

Rainfurrest



SEPTEMBER 22-25, 2011





Davecko

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

Davecko is a furry artist from Vancouver, British Columbia. With the abundance of mountains and nature in his area, he loves hiking, canoeing and, of course... camping! When he heard this year's theme was camping related, he jumped on the opportunity to bring his love for art and the outdoors together.



Lykanthrope

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



Nicoface

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

Now actively working in the animation industry in Vancouver, BC, Nicoface has always been inspired and influenced by cartoons, especially ones featuring anthropomorphic animals! Drawing art for furry fans has become an ultimate hobby; feel free to say hi wherever!



Sabretoothed Ermine

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

Beth "Sabretoothed Ermine" has been on the furry scene for six years, but has drawn anthropomorphic animals her whole life. Furry art is her full-time job, along with looking after her dog and her tiger - er, husband. She lives on Vancouver Island and enjoys hiking, swimming in lakes, and flailing around (she calls it "dancing") to drum and bass (that's a genre of music).

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Chairfur's Letter

It's that time of year again. Ah yes, time to kick off your shoes, relax, maybe go swimming... Or at least it would be if it weren't for us here at Camp RainFurrest.

This weekend we will be driving you hard to better yourselves and turn you into those furies you've always wanted to be--or at least the ones your parents always wanted to make you. We will be teaching you to build things, draw things, write things and even act them out. We'll be breaking you out of your shells. For this weekend your home will be this camp and you are going to enjoy it--even if it does rain the whole time and the rabid mosquitos drain you dry and the sweltering hot sun roasts you whole and the cold nights freeze your fur into solid blocks.

As you progress through this weekend, your work will not be in vain. We will be recognizing those of you who strive for excellence. We have a tradition of being the best and those of you who reinforce that will receive tokens of that merit. We expect you to wear them with pride.

With all this said, plus our **ahem** small set of rules and regulations, one rule rises above all the rest: Have fun! At the end of this weekend, if you haven't learned a thing or two, or if you leave without making a few new friends, then we have obviously failed in our task.

Now shoo, have fun!

Loial



Guests of Honor

Tani da Real



Tani was born in Munich, Germany, and like many of us she feels that she has always been a furry but didn't really know what to call it.

From a young age she drew herself as some kind of animal and had always been attracted to animals and animal collectibles such as plushies and figurines. However, in 1998 she saw the movie *The Lion King II* which got her totally hooked. In 1999, she started training as a media designer and finally got Internet access for the first time, opening a whole new world for her and helping her realize that she was not alone.

Originally, due to the influence from *The Lion King II*, she had chosen a grey lioness, but as her connection to the fandom and her own spirituality grew, her character became the Schnolf: a snow leopardess with wolfish markings. This form allowed her to combine both her inner soul (wolf) and the snow leopard physical appearance. With her attachment to the color grey, this became only a natural addition to her character's appearance.

Tani was picked by the RainFurthest staff not only for the quality of her artwork but

the variety that she can produce. She is an artist, a fursuit maker, and a designer. In her professional life, she is a media designer, meaning that she designs and creates websites, flyers, logos, brochures, and exhibition booths. She very much enjoys that her hobbies and her job overlap.

Read more in our interview with Tani da Real on page 41!



Alan Dean Foster



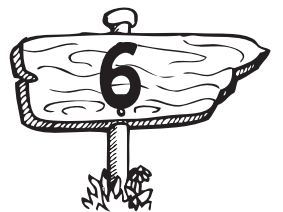
Alan Dean Foster is best known for his science fiction novels set in the Humanx Commonwealth, an interstellar ethical/political union of species including humankind and the insectoid Thrax. Many of these novels feature Philip Lynx ("Flinx"), an empathic young man who has found himself involved in something which threatens the survival of the Galaxy. Flinx's constant companion since childhood is a minidrag named Pip, a flying, empathic snake capable of spitting a highly corrosive and violently neurotoxic venom.

One of Foster's best-known fantasy works is the *Spellsinger* series, in which a young musician is summoned into a world populated by talking creatures where his music allows him to do real magic whose effects depend on the lyrics of the popular songs he sings (although with somewhat unpredictable results).

Many of Foster's works have a strong ecological element to them, often with an environmental twist. Often the villains in his stories experience their downfall because of a lack of respect for other alien species or seemingly innocuous bits of their surroundings. This can be seen in such works as *Midworld*, about a semi-sentient planet that is essentially one large rainforest, and *Cachalot*, set on an ocean world populated by sentient cetaceans. Foster usually devotes a large part of his novels to descriptions of the strange environments of alien worlds and the coexistence of their flora and fauna. Perhaps the most extreme example of this is *Sentenced to Prism*, in which the protagonist finds himself trapped on a world where life is based on silicon rather than carbon, as on Earth.

It has long been known that Foster wrote the original novel of Star Wars which had been credited solely to George Lucas. When asked if it was difficult for him to see Lucas get all the credit for Star Wars, Foster said, "Not at all. It was George's story idea. I was merely expanding upon it. Not having my name on the cover didn't bother me in the least. It would be akin to a contractor demanding to have his name on a Frank Lloyd Wright house." Lucas brought to Foster the skeleton screen play, and since they had known each other from UCLA and Lucas was not a writer, Foster wrote the entire history of the time, place, planets, races, history and technology that exists in the entire Star Wars canon. Foster also wrote *Splinter of the Mind's Eye*, which became Lucas' basis of *The Empire Strikes Back*.

Crossing one of the great boundaries in science fiction, Foster has the story credit for *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (though he wrote neither the screenplay nor the novelization). He also penned 10 books based on episodes of *Star Trek: The Animated Series*, the first six books each consisting of three linked novella-length episode adaptations, and the last four being full-length novelizations of single episodes. He later co-wrote the screenplay and wrote the novelization of the 2009 film *Star Trek*, his first Star Trek novel in over 30 years.



Beetlecat



Beetle discovered the furry community in 2005 after stumbling upon the magic keyword 'fursuit' while searching the Internet on how to make a gryphon costume for Halloween. She never finished that particular costume but eventually entered the furry community by unveiling her first full costume - 'Springer the Klipspringer' in the summer of 2006.

Over the next year, she began adding fursuit commissions to her existing art business of 'Beetlecat Originals' (the name of which was based on her cat and business mascot, 'Beetle'); dropping other art projects to the side until, by the beginning of 2007, she was making fursuits exclusively under the furry moniker, 'Beetlecat'.

Her fursona (Beetle) came about as a business mascot, but has since evolved and adapted to become much more than just a logo. It can be confusing having Beetlecat (the artist), Beetle (the cat), Beetle (the character), and Beetlecat Originals (the business) all under one roof, but somehow they make it work.

Beetle can be considered to have a strong semi-realistic style of fursuit building. She patterns her costumes after real animals, reinterpreting realism in order to create clean, expressive fursuits. Her years of costume experience and innovative practices make her fursuits distinctive and recognizable.



Are you ready for the Ursa Major Awards

Recognizing the best in the anthropomorphic arts and literature since 2000

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

The 2010 winners for movie, series, novel, story, comic book, comic strip, 'zine, other literary work, and game were announced May 13 at Morphicon. For a complete list of winners, go to: www.ursamajorawards.org.

**Seen something this year you
think might be a candidate for
the next awards?
Then recommend them!**

The annual Recommended Furry Reading List is open for all Furry fans to recommend the best anthropomorphic movies, TV series, novels, artwork, games, website, et cetera published during 2011. The list helps other fans find gems they might otherwise miss. The list can also be a guide to help fans nominate candidates for the next awards. Please send your recommendations through the end of 2011 to recommended@ursamajorawards.org

The Ursa Major Awards are presented by the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association (ALAA), a membership organization dedicated to promoting anthropomorphic literature and arts through such projects as the Recommended Furry Reading List and the Ursa Major Award. Discussions are currently taking place to improve their effectiveness and expand their presence throughout Furry fandom. All suggestions are invited. See the Ursa Major web site for more information.

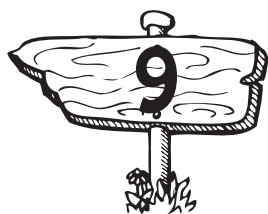
Next year's award presentation will be at CaliFur 2012!
Nominations begin January 2012.

www.ursamajorawards.org



Staff List

Chair	Loial	Artists Alley	Fritzzy Wolf
Vice Chair	Tuxedo Kitty		Darius Koopa
Furry Resources (HR)	Cerb	Con Store	Ahiru
Hotel	Gene		Blaze
Treasury	Trapa	Registration Lead	Cerb
		Registration Seconds	Kitsy
Events Lead	Bobbie		LexSkunk
Events Second	Xodiac	Registration Staff	Sabertooth
Events Ops / Tech	Jerry Gieske		Urthdigger
Writing Track Co-Leads	Garret Biggerstaff		Micro
	Ryan Hickey		Adilor
Events Editor	Growly		BijouxDefoxxe
Art Jam	Mortain		Niko
Fursuit Badges	Silent		Ferix Dog
Fursuit Programming	Moorcat		Thomas Skunk
Fursuit Games	Kodi		
Fursuit Lounge Supply	NitroShep	Communications Lead	Aloha
Fursuit Maintenance	Growly	Advertising	Aloha
Fursuit Parade	Aphinity	Social Media Group	Aloha
Fursuit Photography	Chaos Reign		Rit
Camp Counselor	Christie Kut	Newsletter	Aloha
Gaming Lead	Dolen Vulpix	Sign Shop	KayFox
Hospitality / Staff Feed	Caladon	Interconvention Communications	Rhari
Stage Manager	Tigon	Online Marketing	Rhari
Variety Show	North	Charity	Sharako
	Alexander James Adams	Artist GoH Liaison	Trapa
Dance Manager	Tigon	Writer GoH Liaison	Xodiac
Programming Staff	Glowbug	Fursuit GoH Liaison	Aphinity
		Digital Schedule	DennisTheTiger
Business Lead	Cerb	Website	Aloha
Art Show Lead	Gene	Publications	Rex
Art Show Seconds	Mortain	Conbook	Rex
	James Fluffball		KaseKine
Art Show Staff	Sun		Growly
	Relena	Pocket Program	Rex
Art Show Advisor	Balto	Theming	Selkit
Dealers Den Lead	Gene		BobFox
Dealers Staff	Kataan	Photography Lead	Mushu
	Syberwolf	Photography	Bites
	Zeboo		Niko
			Mad Max



Operations Lead
Volunteers Lead
Logistics Lead
Ops Room Lead
Ops Staff

Security

Kay Fox
Sir Deadlock
Cizkaro
Sevet
Darius Koopa
Salem Adams Kusanaga
Zenith Cheetah
F3nix Wolf
Rocket Fox
Arthur Panther
Damien St James
Quickpawz
Dragryphon
Kazuma

Theatrical
Theatrical Staff

IT, Radio, and Telecom
IT

Aetobatus
Spuds McCat
Elizabeth A.
Jondisaurus
Cball
Kay Fox
Trapa
Rex

*A thank you to Foxcutter for his generous donation
towards bringing Alan Dean Foster to RainFurthest
this year!*

*And a special thank you to all of our panelists and
contributors! We couldn't do it without you.*



The Frog and the Mantas

by Alan Dean Foster

Once upon a time, on the island of Babeldaob, in the country of Belau, there lived a tree frog named Baste. Of all the tree frogs, Baste was the most adventurous and brave. He was also very curious, and always eager to try new things.

Baste's favorite thing to do was to sit out on the longest branch of his favorite tree, which looked out over the great lagoon, and watch the mantas playing. "I wish I could fly through the water like that," he would say to himself. "But all I can do is hop, and kick."

Then one day it occurred to Baste that maybe if he practiced very, very hard, he might be able to swim swiftly through the water like the graceful mantas did. So, in secret and when the other frogs were not watching, because they surely would not have approved, he began to imitate the swimming motions of the mantas. Baste would stretch out his arms and legs as far as they would go, and spread his fingers and toes as wide as they would go, and flap them as hard as he could, just like the mantas flapped their wings underwater. He practiced and practiced.

And then one day, he was practicing so hard that he forgot to look where he was going, and he fell right out of the tree he was in, smack into the lagoon! Suddenly, he found himself in more water than he had ever been surrounded by in his life.

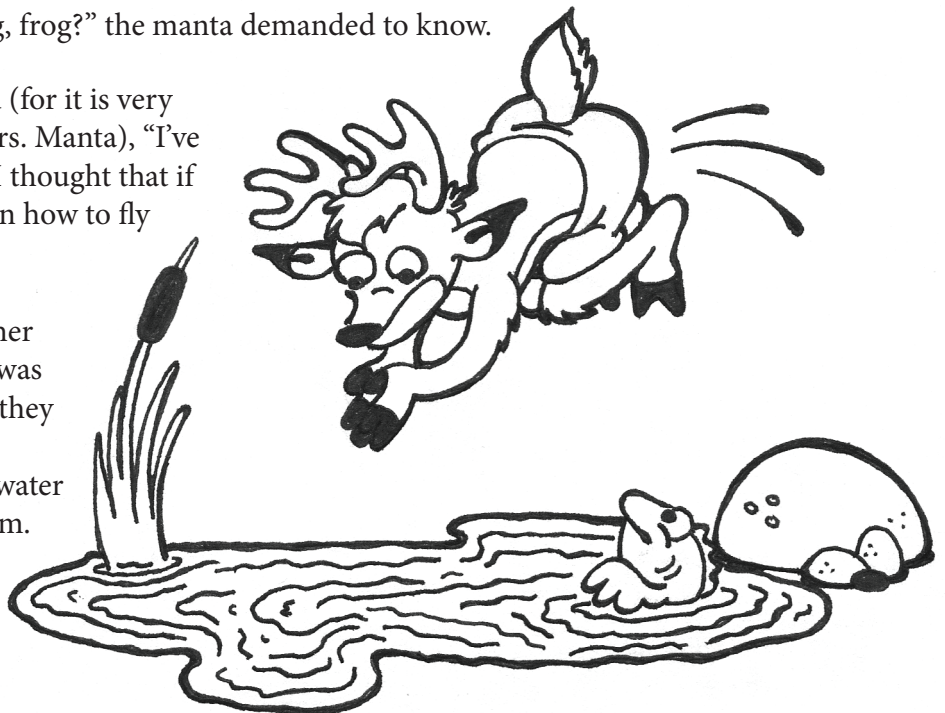
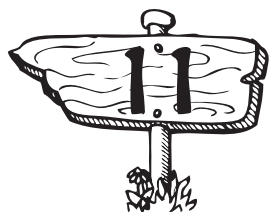
"What am I going to do now?" he thought anxiously. "I have only swam in small streams and pools, and here I am out in the very ocean itself."

