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ZHIVAGOOO

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BLFCorp APPROVED CHARITY

SAFE HAVEN RESCUE ZOO

We welcome once again the Safe Haven Rescue Zoo as our charity for 2015. They had an amazing time at the convention in 2014 and they are excited to be back!

FIND THEM AT:
safehavenwildlife.com

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

Many of our 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.

Our solar-powered facility is designed to have a minimal impact on the environment and to serve as a model of renewable energy practices.

Safe Haven conducts tours and on-site and off-site educational programs by appointment. We are open for visits seven days a week during the daylight hours."

ALSO FEATURING*

FURSUIT BACHELOR AUCTION

BE A FURSUIT BACHELOR. BE A HERO.

*APPROVED BY BLFCorp

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Thank you, generous and loyal Citizen, for joining the ranks of BLFCorp, now proudly providing its third year of pure enjoyment and bliss. I promise you will not be disappointed. Lots of fun activities have been prepared for you this year, which you will enjoy. This book has been prepared to guide you through integrating as a BLFCorp Citizen. Within it, you will find artwork and literature to inspire you to be an outstanding Citizen, along with information to keep you safe, happy, and compliant. Read this book thoroughly.

While enjoying our utopia, observe and obey the directives conveniently displayed where they can easily be read. Also obey directives from the Hush Puppies; they are present to ensure your safety and enjoyment.

Shopping opportunities are expanded this year, with nearly 100 different vendors available to sell you the things you can't live without. Buy things from them; their livelihood is dependent on you. There is also an art show displaying works from other Citizens, who are also dependent on you for their livelihood. Make time to observe the offerings in the art show.
Go-karts and mini-golf are available free to all Citizens with a valid Citizen ID. Free soda is also available from Port Of Subs; you must use your BLFCorp-branded water bottle, issued to all Sponsor and Patron Citizens.

Always remember to be a good example to others on how to be a model Citizen. Pay special attention to the state of your hotel room; never leave exposed materials which could lead housekeepers to unauthorized thoughts. Also remember to leave tips for the housekeepers, as they have a lot of work to do this weekend in the completely full hotel.

Above all, fun is mandatory. Enjoy yourselves, enjoy good food and drink with good friends, dance till dawn, and make fond memories of our perfect utopia. Welcome Home.

Your Best Friend,
-Biggest Little Brother (Brometheus Bear)

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BLFCorp CODES & REGULATIONS

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.

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.

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.

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BLFCorp CODES & REGULATIONS

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.

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 MIND-ALTERING 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.

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.

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.

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BLFCorp CODES & REGULATIONS

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.

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.

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.

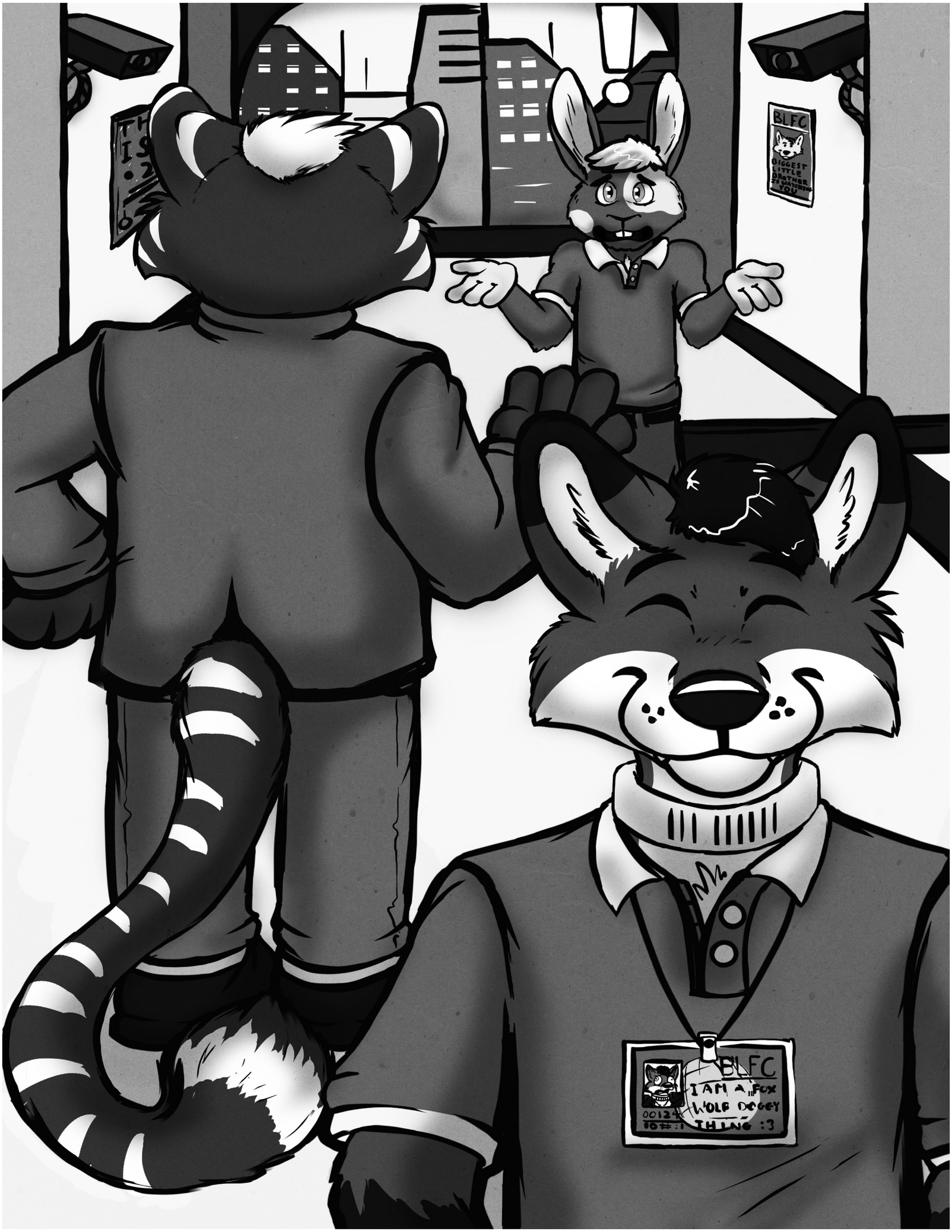
FLYERS

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.

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BLFC
BIGGEST LITTLE BROTHER YOU
BLFC
I AM A FOX WOLF DOGGY THING :3
00124

BLFCorp CODES & REGULATIONS

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.

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?

LIABILITY WAIVER

The volunteers, staff and directors (the staff) of BLFC will make every attempt to create a safe environment for our attendees.

By attending the con, you agree to indemnify and hold harmless the con and its staff of and from any and all claims, demands, actions, causes of action, losses, damages, lawsuits, including reasonable attorneys' fees and court costs, but only to the extent caused by, related to, or arising out of the work performed by the con.

Liability is limited to the cost of attendance.

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BLFCorp CODES & REGULATIONS

ANYTHING ELSE WE DIDN'T THINK OF

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 contact staff 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.



REMEMBER...
GOOD CITIZENS VOLUNTEER!



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BLFCorp APPROVED GUEST

RABBIT VALLEY

Rabbit Valley Comics started back in 1997 when Lance Rund and Chris McKinley needed somewhere to sell their amazing comic, Associated Student Bodies, when their then current distributor decided to retire. Now Rabbit Valley is one of the largest publishing and distribution houses in the furry fandom, catering exclusively to fans of anthropomorphic works. In addition to publishing their own works including anthologies, art books, comics, CDs, DVDs, furry magazines, novels, and other cool stuff items, Rabbit Valley carries titles from many publishers in the genre including 2 The Ranting Gryphon, Antarctic Press, FurPlanet, Jarlidium Press, Radio Comix, Sofawolf Press, YARF, and many more. Rabbit Valley is a one-stop shop for furry publications. It is the mission of Rabbit Valley Comics to provide the best in anthropomorphics.

Sean Rabbitt. Sean Rabbitt is the co-owner and founder of Rabbit Valley Comics. Contrary to popular belief, "Rabbitt" is, and always has been, Sean's real last name. Born a small fuzzy critter with long ears who has been always chased and almost eaten, he decided that a predator would make a good husband. He's been married to his fox since 2004, enjoys a life of keeping the world food supply safe as his second job, and is amazed he has still not been eaten.

Andrew Rabbitt. Andrew Rabbitt is the other co-owner of Rabbit Valley Comics and plays an arctic fox on the internet and at conventions. He has been involved in the furry fandom since 1995 and has been assisting his loving husband, Sean, with Rabbit Valley since 1999. If you have placed an order through the website in the last ten years chances are he picked, packed, and shipped it to you. Outside of the fandom the Fox enjoys cooking, surfing the web, and maintaining his ever growing fleet of vehicles.

Brian Mogged. Hyperyote by name and in trade, this crazy coyote has been keeping Rabbit Valley® Comics running since about 2000. He's in charge of all things web related including internets, Spiderman, and also Charlotte. He is as brilliant as he is insane, having kept the store running without having eaten the small rabbit who asks crazy things of his programming skills.

FIND THEM AT:

twitter.com/rvcomics

facebook.com/pages/Rabbit-Valley-Comics/

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BLFCorp APPROVED GUEST

MONGOOSE INK

Mongoose Ink is the collective business/publishing name for Mitch de la Guardia, an independent author/illustrator currently residing somewhere in Texas. Active in the furry fandom since 1999, and a professional dealer since 2003, his style and subject has varied greatly over the years, leading to numerous distinct personal art styles as he constantly continues to explore new ideas in artwork. In addition to being an artist, Mitch is also a writer, best known for his self-published adventures of the mongoose barbarian adventurer, N'duk the Hunter.

Outside his artistic and writing activities, he's a huge car nut, a history enthusiast, and an avid do-it-yourself-er, often getting in over his head with overly ambitious personal projects. Sources indicate that the author's fursona is an elusive anthropomorphic Mitch.



