



This September, aim for the head.

CON OF THE DEAD

RAINFURREST 2009 FARORE NIGHTCLAW NICODEMUS
SEATTLE MARRIOTT HOTEL SEATAC, WA SEPT 18 - 20
SELECTED THEATERS ONLY



ZOMBIE ATTACK
by lykanthrope

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Letter from the Chairman

To all who come to Rainfurrest, welcome!

It seems the state of the place has changed since we last had the opportunity to entertain you. An infestation of furry zombies has plagued Rainfurrest, indiscriminately biting and infecting fans, panelists, guests, and the staff alike! Rumors that the outbreak was partly caused by a certain puppy mishandling a sample of Con Crud at a Rainfurrest panel last year are not to be believed. We are working tirelessly to find a cure in time to send you all home safe and happy.

Meanwhile, have you seen the convention?! Wow!!

If I tried to tell the small group of fans meeting over pizza to start a new furry con in the Pacific Northwest just a few years ago what our event would be like in 2009, they'd have laughed me out of the room. It was a stretch to imagine even 300 fans coming to celebrate with us in 2007. Things have changed very rapidly.

Change at this level is very demanding on the staff, the leadership, and the resources of Rainfurrest. I am washed over with a feeling of pride and deep gratitude for this staff whenever I think about how much each volunteer has put of their time, their money, their love, and their creativity into making our vision of Rainfurrest 2009 a reality all the fandom can enjoy. When you see a staff member in their now-traditional Rainfurrest ranger shirt, be sure to join me in saying thanks for all they've done to create this wonderful experience.

Rainfurrest is no longer a local event tucked up in the Northwest corner of the U.S. Now, it belongs to the entire Furry Fandom. So to each and every one of one you furs, welcome!

North

Attention:

It's a state of emergency here at the Seatac Marriott hotel! We have been infested by furry zombies after a con crud accident (that I most certainly wasn't involved in!) exactly one year ago in this very location. It started with only a few of them...but as you can see, the situation has grown out of our control.

The zombies seem to have become intelligent and conscious. They are running their own convention panels and creating chaos wherever they roam. Us survivors must band together to decide the fate of Rainfurrest!

Whether you're a lucky survivor or a fated zombie, you will have an exciting time ahead of you this year. As always, we have events representing every facet of the furry community. As a survivor, show off your intelligence and willpower as you brave a convention filled with the undead. As a zombie, you'll be proving your strength and devotion to chaos and disorder.

I invite you to show off your strut in our annual Fursuit Parade, demonstrate your talent in our Variety Show, and show that your team is the best in our Fursuit Games! If that's not enough, you can let yourself loose on our dance floor where our quality DJs will be churning out tunes that will raise the dead!

It's going to be another exciting event here in Seattle so we urge you to take your side, join the fight, and have fun in the third year of the Pacific Northwest's largest furry convention!

Your Surviving Chair,

North

PS: Watch out for biters!

Rules of Conduct

General Conduct: Please use common sense and respect others' right to enjoy the event. Remember that *any* activity which is **illegal** outside the event is still **illegal** *inside* the event. *Event Staff* may ask you to stop an activity or take it to a private room. Repeat offenders may be required to leave the event. Please also note that the event staff retains the right to deny entry with approval from executive staff to anyone and that you can be asked to leave at any time without warning or particular infraction to these stated rules of conduct.

Media Policy: As per our policy, the staff has decided not to allow **ANY** media coverage at the event without *PRIOR* approval. Attendees purchasing a membership agree not to act as media agents in any way, shape, or form while attending our event. Making photographic, audio or video recordings of any Convention event for investigative or commercial purposes is strictly forbidden.

Hotel: As an attendee, you are a guest of the hotel and must abide by the hotel's rules and policies whenever you are on the premises. If you are expelled from the hotel for violation of their rules, you immediately forfeit your event membership. You are responsible for any damage you cause to hotel property. The event space and public spaces within the hotel are not sleeping areas. This includes hallways, the lobby, and public restrooms.

Harassment and Assault: Harassment is defined as any behavior that intentionally annoys or alarms another person. This includes any unwanted physical contact, following someone around a public area without a legitimate reason, or threatening to physically attack someone. Please remember that if you approach someone and they tell you no or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. If you do not leave them alone as they have requested, your actions may be grounds for a complaint of harassment. If you feel that you are being harassed, or you have been assaulted, please report the matter immediately to event security or staff.

Weapons: Blade weapons such as daggers and swords are acceptable provided they have been peace bonded such that they obviously cannot be drawn. Water guns of any sort are **NOT** acceptable, even when obviously not real weapons, due to the potential for damage to hotel property, etc. Silly String is subject to the same restrictions for the same reasons. For the safety and comfort of our guests, firearms should not be brought to Rainfurrest without prior permission from Rainfurrest executive staff.

"If its Drawn you're gone" any drawing, brandishing, or any threatening gesture with any weapon real or replica shall be cause for immediate expulsion from the event. The only exception to this shall be at a prearranged demonstration or event with the permission of the event coordinators.

Underage Members: Minors under the age of 13 shall be accompanied by parent, legal guardian or an adult designated as responsible by their parent or guardian at all times. For minors from the age of 13 - 18 there must be a responsible adult on site and able to be contacted at all times.

Refund Policy: No refund of any kind will be given for memberships; products sold (not included with your membership fee) may be exchanged or refunded on a case by case basis.

Violations and Appeals: Violation of these policies will be handled by Event Staff as deemed appropriate. Violators will be asked to cease and desist. Violators may be asked to exit the event by event directors enforced by security staff. Disciplinary action may be appealed to the Event Directors. Decisions made by event directors are final.

The difference between a party and a social gathering

Recently, there has been discussion with various hotels about party policies. When the hotel hears the word party, they immediately think of alcohol, drugs and people throwing furniture around the room. To date, I have never personally seen this kind of “Party” at any Furry Convention.

Typically, what we have seen as parties at furry conventions may consist of groups of artists, and costumers, or people who talk on the same online forums. Sometimes these people have and serve alcohol in the privacy of their room, but in almost all cases, these “parties” are quiet and consist of fairly few people.

To this end, we want to have attendees of our events, enjoy themselves and have these kinds of social gatherings, but we would like to have you all refrain from calling them parties. Calling these kinds of social events parties makes the hotels (not just our hotel) nervous about hosting our events.

To be clear, RainFurthest does not sanction parties in rooms, but has no problem nor official part of or role in any social gathering that you would like to host in your own personal room. Parties, in the traditional definition, that are loud, and cause any kind of disruption to other guests of the hotel will be shut down either by Hotel Security, or Convention Security. However, since our event doesn’t have “parties” of this nature we are sure that this will remain a non-issue as it has been in the past.

If you’re hosting a social gathering

These are the rules that RainFurthest recommends you abide by in order to make sure that your social gathering doesn’t get into trouble with our event staff or the hotel.

- **Keep your room door closed** - Although you can use the latch to keep your room door from locking, and invite people in. If you prop the door open, then the noise from your room will end up in the hallway, and most likely you will receive a visit from security. Our security staff does routine patrols of the hotel floors and will just give you a happy friendly reminder to keep the door closed.
- **Keep your music at a talking level** - Although we have no problem with you enjoying your music, just like religion we don’t want to see you forcing your music on other guests. If you can easily hold a conversation overtop your music then there will be no issues.
- **No illegal anything** - Of course anything that is illegal outside the convention is still illegal within the convention. If anything illegal is discovered or we have any reason to believe that there is something illegal going on, we will immediately discuss the matter with the local authorities and the hotel. Once we have done that we will leave it up to their capable hands.

Rainfurrest Zombie Survival Guide

By: Mushu

This guide is being provided on the assumption that, you, the reader are attending this event with the knowledge of what to do in a zombie invasion. The problem lies in the fact that your knowledge of zombies is on a different species of zombie, namely the “human” zombie, though they are far from being human anymore. You will be dealing with “Furry” or “Anthropomorphic” zombies and the differences can be astonishing! Before we go over the differences let’s take a look at the basics of zombies, most of these attributes go for both “human” and “furry” zombies.

First of all, there are many theories as to the origins of the zombie. Here I will briefly go over the two most common theories. Many believe that zombies are the result of an overflow of souls from the realm of the Dark Prince himself. While that is horrifying thought, one must think that if this is the cause then this would be a constant epidemic, which is not the case as of yet. Theory two — the one I find to be most plausible — a viral infection of the brain. Whether the virus is man-made or a natural occurrence one can only theorize.

The first thing you will notice upon your first zombie sighting is that they really do look of the walking dead; this is due to the fact that the person/fur must first of all die before reanimation can begin. There are theories that state once reanimation starts the brain secretes a liquid identical to that of embalming fluid to preserve the brain during reanimation, the rest is left to nature, however once reanimation is complete the deterioration of the body slows significantly. The decomposition of the body never stops but is prolonged, this does not mean that the zombies environment will not affect its “life span” meaning a zombie in the Mojave desert(A dry hot climate) will last longer than a zombie in Seattle(A damn cool climate).

Zombies do not possess super strength. They don’t feel pain, so in other words a zombie can beat on a door until either he/she breaks or the door gives. This also affects the zombie’s stamina: a zombie can not feel physical exhaustion, hence the reason zombies do not give up and can chase its prey for days without rest.

