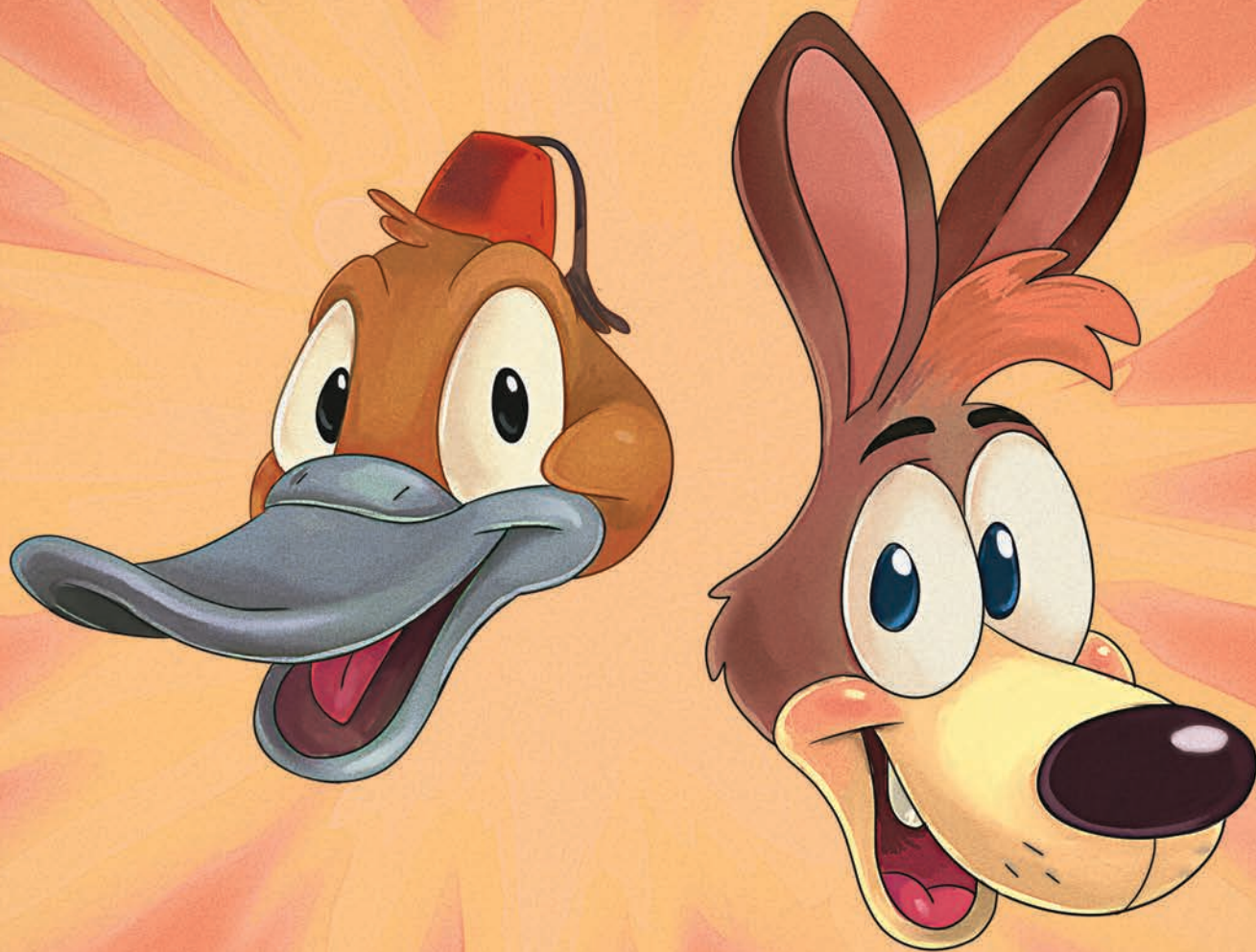


FURDU

presents...



"TOON TOWN"

2016

in technicolour.



Welcome to FurDU!



From the FurDU Crew

With this being the 7th year of FurDU, we are continually grateful for the excitement that you guys bring us year after year. It's very humbling. We are truly grateful for the support and fun the community brings to the con.

