

all fur fun

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All Fur Fun 2008: Pajama Party

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A Word From Our Chairman

Moorcat

Greetings and thank you all for your support of All Fur Fun's second year. I am pleased to again be your chaircat, and I'm really excited about this year's event. We have all been working hard to bring you something we hope is unique and fun. I have the pleasure of welcoming this year's guest of honor, Foxy, some of our local talent here in the Inland Northwest. I only hope that our weather here during the con is not very interesting; she is an extreme weather enthusiast! I'd also like to welcome back Wolf People of Idaho, and to our other canine visitors this year, the greyhound rescue group, Greyhound Pets of America: Greater Northwest.

All Fur Fun 2008 Guest of Honor: FoxyFennec

FoxyFennec's work is normally of anthropomorphic animals, or furrries. She has many inspirations for her art, such as, "friends, other artists... sometimes music, and almost always emotion." Her favorite medium is marker, most notably Prismacolor, though she states that she has been "slowly shifting over to using Copics. They use a better ink for blending and layering." She also likes, "to add a little bit of colored pencil and gel pens to my work, for extra shininess."

Foxy has been drawing for most of her life, starting when she was just a toddler. It seems she started out in anthro work early as well! "My mom recently found a worksheet from Sunday School, and I had drawn cat faces on the images of kids on the page." She says also that she "only really started to concentrate on refining my [anthro] work in 2002, after discovering the furry fandom online."

When asked how she chose her fursona (the anthro animal character that represents her; in this case, a fennec) she answered, "She's actually shifted throughout the years. In high school, I drew myself as a cheetah (which I later named 'Cailin') and sometimes as a lioness, since I loved [The Lion King] and my high school and college mascots were both lions. When I was half-way through college, I started to feel like a big cat didn't really suit my personality. The diminu-

tive fennec fox was a much better match for my personality. I picked the fennec out of a bunch of animals I liked, and named her 'Juliana' for one of my favorite bands, the Juliana Theory. The nickname 'Foxy' was derived from my (now-deceased) pet corgi, Fox." She also has secondary characters that she has created. "The other animals I had thought of for my fursona have become secondary characters for me now. I often represent myself as a genet, a skunk, an armadillo, and a surly white fennec fox. They are little anthropomorphized fragments of my personality, used to convey my moods online."

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 thirty miles north of Coeur d'Alene and twelve miles south of Sandpoint. We are open year round and closed on Saturday.

Greyhound Pets of America: Greater NW

The Greater Northwest chapter of Greyhound Pets of America is a non-profit, all-volunteer organization dedicated to placing retired racing greyhounds into homes through out the Greater Northwest and Western Canada. GPA volunteers bring in greyhounds from all over the United States. After physical exams and vaccinations under the care of a veterinarian, volunteers place the dogs with foster homes where the personality of each can be determined to make sure they'll be comfortable in their final placement. They have years of experience matching each greyhound to just the right adoptive home. Be sure to join them at noon on Saturday to hear the whole story and meet a couple greyhounds!



© SeaSenshi

Cost of Repairs

Kristina Tracer

Standing on the concrete landing in front of my apartment, Lynne epitomized the saying, “something the cat dragged in.” Her ears were soaked through from the early February drizzle that couldn’t decide if it wanted to be rain or snow, and one of them hung listlessly, the felt ratty, the supportive wiring inside crumpled. Her eyes were large and dark, her face wet from more than just the hostile weather, and her teeth clattered as she hunched in upon herself. She clutched at the edges of her oversized brown leather duster with one hand, nervously squeezing the end of her tail in the other. Beside her on the ground lay a battered blue canvas suitcase, visibly stuffed to just shy of bursting.

Our eyes met for a moment, and then I quickly bent and took the suitcase in a paw, then shuffled back to give her room to enter. Her shoes squished as she walked, leaving muddy footprints on the tan carpeting as she stepped into the living room, dropping heavily into one of the oversized beanbags scattered around the edges of the room. A moment later she jerked, rolled up onto her side and shuffled her tail out from behind her, then draped it across her lap.

Wordlessly, I set down the case, then walked past her to the kitchen, returning soon after with two mugs of coffee. I carefully set them down on the one of the low tables, then dragged it over to her. “You really should let me take your coat,” I said softly, doing my best to project my smile onto her. “You’ll catch your death of cold.”

It took some time for the words to reach Lynne through her shivering, but when they did, she looked up and nodded. I held out a paw to her, and she took it in mine, then rose from her seat and began shrugging out of her duster. I took it from her, then walked towards her suitcase. “I’m afraid I don’t have anything that will fit you yet,” I apologized in a slightly louder voice, projecting it from the hallway back to the living room. “Do you have anything dry?”

Soon, Lynne was seated again, a steaming mug clutched in both hands, dressed in an oversized bathrobe. Her sodden clothes had found their way into my washing machine, and the contents of her suitcase lay half-sprawled across my living room floor, away from her shoes. She sipped slowly at her coffee, each

Beside her on the ground lay a battered blue canvas suitcase, visibly stuffed to just shy of bursting.

motion deliberate, as if measuring the distance from lap to mouth. At times one hand left the safety of the mug to touch the clips in her hair, or to pick up the length of pink felt beside her.

Finally, I set my own mug back down on the glass tabletop, letting it clack just a bit louder than necessary to break the silence. "So, what happened?" I tried to keep my voice as even as I could, but I really didn't have to wonder too much.

Lynne gave a noncommittal shrug, then smiled weakly over the rim of her mug. "Charles gave me a choice. Either the mouse went, or I did." She took another sip of her coffee, then set her mug down next to mine.

My own ears flatted against my head in response. "Honey... I thought he was happy with your remake."

