MATTHEW OTTERICK

FERRET BUELLER'S DAY OFF

The Breakfast Club

Radical 80s

BIGGEST LITTLE FUR CON 2014

SAFE HAVEN RESCUE ZOO

We have selected Safe Haven Rescue Zoo as the beneficiary for 2014.

Safe Haven Rescue Zoo is a wildlife sanctuary located in Imlay, NV. They provide rehabilitative services and permanent placement for wildlife in need. They respond to assistance requests from state and federal agencies, law enforcement, veterinarians, and concerned citizens.

Many of their wild residents are former exotic "pets." Several have come to Safe Haven as the result of major rescue efforts coordinated by agencies and sanctuaries nationwide.

Safe Haven conducts tours and on-site and off-site educational programs by appointment. They are open for visits seven days a week during the daylight hours. Please contact Lynda Sugasa, Executive Director (775-538-7093) to schedule a tour.

http://www.safehavenwildlife.com/
775.538.7093
safehavenwildlife1@gmail.com



SAFEHAVEN
RESCUE ZOO

Our charity for 2013 was the Nevada Humane Society, a non-profit, no-kill local animal shelter. Thanks to a greater turnout than expected for 2013, the con was able to donate $3,000 to help them with their efforts.

Letter from our Con Chair

Firstly, on behalf of all the volunteers and staff members of BLFC, thank you for making the journey to Reno to enjoy the second iteration of Biggest Little Fur Con. We have a lot of new and exciting things in store this year! The most noticeable change is the new remodeled hotel rooms; they have been updated with modern furnishings and fixtures, and look much better than they did last year. In the last year, the resort has also remodeled the downstairs promenade, which, if you were here last year, you will really notice the difference. The hotel has been very accommodating, and is happy to have us back. Right after the 2013 convention, I asked about how our attendees behaved, and they told me we're one of the best-behaved groups they've ever had. Please help us keep that tradition going strong, so they'll want us back again and again.

Just like last year, the hotel is fine with fursuiters, as long as they stay out of key areas. The casino is a definite no. The arcade has a no-masks policy for the safety of the children present, so please no fursuiters there either. Lastly, please stay out of the shops unless the shopkeepers specifically invite you inside. Fursuiters are allowed outdoors, in the hotel hallways, the downstairs promenade (but not inside shops or arcade), our convention area (of course), the bowling alley, and upstairs between the bowling alley and elevators only. Note: if you want to "break the magic" and remove your fursuit head, the casino will no longer care what else you're wearing, since they can see your face.

I feel compelled to remind you to go to the player's club desk as soon as you get here, and get a rewards card, even if you aren't planning to gamble at all. Always swipe your card once a day on the kiosks to see if you have any coupons; sometimes you'll get coupons or deals even if you haven't gambled a cent. Always use this card whenever you choose to gamble, because you earn points that can be used for free or discounted stuff.

I also feel compelled to remind you about Reno's high desert climate. The altitude is 4,500 feet here, so if you're used to sea level, you'll tire out a little faster, and if you drink adult beverages, you'll also feel their effects a little faster and stronger. It's also very very dry here, so try to drink extra water, especially if you're suiting. It's easy to lose track of how much you're sweating here because it all evaporates so quickly.

If you look on the inside cover of the con book, you'll notice the convention layout, which is different from last year. Most notable is the new "quiet-ish" space, which is also where tabletop gaming resides. We call it "quiet-ish" because it's meant as the place to go to escape the flashing lights and booming bass of the dances. Also new for this year is the always-open dance floor, which is provided as a place for dancers to play music (quietly, don't disrupt the main stage) while practicing their dance moves and collaborating on new ideas. Like last year, there will be a bar set up inside the convention during the evenings, for your convenience. Check out what they have to offer; they should have specials just for us.

Programming is expanded this year; we have 3 panel rooms instead of 2, there are more events happening, and this year, we will also try to "Dance Till Dawn" on Saturday night. After 3am, DJs have volunteered to keep playing music until 7am as long as the dance floor stays busy.

New this year: a con store! After registration is mostly done helping everyone (about 4pm Friday), the staff will open up a con store alongside registration. This will be the first time the leftover swag items from 2013 will be available to buy, along with some extra stuff. But, the only way to get this year's swag (shirt, hoodie, rubik's cube) is by upgrading your membership to Tubular or To The Max. Extra 2014 swag items will not be sold separately until the 2015 convention, so our supporters can have the swag items to themselves for one year.

The art show this year will once again be a blind auction format. The format appeared to be successful last year, but the auction was so small it was hard to tell for sure. So, we're going to give it one more try this year, and see how it does. For the blind format, you simply say how much you're willing to pay for an item, and if your bid is highest, you get to buy it. The big advantage of this system is that you don't need to be present at the end to defend your bids, since no one can see them. Bid whenever it's convenient for you, and go enjoy the rest of the con! Also new this year, the art auction is in a much more obvious place than last year, planted right in the middle of the Dealer's Den. This year, the charity auction will be a fully live auction, on Sunday afternoon, rather than a portion of the art show.

Something else new this year: numbered fursuiter tags! Various staff members will be giving away the tags throughout the weekend, and the criteria for getting one is simple: just be in suit and in the convention space. There's no performance requirement; simply being in the convention is performance enough. I'd like to extend a warm thanks to the volunteers who worked hard to hand-make all of our fursuiter tags, and a thanks to Sparky's Stitches for the numbering work. I'd also like to extend a big thanks to the volunteers and artists who made all the decorations you see around, the content in this con book, and the badges... the con wouldn't feel nearly as radical without their efforts!

Speaking of volunteers, if you happen to notice anything that we can improve (perhaps something we overlooked), please don't wait for the feedback session at the end of the con to let us know; head to con ops and let a staff member know right away, in case we can improve it immediately. Certainly not everything can be made better on-the-fly, but some things can!

Lastly, and most importantly, there are dozens of volunteers who make this convention happen, and it would be impossible without their help. Please join me in thanking them for all of their hard work, so that we can all enjoy Biggest Little Fur Con in Radical 1980s style!

-Tyco
Chairskunk, BLFC 2014

BiggestLittleFurCon [Version 2.00] 2014

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BLFC>dir *con
    1                   Our Charity
    2                   Letter from the Con Chair
    4                   Attendee Policies
    8                   Guests of Honor
    10                  Tubular and To The Max
    12                  BLFC Staff
    18-37               Artwork and Stories
    38                  Dive Club [Recipes]
    41                  The Arcade [Puzzles/Games]
    44                  Graffiti Wall [Signatures]
    46                  Badges

BLFC:\>artwork
          Loading Artwork Volumes...

    7                   Necro Demina
    15                  Tweeko
    21                  Dan Ball Jr
    23                  Thay Rustback
    24                  HL Monte & Dan Ball Jr
    25                  Thornwolf
    28                  AMWulf
    41                  Rock On! Maze Puzzle

BLFC:\>posters
          Loading Movie Poster Volumes...

    20          Labyrinth           NightlineZ
    26          Blues Hounds        CTH
    30          Teen Wuff           Faye
    35          Cyboroo             Empty Set
    36          Miami Vice          Spypolygon

BLFC:\>stories
          Loading Story Volumes...
    18          Good Times          NyeFable
    21          Blind Date          Dan Ball Jr
    27          Musical Mutiny      Eduardo Soliz
    31          Sammy Plays         Cat Prowler

BLFC:\>badges
          Loading Badge Artork Volumes...
          11 Badges Found [Page 46]
        A - Empty Set           G - Tweeko Wolf
        B - Lexi Foxxx          H - Thay Rustback
        C - Zhivago             I - The Gneech
        D - Ryoken Dragon       J - Tweeko Wolf
        E - Lexi Foxxx          K - Spice/Klaude
        F - Thornwolf
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Attendee Policies

Fursuit Heads and 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.

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.

Attendees may not gamble in the convention space; state law requires gambling to occur in licensed casino areas.

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.

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, 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). Note that because of state laws, you cannot sell raffle or drawing tickets.

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.

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.

Attendee Policies

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

Remember that there are other guests in the hotel who are not furries. Please remember that your behavior and appearance will be their first impression of the furry fandom. Respect their personal space; don't approach them unless they invite you for a picture/hug/ etc. Fursuiters: go out with a handler until you have assessed the crowds.

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 dealer 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.

Weapons / Props

This is a casino; they take weapons very seriously. The hotel has stated that no prop weapons of any kind are allowed (and definitely no real weapons). Water guns, nerf guns, air soft guns, silly string, or any other projectiles are also 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 your props to the convention area.

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.

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 only. 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, hungry, 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."

The convention will never sell or give pictures to any media entity.

Attendee Policies

Attendance By 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 is younger than 16 years of age on the date of the convention must present the signed form and must also be accompanied by a parent at all times. Minors under the age of 16 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.

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 or velcro (velcro works better). 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 tape.

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.

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

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.



SIDIAN



Sidian, or Linsey Huish, is a totally badass furry artist who's totally been drawing since she was a child using crayons. She's always loved drawing animals and even "animal people", but started drawing and online-posting rad things like furries and dragons and more furries and even those so-bogus human people around 1998.

Her character, Sidian is totally a dragon! There's gotta be a Totally Bodacious, Rad, Awesome Dragon GoH, right? Like, No Duh! Well, kinda. She's a Khelthaire, which is a dragon, but a mammalian dragon, not, like, one of those totally reptilian, scalie ones.

Sidian grew up in Utah, just north of Salt Lake city, where she's lived all her life. She loves the mountains and has always been a big nature and zoology nut. She lives with her three dogs and two cats, plays WoW (Alliance!), and absolutely loves crab.

