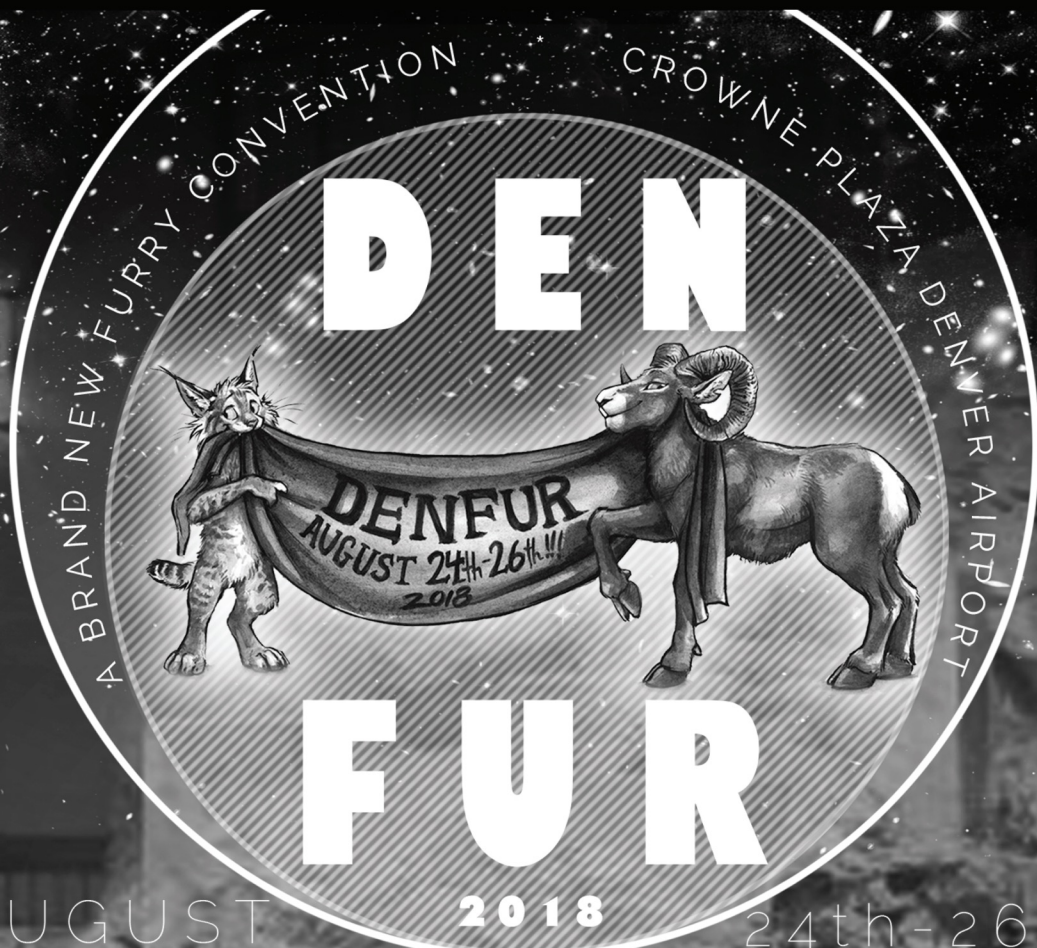


ANTHROCON 2018





AUGUST

2018

24th-26th

MYSCHEEF MAKERS



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SMELLY STROBES



KENKET

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Cover by Len Simon. Layout by Ysera She'nai.

GUESTS OF HONOR

Born in Toronto (Brampton), Ontario, Canada, **Len Simon** began his artistic career at the early age of 14. Creating T-shirt designs for sporting events and clothing companies, Len began to attract larger clients such as Black Label and Budweiser. At the age of 17 he taught drawing classes at a local night school. The following year, inspired by his older brother Mark Simon, Len attended Sheridan College in Oakville, Ontario to pursue his passion for animation.

After completing his first year of college, Len was recruited by Sullivan/Bluth Studios Ireland, where he was rapidly promoted to Directing Animator. From Ireland, he moved to Phoenix, Arizona in 1994 and was one of the original staff of Fox Animation Studios. While at Fox, Len was one of the main leads on *Anastasia* and was promoted to Animation Director in charge of all the character animation on *Bartok the Magnificent* and *Titan A.E.* With Fox Animation's closure in 2000, Len established his own studio with his business partner James Stoyanof. Len has worked on more than a dozen classically animated feature films to include *Prince of Egypt*, *Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron*, and *Curious George*. His experience also includes television work, internet games, casino games, animated shorts, commercials and animated pilots.

Len's ability has progressed to encompass all aspects of animation from storyboard and development to

post production. His hands-on style of management has made Len one of the most accomplished figures in animation. In his spare time, Len enjoys illustrating children's books and sculpting, as well as developing original stories for print and film. Anthrocon is excited to welcome such a diversely talented animator as our Guest of Honor!



Growing up the daughter of an artist in Oregon and Arizona, **Ursula Vernon** spent most of her youth attempting to rebel against the arts, eventually being drawn in by the "siren's song of paint." It was while earning her anthropology degree from Macalester College in Saint Paul, Minnesota that she first began her art classes.

She is perhaps most widely known for her Hugo Award (2012) and Mythopoeic Award (2013) winning webcomic *Digger* and her book series "Dragonbreath" which won the Sequoyah Book Award for Children's Literature. Her short story "Jackalope Wives" won the Nebula Award for Best Short Story, the C oyotl Award, and the WSFA Small Press Award (2015). Her stand-alone novel "Castle Hangnail" won the Mythopoeic Award for Children's Literature in 2016 and her novelette "The Tomato Thief" won the Hugo Award for Best Novelette in 2017.

Ursula's works have also been nominated for the Eisner Award, World Fantasy Award, and the British Science Fiction Award. Her works have also garnered many Web Cartoonists' Choice Awards, a mention in the New York Times, and enough Junior Library Guild Selections to allow her to cosplay as a six-star general.

Ursula currently resides in Pittsboro, North Carolina, where she works full-time as an artist and creator of oddities. Along with her husband Kevin, she lives with their two Coonhounds and a small collection of cats and

chickens!

Her current project is the "Hamster Princess" series of books for kids which has been nominated for the Texas Bluebonnet Award and made the Amelia Bloomer List for feminist children's literature. She also writes for adults under the name T. Kingfisher.

Anthrocon is excited to welcome such a wonderfully talented author, artist, and illustrator as our Guest of Honor!

Visit her on the web:

<http://www.redwombatstudio.com/>

<https://ursulav.deviantart.com/>

<http://diggercomic.com/>

<http://www.dragonbreathbooks.com/author.html>

<https://twitter.com/UrsulaV>



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BEAST

FRANCES PAULI

She left a message for her husband on the morning of the massacre. Askeila kept her voice as flat as possible, kept the tremors away by digging her claws into the fur of her thighs while she told him exactly where she'd be. Where he could find her. Then she climbed into their car and drove. She packed nothing, only stopped for a latte before leaving town and heading out the interstate toward their cabin.

At the first gas station, she bought a newspaper, and then tossed it on the seat without looking at it. So many lives lost. She knew each one of them, remembered every single face without needing the pictures.

She tried the radio, but the music broke too often to tell the tale. News like this would not wait for the standard time. The death toll was too high, and the killer still at large. Now was not the time for singing.

The hunt had already begun.

Her nose twitched from one side to the other. Her ears lay flat against her skull. Deeper down, a hound's heart beat faster, remembering they were running even if the car did all the work. Running, and also, running out of time.

The sun already flirted with the trees along the ridge when she turned her vehicle onto the familiar gravel road. No more stops for her now. Nothing up here but forest and seclusion and one old building she hadn't visited once in thirteen years. Since giving birth.

Askeila parked the car on the gravel and stared with dilating eyes at the dark cabin. Her nose twitched but gathered only the sharp scent of her coffee and the freshly printed newspaper lying on the passenger seat. She brushed a paw over long ears and darted a glance at the front page.

The headline read: "Predator Heavy Madman Slays Ten in Workplace Rampage." They'd gotten that part wrong. The genetic research facility where the victims worked had not employed their killer. It had only angered him, only managed to make enough claims about their ancestry to rile the beast.

To bring out the defect inside his blood.

Askeila's eyes teared. She blinked away the last of her grief and shook her head. Too late for regrets now.

The cabin bathed in shadows. Black tree branches danced above, nearly blotting out the moonlight. Her hound side stiffened at the image, longed to bay. Instead, she plucked her cellular from its niche beside the cup holder and dialed with stubby, furred fingers.

"Police hotline."

"I have some information for you." Askeila's voice trembled. She swallowed hard. "About the man you're hunting. The man who m-murdered those people at Gen-Fang."

"One moment, please." A

bland voice, too calm for her news. The operator had been coached in trauma, perhaps. Or maybe they'd augmented her. Maybe they'd all been trifled with.

Askeila's heartbeat measured the seconds.

"Okay." The voice returned, still flat, still barely interested.

"I know where Brout is, where he'll be tonight." She blurted it as quickly as she could, letting her hare side's terror, her minor, have free rein. Had they implanted that as well? Did Brout know?

"Can you give me the address?"

Askeila heard the disbelief and wondered how many had reported sightings already, how many of those had led nowhere. She recited the address while the moon peeked down on the same cabin where she'd birthed her son. My cub. Nine years ago on a night just like this one.

"Okay, ma'am, we'll investigate the lead as soon as possible. Would you like to leave any contact information?"

"Wait!" She heard failure in the recited script. "You don't understand. He's coming here now. He'll be here tonight. You have to send someone."

"Is there any way you can verify this, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Yes?"

Askeila swallowed and opened the car door. She let in the cold, the blast of bone-chilling night air.

"Ma'am?"

"I know he's coming because he's coming for me. He is. Brout is coming for me next."

"Hmm. And why is that?" Too flat, too practiced for her emergency.

Askeila blinked huge hare eyes, twitched her nose and summoned her hound's courage. "He's coming for me," she said. "Because I'm his wife."



She ended the call with the press of a button. No need to wait for a response. They couldn't NOT send someone now. She marched to the front door, crunching the stones together beneath her rear paws. Local cops would need a good fifteen minutes to arrive. Add in the time it took to reach them, factor in disbelief, dispatches, lag time...

How far behind her was Brout? How much of a chance could she possibly have? For my cub. For Jode's sake.

She left the newspaper in the car, not needing to see the snarling Grizzly's face to know he'd gone mad. They'd used his driver's license photo. Profiled him directly below that.

Pred-heavy Grizzly succumbs to his nature after a long and tragic history. Brout "The Beast," whose only child was born with a rare genetic defect, has a criminal history including: vandalism, harassment, domestic violence and breaking and entering. Tonight, The Beast's fury escalated, and ten good scientists paid the ultimate price.

They thought they knew him. Askeila could have done better. She could have told them Brout would kill nine years ago, the night she made him promise not to hurt their son. Maybe she was just as guilty. Maybe. She'd wait for him here, where it all began.

The doorknob still rattled. No one to oil it, she supposed. Inside a mother's memory haunted the open room. Ghosts, the first cries of a cub who looked too human for his own good. My Jode. The floorboards creaked, even under her light steps. That might help, might warn her when the Beast arrived.

Not that she had anywhere to run.

At least their boy was safe. At least Askeila had that. She could even thank Brout for it, in the end. It had been his fury, the hints of rage that slipped free when the cub did anything wrong. Brout's reaction had convinced her, had worried at her and worn her down enough to part with her cub.

The night Brout dragged

Jode home from the fight. The awful day the other boys tried to mark him. Her heart had seized in place at the sight of them. Jode, limp in his father's grasp, dragging his feet and clinging to fistfuls of his father's pelt with too-long fingers. Flat, square nails. His poor tail fluttered like a sad flag, and his white-rimmed eyes watered, ran like rivers across pink, hairless cheeks.

Brout's eyes had flattened, and every step curled his lip, exposing a razor sharp fang. His round head alone dwarfed their child, and though he kept his promise, laying not a finger on the boy, anyone could see the desire to shining in his eyes. It didn't take a mother's keen sight to see the danger to her cub.

Now Jode was safe. Imprisoned, perhaps, but what institution wasn't a prison in its own way? Her cub would live out his life behind high walls, destined to be outcast, but safe... unless...

A shiver of fear washed through Askeila. Surely Brout would take her bait. He'd come for her, wanted her blood, she knew, more than anyone's. Anyone's except his own child's.

Not that. No. She should call the institute, warn them to keep her boy inside. She should have done that first. Now she spun on a long heel. She made the doorway with her heart revving, intent on racing to her child, calling, doing something.