She shrugged again, then leaned back to stare at the ceiling. "He was, as long as I kept it in the nest, but he said it wasn't something decent people admitted in public."

I couldn't help but chitter at that. "I guess that means I'm not decent," I quipped, rising from my own beanbag.

Lynne smirked weakly in response. "He wrote you off as eccentric in high school." She waved one hand dismissively, reaching for her coffee with the other. Her voice slipped into a passable imitation of her likely soon-to-be-ex-husband's. "'June? She's crazy.' Apparently normal people don't write freelance niche news journals for a living."

"I could've told him that," I said with a smile, returning with a bottle of brandy. I took a seat again, then filled my half-empty mug with amber. The taste reminded me of all-night parties in college, warm and relaxing.

"Mm," Lynne agreed around a mouthful of coffee. She swallowed quickly, then coughed as the hot liquid burned the back of her tongue. When she recovered, she chuckled darkly, eyes boring into the depths of her mug. "He actually accused you of engineering the whole thing."

I looked up in surprise at that. "Of what?"

She shrugged, then motioned to the felt ears clipped in her mouse-brown hair. "This." She grinned, a subtle hint of nervousness in her laugh. "He said you talked me into doing it, like some kind of cult leader."

I chuckled at that. "If I wanted to talk you into it, I wouldn't have told you about the recovery period."

Lynne tittered in response. “What was it you said? Like somebody’d used a lawn aerator on you?”

I laughed. “I think that was how I put it, yes.” I held up the bottle to her, tilting my head to the side. “Would you care for some, by the way?”

“Please.” She held out her mug, and I added brandy to her coffee until she made slicing motion with her hand. She shifted, then took a bit more than a sip, sighing loudly. “Listen, June, I’m really sorry about imposing—”

I held out a paw, palm outward, to stop her protest. “Lynne, I told you on the phone, it’s fine. You can stay here on my couch until things are settled, and then I’ll help you find a new place.”

She smiled at that, an actual smile, lip held to suggest the longer front teeth I knew she dreamed of having. “I really appreciate that. It shouldn’t take that long. I mean, I can’t imagine him contesting...” Her voice fell to nothing, and then her head bowed. A moment later, her shoulders began to shake.

I set my mug back on the table and rested one paw on her shoulder, the other on her knee, and waited for the sobbing to pass. I tried to think of something to say that might help, but my muzzle came up empty. I’d given up on the idea of a relationship until after my procedure, and by then I’d become married to my job, working more than full time to pay for the treatments I’d needed out of my own pocket. Really, the closest thing I’d had to an emotional breakup involved changing my hosting provider on a moment’s notice when I’d learned my site had been hacked.

“It’ll be like high school. Remember the sleepovers we used to have on weekends?”

A thought came to me and I grinned, then fetched a box of tissues. I knelt on the beanbag when I returned, chittering softly. “Here, look. I know Joanna doesn’t have work tomorrow, and I don’t keep office hours. Why don’t I invite her over?” I patted Lynne on the shoulder as I talked. “I’ve got an air mattress she can borrow, and I bet I can talk her into bringing over her repair kit.”

Lynne wriggled her nose and sniffed, then took a wad of tissues and blew noisily into it. “Do you... do you think so?”

I shrugged and rose again with a smile. “I’m sure of it. It’ll be like high school. Remember the sleepovers we used to have on weekends?” I held down a paw to her, offering to help her stand.

At that, Lynne smiled again, or at least she tried. “Popcorn and cupcakes,

bad movies and dress-up sessions.” She took my paw in her own and stood, then followed me into the kitchen. Her eyes were red and puffy, and one of her ears, the broken one, had fallen out of place. She unclipped it and tugged it out of her hair, turning the mangled mass of wire and felt over in her hands. “What’m I going to do, June?” Her voice was a half-whisper, punctuated by the occasional crack. “I can’t afford this on my own. We were barely making ends meet as it was.”

I fumbled a bag of popcorn out of the box in the pantry, then popped it into the microwave. “I don’t know, Lynne,” I admitted in response. “I can tell you you don’t have to worry about a roof over your head, and I know Joanna will spot you the cost of repairs. Have you started therapy yet?”

She nodded once, her head still bowed over her injured ear. “Doctor Odenkirk, downtown. I managed a few sessions, on my way home after work.” I think she wanted to say more, but the sound of popping kernels and the drone of the microwave drowned out her speech. She just stood, breathing in the scent of artificial butter, her body visibly relaxing.

When the staccato slowed, I opened the door and handed her the bag. “Would you care for a bowl?” I asked, reaching for the cabinet where I kept such things.

She looked down at the bag of popcorn, then up at me with a giggle. “Please. Don’t want to get my fur greasy.” She reached up and clipped the bent faux ear back in her hair, where it stood, indefatigable. Then her shoulders sagged, her eyes dropping back to the floor. “I’ll have to replace my muzzle, too. Charles tore it off during the argument.”

I smiled, then passed her a shallow glass dish and leaned in to brush my muzzle against her cheek, letting the short, soft fur rub against her skin in a sisterly kiss. “Go pick a movie,” I said softly. “I’ll be there in a bit.” Once she was out of the kitchen, I picked up the headset to call Joanna, to ask her for help in mending more than a crumpled ear.

Searching the Shore

Will A. Sanborn

I don't know why I went out to the beach that night. I was feeling lonely again, and I guess I decided I'd rather listen to the surf than sit at home. Not all foxes are so lucky at finding dates. I'm not all that great with the ladies, and I don't like the bar scene anyway. It's too depressing. No, the solitude of nature often feels better to me, so after putting in some extra time at work, I decided to drive out to the beach. It was a nice night with a bright moon overhead and a gentle breeze in the air.

