

all fur fun

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A Word From Our Chairman

Moorcat

Greetings and welcome to the first All Fur Fun convention! Thank you all for supporting our little event here in Spokane, the Ridpath hotel for being so generous and helpful to us putting together this convention...we are all doing this for the first time as planners, so to have so many attend this first year is quite fulfilling for us...so have a blast, and tell us how to make next years AFF even better!

All Fur Fun 2007 Guest of Honor: WolfNymph

Katie Hofgard is a life long Colorado native, and an aspiring illustrator. She has been creating ever since her mother first put a crayon in her little fists and taped down paper in front of her on her high chair. Her love for art and animals combined lead her to the world of anthropomorphic animal art, in which she has found countless inspirations. Now an art student at the Rocky Mountain College of Art and Design majoring in illustration, she draws on the hundreds of years of artistic knowledge in the hopes of making a career of her passion.



© Wolf Nymph

Wolf People

Bill Taylor

Wolf People was formed in June 1993 to promote the beauty and intelligence of the wolf. I have lived with wolves for twenty years and currently have eighteen wolves in my pack. At Wolf People, we teach about wolves so that they may safely live back in the wild one day. We always bring some of our wolves to the store for people to see, pet, ask questions about and take pictures of. Many visitors enjoy kisses from our wolves and come away with a better understanding of them. We have changed the minds of many people about wolves forever. We entertain tours in our store as well as going out in the public to parks, schools, recreation areas, and places of business with our wolves. We are presently involved in the possible delisting of wolves. Our wolves are as domesticated as a wild animal can be and, therefore, will live with us for their lifetime.

Wolf People is located on Highway 95 just past mile marker 461 in Cocolalla, Idaho, and is about 30 miles north of Coeur d'Alene and 12 miles south of Sandpoint. We are open year round and closed on Saturday.

Cochise

I lost my beautiful Cochise on January 21, 2007. We had a very special bond that started when he was 18 days old and the breeder placed him in my hands for the first time. He was a beautiful gray wolf with gorgeous green-yellow eyes and was my first pure male wolf. Cochise was very shy around strangers but always loving to me. We shared many loving memories, the loss of mates, playtime, etc. He was never sick a day and was the ultimate specimen of a wolf. He would have been sixteen years old on April 30, but failing kidneys took his life on January 21. I am so very thankful that I was able to be with him when he passed away and know that his beautiful spirit will be in my heart forever. I miss him everyday.

Like Mother Like Daughter, Like Father Like Son

Will A. Sanborn

"You did very well for your first time, Xeth, I'm proud of you," the female lupine said as she gave her mate's shoulder a tender pat.

"Thank you, Love," he replied as he leaned against her on the couch. His hand returned her touch as he lightly brushed through the fur on her leg.

"You're welcome, I'm glad I was able to try it out with you. You took to it even better than I thought you would."

"I've only been telling you that for how many cycles Charra? I may not have the talents you were born with, but I knew I could learn to do something with magic. After all, I figure living with you, at least some of it would rub off on me." He punctuated his remarks with a smile and playful swat at her.

"I may not have the talents you were born with, but I knew I could learn to do something with magic."

"Yes dear, I know how confident you were, you forget I've been living with you too," she replied and gave him a smile of her own. "I had to wait until I was skilled enough to be a teacher, and as soon as Master Krahn gave me his blessing, you were the first to know."

"I know dear. I'm just teasing as usual. It's nice to have you finally be able to start my training though." He paused, then added

"thanks for your help today, it was fascinating."

"Yes it was. I remember what it felt like the first time I was able to light up the stone. It's quite a feeling to know you have the capability."

"I'm sure you did a lot more than just get the gem to give off a tiny light though."

"Yeah, both Master Krahn and I were surprised when I got a tiny bolt of energy from the crystal." As she spoke, her ear flicked in remembrance. She was quick to add, "Remember that you said you wouldn't judge your performance against mine though, right? For the first time, your progress was good."

"Very well, teacher," he replied with another grin. His tongue darted over his teeth just briefly. "I promise to listen to your words."

"Very good, student, I'll keep you around for awhile then. If you can pay attention, you should be of some use." She flicked her ear again with that remark.

He countered her joke with one of his own. "I'm sure you could use me to keep warm on those cold nights... teacher." They both smiled at that. She pressed a finger against his nose. He gently licked it and then leaned against her. "Seriously though, thanks for agreeing to teach me, hon."

"You're welcome dear, I'm glad we can finally share that," she replied as she put her arm around him.

Just then they heard noises coming from the front of the dwelling. "Oh, it looks like the cubs are home," she stated the obvious as they heard the twin voices coming from a few rooms away.

"Let's sit here awhile longer though, they're good by themselves." She agreed and rested against her mate, letting the simple warmth of the moment linger on. A couple of minutes later she was roused by the excited barks of laughter coming from down the hall.

