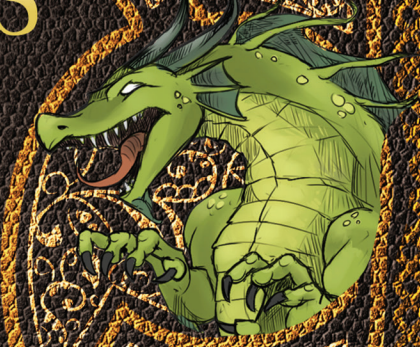
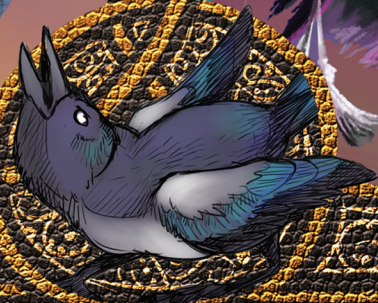




DOGWARTS
YEARBOOK

★ ★ 2017 ★ ★



Words From Your Classmates



Art by Marci



On behalf of City Council and the people of Edmonton, Alberta's Capital City, I am pleased to welcome everyone to Fur-Eh! 2017.

What began as an idea seven years ago, Fur-Eh! has grown into the third largest convention of its kind in Canada. Every year, hundreds of anthropomorphics from across the country and United States gather in Edmonton for this uniquely "furry" convention. This year's theme of "Harry Otter and the Furbidden Amulet" complete with "Dogwarts School" and "Dogsmeade Village" will add a special whimsy and magic to the event. With parades, dances and talent shows, this convention promises to be a memorable experience for all participants.

I thank Fur-Eh! organizers and volunteers for hosting this fun event in our city. For those of you visiting Edmonton, please enjoy the many wonderful attractions and activities our city has to offer. Best wishes for a pleasant stay.

Enjoy the Convention!

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Don Iveson".

Don Iveson, Mayor

Dear Dogwarts Students:

Welcome to Dogwarts School of Furry Witchcraft & Wizardry. We are so pleased that you are able to join us for your magical journey! As a student of Dogwarts, we encourage you to explore the grounds and neighbouring Dogsmeade Village where a never-ending array of goods and services will delight you! Be sure to return to The Great Hall where many major events will be held throughout the semester and don't forget to attend your classes over in the east wing of Dogwarts.

If you are hungry, please do visit The Three Leashes (Graze Restaurant) as they concoct special menu and buffet meals just for Dogwarts students and faculty. (Don't forget the Butterbeer!)

I also want to thank our faculty, staff and volunteers for the effort and time they put into bringing you a fantastic school year. Without the help of dozens of individuals and hundreds upon hundreds of hours, all of this is simply not possible!

Lastly, I hope that you will get involved! Support your House and help win the House Cup. Support your professors and instructors by attending their classes. And, support our Charity Partner by donating, bidding on auction items and finding out more about what they do.

Thallanor Rasmuson

Thallanor Rasmuson
(Order of Furlin First Class, Grand Sorcerer, Chief Warlock,
Supreme Friesian, North American Confederation of Wizards)
Headmaster, Dogwarts School of Furry Witchcraft & Wizardry



Your Change Purse



At Dogwarts, the currency of choice is these wonderful Souvenir Tokens which are redeemable for merchandise at Breezy's Bewitched Bazaar (the only place you can get official Fur-Eh! products) located in Dogsmead Village.

Sponsor, Super Sponsor and Sovy Tier students will have received tokens with their student ID, but all students can earn tokens by participating in select events, panels and more during the semester.

Cash in your tokens anytime until the close of Dogsmead on Sunday at 4pm. A wide range of merchandise is available from as few as one token! And, if you have any of last year's tokens, they may also be redeemed this year!

If you wish to buy a token as a souvenir to keep, they are \$5 each and available at Breezy's.

School Supplies & Silent Auction

Looking for official Dogwart's merchandise? Then, look no further than Breezy's Bewitched Bazaar located in exciting Dogsmead Village.

There you'll find pins, travel mugs, beer mugs, key chains, t-shirts, beanies, bookmarks, buttons and so much more all featuring Dogwarts and/or Fur-Eh! imagery. Shop early for best selection and don't forget to redeem your Souvenir Tokens there before closing time (4pm on Sunday).

If you need tickets to the Poutine Social, Dogs' Breakfast or to the Guest of Honour dinner, they will be available while quantities last at Breezy's starting Friday at 10am. But, hurry - they WILL sell out.

Breezy's also accepts Debit, Visa, Mastercard and cash. (Sorry, galleons are not accepted at this time!)

As well, those students who are to receive an official Fur-Eh! T-Shirt may pick up their shirt at the T-Shirt pick up table right next to Breezy's. Please bring your pick up voucher to claim your shirt!

Every year, generous attendees like you donate items or services to Fur-Eh! so that we can auction them off to help raise funds for Fur-Eh's operation and for our Charity Partner.

This year is no different and an array of items will be available at Breezy's Bewitched Bazaar in Dogsmead Village for you to bid on. Some items will go to the LIVE AUCTION which will be held at **4:30pm on Sunday in The Great Hall (Wildrose 1).**

Winning bidders will be able to pay for their purchases by Debit, Visa, Mastercard or Cash and must do so by 7pm Sunday.





RUNDLEHOOF



DAVEKOF7



iving peace a chance simply wasn't in the ideals of most rams. Butting heads was literally a founding part of their culture, and if there was a way to incorporate physical violence into a conflict, it was sure to happen, even if they had to be creative about the process.

Hand-to-hand combat was of no interest for one ram in particular, however, despite his body being the most suited for the task in all of his village.

"If you don't take up our cause, there won't be a village left to fight for, Rupert! We need you to wake up and smell the flowers, here!"

It was an argument that Rupert Rundlehoof was used to hearing, by that point, and almost every day, he turned a deaf ear to the concerns of his fellow rams, as they battled about in the village of Hargrove.

"Your conflict has gone on for years without me," Rupert would always reply, picking the same words, no matter which side of the conflict tried to appeal to him, "And it will continue, with or without my influence!"

"But...Rupe-

"Enough! You're scaring the birds," Rupert yelled, as he dismissed his countrymen. "If your only cause is to win a war through bloody conflict, I've got no time for you and your petty battle!"

Learned as he was, even Rupert didn't know how the conflict between the Rams of Hargrove began. It existed before he was born, and he deeply feared that it might continue long after his bones had turned to dust, but he was beside himself about getting involved.

From the long, curled horns upon his head, down to the chitin of his onyx hooves, Rupert was thick, owning a body that was so riddled with power that his presence alone shook the earth beneath him.

Despite that fact, it was all too common to see birds, squirrels, and some of the other, smaller denizens of the forest gathering around him. For those who had no quarrels to settle, Rupert had a deep compassion, and the very few friends that he kept in the village were those other rams who refused to take part in the combat that plagued their society.

Those numbers were dwindling, as dissent spread through the village like never before. The conflict grew worse by the day, and as Rupert watched his fellow rams hobbling back to their houses every night with fresh injuries, he wondered how much longer Hargrove could continue on.

Most mornings, Rupert would settle down in a wide, open meadow that was just outside of the reach of the shacks and houses in the village of Hargrove. Before combat started for the day, it was the perfect place for someone to sit with their thoughts and enjoy the peace of the world...

KRAAAACK!

Until the first pair of rams butted horns that morning, scaring all of the small, peaceful creatures that Rupert kept as friends back into their nooks and homes. It was like clockwork, and as Rupert let out another heavy sigh, he contemplated what options he had left, anymore. His size created a terribly intimidating aura about him, and the struggle of getting past that was simply too much for most critters to handle. Other rams weren't terribly afraid of Rupert, knowing that he hated conflict, but outside of the village of Hargrove, Rupert didn't believe that he would ever find a real friend.

He didn't want to give up on his people; he knew that he couldn't just abandon them, after they gave him a life of safety and protection in a secluded village.

That afternoon, when the sun was just beginning to set, and the twin armies of rams lay exhausted, battered and bruised in the fields outside of Hargrove, Rupert delivered a speech that remains engraved in the hearts of every resident of the village.

Panting and gasping, rams watched with wide eyes and gaping jaws as Rupert Rundlehoof, the eternal pacifist, made his way onto the battlefield. He carried no weapon, and even after decades of watching his fellow rams beat each other to a



Art by Werenmagus

senseless pulp, his face carried no grudge, but instead, a bright, peaceful smile, one that spoke of the clarity he'd achieved.

He was lined on both sides by small parades of squirrels and birds, and his presence upon the battlefield caused such a hush that to this day, rams would claim that they could hear the tiny, rhythmic flapping of wings, and the hurried, frantic beats of rodent hearts, even above the powerful, deep thumps of Rupert's own hooves.

"My brothers," he spoke, his voice carrying to the very edges of what was once a beautiful, unstained meadow, "What hath your violence wrought? Seeds sewn with blood cannot bear a useful fruit!"

