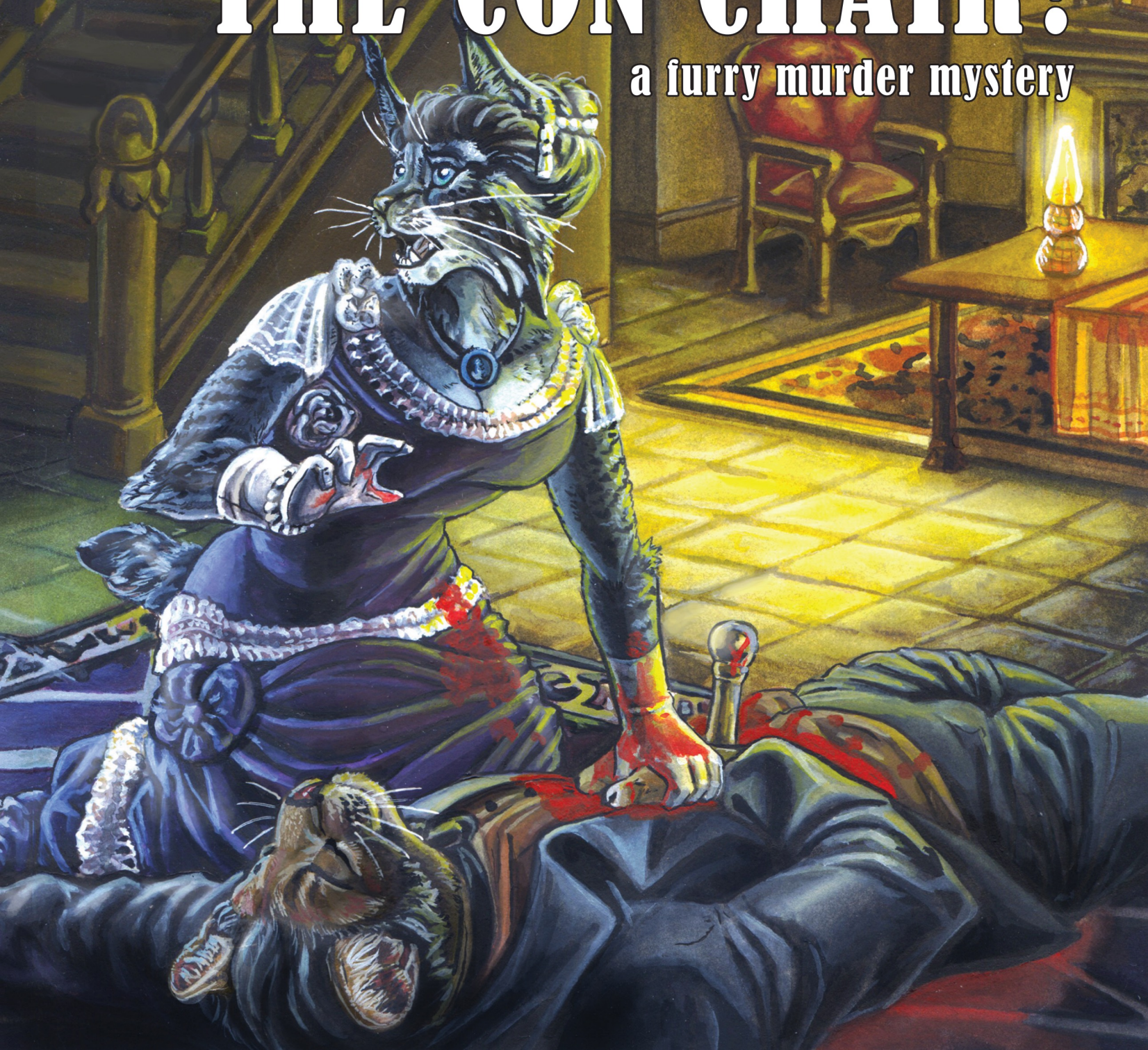




WHO KILLED THE CON CHAIR?

a furry murder mystery





2016

Welcome to Fur-Eh!



Welcome to Fur-Eh! 2016: Who Killed the Con Chair? A Furry Murder Mystery.

Despite the theme, I would like to point out that Fur-Eh! has one of the lowest rates of con chair murders amongst all furry conventions in Edmonton, Alberta that begin with the letter F and have punctuation in their name. I feel safer already!

As we enter our fifth year, Fur-Eh! has grown and evolved, thanks in no small part to suggestions from our attendees. I encourage you to check out our all-new Parade format, our new “Motorama” and if you have not already, grab a ticket to our inaugural Dogs’ Breakfast and our signature Poutine Social.

Working on Fur-Eh! is a year-long commitment and will be the death of me yet! Despite this, my contributions pale compared to those of the Fur-Eh! Organizing Committee, our Staff, and our volunteers. When you see them, give them your thanks. They really deserve it!

I’m dying to meet all of you and to hear how you’re enjoying your weekend with us!

Thanks for attending and I look forward to seeing you for many more years to come!

Not Dead Yet,
Thallanor
Con-Artist, Fur-Eh!

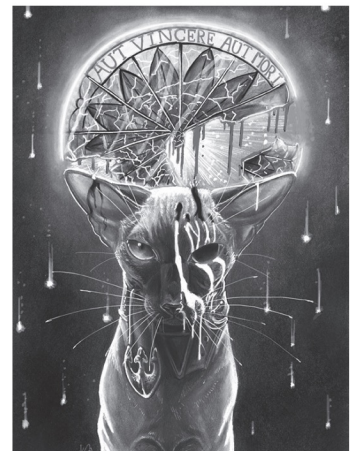
Guest of Honour RED COAT CAT

Meezer (aka RedCoatCat) is a Canadian illustrator living with her boyfriend and two cats on Vancouver Island. She mainly works in traditional mediums of gouache, watercolour and graphite. Her main influences in art are Carl Röchling, Gustave Doré, Steinlen, Ludwig Hohlwein, Janet and Anne Grahame Johnstone. The later anthropomorphic work on fairy tales such as ‘The white cat’, ‘Puss in Boots’ and various other animal based fairy tales with combination of knowledge on illustrating material culture was a huge inspiration on her anthropomorphic based work.

What Meezer hopes to accomplish in her art is that people can relate and identify with characters in historical settings better through anthropomorphic designs than they can through a normal human design. As time period specific designs can look very alien to a modern person, anthropomorphics can lend the mask one needs to be able to relate to the past without having to tailor it to modern tastes and sensibilities.

Meezers hobbies outside art include historical re-enacting, historical sewing, travelling, reading and drinking copious amounts of cheap wine.

furafinity.net/user/redcoatcat



Artwork: Doppelsöldner by RedCoatCat

Look for RedCoatCat in our Dealers’ Den and at numerous panels and events throughout Fur-Eh!

Charity Partner

Fur-Eh! is pleased to welcome our first ever guest charity: UNDERDOGS RESCUE.

