

RMFC

Rocky Mountain Fur Con

August 10-12 2012



FURRY APOCALYPSE!

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Front Cover by Idess - www.furaffinity.net/user/idess/





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Sidian
www.furaffinity.net/user/sidian/

Please send any suggestions, compliments and/or complaints to Co-Chair 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 ads or trades for next year's conbook please write to marketing!





LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

One of the most interesting dictionary definitions of Apocalypse is a prophetic revelation; especially concerning a cataclysm in which the forces of good permanently triumph over the forces of evil. Six years old is a momentous land mark for conventions. Most events like ours sink or swim in the first 5 years. As a convention begins its 6th year and beyond, that outlook becomes broader, growth becomes stronger, and the event really starts to take off. So it is with great pride that I happily welcome you to the 6th Rocky Mountain Fur Con! We're all set for another year at the Denver Double Tree. Even though the place is packed with more furs than any previous year, it's really starting to feel like home.

I would like to welcome and thank our artist Guest of Honor for 2012, David Hopkins, the artist and writer behind the intelligent and dark comic, Jack. I would like to extend an equally warm welcome to our fursuiter Guest of Honor for 2012, Syber of Made Fur You. We are really excited to have both of them with us this year.

I would like to thank my staff. Without them, I would be a babbling idiot (More so than I am now at least) and welcoming the Apocalypse with open arms. My senior staff and there department members have been working tirelessly for months to put on a great convention for you, and I couldn't be more pleased.

Lastly, I would like to thank the most important part of the convention; you, the attendees. Without you there would be no Rocky Mountain Fur Con. If this is your first time here, Welcome! If not, Welcome Back! We hope you enjoy your time here and decide to continue joining us for future years as part of the Rocky Mountain Fur Con family.

Welcome to the Furry Apocalypse!

Sorin

Chairman, Rocky Mountain Fur Con

LETTER FROM THE CO-CHAIRMAN

Hi there,

I'm Klandaghi Silentclaws, a mouthful for sure, but call me Klan for short. As I sit down to write this I think about all of the accomplishments that have come out of this convention. I've grown with this convention, from Director of Special Operations from 2007 to 2010 to Vice Chair 2011 and now 2012. Six years of exciting times with different challenges each new year. We continue to come out on top and continue to bring you Rocky Mountain Fur Con. That's not to say that we take full credit for it. We couldn't have made it this far without the support of the community, generous donations from our Founders, Super Patrons, Patrons, Members, Staff, and last but not least, the Furs that felt we were important enough to keep around in Denver and sunk whatever they could into helping the convention. We've had some rough times, but I couldn't be more pleased to be here, serving all of you and bringing you what I feel is going to be the best Rocky Mountain Fur Con that we've had yet.

I hope that all of you have had and continue to have as good a time attending as we have had running this convention for you. When we first started we weren't sure if fewer panels and more time for meeting fellow furs to socialize would be a good thing or not. We've had a few key events that we hold each year; Purry Fictionary, Free-Can-Cook, and the Parade on 16th Street Mall, but past that it's an event where you can take your time, see what you want to see and still have time to hang out with that Fur from Cali, Seattle, the East Coast, or even from someplace other than the States. While we haven't been able to have the Parade on 16th street mall since 2009, we are still looking to get back down town. We may not get there for a few years yet, but we are working towards it.

It's donations from fellow furs that allow us to keep throwing Rocky Mountain Fur Con. That said, not all Furs have the means to donate money. When I'm talking about donations, in the adage of time = money, plenty of furs in the community have risen to donate time to make sure this event goes off without a hitch, time and time again, year after year. A few staff members have come and gone, and all have left their mark on this convention in one way or another. Staff members of the past have raised the bar and passed the torch on to the next generation of staffers and each year we push that bar higher. In the end, we are all striving for one thing, to make this the best convention that we've had yet. I am deeply honored to be your Vice Chairman for Rocky Mountain Fur Con 2012 and more than excited for the convention this year. I can't wait to see you all there.

Good luck,

Klandaghi Silentclaws

Co-Chair, Rocky Mountain Fur Con







RMFC 2012

Code of Conduct

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 badgeholder 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.

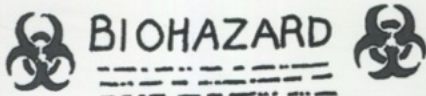
Please remember that while we are using the convention space of the hotel, we do not have claim to the hotel lobby or other public areas.

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





EVACUATION
AUG 10-12 2012



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:

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.

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. The attendee also agrees to any and all Hotel policies. Rocky Mountain Fur Con strives to give as many people as possible a fun time. Keep in mind that there are always other guests of the hotel, especially on the main floor. Offending the hotel's other guests is inappropriate. Consideration of others is the hallmark of a mature individual and a healthy fandom.





Freedom SERVICE DOGS OF AMERICA

Freedom Service Dogs (FSD) trains rescue dogs to assist and provide companionship for people with disabilities.

We provide lifetime support to both client and service dog to encourage independence, mobility, and loving, therapeutic bond.

As a registered 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, we rely on community support, including volunteers, dog adoptions and donations.

We are thrilled to be the Rocky Mountain Fur Con 2012 charity! Please come by our table in the dealer's den and to our panels and say hi!

WISH LIST

- ☒ LEASHES
- ☒ BLANKETS
- ☒ TREATS
- ☒ DOG TOYS



FRIDAY

Meet our dogs!: This is a Freedom Service Dogs meet-and-greet. Come say hi to our dogs and meet some trainers. Please remember to ask before petting.

SATURDAY

All About Freedom Service Dogs: This local non-profit has caught media attention nation wide for it's groundbreaking Operation Freedom program. Come see what the buzz is all about!

SUNDAY

From shelter dog to hero: Learn the process Freedom Service Dogs uses to choose exceptional dogs and what it takes for each candidate to become a fully fledged service dog.

Visit us at <http://www.freedom servicedogs.org>



CALIFUR IX

FURTUAL REALITY

MAY 31ST - JUNE 2ND, 2013

**THERE MAY BE NO
TOMORROW.
DANCE LIKE IT.**

FRIDAY

DJ	Genre
Kiza	tbd
tba	tbd
shock and animus	trance
BCAlity	DNB
shockwave	B2B HK
disorder	schranz

SATURDAY

DJ	Genre
Fursuit Dance	tbd
rux	house
Recca	electro
Freefox	electro

SUNDAY

DJ	Genre
Phaedra	TBD
loveless	electro
waffle	dubstep
JJ	house
Tundra	dub step
hifi husky	electro

Every night between 7pm – 2am



EVENTS

*See separate schedule for specific times/locations.