Zombies are for the most part brain dead, meaning they are not capable of a coherent thought process. The instinct to feed, one of the most basic instincts, is the only thing left; a one track mind if you will. While this is a blessing, it is also a curse to those considered by the zombie to be prey. The blessing is found in the fact that a zombie on the hunt will not be able to navigate around obstacles, cannot properly use a door, climb a ladder etc. All the things we as living coherent beings take for granted is outside the reach of our undead counterparts. However the drawback to this is that once they have spotted prey, that is all they will care about and will stop at nothing to get what it wants. Nothing will distract a zombie on the hunt. This is the single largest distinction between that of human and furry zombies; furry zombies will retain very few memories and a few basic instincts. This again is a bittersweet blessing, as furry zombies can navigate through simple obstacles, can manage most doors and can climb to an extent, the up side to this is a fur zombie can be distracted! Shiny objects seem to be the best all round distraction, but they lose interest fairly fast. Your best bet will be to using something they might have enjoyed in life and for each species of furry zombie it will be different, below you will find a short list of furry species and their distractions.

Feline: balls of yarn, laser pointers and sushi platters.

Rodent (rats, mice, ferrets): Cheese, nuts and wooden chew toys.

K9 (domestic): Squeaky toys, jars of peanut butter, hub caps, mail men, the neighbor’s cat and rolled up newspaper (can also be used as an effective weapon to deter attack).

Dragons: Maidens, Knights in armor and treasures.

Foxes: Glowsticks, Condoms, Poi and Techno CDs.

Rabbits: Condoms.....

Now while this guide is meant to help you survive this event, this does not mean that you need to spend your time a paranoid wreck, the likelihood of there really being a zombie outbreak is slim to nothing, the “Rainfurrest Zombie Survival Guide” is nothing more than a “just-in-case” precaution. In the event that the aforementioned events do occur, attendees are asked to remain calm and remember what you have read here and above all, be safe and have fun!





Critter Care Wildlife Society

From its humble beginnings in 1984 when a few caring people banded together to provide some protection for our urban wildlife, Critter Care Wildlife Society grew into a registered non-profit volunteer-based agency in 1993.

Critter Care Wildlife Society is now nestled in five acres of natural woodland in the southeast corner of Campbell Valley Regional Park in South Langley, British Columbia. Critter Care Wildlife Society receives, rehabilitates and releases back to the wild injured and orphaned mammals native to British Columbia. These include deer, raccoons, coyotes, skunks, flying squirrels, Douglas squirrels, gray squirrels, opossums, beavers, rabbits, marmots and bears. They also have a resident, non-releasable bobcat.

As encroaching urbanization displaces more and more native wildlife from their natural habitat, there are an increasing number of incidents where animals are accidentally or maliciously injured, or where babies become permanently separated from their mothers. Human intervention and automobiles account for the vast majority of these incidents. Unless rescued, these animals suffer a cruel death.

Critter Care Wildlife Society believes these injured and orphaned native mammals deserve a second chance for survival. Animals that arrive at the rehabilitation center are provided with veterinary care and are nursed back to health by their dedicated volunteers for subsequent relocation. The orphaned babies are housed at the center or placed in the homes of their trained caregivers for up to one year, prior to their release into remote woodland areas. Critter Care Wildlife Society has successfully rehabilitated and released over 6000 native mammals back into their natural habitat since 1992.

Critter Care Wildlife Society is the only organization in British Columbia's lower mainland able to accommodate the large number of mammals. Their specialized services are held in high regard by peer organizations, such as the SPCA (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), OWL (Outdoors Without Limits) and Wildlife Rescue, all of whom refer the vast majority of mammals they receive directly to the Society. They have a vigorous internship program. Every year, they receive university students or graduates from around the world who spend six weeks or more in a hands-on learning environment. Many other volunteers spend countless hours applying for grants and working on various fundraising activities to keep the Society financially viable.

Critter Care Wildlife Society is not government funded in any way, but must rely solely on the generosity of the general public. Even though the majority of their workers are volunteers, raising mammals is a very expensive and time-consuming endeavor.

Critter Care Wildlife Society's website is <http://www.crittercarewildlife.org/index.htm> .

Charity Auction

Rainfurest will not be doing a Pet Auction this year, but we are doing a charity auction. As usual, all of the proceeds from this auction will go to the charity. Our charity this year is Critter Care Wildlife Society - <http://www.crittercarewildlife.org> .

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Farore Nightclaw

If Green Mesa had bio-engineered the perfect visual artist for Rainfurrest 2009 to share and celebrate with the fandom, they would have created Farore Nightclaw.

She explains, “I have a very strong personal connection and attraction to zombie stories. Zombies, horror, gore - these are all things which I love dearly and could spend hours and hours watching, drawing or thinking about. George Romero’s films in particular got me involved in the zombie genre, as well as the newer “Dawn of the Dead” remake (which I secretly and guiltily prefer to the original). I’m a zombie fanatic, which is partly why I was so excited to be chosen this year [as Artist Guest of Honor]!”

Farore’s love of anthropomorphic characters goes back further than she can remember, but she loves to share an early memory of her playful and twisted sensibility of the style. “I came to my mother carrying a drawing of a rabbit that, considering my age, was quite good. My mother started to praise me, but I pulled it away, insisting it wasn’t done yet.

“Happily, I pulled out a red marker, and proceeded to violently jab at the rabbit’s eyes with it until they were completely blotted out, while I shrieked, ‘NOW THE BUNNY CAN’T SEE!!!’ I think that incident was a pretty good indication of how my artistic nature would develop...”



A passion for Rainfurrest’s theme is just one of many qualities the Canadian expatriate with roots in Edmonton, Alberta brings to the furry fandom. Look no further than the cover of this con book to enjoy her prodigious skill as a still young artist. Can you count the various zombie media references she put in the design?

Her talent has roots in careful study. “Most of my artistic influence and inspiration comes from my friends and fellow furry artists - the artwork of Robo-coon, Vera, Savannah Horrocks, ECMajor, Tom Hoshino, Goldenwolf, Dark Natasha, Pseudo Manitou, Vantid, Nambroth, Kenket, Kyoht, Chival, Jeremy Bernal, Miu, Onta, Dr Comet, Egypt Urnash, and many others.”

“I’ve also been heavily influenced by some of my favorite old masters - namely Monet, Renoir and Van Gogh - I adore Impressionism - and by some modern non-furry artists like Bluefooted, Boris Vallejo, Ursula Vernon, and others.”

While personally expressive, Farore’s art isn’t only about her, it’s about others as well. She says, “I like being an artist of the people, as it were. A big part of being an artist is the chance to bring others’ dreams to life. People commission me to flesh out their ideas, illustrate their fantasies.”

Her sense of community spills over into what she finds most special about the furry fandom. “I think the best

and most enjoyable thing the furry fandom has to offer is the idea of active participation in culture. In so many other areas of life, we're expected to simply consume entertainment and culture - watch it on TV, buy it at the mall, or discuss it around the water cooler.

“With furry, everyone is encouraged to actively participate, to create new and exciting content, and content creators are held up in such a way that there is a lot of affirmation and motivation that goes with being creative.”

Farore's creative community spirit – very much in tune with the spirit of Rainfurrest – combined with remarkable artistic talent and a fascination for the re-animated dead, make her the perfect artist for us to recognize this year.

While she was still a teen, Farore made her first appearance at a furry event in Vancouver, British Columbia. “The very first furry convention I ever went to was Howloween 2005,” she explains. “It was one day long. I was dressed like a zombie, and I barely knew anybody. There was an improv, people wearing really cute fursuits, art jams, and a tasty dinner. I made new friends and probably made an ass of myself. It was pretty sweet.”

I was there that day. She left a great impression. I'm delighted for the artistic and personal journey she's made in those four years. Take some time to meet her this weekend if you can - you'll get a friendly smile (if not the zombie virus)! Farore is a beautiful person, and an extraordinary member of our fandom. It is an honor for Rainfurrest to have Farore Nightclaw as our Artist Guest of Honor.

SCIENCE!

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Fig A

*Subject wears a top hat... But no pants?
Fig. A shows a basic pencil sketch
of the subject. He is holding
cigar and pipe...*





Nicodemus

Nicodemus is a fursuiter unlike any other. If you want to read up on how to make your own *Critter Costume*, there is only one book about fursuit making that you can order on Amazon, and Nicodemus wrote it. You can't be a fursuiter in the San Francisco Bay area and not have heard of him as a leader in the community. And furs from all over the fandom know him as "Nico-san", the host of Further Confusion's perennial event Iron Artist.

Nicodemus' furry roots go back to its internet origins. "I first found the fandom via alt.fan.furry and joined in via FurryMUCK in 1994," he said recently. "Gosh, I feel old now."

His suit making interest goes back that far as well. "I started my first fursuit that year. It was still more the exception to have a fursuit in the fandom at the time -- but that was something that immediately appealed to me (and still does)."

With the availability of fursuits in the fandom now, it's difficult for some to imagine a time when they weren't. Most were self-made. Nicodemus reminisces, "There were a number of fursuiters who helped me as I was just getting started. Techniques were more scattered and information on how to assemble even a basic fursuit was harder to come by."

"I think that's one of the reasons that I like to do so much fursuit instruction; I know how useful and encouraging that guidance can be when you're just starting out, having never really sewn or assembled anything much more complex than an airplane model kit."

If you were at Rainfurrest in 2008, you've seen some of his artistry. A big fan of rats, he built a Remy costume after the movie *Ratatouille* that would make performers at Disneyland envious. His toddler son appeared with him as a little wedge of cheese.

To make a new costume, Nicodemus turns to his artistic talents. "I start with loose pen sketches for overall shaping and facial expression as well as underlying costume structure if there's to be padding. Then, I collect reference photos to help guide the details and coloring."

"After that, I start building the head, typically. I don't tend to do models or maquettes or anything. I'm a pretty good spatial thinker, so I can often visualize the shapes I'm trying to create."

After more than a decade with the furry fandom, what keeps his interest alive? "The unique camaraderie. You can go to a con and get to know a complete stranger whose only tie is that they also like animal characters. If they happen to like the same species, it's a bonus. You can hug people you've just recently met. You can smile randomly and people smile back."

