

#5

**AUG
12-14**

2011

**ROCKY
MOUNTAIN
FUR CON**

I NEED A HERO!



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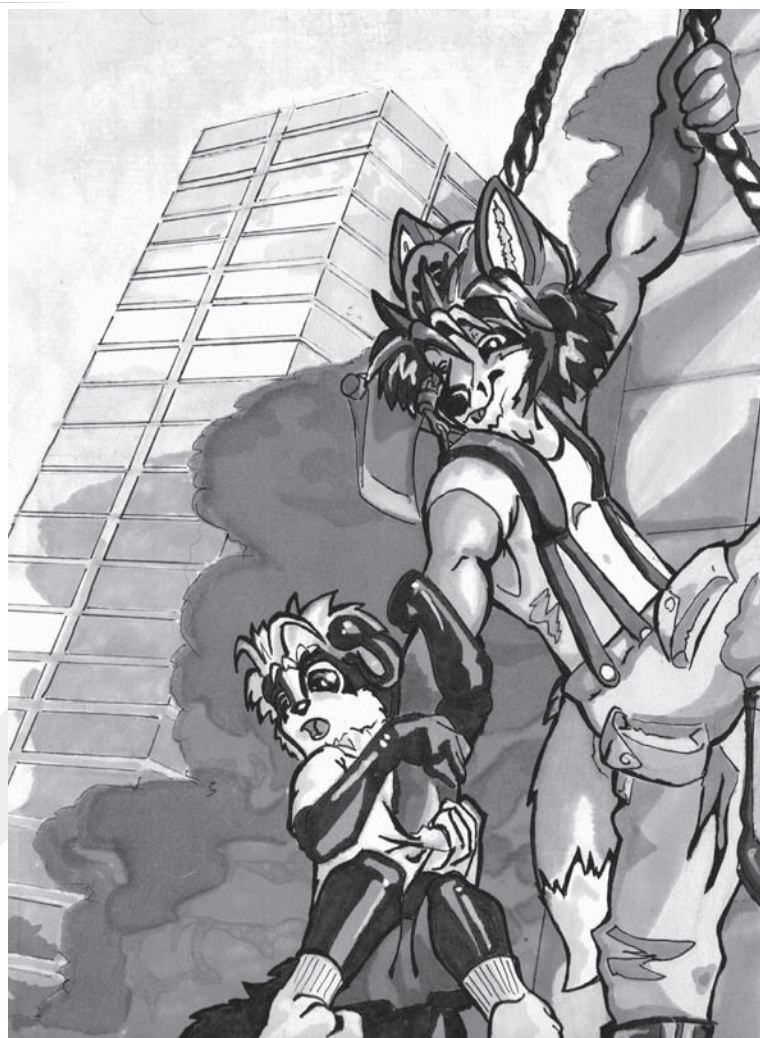
P.O. Box 351331 Westminster, CO 80035-1331

RockyMountainFurcon.org

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Danny Hayes





Oren Otter

oren
otter

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Please send any suggestions, compliments and/or complaints to Cochair or Chairman. For a Dealers table, place in the art show, event or panel you wish to see and/or run, or if you wish to volunteer, please head to Rockymountainfurcon.org and submit your requests via the corresponding link. For adds or trades for next years conbook please write to marketing!



CONVENTION POLICIES

This document is an overview of Rocky Mountain Fur Con (RMFC or "the Con") policies and its Code of Conduct. Everything listed herein is meant to describe known rules and expected behaviour. However, nothing will replace healthy common sense. If you think that an action will negatively affect yourself or others' enjoyment of the convention, you should avoid that action.

When you receive your Convention Identification Badge, you agree to abide by these rules while attending RMFC events and while in the convention space. Where possible, these rules have been formulated so that following them is not confusing. If you are unable to determine whether an activity violates these rules, please consult an on-duty staff member or visit the operations desk. Hotel personnel are not RMFC staff and are not expected to assist you regarding convention matters.

Badges and Convention Identification

The Convention Identification Badge provided to you by the Con is the property of RMFC and must be surrendered if requested. Convention attendees may retain their Convention Identification Badge at the conclusion of the convention should no staff member request the surrender of the badge.

The Convention Identification Badge is intended to identify you as a convention attendee, and is what allows you access to convention spaces and events. Your Convention Identification badge is to be worn and displayed visibly at all times that you are in the convention spaces and events. Acceptance of a Convention Identification Badge is symbolic of the agreement to these attendee policies, as well as other agreements provided. If at any time you object to the RMFC attendee policies, you must surrender your badge to the registration desk and let us know why you wish to surrender it. No refund will be provided for surrendering a Convention Identification Badge.

Press Policy

Members of the Press are permitted inside convention space provided they are attendees of the convention. All non staff attendees who intend to record events related to Rocky Mountain Fur Con must display a press badge at all times while recording unless doing so for personal use only.

Recording is defined as anything that can be perceived by any of the five senses at a later time on demand.

All recordings that are made without a press badge or staff badge on display cannot be disseminated or reproduced for profit or commercial use.

Press badges are available at the registration desk by signing a copy of this policy, as well as providing a description of your intended use of the recordings. Approval or rejection of this request will be handled by the Convention Chairman, Co-Chair, or Director of Operations.

Special Operations

The Rocky Mountain Fur Con staff assigned the duty of enforcing the policies of the convention, monitoring convention space and reporting safety concerns are called Special Operations (SpecOps). They are present at all times in convention space.

If you:

- a) feel that a policy is being violated
- b) are unsure where to go in the convention space
- c) have a question regarding policies
- d) need medical assistance

you can always ask a member of Special Operations to help.

Special Operations personnel are not at liberty to modify or waive

policy. If asked to comply with a policy, please do so. While Special Operations staff are not security officers, they are in contact with the Hotel Security, Staff and RMFC Directors. Violations of state or federal law will be referred to the relevant authorities, hotel staff or RMFC Executives.

Staff can contact Hotel Security for you if you are on the phone with emergency personnel.

Lost and Found

If you lose anything in convention space, please check with our Operations desk to see if it has been found. You can also file a lost report identifying the item so that we can contact you if it is found. Items not claimed by the opening ceremonies of the next year's convention become the property of Rocky Mountain Fur Con and may be donated or disposed.

Children at the Convention

Rocky Mountain Fur Con is happy to welcome minors at the convention – as such the convention is held to a 'PG-13' standard of conduct. Minor attendees will be identified on their badge as such, and will not be allowed access to adult areas of the convention. Unaccompanied minors will need a parental consent form to be filed prior to event attendance.

RMFC is not a registered day care facility for children. An unsupervised minor badge-holder without a parental consent form will be asked to follow a Special Operations staffer to the Operations desk. If we are unable to contact the responsible adult listed on the registration of the minor, local authorities will be contacted.

Dress Code

All attendees are required to wear shirt, shoes and leg coverings equivalent to dresses, pants or shorts while in the convention space. Please remember that the MPAA Rating equivalent of PG-13 is the general expectation of behavior and costume during the convention. RMFC Staff will request any attendee that have violated this rating to either change clothes, if relevant, or curtail the behavior involved. In general, if you feel that you have to ask about wearing something - take it to your room.