Main Events

Event: Opening Ceremonies

Hosted by: Convention Staff

Join us in welcoming our dealers, our Guests of Honor, dedicated staff and each other to our convention.

Event: Your First Convention

Hosted by: RockFox & Stefan

New to Furry fandom? New to furry conventions? New to large groups of people? This is the place to be. Join others like yourself and experienced con-goers for a long helpful talk over the do's and don't of conventions.

Event: Be Our Guest

Hosted by: Con-Staff & Guests of Honor

A questions and answers session for you, the convention attendant to ask the questions on your mind for our Guests of Honor David Hopkins and Syber.

Event: Guest of Honor Cocktail Party

Hosted by: Convention staff

Join our honored guests and gracious donors at the Rocky Mountain Fur Con Cocktail Party. An evening cocktail party for our Patrons, Super Patrons, Founders, and Guests of Honor. (Admission only available to patron and super patron donors)

Event: Guest of Honor Dinner

Hosted by: Convention staff

Join our honored guests and gracious donors at the Rocky Mountain Fur Con Guest of Honor Dinner. An evening dinner with our Guests of Honor. (Admission only available to super patron donors or with pre-purchased tickets)

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.

Event: Meet our dogs

Hosted by: This is a Freedom Service Dogs meet-and-greet. Come say hi to our dogs and meet some trainers. Please remember to ask before petting.

Event: All About Freedom Service Dogs

Hosted by: Freedom Service Dogs

non-profit has caught media attention nation wide for it's groundbreaking Operation Freedom program. Come see what the buzz is all about!

Event: From Shelter Dog to Hero

Hosted by: Freedom Service Dogs

From shelter dog to hero: Learn the process Freedom Service Dogs uses to choose exceptional dogs and what it takes for each candidate to become a fully fledged service dog.

Event: Free Can Cook

Hosted by: FreeFox

Local Denver resident and trained 4-star chef FreeFox cooks a meal in front of a live audience. Seats for up to 5 people to be awarded ahead of time to be served the meal. This event has been a big hit for 5 years running and promises to be a hit once again.

Event: Town Council Feedback

Hosted by: Convention staff

Those who forget history are doomed to repeat it, so help us remember what you felt about this year. Come join us in a feedback session where you as the convention attendee can tell us what we did right, what we did wrong, and how we can improve for next year. If we don't know there is a problem, then we can't fix it for the future.

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 Theme Events - Apocalypse Survival

Event: Survival Readiness

Hosted by: NightEyes

So the world has ended, Riots have started, Earthquakes, Zombies, Nuclear Fallout... Do YOU know what you need to live in the new world?

Event: Survivalist Safety Training

Hosted by: NightEyes

So you know what you need to survive in a wild and scary world, do you know how to avoid killing yourself? From Firearms to Explosives, learn personal safety to keep you from being your own worst danger.

Event: Parkour: How to Run from Zombies

Hosted by: ShadowCheetah

The end is nigh! We all know the most likely cause of the coming apocalypse are zombies. Learn to evade zombies with parkour! Physically demanding. Wear clothes you can exercise in. Sorry, no fursuited participants.

Event: Shootout

Hosted by: NightEyes

A Guns-blazing battle royale in Stand-up city. Bring your friends, bring your foam dart guns, and bring some safety glasses even if you just want to watch, because there's gonna be a mess when the smoke clears.

Event: High Noon Quickdraw

Hosted by: NightEyes

Foam dart-gun quick-draw competition. Points awarded for hits as well as style. Weapons and Safety equipment are provided.

Event: Fox Hunt: Radio Direction Finding

Hosted by: VadaFox

It is time. It is time for the fox to be hunted yet again, but not on 2 meters... We will be on

433.92MHZ AM. We will be using a smaller antenna and the fox will be stationery this year, so come be a wolf and hunt down the fox. This is KDOC GF saying 73s

Species Events

Event: Stamped!!

Hosted by: Rhaen

A panel for all the herd animals and hoofers to sit and chat with about the what, why, and how of their personalities and choice of species to represent themselves.

Event: Scratching Post

Hosted by: Realis Kat

A panel for all the felines to talk about the things that 'bring out the tiger in them' and what makes them feel a feline species describes their personalities.

Event: Skulk of Vulpines

Hosted by: RockFox

A panel of discussion for all the vulpine and foxy people to talk about themselves, their lives, and what makes them think a Fox describes them.

Event: Howling at the moon

Hosted by: Selected Panelists

A panel for all the canines to sit and chat about what makes them bark, yips, and wag tails, and why canines are a species they choose to describe themselves.

Event: Sunbathing Scales

Hosted by: To Be Determined

Lizards, Dragon, Skinks and Snakes: If you've got scales then join the club! A full fledged hour of cold blooded fun, with some warm-blooded siblings to keep things cool. Everyone's welcome!

Fursuited Events

Event: Commissioning a Fursuit

Hosted by: GOH - Made Fur You Studios

So You want to own a fursuit, now what? Talk with our Guest of Honor Made Fur You studio's own Syber and learn the detailed process of how to commission a fursuit so that you get what you wanted.

Event: Fursuit Construction Q&A

Hosted by: GOH - Made Fur You Studios

You know what goes into a fursuit; fur, thread, foam, and a lot of time, but HOW does it all go together? Talk with our Guest of Honor Made Fur You studio's own Syber and learn about the process of how to build a fursuit.

Event: Fursuit care and Travel.

Hosted by: GOH - Made Fur You Studios

Once you own a fursuit, the job isn't over yet. Talk with Syber of Made Fur You studio's about the care, maintenance, and travel concerns to keep your fursuit in good condition.

Event: First time fursuited

Hosted by: Nevermint

Is this your first time fursuited? Do you need some guidance and coaching? Join Nevermint and guests for an informative panel on things that all fursuiters should know.

Event: Fursuit Parade

Hosted by: Convention Staff

A tradition at Furry Conventions all over the world, the Grand Fursuit Parade, where those with fluffy colorful costumes can display them proudly in a leisurely stroll through the adoring fans.

Event: Fursuit Games

Hosted by: Karma Ai

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. Non-suiters are welcome to come along and cheer for them all.