A shadowed giant stood beside her car.

Askeila yelped, let her hound have voice. She reached blindly for the cabin's door.

"I knew you'd run here." Brout's voice shook the rafters. The moonlight cast his outline across the rocks, a giant bear, a madman. His long pelt danced, making his silhouette blur at the edges. His shoulders spread nearly as wide as she was tall. His voice rumbled like thunder,



Lindsay Reddick
@VJCoon
@VJCoonArts



backed by the rage that had pushed him straight into insanity. He roared his words, and the trees cringed away. "I knew you'd run!"

Askeila slammed the door on him. She slid the bolt across to the beat of mammoth footfalls. When Brout's mass hit the panel, it leapt against its hinges. Metal groaned, and dust and splinters rained down around her.

"Let me in."

"The police are coming." Askeila's chest heaved, the satiny fur around her face slicked with sweat and her ears plastered to her head. "They'll be here. Any minute."

But if Brout ran, he might decide to go after...

The window at the side of the cabin exploded. Glass flew, spraying the room in shards that glinted like ice. Askeila scrabbled at the lock with both paws. When Brout hit the floor, the whole cabin quaked. Askeila screamed and slid the bolt free. She reached for the doorknob, and was lifted from her feet just as her claws scraped metal.

"You turned me in." Brout's snarl surrounded her. His sickle claws dug into the fur and flesh of her arms. "You ruined me, ruined our boy, ruined..."

"He has a name." Askeila snarled back and her husband lifted her higher so that even reaching with her toes, she couldn't find the floor. "Please, Brout. Don't hurt..."

His arm jerked. Askeila flew in an arc across the cabin. For the space of a breath she was free of him. Free. Her limbs swung out. Her ears lifted higher, higher than they had in two years. Since signing their son into the institution.

Long hallways where her padding steps still echoed. Jode's fingers in hers. His eyes down and away, but his sniffing tearing trenches in her heart. A cold pen in her hand. A cold soul behind her, urging her to be strong. "It's for his own good, Askeila."

She hit the wall, heard the impact more than she felt it, though her body slipped to the floor and her limbs refused to obey her instincts'

command to flee. Get up. Run. Live.

"You made me a monster!" Brout's shout tore at her ears. Too close. So very close. His hot breath riffled the fur of her cheek.

She opened her eyes on a row of curving yellow teeth, the wrinkled lips of the Grizzly, fully enraged.

"Brout!" She tried, but his nose dropped and the eyes that gleamed at her had no feeling left in them. They were stones, empty of anything but his major. His bear. Those eyes said she'd never leave here alive. Askeila had nothing left to lose.

"It's your fault." She could only whisper it at first, but she heard the growl tear from him even as his claws pierced her shoulder. Askeila screamed away the pain, lifted her lip and snarled up enough confidence to shout it aloud. "It was your defect, Brout. You know it was. You have no minor!"

His stare flickered. For a moment, Askeila reached him. Deep

in those black eyes, Brout knew she was right. He'd been born wrong too, born all predator, only half full. He was the anomaly, the chink in their blood that spawned a throwback. It was that knowledge that had snapped him in the end.

"It is your lack that made our son too human," Askeila finished, smiled.

The claws in her flesh twisted. Brout's face transformed fully, reflected the beast that he was. One paw pulled back, a palm as big as her face, black claws like curved daggers. They flashed, shimmered blue and red as the police cars skidded up the driveway.

Too late for her, and yet, just in time. Brout would never touch their son again. Her cub was safe.

The paw swiped down. Askeila's hare side screamed. Her death echoed above the trees, above the sirens and the gunshots, singing of her victory.



FULL MOON S RISE

ALEX TIMBERLAND

I glared out the window at the slowly setting sun, the warm light basking over my muzzle as the butler let an otter into my study. I let out a long sigh, how many more times would I have to go through this? I had watched the otter walk up the road to my manor, not bothering to hide himself from view. He even knocked upon my door! Either this man was a novice or just didn't care. I suspected perhaps it was a little of both.

"Why the hell are you here?" I snarled as I glared over my shoulder at the guest who entered my study. My scarlet cravat and vest felt tight as I raised my hackles, "Here to tell me I can be cured of my addiction? That I am nothing but an abomination, cursed by your gods?"

My ears became flagged as the otter stood annoyingly silent in the center of the room. I licked my jowls, turning slightly to look him over. He was plain clothed, possibly a lower class common thug. More so, this young man stank of fear, the coward practically shaking in his boots before me. In his hand he bore a crossbow with a metal spike cocked into position. Laughter got the better of me, a sinister laughter that only made this fool shake more before my snow-white fur. Long had the church been sending "guests" into my halls and each time it was the same old song and dance, purge the devil within my body. At least that is what they called it. I've seen exorcists and priests a plenty, but this ... this was new. It seemed the dastards were finally getting desperate and this poor lad drew the short straw to be the latest of my honored guests. Pity, I almost felt sorry for the lad. I wondered what excuse he was told to come here. It seemed those loyal to the gods were very uncreative in that respect.

But again, there was silence as the otter dropped his only weapon to the floor, his golden eyes staring straight into my own emerald pools.

I shook my head as I could see the confusion in the young lad's eyes as the setting Sun shined through the western window. Though that confusion faded soon after I spoke up again, addressing him directly.

"I'm waiting, why have you come here?" Approaching close enough to kick the weapon out of the otter's reach. My muzzle was mere inches from his face as I glared into his eyes, the scent of fear almost rank upon the lad.

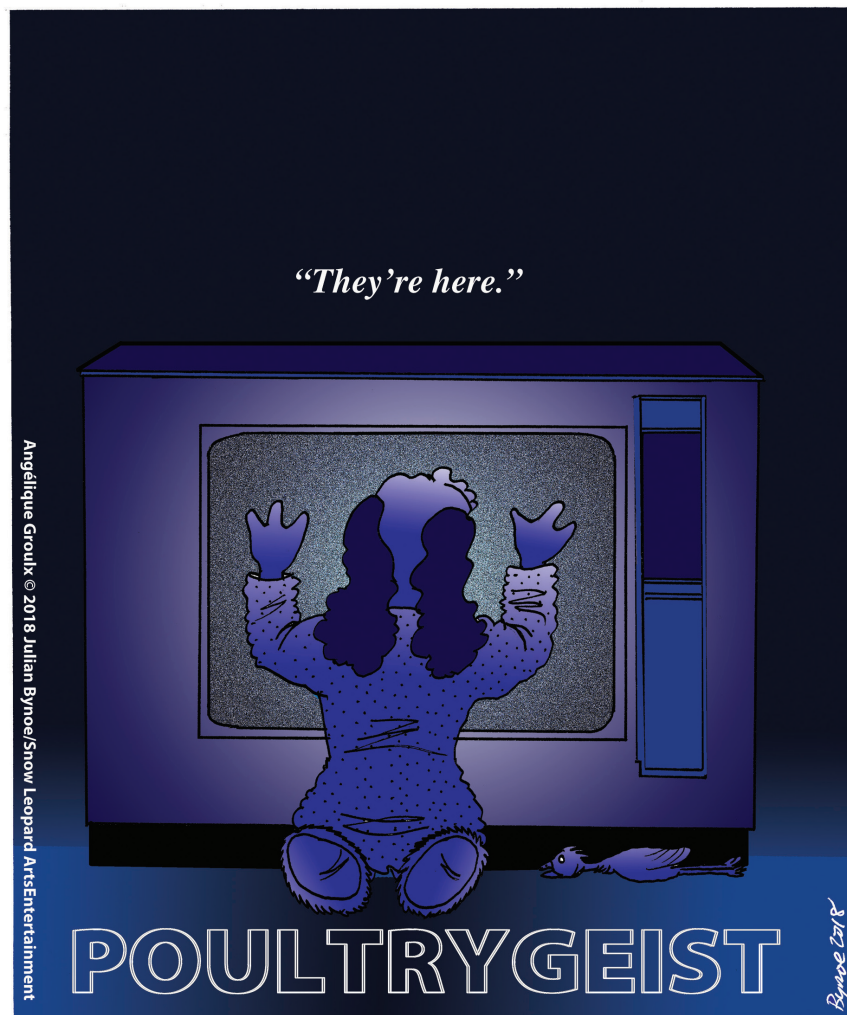
"I-I..." the otter tried to speak as I gripped his collar, raising my lip to a growl.

"You what?" Clearly irritated and extremely annoyed by the fool in my presence. "Speak and quit wasting my time, child!"

The otter was only silent for a moment longer before he spoke, "I-I'm here from the church. They said a monster lived here; a demon of the night! They...they said..."

I smiled somewhat amused at this statement and finished his sentence for him after having heard it so many times, "If you slay this demon the church will pardon you, am I correct?" The lad nodded quickly as I lifted him off the floor, snarling in his face, "I can assure you there are currently no demons in my halls unless you brought one of those damned priests along with you." The otter shook his head and with that I let go, practically dropping him to the floor.

As he gathered his bearings,



he spoke again with more confidence. "If there are no demons here, why would the church say so, wolf?"

I rolled my eyes as I approached a round table, taking a seat in one of the ornate oak crafted chairs. "Dine with me and I'll tell you my tale," I offered, ringing a silver colored bell for the waitstaff to bring out an evening meal. The otter took his seat after I rang the bell, listening intently as I began.

"How much do you know of the castes, lad?" I asked pointedly. As expected, he knew the basics. The poor were among the lowest citizens and the rich were among the highest, the church being the highest of all. I continued, "I was never one to respect authority, lad, ever since I was a pup. I have gotten into many arguments with priests and my peers on the topic of the church." The sen-

tence made me raise my lips to bare my teeth, "Those who claim to help the world should not assume to have power over it." The otter tended to agree with that, which was refreshing. "That's when the rumors started. Rumors that I was possessed by some spawn of the underworld. I am all but certain that the church started it to slander my name and to silence me. But you could say I am a stubborn man and I was not deterred from their idle gossip. Soon after I was visited by a priest and then by an exorcist."

The otter interrupted, "Because only a devil would speak out against the church." I nodded in agreement, quite entertained. The waitstaff brought out smoked salmon on pristine dishes, serving us both before disappearing into the crawl-spaces within the walls designed to

keep them out of sight, cleaning up the room and gathering up the fallen crossbow and bolt. Surprisingly, this didn't seem to bother the otter and our conversation became casual. However, the young man did ask an interesting question during the meal we shared together.

The rim of the Sun finally dipped below the horizon as he asked, "Why go through all this trouble? Why not just adhere to the church's demands?" I laughed, reminding the lad I was extremely stubborn. He seemed to laugh as well, growing comfortable around me. "Did you know that the church is calling you a werewolf?" He finally said at last.

I laughed a bit softer that time, "Really, a werewolf? Surely a lad like you outgrew such fairy tales a long time ago."

The otter lowered his head, ashamed. "I suppose you are right sir. Thank you for the meal." I nodded in reply as the last light of the setting sun faded over the horizon. The otter continued, "I mean you can't be a werewolf, you touched that silver bell."

A dark grin bemused my face as he said that, "Oh, this bell? I must regret to inform you it is not silver at all, rather polished steel." I rose from my seat and walked to the center of the room, now baring my teeth as I smiled wickedly back, my green eyes glowing as the first slivers of the full moon rose. "In fact, the only thing silver in this house is that spike you so helplessly dropped on the floor. Pity that my waitstaff took it away, isn't it?"

That look of fear returned to the otter's face as the pale blue light began to brighten the interior of the study. "But -But you said there were no demons in your halls!"

I licked my jowls, the thrill of a predator coursing through my body, glaring at the otter as a beast would before pouncing upon his prey. "Currently." I reminded the lad of my wording. "I suggest you run, little otter!" I teased my meal as the transformation started, my inner beast taking full control of my body. How nice that the church kept sending me desserts.



MARCH 15th - 17th
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GUESTS OF HONOUR
DON'T HUG CACTI • MOTH MONARCH
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The group of them made plans for a monster movie marathon weeks ago. The fact that the last week had been almost constant rain had been a charming coincidence. The fact that tonight was the worst it had been by far was perfect. Outside the rain battered the windows in heavy sheets, flooding parts of the road.

“She said she was going to pick up a friend on her way over,” Kazm mumbled distractedly. The charcoal grey wolf had been fighting with the DVD player since his guests had showed up. The markings that

"Yeah, me too," Twin yawned, exposing a mouth of canine teeth. "She's supposed to bring the popcorn." He propped his feet on the coffee table before him.