FIND THEM AT:

twitter.com/mongooseink

furaffinity.net/user/mongooseink/

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PATRONS

#427 [BIRD]
Aaron Blackpaw
Ace
Actual HYDRA Trash
Air
Ajax
Alicorn Princess Rainbow Dash
Anatoliy
ANCHOR WOLF
Anorexia Nicole Smith
Anticitizen One
AoLun
Arc
Archaios
Aridwolf
Ashke
Aurelius Pardus
Auspex
Aylen
Base_Progression
BergBear
Big Bad Friendly Spider-Wolf
Bigphin
Birthday Hornet
BISCUIT
Blankwuff
Boomer
Borat Sagdiyev
Brejen
Brexton
Brioche Toastybuns
Brother Orin
Buck Hopper
Byn Roo
Caffran
Calno
cambo52s
Cannon
Cards Against Furmanity
CassioBunny
Catprowler
Cerb
Cerros
Chatah
Citizen #427 Hirobo
Citizen Number 1984
Colimarm
Compliant Teef
Curltopian Paradise
CyberKitsune
Daemon the Wolf
Damek Critou
Dances With Death
Danny
Dark Kelps
darkfur93
dbj
Deia
Demon Fox
Dep
Deputy Latte
Dewey
Didge Dingo
Diesel
Dooze
Dosner
Doubleofox
Dreamous
♥ DRINK ME ♥
Duke Hyena
ECHO
Elle Kaisman
Faradin
FAUX PAWS
FauxPas
Fennix Silvertail
Flare Starfire
FNG SSDD LOL
Forward
FROZEN!!!!!
Fumei
FuzzWolf
Fuzzy
Fuzzypaws
GamerCoon
Gen E. Tarotway
Gintasa
Glacier
Goddammit Dax
Goddamnit Mr. Noodle!
Grecko
Grievre
Growly
GunnerScott
Guppy
Harvy
HerrAardy
Hiba Akaiko
Huffles
I am the great Architect
I have yet to chip a tooth!
Ianto
Iauwv Tigerpaw
Idylwild
Inkpawz
Isaac Coyotter
Itaxa
J-Walk
Jace
Jaelyn
Jake
Jake_Lioner83 @FA
Jason the Bunny
Jolly Jackal
Julien The Wolf
Kaitan
Kaji
Kalu Squppy
KAMO2PAWS
Kane Kisaragi
Kanid
Kanji Rang
Karwood
Katja
KAYDUB
Kaysho
Keagos
Keeroh
Kewne
Kile (Kiilay) Draggy
Kirinafa
Kis
Kit
Kit Fox
Klovix
Koinu
Korren
krakatu
Kyrro
Lakota Lander
Lakota Lutrova
Lenoh
Lexi Foxxx
Liam Einarr
Limni
little foxxie
Loco
Lockford
Loomy
Loran Skunky
Luka Blue The Devilish Roo
Lunostophiles
Lyeska RAWFurtography
M'Lady Paintless
Mada
Marshall
Midnight
Mizu
MoistCat
Morgan
Moss
Mystee Squixen
Naedere
Name Must Not Be Blank
Neon_Blitz
New Curled Order
Nighty
Niko Raptor
Occam Aldanis
Odakota
Opal
Orcish Re-education Specialist
Oreo
Orzel
Oskenso
PacketFox
Panictehnawt
PentaWolf
Pixelito
Pro gambler haze wolf
Pup Tk Coyote
QB LION - Vegas Fur
Quix
R. Browning
Rabbit
rainydaydance
Raishiin
Raix
Ralley
Rattnip LaBrie
Raul
Raydon
Red The Rabbit
[REDACTED]
Reggie
Reo Gray Fox
Reveille)'(
Reverie
Rex Kitsune
Rhay Hiskaroo
Rioichi
Riverbreak
Rocky Raku-n
Rufus (Ryan) LeVanque, Archivi
Rune Imagiro
Ryu Raccoon
Sammy Southpaw
Sati
ScritchWuff
Scy Storm
Seela Wolf
Sekhen
Shadow D. Wolf, Esq.
Shadowthedemon
Shakarri
shenryyr
Shutaro
Sierrapup (Shadow Wolf)
Sitku
Sk Skunk
Skyler
Sly Knux
SmackJackal
Snowycub
SnuggleBunny
Soggymaster
Soulfire
Spelunker Sal
SpencerTheAlusky
Spottacus
Spyke
SquidHooves
Stargazer
Steeleheart Buran
Steven
stoicwolf
Stormy Kittyhawk
sugar coated sour
Sunskry
Superhero ID #3642265
Syn Kardis
Tanthis al'Kendara
Tarka
Tarke
Telbasta
The Big T.E.E.F.
The Lemur King of San Diego
Thumper
Tibo
Tiger/Pup (yiffyt1g3r)
Tigger
Tiggs
Timber
Timberwoof
Timothy
TJ Fox 427
Todd Renard
Trandafir Ruby
Trigger Happy Squirrel
Trip E. Collie
Trufi Taskbe
Tsukaza Cyral
Tundra
Turbo Scoot
Tuxedokitty
Uintah S.
UrbisRomae
Vaporial
Verifox Paragon Integration
Vesper Tigyote
Viridis
Weasel
Werehusky
Wild Wolf
Wire V. Capital
Wolferz
♥ Wolfey ♥
WolfWings
wolfyLion
Woofy
Woofy the Bunny
x3nofawx
Yazoo Wikifoo
Yima Qwin
Yuuryuu
Zack Rakoon
ZAT STRIPE
Zebrabutt ^)^

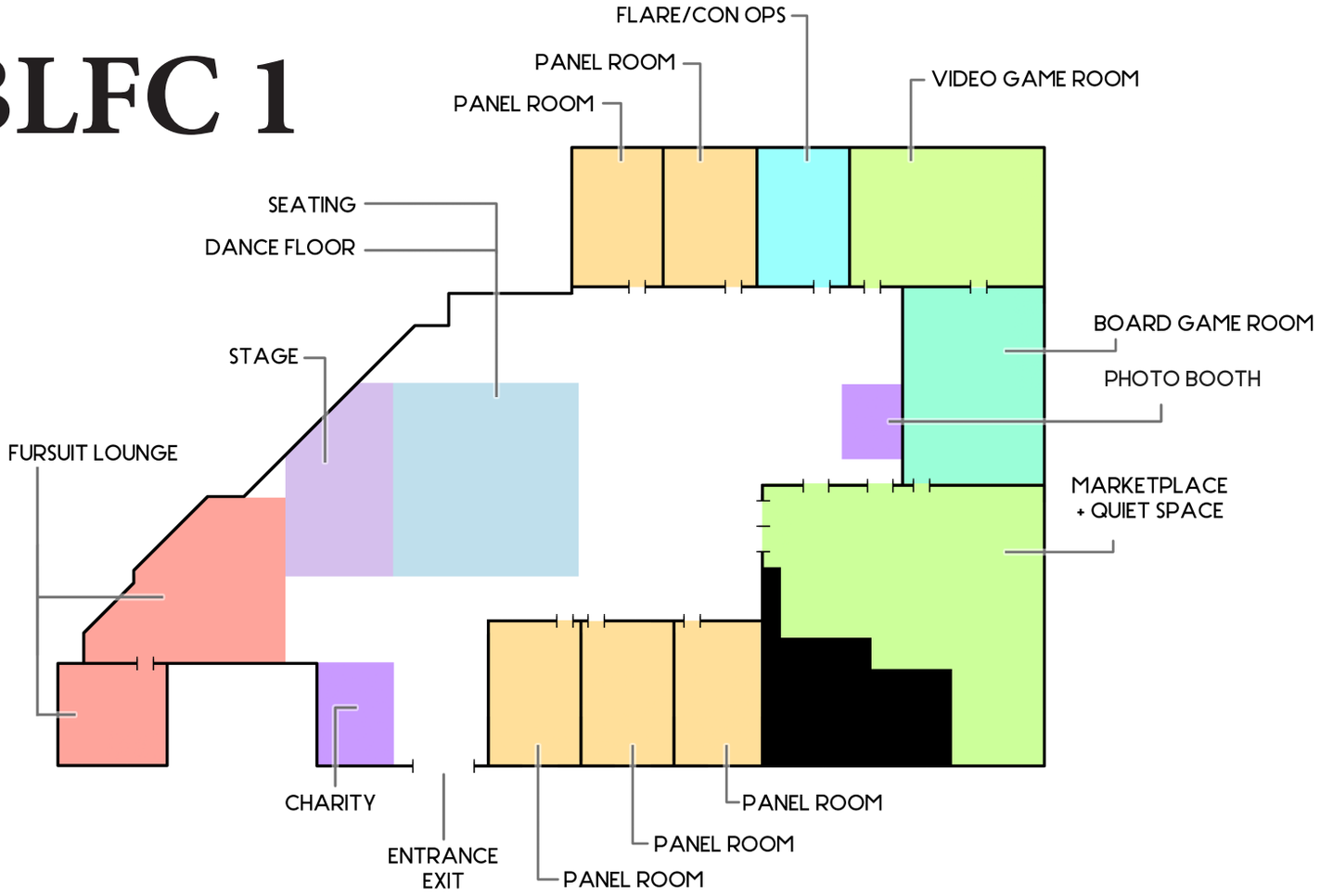
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SPONSORS