Sidian's most recent totally tubular project has been Good Medicine, which is a spin-off of the totally-rad and way-cool Unconditional by Rukis, and has some bodacious cameos of certain otters and other awesome furries!*

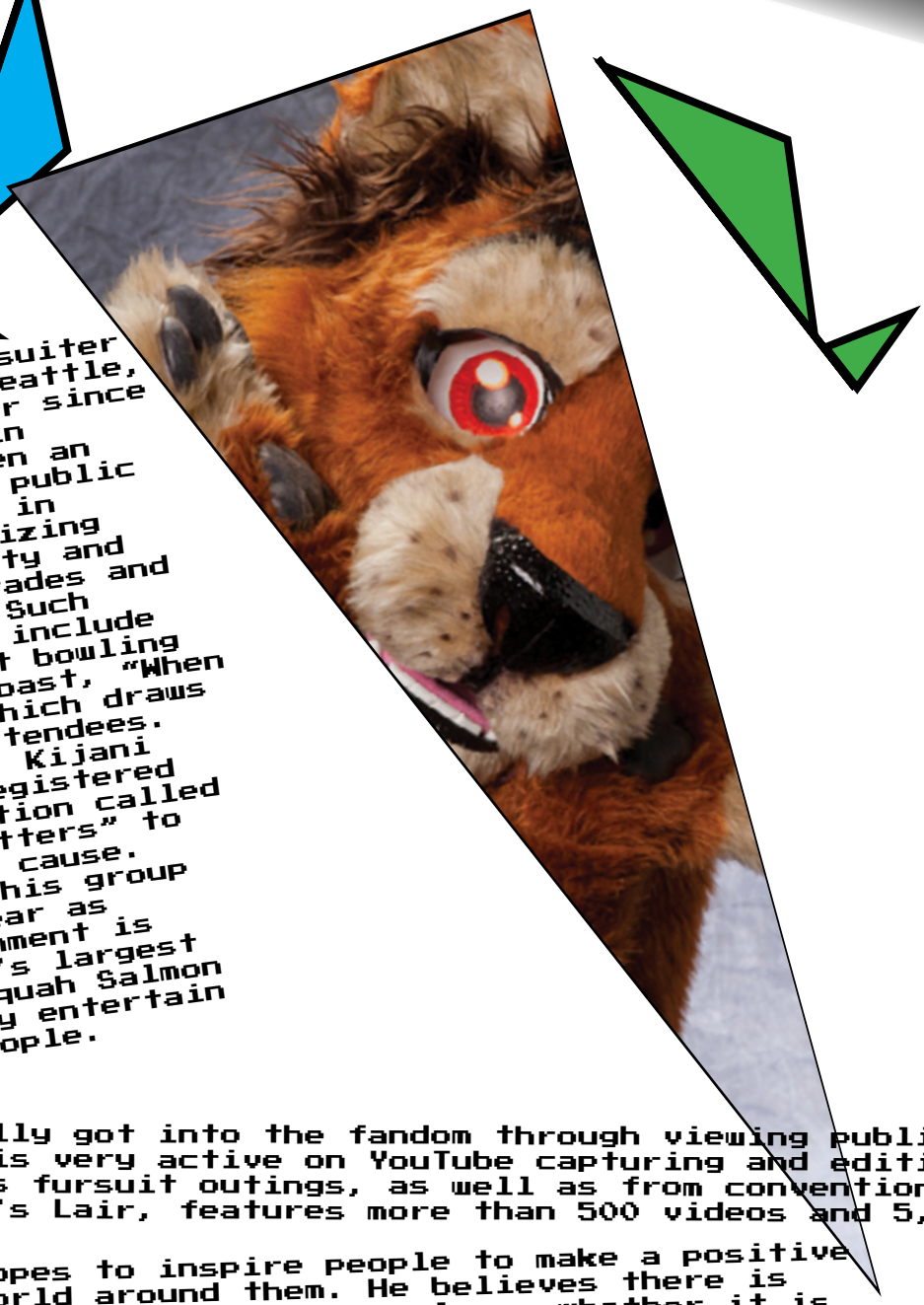
*Warning, though, it's totally for adults, includes some gay themes and may contain some way uncool stuff for minors, so totally get your parents' permission before going to look for it, kids!

Sidian's art has been shown in art shows at many conventions and she totally makes her own shirts to sell as well as takes commissions. She is always willing to chat when she's not working at her table, and has made up a completely gnarly convention etiquette guide. Definitely righteous.

See her at BLFC in the dealer's den!

Find Sidian's work online:
http://www.sidian.net/
http://www.furaffnity.net/user/sidian

KIJANI LION



Kijani is a lion fursuiter who hails from the Seattle, Washington area. Ever since joining the fandom in 2008, Kijani has been an active proponent of public fursuit performance in his hometown, organizing outings for community and charity events, parades and private functions. Such functions he hosts include the largest fursuit bowling meet on the West Coast, "When Furballs Strike" which draws between 150-200 attendees. In September 2013, Kijani founded a state-registered nonprofit organization called "Emerald City Critters" to help further that cause. Among the events his group performs every year as official entertainment is one of the state's largest festivals, "Issaquah Salmon Days," where they entertain about 180,000 people.

Kijani, who originally got into the fandom through viewing public fursuiting videos, is very active on YouTube capturing and editing video of his group's fursuit outings, as well as from conventions. His channel, Kijani's Lair, features more than 500 videos and 5,500 subscribers.

Above all, Kijani hopes to inspire people to make a positive difference in the world around them. He believes there is nothing better than to do something you love, whether it is fursuiting, art, music or anything else, to brighten the lives of others while promoting the incredible creativity of the furry fandom to the public.

When he is not dealing cards in a casino, Kijani enjoys bowling, racquet sports, wildlife photography, collecting anything lion or Lion King-related, and games of all types.

Find Kijani's work online:
https://www.youtube.com/user/lionking300
http://emeraldcitycritters.org/
http://www.furaffnity.net/user/kijanilion

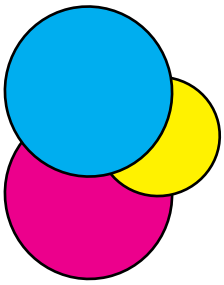
TUBULAR FURRIES

Alizar
Anpumes
Arc
Athaliah
Benjamin Looney
Bjorn Grafeldr
Brelen Yagi
Bryan "Smash" Manternach
COn
Cameron "Animosulo" Gunnin
Chesh
chrisdafur
Cirotin/Bobert
Cody Howl
Cosmopolitan (Cosmo)
Cybercoyote
Dan Perreira
dbj
Dilemma Hedgehog
Dogbomb
DOSFox
EmptySet
Enthkali
ETOH
Felix Gray
Fictive Phillip
Flinters
Frost T. Husky
Frostbite
Gaernin
Genevieve Fox
Gin
Grape Fox
Ivan
J-Walk
Jacques Murrouge
Jaffa
JamJams
Jarrad "Big Bad Friendly Spider-Wolf" Cravens
jillOr
JJ
Jurann
Jurrel
Justin "Millennius" McLean
Kami
Kami
Kane Kisaragi
Katelyn Schwartz
Kauko
Keu
Kile (Kiilay) Draggy
Kytara
Lakota Lutrova
Latte
lexcoyote
likeshine
Limni
Linzer
Loki
Lumin
Mana Araxis
Melodie Duncan
Michael Lucas
Michelle "Snowbunny " Riggs
Motomo wolfbat
MR. SOKI MCFLY
Mutt
Naedere
NaniMoose
Naq Ryba
Nathan Duncan
Nevir
Noah Zeller
Nuum
NyeFable
Patch Packrat
Pike
Randall "Fluffy Death" Musgrave
Reilly
Rex Raccoon
robert goudy
ROM
Roo-ness
Ryoken
Ryu Raccoon
Rzhova
Sanguinon
Sargon
Sean Larkin
Shadow Wolfsbane
ShadowHoof
SiberHamster
Simon "Luprand" Shepherd
Sirus Coyote
Sköll
Skie/Zessa
Skyraider
Soft
SolusKrieger
Sparky
Steve "Kallian" Banyai
Tau
Tiggs
toki
Trail Horse
Tylan
VahnFox
Virgo Redwolf
Weasel
WhyteWolf
Wolfey
Wolfstang
Wyvern Aldinger
x3nofawx
Yonoa
Ywack
Zhivago
Zoren