Twin happily took the bowl, popping a few in his mouth despite the heat. Howlie jumped right over the back of the couch, settling himself between Twin and Skye.

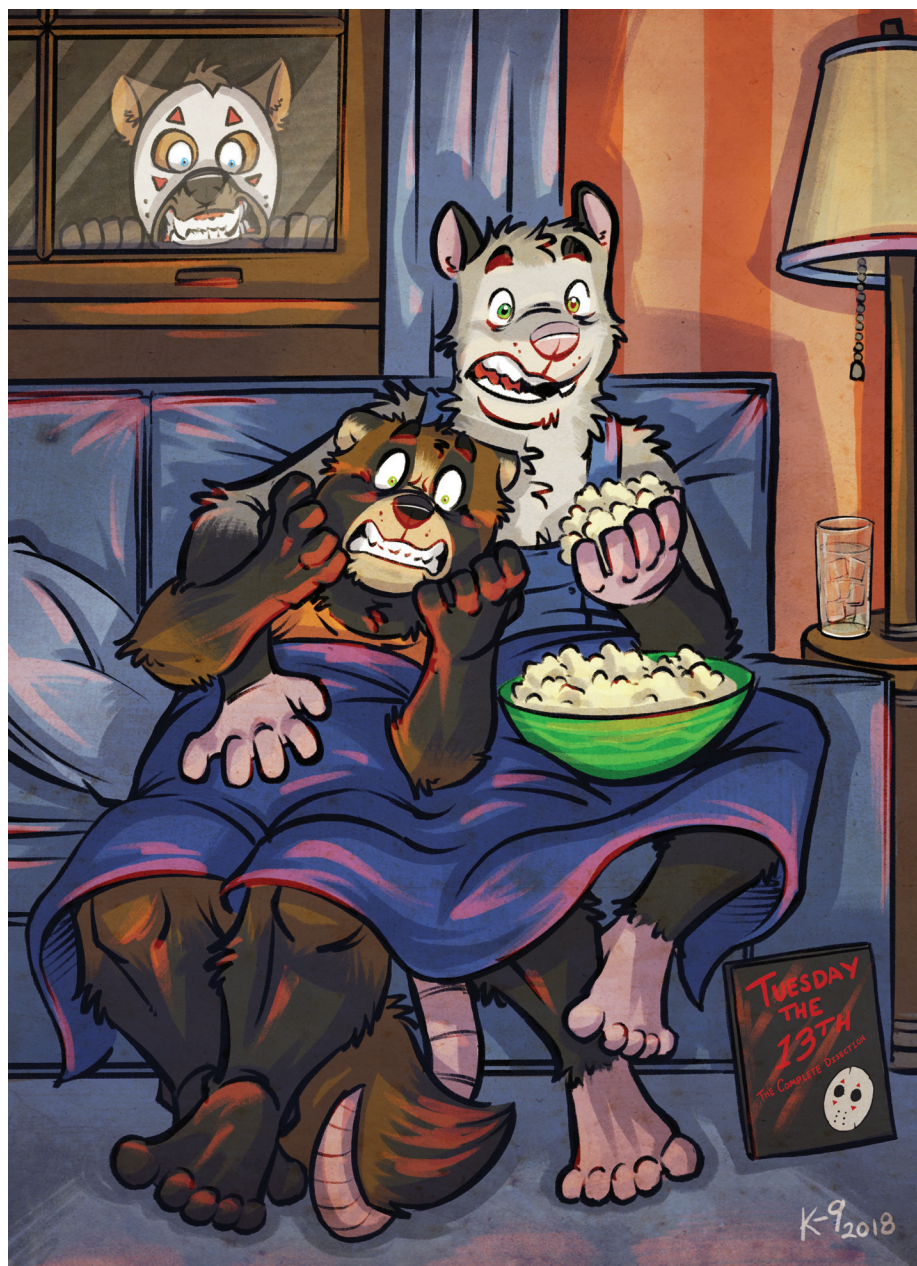
“What are we watching first? *Night of the Bleeding Trees*? *Day of the Dead Dogs*?! *THE HAUNTING OF THE CAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN*?”

“*Night of the Skull Beasts*,” Kazm answered distractedly, now pressing buttons on a remote.

"My favorite!" Howlie cackled. His striped hyena's tail swished in excitement. "I really like the part where the skull beats rise from the grave and HUNT DOWN THE FLESH OF THE LIVING!" Howlie cackled again, more excited than a puppy with a new toy. Skye watched him with wary eyes, inching away into the arm of the couch.

"Hey. Keep the laughing to a minimum during the movie," Kazm said, gesturing threateningly with the remote, "I want to be able to hear people screaming." Howlie sat upright and made a show of zipping his lips shut and tossing away the key.

“Shouldn’t we wait for Snowy?” Skye asked. Kazm howled a little in triumph as the DVD player



brought up a main menu backed by long empty eyed skull.

"Nah," he said, hitting 'play'. "She'll be here eventually."

"Unless she was eaten by a skull beast!" Howlie pointed out with more zeal than was probably necessary.

Skye inched away, Kazm rolled his eyes and sat down between them. The four of them settled comfortably into the couch, passing the bowl of pizza rolls back and forth among them as the storm raged outside.

On the screen skull beasts were dragging themselves through darkened streets, crunching and clicking their way into homes and basements. By midway through the movie the bowl was nearly empty, sitting on Twin's lap as one of his paws chased the last few around the

bottom. Next to him Howlie sat with both paws bracing him on the edge of his seat. Kazm sat constantly shifting between amusement at the fake blood and bad acting and disgust at the devouring of flesh. Skye kept his tail cuddled against him, ready at a moment's notice to duck out of sight behind it.

A crash came from the kitchen on the screen. The otter playing the main character gripped a flashlight with shaking paws as she went to investigate and--

BOOM!

Thunder crashed so hard the whole house shook. Lightning flashed with a sharp crack of electricity. All the lights flickered once, twice, and went out.

Groans echoed into the dark room. The couch shifted as Kazm got to his feet and padded down the hall

to check the breakers.

"T-That was just the storm, right?" Skye clutched his tail, eyes jumping all over as if the darkness might move.

"Maybe it was the skull beasts!" Howlie suggested with a little too much zeal.

"It was definitely the storm," Twin said, standing to stretch. "Must be pretty nasty out there..."

Skye stood, feeling better on his feet. Easier to run if he needed to. There was a bang in the kitchen and every hair on his body stood on end, ears standing upright in fear.

"It was just the wind," Twin assured him.

"The power is out. Lightning must have hit the transformer." Kazm grumbled, reappearing in the hallway. "I have a backup generator but I'll need help to..."

iFC
AUG 24-26 2018
INDIANAPOLIS MARRIOTT EAST

GUESTS OF HONOUR:
BCBREAKAWAY
ATIMIST

Aug 24, 2018
IndyfurCon Tribune
Vol. 09
CANADIAN INVASION!!
The Canadians have invaded, and for once they're not sorry! Reports show multiple sightings of Canadian geese invading golf courses among
Poutine rations at
Hockey and curling

Whatever he was going to say next died away. His charcoal fur bristled in fear.

"To... to what?" Twin urged.

Kazm lifted one paw, pointing behind them with a trembling claw. One by one they turned to the entryway between the kitchen and the living room until only Twin was left, still staring at Kazm trying to understand. Howlie groped in the dark, refusing to turn away. He yanked hard at Twin's arm forcing him to turn to avoid tripping.

There in the darkness a long white skull hovered. It cocked sideways, watching them back. Its skeletal jaws opened wide. Each tooth seeming to glow against the pitch-black night. Thunder boomed again and the jaws came closed with a resounding clack.

All at once the four boys screamed. They scrambled off the couch around the coffee table, tripping over each other in their panic. Kazm vanished first, being able to break away easiest, tearing down the hall to the basement. Skye followed soon after, still clutching his tail as if afraid the creature might reach for it. Howlie and Twin fought their way in last, elbowing each other as they ran.

Left alone in the empty living room, the skull looks around. The back door opens and closes, letting in a brief roar of rain. In the dark, a light blue wolf appears at the skull's side, still shaking rain from her fur.

"Hey guys! Sorry I'm late but I brought pop... where is everyone?" Snowy stopped short, the kitchen light flickering back on behind her. She glanced up at Amalgamate, his black fur and horns almost lost in the semi-dark while his skeletal face seemed to glow. "Wonder where they went?"

Next to her Amalgamate is silent, but his long skeletal nuzzle almost seems to laugh.



THE WYRM IN THE MOUNTAIN OF APPLES

NENEKIRI BOOKWYRM

"You can't do that! What about all the animals up there? And the trees? Don't you have any conscience?"

The large tiger in the construction uniform just shook his head dismissively at the small mouse.

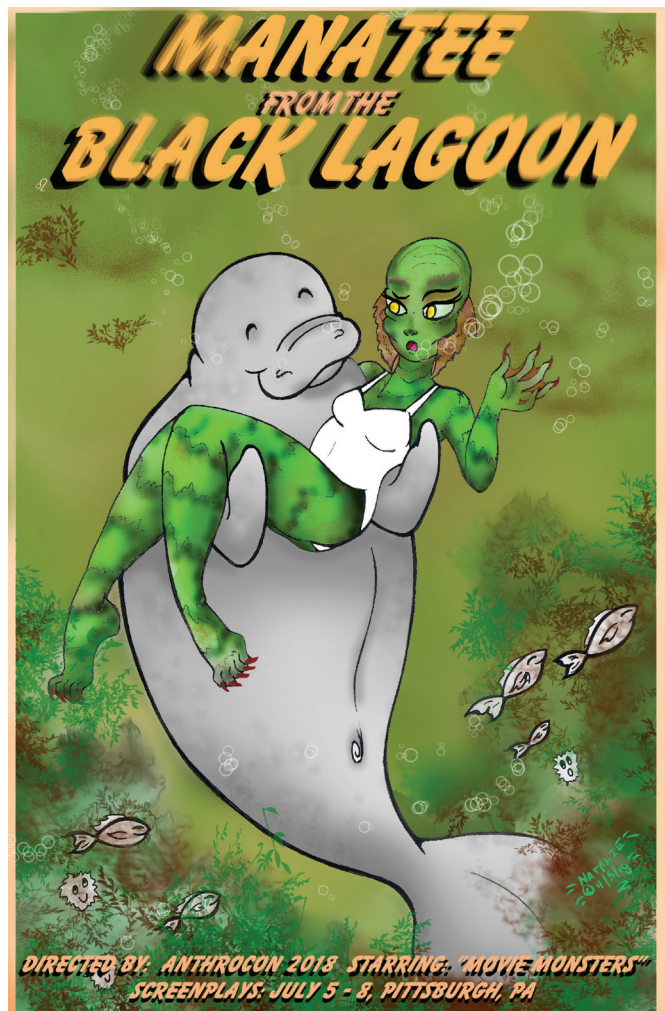
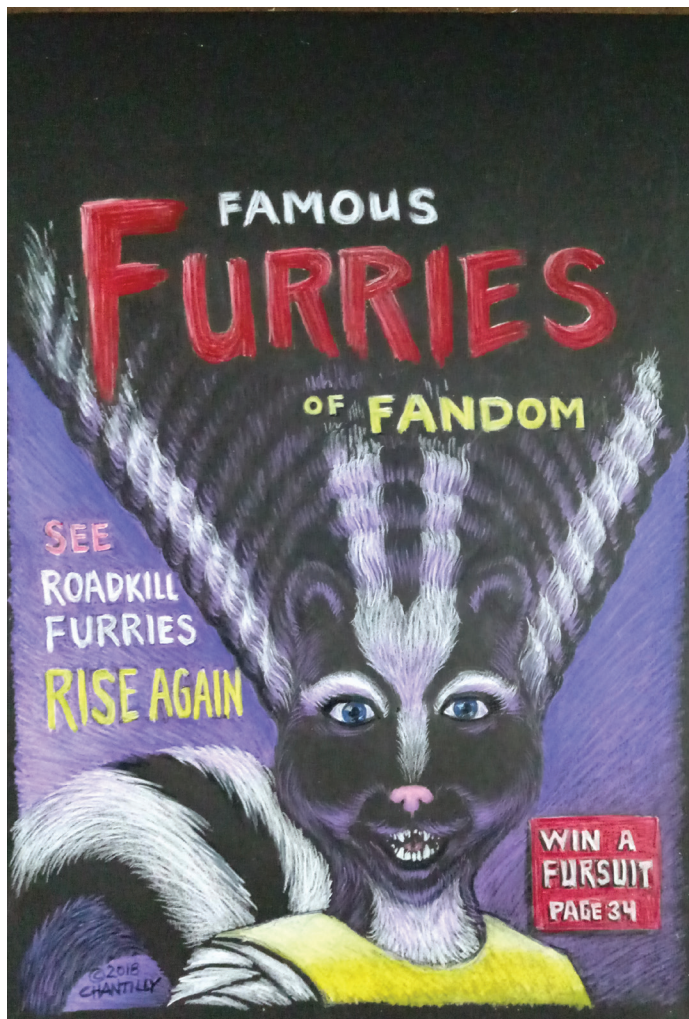
"Look kid, I don't make the orders. I just follow them. If you got a problem with the new building being put on top of the mountain you shoulda spoke up months ago. All the zoning and permits are already put through and approved."