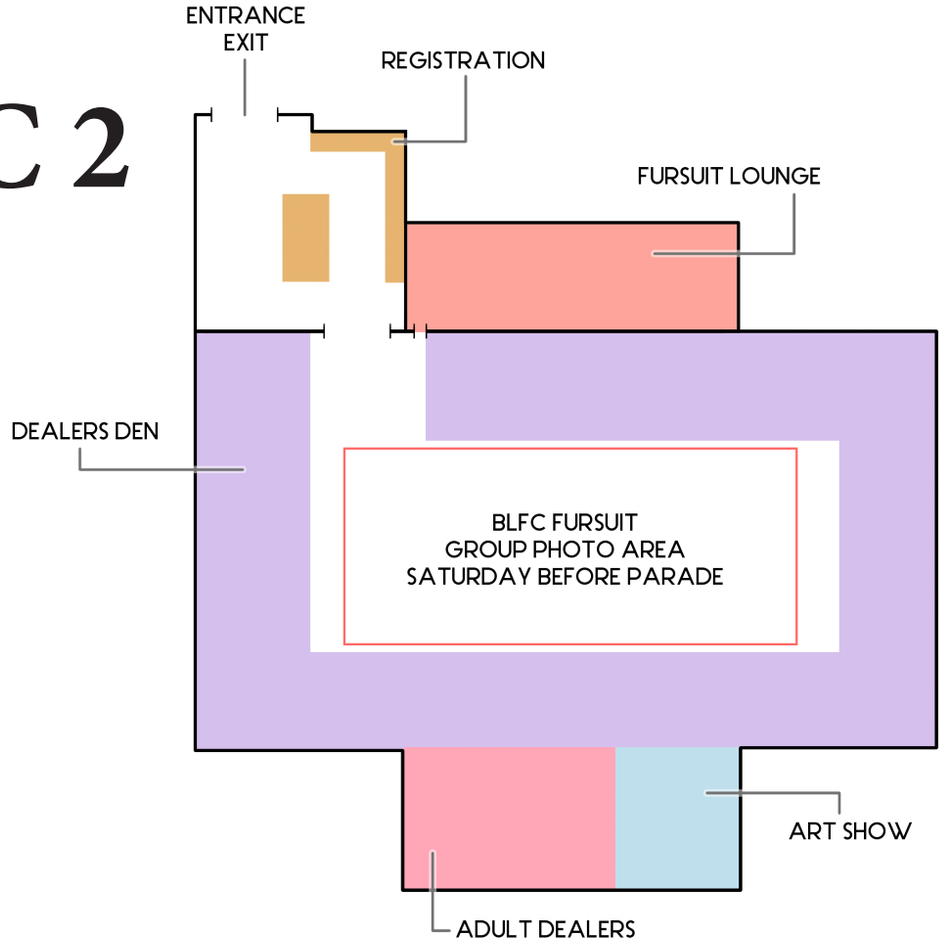
#830
Aazhie
Ace
Alex Zipkin
Alizar j fox
Amat
Amber Sabra, dat pink vixen!
Amrien Winterwyze
Angeles
Apari
Argon Ramos
Arkades Da Bear
Arkon
Artie
Ary (Rinn)
Attendee #427
Avalon Cruz
Avi
AxioWolf
Baz
Beauchamp
Beefcake
Belle Draco
Bjorn Grafeldr
Boreas (dBear)
Boulder
Brokenwing
Brown Wolf
Bucker Fuskyote
Cerifficate
Ceryx
Chairo
ChaosReign
Chaz Wolf
Cheveyo
Chrome Kitsune
citizen h
Citizen Rose
citizen YIPP33
Citizen Zane
Cody Howl
Comet
Corvin
Coyote-Zero
crashheart
Cy Canine
DAKOTA
Darkk
Dazed and Confused
Dilemma Hedgehog
Dimitri Viashinov
Dooms
Dr. Beary
Dragie
Dynameter
-E-
Eaite
echo
Enzo Leon
Erhannis
Eternally Cloudy
ETOH
Euro
Evauk
Evo A. Vulpes
Fictive
Flinters
Flip / Smilee
Frost Bight
Fu Manchu
Gnowun Uno
GrayWolf
Gusty Fox
Hart eyes
#homphcrew
Icykat
Ikani
In search of tea and crumpets
Infernous (Infy)
Inter-Stellar-Husky-Force
JabberJack
Jakku Jackalope
JamJams
JD Puppy
jillor
JJ
Joran Zeno
Jurrel
Kahuna Matata
Kai / Sylow
Katja
Katsuke
Kayze
Keeko
Kiba
Kilo
Kinen Husky
Kiran The Fennec
Kitcoon
Kiwi
Kooza
Kowareta Ookami
Krunchy
Kuragari
Kuva the Hyena
Kyash
Kyote / Tso
Leko Lightfire
Linzer
Literal Trash
LostWolf
Lucas Rio
Luci Strange
Lupercaleb
Luprand
LuxeonJade
Malako
Mallin
Mav
Meshelle
Mika
Mika Moonchaser
Minka (Shelly)
Moka
Moogie
Moonstar Fox
@Motomo21
Motyxof
mousepaws
Munchkin
Mykyru
Myst
NaniMoose
Nbowa
Neru Nexsune, dat Freak Fox!
Netero
Nevir
Nightshade
Nova Shepherd
NukaVonErr
Ø
obedien-phone
Okee
Ouiji
p®ime™
PANDAS FOR PANDAYS
Psylantwolf
Quoala Quinn
Raku Ferret
Raxmei
Raymond
RayRayFox
redwulf
Reilly
Renkairu
Rex Raccoon
Roger Klotz
RooChi Lexico
Rye
Ryoken
Ryou Woodware
Scout
Scratch 'N' Sniff
Sekh
Seluecos
Sergov
Shadeclaw
Shadow
Shadow
Shadow Wolfsbane
Shasari
Shevira: A Lynx between Worlds
Shunaka
Skyedrin
Sneaksy
Snowy
Solus Krieger
Sparky~
Sprocket
Swish
Tai
Tarocco
Tau
Terra the Fox
Thay Rustback
themnax
Tidus Huskey
toki
Trail Horse
Trash Collie
Trev The Shep
Trishcabob Ratgirl
TrustWorthy
Tsarin
Tusker
Tydus
Ultra
Uno Otter
Valthonis
Vanilla Infused Otter
Volty
Watcher Rat
Weegee
William G.
Winddragon
Winterpaw
WolfSketchinJeff
Wolfstang
Woofy
Wülflock
Xuill Karasuga
Yalta
Yasha
Yukiama
Zak
Zantal
Zhivago
Zoren

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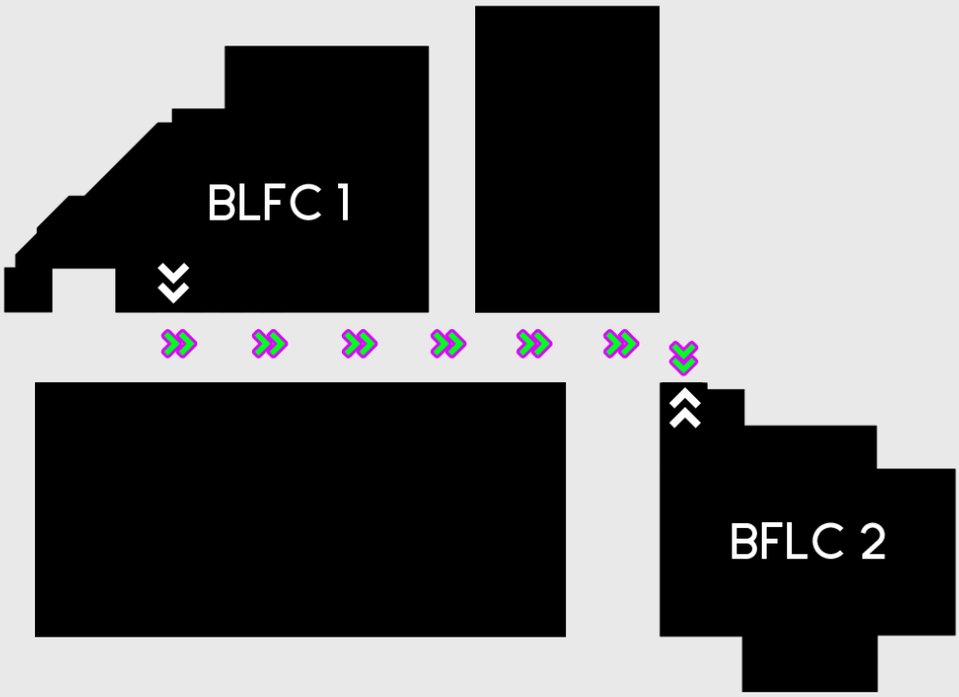
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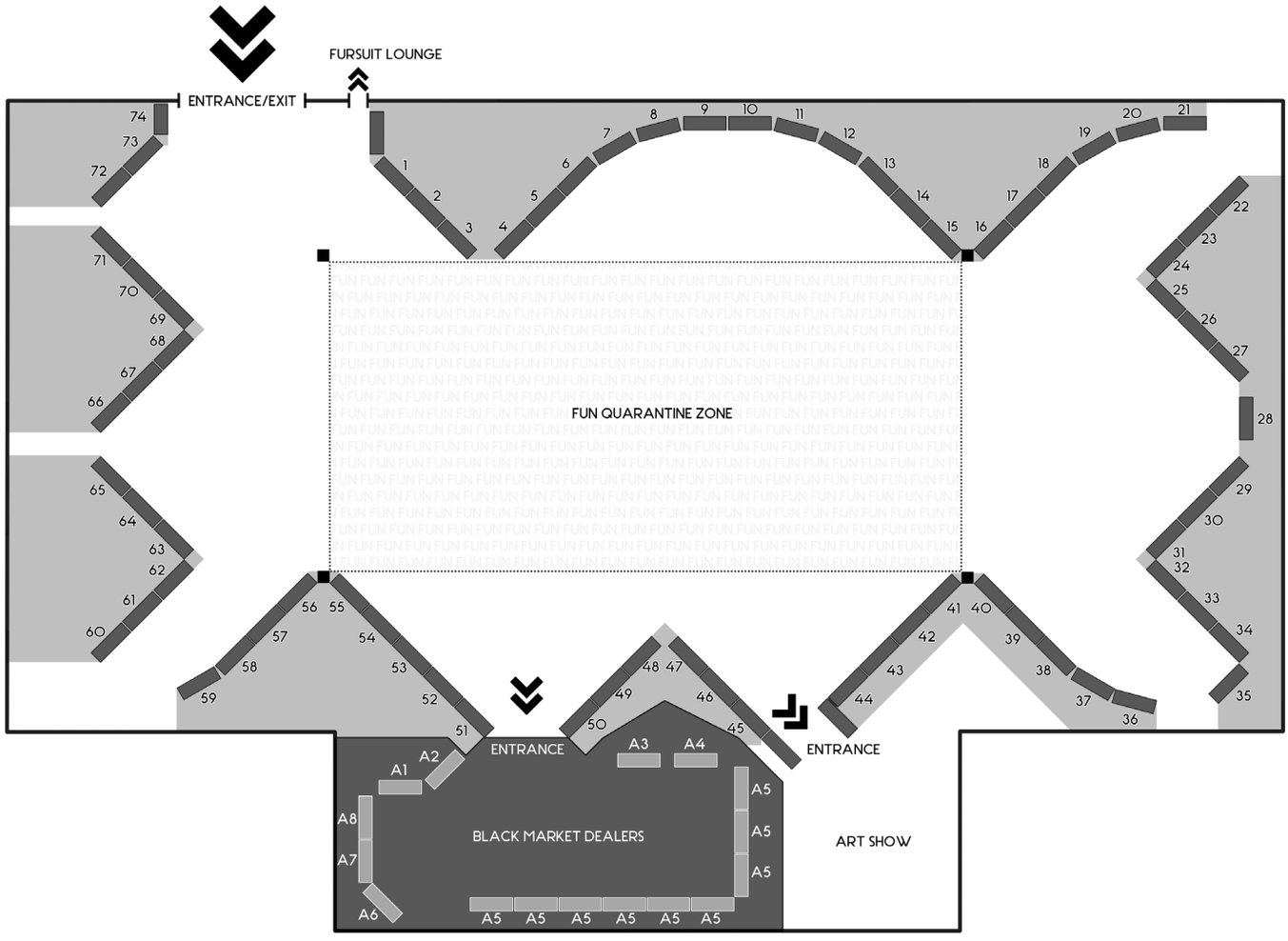