We do have a lot of people to thank. Far too many to list, but we can give it a shot!

Firstly, a thank you to the folks who've helped FurDU in the past. Without whom there'd not be a con for the current lot to help with!

A massive thanks to those who are making Furry Down Under 2016 - Town Toon! a reality.

A big thanks to Marko and Ristin, for their efforts as our secretary and treasure (ie: paperwork!).

To Foxy Malone, for basically doing everything that helps the con run on the day, making sure all her minions are happy and working flawlessly.

To Taubu, who helped with prop-making and staging

To Oz, who is our hotel liaison as well as our media and image.

To Drake, who helped sort out the surprisingly difficult problem of scheduling.

To Atpaw, year after year offering his services, equipment and talent to deliver us stunning photoshoots.

To all our hosts, panelists, artists and DJ's providing entertainment and content.

To all our current volunteers, without whom the con wouldn't run!

And I guess I, Larry Lynx have done my share as Con Chair. I think my job was to stress and worry constantly.

And most of all, thank you to all of you, our guests, for making it a con!

So get ready to strap on those rocket skates, and precariously stand under 16 tonne weights!

Have fun at FurDU!



PEPPER COYOTE



Pepper's been performing concerts at furry cons for the last 6 years with mixed results. He started out playing in stair-wells, getting chased out of lobbies, and playing shows at 8am Sunday for 9 people. In the last 2 years, things have really picked up.

Pepper's playing on the stage now and if you attend one of his shows, you'll find out why.

Known mostly for his work with Fox Amooore and Bad Dragon, Pepper has released 6 independent studio albums, and has worked with artists such as Matthew Ebel and Buck of Husky in Denial.

In his free time Pepper sings at malls and churches around Phoenix, Arizona where he works as a school music teacher.

This will be Pepper's first appearance outside of the US and we really hope that you attend one of the shows. His goal is to be the biggest, loudest, most obnoxious American at the "Gold Coast". For one thing, your town names are utterly ridiculous. Dandenong? Jimboomba? Tambourine? These are Batman sound effects, not the names of towns. If Pepper says to you any combination of "that's not a knife, shrimp, barbie, g'day, or outback", you have to give him a drink.

That's the rules.

Seriously. Come to a show and see this mess.

Bring alcohol.



Captains log: stardate VF-2017....

VANCOUFUR

SPACE STATION ZEBRA

vancoufur.org

CODE of CONDUCT

Registration

Starting from 2016 FurDU is an 18+ convention meaning that no minors can attend. Appropriate ID is to be shown to complete your registration and acquire your con badge. Please be prepared to show your badge any time you need access to convention space or events - it identifies you as a fully-paid attendee of the convention.

Dealers Table

It's the responsibility of the seller to ensure all adult related material is appropriately censored and not sold to minors. The seller must also ensure all of their cash and goods are looked after and stored in a safe location at all times. FurDU and the hotel take not liability for the loss of merchandise or money.

Drugs and Alcohol

FurDU has a zero tolerance policy on illicit drugs and underage drinking. If you are hosting a gathering it is your own responsibility to ensure that minors are not in the possession of alcohol. FurDU encourages responsible drinking and you should too, try not to drink too much in one night to avoid a nasty hangover. If you feel that someone is doing something wrong don't hesitate to contact the con staff.

Photos and Filming

When photographing or videotaping individuals or costumes, please use common courtesy and ask beforehand. Please respect their rights if they do not wish to be on camera. If someone asks or otherwise indicates make the best effort possible to keep them out of shot.

On the flip side if you do not want to be filmed/photographed please make an effort to inform those with a camera. If something is being filmed or a group photo is being taken use common sense and move out of shot. Attendees should be aware that footage gathered by staff members in public areas of the convention including events and panels, maybe used in a highlights take and that they may appear in that tape without prior approval. FurDU reserves the right to use any film or video taken at the convention for non profit promotion of future FurDU conventions without permission.