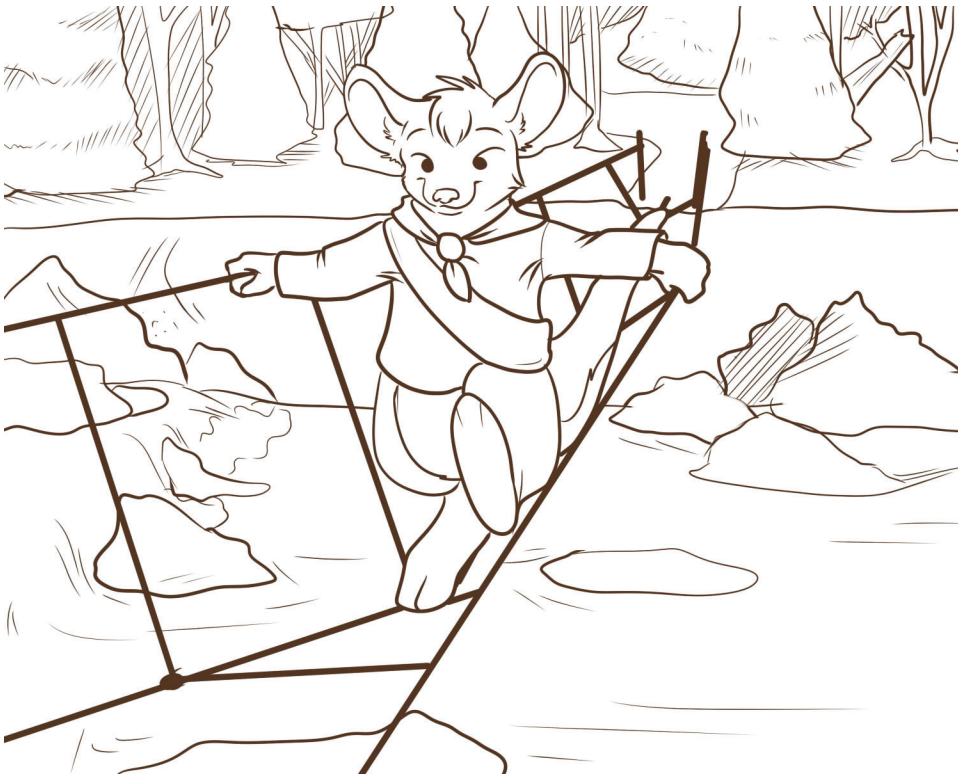
Then a huge, beautiful shape came close behind him. Whirling frantically around in the water, he saw that it was a manta; perhaps one of the very mantas he had watched and admired for so long.

"Just what is it you think you're doing, frog?" the manta demanded to know.

"Please, sir...or missus," Baste replied (for it is very difficult to tell a Mr. Manta from a Mrs. Manta), "I've watched and envied you for so long, I thought that if I worked at it really hard, I could learn how to fly through the water just like you."

While Baste was speaking, several other mantas had drifted close to see what was going on. After listening to the frog, they whispered awhile among themselves. Then the first manta, pivoting in the water like a ballet dancer, turned back to him.





“Well then, frog, if you have been trying for so long and so hard, let’s see what you can do.” And he swam away, with the other mantas joining him.

Baste hesitated. Then he screwed up his courage, and his face (which is an interesting thing to see in a frog), and just like he had been practicing, he began to flap his arms and his legs and his big webbed feet as hard as he could. And what do you know...soon he was flying through the water alongside them, swimming just like a manta! He was extremely proud of his accomplishment, as well he should have been.

But soon he found himself beginning to fall further and further behind, for frogs are very small and mantas are very big and strong. Finally exhausted, he slowed to a stop in the water, stuck his head out, and waved. “Hey guys!” he shouted. “Wait up, wait up!”

But mantas have very small ears, and don’t hear too well, and quickly they were out of sight.

Looking around, Baste saw that he was very far from the island that was his home, and even farther from the nearest tree. He began swimming; not like a manta this time, for he was quite tired, but like a frog...kick, kick, kick. After awhile, he sensed something following him, and turned, thinking it was one of his new friends, the mantas. But it was not a manta.

It was a silvertip shark.

Now, silvertips are very handsome sharks, very sleek and graceful. But Baste didn’t think the silvertip was handsome at all. In fact, he thought it was pretty scary-looking.

“Hullo,” rumbled the very interested silvertip. “What have we here? Why, it’s a frog. And so far from shore, too.” He swam a little closer and smiled. When a shark smiles, it doesn’t mean he’s amused. It means...something else. “I do believe I’m going to eat you, little frog.”

Baste looked around frantically, but out in the lagoon there was no tree to hide behind, no roots to burrow beneath, no big green leaves to pull over his head. He was all alone, and he knew that no matter how hard he had practiced swimming like a manta, he could not outswim a silvertip shark.

“Please, sir!” he squeaked, “I’m only a frog. Hardly a mouthful for such as you.”

“That’s all right,” replied the silvertip easily. “I’m kind of in the mood for just a little snack, anyway.” And smiling very wide indeed, he moved closer to the terrified Baste. ►





Just then a shadow appeared beneath them both...and then another, and another. Soon seven giant mantas had gathered around the frog and the shark, and were glowering warningly at the silvertip. Now, mantas have no teeth, and ordinarily a silvertip shark would not be afraid of a manta. But seven mantas can weigh as much as seven tons. The silvertip thought about it, and decided the possible fight it wasn't worth a fast bite, and swam off quietly, muttering to himself and not smiling anymore.

"Thank you!" Baste told them, letting out a long, deep sigh of relief. "Thank you, oh, thank you for saving me!"

"You're welcome," sang a voice as deep and mysterious as the sea itself.

The biggest manta came forward, the tips of his vast wings seeming to put half the lagoon floor in shadow. He was very old, and very wise. Having been around the lagoon a time or two, he knew a few things about the way the world was, and ought to be. He looked at the little frog out of understanding eyes.

"I think, frog, that maybe you should stick to the trees, and the freshwater streams, and the rainwater pools, and leave the manta-ing to those of us who were born to it," he murmured kindly.

"I will do just that," a relieved Baste assured him, still looking around nervously from time to time. "But how can I get back onto the island? There is no beach here, and the sides of the rocks are very steep."

"We can take care of that," the old manta told him. "Swim out onto the tip of my wing, right there."

Baste did as he was told, and with a flip of its powerful wing, the manta launched the frog just like a rocket straight toward the nearest bunch of trees. For a long moment, Baste was *really* flying. He landed in a clump of pandanus leaves, rolled over once, got up, and immediately scrambled up into the nearest branch. There he sat, licking himself with his long tongue, drying in the sun, and thinking about what a close call he'd had.



From that day on, Baste never tried to go swimming with the mantas again. But he would still sit in his favorite tree on the branch that overhung the clear water, and watch them leaping and playing in the lagoon. And every once in a while, when none of the other frogs were looking, he would flap his arms and legs really, really hard, and instead of hopping, fly a short way to the next nearest tree.

The End



RMFC THE FURRY APOCALYPSE
August 10-12, 2012 . Denver, Colorado . DoubleTree Hotel

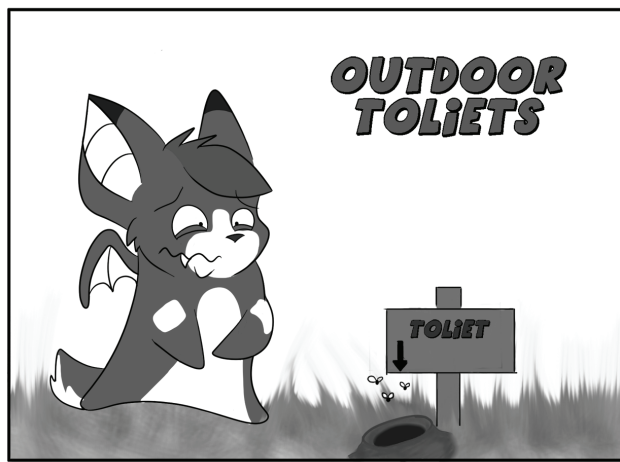
featuring Guests of Honor:
Syber of **David**
Made fur You Studios **& Hopkins**

This Time **NO ONE** Can Save You from the **END TIMES**



THE DANGERS OF CAMPING

by faye







Camping Trip

by Yuuryuu

For as long as he could remember he knew he was different; this caused him to have problems making friends. When he first took his true form it was a shock, and to avoid the complications of explaining what had happened they decided to move away and simply say that he was adopted; not a lie, but not the exact truth either. It was a few months after the move that someone was putting this camping trip together, his parents insisted he come because it would be a good opportunity to meet the other kids in the neighborhood. He didn't care about them, knowing that none of them could possibly understand the pain he had been through.

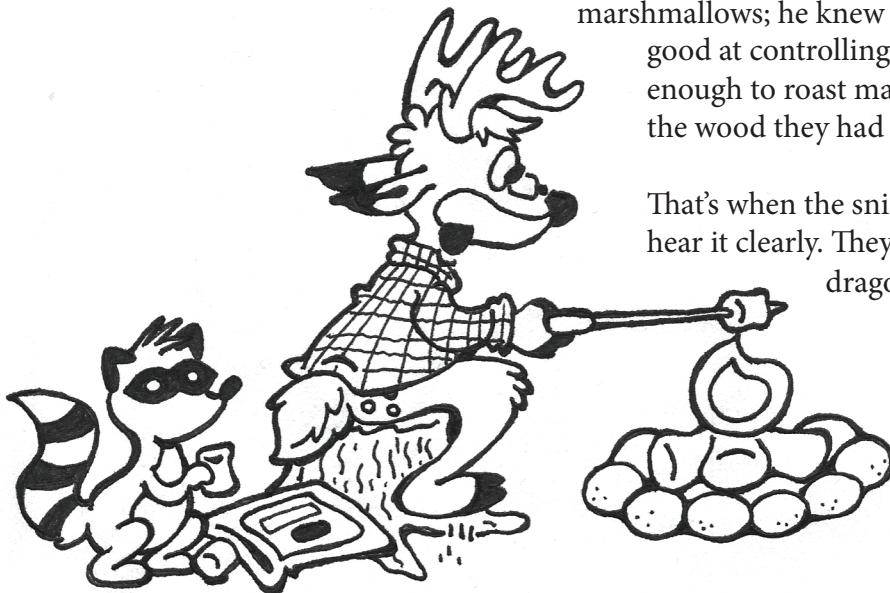
The dragon sat up in a tree watching the other kids setting up their tents with their friends. He wasn't going to be sleeping in a tent, after his transformation it just felt better to sleep outside. They had done some introductions before leaving, but he hadn't really paid attention so he didn't know anyone's names. There were several different species, various dogs and cats, some foxes, and a bunny or two, but he was the only dragon. The campsite was situated next to a decent sized lake with a small dock jutting out over the water. The parents that had brought them up had already finished setting up their tents and were sitting on the dock dangling their paws into the water.

The small dragon reached into the bag he had brought and pulled out a bag of marshmallows and opened it. He pulled a marshmallow out, breaking a twig off of the tree he was in and skewering the marshmallow on it. He used his fire breath to roast the marshmallow to perfection before popping it into his mouth. He did this to several more as he noticed that some of the kids had finished setting up their tents and were trying to start a fire with little success.

As the dragon was roasting another marshmallow, one of the kids around the fire pit happened to see him roasting a marshmallow and bounded up to the base of the tree and called up. "Hey Yuuryuu, would you give us a paw starting a fire? I bet it would be easy for you."

He hated this assumption; it's all he had been hearing for the past few months since his transformation. He didn't really care about helping them, but he knew he did need more practice controlling his flames and this would be a good opportunity. He first tried to start the fire with the same breath he had been using on the marshmallows; he knew he could keep it that low, but wasn't really good at controlling higher powered flames. While it was good enough to roast marshmallows, it wasn't hot enough to light the wood they had in the pit on fire.

That's when the snickering started. It was soft but he could hear it clearly. They were making fun of him for being a dragon and unable to start a simple campfire; this was now a matter of pride. He decided to go all out and took in a deep breath. Most of the kids stood back, but there was one that remained right next▶





to the pit. Yuuryuu released a massive jet of flame into the fire pit which redirected some up...right by the face of the kid that was still right next to it singeing his fur. The other kids burst out laughing and only the dragon noticed that some of the fur was still burning. He flew as fast as he could down to the lake, picking up a bucket on the way. When he got there, he filled it with water before flying back and dumping it on his victim, dousing the smoldering fur. This caused the other kids to laugh harder and for a moment it made Yuuryuu angry as he thought they were laughing at him. Then he saw the kid's face; there had been no damage done to the skin, but the fur was burned in a comical way and he couldn't help but laugh as well.

The adults on the dock heard the commotion and came over to see what had happened. They saw the wet kid's face and one looked it over for burns while another went to get a first aid kit. They saw that the only damage was to his fur and his pride before warning him to not stand so close to the fire next time. The other kids were laughing and smiling at Yuuryuu, not mockingly, but friendly. Maybe this trip wouldn't be as bad as he first thought. ●



RainFurrest Panels

Please check the pocket program for updates!!

Thursday

5 pm

Opening Ceremonies

Main Theatre

Welcome to RainFurrest 2011! Come and help us kick off this year's summer camp!