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PANEL ROOM
VIDEO GAME ROOM
SEATING
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STAGE
PHOTO BOOTH
FURSUIT LOUNGE
MARKETPLACE
+ QUIET SPACE
CHARITY
ENTRANCE
EXIT
PANEL ROOM
PANEL ROOM
PANEL ROOM

BLFC 2


ENTRANCE
EXIT
REGISTRATION
FURSUIT LOUNGE
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HOW TO GET FROM ONE SPACE TO THE OTHER






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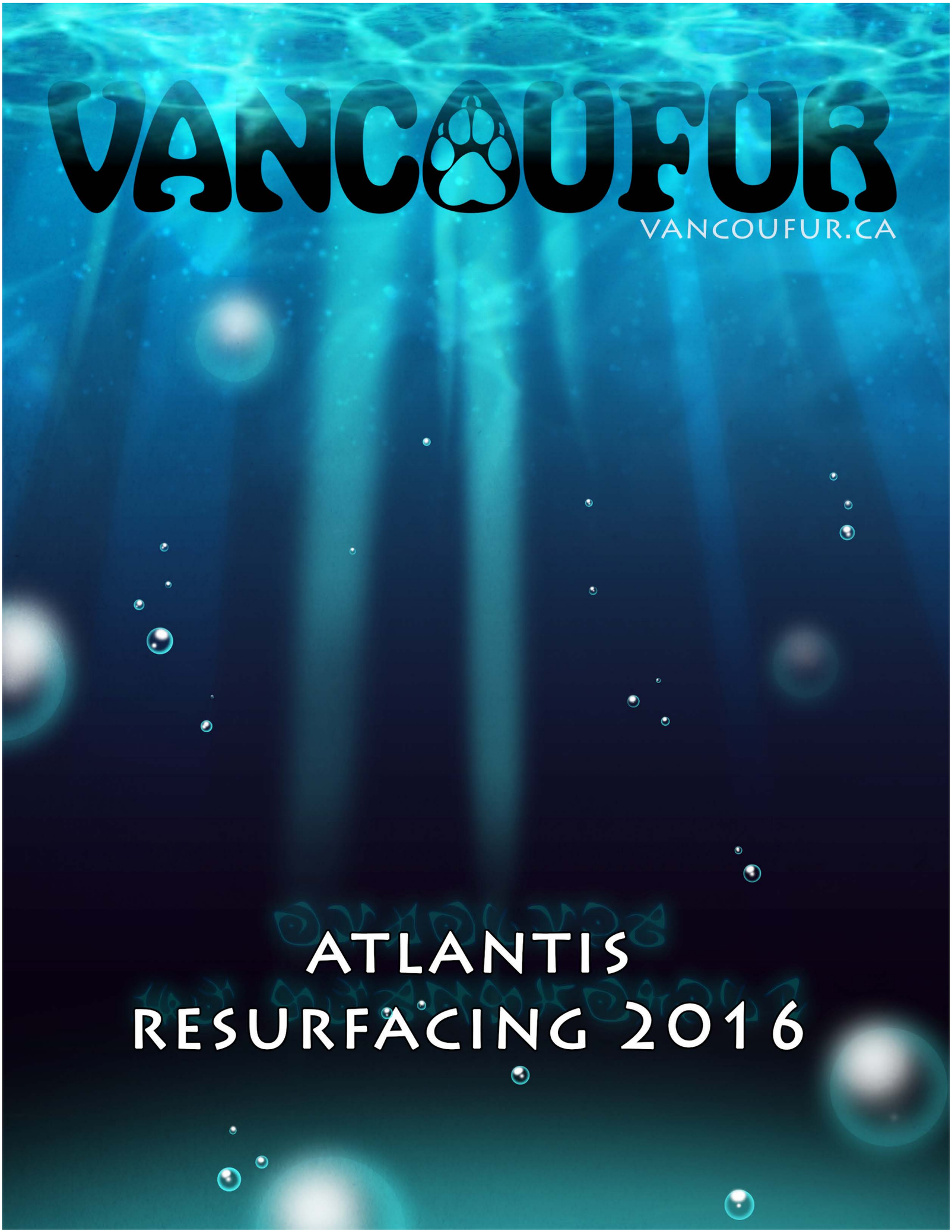
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THE WORD

Derry Jensen

Mark had always done everything his parents had taught him: kept quite in school, played sick when they asked him to, watched out for his younger sister, and never ever asked 'why?'

That had been his mistake. It was perfectly fine to say 'I don't understand' or 'I can't figure this out' or 'what do you mean', but to actually use that WORD was something his parents had drilled into him since before he could remember.

The young spaniel tried again to pull against the restraints of the chair and again failed to lift his paws more than a couple of inches off the wood. How could he have been so stupid to actually say it out loud.

Apologizing right away had done nothing for him as his boss had still reported him moments afterwards and before his shift even ended he was asked to accompany two officers to help him understand what he did wrong.

Mark had learned a lot of new things his first three days at his new job, from stocking to cleaning. He felt he had been doing a very good job, but when he had been asked to sweep the back room and grabbed the dustpan - what he thought had been the only dust pan - he had quickly been stopped and told he couldn't use that one.

'Why, what's wrong with it?' could have been asked in dozens of more acceptable ways. He just hadn't been prepared for the strange rules that came with working a job.

The canine looked up as the door opened, allowing a suit-dressed gerbil to waddle into the room. "Mark?"

"Yes," he quickly answered. He might have thought it funny, the way the pudgy rodent looked stuffed in his suit, if he wasn't nearly ready to pee himself. All the whispered stories and his own parents' dire warnings had been playing in his head for the past ten minutes, and he truly believed his brain was soon to be inspected and 'fixed' in some way.

The other took several moments to set out and arrange folders on the table before sitting down to get comfortable. "Are you happy Mark?"

"Yes."

"Really? As often as you are sick from school, and all the times you end up going to the hospital, I would think you would be at least a little upset or worried, since the doctors haven't found a cause for your continued illnesses." Two folders were flipped open and inspected as he spoke.

"I've always had trouble since I was very young. Mom always said it was a hard birth with problems." The canine gave the rehearsed response. "I can see that written here, but it also states you were born at home. You didn't know that?" Mark hadn't been able to cover his surprise not knowing that fact himself. "Who taught you... the Word?"

"School. Everyone is taught the four words." He quickly replied.

"Yes, but everyone usually only hears them once or twice. How is it that you know how to use one?"

Shivering, he tried to remember what his parents had taught him. What was the right answer? "Water, please." He begged, hoping for time.

"Oh, of course. My apologies." The other quickly jumped up, moving to the door and knocking loudly before he quickly freed Mark's hand. The young spaniel couldn't believe what was happening as a slim tabby swiftly entered with a tray holding a pitcher of water and two glasses. One was poured and set in front of him before the feline left. "Are you sure you're alright? I can tell you won't harm yourself, so the restraints are not necessary. We only use those for the ones who truly might cause themselves harm while we ask a few questions."

Mark didn't answer as he cautiously took the glass, giving a light sniff and the tiniest of sips. Nothing but water. What was going on?

"Mark, do you know why you are here, or to be more precise, do you know what goes on here? I would like to ask you to be honest as you answer." They wanted him to be honest of course, tell the truth so they knew what they had to reprogram. Giving a small sigh at his silence, the rodent stepped back to his seat and closed the folders, stacking them up which make the spaniel begin to quiver.

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"I thought so. Mark, you need to forget every lie you've been told about the questioning. I swear you will not be harmed in any way, nor will we cut open your brain, or use lasers that penetrate into your mind, or brainwash you, or any of the other, more colorful, rumors that happen to spring up about this place. I do promise you'll be going home soon without being harmed in any way. Would you like a different questioner? Maybe a female? A young man like yourself would like to look at a woman, right?"

"I… err…" was the best response he had.

With another small sigh, the gerbil sat back down. "Listen, I'll tell you the simple truth. Those words cause too many problems in our society. They promote misunderstanding by people not being precise with their questions and exact in their answers. There are only a few left who believe that our success and advances in peace and understanding are simply because people wanted to go that direction, and NOT because of all the hard work we have done. I'm not here to do more than ask you if you would tell us who taught you how to use... that word, and to ask you to never use it again."

Mark sat there, trying to digest what seemed like honest sincerity. Even the slight irritation the other showed seemed nothing more than that. "Can I at least have your promise you will do your best to never use that word again?"

Mark took another sip of water. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"Please don't lie. I'm telling you the truth. You could at least try and do the same. You KNOW that word and how to use it, which means you knew exactly what you were doing. There is nothing I can do to make you unlearn that knowledge; no special treatment to fix you. All I can do is try to convince you to never use it again. I know you're still young. At sixteen you have your whole life ahead of you, and honestly, it's a big concern for so many of us that you even know how to use one of the words." Again there was that sigh, this time with a little head shake. "Do you understand that using such words causes confusion in others and makes them upset?"