Underdogs Rescue is a not for profit organization that is dedicated to rescuing large “power” breed dogs in shelters across Canada. This includes (but not limited to) Humane Societies, SPCA(s), Animal Control(s) and other Rescues. We are committed to the re-homing of these dogs, through rescue, positive rehabilitation, medical care and lots of love to responsible, and loving dog owners.

Through education and dedication, we want to see people embrace these largely misunderstood dogs without fear or misconception. We want to be part of a society and community that encourages responsible pet ownership and a legislation without breed profiling. Underdogs Rescue envisions a future where all dogs are respected, cared for and loved in the proper, loving home environment.

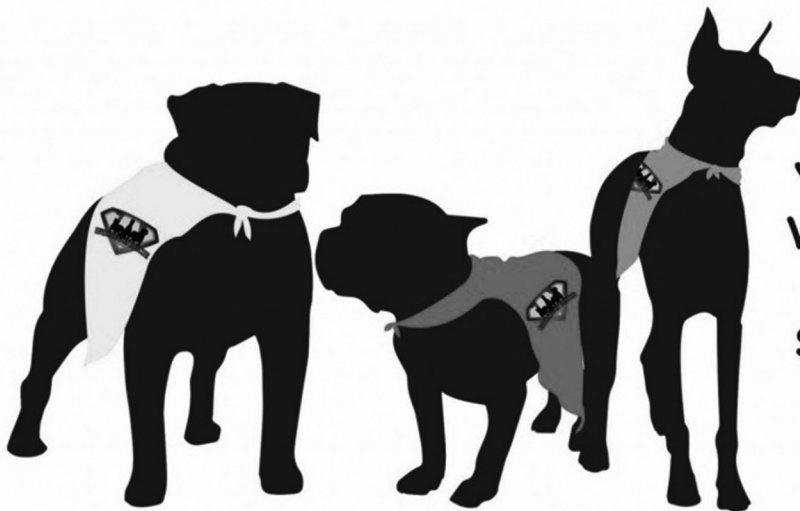
We also will continue to do work in our community to better the lives of dogs when we can. We do this by going into schools, teaching out positive reinforcement, specific breeds, for children

to safely have a great relationship with their dogs etc. We truly believe that when you help your community to be better, to learn better ways, the lives of the animals around them will flourish.

Underdogs rescue is a registered charity able to give tax receipts with any donation over \$25.00 please find our charity number 824343735RR0001

Underdogs will be holding a photo booth at Fur-Eh! by donation where you can get your photo (in or out of fursuit) with some of their great dogs. As well, they will be holding a panel where you can learn more about who they are and what they do.

Fur-Eh! will be donating table space in our Dealers’ Den as well as helping raise funds for this organization during the convention. Half of all funds raised during our fundraising auction will be donated to Underdogs. We encourage all of our attendees to consider donating to this worthy cause during the convention and finding out more about where your donations go.



**YOU WERE BORN
WITH THE ABILITY
TO CHANGE
SOMEONE’S LIFE,
DONT EVER
WASTE IT.**

WWW.UNDERDOGSRESCUE.COM

Dining at Fur-Eh!

Fur-Eh! is pleased to offer our Guests a wide range of dining options sure to tickle your taste buds!

Our popular Poutine Social showcases one of Canada's most popular dishes while adding delicious toppings including taco meat, butter chicken and more. It's also a great way for our Guests to meet & mingle while filling their bellies with delicious poutine! One ticket is included for each paid "Super Sponsor" and "Sovy Tier" Registrant. A very limited number of tickets are available for \$15 at Registration.

New to Fur-Eh! this year is the "Dogs' Breakfast" Lunch Buffet! Featuring a tantalizing array of food selections plus dessert & coffee/tea, The Dogs' Breakfast is one of the best dining options

all weekend at Fur-Eh! Plus, this dining event also features entertainment! Ferillan will be doing two sets of piano and a troupe of performers will be showing off their quick wit in hilarious improvisational theatre games during your meal. Tickets are \$15 and available at Registration while quantities last.

Don't forget that The Ramada Edmonton Hotel & Conference Centre's GRAZE restaurant has special menu items Friday & Saturday for all Guests. From Ultimate Bacon Pizza to Biscuits & Gravy and from "Doggie Bone Stew" to Lunch & Dinner buffets, the Hotel Chef has worked with Fur-Eh! to create fantastic meal options at very reasonable prices!

We hope you enjoy our dining experiences!



Poutine Social from Fur-Eh! 2015

Events at Fur-Eh!

Fur-Eh! features an impressive lineup of special entertainment events this year with returning favourites such as The Masquerade & Talent Show, Karaoke (on Friday & Saturday night), “Furry Feud”, “Cutthroat Artist” and the popular Dance Competition.

This year, Fur-Eh’s parade is also much more than a “regular” fursuit parade. We’ve moved the parade outdoors (weather permitting) and will be putting on a show that simply should not be missed! Fursuiters, music, themed groups, vehicles & some other surprises will make their way along our parade route (parallel to Kingsway Avenue) in front of hundreds of spectators. (In the event of inclement weather, the parade will be moved indoors.)

Our very first “Motorama” vehicle show will also be held in the hotel’s south parking lot on Satur-

day morning (weather permitting). Don’t miss seeing some of our attendees’ unique and interesting vehicles!

Of course, we have many panels that are going to be educational as well as entertaining. Learn how to construct a fursuit head, the basics of bird anatomy or what the best camping spots are in Western Canada.

And, of course, don’t forget our nightly Dances with a whole new line up of DJs including Rei Vagan.

Be sure to check the Fur-Eh! schedule for all of the entertaining events at Fur-Eh! this year! You can access it from our website or at