Please remember that while we are using the convention space of the hotel, we do not have claim to the hotel lobby or other public areas.

Public exposure of (real or fake) genitalia, bare buttocks or breasts is not permitted.

Harassment and Assault

Attendees may express emotional connections with each other in many ways, such as kissing and holding hands, that is considered appropriate behavior in convention space. More explicit expressions such as groping and passionate kissing are not.

Harassment is defined as “to disturb persistently; torment, as with troubles or cares; bother continually; pester; persecute. Harassment or assault is unacceptable in convention space. If you have a harassment or assault related concern, please consult a Special Operations staffer immediately. The event(s) will be reviewed and appropriate action taken – including the possible revocation of the violators’ badge and convention and/or hotel attendance. Relevant matters will be forwarded to law enforcement.

Drugs and Alcohol

Attendees of Rocky Mountain Fur Con are not permitted to bring any legally controlled substance inside the convention space unless it is a emergency medical appliance. This is inclusive of over-the-counter or prescription drugs. Non-prescription items that have a purely therapeutic use, such as cough drops, are permitted – although any items that violate the law by their transfer, use or possession do not. Other exemptions may be made on a case-by-case basis.

Alcohol is a legally controlled substance, and as such is restricted from being brought into convention areas from outside. Some convention events (restricted by age) may offer alcohol as a part of the event. If so, the alcoholic item must be consumed during the event, and may not be removed from the event area.

Public displays of intoxicated behavior are considered a violation of the RMFC Code of Conduct whether it is at a convention served event or in other convention spaces. Special Operations staff may request any such violators to leave convention space. Failure to exit, or attempted re-entry after such a request while still intoxicated, may result in the revocation of the attendee’s badge. Continued attempts may result in law enforcement or hotel security involvement.

Weapons and Props

RMFC staff want all attendees to have a safe and fun convention. In many cases, props (theater properties) such as tool belts and other items are part of attendee costumes. In order to allow our attendees to represent the traits of the characters they may be costuming as we ask that all attendees follow these prop guidelines.

- No edge-exposed metal items, including armor.
- No guns, gun replicas (see below) or projectile launchers (such as air-soft weapons or cap-guns)
- No projectile ammunition (whether live, fake or disabled)
- No explosive devices or chemicals of any kind.
- No other weapons of any kind.

A weapon is any object that is swung or used in an aggressive manner. This definition intentionally ignores the capacity to inflict damage.

Any prop that may be considered a weapon must be taken to the Operations Desk to be reviewed. Items approved for entry into convention space must be identified with a ‘peace tie’ that will be applied by Special Operations or Operations. This non-permanent tie must be present for the item to be in convention space.

If a special operations staff member identifies that you are carrying a prop that this policy would apply to, you can:



Sidian

1. Remove the item from Convention Space to a personal area (Car, Home, Hotel Room) OR,
2. Take the item to the Operations Desk for approval.

If any item, whether approved or not, is swung (by any person) or used in an aggressive manner, the item becomes a weapon. This requires the immediate and permanent removal of the item from convention space. Special Operations staff that identify an item that has become a weapon will document the item with the Operations Desk – at which point any person bringing in that item will be asked to leave con space until it is put away. If the item is brought in again after that point the carrier faces revocation of their badge.

The policy of the Doubletree Hotel is NO WEAPONS, this is including carry and concealed carry permits. As a private business, they have the right at anytime to supersede our rules on weapons and props at anytime, please follow all Hotel staff directions.

Commercial Activities

Rocky Mountain Fur Con restricts the transfer of goods or services for profit to areas designated to commercial operation, such as the Dealers Den.

Those seeking to sell goods or services must gain prior approval from the convention by registering as a dealer. If you are intending your sales to be for the RMFC charity please notify RMFC staff before the sales activity begins. The RMFC Vendor Group Policy applies to all sales transactions that occur inside Rocky Mountain Fur Con space, inclusive of commissioned art.

Advertisements may not be posted unless approved by a RMFC director or chair.

Final Notes

The Rocky Mountain Fur Con Staff hopes that you enjoy your time at our convention. If you have any questions regarding these policies, please contact us – whether at the Operations desk during the convention, or at

information@rockymountainfurcon.org.



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<http://www.rabbitvalley.com>

THE LAME ONE BY FAYE THE HOT



Neon Grizzly
furaffinity.net/user/neongrizzly/

something steampunk this way comes...



ART BY MARA-SAN
AND CRAMHEART

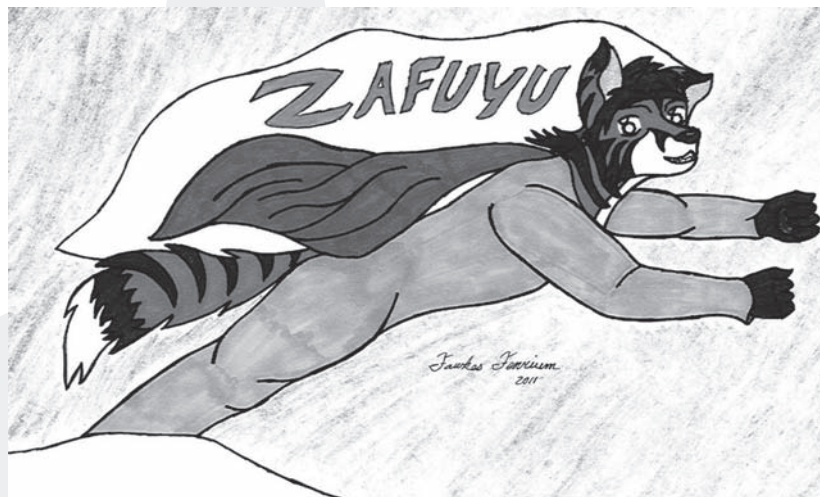
MEGAPLEX 2012 TURN BACK THE GEARS

Megaplex is going Steampunk on July 27th-29th, 2012! Join the adventure at www.megaplexcon.org - Follow our Megaplex Facebook and Youtube channels, on Twitter at @Megaplex_con, or on Livejournal and FurAffinity under 'Megaplex'!



DANCE!!

every evening from 9pm - really late!



Zafuyu

FREEDOM SERVICE DOGS



Freedom Service Dogs (FSD) enhances the lives of people with disabilities, by rescuing dogs and custom training them for individual client needs. FSD provides lifetime support to its client-dog partners, to encourage increased independence, and the loving, therapeutic bond between canine and human. Freedom Service Dogs is a registered 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. It has received numerous commendations, been featured in the national press, and had government resolutions supporting their innovative work.

All of the dogs in this program are rescues, almost entirely from shelters across the Denver Metro area and the Front Range. Any dog that does not fulfill all the comprehensive training requirements is found an adoptive home. The all inclusive expense for custom training from start to finish is generally \$20,000-\$25,000 – but clients are not charged for their service.