Rainfurrest is very proud to honor one of the deans of fursuiting and one of the warmest people you will ever meet in the furry fandom.



Special Guest's

Alexander James Adams - Coming from Neverland with a possible cure for the zombie plague, Alexander James Adams is going to try to fight the zombies with the magic of music and his wonderful voice. Alexander James Adams is a friend of furies all over the world and the proclaimed "Minstrel of the Rainfurest Nature Preserve".

Kyell Gold is a writer in California who began writing furry fiction a long time ago. In the early days of the 21st century, he got the courage to write some explicit gay furry romance, first publishing his story "The Prisoner's Release" in Sofawolf Press's adult magazine Heat. That led to a novel, Volle, and a sequel, Pendant of Fortune, both of which won the Ursa Major award for Best Anthropomorphic Novel (2005 and 2006). Kyell continues to write with the goal of releasing one novel-length work every year, in addition to various short stories that appear on websites such as FurAffinity and Yiffstar. He was not born in California, but now considers it his home. His age is somewhere between "well out of college" and "retired," as he works full time in the high tech industry. He loves to travel and dine out with his partner of many years, Kit Silver, and can often be seen at furry conventions in California, around the country, and abroad. You can purchase Volle and Pendant of Fortune from Kyell Gold's website, <http://www.kyellgold.com/books/>.

2, The Ranting Gryphon was born Matthew Wayne Davis in Fayetteville, Arkansas, August 11th, 1972 . During his teens, 2 became interested in rock music and taught himself how to play guitar and sing. He played with many heavy metal bands in the 80's, gaining moderate noteriety at times. It was his first taste of being a performer, and he found himself hooked. 2 had become interested in computers and programming at the time and often worked with his father, building and repairing early PCs for others. For several years, 2 moved around the country on his own, finding himself in places like Visalia, California, Eau Claire, Wisconsin and Dover, Delaware. Finally, in the late 90's, 2 found work composing music for video games. He also began to develop an interest in drawing. In 1999, 2 put his first rants on his website, which gained widespread attention in the furry fandom, much to his surprise. He performed his first stand up comedy show at Midwest Furfest in 2000. Today, he lives just outside of Ann Arbor, Michigan. He has a weekly web radio program and is currently travelling on an international comedy tour.



2010 Wild Nights

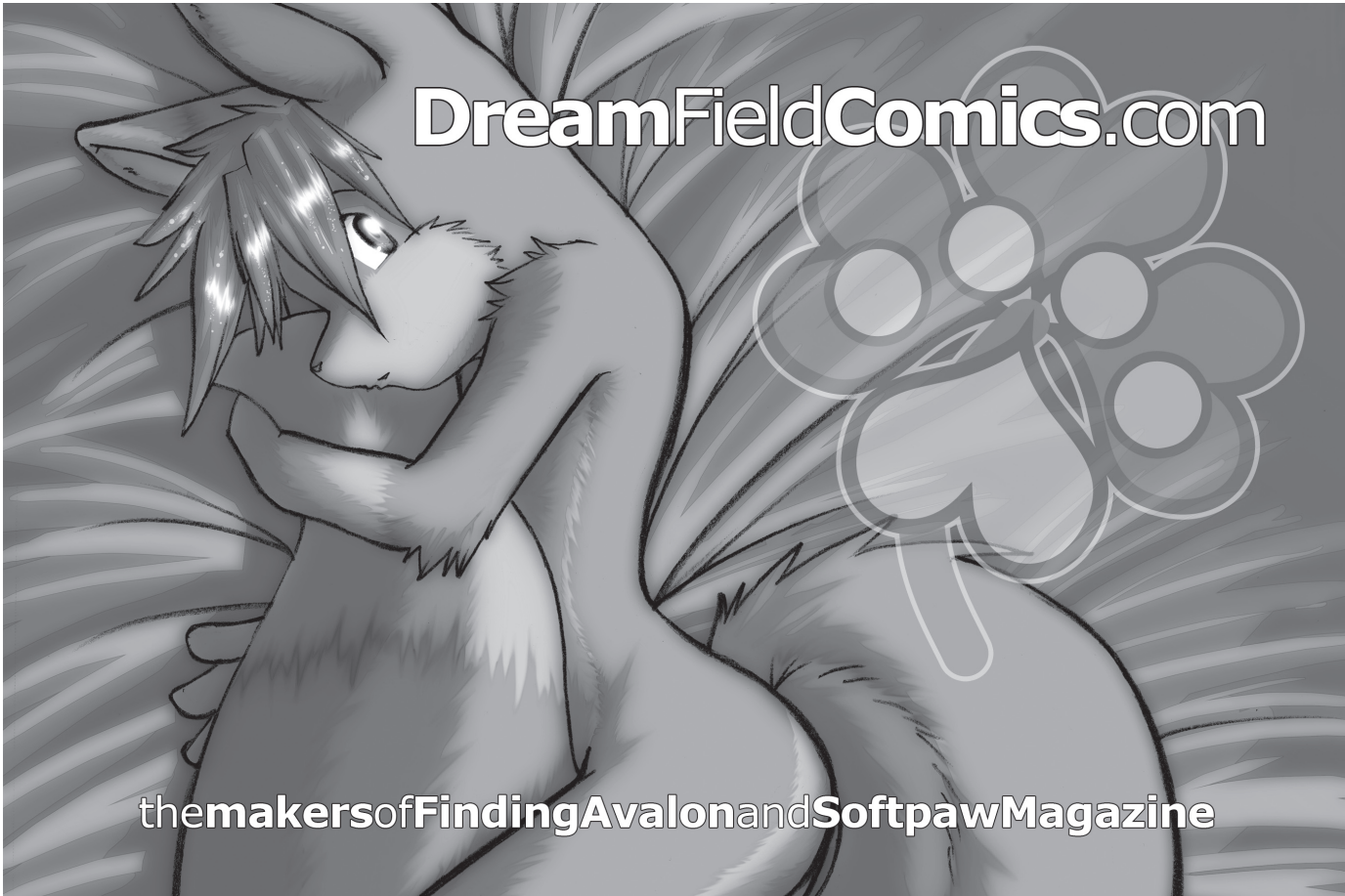
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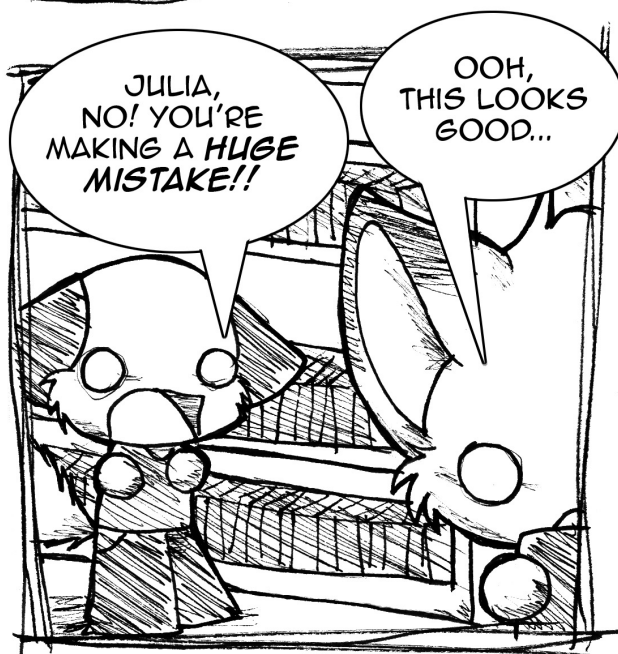
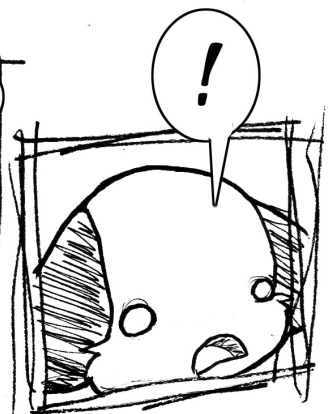
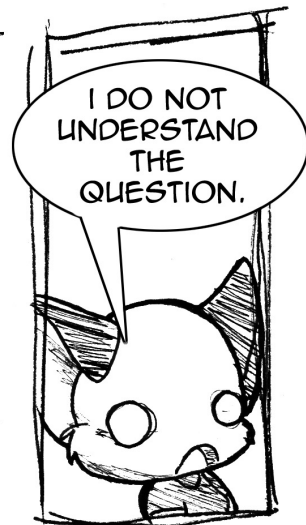
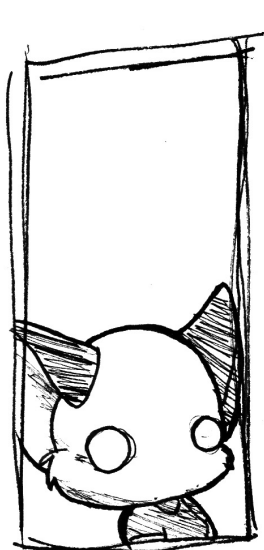
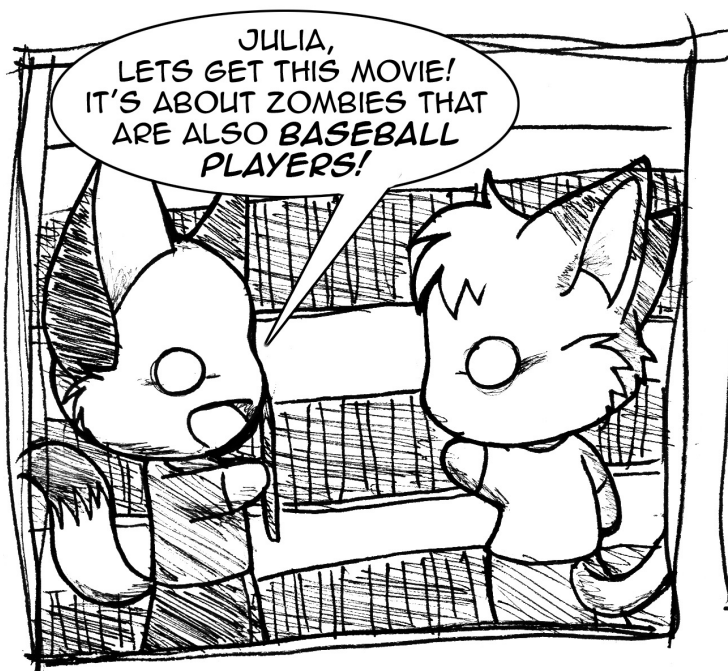
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Escape From Seattle