fureh2016.sched.org



WildElement Studios
The art of Temrin

@ WildElementStudios.com / Wildelementstudios@live.ca

Patreon.com/Temrin @WildElements

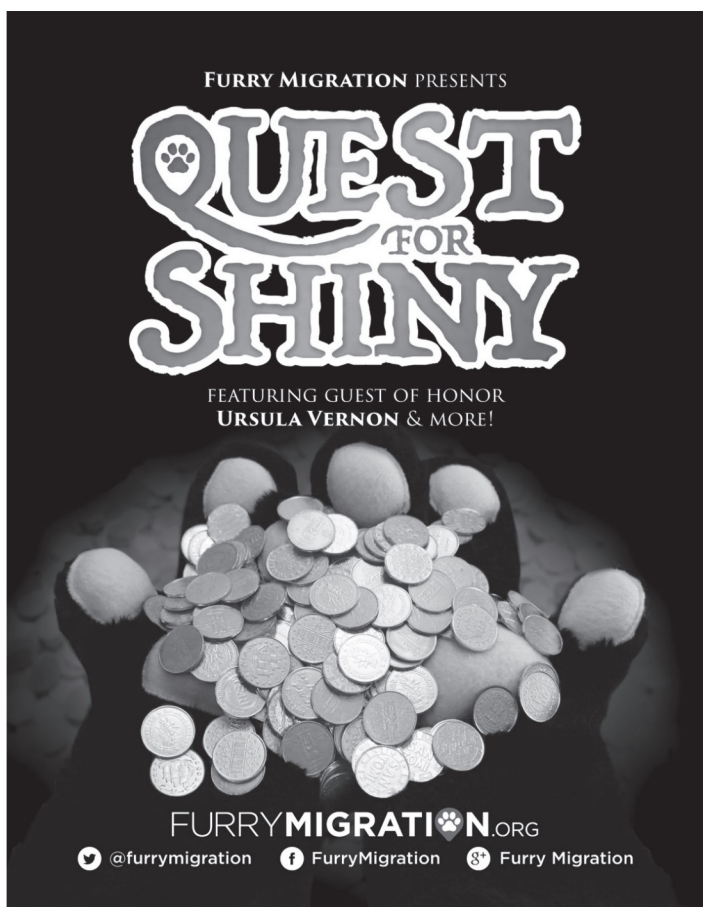
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Custom Comissions, Dakimakura's, Portfolios, Wall Scrolls, Freebies, Charms & Other Merch.

Follow for convention updates, sales, preorders, cameos, sneak peeks and much more!



wRecksy's DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION

Visit me in the
dealers den,
or find me at:

FA: Wrecksy

 Wrecksy's Art

 @rexyjackal



It's All In The Eyes

By Aaron Blackpaw

"Well, yep. He's dead alright."

Shattered glass sparkled across the floor, the sticky syrup cementing the equine mane to the ground, mixing with the blood and saliva drooling from the mouth of the unseeing horse. Each peal of thunder and flash of light piercing the tall windows caught the shards of glass, flashing the floor with hundreds of points of light as four pairs of sharp eyes searched over the scene of disarray.

"Well, no surprise, Sherlock!" the striped equine shot back at the wolf. The diminutive zebra was quite a sight at the moment. He had been the one to take his shoulder to the door...and both won and lost. His striped fur, shorts, and jersey was covered in the sticky syrup, horse blood, and shattered glass, his nose snorting at the smell of the lit cigar dangling limply from the wolf's maw. "I could have told you that when I fell on the dang thing. We all were looking for him all day. And this was the last place we were looking. Why are we paying you to tell us what we already know, idiot?"

Allen grunted, taking a long drag on the pungent cigar as piercing amber eyes played across the entirety of the room, from the locked window covered in raindrops to the skid mark where the zebra had landed and slid, knocking the body back and covering him in the mélange of blood and glass that covered the striped critter. Of course that meant that the important information what had happened were long gone. 'Idiot.' The wolf thought as he stalked cautiously throughout the room.

"You've gotta see something, Mr. Pinker." Carrie's voice grated at the wolf's ears, dropping them to his head as her bubblegum pop voice hit him like an icepick through the ear. Her reddish orange fur was pristine, perfectly coiffed and smelling of soap and shampoo as she stayed back, wrapped in the arms of her bullish boyfriend.

"We can all tell that he was bashed over the skull, gumshoe boy," Travis grunted, his beady eyes boring into the back of the wolf as he looked about. He held Carrie close, towering over her as she tried to burrow into his chest, avoiding having to see the battered body that stood as the centerpiece of the destroyed room.

"Yeah. I'm not blind," Rebutted the dark furred wolf. His eyes played over the scene before him. "But since the cops can't get out here since the bridge washed out, they wanted

someone to look over this cluster. And who better than a private detective. Oh, and there is a lot more that happened here than just some simple bonk n' glue."

The wolf grinned as he pulled a small but powerful flashlight from his pocket. Flashing the potent blue-white beam across the red and brown coated floor, scuff marks matted the floor. Of course there were a bunch of hoof marks where Lanny had gone for a slide after taking the door, and the slide marks of the horse's hooves, but playing the light over the rest of the floor. Scratches dug deeply in the wood floor, too numerous for just a single person.

He played the flashlight over the walls, running the beam over the disarray of all of the photo frames hanging on the wall. Shattered glass and photo frames littered the base of the wall, the top row spidered where something had slammed into the glass. Passing further down the wall, white drywall stared back against the dark paint that covered the wall, three scratch marks flashing back where the horse had been pressed against the wall.

"We actually had a pretty good struggle here. You can follow the trail of Mr. Winston's body being bashed against the wall...or maybe his assailant losing the fight before they could get their hands around the bottle of syrup off the shelf and bash him once or twice."

As the wolf's light played over the horse's head, he moved closer, keeping his boots out of the blood and off of the scuff marks as he inspected the injuries to the horse's body. Of course the zebra's interaction with the body had left numerous other scratches and deformities across the body, but the deep furrows on the horse's shoulders and neck were still damp from running blood. They had been made when his heart was still beating.

And not only were there scratch marks deep into Mr. Winston's hide, there were actually a few mussed portions of mane.

"I wonder..."

The wolf smiled darkly as he took a chance and pressed the side of a pen against the body's head finding three soft spots in the skull other than the actual depressed fracture that was the obvious cause of death.

"Well, well, well. I think we have a winner."

The wolf grinned as he fingered the Chief's Special and steel bracelets in his pocket. He wasn't really worried about his prey really able to do much to fight back against him. Of the three choices he had for his suspects, only one had claws able to actually hurt him – and they had long been polished and smoothed down to almost ceremonial nubs needed to be the socialite that the fox played at being.

"Well then, who is it?" The zebra stepped closer, crowding the wolf a bit as the other two followed his lead.

"Yeah! Who!" The bull bellowed, driving the wolf's ears down with its noise.

"You mean even with me walking you all through the scene with that light, none of you have figured it out?" He chuckled. "Hold your palms out, face up."

"But why?" The three protested.

"Do it." The wolf growled, amber eyes narrowing as his hackles raised and lips curled, the predatory nature at the base of his instincts coming to the fore, the three jumping at the growl before their hands flipped up. As the wolf looked over the fingers and claws of the three, he could see the material under two of the three.

Cold steel landed over the wrist of one, her surprised gasp catching both of the other two by surprise as the wolf pulled her paws behind her back, quickly clasp the cuffs around her wrists and pulling her against him, his foot and free arm setting up to control her movements.

"Both of you step outside, please." The wolf grinned as he puffed a happy breath of smoke. "We're done here. The Fox, with the Maple Leaf Syrup in the Kitchen." He chuckled at his poor joke.

"Wait! Carrie?" The wolf simply nodded as he felt the fox struggle against him.

"Knock it off. There were only four of you here. And you're the only one that would need a weapon and multiple hits whose hand was coated with drywall and paint. I bet we'll also find blood in your fur or nails when the police get here and have all their toys." The wolf shook the vixen as he looked at the bull's incredulous eyes.