I hadn't been out there at night for a long time, so I was glad I'd followed my whim. I was having a good time walking along the shoreline. I'd even taken off my shoes to walk through the waves, feeling the wet sand under my toes, and the water splashing against the black fur of my feet. I eventually came to a nice flat rock and sat down there under the moonlight. Out here I didn't feel so alone. The sound of the surf was a gentle and unobtrusive companion as I let my mind wander.

I'd closed my eyes and sat there, just listening to the waves crash softly all around me. I lost myself in it and didn't know how long I'd stayed there; I'd lost all track of time. Something caught my attention though. A sound next to me, or perhaps just something I'd sensed; whatever it was, it brought me out of my reverie quickly. Opening my eyes, I felt my ears prick up as I moved my head to look around. I jumped when I saw her, letting out a short startled yip. There, off to my right, was a vixen, standing only a few feet away from me.

I shook myself and stood up, trying to regain my composure and not look like a total fool. "Oh, I'm sorry, you scared me," I stammered, forcing a smile despite my embarrassment. I tried to perk my ears up, but they still drooped slightly, my body language giving me away. Damn, I must've looked stupid.

Looking at her as I got over my shock, she was rather pretty. She was a white vixen, and her soft fur shone nicely in the moonlight. She was wearing a simple dress, its style a little old-fashioned, yet maybe, and it seemed a strange thing for someone to be wearing for a walk along the beach. It was just surprising to find someone else out here this late at night, but perhaps she was another eccentric fox like me.



© S.M. Bittler "Synnabar"

I noticed she was standing in the water, but not deep enough so the fabric of her dress would get wet. She didn't move as the two of us regarded each other. I stood there pausing, not knowing what to do, and still feeling rather silly. She was staring at me, and I began to feel ill at ease with the situation. The look on her face seemed wrong, not an expression of surprise or embarrassment at disturbing me. In fact, her stare was almost emotionless, the look of someone lost in their own little world. She didn't look dangerous, but she could be somehow disturbed.

I hesitated, my mind fumbling for the correct thing to say to her. What does one say to a strange woman you meet on the beach late at night anyway? I didn't want to offend her, but the whole encounter was making me nervous. It was best just to explain how she'd caught me off guard, and laugh the thing off, then excuse myself as soon as possible. Going home seemed like a good idea right about then.

"Look, I...." I started to say, but as I did so, I suddenly got a better look at her, and my words trailed off into silence. Her fur wasn't just white, it was downright pale, and as I stared at her, disbelieving, I realized that indeed I could see right through her. Her body was partially transparent, her ethereal form standing out thinly against the background. What's more, she wasn't actually standing in the water, looking down to where her dress came close to touching the waves, I could see she was floating above them. A shiver ran through me, for she had no lower legs or feet; there was only a gap of space beneath her as she hovered over the sea.

Her stare was almost emotionless, the look of someone lost in their own little world.

Gasping, I turned slightly, and started backing away from her, careful not to trip over the large rock behind me. I moved with deliberate motions, inching away from her, unable to turn my eyes away from the pale specter before me. She watched me retreat slowly for a few steps, and then I saw her ears jump to attention. The look on her face quickly changed, from that of a blank stare to one of recognition and determination.

"Jackie, it is you," she called out to me, as she moved forward. "No, don't leave, not now...."

Seeing her floating towards me, I quickened my step. I felt my heart beating in my chest and heard my breath rasping loudly as I tried to call out, but man-

aged only a gurgling gasp. I tried to turn, wanting to run, but I couldn't force my legs to work any faster. I was also unable to tear my eyes off the apparition bearing down upon me. Seconds later I felt my foot catch on a rut in the sand. I lost my footing and tumbled down on my back, a scream choked off in my throat.

She was on me quickly. I put my arms up to shield myself from her attack, but it was to no avail. A shiver ran through me as I felt her make contact, pushing her ghostly body against mine. It felt like a cold wind brushing up against me, but then I could feel her weight upon my chest. It was not as heavy as a living person's would've been, but still enough to push my back down against the sand, if only slightly.

My eyes were frozen upon her as she looked down at me, her own pale orbs holding me in her gaze. I tried pushing against her, but the phantom weight of her body held me steady, my muscles feeling cold and numb, and my body locked in fear. My breath came out in low moans as I lay there so utterly helpless, a sinking feeling gnawing away at the pit of my stomach.

There was a longing in her eyes as she regarded me, the moments ticking off slowly with the pounding of my heart in my ears. Finally, she spoke again. "Oh, Jackie, you've come back to me," she whispered softly, bringing her face closer to mine. I could feel the cool touch of her breath ruffling the fur of my cheek. "You don't know how long I've waited for you" she added. "They said you'd been lost at sea, but I knew that wasn't true, that if I only waited long enough, you'd find your way back to be with me."

She was smiling at me, which only sent more shivers down my spine. She pushed herself closer to me and I felt her weight increase, her touch becoming slightly warmer, not as cold. Her eyes glistening, she brought her mouth down upon me, resisting my attempts to shrink away from her.

Those cool lips touched mine, kissing me gently at first, then with more insistence and urgency. Her advances weren't quelled by my aversion to her touch. Her kiss was both needy and desperate, cutting off my breath as I tried to fight against her. To my horror, I felt her muzzle opening wider against mine, her mouth pressing against my lips even harder. She felt more solid against me, her weight growing heavier still. She was warming steadily with my presence too, her body taking on more substance, but even so, I could still see through her; her form not yet become completely solid.