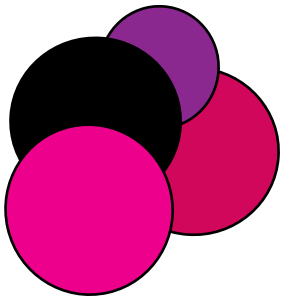


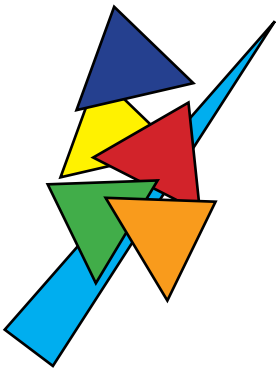
Ajax
Alice Cheshire/Nilla
Rootbeer
Alphapak
Ash
Axel
Barnaby
Base_Progression
Beerskunk
Bella Gryphon
BergBear
Biogodz
Blackfeather Tanfur
Blaferis
BooGz
Boomer
Buck Hopper
Bucker Fuskyote
Budi
Busa
Byn
Cajun
Campion Lapine
Cannon
Celanor
Christopher "Triac" Perry
Cooper Malekyte
Crosscheck Fox
Damek Critou
Damon Husky
Dances With Death
Danny Fraser
darkfur93
DarkLunarShadow
Darth Bear
David Rodriguez
Dep
Dewey
Disco
Dosner
♥ DRINK ME ♥
Eddie
Erratic
Eternally Cloudy
EvanderAngel
Farallon
Fel
Forward
Frosty Orca
Fuzzy
Fuzzypaws
GamerCoon
Gol
Grecko
Growly
GunnerScott
Guppy
HerrAardy
Hiba Akaiko
Huffles
Iauwv Tigerpaw
Icykat
Idlewild
Idylwild
Jaelyn
Jake
Jamie Otterbein
Jason the Bunny
Jaycatt
Jeff "Dax" Bowman
Jeremy Hagerman
Jim "Abbadon" Vose
Jolly Jackal
Jubatu
Kalie Hossick
Kanji Rang
Karwood
Karzai
Kasirith
Kave
Kaysho
Keagos
Ken
Kendall
Kenneth "Sly Knux" Stapler
Kijani
Kirinafa
Kis
Kithrak
Klaude
KLIK
Klovix
Koinu
Korren
krakatu
Kyrro
Lexi Foxxx
little foxxie
LocO
Maere
Melmelmelmel
Morgan
Mystee
Odakota
Orzel
Panictehnawt
Paradox
PentaWolf
Pockytron 5000
Polecat
Quentin Coyote
Quix
Rabit/Beaker
Rain
Raket
redwulf
Reggie
Reveille
D'Giovanetti
Rex Kitsune
Risha "Thay Rust-back" Kapoor
Robert Copeland
Ronin
Rowan Martin
Scy Storm
Sean "CyberKitsune" McClenaghan
Shadow D. Wolf, Esq.
Shenba
Shutaro
Shyhoof
Sidian
SmackJackal
Smuzzle
Snap E. Tiger
Snowycub
Soltris
Soulfire
Spelunker Sal
Spottius
SquidHooves
Star Feralwolfe
Stargazer
Steeleheart Buran
stoicwolf
Stripes
Swagga Assassin
Tanthis al'Kendara
Tarke
Telbasta
Timothy
Trandafir Ruby
Trey!
Treyn
Trigger Happy Squirrel
Trip E. Collie
Tuxedokitty
Tweeko Wuff
UrbisRomae
Vertanir
Vesper Tigyote
Viridis
Wingo
Wolf Pup Totally Kool!
WolfyLion
Woyro
Wuff Paws
Xaff
Xavier Wolfy
Yima
Yuuryuu

BLFG VOLUNTEERS



Alex Woods
Arokh Rimewing
Bart The Husky
Base Progression
Berg Bear
Boomer
Bowtie
Brandon Smith
Cannon
Catprowler
Ceithen
Chrisdafur
Clarissy
Cole Cook
Collin Hoh
Corvus Swiftwing
Damek
David Whitford
Djarums
Djarums's Mumsy
Dragon
Erro
Flare Starfire
Frosty Orca
Groggy
IM Weasel
Jason The Bunny
Juno
Kazu
Kenchan
Keturah
Kieunta
Kyrro Thylacine
Lt. Cypher
Manadragon
Mauzer
Pepper
Reilly
Riio Wolf
Roman
Rukario
Scy Storm
Seawolf
Shadowterm
Shenba
Shiuk
Sitka
Skyline
Smash
Smiling Wolf
The-Everlasting-Ash
Toranin
Treyn Puma
Triac
Tyce M. Fox (Elisa)
Tyco
Wayakin
Xavier Wolfy
Yima Qwin
Zoren





FLARE

FLARE is an organization that specializes in event operations, logistics and customer interaction. Founded in 1988, FLARE works primarily in the convention world, usually those aimed around Sci-Fi/Fantasy/Fur/Anime themes.

FLARE is at the convention to ensure everyone has as good time as they can without hurting themselves, hurting anyone else, or being hassled by the rest of the world. FLARE is a buffer, providing a first-contact point for convention staff and attendees for issues where someone is behaving in a way which violates the convention's policies, the hotel policies (or is just being a jerk.) FLARE also acts as an interface with hotel security and local law enforcement or emergency services personnel.

FLARE is available during the entire convention. You can reach FLARE near Registration or by simply asking a person wearing a radio. Please feel free to contact FLARE if:

- You need minor medical assistance (bandage, etc.)
- You are having trouble with another attendee or staff member's behavior
- You have an item that should be placed into Lost and Found
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- You discover damaged property belonging to the hotel or convention

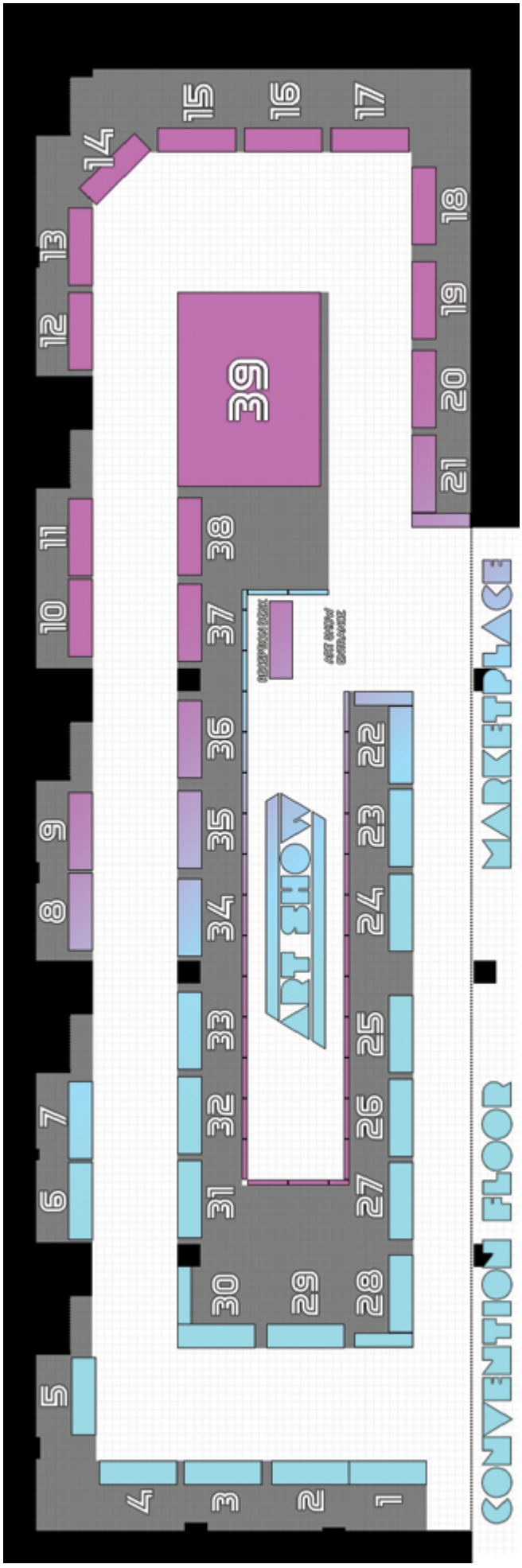
If you're not sure if you need to talk to FLARE for your issue, feel free to stop by anyway. If we can't help we'll happily to direct you to the correct department.

Thanks and have a great con!

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FLARE Leads:
Julie "Jade" Koda
Alan Anderson

Secretary:
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Dealers

1&2	Anthrowear
3	Sleepy Puppy Plushies
4&5	Rabbit Valley
6	Jarlidium Pres
7	Ruderoo Design by Flinters
8&9	Kendavi
10	Bedlam Badges
11	Vivid Civet & Dzi
12	Rozga
13	Cooner Arts & Gideon's Corral
14	Hyena Agenda
15	Likeshine
16	Pmoss & Onnanoko
17	Anastasia 'Balaa' Korochansckaja
18	Myrtle's Monsters
19	Danji-Isthmus
20	Vahnfox & NecroDrone
21	ThayRustback/Pawsitively Furry
22	Thornwolf
23	Kilcodo Costumes & Cartoons
24	Spelunker Sal
25	Mitti
26	jill0r
27	Mary Mouse
28	Con*tact Caffeine
29	Arctic K9 Creations
30	Sidian
31	Graveyard Greg & Khranos
32	Redwulf
33	GuiltyFox Apparel
34	Twilight Studios DX
35	Kaybat
36	Yuuryuu
37	Capricanis Bath Co.
39	Bad Dragon

Marketplace

WarhorseWorkshop
Tunny
Brown Wolf
Sirod
Bix707
SpynOff
Vivid Civet & Dzi
Yonoa
Wrenkit
Ruby
Etuix
Kyralie
Leachy
Glowsheep
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Idess
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Further Confusion Presents

LONDON FOG:

a Victorian Murder Mystery



January 15th - 19th, 2015, San Jose California

Good Times

by NyeFable

"Did you get it going, yet?" asked an excited dalmatian. With an ecstatic smile and whipping tail, the dog's patience was waring thin. He stood with his paws on his knees and leaned towards a screen, blank and void.

"Hold on, Trev! I have two more things to plug in." The denim rump and bushy tail of a raccoon protruded from behind a tower of equipment. A blast of sound broke around the room. An 8-bit jingle played in wait. Trevor, the dalmatian, let out a bark of excitement and instantly grabbed at a controller as he continued to watch the void screen. Almost an instant, though way too long for the dog, the screen popped with beloved soft colored pixels.

"Finally! I haven't played this in years. Your turn is after me, Shane."

Before the raccoon could crawl out from the media tower, the game had already started. A tiny figure in overalls dashed across platforms, blocks, and bricks. The pixel-character vanished down a pipe just as a border collie walked in on the dalmatian and raccoon. A large, sealed box weighted down his arms.

"Guys, the truck isn't finished being unloaded yet. I have a ton more of my childhood to bring in."

Shane, the raccoon, stuck his tongue out at the collie. "Someone couldn't wait," he said with a nod to the other dog. Shane approached the open door to the outside and truck, but was interrupted by a coyote coming in with another box.

"Traffic jam?" asked Will before seeing the dalmatian finishing up the level. A flag rose and the game character vanished into the next stage. "Oh! I wanna play."

Suddenly Shane had the box and the 'yote was free of his cargo. The collie sighed and set his box to the side to retrieve his next load. "You guys are going to want what's in the last box!" There was a flirt in his voice that even drew the dalmatian from the screen.

Trev asked of the collie, "what's in the box, Matt?"

"Some buckets... of blocks."

'Pause' appeared on the screen and the dalmatian squinted his eyes at the collie. "How many?"