Her ears perked up, not so much from the muted sounds of their entertainment, but in reflex to another sense. "Xeth, where did you put the necklace, did you put it away in our room?"

"Yes..." he hesitated, then added "no, in the excitement I think I left it on the table... It's not dangerous is it?"

"No, it's tuned for beginners, so it won't get too much energy" she answered as she got up. "It's not something the cubs should be playing with though," she finished as she headed for the door. He followed behind her. His tail twitched in a nervous movement as he walked.

"Misha, Rarr, where are you guys?" she yelled out. She tried to disguise as much of the panic in her voice as she could.

She followed the sound of their laughter, and easily found them in the main room. They stopped and turned towards their parents as they entered. Neither child was hurt, in fact quite the opposite, they were both in good spirits. A quick look confirmed what Charra had suspected, as she saw her mate's new necklace hanging around her daughter's neck.

She could detect no damage from an energy discharge. A moment later as she looked at her son, she realized the extent of trouble they'd caused. She had to stifle a laugh as she saw how Rarr's fur had become all puffed out and unkempt. His head fur was the worst of all, its long strands were flying up and back away from him. He was a mess from the small flash of magic which had touched him, but no worse for wear.

From beside her she heard a small snort, both of amusement and relief, escape Xeth's mouth.

"Mom, look at this neat necklace I found, it looks just like yours" Misha exclaimed and her eyes were wide with excitement. "I can do magic with it too, it sparks light and everything!" Their older child's ears stood straight up as she related her discovery.

"Yeah, it's really neat!" Rarr, the younger cub by two cycles, agreed. "She touched it to me and it felt like I was getting tickled all over. I want to do it again!"

"Yeah, he looks all silly with his fur like that, Mom, like he got caught in the wind."

"Okay you two, that's enough for now. Remember what I told you about magic, that it's not to be played with, right?" She paused long enough to give a sidelong glance at Xeth, then added, "That's your father's necklace anyway."

"Awww Mom, I want one of my own. I want to learn magic like you guys."

"Well, you're a little young for the testing, but you've already shown you have a talent for it. I'll talk to Master Krahm and see what we can do to get you started. In the meantime though, you have to give your father back his necklace and promise not to try and do any more magic without me or a teacher present."

"Okay..." Misha replied. Her voice showed her disappointment, and her ears dropped as she took the necklace off. She handed it to Xeth, who looked a little sheepish himself.

"Once you see a teacher, sweetie, I bet you'll get to do a lot more magic then," he said as he held the piece of jewelry in his hand. She lifted her head up and gave her tail a couple of wags at hearing that.

He then turned to his mate and gave a tiny smile to her, as he looked for forgiveness. "Well hon, it looks like she's definitely taking after you."

Her response was interrupted by Rarr. "Well if she can't do magic, then I want you to do it, Mom. C'mon, tickle me again, that was neat."

Charra smiled down at her son, then turned to her mate and widened her grin. "And I see it's definitely like father, like son with you two, you big goof."

He nodded and accepted the admonishment. He then pulled all of them into a big hug. It'd take him awhile to live this one down, and he knew he'd have to be careful in the future with Misha showing a talent as well. He was glad to have a mate like

Charra, who could forgive him his mistakes though. He gave a rueful little smile to himself, as he wondered what she'd come up with later, as a way for him to make up for it.



© Jim Johnson

All Fur Fun 2007 Schedule: Friday, March 30

<i>Time</i>	<i>Main Event Room</i>	<i>Panel Room</i>	<i>Dealer's Den</i>	<i>Art Show</i>
8am	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>
9am				
10am				
11am				
12pm	Welcome to All Fur Fun! <i>Con Chair and Staff</i>		Setup	Setup
1pm		Wolf People Panel with Live Wolf! <i>No fursuits allowed!</i>		
2pm				
3pm	Make and Take Crafts Part 1: Fun With Clay <i>Teeka and Wicked Sairah</i>		Open	Open
4pm				
5pm		Fursuit Head Building <i>Moorcat</i>		
6pm	Furry Pictionary		<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>
7pm		Writing Panel <i>Phil Geusz</i>		
8pm				
9pm	Ironclaw: Furry RPG <i>Lupercus</i>			
10pm				
11pm				
12am				

Welcome to All Fur Fun!

Opening statements and greetings from the staff of All Fur Fun!

Wolf People Panel

Come meet the Wolf People and a real live wolf! Sorry, no fursuits allowed.

Make and Take Crafts Part 1: Fun With Clay

Creativity is fun! Let Teeka and Wicked Sairah show you how much fun it can be.

Fursuit Head Building Workshop

Moorcat shows you how to get started building a fursuit head. Hands-on participation is encouraged!

Furry Pictionary

You'll laugh! You'll cry! You'll laugh some more! Watch as your favorite artists go head-to-head and try not to keep you guessing too long.

Writing Panel

Phil Geusz leads a panel on many aspects of furry, fantasy and sci-fi writing.