I fought back against her advances, slowly finding the resolve, my body coming back under my control. My muscles awaking from their paralysis, I found the strength to push against her. Turning my head I broke off her kiss, and bringing my arms up, I pushed her off of me.

“Jackie, no....” she said as she looked at me, confused surprise and hurt washing over her face.

“I’m not Jackie,” I said as I scooted away from her, my legs still too weak to stand. “I’m not him....” my voice croaked as I tried to make her understand, as I tried to get away from her.

She reacted to my words almost as if I’d struck her, her mouth hanging open, her eyes regarding me with shocked disbelief. Moments later, she started crying, holding her face in her hands. Looking at her, I saw tears flowing from those ghostly eyes. As she cried, I saw she was becoming paler, more transparent once again. Her sobs chilled me, sending more shivers through my body.

I lay there watching her, frozen in place, not knowing what to do. Still sobbing, she finally rose up, standing once again on phantom legs, her head hung low and her ears drooping. She looked at me, her face still wet from her tears, and simply said “I’m sorry, I’ve been searching so long that I thought you were him....” With that, she let out a low moan of a sigh and turned to float away from me. I watched her go, my heart still beating heavy against my chest. I looked after her as she found the water’s edge and started moving back down along the shoreline. Her tail hung limply behind her as she moved, dragging along the sand and then finally into the wet embrace of the surf.

*As I watched,
powerless to stop
her, I saw her fade
to disappear into
the mist of the sea.*

“No wait....” I called out to her as I managed to find my voice again. The low sound of my words was lost in the noise of the surf though. I tried calling to her again, but she never turned back towards me; she just continued receding from my view. As I watched, powerless to stop her, I saw her fade to disappear into the mist of the sea. Lying there shivering, recovering from the shock, I felt new twinges of emotions washing over me. My mind still reeling from the terror, I also felt her loneliness tugging at me, knotting my stomach even further. I could not escape the feeling of her desperation, and I shivered at how lonely the pale, moonlit landscape of the beach now felt.

I've been back there many nights in the months since then. The nights I don't go out to the beach, I often have trouble sleeping. She's stayed with me in my thoughts, and she haunts my dreams, calling out to me in her sadness. I haven't been able to find her again, but still I search for her. I watch the shore for her to return to me. I want to be there to comfort her in her loss, and to let her know that she doesn't have to be lonely anymore. Neither of us do....



© Shayley "Rhari" Duval



© Robert Losiniecki

AFF 2008 Schedule: Friday, April 18

Time	Main Event Room	Panel Room	Art S.	D. Den	Reg
10am	(Closed)	(Closed)	(Closed)	(Closed)	Reg Open
11am			Artist Setup Only	Dealer Setup Only	
12pm	Opening Ceremonies Con Chair and stAFF				
1pm		Wolf People with live wolf (no fursuiters, please)	Art Show Open	Dealer's Den Open	
2pm	First Time at a Con? 2 the Ranting Gryphon	Open Gaming			
3pm	Meet the Guest of Honor FoxyFennec				
4pm	Whose Fur Is It Anyway? KieferSkunk and 2				
5pm					
6pm	(Closed – Dinner Break)	(Closed – Dinner Break)	(Closed)	(Closed)	
7pm					
8pm	Pillows and Party Games Firebringer and Samwise	Packs, Prides, and Leaps (18+ only) Ms. Purrmeow	(Closed)	(Closed)	
9pm					

Opening Ceremonies: Welcome to All Fur Fun 2008! It's year two and we're hoping it'll be the best yet. Come and meet our stAFF, hear a word from our Convention Chaircat and start the convention off with a bang.

Wolf People: Come and have a visit with the Wolf People, and see their live wolf. Remember, there are no fursuits allowed in this panel; we don't want to scare our furry friends.

First Time At a Con?: For a lot of you, this is your first All Fur Fun, and for some, it's your first ever furry convention. 2 the Ranting Gryphon would like to share with you some stories about first year con experiences and some helpful tips for what to do at your first con. If you're new to the convention scene, come in to get a leg up on things, and if you're a seasoned veteran of the con circuit, come and reminisce in stories of your first golden step into the world of furry cons.



© Laineynyah

Meet the Guest of Honor: Come meet FoxyFennec, this year's Guest of Honor. Foxy will talk about her life, her art, and her experiences both in and out of the furry fandom. She'll also answer some questions, so be sure to drop by if there's something you're dying to ask her. (Please, keep your questions PG-13 and under.) Don't forget to bring your AFF 2008 tee-shirt with you; Foxy will be autographing them near the end.

Whose Fur Is It Anyway?: You'll laugh! You'll cry! You'll probably laugh again! Join KieferSkunk and 2 the Ranting Gryphon as they host this year's edition of "Whose Fur Is It Anyway?" We had a blast at this panel last year, and this year it's going to be even better as we add a whole extra hour for the festivities. Best of all, this panel is done by *you*. Come up to the stage and entertain the audience in our improv games. Don't know how to improv? That's okay – 2 and Kiefer will start the session off with some tips

and warmup exercises to get those creative juices flowing.

Pillows and Party Games: So it's Friday night and everyone is settling into the swing of things here at AFF 2008. Some of you might already have a crowd of friends following you around, but some of you might be feeling a little bit shy; after all, new convention experiences can be a little intimidating. Lucky for you, stAFFers Samwise and Firebringer have just the cure! Come to the main event room to play some group games. We'll be playing games and activities specifically designed to help you get to know your fellow furs in a friendly and safe environment. So whether you have a whole hoard of friends or you're feeling a little shy come on down and join the fun, everyone is welcome!

Packs, Prides, and Leaps (18+ only): Ms. Purrmeow leads a question-and-answer panel on alternative families and lifestyles, including open and poly relationships. (Adults only, please.)