Freedom Service Dogs is succeeding in making an important difference in the lives of people with mobility impairment. Overcoming challenges for even the simplest life tasks is what these dogs are trained to do. Picking up dropped keys or a pen, opening a door, turning on a light, getting the remote control, balancing while transferring to and from a wheelchair, locating and acquiring the phone in case of emergency - can be next to impossible for an unassisted person in need. FSD's success has been vast, but at any given point they have upwards of 30 people on a waiting list. On average, those in need struggle for more than a year as FSD seeks funding to provide a service dog to suit their specialized needs. You can read more at <http://www.freedom servicedogs.org>

As always, Rocky Mountain Fur Con will be holding a Charity Auction during the convention to help support the wonderful organization. Lend a helping paw by bringing any items you'd like to donate to the auction. And be sure to visit Freedom Service Dogs in the Dealers Room! They'll be there to hand out literature, demonstrate the talents of the dogs, and answer questions about their charity. These folks are true Heroes.

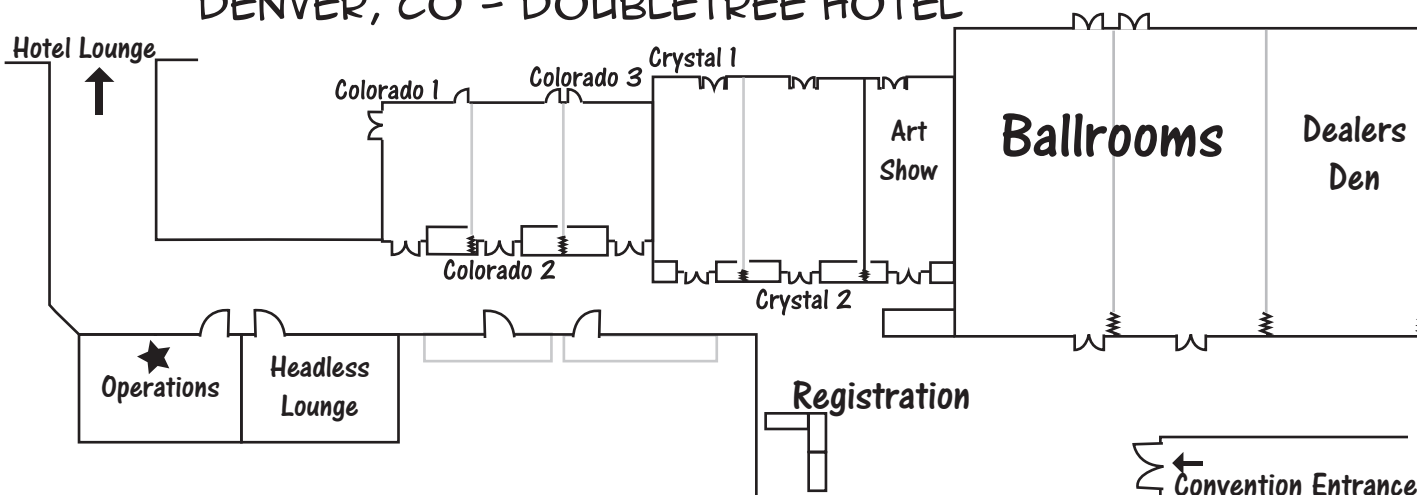




RMFC 2011

I NEED A HERO!!!

DENVER, CO - DOUBLETREE HOTEL



Sign-ups for most events located in Operations room! 24 Hour availability!

Rocky Mountain Fur Con is a convention for those interested in anthropomorphics or human-like animal characters. We are a collection of artists, animators, writers, costumers, and just everyday fans who enjoy cartoon animals. This year, our furry convention will be held at the beautiful Doubletree hotel in Denver, Colorado. RMFC features workshops, panel workshops, panel discussions, fursuit activities that include a parade, an art show and dealer room, even a cooking show! Our Guests of Honor for this year will be Furry writer Kyell Gold and Furry artist Rukis.

What is furry?

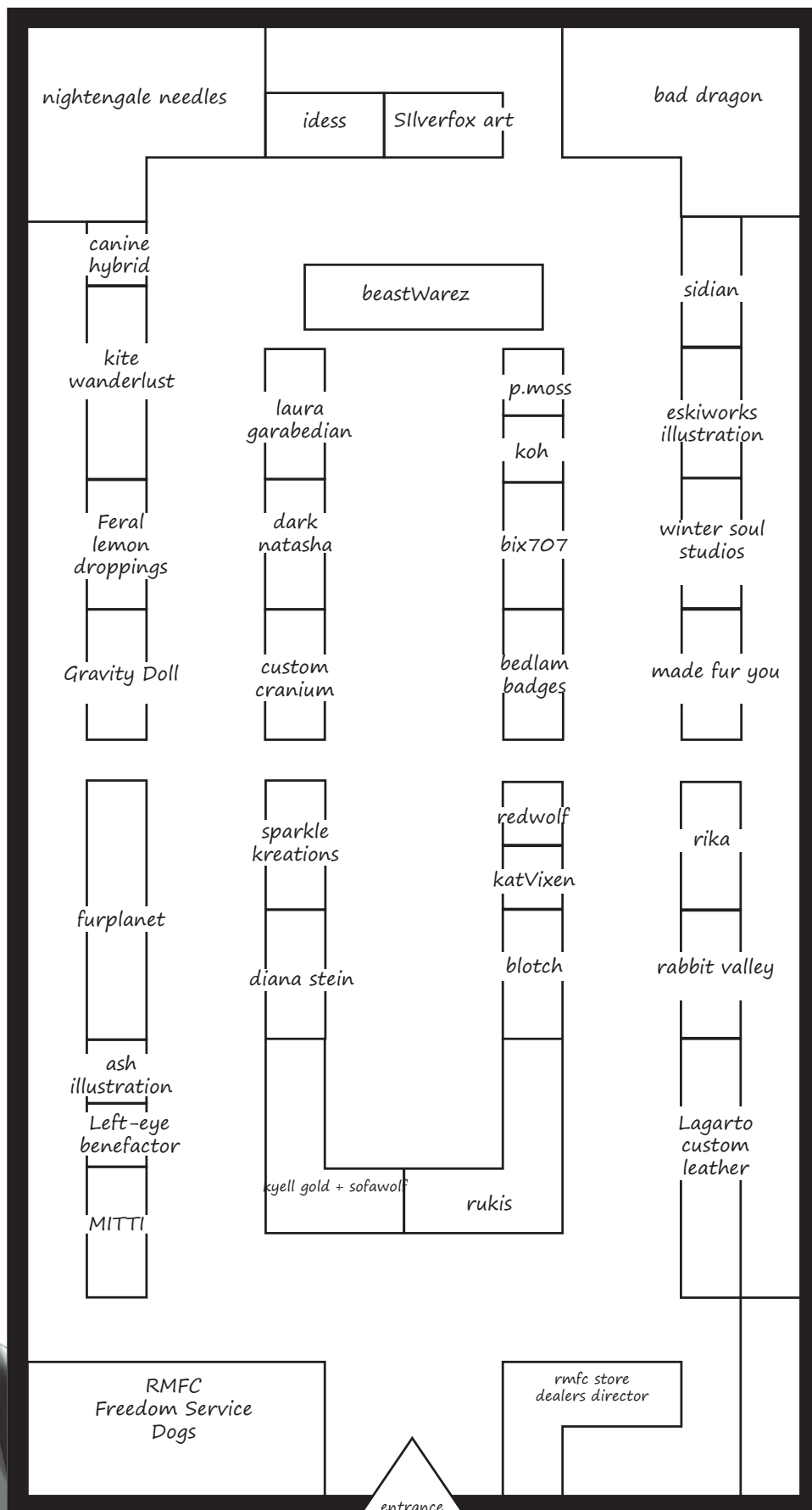
Furry is a widely used term to describe a particular category of fiction. A Furry creature is anthropomorphic, where both human and animal characteristics are present. It can be physical (opposable thumbs), mental or both. They can be funny or serious. The term "Furry" is usually limited to members of the Furry Fandom or other cultural groups aware of the furry fandom. The term Furry is also sometimes used to refer to fans of the anthropomorphic arts. These can include animators, illustrators, film makers, costume (Fursuit) designers, and many others. You may contact the convention by postal mail by sending correspondence to: Rocky Mountain Fur Con, PO BOX 351331 Westminister, CO 80035-1331 OR Online at <http://www.RockyMountainFurCon.org>