"It was pretty simple. Multiple hits to the head meant that probably had limited upper body strength. If you had been the killer there would only have been one, maybe two chances to strike. Second, she was light enough to get on his back and be struck into the wall as he fought back and gouge the wall and his neck with her claws. Not very

effective but enough to get poor Winston riled up. Then she finished him off and went...I'll guess she cleaned up afterwards before coming and helping search. As to why..." He shrugged. "I dunno."

All eyes fell to her as hers fell down to the ground.

Aaron Blackpaw is the pen name of a Furry writer. He currently has two works published online, Two Worlds Collide and its sequel, Preying on the Past. He is a rocket scientist by degree and trade and firefighter and EMT to keep busy. He is currently revising and updating Two Worlds Collide and is in process of a new writing project, Code Named "Reversed Contact" which will both be published on Amazon. Follow him on Sofurry for more writing and as @aacid14ad on twitter for snark and rants.



Artwork by Yoko from her promotional comic "Feral Nights", available in the Dealers' Den.

Panels

ART TRACK

Branching Out

Host - Amara

How to take your furry self and insert your awesome self into non furry venues like comic conventions, artist alleys and so on.

Colour and Chill

Host - Lainenyah

Combining the power of cheap art supplies and colouring books, this panel will provide a chance for people to chill before the dance on Friday night.

Cutthroat Artist

Host - bcbreakaway

4 Artists compete in a no-holds-barred, time limited battle complete with sabotages and tricky challenges to see who wins up to \$25!

Historical Clothing

Host - RedCoatCat

Join our Guest of Honour as she shows off techniques and details on how to draw historical clothing, one of her specialties.

Illustrating Expressions

Host - RedCoatCat

RedCoatCat, our Guest of Honour, shows off some techniques and tricks when it comes to illustrating character expressions.

Intro to Digital Art

Host - Atimist

How to get started working in digital medium to produce art. Quick tips, tricks and basic knowledge.

Intro to Watercolours

Host - Dilly

An introduction to water colours with tips, tricks, and the best materials to use! Also, where to find supplies and what supplies not to use.

Marker and Ink Techniques with Remy

Host - Remy

How to illustrate using pen and marker, such as Copic, Touch, Prismacolor and more!

So You're A Bird

Host - Raditz

Basics of wing anatomy, looking at birds as examples, and how to use these shapes in fursuit/fursona design.

Traditional Art Mediums

Host - Silent Ravyn

How to use watercolour, acrylic and oil paint, india ink, marker, coloured pencil, chalk pastel and graphite.

ENTERTAINMENT TRACK

50 Shades of Neigh [18+]

Host - Spuz

Oh, no... It's back for a third year in a row and it keeps getting bigger! Spuz reads more delightful stories in the only way that he can - liquored up. (18+ due to language and content.)

Charades

Host - Wolever

Don't say a word! Like, that's actually the main rule of charades... Come watch suiters and non-suiters alike try to act out phrases to the amusement of all!

Furry Feud

Hosts - bcbreakaway & Kierenshep

The game of survey says! Join our four "families" as they do battle in our own version of the popular game show!

Fur-Eh! Motorama

Host - Captain Blacktail

Celebrating all sorts of vehicles, come check out the automotive pride and joy of some of your fellow furs (weather permitting).

Olden Days of the Fandom

Host - Amara

The fandom pre-Internet and in the early 'net days. How we used to share art and stories when the 'net was old, slow and creaky just like we are now.

Panels

Unfurled [18+]

Hosts: Vox, Kaar, Tal, Adoom, Roland

Unfurled with hosts Vox, Kaar, Tal, Adoom and Roland - A general satire podcast that reports no news, politics and general dumb stuff! (18+ due to language and content.)

Where in the World is Carmen Sandingo?

Hosts - Seylyn, Kierenshep

Based on the 90s TV show "Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?", we aim to entertain and educate attendees through questions and trivia. Will you be a contestant and track down Carmen Sandingo?

FURSUIT TRACK

Advanced Fursuit Construction

Host - ZayFox

Advanced fursuit construction techniques including using some exotic materials.

Basic Fursuit Construction

Host - Commander ShiningCat

Learn helpful fursuit construction techniques at a basic level suitable for beginners or for those who have limited experience.

Drunken Fursuit Construction

Hosts - SilverHusky, Thallanor Rasmuson, RedCoatCat, Wolfish

It's a wonder that no one has been hurt in previous years, but the fact that there's always that chance is what makes this panel exciting!

Duct Tape Dummy Demo

Host - Wolever

This will be an instructional session for good practice in making a duct tape dummy as well as an opportunity for anyone who wishes to have a duct tape dummy made of themselves (time permitting).

Electrosuiting, not Electrocuting!

Host - mBlade

Join mBlade and friends to learn about wearable electronics ranging from batteries to microcontrollers. He will explain how his LED suit works and answer any questions.

Fursuit Head Construction

Host - ZayFox

Perhaps the most difficult parts of building a fursuit, ZayFox takes some of the mystery out of making a fursuit head in this informative panel.

NAMP

Host - Alexi Husky

Come learn about Northern Alberta's professional mascotting group that performs at events around the Edmonton area.

Off Leash Fursuiting

Host - Wolever

Tips and advice for fursuiting outside of a furry convention environment. How to stay safe and have an enjoyable experience for you and your audience.

WRITING TRACK

Abandoned Smut-Packing Plant [18+]

Hosts - Autumn, Sha

Using the guiding principles of fetishism and excessive details, our panelists will teach the audience how to write non-explicit fetish porn racy enough to gain you attention. (18+ due to language and content)

Adult Writing in the Furry Fandom [18+]

Hosts - Joshiah

Not all writing in the fandom is for adults, but some of it certainly is! In this panel we'll discuss more adult topics, the difference between erotica and smut, and how to handle fetish writing. (18+ due to content)

Bad Fanfiction: The Movie

Host - Reno

Help write the worst of fanfictions and the bravest members of the audience will be selected to act it out as a script! There may be prizes for enthusiasm!

Bad Libs 2: Worst Noun Ever

Host - Autumn

Bad Libs makes a triumphant if not awkward return to Fur-Eh! with more zaniness in an hour than you can shake a stick at! (Who shakes sticks at things anyway?)

Panels

Becoming Fluent in Dialoguese

Host - Reno

Do your characters feel wooden? Dialogue seem stilted? Then this panel is for you! An active discussion on what dialogue is and how to improve your characters' speech.

Furry Writer Meet-Up

Hosts - Voice, Ocean, Roland, Yannarra

Discuss publishing within the fandom, interacting with furry publishers and general advice. Hosted by Fangs and Fonts.

So you want to be an author?

Host - Joshiah

An introductory panel for those wanting to get started with writing in the furry fandom with tips and tricks to keep you from getting burned out and also for getting published.

Whodunnit: Plotting Mysteries

Host - Aaron Blackpaw

Plotting techniques for mysteries and techniques to build suspense and different methods from literature. How do mysteries and thrillers draw the reader in and what steps to avoid.