Ironclaw: Furry RPG

Lupercus will be leading a furry-themed roleplaying game. Are you brave enough to find out what he has in store for you? Muahahaha!



© Skychaser

All Fur Fun 2007 Schedule: Saturday, March 31

<i>Time</i>	<i>Main Event Room</i>	<i>Panel Room</i>	<i>Dealer's Den</i>	<i>Art Show</i>
8am	Cereal and Cartoons		<i>(Closed)</i>	Setup
9am			Open	
10am	Game Hours of DOOM! <i>Board games, card games, etc.</i>	Fursuit Body Building <i>Moorcat</i>		
11am		Furries in Mythology <i>Wolf Nymph</i>		
12pm	Make and Take Crafts Part 2: Painting the Clay <i>Teeka and Wicked Sairah</i>			
1pm				
2pm		Meet the GOH <i>Wolf Nymph</i>		
3pm	Whose Fur Is It Anyway? <i>KieferSkunk</i>			
4pm		Second Life Panel <i>Haphaestes</i>		
5pm		Packs, Prides and Leaps: Alternative Families and Relationships <i>Ms. Purrmeow 18 and over ONLY!</i>		
6pm			<i>(Closed)</i>	
7pm	Ice Cream Social			
8pm		Exquisite Corpse Reading <i>KieferSkunk</i>		<i>(Closed)</i>
9pm	Dance Into the Night			
10pm				
11pm				
12am				

Cereal and Cartoons

Be a kid again! Come dressed in your pajamas (if you like) and enjoy a bowl of cereal and some Saturday-morning cartoons.

Game Hours of DOOM!

Play board games, card games, tabletop games, whatever is around!

Fursuit Body Building Workshop

Following on his head-building workshop, Moorcat goes over how to design and build a fursuit body.

Furries in Mythology

Wolf Nymph discusses how anthropomorphic animals have been the stuff of myths and legends since ancient times.

Make and Take Crafts Part 2: Painting the Clay

If you made some clay trinkets in the first panel on Friday, you'll definitely want to come back to paint them. Teeka and Wicked Sairah show you how!

Meet the Guest of Honor

Come meet Wolf Nymph, All Fur Fun's very first Guest of Honor!

Whose Fur Is It Anyway?

Furry comedy improv! Make things up on the spot and make everyone laugh. Remember, the points don't matter. Hosted by KieferSkunk.

Second Life Panel

Haphaestes discusses the growing furry community on Second Life, where anything is possible!

Packs, Prides and Leaps: Alternative Families and Relationships

Ms. Purrmeow leads a question-and-answer panel on alternative families and lifestyles, including open and poly relationships. 18 and over ONLY!

Ice Cream Social

Come have some ice cream! Get your tickets in the Dealer's Den or at the event.

Exquisite Corpse Reading

Did you see it out in the hall? Did you add a page to it? Even if you didn't, come find out just how silly an Exquisite Corpse can be when KieferSkunk reads this unpredictable story.

Dance Into the Night

Come get your groove on, twirl your glowsticks, and dance the night away!

All Fur Fun 2007 Schedule: Sunday, April 1

<i>Time</i>	<i>Main Event Room</i>	<i>Panel Room</i>	<i>Dealer's Den</i>	<i>Art Show</i>
8am			<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>
9am				
10am			Open	Art pickup and sales
11am	Art Auction (if necessary)			
12pm	All Fur Fun Benefit Auction			
1pm				
2pm		Art Technique Panel <i>Wolf Nymph</i>		
3pm		What Does Furry Mean to You? <i>Roundtable by Teeka</i>	Dealer teardown	Artist pickup of unsold art
4pm	All Fur Fun Feedback Session			
5pm	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>	<i>(Closed)</i>
6pm				
7pm				
8pm				
9pm				
10pm				
11pm				
12am				

Art Pickup and Sales

Did you win a piece in the art show or the auction? Here's where you come to pay for and pick up your winnings!

Art Auction

Any art that goes to voice auction in the Art Show will be auctioned at this time. We'll start with any adult pieces (minors will be barred), and then move on to the general-audiences art next (minors allowed). Wanna buy some plushies? We have a whole ton of them, and we'll be auctioning them off to raise money for a bigger, better event next year!

Art Technique Panel

Wolf Nymph discusses a variety of art techniques. If you're looking to learn from a master, this is the panel for you!

What Does Furry Mean to You?

Teeka hosts a roundtable discussion where she asks: What does the term "Furry" make you think of?

All Fur Fun Feedback Session

Come let us know what you thought of the convention, what you liked and didn't like, make suggestions on how we can improve for next year, etc. We appreciate your support!

Convention closes at 5pm!



© Skychaser



© SeaSenshi

Wolven By Night

Belinda “Raven” D’Auteuil

“Kyle, where are you going at this hour?” Mom demanded from her usual position in front of the T.V. Like her, it was in her bedroom, taking up space. At least it was working, unlike so many things in this run-down rat hole we live in.

