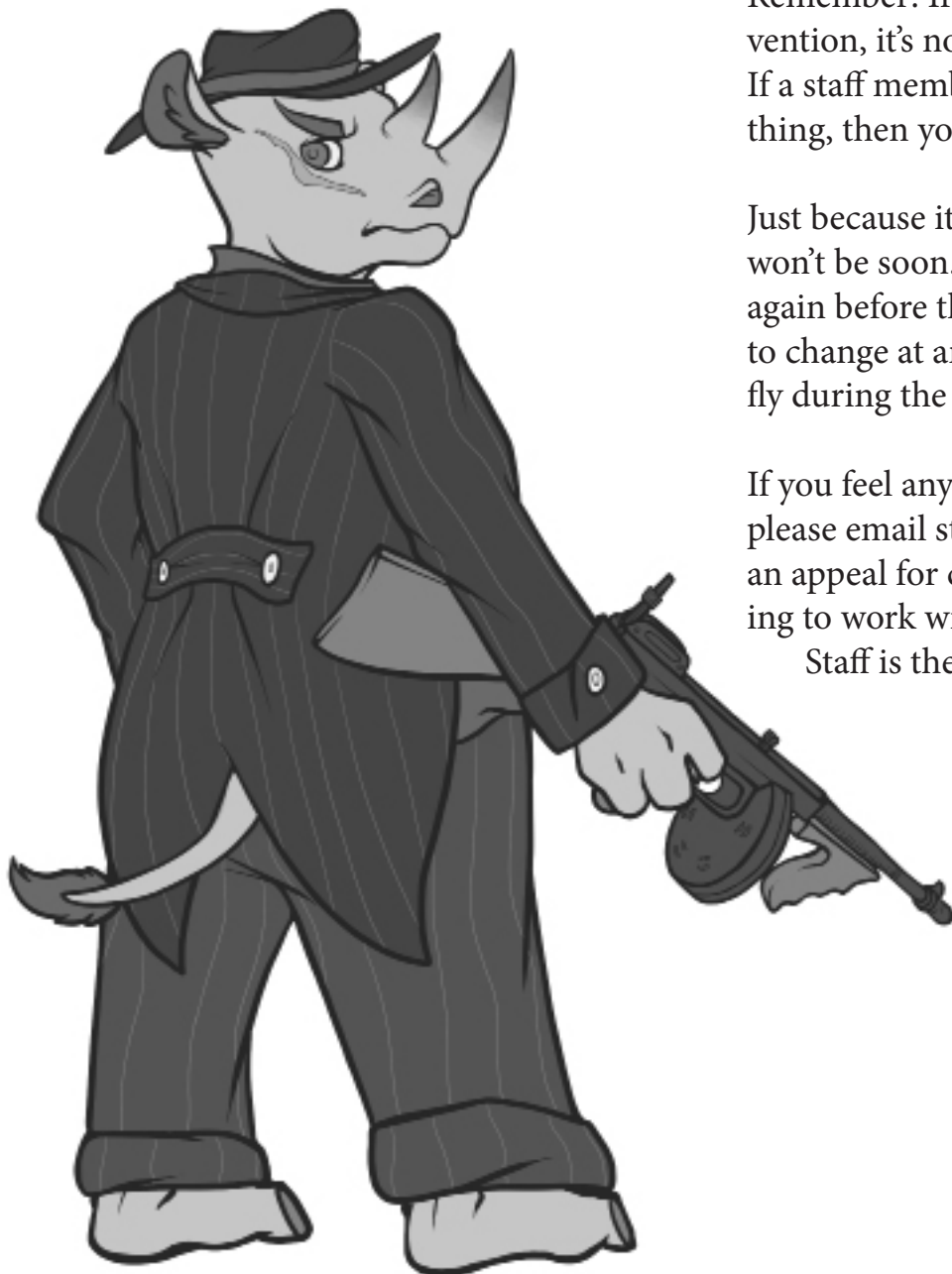
# Attendee Policies

Staff / Volunteer

## Complaints & Appeals

PLEASE tell us if there is a staff member being rude or acting inappropriately. Sometimes we don't know what we're doing, especially when stressed. Sometimes the department heads don't see a volunteer's action. We need to know. Please try to get a name.

If you think any staff member is acting inappropriately or unfairly (or you just want to complain), please report it to any senior staff member. You may not know who they are, but find a staffer and ask for one. We will make every effort to remedy the situation.



## Policy Lawyering

Please don't try to get around any of these policies on some technicality. We will work with you if you didn't understand a policy, but we aren't going to tolerate 'but you said right there..' Please don't be a smart-aleck about the rules if we missed something, okay?

## Anything We Forgot

Just because it's not listed here, doesn't mean you can do it. Please use your head and act responsibly. If it endangers anyone, including yourself, you aren't allowed to do it. Remember: If it's not legal outside the convention, it's not legal inside the convention. If a staff member decides you can't do something, then you can't do it!

Just because it's not here now doesn't mean it won't be soon. Please read over the policies again before the convention. Rules are subject to change at any time, which includes on-the-fly during the convention due to necessity.

If you feel any of these policies are unfair, please email [staff@biggestlittlefurcon.org](mailto:staff@biggestlittlefurcon.org) for an appeal for change. Remember, we are willing to work with you. If you're not sure, ASK!

Staff is there for a reason.



ARTIST  
GUEST OF HONOR

SPELUNKER  
**SAL**

Sal Laepoe (otherwise known as Spelunker Sal or “That Damn Bunny Rabbit”) aspired to be an artist since he was very young. He’s always been drawing, and has never stopped. Most likely because no one told him he could stop. Sal went to a technical school for art and got a BFA in animation, which he hasn’t been able to put to much use as of yet, but it did accelerate his art knowledge to a high degree as a professional furry artist.

Sal has used what he learned in cinematography and storyboarding classes in his comic work, which is clearly evident in the latter half of Roommates\* and in his comics submissions for Dragon’s Hoard\* volumes 1 and 2.

Sal spends a lot of his time with his passion: designing, be they layouts or character design. He stays very busy, turning out mostly detailed artwork once a week online, and much more when at a con. To facilitate the process, he listens to heavy metal. His favorite bands are Angra, Kamelot, and Elvenking. When he’s not working, he spends time relaxing with his friends, his husband Dreamous, and video games, his all time favorite being the Mega Man series.

\*Which is very much for adults, so if you’re under 18 (mentally or physically), don’t try to find it.

WRITER  
GUEST OF HONOR



## DREAMOUS

As a child, Dreamous could always be found with a book in his hands. From the day he could hold books, Dreamous fell in love with the vast worlds they could take him to. In grade school, with much encouragement from his parents, Dreamous became determined to someday contribute to the literary world.

Years later, Dreamous found a niche in the furry fandom as a writer. He began writing fanfictions of beloved characters from his childhood. Those fanfictions grew longer and became full stories ranging from fantasy settings to furies in space. Half way through college, Dreamous met Spelunker Sal, and the collaborative duo was born. Dreamous and Spelunker Sal began *Roommates\** as a pet project to work together. This began Dreamous's comic scripting career, which has since expanded greatly. In 2010 Dreamous organized *Dragon's Hoard\** comics (published by Rabbit Valley). Now *Dragon's Hoard\** has six popular titles with more coming out every year.

Dreamous now spends most his time in his career, cancer biology, sadly placing writing and comic scripting to a hobby. He puts out stories when possible, often *Roommates\** character back stories or fanfictions. He aspires to write novels that have been on his mind for quite some time now. On rare instances when he's not working, Dreamous avidly collects and watches monster movies, and relaxes by cooking for Spelunker Sal. He enjoys video games ranging from FPS's to Pokemon (though he will always insist Digimon are better). Dreamous's favorite activity is spending time with his beloved husband, Spelunker Sal.

\*Which is very much for adults, so if you're under 18 (mentally or physically), don't try to find it.



## FURSUIT GUEST OF HONOR

WOLF PUP  
**TK**

At his first furry convention, Wolf Pup TK was overwhelmed by the amazing openness, warmth, and fun-loving nature of the community. After learning and experiencing fursuiting as a form of performance, he fell in love with the concept, and was luckily able to secure a fursuit commission slightly less than year later. After getting to experience fursuiting for himself, he has found it to be a unique means of expression, by entertaining others and spreading warmth and happiness. Some estimates state that TK has given out at least 7,295 hugs\* in an attempt to bring extra joy into the lives of others.