AFF 2008 Schedule: Saturday, April 19

Time	Main Event Room	Panel Room	Art S.	D. Den	Reg
9am	Cartoons and Cereal	(Closed)	(Closed)	(Closed)	Reg Open
10am					
11am	Performing in Fursuit Axelroo	Guest of Honor Art Panel FoxyFennec	Art Show Open	Dealer's Den Open	
12pm	Fursuit Parade and Photo Shoot	Greyhound Rescue GPA:GNW			
1pm	(Closed – Lunch Break)	(Closed – Lunch Break)	(Closed)	(Closed)	
2pm			Artists and Dealers		
3pm	Fursuit Building Workshop Moorcat and Sokitwopaw	Adult Writing Panel (18+ only) Yogloo	Art Show Open (‘til 6:30)	Dealer's Den Open	
4pm	Spirituality Moorcat and Sokitwopaw	Watercolor Dilly Dwagoness			
5pm	Furry Pictionary	Open Gaming			
6pm :30	Ice Cream Social				
7pm	Stand-Up Comedy Hour 2 the Ranting Gryphon				
8pm :30	All Fur Fun Raffle				
	Dance Setup	Exquisite Corpse Reading	(Closed)	(Closed)	
9pm	All Fur Fun Dance DJ Skiltek	Art Jam			
10pm					
11pm					
12am					

Cartoons and Cereal: For some folks, sleep-overs as a kid meant waking up early for (or staying up until) those Saturday morning cartoons came on television. Wake up, join the fun, and relive some of those fond old memories. This is a great event to wear your PJs to as well. We'll provide the cereal and cartoons, so all we need is you!

Performing in Fursuit: What's it like to wear a fursuit? Want to learn how to strut your stuff in front of people? Got a fursuit but don't know what to do with it? Axelroo will answer your questions as he gives out pointers and live demonstrations.

Guest of Honor Art Panel: This year's Guest of Honor, FoxyFennec, will be giving advice and pointers on the finer points of using markers to color your art. If you want to see how the GoH does her stuff, or just need some help getting the hang of marker coloring, come and check things out.

Fursuit Parade and Photo Shoot: It's fursuits on parade! Everyone who has a fursuit will be marching, dancing and frolicking through the convention space. Afterward, there will be a photo opportunity with individual suiters and groups in the Event Theater, so bring your camera!

Greyhound Rescue: Greyhound Pets of America: Greater Northwest is coming in to talk about their rescue operation, and they'll be bringing some live dogs to show off at the event! If you've ever wanted to learn about rescuing greyhounds or just meet one in person, now is your chance!

Fursuit Building: Ever wonder what it's like to make a fursuit? Have you ever said "I'd like to do that, but I just don't know how; what are the steps, what stuff do I need, can I realistically do this?" Well now Moorcat and Soki are here to help shed some light on those mysteries. Come watch as they share some basic steps and pointers on making your own fursuit.

Adult Writing (18+ only): There's really no right or wrong way to write erotica, but it can be rather intimidating and confusing nonetheless. Yogloo will discuss how, in many ways, writing adult stories isn't all that different from writing in the mainstream. (Remember, while adult writing isn't much different than normal writing, this panel is still adults only.)

Spirituality: Moorcat will host an open and directed discussion about spirituality with plenty of furry flavor mixed in. Be sure not to miss this enlightening experience.

Watercolor: Dilly the Dragoness shows us some first hand experience with watercolor technique. Dilly will be bringing some supplies and letting audience members participate in first hand learning experience. If you've ever wanted to learn to use watercolor, you don't want to miss this.

Furry Pictionary: Get ready to laugh! Two artist teams are going head to head to whip the audience into a frenzy. They're going to be drawing as fast as they can to get you, the audience, to guess what it is they've been given to draw. You'll laugh till your sides hurt!

Ice Cream Social: Enjoy some delicious dessert and the company of your favorite friends. Come for ice cream and stick around for a live comedy show immediately following. Tickets to the social are available in the Dealer's Den, and if there are any left, at the door to the event. Tickets are going to be limited this year so if you want to go, make sure you buy yours early.

Stand-up Comedy Hour: The fandom's own stand-up comedy artist 2, the Ranting Gryphon makes his All Fur Fun debut this year. Come see what this comedic wordsmith can do!

All Fur Fun Raffle: Come to the raffle for a chance to win some great prizes, including an iPod case, art reference books, big cat plushes, and more! Make sure to be there when we have the prize winning drawings; raffle participants must be present to win.

Exquisite Corpse Reading: It's the Exquisite Corpse, the unpredictable story that you help to create! A notebook will be left in the lobby area near the elevators during convention hours – feel free to add a page, but but keep in mind that you can only see what the person before you wrote. KieferSkunk will be reading the results out loud Saturday night before the dance, so be sure not to miss it.

All Fur Fun Dance: The dance is back, and better than ever! This year we've pulled out all the stops and brought a smokin' hot DJ to the scene, DJ Skiltek! Come down and shake your tail as he spins the tables. We guarantee this is one show you won't want to miss.

Art Jam: Do you love to draw? Are you looking for some space to sit down and knock out some of those commissions you've been racking up all convention long? Would you like some company while you do it? Then the Art Jam is for you! We'll be opening up our panel room for artists and their friends to come and relax. We encourage you to bring your supplies and grab a chair.