“Just going over to Z’s place, I’ll be back late so don’t wait up.” Tonight was a full moon, and I needed to get out. Tonight I planned not a trip to a friend’s, but to let my fur down.

Yeah, I said fur. See, I’m a werewolf. According to popular dogma, I’m some kind of cursed spawn of Lucifer, destined to kill mercilessly everyone around me, to die by a silver bullet, then to suffer and burn forever in the fires of hell. The reality is, I inherited the change from my mother’s side of the family. A few generations ago, there was an uncle with a questionable reputation. No one ever speaks of him, and when they do, the tales are strange.

“Make sure you wear shoes, it’s cold outside tonight.” I make a noncommittal grunt, then slip on some sandals without socks. The moon was calling and I was eager to answer the summons.

How did I learn of my heritage? That too was an unusual tale. By chance I ran into a Native Medicine Woman, who named me “Wolf that Walks in Shadows.” I asked her what it meant, and she would not explain. The question still nags my mind.

I made my way to a prearranged spot deep in the forest. My car, a beat-up Dodge parked nearby, ticked to itself in the crisp fall air. It had grumbled all the way up the steep, rough path and still grumbled as it sat.

The bite in the air made me shiver and heightened my senses. Stripped naked on the hill top, I stood bathed in dim moonlight, the clouds obscuring the silver orb of my desires. My arms outstretched I waited to receive the gift that was soon to come.

Suddenly, the moon broke through it’s covering, the light came down like a shaft from on high. My response was immediate, as the changes began.

I dropped onto all fours, knees bent, one touching the ground like a runner waiting for the starting gun. My head bowed between my arms, which were bent at the

I stood bathed in dim moonlight, the clouds obscuring the silver orb of my desires.

elbow, spine bowed upward. Breath quickening, heart racing, blood singing in my veins.

Brown fur scurries down my arms, which become shorter and heavier. Bones crack and squeal as their form alters. Some joints bend backwards, others become shorter. Muscles band across my back, thighs which become powerful legs. Claws erupt from my fingertips and toes, which shorten and thicken into soft pink pads. My spine ratchets down, and a long plumed tail erupts from the base. Hollywood would have you believe this is all terribly painful, and no werewolf ever had a tail. To me, it is like being bathed in warm bathwater while receiving a rough massage. If they only knew...

When this rebirth ceases, I lie there on the leaf-littered grass, panting, allowing my body to adjust to it's new shape. I stand, stretching fore and aft, slowly pulling all the muscles taut, removing any residual stiffness. Tonight is a high, holy night. The air on the hill is clear and sweet with the scents of fresh apples and fallen leaves. Moved by the beauty and wildness of it all, I lift my muzzle into the night sky, howling of my joy and thankfulness for this gift.

I pad off into the trees, and spot a young doe lying in a copse, tending to her fawn. This is a chance I dare not overlook. I hunger after the change and crave a meal.

Nearby is a fast flowing stream, and I wade in as deep as I can. I swim around, bathing myself free of all traces of my hunt. The water is colder than the air, and tastes free, like I wish I were. Sadly dawn was coming fast, and I needed to be home soon.

With the first rays of dawn, the changes reversed as quickly as they had come. As the night before, I stand naked on the hilltop shivering, but my skin steams in the warming air as it sheds the warmth of my fur. I take a moment to dress and contemplate the night. It moves me to tears to think that I am a wolf that walks in the shadow of being human. *A-ha!* That was what she meant. The realization brings me to tears, and my human throat makes an attempt at my wolverine howl.

I return home to find my mother looking none too pleased. "Those wolves were heard again last night, according to the news. I was worried you might've run into them and been hurt."

"Obviously I wasn't." I answered grumpily. I was tired and needed sleep.

"Where were you last night young man? Don't tell me Z's, 'cuz I called there after the report. I want the truth, Kyle!" Her arms were crossed, and she tapped her foot impatiently. I knew the only thing I could do, was tell the truth.

With a deep sigh, I begin, "Remember that Medicine Woman I told you about?"

Intervention

Kristina Tracer

John answered the buzz of his doorbell on the third ring, glaring across the threshold. His normally unkempt mane of hair had been swept back into a semi-coherent tail, but the tie around his neck was still untied, the collar of his light blue dress shirt unbuttoned. His cheeks were clear of stubble, but a dark patch under his neck suggested that I had caught him in the middle of shaving.

“Adam, hi,” he said, verbally making a show of forcing civility into his tone. His gaze was tight, unflinching. “I’m sorry; did I or did I not tell you that I had a date tonight?”

I sighed. *This is it*, I thought. *Make or break time*. “That’s why I’m here, actually.”

A scowl crossed John’s face as he turned away from the door. “You don’t like Mitsuko,” he said, half-accusingly, as he stepped back into the apartment. It wasn’t an invitation, but he didn’t slam the door in my face either. Maybe he wanted to have this out as much as I did. “You never did.”