Grass that once shined with golden beams of sun and viridian youth was permanently stained orange and red with the dried blood of fallen warriors, and it pained Rupert to think that they fell in vain, but he would sit by no longer.

"You who entered this conflict as children...you need not embrace the sins of your fathers! You fight for a cause that you cannot possibly attain!"

Those rams, the very same who would have scoffed at the idea of peace, looked across the battlefield at their opponents and noticed that, through the lenses that Rupert provided, they couldn't see what the birthright of their conflict was. Seeing their injuries reflected, it was as if Rupert held a mirror, but he didn't force them to look into it; he could only guide their eyes and minds toward a path of peace, but it was still up to the rams themselves if they wanted to walk down that path.

"You see yourselves as being so different, but look at me: I walk surrounded by creatures who embrace peace, the same as I do, though physically, we couldn't be any more different! You all look the same, but you think your hearts are different, because you refuse to express them to each other!"

"That isn't true!" cried a voice of dissent from one of the crowds. "Look upon us, and tell me you can't see the differences!"

"I see only friends who have lost their way," Rupert answered, his voice calm. "For friends to bicker is ordinary, but for them to feud as you have is a rare thing, indeed."

"To think that I'd ever call myself a friend of those rams..."

Rupert chuckled at the prospect. "Which rams? Do you even know which side is which? Can you even tell me the nature of your conflict?"

The silence that followed Rupert when he entered the meadow was like an endless thunder, compared to the hush that came thereafter. Among those who still fought so passionately, none remained who could explain their dedication to the battle.

"If you applied yourselves even a tenth as much to resolving this conflict peacefully as you did to fighting each other, there's no limit to what you could all accomplish! The reason for a war will always be lost to the sands of time, but the reasons for your friendship will be innumerable if you simply trust in it. This, I believe to be true, above all else...and if you rams can learn this lesson, then perhaps, other people might learn it, as well."

With his intentions declared, Rundlehoof offered a final bow to his fellow rams, but even as he left, accompanied by the peaceful creatures that shared his spirit, his presence spread throughout the battlefield, and slowly, throughout the whole of the village. His words, however brief, carried a message with a greater strength than his muscles could ever muster, and the rams, for their part, looked upon each other with a mixture of shame and sorrow, as they saw what terrible damages their pointless war had caused.

Without further words to offer, many of the rams stood up, leaving their weapons upon the ground. They walked away with Rundlehoof, carrying only what little supplies they could hold on their backs, and joined him in his mission to spread the principles of peace across the world. They would be his first followers at Dogwarts, and despite their intimidating appearance, they were known as the friendliest of the four houses, even at their inception.

The metal from the weapons left behind that day was collected and stockpiled. Those rams who decided to stay and preach Rupert's message of peace erected a statue of him with the weapons he encouraged them to cast away, and in the base of the same, his famous words were forever enshrined: Seeds sewn with blood cannot bear a useful fruit.

Once a tiny, secluded village, Hargrove opened to others that day, welcoming in all kinds of creatures, from all walks of life. The rams, moving past their pointless conflict, found that friendship could blossom much easier than war, and the fruits of the same were much sweeter, a secret that Rupert knew all along.



MISSION STATEMENT

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, rehabilitation, training and care to responsible and loving dog owners.

VISION STATEMENT

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 legislation without breed profiling. Underdogs Rescue envisions a future where all dogs are respected cared for and loved in the proper home environment.

~ UNDERDOGS RESCUE ~



CARMEN - RECENTLY ADOPTED

GENDER:	FEMALE
AGE:	6 MONTHS
BREED:	AMERICAN STAFFORDSHIRE TERRIER
ENERGY LEVEL:	MEDIUM-HIGH
LOCATION:	CALGARY



UNDERDOGS RESCUE

WWW.UNDERDOGSRESCUE.COM

REGISTERED CHARITY # 824343735RR0001



The Legend of the Forbidden Amulet

No esoteric knowledge can shine light on its darkness.

No feat of bravery will grant you its power.

No offer of friendship and trust will make it drop its guard.

No feat of power will break it from its rest.

Hushed voices had spoken of the amulet for centuries. The amorphous tales shifted and shimmered with each retelling as each new tongue gave its own spin to the mystery. The only constant was that the treasure was the heart of Dogwarts, a piece too powerful and dangerous for any mere mortal to wield.

So of course it was the most desired magical artifact in history.

And as a steam train wound its way through the flaming oaks and thick, proud evergreens that covered the rolling hills of the Rocky Mountains it was quite a topic of conversation. Plumes of steam and smoke belched from the engine, joining the fog wafting through the forest as the train made its way through the woods, the heat of the engine was outdone by the arguments and discourse within the well apportioned coaches that made up its serpentine form.

"I heard it's all the magic of the village of Westfall. Ya know, where Cinderclaw led the snow leopards back to the world before the growth of magic." Wiley's eyes glowed with admiration as he spoke of the wolf. His foot thumped excitedly, the glee in the rabbit's face giving the excitement that was flooding his veins a true showing. "Marindale says it's supposed to be gilded bracer, granting its bearer the ability to tap into the power of the air itself. Isn't that cool?"

"I heard it's a jeweled ring contained the sum total of knowledge gathered by Beatrice Birbenbeak, the answer to the question of life that had so driven her before she vanished from the pages of the world," the pantheress gushed as she closed the heavy book in her hands, sliding a claw in to mark her page as her other paw waved before her, punctuating her words. "Just think about it. All that knowledge, the answers to everything. It's—"

"It ain't that." The pantheress glared at the snow feathered owl as he cut her off mid sentence. His eyes jut met her glare, not caring that he had cut her off.

"Reynold!" the tiger snapped out at the bird. "She was talking."

"I'm just correcting her." The bird sighed, flexing his wings as he glared at the otherwise restrained tiger. "It's Hisserin's amulet of mixtures. Complete and utter ability to overpower our tormentors. Break their stranglehold on our kind. Let us take over. Just what we deserve."

"Oh shove it, Reynold. You can't take over the normie world." The tiger glared at the owl, a snarl gracing his face.

"You know as well as I do that they deserve it. Make us all stay in hiding when we could solve so many problems."

"Or they can just overwhelm us like they did back in the dark ages. There's a lot more of them than us." Came Beatrice's growling voice.

"We need to work with them." Rimar purred softly. "That's how the amulet will help us." His paws waved through the air as he spoke, stripes dancing and catching the eye of the otter at the back of the car, drawing his attention from the leaves dancing in the wake of the train as the fog grew heavier and thicker.

"That's why the amulet has to be Rundlehoof's. The tales say that the amulet is what's going to end the strife between our world and the normies. It's gotta be his."

"You've gotta be kidding me. No way will they not try and beat us down!" The owl nearly shouted as his eyes locked on the tiger's, shooting daggers at him as his protests drew more attention from the crowded coach.

"He's right, though, Rimar." Beatrice replied. "Anyone with more power or feeling than they have will always send fear through the roof in the normies."

"Normies?" A new voice peeped up, its otter owner turning about in his chair to face the quarreling quad. "Sorry, I couldn't help but overhear."

The owl rolled his eyes as the looks shot between the other three at the otter looked first from the night furred pantheress to the snow white rabbit and across the burnt fur of the tiger as they were taken aback for a moment before Rimar spoke again.

"You must be new, kid," The owl huffed, obviously displeased by the question and having to explain it to someone. "Normies are all the people that don't know about magic. You know, the ones that have to heat their own food, travel in tubes, so on and so on." The distaste dripped off the owl's words as he spoke.

"Oh come off it, Rimar." The pantheress slapped the owl, drawing an angry grunt from the owl. "A quarter of our students come from there."

"So I'm not the only one?" Came the otter's questioning voice as he walked toward an open seat near the four upperclassmen, sitting behind the white furred rabbit. "I mean, they just sent me a letter."

"Well you had to get it for some reason." The rabbit spoke softly. "Must have shown potential somehow."

"A fire." The otter spoke softly, obviously ashamed of the episode. "I...kinda..." His voice dropped off.

"You started a fire didn't you?" Reynold asked softly. "Pyromancy isn't common, but it definitely happens." The tiger shrugged. "Did anyone get hurt?"

The otter shook his head softly. "But we lost our house and everything. And it all..."

"Calm down, kid." Wiley spoke softly, even the look on Rimar's face

softening gently as he looked on the younger lutrine from across the aisle. "You said that no one was hurt. Everything else is just things. But I take it your parents don't believe it was accidental?"

The smaller otter shook his head. "Keep telling me it was all my fault for playing with the lighter but I wasn't. I was sleeping."

"Wait, I know you." The pantheress spoke with a start. "You're the one that they found unburnt in the ashes of that apartment fire." The otter merely nodded, unable to open his mouth before the pantheress continued. "That's a level of pyromancy that almost no novice reaches."

"What do you mean?" The otter asked softly as he crooked his head slightly as he looked at the pantheress. "I didn't do anything. I'd never even heard of magic before I got that letter. I've had to keep it away from my family."