Writing in the Furry Fandom

Host - Joshiah

Becoming an author or a writer full time is a big deal, and it's no walk in the park! Join us for a little discussion and some helpful tips about how to make the leap from hobby writer to full time wordsmith!

GAMING

Cards Against Humanity Tournament [18+]

Host - Silkpaws

Join in on this tournament to see which of you is the worst person in the room. (18+ due to language and content.)

Dungeons & Dragons

Host - Silkpaws

The classic role playing game.

Intro to Texas Hold 'Em

Host - Nbowa

If you've been wanting to try Texas Hold 'Em poker, come learn about the game from a seasoned card player. Ideal if you want to participate in the Poker Tournament!

Magic: The Gathering Tournament

Host - Dukeskunk

Magic: The Gathering - Tournament. \$15 entry fee with limited number of spots. Sign up in the Zoo anytime prior to posted start time.

Poker Tournament

Hosts - Nbowa, Autumn

Join in a fun Texas Hold 'Em poker tournament. No buy in, though donations are accepted in a donation box for the con charity. The higher the overall donations, the bigger the prizes!

Ultimate Werewolf

Host - Lyosha

Come join in on the ultimate version of this classic social bluffing game! Can the villagers hunt down the werewolves hiding in their midst before the pack devours them all?

OTHER PANELS

Camping 101

Host - Wereman

Western Canada offers great camping possibilities. Besides a tent and water proof shoes know what else you need to make your camping trip a great experience.

Cons on the Cheap

Host - Temperance

Learning how to pinch pennies and save money when traveling to cons. This is especially significant with the current Canadian Dollar.

Dance Instruction

Host - Temperance

It's time for you to get active and learn some basic, no fail dance moves! Fursuits are optional, but encouraged!

Panels

Dragon Meet & Greet

Host - Sergov

Are you a Dragon or do you have an appreciation for them? Join us for this discussion on all things Dragon!

Everything about Inflatables

Host - Zaelgolin

We plan to provide information on inflatable suits and toys - where to buy them, what to look for and how to care for them.

How to Hoop

Host - Lainenyah

What's more fun than seeing furies? How about furies trying to hula hoop!

Intro to Fur Cons

Host - Wereman, bcbreakaway

New to Furry Conventions? Come and find out what is in store for you at Fur-Eh! (and fur cons in general) along with tips on how to get the most out of your con experience.

Meet the Underdogs

Host - Underdogs Rescue

Find out all about Underdogs Rescue, what we do and how we do it! Learn about how you can help us carry on our work.

Packing for a Furry Con

Host - Temperance

How and what to pack when attending a furry con away from home. Important things like how to pack a fursuit when flying, and tips and tricks to help save time and money when travelling.

Paganism

Host - Blazewing

Join Blazewing for an introduction to Paganism including an open ritual for all those interested.

Pet Care for Dummies

Host - Kin

Answering basic pet care questions. I will be going over basic health care and needs for critters and answer questions attendees may have.

Phallus or Dog Toy? [18+]

Host - Fallout

We're not even sure we need to write a description for this panel other than to say it follows last year's hilarious "Phallus or Cactus". (18+ due to content)

Photo Booth

Host - Alexi Husky

Come get your photos taken by Alexi! It's the only fursuit photo session of Fur-Eh!, so don't miss out!

Puppy 101 [18+]

Host - CAL-PAH

This panel is for the new comers who caught wind of the amazing word of puppy play, and covers topics like: What is puppy play?, Cross over between Furry, and Puppy Play as other species. (18+ due to content)

Puppy Play On A Budget [18+]

Host - CAL-PAH

Puppy play gear is a lot of fun! However, It is also expensive! While you do pay for quality when it comes of gear, there are a few tips and tricks for puppy play gear on a low budget!

Starting Your Own Fur Meet

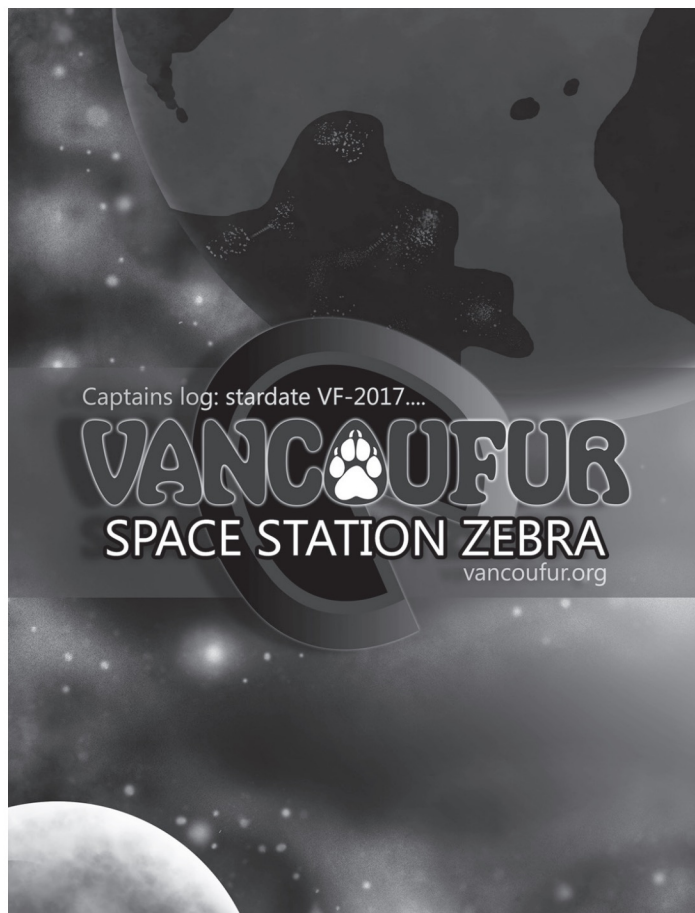
Host - Nbowa

Want to start your own fur meet, but don't know how? Nbowa will share his experience and how you can avoid the pitfalls that come along with hosting events.

Underdogs Photo Booth

Host - Underdogs Rescue

Come have your photo taken with one of Underdogs' rescue dogs by donation.



Up on the Villa

By Roland Jovaik

“Stop right there!”

The frantic splash of footsteps echoed down the dark alleyway, the perpetrator’s scent trail following faintly behind him. The rain made it difficult to catch the murderer’s scent, but if I tried hard enough, I was able to pick out the distinct scent that it was a fellow coyote. The way he carried himself as he ran also fueled my suspicions. Garbage cans rolled and clattered past as the perp tried to get me off his trail. He scattered as much debris as he could behind him, and scaled fences more like a rat than a canine. I scaled the fence behind him and landed with a roll onto the pavement, grimacing as my old joints creaked and popped in pain. I was getting too old for this.

The coyote ran into the open road without looking. The sound of a car horn blared and the culprit rolled over the hood. Something silver twirled and glinted in the street-light before falling to the ground as the canine hobbled away.