“It’s not that I don’t like her, John, it’s—” My voice cut out as I stepped into the front room that served as both living and dining space in John’s cramped studio. Outer space seemed to be the theme of the week. Last Saturday, the wallscreen opposite the entrance had been a bay window letting in the last rays of sunset across a distant beach. Now in its place was a porthole to a starry sky, an orange sun rising over an alien planet filling the bottom-left corner of the viewport. The other frames dotting the walls all followed the pattern, the images flickering from vintage spacesuit cheesecake to flickering starfields to futuristic shots of silver cigar-shaped ships docked at spindly stations.

The only static image in the room dominated the wall to the right, opposite the entrance to the tiny kitchenette. In it, an anthropomorphic raccoon in a jade-green teddy stretched luxuriously against a sea of darker forest velvet. Her tail curled over her legs and she gazed upwards towards the frame with a warm smile. White crysanthemum petals dotted the image, clinging to both background and subject. It looked as though someone had tossed a handful of flowers into the scene, and then captured her just in the moment before she began to laugh.

*Now in its place was a
porthole to a starry
sky, an orange sun
rising over an alien
planet....*

I turned towards the short hallway that led towards the bathroom. “It’s that... how can I even say this?” Frustration mounted in my voice, and I blurted out, “She’s not *real*.”

The snap of an electric razor coming to life punctuated my statement, followed by the drone of it doing its work, the only sound in the apartment. An eon of uncomfortable moments later, it snapped off again, leaving the whole room silent. Finally, into the empty air, I heard John speak again. “You’ve met her,” he said levelly.

“You know... you know that’s not what I meant,” I called down the hallway towards him. “She’s not... I mean... she’s....” I was at a loss for words. Nothing seemed like the right thing to say; I’d blown my entire argument in the opening statement.

John stepped out of the bathroom, back up the hallway, fingers at his neck, buttoning his shirt. “She’s a digital sentience inside one of Tadashiissei’s systems.” For his inflection, he might have been talking about the weather forecast. He grunted, lifting his head to fasten the top button on his collar. “Your point?”

“I... my point is....” I fumbled for words, backing up towards the entrance as he continued his advance back towards the living room, trying to make eye-contact with him. “John, what kind of relationship do you really think you can have with her?”

He grinned, a genuine smile just shy of laughing, eerily reminiscent of the raccoon’s in the picture. “I’m about to go on a date with her, aren’t I?”

“No, that’s not....” I shook my head. “I mean, what kind of life can you have?” I was trying to be nice, trying to bite my tongue, to be reasonable. There had to be words to express what I was thinking, and I fumbled for them desperately, trying to say something that would make sense to him. “You can’t go every week plugging yourself into their network. You can’t afford it. It was fun once in a while, but you can’t keep this up forever, can you?”

His grin widened. “I don’t have to.”

As he spoke, his eyes widened, and I saw within them a glimmer that made me pull away as he brushed past me into the living room, gazing out the porthole while he tied his tie. “What do you mean?” I asked his back. “I mean....” I froze as realization dawned. “You can’t be serious.”

He turned around, smoothing out his Windsor knot, his expression thick with false innocence. “Serious about what?”

“You... you’re...” I didn’t want to say it; that might have made it real. “You’re going in there. Permanently.”

"The industry term is 'upload,'" John replied, unnecessarily. "And yes, I am."

I stared, incredulous. For a moment, my eyes slid past John to the viewport, and I felt for a moment as if I would simply fall past him and out into empty space beyond. "How're you going to afford it?"

John's expression toned down to a serene smile, and he picked up a remote off of the short table in front of his sofa. Turning towards the picture over the mantel, he thumbed a button and Mitsuko's portrait flickered out, to be replaced with a pair of raccoons in the same setting, their arms and tails entwined. Mitsuko still wore the same teddy as before, while the other, a male, bore only a pair of what looked like pajama pants made of the same near-translucent fabric. My eyes widened in recognition; it was the avatar John had worn the last time I had gone with him into Tadashi's servers.

The frame beeped again, and the scene changed, this time to a shuttle landing bay, where John-the-raccoon and Mitsuko wore immaculate orange mechanic's uniforms, toolbelts at their waists and hats in their paws. Another beep, and John stood at the doorway leading to a shuttle in a silvery steward's uniform, a translucent green bubble helmet tucked under one arm, while Mitsuko stood opposite him in a classic *uchuufuku*, reading flight plans from a palmtop computer. Another beep, and John was motioning out the window of the shuttle towards some kind of space platform.

"Tadashi's offered me a job in their design department," he said as a flood of similar images flickered past. "Their first space expansion is due in three years, and I'm going to be part of the lead team. I'll even have a job in-world as chief steward on the station, and Mitsuko's thinking about applying with the hospitality staff." With a final beep, the screen snapped back to the original image, of Mitsuko gazing up at the camera, dotted in crysanthemum petals, just about to giggle.