No response came as Matt slipped out to the truck. Shane quickly set aside his box and the coyote and dalmatian parted the classic system to get to work. After two trips each, the collie's living room was littered with boxes filled with his youth. Now completed, he could shut his front door and take a seat and enjoy his old spoils.

"Is that all?" whimpered Shane. Matt nodded. A large part of the floor remained open to make room for the little building blocks. Three large buckets of the lively colored blocks were pried from their packing box.

"How long has it been since you've seen any of this stuff, Matt?" asked Will, the coyote. As Shane and Trevor got to work on the foundations of a great block-city, the coyote and collie shifted through the memories.

"I haven't seen most of this since I was in grade school. Look at this!" A hollow, black brick with buttons on the side held it's mouth open for the next cassette. Will took the music player and snickered. Matt found an old tape and shared it with the coyote. Within moments a classic voice staggered through the static of an old, warn device.

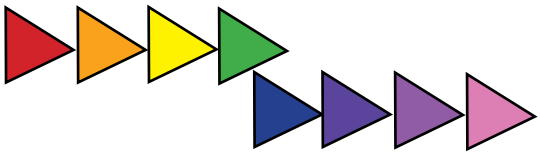
After finishing the blue roof on the red house, Shane looked up to the music. "Billy Joel? Nice!"

Will set aside the player and reached into the box next to him. An inhale of excitement preceded the squeal of jubilation. Out came a plastic toy, meant to be worn on the back, connected by a cord to an equally plastic gun. "I love this movie!" gasped the coyote. "We're all going ghost hunting tonight!"

Another squeal came from the 'yote as Matt handed him a plastic trap with a foot-press attached.

"Man, I had some great times with this stuff. I would play the theme song on the music player and hunt around the barn at my folks' place." Matt grinned longingly at the toys that Will pulled out. Not all of it had to do with capturing ghosts. Spaceships, spacemen, mutant super heroes, mutant hybrid heroes, strange monsters, toy cars, and kiddy props from classic films. There were even a few lunchboxes.

By now, the dalmatian had built a castle next to the raccoon's rocket ship.



"Man, I had some great times with this stuff. I would play the theme song on the music player and hunt around the barn at my folks' place." Matt grinned longingly at the toys that Will pulled out. Not all of it had to do with capturing ghosts. Spaceships, spacemen, mutant super heroes, mutant hybrid heroes, strange monsters, toy cars, and kiddy props from classic films. There were even a few lunchboxes.

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Matt broke into another box and pulled out old photo albums and story books. "I used to go everywhere on my bike. There were hills on the farm that I could jump. There were hills I couldn't, too. Good times."

Will was investigating the box of old video tapes. "Good, good, good, ehh-okay, decent... I didn't like this one. The puppets were weird!"

"Did they scare you, coyote?" provoked the raccoon.

"Not as bad as 80's work out videos!" The coyote lifted up a video of a sleek feminine cat in a one-piece and a headband. "Why do you have this, Matt?"

Blood rushed the the collie's cheeks, covered by fur. There was no masking the unease in his voice. "Of course not! It was my mom's."

Laughing interrupted the architects from their banks and naval ships. "And I'm sure she's still wondering where it went!" joked the dalmatian.

"Shut up!"

Aggressive paws snagged the tape from Will, and the collie's shoe kicked into the multicolored prison. Pieces scattered across the snickering raccoon and dalmatian.

"Remember the cartoons?" asked Will.

"Finish homework Friday, watch cartoons as soon as you get up on Saturday!" reminisced Shane.

A scoff broke from Trevor. The dalmatian thumped his tail as he started on his skyscraper. "Homework was for Sunday. Who worked on Friday night?"

"Wake up, watch cartoons, eat, more cartoons, play with toys, make up adventures, get into trouble, visit the arcade... that was a good time," shared the coyote.

"Cartoons actually had good intros, too!" barked the collie.

"I'd watch the show just because of the intro, sometimes."

"Same, Shane," said the dalmatian as a plastic tree was added to the top of a rainbow pyramid.

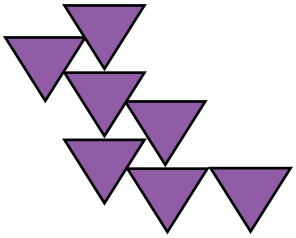
Matt browsed through the boxes. Most were junk now to him, packed away when his parents didn't want to throw things out. Some treasure resurfaced, though: video games, action figures, movies, music cassettes, toys, make believes, adventures, dreams, memories. A staggered sigh came from the collie. He shoved aside some of the boxes and made room for himself next to his two friends, three when the coyote joined them. Four friends stacked colored blocks together.

"What are we going to build?" asked Matt.

"Whatever we want," answered Trevor with enthusiasm. "I still want to beat you all at some of those games, too!"

They built big things, delicate things, something colorful, something silly, they build fun things, they built nothing, they built lots of things. They built houses and cars, they built planes and helicopters. Three buckets of blocks were quickly dispensed between the four. In the end, each built their own icon of their childhood: a giant game controller by the dalmatian, an action hero's weapon by the raccoon, a ghost hunter by the coyote, and a bad attempt at the cat in the headband by the collie. When all was done, they stood up, left their creations on a table. They turned off the game system, and the three friends eventually headed out to their adult lives.

Matt stretched and sealed his house and got himself ready for the next day. He left the built toys on his table even after the rest of his boxes were placed into storage. Each time he passed the built memories all he would breath to himself, "Good times."




LABYRINTH
Nightinez

Blind Date

by Dan Ball Jr

The green eared bunny yawned as he stretched out, and idly glanced around the café bored. He sipped his coffee as he waited for his blind date to show up. His tail flickered idly, as he scritched his blue dyed fur underneath his bright pink shirt with the logo of his favorite rock band.

He heard the door jingle, and saw a handsome lion pad in. The lion was wearing bright blue shorts, and a neon green shirt with a punk rock band logo. His tail was dyed in rainbow colors, and the bunny got slightly mesmerized briefly as he watched it swish back and forth, as the lion looked around.

The lion soon spotted the blue furred rabbit with green ears, and approached him. "Hey. You must be Dave. I'm Mark," the lion rumbled as he extended a paw to shake the bunny's.

"Yup that's me. Nice to meet you, and glad you answered my ad," Dave remarked back with a slight blush.

"Yeah it sounded interesting. Good to meet you as well," Mark replied as he sat down across from the rabbit.

"So what would you like to do?" the lion asked as he ordered a drink from the menu.

"Well how about we eat something and then go work out briefly at the gym?" Dave replied back.

"Yeah that sounds like a tubular start to things," mark remarked. "I enjoy working out with others."

"I know I'm not all that buff, but I like to try to stay fit in between classes and such," Dave replied.

Mark nodded, and soon stretched his legs out as he sipped his meat malt, and they ordered a quick and simple meal. They soon finished their food, and paid the bill. They soon waited for the bus and kept making small talk to each other.

They discovered they liked similar books and bands. "So cool we like similar things dude," Dave remarked.

"Yeah totally rad." Mark replied with a smile.

They soon reached their stop closest to the local gym. "So what would you like to start with?" Mark asked as they signed in and went into the locker rooms to change into work out clothes.

"How about some weight lifting first, and then move into treadmill work?" Dave responded. Mark nodded. "Sounds radical," he responded back, and glanced discretely at the bunny's brief naked bod as they slipped into shorts. Dave glanced back briefly at Mark's own hot bod when he looked away.

Shortly they soon spotted each other on small weight lifting for several reps, before moving higher up. As they worked out and counted each rep they did, they idly glanced around at others working out as well and admired each fur's determination to do work outs in the bright colored clothes and leg warmers/etc everyone wore as was the norm.



After 25 reps, Dave switched places with Mark and soon spotted him. Mark grunted softly as he shoved the slightly bigger weight limit up and down, sweat already forming as he soon stopped after doing 30 reps.

"Whee. Been awhile since did that many," Mark remarked, wiping his brow and took a drink of water from his water bottle. "Yeah same here as well," Dave grunted back, and helped Mark wipe down the machine, as was the gym rules.

They took a quick breather, gulping down water before moving on to the treadmills, admiring several hot male buns as they padded by.

"So many sexy guys around here," they both thought to each other, but still liking their company together.

Dave and Mark soon stepped up to the free treadmills, and start a brisk walk while watching a nature scene unfold on the monitor. The slow trot soon turned into a brisk run, as the speed increased during their work out. The rabbit and lion soon felt their legs start to ache along with their already aching slightly arm muscles from weight lifting.

The nature scene shifted with their speed, and made them feel as if they were really running through the woods on a trail. They continued to work out for a few more minutes, before decided to call it a day.

As they gulped down water after wiping down the machines, "So what would you like to do next?" Dave asked.

Mark flicked his tail as he thought. "Well there's a concert of one of our bands playing tonight if you're game to go." He responded.

"Radical. That sounds like a gnarly time," Dave replied. They soon went into the locker room to change out of their dirty work out clothes.

"Want to hit the arcade while we wait for the concert to start?" Dave asked.

"Sure sounds great. I've heard there's a new game called pac man out. Been wanting to try it," Mark remarked.

They soon arrived at the arcade, and numerous teens and others where hanging out and playing various games. They glanced around and saw several pac man machines being used. They peered over shoulders as they watched curiously to see what the game was like, before attempting to play themselves.

A crowd of kids were yelling and screaming as several players were engaged in a game. They soon lost, despite being close and reaching quite a high level.

"Well this looks simple, but challenging. Shall we play?" Mark asked.

"Yeah it looks rad," Dave replied.

They soon put in quarters and started to play. The little blob zigged and zagged around all over as they tried to beat the ghosts. "Damn this is harder than it looks," Mark remarked. "But it's still addicting to try to beat other's scores."

"Yeah I so want to keep going," Dave muttered as he kept trying to out do Mark in the game. They both soon reached a decent score, before giving up as they ran out of quarters and the concert was starting soon.