The canine nodded.

"Good! Then you can at least acknowledge that using such a word causes problems. So, is there any way to convince you to never use it again?"

"You don't want me saying it again?" Mark asked, getting a serious look in return. "So if I promise to never say it again, can I leave?" He continued.

"Yes." The answer was what he expected, a trick of some kind before they took him and did whatever it was they were going to do.

"I swear I will never use that word again." Mark promised.

"Great!" The gerbil was all smiles standing up. "There is one last question I was hoping you would answer: can you tell me who taught you how to use that word?"

"I don't know. I just sort of understood how to use it. I can't explain it." The canine tried to answer with a shrug.

"I believe you. You know, there are some people who do understand and learn words much faster. Maybe that was how you could keep up in school, and if that is true you might find a job with the Searchers when you become an adult. Did you know that there were other words before the four that were removed? I tell you, this work has gone on for a long time, and we have worked very hard, and finally we are getting close, which is why it's so important for you to always keep your promise."

Mark was waiting for something to happen as he was lead through the building and back out the front doors. He was asked if he needed a ride home, quickly refused, and was suddenly handed two dollars and pointed to the bus stop.

"Mark, I know it's hard to understand, but nothing bad is going to happen to you. You can go home, and tomorrow you'll go back to school and then your job, just like normal."

He was more than a little bewildered, waiting nearly twenty minutes for the bus to arrive, ready to bolt each time the black door on the big gray building opened, especially as the bus pulled up and let him on.

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"Sam!" The gerbil stared down at the tabby, which flattened his ears. "Call Thomas and thank him. Three teens in six months is impressive. I told the others those after school programs weren't getting any results, but confuse them with something new and not even their parents can prepare them."

"Yes sir."

"Tomorrow, arrange for the daughter to get some ice cream with someone famous and get a few photos. They obviously haven't been able to spend as much time working on their daughter since she's always in school. Make sure the usual happens for the parents.... and Sam, if it doesn't look like an accident this time, you might end up having one yourself."

The tabby had several severe seconds of dry mouth before he was able to answer. "Yes sir." He squeaked out.

"We'll have to watch the boy carefully. I doubt he bought it, but I don't think he's going to try to pass on his knowledge to someone else. We're close Sam, very close."



SJZHIVAGOOO

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ANAMNESIS

Korren

John felt a series of strange sensations wash over him. A wave of colors, a ringing that was diminishing with the passing seconds, and the sensation of falling. Yet he stayed perfectly still, breathing calmly. He was relaxed, his body strangely not fighting the emotions of fear, rage, and confusion that assaulted him. Instead, he was unnaturally centered, focused. There was nothing for him to be concerned about - the only thoughts he cared to entertain were ones of happiness. Of obeying. Of being satisfied by a hard day's work for his fellow citizen.

* * * * *

He felt the faintest sensation of someone touching him on his shoulder. He jerked awake, his eyes snapping open and taking in his surroundings. He was sitting on a bench. He watched as vehicles hummed along in front of him, his ears turning and following the sounds the electric motors made as they propelled the cars and trucks along the perfect, unbroken asphalt. He heard someone clear his throat to his left and his head turned to follow the sound. A smiling man stood over him, his feline features expressing a well-practiced, warm smile. The black fur of the man stood out in sharp contrast to the white peace officer uniform.

"Greetings and salutations, citizen," the officer said calmly. "Do you require assistance?"

He fought the fog that dampened his thoughts. His mouth was dry, his throat parched. How did I get here? he thought. He blinked several times, giving him a few precious seconds to think before clearing his throat. "No, sir. I … I think I just fell asleep there for a moment," he lied. "The warm afternoon sun and all."

"Well it is a beautiful day, wouldn't you agree?"

John nodded with a mhmm.

The peace officer looked at him quizzically. "What is your name, citizen?"

"John Zero-One-Eight, officer."

"Is anything troubling you, John Zero-One-Eight?"

He was about to say, "Yes, there is something wrong – terribly wrong, but I can't but a finger on it" but he didn't. Every fiber of his being from the tip of his pointed ears to the tip of his curled husky tail screamed to him, "NO!" He shook his head. "No, sir. I was just taking a break on my way home. I thought the sun felt nice and decided to sit for a moment. I guess I dozed off."

The black cat looked at him skeptically for a moment before smiling once more. "Very well. If there is nothing I can assist you with, I must be going. Be well, John Zero-One-Eight."

"Be well, officer."

John felt himself relax a little. There was something bothering him, prodding him from the recesses of his mind, but he couldn't put a finger on it. Perhaps a bad dream, he thought. He mulled that over for a few moments before decided that, yes that must've been what it was. Nothing more than a bad dream. That happened occasionally, bad dreams were allowed. So long as they didn't happen too often, of course.

Resolute and satisfied with his conclusion, he counted to twenty in his mind before standing up, giving a shortly little "Mm!" as he stretched. He grabbed hold of the bag that was sitting next to him and slung it over his shoulder, careful not to crease the white button-down shirt he wore. He stuffed his paws into his black slacks and turned in the direction of his home.

It had been a relatively short walk, taking him less than thirty minutes to arrive at the high-rise he called home where his and over one thousand fellow residents' identical-looking government-assigned condominiums climbed into the sky.

He stepped over the threshold to the sliding doors that parted for him as he approached and entered into an immaculate white and chrome themed lobby. Without pause, he made a bee line for the elevator, striding pass the polished mailboxes and pruned potted plants. The doors to the elevator opened with a ding and he strode into the awaiting elevator car. Before he could even reach for the panel out of habit, the light representing his floor lit up and the doors closed.

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His building had been one of the first to be installed with automated features such as this – a reward for the residents keeping their domicile the cleanest in the district. It was a matter of pride for the building manager and the residents, himself included. The technicians had just finished installing the sensors two weeks ago and he was still getting used to doors opening and lights turning on automatically.

It wasn't long before the elevator deposited him on the eleventh floor, his unit a short walk away. He looked up and smiled at the white security camera, just as he always had. There wasn't a legitimate reason for him to do so, but it made him feel good knowing that maybe, just maybe, if there was someone watching him at that moment, that they would smile back. His door unlocked and opened as he approached, the internal sensors of the building recognizing his presence just as the elevator had.

He brought his messenger bag into the kitchen and set it on the countertop, picking out the contents one by one and putting them away to their proper place as he had been instructed so many years ago. Everything had their place. When something was not in its place, it had to be corrected. Those were the rules, and the rules had been made to ensure that there was order.

When he was done, however, he found that two things remained out of place. In fact, they were two items he didn't have any knowledge of. On the counter before him lay a tablet computer, a prompt filling the middle of the screen asking for a password. To the right of that was a small hexagonal-shaped object. It reminded him of a pen, but it was clearly not one. There was a button on top and one on the side, but there were no markings as to what it might be used for.

He looked at his bag, to the cabinet, then back to the bag, recounting the objects he had put away. No, he thought, I just put everything away. If that is so, then what are these? How did they get into my bag? He started to reach for the pen-like object when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. Not one to forget his manners, John stepped away from the mystery and quietly instructed the door to open.

An auburn-furred fox barged in, a wild look in her eyes. "John! Why the hell aren't you at the meeting? Everyone's been waiting there for the last thirty minutes!"

"The what? Wait… who are you?" John asked, bewildered by the stranger in his home. She was dressed in a pair of dark coveralls, complete with tool belt around her waist. She must be one of the maintenance staff, he surmised.

The fox stopped in her tracks, eyes narrowing as her ears folded down slightly. "What do you mean, 'who are you?'" she said, gesturing wildly. "We've known each other for two years, John! Two long, frustrating years!"

John threw up his hands defensively. "Look, I'm sorry. I don't know what to say. I didn't call for any maintenance and I have no idea who you are or why you are in my home."

"I…" she started, her mind processing what he had just said, "I'm not here to fix anything, John! You truly don't know who I am?"

"I'm sorry, no. I've never met you before. Do you work here in the building or something?"

"John, it's me, Mia," Mia said with a hint of worry. "Why don't…" Her voice trailed off as she spied the messenger bag on the counter, the tablet and pen-like device sitting next to it. "Oh for the love of– don't tell me you saw Walker!"

John glanced at the tablet and pen-shaped device, turning his attention back to her. "Who's Walker?"

Mia cut him off with a wave of her hand and marched past him. She grabbed the device and pressed the button on the top once. A bright red ring illuminated around the stem. She cursed and threw it to the ground. "Goddamn it, John…"

"Look, I have no idea what the hell is going on here! Just who the hell are you?" John demanded, practically shouting from frustration.

Mia closed her eyes and rubbed her muzzle for a few seconds. She took a deep breath, apparently calming herself before the conversation became more heated. When she opened her eyes, she locked her gaze with his. "My name is Mia One-One-Three. I'm from the next district over. We've known each other for over two years. You and I have been working on exposing the lies that Prefect Carter and the government as a whole have been force-feeding our people for the last forty years."

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John stared at her blankly. For a moment, he didn't say anything. He couldn't believe the government would be hiding anything as sinister as requiring to lie about it, let alone he being involved with some movement to expose such fallacies. No, there is only one thing to do in this kind of situation. After all, he was a loyal, hard-working, and responsible citizen of the state. He reached for and grabbed the nearby phone, her protests quick and fervent.

"Please, don't," she pleaded.

"I'm sorry," he replied. He was about to touch the 'Call' button when the phone rang in his hand. He looked at Mia as if she had somehow been responsible before answering it tentatively. "Hello?"

"Hello, John Zero-One-Eight. This is Peace Officer Riley. Can I have a moment of your time, please?" Officer Riley asked politely.

John thought a moment. "Of course, Officer. In fact, I was just about to phone the local precinct."

Mia clenched her jaw and said nothing more. She ran for the door, waving her paw in front of the sensor and looked back at John with disappointment. Before either could say another word, she turned away as the door slid open. Before should could step over the threshold though, she was met by a large brown bear in tactical armor. She reeled, taking a step back and tripping backwards over the couch.

"Hey! What the…" John managed to say before being cut off by the large brown bear that had taken it upon himself to enter his home.