Event: Fursuit Charades

Hosted by: Karma Ai

Charades has been a fun game for years, and now with fursuiters, it makes it all that more fluffy! Laugh with us as we silently try to act out the words for points as the judges try to guess what the word is.

Event: Fursuited on a budget

Hosted by: NightEyes

Back due to popular demand comes the guide to dumpster diving, deal hunting and frugality. Learn the tricks and tips on how to design, plan, and locate supplies for a fursuit or other project without needing to nuke your bank account from orbit.

Event: Acting Like an Animal!

Hosted by: Laken SteelJaw

While your parents may have used that phrase in a negative way, it can be something very positive when fursuited! Watch videos of real animals, how they move and their behaviors, and learn how to imitate them while performing in costume. Audience participation encouraged!

Event: Fursuit Dance Competition

Hosted by: ZAIR

A dance competition with 15 slots for fursuiters to strut their stuff and win prizes. Sign-ups will be posted.

Event: Beginner Creature Costuming

Hosted by: CanineHybrid and LoCk

Panel Description: An examination of the processes involved with the creation of non-human characters for cosplay and fursuited. An overview of concept design, materials, tools, and basic techniques will be covered in this panel.

Event: Advanced Creature Costuming

Hosted by: CanineHybrid and LoCk

Panel Description: A more in-depth examination of the processes involved with the creation of non-human characters for cosplay and fursuited. More difficult techniques will be covered in this panel such as electronics, molding/casting, painting, and finishing details.

Writing

Event: Writing for Commercial Publication

Hosted by: Derpy Hooves

Write for a mainstream market while still keeping true to furry roots, with a focus on how to write fiction that is considered acceptable by the mainstream while still keeping to "furry" roots.

Event: Writing Female Characters



Hosted by: Derpy Hooves

A lecture on the finer points of writing female characters, including internal and external perception, attitude, behavior, etc. Furry emphasis.

Event: Character Creation

Hosted by: Klisoura

Character Creation is the groundwork of creating believable characters, from memorable names to credible back stories

Event: Descriptive Language

Hosted by: Klisoura

The ins and outs of descriptive language, with a focus on particular examples.

Event: Making your characters 'furry'

Hosted by: Kilsoura

Using anthropomorphism effectively to create rich, engaging stories.

Novel Writing

Hosted By: Kyell Gold, Rikoshi

Novelists Kyell Gold, and Rikoshi talk about the challenges and processes of writing a successful novel. Bring your questions about anything from getting started to getting published.

Shows and Events

Event: Parody Assembly Line

Hosted by: Letomi

Take a lesson from Letomi, a seasoned parody expert She can get you started down the right track to picking a song, finding an instrumental, and writing lyrics to whatever you choose.

Event: Easy Fur Your Entertainment

Hosted by: Vincent Tovar

Live Comedy Improv show with some audience participation

Event: Trope Chest

Hosted by: Vincent Tovar

An interactive roleplay theatre show, 4 Audience Members are chosen to perform in a Zombie Survival Scenario where the audience chooses what happens next.

Event: Purry Fictionary

Hosted by: Fritz

Join us for a massive head-to-head contest of art and imagination, this isn't just teams, this is full audience participation.

Music, Podcasting and Radio Events

Event: Inspiring your Inner Musician

Hosted by: RockFox

Learn how to inspire your inner musician and let it out for others. Join RockFox as he offers his 24 years of experience, techniques and advice for creating and recording music. Bring along an instrument!

Event: Fraddas Cast live Podcast

Hosted by: Fraddas

The Furry Apocalypse is upon us. Survivors are requested to join Fraddas for an hour long podcast about what life might be like for the post apocalyptic world. (Audience participation is optional).

Event: The Furry Corner

Hosted by: Alpha

Join iTunes new furry podcast as we discuss audience topics, questions, situations, etc as Morely and Alpha answer and make laughs, cookies and gold stars for every fur who attends.

Event: Paws Cast Live

Hosted by: Alpha

Join the crew Paws Cast aka The Furry Corner on a great time as we talk about different topics from the audience, you! As the main Hosts Morely and Alpha greet and meet all the furies that attend with cookehs and gold stars and a great time

Event: How to build a radio station

Hosted by: Oren Otter & Chaos Otter

Oren Otter and Chaos Otter discussing various aspects of starting up an internet radio station, including hardware, software, servers, finding music and more.

Event: Unsheathed

Hosted by: Kyell Gold, KM Hirosaki, Kit Silver
Join us for an hour of fun-filled podcast. Badges will be checked at the door; adults only will be admitted.

Games

Event: Furoticon Sealed Deck Competition

Hosted by: Spikes Littlepaw

An adult furry card game, similar to Magic the Gathering, where owners user their harem (deck) to pleasure their opponent's harem and deck. This will be a shortened version of the match with prizes for the winners.

Event: Rocky Mountain Fur Con Poker Tourn.

Hosted by: Tabbicus

The annual Rocky Mountain Fur Convention poker tournament. What originally started as a casual game betting with fistfuls of hard candy, has returned this year with four preliminary tables and prizes for finalists.

Event: Game Room

Hosted by: Alynna Trypnotk and Kupok

Games dusk until dawn! (6:00pm to 6:00am) Video games, Board games, card games. Munchkin, Killer Bunnies, Arkham Horror, PS2, Wii, and Xbox.

Event: Unsheathed

Hosted by: Kyell Gold, KM Hirosaki, Kit Silver
Join us for an hour of fun-filled podcast. Badges will be checked at the door; adults only will be admitted.

Lifestyles

Event: Investigating Furry

Hosted by: Makyo

Explore the inner workings of our wonderful and strange fandom with [adjective][species], a meta-furry resource that aims to explore the fandom through surveys, data visualization, and articles.

Event: Easy Living with healthy Nutrition

Hosted by: FreeFox

Local Denver resident and certified nutritionist, chef FreeFox, talks about healthy nutrition for a balanced lifestyle with foods that can taste good and be good for you, as well as on how you

don't have to give up all the foods you love to eat healthy.

Event: An Introduction to Therianthropy

Hosted by: Laken SteelJaw

Is your animal side something more? Do you identify as a therian or animal kin? If so, come down to meet others like yourself and discuss what it's like to be a therian.

Event: Military Meet up

Hosted by: NightEyes

A gathering for prior or current armed service members from all over the world, or those who are interested in the armed services to talk and share stories about their time.