Behaviour

We hope that each attendee enjoys the fun that our wide-ranging community can provide, but please consider how your actions reflect on the convention and how this may impact or affect others. FurDU likes to present itself as a professional convention and to this effect, if FurDU becomes aware of any of our attendees engaging in illegal activities, either in convention space or in private hotel rooms, we will be forced to take action and inform the proper authorities.

Keep in mind that there are always other guests of the hotel, especially in the lobby area. We encourage that courtesy from all participants in our community. Safety and security matters are the responsibility of the individual. It is expected that you behave in a way that is safe for you and those around you at all times. Anyone who puts themselves or anyone else in danger will be asked to leave. Whilst FurDU will do all it can to ensure your safety, FurDU is not responsible for any harm done to yourself or others. If you feel there is a security or safety threat that has not been addressed, please notify the staff immediately.

Use your common sense in public areas. If you have to ask or think twice about doing something in public, don't do it! For example; kissing and holding hands regardless of sexual orientation are fine. Groping, tongue battles and nudity regardless of sexual orientation are not. While collars and leashes may be worn discreetly, blatant displays of bondage or BDSM in public are not acceptable. We ask you to always wear at least a shirt, shorts and appropriate footwear in the public areas of the hotel.

No means no! Stop means stop! Go away means go away! If someone won't understand these simple rules, contact a member of staff. Harassment of any type will not be tolerated. This includes; Unwanted physical contact, following someone in a public area without a legitimate reason or threatening physical violence. An offender may lose their badge and if it calls for it the matter may be referred to the proper law enforcement authorities.

Due to the potential damage to property, water guns, silly string and the like are prohibited in all areas of the hotel or convention space. Any vandalism of FurDU, an attendee or the hotel's property will not be tolerated. FurDU requests that patrons treat all property with respect, security and care. FurDU is not liable for any property that is lost, damaged or stolen.

Ghosting

FurDU has a zero tolerance policy on ghosting. If you are caught trying to or attending an event without your own legitimate badge you will be banned from attending another FurDU convention indefinitely. Anyone caught sharing a badge with someone else will have their badge removed and face similar consequences.

Any further attempts to attend an event after your badge has been taken will result in the proper authorities being contacted and a permanent ban from any FurDU convention hereinafter.

By registering for FurDU you agree that you will abide by the code of conduct as stated above. FurDU reserves the right to remove any attendee from the convention for any reason. This policy is subject to change at any time.



Drawings and Autographs

Furry Down Under 2016 - Toon Town

Drawings and Autographs

Furry Down Under 2016 - Toon Town

"TOON TOWN AIN'T ALL SUNSHINE AND RAINBOWS"

Thomas "Faux" Steele

It's night by the time my cab reaches the outskirts of Toon Town. I toss the driver a Grant and climb out, shivering a bit despite my thick fur. I'm a snow leopard in a designer parka, but there's something else going on that chills me to the bone. It started simple enough, with a note slid under the frosted glass and mahogany door labeled Alex West, Eye for Hire. I found it upon returning from my usual lunch spot, the delicatessen down on 2nd that serves a mean pastrami. The note was short and sweet, like cheap chewing gum:

Corner of Fifth and Blanc at 1000 sharp. Attached is a retainer. Don't let me down, West.

The manila envelope-clipped to the note was stuffed with more cash than I'd seen in one place since I opened up shop here. There was probably a good ten grand in there, which set alarm bells ringing. Business hasn't been the best lately, and the bills have been piling up in a disorganized stack on my desk. I do charge a retainer, but it's a reasonable two hundred. An envelope stuffed with cash usually means one of two things: the mob or cartels are involved, or someone rich wants me to catch their spouse cheatin' on 'em. The Crown Vic pulls away with the chirp of tires fighting for grip. I don't blame him. Around here, things can get nasty for regular folks.

Judging by my anonymous benefactor's choice of meeting place, all bets are off. I rest my palm on the wooden grip of my Colt Detective Special, a trusty revolver with the stopping power of .38 Special, just in case. Of course, it doesn't do me any good against toons. Imagine Daffy Duck being blasted by Elmer Fudd and you get what I mean. I only keep it on me because it's an old friend, the first thing I bought when I went into this business.