"Well that was fun. Let's get going before the line gets too long," Mark grunted.

"Yeah sounds good to me," Dave remarked, as they soon left the arcade and got into line to see one of their favorite bands.

After a few hours of being in line and buying their tickets, everyone started to grind against each other as they danced to the beat of the heavy loud metal music starting to blare from the stage.

The band soon started to sing their guttural lyrics of punk. Dave and Mark sang along to the lyrics as they gyrated their hips against each other and enjoyed the lights flashing all over, as the band kept playing.

The concert soon ended several hours, and Mark and Dave padded out with smiles. "Well that was a lot of fun. I look forward to hanging out with you again soon," Mark rumbled.

Dave leaned in to give Mark a quick smooch on the check. "Yeah I've had a lot of fun too. So tubular to have been with you."

They soon went their separate ways, waving good bye as they caught their own different buses home as they lived in opposite sides of the city, but exchanged numbers so they could keep in touch, obviously.

They went to sleep with smiles on their faces and dreamed of being together again soon, and hopefully being more than friends later on if it worked out.


Risha “Thay Rustback” Kapoor 2014
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Musical Mutiny

by Eduardo Soliz

"For the last time, we're done with you, Bob!" Gonzales yelled. "No more stupid suits and stupid ties, no more synthesizers, no more of your disposable pop trash!"

The rat wore a leather jacket, leather pants and his headfur was arranged in orange spikes. An unlit cigarette perpetually hung out of one side of his mouth despite his outburst. Standing across from him, Bob the bear stared back in disbelief, tightly gripping the pair of drumsticks that he held in his right handpaw. He was wearing a light blue button down shirt with a skinny black tie and grey slacks. Three other furs dressed like Gonzales sat on a nearby sofa and watched.

"So just like that, no more Big Bob's Big Band?" The drummer asked.

"Yeah. Just like that." Gonzales answered, snapping his fingers to make his point. "No more, 'Blob.' This is my band now and we ain't playing any more fuzzing pop-rock. We're the Seizure Pups now, and we're going to be playing this battle of the bands! Ain't that right, guys?" Gonzales sneered. He glanced over at the couch, where the three seated furs nodded their heads in agreement. One of them, a slender female mouse wearing a black T-shirt and short leather shorts, got up off the couch and walked over to Bob.

"I'm so sorry, Bob, but the rest of us are moving on. The old band was a lot of fun, but we want to do more with our music now. We have a message to send." She said.

"Dressed in black leather? What's the message, Jenny? Somebody died?" Bob scoffed.

Gonzales walked in between Bob and Jenny and turned to her before he spoke. "You're wasting your time, Jen. I told you he wouldn't get it. Let's leave this poser and his sappy pop rock behind. You wanna be Huey Lewis and the Newts, you go right ahead, Bob, but we're gonna show this town what real rock and roll is!" The rat walked over to a guitar, picked it up from its stand and exited the dressing room. Jenny and the two remaining furs on the couch followed him, leaving Bob alone in the dressing room.

As they walked towards the stage, Kyle, the band's singer, told Gonzales, "Dude, that was pretty harsh."

The guitarist let out a sigh, "Had to be done, cat. Bob's a nice guy, but we weren't going anywhere with him in charge."

"I guess not. Who are we up against?" Kyle asked.

"I dunno, some bunch of loser birds from Washington or something. Who cares! We got this! Let's go make history, Seizure Pups!" Gonzales cried. He ran up the stairs leading to the stage and raised his fists in the air.

Bob had exited the dressing room just in time to see the Seizure Pups take the stage. He let out a sigh and stared at the floor while listening to the applause of the audience.

A moment passed and then a sleepy-sounding voice asked "Hey bear-dude, shouldn't you be on stage?" Bob snapped out of his daze and turned around to see three teenaged ospreys dressed in baggy jeans and ragged shirts.

"Huh?" Bob said. "Oh. Not anymore. I just got kicked out of my own band."

"Wow. That's rough, bear-dude. Since you're a free agent now, think you could play with us? We kinda forgot to bring our drummer." The tallest osprey asked.

"Seriously?" Bob asked, tilting his head in disbelief.

"Yeah, we're kinda new at this." The bird confessed, smiling. "Just keep a beat and we'll follow, dude. Or you can follow us, our songs aren't too fast so you should be okay."

"If you don't mind my being dressed like this, I'd be glad to." Bob said, smiling. He offered his left handpaw. "The name's Bob."

The osprey took Bob's handpaw in both of his and shook it. "Awesome! You're a life-saver, bear-bro!" He said. The other two ospreys smiled and offered their hands.

"So what's the name of the band?" Bob asked enthusiastically while he shook the other band members' hands.

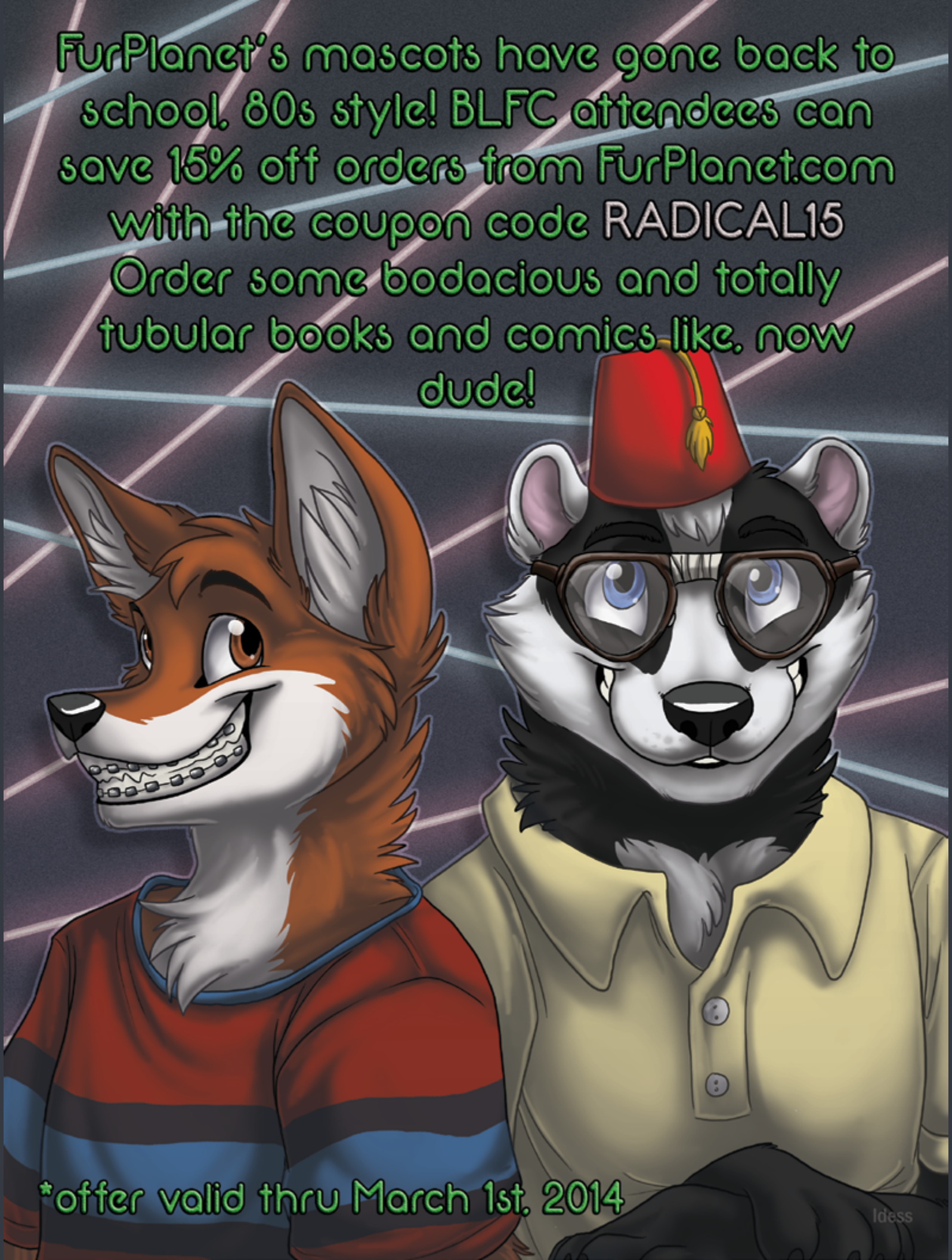
"We've gone through a couple, but we're pretty sure we're going to settle on 'Nirvana.' Whattaya think, Bob?" The tall osprey asked.

Bob thought for a moment. "It's got a nice ring to it."

BLEC



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TEEN
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MARCH 28 2014

Sammy Plays

by Cat Prowler

Sam kept singing and playing, even though no one was paying attention as he stood on the small stage at the back of the bar. He was surprised there was anyone who showed up here after what happened the previous night. Sam had been promised a hundred bucks to play for three days but the large group of rowdy half drunk canines that came in Friday night had ruined everything.

The skunk had stopped playing and stepped back when the first few glasses has smashed to the floor. With over a dozen men jostling and shoving it was quickly heading to an all out brawl, when the owner lept onto the stage and ordered Sam to turn around quick. He had thought of nothing but obeying his current employer until his tail was yanked high, "Everyone stop now or I'll hose you with the Skunk!!"

Samuel Terbitt had never been more horrified in his life as his rear was aimed off stage and tail high. Never mind that he was still wearing pants, several patrons screamed and dozens scattered for the two exits or hid themselves beneath booths and tables.

"I've taken enough of your crap, Trake, take your friends and get out!" The owner commanded while Sam stared at the wall shaking in embarrassment while he waited for the instructions to end and his tail released. Locked in a filthy stall he had cried in frustration and anger. People were so stupid, every day he heard some scent comment or joke but to think he would actually spray someone, never!