Event: Christian Worship Service (Non-Denom)

Hosted by: Jam

An informal Christian worship consisting of song, prayer, fellowship, and a sermon. Come to praise God & meet fellow Christian furs, or to ask questions, observe, and learn about them.

Art and Artists

Event: Basics of Drawing Animals

Hosted by: Thay Rustback

Artist Thay Rustback demonstrates methods for sketching and drawing feral animals, covering anatomy, expressions and more.

Event: GOH Drawing Panel

Hosted by: David Hopkins

Artist demonstrates methods for sketching, and drawing.

Event: Inspiration in Art

Hosted By: Laura Garabedian

What do creative minds do when they hit the inevitable artists block? Laura Garabedian will be leading this talk but expects the whole room to dialogue and discuss what does and doesn't work for them

Event: Live Figure Drawing

Hosted by: Rukis

Join Rukis for a session of drawing tips and instruction utalizing live models. Art supplies are required, limited attendance, all attendants must show government issued proof of age. Ages 18+ only due to nude models.

Event: Building a Solid Painting

Hosted by: Myenia

Join Myenia as she covers a broad spectrum of traits and processes to help you build a strong painting, or improve your whole body of work. In this panel we will discuss a broad range of topics in a fast-paced and detailed environment.

Event: The Art of Bird Wings

Hosted by: Vantid

Join Amber "Vantid" Hill as she shares her knowledge of bird wing anatomy from the bones up. Learn tips and tricks that will help simplify this difficult subject for all your bird and fantasy creature artwork! Bring paper and pencil and sketch along.

Event:: Going Pro as a Furry Artist

Hosted by: Rukis & Myenia

Join Rukis and Myenia as they discuss the ins and outs of being a professional furry artist. The panel will discuss a broad range of topics all in a furry-fandom-applicable manner to help the aspiring pro furry artist find their way.

Event: Traditional Media

Hosted by: Kite Wanderlust, David Hopkins

Come listen to our panalist discuss various traditional media and the pro's and cons of materials and technique. Bring your questions about various media types!

Event: History of Animation

Hosted by: Canine Hybrid

A history of Animation.

Event: Getting Animated!

Hosted by: CanineHybrid

Panel Description: A presentation on the art of animation. This panel will cover a discussion on the origins and future of the artform as a basis, then dive into the tools and techniques how to really bring characters to life.

Event: Understanding Light and Form

Hosted by: Wolf Nymph

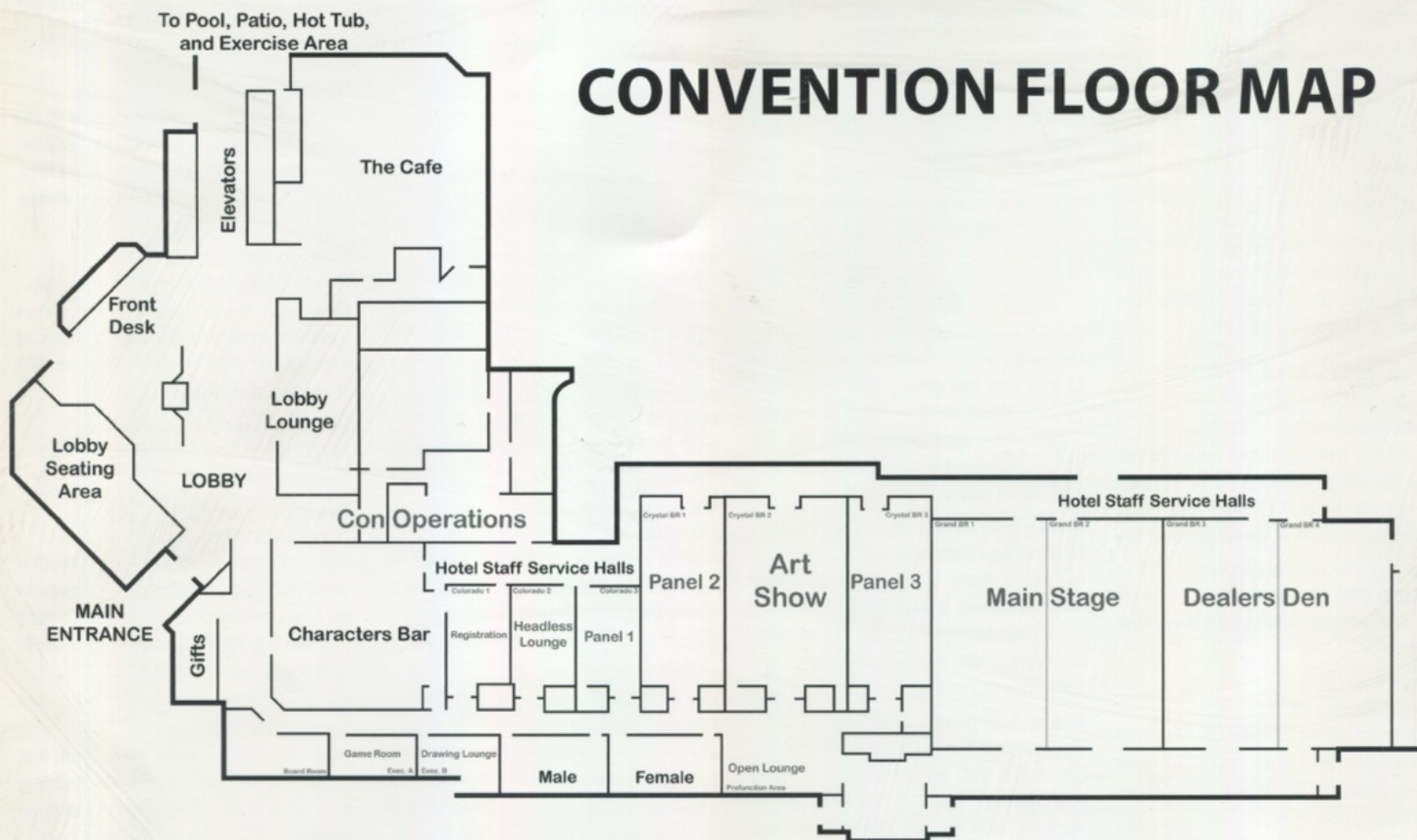
Learn the basics of the form principle and how to use light and color to create an illusion of three dimensionality in your painted and drawn artwork.