Times will be posted at the dealers door

DEALERS



Darkness Minotaur



(That you can't miss!)

MAJOR EVENTS

Event : Guest of Honor Cocktail Party

Hosted by : Convention staff

Join our honored guests and gracious donators at the 5th annual Rocky Mountain Fur Convention Cocktail Party. An evening cocktail party for our Patrons, Super Patrons, Founders, and Guests of Honor. (Admission only available to active patron and superpatron donators)

Event : Guest of Honor Dinner

Hosted by : Convention staff

Join our honored guests and gracious donators at the 5th annual Rocky Mountain Fur Convention Guest of Honor Dinner. An evening dinner for our Super Patrons, and Guests of Honor. (Admission only available to super patron donators)

Event : Ice Cream Social

Hosted by: Convention staff

Even a hero can use a bowl of ice cream on a warm summer day. Join us for a refreshing bowl of ice cream and casual conversation. Meet new people, or join your friends. (Tickets available for purchase with pre-registration only)

Event : Opening Ceremonies

Hosted by : Convention Staff

Join us in welcoming our dealers, our Guests of Honor, and each other to our convention. Meet out dedicated staff members, introductions of the convention chairman, and the beginnings of our yearly guest book. Followed by a welcoming to our first-time convention attendees by the Vice-chairman of the con with any questions you may want to ask about the convention or the local area.

Event : Freedom Service Dogs presentation

Hosted by : Freedom Service Dogs

Freedom Service Dogs (FSD) enhances the lives of people with disabilities, by rescuing dogs and custom training them for individual client needs. Join our charity group Freedom Service Dogs as they share their goals and ideals.



Karma Ai

Event: RMFC Poker Tournament

Hosted by : Tabbicus

The fifth annual Rocky Mountain Fur Convention poker tournament. What started as a casual game betting with fist-fulls of hard candy returns this year with four preliminary tables and prizes for finalists.

Event : Fursuit Games

Hosted by : Karma Ai

Fursuiters! Come and join us for a round of fun as you earn prizes through games! Enjoy classics like musical chairs or play some unusual ones we made up. Breaks will be provided for fursuiters, so that all can enjoy. Non-suiters are welcome to come along and cheer for them all. We have simple games that are easy to play, and rough games that require moving around a lot. Some games do have prizes, so come and compete! Games change every day.

Event : Purry Fictionary

Hosted by : Fritz

Join in for a convention-sized game of head to head pictionary

Event: Closing Ceremonies

Hosted by: Convention Staff

Come join us in sending off the current convention into history, and getting psyched about next time, when in 2012, Rocky Mountain Fur Con braces ourselves for 2012, the Furry Apocalypse

Meet our friendly local wildlife

September 22-25



RAINFURREST.ORG

Anthrocon 2012

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

David L. Lawrence Convention Center
Pittsburgh, PA
June 21st to 24th, 2012

Anthrocon
www.anthrocon.org

Guest of Honor!

...★ Kyell Gold

is a prolific furry author whose writing typically focuses on male/male erotica. His fursona is a red fox. He has written several novels, all published by Sofawolf Press. Several of his shorter works have also appeared in Sofawolf Press's Heat, as well as Bad Dog Books' FANG. He and K.M. Hiroasaki are co-hosts of the podcast Unsheathed.

Gold's most well-known works include his Argaea series of novels and short stories. His other published works include the coming of age novel Waterways and numerous short stories.



<http://www.kyellgold.com/news.html>

Guest of Honor!

Rukis ● ★ ★ ★

is a fantasy illustrator who is relatively new to the anthropomorphic world. She is a naturalist who enjoys gardening, raising livestock and walking barefoot on the small farm she lives on. She prefers honesty and despises censorship in all aspects of life, including art. Her passions are raising animals, old-school tabletop RPGs, drinking gobs of Dr. Pepper, and making comics.

Rukis recently published the short comic Cruelty, and is currently working on the collaborative comic Red Lantern with fellow artist Alectorfencer. Come by and say hi, she doesn't bite hard.



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

Welcome!

to the doubletree hotel...

A Denver Hotel with Central Location, Top Requested Amenities & Exceptional Service



★ Complimentary shuttle service to Denver International Airport, Shops at Northfield, Quebec Square, and the 29th Avenue Town Center - based on availability

★ Complimentary wireless high-speed Internet access in all guestrooms

★ Complimentary full-service Business Center

★ AAA and Senior rates available

★ Government rates available

★ Delicious dining options - Visit The Café Restaurant, offering a variety of dishes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; unwind and relax at the end of the day in our Lobby Lounge; or enjoy the game on our big screen at Character's Sports Bar

★ Newly renovated, fully equipped fitness center

★ Heated indoor pool and outdoor hot tub



THANK YOU!!!

STAFF:

SORIN, KLANDAGHI, ZUCI, NIGHTEYES, HIBIKI, LAGARTO, REALIS, STEPHAN WOLF, VINCENT, MAX, JENRYUU, KYLE, MARCO, AND INVALUABLE OTHERS AND ON SITE VOLUNTEERS THANKS!

FOUNDERS, DONATIONS, TIME & MONEY...

WILLIAM DI FAZIO AKA TRIGGER HAPPY SQUIRREL, JOESEPH LUNA AKA CALI-CAT MERLIN, DAVID K. SIMPSON AKA SERBERUS, IAN EDMISTON AKA FREEFOX, SCORCH, DANIEL LEWIS, RICHARD ARP, AMANDA DRAEGER, MICHEAL SIMMONS, ROBERT DAIL JR., ANY COTTAM, WRIC POLLOCK, SHELBY HUMPHREY, SANTIAGO CHAVEZ, ZACHARY BROOKS, BRIAN SIMPSON, JENNIFER WESTFALL, KEITH GOLD... AND MANY MORE!