I leaped over the hood, paying no mind to the angry yelling from inside the cabin of the car and finally managed to catch up with him.

I leapt with arms outstretched, grappling the coyote as we both tumbled onto the hard pavement. A quick strike to the stomach left me winded and gasping for breath. With one last swipe I was able to snag the perpetrator’s coat and tear off a single piece of fabric; a poorly sewn pocket from his tattered trench coat.

I reached out in a feeble attempt to stop the shadowed figure from running off, but before I could blink, he had disappeared around the nearest corner.

“Damn it...” I clutched the ripped fabric and laid my head down against the wet pavement, listening to the pitter-patter of rain while I regained my breath. I stumbled onto the street, still wheezing from the lack of air. The rainwater was cold as it dripped down the fur on my neck, over my coat, and soaked into my shoes and pants. The car that had run into the coyote was long gone.

A glint of silver caught my eye. It was hard to make out in the darkness, vision further obscured by the rain, but it looked to be a knife, small enough to be concealed within deep pockets, long enough to pierce the heart of an innocent victim, much like Fur-Eh’s now dead con chair. Cars didn’t pay me much mind, whizzing by as I stepped

out onto the road to pick up the glinting blade. Maybe they didn’t see me, though they likely just didn’t care. Tires came within inches of my tail as I bent over and took the knife off to the side. It still had some remnants of blood, almost washed clean from the rain. I dropped the blade into a baggie and slipped it into my trench coat pocket, shielded from the elements. Dang, trench coats sure were handy.

There was no way I was going to be able to get this analyzed without help, if they could even lift prints or scent from the dagger at all. It was going to be difficult, but luckily I knew just the person for the job.

“I know you can do it, Liz.”

“It’s not a question of can, Sam. It’s a question of ethics, and law. Surely you remember what that is? Not that you’ve ever been good at following it.” The mouse turned while scribbling notes on her clipboard, her tail twitching with agitation.

“This is a crucial piece of evidence in a murder case!” I held the bag up to her nose. Water and condensation mixed with the blood on the blade. “This is a ticking time bomb. I’ve got maybe one more day before it’s degraded to the point where any testing on this thing is useless.

The mouse sighed with an ear twitch and tapped the clipboard with her pen. “Why must you make things difficult? Why can’t you let the police handle this?”

Even though scowl masked her true emotions, I couldn’t help but think about the sheepish smiles that crept onto it despite my annoyances. She wanted to help, but her confused sense of ethics always crept in. Talk about making things difficult.

“I remember a time not too long ago when you used to share my sense of morals. What happened to that hopeful girl that wanted to right the wrongs in the world?” I moved up behind her and slid a paw around her hip, nudging my muzzle against her ear.

She stepped back, board clutched to her chest. “I believed in them a lot more before they started getting me into hot water. Do you know how much trouble I’ve gotten in covering for your mangy ass?”

“You wound me, Darling.” I forced my ears down and

tucked my tail between my legs with a whimper. “I am but a messenger of justice. It’s the role of people like me to take on the cases that will surely fall beneath the cracks of society. Cases that the police are too fat or lazy to investigate.” “Well that would explain where you’ve been all this time.” Ouch. That one actually hurt.

“Sometimes I moonlight as a shining example of society. Come on, Liz, for old time’s sake?”

Liz sighed and curled her tail around her leg. “And what do you expect to do once you find this man? If you find this man. The police have even less respect for you than you do for them. They’re not even going to let you in the door without an open and shut case.”

“That’s why I need your help, Elizabeth.” I ventured another hand onto her waist. She flinched, but didn’t turn away. She only looked at me with pity. I hated that look.

I could see her tail twitching out of the corner of my eye. She was conflicted. She wanted to help, but the fear of reprimand held her back.

I knew it was selfish of me to ask. Not everyone was willing to put their job on the line to do the right thing, but like it or not, that wasn’t the kind of world we were living in. Liz sighed, putting a paw between myself and her. “Fine. But if I get fired for this, I’ll have your head.”

“I wouldn’t dream of jeopardizing your job. I won’t even mention you were the one who helped me out with this.”

“Not that you were ever one to try and share the spotlight. I would prefer if you didn’t bring this kind of thing to me at all, but you’re obviously determined. And desperate, if you’re showing your face around here.”

I sighed inwardly. “How long can you get the results back to me?”

“Two days. Surely you can occupy yourself until then?” “I’ll find a way.” After all, there was still an entire crime scene to investigate.

There was a patrol of guard dogs outside of Ramadan. They stood with stone cold faces, arms crossed. One of them snorted, a puff of steam rising up from his nostrils as he stared me down when I approached.

“What business have you got skulking around here, Samuel? Don’t you have any lost kitten cases to be chasing your tail over?” One of the German Sheppards stepped between Samuel and the door.

“And let this case go cold while you guys hum and haw over all of the insubstantial evidence you guys find?”

“Watch your tongue, vigilante. We don’t owe you any favours. Now scram before I charge you with trespassing.” I turned from his glare and headed away, towards the back alley. Perhaps there was some other clue.

Only one way to be certain, I thought to myself as I strapped on a pair of rubber gloves. I let my claws scrape against the reinforced rubber of the claw-safe™ tips.

Puddles lingered from the heavy rain last night. One glance down the alley told anyone with a hint of detective in them that there had been a chase.

While looking around the dingy alley, a sharp pain shot up my foot. I yelped and swore before biting my lip, hoping none of the boys in blue had heard me. I lifted my paw to see what I had stepped on; a pen with the word “Ramadon” printed on the side. Could the murderer have dropped it during his escape? Guess I would be calling in another favour from Liz. That was not going to be a fun conversation to have.

As I approached the back door, it looked like someone had left it propped open to keep air flow going. How fortuitous...

The door protested with a sharp creak and whined shut, resting against the door jam that had been shoved between the hinges.

Past the foyer, toward the board rooms was more police tape and another officer. The investigators were nowhere to be seen. They had probably snuck off to lunch, leaving the new recruit to man the post. At least, I figured he was new since he wasn’t one of the usual five-oh’s I was used to seeing.

It was then that I knew the PI gods were smiling upon me at that very moment. I stepped forward and coughed into my paw, craning around the corner to take a peek into the cordoned off room as the wolf lifted his head. “Excuse me, I’m here to investigate the crime scene.”

The wolf’s eyes narrowed and his lips split to show the white glare of teeth. “The other guys said there wasn’t supposed to be anyone else here ‘till they got back.”

Ah, ignorance, my greatest ally. “Oh, oh dear.” I shook my head and wrapped my hands around themselves behind my back and let my tail dip low, showing a lack of dominance.

“They must not have told you, oh that is unfortunate. I’m the privately contracted P.I. that they called in to help with

investigating the crime scene. You'll see that my credentials are in order." I removed a flip-out wallet from my back pocket, flashing my badge and registration, but not long enough to make out any detail before flipping it back and slipping it back into my pocket.