Despite not having opposable thumbs, TK has still managed to successfully start a fursuit-centric charity, Furs For Life, as an effort to combine fursuiting, entertaining, and charity. Furs For Life's primary mission is to create entertaining content (mainly videos) which encourage donations to charities that improve (or save) the lives of others. So far, Furs For Life has raised \$7,742 for the American Red Cross, and an additional \$1,010 for Child's Play.

TK is starting to work on the next step for Furs For Life, slowly transitioning it into a general philanthropic arm of the furry community, instead of focusing on specific charities. He is always interested in helping others who are interested in creating entertaining content for a good cause.

\*This is, of course, a completely falsified number, and the real figure is likely much higher.

# Patrons

Alvcard	Fenrir Sabre	Little Foxxie	Sandie
Angharan	Frosty Orca	Lyeska	Scy Storm
Ash	Fuzzy	M. V. Hybrid	Shadow D. Wolf, Esq.
Axel	Fuzzypaws	Mara	Shutaro
Base Progression	GamerCoon	Matoakit	Shyhoof
BergBear	Gray Muzzle	Mauzer	Sirod
Bigphin	Growly	Moparskunk	Sitku
Blaze Collie	Haku Pamfer	Morgan	Skyler
Boomer	Hawkfeather	Naedere	SmackJackal
Bucker Fuskyote	HerrHardy	Nermsies	Smash
Bunny Mickley	Idylwild	Nina Tokala	Snap E. Tiger
Campion Lapine	Steven Ilten	Nuzz	Snowycub
Cannon	Jake	Orzel	Star Feralwolfe
Catprowler	Janko	Bryan "StarryAqua"	Steeleheart Buran
Colimarm	Jason the Bunny	Osborne	Timothy
Damek Critou	Jaycatt	Panictehnawt	Treyn
Damon Husky	JillOr	Paulosaurus	Trip E. Collie
Darth Bear	Kaji	Christopher "Triac"	UrbisRomae
Deia	Kay	Perry	Vesper Tiger
Dilemma Hedgehog	Kaysho	Quix	WolfyLion
Dogbomb	Klaude	Rain	Xavier Wolfy
Dosner	KLIK	Reggie	Yima
Elyodrm	Kyrro	Reveille D'Giovanetti	Yuuryuu
Evauk	Lexi Foxxx	Rex Kitsune	
Farallon	Litmauthor	Rex Raccoon	

# Sponsors

AlleyGator	GunnerScott	Malako	Stripes
Barnaby	Brady Hagan	Malice	Themnax
Ben	Trevor "Thylian" Hall	Mary Mouse	Toranin
Byn	Hart Gayhooves	Midnight	Tusoul Noru
Cheddar	Hobbes	Midnite MountainWulf	Uno Otter
Crosscheck Fox	Horrible	Randall "Fluffy Death"	Viridis
Cynder	Jurann	Musgrave	Kamala "Kami" Whitaker
Darius Koopa	Jurrel	Mutt	Wingo
Dax	Kanga Noru	Myst	Yasha
Dewey	Karwood	Mystic Stargazer	Yippee
Domafox	Kawaburd	NitroShep	Zoren
ETOH	Keagos	Simon "Luprand"	
Fraddas	Keet	Shepherd	
Gray Coyote	Kilo	Sox Rodain	
Grecko	Kinen Pup	Spots	

## Convention Leads

Convention Chair	Tyco
Registration Lead	Rukario
Registration 2nd	Djarums
Con Ops Lead	Smiling Wolf
Con Book	Kieunta
HR Lead	Djarums
Panels Lead	Base Progression
IT Lead	Damek Critou
DJ Lead	Tigon
Logistics Lead	Xavier Wolfy

## Dealers Den

Dealers Lead	Shiuk
Art Show Lead	Kawaburd
Art Show 2nd	Kyrro

## Fursuit Lounge

Fursuit Lounge Lead	IM Weasel
Fursuit Lounge 2nd	Bowtie
Fursuit Lounge Staff	Cy Canine

## Gaming

Gaming Staff	Skyline
Gaming Staff	Shaochu
Gaming Staff	Juno
Gaming Staff	Kenchan
Gaming Staff	Scystorm

## Tech

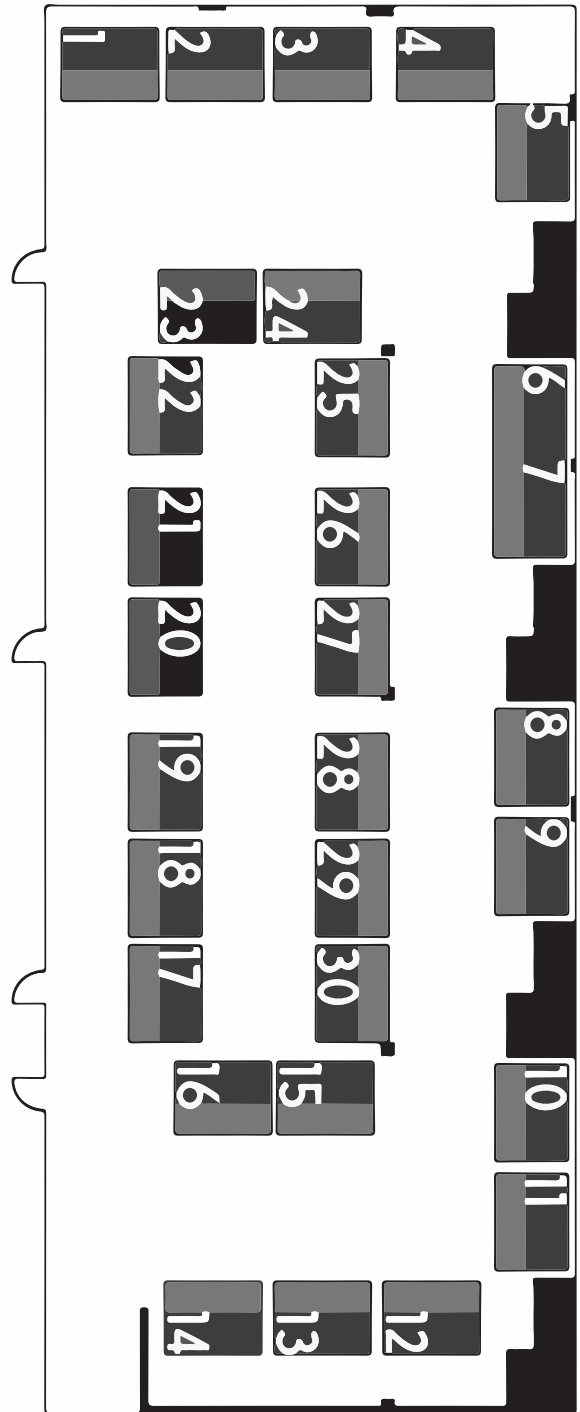
Tech Staff	Smash
Tech Staff	Shadowterm
Tech Staff	Frosty Orca
Tech Staff	Panic Teh Nawt
Tech Staff	Leo
Tech Staff	Saigon
Tech Staff	Berg Bear
Tech Staff	Tyce M. fox
Tech Staff	Chrisdafur
Tech Staff	Toranin
Tech Staff	Shyhoof
Tech Staff	Golden Bullet
Tech Staff	Argos The Corgi
Tech Staff	Idylwild

## Volunteers

Volunteer	Nina Tokala
Volunteer	Hanyoneko
Volunteer	Fenrir Sabre
Volunteer	Shenba
Volunteer	Morpho
Volunteer	Roman Otter
Volunteer	Dosner
Volunteer	Groggy Fox
Volunteer	Moka
Volunteer	Triac
Volunteer	Phil Jenkins
Volunteer	Dax Wildsong
Volunteer	Snowie
Volunteer	Catprowler
Volunteer	Ceithen
Volunteer	Wayakin
Volunteer	Zoren
Volunteer	Kyu Roshan
Volunteer	Cercris
Volunteer	Yima
Volunteer	Ford Shepherd
Volunteer	Sitka
Volunteer	Cannon