Emmanuel wasn't soothed by the matter of fact explanation given by the gruff man. None of the adults had talked about this at all. Had they just given up before the fight even began? It wouldn't surprise him. But the bulldozers weren't running just yet. He had a plan to

sabotage the project, but he wasn't sure it was going to work. He didn't want to think of the alternative. Emmanuel shivered at the unconscious thought and jumped on his bike. He rode through his town at breakneck speed, wind whipping at his large ears as he took each successive turn sharper and sharper.

Half an hour later he arrived at the base of the bike trail for Mt. Pomme and made his way up the crumbling and rocky trail. The whiskers on his nose twitched in nervous anticipation. He'd rode this trail at least a hundred times before, but these visits were always a little different. They had a different energy to them than when he used to come to the mountain a year ago. The trail was long and winding, coiling back on itself in parts. More like a restless

snake than a well-worn path. Emmanuel knew the way by heart and with a slight turn he veered off it at just the right time. The timing on this next part was tricky, but he had gotten used to it. As the bike sped down the other side of the trail towards the base of the mountain, Emmanuel stood up on his pedals and let the bike coast towards the large rock at the end of the path. He squinted his eyes and braced his body as he concentrated on counting down in his head: "Three... two... one... NOW!" The bike tire hit the front of the rock and Emmanuel used the force to flip himself over the top of the rock and onto the other side. He landed with a THUD on his tail and winced in pain. Getting up, he rubbed at his tail and looked to the small crack in the base of the mountain. He walked up



As seen in the *New York Post*, *Inside Edition*, WGN-TV Chicago, and *Huck Magazine* (U.K.)

"The most comprehensive history of furry fandom that has ever been written."

- Anthrocon's Sam "Uncle Kage" Conway

"Here is what furry fandom is really like...it gets the history right."

- Fred Patten, author, *Furry Fandom Conventions*, 1989-2015

"A joy to read from start to finish."

- Mike Retriever, *furryfandom.es*

"A thorough job of research...and [an] engaging writing style...this accuracy is commendable."

- Kathleen Gerbasi, Int'l Anthropomorphic Research Project

"Required reading among all species."

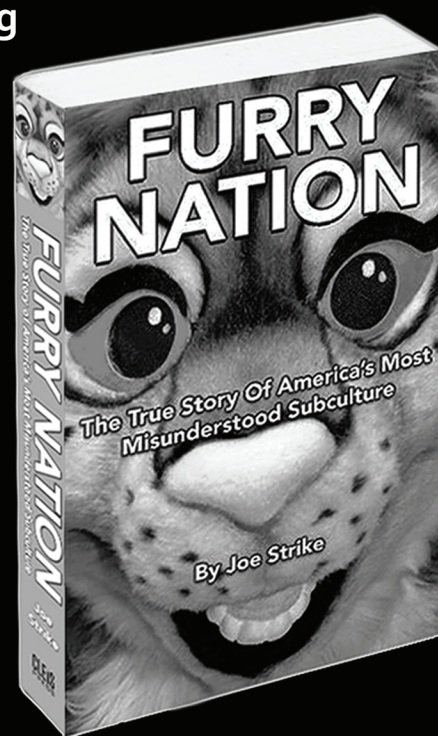
- Bill Holbrook, *Kevin & Kell*

"This [book] is long overdue; it was worth the wait...don't miss this one."

- Patch O'Furr, Dogpatch Press

Kothorix, YouTube:

"This is your resource... if you collect furry literature this is a must-have!"



furrynation.com/buy-the-book

to it and began to squeeze himself through the narrow opening, eventually coming out inside of the mountain.

As soon as Emmanuel stepped through he could hear the familiar sound of long, slow, methodical breathing echoing inside of the dark chamber. He walked closer to the source and turned on his pocket flashlight to check. And there, curled impossibly tight around the inside of the mountain was the monster. A great and terrible lizard that

had a body bigger than the mountain itself. Long and sinuous like a snake, but thick and strong like a dragon. The creature breathed comfortably, which was a relief. The last time Emmanuel was here, the monster's breaths were much shallower and that worried him. Namely because as amazing as the monster was, Emmanuel desperately wanted to make sure he stayed asleep. Once he had gotten over the shock and awe that comes with discovering a real-life monster the implications of what

it could do if it ever woke up came crashing down on him.

Emmanuel considered reporting it, but realized that the adults wouldn't believe him anyway. They'd shrug him off as making it up for attention and wouldn't bother to listen. Besides, they were obviously too busy planning to blow up the monster's home with high grade dynamite to care. He knew he had to stop the demolition or the entire town would be in danger. He rubbed his temples as he sighed and went over the plan in

his head again.

He tried instead to focus on the breathing of the monster. For as fearsome as it could be, the monster's rhythmic breathing was oddly soothing to Emmanuel. He walked over closer to the creature and sat down next to one of its immense eyes. He knew that he was too small to register to the monster's senses because, the first time he found it, he landed on the monster and about jumped out of his fur from the shock. Ever since then, he's known he can get close to it. Emmanuel put his small paw onto the leathery skin of the creature and began to pet it. The texture was calming to him and helped him to think more clearly.

If life got to be too much, he would come to the mountains and try to clear his head. Now, it seemed like every time he came to the mountain his head was full of more worries each time. Emmanuel spent most of his free time up exploring Mt. Pomme. It was his hideaway and he spent many summer nights eating wild apples from the trees and watching the town below. He knew every peak and valley of the mountain's rocks and all the plants that grew there. He sometimes climbed to the highest spot on the mountain, looked over the valley, and for a fraction of a second, would forget what it was like to be small.

Emmanuel was startled out of his reminiscing by the sound of the monster breathing shallow again. His heart raced and his mind swam for a cause, but he didn't have to think very long as a great constant shaking rumbled through the mountain. It wasn't strong enough for an explosion, but it was long and persistent. If this kept up for a few more minutes the monster might wake up. He had to act fast and calm it down. He looked at the monster's body again and found that its leathery hide had some natural bumps and raises in the skin. He dashed towards the middle of the monster and flung himself onto its side, grabbing onto the naturally raised handholds. He flinched at first, thinking the monster might wake up from the sud-

den contact, but its breathing and demeanor stayed the same. He put his climbing knowledge to use and looked for the next handhold as he scaled the monster. It wasn't long before he had managed to make it onto the neck of the monster and saw his target, the monster's head. He ran along the neck and almost made it to the head before the monster began to move slightly. The small change in movement was enough to knock Emmanuel off his paws and down onto the skin of the neck. He continued his charge, but now he was crawling along the monster's neck as it began to wake up. He made it to the head and found what he was looking for, a small but clearly discernible hole in the side of its head that was used for hearing. Emmanuel got close to the hole and began to whisper a lullaby into it while gently petting the monster's scaly skin. The monster immediately stopped moving and settled itself back down. A few shaky verses of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" later, it was asleep again. This time even deeper than before. Emmanuel let out a sigh of relief and slid down onto the floor of the cavern. He took one last look at the monster, content in its slumber, and then left the cave to go check outside.

His fears were confirmed when he saw just what had made all of the noise. The mountainside was covered in construction vehicles

and trucks carrying explosives. They were preparing the mountain to blow, and soon. He got close enough to hear from one of the workers that the demolition would start early tomorrow morning. He rushed home on his bike to get supplies and rode back up the mountain in the dead of night to prepare for them to arrive in the morning.

As the first rays of light came over the mountainside, Emmanuel stood at the top of the mountain and saw the construction vehicles pull up the path. One by one their tires blew out and they had to stop the vehicles. A large wombat emerged from a limo at the back of the pack and started screaming at the workers. He was wearing an ill-fitting business suit and had the fur on his head greased back. Emmanuel smiled and jumped down from the side of the mountain to finish rigging the last of his traps. He snuck around the corner of the rock closest to the workers and took a look. In a flash he was grabbed by one of them and hoisted into the air. It was the same tiger that Emmanuel had spoken to a day ago.

"I think I found your rat, Mr. Chalk."

"Ah, splendid job Bruce!" the wombat boomed in a voice that was much too big for his body.

"You're quite the little troublemaker, aren't you boy?"

Emmanuel looked Mr. Chalk



square in the eye and said, "There's something terrible that lives in this mountain. I was only trying to keep you from waking it up."

"Oh? And just what is in the mountain?"

"A monster."

Mr. Chalk looked around at his workers and they all started laughing.

"There ain't no monsters here boy! Just a fine piece of real estate!"

"You've got to believe me! You're all in grave danger!"

"The only thing that's in danger is my time being wasted. Now get him out of my sight!"

"Sure thing boss."

And before Emmanuel could say any more Bruce carried him down the mountainside and out of sight.

Emmanuel struggled against Bruce's tight grip but it was no use. He looked on in abject horror as the mountain was wracked with explosions. Bits of crumbling rock and fallen trees fell off the mountainside in enormous clumps. Each successive detonation was louder and more powerful than the last, until an even louder screech pierced the air. RRAAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGH-HHHHH!!!!

Now everyone had stopped. Cars slammed on their brakes. People came rushing out of their houses to see what had made the terrible sound. Bruce let Emmanuel drop to the ground and stared at the mountain, slack-jaw in fear. The monster was awake.

It had burst through the side of the mountain with ease and was now coiling around what was left of Mt. Pomme. It's scales and skin were a dark brown, the same color of the mountain interior. Its six eyes flashed open, each a piercing hazel gaze in a different direction. The mouth was easily large enough to swallow the entire demolition crew whole, along with their trucks. And the teeth on the inside of the monster's massive maw were sharp enough to cut through the rock of the mountain like butter.

The monster turned its head to the source of the explosions and began to slowly move towards it. The demolition crew tried to set off the last of their explosions to deter the beast, but the force barely moved the monster. It barreled through the

last of the detonations and the monster's maw opened to its full height as it prepared to strike. A fraction of a second later there was a deafening crash that echoed across the valley.

In that moment, everyone felt small.



QU'EST CE QUE TU ES?

JONATHAN LUMI VOGT

I huff, each panting breath a hook
Reeling me in and digging in my cheek.
Your lips draw near, and nearer, still
Uncanny, with your razor pearls ensheathed.
Coarse fur like silken reeds adorn
You, rippling like the darkened river Seine,
And glist'ning with the golden lights
Thrown by the streets of Paris at half-past ten.
Ne'er could the ramparts of Bastille
Rise higher than your buttressed, ebon chest,
Nor could the swords of soldiers past
Compete their steel against your claws unvetted.
Wet brick impresses on my back,
My arms splayed out; nowhere have I to go.
The long, long alley's gone behind
your frame. Your eyes chew on my soul.
Eyes, so soft. So weathered, wild, and soft,
Yet set against a grizzly countenance—
Two emeralds bored onto the face
Of some worn mountain's rich, geodic cliffs.
Your ruddy paws cover my back,
Then thrust me foreword into you.
Sharp porcelain nipped at my neck
as if to say anything but "adieu",
As you leaned down and said, "Un loup-garou".



BENEATH THE MASK

INKBLITZ

Metal squealed as a massive, scaled foot came down upon a row of cars, crushing them as though they were nothing more than tin cans. Somewhere underneath the mighty paw, sparks ignited gas fumes, causing plumes of flame and smoke to erupt underneath. Yet the gray scales, tinged with flecks of blue and hardened to the strength of diamonds, barely even singed underneath the flames.

The enormous, saurian kaiju reared its head back in a roar that shook the very foundation of the earth around it. It towered over the cars and people fleeing the streets, a true behemoth of epic proportions. Dark gray scales, mottled with blue, had taken everything that the military had thrown at it, and yet only had singed the hardened carapace. Its thick tail, tipped with razor-sharp blades, lashed back and forth behind it, smashing through buildings as if they were made of little more than cardboard.