Sam gazed out at the few groups and half dozen loners scattered through the bar consuming their alcohol. None were paying him any attention and just to prove it to himself he altered the words, "... and all we wanna do is... just be free."

He stopped playing and set his guitar on the stand. He did get a slight head shake of a response from the bar tender, who was probably the only one who noticed the wrong words, as he stepped down for a break.

Life sucked. Sam had been trying for nearly three years for his chance to get a real break. He spent all he made on audition tapes and travels to record companies for meetings. Every single one of them had ended the same. "You're not quite what were looking for." Compliments vanished and promises flew out he window once he actually got a face to face meeting.

In truth they only half cared about the music and his abilities. The other half 'The Image' he lacked; Rocking Hounds, Tall Equines, Seductive Felines, Dominate Wolves, or even the weird painted faces of a bat group with long tongues. It was about the image – as much as the music – that dominated the industry.

He was more than a little surprised when he got back to the small stage to see a slightly pudgy Chinchilla inspecting his guitar. Seeing himself caught the rodent asked, "You got a better axe?" He stated waving his Yamaha.

"Not that I'd bring to a dive like this." Sam answered.

"Good you're gonna need a real axe if you're gonna rock. Name's Tony and if you got two hundred I can get you a real chance." The chin offered.

Sam snorted grabbing his guitar back, he had spent far to much money on supposed agents and sleaze buckets with promises.

"Hey!!" He shouted as Tony caught the cord and yanked hard enough to pull the plug.

"Stop and Listen Samuel; or are you going to keep ruining good music for fun? Yes I've heard you play, a few times in fact. It's simple: I want to be an agent but no one wants me. I won't take any of your money until after you get you're first record understand?"

"Then what's the two hundred for?" Sam countered.

"Simple, there is an open rock concert. There calling it a battle of the bands, but that's a laugh. Really, they're all about money. Five hundred for each of the twenty spots, you get six minutes to do whatever you want and the crowd decides the winners. I got two open spots, third then fifteenth. My group had some 'creative differences.'" The chinchilla growled. "And my second act is no good without some serious help. I'm offering you both spots, the money is only to change the names. I've already paid them all the fees, but they want more to switch people, one hundred a spot."

Sam considered carefully, a chance on stage might really be what he needed, and in six minutes he might be able to do two of his songs. "What if I only want one spot?"

"Not gonna happen. We need to set you up if we're really going to make this work. Or did you forget last night?" Sam shuddered. "Trust me, I have a plan but we kinda have to leave tonight. I'll drive. We're headed to Oakland." Sam gave a little bark of laughter at the thought, he was so ready to ditch this town and not just because of last night.

The skunk had already tramped his way through New York and half a dozen other cities including Nashville. Maybe the west coast was a better option now.

"Fine." He spoke, taking the cord from Tony and staring to pack up his equipment.

In just over an hour he had his suitcase and equipment packed in the back of Tony's Cadillac. He took one last look at the hotel he had spent the last two weeks in and mentally said goodbye to the entire town. Two hundred was going to be a serious chunk of what he had left, even if he included the sixty he had gotten out of the bar, but if he had to he would just chalk this up to a very expensive ride to Oakland.

Ten days later Sam was staring at his image in the mirror. Tony's plan was near insane, but it would give him a real shot when he was up on stage the second time. He gave a few poses, twitching his tail. The entire thing had been wrapped up then stuffed into a long sock of red, purple, and light green. If those colors weren't bad enough, his white stripe had been charcoaled, and his belly was now a combination of pink, gold, and blue. It came close to making his eyes hurt, if it weren't for the majority of his body being black. One thing was for sure though: no one would take him seriously, and all the extra stares told him it was working well. It was almost too bad all this work was nothing but a set up, a huge intro for his top song that he would play the second time he went out.

He got an entire band to stop and stare as he struck a few more poses before they shook their heads and left. A fool's appearance for a fool's show. The only thing that made him unhappy was Tony had insisted he played one of his own songs, 'Little Boy'. It was probably his most versatile. The song was meant to be a slower song but he could speed it up, add a few extra rifts, and then slow it down near the end. Two hundred dollars was what he was paying to walk out on stage, as a skunk, and try to knock them flat. That was close to what he had paid for his first recording of the same song years ago.

"Flip, you're next!" Someone called out.

It was a light poke to his back that got his attention, "Hey that's you." Tracy spoke. She was another skunk, and Sam had no clue what she meant to Tony, but she was always ready to help out. She was more than a little standoffish, and near rude at times, but Sam had earned a good deal of respect from her when she heard him play.

"I would say don't screw it up, but you're bound to do that." She told him with a grin, walking away.

"Hey, just be here when I get back!" He called after her. He had just over an hour-and-a-half before he was supposed to be back on stage, and he was going to need her help to get his tail fixed and his fur cleaned and dried before his second appearance.

"And now, for your third performer: FlllliiiPPPP!" Sam skipped out as the name was called, feeling more than foolish and glad no one could see him blush as he plugged his cheaper Yamaha in. Several of the bands had planned introductions, but he just picked out a few cords before twanging the strings and clearing his throat. "Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be equines." He crooned out. "They're always alone and... What?" Sam shouted at the guy toward the front who had jumped up shouting something at him.

"What?" He asked again standing up and flicking his tail wildly as he walked towards the side of the stage nodding like he was getting directions. "Sorry Folks." He still spoke with a hard country accent. "They tell me y'all wanna ROCK!!" He said, leaning in and screaming into the microphone.

He dropped his tail down low, swinging slowly back and forth as he shifted his hips, "Well it's one for the money." *Strum Strum* "Two for the show." *Strum Strum* "Three to get readyyy...WHAT!!" He yelled at the audience, who was now muttering, and some openly jeered at him. Again he leaned in close to the mic, but this time spoke quietly.

"I guess you really want to rock." He grabbed everyone's attention as he kneed his guitar air-ward, grabbing the neck, and giving it several careful spins. He lifted his leg as he brought the guitar back down, balancing it on his knee while standing on one leg. He twisted his tail around the head of the guitar and looked at the audience. Sam played the frets like it was a keyboard, dancing up the scales with his fingers leaving most of the listeners staring. Still balancing on one foot, he started the opening cords to the hit song 'Bad to the Bone'.

Putting his foot back down, he shifted his guitar back to his chest during the third pause. "You all came to rock." *Stomp Stomp* "So I'll show you rock." *Stomp Stomp* He took a deep breath and spoke slowly like an announcer, "For your listening pleasure, my song called 'Little Boy'."

It was dirty as he burned through the start of the song at twice the speed it was meant to be played. Glancing at the timer aimed at the stage he read 3:22 just enough time. "Oh Little Boy standing by the water. Staring at the ripples coming in..." Sam sang until the last verse suddenly slowing down and dropping his voice making it deeper. "Oh, oh, young man still standing by the water wondering if life still lies within. Oh young man searching through the water. Live was never in the reflection, but withinnnn."

Just a few scattered applause were given as Sam spun once, making his tail do its own little dance and getting it caught on the guitar's cord before he pulled it away. 0:41. Still enough time, and the whole reason he was up here.

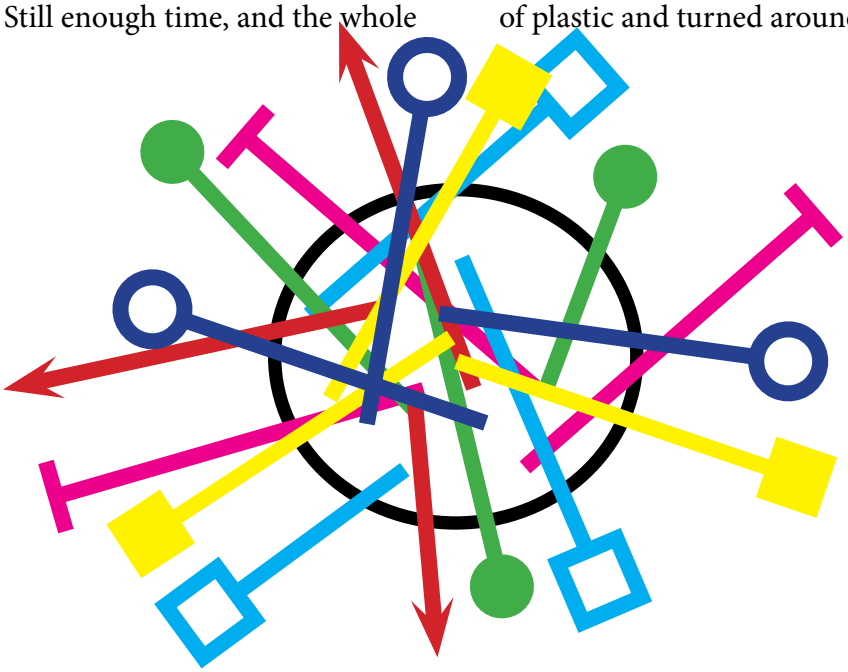
"It's the Ram not the rain that will drive you insane. And Ewe better watch it if he's sniffing near your pocket. ~ Because its me and you, and me and you, and all we wanna do is Screw, Screw, Screw!!"

Sam knew he had a stunned the entire audience. Not just with the sudden loud voice and music, but the lyrics as well had grabbed their attention. The silence held for several second before he took the microphone stand in hand, leaning it forward and speaking softly. "Well times up. Maybe next time." With a yank and a crackle in feedback he pulled the plug out, and tossed the cord across the stage walking off in the other direction, leaving the entire place scratching their heads.

The skunk couldn't help but shiver as he walked out onto the stage; this time with his prized Gibson strapped over his shoulder, dressed in jeans and a black leather vest, with a guitar pick he held in one hand. "Here is your number fifteen spot: Sammy Wonder!"

He kept his feet moving, wondering who had though up the name, as he looked over the stage. Obviously, they were preparing the next act, since there was already a set of drums and stands for keyboards, along with the stool and mic he had asked for.