CONBOOK & DESIGN ZUCI & EAGLE

WEBSITE DESIGN MAHO & ROCKFOX

VOLUNTEER INFO

If you are interested in being a manager for RMFC 2012 please email Operations! RMFC Managers are required to live in state, be 18 yers or older and have a valid state ID.

Volunteers need to be 16+ with a parents permission. Please volunteer! We can't do it without all you wonderful volunteers!

RMFC NEEDS YOU!!! we are currently looking for a few good furs. rmfc needs YOU for manager and staff positions. apply today at our website!

www.rockymountainfurcon.org

Thanks to OUR ARTISTS & WRITERS!

ALEX ROMAN, BRYNDEL, RALLEY, SIDIAN, EDDY HOLMGREN, ELIAS, JAMES RATHBUN, RAHNE, FOXENE, KARMA AI, KIASH, AX, DANNY HAYES, DARKNESS MINATOUR, OREN OTTER, ZAFUYU, EAGLE, ZUCI, and many others!

We could never have a great con without great fur's like you!

If you would like to get your art or story in 2012's conbook please submit to conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org!



HTH STUDIOS <http://www.cafepress.com/htfstudios>

cafe press

THE HOUSE OF EVE

STICKERS

PILLOWS

BLANKETS

HIGH TAIL HALL

T-SHIRTS

POSTERS

DRINKWARE

IPOD/iPAD CASES

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OUR CAFE PRESS IS FOR GENERAL AUDIENCES (PG13)

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ADULTS ONLY! MUST 18 OR OVER TO PLAY!

Rocket City Fur Meet
presents:

The Decades

Guest of Honor:

Fossil
THE UNDEAD ARTIST

Register at:
<http://rcfm.net>

Huntsville, AL
May 25th - 27th, 2012

Be there or be square!

Walking Through Fire

by Samantha "Bryndel" Sly

Smothered in soot and reeking to high heaven, I stood sullenly before two master magicians. Both of them were scowling at me.

The one on my right wore deep orange robes, a massive wolf colored pure ebony with dark brown eyes. His name, appropriately enough, was Coalfur. His expression, like a brooding thundercloud, made his eyes seem almost black; they were focused on me as his rumbling voice addressed the white rabbit in blue robes beside him.

"...And that, Master Aqua, is the result of this morning's activities. I leave it up to you to decide the fate of ...those parties involved." His dark eyes bored into me. I busied myself staring at my feet to avoid the accusing gaze, glumly noting the lack of title or name when he referred to the... (ominous pause) ...parties involved.

Ohhh boy, was I in trouble.

The rabbit was white, tall and slender, with even longer ears than most. She regarded me with a grim but thoughtful expression. "I see," she said flatly. "Well, Master Pyro, have you anything to say for yourself?"

I tried not to squirm. Is there anything I can say that won't just dig me in deeper? ...Probably not. Adopting a mulish expression, I finally lifted my face and eyed the pair of them directly. "I did what I thought was right," I told them both with as much defiance as I could muster. And then tried not to cringe as ire flared up in Aqua's

cerulean eyes.

"You did what you thought right?" thundered Coalfur, the brewing storm within breaking at my words. This time I couldn't help but cower a little as a single black-furred digit snapped up to point unerringly at me. "You know how the rest of the world thinks of us! And still you thought it right to risk the existence of Takhurra, the very lives of everyone here, for the sake of rescuing one girl?!"

"-Coalfur," cut in Aqua repressively. "That is enough." The wolf subsided, glowering, while I bit my tongue and glowered right back. "The last thing we need is for you to start a shouting match. But Master Coalfur is right," she continued, transferring her gaze to me. For a supposed prey animal, it was amazing how threatening her stare was. "As he said, your thoughtless actions have endangered us all. If someone had suspected a mage's presence at that fire there'd have been real trouble. Furthermore--"

I couldn't stand it any longer. "She would have died!" I shouted. "If I hadn't grabbed her, she'd b--"

"Master Pyro, HOLD YOUR TEMPER," snapped Coalfur.

"Perhaps so," said Aqua, replying to me. "But consider how many more might suffer because you saved her by bringing her here."

"I couldn't just sit by and watch her--"

"You could and you should have," rumbled Coalfur. "Let their own do the rescuing."

"There was no one else around!" I spluttered. "No one saw me."

"You can't know that!" he said. "Even the least apprentice knows better than you do, it seems, Master Pyro!"

"But--!"

"-Enough," said Aqua again. "The rest of Takhurra is waiting for us. The deed is done, and no amount of arguing is going to undo it. Pyro, we will discuss this matter further later. For now--is she sequestered?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Good. It seems reasonable to me that you be the one to go and keep an eye on her. For now, don't tell her any more than you have to--make something up if you must--and do not, under any circumstances, allow her to leave that room."

Zafuyu



"A burning house fell on her," I reminded Aqua. "She's not in much condition to go anywhere, right now."

Hey! Where's the rest of the story?!

Not to worry, you can find them here!

<http://www.rockymountainfurcon.org/2011/stories>
We had so many wonderful submissions this year, but only a limited amount of space.

We have tried to make it as convenient as possible for you to access them all in one convenient place, however. You may do so by manually typing in the link above, or using this fancy QR code to the right. On the other end of that link, is each and every complete story, so you don't have to miss the action.



Foxeene

The Watchdog: Birth of the Hero

Eddy was just a student living a normal life getting through school, until he witnessed the caped Captain Doom. He watched as he hid behind some trash cans as the masked boy rob toys, calculators, and lunch money from his schoolmates. Before the villain was apprehended he gave a few simple flirting words to his captors and made his escape in their stuttered response. His fists shaking and clenched, Eddy finally fought his body into leaving his hiding spot. The kids whose toys were stolen cried, the teachers were dumb-founded, and slowly they all dispersed without another word on the issue. Eddy knew he was just as useless as they, walking around with their heads down as Captain Doom went on causing havoc and disarray unpunished. Eddy went into the hallway bathroom and stared himself in the eyes, seeing his fear dripping away as his need for justice overwhelmed him. He knew what he had to do.

He gathered his equipment that weekend and trained for almost two weeks using the school's gymnasium. As he pulled the mask he had made himself over his eyes, Eddy felt his heart racing. The utility belt around his waist was heavy with equipment and slightly more bulky than he had thought it'd be, but he didn't pay too much mind as he looked himself up and down in the mirror. Even though it was cold that night, his fur-matching grey shirt was form-fitting and tight around his chest, the dark paw-print insignia on his chest simple and memorable. His pants were just as tight, but were as dark as the night outside, held up by the heavy belt he had stitched together himself.