"That's what's astonishing. Even partial resistance to flame, never mind complete and total protection usually takes decades of study and training. And you've done it with none whatsoever." Awe filled her voice as she spoke. "That's amazing."

"I didn't do anything, though" The otter spoke softly as he locked eyes on the pantheress before she gestured out the window. "But take a look out there as we come into the school. We'll speak more soon enough once you've been placed in my house."

"You know that none of us know where he will be sorted." Spat Wiley.

"But he has already shown his knowledge. Of course he will be in Birkenbeak."

But the otter's eyes were already glued to the sight of the black granite monolith coming into view. Dark clouds swathed it, swirling in the wind as the train shuddered as it slowed as it approached the school. Torches of blue, red and violet flickered along the wall beside the station as the train stopped, doors opening as peals of thunder above echoed through the car.

As the doors opened, Harry's four compatriots stood.

"As the househeads, let us be the first to welcome you to Dogwarts." Wiley spoke as he gestured to the doors of the carriage. "We're running slightly behind schedule, so just follow us and we'll head straight to the opening banquet."

Reynold and Rimar had already left the cars, their robes fluttering in the stiff wind as Harry alighted from the carriage, mingling with the flood of students disembarking.

"Just follow us and the purple braziers." Rimar spoke as he gestured toward the flickering torches on the wall, a flick of his wrist shifting the orange flames from orange to violet.

The pulsating mass of humanity flowed through the flickering torchlight as they passed through the granite and marble hallways of the school, chatter between the blooded students overshadowing the soft slaps of leather and soft bump and mumbled "Sorry" of the first years.

Harry fell in with the latter group, trying to disappear in the crowd as they filed into the banquet halls. Torches graced the walls all

about the room, flickering light emanating across tables full of food and serving trays. Even as they walked in the students could see the line of trays floating on their own to arrange themselves on the tables.

"Good evening, and let me welcome you to Dogwarts for our upcoming year." The torchlight dimmed as the night black stallion spoke, silver robes shimmering with gold trim as he stepped to the front of the room, his voice not only coming from the front of the room, but from the walls and ceiling itself. "I am headmaster Thallanor and we all have a very busy evening ahead of us."

A soft murmur echoed through the crowd as he spoke. The trip had already been taxing enough for most of the students and all they wanted was to get settled in and sleep.

"But first, let us eat. We shall sort you to your houses and rooms after." The horse smiled as he sat down, trays moving from the serving tables and toward the assembled banquet tables. As they were supposed to, trays of silver and gold floated toward the students, settling before them as they had for decades if not centuries past.

Until the first tray tilted.

It's leading edge slipped down, sending the soup onto the face of its intended recipient.

Thallanor wiped the soup from his eyes as he saw the mess unfolding before him in his banquet hall.

Tray after tray followed the first, upending and spinning as they toppled to the ground. Soup, salad and potatoes flew through the air, splattering across fur, scale and feather alike. The torchlight on the wall flickered and shifted, going from white to green to red as food flew.

Only a few moments later, all was still. With a heavy sigh, Thallanor stood again, a quick flick of his wrist and wand sending every enchantment in the room into hibernation. Plates fell to the ground with a clatter and shatter as the light in the room flickered back to the more typical orange of the fire.

"I apologize for that." The horse spoke slowly, his voice straining to fill the hall without the magical assistance. "There is still plenty of food on the serving tables for those that..." he searched for the word. "That have not received any in...ahem...edible condition. Now will all the professors, prefects and househeads speak with me outside, please."

With that, he dabbed the soup from his mane with his napkin and left. Around the room, bodies rose and followed from the walls and from the front of the room.

The first year students simply looked at one another in shock and surprise. This was definitely not what they had expected.

To be continued...

on page 25



GRAZE

The Dining Hall

Dogwarts has a full service restaurant that serves breakfast, lunch and dinner!

"GRAZE" features a wide selection of menu items including some specifically for Dogwarts Students!

Here are the special offers just for Dogwarts!

Fur-Eh! Thursday Dinner Buffet \$13.95

Fur-Eh! Friday Dinner Buffet \$13.95

Fur-Eh! Saturday Lunch Buffet \$12.95

Fur-Eh! Saturday Dinner Buffet \$13.95

Fur-Eh! Daily Specials

Friday All day

Ultimate Bacon Pizza

10" - \$14 or 14" - \$22

Saturday & Sunday Breakfast

Stack of Pancakes with syrup \$5

Side of sausage or bacon \$5

Biscuits and Gravy \$4

Saturday all day

Doggie Bone Stew served with corn bread \$10

Toasted Bacon Tomato sandwich with Fries \$10

Dogwarts Fun

Swims Club





BIRBERBEAK

INGENIUM ET SAPIENTIAE

DAVEKOF7



Some people looked at books as an escape from the world that they lived in. Within old, dusty tomes existed thousands of other worlds and universes that one could hide within, providing a solace for their tired and stressing minds.

One lady in particular, Beatrice Birbenbeak, felt that books weren't just an escape, but actual portals to another realm. She truly believed that in her quest for knowledge, she might actually be able to open the doors to another dimension, with nothing more than the wisdom that she wished to obtain.

Her quest for the same was the bane of the existence of the librarian at the Waterfowl Public Library, who was often kept in the building well past closing hours in order to abide the avian's quest for knowledge, but after years of dealing with the frustration of working extra hours for Beatrice, that same librarian had finally come up with a plot to put an end to her frustrating, unpaid hours.

Low light radiated from a desk lamp as Beatrice Birbenbeak sat by herself at one of the large desks in the atrium of the library. Her dexterous wingtips turned through pages of her tome of choice for the evening, and her eyes of muted violet sparkled with interest as she almost literally absorbed the words on the page in front of her.

"Another late night of reading, I see?" asked the librarian, as their assistant ran rapidly around the otherwise silent building, picking up the messes and sorting the books, a task that the librarian claimed to pioneer, and always blamed on Beatrice.

"This book is just so fascinating, I can't put it down!" Beatrice admitted, unable to keep a curious smile from spreading across the dark, gray features of her beak. "It's so wonderful to read of an adventure where the protagonist uses their wits in order to achieve victory, instead of ruthless brawn!"

The librarian stroked the end of his muzzle in thought. "That sounds like a familiar story, honestly...perhaps it could be a bit akin to your own?" he proposed, as he slipped a piece of paper right into the path of Beatrice's reading. "Since you're well overdue on Sylaire's 'Quest For Knowledge!'"

It was a book that Beatrice knew well, though she'd never actually seen it before. Anyone in the wizarding community knew that the tome was said to contain all of the greatest secrets of perhaps the most powerful wizard to ever live, and yet, it was little more than a myth; no one existed who ever had the pleasure of thumbing through the pages.

"I can't possibly be late on a book that might not even exist!" Beatrice shouted back, her normally docile, white-tipped feathers ruffling in a display of her frustration. "I can't believe you would accuse me of that!"

"My paperwork is the only paperwork that matters," the librarian explained, "And if you don't have that book by midnight, the doors will close on this library, and on your membership to it."

Legend had it that the tome did in fact exist in the real world, and if all of the legends were true, then the tome was resting somewhere in the Waterfowl Public Library, but Beatrice was sure that she knew every nook and cranny of the building like the back of her hand.

"I'd suggest you put that book down and get looking, Beatrice. Good luck."

The librarian couldn't contain his sinister laughter as he walked away, and Beatrice, for her part, could feel the joy slipping from her being as she closed her current book around the late fee notice and did her best not to sulk.

She truly was like the hero of her beloved story, unable to win the day with brawn, but perhaps, with her intelligence, and just a little extra help from a friend, she might be able to find a way out of the mess.

"I...I would look in the second basement," came a timid voice from over her shoulder. It was the assistant bookkeeper, taking a small break from their herculean task of cleaning up after the messes of all of the library patrons, and picking up the slack of the head librarian, himself. "There are some small tunnels and catacombs down there from when the city was first built. Perhaps the tome was hidden within them for safe keeping?"

A friendly, albeit nervous smile played upon the muzzle of the orange tabby, and with her brilliance, Beatrice could see the honesty within the feline's expression. "I shall certainly take a look there, old friend. I thank you for your aid...I promise that your assistance won't be overlooked."

In a haste that she rarely moved with, Beatrice left her book upon the desk and slipped through the stacks and shelves, moving to the place in the back of the library where a spiral staircase of black metal went up to the top floor, but as well, it curled down into the bowels of the building, to a dark and spooky room that Beatrice thought was the only basement.



"Illumina," she whispered, casting a quick incantation of light. Brilliant streams of a white glow radiated across the darkened room, riddled with old, dusty, forgotten tomes of yesteryear, and in the midst of the otherwise unremarkable room, a hook sat upon the floor, with a trap door attached.

Her entire life could be described as a quest for knowledge, and though that was only an analogy before, Beatrice felt a rush of excitement at the thought that perhaps, she might actually find some greater form of intelligence, all at the behest of a personal villain.