AFF 2008 Schedule: Sunday, April 20

Time	Main Event Room	Panel Room	Art Show	Dealer's Den	Reg
10am	(Closed)	(Closed)			
11am	Furries in Public 2 the Ranting Gryphon	Open Gaming	(Closed)	Dealer's Den Open	Reg Open
12pm	Art Auction				
1pm	What Does Furry Mean...? Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet				
2pm	History of Anthros Tora Kiyoshi	(Closed)	Art Pickup and Sales	Dealer Teardown	
3pm	Closing Ceremonies and Feedback Session				
4pm	stAFF				

Furries in Public: Not quite sure how to confront your parents with the news that you're a furry? Not sure how to broach the subject at work? Puzzled over what to say if those fateful news cameras ever fall on you? Before you say anything, 2 has got some wisdom he'd like to share on the matter. He'll be sharing his thoughts on how best to approach the subject of furry when dealing with the public (and private) non-furry parts of your life.

Open Gaming: We'll be opening up our panel room to you for social hours. We'll provide the games, you provide the fun! Come spend time with friends, play some board games or card games. This will be the time for you to bring your own games too, though the AFF staff would like to remind you to be smart and safe; we can't insure your belongings, so make sure you keep tabs on everything that's yours so you walk out with the same things you walked in with.

Art Auction: You've pined for that picture all weekend, and now's your chance to fight for your right to take it home. The voice auction will feature all of the works of art that received six silent bids in the Art Show. Come and bid, but remember: anyone can outbid you! (Art pickup, including for pieces you won before the auction, will begin immediately following this event.)

What Does Furry Mean To You?: Back by popular demand, the unconventional convention stAFFer Jessie will be our guide and moderator as we ask questions and share answers about what part the world of anthropomorphics plays in our lives and the larger world outside. Guaranteed to be thought provoking, zany, conversational, and not one bit stuffy!

History of Anthros: Tora Kiyoshi gives us a look back on the long history of anthropomorphism. What are its origins? What are some famous historical anthropomorphic figures? Come and find out as we shed some light on this fascinating subject.

Closing Ceremonies and Feedback Session: Well, it's the end of another great year. The stAFF will be assembling to host a discussion about this year's convention, what you liked, what you didn't like, and how you think we can make next year even better. We appreciate you sharing your thoughts.

Convention closes at 5pm!



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All Fur Fun 2008 StAFF Bios

Moorcat (Sean Ravencraft)

Con Chairman / Really is a Cat

Moorcat is a single 38-year-old multi-talented feline. He recently graduated from Spokane Falls Community College's orthotic prosthetics program, is attending EWU for an fine arts degree. and is a self-employed cat doing fursuit and professional model commissions, as well as custom-designed and reproduction clocks for Out of Time Clocks and Hobbies. He's a lifelong furry and decorated veteran, ready to move ahead with the next AFF!

KieferSkunk (Matt Kellner)

Head of Registration / Website Developer / Professional Punster

Kiefer has been a member of the furry fandom since the early '90s. He spends most of his time working with computers, and he is responsible for most of the features on the All Fur Fun website. Kiefer lives in a suburb of Seattle with his wife, Firebringer, their three cats Nicholas, Trevor and Calcifer, and their corn snake, Prozac. In his spare time, Kiefer enjoys playing video games, listening to music (and occasionally composing it), and telling bad puns. Be careful, or he might hit you with one when you least expect it!

Firebringer (Elaine Kellner)

Secretary / Head of Dealer's Den / Paperwork Goddess / Fire Hazard

Why they put a fire-summoning unicorn in charge of the paperwork, we'll never know. Firebringer joined the All Fur Fun staff with her husband Kiefer when friends dragged them into it, and they haven't gotten rid of her yet. Fire joined the fandom around 2003 as an artist, and still finds some time to draw stuff when not planning for AFF. Look for a few of her pieces in the art show, and say 'hi' at the AFF staff table in the Dealer's Den!

Fire's day job is in Business Intelligence, and she spends her free time drawing, baking, knitting, gardening, playing video games, suffering Kiefer's puns, and chasing after their crazy pets.

Gas-Mask-Dragon

Security Noodle

All Fur Fun's scalie representative, who will be working to make sure all the other furs stay in line during the convention. Don't worry about the ruff gruff exterior, GMD is about as intimidating as a bag of marshmallows.

S.R. Foxley

Website Backend / All-Purpose Fox

S.R., who lives south of Seattle, is All Fur Fun's jack-of-all-trades. In addition to maintaining the convention's web server, he's also helping out with registration, treasury and secretarial duties, and he'll likely be in many different places during the con. Say 'hi' when you get a chance!



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Samwise

Assistant Chair / Volunteer Coordinator / Public Relations / Town Barker

Samwise joined the All Fur Fun ranks practically half way through last year's event. Since then, he's been an active member of the stAFF. Sam currently has two Associate's Degrees and plans to move across state to attend university in the fall (please wish him luck!) He is a full-time student, a part-time employee at a book store, a volunteer at a youth center, and a full-time stAFFer. Sam would like to remind everyone of the "6-2-1 Rule" of convention-going. What's that, you ask? Six hours of sleep, two meals, and one shower, every day.