My real ace in the hole is attached to my other hip, a cartoonishly oversized revolver loaded with enough firepower to ruin a toon's day, even if they can't die. I bought it in a back alley some time ago from an animator offering some protection against toons. I like having a bit of insurance if things go sour, whatever comes my way, toon or not.

I check my watch - 9:58. I shiver a bit, scanning the street. Not a soul in sight, at least that I can tell. The only movement is the flickering of the dying street lamps down the road.

"Mr. West?" A nervous-looking mouse peeps out of a nearby alley, looking both ways before stepping out into the street.

"That's my name, lady," I reply with a nod. "Care to explain the ten grand you left under my door? I'm not one to refuse easy money, but I need to know what the catch is."

"My husband, Roger...well, well...he's gone missing!" she murmurs, looking like she's about to cry. I sigh and offer her the handkerchief I keep around for occasions like these.

"Ma'am, it'll be alright," I reply. "Can you tell me any details about what happened prior to his disappearance?"

Someone hold a grudge? Anyone got a motive to kidnap him?"

"My Roger?" she says, sobbing. "No, never! I can't believe this is happening!"

Remain professional Alex.

"Okay. When did he disappear?"

"He didn't come home from work last night.

He works over in central Toon Town, although he's never really shared the details with me. I only know he was developing something called Ink, but he changes the subject when I press him on it."

Ink. I don't know what it is, but it certainly sounds suspect.

I'm about to question her further when the squeal of tires breaks the silence of the otherwise still night. I quickly draw my toon revolver, using my left arm to push my new client back towards the alley. "

Get out of here!

Meet me at the 2nd street deli at noon."



She nods and, in a moment, I catch her slim pink tail disappearing back into the shadow of the alley. I narrow my eyes and relax, my claws springing free. The car barrels towards me and then suddenly halts with the whining shriek of brakes. I can't see much past the headlights, but two figures climb out, shrouded in darkness.

"Who are you?" I ask, cocking my toon revolver and aiming it square at one of them. If I go down, I'm sure as hell taking one of them with me.

"Where's the girl, West?" a toon fox asks. He's dressed like a mobster in a zoot suit and fedora complemented by several cartoonishly large gold rings.

I pivot my revolver towards him. "Get bent. I ain't seen a girl. I'm waitin' around for one of my associates and if you don't scram, he'll be damn unhappy to see you guys around. Understand?"



"You're a liar," the second responds. He's a 'toon greaser, an otter with slicked-back headfur, dark sunglasses, a leather jacket, jeans, and a white t-shirt. "We saw you with her just a second ago. Just tell us where she went and we'll...let you go on your merry way."

"Like I'd trust you two," I reply with a snarl. "I do that, I'll end up at the bottom of the river wearing concrete shoes." I glance at the alley before the gangster gives me a 'don't you dare' look.

"Don't even try it or Snakes here will blow you away faster than Paul Jones at the Kentucky Derby," he snarls.

"I'm not gonna ask again. Where'd she go?"

I flick my revolver to the right and blast Snakes with the full cylinder while sprinting towards the fox. I don't know if it's effective because I've never tested it before, but I certainly give the fox who threatened me my two cents with a solid roundhouse that sends him flying. The otter sprints around back to cover his fallen friend, who's lying on the ground with twittering canaries floating around his head.

"You think you're funny, huh?" he asks, flicking out the switchblade concealed in his sleeve. It's a bit ridiculous, with an angry expression and a miniature mouth.

"Lemme get 'im boss! I'll give 'im some payback!"

The otter rushes at me, but I'm better than that. I drive my shin into his knees and backhand him across the face as he falls to the ground. He lets out a grunt and tumbles, cartoon Xs appearing where his eyes were. Don't worry, he's not dead, and he'll be back up in no time. Best to scram before they recover and make more trouble for me. I walk around to the front of their car, a rented Chevy Malibu, and climb in, shifting it into D and flooring it as I pull away. I don't slow down until I'm back outside my office on 3rd, a good fifteen minute drive without traffic, but I take a thirty minute route filled with detours and reversals in order to confuse anyone that might be tryin' to follow me.