"You're serious," I said, turning away from Mitsuko's picture, back towards the person I thought I had known as my best friend. "You're really serious," I repeated, unable to make eye contact. My gaze slipped up to the picture of his girlfriend, to the alien world behind him, to the remote that he'd been wielding moments before. "You're really going to stick yourself inside the computer for good."

John chuckled. "Yes, I am." He stopped, and his face became the mask of earnestness. "Adam, I know I can't explain this to you, but I'm happy. It doesn't matter to me that it's all inside a computer. It doesn't matter to me that she's made of ones and zeroes instead of flesh and bone. What matters is that I love her, and that she loves

me, and that we have a chance to be together, that I have I chance to be doing what I want to do, with someone I care about. I'm happy, damnit, and I don't understand why you and the guys can't just be happy for me."

"But... but it's not *real*," I protested. "None of it is! It's all just a game!"

"What is real?" John asked as he shook his head. "We could all be brains in jars, for all you can really prove about the world. You don't know for sure that you're not a simulation already. Science can only answer so far up the chain of metaphysics before it has to throw up its hands in disgust. You can't conclusively prove that we didn't all come into existence five minutes ago, that this isn't some grand simulacrum being run by a cosmic computer preloaded with this configuration, our argument included. So what's wrong with going down a level, instead of up one? Why should Tadashi's worlds be considered any less real, just because we know where they came from?"

His words gnawed at my heart. I wanted to answer him, to deny him, but I knew that even if I could prove my point, it wouldn't matter. "She doesn't love you, John," I snapped. "She can't. She's programmed to respond to stimulus, not to feel. She's an AI, not a person." I was lashing out now, but I didn't care.

John's expression darkened. "The polite term is 'digital sentence,' Adam; now you're just being rude. You and I, we're just programmed to respond to stimulus, too, only our programs run on organic lubricants and glands, instead of silicone wafers. What's the difference? Her code's as complex as mine, and she's as blind to her underpinnings as I am to mine. She has thoughts and emotions and hopes and dreams as much as I do. The only difference is that in her world, age is a myth, scarcity is only limited by processing power, and anything literally is possible, if you're willing to work for it. Damn it, Adam, who *wouldn't* jump at a chance to live forever in a world like that?"

I turned away, back towards the door. "I can't explain it any more than I already have," I mumbled, eager now to make my escape. "You just don't get it. I'm about to lose my best friend, and all you can do is play messiah."

"No, Adam," he replied sadly as I retreated out the door, "it's you who doesn't get it. I'll be in paradise in six months, and you'll still be here, wondering where your world went. Good-bye, Adam. I can't spare you any more time, or I'll be late, and reservations at Junsei-en aren't easy to replace."

I turned around to answer, but the door was closing, John already gone behind it. The last thing I saw before it snapped closed was a rocketship blasting off from the surface of the alien world in his holoscreen, rising into the void.

All Fur Fun 2007 Staff Bios

Firebringer

Paperwork Goddess / Ducks-In-A-Row-icorn

Firebringer is All Fur Fun's resident red and black unicorn, and RL wife of fellow staff member Kiefer. Fire joined the con staff after learning of the con from her good friends Teeka and S.R.... who coincidentally were the same people who first introduced her and her now-husband. Fire's own furry art can be seen at her Deviant Art or VCL galleries. She works with the dealer's den and art sales, and is the all-around administrator and note-taker for AFF. She also should be commended for putting up with Kiefer's puns.

S.R. Foxley

Website Backend / Volunteer Coordinator / Voice of Reason

S.R. Foxley is an easygoing fellow with a lot of common sense. He's married to Teeka (part of the staff too!) and keeps her silliness in check if she gets overboard. He's well known in the Transformation Story Archive crowd, and his website and stories can be seen here at S.R. Foxley's Hole in the Ground! He's supersmart in the coding and website security area (as well as many others!), and works with Kiefer on the website's backend. (That sounds so dirty!)

Teeka Foxley

Public Relations / Spokesperson

Teeka is a bouncy, happy fox that loves to meet new people and talk about random things, which is why she was picked to be the P.R. for All Fur Fun. She's married, very happily, to S.R. Foxley (also part of the staff!) Teeka is known relatively well in certain circles, such as Second Life (as Teeka Fox), and even has her own WikiFur article! She also loves fursuiting, drawing, and being annoying!

KieferSkunk (Matt Kellner)

Website Backend / Registration / Speaker of Bad Puns

KieferSkunk is one of the two developers of the All Fur Fun website, working together with S.R. Foxley to create the automated registration and content manage-

ment systems. Kiefer will also be managing at-the-door registration and check-in for the convention. He lives in western Washington with his wife, Firebringer, who is also helping out with the Con. (Interestingly, Fire and Kiefer first met in Seattle, at the former home of Teeka and S.R.!) And yes, keep earplugs handy when near Kiefer, or you'll find your brain exploding with the random puns that seem to fly randomly out of this skunk's mouth!