Eddy flexed to himself, his new muscles pleasing to him and hopefully to anyone else who valued the justice he vowed to serve. As Eddy watched himself and

looked into the bright determined eyes, he knew that as he wore his mask he was no longer the simple school-going Eddy Holmgren. He was The Watchdog. Protector of the weak, and arch nemesis to evil wherever it may be.

His bare feet made no sound as he walked to the window, twisting the light bulb in his desk lamp to darken his room and setting his alarm for the morning. In seconds his room was empty, the curtains settling against the wall after being tossed by a soft night breeze.

The Watchdog glanced down, his eyes glowing with the green illumination from his high tech wristwatch he found in the pawn shop. It was only a few minutes until midnight, when he was sure Captain Doom would surely strike somewhere. Something about midnight was just so super-villain, he was sure Captain Doom would love the poetic justice of it all...

He reached back and pulled a long tightly woven dog-leash from the back pouch of his utility belt, letting it unravel enough to clip the leash end into a sort of lasso loop. He tossed it effortlessly over the fence to catch on the handle on the other side. Giving a few test pulls, he began to climb, his bare hands and feet making no noise as he climbed over the fence and jumped down to the other side, crouching into the shadows. Looking around, he decided his best bet would be going through an open window or vent... he collected his leash-lasso and started looking for a way in.

It wasn't hard to find a way inside the large school building, and as Eddy...ahem, i mean Watchdog... as Watchdog looked through a large vent, he saw quite a few men with large equipment belts and dark uniforms. One pressed something on his chest and spoke into a small microphone, mumbling soft enough that the Watchdog couldn't hear.

"You have failed, Watchdog! And you shall know the taste of defeat against Captain Doom!"

Snowfall

It wasn't easy being different. Being special. Being 'gifted'. Having powers of any kind was always a double-edged sword, and for Corlen, it always seemed more bad than good.

"You've got a special gift," his parents would often tell him. But half the time, he thought of it as more of a curse. In fact, he felt like a freak.

Why me?

That was the thought that constantly loomed in the snow leopard's mind for years. He was all too aware of the fact that there were millions of people who would have given anything to be telekinetic or have some kind of 'superpower'. Corlen, on the other hand, was one snow leopard who would have given it away, if he could; he wanted to be normal, live a normal life, and be a normal person.

But, that was impossible.

He largely kept his 'gift' a secret, known only to his parents and close friends. His parents, of course, tried to console him, and his friends always stood in awe of his powers, but even they didn't make things easy for him. Some of them had even come up with the most absurd

of ideas—a superhero.

What was meant to be another relaxing hang out in their usual, quiet and secluded corner at Winter Leaves—Corlen's favourite coffee shop—suddenly turned into a collective effort to get him something he never, ever imagined himself doing.

"I don't think so," Corlen said tersely before taking another sip of his cappuccino.

"Come on, man, why not?" Denton, a clouded leopard threw back. Denton was among the most outspoken and supportive of the idea. He was always that sweet guy, the perfect person to have at your side whenever you needed someone, and Corlen actually liked him a lot more than he let on. They were just friends, though; he never imagined himself being in a relationship with someone who... didn't know what it was like to be him. It would just have made things complicated.

"I think you could really do a lot with those powers," Nikky, an otter, chimed in.

"Alright, how far would I get? How many people could I save? How long until I get killed or the cops decide to stop me for being some retarded vigilante? It's just stupid." The snow leopard almost banged his fist on the table. He'd yelled a little louder than he intended, but he didn't want to hear this kind of crap.

Omega Cat

The space station "Earth's Eye" floated calmly on its orbit around the Earth, monitoring the activities down on the planet's surface. The year was 3625 A.D., and much had changed on the Earth. The main population of the planet now consisted of furies, the human race having combined their DNA with that of animals in order to survive as a species. This change began a century earlier when the planet had the first encounter with alien life forms; unfortunately, the aliens that had come into contact with the humans had been carrying a lethal alien disease. Many humans were affected, and millions died from the epidemic. It seemed like all was lost until an influential scientist made an important discovery.

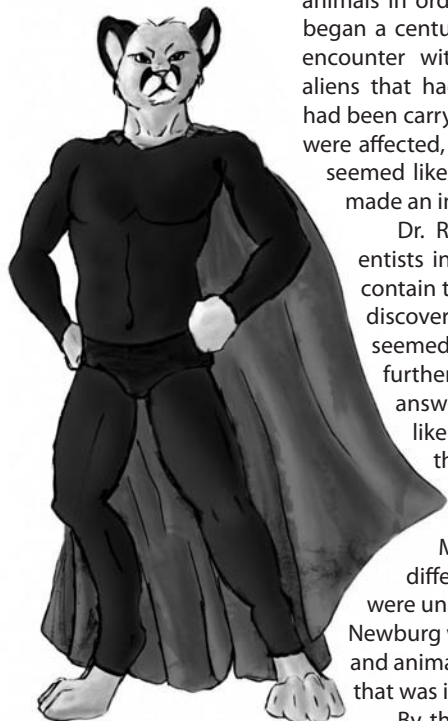
Dr. Roger Newburg, one of the leading scientists in the field of genetics had been able to contain the virus in order to run experiments. He discovered that animals, particularly mammals, seemed to have immunity to this disease. Upon further experimentation, it seemed that the answer lied in their genetic code. It seemed like the plague was a genetic disease and that the humans were affected since their genetic code was similar to that of the alien race, which made them vulnerable. Most animals had a genetic code that was different from both species, however, and so were unaffected. Upon making this discovery, Dr. Newburg was able to devise a way to splice human and animal DNA, creating a new humanoid species that was immune to the virus.

By this time, the last strains of the virus had been exterminated. Recently, there'd been word of experiments to reverse the splicing process so that full humans would be around again. It would likely take

some time to get them integrated back into society, however, since a lot of the furies felt that their animalistic nature was an improvement on humanity. There were a lot of them who didn't want to be fully human, while others were biased against full humans. There were groups of furs who wouldn't have minded being turned fully human, but it seemed that they would meet controversy as long as there was this bias.

As it was, they had other problems. The crime rate in the world had skyrocketed during the epidemic as many people, thinking they had nothing to lose, turned to crime as they thought that their lives would be ending soon anyway. This crime spree was still going strong despite the transitions from human to furry that Earth's inhabitants went through. Part of the solution had been this space station itself, Earth's Eye. It had been sent into orbit to watch over the planet, watching the surface through a series of cameras planted on the surface. Many workers were put on around the clock surveillance so that the station's elite task force could be dispatched to any location if something was going down.

Someone else was currently watching the Earth as well, though for different reasons. Lucas Lancaster, one of the janitorial staff at work onboard the station, sighed as he gazed wistfully at the planet. The young cat was in his late 20's with brown fur, red eyes, and thick black hair. He was wearing his work clothes, an orange jumpsuit with his nametag. Although he was supposed to be mopping the hallway he stood in, he'd stopped, leaning on his mop as he stared at the Earth. He'd taken the job because it had seemed to be the only job open, as the economy on Earth was rough, and no one was accepting. He was already regretting his decision, since there was little else up there for him other than the job.