Kite
www.furaffinity.net/user/kitewanderlust/



CONVENTION FLOOR MAP



ABOUT ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR CON

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, panels, discussions and fursuit activities. That includes a parade, an art show and dealer room, even a cooking show!

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. It 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.



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Year of the Skunk??!?

That's right! This year MFM celebrates Chinese New Years in our own special style!

What is Mephit Fur Meet?

The Mephit Fur Meet, or simply MFM, is a furry convention held every year since 1997 over Labor Day weekend in Memphis, Tennessee. What started off as a pizza party over a long weekend has turned in a full blown fun time drawing nearly 700 people from all over the United States, Canada and the world.

When and where is Mephit Fur Meet?

August 31 - September 2, 2012

Whispering Woods Hotel and Conference Center
Olive Branch, Mississippi

<http://www.mephitfurmeet.org>

2012

Guests of Honor



David Hopkins

Born in a laboratory operating beneath the manmade landmark, Miller Hill, David Hopkins was the subject of a pioneering experiment in human nature.

By day, he was fed a steady diet of Mountain Dew and afternoon cartoons. By night, he found himself captivated by the glowing box on the secretary's desk that had not been password protected, allowing Otto the janitor to unwittingly introduce him to the darkest corners of the internet while he was supposed to be cleaning Dave's enclosure.

As the experiment wore on, it became more and more certain that it was destined for failure. Cartoon characters that had once held childish intrigue for the young man were now depicted in crude drawings on the walls and floors as being the victims of senseless violence and depravity. When the pressing question was posed: "What is it, and should we keep feeding it?" the lack of answer on any part of the facility's behalf meant that their research had drawn to an abrupt end. At the age of eighteen, he was expelled from Miller Hill and left to his own devices, unleashed on an unwitting world.

....or he would have been, had he not immediately taken refuge in an elderly lady's basement. The Widow Studebaker was an old-fashioned woman with old fashioned values that did not allow her to believe in such things as the internet, government officials strongly urging her to relocate her home away from top secret government facilities for her own safety, and investigating strange noises coming from under her kitchen floor. In other words – it was a perfect arrangement.

For the first time, David was allowed unfettered access to the computer the widow Studebaker's well-meaning grandson had set up for her and attempted to explain to her before embarking on a frustration-induced rampage two towns over. Armed with a supply of AOL CD's rescued from the trash, Dave began to hone his talents, his scribbles gradually taking substance into characters that would make both Chuck Jones and Dr. Seuss clutch each other and weep for humanity. With no access to a scanner, he painstakingly transcribed his works to the computer using the sophisticated method of the paint program that had come with it, and speaking in fluent profanities. By these means, he was able to share his visions of cartoon characters being brutalized with the rest of the world. This went on for the better part of fifteen years during which time he built around himself the illusion he was living a normal life. The mop in the corner was his wife, the dustballs under the stairs were his cats, and the strange homeless guy who'd press his face up against the basement window once in awhile was his faithful doggie companion.

Eventually, finding the noise emanating from her basement too alarming to ignore any longer, Mrs. Studebaker picked up the phone to contact an exterminator, citing that she believed she had "the mothergrabbing king of all possums" sharing her house. Unfortunately, instead of an exterminator, she had unwittingly phoned the staff of a budding furry convention who, recognizing the signs of a brilliant mind, set out immediately to her residence. Tranquilized and bundled into the trunk of a car, Dave was driven across the country to the wilds of Colorado where they planned to release him among other human beings for the first time in his life...