Just as he got close, he 'accidentally' dropped the pick, giving a embarrassed little grin as he bent over aiming his rear to the audience and lifting his tail high. As expected there were multiple gasp and a few shrieks of worry as he picked up the small piece of plastic and turned around.



"You people are sick!" He shouted out to the audience, and with a flick sent the pick spinning out into the air. Grabbing the microphone, he spoke out, "You all came here to listen to Rock and Roll by up-and-coming musicians. If you're all too stupid to see past the person, you'll never hear the music... OH, and you should all know something: YOU can never rock unless you're ready to ROCK!!... I hope your ready." He put out a few rifts after plugging in his guitar, still proud of how it looked and sounded each time he used it, watching as it gleamed in the stage lights.

He started the intro, and the opening lyrics that were simple, just made to pull people in before he started out with a bit of a shock, "... and it's not a Boar when he's gonna leave you sore. ~ Because it's me and you, and me and you, and all we wanna do is Screw, Screw, Screw!!"

There was total silence for several seconds, with more than a few mouths left open staring at the stage. "Yeah, that's right, me again. I dropped the clown act to show you that a skunk could rock. From the TOP!" Sam shouted pointing one finger in the air.

This time, on the third cord, there was a bang from behind him, followed by a thump that drew his attention to the drum set behind him. A quick glance back showed him little of the shadowed figure behind him that was playing. He just hoped the guy could keep up with his song.

By the time he came back around to the chorus, he had no problems with the drummer, who was now emphasizing the beat of the last three words. He watched the audience getting into the song as he stamped his foot a few times. "Whether a Stallion or a Mare, you really shouldn't care but if you're doing the banging, than you better be hanging."

He couldn't keep the silly little smile off his muzzle from the giddy feeling inside as he brought out the next verse of innuendos, bringing things back again to the chorus. Since it was the second to last, he grabbed the microphone stand aiming the whole thing at the audience and pointed, listening to dozens of people shout back 'Screw, Screw, Screw!'.

Sam had never felt so high before rocking out his last verse, all in anticipation of the end.

"But you'd better remember when you're using my member that it's ME.." He yanked the mic from the stand and pointed at the audience –YOU- "And ME.." -AND YOU- "And when we get together we just.." -SCREW, SCREW, SCREW!!-

He ended up repeating the chorus again with the audiences full participation drawing back at the end, "Oh Yeeaaaah!"

The skunk took several panting breaths, trying to calm down enough to talk, "Now that's ROCK!" He shouted jamming the mic back into the stand, listening as the crowd cheered while he carefully pulled the cord from his guitar and once again tossed it across the stage.

Sam turned to leave and stopped, completely floored as Tracy walked forward from the drums. She wore the barest tight half-shirt and even smaller skirt as she grabbed his elbow, turning them to bow again at the audience amidst screams and shouts. Several of the cries were suddenly silenced as she gave him a wicked grin and turned around lifting her tail high.

Unable to help his own naughty thought, Sam gave a small swat to the barely covered rear, watching as she spun away, looking upset for several seconds before putting up another big grin and crooking a finger as she strutted off stage with extra rear wiggle. There were roars, whistles, and cat calls as he gave a thumbs up and followed. As he floated off stage he knew one thing sure, whether he won or not, they weren't going to be able to forget Sammy Wonder.




CYBOROO Z
In the year 1998, the killer cybernetic marsupials will rise again.
Now it's up to one dingo to defend the Earth.
EXTREME VIOLENCE
EXTREME ACTION
EXTREMELY EXTREME
Featuring the song "Take My Barks Away" by Furlin
BLFC Presents a Fox Wolfenhorse Production
Arnold Schwartzistmitdu "Cyboroo 2" Dingo 'the Dingo' Dyngo, Sharon Bone, Adam Rooman and M. Su Pyal
Make-Up Effects by Hu Keyers · Exectutive Producer Wier Richer
Written by Monkeys on Typewriters · Produced by Buck Boomer
An PICTURES Release Directed by James Tamerin
©1985 Knotty Studios. All Rights Not-So-Reserved
R
REALLY BAD
NOT APPROPRIATE FOR ANYONE EXPECTING GOOD DIALOGUE



SPYPOLYGON

SNAFU 2014

Sierra Nevada Anime Fans Unite



October
24th, 25th, 26th.

Grand Sierra Resort
in Reno,NV

All-Ages Programming
Video & Tabletop Gaming
Artist Alley
Dealer's Room
Dancing
Cosplay
Guests
Video Rooms
Panel Rooms
Open All Night!

Visit our website for more information

www.snafucon.com

Oreo Cookie Truffles

1 package (18oz) Oreo Cookies
1 package (8oz) Cream Cheese
1 package (12oz-14oz) colored melt-away chocolates
1 tube brown decorating icing w/ writing tip.

Process oreos to crumbs in a processor, add cream cheese and continue to process until blended. Divide into 24 portions. Working one at a time, roll around to form balls. Place on wax paper lined baking sheet and freeze until solid.

Meanwhile microwave the chocolate until melted. Using two forks, dip balls into the chocolate until all sides are coated, then move back to baking sheet. When truffles set, draw designs like basketballs or bats and things. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

OMG OMG OMG I ate two my blood sugar is gonna kill me if I make and eat more!

by Cat Prowler



DIVE CLUB RECIPES

Totally 80s Fox Cookies

3/4 cup Shortening
1 stick Unsalted Butter or Margarine, softened
2/3 cup Sugar
1 cup Pre-sweetened Kool-Aid, your favorite flavor
2 Eggs
3 cups All-Purpose Flour
3/4 tsp Salt
2-1/2 tsp Baking Powder

Cream shortening, butter, sugar, and Kool-Aid together with a mixer. Add eggs, combine well. In a separate bowl, sift together remaining ingredients and add carefully to sugar mixture. Mix well. Wrap dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate overnight. Roll dough carefully to 1/4 inch thick. Cut with cookie cutters. Bake at 375 degrees for 7-10 minutes on an ungreased cookie sheet. Cool on a wire rack.

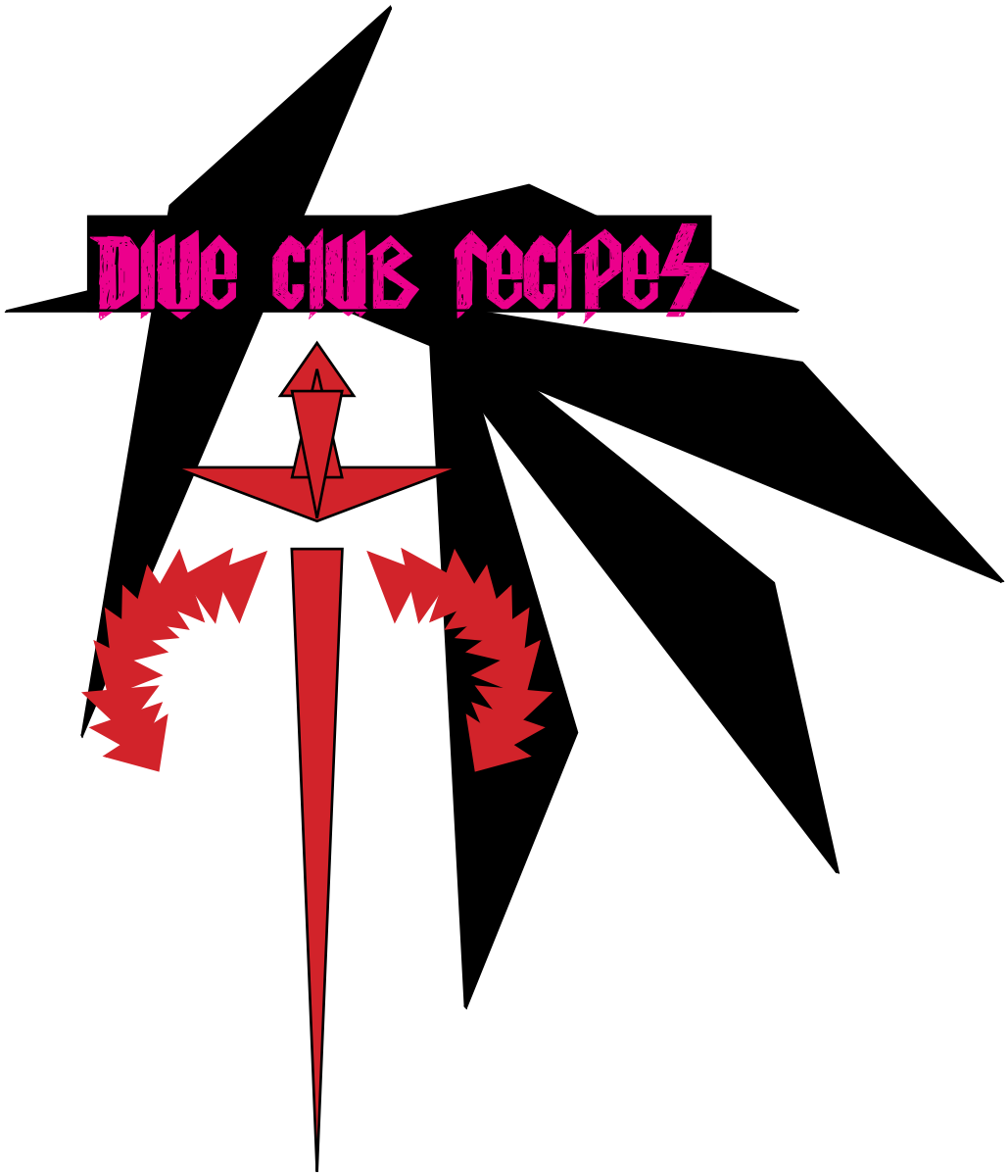
Royal Icing:
1 box confectioners\' sugar (1 pound)
5 tablespoons meringue powder or 2 large egg whites