6 pm

How to Draw Your Dragon

Mercer Lodge A

Considering they're entirely mythical, people are surprisingly adept at telling when you've drawn dragons wrong. So why not get some tips on how to draw those wings, scales and teeth right?

Dragonmanmike, JoshPerkins

So This Is Your First Furry Con

Orcas Lodge B

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.

North, Evolus Starsider

Overcoming Writer's Block

San Juan Lodge

At some point, everyone gets stuck. The words just won't come! Discuss tips and tricks to getting past that famous barrier, the Writer's Block.

Jean Johnson, Sterling, Gibbitt, Caladon Dalimar, Ryffnah

7 pm

Digital to Traditional

Mercer Lodge A

Astolpho gives a step-by-step walkthrough of his unique approach to making comics, starting with his layout and digital pencils in Manga Studio, and how his digital lineart winds up being finished in real ink and watercolor.

Astolpho

A Fursuiter Out in the World

Mercer Lodge B

Fursuiting is relatively easy at a furry convention like RainFurrest, but elsewhere it's usually best to have someone watching out for you. Whether you call them helpers, spotters, or furless lackeys, learn what to look for when you pick one, or come to find out how best to help your fursuiting buddies.

Kodi

Meet the RainFurrest Board of Directors

Orcas Lodge B

Meet the members of RAIIn, the company behind RainFurrest! Discuss what it takes to put on a convention, put in some suggestions of your own, and generally learn who's ultimately behind these shenanigans, anyway.

Dragonfly Goodnight, Rhari, Angel, Aloha, Trapa, Tuxedo, Ari, Sabertooth

Are You Really a Writer or an Artist?

San Juan Lodge

When does a "writer" become a professional? What is the threshold by which one distinguishes a "pro" from a wannabe?

Gene Breshears, Jean Johnson, Egypt Urnash, Kyell

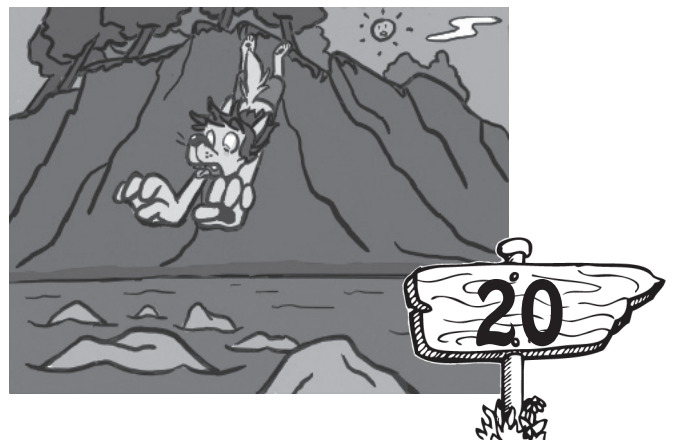
8 pm

Anatomy Techniques

Mercer Lodge A

The basics of musculature, proportions, and realistic posing.

JoshPerkins, K'sharra, PRAWST



Digital Calendar Setup

Orcas Lodge B

Once again we are working with a digital calendar to supplement our pocket programming guide, and allow you to do many more things - anything from simple text messages reminding you of an impending panel, to a direct view of the convention schedule! Dennis The Tiger, the mind behind this, will explain the method behind the madness, and help you set up if you need to. (Your phone is required for setup; your computer may be required.)

Dennis The Tiger

Writing Challenge: Intro

San Juan Lodge

Every year RainFurthest puts on a writing competition. Learn the rules and what you'll be writing about. Remember, the winning story will be printed in next year's conbook!

Hunter, Sterling

9 pm

Dance

Main Theatre

Dance the night away!

Like Poker??

Emerald Lodge F

Like Poker? Snowy is running a No Limit Holdem tournament for your pleasure. Signup in advance only. Prizes for first and second place. Come by and have a good time!

Snowy

Erotic Art

Mercer Lodge A

18+ only, ID will be checked at the door.

Egypt Urnash

Masters & Pets: What's Right, What's Wrong

Orcas Lodge B

How masters and pets should act. What's the right way and what's the wrong way to do things?

Dragonfly Goodnight



Please check the
pocket program
for updates!!

10 pm

Art Jam #1

Mercer Lodge A

Check your sketchbook at the door and draw in someone else's. Then see what you got in yours at the end of the day.

Mortain, Gibbitt, K'sharra

Campfire Sing-a-Long

Poolside

Hey all let's sing campfire songs. Come to pool side; we will have the fire going and we can sit around and sing silly songs.

Friday 10 am

Anatomy of Fantastical Creatures

Mercer Lodge A

So, you have figured out how to draw traditional fursona images and now it is time to move on to the more advanced beings.

JoshPerkins, Egypt Urnash

Do You Have to Wear Synthetic Fur to be a Furry?

Mercer Lodge B

You may be a furry if...

North, Gracewolf

Spirituality Panel

Orcas Lodge B

Do you have a bond with your animal? Is being a fur a spiritual experience? Come hear and share with our panelists.

Caladon Dalimar, Gibbitt, Dennis The Tiger,

Tani DaReal

A Reading from "Otters In Space" by Mary E. Lowd

San Juan Lodge

Come listen to some furry space-opera as Mary E. Lowd reads from her Ursa Major Award nominated novel, "Otters In Space."

Ryffnah

11 am

The Furture of RainFurrest

Emerald Lodge F

Come meet the President of RainFurrest Anthropomophics International and tell us where you want to see RainFurrest go in the next 5 year to 10 years.

Dragonfly Goodnight

Building Crossover Appeal

Mercer Lodge A

The webcomic “The Dawn Chapel” has had a few strips go viral on the internet and spread far beyond solely furry circles. Join Astolpho for a discussion on his ideas as to how to create furry content that has the potential to reach a broader audience than just our own community.

Astolpho

Head Constructions

Mercer Lodge B

There's lots of ways to make a good fursuit head.

Nicodemus

Lashing 101

Orcas Lodge A

Come learn to lash and make shelters.

Loial Otter

Playing a Furry in a Non-Furry RPG

Orcas Lodge B

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.

Tanis Dragon, Sterling, Gibbitt

How to Edit

San Juan Lodge

Kyell Gold shows you his processes for editing his work. This is an active audience participation panel where Kyell will use feedback to create the story then show step by step how he works it into a masterpiece.

Kyell

12 noon

The Creative Writing Process

Emerald Lodge F

Our Writer Guest of Honor will join a few of our other authors and have a free wheeling discussion of the creative writing process. What makes these great minds tick?

Rikoshi, Alan Dean Foster, Kyell, Jean Johnson

Adobe Illustrator Techniques

Mercer Lodge A

Learn some tips and tricks from our panelists.

Egypt Urnash, Dragonmanmike

Photofurs

Mercer Lodge B

A group discussion of photography at cons. How to get that black wolf and arctic fox to come out, and other issues with shooting furies.

Chainwolf, Nikon Raccoon, Dennis The Tiger

Soda Straw Weaving Loom Craft

Orcas Lodge A

Did you know you could weave cool stuff from soda straws? Come join our team of crafty camp counselors from North Sound Crafts and weave yourself a fun project.

Malystryxx / Klickitat, Matrices

Hybrids

Orcas Lodge B

Foxes and wolves make folfs. Rabbits and cats make cabbits. And dragons go well with just about anything. Come discuss your mixed-up fursonas, and maybe we can figure out why we like them so darn much.

Gracewolf, Mayhem

Bad Writing! BAD! BAD!

San Juan Lodge

There is writing, and then there is bad writing. Whether deliberate or not, recognizing bad writing and learning to correct it can be what separates you from the pack, and get you picked for magazines and print.

Gene Breshears



1 PM

Fursuit Games

Emerald Lodge F

Fursuiters compete in a series of games and races for prestige and accolades! Who will win the coveted bragging rights? Come and find out!

Maya 3D Tips and Tricks

Mercer Lodge A

Maya can produce some great stuff, but it's pretty complex. Come hear our panelists tell you their tips and tricks to using the program.

JoshPerkins

Hiding and Coming Out as a Fur

Orcas Lodge B

There's a lot of reasons for hiding that you're a furry. But should you? And how do you go about revealing it once you change your mind? Learn some strategies of letting people know you're a furry without immediately losing friends or family.

Dragonfly Goodnight, Caladon Dalimar

Character Conception and Development

San Juan Lodge

Every story has a character, and most have more than one. Come and find out how to turn your thin outline of what your story or webcomic needs into something that feels like a real person.

Rikoshi, Sterling, Jean Johnson, Ryffnah,

Alan Dean Foster

2 PM

My Little Pony Fans

Orcas Lodge B

A panel to meet other MLP fans as well as discuss different incarnations of the toys, shows, movies & other media.

Roy G. Biv



The Seven Habits of Highly Successful Writers

San Juan Lodge

Some authors manage to put out books year after year, as if they were a veritable fiction factory. How in the world do they do it? Find out the secrets to their amazing productivity.

Alan Dean Foster, Kyell

Ice Cream Social

Summit Lodge

Ice cream! Do we really need to say more?

3 PM

Merch It Like You Mean It

Emerald Lodge F

So you have a table in the dealers room. What are you selling, sketchbook commissions? Conbadges? These things might be your bread and butter, but thanks to print-on-demand and new digital fabrication technologies, a whole wealth of merchandising opportunities exists for the enterprising illustrator to take their artwork and turn it, alchemy-like, into money.

Astolpho

Motion, Fluidity and Expressions

Mercer Lodge A

Depicting facial expression and emotion is important if you want your pictures to be realistic and believable, but it's not an easy thing to do. Learn how to make people look like they're caught in the moment, and how to make them look good.

Egypt Urnash

Fursuiter Meet & Greet

Mercer Lodge B

General roundtable discussion where fursuiters talk about who they are, what costumes they have, and what the heck they're thinking behind those muzzles. Meet your favorite suiter and ask him that question you've always wondered about, or bring in your own work to show it off!

Chainwolf, Matrices, Kodi, Dragonmanmike, Aphinity

Iron Artist

Orcas Lodge A

This panel is a fun competition involving interesting arts and crafts supplies and your imagination. The crazy artists will be made even crazier as they compete to win fun and unique prizes. SIGN UP IN ADVANCE IN ARTISTS ALLEY.

Fritz Wolf

Felines

Orcas Lodge B

Playful, cuddly, and affectionate, we felines know what it means to have fun! In this social panel, all sorts of cats (and those with an affinity for cats) are invited to meet one another and participate in group discussion.

Evolus Starsider, Mayhem

Writing Challenge: Friday Workshop

San Juan Lodge

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 the Intro (Thursday at 8:00 PM) before joining this Workshop, though you are certainly free to attend if you haven't.

Hunter, Sterling

4 PM

GoH Q&A

Main Theatre

Come to meet and ask questions of our Guests of Honor!

Dragonfly Goodnight, Tani DaReal, Beetlecat, Alan Dean Foster, Astolpho

A Reading/Q&A by Kyell Gold

Emerald Lodge F

Kyell Gold reads from his newly released book--or maybe from an upcoming project--and answers your questions about existing books, future books, and eagles.

Kyell

Please check the
pocket program
for updates!!

Professional Fursuiting

Mercer Lodge B

What does it take to get paid to be in fursuit? What does it entail? And how do I get such a great gig, anyway? Find out from someone who's been there!

Aphinity

Beaded Badge Holders

Orcas Lodge A

Come spice up your favorite con badge at this workshop.

Mayhem

Party Pictionary

Orcas Lodge B

The room is split into two and each side competes by showing off their creative bravado. Best team wins a MYSTERY PRIZE! GOOD RUCKY!!

PRAWST

Camp RainFurthest Swim Test

Poolside

Yes, a swim test. We want to make sure all our campers can swim.

BobbyFox

Writing 101 Workshop

San Juan Lodge

Learn the basics of plot, characterization, and setting, and how to put it all together into a coherent tale.

Jean Johnson, Gibbitt, Rechan, Ryffnah



5 pm

Wolf Recovery News and More

Emerald Lodge F

Wolf Recovery News and more: Hear from active wolf advocates about the latest news in wolf recovery and what you can do to help wolves. Additionally, we will discuss our feelings about and connections to wolves in an open format discussion, with audience participation encouraged. Ask your questions and discuss your views in this informative panel. Please join us and bring a pack of friends.

Justin Forte

Fursuiting on the Cheap

Mercer Lodge B

It's possible to build your costume on a budget; you don't have to buy an airbrush and a vacuum forming table. Learn about everyday items to build costumes and cheaper options for supplies.

Malystyryxx / Klickitat, Matrices

6 pm

Drawing 101

Mercer Lodge A

So you want to learn how to draw something more than stick figures. Come get help from some of our artists.

Michael J. Fox, Tani DaReal

Patterning and Draping

Mercer Lodge B

Those fursuit patterns can be tricky. Learn how to get them right, so it molds to the person wearing it while still giving flexibility.

Nicodemus, Beetlecat

Out-of-the-Kennel

Orcas Lodge B

A discussion panel for those interested in the therian/otherkin/spirit-fur life style and who wish to talk about coming out of the closet as a furry who is more than "just a character" or for those who are curious as to what this whole "otherkin" thing is about! The hope of this panel is to raise awareness of the spirit-furs of

our community and to shatter unrealistic ideas.

Faith



Description and Narration

San Juan Lodge

How your story is told, and the way that things are described, has a significant impact on your story's quality. Come and find out what you need to know to present your tale well.

Rechana, Jean Johnson, Caladon Dalimar, Ryffnah

7 pm

Alexander James Adams Concert

Main Theatre

Hear RainFurthest's preeminent musician present music of his own creation. Filk, folk, and funk combine to make for a raucous good time.

Alexander James Adams

Cubfur Social

Orcas Lodge B

A friendly social meet and hang out session with cub furs and their friends and associates.

Angel

8 pm

Rhythm Jam

Hangar

Drum circle jamming. Come have a fun experience playing rhythms with your fellow furs. All are welcome, no experience required and we will have instruments available but you are also encouraged to bring your own. It can be anything as long as it can make a sound (even buckets and pans if you would like). So come on by and give it a go; we promise you won't regret it.