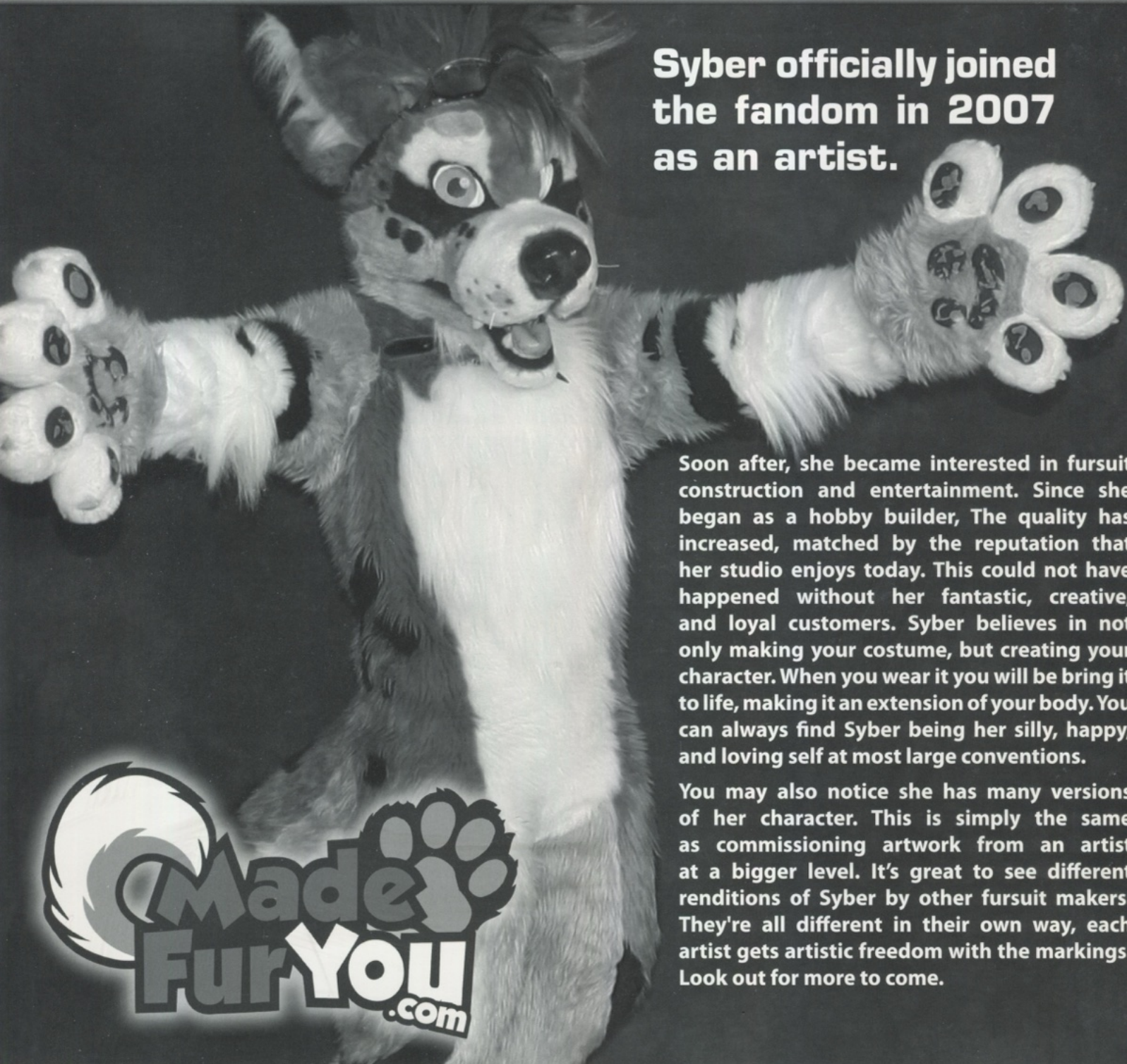
BIOHAZARD



EVACUATION
AUG 10-12 2012



**Syber officially joined
the fandom in 2007
as an artist.**



Soon after, she became interested in fursuit construction and entertainment. Since she began as a hobby builder, the quality has increased, matched by the reputation that her studio enjoys today. This could not have happened without her fantastic, creative, and loyal customers. Syber believes in not only making your costume, but creating your character. When you wear it you will be bring it to life, making it an extension of your body. You can always find Syber being her silly, happy, and loving self at most large conventions.

You may also notice she has many versions of her character. This is simply the same as commissioning artwork from an artist at a bigger level. It's great to see different renditions of Syber by other fursuit makers. They're all different in their own way, each artist gets artistic freedom with the markings. Look out for more to come.



WILD KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

LOOKING FOR
DEALERS,
ENTERTAINERS,
AND
ATTENDEES

FREE ACCOMODATIONS
WITH
PRE-REGISTRATION

ARTIST
GOH
FIREFEATHERS

PERFORMING
GOH
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APRIL 25TH - 29TH, 2013

6 TO 8 FREE
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SHOOTING
EVENT

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STATE
PARK

WILBURTON, OK

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A Halloween-themed Anthropomorphic convention!

October 26 - 28, 2012

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Anything this hideous must be stopped from breeding...



Arkou & Garrou — <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/garrou/>
<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/arkou/>

Cataclysm By Grifter Wolf

The year that a golden light illuminated the sky brought the end to the world as we know it. It was not a bomb; not some nuclear holocaust, though it might as well have been. It changed the face of this world and the faces of everyone who survived the initial destruction. For you see, the explosive force obliterated all things artificial, everything man-made. Buildings, vehicles, ships and airplanes right down to simple pace makers and hearing aids. Devices which humanity had been given and had grown to take for granted were destroyed, and everyone in the path of their destruction met a violent end as well. The humans who were spared the destruction, whether they were out camping somewhere in the woods where no harm would come to them, or were just lucky enough to avoid being crushed in the buildings that collapsed upon them were also changed. Unknown is the origin of this change, perhaps the explosion carried with it some missing link between man and the animals, but humans who survived now looked like animals. And the animals who survived now walked on two legs and were capable of even so much as speech.

But the danger was far from over for these lucky

survivors; many of them, unable to cope with such a drastic physical change to their bodies were driven mad by it. They became ravenous and wild; known as the Ferals they stalk the remnants of this new breed of sapien that walks the Earth, hungering for their flesh. Too many of themselves to worry about killing off, they simply wait animal-mankind out, preying off them like vultures on the carcass of this collapsed society while the new mankind tries to recover from the loss of their world and the emergence of a new one.

Jason Myers was thirty-two when the event happened. They'd dubbed it the "CAT"aclysm, though a majority of the humans became other species; like canine or reptile. He remembered the night well. He'd been out on his apartment's balcony for a few hours before he decided to come inside. Putting a cigarette into his last beer of three twelve packs and listening to it snuff in the container before tossing it off to a corner of his room. He'd spoken with Laurie that night, his girlfriend of three years who chose their anniversary to tell him of her "fabulous new" boyfriend. He gave an exhausted groan as he collapsed into his bed with a bounce. He was beyond

buzzed, he was buzzed two hours ago and he'd had at least half a dozen beers since then. How could she have done this to him? It wasn't like he hadn't given her everything she wanted, and she had to leave him like this. How was it fair? He rolled over in his bed and looked up into the holes littering his ceiling's pattern.

"I'm better off without her..." He said aloud as he watched the tiny patterns dance across the room. "S-she could just..." He slurred and rolled over on his side, curling his arm under his head as he looked out the window, overlooking the Rocky Mountains. A strange aura of gold hovered above the peaks now, one that hadn't been there before. He pushed himself upright with all the strength his right arm could give him. "Wh-hat is that?" He asked himself, but before he could process the light now rushing into view he heard a violent window shatter outward and the walls around him turn to fire. John could hear himself screaming nonsensically as he rolled backwards and into the darkness.

"John?" A voice called to him in the darkness, his sudden feeling of sobriety told John that it had all just been a memory, a dream of what happened. "John!" The voice shouted again, bringing the man's consciousness forward again.

"What?" John let out a growl as he grunted and sat up. He was far different than the wiry man he once was, his body had grown larger from the transformation, his head elongated, his ears grown out and pointed into the shape of a fox. His ears went erect immediately as he looked at the black panther female seated next to him by the fire. Her name was Carla at one point. From what John had been able to wrestle from her, she was a nurse at a hospital in Boulder, Colorado before the explosion hit. She was the one who pulled him from the rubble of his collapsed house three days after it happened. Her faithful husky Max sat nearby, staring off into the woods around them with his ears also at full attention. An unopened can of food by his feet, he'd apparently been trying to wrestle it open. Max didn't speak in human tongue, he still growled and barked when it was needed, but he was smart and he was more self aware than he was as an ordinary dog. Unclothed, unlike John or Carla he simply remained as he had been and probably always would be.

"Ferals." Carla said just a breath above a whisper.

John pulled his legs from the thin wrapping he'd covered himself with and moved to a crouch next to her. "Where?" He asked.

"They seem to have surrounded us." She said "They could have been on our trail since we left the Carson encampment."

"Terrific." The fox growled again. "Max, can you tell how many there are?"

Max didn't look back at the fox, he simply brought two fingers and his thumb out, then collapsed it and brought all five fingers out, signifying eight. He then pointed in front of him to indicate where the majority of them were.