In the ruins of the second basement, long forgotten to time, Beatrice felt as though she'd stepped into an ancient civilization. The stacks of books were kept in an ornate mixture of wood and stone rather than modern steel, and the floors, though riddled with dust and tattered pages, were carved with letters in a language that Beatrice was sure that she'd seen before...she only wished that the sands of time were kinder to the words, so that she might be able to discern them.

Guided by the light of her spell, Beatrice noticed that names were carved into the sides of each stack. From left to right, the underground library was set in alphabetical order, and sure enough, her wisdom guided her to the downright impressive collection of works by the legendary Sinrova Sylaire.

Even in the limited room of the basement, the catalogue was simply massive, and though the ceilings were no taller than any other library she'd ever seen, Beatrice felt dwarfed by the amount of knowledge that Sylaire was able to collect over the years.

She was filled with remorse, however, at the state of his works. Most of the books fell apart the moment that she pulled them from the stacks, and she worried that perhaps, her fate was sealed when she found the words she'd been looking for on the binding of an old, dust-caked tome, still bound with dying leather: "Quest For Knowledge."

Beatrice didn't know how much time she had to make it to the top, and she no longer cared. The treasure she found was worth more than a library membership...it carried a value that no money could buy, and no person could ever trade her for. Beside herself with an excitement that made it nigh impossible to hold the book still, Beatrice sat down and shook with delight as she gazed over every page that still remained in the decrepit tome.

It wasn't until she was nearly one hundred pages in that her excitement started to fade away, as words became blurry, and the pages that fell from the tome were mostly blank...quill and ink, it seemed, were no match for Father Time, no matter how great their source of magic was.

Clutching the book in her talons and making her way back to the main level of the library floor, Beatrice knew what the librarian would say, but she had no care for his words. She didn't even acknowledge him as she took the book with her, and walked right out the door of the building, deciding that it had nothing left for her.

"You...you actually found it!" the orange tabby declared, as she followed Beatrice out into the cool air of an Autumn evening. "I don't believe it! The book was supposed to be a myth!"

"I found what was left of it," Beatrice admitted, "And your boss would never accept that."

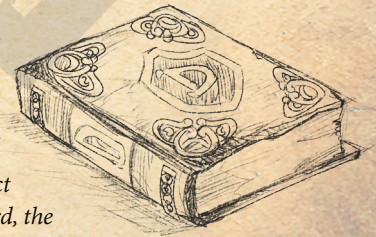
"He can be...a bit of a pain in the neck," the feline agreed, careful of her choice of words. "But what you've found is worth more than every book in the building above! We must catalogue it!"

A forlorn sigh passed from Beatrice as she turned to her feline companion and opened the book to the middle. Dust fell from the seams, and blank pages scattered across the sidewalk. "Even the brilliance of Sylaire fades with time, my friend. I only pray that there is another copy elsewhere in the world... and I've determined that it is my mission to find it."

"May I...may I join you?" asked the feline, as she bent down to pick up the scattered pages. "My name's Fiona...Fiona Rittengard...and your passion for knowledge is downright inspiring."

That same quest for knowledge would take Beatrice across the countryside as she searched for the remaining pages of Sylaire's greatest work, and her desire to preserve knowledge became her charge. She made it her mission to collect, protect and promote knowledge above all else, and when the doors of her house first opened at Dogwarts, it was Fiona Rittengard, the feline who believed in her, who became her first and foremost student.

She was the first of many to follow Beatrice, who, if knowledge were a wingspan, could cast a shadow over all of Dogwarts, or so the saying goes...





Thallanor Rasmuson
Headmaster



Maskwa
Operational Fizzwig Master



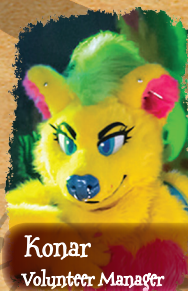
bcbreakaway
Deputy Headmaster



SierraRacs
Room of Requirement Manager



Jen B.
Registrars Office Manager



Konar
Volunteer Manager



Daedalus Silver
Dogwarts Security



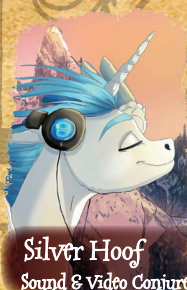
Lucifur Fox
Mayor of Dogsmead Village



Breezy
Dogwarts Official Shopkeep



Zayfox
Official Dogwarts Designer



Silver Hoof
Sound & Video Conjuror



Ken F.
Charity Charmer



Jakcy
Publications Wizard



Hobo Takoda
Photo & Moving Portrait Lead



Aaron Blackpaw
Director of the Magic Quills



Wolverine Wuff
Fursuit Master & Donut Disapparator



Dukeshunk
Gameskeeper



Stirling Millar
Dogsmead Art Gallery Manager



mBlade
Parade Practitioner



Fallout Coyote
Talent Show Conjuror



Tiggs
Master Builder



Alexi Husky
Wizard of Polymers & Electrics



Kellie Tiger
Director of Artists



Latin Foxy
Web of Wonder Wizard

Wizards, Witches and Professors

Dogsmeade Village



Lupine

« Fox & Magpie Oddments »
« Hato's Draconic Delights »

« Blue Moon »

« CrowsNest Creations »
« Bear's PAWS. »

Way

« Eerie Eden Creations »
« Lay's Curious Curiosities »



« Random Array »

« Davecho Art Shoppe (GOH) »

« Dove & Maya's Magical Menagerie »

« Tiger Paw Creations »

« Wild Fuzz & Haunted Rat Studios »

« Onix Angel Creations / Naughty Crux Studios »

« Underdogs Rescue Society »

Dogsmeade

« Wrecksy's Art & Accessories »

« Lazy Leopard Fursuits »

Squamata

« Komickrazi Studios »

« Bird Crimes / Grumpybooks »

Welcome!

Thallanor Rasmuson

To

Dogsmeade Art Gallery

on Design Studio
White Feather Studios

Avenue

Silver Lining

Silent Raven

Zardis Art

Shinigami Girl's Art

breakaway

Hare Pin Corner

Strawberry Milk

The Art of Mary

Epistaxiophilia

Manlyshark's Design

Raditz
Wyvern Creates
The Edge of
Moonlight

Ashtree Studio

WildElement Studios

Nomad Complex

Jon's Smithy

Toasted Malt

Marci McAdam's
Magical Arts

Kuxurion & The Katbox

Breezy's Bazaar,
(Official Con Store)

Corridor

Arabesque
Pretty Kitty Polymer

Feenix's Familiars

Undercover Nerd

Dragon's Den
Feathers & Felines

Road

Knick Knacks & Bricks
Brack

Pawsona Puppetry

Street

Darkpaw Studios

Dogwarts

T-Shirt Pick Up

Alley

Silent Auction



HISSERIN



DAVEKOF7

“



ut of the way, you little dork!”

WHUMP! With an intentional elbow into the chest, Hector Hisserin was sent tumbling down to the ground, with only the long, spiny fin upon his elongated neck to break his fall.

The pain of his spines being bent the wrong way was unimaginable, but Hector refused to open his mouth and cry out in the anguish he truly felt. Like a deadly potion corked up inside of a beaker, Hector always kept his anger bottled up inside, no matter how many times his mother and father advised him against such an act.

They really thought they knew what was best for him, and perhaps, they did...but that didn't matter to Hector.

“Just try being nicer to the other kids at your school. I'm sure that once you come into your own, all of the other dragons will really like and respect you!”

“Feh. That's such a typical mom answer,” Hector would reply, having gone through the same speech on the way to school almost every day for the better part of his adolescence.

The dragons of old, decrepit myth were massive, winged beasts that ruled the skies, and even the most powerful wizards of legend feared their presence. Their scales were thick and nigh impervious to even the strongest of magic, and within the pit of their bellies, a mixture of devilish fluids produced flames, which they bellowed from open muzzles, burning anything that they considered a target.

Like many great stories, however, the sources were muddled throughout the ages, and those great dragons of yore dwindled down into something a little less impressive.

Hector was forced to go to school with such creatures, although they were a much better representation of the olden dragons. Tall, thick brutes that were riddled with muscles, the dragons of the modern age still terrorized others with their superior strength and short tempers, but poor Hector never quite developed into the body that he was promised. He was short, thin and downright scrawny, leaving him to be not only the punching bag for other dragons, but the butt of the joke for all other species, as well.

Outside of school, things were even worse for poor Hector. He spent most of his time in the library, collecting books on the magic arts, convinced that there was a way to change his lot in life. Spells concerning time and reality were always dangerous, and his mother, in her overbearing ways, tried to convince him to take a calm, realistic path in life.

“You're such a brilliant young man, Hector,” she praised him, as he came home from the library one afternoon. She never even looked to the door to see the way that his scales were roughed up with dirt, or the fact that one of his eyes, normally carrying a pit of dark amber within, was almost swollen shut. “You'd make a wonderful teacher, if you just dedicated yourself to it!”

“They cannot be taught, mother,” he replied, speaking in a manner that was above his age, at the time. “And they do not deserve to be.”