story by: brandon maderos

Jacob took a deep breath of the cold wind and pulled the horrid army surplus coat more tightly around him, wrapping his ringed tail around under it. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't be caught dead in something this color, with a smell that carrion crows would turn up their beaks at, but these weren't normal circumstances, and the chances of him being caught dead did not worry him so much as the chances of being caught undead. Below him, in a filthy mess of fish and person entrails, two lifeless otters shambled in a slow circle. Periodically, they threw themselves against the nearest support post, making the roof tremble and the neon "Public Market" sign sway. Its clock, somehow, was still running.

It didn't faze Jacob anymore. After yesterday, it would take a lot to faze him. He was staring across the choppy waters of the sound, past the huge sports complex to the industrial park beyond, the one he'd seen in the dream.

His eyes slid down the hill, along Alaskan Way to Waterfront Park. Like an infestation of ants trapped in molasses, creatures shambled around the docks, avoiding the water. Beyond them, two small boats drifted in the water. He stared at them, bobbing back and forth, drifting away from the dock and back. The wind was picking up, and the sun was as high as it was going to get this time of year. There wouldn't be a better time to go.

Down the front of the building, the drop was shorter, but there were the two recently undead otters there who would go right for him, being as how he was the only non-undead stupid enough to be outside today. Down the back of the building was a three-story drop to Western. He walked over to it, wrapping the coat around himself and looking down. David was the climber, not him. But he'd gone halfway up Rainier with David. He could make it down the back of Pike Place Market to save him. There was a balcony, to start, and handholds and footrests further down.

Western was clear, for now. The few bodies he could see weren't moving. Whether they'd most recently been undead or not, they were dead now. Jacob swung over the edge of the roof and dropped lightly to the balcony.

The door behind him rattled immediately, the grotesque vacant face of a seal pressed against it. Jacob jumped, then pressed a paw to his heart, which kept racing even after he saw that the door was locked. "Don't *do* that," he said. "*Bad* seal." He'd left the eye of the hurricane now and was back in the storm. Over the edge of the balcony, there were more handholds, outcroppings, and, now, another creature below. It was big, a bear or something, and it was making its way slowly up Western. He'd have to get down fast.

The door behind him rattled again. He thought about dropping the coat, but he'd need it on the water. So he kept its ugly weight around him as he carefully climbed over the railing and felt for the first foothold.

Twice he thought he was going to fall, but he held the image of David in his mind, and that steadied his paws. He kept checking the bear's position; it was moving faster than he'd thought, and coming right for him. By the time he was low enough to drop, the bear was ten feet from him, so when he dropped, he ran.

It changed course slowly, but of course even a non-undead bear wouldn't catch a raccoon, not when he was sprinting, not even in a horrible heavy coat. He made it to the stairs and stopped briefly. Two human creatures were making their way up toward him, navigating the stairs with difficulty.

Jacob sighed. He sprinted down toward them. They didn't react, of course, just kept coming the way they all did. When he was close enough to see the flecks of spittle on their faces, he vaulted up along the railing and jumped past them. They flailed at him, their fingers raking the surplus coat, but his momentum carried him past them, his paws skipping along the concrete and down the incline. He jumped back onto the stairs and didn't even look back to see if they'd turned around.

More of the creatures were milling about in the shadow of the expressway, but Jacob dodged them successfully and made it out to the sunny street along the water. If he moved fast and stayed in the open, he

didn't have anything to worry about, and the waterfront was about as open as you could get. A beaver lurched his way; skipping aside, he came close to a fox who groped the air near him, but he spun away easily. Revulsion mounted, his throat and chest closing up, but he forced himself to keep going, toward the boats he knew were there.

The two drifting on the water would have been in operation when their owners were struck by the plague. With luck, at least one of wouldn't be out of gas and he could get it down to the industrial complex. *Which you saw in a dream. How crazy is that?*

It was more than a dream. It had to be. The cougar'd felt so real, guiding him to the edge of the market roof and pointing out the glowing green industrial building. Jacob could still feel the large paw on his shoulder as the cougar'd told him without words that damnation had come from there, and there was where he would have to find salvation. For himself, and for David.

The coyote's smile danced before him, a shimmering mirage in the noonday sun. He shook tears from his eyes. Couldn't risk blurred vision now, not when one misstep would mean the decaying rat would have grabbed his ankle instead of the air. Besides, he thought angrily, what else was he going to do? Stay holed up in the library with the rest of the pathetic scientists? By the time they figured out a cure, it would be too late.

He dodged another otter's clumsy swipe and struggled out of the heavy coat, thinking at the last minute that he didn't want it to get soaked and weigh him down. The otter lurched toward him, and for a moment he wanted to kick it into the water to drown, like the two he could now see floating there. But he couldn't make himself do it, not even with the vacant eyes, the smears of red on its white under-muzzle. Every one of these things was someone's David, and if he disposed of one of them, it was giving up on David, it was admitting that there was nothing else to be done, it was acknowledging that somewhere, someone else might be doing the same thing to David. And they were *not*, they absolutely were not, because Jacob was in the freezing water, holding the coat over his head and swimming toward the nearer of the two boats, and he was going to save David.

The name on the boat's stern was "Roberta." Tossing the coat over the railing first, Jacob pulled himself after it and landed in his best action-hero crouch, in case the former owner of the "Roberta" was still aboard. Nothing moved apart from the rocking of the boat on the water, so he relaxed, pleased that he regained his sea legs fairly quickly. He shrugged the coat back on and made his way to the front of the little boat. His luck held, at least for now: the engine coughed to life on the first try. "Thanks, girl," he murmured, patting the tasteful violet trim of the dash.

Glancing to his left as he got under way, he saw the blue glass cube of the library through one of the urban canyons leading up from the waterside. The Puppy and his colleagues could search through the books there all they wanted, but Jacob knew this plague had come from somewhere else, even before he'd had the dream. All the cougar in the dream had shown him was where to go, and none of those scientists would set foot outside.

He grinned, though he didn't feel like laughing. Would any of his friends ever have imagined he'd be out here alone, in the middle of a plague of undead, piloting a boat across the water to the buildings that were likely to be teeming with monsters? Would he have imagined it? He put a paw to his heart and shook aside again the visions of David's dear muzzle.

His paw touched a bulge in the coat, reminding him of the small package there, and his stomach growled at the same time. He steered with one paw, taking out the pile of cookies and wolfing them down with the other. If there was one bright side to the zombie apocalypse, it was that you could get a stack of cookies from the Dahlia bakery and it wouldn't cost you an arm and a leg. If you were fast.



The taste of the chocolate chip cookies stayed in his muzzle, a familiar comfort as he skidded across the water toward the industrial complex. He could see the logo now, the “Green Mesa” in the 70’s scientificy font, and, yes, dozens of shapes shuffling around behind the chain-link fence. He stopped the boat and watched them.

Some more guidance here would be nice, though he couldn’t exactly just go to sleep on the boat and hope for another dream. He tapped the dashboard with a perfectly manicured claw. If only this were a case of what to cook for a small dinner party, or what to wear for a night of clubbing, he’d feel much more comfortable. But he’d never even seen more than one zombie movie, not even watched someone else play one of the countless video games. So how was he supposed to figure out how to get into that building?

He wiped his paws on the coat and then immediately wanted to wipe them on something else. He looked around the boat for a towel, and then looked down again at the coat. Could it be as easy as that?

He pulled the boat as close to shore as he dared and then leapt over the side, swimming the twenty or thirty feet to a dock before the coat could get completely waterlogged and pull him down. It was a ton heavier when he got out, and smelled even worse, if that were possible, but he kept it close around him as he took a few slow steps toward the buildings. His feet rattled over an iron bar, fallen from nearby construction; he stepped past it and then went back to pick it up, holding it under his coat.

He cleared his throat and made a noise. “Urrrh.” It wasn’t a great grunt, but it was passable. The first group of undead was near him: two beavers, a mountain sheep, and a wolf. Their muzzles showed foam and blood, which Jacob couldn’t really match, but he hoped they wouldn’t look too closely. Trying to make his eyes vacant, he shuffled nearer to them without moving right toward them.

The wolf’s nose lifted. Jacob’s heart skipped a beat, but he made himself keep moving. The wolf’s head swayed back and forth as if he were trying to catch an elusive scent, but neither he nor the others made any move toward Jacob.

Oh God, it was working. He moved like them, smelled bad enough to be one of them...the only drawback was that it was maddening walking this slowly. But fortunately, the glass doors to the complex had already been smashed, so he wouldn’t have to give himself away just yet.

He got past another group of shambling creatures and then he was inside. The first thing he did was bury his muzzle in the coat, which he regretted immediately, but not enough to stop. The lobby was a wreck, couches and chairs overturned, bodies and body parts scattered on the floor. The stink of death and gore was overwhelming. Weird groans echoed faintly through the building, so remote he couldn’t tell whether they were made by the building or by something inside it. He searched for a path through the lobby that wouldn’t involve him stepping in blood, and then gave up and squeezed his eyes shut. “Ew ew ew ew,” he gasped as he hopped across the sticky tile floor.