...

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

Due to space constraints, stories longer than the submission parameters had to be truncated. Not to worry, they can be found at the following link:

www.rockymountainfurcon.org/conbook-submissions/archive-2012-story-submissions.html





Grinning Tiger
www.furaffinity.net/user/grinningtiger/

A Cool and Calm Night By Argyron

The raging storms had finally cleared, the night sky now as clean and crisp as ever anyone had seen before. There was no moon, but the stars that were out were bright; and none of them seemingly the same as the evening prior. And down in the city the lamp lights flicker and burnt their halogenic agents that let them brighten the streets, for the long night was starting to settle in.

From up on the hilltops, just below the large slabs of red rocks to the west and above a graveyard to the east, two furs looked down upon the illuminated town. The coyote held his boyfriend's paw, the mountain lion's clenched into a fist, and neither

exchanged words as they just watched the city lights. The coyote looked over and turned up the dial on an old-style, battery radio that they had brought with them on their walk away from the town. Gently the soft tunes of the oldies started to fill the air around the grassy-hillside as crickets chirped along to the beat and birds softly went to sleep.

The mountain lion finally laid his head to rest on the other male's shoulder, softly sighing at the sight. A cool breeze brushed past the two and they both shivered closer together. Both tugged their side of a blanket draped over their backs as they shifted right next to one another. The trees behind them whistled the tune of the wind, trying to out play the radio as nature set in. For the two furs, it didn't matter though,

they had each-other on this night.

The current song ended on the radio and a jester came on to say his words. "I hoped you all liked that, cause I don't think I'll ever be able to play it again; but what an evening, what a day! We had an earthquake, a ground shake, and our civilization is here to stay! So get cozy with your loved one, get really close to them; 'cause I bet there's no tomorrow and it is better to be in loves hand. Now say goodnight Colorado and pray for tomorrow's dawn; for even though the old sun in gone, the tunes must go on." With that his mic turned off and another oldie started to play.

The mountain lion sighed, there was truth in every word and he knew it was the beginning of the end. Lifting his head off of his mate's shoulder, he looked towards the coyote. The canine seemed to have the same thought, his amber-golden eyes staring right back at the feline, and they both exchanged what they were thinking in each other's glare. Paws moved to hold the other as they both leaned in, lips touching lips as the final night began.



A Bedtime Story By Johnny Blanco

"Daddy? What was the world like before?" the young fawn asked her father.

An older stag smiled down at her pulling her close as they settled in by the warmth of the campfire. "Well my dear the world was filled with furs who went on their daily lives. Furies went to work, they played, went to the movies and so on."

The young fawn beamed as she looked up at her father listening to him talk and hanging on every word.

"But as time passed things were getting worse with each passing day. Nations fought against each other and we were spread thin on a few fronts. Everyone was living in fear waiting for the .. ah.. crap to hit the fan."

She giggled loving when her father cursed even if it wasn't really a bad word.

"Soon everyone began to distrust one another as lies and deceit spread rampant thru the world. It was only a matter of time until someone was going to set the world ablaze."

At this point she was hanging on his every word nodding at parts in the story.

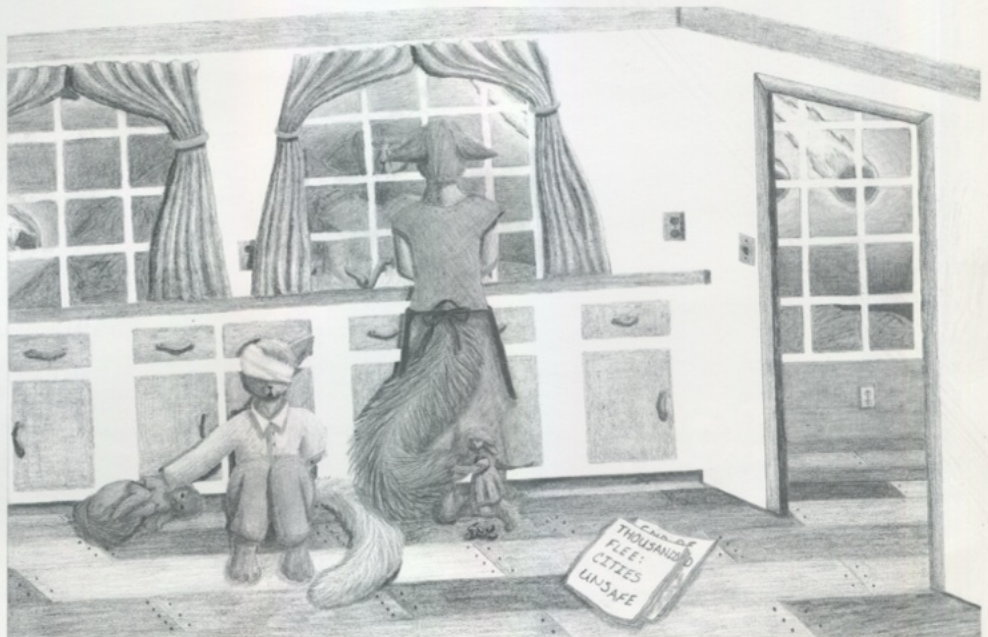
"It didn't matter who started what or for what reasons because two years ago the bombs fell and wiped out entire nations. Cities fell, furies died as the whole world was plunged into absolute chaos."

The fawn giggled "Chaos!" she echoed and threw her hands up.

He chuckled at her as he continued his story "Out of the ashes furs started to rebuild and found new cities. There were also new dangers as the radiation killed many species but also invented new ones. Some of these were dangerous to anyone that got close"

"Yeah but at least I have my daddy to keep me safe."

Patting her on the head he smiled down at her "And I have you my sweetheart. Can you remember anything about that fateful day?"



Rachel-Marie Boughton

She nodded as she smiled "Yeah I was outside playing and you yelled to get inside but I looked just as something made a bright flash.."

Looking at her father with her clouded eyes "...and that's the last thing that I ever saw."

She frowned a little looking in the direction of the campfire as she felt the warmth on her face.

"What's wrong sweetie?" he asked with a hint of concern

"Oh .. well I don't know if I'll ever see again daddy. And I want to see how beautiful the world has become."

Patting her on the head reassuringly the buck looked around at the burnt out shell of a building he was using for shelter. Looking up towards the sky as he could see various bands of radiation light up the night sky. Arcs of blues, greens and reds seemed to be more vibrant than any aurora that was up north.