## Special Thanks

Vegas promo. help / flyer distribution	Andrew Rabbit
Bay area promotional help	Bay Area Furries
Washington promotional help	CTH
Utah promotional help	Fur What It's Worth
Washington promotional help	FurLife group
Chairman education	Further Confusion Board
Chairman education	Further Confusion Staff
Washington promotional help	Fuzzpaws
Chairman education	Gene Armstrong
San Diego promotional help	Halon
Washington Bowling meet promotion	Kijan
Kansas City promotional help	Maria Paprika
Washington promo. help / flyer distribution	Michael J. Fox
Portland area promotional help	PDXFurs
Bay area promotional help	SmashWolf Productions
Vegas promotional help	The Bunnyman
Chairman education	Tigerpaw
Washington promotional help	Tigon





Guests of Honor

21: Spelunker Sal & Dreamous

Vendors

6-7: AnthroWear Feral Apparel

2: BunnyBoi Lube

11: By Cats 4 Cats

13-14: Kitty Loves Monster

4-5: Lagarto Custom Leather

10: Meiko Wolf Creations

8-9: Rabbit Valley

12: Thornwolf

27: Sleepy Puppy Plushies

17: Swurlz & Wild Tiger Studios

Artists

18: Arctic K9 Creations

20: Clarence T Hare

22: Gab

3: Graveyard Greg & Krahnos

29: jill0r

19: Klaude

23: Mara Bellings

29: Mary Mouse

15: Midekai

26: Mitti

16: Pawsitively Furry (Thay Rustback)

30: Rozga

24: Sidian

28: Twilight Studios DX



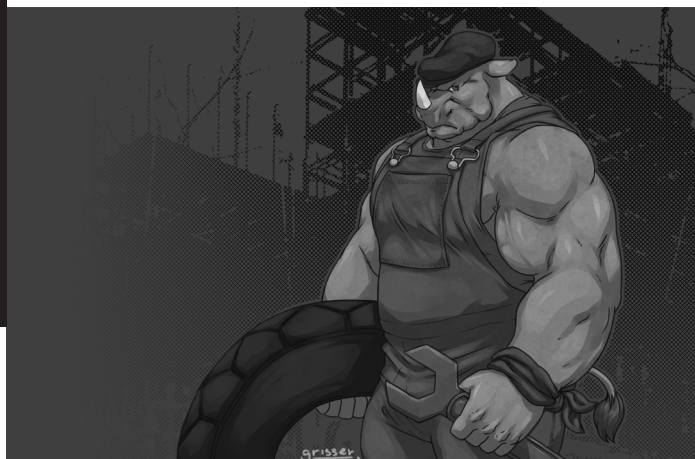
The image is a vertical advertisement for Lexi Foxxx Commissions. It features a dark background with a faint, stylized fox face. In the top left corner is a small, detailed illustration of a fox's head. To the right of the illustration, the name "LEXI FOXXX" is written in large, bold, white, sans-serif capital letters. Below the name, the word "COMMISSIONS" is written in a similar font. Underneath, there are three bullet points, each starting with an asterisk: "\*Badges, Illustrations, Accessories", "\*Quality Anthro and Feral Artworks", and "\*Reasonable Prices!". At the bottom, the text "NOTE ME ON FURAFFINITY TODAY!" is written in large, bold, white, sans-serif capital letters. Below that, the website "www.ArcticK9.com" is written in a large, bold, white, sans-serif font. At the very bottom, the URL "http://www.furaffinity.net/user/lexifoxxx" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font.

# ROARING

# TWENTIES







Art By

NecroDrone

Grisser

Dutch

Longtail

Arthur Husky

Panda Lover

Stagor55

## Dry Rivers

by John J. Lewis

When she walked out into the lobby the party had already started. Her tail swung to the whiny fanfare of the saxophones, her ears twitched to the low beats of the drum; and her lips were tugged into a grin, stretched across to the ends of her cheeks.

The lights replaced the once snooty shadows of the River-Gem's lobby with a colorful glitter. She adored it. So much so she took the first martini glass she could find off a busboy's tray and into her sleek leopard paw. He didn't notice, so who cared? She turned to see a pair of dogs grimacing. Sonia Diamond Billard rolled back her head and let the drink cascade down her throat-splendid.

It was a pure madhouse, but that's why she loved it. That's why she loved the twenties. War was over, shoved back into the books, and it was time for the biggest celebration in history; balloons at the ceiling, streamers beneath her claws, and when the drinks stopped coming, the tired got dancin'. Fox, ox, wolf, or dragon, everyone knew how to have a good time, and that was when Sonia came.

Heads turned at the flick of her lighter. Her cigarette sparked at the end of a length ebony stem, hung loosely at her soft lips, the lips that caressed the lips of others'. Men, women, it didn't matter. The leopard puffed out a cloud and laughed, turning her head down from

those wandering eyes. And when they looked, they smiled. She was the one who threw these parties, after all. All they wanted was a share of it all. Boy, did she give it to them.

Sonia sashayed over to the ballroom's sparkling glass doors, and the butler, with his gelled mane yanked behind his neck, coat straightened with polished cufflinks on his wrist, looked over the Queen of Bismark.

She looked up to his long face and smiled.

He nickered, but looked away.

She laughed. "Love you too, Renald."

The clydesdale grinned and nodded his head.

Once past Renald, the diamonds around the leopard's neck blossomed; the massive dance floor was a technicolor mirage of the hippest cats, metaphorically, to hit her little showboat. In the corner stood Marco Spelunk, the finest diver on the coast of California.

And at his shoulder was miss Beatrix Lucious, the fashion editor from New York-New York! Turning her head, Sonia spotted Eddie Marco, a wolf known for his skills on the bugle, with his lengthy tux-tail behind. He was the king of jazz just as she was the Queen from the country. Oil made money but music made love. Sweet, sweet love.

She assumed she knew everyone else because they all knew her.

"Hello, Sonia," a flamingo crowed.

A lion bowed, grinning with fangs, "You look stunning, Sonia."

"Marvelous to see you," some vixen slunk back her drink and belched.

When Sonia was tired she would introduce herself to others, who seemed riveted to know the thousands of dollars waved about the boat all belonged to her, some oil-tycoon's daughter.

"And how did you make your money?" A deer held his minx by the waist. She was busy looking towards the bar, where a tiger teased her by the end of his tail.

"My father," Sonia drew another breath of her tobacco, "is a man who believes that everyone should have a slice of heaven. He mines for oil on the farms and lets the farmers take a share, as long as they all knew who's in charge."

The deer lowered his head. "And he makes money with oil, God's black tar heroin?"

She grinned, revealing several fangs and making the cervine flinch. "As they say: Candy is dandy, my friend, but liquor is quicker."

He sneered.

"Look," Sonia's tail curled around him with a gesture towards the small feline. "Your partner here seems to get the message."

He looked down, but found his date was missing. It doesn't take a stock-analyst to tell a deer not to pick a fight with a tiger. So he left, just like that.

Unlike him, the rest aboard the River-Gem continued to keep their cool upon seeing Sonia. Some nodded, while others asked for a

dance. It was a coyote that only ever danced with her. He was a mercenary, by all the newspaper's rumors, but the one job he couldn't handle was playing at the waist of miss Sonia Diamond's money.

So men kept asking, and the leopard kept denying.

"Roses have thorns, my dearies," she said at least thrice on the night. "It takes a true artist to clip them just right."

No one could clip her just right.

Until she met him.

He was a fennec, and his name was Richard Sterling. No one had ever seen him, but the man had his life tossed about the newspapers more than anyone could imagine; he was an angel with no grave to go to. The vulpine had returned from war. His pockets were lined, too. Strong and rich, just how Sonia liked them. She constantly compared her taste in men to brandy-strong and rich.

Sterling kept quiet enough that no one knew his trades, or how he did it, but the guy was a goldmine, and, from what she could see, one open for Sonia to take. The cardinal that came with him was no longer at his side; "Bird flew the coup," Renald had said.

When everyone sat to dinner, and the music was paused, Sonia made her way to the back table. Sterling sat alone. He looked up from his chardonnay and veal to see her with a plate of salmon.

"Are these seats taken?" she asked.

Sterling looked around the table. They were not.

Sonia slipped beside him and nudged a step back, giving the fennec room.

He didn't look away from his dinner, but his ears kept hold of her, even when she brought up money.

"And I was thinking, how would it be if Sonia Diamond and Richard Sterling became mutual benefactors in Billard's Oil."

He chewed on his veal.

"The papers would be in uproar, and my father, well, with his support, anyways; he would make sure we had the best lawyers in the west," her toes curled against the icy wooden floor. She pulled her hat off to reveal the mascara caked on her eyelashes.