Chainwolf

Anthropomorphic Creatures in Doctor Who

Orcas Lodge B

How many of you know about anthropomorphic creatures from the landmark television series Doctor Who? Come join as we discuss the Judoon, the Sisters of Plenitude and more. This panel will mostly cover the most current run of the program, from 2005 to present.

Thomas Skunk

Adding Furry to Your Everything

San Juan Lodge

Realistically portraying anthropomorphic characters is not just about writing and just as in writing it involves more than just adding a fur coat. How do you add your furry to art, gaming, role-playing and everything else?

Tanis Dragon, Ravenwood, Jean Johnson

9 pm

Dance

Main Theatre

Dance the night away!

Live Model Drawing - Male

Mercer Lodge A

We give artists a live model to use to help their art. Must be 18 years and older and MUST have ID with them.

Thomas Skunk, Gumi

Adult Writing for Actual Adults

San Juan Lodge

A grown-up discussion about erotic writing, and how to write "adult" stories that appeal to adult readers and not just randy teenagers.

Jean Johnson, Egypt Urnash



10 pm

Writing Erotic Fiction

San Juan Lodge

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.

Recham, Jean Johnson, Kyell

10:30 pm

Art Jam #2

Mercer Lodge A

Didn't have enough jamming on Thursday? Do it again! Trade sketchbooks and add your personal touch to their collections.

Mortain, Gibbitt, K'sharra

11 pm

Sensual Scalies

San Juan Lodge

Hey, all you reptiles and dragons out there, come discuss the sensual side of scalies. 18+ only

Zantal

Saturday

9 am

Open Photoshoot

Hangar

Open shoot for furs.

Cartoons and Cereal

Summit Lodge

Wake up and get off to a great start to RainFurrest's biggest day with some cartoons and cereal!

Please check the
pocket program
for updates!!



10 am

Variety Show Rehearsal

Main Theatre

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 RainFurthest staff what you have in mind, work out how you'll be introduced to the crowd, 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.

North

3D Art and Design

Mercer Lodge A

We'll be talking about different 3D packages and software that is used in the industry today, such as Maya, 3Ds Max, and Lightwave. Learn different ways to approach models and texturing for composite, games and animation.

JoshPerkins

Fursuiting for Newbs

Mercer Lodge B

What newcomers can expect about fursuiting, from how much they cost, to how to deal with glasses, heat, clothing, the importance of spotters, and the many other things every fursuiter has to deal with.

Chainwolf, Kodi

Beaded Badge Holders

Orcas Lodge A

Come spice up your favorite con badge at this workshop.

Malystyxx / Klickitat

Writing Realistic Dialogue

San Juan Lodge

It's surprising how hard it can be to write dialogue that reads well. Or maybe it's not so surprising, considering how often it gets done. Learn how to do it right and make your characters sound natural.

Jean Johnson, Rechan, Ryffnah, Sterling

11 am

Nerf War

Emerald Lodge F

Just because it's fun!

BobbyFox

Please check the pocket program for updates!!

The Science of Adorable

Mercer Lodge A

There are cheat codes for making your drawings cuter, no matter how well or poorly you draw. Astolpho talks about what exactly 'neoteny' is and how to incorporate some simple rules for ramping up the cute factor in your artwork.

Astolpho

Using Taxidermy Heads for Your Fursuit

Mercer Lodge B

Jennifer Stevens will show you how to use taxidermy heads and supplies to make your fur head more realistic.

Jennifer Stevens

Equine Social

Orcas Lodge B

Come meet other fans and discuss all things equine.

Roy G. Biv

Anthropomorphism in Modern Literature

San Juan Lodge

There's plenty of anthropomorphic fiction out there that wasn't written by furries. Hear some recommendations on where to look for the best of it, and suggest your own favorites.

Alan Dean Foster, Tanis Dragon, Caladon Dalimar

12 noon

Reading by Alan Dean Foster

Main Theatre

Come listen to our Writer Guest of Honor read from his works.

Alan Dean Foster



Creating Your Art Portfolio

Mercer Lodge A

Your art portfolio is how you sell yourself and your body of work. How can anyone tell how wonderful your materials will look in print, or online in high quality if you don't have a great portfolio?

PRAWST, JoshPerkins

Advanced Fursuit Construction

Mercer Lodge B

So you know the basics of making a suit. Maybe you've made one already. Now it's time to refine your technique to make your stuff look really top-notch. Here's some tips on figuring out patterns, painting, adding foam musculature, and more.

Kodi

Henna Tattoo Time

Orcas Lodge A

Christie has volunteered to do henna tattoos on people. Come see her work and maybe get one of your own.

Mayhem

What is Furlife?

Orcas Lodge B

Come find out about the funniest and most popular fur group in the Pacific Northwest. Come meet these fun loving active furs.

Michael J. Fox

Mistakes in Writing

San Juan Lodge

Some things get done over and over again--and they shouldn't have been done even once. Hear about some of the big ones, and how to avoid them. Feel free to chime in with your own suggestions, too!

Jean Johnson, Ryffnah, Rechan

1 pm

Gather for Parade

Main Theatre

Start gathering together for the Fursuit Parade. Let's see if we can achieve critical mass this year!

Getting Published

Emerald Lodge F

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.

Rikoshi, Jean Johnson, Ryffnah, Alan Dean Foster

Four or More Limbs

Mercer Lodge A

For the multilimbed! Taurs, Multi-armed, Tentacled and those with Four or more! This panel is for the complicated critters who bend anatomy to their will!

Rhari

Building an RPG Gaming System

Orcas Lodge B

If building a world is complicated--and any writer will assure you it is!--then just think what goes into building a system to build worlds! Yet every year dozens, maybe even hundreds of people give it a go. If you're interested in trying it yourself, or if you're just curious about the process, here's the place to get some insider info about what it takes and how it's done.

Tanis Dragon, Sterling, Caladon Dalimar

Writing Challenge: Saturday Workshop

San Juan Lodge

Another workshop to help you along on your Writing Challenge. Get help or offer it in a quiet, helpful environment. Note: It is recommended that you have attended the Intro (Thursday at 8:00 PM) before joining this Workshop, though you are certainly free to attend if you haven't.

Hunter, Sterling

1:30 pm

Fursuit Parade!

Main Theatre

Come see those fursuits that you've seen wandering around--all at once! Parade will follow the route marked on your Pocket Program.

Alexander James Adams





2 PM

Drawing Busts and Curvature

Mercer Lodge A

Giving your female characters your special look.
TigerBlack, Egypt Urnash

Pokefurs

Orcas Lodge B

Some of us are wolves. Some of us are foxes. And some of us choose to represent ourselves as Pokemon! In this panel, we'll discuss what it's like to have a Pokemon fursona, and the possible discrimination we've faced from being such. Bring your DS for possible Pokemon battling/trading!

Evolus Starsider

Adding Furry to Your Fiction

San Juan Lodge

Realistically portraying anthropomorphic characters involves more than just adding a fur coat. Biology, physiology and other details help make them more believable.

Ravenwood



3 PM

Autograph Session with Alan Dean Foster

Emerald Lodge F

Come get your books or con book signed.
Alan Dean Foster

Comic Strips

Mercer Lodge A

How to develop and create a comic or web comic for the new writer/artist.

Egypt Urnash

4 PM

Anthropomorphic Characters

Emerald Lodge F

The term dates back to the mid 1700s and there are many examples from history. What good examples do we have in today's literature and which writers do it best?

Alan Dean Foster, Gracewolf, Gene Breshears

Performing in Fursuit

Mercer Lodge B

Are you Zipline, the wacky fox, or are you just a guy in a fox suit? Learn how to change the one into the other--and turn yourself into a real character!

Chainwolf

Eye of the God Craft Project

Orcas Lodge A

Come join our camp craft counselors from North Sound Crafts and make a craft from the Huichol tribe of Mexico - your own eye of the god.

Malystyryxx / Klickitat, Matrices

Furry Ham Radio

Orcas Lodge B

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.

Trapa, Kay, Aloha

Please check the
pocket program
for updates!!

5 pm

Drawing Cubbyfurs

Mercer Lodge A

Drawing `em small and cute is a surprisingly different affair than drawing `em big and cute. Come hear our panelists tell you how to get the right look for your little ones.

Rhari

How to be a Demon

Mercer Lodge B

This is a fursuit performance panel, but unlike the existing ones which tend to be “how to perform as a mascot character,” this will be focused on performing in the more aggressive costumes which we are seeing more and more of.

Aetobatus

Youth in Furry Fandom

Orcas Lodge A

This panel is for the discussion of younger furs ages 13-19. What are the challenges? This is hosted by the youth for the youth and the topics will include: How did we get into the fandom? What are we here (at RainFurthest) for? What do we contribute to the fandom? Furryness/school, y/n if they should cross and what are the effects/consequences of doing so? Parents, are they supportive, clueless, indifferent or worse?

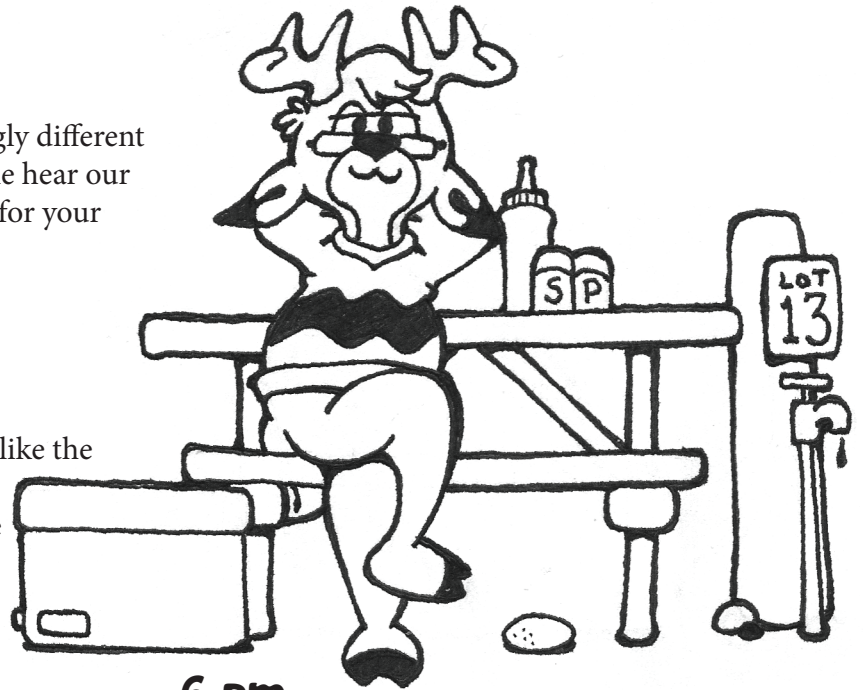
Kitty Beatty

Guests of Honor Dinner

Summit Lodge

Come celebrate our Guests of Honor over dinner.

North, Beetlecat, Tani DaReal, Loial Otter, Astolpho, Alan Dean Foster



6 pm

Capturing Expression

Mercer Lodge A

How do you capture facial expression in anthropomorphic characters?

Egypt Urnash

Taking Care of Your Fursuit

Mercer Lodge B

Learn all about techniques to keep your furry costume pieces clean and the importance of taking care of them.

Matrices

7 pm

Plushies: Basic Planning and Construction

Mercer Lodge B

The basics of creating stuffed animals and other plush items, including patterns, fabrics, and construction technique. Also may cover doll making with hard features, such as heads and hands.

Malystryxx / Klickitat

My Little Pony Fans Party!

Orcas Lodge B

Come party with other fans of My Little Pony, trade pony toys, and have a great time!

Cupcakes & Muffins will be served!

Roy G. Biv



8 pm

Variety Show

Main Theatre

Watch your fellow furrries as they perform songs and skits. See their cool costumes and crazy capers as they put on a show!

North, Alexander James Adams

9 pm

Live Model Drawing (Female)

Mercer Lodge A

Real anatomy workshop with a live model. Today's lesson: the female form. 18 and over only! IDs will be checked at the door.

K'sharra

10 pm

Youtubes on Youtubes: Part Deux

Orcas Lodge B

Join Prawst in the anticipated sequel to 'Gems of Youtube', this time with more Youtube!

PRAWST

Unsheathed Live

San Juan Lodge

Come join Kyell Gold, Kit, and K.M. for a live podcast of Kyell's famous Unsheathed.

Hirosaki K.M., Kyell

10:30 pm

Saturday Night Dance

Main Theatre

Dance the night away!

Art Jam #3

Mercer Lodge A

Didn't have enough jamming on Friday? Do it again! Trade sketchbooks and add your personal touch to their collections.

Mortain, Gibbitt, K'sharra

Sunday

10 am

Art and Charity Auction

Main Theatre

The Art Show Auction and the Charity Auction combine to form one super ultra auction! Try to nab those items too popular to sell with only a few bids in the Art Show, or try to nab some cool swag someone donated for our charity.

Bobbie DuFault

Webcomics: A Revolution or a Delusion?

Mercer Lodge A

From syndicated cartoonists to talented newcomers, many artists have turned to the Internet to distribute their comics. Is this the wave of the future? How do you break in and find success?

Dragonmanmike, Egypt Urnash

Fursuiting Outside the Fandom

Mercer Lodge B

Fursuiting doesn't have to be just at conventions! Hear some ideas where and how to extend your costume performance skills to a public audience.

Chainwolf, Kodi

5 Minute Plot

San Juan Lodge

Brainstorming ideas can be rough, so having someone to bounce things off of can help immensely. Come share your ideas with fellow authors and writers, and put your best and worst out there to see what people think!

Hunter, Sterling, Jean Johnson

11 am

Fursuit Construction & Sewing 101

Mercer Lodge B

Learn basic fursuit building methods and how to apply them towards making that suit you've been dreaming about.

Matrices, Dragonmanmike, Malystyryxx / Klickitat



Cubfur Q & A

Orcas Lodge B

What makes a babyfur? Or a Lil-fur? Come join us for a fun free spirited exploration, and discussion into an interesting subculture. If you've got questions or are just curious, here's the place to go.