Kiasha

When Death Makes a Hero

By: Elias Saphir

It has been several years since Allister's mother passed away and, since then, he has walked the rough paths leading to the distant booming city, even on the day of her death. He walked slowly with dull eyes and his ears lowered to block out the usual squeaking coming from the other animals walking the path. His right paw softly edged against the railing as water crashed into the earth below, the sounds of seagulls and the balmy soliloquy from the city mixing into a sweet harmony. The smells of cheap food and salt made his whiskers twitch and his nose scrunch up into a sneeze.

The path was made of tightly packed dirt, but it was still loose enough so that his foot paws shuffled some pebbles out of place, its' sound lost in the mix of nature. Every so often the path winded away from the sea so that everyone could walk the path without being in danger of falling in. Allister looked up into the sky, parting his long black hair away from his eyes, and couldn't help but notice that this night was darker.

The moon still hung from the sky, but it's radiance that usually graced the world was somehow lost from its view. Even the city, ever so colorful, was now dull and lifeless; the usual star speckled painting now replaced with tall gray skyscrapers with dull white lights. Even so, he continued along the path with his mother's last words echoing in his head: "Live your life for others."

He scrunched up his nose and gave his long white tail a twitch at these words. He always did try to live his life for others when she was alive, that's how she taught him, but everyone always rejected him. "If I live off my mother's last wishes, then I don't have any point of living at all," he muttered to himself.

"Now that's no way to speak," an old dog let out as he passed Allister, pulling the hat from his head down to his chest and giving a slight bow as he passed. "You

should look at the sea, it's always refreshing."

Allister followed the dog to the edge of the land into a crowd of other animals. His tail swayed side to side hitting the back of his calves as he leaned over the rail to watch the crashing waters. To him, the water looked darker, blacker, but he didn't pay much attention to it. After all, this was the first time he really looked at the water. A gentle breeze made his ears perk up as it told him minute-old warnings.

Allister let out a small sigh as the dog put his paw onto his shoulder. "Refreshing, isn't it?"

"Yeah...I suppose so."

"Don't be so shy kid, we're all friends here." The dog then disappeared into the crowd, his creaky bones and the loud bang of his walking stick slowly following.

The gentle sounds of nature and the squeaking of its' visitors was drowned out by a loud bubbling noise coming from the sea. True to his feline nature, Allister flicked his head left to right trying to find the source. Out in the distance, black bubbles were popping continuously. The waves seemed to be getting bigger and closer to land with each second.

A giant hand made from black ooze burst out of the water and swiftly grabbed the mouse next to him.

The Return of the Unlucky Gun

By Ralley

Edited by Sidian

The city sprawled out below Tommy like a bright beacon against the twilight sky. The sun's rays shot out over the horizon from behind them and spread its light to the furthest reaches. The people below looked like ants, scurrying off to their places of work while the bustle of cars, buses, trucks, and trains rang out loudly among them.

Tommy looked up, he knew he could not fly on his own but he felt a pair of paws clutching him tight against a strong chest, he smiled at what he saw above him. The cities last hope, its beacon of light, and the one dog who saw that those who do evil would be herded into the pen of justice.

Wow! It's The Herder, Tommy thought to himself with much glee.

The form above him was athletic and huge, nearly seven feet tall with big chiseled muscles that would make any action movie star insanely jealous. It was obvious that The Herder was a canine, a German shepherd to be exact. His identity was hidden by a yellow mask that covered his eyes and wrapped around the back of his head, something in the mask made his eyes appear white and almost glowing. His body was covered in a form-fitting neon-yellow jump suit. In the middle across his chest was his emblem: a giant red H in a white oval. A red belt lined his middle; while most heroes had tool pouches along their belt for various gadgets and gear, The Herder was content with only his own powers and that's all that he needed, most of the time. He had an odd cape, when he was seen in flight you could see what could best be described as an aurora borealis where his cape would be. The moment he landed though, there was nothing there.

"Good morning little one," said The Herder, his voice deep, booming, and confident. "I was lucky to get you out of there safely, the entire farm exploded from a build-up of methane gas. What were you doing there anyway, so far from home?"

Tommy blinked a few times, he could not remember a farm or wherever he was in the past few hours. The last thing he remembered was walking home from school. He met up with someone, his head hurt when he tried to think about it more.

"I... I can't remember," Tommy said, "the last thing I remember was going to the park on my way home from school."

"We'll try to jog your memory," said The Herder, he looked down at his passenger with a smile, "I'm going to take you to see a friend then we'll go to the police and they'll take you home."

Tommy clutched tightly at The Herder's arms as they started to lose altitude. He knew The Herder would not drop him but Tommy held tight against The Herder and shivered. Heights never bothered Tommy but falling always did. The feeling of falling brought back memories of a time when he was very young and had fallen out a second story window while he was chasing a butterfly.

They dipped quickly between skyscrapers, birds and surprised office workers in buildings buzzed by rapidly as the pair shot like a speeding bullet through the downtown skyline. It looked like they were about to collide with the side of a brown building when The Herder pulled up, they climbed half the length of the building rapidly before slowing and gently landing on the roof.

"It's not wise to drop in unannounced, Herder," a grizzly voice said from the shadows of a tool shed sitting on top of the skyscraper, "especially this early in the morning. And you brought a guest! I should smack you."

"My apologies, BP," said The Herder. "My young friend here has been through a lot this morning. I thought I'd bring him to meet his favorite hero."

Hey! Where's the rest of the story?!

Not to worry, you can find them here!

<http://www.rockymountainfurcon.org/2011/stories>

We had so many wonderful submissions this year, but only a limited amount of space.

We have tried to make it as convenient as possible for you to access them all in one convenient place, however. You may do so by manually typing in the link above, or using this fancy QR code to the right. On the other end of that link, is each and every complete story, so you don't have to miss the action.





A Night on the Town

D.J. Fahl

A cold November in Philadelphia years ago...

The Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts looked good in the dark of night. The lights on it giving the proper show of gravitas. The city had spent a nice bit of money on cleaning up the exterior. After all earlier that night had been the new social event of the year. After years of hiatus the museum had hosted a gathering of the city's elite for a dance and fund raiser. That hadn't happened in years, there was no way to guarantee safety for the filthy rich and powerful not in a world where people could lift trucks with their bare hands. That night though everyone was buzzing about the events in Phoenix an around the world. Now beside the super villains there were those acting to stop them. First that raccoon, then the leopard punching out a giant robot in the Thames, A wolf so fast he was a blur stopping six robberies at once in St. Louis, a jackal who ho disappear and reappear was here in Philadelphia, and of in Boston a strange goggle wearing mustelid who seemed to have a clairvoyance for trouble. The powers were strange and like those who had been terrorizing the nation, really the world for years, but they were comforting, inspiring some were saying.