"Mr. Scott Billard," he said, "your father-the millionaire oil tycoon?"

She nodded with a flick of her wrist. "Check the stocks. His name's on it all."

He chewed his veal.

Sonia's tail curled between her legs and her stomach was in a knot. The lights grew brighter as the musicians clomped back onto the stage. Eddie Marco howled. Such a savage.

"I'm sure as a man of your stature, my father would be pleased to have you."

He chewed.

"And unlike the farmers we own, you'd be placed on the stocks with us-full cut of the money."

The fennec flicked his ears. "Full cut-stocks?"

She nodded and raised her ears. "Yes, stocks and all. We've been looking to branch out, and everything would be written in ink."

He smiled. "I do like ink, Ms. Diamond."

Sonia nearly regurgitated her salmon back onto its plate, but she remembered it was fine china.

"Yes, ink," she said.

The fennec slipped his chair

back from the table and caused a squeal to ride the dance floor. Several turned to look, eyes wide at the pair. Others turned back to their liquor-prohibition was a beast.

"I like you, Ms. Diamond."

"Billard," she corrected with a raise of her paw. "Sonia Billard."

"Yes, Billard. I like you."

Her eyes turned drier than a Florida state flood.

"You have what we call in Africa," he waved his paw in the air, "a sense of royalty. Do you know of Cleopatra?"

She nodded. "I do, Mr. Sterling."

"Call me Richie."

So she called him Richie.

"Cleopatra was a goddess of the Nile, and her way with those below her brought them in," he smiled. "You have a gift, Sonia. I've heard about you."

"You have?" Sonia clenched her throat.

"I have, and," he looked around, "the rumors are true."

Sonia kept her eyes locked on him, counting the lines of his green iris. I will not swoon, I will not swoon, she thought.

"Money is power, but power is having a hold on those around you," he patted the table. "You have a gift with people, and I respect that."

Swoon.

"I will take your offer, but only if we sign tonight-here."

The music started. Chairs scuffed back beneath their cells in echoes.

"Here, tonight?" Sonia wiped underneath her eye with a dull claw's edge.

"Yes," he grinned, "tonight."

And when she took him out to the lobby Renald kept an eye on the fennec. He had looked over the leopard, ever since she was a girl. It was his job to protect, but it was his passion to lead and nurture. Sonia introduced the fennec to the massive horse, and even with his brow lowered down, hooves clenched, and his braided tail unraveling, Renald approved of him. He has nice cufflinks, he told Sonia.

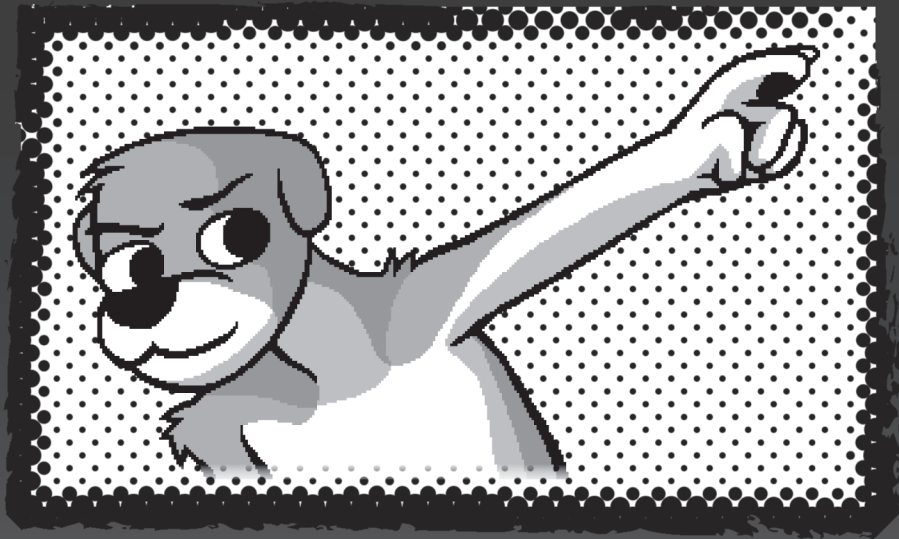
She took Richard upstairs to her room. She locked the door with a grin and when she offered him a handshake he gave her a toast. They signed a sheet of pink paper—from her private journal—and he stamped his insignia with a crest ring, dabbled in hot wax and sealed before her like an artist at work. Richard sterling left that night with a copy of his contract, and Sonia with hers. She called her father and was rewarded for her deeds.

On Sunday, October 27th, Sonia listened to the news as Richard Sterling invested a share of three million dollars into Billard's Oil industry, and her father, Scott Billard, signed Mr. Sterling in on a large mutual fund, allowing the fennec just what she had promised. On Monday, October 28th, Sterling instructed Billard's Oil to invest a large share into the nation's realty business. And on Tuesday, October 29th, it was all taken with the crash of the Stock market.

"It's just business, Ms. Diamond," he said. And that was how Sonia Billard lost everything.







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## Growing Up Family

by Derry Jenson

Adam stood straight backed in front of his father's desk trying to patiently wait for the coming earful or worse punishment. Setting the papers he was reviewing aside the leopard looked across the desk to his twelve year old son. "Why did I buy you the bike?" he asked.

"To deliver for Mr. Creaver, Sir." Adam answered, once again trying to stop his erratic tail twitch.

"And where is your bike to be kept when you're not delivering?" The older leopard asked.

"At home in the shed, Sir." Adam answered.

"So then why was it laying outside the train station after lunch?" The father asked slowly.

"Sorry Sir. It was just for a few minutes. I promise it wont happen again." The older leopard pushed his chair back to rise causing the younger to flinch with the scrape of wood. There was a rhythmic click across the wooded floor as Adam's father moved to stand in front of the window.

"I was told there were a bunch of hoods causing a ruckus for more than an hour before they were forced to leave." Adam's tail locked in place as his ears spread flat. With out turning to look at his son he continued, "I will NOT allow my son to be seen as a sap following around behind delinquents to turn out as some dew dropper. You are a Telain and you WILL start

acting like one!" His father took a deep breath, making a decision. "Your mother is right. If I expect you to be a gentleman I will have to start teaching you or find a school who can."

Those words chilled Adam more than the thought of the switching he believe was coming. Martha had already been sent to school the week after his fathers marriage. In the two years since he had only seen his younger sister once at the house. She had cried on his shoulder for nearly an hour before his other mother had found them. When she had seen that she had once again sent Martha away after being home for only two days.

"Adam, if you can not behave properly like a man then I see no choice but to let your mother have her way." The young leopard had actually opened his mouth to protest but stopped seeing the anger in his fathers face as he turned around. "Your mother, Adam! Not 'other' mother or some lady. It is time you started treating her with the proper respect and obedience." He paused making sure his son understood. "That woman was, is nothing but trouble and nowhere near a mother. Her father should have reined her in years ago. She never did realize men are the reason the world runs so well. Your Mother is ten times the woman that female ever was, well mannered and good breeding."

Adam had heard several stories about his real mother, she was supposedly a flapper before they even existed. She was also rich, he had found out that was why Dad had married her in the first place. He knew Grandfather still had his father running a great deal of the business even after his mom had left. Adam flinched and hunched down after feeling the slap against the side of his head. "Pay attention," his father growled over him, "And stand up!"

"Yes, Sir." he replied standing up straight once more. He waited for another blow, or worse, the order to bend over the desk, but with a sigh his father stepped away.

"We are going to try something new. Adam walk your bike home. Put it away and then read and do the lesson you mother has in the study. I expect you to be done before supper and dressed properly before you eat. You will act every bit of a gentleman as you can, then tomorrow you will get up and do exactly as you're told. You will be where and when we tell you to be, doing what is expected of you. Lastly you will no longer hang out with Justin and those other boys. We are going to improve your manners or we will find a place that can teach them to you."

Adam was nearly shaking from his fathers words. He couldn't believe one afternoon of fun could cause him so much trouble. It had been fun, but not that fun. He wondered how many weeks he would have to wait this time before he was able to slip off for some fun. His friends would all be calling him a high hat again by the end of the month.

They had spent the afternoon rolling hoops through the station

between trains. They started the iron hoops at the top of the stairs and rolled them down, trying to cross the hall and make it out the front doors and down the second set of steps all the while having the ticket vendor yelling at them while they laughed. Billy was the one trying to get one last roll through after the train arrived and had almost knocked over a feline lady. They had been ready to scatter when they heard her shouting, only she had been telling everyone to stand back so she could watch them and then even join herself. They had watched the adult cheetah with awe until one of the train conductors finally told the female that all of them would have to leave.