Screams of fear and panic echoed through the streets as citizens scrambled for their lives. But the monster paid them little heed, as if they were little more than tiny dolls. It stomped forward in single minded abandon, its clawed paws leaving prints the size of busses in its wake.

As the beast rounded into the center of the metropolis, jets tore through the air near its head. A squadron of fighters in close formation sped past, rockets dropping from their undersides. Flames plumed along the kaiju's lizard-like maw as the missiles struck, and the beast let loose another roar. It swiped at the jets with its forelimbs, but the crafts were too fast, slipping past its claws. They soared past the lumbering monster and sped away to prepare for another run. The Kaiju snarled, and turned after them. It bent down, its arms reaching for a long semi truck abandoned on the the streets.

And as it did, something snapped in the back of its neck. Followed by another snap. Abruptly, its head began to fall forward, sliding off of its neck. With a thud, it landed on the semi-truck it was reaching for, crushing it.

"CUT!"

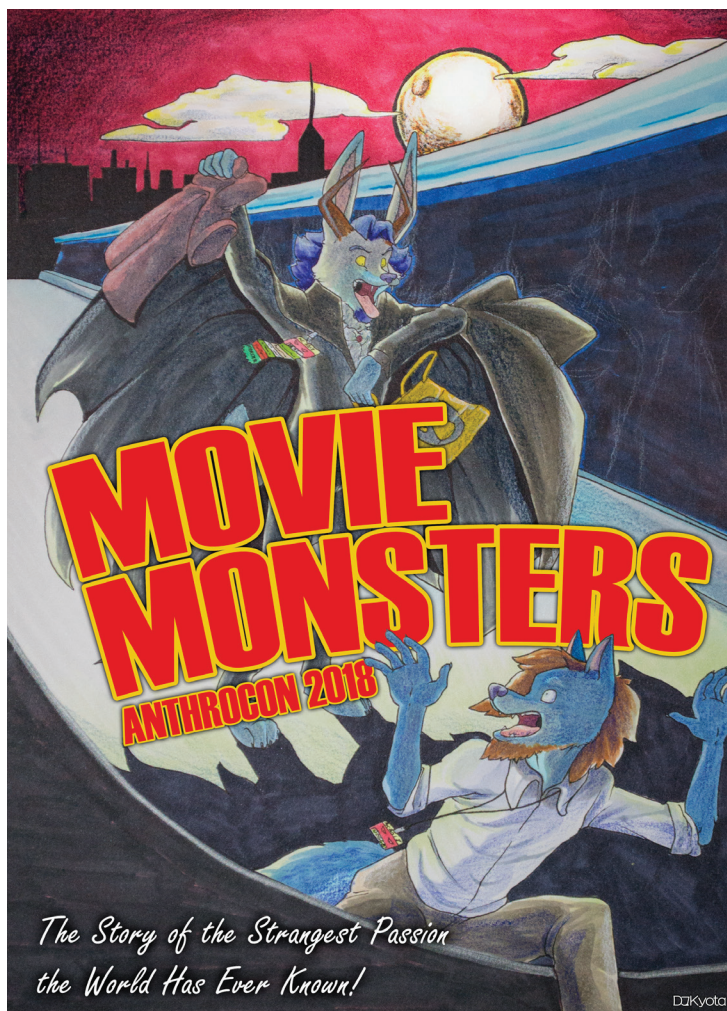
The head of a feline woman poked out from the top of the heavy Kaiju costume. Her triangular ears were splayed back against dark hair that was laying flat against her head. Thin gray fur of a lykoi cat across her muzzle gave her an almost scruffy appearance, like that of a B-movie werewolf. The rubber costume appeared massive against her, its neck hanging down to her collar without its head.

"It wasn't my fault this time," Janie Grace, the actor behind Migh-

tor the Kaiju, protested. She picked up the saurian head, which slumped lifelessly in the costume's paws. On the back of the head, several straps that were meant to keep the head in place even during fight sequences was frayed, likely with age.

"Don't care." A squat duck, wearing a black beret and a disgruntled expression, waved his winged hand in her direction, but didn't even bother looking at her. He sat in a chair with the word 'Director D' on back and was busily going over scripts. "Just get it fixed." He then lifted his megaphone up to his beak, causing his voice to become amplified. "I want a full reset in five minutes!"

The set was a flurry of action at the director's order. Set designers scuttled on stage, grabbing broken



pieces and replacing them with fresh ones. A young husky man pushed on the rubbery Kaiju suit's paw to make Janie move, grabbing several crushed cars out from underneath.

"Five minutes?" Janie asked, incredulous. She teetered briefly on one foot before the husky hurried away again, then stomped her foot down as he left. The set shook slightly on its frame setup, intended to make the kaiju stomping more realistic. With a scowl, she pushed the head off into the hands of the brown and white dappled mare from costuming that had come to collect it. "I need a break, at least a half hour!"

Slowly, the Director turned his head towards her. He glared past his beak, appearing menacing without the need for teeth. "A half hour? Are you nuts? I want to finish this shoot TODAY. Five minutes, and that's it." He turned away from her,

muttering about 'Amateur' and 'not worth her salary'.

"Um..." A quiet voice, soft and almost whispery, spoke up.

"I said-"

The director rounded about, his megaphone up to his beak. He stopped mid breath, and glared at the mare that had taken the monster's head. His eyes narrowed dangerously. "What?"

"Uh..." The pony mare shuffled on her hooves. She looked as though she would have done anything to not be under the director's gaze. "It's just that, it's going to take time to fix this."

The director pinched the bridge of his forehead between feathered fingers. "And just how much time will it take?"

"F-fifteen minutes, maybe?" She fingered a clasp nervously. But as she turned her head, she winked

in Janie's direction. "You don't want it to fall off again, do you?"

Janie held back a sigh of relief, and tried to not look too grateful for Maria's intervention. After three years, she had grown to befriend some of the costuming staff - Especially those that tended to her costume. Maria always seemed to be quietly working away on costumes, never getting in the way. Yet she was the victim of one of the director's famous death glares. Many others in the industry would have begged for forgiveness and fled.

The Director snarled as best as he could through his beak, then turned abruptly from the mare. "Fine! Fifteen minutes break!" He shouted through his megaphone. Then, rounding back on the women, he shook the megaphone at them as if it were a loaded weapon. "But I want that fixed, and I want it on your head in fifteen minutes time or else you're off this movie! You're just a costume actor, I can replace you with a dozen others just waiting in line!"

He waddled off towards the food tables, leaving them in stunned silence.

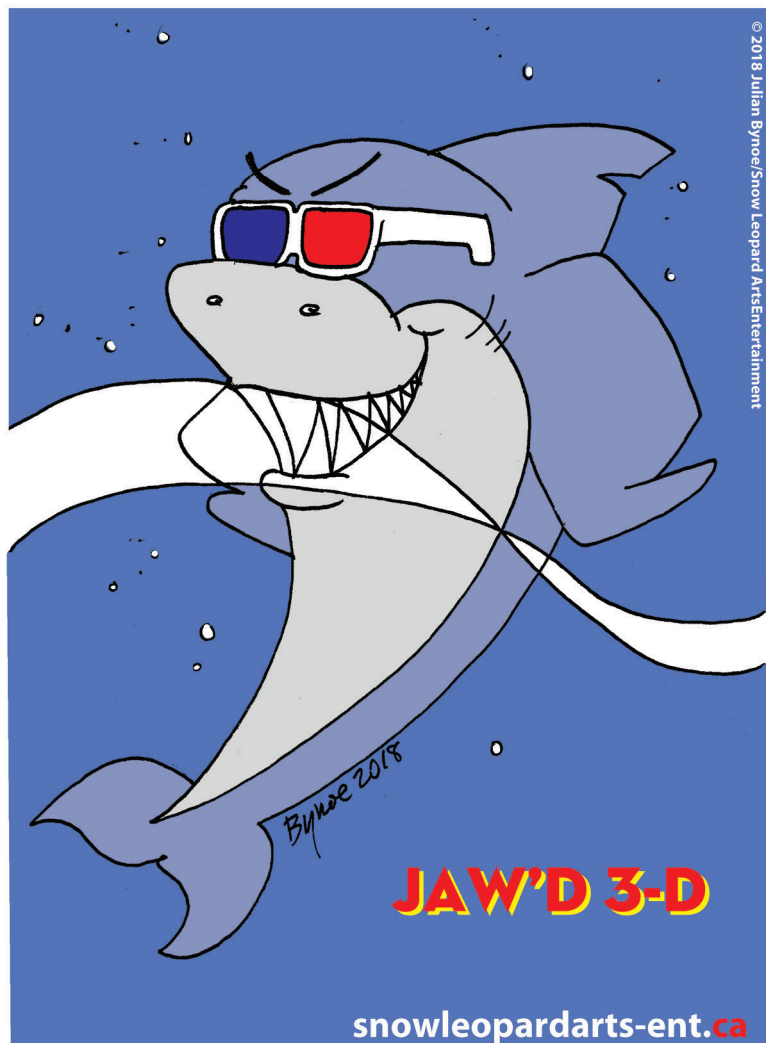
Janie couldn't breathe. She clenched her fingers into a fist, her entire body trembling with rage that had nothing to do with the Kaiju costume she was wearing.

Maria broke the silence first. "I guess I had better go fix this..." She said, and began to turn away.

"Don't bother," Janie snapped, and began to tug at the flap that hid the zipper on the back of the suit. Her lips were pulled back, and she showed fangs as she talked. She had enough. "If he wants to get another costume actor, he can just get another costume actor. It's been like this for two movies, I'm not putting up with this for another."

"Oh no," The mare said, flabbergasted, "You mustn't!" When Janie looked at her crossly, she retreated a step. "I mean, you've been the actor for Mightor for two movies. No one else can take your place!"

Janie half hunched over to pull the zipper down, but couldn't grasp it. Maria took the hint, and



began helping her from the suit. The collar of the suit fell from her shoulders, the feline's blue bodysuit showing underneath.

"You heard him, dozens could," Janie said, and pushed the rest of the suit off of her body. Padding in the suit had given it a bulky, animalistic appearance, but underneath was a lanky and trim lykoi cat. The bodysuit itself made it almost look like she had been shaved. "Might as well make it easy on him," She said, and walked away from the suit.

"Wait!" The mare grabbed ahold of Janie's wrist.

"Look, I don't want it anymore," Janie said, wrenching her hand from Maria's grasp. "I'm done with him and this gig." She stomped away, pausing only to kick an errant toy car in her path.

Unlike the lead actor, Janie didn't have her own room. She shared a desk in a side room along with the rest of the minor actors, and even that was something she had to fight for. At least she had her own assigned one, and she was content

with that. Her personal effects were strewn about it, but someone had taken the time to actually fold her clothes and left her a fresh bottle of water on top. It was more than usual, for sure.

Janie grabbed her clothes, and turned to leave. But as she did, a cheerful chime issued from somewhere in the bundle, interrupting her angry thoughts. She rummaged into them, and pulled out her phone, its screen lit up with a text from Maria. 'Don't leave,' the message read, 'Found this online, plz watch it'. It was followed by a video link. Janie tapped it, and a video labeled 'Best of Classic Movie Monsters 2017' popped up.

"Really?" Janie rolled her eyes in disbelief. With a sigh, she set her clothes aside and tapped 'play.' As the video loaded, she twisted the cap off of her water.

It showed various clips of low budget movie monster films that had been released the year before. It showed clips of other movies that were familiar to her; The Mothman Chronicles, Slender from Dow-

nunder, and The Thing Not From The Bronx. Over the clips was a young man's voice going on in a faux hardcore, almost heavy metal singer tone about what he thought about the monster and why it deserved a spot on his list. They were clearly making his voice deeper to make it sound edgier to go with the high action shots, but it didn't quite work as the reviewer intended.

Janie polished off her bottle of water, barely paying attention to it until a clip of "The Might of Mightor 2" came on, announced as the reviewer's top spot. She nearly choked at what she saw.

"And for my number one monster of 2017 is Mightor, worn by Janie Grace!" The voice announced in its best 'hardcore' tone, followed by a guitar riff. "The suit is not as flashy as the new Mothman suit, but as you can see in the clips, Janie brings this creature to life in true movie magic! In none of these other movies do we see the creature react so realistically to being pummeled with explosions, or move so slowly and laboriously, as if it were truly an incredibly large



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monstrosity! Just watch the way she moves the head to indicate emotion in this clip. The shadow gives the rubber suit the impression of true intelligence!”

Janie’s jaw hung open. Someone actually thought her acting was good? She scrolled down, and comments from the meager channel’s viewers agreed with the voice’s assessment. Some thought the narrator was crazy, others mocked the old style costumes, but a majority agreed with the video. As she read comment after comment, she had to blink back moisture that formed at the corner of

her eyes.