After I put the car in a nearby lot, I check for documents but find nothing of value. The car was obtained with a fake license under a false name from what I can tell, and other than a pack of ACME-brand cigarettes in the front left cup-holder, I'm nearly back where I started.

Well, not entirely. I've still got to find out exactly what the hell this 'Ink' is. If I can figure that out, I'm sure I can follow the trail back to whoever wanted Roger to disappear. If it was just the cash, I'd probably be backing out right now. However, the minute those toons decided to try and kill me it got personal. I'll solve this case if it's the last thing I do.

I lock the car and leave the keys on the hood. No point in keeping it, all it'd do is draw more heat back onto me. Someone'll take it.

I head back into my office and slam the door, lighting up a Lucky Strike. This is a case for tomorrow, and I think I'll be safe enough here with all my security precautions. I take a few minutes to finish my cigarette-and then smother the butt in the ashtray, starting to drift off.

Toon Town ain't all sunshine and rainbows, you know.

"The Taint Comes for You!"

The Bal'kar are a race of hive-minded monsters driven by Energized lust fuelling an insatiable appetite to spread across the universe. This drive comes from their biologically perfect body. They can keep their bodies in a perfect loop of alertness body and their "Collective one mind". Seeking the unity of all life, seeing it as beneficial to everyone alive. With what could be mistaken as a mass of tentacles at first, each part of the Bal'kars writhing rubbery body gives its form a unique quadrupedal appearance. Each limb has a unique purpose, be it for feeding, spreading, caring for young, recreational activities like building hive structures with its flesh, spreading its taint onto others. Set in a lore filled universe where human and furry live at peace together. But the threat of a total Bal'Kar infestation looms over the planet. Scientists and Military squadrons are pushed to their limits as a war is waged to try and stop them. Find out What its like to see the fall of a planet from the monsters perspective!

CAUTION!: Illegal release of classified scientific documentation

CODENAME – ***PR0j3CT 0N3***

Contaminated Subject Study Notes 26:

Dr.Surkov – Field of Scientific Morphology

"Subject implies he is known as what's called a "Bal'Kar" Whether you view him as misunderstood creature now who wants to share his "gift", or a mindless monster out to end life as we know it!

All my laboratory Scientists call it "absolute biological perfection".

Every cell in Project one has evolved to have memory that is imprinted upon the next cell, no matter where that cell is, it can always find its place in any working part of his body. This means that no matter how much of the subject is destroyed, it can completely regenerate, so long as at least one of its internal flesh worms known as "Seethers" survives. And one of them can remain in another creature's body for all we know....."

Art By Charlie Grey (Sayuncle)

<https://www.patreon.com/SayUncle>

Bal'Kar Website:

<http://www.the-balkar.com>

Neox:

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/neox/>





TAINITED

SAYUNCLE 2015

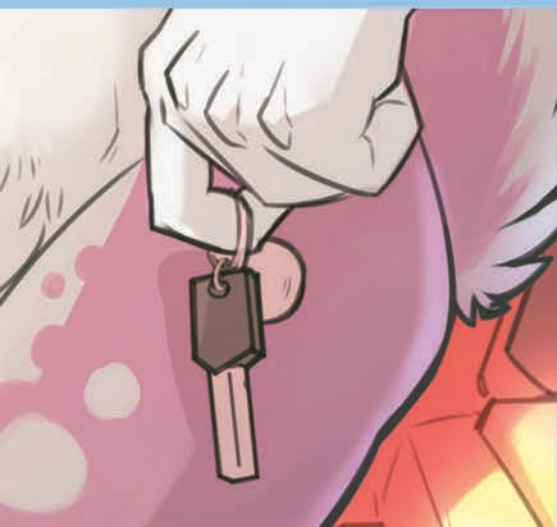


 cbrfur.com  [@cbrfur](https://twitter.com/cbrfur)  facebook.com/cbrfur

June 10-13 2016

**Held Annually in Canberra at
Pavilion on Northbourne**

Details at cbrfur.com



**FURRY DOWN UNDER
2016**



TOON TOWN

FURRY DOWN

presents...



"WOT NOOT"

2010

in technicolor.

Furry Down Under Inc. has limited liability for its members