As was often the case, Melinda Hisserin turned to see her son beaten to a pulp and holding a small stack of books and potions; it was simply the cost of his efforts, as the world still feared dragons, but for the most part, they couldn't do anything about the larger ones, who still dominated every other species physically.



Poor Hector was paying for the sins of his own brethren, past and present. The warm, paternal embrace of his mother's arms was the only thing that kept him going through the week, and as weeks went by, even a mother's love wasn't enough to keep Hector from straying down a path of darkness.

Even once he was fully grown, Hector stood shorter than her, and much shorter than his beastly father, who rejected his son for his utter weakness. Dragons were born to be supremely powerful, and in that regard, Hector was a complete failure. His mother always believed that he had a special talent hiding within the weak, scrawny form of his scales, but without the proper catalyst, she worried that he would never find it, and end up wasting away, killed by his own hatred for the world.

Through perhaps the darkest of miracles, Hector avoided such a fate.

In their physical superiority, dragons lacked one skill: They were completely inept at magic. Even the most talented dragons could do little more than light a candle or make an object levitate, and their ability to breathe fire and fly made both such spells seem entirely pointless. Even from his youth, however, Hector fancied at the wizards of old and worshiped them, drawing further ire from his own kind, and isolating him as he came into his own, as an adult.

With no job prospects, and a regrettable life of pain and misery, Hector eventually set out on his

own, and found that the world had little use for him. He took his books, scrolls and potions with him, and ended up living in a shack, scarcely little than the closet at his parents old home.

Desperate, beaten down by life and bordering on insanity, Hector tried every combination of chemicals that he could imagine. When he made his way through the recipes that existed in the books he found, he began trying his own combinations, much to his own peril.

Some nights, his windows sat open as smoke poured out of them from a faulty mixture, and others, he spent the evening wandering out in the wilderness, put into a drunken haze by accidentally making a fermentation spell. He'd been every shape and size, save for the large, powerful dragon he dreamed himself to be, and as he came to the last of his monetary resources, he sat in a shack riddled with holes and damage, wondering if this was to be the end of his days.



His cold, black heart was perhaps to blame for his wicked ways, but Hector still pointed his claws at every other source in his life, believing that his soul was tarnished in darkness by those who provided it, rather than his own actions. As he began mixing a potent set of chemicals, he kept a tight grip on that hatred, and chanted a spell under what he thought to be his dying breaths.

"From darkness great and untold peril, to every creature wise and feral, I chant this banished incantation, my enemy's fate...INCINERATION!" The power of dragon's fire couldn't be understated. From their open maws, a river of flame could pour and devour a target in seconds, leaving little more than ashes behind.

Their powers paled in comparison to what came next.

Anyone would have called Hector a fool for drinking the mixture he made. In his haste, he wasn't quite sure what he'd put into it, but he'd never forget what came out of it.

Bright, glowing energy swirled around his claws, and his scales began to glow as heat coursed through his body. He felt as though he was boiling from the inside, and as he cried out in agonizing pain, he was ready to accept his death.

Instead, the energy leapt from the ends of his claws and completely disintegrated the far wall of his humble home, and cast onward, burning a path right through the forest. The heat was so intense that it cooked through the oxygen in the atmosphere, leaving behind such blackened smolders that the fire never even had a chance to spread.

Hector was beside himself with a mixture of shock and elation. He looked down at his palm and saw that the energy was gone, but the charge that he felt from it never left his body. He didn't know it at the time, but it was the feeling of magic filling his very being, and granting him a power greater than size or physical strength.

He was the first dragon with the power to use magic, and as he walked through the charred remains of the forest he once lived in, a wicked grin spread across his face.

"This power...should only be shared with those truly worthy," he thought aloud, as he approached the old village that he lived in. The magical spell carved a path of destruction through it, and as people gathered to see what had happened, Hector stared down his nose at all of them. "And none among you are worthy..."

Even the proud, muscle-bound dragons who tormented Hector to such an end refused to stand in his way, as he followed his own path of destruction out into the countryside. Other dragons of meek and meager stature began legends anew, not of the proud and massive dragons who bullied their way through the skies, but of Hector Hisserin, the small, fragile dragon who discovered a power within that was greater than any physical strength.

He continued his research with potions, though unfortunately, to dark ends. Hatred and vengeance fueled his efforts to such an extreme that the legends of a dragon who could use magic spread across the land like wildfire, and those who came to seek him would be recruited into his house at Dogwarts, if he deemed them worthy.

Only those with the shadow of a troubled life could follow in the footsteps of the first dragon capable of magic, but in his teachings, he kept that shadow over them, believing that it would make them powerful...and, much to the chagrin of the other houses, it seemed that he was right.

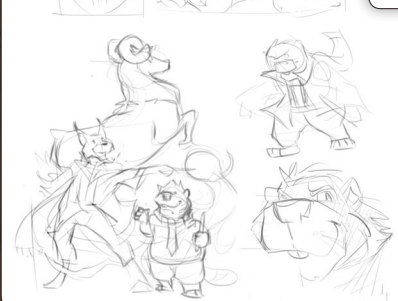
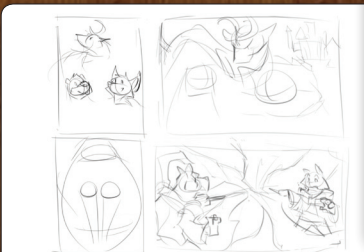
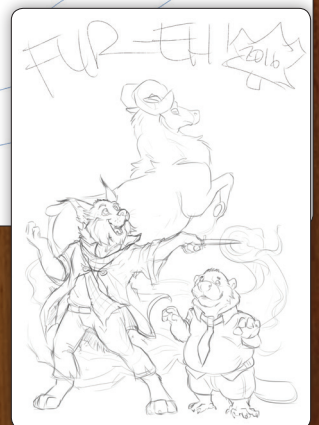
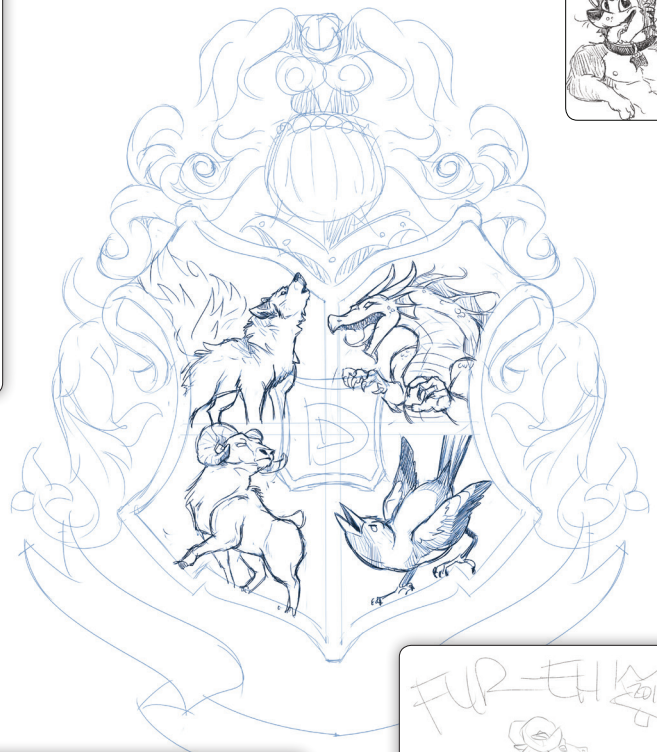


GoH Concept Art -Bringing Dogwarts To Life

Hey, it's Jake. The Publishing Lead for Fur-Eh 2017.

As you flip through this conbook I wanted to make sure there was something inside that was worth saving. A book not for just the con but for future years. Like a year book should be, we have collaborated to bring you what we believe to be the best book yet.

This page, although only illustrating art from the conbook, represents the skills that went into the planning, work, construction and the con itself. It's a glimpse into the world of 'the behind the scenes' creative process from start to finish. A greaty true amount of emotion has gone into the cons content and my hope is that this page, this book will keep that emotion for all, for years to come.



Guest of Honour



Q: What got you into the fandom, and how long have you been involved in it?

A: I stumbled across the fandom in late 2001 due to my interest in werewolves, and wasn't long before I was on VCL and DeviantArt. I grew up in a smaller town, internet wasn't always easily available, and there weren't many 'big' furry sites at the time. You'd have to scout out furry artists themselves if they happened to create a portfolio website (Goldenwolf or Rog Minotaur for example). It wasn't until 2004, when I moved to Vancouver, that I was able to integrate more in real life.



Q: How did you select what characters you were going to create for this year's theme?

A: I wanted to conceptualize the house mascots early on to have more people show interest in the theme by giving a sense of 'house pride' often seen in the Harry Potter series. There were several polls set up from con staff to get everyone else involved, it was really fun! We took the top votes and worked from those, while trying to keep a good species range. There were some pretty hilarious and adorable submissions that didn't make the cut – rest in peace Booplesnoot the Mustelid.