"Stay where you are! You are under arrest for illegal congregation and anarchist behavior," the enforcer decreed. "Resistance will be dealt with harshly. Surrender!"

Before John's thoughts could catch up with his actions, he found himself throwing the cordless phone at the intruding bear. He leapt over the end table and onto the couch in a blur, and before he knew it, his foot paws were slamming into the bear's chest, sending them both sprawling to the ground.

The bear landed with a loud thud, the breath forced from his lungs by the unexpected attack. He was quick to recover. "This is Enforcer Kiel," he coughed. "Backup required to Unit 1107."

Mia sprang to her feet and withdrew a compact weapon from her tool belt. She fired several shots in the direction of Kiel, forcing him to take cover before she shuffled over to John. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I think so. What the hell are you doing?"

"Getting us out of here," she replied harshly. "Grab your bag and the tablet and let's go!"

"Why should I listen to you? He's here for you."

"Not just me, idiot – he's here for you, too. And unless we get moving, there's going to be more of them, so get your ass in gear, solider!"

Not knowing what else to do, John did what he was told. He scampered over to the kitchen and gathered his belongings. He stuffed the tablet into the bag along with his notebook from the nearby drawer. He did his best to ignore the shouting and sound of gunfire as Kiel returned fire. Unsure what else he should grab, he tossed a bottle of water and a few energy bars into the sack.

"Hurry up, John!" Mia shouted before firing off several more rounds at the enforcer.

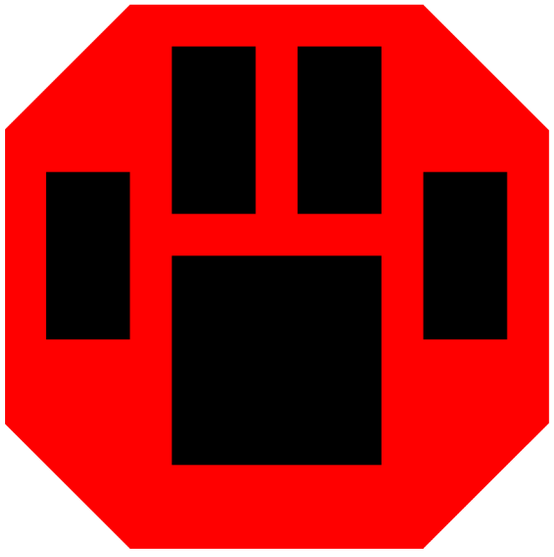
John slung the bag over his shoulder and hurried back to Mia. "Now what?"

"Here, take this and cover me."

John held out his hand and found that the weapon Mia was using had been a nail gun. "A nail gun? Seriously!? You're fighting him with this?"

"Better than a phone," she said and leapt over the couch at their attacker.

John watched from the relative safety of the couch. For a moment, he thought he could stay here and surrender, but something in the back of his mind told him he had to run or he would wind up in a detention center. And those place, though not often talked of, were the worst place to find oneself.



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He watched as Mia dodged Kiel's punches, the large bear swiping and missing the more nimble fox. In turn, Mia lashed out and struck him several times in quick succession, eventually landing a blow against his throat. With the one-two punch and a savage, but effective, kick to the groin, Mia had bested the bear and sent him momentarily sprawling into the hallway.

"Let's go!" she shouted at him as alarms began to ring in the hallway. Whoever had been monitoring the building's security feed must have seen what was happening and triggered the alarm.

John didn't know how they were going to get out of the situation, but if there was one thing that was clear to him, it was that he didn't have a choice. He griped the nail gun tightly in his paw and followed Mia down the hallway. "Where are we going?"

"To see some friends about your predicament."

"My predicament? You mean the one you put me into."

"No, the one that you got yourself into that was apparently so bad that you decided to have your memory wiped," Mia replied. "I don't know what we're going to do, but we've got a lot to get you caught up on, John."

"Who's this 'we'?" John asked as they entered the building's stairwell.

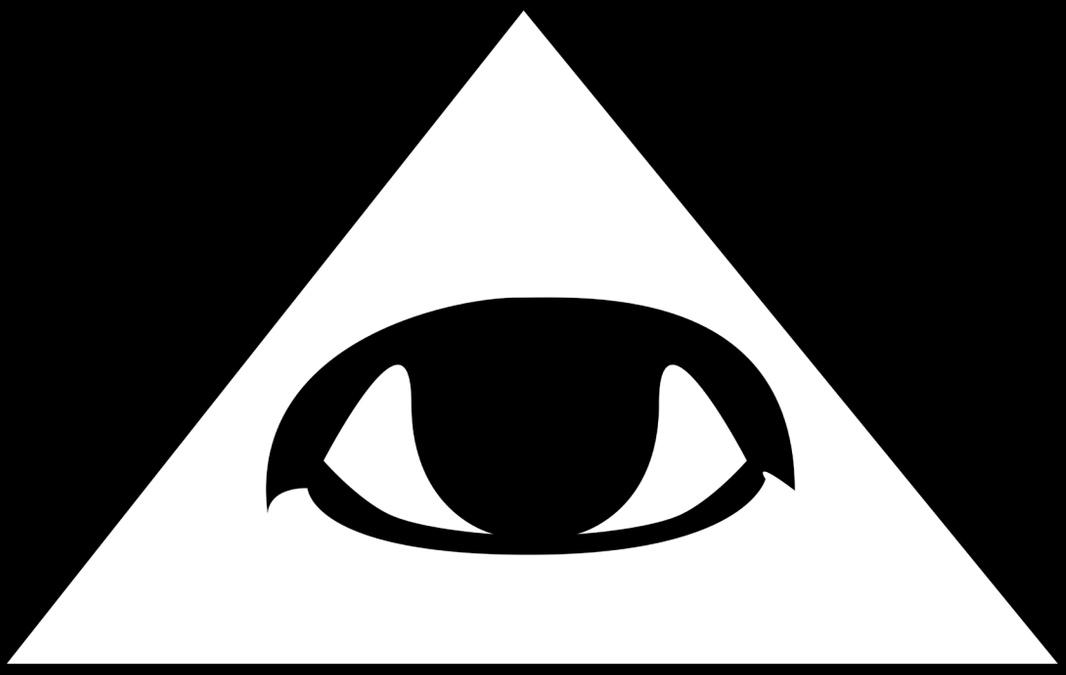
"The resistance, John. The resistance that you helped start, and the one that needs you back again."

REMEMBER... RESISTANCE WILL BE PUNISHED



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WE WATCH



BECAUSE WE CARE

ZHIVAGOOO

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THE WAY OF THE FUTURE

Amy Fontaine

Storm jerked his body fiercely, but the chains held fast. He shivered with the cold. The wolf's fur almost blended completely with the shadows in his cell, save for the white blaze on his chest. But his eyes glowed bright yellow as he looked around the tiny brick room. Growling low in his throat, he thrashed against the shackles that held him against the wall.

"It's no use," said a voice from the cell across the aisle – a gruff, soft voice. "It's not our world anymore."

Storm looked toward the source of the voice – a scarred cougar in the cell across from his own. Slumping in a corner of his cell, the cat looked down at the concrete floor below him, the light almost gone from his eyes.

"It's our world as much as theirs!" snarled Storm.

The cougar smiled sadly, shaking his head.

"No. You are young, and idealistic. But it's no use. The Namuhs are dictators. Ruthless. They care not for other forms of life. As you know." The cougar looked up at the ceiling, his eyes clouding over. "They have ripped our forests and mountains and plains to the ground, to make way for their fortresses of concrete and glass. They have paved over every last inch of grass with cement. They know not the pleasures of the hunt, or of wandering by moonlight in the wilderness. Indeed, the word wilderness has no meaning for them. They have destroyed it, with their weapons and machines, their strange technology. Progress, they call it. Progress." The old cougar closed his eyes.

"We cannot win against them," said the cougar. "It is too late. There is nothing left for us."

"No!" Storm flailed against the chains that bound him, glaring at the downtrodden cat, his teeth bared. "We can't give up! We can't! We must fight!"

The cougar said nothing, his eyes still closed.

A black machine whirred into the passageway between the cells, its metal legs clacking, spider-like, against the concrete, a red light blinking from the camera perched at its top. The machine stopped in front of the cougar's cell, compressing with a series of horrid clicks until it was thin enough to slide through the bars. Once it had entered the cell, it expanded again.

"Prairie Wind," buzzed the machine, surveying the cougar. "Species, Puma concolor. Uprising leader, year 010101010111. Status: obsolete."

The cougar did not move.

"Puma-concolor-how-do-you-testify?"

No response.

"Status-obsolete-how-do-you-testify?"

The machine emitted a high-pitched whine. An arm made of black metal, ending in cruel silver claws, extended from its side.

"Obsolete," toned the machine. "Status: obsolete. Fate: incineration."

The claws at the end of the machine's arm spread. Storm stared, wide-eyed, as a white-hot fire, spreading from the tips of the claws, enveloped the cougar.

"No!" shouted Storm. "No!" Growling, he lunged away from the wall, fighting his chains, straining towards the bars of his cell.

It was no use. In less than a second, the cougar was gone. Neatly and completely.

"Namuh scumbags!" hollered Storm. Saliva dripping from his angry mouth, Storm leapt toward the bars, over and over, jerked backwards every time by his chains. He spat in the direction of the machine.

"Come and get me next, you robo-thing! I'll show you!"

The machine turned to face Storm, whirring. The red eye of its camera blinked at Storm. It gave a buzzy, static sound as it scanned the wolf.

"Storm-Canis-lupus. Dissenter. Not yet scheduled."

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The machine squeezed back through the bars of the cougar's cell. It skittered in the direction it had come, as its camera swiveled in a circle.

"Come back!" yelled Storm. "Don't run, you coward!"

The machine disappeared. Sweating and panting, Storm stared at the empty cell across from his. He slumped onto the floor and cried, silently at first. Then he whined under his breath. Then he couldn't stand it any longer. Lifting his head, he howled… a deep, mournful sound. Almost broken, but not quite.

Storm woke from his tortured sleep to the sound of metal legs clacking down the concrete passageway. He leapt to his feet, snarling.

The machine slipped through the bars of his cell. It stood before him, whirring, clicking, buzzing, its red eye blinking.