The female had laughed, calling the boys with her and proclaiming loudly that this had been the dumpiest joints she had ever been thrown out of. They had followed her outside where they all stood shocked as she passed each of them a dime thanking each of them with a kiss on the forehead for the wonderful fun. Every one of the five boys had stood and watched her walk away. Always there had been yelling and many times punishment for the things they thought up for fun. This was the first time ever that one of their adventures had gotten them dough and a kiss.

Adam checked his pocket several times on the walk home to make sure it was still there. His father had never allowed him to keep any money. He had of course found a penny here and there but any time he had gotten a tip from a delivery or earned anything his father had taken it all to put it towards his future. This time maybe he could keep it long enough to buy something.

He was still struggling with the reading and poetry that Lady Telain had set out on the desk when Barlane an older doe and one of the two house servants entered the study to check on him. She set down a plate with a half sliced apple and a small strip of jerky. "Chin up, young Adam. It's not so bad." He started grumbling till his nose picked out the sweet scent of molasses that had been smoked into the meat. Adam snatched up the jerky, chewing slowly and sucking on the flavor of his favorite treats. He had finished chewing and was eating a slice of apple before he remembered to say thank you.

Barlane smiled adding a second stripe of meat from her apron pocket to the plate. "Remember, tomorrow is another day." she told him. "Make it though today and you never know what tomorrow will bring." She chuckled cheerily as she watched him sucking on the second piece. "You always did like those berries."

Adam looked at her puzzled, "What?"

"Oh never mind, just something new I heard today." She smiled one more time at him before waving him back to his reading and walking out. Adam had watched her till the door closed as he chewed through the second piece. Sighing, he went back to the book trying to memorize enough to please his 'mother' when she questioned him at supper.

He had stood next to his chair for a full ten minutes before dinner reciting a poem and answering nearly all of her questions correctly. When he was allowed to sit and eat she had corrected him every few minutes on exactly how he was supposed to eat, how he was sitting, and even how he was holding his fork. He had dutifully answered 'yes mother' or 'yes mom' each time

she spoke, to her immense pleasure. He had also received his father's nod of approval the few times he had looked that way. He tried to excuse himself when he was finished but she had stopped him and had him stand next to her chair inspecting his clothes and brushing off a crumb that had stuck to his pants.

"I told your father there was a gentleman under that rag-a-muffin. We will just have to work hard to bring it out. Run along now." she said patting his shoulder, one of the few physical touches she had given him in past two years.

Adam nearly tore off the shirt when he reached his room. He hated the fact she was allowed to make all the decisions in his life and the fact she had his father agreeing to all she wanted. The only good thing on his list was the fact he was the only kid in town that had a bike, but the only reason for that was because she thought working would build his character and delivering was considered by her an acceptable job with just enough work in it. The entire rest of the list in his opinion was bad. He had to study more because she felt his education wasn't good enough. And now even his snacks had changed to fruit or a slice of bread or something other than meat, because she felt that would spoil supper. She had also been planning things to keep him occupied and away from his friends, twice he had already overheard her say 'that will keep him away from those 'other' lads'. He crawled into bed that evening wondering if there weren't some way to get his father to allow him some time of his own. He would have to stay away from Justin and the others for a while but it was so unfair that he wouldn't be allowed to see them or have any fun at all.

Adam woke to Charles knocking on his bedroom door. The male dog had walked in before he was even really awake telling him to hurry and dress in good clothes because his father was taking him to work today. He still wasn't really understanding what was going on as the small lamp was turned on and clothes were tossed on to the bed by the servant. The young leopard groaned hurrying to dress knowing that if he made his father wait things were only going to be worse the whole day. He grabbed the two thick slices of bread off the counter in the kitchen and had one finished before he was even out the front door.

Thankfully he didn't see his father outside yet but he was surprised to hear the sputtering of an automobile on the street out front and was even more shocked seeing the same feline from yesterday walking towards him. "Well Adam, I was hoping that was you yesterday. Were you able to buy something nice, maybe something sweet?"

"Excuse... umm. Madame?" He stumbled over the words. Where yesterday she had been wearing a long skirt and nice clothes and a pretty hat, today was entirely different. The feline was wearing a skirt half of yesterdays length with white stockings showing. Her blouse was tight across her chest and she had a males jacket hung over her shoulders against the chill of the morning. Adam could only think that Justin's assumption yesterday that she was a flapper was entirely true.

She stood staring at him a moment before the door behind Adam opened. "Elane?" his fathers shocked voice sounded from behind, "What?" The males tail lashed a few times as he took a deep breath,

"YOU are not welcome here." he growled out.

"Oh, well, hello Thomas. And that is just fine, I do not think I could truly spend any time in that house. Come along Adam it is time I took you home." Adam stared blankly, trying to figure out what was happening as the woman spoke.

"How dare you. He has a home and a real mother. You will not just show up here..." He stopped seeing the heavy envelope letter she waved back and forth.

"I spoke with father, you remember him right? He was very upset that first you send his granddaughter off to some boarding school and now you were talking about sending his grandson off as well. I already took Martha out of that horrid place last year."

"You WHAT?" Thomas said shocked wondering how she had gotten away with that without him even knowing.

She swatted his chest twice with the envelope before he grabbed it. "A letter from father, I will be taking Adam for the next two years. We can discuss what will happen after that." Elane was staring over his shoulder to a feline figure standing in the doorway. "A bit small, is she really able to handle you in bed?" The door slammed shut and Adam's jaw dropped at the frank blunt assessment of the small lynx. Thomas' face matched that of his son as she continued. "You always were a bit rough especially the bites but maybe time has softened you out."

Elane turned to the young leopard, "Adam, your grandfather has left you with a decision. You are twelve and from what I hear around town responsible, a good worker, even if you get yourself into trouble." she said grinning,

"You will be the one to choose where or should I say whom you would like to stay with. Your father, or me, your mother."

Adam had spent the last few minutes confused over who she was. It wasn't until she said the words that he finally allowed himself to believe. "Mom?"

Not hearing the questioning tone of his sons voice Thomas went in to a lather. "Stupid fool. I raised you, she walked out! If you leave, do not come back EVER!"

"Thomas, dear, calm down." Elisa spoke.

"YOU have no right to call me that. Adam, come, we are leaving!" Thomas turned and stormed down the path leaving a still stunned and confused boy on the path.

"Dad?" he called out after the retreating body that never even bothered to turn back. He felt ashamed, he felt upset, he felt like crying, and for the first time that he could ever remember he felt his mothers arms wrap around him and hold him tight.

"It's okay Adam, it will be jake." He did sniff and wrap his arms around her just as she moved away but she was still smiling at him as she knelt down. "I promise I wont ever leave you or Martha again. I have a house and it has a bed just waiting for you. You want to see Martha again, right?" Adam nodded trying to wipe water away from his eyes as a thump behind him made him jump. "Thank you, Barlane. Remember, if he gives you any trouble just let Dad know."

"Trouble, Ma'am? There wont be no trouble." Adam turned to look at the deer as his mother reached out to pick up a small yellow suitcase and headed for the car. "You better save some of this for your sister." Barlane spoke as she handed over

a large cloth wrapped bundle that smelled of meat and molasses. Adam tried to force it into his pocket as she continued. "I told you, 'you never know what tomorrow brings'. Now hurry along you should not make your mother wait." she said, turning his shoulders and giving his back a push.

Adam slowly walked to the automobile trying to absorb what was going on. He climbed in to the covered back and sat down next to his mother who gave him a smile. The vehicle sputtered and jumped forward before its engine revved up and Adam was off on his first ever automobile ride. Elane was careful not to press or even speak to her son as the vehicle drove them through town simply smiling and nodding each time he looked at her.

"Welcome back, Madam." The doorman had jumped forward when the automobile rolled up in front of the hotel.

"Thank you. No, wait, leave the case and please have the others brought out. The train should be leaving in an hour." Elane turned to the driver after she stepped out, "I trust I still have your services?" she asked the jitney.

"Of course Miss. All day if you need them." He replied shutting down the engine.

Elane nodded and held a hand out to her son to help him out even as the doorman had done for her. "Are we going somewhere Mad..um, mother?" he asked quietly following her to the open front door of the hotel.