It occurred to him that he had no idea where in this large complex the research that had caused this horror had taken place, much less what he was even looking for or any way to tell when he’d found it. All the Puppy’d said was that it was a virus of some sort. He hefted the iron bar again, comforted somewhat by its weight. He didn’t know how to use that, either, but it was better than nothing. His only worry was that it would take too long to—

Over the groans and faraway noises, a voice screamed, not far. Jacob perked his ears and charged down the hallway, scanning offices on either side as he went. It might have been just around this corner—there! He poked his head into a conference room and heard grunts, saw a half-naked beige-furred form bent over a flailing body in a white coat. He ran in, holding the bar out ahead of him, and tried to hit the creature on the shoulder.

The bar skipped off the shoulder and clanged against the floor. But he’d gotten its attention. It left its victim and turned to face him, and Jacob dropped the bar. The creature was a coyote. For a moment, he was sure it was David. He couldn’t smell the coyote’s natural scent below the undeath and gore, and David’s shirt had been ripped off the last—the last time he’d seen him. He let out a little cry and stumbled back as it shuffled toward him, its muzzle dripping blood.

“God, no,” Jacob moaned. “No, please.”

His paw fell on a wheeled chair. He pulled it out and held it in front of him as he backed up, but the thing kept coming after him. It could be David. David could have made his way back here from the city, drawn by some magnet, maybe the same dream, maybe something he’d heard.

Jacob’s eyes flicked to his paw, where the pride bracelet he’d bought with David dangled from his wrist, then to the coyote’s wrist. Nothing dangled from it, no matching metal rainbow, no symbol of their relationship. It’s not David, he told himself. Not David. Come on, Jake.

He’d backed himself almost into a corner, the coyote nearly upon him. With all his might, he shoved the chair forward at it and ran around the side. It stumbled and swiped at him as it fell, and its claws grabbed the coat as it fell over the chair.

Jacob felt a pain in one of his fingers, but he ignored it, panicking now. The thing’s grip was like iron. He pulled away from it, and finally slipped free of the coat, which dropped over the coyote to the floor. As it struggled to get up, he pulled more chairs free and threw them frantically on top of it, stopping only when he couldn’t lift one to top the pile any more. It grunted below the pile, but couldn’t seem to shift it.



Jacob stumbled around the conference table to the body, and saw that it was a young Indian woman, holding one hand to her throat. The hand was covered in blood, and she wasn’t moving any more, but her eyes still held a faint light in them as she stared at the ceiling. A name tag on her once-white coat read “Patil.”

“Doctor,” Jacob said.

She focused on him. “Thank you.” Her whisper was barely audible.

“I need to find the cure,” he said.

“Was trying,” she choked out. “Wong’s lab. Third floor.”

“Wong?” Jacob wanted to make sure.

She tried to nod, winced. “Yes,” she said.

“Is there a first aid kit? I’ll get bandages...”

“No,” she whispered. “Too late. Find research. Make cure.”

A bright red bubble of blood appeared between her lips. “I’m sorry,” Jacob said, though he didn’t know why.

“Go,” she ordered him, and looked back at the ceiling, her lips moving without sound.

He ran from the room and found a stairwell, silent and deserted. His legs gave out at the first landing, dropping him to the concrete with a small squeak. He held his paws to his muzzle and saw that one of his claws had broken, probably when he’d fought the coyote-thing. That small thing brought everything else crashing down on him, and he buried his muzzle in his paws and sobbed for a good five minutes.

It was the stench that permeated this building, the rot and gore and chemicals. It was the horror of the coyote-thing. It was watching the only living person he’d seen that day die in front of his eyes. It was going through all this alone, without David. He brought a paw to his eyes and wiped them, staring up the bleak stairwell. “C’mon, honey,” he whispered to himself. “Hold it together. You got this far.”

He’d never been one for the self-affirmation, but saying the words, hearing his own voice, actually helped. He struggled to his feet and planted a foot on the first step, then the next, and the next. With each step, the tension in his chest lessened. At least, he thought as the green-painted “3” approached, he’d gotten rid of that dreadful coat.

The Lost Tomb of Ometeotl

Story By: Taye J Cablos

Dave Wilson stretched out a striped paw to brush away the cobwebs covering an ancient mural on the cave wall. He took out a worn notebook from his jacket pocket and flipped through the pages, finally stopping on a page adorned with a miniature version of the painting he stood in front of. *Not too much further now, if I'm correct*, he thought. Slipping the notebook back into his jacket, he padded onward down the dank cavern path, his walking stick thudding against the hard stone floor.

Checking his notebook just now reminded Dave of just how much effort he put into this particular job. Many believed the tomb of Ometeotl simply didn't exist; a myth set up by the ancient Aztecs to occupy the Spanish Conquistadors of old with a wild goose chase. Dave knew better, though. Years of rigorously studying ancient texts and maps finally told him where this fabled tomb might be. His colleagues around the world scoffed at him when he announced his next planned job was to delve into the Mexican jungles and search for Ometeotl's resting place, but he didn't care. He knew he was right about it. He was known as the best treasure hunter in the world for a reason.

A light breeze emanated from deep inside the cave, getting stronger as the passageway narrowed. Dave's flashlight flickered and died. He struck at the shoddy device a few times and the light flashed back on. *I've gotta replace that when I get back home*, he thought. *That river must've done more damage than I anticipated*. He sat down to check through his pack and make sure the river didn't damage anything else. His orange and black striped tail twitched as he thought about the possibility of his more important gear being damaged by the trek through the water.

After a thorough inspection, his pistol, compass, rations, cell phone, rope, repelling gear, and crowbar all seemed to be in working order. A grin spread across Dave's short feline muzzle. Usually his luck didn't last this long on an excursion. He got up and continued padding down the narrow tunnel, looking for more clues to how close the tomb might lie.

Soon, he found himself at a dead end, save for a small hole in the wall, which appeared to be the source of the eerie breeze. Dave checked the hole, which looked about big enough to fit an arm into, then pulled out his notebook to look at his notes before proceeding. Sure enough, he found an entry in his small, cramped handwriting about the entrance of the tomb being similar in design to what lay before his eyes. The other part of the entry mentioned a trap connected with the device somehow, but no mention as to how.

Dave checked around the immediate vicinity for places where a trap might be hidden. His searched turned up nothing; at least nothing he construed to be dangerous. He took his flashlight and peered inside of the hole in the wall. It went in about two feet, then ended with what looked like a small protrusion in the back of the hole. *Hmm... Dave pondered. Looks like a button...I wonder...* He grabbed his walking stick and stuck it into the hole, pushing it back until it hit solid rock. Taking a deep breath, he pushed harder, pressing the button at the end of the hole inward.

A loud, whirring mechanism echoed from behind the back wall. A loud sliding sound shrieked from the hole, and Dave felt his walking stick shudder. He tried to pull it out, but something held it tightly in place. *Something must've pinned it down, like a stone slab or something...nice trap*. The wall then began sliding open, breaking the stick in two when it slid into the cave wall. Dave shined his flashlight down the newly revealed path and continued onward.

A few minutes later, the pathway began to widen, opening up into a large room. Further inspection revealed dozens of murals along the walls, along with several long boxes. Dave could only guess what the boxes contained. A handful of passage openings awaited him at the end of the room. He pulled out his notebook again and thumbed through it, checking for which passage led to the buried ruler. His notes urged him to take the second to leftmost passage, so the tiger returned the notebook to his jacket once more and started down the tunnel.

A short trek down the path brought Dave to another obstacle. Thick spiderwebs plastered the tunnel from top to bottom with no visible end in sight. He cringed slightly at the thought of going through the arachnid minefield, but the treasure he came here for kept him motivated. Padding cautiously up to the webbing, he checked for where the spiders who built these webs might be. His inspection didn't turn up any results, so he pulled out his crowbar and began swatting the webs away to clear the way forward.

The spiderweb filled tunnel emptied out into a large hall with a sarcophagus at the top of a tall set of stairs. A painting on the cave wall behind the stone coffin showed the image of a man in possession of great wealth and power. *This has to be it!* Dave thought, tail twitching in excitement as he approached the steps. He shined his flashlight over the area to check for any traps that might still linger, but nothing showed. The absence of any traps worried him a great deal more than finding several traps would have.

Dave climbed the stairs, admiring the craftsmanship of the stone columns arranged to the sides of the room. They depicted various Aztec gods, some of which looked quite fierce with the correct lighting from the flashlight. He reached the top of the stairs and ran his fingers over the rough, carved sarcophagus. Shivering with anticipation, he grabbed onto the lid of the stone tomb and pushed with all his might. The lid slid slowly across the bottom, then fell to the floor with a crash. A rotted skeleton in the coffin greeted Dave, a ceremonial headdress still attached to its skull. The thing that interested Dave, though, lay across the dead ruler's chest, clasped in his decrepit hands.

He eyed the golden, jewel encrusted scepter. It glinted faintly in the dark crypt, almost seeming to emanate a light of its own. His prize lay inches from his eager paws. He reached into the coffin and pulled at the golden rod, prying it from the grasp of the decaying ruler. The second it left the grip of Omoteotl, an unnatural gust of wind blasted through the chamber. A soft shuffling noise echoed from down the tunnel he came from, growing louder and louder with every second. Dave started running down the stairs, but froze in his tracks at the sight that unfolded in front of him.