Rhari, lepkitty, Angel, Aloha

Juggling Jobs: Survival Tips for the Beginning Writer

San Juan Lodge

The delicate balance of job, family, and being a writer or artist. Assuming one has to have some income, is there a right kind of day job for writers?

Gene Breshears

12 noon

Making Fursuits

Mercer Lodge B

Every couple of years Tani makes a new fursuit. She has created a website to empower and encourage others to do the same. Come have an informal chat with Tani about fursuits and their creation.

Tani DaReal

Furry Writers

San Juan Lodge

Come learn about the Furry Writers' Guild, meet other writers, and discuss the future of furry writing.

Ryffnah, Rikoshi, Dragonfly Goodnight, Hunter

1 pm

Alexander James Adams Concert

Main Theatre

Hear RainFurthest's preeminent musician present music of his own creation. Filk, folk, and funk combine to make for a raucous good time.

Alexander James Adams

Props: Character For Your Character

Mercer Lodge B

Making your character real doesn't have to stop with just a fursuit. Props can add a whole new element to how people see you, and give you some things to play off as well. Here's some tips on how to add personality to your fursuit characters with a few well-chosen items.

Matrices, Chainwolf, Malystyryxx / Klickitat

Scavenger Hunt Ending

Orcas Lodge A

Come turn in your loot!

Trapa

A Reading by Rikoshi

San Juan Lodge

Rikoshi reads an excerpt from his upcoming 2012 novel project, with some time for Q&A afterwards.

Rikoshi

2 pm

Scratch and Hiss

Main Theatre

What did we do wrong? What did we do right? Here's your chance to let us know so that we can improve things for next year!

Dragonfly Goodnight, Loial Otter

4 pm

Closing Ceremonies

Main Theatre

Alas, all good things must end.



Please check the
pocket program
for updates!!



RF Scavenger Hunt

The scavenger hunt will conclude on Sunday. Check your pocket program for the time and room for the conclusion of the scavenger hunt. The winner will be announced and prizes given out at Closing Ceremonies. The items can be interpreted loosely, but if you choose to interpret too loosely you may lose points on that item. This scavenger hunt is open to the staff, and as such, none of the staff can be asked for clarification on items. Your team will have to make the decision and hope for the points.

DO NOT damage hotel or private property in any way or you will be disqualified, and probably asked to leave the event. Have fun, and collect as many items as you can for the point values shown!

Points	Item	Points	Item
5	A gold coin (+50 points for 99.9999 pure)	5	Something Canadian
5	A badge from the GoH or Special Guest	15	The dispatch frequency for Gophers
5	A pun	10 ea.	A pin from each year of RF
5	Comically large sunglasses	5	My Little Pony
5	Candy	5	The chairfur's favorite food
5	A public transit ticket / pass	5	10 furry business cards
5	Something with "Seattle" printed on it	5	A crayon
15	A group photo in the Marriott with this year's con shirt	15	Canadian Smarties
5	A \$2 bill (+10 points for a Canadian \$2 bill)	10	An undamaged RF-themed sign (Don't get caught taking it down!)
5	A deck of cards	5	A 'smore'
15	A book by R.L. Stine	5	A non-mammalian tail
5	A scout badge	5	6d4
5	A list of the members of the RainFurthest Board of Directors	5	A completed RF flyer meme
10	An out-of-state fur on your team	5	A container for all this stuff
20	An international fur on your team	35	A badge from every year of RF
10 ea.	Badge inserts from the zombie game	5	A PCI card
25	A plushie of a rare African animal	5	A cowboy hat
5	A theme suggestion that has never been used at any con	25	A piece of Lion King memorabilia
15	A bear towel	5	The RF phone number
25	A coin minted in 1979	5	Taursday
Variable	A photo with a group of fursuits (1 point per fursuit)	5	Pie
5	Animal crackers	800	A functioning Portal gun
1 ea.	A list of every named character from the Lion King trilogy		



Borders

by Beth Riggs

If there was a word to describe the past 48 hours, it was wet. The cabin itself was sound enough, and the memories of summer spent here with her grandparents had meant that she wasn't shivering or starving. But any time Genevieve stepped outside - which she had to do often, for little things like firewood and water and to go fish for dinner - she got soaked. At the moment she was walking through something slightly too light to be a rain but far more enthusiastic than any mist she'd ever encountered walking along the Mall. She pushed through the underbrush that choked the path back up from the river, getting doused yet again by water that had previously been clinging to a branch.

She climbed the low stairs to the porch and shouldered open the door, tonight's fish dinner dangling from a paw. Bears and fish were an old country cliché, to the point that she didn't ever order it when eating out for business. She'd spent too much time carefully combing out any traces of the backwoods cub out of her fur to invoke even a whiff of it. *And yet, here I am*, she thought as she walked through the gloom and into the kitchen. *Mama's funeral was hard, yes, but what possessed me to run back to the middle of nothing?*

Suddenly, the scent of huckleberries flooded the room. Genevieve whirled around, all thoughts of her mother's sudden death and the bridges she'd burned at work by dropping everything to deal with it flying from her mind. She stood stock-still, muzzle twitching, and then slowly walked toward the hearth at the end of the front room. She peered down at a small woven basket holding a handful of almost-ripe huckleberries. They hadn't been there earlier. For that matter - she looked out the window at the leaves just beginning to unfurl - they shouldn't be anywhere, not at this time of year. *How...?* She ran to the porch and scanned the clearing, then closed her eyes and breathed deeply a few times. Living in the city, she'd learned over time to shut off her sense of smell as much as possible, to keep from going insane. But now she needed it back. She squashed the voice in the back of her head telling her to stop it, that she would ruin all the work she'd put into reinventing herself, and inhaled until she could place every scent in range. Nothing. No trace of who had been in her house.

She walked back inside, and glared at the berries. She picked them up to toss out and froze. There was a note under the basket, flowing script etched into the hearthstone. *If you really want to know, eat.*

"Oh, for the love of-" she snorted, her deep alto voice bouncing off the walls. "What do I look like, Alice in Wonderland?"

"An amusing thought." She whirled around to see a weasel sprawled in her grandmother's rocking chair. "You'd look cute in a blue pinafore."

Genevieve stared at him, mouth agape. Somehow, he was wrong. His outline was too crisp, the brown and yellow of his pelt too intense, as if he sat in a spotlight she couldn't see. One oddity of many grabbed her attention. "Why can't I smell you?"

"A mouthful of huckleberries? You wouldn't be able to smell your own granny at this point."

Genevieve shook her head. "But I didn't eat them." She blinked rapidly as the room seemed to dim. ►



“Check again.”

Startled, she looked down at the basket. Empty. The tart juice of the berries suddenly flowed over her tongue. She looked back up. “What the hell?” It wasn’t the most coherent response, but it seemed to cover everything.

“Glad to see you back in the woods, Ginny. And this way you can see me, too. Isn’t that nice?” Ignoring her involuntary wince - she’d dropped ‘Ginny’ when she left for college - he smiled up at her. “Time to stop hiding inside, though. What we need is a bonfire. Go build one, there’s a good lass.”

“What? No! Who are you? What are you doing in my grandmother’s cabin?” Anger was beginning to overwhelm the confusion. It only grew as the weasel shook his finger at her.

“Now, now, you’ve got your directions. Bonfire!” The weasel stretched as he stood, then smirked at her. She swallowed a bit as he rose to his feet. When he moved, she realized, he was ever-so-slightly translucent. “It’s all about the atmosphere. Don’t you tell ghost stories around the campfire any more?”

Genevieve’s response was clipped. “I don’t camp.”

“*Genevieve* might not. But *Ginny* used to, all the time. Snuggled against your grandmama’s side, listening to the crackle of the fire and wondering if the forest spirits she told stories about were real or not. Time to find out, girlie.”

Genevieve blinked as the world faded and then snapped back. When she could focus again, the weasel was gone. She looked down at her paws and saw them pulling away plants and branches from the stone-lined firepit that had once been behind the cabin. Shivering from equal parts fear and anger, she forced them to stop and did her best to glare at everything all at once. “Cut that out!”

“Stop being such a stick in the mud, and I won’t have to keep poking you.” The weasel perched on the porch railing, glowing ever-so-slightly in the last of the sunlight as if he were somehow made of a sunbeam. “You needn’t stick so closely to the bear archetype, you know. Lumbering feet, plodding thoughts... I know you better than that.”

“No, you don’t. I’ve never seen you before in my life!”

He looked at her, wedge-shaped head cocked to one side. “You don’t need to see someone to know them, Genevieve Helga Fairchild. Trust me, we’ve met. Now build that fire.” He held up a paw as she opened her mouth, and looked completely serious for the first time. “This is important. You need that campfire and you need it soon. Things are going to start happening.”

Snarling, she swung around to the brush and heaved, revealing the fire-blackened stones. By the time the sun completely disappeared, she had a small campfire crackling. She glanced at the there/not there weasel, took in the relief on his face as he looked at the flames, and hauled firewood around from the shed until there was a knee-high wall of split logs ringing the fire. She turned back to the weasel. “Fire. Ta-da. Now, who are you?”

He silently studied her, little nose twitching gently. *Two can play that highly annoying game*, she thought, and fed logs onto the fire until the flames leapt up, dancing as though they would reach the sky. Finally, he spoke.

“I’m... a liaison, I suppose you could say. I live in the in-between places. Day and night, sure-” he nodded to the west, where the sky still held a glimmer of light, “-but mostly wild and tame. That’s how I know you. You grew up playing in the no-man’s-land just beyond these trees. I was there.”





Genevieve stared, black eyes into black eyes. Those eyes were familiar, even comforting. They made her think of stories half-forgotten, childhood adventures long since put aside. “I don’t understand.” It came out in a whisper.

The weasel sighed, shook himself, slid off the rail, and walked through the fire to stand muzzle-to-muzzle with her. In her shock she realized that he did have a scent now, flames and running water. “Every forest is a little bit magic, Ginny. This one more than any other - so much so that it leaks over. Places like this one, where the river and the road carve great winding borders through the land, they can be dangerous.”

“Bah to danger,” said a familiar voice behind Genevieve. She whirled around in disbelief to see an old bear, the grey fur of her muzzle shining with the same strange intensity as the weasel’s pelt, walk through the logs and into the light of the flames. “Magic is dangerous like fire is dangerous. It wants some tending, that’s all.”

Genevieve found her voice, finally. “Grandma!” she bolted forward with her arms outstretched, then stopped. Her grandmother Olga had been dead for seven years. As much as she wanted to run into the other bear’s arms, she was frozen, wondering who was really standing in front of her.

Olga chuckled and put her paws around Genevieve’s shoulders for a hug. “It’s all right, it’s really me.” Genevieve inhaled deeply and squeezed her grandmother tight. If the weasel was a sunbeam, then Olga was a moonbeam; cooler, not as intense, but still very much there. She, too, smelled of the forest.

“Olga.” The weasel’s voice broke into Genevieve’s thoughts, and she raised her head to see him looking not at the bears but out beyond the flames. “There’s not a lot of time.”

Olga sighed and looked down at Genevieve, starlight shining gently in her eyes. “He’s right. I know you must have a ton of questions filling your head, but now’s the time to listen.” ▶



Genevieve swallowed and stared up into the face that she'd known her whole life. She sighed, then nodded. "Tell me."

"Good." Olga patted her on the cheek. "This forest, for whatever reason, holds the heart of forests everywhere. It's powerful strong. Had we never left its trees, things would be different. But we did, and now there's a border to be guarded." She looked down sternly. "And I hear you thinking, young missy, that the stories of spirits and balance and unseen struggles you grew up hearing have addled your poor granny's mind. Stop that and listen to the dead bear, 'cause you need to pay attention." Genevieve nodded silently, and Olga went on. "Don't think that it's so-called civilization that needs to be protected, or that the forest is a fragile toy that needs to be wrapped in cloth. Balance. That's why I was here. And my mother, and her mother, and her mother. To keep the balance."

"And my mother?"

Olga's face became distant with sorrow and age. "No. She tried - God knows she was eager for the task, more'n I ever was - but the cancer had her, even then." She focused on Genevieve again. "So she had to leave, but when I died she tied her life here, using what little she had left to strengthen the borders until a proper guardian could be found." She broke off and turned her head, but not before Genevieve saw that it had hardened into stone.

"You mean me." Shame and sorrow and anger chased through her. "But no one told me anything! Just expected that I would want to spend my life here. Even when we moved Mama acted like there was nothing else that I'd want to do. We fought over college so much. I always..." Her voice broke. "I always wondered if that's when she got sick. I went to Georgetown instead of UW and it broke her heart."

"The sickness was always there." To her surprise, it was the weasel that spoke. "You couldn't have caused or cured it any more than you can slow the tides."

Genevieve nodded, and Olga spoke again. "I wish we had done better. But there's no more time." She kissed her granddaughter on the forehead, then stepped back. "Be brave, and be honest. And..." The look she gave Genevieve went right through her. "And be yourself, right down to the core."

The weasel waved a paw to get Genevieve's attention and said, "Quick, before he gets here, build up the fire so that it'll burn for as long as possible. As long as it's burning it'll help protect you, but if you get distracted we can't tend it for you."

She slung logs onto the flames, stacking quickly as she could without lighting her fur on fire. After a few minutes she stood back, shook the ash out of her pelt, and said "That's as good as I can get it."

"It'll do." The weasel and Olga stood together, at the very edge of the circle made by the logs. The weasel continued. "Face the cabin. Whatever you do, stay in the fire's light." His voice faded - he faded - her grandmother faded - the cabin faded - *everything* faded but the fire, the deep shaded black of the forest, and the giant elk that had just walked out of the trees and stood towering over her.

The elk *was* the forest. Her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth as that certainty seeped into her soul. Its antlers, as high as the treetops, swayed the same way that the branches did and in the movement became the branches here and all around. It snorted as it scented her, and instead of being enveloped in the musk-and-grass scent she expected a chill night wind whipped through her fur. And, she realized with alarm, it was wild. Not unintelligent - she didn't believe that for a second - but primeval, like the forest it embodied.