Q: How did you get started as an artist?

A: I always would doodle with crayons and pencils at a young age, but besides reading a ton of Calvin & Hobbes, there wasn't much focus, and pursuing art as a career wasn't something on my mind – I didn't even draw many animals growing up!

It wasn't until late high school when I shared art classes with some local furry artists did things start rolling. It only took a few projects for more things to click in place! I'm grateful to have had supportive family and friends early on for encouragement, and critique.



Q: Was one of the house mascots more challenging than the others?

A: I'd say that award probably goes to Beatrice Birbenbeak. She went through several changes before her finalization, starting from a more cunning spell caster to the eccentric, book-savvy one we see now. I think she was even male at one point! As I focused on her quirky nature, more and more details started emerging – jewelry, fancy clothes, and other knick-knacks. It took way more time, but was definitely worth it; she's one of my personal favorites and the unofficial 'face' of Dogwarts to a degree.

Professor Davecko



Q: What is your process to create something like the artwork you've done for Fur-Eh! this year?

A: Filling up an entire page with small thumbnail sketches helps tremendously. I can pick and choose which doodles look best without spending a lot of time fussing over details. I prefer creating art assets that can be reused down the line – you can see this with some of the posters, badges, and pins throughout the con. It saves a lot of time and easier to pass projects to others without diverting too far from the main theme. The Fur-Eh! staff were also a pleasure to work with throughout the process, and were always clear on deadlines, open for suggestions, and ideas.

Q: If you were able to learn a magic spell, what would it do?

A: Transformation. Guilty as charged! ;D

Q: Do you have any topics you enjoy drawing?

A: Furrries of course! This extends to real and fantasy animals and creatures too.

My background leans heavily on environment design, so any projects where I get to work on props and the setting gets my attention! I learn a lot when I research historical themes involved in the process of designing a background. In addition, I enjoy experimenting with bold colors and more organic shapes.

Generally, I love when others approach me with a basic idea in mind or give the “surprise me!” speech. It gets my creative juices flowing, and it’s a good way to figure out fun things about the person!

Q: What advice would you give to other artists?

A: Leave your fears behind and have FUN doing something you love!

A common trouble I find is the slow speed of those starting off, or just a habit that crops up after time with experienced artists. I’d stop focusing on each line as its being drawn and think of the picture as a whole. Life drawing classes are a great way to increase confidence and speed in the starting linework.

Getting your idea across is important, and if it doesn’t end up looking like you wanted, that’s okay too! Just keep practicing and don’t be afraid to go outside your comfort zone - You’ll never know when you find a fun new technique. Surround yourself with things and people that inspire you for positive reinforcement, and always be open for suggestions and critique!



CINDERCLAW



Daveydo

It was through many sleepless night and many miles traveled that Cadeyrn Cinderclaw finally came to find the humble, quiet village of Westfall, and in the wee hours of the morning, tired footpaws were finally given a much needed rest.

A tiny gathering of homes and shops, centered around an ornate, sculpted fountain, Westfall was not protected by an army, a magical enchantment, or even a simple wall of brick around the perimeter. The harsh trails leading up to the village could scarcely be called such, and there were those who claimed that there were more bodies around Westfall than there were trees.

The trees were actually quite plentiful, and though no bodies could easily be found, the warning was clear, so much that wizards across the whole of Canada knew the saying: "Those who are lost will find death before they find Westfall."

Cadeyrn Cinderclaw was determined to change all of that. His was a hearty and brave soul, so much that he alienated his fellow wizards from time to time. He was called arrogant and brash, and he knew that if he made the pilgrimage to Westfall, he would have to make it alone.

So great was his joy when he arrived at the village that he fell down to his knees and scooped pawfuls of snow up into his palms and threw it up into the air, allowing the flakes to fall back down into the nooks of his fur. His pants were in tatters, and his cloak scarcely reached the small of his back, but somehow, he'd survived the lengthy climb to the place where the greatest of all magic was said to exist.

His jubilation was cut short, however, by the complete and utter lack of magic in the village. Cold as the trails leading up to Westfall were, there was a bitterness on the breeze unlike anything Cadeyrn had ever known. The thick and plentiful fur upon his body did nothing to disguise the blades of frost that cut into his skin, and the rumor of hearty, brave villagers was struck down by his own eyes; not a single soul dared to wander outside of their cottages.

Were he not so brash, Cadeyrn would surely have passed snow, but his quest could not end there. Clinging to the first cottage to his right and collapsed into the the village. The faintest aura of red surrounded filled them with a determination unlike

It was just enough to help them past their any longer, the cowardly cats found his small guest bed, where they covered him in

"Why do you people live this way?" he asked, as "Why would you allow your village to fall into

The blowing snow and freezing rain kept Westfall deadly cold. Many of the houses were difficult to wider than a one hundred men standing shoulder nigh impossible to see from one end to the

"Our ancestors told us that Westfall was once when the magic in our land was stolen to itself turned on our people and tried to the wizard who created the object, and we lot before terrible winds and bitter cold engulfed death to try and leave this place! We rarely even get

A man of great, muscular stature, Caderyn Cinderclaw looked like a giant against the smaller, lighter frames of the snow leopards. They were clearly starving, but what little food they had in their cottage, they were willing to share with the canine, despite it meaning that they would soon starve. Caderyn knew that there was no way to change the weather itself, and there was too much work to be done to ever return the village to its former glory.

He could think of only one option. The snow leopards were terrified at the idea of leaving, the same as Caderyn's colleagues were terrified of going to Westfall in the first place. Brave, brash, and perhaps a little arrogant, Caderyn never thought he would fail to reach Westfall, but he also never believed it would be in such a dire state.

Now, he truly believed his journey to be fate, more than a cocky parade.

"The glory of Westfall will live on in legend," Caderyn suggested, "But her people will perish if they don't leave immediately."

"But we know nothing of the outside world! We barely know our own neighbors!"



away on his knees, left to be a statue of frozen flesh and the excitement of his triumph, he burst through the door of home of a timid couple who had never known life outside of Cadeyrn, and the unusual warmth creeping off of his body anything they'd ever known.

fear of the stranger. Though Caderyn could scarcely move presence to be inspiring, and they lifted his body into a blankets and tended to his wounds.

the hours went by, and his body rapidly recovered. such a terrible state?"

in a constant state of white drifts and bitter, see at all, and though the village was hardly to shoulder, the terrible weather made it other.

a calm and peaceful paradise, but create a powerful artifact, nature destroy us. No one dared to oppose were too weak and cowardly to leave our whole village. Now, it is certain the chance to leave the house!"

"And you will learn, strangers. Just as you have helped me in my hour of need, so will the world help you, if you so much as give it the chance to do so."

The morning sun had long passed over the village, and Caderyn waited for it to come around again the next day before he took to the village fountain. "Villagers of Westfall! This is your greatest hour! Rumors of your magic have existed for years, but if you stay any longer, it will disappear forever! Now is the time to go out into the world and prove yourselves!"

At first, no one answered the call. He stood by the fountain, where water last ran decades ago, and he waited.

Snow gathered on the bridge of his muzzle, and still, he waited.

Ice began to build around the gaps in his paws, and still, he waited.

It wasn't until the sun, nearly blotted out by the thick wall of clouds above, shined directly on Caderyn Cinderclaw that the snow leopards who saved him finally emerged, and stood with him in the fountain. They, too, called out to their fellow villagers, and one by one, doors began to open, and weak, starving villagers looked fearfully upon the stranger that Caderyn was.

In their moment of greatest struggle, however, he appeared not as the demon of the outside world that they feared, but as the angel of mercy who would lead them from their struggles.

It was not wisdom, not grace or determination, but hot, burning passion that opened the way forth for the villagers of Westfall. They trusted in Caderyn, and when every cottage was boarded up, and every ration gathered, he lead what became known as the first "March of Westfall," wherein brave souls journey to the forgotten village and camp there overnight, to pay their respects to the greatness it once held.

After days of hiking, on the other side of the bitterly cold valleys that surrounded Westfall, many of the villagers saw the unabashed sun for the first time, and Caderyn Cinderclaw was red with the glory of its warmth. The snow leopards were saved by the same bravery that he was once admonished for, and among them, the most magically inclined followed Caderyn well beyond the reaches of their first victory march.

They were his first students at Dogwarts, when the doors finally opened...

Joshiah Warbaum is a professional author hailing from the frozen wasteland that we now call the "Midwest." His experience spans over a decade, and his skills with a wand pale in comparison to his skills behind a typewriter. When he's not spinning tales of mystery and wonder, he can often be found concocting another batch of the mythical Elixir
(By concocting, we mean drinking.)



The Search for the Forbidden Amulet

"Watch out!"

The woosh of air sent the short fur on Harry's head fluttering as he hit the rocky ground, a cloud of dust rising behind him as he skidded along. His paws scrambled to find purchase as his eyes searched across the dark blackness surrounding him.