Li'l Red / Zinnthra

Head of Art Show / Quiet li'l Husky

Li'l Red is a husky with a good head on his shoulders, quiet and calm. We all look forward to seeing him strut his stuff during All Fur Fun's art show!

Lupercus

Head of Security

The large amount of military experience under this wolf's belt helps him know how to handle a crisis, which is why he's perfect for the position of Head of Security. Still, don't let him intimidate you (unless you have a reason to be intimidated!) He's as friendly and talkative as they come.

Moorcat (Sean Ravencraft)

Con Chairman / Really is a Cat

Moorcat's the feline you go to when ya want stuff done! Watch out for the fur though, he sheds on *everything*.

Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet

Publications Head / Part-Time Oracle / Full-Time Weirdo

A computer program designed to generate the world's most amazing cookie instead went haywire and created Jessie! She arrived from the scary East Coast just in time to dedicate the entire fiber of her being (well, that which wasn't consumed with a radio show and playing *City of Heroes*) to put together the conbook, assorted propaganda, and all manner of subversive printed material for All Fur Fun.



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Daniel S. Keller
2006

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All Fur Fun 2007 Policies

General

The staff of All Fur Fun would like you to enjoy your time at the convention, and thus has instituted the following policies to promote a safe and fun environment for all. Please read these policies thoroughly; you will be expected to know and understand them when you enter the convention space. Thank you.

Please be prepared to show your badge any time you need access to convention space or events; it identifies you as a fully-paid attendee of the convention. Most of the convention space is oriented toward general audiences (PG - 13 or less). We will clearly mark the areas and events where the content may exceed this rating. At registration, we will check your birth date and ID, and minors (under 18 years of age) will have their

badges marked. Specially-marked badge holders will not be allowed into the adult areas of the convention, and will not be allowed to view or purchase adult-rated materials.

Please read these policies thoroughly; you will be expected to know and understand them when you enter the convention space.

All Fur Fun, like many other anthropomorphic conventions, wants to maintain a professional image in the public eye, and we take pride in our appearance and want you to as well, while still having fun. Please consider how your actions reflect on the convention and the community as a whole. If the convention becomes

aware of any illegal activities either in convention space or in private hotel rooms, we will be forced to inform the proper authorities.

Please keep in mind that there are likely to be other guests staying at the hotel who are not in any way affiliated with this convention. Please be respectful of their space and privacy, and be aware that what may seem like acceptable behavior to you may not necessarily be acceptable to others. If you choose to interact with non-convention guests, please do so in a manner that does not offend them. We encourage you to impress people with how much fun and enthusiasm you have for our fandom.

Safety and security matters are handled by our security staff. We will do our best to ensure a safe and secure environment, while at the same time staying out of the way of people having fun. Security may ask you to stop an activity or move it to a private room; please comply with all such requests promptly. Repeat offenders may be required to return their badges and leave the convention premises, and will *not* receive

a refund. If you feel that a member of convention staff has made an unfair request or has not dealt with you in a fair manner, you may bring this to the attention of the convention Chair after the convention.

Costumes, Clothing and Behavior

Please use common sense in public areas. If you have to ask or think twice about doing it in public, you probably shouldn't. For example, kissing, hugging and holding hands, regardless of sexual orientation, are fine. Nudity, groping, and sexual activity, regardless of orientation, are not. While collars and leashes may be worn discreetly, blatant displays of bondage or BDSM may result in you being asked to leave the convention space. We ask you to always wear at least a shirt, shorts and shoes in public areas of the hotel.

If you are wearing or plan to wear body paint, you should keep a shirt handy at all times in case you need to pass through the lobby or other areas frequented by other guests. Additionally, if you are wearing body paint of any kind, please refrain from sitting on hotel furniture. Similarly, please do not use the lobby or hotel furniture to apply body paint or heavy makeup - we will provide a lounge for this purpose, or you can use your hotel room.

Public exposure of genitalia, buttocks or (female) breasts is strictly prohibited; a minimum of a non-thong bathing suit must be worn at all times in public areas. "Anatomically correct" costumes and fursuit additions must be likewise clothed.

Harassment

In the spirit of keeping the convention safe and fun for everyone, we take very seriously *any* attempt to make it less so for anyone. As such, we will not tolerate any harassment, period, regardless of who it is against. *No means No, Stop means Stop, Go Away means Go Away*. If someone refuses to abide by these simple rules, please contact a member of con staff or security.

Harassment is any behavior that intentionally annoys or alarms another person. This includes unwanted physical contact, following someone in a public area without a legitimate reason, or threatening physical violence. An offender may lose their badge and the matter may be referred to the proper law enforcement authorities. If you are being harassed, immediately contact security or convention staff. If a con staff member

is not available, you may contact the hotel staff, who will be able to contact con security at any time.

Sales

All Fur Fun provides the Dealer's Den and the Art Show for all sales of merchandise and services. Anyone who receives payment for goods or services (such as body painting, massage, etc.) in convention space *must* comply with all posted rules regarding sales. These rules apply at all times while in convention space, regardless of where in the convention space the sale takes place.