Spear wielding corpses shambled from the small tunnel opening, pointing their weapons directly at Dave and groaning angrily. Jumping off the side of the stairs, Dave grabbed from his crowbar and wedged it under a nearby column, stamping on it with his footpaw while pushing at it with his upper body. The column began to tip over, finally passing its center of weight and toppling over and blocking the passage where the undead guards came from.

This bought Dave some time, but he now faced the challenge of finding another pathway out. He shined his flashlight around the room, looking for tunnels or openings that may have eluded him earlier. He soon found a small opening near the back of the room, took a deep breath, and crawled inside. The rough cave wall scraped at Dave's fur, but the annoyance remained minor compared to the rotting corpses that currently pursued him.

The crawlspace emptied out into another tunnel. Dave dropped to his feet and looked around. *I must be in another part of the tomb,* He thought. He pulled out his compass and checked it, determining to go left down the tunnel. He ran onwards, the scepter still clutched in his right paw. His footpaw touched a raised surface on the ground and pressed it down into the cave floor. A giant stone slab dropped to the ground just behind him; a primitive, but effective, trap. Sprinting further down the path, he finally came to an opening and dashed out into the giant room filled with the large boxes.

At least, it had been filled with large boxes. Several dozen corpses clambered around the chamber, pushing to get into the tunnel next to Dave. One of the rotting guards spotted him and wailed, alerting the others to his presence. They all turned to face Dave, swinging their spears at him. He ducked and slid out of range, making a mad dash for the entrance. A couple of the undead guards emerged from the entrance tunnel, blocking his progress. He spun around to face the rest of the horde, putting the scepter into his jacket. They glared at him through empty eye sockets, but their gaze penetrated him to his core.

A few brave guards rushed forward to attack. Dave sidestepped them, grabbing onto one of their spears and ripping it from the owner's hands. He grinned and faced the mob of corpses, raising a paw to urge them forward. They took the bait, advancing in on Dave. He twisted his feet, obtaining a good, balanced fighting stance, then started swinging his newly acquired weapon with deadly force and precision. Guard after guard fell around him, his spear reducing them to nothing more than mere piles of bones and gunk. Soon, all that remained were the corpses guarding the entrance. He threw his spear at them. The projectile sailed through the

air and collided with the guards in the small tunnel, passing through them with great ease. They collapsed onto the ground and twitched a little before going still. Dave padded over to the tunnel and began his ascent into the jungle, stepping gingerly over the fallen undead guards.

About thirty minutes later, Dave emerged from the cave wearing a triumphant smile across his small muzzle. He reached into his pack and pulled out his cell phone, taking a deep breath of the humid jungle air. He flipped the phone open, knowing none of his fellow plunderers would believe him until he arrived back in Portland with the scepter, but he felt a call to assure them of his safety was needed. The speed dial connected him with his good friend, Robert Tennenbaum, who picked up after a couple rings.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Dave Wilson. What kind of trouble have you gotten yourself into this time, my dear chum?”

Dave chuckled into the receiver, strolling into the dense jungles and back to civilization. “Rob, my good man, I don’t think even you will believe me when I tell you...”





Title: Anatomy Techniques and Natural Design
Track: Art
Host: Coonkun
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
CoonKun teaches the basics of physiques, muscle tones, and proportions.

Title: Art Jam 1
Track: Art
Host: Mortain
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 9:00:00 PM -2:00:00 AM
Get together and draw! Your sketchbook, someone else's sketchbook, your left kneecap, it doesn't matter. Just draw!

Title: Art Jam 2
Track: Art
Host: Mortain
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 9:00:00 PM -2:00:00 AM
Get together and draw! Your sketchbook, someone else's sketchbook, your left kneecap, it doesn't matter. Just draw!

Title: Art Lessons with Shiuk
Track: Art
Host: Shiuk
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Shiuk shows how he produces his great art.

Title: Artist Trading Card Swap Meet
Track: Art
Host: Tess the Red Pony
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Make and trade your own cards! Draw or paint on card stock, water paper, or quality drawing paper, each about 2.5 x 3.5 inches – the same as any standard trading or playing card. Add a protective sleeve and trade away! This will be a themed swap; choose from Zombies, Ears and Tails, and "Oh, Shiny!" Make 3 cards to trade and get 3 back.

Title: Artist's Q & A
Track: Art
Host: Setti
Room: Bellevue
When: Sunday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
If you have any questions left about art by con's end, ask them here.

Title: Clothing Design
Track: Art
Host: Kazen
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
How to draw clothing, with all its wrinkles and shading, and discuss how to create the proper look for a character's outfit.

Title: Comic Design
Track: Art
Host: Akumyo
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Drawing, scripting, and basic layout of comics.

Title: Commercial Art in a Digital World
Track: Art
Host: Monica Livingstone
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
In order to be a commercial artist you'll need to go digital with your skills. Learn how Monica Livingstone works her digital magic and compare it to her traditional works.

Title: Digital Collaboration and OpenCanvas
Track: Art
Host: Setti
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
How to set up and run OpenCanvas sessions, and how to effectively collaborate online to produce good art.

Title: Drawing the Female Bustline with TigerBlack
Track: Art
Host: TigerBlack
Room: Bellevue
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Giving your female characters your special look.

Title: Farore Nightclaw: Being a Full-Time Furry Artist
Track: Art
Host: Farore Nightclaw
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Things change – and more than you might think – when you become a professional, full-time artist, especially online. Our Guest of Honor reveals her secrets to managing her time and reputation, as well as giving advice regarding how to get your name out and keeping workloads both manageable and profitable.

Title: Girugamesh!
Track: Art
Host: Prawst Shocker
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 7:00:00 PM -8:00:00 PM
A completely random hour with Prawst as he shows off his eclectic collection of art and videos. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Illustrator Secrets of an Evil Vector Queen
Track: Art
Host: Egypt Umash
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Egypt Urnash reveals how she works her magic with Adobe Illustrator.

Title: Impromptu Art
Track: Art
Host: Sigil
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 7:00:00 PM -8:00:00 PM
Place your idea in a hat for Melissa and watch her go. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Introduction to Live Gesture Drawing
Track: Art
Host: Sigil
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
Getting the proportions right and the poses natural – and possible! – on a human figure can be tricky. Learn the foundations of drawing people and furies both with the help of a live model.

Title: Live Model Session
Track: Art
Host: Tess the Red Pony, Gene Armstrong
Room: Bellevue
When: Friday 8:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
Real anatomy session with live nude models of both genders. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Managing a Dealer's Table
Track: Art
Host: Farellemoon
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Learn secrets to getting one of those coveted con tables, and of selling effectively once you have it.

Title: Speed Arting
Track: Art
Host: Prawst Shocker
Room: Bellevue
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Prawst shares some tricks to getting art out right now. Now, now, now!

Title: Tax Awareness for Conventions and Dealers
Track: Art
Host: Farellemoon
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
As much as we'd prefer otherwise, we can't go to a convention and just start selling stuff. Learn what paperwork is necessary and how to fill it out so you don't get hounded by the Feds. If you've ever considered selling at a con, this panel is a must!

Title: Wicked Sairah's Wicked Sculptures
Track: Art
Host: Wicked Sairah
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
Learn shaping, sculpting, and painting figures in sculpteyp from one of furry fandom's greats.

Title: Working with Markers
Track: Art
Host: K'Sharra
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Using different markers produces different results. Learn what markers go best with the desired result, and how to use them to their fullest potential.

Title: Working with Maya 3D
Track: Art
Host: Murdoch
Room: Everett
When: Saturday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Maya can produce some great stuff, but it's pretty complex. Murdoch shows how to get started on that CGI masterpiece that's rattling in your head with tips and tricks to using the program.

Title: Working with Watercolors
Track: Art
Host: Justina
Room: Bellevue
When: Sunday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Everyone's played with watercolors as a kid. But there's so much more you can do with them! Learn some of the basics of painting with watercolors.

Title: 2 the Ranting Gryphon
Track: Events
Host: 2
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 8:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
Hear the infamous 2 the Ranting Gryphon's live comedy show and see what the buzz is all about. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Alexander Adams in Concert
Track: Events
Host: Alexander Adams
Room: Main Theater
When: Saturday 4:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Coming from Neverland with a possible cure for the zombie plague, Alexander James Adams is going to try to fight the zombies with the magic of music and his wonderful voice. Alexander James Adams is a friend of furries all over the world and the proclaimed "Minstrel of the Rainfurrest Nature Preserve".

Title: Art Auction
Track: Events
Host: Unknown
Room: Main Theater
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Bid on those pieces of art too popular to be sold with only a few bids in the Art Show.

Title: Cartoons and Cereal
Track: Events
Host: Ell, Cal
Room: Everett
When: Saturday 8:00:00 AM -10:00:00 AM
Wake up and get off to a great start to RainFurrest's biggest day with some cartoons and cereal!

Title: Charity Auction
Track: Events
Host: Bobbie DeFault
Room: Main Theater
When: Sunday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Bid on art and other goods that was donated to the cause. All proceeds will go to Critter Care Wildlife Society, which rescues, cares for, and re-releases back into the wild injured and orphaned animals native to British Columbia. Help out an animal that needs it and get some cool swag, too!

Title: Closing Ceremonies
Track: Events
Host: North
Room: Main Theater
When: Sunday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Final comments from the Con Chair as we wrap up the con and start looking forward to 2010.

Title: Dance Some More!
Track: Events
Host: Rex, Thumper, Croc
Room: Main Theater
When: Saturday 9:00:00 PM -2:00:00 AM
Now that you've recovered from last night's dance, come and do it again! Featuring the music of EarVelvet and AudioDile. Again, the first hour will be fursuit-friendly!

Title: Dance!
Track: Events
Host: Rex, Foxglove, Rino
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 10:00:00 PM -2:00:00 AM
Come dance your tail off to some of the hottest beats in the furry fandom! DJ Digi-Fox and DJ Novasphere presiding. The first hour will be fursuit-friendly!