I walked past the canine, pretending not to hear his stammering at the edge of the door. I took a hurried look around with fidgeting paws, forcing my tail into a twitching frenzy. "Oh, you must know that I like my privacy. I will look after things here, why don't you go find yourself a coffee or something Officer..." I squinted to look at his badge. "Tom. Yes, I hear the café here really is quite good."

I turned back to look upon the smorgasbord of evidence before me before looking back to see the officer shifting in his spot, not having moved and looking visibly nervous. "Go, shoo! The crime scene will still be here when you get back." Tom still looked uncertain, but turned his back towards the room and walked in the direction of the café. Good.

There wouldn't be much time to look around before the others got back. I removed my Galactica π from my pocket and snapped some very quick, high definition photos. There was a table in one corner, with a chair on either side, one of them turned on its side.

The upright chair was stained with blood. The horse that had been sitting there a mere twenty-four hours ago had since been brought to the morgue for analysis.

Both of their scents still lingered, though now it stunk of the investigators that had been there only a half hour before. Luckily, I had gotten in enough trouble with the local investigators that it wasn't hard to pick out which scents were the perp, the victim, and the two investigators.

I looked around for any traces of fur, anything to positively ID the murderer. I approached the overturned chair and noticed the familiar scent of Coyote. I removed the pen from my pocket and lifted it to my muzzle. It was definitely a match. There had to have had something else on it that could identify him. A small tuft of fur was snagged on a loose staple beneath the chair. Carefully removing a baggy from one of my coat pockets, I picked up the tuft using the inside of the bag and turned it inside out on itself.

I heard a grunt behind me just as I was tucking the baggie into my pocket. The wolf had returned with a coffee and was standing exactly where he had been before. The top to his coffee was off and he was lapping at whatever sugary concoction Buckstars was serving these days.

"Find anything?" He glanced around the room, seeming relatively clueless about the whole situation. My thoughts were now being punctuated by the rhythmic

lapping of the wolf's latte. It was not making for a very conducive investigation. Though as distracting as he was, maybe this mutt was good for something after all.

"Do you happen to recall what the other investigators said about their findings here?"

He grunted over the lip of his coffee cup. "Mm, something about a peculiar entry wound. Small pinhole in the chest area," he pointed to the left of his ribcage, around where a person's heart would reside. "Musta been a lucky blow if you ask me."

"I didn't, yet here we are," I muttered under my breath. Though it had meant to be inaudible, I could see the wolf's face turn to a scowl and his tail began to bristle.

Though what if it had been a lucky blow? What if the whole thing had been an accident and the perp had just running out of fear? Maybe there was something more to this.

"Thank you for your time. You may resume your post." I hurried past the wolf, catching the two returning investigators out of the corner of my eye. Lucky timing. One more minute and I would have had a hell of an awkward time explaining myself.

"What?"

"Yeah, you heard me. Blood. From cattle. The murder weapon you've got here is a steak knife. It's been used to cut steak. Blue rare, would be my guess."

"Surely you're joking." My ears and tail drooped. This was certainly one of the most disappointing things I'd heard all evening. "What about the patch I left with you? Did you find anything?"

She grinned a little bit and gestured towards her microscope. "Fur samples. Coyote fur samples, like the ones you found in your, um, investigation." Her emphasis was not lost on me. As far as I'd told her, I was allowed access to the hotel board rooms to take a look around. Lying gave her plausible deniability. I knew she knew that, and had a feeling she appreciated the out.

I peered into the microscope, looking at the magnified flecks of fur that littered the piece of cloth. Compared with the slide that contained the fur I found at the crime scene, they were identical. My tail began to wag instinctually at this discovery. Finally, something that linked that coyote from before to the crime scene.

Liz noticed and smacked my tail with a paw. "Every time with you canines! Start shakin' your tail and everything in

the room gets knocked over or contaminated with fur. Put that thing away!"

I tucked my tail between my legs and tucked my paws into my pockets, fumbling with the pen at the bottom. The pen from the alley.

That rookie cop. He had mentioned something about a strange entry wound the murder victim. I pulled the pen from my pocket and shoved it towards the mouse.

"Liz, how quickly can you get this analyzed?"

She took the pen and raised an eye at me, then the pen.

"Standard waiting period on new pieces of evidence for analysis takes about two to three weeks."

My ears and tail drooped.

I stepped towards the small mouse, letting my arms hang down. "There's no need to be so formal, Liz. Is there anything I can do to help this process along? Dinner, maybe?" Her tail stopped twitching behind her. "By candlelight?" She turned to look me square in the eye. "If you can solve this by the end of the week, before the opening ceremonies of Fur-Eh, I'll let you take me out to dinner."

"Sounds gr-"

"And, if you lose, I expect nothing less than a weekend in a five-star hotel to make up for the inconvenience you've been caused me."

I practically swallowed my own tongue. "I don't have that kind of money, Liz."

"Well you'd better solve this case then, huh?" Her lips turned up into a smile. She was playing with me, goading me into wrapping this up as quickly as possible. Would certainly be a slap in the PD's face if I close this case by week's end.

"You're on."

"I'll have it to you by tonight."

When I returned to the hotel, things were significantly less locked down. The investigation was limited to the board room where it happened, and was the only section blocked off now. A quick inquiry at the front counter indicated that proceedings with the convention were going about as normal, in spite of recent events. It was time to pay the event coordinators a visit.

Their meetings had been moved to a room in the back of the hotel, where the door was cracked open just far enough to see the people inside. As I peeked inside, something in my gut told me that someone within the convention committee knew more than they lead on about the murder. Through the crack in the door was a brown-furred individual talking at the front of the room. Clean collared shirt with black dress pants. Canine features, with a fur colour remarkably similar to the fur samples I had found both outside and at the crime scene.

The conversation died down after a couple minutes. With people milling about and talking amongst each other, I creaked open the door to take a peek inside. Conversation stopped for a brief moment as everyone turned to look at the entrance, but resumed shortly after.

The coyote that had been talking at the front of the room was now busying himself with some paperwork. I stood on the other side of the table and cleared my throat, putting on a smile as he raised his muzzle.

"Can I help you?" The coyote didn't look annoyed, but merely looked like someone who was concerned with his time.

"Yes, my name is Mr. Sanchez. I'm a private investigator with the recent... disturbance that happened earlier. I was hoping you'd be able to answer some questions for me. Can I get your name for the record?"

The coyote scribbled a few last notes in his notebook and set it aside. "Fallout Meurtrier." He raised his paw to shake mine. "Yes, terribly unfortunate. We're all very disturbed about what happened to Thallanor. We can't imagine who would have done such a thing." The coyote pushed his glasses back up onto the bridge of his muzzle. The expression on his muzzle had shifted, slightly. More calculated, careful.

"Maybe you can help me find what the killer's motivation might have been? The police haven't been able to find much of anything so far."