And then it spoke.

What are you? The words were everywhere, echoing in her head without ever going through her ears, but also ringing off the rocks and sky. She staggered a little, felt the heat of the fire on her back, and straightened.

“I’m...” she coughed, tried again. “I’m a bear.”

The elk focused an eye onto her. She stifled a scream as memories overwhelmed her. She watched as her past self carefully changed how she stood, how she moved, how she spoke, in order to fit in with the circles that had the power and connections she thought she had craved. She listened to herself downplaying her past, avoiding family meetings whenever possible. She fought back, feebly, trying to replay the summers spent in the forest here, the fierce territoriality she’d channeled into business deals, the feel of her legs swinging and muscles flexing as she climbed mountain trails. She was shouting, she realized dimly, yelling back up at the elk “I am a bear! Bear!” She panted for breath a few times, gathered up all her strength, and roared.

The elk stamped a foreleg with satisfaction. Molten light flowed into Genevieve as the vibrations traveled up her legs. She lost her shame, her fear, her past, her future, her self as the raw power filled her. She was a bear. No - she was Bear, giant, powerful, primal. She roared again, this time in triumph, and bunched her legs under her, ready to take down the huge prey in front of her. One step... and a bright flare as the fire found a pocket of pine sap made her freeze.

Whatever you do, stay in the fire’s light.

Her thoughts flowed back, and anger with them. She swiped at the elk’s nose with a massive paw, just barely missing it. “Balance, not conquest. Grandma told me.” She backed up to the fire again and just stared.

The elk pawed at the ground. *And can something like you keep the balance?* The words were sharp like ice, and every mistake she’d made and would make, for the rest of her days, piled before her eyes. All she saw were her failings, forever. She stumbled blindly as the uncertainty of her entire life overcame the power she’d been so recently filled with. And they all shattered, blown away by pain. Her frantic movements had brought one of her paws into the fire. She yanked it out, smacked out the smoldering fur, and glared at the elk as she curled her paw to her chest. “I think I can, yes. But that doesn’t really matter, does it? You don’t have any choice.”

To her immense surprise, the elk bowed. Pain faded, leaving her feeling... normal. Not a giant, not a parasite. Just herself. *I always have a choice. And I choose you.* It looked across to where the weasel stood again. *You have a champion again.* It turned and walked back into the trees.

Genevieve looked around. Dawn was not too far off. The fire was a pile of coals. The strange weasel was standing by the ghost of her grandmother, both of them grinning. “I think I passed,” she managed, sitting down with a thump.

Olga laughed. “You did. Welcome to the guardianship, lass. I’m sorry we messed up getting you ready for it so badly, but I think you’ll do fine. Now comes the learning.”

“Do I get a teacher, or do I just hope I can figure it out as I go along?” As she spoke, she realized the weasel had started to glow, brighter and brighter, until she couldn’t keep her eyes open anymore. There was a great flash, then he spoke.

“I’ll teach you.” She risked a peek. He looked solid. He’d lost the translucence, and he was as dimly lit in the predawn light as Genevieve herself was. She reached out a paw. Grinning, he



took it. It was warm, like flesh should be. She glanced over at her grandmother.

Olga grinned and shook her head. “Nope, dear, I’ve already been alive. No need to do it again. I’m going back to where I was. But I think you two will do fine together.” She gathered them both up in a hug, then kissed Genevieve’s forehead. “It’s not going to be easy, Ginny. But it’s worth it. Good luck.” She faded from view for the last time.

Genevieve blinked back tears, then looked at her new companion. “Do you do this a lot?”

“Turn mortal? This is the first and last time.”

“Why now?”

He looked down bashfully. “Because you could use a friend. And... and so could I.” He glanced up and returned her smile. “I hope that’s fine.”

“It is. But only on one condition.”

“Tell me.” He squared his shoulders and looked her in the eye.

“Before anything else, we’ve got to get you a name. I can’t call you ‘the weasel’ for the rest of our lives, after all.” Grinning, she squeezed his hand and walked with him out of the forest and into the cabin. ●

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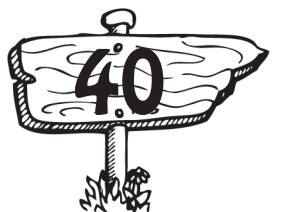
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Interviewing a Schnolf

We got the chance to sit down with Tani da Real and ask her some questions about herself and her work. Read on as we get to learn more about our artist Guest of Honor!

RF: Hi Tani! Thanks for taking the time to share with us! Can we start by asking where you grew up?

Tani da Real: I was born in Munich in Germany. I was an only child, but pets always belonged to our family. I grew up with German shepherds, birds, fish and cats. I moved quite some times within Germany (I attended high school and did a training as media designer afterwards), and finally ended up in the Western part of Germany (North-Rhine-Westphalia), where I am now sharing home with my boyfriend Nightfox, our kitties Shuray and Trisca, and some fishies. Although I love this place, I still feel very connected to my home town Munich.

RF: So when did you find out that you were a furry? Is there a story behind that?

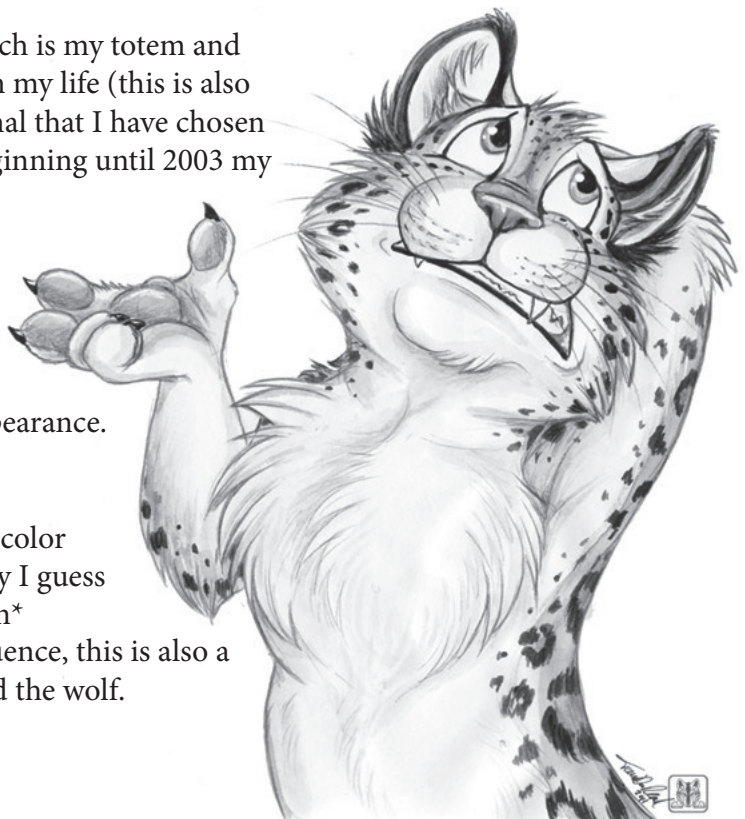
Tani: I have always been furry, I am quite sure about that, I just didn't know what it was or how to call it. I was drawing myself as animal characters since I can remember (as fox, husky or wolf), and I have always been totally addicted to animals and animal collectibles like plushies or figurines. It was the movie "The Lion King II" in 1998 which totally got me hooked. As I started my training as media designer in 1999, that was also the first time I got Internet access (so I had that "OMG I am not alone!" moment I am sure many furries had in their lives ;)). I don't know where I would have ended up without internet, but I am very glad I had this chance.

RF: What is your species? Can you describe yourself for us?

Tani: The animal that has chosen me is the wolf, which is my totem and spiritual animal, and has always been very present in my life (this is also why I created the WeuUkoo Wolves pack). The animal that I have chosen as my furry character is the snow leopard (at the beginning until 2003 my character was a grey lioness, due to the Lion King influence). So Tani is actually a grey snow leopard-ess with wolfish marking. Sometimes I also show this spiritual connection physically - by illustrating my character as "Schnolf" - the snow leopard-wolf hybrid. This form both combines both my inner soul (wolf) and the snow leopard as my physical appearance. Besides, I am very fond of hybrids. :)

More so, I always had a very strong addiction to the color grey (or the combination of black and grey). Actually I guess 80% of my clothes are either black and/or grey. *grin*

I guess, besides the spiritual influence, this is also a reason why the snow leopard and the wolf.





RF: “Tani da Real” is a fairly unique name. How did you come up with it?

Tani: Before 2003 I was known under the nickname VitaniDaReal, a reference to a lioness character (Vitani) from The Lion King II. The “DaReal” doesn’t really have the meaning of “the real one”, it’s more an artistic nickname I didn’t want to change any more as it became an established nick over the years (if I remember correctly, I chose that random addition because I was searching for an email address, and the name was already taken). In 2003 I switched Vitani to Tani, as my character didn’t really have a connection to the Lion King Vitani any more. I wanted a non-movie name, and Tani is also an abbreviation of my RL name Tanja. I kept the “DaReal” part though. “TaniDaReal” is also my registered pseudonym in Germany.

RF: Cool! Now, since you’re our artist Guest of Honor, we’d obviously like to ask you about your work. How did you get into art, and how long ago was that?

Tani: When I take a look at the stuff my Mum has been collecting from me since I was a child, I think I have been drawing since I could hold a pen. I was mainly drawing animals, and I remember my Mum drawing together with me (she had to draw the grass, I drew the animals ;)). Other big inspirations have been cartoons and animated movies, which I loved to watch and still do. Some of my biggest inspirations were “The Animals of Farthing Wood”, “UFA’s Jungle Book”, “Balto” and “The Lion King”. At the beginning, I was mainly drawing the characters from the movies; later I started drawing more and more on my own. If you ask me since when have I been drawing furry art (since I know the Furry Fandom), I would say since 1999. It has always been a hobby though; I never attended any art school.

RF: But every hobby has to have some inspiration, right? So where do you get yours?

Tani: Actually - from life! You just have to open your eyes. It can be a friend’s comment, a pun, a funny situation you see, a beautiful place, song lyrics, a memory, or anything else. I usually write down such ideas, even if they sound silly at first. Some of them will be drawn, some just remain ideas. I like funny pictures, emotional pictures, or pictures that tell a story or background in general.

RF: I know you do both traditional and digital artwork, but do you have a preference? What are your favorite tools for each?

Tani: I like digital art and traditional art equally, depending on my mood. For traditional art, my favorite medium currently is Aquarell colors (water colors) and markers. For digital art, I am using a Wacom Cintiq tablet and Adobe Photoshop. But I also love simple pencil sketching or trying new things.

RF: You said that your art is a hobby. What’s your profession in real life, then?

Tani: I am a media designer for digital and print media, which means I design and create ►



websites and all kinds of print designs, like flyers, logos, brochures, preparations for exhibition booths, etc. I really enjoy these jobs. That's also why I am very fond of doing designs and print projects regarding furry art and conventions. It's always great when job and hobby overlap. ^^

RF: I'll say! Now, since our theme this year is "Summer Camp," maybe you can tell us about your favorite camping activities.

Tani: Sitting at the campfire, having tasty steaks and roasting marshmallows afterwards, and enjoying a beautiful starry night sky. :D Oh, and horseback riding through the beautiful landscape is also really great (I used to do horse riding when I was younger).

RF: Steaks and marshmallows? You're making me hungry! Are there any other treats that schnolfs like?

Tani: I guess you will always catch me with steak and bacon. :) There is a lot more food that I like, like sushi, salad, good cheese or soups. I just love good food, as well as cooking. ^^ Sweets are addicting, too, but I've always preferred the spicy noms.

RF: What other things do you like to do?

Tani: I love travelling, like doing a R.V. road trip in the USA (usually the West Coast). There is nothing greater than having your best friends around you, cruising beautiful landscapes (like the West Coast, national parks and especially San Francisco), and looking for fun and adventures. :) Being spontaneously silly and adventuresome is as important to me as relaxing (e.g. massage or wellness bath).

I also like cooking and good food, spending time with my boyfriend Nightfox, for example going to medieval markets or playing computer games, and of course our beloved kitties. Another thing that's very important to me is animal charity. I support various charities, like donating items or artwork to raise funds, buying sponsorships or make donations. We also adopted our cats from an animal welfare organization in Spain.

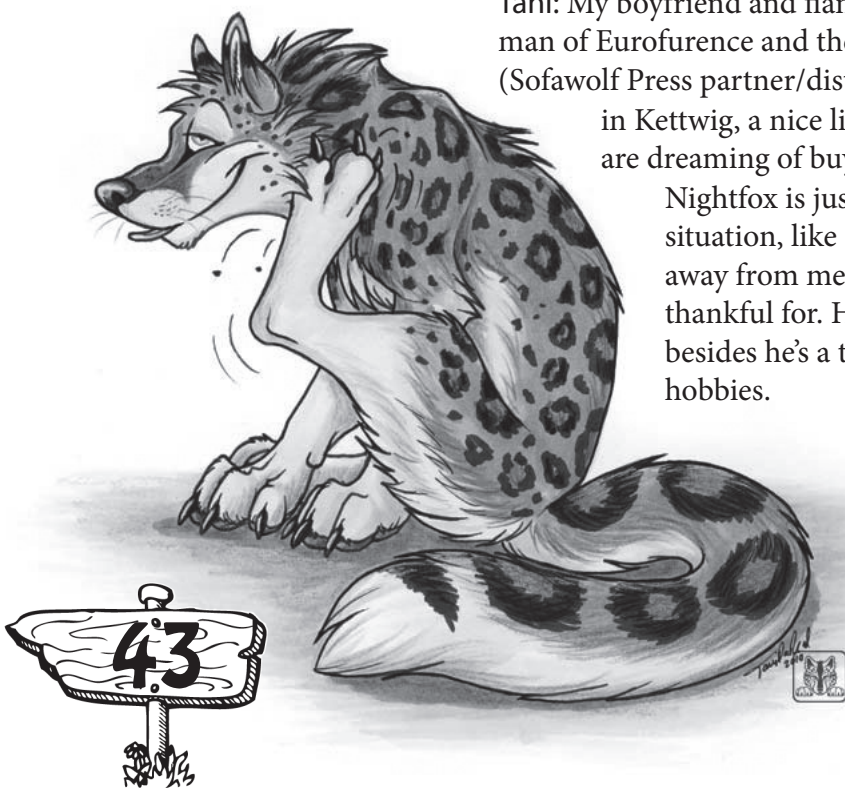
RF: You've mentioned your boyfriend a couple of times now. Can you tell us more about him?