Title: Flash Mob
Track: Events
Host: Trapa
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
At some point during the con there will be a flash mob. We don't know where. We don't know when. We don't know what they'll do. Come to this panel to find out how you can participate.

Title: Furry Variety Show
Track: Events
Host: North, Rex, Xodiac, Alexander Adams
Room: Main Theater
When: Saturday 7:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
Watch your fellow furries as they perform songs and skits. See their cool costumes and wacky antics as they put on a show!

Title: Furry Variety Show Rehearsal
Track: Events
Host: North, Rex, Xodiac, Alexander Adams
Room: Main Theater
When: Saturday 10:00:00 AM -1:00:00 PM
Got a song, a skit, or just a cool costume you want to show off? Then participate in our Variety Show! And here's where you show the RainFurrest staff what you have in mind, work out how you'll be introduced to the crowd and your music cues, and so on. Attendance is mandatory if you intend to be in the Furry Variety Show. Note: all acts must be suitable for all ages.

Title: Fursuit Dance Competition
Track: Events
Host: Thumper, Audiodile
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 9:00:00 PM -10:00:00 PM
Shake ya' tail, watch ya'self, shake ya' tail, show me watcha' workin' with! Got fur? Got moves? Come show off for the crowd and get everyone in the mood for an evening of fun furry dancing. Show us your stuff and take a chance at bringing home fame, fortune, or at least a cheap prize! Zombies and survivors both welcome, all experience and skill levels – the only requirement is to have fun!

Title: Fursuit Games
Track: Events
Host: Kodi
Room: Evergreen H
When: Saturday 12:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Fursuiters compete in a series of games and races for prestige and accolades! Who will win the coveted bragging rights? Come and find out!

Title: Fursuit Parade
Track: Events
Host: Alaxander Adams
Room: Main Theater
When: Saturday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Come see those fursuits that you've seen wandering around – all at once! Parade will follow the route marked on your Pocket Program. Assembly begins at 2 PM; Parade will begin at 2:30 PM.

Title: Fursuit Photoshoot
Track: Events
Host: ChaosReign
Room: Evergreen I
When: Saturday 3:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Get pictures and portraits of your fursuit taken by RainFurrest's official photographer, ChaosReign.

Title: Guest of Honor Dinner
Track: Events
Host: North
Room: Snoqualmie Ballroom
When: Friday 5:30:00 PM -8:00:00 PM
Come meet RainFurrest's official Guests of Honor, Farore Nightclaw and Nicodemus, and have a delicious catered meal while you're at it. Note: Tickets are \$15 for Standard and Sponsor registrations (Super Sponsors attend free!)

Title: Ice Cream Social
Track: Events
Host: Aloha
Room: Evergreen H & I
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Meet and greet – and eat! Ice cream smoothes all social interactions. Experience this truth and find some new friends, or just get together with the ones you already have. Note: Tickets are \$3 for Standard and Sponsor registrations (Super Sponsors attend free!)

Title: Late Night Open Mic
Track: Events
Host: Drewfus
Room: Evergreen H
When: Saturday 10:00:00 PM -12:00:00 AM
Didn't get into the Variety Show? Your act a little too risqué to be on prime time? Well here you go and this is your shot. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Nerf War (Day 1)
Track: Events
Host: General Crazy Bob
Room: Evergreen H
When: Friday 9:00:00 PM -11:00:00 PM
Grab your guns and fight those zombies! Face off and defend your right to live free of shambling! Note: Please be courteous to non-attending hotel guests by not firing your Nerf guns outside the Nerf Wars events.

Title: Nerf War (Day 2)
Track: Events
Host: General Crazy Bob
Room: Evergreen H
When: Saturday 5:00:00 PM -7:00:00 PM
Didn't do so well in the battle yesterday? Out for revenge? Get some reinforcements and come back for a Nerf rematch! Note: Please be courteous to non-attending hotel guests by not firing your Nerf guns outside the Nerf Wars events.

Title: Opening Ceremonies
Track: Events
Host: North
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
North, our Chair, kicks off this year's RainFurthest and welcomes you to the con.

Title: Pictionary
Track: Events
Host: Prawst Shocker
Room: Bellevue
When: Saturday 8:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
The classic party game, with a furry theme. And given how rowdy and raucous furies are even in normal circumstances, you can bet the game will be particularly... interesting.

Title: Basic Molding and Casting
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Xodiac
Room: Olympia
When: Friday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
A beginners' lesson on how to mold and cast claws, teeth, and other little fiddly bits.

Title: Body Construction
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Nicodemus, Kodi
Room: Olympia
When: Saturday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Learn the basics of building a fursuit body, tail, gloves, feet, and so on.

Title: Costuming for the Physically Challenged
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Rukario
Room: Olympia
When: Saturday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
The rewards and challenges that a disabled furry faces wearing a fursuit, or even just getting into one, can be great. Hear a lighthearted insight into what a physically challenged suiter encounters out in public or at conventions.

Title: Digitigrade Legs
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Aetobatus, Xodiac
Room: Olympia
When: Saturday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Digitigrade legs are often seen as the ultimate touch of realism for a furry character. Learn some ways to create the proper illusion.

Title: Finding the Pattern
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Nicodemus
Room: Olympia
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Duct tape dummies, and other ways and means to build a pattern that not only looks good but allows plenty of movement – even in those tricky areas.

Title: Fursuit Dance Clinic
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Thumper, Audiodile
Room: Main Theater
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Finding yourself uncertain with what to do with those paws and tails on the dance floor? Come spend an hour with Thumper and AudioDile and explore different styles of hoppin', shakin' and swingin' in fursuit. All level of participants welcome, in or out of suit! Suits are encouraged! Come share, learn and have fun!

Title: Fursuit Maintenance
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Lace Aurora
Room: Olympia
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
How to keep your fursuit in good maintenance, and how to travel with it or send it cross-country.

Title: Fursuit Performance
Track: Fursuiting
Host: North, Kodi
Room: Olympia
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
How to make your fursuit more than just a costume, but a real character.

Title: Fursuiting Beyond the Con
Track: Fursuiting
Host: North
Room: Olympia
When: Sunday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Ideas for fun things to do in suit outside the con environment.

Title: Fursuiting on the Cheap
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Nicodemus, Klickitat Bear
Room: Olympia
When: Saturday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
So you want a fursuit but you don't have much dough. Here's how to build a fursuit on a limited budget – as well as a few pointers on what you can't manage without some real cash.

Title: Fursuiting Q & A
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Aetobatus, Xodiac
Room: Olympia
When: Sunday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Bring your problems and questions! If it wasn't answered in one of the other panels, this is the one to attend. Open panel to answer any fursuit-related question you might have left by con's end.

Title: Head Construction
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Nicodemus, Aetobatus, Klickitat Bear
Room: Olympia
When: Saturday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Perhaps the trickiest part of a costume, the head needs particular attention. Learn some techniques on how to build a presentable, comfortable head for your fursuit from the Fursuiter Guest of Honor himself.

Title: Tails and Ears Workshop
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Drew Fox
Room: Evergreen H
When: Friday 2:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
Build your own ears and/or tail to wear around the con, and learn how to do it yourself in the process! Note: A \$10 entry fee is required to cover cost of materials, which will be provided.

Title: Working with Fiberglass
Track: Fursuiting
Host: Aetobatus
Room: Olympia
When: Friday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Basic tips and tricks to using fiberglass to make your hooves, heads, or other fursuit bits.

Title: Coming Out as a Furry
Track: General
Host: Sharako
Room: Tacoma
When: Friday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
A lot of furries keep that aspect of their lives hidden from family, friends, and coworkers. But should they? And if you chose to go the other way, how can you let these people know about it?

Title: Cubbing Out: A New Generation
Track: General
Host: Angel
Room: Everett
When: Saturday 7:00:00 PM -8:00:00 PM
What makes a babyfur? Or a Lil' fur? Come join us for a fun free spirited exploration, and discussion into an interesting sub culture. If you've got questions or are just curious, come join us for a good time.

Title: Fluffy 'n' Chubby Meet and Greet
Track: General
Host: Aurora, Thaler
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 8:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
Are you interested in the larger side of life? Have you got a passion for the pudgy? Come and meet others like yourself in a friendly atmosphere. Yes, there will be snacks!

Title: FurAffinity Meet and Greet
Track: General
Host: Silver R Wolfe
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Come talk to one of the admins about FA. If your new to fandom, come and discover what Fur Affinity is all about.

Title: Guests of Honor Q & A
Track: General
Host: Alexander Adams
Room: Main Theater
When: Sunday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Bursting with questions you've always wanted to ask Farore Nightclaw or Nicodemus? This is the place to ask them!

Title: Ham Radio and Furrries
Track: General
Host: Trapa, Kay, Loial
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
For anyone who either is, or wants to become an amateur radio operator, we'll explain what it's all about and talk about our plans for the future.

Title: Hiss and Purr
Track: General
Host: North
Room: Main Theater
When: Sunday 3:00:00 PM -4:30:00 PM
We do our best to bring you a great con. Let us know how we did!

Title: Internet Relationships
Track: General
Host: Tess the Red Pony, Setti, Cal
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
Turning your online, long-distance relationship into something that lasts – not to mention a relationship of the more traditional sort – isn't easy. Learn what to do to make things work, and share some horror stories about what happens when they don't.

Title: Meet the RainFurthest Board of Directors
Track: General
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Come meet the governing body of the RainFurthest convention.

Title: Pet Care of the Four-Legged Kind
Track: General
Host: Tess the Red Pony, Fleetwolf
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Everyone knows how to take care of dogs and cats. Rodents, ferrets, birds, snakes, and other less-common pets are another matter, though. Hear how to properly care for them all in a round table discussion.