She led him into the lobby before moving to stand behind him. She leaned down, keeping her voice low. "I thought we would go to Chicago first, then stop in New York before we went south so you could meet your grandfather."

Adam was looking up and back at his mother, stunned by the plans she had just dropped on him. "Adddam-mm!" he barely had time to look forward before the form plowed into him, pressing both him and his mother back. After a few seconds he realized who it was and hugged tightly to Martha, losing most of his confusion for the first time that morning. He hugged his sister tightly smiling even as he felt his mother bend down and grip both of her children tight.

"You're coming, right?" he could hear Martha ask as she pressed her muzzle into his chest squeezing even tighter. Adam could only nod not trusting his voice and trying to sniff holding back his tears. First and auto ride, then a train ride, Chicago.. New York.., his sister and his mother. Adam was smiling all the way to his tail tip with happiness. His greatest adventure had just started.

He felt a tug on the cloth that was stuffed into his pocket even as he felt his sisters muzzle and nose angle down. "Hey what's this?" she asked.

"MINE!" Adam growled as he heard his mother chuckle behind him while she squeezed his arms tight to his body helping her daughter free the treasure. Even as he struggled to keep his pocket away he was smiling and blinking back tears.

There was one last big shock waiting at the train station, Thomas was standing on the stairs when they arrived. Elane spoke with him while the kids stayed in the automobile before she finally beckoned them forward.

"You may both go with your mother for now and can come back anytime you want. If in two years you wish to come home with me you

can, but only if you behave properly." Thomas spoke. He gave both of his children a stiff hug before helping to remove the luggage and getting in the back seat himself.

"Dad, wait!" Adam called just before the auto started forward. He pulled out and unwrapped the last three pieces of jerky that he was saving out of his pocket. He ripped a small end off of each piece before handing one to his mother and one to his sister. Then he walked down the few steps and handed the last piece to his father keeping the small pieces for himself. He jumped back up the steps to stand next to his mother before popping one of the pieces in his mouth. Although Thomas and Martha had quickly bit in, Elane paused before she took a bite.

"Maybe we can have a real meal when we get back Thomas. Just us, maybe not like the family you want but at least a family in part." She said before chewing off a piece herself. Thomas just nodded as he tapped the drivers shoulders and the auto rolled off.

"Well." Elane spoke hearing the cry of the train whistle in the distance. "Let get a wiggle on."

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 Swell  
 Torpedo



WHAT DO SO MANY FURRIES HOPE TO TAKE AWAY FROM THEIR CONVENTION EXPERIENCES?

SO MANY OF US IN THE FURRY FANDOM LOVE TO ATTEND CONVENTIONS. WE EACH HAVE SUCH A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE, FROM ONE FUR TO THE NEXT. WHAT WE EACH TAKE WILL VARY, BUT OFTEN WE WANT THE SAME THING. FOLD THE IMAGE ACCORDINGLY TO FIND WHAT SO MANY OF US LOVE GETTING OUT OF A CONVENTION!



FOLD LIKE THIS

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT SO "A" MEETS "B"

B



GOING TO ANY FUR CON BRINGS SO BRIGHT A MOOD IN THE HEARTS OF MANY. FURRIES BUY MEMORABILIA, ART AND MANY OTHER ASSORTED SHINIES WITH THE JOY AND THRILL OF HOLDING SOMETHING NEW IN THEIR EXCITED PAWS FILLING THEM. FRIGID OR WELCOMING, OUTGOING OR SHY, WE ARE ALL A LITTLE SAD WHEN IT ALL ENDS

A

ART BY THAY RUSTBACK

B

# Connect the Dots



## The Tell-Tale Tie

by Eduardo Soliz

Chris the Watchfur was a real stinker. As if being a skunk wasn't enough, he was one of the ne'er do wells that lurked the streets of Reno looking for pockets to pick and purses to snatch. His nickname came because of the silver pocket watch he always carried around, fastened to a silver chain that could easily be seen hanging out of his vest pocket. True to his name, the Watchfur had a habit of swinging it around with a smug look upon his face. Sure, it wasn't the nicest watch around, but he had one and you didn't.

It was another Saturday evening and the sidewalks were thick with animals out enjoying the downtown nightlife. Chris patiently stood inside of a dark alley searching for his next victim among the throngs. It didn't take him long to find a mark. Across the street strolled a distinguished-looking older white tiger carrying a briefcase. While he was much larger than the skunk, the gentleman appeared to be struggling with the suitcase's weight. The white tiger stopped walking in front of the alley directly across from where Chris stood. He appeared to be winded, and began to set down the briefcase. The skunk saw his chance: he exited the alley and started crossing the street, quickly glancing both ways to look for traffic. Meanwhile, the tiger had set the briefcase down and was

opening up his coat to retrieve a handkerchief. The crook took off running, and while the tiger wiped his brow, the skunk swiped the briefcase and dashed away with it into the dark alley.

Chris ran for three and a half blocks before stopping. Confident that he had not been followed, he sat down on some steps to catch his breath. After jimmying open the cheap locks on the briefcase with the help of his switchblade, the crook opened it to see what ill-gotten gains could be found within. He was pleased to quickly find a money clip that held a few dollars and a ticket of some sort, both of which he pocketed. Continuing to search the case, he found nothing that caught his attention until he found a silk tie. It was grey, but was of such high quality that even in the darkened alley, it appeared to shine.

Chris stared at the tie for a few moments. This will look great with my watch, he thought before he carefully draped it around the back of his neck and tied it. After disposing of the briefcase in a nearby garbage can, he exited the alley and started to walk down the sidewalk. He paused to check his reflection in a storefront window. Looking good, he thought as he adjusted his tie and headfur. He then pulled out the ticket from his pocket and looked it over:

"Twee's Follies - An extravagant performance of music and whimsy. May 2, 1921 8PM at the Empire Theatre"

Chris pulled out his pocket watch and opened it to check the time. The show was going to start in twenty minutes. He closed the watch and idly spun it around for a few times while he thought. The Empire Theatre was one of the nicest theaters in Reno, and tickets didn't come cheap. What the hey, it's a free show and I got cash for booze and smokes, Chris thought to himself before heading down the boulevard to the theatre.

Ten minutes later, the skunk was waiting in a line for the show. Chris was not as well-dressed as the other ticket holders and received more than a few stares from them. The crook scowled, ignored the gawkers and continued to wait in line, twirling his watch. He tugged at his tie; he was starting to get a little warm under the collar. He entered the theatre and walked around until he found the bar. He walked up to it and barked a request at the bartender: "Hey, Mac! Gimme a scotch on the rocks, and make it the good stuff!"

The panther tending the bar was surprised at the skunk's lack of manners, but poured him a drink nevertheless. Chris slapped a dollar on the bar and cheerfully told him, "Keep the change, Mac!" before taking the drink and walking away.

"Gee, a whole nickel. Thanks, 'Mac.'" The panther sardonically said to himself in a voice too low for anyone else to hear. Chris walked into the theatre and took a seat to enjoy the evening's entertainment.

The lights in the theatre dimmed. A spotlight appeared on

the right side of the stage. A yellow-orange snow leopard in a tuxedo and top hat walked onto the stage and into the spotlight, which followed him as he continued across the stage and stopped at its center. He took off his top hat and bowed to the crowd. Replacing the top hat on his head he addressed them:

"Thank you for that gracious welcome to your fair city! I am Twee, and I will be your master of ceremonies for the evening. Our opening act features a fur of magic, mystery and mysticism. I give you Bartleby the Magnificent!"

The crowd applauded as Twee began to walk off the stage, the spotlight remaining at its center. Moments after he exited the left side of the stage, a plume of smoke suddenly appeared, eliciting a collective gasp from the crowd. The crowd applauded once the smoke cleared and a mature white tiger wearing a dark grey suit came into view. He bowed and addressed the crowd:

"Ladies and gentlefurs, please indulge me for a few moments as I begin my performance by imparting upon you a tale of woe. My briefcase was stolen during my journey to your lovely theatre. A cad pilfered my possession and deftly ran off into the shadows of the night, denying me the knowledge of his identity."

In the audience, Chris intently peered at the magician, trying to remember if he was the same white tiger he had pinched the case from earlier. No way he's the guy, the other guy was taller...yeah, that's it. He reassured himself before giving the silver tie another tug.