Tani: My boyfriend and fiancé is Nightfox, who is also the vice chairman of Eurofurence and the guy behind the Black-Paw Productions Shop (Sofawolf Press partner/distributor in Germany). We are living together in Kettwig, a nice little green town, currently still in a flat, but we are dreaming of buying a house one day (with lots of animals ;)).

Nightfox is just always there for me and keeps me sane in any situation, like doing a lot of organizing and keeping trouble away from me so that I can do my work, which I am very thankful for. He is as furry as me, as well as a fursuiter, and besides he's a true Jeep and car addict, we share most of our hobbies.

RF: Both of you are furs, eh? What kinds of furry activities do you do?

Tani: My main activity is probably drawing. I also like creating fursuits (together with Nightfox) and also performing in fursuit (at conventions, fursuit events, during our vacation trips at nice locations, etc.),



trying myself at sculpting (though I am not experienced with that yet), or just trying something new - there's so much I always wanted to try (like making a plushie or a puppet). :) I am also part of the Eurofurence Pawpet Show team, where I am playing and voicing Mika, the snow leopardess. Another spleen - I am collecting plush animals and figurines (mainly felines and canines). Problem is that Nightfox is doing this too... this is why we need a bigger house. ;)

RF: So you're pretty heavily involved in the furry fandom, then. What do you consider some of the best aspects of the fandom?

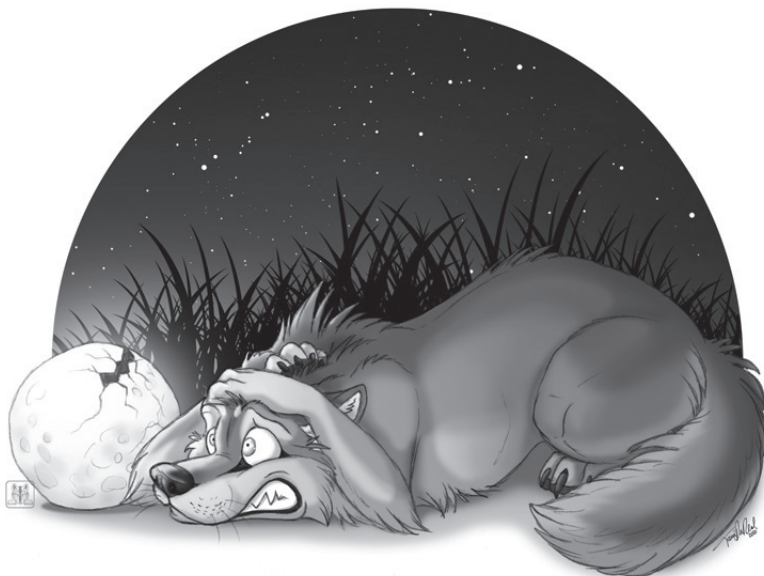
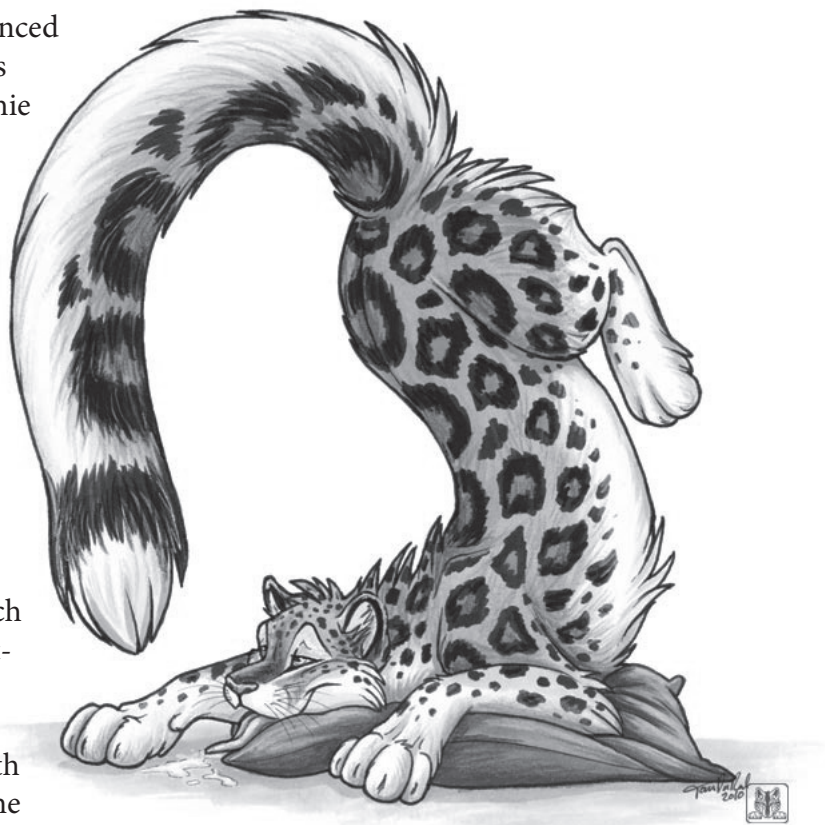
Tani: Definitely its creativity and fantasy. I very much cherish the diversity of creativity in subjects like art-work, fursuiting, writing, musical, puppetry, etc. I love going to conventions; it's like a mix of an exhibition and a fun fair. I am happy to see that, with some exceptions, more and more people and also the media are really showing interest in what we are doing and portraying furies in a neutral/positive light (and not just as freaks... of course we are freaks, but not only ;). The first convention I visited was Eurofurence 7 in 2001. Since that, I have been to about 40 conventions world wide. Yes, it's addicting. ;)

RF: Looks like we're almost out of space for this interview. Before we go, can you tell us some of your favorite things - movies, TV shows, animals?

Tani: My favorite movies would probably be The Crow, LotR, Up, Sixth Sense, and Avatar. TV shows? Hmm... I'd say The Simpsons, Moonlight, and House MD. When it comes to animals, my favorites are snow leopards, wolves, foxes, and possums. :)

Oh, and my favorite cocktails would be Black Ice or White Russian!

RF: Heh, okay then! Thanks for your time, Tani! It's been great getting to know more about you! 



Tani's personal website: <http://www.tanidareal.com>

FurAffinity: <http://furaffinity.tanidareal.com>

DeviantArt: <http://tanidareal.deviantart.com>

LiveJournal: <http://tanidareal.livejournal.com>

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/TaniDaReal>

Other websites of Tani's:

<http://www.plushies.de>

<http://www.weuukoo.com>

<http://fursuit.tanidareal.com>



Rangers

by Kandel

“Are we near the lake yet?” Stuart asked petulantly, stopping in his tracks and tugging at his uncomfortable Junior Rangers uniform.

“No, and it gets further away every time you ask, Stuart.” Gary slowed down to answer; double-checking to make sure the rangers were keeping up, especially Stuart. As he slowed, the ragged line of Junior Rangers behind him began to curl around like a confused tawny-and-purple snake. It took precious moments of daylight to sort the line out again and resume. The hike was a long one, and it was getting longer by the moment. Gary resisted the urge to shout. It wouldn’t solve any of the day’s problems. Actually, it would probably make them a whole lot worse.

“That doesn’t make sense. The lake can’t change where it is just because I ask a question.” Stuart stood his ground, arms crossed petulantly. It was always this way with the wallaby cub, with his Walkman stuffed in his shirt pocket, a handheld game console in his trouser pocket, and a cell phone in his back pocket. Problem was, he wasn’t allowed to use any of them, not until the hike was over. Ranger’s rules.

Gary grimaced. It might have just been easier to let the whiny little runt use them just to cut down on the complaints, but rules were rules. They were out here to see nature, to adapt and survive, and maybe even thrive out away from the busy city. It’s what the rangers were for. “Be Prepared” - the motto said it all. That’s what these kids were here for.

Well, close. Actually, that’s what their parents had sent them here for. The kids themselves, well, maybe a few of them were actually interested in being prepared. More of them just collected the ranger badges, just like they collected baseball cards, pennies, and stamps. Learn to tie this rope, learn to tell this bird by its call, learn to set up a tent, and then forget it all by the time the embroidered patch is pinned to your Ranger’s shirt.

Then there were the rangers like Stuart, who had no interest in even going that far. It was clear the little wallaby was here against his will; every second was spent in protest. When he could get away with it, he’d be listening to his Walkman rather than listening to bird calls, or he’d busy himself with his Game Boy rather than busy himself with the tent stakes. It was a hopeless case, in Gary’s opinion. Next year, he’d kindly suggest to Stuart’s parents that he not continue with the Rangers, if only to keep him away from the kids that were actually interested and learning.

But for now, he’d have to be tolerated. “No, Stuart, it doesn’t, but every time you ask, we waste a little bit more time.” Gary turned his back and led off down the well-marked path. There was a slight scuffle behind him, then a few complaints. Gary listened, but chose to turn a deaf ear. That’d be some of the other cubs complaining about Stuart. Stuart seemed to have little in the way of filter between his brain and his mouth, and his whining and insulting manner had won him few friends in the ranger group. Gary would be inclined to feel sorry for the little wallaby if Stuart had ever really tried. As it was, Gary let the squabbling behind him go without comment. Maybe peer pressure would succeed where his own cajoling and encouraging had failed.



Ahead, the trail curved upwards. It continued along the side of a hill, steep scree to one side, and a moderate downward slope to the other. The preserve they were hiking was large, large enough to take a half a day to walk from end-to-end at an adult’s pace. Inside there were forests and rivers, and a few natural fields with sharp wild grass that grew to

mid-waist. Hills rolled through it all, chopping up and down over granite faces ten or fifteen feet high in some places. It was the perfect place for the hike: wild enough to put some of the rangers' hard-earned skills to use, and tame enough to get them back safely to their parents by dinner.

Also, Gary remembered with a sharp stab of annoyance, close enough to a cell tower for reception. A phone behind him went off with a synthesized rendition of some song Gary didn't recognize. It was followed by an explosion of wings from above as birds in nearby trees took flight. That would be Stuart again. Gary mentally cursed. There goes Rule 4, all cell phones off on hikes. Now he'd have to discipline him, and that meant time wasted after the hike talking to parents. Damn, damn...

"Hoy, runt, can't you keep your stuff quiet for even one day?" The voice was deep, almost a growl. From bad to worse, Gary winced; that'd be Ray, the Ranger junior-leader. Ray had grown into his role early. In fact, he'd grown into everything early, and at the ripe old age of eleven, the bear cub was already standing as high as Gary's chest. Normally, Ray was quiet, almost serene. Gary had met Ray's parents at the last Junior Rangers meeting and saw the family resemblance almost instantaneously. Ray's father was a brute of a grizzly who ducked to fit through doorways, and was as sweet and gentle as a deer. Ray didn't like being startled, though, and a loud cell phone in a quiet forest...

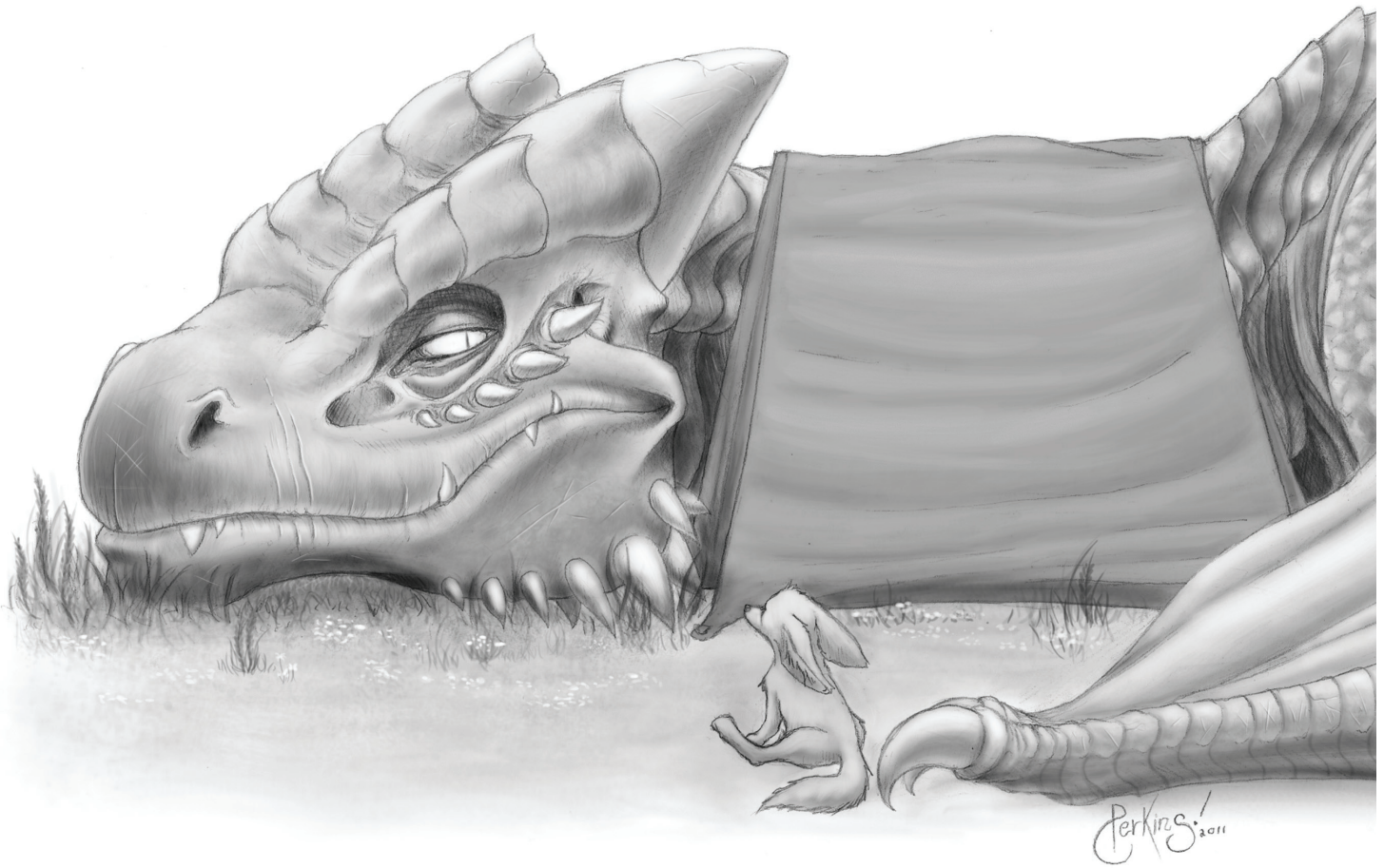
"Shut up, chunky. It's bad enough we're stuck out here on foot without having to put up with some overgrown—" Stuart's mouth ran a few feet ahead of his brain. Ray was normally quiet, but the wallaby had just crossed over into dangerous territory.