She had always avoided the reviews. Low budget monster movies never got good ones, so she didn’t see the point. Yet to see such a positive review, and others agreeing, had soothed her rage as quickly as it had come on.

“Five minutes to shoot!” Someone shouted near the set.

Janie wiped her eyes hastily with the back of her paws. She glanced from her phone, to her clothes, then back to the set.

“We are rolling in ten, nine...”

Mightor stood hunched over at the edge of the miniature city. It swung its arms from side to side, claws clenched and then unclenched. It was fierce, it was powerful. It was the scourge of the modern world. It could take anything the army could throw at it.

Its great, lizard-like head turned, and a dapple mare was reflected in its shining, green eyes. Just slightly, the head canted, the shadows making it look as though the monster was smiling.

“And action!”

“ROAAAAAARRR!”

Lycanthrope

That terrible moment had arrived once more;
a horrible night which I've dreaded for so long.
My heart was overflowing with torment...
and the call was becoming much too strong!

I struggled to suppress those sinister emotions,
using every method I had formerly rehearsed.
With sorrow I bewailed: "I'm a gentle being;
why must I be so afflicted and cursed?!"

But amidst the wolf-moon's unstoppable rise,
my blood boiled from a rapid adrenaline surge.
All efforts to restrain it proved to be of no use
as tooth, claw and fang began to swiftly emerge.

As my newly empowered body hit the soft dirt,
my toes tightly clenched the dew-covered grass.
My finely tuned senses now demanded satisfaction;
ready to capture any quarry foolish enough to pass.

And for that single, wonderfully obsidian night,
the realm of humans held no dominion over me.
Compelled by primal lust under pale moonlit skies,
the Spirit of the Wolf would once again run free!

Joe

www.dolphynvisions.com



www.turaffinity.net/user/dolphyn

ANTHROCON 2018

ANTHROCON STAFF

100% Butts

Registration/Programming
Dancer / Scientist / Student

Alkali Bismuth

Programming
I am just a harmless ferret. No, really!

Amaruq

Internet
Back again to help make Internet Room things work. Enjoy your time at Anthrocon and look for the events supporting this year's Charity.

Andy E

Operations/Programming
This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Andy Oxenreider (Warphammer)

Photography
I have been working with various conventions since 2006 to get the best photos possible.

Angelus the Merciful

Operations
I started as a child from cartoons. I loved the anthropomorphic characters! It wasn't until college I took the fandom seriously and joined up. Three years later, here I am!

Anita Muth

Artist's Alley/Con Store
The mother of the leopard who 'thinks' he's a cheetah.

Arrow Quivershaft

Programming
Red-tailed hawk who's been working in the programming department for a long time now.

Astor

Artist's Alley/Con Store
I've been going to Anthrocon for twenty years. I guess I really am a dinosaur now!

AvWuff

Audio/Visual
Growing up in west Philadelphia, Av spent his youth at the basketball court. Due to trouble with two local hoodlums and one small fight, Av's mother relocated him against his will to the LA suburb of Bel Air, to live with his aunt and uncle. Upon arrival, Av saw a policeman holding a sign with his name. Not wanting any trouble, Av hailed a taxi. He informed the driver he would perhaps experience his rather rank odor at a later date, and moved on to take his place at the head of the household.

B. Gabriel Helou, DI

Security
Rather than spend time on the beach with a cold beer and a cheeseburger, Gabe is spending his free days off volunteering at AnthroCon. Psychologists have yet to agree on why this happens, but research is ongoing.

BGS

Programming
I'm BGS, fifth time staffer and big time gamer. I can often be found helping run the video game room specializing in the DDR setup. I also

love social deduction and eurogames, especially Werewolf.

Bismarck

Artist's Alley/Con Store
Baker, lawyer, gamer, and second at the Artists' Alley. Look for him snacking on cookies and rambling about how there's not enough snakes in the fandom.

Blithe, NO!

Operations
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October 5-7 at rustic North Park Lodge
Come enjoy friends, events, the great outdoors - and the included food and beverages. Upgrade to enjoy the Sponsors' Beer Bar and more! www.wpafw.org

Boozy Badger

Programming
Boozy is a badger. He's also a lawyer. He writes stuff and says stuff. That's about the long and short of it.

Bork

Security
Been doing con security for 44 years. Everything from 200 attendees to 800,000 and SF to Airshows.





Boven

Registration

Large mooing object. Often found under cork trees.

Brent D. Smart

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Brian "Rigel" Harris

Director (Charity)

Active in the furry community since 1992. Helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY as a college student. Now resides in metro DC. Charity Director - 22 years; DJ at AC - 17 years; Masquerade director (ex) - 10 years.

Brianne Stephenson

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Brother Envy

Security

I'm a seasoned professional in the hospitality industry, who takes time of from working in a hotel to volunteer to work in a hotel... wait a minute.

Cajun "Fox" Rinaldi

Dealers Room

Cajun has been attending Anthrocon since it was held in the Adam's mark hotel and while the local food venues have definitely improved, the same familiar convention feel that Anthrocon has always had is the same,

home away from home. Life is one big Beta test, if you don't improve and accept change you'll never keep up, with this in mind he helps with Dealer's room staff team working together to improve and make this con great for everyone.

Carlton "Shy Matsi" Hurdle

Artist's Alley/Con Store

The monster known as Shy Matsi is a creature that can be found lurking around the Artist Alley. He has the ability to check you out, quickly, at the cash registers. So be sure to have your cash ready. Legend has it he comes from New Jersey & goes to cons.

Carol Gobeyn

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Caveman Bob Earl

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Chaaralis

Registration/Art Show

Glad to be back helping make Anthrocon fun for another year!

Chezne

Show Office

A cheetah living the dream. As Highlander rules apply to spottycats in groups, he is on constant guard from

rivals (and magical halfbreeds).

Chittebengo

Show Office

Notbird and resident pangolin. Tengu outreach program.

Chris Clark

Audio/Visual

Caw. Caw caw caw.

Chris Sandusky / DonQuixote

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Christine Tucker

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Christopher Yost

Art Show

Author of the webnovel-in-progress "Sabrina Online: The Story" and furry slop-artist under the name Bond-oFox. Friendly and outgoing, don't be shy about saying "Hi"!

Cody The Husky

Audio/Visual

I'm a dog..... *Bark*

Corso

Programming

This is a special year for me, it's my 10th anniversary since my first Anthrocon (I only missed 2015 Vikings). It is always worth all the thousand miles travelled to come from Europe each year to stay with my very best friend in the world Sharky.

Cosmik

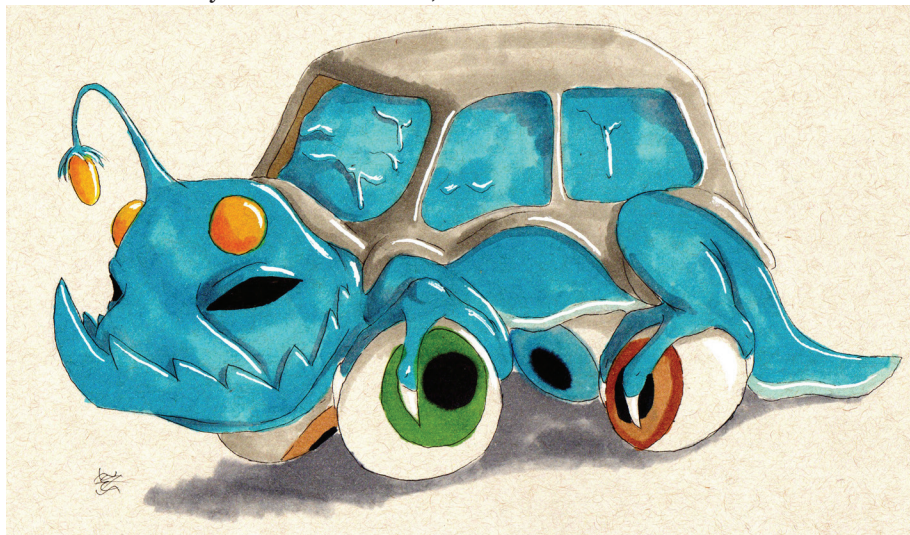
Programming/Registration

COSMIK has been entertaining the fandom as a singer/pianist and DJ since his first con in 2011; his dead dog pub sings at Anthrocon are legendary. He also loves baking, traveling, vintage culture, and most of all, his husband, Rhubarb The Bear.

Cub di

Security

This staff member was kept too busy



and did not have time to write a biography.

D Taylor-Rodriguez

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Daniel "Davin" Pawlowski

Acting Director (Operations)

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Daniel Parisi

Security

Is it a robot or a dog? Many have opinions, but nobody knows!

Danielle

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Mother of a furry, cat aficionado, good cook

Darkclaw

Internet

Darkclaw has been staffing AC since 2000. It shows - he had headfurr once. Brit furr who has since moved to live in the USA. Movie fan, WoW player, and lover of burgers.

David M Stein

Security

Dave Bowman: Hello, HAL. Do you read me, HAL?

HAL: Affirmative, Dave. I read you.

Dave Bowman: Open the pod bay doors, HAL.

HAL: I'm sorry, Dave. I'm afraid I can't do that.

Debbie G, DI

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Decker

Operations

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Delphanaeous

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Delphi_Vinn

Artist's Alley/Con Store/Art Show

Place nose here for boops *soft boop* ^v^

dester'edra

Security/Art Show

Eat. Sleep. Staff. Then go home and moderate twitch because apparently i have no life. twitch.tv/hyperrpg

Dook Weaselton

Art Show/Programming

Shifty mustelid seen sneaking



around the art show (not stealing anything, he says), and behind the scenes of the masquerade.

Draggor

Programming

Draggor was asked to help run the Anthrocon Masquerade for the 20th anniversary show and has been back ever since! Watch out for all the panels he runs, such as Text Adventures and Quipfur. And if you get a chance, check out Fur Squared, a little con he runs with Alkali in Brookfield Wisconsin.

Dryw

Art Show

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Durango

Artist's Alley/Con Store

A Florida Fur active in the furry community since early 2000's and have served on staff for several cons and volunteered my time to others. I love fursuiting and being outdoors on the

water. Otters are the best!

Echoic

Art Show

Echoic has been part of the art show crew since 2010. Outside of cons, she loves to draw, hike, and play video games. Thanks for another great year, everyone!

Eleanor Troup

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Eric Long

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Erik "Crossbow" Noble

Registration/Art Show

Just your average dragon looking forward to another exciting con.

Erika Grabowski

Operations

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Fiend

VIP Relations/Programming

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

FIRE FOX

Registration

Not much to tell. Just your average gray muzzle with several fursuits (Fire fox, black & white husky, K9 husky). And yes I am the one who has the suit and tie made of fur... a real "fur suit".

Fisher Cooper

Operations

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Fizz Otter

Audio/Visual

Fizz has attended Anthrocon every year since AC 2002 and continues to enjoy watching the fandom evolve in to the amazing talent pool it is today!

Freeze Badger

Audio/Visual

Use the 2 boxes below to enter your staff biography. Total allowable length for your staff biography is 510 characters (including spaces). Each of the boxes below allow 255 characters. Start your biography in the first box and continue it in the second box if needed.

Gabi

Registration/Art Show

Gabi, also known as "the tea girl" or "the lady with the fox hat", is an All-Purpose Fox. This means she can answer any question. Accuracy of the answer or even a connection to the question are not guaranteed. She's also equal-opportunity friendly; she can help you get your con stuff in English or in Spanish, and she may offer you tea and/or cookies if you find her at the right time.



Gamma Ray Wolf

Show Office

HYPERNOVA! Prepare for ionization!

Gannon P Moon

Operations

Graphic artist at small screen printing company. Very into board games. Occasionally writes or sketches, often works with vector art.

Gary Bratzel

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Geemo

Artist's Alley/Con Store

Staffer for both AC and MFF. Born and raised in Florida, now lives in Wisconsin. Ask me about Maker-spaces.

Gen.Talon

Director (Audio/Visual)

Just someone trying to keep things running smoothly.

Genepi

Registration

Loves hugs!

Ghost Foxote

Registration/Operations

Fennec-coyote, yinzer, paramedic, adventurer, troublemaker, and all-round bad influence.

Giza White Mage

Director Emeritus

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Glelin Scaleskin

Art Show

Web developer. Parkour practitioner. Cryptocurrency enthusiast. Entrepreneur. Now that you know how to break the ice with me, come chat! Be prepared to answer my favorite question, "What do you do for fun?" You can find me in the Art Show area.