"I'll tell you what I told the police yesterday. We're all saddened by the passing of our con chair. We don't have much information that will be of help to you, I'm afraid. We've supplied the police department with a copy of Thallanor's agenda, in accordance with their investigation. That's all we have at this time."

I jotted some notes down in a small notebook. "I see. Is there someone that can provide me with a copy of what you've provided to the police? It would be very helpful with my involvement with this case."

The other coyote tapped his pen and flicked one ear, but otherwise kept them upright. "Surely you have access to the notes of this case if you're partnered with the police department in this whole affair?"

I leaned back in the chair, looking the coyote over, noticing one little fleck of red on the coyote's collar. He looked tired, dishevelled. Like he'd been up all night, probably even caught a quick nap in his clothes the day before. "Not in the system, I'm afraid. Labour cuts affect us all these days, and it's made it remarkably difficult to follow process. You look like a man who understands that not everything goes exactly according to plan." The more I glanced at the red stain on his collar, the more certain I was as to its origin. Fallout swept his contents into his bag and stood from his chair. "Our secretary will forward you the documents. They provide alibis for the whereabouts of every con member during the time of the murder. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a convention to run. Good luck with your investigation, Mr. Sanchez."

I sat, pretending to write notes in my notebook while Fallout stepped out of the room, his movement tense and rigid. He also had a limp in his right leg. I waited for him to leave before drawing my eyes towards a coffee cup that had been sitting next to his paw. Carefully reaching into my coat, I tugged out a handkerchief and picked up the cup, setting it in another plastic baggy back in my coat.

It didn't take long to find the secretary and exchange information. She thanked me for her time and I thanked her for hers and I was on my way.

On the way back I flipped through the papers, looking at Thallanor's agenda for the day of the murder. Everything lined up, including during the time of the murder, except for one thing. A half hour gap in the schedule, right after a meeting between Thallanor and Fallout.

All the way back to the lab, I cradled the mug in my paw through my jacket. If I was right, this was the one link I had to confirming the killer.

"You have the devil's luck, Sam."

Liz lifted her head up from the microscope she was looking at. "Not only does this pen have a remarkable fingerprint sample, but after some additional testing, I found blood." My tail was twitching as she let the thought hang there for dramatic tension.

"It matches the blood of your victim. We have a positive ID, but there's another problem." She brought up the fingerprint scan with a notable lack of information accompanying it. "Your guy's not in the system."

It was at this point that I pulled the mug from my mug.

"Can you see if it matches the fingerprints on this mug?" Liz eyed the mug and then drew her gaze up to me. "I don't want to know how you acquired this."

"Completely legal means, I assure you. I paid another visit to the convention hotel, met up with one of the other board members during one of their meetings. Another coyote." I let the pause speak for itself.

She took the mug carefully from my paws, wearing her blue latex gloves. She took the cup over to her work bench and lifted the fingerprint, scanning it in to compare with the fingerprint already on screen. They were a perfect match. Liz gasped, I grinned. "Gotcha."

"Who is this person?"

"Fallout Meurtrier. Acting head of the board for Fur-Eh. Seems to have taken command since the passing of our dear late Thallanor."

"Sam, you have to tell the police department about this." "And give them all the glory? No, I have a plan."

Con attendees filtered through the door of the lobby. Happy chatter overshadowing the grim news that their late con-chair was no more. Everyone pointed their ears and looked up as feedback started coming through the intercom. "Attention, all con attendees. Please come to the main stage for a very important announcement during opening ceremonies."

The auditorium filled with confused attendees gathering in front of the main stage, many taking their seats as they chattered amongst themselves about themselves.

Fallout approached the microphone on stage. I snuck my way to the side of the stage and crept past any con staff, waiting at the sides to see what he had to say.

"Thank you for joining us this weekend! As some of you may have heard, Thallanor met an unfortunate end mere days before the convention." There was a surprised murmur in the crowd. "We are all saddened by his passing and wish to pay him proper respects during our closing ceremonies this weekend. However, in light of recent events, we have had to assign a new board member to take over the operations of Fur Eh. I, Fallout Meurtrier, will be—"

(continued on Page 22)

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Very special thanks to our “Sovy Tier” attendee

Sovy Kurosei

Our sincerest apologies if we missed anyone in the above list. And, a big thank you to ALL of our Guests regardless of registration level.



Staff & Volunteers

Fur-Eh! is made possible each year through the dedication and hard work of its many staff members and volunteers. Our sincere thanks to those who put aside their lives a few weeks each year to make this event so special.

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bcbreakaway
Fallout

Lucifur Fox
maskwa
Sierra Racs

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Vlenpuppeh – A/V Procurement & Research
Zilch - Registration Hardware

A very special thank you for our dozens of dedicated on-site volunteers who help keep Fur-Eh! running smoothly and to our Panelists & DJs for entertaining all of our valued Guests! Finally, thank you to The Ramada Edmonton Hotel & Conference Centre for welcoming us.



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(Up On the Villa - continued from page 19)

“Not so fast!” I shouted as I came out from the darkness of the curtains. “You will do no such thing!”

“Mister Sanchez,” Fallout uttered into the microphone. “I somehow doubt that our opening ceremonies has much to do at all with your investigation.”

“Oh, I believe the announcement you were about to make has plenty to do with my investigation.” I grabbed the microphone from the microphone stand. “Because Fallout Meurtrier is the one who murdered Thallanor!”

There was a collective gasp in the crowd. Fallout grabbed the mic back and tried to remain out of arms reach. “Ladies and gentlemen, this is all a hoax. This man is here to create unrest and is in no way associated with the police.”

Reaching behind me and unclipping a pair of cuffs, I slapped one end around his wrist and wrenched his arm behind his back, doing the same to the other arm. “Mr. Meurtrier, you are under arrest for the murder of Thallanor Rasmuson. You have the write to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. The authorities have been contacted and will be here to collect you shortly.”

Fallout tugged at his cuffs as he was lead outside of the

hotel, he whipped his head around and snarled. “You don’t know what you’re doing. This con won’t survive without me, Thallanor was tearing the whole thing apart!”

“Why did you do it? Surely there was another way.”

“Everything was in ruins until I came here and fixed everything, while he just sits high and pretty in his villa to the west. We do all the work, and he reaps the benefits. With him out of the way, we would have been free to use the villa he bought with convention profits, we would have been free to repossess it for convention business purposes.”

“Well you’ll have a long time to think about that nice little villa up on the hilltop while you spend the next twenty-five years in jail.”

“I would have gotten away for it if it weren’t for you meddling cops.”

“Don’t give them so much credit,” I muttered.

Police were waiting outside, ready to take Fallout into the cop car. Liz stood outside, a thin smirk on her face as she watched the police escort take Fallout in.

“Well, it looks like you won that bet, mister. So, how about that dinner?”

“Now’s as good a time as any,” taking her arm in mine. “I couldn’t agree more.”



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