Zinnthra (Mark)

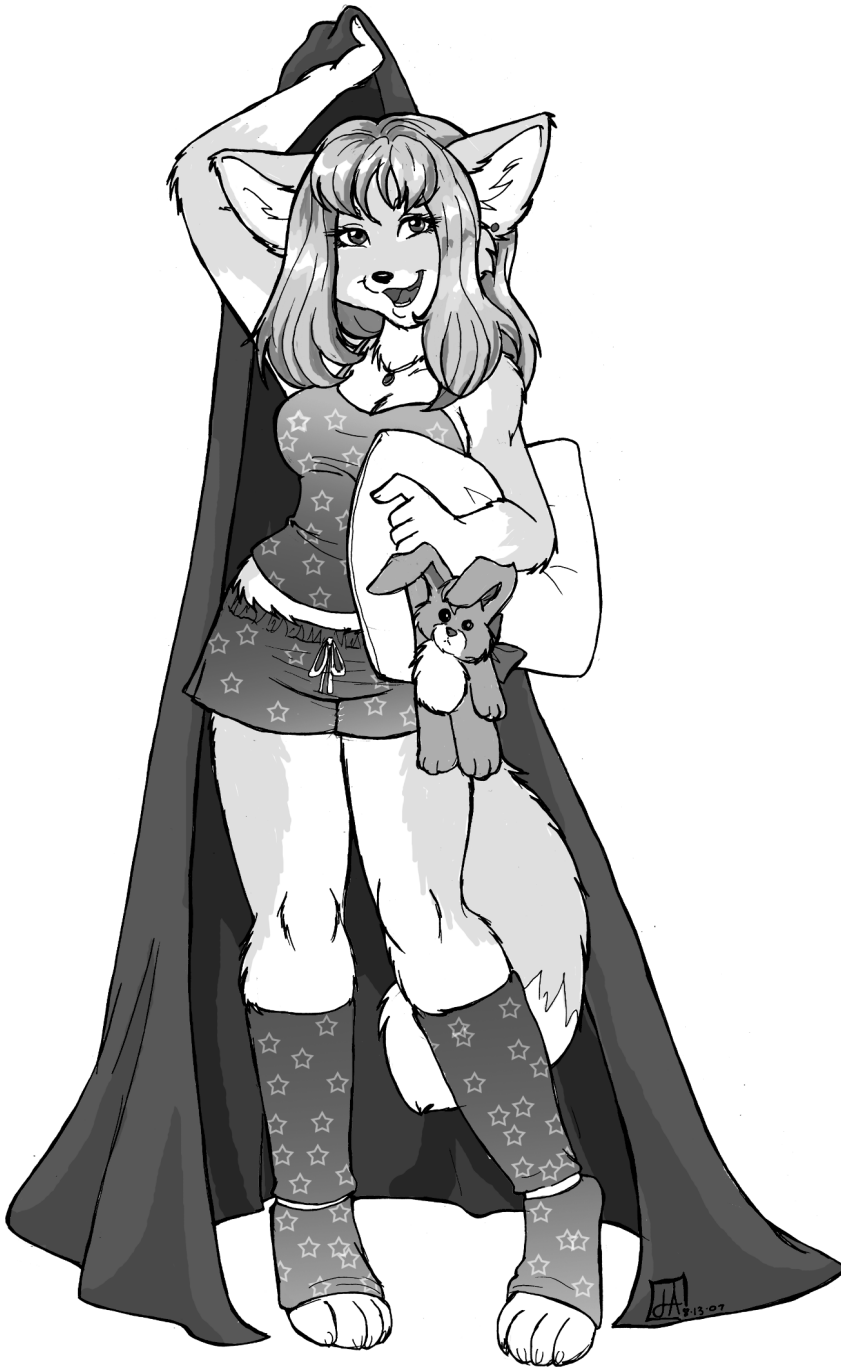
Head of Art Show

Zinnthra has been on the AFF staff since the con was conceived, and will probably be there till it dies. A north Idaho native river otter who works full time as an equipment and automobile mechanic, he has been furry since 1998, got a fursuit in 2006 and is now hopelessly addicted to fursuiting. Other hobbies include restoring classic and late model cars (seven of them and counting), hot rodding, motorcycle riding (1300 VTX), fishing, hiking, swimming, camping, hunting, boating, reading, and a variety of video, tabletop, and board games. He's currently doing a full remodel on his house while living at his parents' house and working in another state. He'd also like to complete his SCUBA training. This otter has way too many fish to fry and far too small a skillet to do it with! He's also very quiet, shy, straight, single and available.

Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet

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

She may have neither cape nor utility belt, but don't be fooled. She's a superhero, all right! When she's not fighting crime with a hacked Speak&Spell and a devil-may-care attitude, she's cobbling together the conbook, signage, and pocket program guide for All Fur Fun. Don't settle for cheap, store-brand crazy people; ask for Keet by name! (Product is genuine Corsac fox. Does not contain actual parakeet. Notify physician if swelling occurs. Use only as directed.)



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All Fur Fun 2008 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 con-

vention 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 within any AFF convention space, including the open area by the registration desk. Please restrict all alcohol consumption to non-con areas (such as your hotel room).

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.