On stage, Bartleby continued his story: "While the thief may have escaped me, he shall not escape justice. Within the case was a special tie, sewn using magic silk acquired from the Orient. Whereas we rely on policefurs to bring criminals to justice, our fellow animals in the East use magic and mysticism to enforce their laws. My father acquired that tie many years ago when I was but a cub and so it has been passed on to me."

Chris nervously looked around the audience for policefurs. He found none, but was quickly becoming nervous and uncomfortable in his seat.

"The tie in question may appear to be a common article of clothing, ladies and gentlefurs, but it is in fact, alive, although not in the same way that we are. Just like a pet will bond with its master and his family, so had the tie bonded with my father and myself. Should any other person attempt to wear it without my blessing, it will slowly but surely begin to tighten around their neck until it snuffs out the unfortunate thief's life." The tiger said before putting his hands together as if they were going around an imaginary person's neck.

Chris took a sip of his drink. He tried to swallow, but had difficulty doing so because his constant fiddling with the tie had tightened it considerably. He was also beginning to sweat despite having nearly finished his drink.

"Thus, do the good people of the East keep their fellow animals honest. For what animal would want to wear an article of clothing that is not only stolen, but that might steal his very life?" Bartleby

asked the crowd.

Wracked with guilt, Chris was now visibly sweating. The tie felt as if it was growing tighter around his neck and he started to hyperventilate.

Putting on a sad face, the tiger lamented: "I fear that I will never see my beloved tie again, ladies and gentlefurs. The fact that the thief will likely wear it to his grave offers me little comfort. Indeed..."

Having finally heard enough, Chris leapt from his seat and ran down the aisle toward the stage, tugging at the tie as he went. "HERE! I'M THE MUG WHAT STOLE YER CASE! GET THIS THING OFFA ME! I DON'T WANNA DIE!" he yelled. A spotlight fell upon him as he ran towards the stage.

The magician looked confused for a moment, but quickly regained his composure and pointed an accusatory finger at the approaching skunk. "See what your evil has wrought, criminal! The object of your desire has become your doom!" Bartleby stepped down from the stage and met Chris, who fell to the magician's feet. The crowd started to become agitated as the scene unfolded.

Bartleby raised his paws in an attempt to settle down the crowd: "Please be calm, everyone! Now that the filthy cur has confessed to his crime, I shall liberate him from his self-imposed trap." He bent over the skunk, examined the knot on the tie, carefully placed a single claw within the knot and deftly untied and removed it with a single swipe. Chris placed his hands to his neck and took a deep breath of relief. Bartleby carefully folded up the tie and placed it in a pocket.

The commotion had caught the attention of the theatre's ushers. Two dogs had started rushing down the aisle towards Chris and Bartleby. "Gentlemen! Take this miscreant away and summon the police." Bartleby instructed. The ushers picked up the now-relieved skunk and led him up the aisle. Meanwhile, the magician walked back onto the stage and stood at its center before addressing the crowd:

"Now that we have resolved that unfortunate situation, let the show commence, ladies and gentlefurs!"

After the show was over, the many members of Twee's Follies were congratulating each other backstage after another successful performance. A large muscular boar approached Bartleby and offered his paw. Bartleby smiled, took it and gave it a hearty shake.

"That was one crackerjack performance you put on to warm up the crowd tonight, Bart! Your plant did a real bang-up job." The strongfur said with a smile.

"Thank you, Hercules!" Bartleby replied. "I appreciate the compliment, but I cannot take all of the credit. That skunk wasn't the plant."

"Really?" asked Hercules, his eyes widening with curiosity.

Bartleby pulled the silver tie from his coat pocket. "Yes. That skunk is a real criminal. I haven't the foggiest idea who this belongs to."