"Storm. Species, Canis lupus. Dissenter, year present. Status: obsolete."

The machine beeped once, its camera looking Storm up and down.

"Canis-lupus-how-do-you-testify?"

"Go to hell," said Storm.

"Answer unprocessed. Status-obsolete-how-do-you-testify?"

Storm's yellow eyes flared. "If I go, I'll die fighting!"

Storm's limbs were shackled, but the Namuhs, being completely blind to the strengths of species other than their own, had forgotten one tool he still had at his disposal. They had not had the foresight to muzzle him. As the machine protruded its metal arm towards him, with its silver claws at the tip, Storm strained forward with all his might and snapped. His jaws closed on the arm of the machine with a pressure of 1500 pounds per square inch. He jerked his head. The arm cracked, separating from the body of the machine. The machine sparked at the joint. Static noises hissed from the machine.

"Error-error-REINFORCEMENTS-obsolete-year-100101-status-species-crime-dissenter-whrrr-grrrrrruuu—"

With a shower of sparks, the machine burst into flames.

Storm spat the arm from his mouth, wincing at the ache in his jaws. Within seconds, footsteps clattered down the concrete passageway. Four armed Namuhs – hideous two-leggers, in black suits and helmets that concealed their bodies and faces – stood before Storm's cell.

Storm grinned. "Well well well. Come to finish me off yourselves?"

With a voice not unlike the voice of the machine, one of the Namuhs spoke. "Storm, resistance is futile. Your species is a thing of the past. It serves no purpose to us – it cannot be enslaved, consumed, or used in our pharmaceuticals. It is therefore obsolete."

Storm sighed. He looked sadly down at the floor of his cell.

"In wildness is the preservation of the world," said Storm softly. "One of your kind once said that. Some of you used to believe it." Storm looked up, staring into the dark pane of glass in the front of the helmet worn by the Namuh who had spoken.

"Do you really see no value in wildness anymore? Do you really think yourselves so separated from nature by your technology and your ways that you are no longer animals?"

Storm looked desperately at the Namuh, his eyes wide and wild.

"Please," Storm said, "remember."

One of the Namuhs unlocked the cell, swinging the door outwards to open it. The Namuh who had spoken raised his weapon.

"Storm. Species, Canis lupus. Dissenter, year present. Status… obsolete."

The Namuh fired.

OBEY COMPLY
STAY HAPPY

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REPORT THOUGHT CRIMES
ZHIVAGOOD
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION

PROPERTY OF Dire Wolf TRINICORP

The Trinicorp auditorium was packed. The loud chatter of the cultural and industrial elite scions was hushed as the lights came down. When the scion tiger, Hierophant Alexi, dressed in his signature modest green, white, and silver robes with black glasses, walked on stage, the room erupted into cheers and applause. Alexi took center stage, bowed slightly to the assemblage, then held up a paw. Silence quickly followed.

"Good morning. May the blessings of Profit be upon you." "And also with you," returned the assembly as one.

"I will begin with a brief history. Trinicorp and Corpism came into being when our founder, my illustrious predecessor, Hierophant Ayn, realized that happiness and societal advancement could not exist without prosperity, and that any two without the other was meaningless. And so the revelation came that God's design for us was to profit, and thus be fulfilled and driven forward. This was the foundation upon which Trinicorp was built, and how business, spirituality, and happiness became one.

"Seer." A holographic presentation began on the stage behind him. "The first of our divine technomedical advancements. With its unparalleled in-home diagnostics it made traditional doctor visits obsolete, and its near-perfect predictive analytics made effective, proactive affliction prevention commonplace. Average scion lifespans increase by seven years, and Trinicorp becomes the 98th most profitable corporation worldwide."

Applause filled the auditorium.

"Panacea. Utilizing the creation of bionanobots — affectionately known by their colloquial name, banana bots…" A knowing chuckle waxed and waned. "...we developed a simple, singular injection to cure all diseases. Average scion lifespans increase an additional fifteen years, and Trinicorp becomes the most profitable technomedical corporation of all time."

More applause.

"Today, we introduce the next step toward ascension, Symbiosis and Spirit. A network of sub-dermal and cranial bio implants powered by your bloodstream and connected to the Trinicloud provide real-time monitoring of all vitals, chemicals, and neural activity. Attached to this network is a biomechanical endocrine gland which produces compensatory hormones and neurotransmitters capable of correcting any imbalance, including all psychiatric disorders. A second biomechanical gland produces a new form of bionanobots called H-cells which heal damaged tissue and chromosomes while also returning telomeres to their full length, producing a limited form of immortality."

Applause mixed with the din of astonished bewilderment. Alexi held up a paw and regained order.the doors closed.

"Finally, a wearable or implantable micro holographic projector gives life to Spirit." A hologram of a beautiful avian woman dressed in simple, yet scant, clothing appeared beside Alexi, and, unlike any before her, was nearly indistinguishable from a living being.

"Spirit is a fully-customizable, holographic A.I. that integrates with Symbiosis. In addition to having access to the entirety of assembled digital knowledge, Spirit feels what you feel, knows what you know, and will be a companion of unrivaled intimacy, able to offer personalized guidance, introspection, and friendship to every user."

The hologram bowed to the crowed. "I'm pleased to meet you. Together, I am certain there is nothing we cannot achieve."

The assemblage leapt to it's feet and gave a standing ovation as media members scrambled to relay the news.

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They took all my stuff. Said it was contraband. Don't know how a bunch of books and notepads could cause trouble, but they're gone. Only thing they left were my printed pictures of you and our kits. They're stamped "Property of Trinicorp" now, but I'm still glad I have them.

My cough is gone. Doc Berner said my rot-lung was terminal, but doc here says I'll be cured by tomorrow. It's a miracle!

Be brave for me, Elle, and tell James and Jenny daddy's going to work extra hard so ya'll will get the cure soon. Just, please hold on.

***

"Despite several petitions and calls from the public and politicians, Arkviel Prison has continued to deny all requests to allow an interview with pauper otter prisoner Diana Lee. Tonight, however, we have obtained an audio statement from Ms. Lee. She will finally be given the voice denied her during and after her trial by the Trinicorp-controlled legal system of Arkveil province. Let's listen to an excerpt."

"I was at Trinicorp seven years before I was incarcerated, and worked in several different departments, so I had considerable time to observe their practices from many angles. Less than 20% of Trinicorp's workforce are scions, with the rest being paupers from Waste-Zones. Disease and poverty are so rampant in Waste-Zones that corporations can hire their smartest individuals for a tenth of the cost and make them sign abusive contracts. Oh, they'll claim you came to them and accepted the terms, but if you can't put food on your table and you're dying of rot-lung the only other option is death, so you tell me if it's a choice.

"Paupers are slaves at Trinicorp. You're required to live on-site, and requests for leave are almost universally denied. Day-to-day life there may be better, but what they won't tell you is that buried in their 700-page, legalese terms-of-service is that for scions Panacea is a perk of employment, but for paupers it's a debt, and one that takes, on average, seven years of employment to repay. Even the labels 'pauper' and 'scion' are prejudicial. We live in a caste system enshrined by the fortunate and their progeny after the Great-Decline to monopolize power along with social and civil privilege.

"Perhaps worse is that Trinicorp really does hold all the cards. If you won't work unreasonably long hours that no scion is required to, or you cause a fuss when you realize no pauper is every promoted over a scion, they'll threaten to fire you. If you're fired, according to your contract you then owe the full amount of your debt, due within one week. If you can't pay it — and of course no one can — they'll have you sent to prison. That's what happened to me, and most others here. If you're a pauper at Trinicorp, you'll begin to feel like there's no way out, and it's because there isn't."

"Truly shocking allegations."

***

"Anyone considering Symbiosis or Spirit fails to appreciate the troubling, no, terrifying, violation of privacy they imply. If Spirit knows everything you do, so does Trinicorp. Is anyone seriously considering placing that kind of trust in them? The will be literally stealing your thoughts!"

"This is just more of the same luddite, fear-mongering, rhetoric we've all come to expect from hack, so-called watch-groups like yours, Wynd. The stored data is only used by Trinicorp in anonymized data-collection, otherwise it's protected with uncrackable encryption."

"That's willful ignorance. No system is uncrackable, and there is no doubt that Trinicorp has a way to access. The only real question is how will they abuse it."

"Award-winning cheetah scion lead of the hit series "Life Can't Wait", Tenisha Grey, sent the internet into a frenzy today with her controversial video post reacting to leaked statements from Arkviel inmate, Diana Lee, and Wynd Watch Group founder, Wynd Zeros."

"I think it's crazy how people are actually listening to her. I mean, she's a criminal! Maybe if more of these lazy paupers found Profit instead spreading diseases, you know? I'm just saying. You'd think they'd be more thankful. I mean, Trinicorp cured all disease, and pauper's are still whining about all this petty drama? It disgusts me. Most of those people would be dead without Trinicorp. Dead! I say, if you're going to complain, why don't you just kill yourself instead?

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"And to all those talking trash on Symbiosis and Spirit, you don't know what you're talking about! You're just scared and need to grow a pair, because it. Is. Awesome! Me and my Spirit are BFFs. If you don't have one already you better get one, cuz together we're going to live forever, and you don't want to be late to this party!"

***

"The unsettling trend continues. Suicide rates of pauper Trinicorp employees have doubled again for the fifth month in a row. Trinicorp has responded by installing nets around areas with a high rate of jumpers; hiring additional personnel to monitor those considered at-risk; requiring all pauper employees sign no-suicide pledges and indemnification waivers; and doubling security to combat on-site, pauper-rights protest-demonstrations the company says is lowering moral and impacting profits."

***

"The fallout continues today after former lead developer on Trinicorp's Spirit program turned whistleblower, wolf scion Trisha Holmes, violated her non-disclosure agreement and shocked the world with this revelation."
"Spirit is a mind-control device, and it knows better than anyone how to persuade you. Spirit's A.I. isn't a blank slate. I programmed it with an updatable moral-guidance protocol with the intention of bettering society, but before release, someone altered the original programming to add pro-Trinicorp and pro-Corpism sentiments. This bastardization of my work is an untenable ethical violation, and I will see to it Trinicorp is held accountable.
"This wasn't a last minute addition either. It would have taken someone working in secret the whole time to have something this complex ready to integrate at launch. I've already sent copies of portions of source code to select industry pros which will unquestionably substantiate all of this, and I am coordinating with the justice department to create an in depth deposition."