Grandma Kage

Operations

The chairman's mother, who has been on staff since Anthrocon 1999. She keeps the chairman in line.

Halina K. Harding, D.O.D.I.

Security

Here we go again. Food or sleep? Food or sleezzzzzzzzzzzz.

Hawkeye

Security

The Old Guard never surrenders; bits just fall off from time to time.

Heidi Pilewski (Greyse)

Art Show/Publications

Happy to be returning as staff to Anthrocon. I've been on staff for 11 years and I can be found most often in the Art Show (go to the Art Show, sign up for a bidder number and bid early and often!)

Hengstolf

Programming/Operations

Assistant director to the programming dept, this wolf-horse hybrid is happy to be back and make this another fantastic anthrocon. Usually found around headless lounge or programming office, yet also always moving through the hallways making sure Everything is operating smoothly.

Hugmonster

Art Show/Art Show

I am a crazy Art Show AD.

Ianus J. Wolf

Programming

Ianus J. Wolf has skulked in the shadows as a writer and editor in the furry fandom on several projects with the furry publishers. His role here is gathering the monsters of the written word together into the crypt of the convention center. There



they can all wax long into the dead of night about the craft of storytelling before the terrible dawn sends them back to their sleep.

Jacob ‘Crimson’ Dawson, DI

Security

Writer, staffer, wolf. Other things, maybe.

Jaie

Art Show

Having had the luck to be a part of Art Show staff since AC was in Philly, I’ve seen many artists, styles, and mediums. I have yet to lose the sense of wonder and amazement when I meet the many talented artists and seeing their art.

James J. Walton, DI

Security

Nothing to see here. Move on.

Jared “Aeoron” Masters

Artist’s Alley/Con Store

Jared is a college student from north-east Ohio who is currently studying electrical engineering. In his spare time he loves to either play video-

games, play piano, or make fursuits. He has been fascinated by anthro-pomorphic animals ever since the first time he watched Disney’s Robin Hood.

Javanne

Security

Granny Dorsai, the Fan Lady

Jessica Vanderklok

Security

A stay-at-home mother and volunteer scheduler for their church, who enjoys working at Anthrocon to have a break from telling people to play nice and where and when they need to be at places . . . wait, never mind.

John “Joatmon” Lindgren

Art Show

I’m a year older than last year. I’m still a medical equipment repairman. I’m still fascinated with animation and special effects. Otherwise, I’m subject to change without notice.

John Cole

Director (Programming/VIP Relations)

This year marks K.P.’s 20th consecutive Anthrocon. K.P. lives in Orlando, Florida and is the convention’s Public Relations / Public outreach director. He is also a longtime fursuiter and puppeteer.

John Danaher

Programming

Just a red panda. Techy and nerd. Masochist of the highest degree (He staffs too many cons).

Kamau D Lyon

Art Show

A fun loving Barbary Lion who became aware of furry in the ‘90s. He’s certainly a gray muzzle, but still young at heart. His interests are writing, fursuiting, puppets and art. At cons he’s usually on staff (mostly Art Show). He can take a joke and will give as good as he gets in puns. He is not a party animal preferring to share some good conversation with friends over a beer, or as he prefers, English cider. He is a Mil Fur (Marines/Navy) and has a long list of life experiences.

Kay Jarrell D.I. “Loadmistress”

Security

It is entirely possible by now I will have sold our house and retired to live with Photon in Virginia. While it is great to see friends once a year at Anthrocon one’s husband should not be part of that group. Let’s go for a cocktail and celebrate!

Kaze Velara

Programming

That blue snep that resides in the game room.

Kazee Fullford

Programming/Registration

Burnt out theatrical scenic designer, amateur hacker, weapons manufacture, landlord, nationally registered emergency medical technician, fursuit maker, musician, carpenter, electrician, producer; I pretty much wake up in the morning wanting to



do something and I do it...

Just look for a guy in a ratty denim jacket with patches and flames spray painted on it. I'm one of those con goers that shows up too early and stays too late so I might as well paint the town of Pittsburgh red.

Kess

Dealers Room

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Kevin Sonney

Security

Kevin Sonney is a technology professional, media producer, and podcaster. A Linux Sysadmin and Open

Source advocate, Kevin has over 25 years in the IT industry, with over 15 years in Open Source. Kevin hosts the weekly Productivity Alchemy Podcast. He and his wife, author and illustrator Ursula Vernon, co-host the weekly podcast Kevin and Ursula Eat Cheap (NSFW). Kevin also voices Rev. Mord on The Hidden Almanac.

Kijani

Publications

Although he is sad to miss his first AC since 2010, Kijani was happy to still fulfill his duties as the convention's Publications Editor for the 8th straight year. This Seattle-based bowling lion hosts When Furballs Strike, one of the world's largest fur-

bowls, and loves using the Magic of Fursuiting to brighten the lives of others as well as support Charity/local community events.

Kiric

Programming

Something something bio. Something something witty something something wisdom. Something gaming something.

Kitasu

Security/Art Show

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Ko

Registration

Just a nerdy Gaming Dragon that always love to have fun and usually follows the Flow. Always smash that continue and play like its your last life! Oh and one other thing I need to ask...Why is the rum always gone?!
0.=.0

Kofu

Show Office

Your average Taiwanese lion, who was lucky enough made many friends in the fandom, and wishes to be something more than average one day :3 Very glad to give back to the community being part of the team with Anthrocon <3

Kokuei

Artist's Alley/Con Store/

Artist's Alley

Kokuei is a yellow/red fire wolf. You will see him roaming around Artists Alley/Con Store. However if you really need to find Kuei, an offering of sushi is sure to summon him. Now excuse me I must..... Oooo sushi.
noms

Krin

Registration

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Kryptic

Security

One of my favorite Cons of the year!





Nicona Shadowwolf

Director (Registration)

10th year attending Anthrocon, 9th year as staff, 3rd year as Director of Registration. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN AND WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME??????

None

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Oma

Registration

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Osee DeSantis

VIP Relations/Programming

Osee is a veteran convention staffer having served 8 years as Anthrocon's Head of VIP Relations and with the guest liaison team at Anime Nebraska in Omaha, Nebraska. When Osee is not assisting convention Guests of Honor he can be found on stage or

behind the microphone in pursuit of his passion for acting and voiceover in his hometown of Omaha. Osee is also a member of the United States Army National Guard and sends a salute to all MilFurs in attendance.

Osiris Adustus

Operations/Art Show/Artist's Alley/Charity

Osiris is a friendly jackal who has been volunteering for Anthrocon since 2013 and returns this year as convention operations staff. He has been in the fandom for 7 years and has assisted many conventions in various departments. He is easily spotted in a 1920s suit and boater hat. Outside the con he is a geologist with a passion for gems and travel who makes his own cachaca in Brazil. A workaholic by day and party animal by night, feel free to ask him anything as he's always at your service.

Panzier

Internet

Another fine year in the awesome city

of Pittsburgh. Working the internets and having as much fun as allowed! Be good to everyone!

PeterCat

Director (Art Show)

Intrigued by the late-'80s CBS-TV series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered science fiction conventions and began helping out at art shows. He volunteered for the first Albany AnthroCon in 1997 and has been Art Show Director since 1998. Using the professional name Peter Katt, is a freelance voice artist (peterkattvoice.com). He welcomes hugs from fursuiters so don't be shy!

Phil Keck

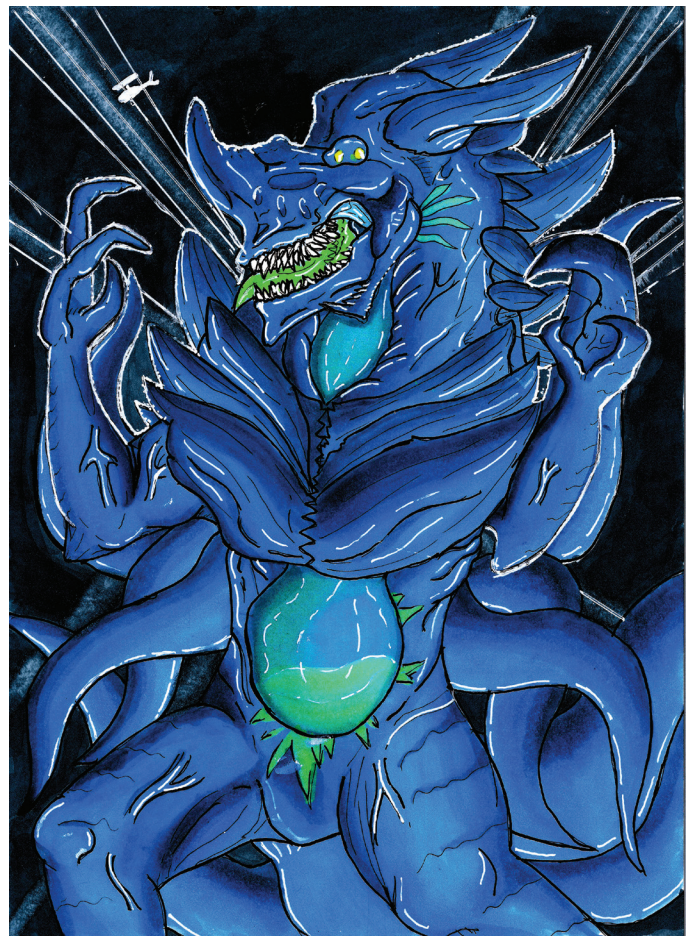
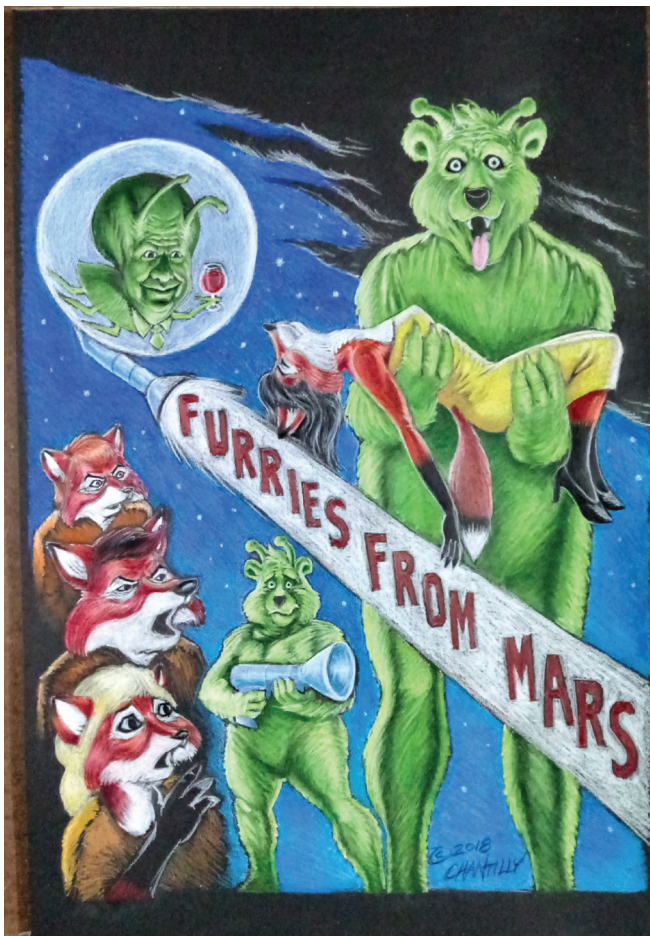
Art Show

Safler is once again helping out at the art show, so please stop by and say hi while making those bids! He is slowly leveling up at social interactions.

Prince Kiraasha

Art Show/Art Show

Prince K is a fun-loving tiger who spends most of his time in the art



show and/or hanging out with friends. He also loves gaming of all types, living history and is always happy to give or receive a free hug!

Rakedu

Operations

Rakedu is a tiger from Michigan. He's been attending Anthrocon since 2010. Come bug him or just say hi if you see him prowling around!

Randorn

Registration/Audio/Visual

Mew~. Randy's a wuff! =^.^=

Con piccies at randorn.com and @Randorn. X3

Rebar

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

RebelSquirl

Registration

"Rebel" is an historian, teacher, supporter of various creators of anthropomorphic art and literature, and for the past six years has been a member of Anthrocon's registration staff, including three as an assistant director. Look for the bespectacled Texas greymuzzle behind the Reg Desk most of the convention, and he'll try his best to assist with your questions. Otherwise, find him in the Dealer's Den or at local purveyors of fine dining and wining. ;-)

Reese

Logistics

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Rene Gobeyn

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Rhubarb The Bear

Programming

Rhubarb stumbled onto Fur Affinity in 2008, into his first convention in 2010, into Anthrocon in 2013, and onto the staff roster this year. He'd

try to plan his stumbling more strategically, but that's kind of the opposite of stumbling.

Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong

Director (Dealers Room/Photography)

Chiaroscuro's conbadges are now old enough to attend Anthrocon without a permission slip. Living in Connecticut, he continues to direct the Dealers Room and Photography departments and enjoy married life. o/~ I'm sorry but I'm just thinking of the right words to say / I know they don't sound the way I planned them to be o/~

Robert "Harbinger" Palmer D.I.

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Robert Christopher Roach

Audio/Visual

You'll find me overseeing the A/V in the panel rooms during the day. At night, I'll be mixing some of the video during the dance.

Robert Jones / Sir Grrr

Registration

Robert Jones / Sir Grrr is a retired State of Ohio Corrections Officer of 32 years. He is a professional entertainer, wedding and glow party DJ, corporate and private game show co-



host and wedding officiant as well as magician. He is a lifelong furry who enjoys attending cons with his wife of 37 years, Lady Riesling. He has spent the last year and is currently writing his first fictional novel set in an anthropomorphic universe in the mid 1800s.

Ronnie

Programming/Logistics

Part Chinese. Part dragon. All noodles.

Rooth

Dealers Room/Art Show/Artist's Alley

Rooth, AKA Rooth'ragon or Rooth'roo, has been a community member since 1990. He attended and volunteered at many conventions over the decades, including his first visit to AC in 2006 and every

AC since. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes. He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a veteran IT professional. Find him at the Dealer's Room staff table wearing his signature white dragon tail with the blue feathery mane.

Rukario

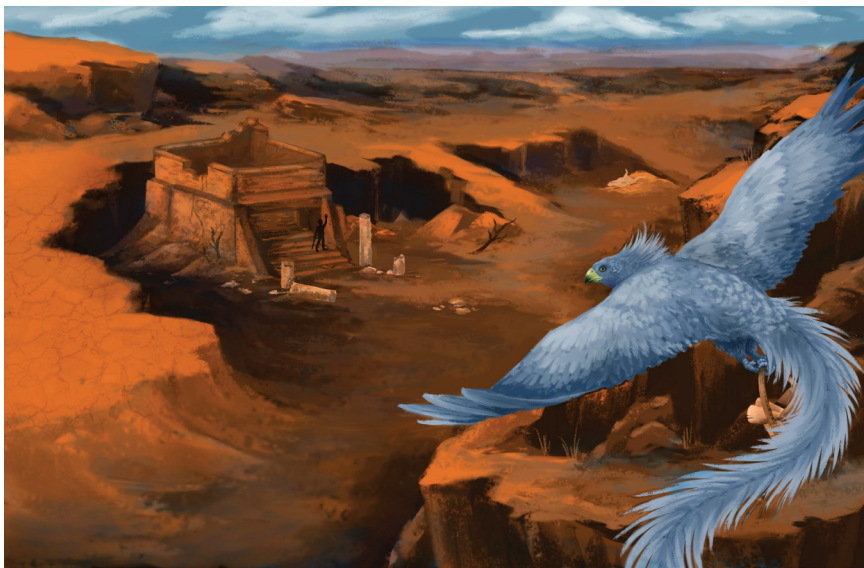
Programming/Registration

Working for the legalization of Awoo, Rukario comes to Anthrocon for his 5th consecutive year. With a warm smile, this Wolf is ready to rock AC once again in 2018!

Ryuusin Ackaneru

Programming

Big purple nine-tailed dragon kitsune, who helps run various programming events back stage, primarily in the main ballroom in the DLCC.



RyuuYouki

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Salem Wolf

Programming

I am honored once more to be part of Staff at Anthrocon 2018 with this years theme "Movie Monsters". I'll be working with my Friend Sharky on our Fursuit Games and we plan to have some old "Furry Favorites" and perhaps a new game or two to go with this years theme. So if you are a Fursuiter, we love to have you come join us and have a real good time... Toodles!

Sandy Schreiber

Security

Sandy is a member of the Dorsai Irregulars, and has been a member of the con Security staff for ages. She also is a professional artist, and can be found in the Dealer's Den during the day.

Sarah R Wolf

Artist's Alley/Con Store/

Registration

Hyperactive kitteh just looking for fun and new friends. Love crafting, mostly knitting, and always looking for something to do.

SCOTT A WILLIAMS

Logistics/Operations

Master of STUFFets.

"Sgt." Steve Simmons, DI

Security/Operations

Steve Simmons is a member of the Dorsai Irregulars and has been doing security at Anthrocon since 2002. In Real Life he's a systems programmer and manager at the University of Michigan. He is sometimes known as "the nice one." Who knows why....

Shadow D Wolf

Department Head/Artist's Alley/Con Store

I plug cables in that usually make computers run. I also run Artists Alley with the help of some of the best staff on this planet. Sorry guys, the

Mars Cashier Union folks are a little better, what with their four hands, but you were cheaper and local!

sharky

Programming/Logistics

Back for his 17th Anthrocon the great white shark comes swimming back. This year will be particularly exciting for sharky, as the theme is about his favorite topic "movie monsters". He knows one of the most famous movie monsters of all time was a shark!

Sharon

Charity

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

ShiroTora aka James Eden

Art Show

ShiroTora is an anthro white tiger who has attended EVERY AC. He filled out his staff registration while he was in a hurry and couldn't think of anything witty to say at the time. He sure hopes he remembers to edit this prior to the printing deadline.

Siku

Show Office

Bank's Island Wolf waffing around the eastern US. Waff waff waff!!

Silaria

Programming/VIP Replations

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Sky Nero

Operations

Officially entered the fandom in 2009 after lurking for several years and started posting stories in 2012. FurTheMore was the first con I attended (2014) and the first one I helped staff (2017). My main fursona is a white tiger, but I've got a whole cast in support!

SnowQueen TigerClaw

Registration

This is my 10th Anthrocon. Ninth year as staff. Fourth year as assistant director of registration. I must be certifiable. Help me!

Spangler

Registration

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Sparf

Programming

Sparf is a writer, actor, and podcaster with several years of convention staffing under his belt at conventions large and small. He received his MFA in Acting from the Catholic University of America, where his thesis was a one-person show about the furry fandom.

Spikeo

Audio/Visual

Send nood(le)s.

SteelTheWarrior

Programming

A mouse of many talents, when he's not building worlds for others' enjoyment, he's pursuing his degrees in Psychology & Sociology. Steel is his name, and world-weaving and RPG system building is his game! From worlds most fantastic, down to the very grittiest of realities, he's

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CH18
 CHELSY KUZMYAK

got something for everyone to enjoy! Stop on by at tabletop gaming today!

Steven T

Security

Looking forward to another memorable AC.

Tango

Security

Running around Anthrocon since 2001.

Tasia

Show Office

Kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty.

TawnyFluff

Operations

A rather small sugar-powered dragoncat. Often seen sipping colorful cocktails and/or holding enthusiastic conversations with interdimensional beings only she can see. Occasionally talks to computers and makes lines on paper and wood as well.

Terk Wolf

Audio/Visual

Theater Lighting Designer/Programmer

The Foxish

Dealers Room

The Foxish returns once again for his 15th straight year behind in the staff tables that core center of capitalism, the Dealers Room. Subsisting almost entirely off caffeine, taurine, and processed meats for the weekend, Fox works hard to bring you the very best in stuff to buy.

Thomas Muth

Artist's Alley/Con Store

The father of the leopard who is not a 'cheetah'.

Thor

Registration

Why does the cow say moo?

So that he may, for a brief moment, escape the unbearable scream that is silence.

Tigerwolf

Director (Internet)

A furry since long before there was

a name for it! A USAF veteran also dealing with the Internet before it was public, and helping various furry conventions under the Tigerden Internet Services banner since 1994.

TimeSuppression

Audio/Visual

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Tracey 'Stormy' Bealer

Charity

Charity Staff.

Trevor Boyd

Charity

Tinkerer and helpful mutt.

turtyl

Programming

...turtyl is removed from their post in the Red Wings and is ordered to go hunt the Summoned Monster in the Misty Valley to the northwest of Baron. Kain, the captain of the Dragons, tries to defend his friend. But he too, is ordered to go with Cecil to fight the monster, and to deliver a package to the Village of Mist. turtyl apologizes to Kain for involving him. But Kain does not blame them. "The King will return you to the Red Wings after this mission," says turtyl before parting.

Tyrrlin

Dealers Room

Tyrrlin, the flame-crested gryphoness has been attending Anthrocon since 2005 and became a staffer in 2008. She helps staff the Dealer's Den, and is also involved with the Art Show, and Fursuit Parade. She is married to the ever-charming and wonderful Darkclaw, one of the Staffers in the Internet Den. In her mundane life, she owns a band instrument repair shop.

Uncle Kage

CEO/Operations

Chairman of the convention since 1998. So very, very tired.

Valrejn

Audio/Visual

Pay no attention to the dragon behind the curtain.

Violet Neko

Art Show

Violet Neko is an artist, costumer, and loves to help anywhere she can. She loves working at the art show, and helping people to enjoy and love art. She has made much art herself, and it makes her feel good to help other people display and find art that they love.



W4rlock, Alex Krumwiede

Security

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Waylon ‘Ashe’ Darosh

Director (Programming)

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

WeisenWolf

Operations

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Whry

Programming/Audio/Visual

Seventh Anthrocon, second year on staff—looking forward to another fun time and werewolves!

William H Lantto

Audio/Visual

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Witchiebunny

Dealers Room

A purple bunny.

Wrath

Audio/Visual

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Xacarith

Registration/Artist’s Alley

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

XydexxUnicorn

Director (Publications)

@XydexxUnicorn on Twitter. Be good, have fun.

Xyro

Audio/Visual

I’m a dog that’s figured out how to push buttons with my paws.

Yappy Fox

Programming

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.

Ysera She’nai

Publications

Art stuff, healer stuff, hyena stuff, stuff stuff. I just do stuff.

Zylos

Audio/Visual

This staff member was kept too busy and did not have time to write a biography.



Ursa Major Awards

Where fans pick the best of the year!

The Ursa Major Awards are presented each year for excellence in the furry arts. The recipients are nominated by the fans, and the winners are chosen by vote of the fans!

The results of the 2017 Awards were announced at FurDU in Australia this year. Did your favorite artist or author win? If not, only *you* can do something about it and vote next year!

See something this year that you think deserves an award?

Then recommend them!

www.ursamajorawards.org

The annual Recommended Furry Reading List is open to all furry fans to recommend the best anthropomorphic movies, TV series, novels, artwork, games, and more! The list helps other fans find gems they might otherwise miss. It can also be a guide for fans to nominate their candidates for the next Awards. Please send all your recommendations for this year to:

recommended@ursamajorawards.org

The Ursa Major Awards are presented by the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, a membership organisation dedicated to promoting anthropomorphic literature and arts through the Ursa Major Awards, the Recommended List, and the ALAA Hall of Fame. Suggestions are invited to improve the Awards, and memberships are welcome. See the UMA website for more information.

Recognizing the best in anthropomorphic arts and literature since 2000!



Art donated by EosFoxx

VANCOUFUR

P R E S E N T S

A
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM

MARCH 7TH—10TH, 2019

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RICHMOND, BC, CANADA

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SLEEVES OR
YOUR FUR
AND SAVE
LIVES!



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WE WANT
TO SUCK
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BLOOD
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2018 BLOOD
DRIVE

Saturday, July 7, 2018

10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Lawrence Convention Center-Donor Coach
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Open to the Public

Donor Coach will be parked in front
of the Convention Center.

All participating donors
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PREPARE FOR YOUR DONATION • EAT WELL • STAY HYDRATED • BRING ID

Rules: Promotion runs the date of the individual drive as listed above. When offered, all giveaways, prizes and tickets are nontransferable, nonrefundable, not redeemable for cash and while supplies last. Must be at least 18 years of age (16 - 17 years of age with signed parental consent) for actual donation, and due to gaming laws, must be at least 18 years of age to be entered into a random drawing. ITxM and Central Blood Bank employees and their immediate families are not eligible to participate. Void where prohibited by law. Please bring ID with you on the day of donation. Proper ID is required to donate blood. A Central Blood Bank or military ID, driver's license, passport, or employee or student ID with picture and full name are all approved forms of ID. Birth certificate along with a picture ID that includes the donor's full name will also be accepted.

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