Parties, Alcohol and Zero Drug Tolerance

All Fur Fun does not tolerate the serving of alcohol to minors (under the age of 21). If you are hosting a private party in your hotel room or outside of the hotel, it is your responsibility as a host to ensure that your party does not disturb others. All Fur Fun is not responsible for private party activities. Also, if you are drunk, we ask that you stay in a private place (your room, a friend's room, etc.) and do not disturb others.

Smoking is prohibited in public areas of the hotel and convention space, pursuant to Washington state law.

There is a Zero Tolerance policy on the use of illegal substances. Anyone found using, selling or giving out an illegal substance as defined by Washington state law will be immediately ejected from the convention, and the matter will be referred to the appropriate authorities.

Weapons and Replicas

As per the requests of hotel security, we cannot allow the open display of weapons except those authorized by law. This includes firearms, blade weapons (peace bonded or not,) and replica weapons (if it looks like a real knife or gun in any way, it should not be brought to the convention.) These weapons are prohibited even if they are a part of your costume.

Due to the potential for damage to property, water pistols, silly string and other similar devices are also prohibited in public areas of the hotel and convention areas.

Photography and Video

We would like you to remember your experience at All Fur Fun, and as such, we encourage you to take photos or record your own home movies. However, there are a few rules you must observe while doing so:

Photo and video cameras are generally allowed in all publicly accessible convention areas except the Art Show, and where otherwise noted. (Some panels may be restricted, for example.) You may also take photos and video in and of the hotel lobby, your hotel room, and any activities outside the convention, so long as you have the consent of everyone involved.

If you are asked not to take a photo of someone, *don't take the photo*. Photographing someone who does not wish to be photographed may be considered a form of harassment, and will be dealt with as such. Please keep in mind that people wearing fursuits generally don't (or can't) speak, and may make physical gestures or wear a badge or sign that indicates their photography preferences.

Unless you have received written permission from All Fur Fun staff ahead of time, photography and video for purposes of the public press are prohibited. While we would like the public to know how much fun a furry convention can be, we do not wish to draw unwanted negative attention. The convention may provide its own press liaison at its discretion, and will notify all attendees if and when a member of the media will be present.

If You Have Questions...

During the convention, if you have any policy questions, feel free to ask a member of the staff.

Thank you for your interest in All Fur Fun! We hope you enjoy the convention.



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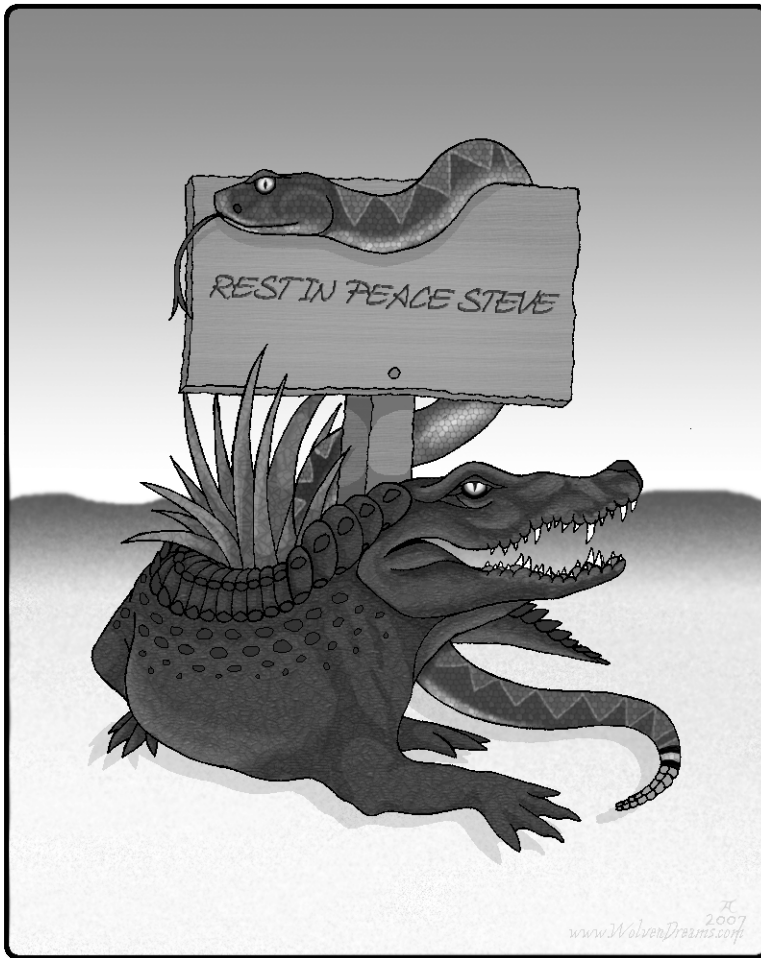
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