Gary spun, intending to break up the fight he knew was brewing. Much to his chagrin, it broke itself up before he could intercede. There wasn't much to fighting with Ray, anyway. When the bear's temper snapped, whatever had drawn his ire wouldn't be standing long.

And indeed, Stuart wasn't standing by the time Gary turned around. Instead, there was a clattering of limbs and curses and gadgets and standard-issue ranger pot-and-pan set as the wallaby tumbled down the slope off the side of the path. All together, it sounded like a keychain in a hamster ball falling down stairs. With a worrying finality of snapping branches and leaves, Stuart fell through an opaque patch of rhododendron and disappeared. For a few long seconds, silence reigned in the forest.

"Ray, I really wish you hadn't done that. Everyone stay here. Lucas, make sure everyone stays put until Stuart's back up here and safe." Gary pointed to the third-in-charge, a small squirrel boy who was a wonder with ropes and knots. Then he quickly extracted the first aid kit from his own backpack and dropped the heavy sack to the center of the path. ►





“But I’m the junior-leader, why not-” Roy began.

Gary cut him off mid-sentence. “Because this is your fault in the first place. We’ll talk later, but I need to make sure Stuart’s okay first.”

The rangers congregated on the path as Gary hopped over the edge and onto the slope. The hill wasn’t steep, exactly, but it was covered in loose pine needles. It was slippery going, and by the time he reached the bottom of the hill, the palm-pads on his hands were scuffed and scraped from catching his balance. He carefully dug his way through the bushes, looking for any sign of the wallaby.

He wasn’t hard to find. First he found the phone, glowing from between the bushes in short flashes as the “Message received” screen blinked. After that, Gary found Stuart’s backpack, suspended haphazardly on the thick branches of the bush. Then, following the trail of destruction, he pushed his way through to the far side and found Stuart.

The wallaby looked alright, at least. He was sitting up, ranger shirt and trousers scratched and entangled with miniature branches, but with no obvious broken bones or deep cuts or scrapes. The wallaby sat with a stunned look on his face, understandable after the fall. But as Gary followed Stuart’s wide-eyed gaze, he realized they weren’t alone in the little thicket.

On an overturned and rotting log, not five paces away, four fuzzy heads poked up from the far side. They were almost uniformly reddish-brown with scruffy fur that was dotted here and there with briars and brambles. All four of them had stopped stock still, watching Stuart, while Stuart sat in rapt fascination of them.



Gary opened his mouth, but then thought better of it. Instead, he crouched in the bushes,

silent as his ranger training could make him. Four little foxes weren't threatening, and the wallaby seemed entranced. The baby foxes stared at Stuart, and he stared back at them, and Gary was loathe to interrupt this impromptu contest of wills. Moments stretched on, and it felt like the war of fascination would stretch on forever.

Then the standoff was broken by the fifth of the fox's siblings. It pounced from the far end of the log, where it'd crept beneath the roots, and toppled two of the kits watching Stuart. The three foxes fell into a melee of yips and churring whines on the far side of the log, and then disappeared back further into the woods as they scampered after each other.

Still with their eyes on the wallaby cub, though, two of the fox kits remained. One of them, more courageous than its sibling, hopped up onto the log and crept closer to Stuart. The other, timid fox bit at its sibling's tail, but with a whine and a snap, the brave cub pulled free and skipped closer to the stunned ranger.

Stuart lifted one hand, and the fox kit momentarily shied away. Stuart froze again, and the kit circled closer. The little kit moved back and forth, as if generations of instincts told it to run, but juvenile curiosity told it to sniff and see. It was a combat of battling natures, and Stuart was both the enemy and the prize.

After a few false starts, though, curiosity won. Tentatively, the kit pushed its nose against Stuart's hand and snuffled loudly. The wallaby let out a gusty breath, as if he'd been holding it in since his fall. Gary accepted the possibility that maybe he had been. Stuart closed his hand and scratched blunt claws behind the kit's twitching ears. Stark disbelief in Stuart's expression slowly faded into a giddy joy, the kind that danced beneath the surface of his face, afraid to show in case the moment ended.

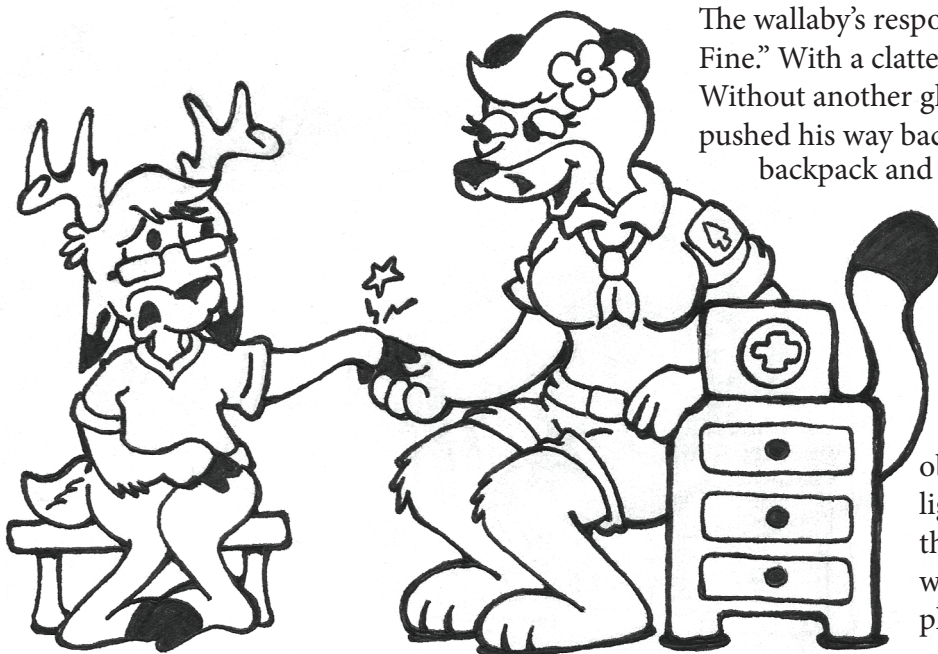
Which it did with a rude racket. From the bushes behind Gary, the phone went off again. The same annoying tune shot through the silence of the forest like a gunshot, and the two kits leapt in shock. As one, they turned and ran.

Stuart sat motionless in the small clearing, hand still raised. Gary stood carefully and pushed through the last barrier between him and the wallaby. "Okay, Stuart? Nothing broken?"

The wallaby stared at his hand, as if something was wrong with it. Gary crouched a little and touched the ranger on the shoulder. "Stuart?" Stuart jumped, startled by the ranger master's presence even though Gary hadn't bothered trying to be silent. "Stuart, you okay?"

The wallaby's response was quick, reflexive. "Yes! Yeah. Fine." With a clatter of objects in his pockets, he stood. Without another glance at the ranger master, Stuart pushed his way back into the bushes, emerging with his backpack and cell phone in hand.

Gary cleared his way back through the bushes, leading the way for Stuart. When he looked back though, he witnessed something he hadn't thought he'd ever see. Stuart was staring down at his phone, the little object still blinking with neon-bright lights. Then the wallaby's thumb pushed, and with a soft chirp, the phone turned off. ▶



Not quite sure what to make of the scene, Gary led Stuart back up to the trail. The rest of the rangers were silent, unwilling to apologize to Stuart but too afraid of Gary to continue the argument.

“Okay, after me.” Gary was aware that he wasn’t quite as loud and enthusiastic as normal. Maybe some of the other rangers would catch on. For minutes the hike was silent, except for the muffled footfalls on the pine needle strewn path.

“Gary?” Stuart’s voice rose from the middle of the troupe, and the low complaints instantly began to resurface from the rest of the rangers.

Gary readied a terse response, knowing exactly where that question was going. He could almost hear it in his head, ‘When are we going home?’, or ‘How far to the lake?’, or ‘How much longer will we have to hike?’ Gary steeled himself for the complaint before he responded.

“Yes, Stuart?”

The wallaby took a few moments to continue, then quietly asked, “Can we come out and hike again tomorrow?”



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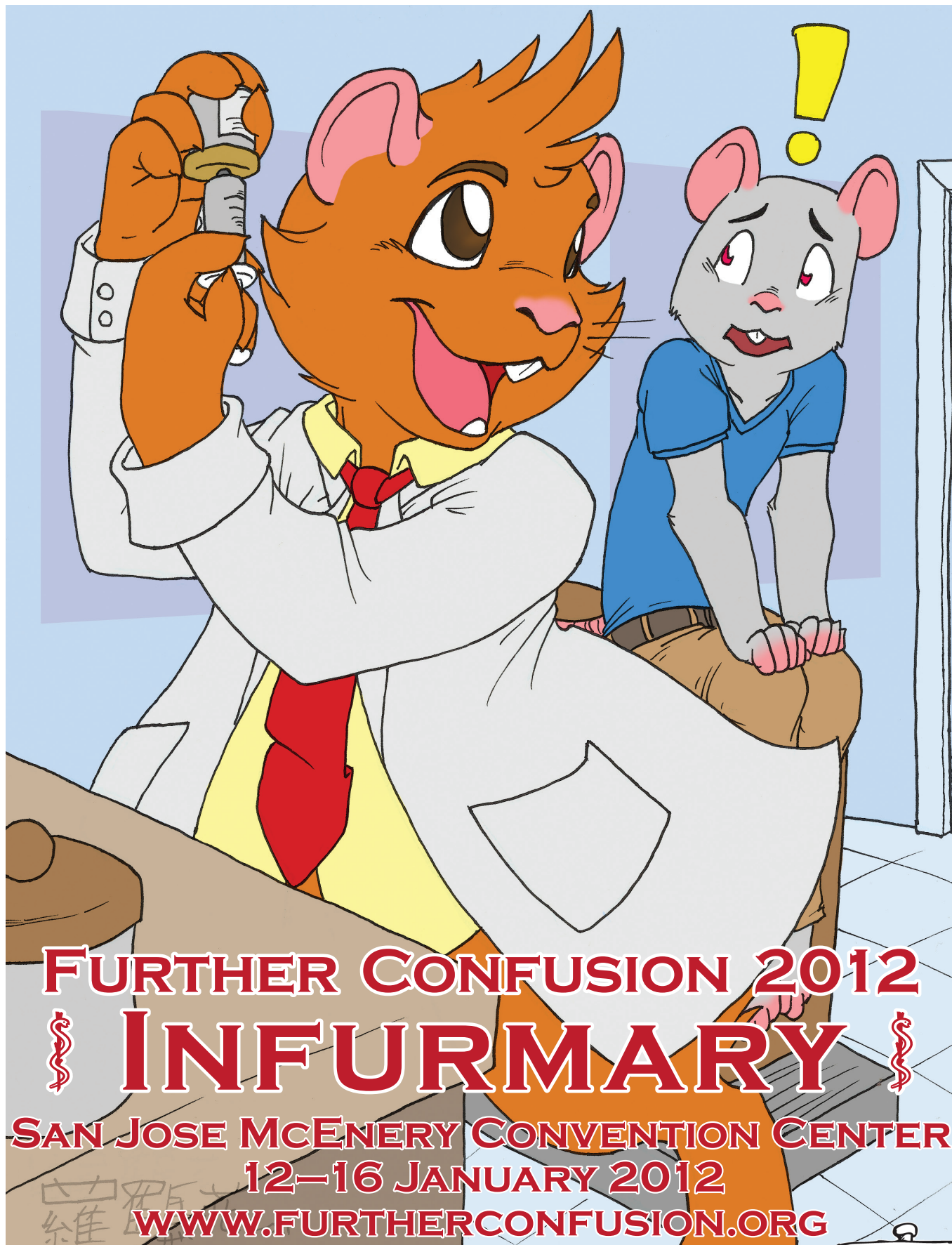
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Rules of Conduct

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 **Event Staff** retain the right to deny entry 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, **Event Staff** have 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 a convention 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 making 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**.

Weapons:

Blade weapons such as daggers and swords are acceptable provided they have been peacebonded 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. We would prefer that guns, if brought to the event, be kept discretely.

Underage Members:

Minors under the age of 18 will not be permitted at this event without parental permission.

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. Disciplinary action may be appealed to the **Event Directors**. Decisions made by a majority of **Event Directors** are final.





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A Midsummer Night's Dream

A fantasy illustration of a centaur and a faerie in a forest at night. The centaur is a dark, muscular creature with a horse's head and torso, sitting on stone steps. The faerie is a small, winged creature with a cat-like face, glowing green eyes, and translucent wings, sitting on the centaur's lap. They are surrounded by tall, dark trees and a large, glowing full moon. Several lit candles are placed on the stone steps, casting a warm glow. The overall color palette is dark with blue, green, and yellow tones.

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