"Albus Illustro!" Beatrice's voice sang out through the darkness, a brilliant beam erupting from the wand in her paw as their compatriots tried to keep out of the way of the trap into which they had fallen. The beam flew about the room, bouncing against each wall as the room grew lighter, the form of the magic imbued sabers flying about the room showing in a flash of steel.

Rimar's wings extended, streams of burning orange energy flowing from them toward the flashes of silver of the sabers. The energy wrapped around the blades, the energy demolishing them, sending hot metal slag flying about as the owl not only boiled away the blades but also sapped the magical energy controlling the trap as it slowed, the sabers eventually falling to the ground with a clatter.

Harry and his compatriots slowly got to their feet, eyes floating around the newly illuminated chamber as they slowly caught their breath. The towering granite walls sparkled against the illumination still bouncing about the room.

At the opposite side of the room, two statues stood, their hooded, robed figures barring the black opening in the stone, a tome balanced on one hand as other held its wand across the room, the crackling sense of magic oozing from the marble stone as if they were coated with live wires.

Eyes slid from side to side, the five robed figures moving toward the statues, sand blowing in unseen and unfelt wind across the ground, shifting across the markings on the floor. No one noticed the symbols flickering beneath the grit before Reynold felt the ground beneath his foot give way, sending him to the ground in front of him.

"What the-" His cry was choked off as his stomach hit the ground, sending the air from his lungs.

"Everyone stop!" Beatrice called out, the three others stopping in their tracks as she trained her wand on the area in front of them. "Hold on, Reynold!" Her wand traced an arc in the air as she spoke. "Ventum Quietus!"

A silent wind erupted from her wand, sending the dust and grit flying from the floor to either side of the cat laying spread eagle on the floor. The dustcloud settled, held back by the pantheress' spell. A twisting, writhing tangle of lines drew all the attention from the trio as they moved closer to the start.

"What the-?" Wiley mused as he started at the blue and grey lines writhing on the floor before he saw the writing that had been hidden on the floor by the shifting sands.

"If you wish to see the heart, follow in the footsteps of your forefathers.

Stray from their teachings and be lost forever.'

"We must have to stay on the lines, but which ones?" Harry mused softly as he looked over the morass of lines. Blue, green, grey and red stood against the black stone floor.

"Well I wasn't supposed to walk on the green," Reynold grunted as he managed to pull himself to his knees on the stable floor that he had landed on. "But I guess blue and grey are ok for me."

"Walk in the steps of your forefather..." Beatrice mused before her eyes opened in realization. "They're house colors. Rimar, follow the green. Harry and Wiley, the red. Reynold stay on the grey and we'll meet on the other side."

Each step was careful and ginger as the five followed Beatrice's instructions. A sigh of relief escaped their maws as the ground stayed solid beneath their feet. Five pairs of eyes locked on the lines, following them closely as they slowly made their way across the floor, unseen and unheard wind sending the sand and dust back over the ground as they passed.

Slowly but steadily the quintet made their way across the floor, each step measured and slow until their boots landed back on unmarked ground at the opposite side of the shifting lines. Moving together, the five closed back into a group before moving toward the two statues opposite the entrance.

Their soft steps echoed off the stone as sconces flared to light on the wall as they moved toward the dark exit opposite them. The tomes in the hand of the statues blazed as they approached, blue flames flaring to life on the left, grey flames flaring on the right as words wrote themselves across the floor.

'Mind and heart are the soul of man. Prove your worth if you wish to pass. Thoughts may stop one, mercy another. But your guard must never fall.'

The two statues shook free of their stands, wands aiming toward the group, sending sparks of energy flying toward them. The quintet scattered, searching for any way to avoid the shots. Rimar and Beatrice landed to the right of the entrance, the blue flamed statue following the two toward the right as Harry, Wiley and Reynold landed to the right, the grey flamed statue following them.

Energy sizzled through the air as pockmarks erupted around the huddled groups. The stench of ozone filled their noses as the groups tried to spread apart, strikes following them as the golems sent strike after strike at the fleeing students. Rimar, Wiley and Harry attempted to send back their own strikes, the energy bouncing off the polished marble of the stone edifices that targeted them. A wayward strike bounced back, singing Rimar's feathers as he yelped out in surprise as the smoke shot from his arm.

"Anyone got any ideas?" The owl called as he jumped as another strike hit the ground where just before he had stood. Each strike

sent another jump through the students as they tried to avoid the magic strikes, an obscene dance erupting from the quintet.

"Prove our worth..." Beatrice thought as she saw the crack in the marble golem attacking her. "Use our mind..."

"Aqua" Water shot from her wand as she aimed for the crack just beside the golem's wand. "Wiley. Freeze it!" She called out to the rabbit.

"Congelo!" The rabbit called, catching the idea as he saw the stream of water striking the golem at the hand. The resulting blast of icy air flash froze the water in the golem's wrist, rending the marble hand and wand from the golem and sending it clattering to the floor.

Reynold saw the result of this, turning his own wand at the same spot and inundating it as Harry sent a shot of icy wind at the same spot. The water froze on the surface of the marble, but the shots from the golem only grew in strength. The automaton was only growing stronger with each blast.

"Mercy..." Reynold mused softly before he dropped his wand hand to his side, the stream of water stopping. "Harry, put it down."

"What?" The otter shot back, shifting to sending bolts of fire at the golem without any success. "Are you crazy?"

"Just do it. It's just getting stronger." The tiger shot back as his wand hand hung by his side. "Show it peace."

Harry paused for a moment before the ice ceased from his wand, the implement falling to his side as he waited with Reynold, their breath hitched in their throat until they saw the golem's own wand fall to its side.

"It worked." Reynold breathed as he moved closer to the stationary golem. Step by step, his and Harry's eyes locked on the golem's wand. As the tiger moved closer, the automaton's arm snapped back up, sending a bolt directly in front of the tiger's feet, sending him jumping back. But as he moved back, the golem's hand fell to its side once again.

"What-?" Harry breathed as he made it past the golem.

"One of us has to stay here to placate it, I guess," The tiger responded as he looked to the opposite side. "Try stopping for a moment, Beatrice."

The pantheress' wand went silent, Wiley's following soon after as Rimar managed to pass the golem. The construct's wrist and wand started to once again grow from the stump of shattered marble.

"Nuts." The pantheress spat before she and Wiley refocused their wands on the statue, water and cold flowing once again at the stone's weakness. "Rimar, go with Harry and find the problem. We'll have to stay here until you can stabilize the magic."

"But-" The otter tried to talk back to the Birbenbeak househead as she focused her energy on continuing her assault on the statue.

"No buts, kid. Just go. Thallanor said it had to be you to fix this." She shot back as a scowl graced her lips as the owl grabbed at Harry's robe.

"They'll be fine. Once we can get all of this back in balance it will all

fix itself. Come on." The owl pulled the otter along by the front of his robe, entering into the dark hall behind the golems. "Albus Illustro!" Once more light shot from a wand, this time Rimar's raven cored hickory. Light bounced from wall to wall, revealing walls of chiseled black granite as the almost electric hum of magic floated heavily in the air.

The room stood featureless and stark as two pairs of eyes swung around the room, from ceiling to floor. Only an empty picture frame and plaque met their gaze, the gilded edges standing proud against the night black stone.

'An outer shell may seem weak and frail, but true power comes from within. Let your internal fire warm the door and free you to pass.'

"Fire from within. Hrm..." The owl muttered softly. "Harry, try a fireball at the plaque."

Harry felt his stomach drop, the memory of the last time that spell had come from his mind. But knowing what was necessary, his wand came up, a stream of flame erupting from the tip. The red and orange stream ran along the wall as he tweaked its aim, walking the flames along the wall and onto the plaque, heating it until it shone red hot.

But nothing happened.

"Internal fire," Harry mused as he kept his fire up. "Wasn't Hisserin a dragon?"

Rimar's eyes opened, recognizing that the two prior tests had been based off the other houses. His own wand spewed forth green flames, meeting the red flames from Harry's wand. The plate glowed green as the space within the gilded frame beside the plaque shimmered to life, green waves emanating from the center and lapping across the surface.

"Get ready to move, Harry!" The owl shouted as the otter's firestream slowed and stopped. The pair moved toward the portal, Rimar keeping his wand targeted at the plaque as long as he could. As the pair approached the portal, Rimar's stream slid off the plaque, the shimmering green portal rapidly dying as it did so. "Crud. I've gotta stay here and keep it open. Go, Harry, Go!"

With a gulp, the otter jumped through the shimmering door, the travel sending him rolling across the stone floor that he landed on. Only flickering red and orange flames illuminated the room, both from sconces on the wall and the dais in the center of the room. Flames flickered and spat from its surface as a voice echoed unseen from the walls.

"Only the brave can grasp the prize. The brave and pure of heart are the core of our school. Prove yourself worthy or be cast aside."

Harry swallowed nervously. He was the only one left, but he had to do it. He had to get that amulet or the imbalance of magic would not only rip apart the school, but would start to rip apart the world itself. Swallowing to try and wet his suddenly arid throat, the otter moved toward the fire, heat scorching across his skin as he clamped his eyes closed and slid his hand into the conflagration on the dais.