Title: Physically Challenged in the Furry Community
Track: General
Host: Rukario
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Hear personal experiences of what the community has done for one disabled fan both on a personal and professional level. Audience participation is encouraged.

Title: Playing a Furry in a Mainstream RPG
Track: General
Host: Jurann, Mortain
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
Ironclaw is specifically designed for furry characters, but what if you want to play one in D&D, or Shadowrun, or some other system? How to design and play a furry character in a system not specifically built for it.

Title: Plushie Care
Track: General
Host: Sharako
Room: Tacoma
When: Friday 8:00:00 PM -9:00:00 PM
Plushies are people too! Unfortunately they get dirty, messy, and worn, and they can't just go take a shower. Learn proper cleaning and mending for your best friends. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Putting Furry in a Better Light
Track: General
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Evergreen H
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
A lot of people are a little... leery of furry fandom. And not just thanks to the media, either. Is there any way we can turn public opinion of furries around into something more positive?

Title: Saving Your Endangered Species
Track: General
Host: Sharako
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Charity auctions and recycling aren't the only ways we can save the planet from ourselves. Hear some simple tips – and some more involved ones, too – from a conservation expert to help keep the world full of real furry creatures.

Title: Second Life Social
Track: General
Host: Dusk Goodnight
Room: Spokane
When: Friday 8:00:00 PM -10:00:00 PM
Our first (and hopefully annual) Second Life meet and greet. This will be just a get together so you can hopefully meet in person who you have been chatting within Second Life or get to meet new friends. If you have a badge with your character, we will be running a digital projector and computer on the wall to show the people who we have.

Title: Service Animals 101
Track: General
Host: Tess the Red Pony
Room: Tacoma
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Everything you ever wanted to know about service animals.

Title: So This is Your First Furry Con
Track: General
Host: North
Room: Everett
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Don't be scared! We were all at this point once upon a time. Learn what to look for at a furry con – and what to look out for.

Title: Tails, Paws, and Ears – What Defines Us
Track: General
Host: Sharako, Tess the Red Pony, Setti
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 6:00:00 PM -7:00:00 PM
Furries are a wonderfully varied fandom. We have artist and authors, sculptors and suiters. And that doesn't even get into the pure variety in what species we all associate with! Is there anything that truly defines us?

Title: Transformations
Track: General
Host: Fox Cutter
Room: Spokane
When: Sunday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Lions, tigers, and bears... or should it be werewolves, magic spells, and transgender? There are many different kinds of transformations, almost as many as transformations fantasies. This is a round table discussion of all types and methods of transformation – sit down and join in!

Title: Werewolf Lore
Track: General
Host: Jacq
Room: Tacoma
When: Saturday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Legends of werewolves have been around a long, long time, and they've evolved as our society has. Learn some of the history of werewolf lore as well as the classic mythology, and take a look at how werewolves are treated in today's popular culture.

Title: Would You Give Up Your Human Body for Your Fursona?
Track: General
Host: Tess the Red Pony, Cal
Room: Everett
When: Friday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
If you could be a furry for real, would you do it? Discuss the things real furries will face if – some say when – they finally start walking around town.

Title: Zombie Survival Training
Track: General
Host: Grey Coyote
Room: Everett
When: Friday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
Though certain zombies can be considered "cute", one must never forget that zombies are both dangerous and infectious. Join the discussion with panelists experienced with firearms, martial arts weapons, improvised weapons, and hand-to-hand combat, as well as general street smart tips to survive the Zombie Apocalypse.

Title: 12 Ways to Write a Bad Story
Track: Writing
Host: Xodiac
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Some things get done over and over again – and they shouldn't have been done even once. Hear about a dozen of the big ones, and how to avoid them. Feel free to chime in with your own suggestions, too!

Title: Character Development
Track: Writing
Host: Kyell Gold
Room: Spokane
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
Every story has a character, now come and find out how to develop those characters.

Title: Constructively Analyzing a Work in Progress
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Breshears
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 10:00:00 AM -11:00:00 AM
Too many aspiring writers think that editing is about grammar and punctuation. Figuring out why your story isn't gripping the reader and holding his/her attention requires looking at the story in a completely different way. Talk about how to analyze characterization, narrative structure, maintain dramatic tension, engaging the reader, setting the scene, and keeping balance in pace and mood.

Title: Furry Poetry Workshop
Track: Writing
Host: Sharako
Room: Spokane
When: Friday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Stories aren't the only things that you can write! Here are some challenges and exercises for those who want to try their hand at poetry.

Title: Getting Published
Track: Writing
Host: Fox Cutter, Kyell Gold
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 4:00:00 PM -5:00:00 PM
Getting paid for your stories is every author's dream. But it's not as simple as printing it off and mailing it out. Hear the tips and traps of getting your words published from a fur who's been on both sides of the slush pile.

Title: How to Write a Truly Furry Story
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Armstrong, Fox Cutter
Room: Spokane
When: Friday 3:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
There's a difference between a furry story and just a story with a furry in it. Learn how to make furry an integral part of your tale.

Title: How to Write Furry Erotica
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 9:00:00 PM -10:00:00 PM
Furry erotica is all over. Good furry erotica is as rare as an honest politician. Learn the basics of writing good – And accurate! And physically possible! – naughty scenes. Note: 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

Title: Making an Eight-Page Book
Track: Writing
Host: Sharako
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
How to write, layout, and print a short miniature book that can be filled with examples of your art, writing, or whatever you like.

Title: Midnight Story Hour
Track: Writing
Host: Daalrakken
Room: Tacoma
When: Friday 12:00:00 AM -1:00:00 AM
Ever miss story time with mom, dad, or those fun school events with your favorite stuffed animal? Then come down to story time and hear some great kids story, hang out in your pjs, bring your stuffed friend, all before bed time.

Title: Q & A and Autograph Session with Kyell Gold
Track: Writing
Host: Kyell Gold
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Open panel to ask questions of Kyell Gold and if you have his book get an autograph.

Title: Running With the Pack
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Breshears
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 11:00:00 AM -12:00:00 PM
How to collaborate or work in a shared universe and the importance of setting ground rules for any fictional setting, even if you're working alone.

Title: Ten Terrible Tale Troubles
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Breshears
Room: Tacoma
When: Sunday 1:00:00 PM -2:00:00 PM
The ten most common problems editors have seen in stories submitted for publication, an explanation of each and why it doesn't work, and what to do instead.

Title: The Night Was Sultry
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Breshears
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 6:00:00 PM -7:00:00 PM
How do you create an opening that makes your audience need to know what happens next? And then, how do you keep them turning the pages or coming back for the next episode? Come here and find out!

Title: Writer's Q & A
Track: Writing
Host: Sharako, Fox Cutter, Kyell Gold
Room: Spokane
When: Sunday 2:00:00 PM -3:00:00 PM
Open panel to answer any questions you may have left about writing or publishing by con's end.

Title: Writing Workshop (Day 1)
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Spokane
When: Friday 5:00:00 PM -6:00:00 PM
The 3-day writing event begins! Rainfurrest provides a picture and you write a 2 page short story using the drawing as your main character and inspiration. The best story will be put in the Program Book for the next year. In this panel you will receive your picture and the competition's full guidelines.

Title: Writing Workshop (Day 2)
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Spokane
When: Saturday 2:00:00 PM -4:00:00 PM
See how things are going among you and your fellow writers, and break through any writer's block you may have. Work on editing and brainstorming, bouncing ideas off people.
Note: It is recommended that you have attended Workshop Day 1 (Friday at 5:00 PM) before joining this Workshop; however, if you want to sit in or start your story late you are free to attend.

Title: Writing Workshop (Day 3)
Track: Writing
Host: Gene Armstrong
Room: Spokane
When: Sunday 12:00:00 PM -1:00:00 PM
Final editing and printing of stories. Turn in your works by the end of the Workshop for judging. The winner will be announced at Closing Ceremonies. Don't worry if you don't have a laptop; just make sure your handwriting is legible and we'll type it in.

Art, Story, and Ad Contributions:

-Art Contribution's-

Zombie Dragon by Bijoux Defoxxe Pg. 16
Zombie Attack by Lykanthrope Pg. 2
i think they crave flesh by Doc Pg. 28
attacking zombies by josh perkins Pg. 22 and 24
RFzombie puppy by sam/curio draco Pg. 9
Conbook Cover by Farore Nightclaw
Zombie Survivors by Melissa Phipper Pg. 13 and 14
Young Love by kazen Pg. 42
Bring on the Zombie Attack by cricket Pg. 4
Inside Cover Zombie Art by Kenna Pg. 43
Brains dog and ghost by DingoRoo Pg. 27

-Story Contribution's-

Escape from Seattle v3 by Brandon Maderos
The Lost Tomb of Omoteotl by Taye J Cablos

-Written Contribution's-

Critter Care Wild Life by Critter Care Wild Life
Rainfurrest Zombie Survival Guide by Mushu

-Ad's-

RBW
Dreamfield Comics
Confuzzled
wild nights skunk by wild night by mesa

Special thanks to:

DreamField Comics

**for being the only AD that was Purchased and
for going Above and Beyond to Advertise Rainfurrest on their website out out of
Gratitude and Chartity**



From all of the Convention staff, to all of you
Convention attendees, we hope you have a good time and make sure
to tell your friends to come next year.

We work hard to get this convention staying afloat, it's more than a full
time job for most of us. Remember if you see a Staff Member make sure
to thank them for without the help from volunteers like yourself,
Rainfurrest could have never happened.
thank you.

from the Rainfurrest Staff

want to earn a free member next year ship go see Con-ops to learn how



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