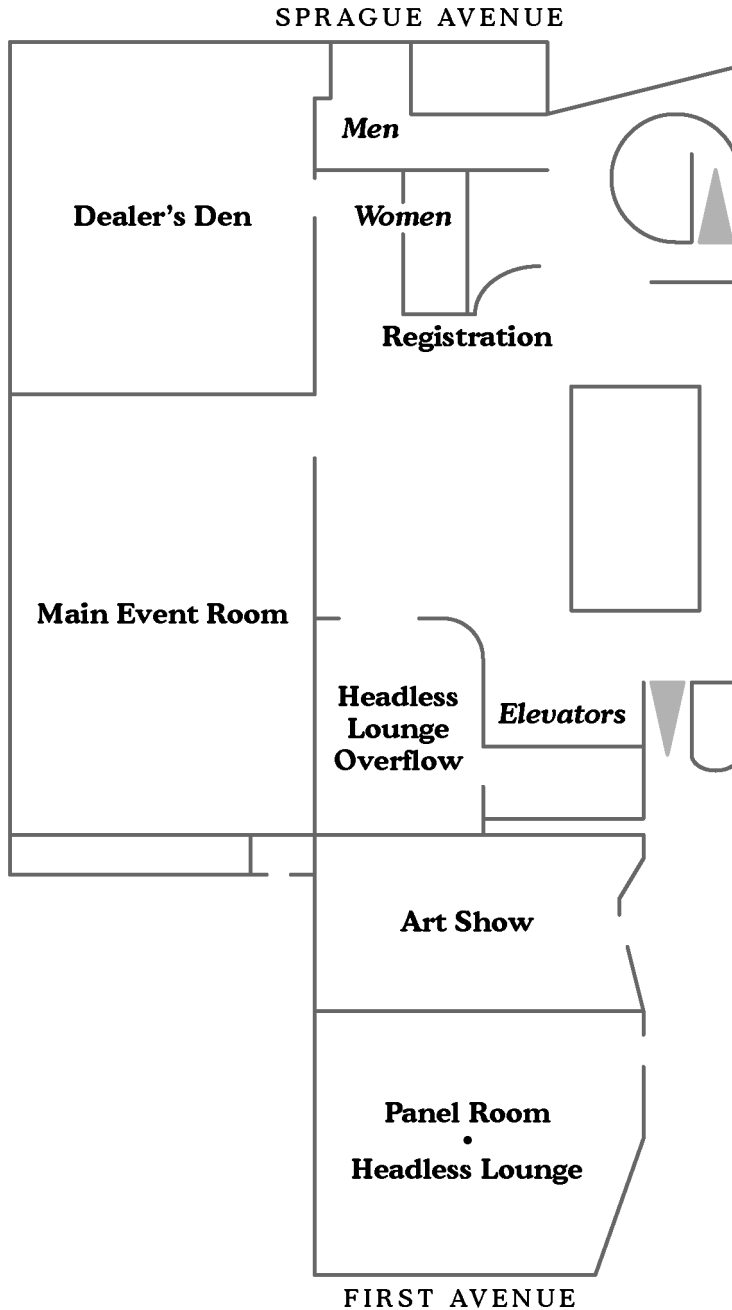
Unless you have received written permission from All Fur Fun staff ahead of time, photography and video for purposes of the public press are prohibited. While we would like the public to know how much fun a furry convention can be, we do not wish to draw unwanted negative attention. The convention may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

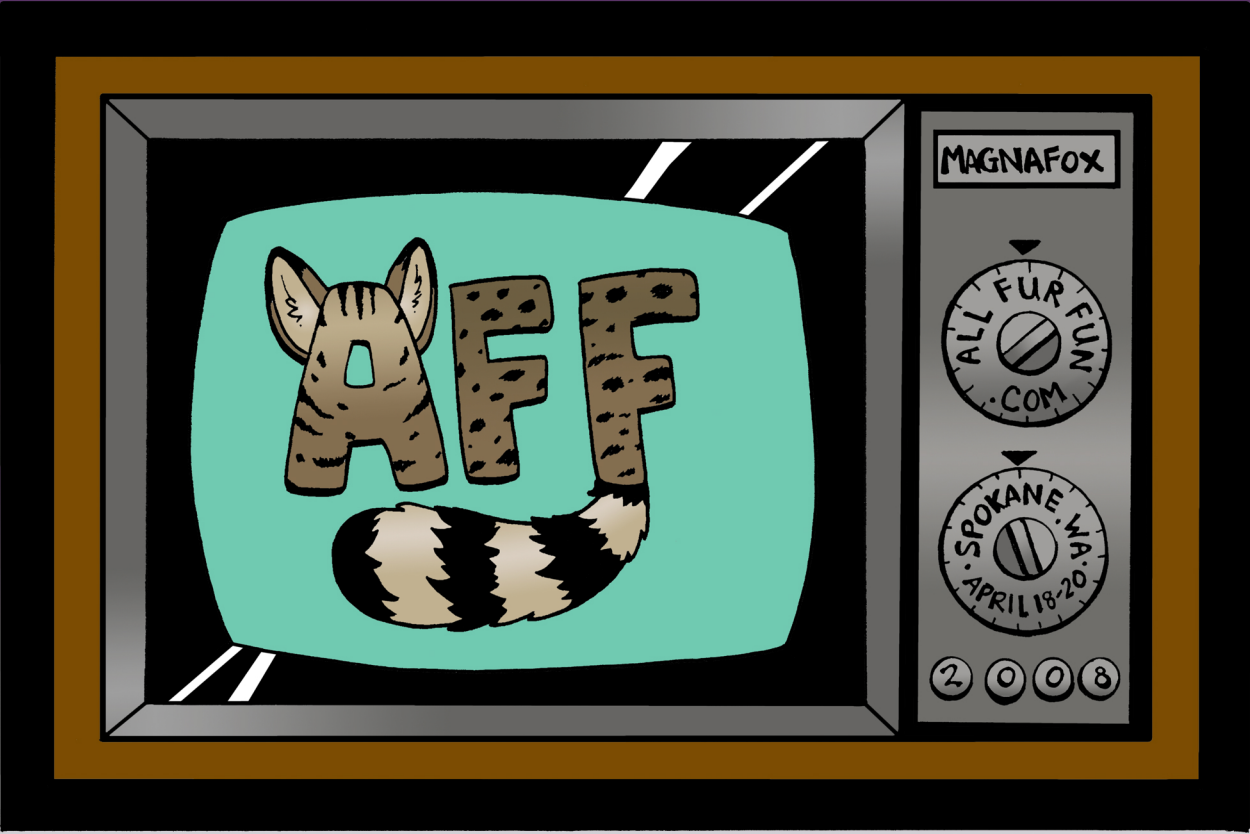
If You Have Questions...

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



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