In the bowl of an electric mixer fitted with the paddle attachment, combine sugar and meringue powder. Mixing on low speed, add a scant 1/2 cup water. For a thinner consistency, usually used for flooding, add more water. A thicker consistency is generally used for outlining and adding details. Mix until icing holds a ribbonlike trail on the surface of the mixture for 5 seconds when you raise the paddle.

by Maly



And if you guys are interested, I'd love to send you the finished cookies! Just give me an address and I'll get them out with the next round of orders.
<3 Maly, Con*Tact Caffeine



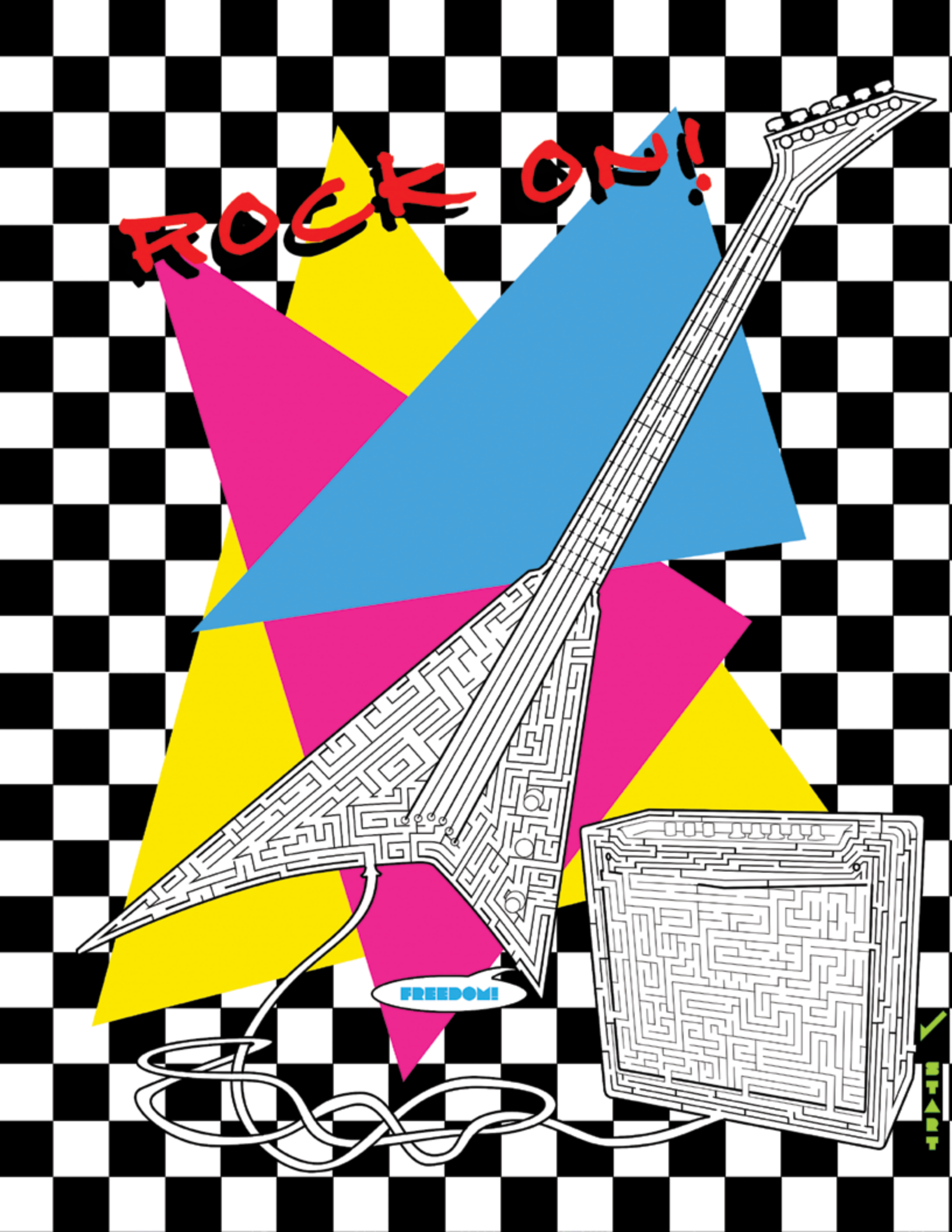
The Taarakian

1 part Jägermeister
3 parts Cranberry Juice

Combine ingredients in a rocks glass and stir until well mixed. Garnish with a lime wedge.

"To defend, this is the pact. But when life loses its value and is taken for naught, the pact is to AVENGE."

by Kieunta


ROCK ON!
FREEDOM!
START

THINGS THAT HAPPEN AT CON

I _____ (Verb) my time at furry conventions because I _____ (Verb) with my _____ (Noun). When we _____ (Travel Verb) to a convention I try to make sure that I don't forget my _____ (Item) or my _____ (Item). I wouldn't want to be _____ (Verb ending in -ing) without them! My friends look forward to _____ (Verb ending in -ing) with the _____ (Noun) and I look forward to _____ (Verb ending in -ing) with new _____ (Noun)!

The _____ (Noun) are so _____ (Adjective) and I try to last until _____ (Time).

Last year, my _____ (Noun) ended up _____ (Verb ending in -ing) and I _____ (Verb ending in -ed) all night because of it!

I really hope he _____ (Verb ending in -s) this time, otherwise I'll be very _____ (Adjective) and will need to _____ (Verb). Maybe this year I will finally _____ (Verb) with a _____ (Noun), the more _____ (Adjective) the _____ (Adjective)!

THE IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES OF FOOD RUNS

It's time to _____ (Verb) for _____ (Noun)!
We try to _____ (Verb) everyone together in _____ (Place) however it is usually _____ (Adjective) because _____ (Person) can't stop _____ (Verb ending in -ing).
More and more _____ (Noun) get together and join everyone in _____ (Verb). By the time we are _____ (Verb ending in -ing) to _____ (Verb) we have so many _____ (Adjective) furries in the _____ (Noun) that there is no _____ (Place) that can _____ (Verb) us all! I really need to get into _____ (Adjective) _____ (Noun) because I like to _____ (Verb) fast!
Oh, we're finally all _____ (Adjective). About time, I was getting _____ (Adjective)!

The Graffiti Wall

leave your mark

”

The Graffiti Wall

leave your mark

Badges



A



B



C



D



E



F

BADGES



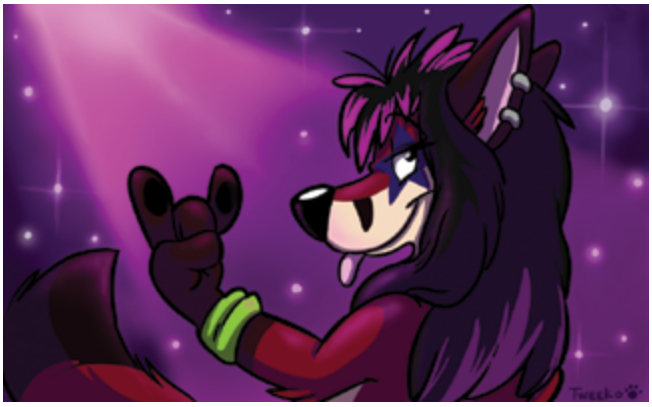
G



H



I



J



K

Karma Chameleon

*SPOT A RED, GOLD, AND GREEN SUITER

Furries Ruin Everything

*SPOT AN R-RATED WHITEBOARD POST (PLEASE REPORT IT!)

Cute

*SPOT A CAT PLAYING WITH A YARN BALL

Bark to the Future

*SPOT SOMEONE WEARING A POOFY VEST

Original Gangster

*SPOT SOMEONE WEARING A BLFC 2013 T-SHIRT

Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go

*SPOT SOMEONE PLAYING WITH A YO-YO

Waterloo

*SPOT DOGS PLAYING POKER

Take On Me

*SPOT SOMEONE READING A COMIC BOOK

What About Clyde

*SPOT ALL 3 YARN BALLS

Hungry Like The Wolf

*SPOT SOMEONE EATING IN THE CON SPACE

Can't Touch This

*SPOT SOMEONE WEARING PARACHUTE PANTS

Girls Just Wanna Have Fun

*SPOT A CONGA LINE

FREE SPACE

*YOU GET THIS ONE JUST FOR BEING AWESOME. LUCKY YOU!

Who You Gonna Call?

*SPOT SOMEONE WITH GHOSTBUSTER GEAR

Drop It Low, Girl

*SPOT A FEMALE SPARKLEDOG

Arcade Junkie

*SPOT SOMEONE PLAYING A 1980S VIDEO GAME

Easy Mode

*SPOT A RED FOX OR GREY WOLF

Die Hard

*SPOT SOMEONE WHO HAS BEEN AWAKE FOR 24 HOURS

Awful People

*SPOT 5+ PEOPLE PLAYING CARDS AGAINST HUMANITY

Labyrinth

*SPOT SOMEONE SOLVING THE MAZE IN THIS CON BOOK

Boys in the Band

*SPOT 3 SUITERS HOLDING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS (OR PROPS)

Line? What Line?

*SPOT THE REGISTRATION AREA WITH NO ONE WAITING

Aggravation

*SPOT SOMEONE WORKING ON A RUBIK'S CUBE

The Breakfast Club

*SPOT FURRIES AT THE BUFFET ON SUNDAY MORNING

Like a Virgin

*SPOT A CON NEWCOMER

CON SPACE BINGO

Karma Chameleon	Furries Ruin Everything	Cute	Bark to the Future	Original Gangster
Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go	Waterloo	Take On Me	What About Clyde?	Hungry Like The Wolf
Can't Touch This	Girls Just Wanna Have Fun	FREE SPACE	Who You Gonna Call?	Drop It Low, Girl
Arcade Junkie	Easy Mode	Die Hard	Awful People	Labyrinth
Boys in the Band	Line? What Line?	Aggravation	The Breakfast Club	Like a Virgin

CON SPACE BINGO