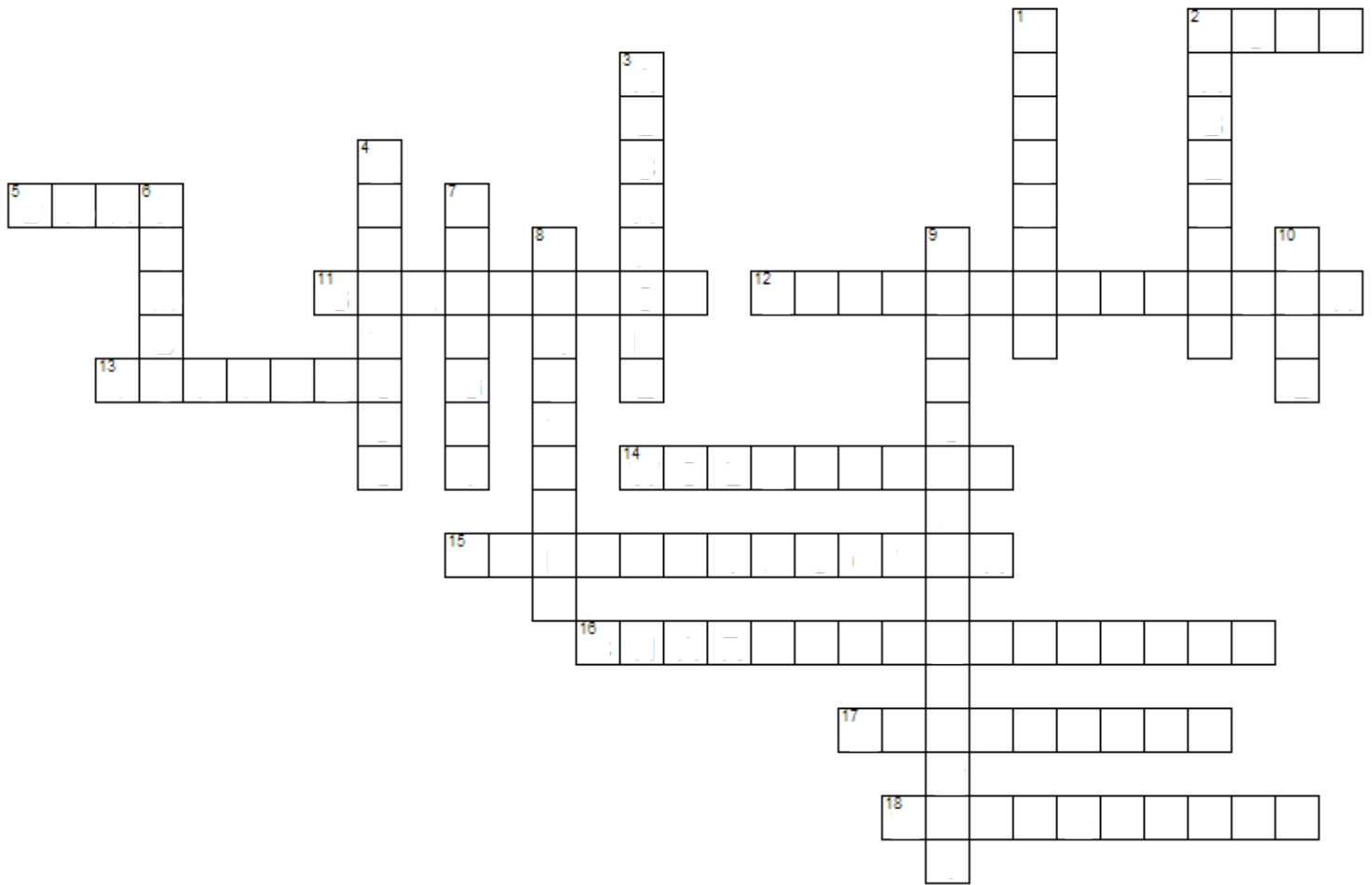




There are 8 differences... can you find them?  
Answers on page 45



## Crossword A



### ACROSS

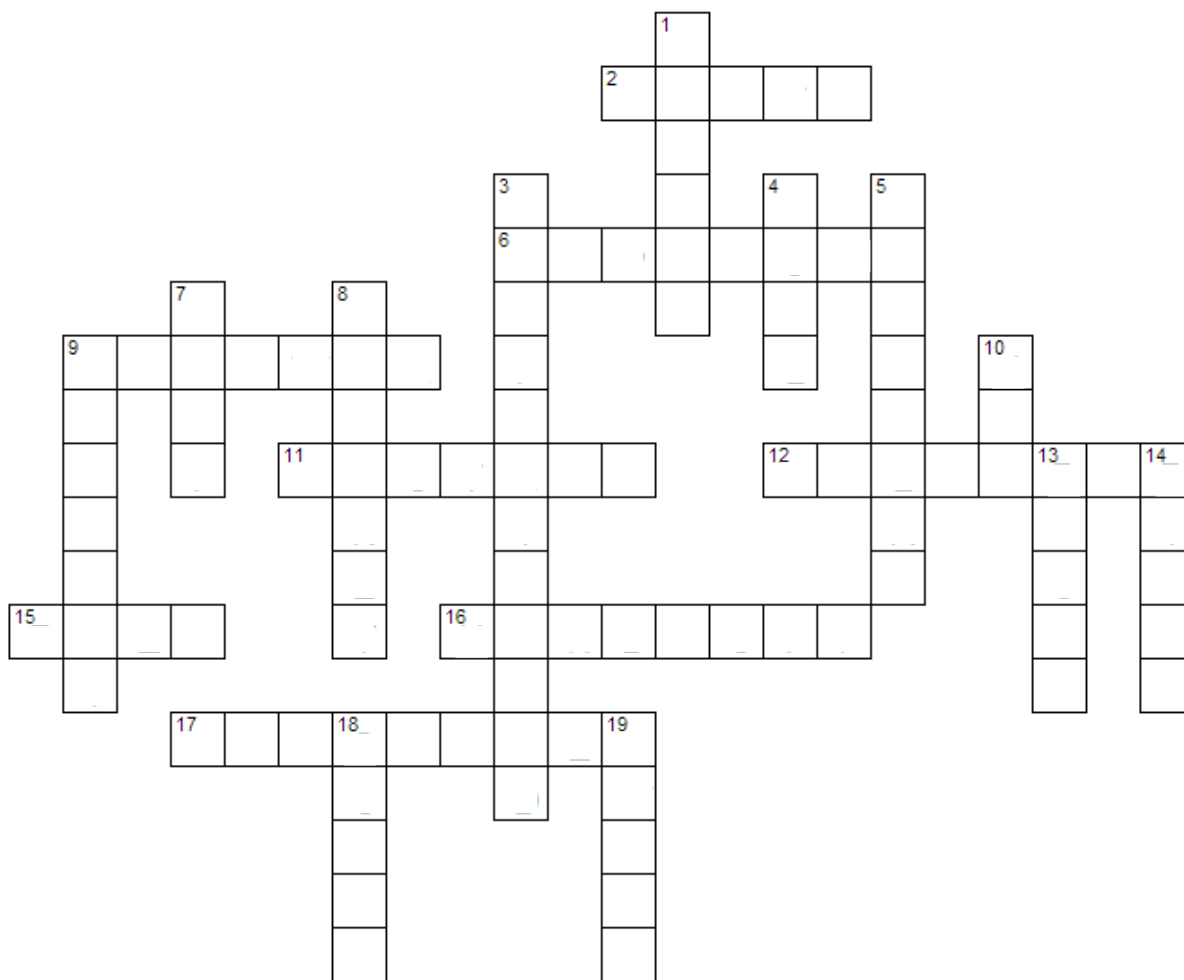
- 2 Police man (Olay!)
- 5 someone or something excellent
- 11 Awesome artist being recognized here
- 12 only scientist that EVERYBODY knows  
(No, not Bill Nye)
- 13 A hired gun
- 14 headbands and cuteness might ring a  
bell
- 15 President in 1928
- 16 super famous pilot
- 17 boss or really influential person
- 18 the man that made our favorite old car  
toons

### DOWN

- 1 someone easily swayed or convinced
- 2 Who comes to mind when I say "base  
ball?"
- 3 famous mob boss from Chicago
- 4 amazing writer from now!
- 6 tough guy
- 7 person being framed in a crime
- 8 founder of an American car-manufac-  
turer
- 9 amazing writer from the 1920's
- 10 someone hard to deal with



## Crossword B



### ACROSS

- 2 excellent, nice  
 6 be quiet, stop talking  
 9 concern or business  
 11 illegal drinking & alcohol  
 12 confused  
 15 to harass or make fun of  
 16 engagement ring  
 17 something awesome or cool  
 (bzzzzzzzz)

### DOWN

- 1 right in the -  
 3 drunk (not spiffy)  
 4 good-looking lady  
 5 on the run from the police  
 7 a complaint or issue (also something  
 from the supermarket)  
 8 Nonsense (also kept in your fridge)  
 9 hot-blooded and feisty lady  
 10 a hot cup of -  
 13 money  
 14 You're sure in a -  
 18 leave now  
 19 fun

The Django

- 1 part Jägermeister
- 1 part Bärenjäger (or other honey liqueur)
- 1 part Merlot Wine
- 2 parts Cranberry Juice

Combine all ingredients in a shaker with ice, shake to mix, and strain into a cocktail glass.

Garnish with cherry or lime.

by Kieunta

Spicy Noodle Stir-Fry

- 3 Trumpet Mushrooms
- 1 Onion
- Fresh Noodles (your choice)
- 3/4 lb Sliced Meat (your choice, raw)
- Scallions
- Sesame Oil
- 5 spoonfuls Hoisin Sauce
- 5 spoonfuls Gochujang
- Pinch of Ghost Chili Powder

Chop mushrooms, onion, and scallions. Mix Hoisin sauce and gochujang. Boil noodles for 4 minutes, drain. Coat pan with sesame oil. Fry noodles (stirring) until some are crispy and brown, then set aside. Fry meat for 1 minute, add vegetables and sauce mixture to continue cooking. Top noodles with fried meat and vegetable mixture and

serve.

by Bucker Fuskyote

## Irish Rootbeer Float

1 oz. Irish Whiskey  
1 oz. Irish Cream  
1/2 oz. Butterscotch Schnapps  
12 oz. Rootbeer  
Vanilla Ice Cream

Combine first three ingredients, add ice cream, then pour rootbeer over everything to get that classic foam.

by Fuzzypaws



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## Fuzzy's Blender Hollandaise

4 large Egg Yolks  
2 tbs Lemon Juice  
1/4 tsp Dijon Mustard  
1 stick (4 oz) Butter  
(optional, but recommended)  
1/8 tsp Ground White Pepper  
1/8 tsp Garlic Powder  
1/8 tsp Paprika  
1/8 tsp Sriracha  
1/8 tsp Worcestershire Sauce

In the blender, combine the egg yolks, lemon juice, mustard, and optional ingredients. Put the stick of butter in a microwave safe cup or bowl and melt until boiling. Get the blender going. Once the butter is boiling, get it out of the microwave before it boils over and pour into the blender as it is still going. The heat of the butter and the action of the blender will safely cook the sauce without any fuss! Pour right away over your noms.

by Fuzzypaws

## Pineapple Upside-Down Cake

4 oz. Pineapple Juice  
2.5 oz. Cake Vodka  
1 oz. Disaronno

Combine all ingredients in a glass over ice and serve.

by Tyco

Find the Differences Answers

Fox on the left is wearing stockings

Fox on the left has a different bracelet

Fox on the left's earring is different

Cat in the middle's vest has one less button

Rabbit on right has two bracelets instead of one

Rabbit on right has more straps on her shoes

Light fixture on the right is missing one of its bulbs

Poster on the right has been changed

Crossword A

ACROSS

DOWN

- 2 BULL
- 5 DARB
- 11 SALLAEPOE
- 12 ALBERTEINSTEIN
- 13 TORPEDO
- 14 WOLFPUPTK
- 15 HERBERTHOOVER
- 16 CHARLESLINDBERGH
- 17 BIGCHEESE
- 18 WALTDISNEY

- 1 PUSHOVER
- 2 BABERUTH
- 3 ALCAPONE
- 4 DREAMOUS
- 6 BIMBO
- 7 FALLGUY
- 8 HENRYFORD
- 9 ERNESTHEMINGWAY
- 10 PILL

Crossword B

ACROSS

DOWN

- 2 NIFTY
- 6 PIPEDOWN
- 9 BEESWAX
- 11 BOOTLEG
- 12 BALLEUP
- 15 RAZZ
- 16 HANDCUFF
- 17 BEESKNEES

- 1 KISSER
- 3 SPIFFLICATED
- 4 DOLL
- 5 ONTHELAM
- 7 BEEF
- 8 BALONEY
- 9 BEARCAT
- 10 JOE
- 13 DOUGH
- 14 PINCH
- 18 SCRAM
- 19 SWELL

# Signatures

# Signatures

Thank  
you for coming

**BIGGEST LITTLE  
FUR CON**



SKB