So now with a modicum of safety the Nuevo riche, the old money, the politicos and the elite had gathered for a truly grand gathering and no expense was spared. People had been holding back for years. The museum had actually worked with three other charities to put this together and it was a windfall and then some for all of them. People were ready to celebrate. Sure a wolf in bright orange and a welder's mask had shown up to try and steal the large sums of money the museum had raised but he had been stopped easily by the police. The jackal hero, the Enquirer called him The Stranger hadn't even been spotted but he wasn't needed there.

On a roof nearby looking over the cornices and decorative marks the fennec double checked her back pack. Dressed in black with a tiny black hat on her head wedged between her big ears. It was far too chilly, she shivered slightly cursing the birthright of her species, short fur and large ears made cold winter nights difficult.

She watched the museum knowing that the security guards had relaxed a bit the excitement was over and the charity donations were supposedly safe. The distance between the buildings was not insurmountable an it was late already.

She shivered again. She had time to turn back tonight. Go back to her apartment with its poor heating and bugs that scratched over thin walls. Go back to working in that coffee shop. Waiting for another chance.

No, she took a deep breath to steel her self she stood up. She had waited long enough. She wasn't going to wait like she had when she was living with her parents. She picked up the bag and slung it over her shoulder and in one paw she gripped a

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thick unobtrusive looking silvery steel rod. She fingered it slightly. She trusted it would work. It had too she had been dreaming it for months tweaking and testing it. She'd never get the deposit back on that awful apartment.

"Going my way miss?" Said a voice. She whipped around an stared standing on the roof less then two feet from her was a river otter. He wore a wide brimmed hat, old fashioned spectacles, a jacket and pants with an obvious tool belts. He looked anachronistic, almost silly. He had an amused grin on his face and his arms were folded whiskers twitching. How the hell had he snuck up on her? "I'm not doing anything wrong," she said quickly. With the same force and vigor she gave whenever one of her brothers or sisters had spied on her.

The otter chuckled his spectacles glinting a bit as he tipped his hat back, "Now that was an interesting answer. Normally a person would say 'who are you?' or 'what are you doing here?' I guess you've decided to skip that hmm?"

The fennec blushed profusely the insides of her ears turning bright pink. That had been stupid of her, "Well I'm not."

"Sure you're not," said the otter with a cocked eyebrow his thick rudder tail flicking slightly, "because most people in Philadelphia at three in the morning stand on roof tops in winter. Wearing black. Watching a museum with powerful binoculars. All you need to compete the picture is some black mask in your back pack."

"Okay so perhaps I'm not up to the most legal activity," she said as she tried to surreptitiously hide the mask in her pocket with her paw. She glared at the mustelid, she didn't like being made foolish. Judging by the way he was dressed and the way he was behaving he wasn't some random guy. He had to be that superhero Stragoi or whatever, "Yes well what are you going to do? Try and stop me?"



Ax



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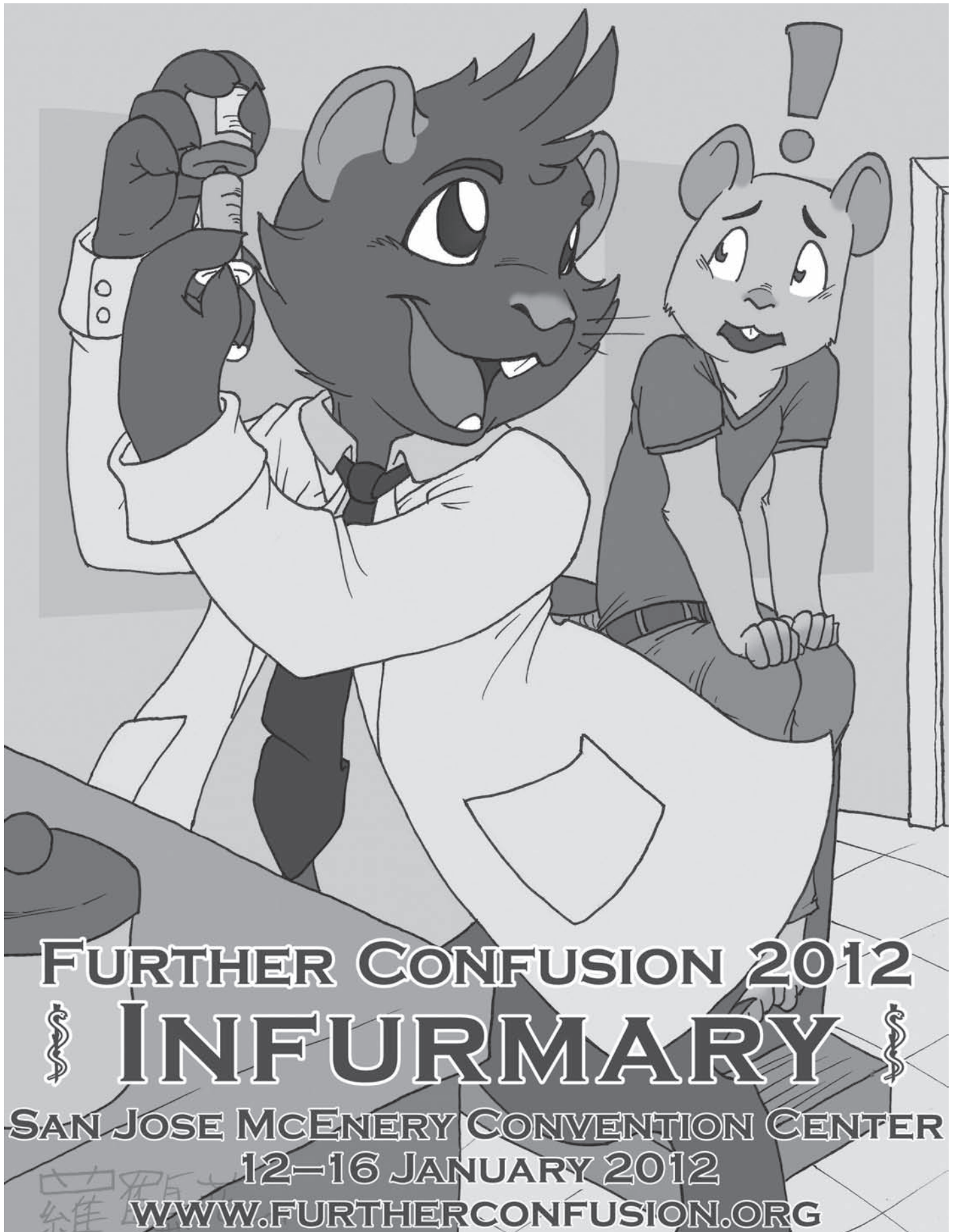
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A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, a dark-furred anthropomorphic animal, possibly a cat or dog, is dressed as a doctor in a white lab coat and a dark tie. He is holding a stethoscope to his chest and looking towards the right with a slight smile. On the right, a lighter-furred anthropomorphic animal, possibly a mouse or rat, is sitting on a desk or table, looking up at the doctor with a surprised expression. A large exclamation mark is floating above the patient's head. The background is simple, with a door visible on the right.

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