But he felt no pain. No burning. Just the feeling of a bracelet that fit

neatly into his paw. Wrapping around the bracelet, his paw pulled back, pulling the piece free from the flames. Blackness coated his vision as he pulled it back, his mind barely recognizing the four gems on the golden bracelet before he felt darkness filling his vision.

"Harry! Harry, wake up!"

The otter's eyes opened groggily, four forms blotting the lamplight out from his vision.

"You must have gotten the amulet." Harry slowly realized that the voices hammering his ears were those of the housemasters he had come down here with. Blinking blearily he tried to clear his vision as the four started to take shape in his vision. Opening his paw, the golden bauble shone in the reflected firelight.

"Yes." The otter squeaked softly as he moves to look at the bauble he had retrieved. A fiery ruby, Glittering moonstone, azure sapphire and gleaming emerald lay on its surface as the warmth of the magic pouring off the artifact filled his hand with tingling warmth. "We need to get it to Headmaster Thallanor to stabilize it." The otter spoke softly as Hedwig hooted softly above him.

"Take it." The otter spoke softly as the owl's talons wrapped around the amulet in his paw before it took off for the headmaster. His eyes went from househead to househead, smiling as he saw all four none the worse for wear.

"I guess we did it." The otter spoke softly as he lay his head back, darkness and exhaustion playing at the edges of his vision.

"Yes we did, kid." Wiley spoke softly as Harry's body relaxed, sleep taking the otter. "That we did."

Aaron Blackpaw is the pen name of a writer of various anthro tales. He currently has two novel length works available 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. Somewhere in between all that he tries to write both commissions and personal works.

Follow him on Sofurry for more writing and as @aacid14ad on twitter for snark and rants.



CINDERCLAW



Alexi Husky
Prefect for Cinderclaw

BIRBENBEAK



Chinona
Prefect for Birbenbeak



HISSERRIN



Konar
Prefect for Hisserrin



RUNDLEHOOF



Kesslan
Prefect for Rundlehoof

Headmaster's List

We would like to show our appreciation to the following students for their achievements this past semester:



Art by Hawthorne
- Spellcast -

These Dogwarts Students represent the very pinnacle of achievement in our fine institution and are recognized at "SOVY TIER" attendees.

Blazewing Firebird
Ernie Scar
Ezzda
maskwa

Mr. Initial Man
Ryan L.
Seamus O.
Sovy Kyrosei
Trapa

Whisper
Wolever
Zay
Zev Dawg

With their superior performance, our "SUPERSPONSOR" level attendees are recognized and thanked for their wonderful contribution to Fur-Eh!

@Yudan333
Aaron Blackpaw
Akan
Allie Katt
Archie Husky
ArgonFox
Bandelp
Berkana
Captain Blacktail
Chinona
Cookies the Angel Dragon

Cooper
DtheCadetyra
Dr. Jackal
Fallout
Felix
Fenrick
Ferrous Fluff
Greyson
Ishy
Jiyuu-Jin
Kellic

Kuba
Kuma
Laine Face
Longshot Raven
Lunamoon
Lunar
Nehll
Onix Angel
Penryn
RKCoon
Rociyza

Rowan
Shea
Silver Hoof
Thallanor
Thunder
Toast
Trevor The Blue Squirrel
Tyins
Woyro
Wyl'd and Tyler
Xanderq

As "SPONSOR" level attendees, these individuals have proven their dedication to Fur-Eh! and are among Dogwarts' best students.

Acheron
Alexi Husky
Athea
Banthair
Bazz
Blazer Flamewing
Brazz Badger
Blue Acid
Bluey
Bubblewhip
Bundtcake
Cailan
Cainan McGuffin
Calacene
Central
Cleverfox
Craig X5
Cyb

Cynder Kienz
Drake Bates
Edmai
Elias
Fluffeh
Foxy Roxy
Fyger
Hikuna
Hobo Takoda
Jet
Kierenshep
Kiwi
Lachlan
Latch
Lazarian
LCD
Leijo
Mad Gunner Mike

Makgen Rurukh
mBlade
Mika
Mike P.
Nightkin who
Nina Daisuke
Ometochtli
Onix Angel
Patricia S.
PoPolar Bear Amander
Risen
Rowlga
Ryger
SierraRacs
Silver Night
Souske
Sparx
Sulli

Sylvie
Tadge
Tannyk
Tarrin
Thera
Thrizam
Trick
Trip
Tyrannotaur
Vampy
Viruse
Wallin
Winter
Wheeler
Xavier
Yannarra

General behavioral expectations from our students can be found in the Student Code of Conduct (<http://fureh.ca/pages/ABOUT/code-of-conduct.html#Code>)

In the event of an emergency
Dial "9-1-1"
from any telephone to reach
Fire/Police/Ambulance.

First Aid kits can be found in Con Ops and the Dealer's Den for minor cuts and scrapes.



House elves might pick up your property. They most likely have taken it to Lost and Found at the Hotel Front Desk. There are other events that occur at the hotel during Fur-Eh! and having one Lost and Found is the best chance for everyone to reunite with their belongings.

There will be designated spaces in the parking lots for events that take place outside. We will do our best to have these areas marked off well in advance but if circumstances change, we may request you move your vehicle to another available parking spot. (Unless we master the difference between "leviOHsa" and "levioSAH" then we can move things around ourselves.)

Some areas of the convention space are strictly off limits to students & for School Staff and Volunteers only.

The Fur-Eh! Organizing Committee would like to give special thanks to the following individuals & organizations:

The staff & management of the Edmonton Inn & Conference Centre
Christina Fedorak - Edmonton Inn & Conference Centre
The Odd Lot Puppetry Company
The Edmonton Aurors Quidditch Club

Thank you also to those who generously donated artwork for this publication and/or items for the live or silent auctions. A tremendous note of appreciation to our volunteer Staff and to our General Volunteers. Your tireless efforts make Fur-Eh! possible. Finally, thank you to all of our attendees!

You are the reason we put on this event every year and we hope that you will be back again.



Tiny Paws Con

September 8-10, 2017

in Danbury, Connecticut

Guests of Honor:

boobun

&

D. Walker



Dealers !! Tabletop gaming

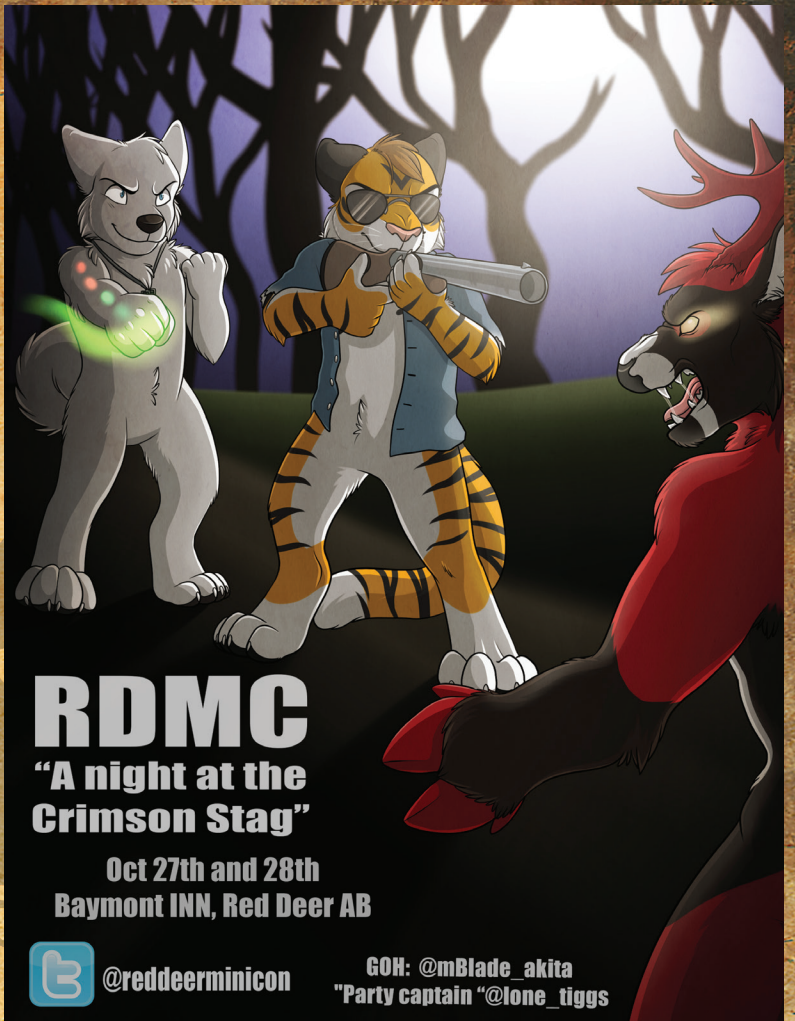
Arts and Crafts 🐾 Panels

Charity fundraising 🐾 Lots of fun!!



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