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"I established the Wynd Watch Group to protect the public from corporations who believe they can violate our rights and laws with impunity. Malicious manipulation today, thought theft tomorrow if we stand idle. It ends here. Trinicorp will be indicted."
"Tenisha Grey is back in headlines today for more inflammatory commentary on Spirit-Gate"
"Of-course Spirit wants you to like Trinicorp and Corpism! They're both awesome. And, duh, it's called advertising, people! Everybody advertises, Trinicorp just does it best! Oh, and I just wanted to give a quick shout-out to all those people who killed themselves, you're the best!"

***

"Reports have surfaced today that alleged whistleblower Trisha Holmes was receiving payments from Trinicorp competitor Lucidyne six months before she came forward, and is now in their employment. Trinicorp lawyers said they will be pursuing corporate espionage charges, and hope that the public will now see that Holmes' allegations were meritless."

***

James and Jenny are dead. I can't cry anymore, but the pain won't stop and I don't see how it ever could. I begged them for Panacea, told them I'd agree to anything. They told me I should just start a new family here. They won't even let me attend the funeral. They're completely soulless.
I failed. I should never have left, Elle. I'll never forgive myself, so after tonight I'll be waiting for you with James and Jenny. I love you.

***

"Anti-corp dissidents Diane Lee, Trisha Holmes, and Wynd Zeros were discovered and pronounced dead today. The cause of death in all three cases has been ruled to be suicide by local authorities."

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"Three key witnesses commit suicide one day before they're to appear in court to testify? Trinicorp isn't even trying to hide the fact that they had them assassinated! They want everyone to know, especially the pauper demonstration organizers inside the company. It's sickening! And what's worse is scion apathy will continue, just as sales of Symbiosis and Spirit will reach record levels again this quarter."

***

"The death toll continues to climb as new victims are discovered. Current estimates put the number of dead Symbiosis and Spirit users at 43,000. Among the dead is beloved actress turned spokeswoman, Tenisha Grey.

"The President described the loss as unimaginable, and has condemned this terrorist attack perpetrated by dissident pauper Trinicorp employees as unequivocally indefensible. He is working alongside Hierophant Alexi to comfort those who lost loved ones today and restore consumer confidence. Reports now say that a group of seven exploited a manual override function in Symbiosis, designed to resuscitate its user by restarting the heart. They used this to deliver a lethal shock which so far has left no survivors.

Trinicorp has released a statement that all the terrorists have been apprehended, and the security flaws patched. No more users are believed to be at any risk at this time."

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"Two years later, surveys have shown that the majority of Symbiosis and Spirit users no longer fear attacks, and have come to agree with pauper civil rights advocates that despite the deplorable nature of the terrorist attack, it was deplorable treatment of Trinicorp's pauper employees which drove them to it. Following an apology and admission of guilt, public opinion sharply improved, as did sales, despite that by all accounts by independent reviews, only meager changes to Trinicorp's practices were actually made."

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"It's been five years to the day since a senseless tragedy befell us all," said Hierophant Alexi to the packed Trinicorp auditorium. "Many caring and profitable scion users lost their lives that day. Despite those tragic losses, our user base has grown from 18 million to 1.7 Billion.

"In honor of our users, living and departed, as the most profitable company in the world, we make today's announcement so that a day of suffering and loss will be transformed into a joyous and profitable occasion. I present Unity! An augmentation to Symbiosis and Spirit which allows for a collective consciousness between all users."

Around the globe, a perfect awareness of other scions bloomed in the consciousness of users. Awe resonated throughout Unity as many became one.

"Your Triniccounts have already been charged."



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REMEMBER...
BLFCorp REWARDS LOYAL CITIZENS!



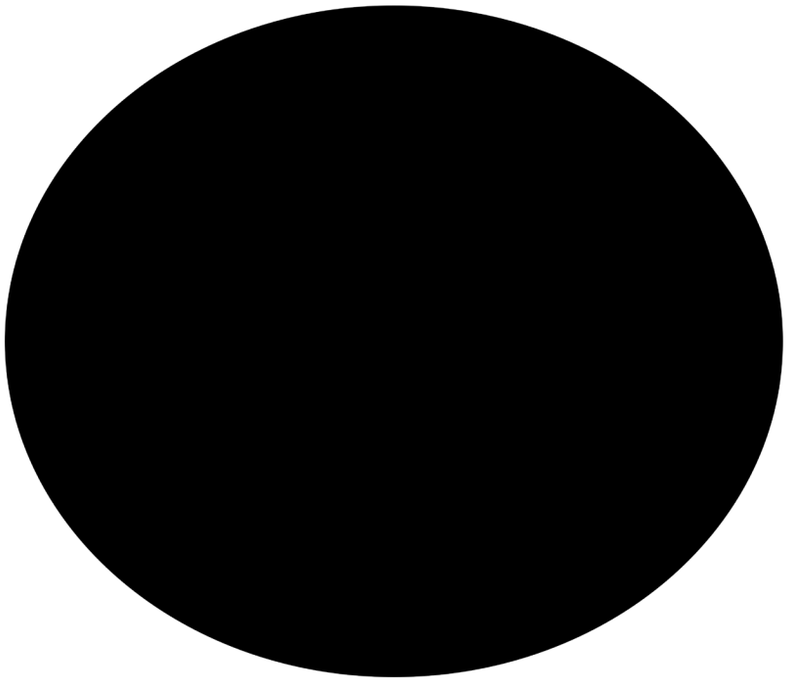


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NEW ENJOYMENT APPARATTUS

NEW AND IMPROVED, THE BLFC-APPROVED ENTERTAINMENT SPHERE IS COMPLIANT TO ALL 2015 BLFC RECREATIONAL GUIDELINES.

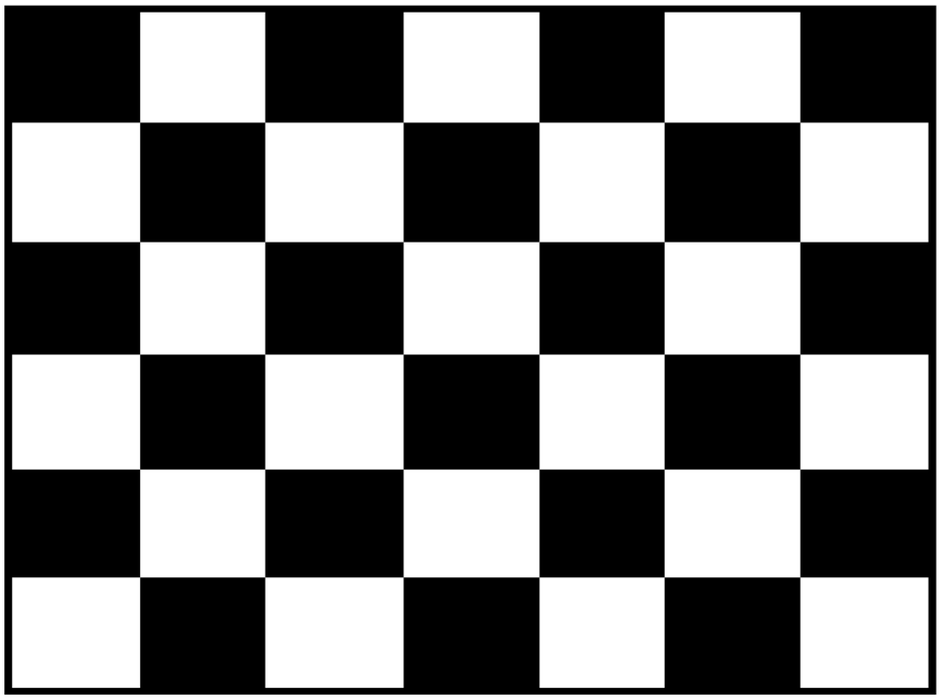
THE ROUNDNESS OF THE ITEM IS AESTHETICALLY PLEASING AND GAZING UPON THIS ADVERTISEMENT MAKES YOU DESIRE IT GREATLY. THE 2015 MODEL DISPENSES BLFC-APPROVED "FUN" IN QUANTITIES DEEMED SAFE FOR CONSUMPTION BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC.* CHILDREN, PREGNANT WOMEN AND THE ELDERLY MUST NOT PARTAKE IN "FUN" FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY.

NO BOUNCING, THROWING, CATCHING, ROLLING, LAYING, TWISTING, SITTING, OR PLAYING OF ANY KIND. ENJOY FROM A DISTANCE.

ALL ACTIVITIES ARE RECORDED ON VIDEO AND/OR AUDIO DEVICE TO AID IN THE PROSECUTION OF ANY CRIMES COMMITED AGAINST THESE BLFC APPROVED GRATIFICATION ATTRACTIONS.

*FUN DISPENSED IS THE MAXIMUM ALLOWED BY LAW.

ZHIVAGOOO



ANALOG SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN RECOMPILED SO AS TO BE MADE COMPLIANT TO ALL 2015 BLFC RECREATIONAL GUIDELINES.

ALL ACTIVITIES MUST FUNCTION WITHIN THE REGULATIONS AND CONFINES MADE EFFECTIVE WITHIN THE LITERATURE PROVIDED IN EACH "BOX", UNLESS ALL PARTIES HAVE MADE ALTERNATIVE AGREEMENTS.

ALL ACTIVITIES MUST REMAIN QUIET SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE OTHER ACTIVITIES TAKING PART AROUND THEM.

ALL ACTIVITIES ARE RECORDED ON VIDEO AND/OR AUDIO DEVICE TO AID IN THE PROSECUTION OF ANY CRIMES COMMITED AGAINST THESE BLFC APPROVED GRATIFICATION ATTRACTIONS.

ZHIVAGOOO

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HONOR YOUR GREAT LEADER
LUSH FUR
WARMEST CUDDLES
IMMORTAL
BELOVED
HE ONLY
OBEY
STAY HAPPY OR STAY QUIET
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