"This new world is beautiful my dear. But it's also very dangerous."

On the top of a nearby hill he spotted a creature black as night that looked like a big cat. The only reason he could even make out the beast was it's glowing red eyes with teeth to match. It seemed to sense them but cocked it's head in another direction and gave chase to another quarry. Shots rang out first followed by faint screams of anguish.

The little fawn clung to her daddy tightly. He assured her by kissing her on the forehead

"Rest little one you'll need your strength tomorrow."

Feeling safe and warm she leaned against her father and fell asleep within minutes. The old buck sighed as he kept watch for any threat against their lives. He remembered what a scavenger once told him and he used it to survive until this day.

'Life is hard in the wastes. Be harder.'



The Sky is Falling By Sorin

It looked like rain this morning. Hunter looked out of the kitchen window as he finished his coffee and tried to decide if he should bring an umbrella with him. Weighing the choice as he washed the breakfast dishes, brushed his teeth and pulled on his coat, he glanced at the umbrella in a stand by the door as he left.

It started to rain as he walked to work. Rain turned to sleet, icy stinging rain than turned to hail. It fell all around him stinging his ears and nose. With a muttered curse about being late to work he ducked into a bus shelter as the hail picked up.

"This is the end you know, the sky is falling." Hunter jumped at the depressed, resigned voice. He hadn't even noticed the chicken sitting hunched in the bus shelter with a look of bitter defeat on his face.

"Really? It just looks like Hail to me." He commented dryly to the dower faced co-occupant of the grungy bus shelter. The chicken nodded clasping his hands in his lap.

"Yup, I know the difference. Mom started a panic when she was little. An acorn hit her, and she convinced the entire town that the sky was going to fall. After that she made sure her children wouldn't make the same mistake. 'Look before you leap.' She would tell us kids." Hunter couldn't help but smirk.

Hail continued to rattle loudly on the outside of the bus shelter. Finally, Hunter sat down next to the chicken.

"What's your name than? Mine's Hunter."

"Perkins, Perkins Penny the Third"

"Well Perkins, I'm sure the Sky isn't falling, it's just a bit of hail that's all."

"How do you know?" The chicken asked morosely. "After the incident, my mom sort of considered herself an expert on the subject, and she called me just today."

Hunter glanced up at the roof of the shelter, if anything the hail had gotten louder.

"See!" The chicken cried. "It's getting worse!" He covered his face in his hands and moaned. Hunter awkwardly patted the chicken on the back not sure what to say.

"It's the end times, the Apocalypse, mom was right!" The hysterical chicken began to sob the sound mostly drowned out by the rattle of the hail. Soon the chicken's sobs turned into quiet sniffles.

"I'm sure it's not, look let's make a deal. Wait five minutes if the hail doesn't stop, I'll help you spread the word about the sky ok?" The chicken nodded, still sniffing. "But if it stops you have to meet me for dinner." The fox stated matter-of-factly.

"I suppose that's fair" Perkins admitted after a moment. They sat in silence; low and behold the hail began to slacken as they sat there. And Perkins began to look more and more sheepish. Finally, the drumming on the roof of the bus shelter stopped all together.

"There you go, just a hail storm." Perkins nodded looking a bit embarrassed. So, deals a deal. He admitted finally. Hunter nodded.

"Why don't you come by my place around 8, we can have dinner and talk about family and stuff." He grinned, the chicken nodding as hunter stood up. "Anyway, I have to get to work." He added "It was nice to meet you Perkins."

The street was still damp under his shoes as Hunter finished the walk to work. Fishing his phone out of his pocket and typed a quick text message to a friend of his.

"Hey Foxy, want to come over for dinner tonight?" he pressed send waiting for the reply.

"Sure Hunter, what are we having?" the reply was quick, Foxy probably bored at work and entertaining himself on his phone.

"I was thinking chicken..."

What once There was By JenRyu Ikara

What once there was,
No longer is.

The world that was here,
Is gone.

Blown away,
In a nuclear storm.

The undead roam,
In a hungry haze.

Mutants hunt,
In the holy places of happier days.

I walk the wastes, Haunted and alone,
Searching, always longing,
For what cannot be found.

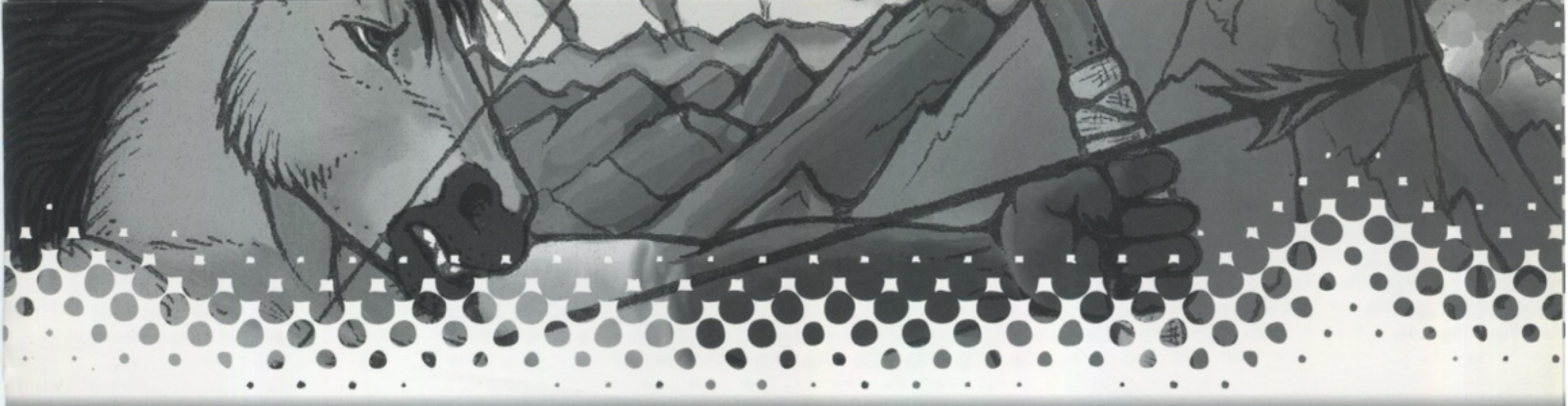
My barren heart,
My haggard mind,
Echo what used to be.

I stagger on and on,
Grinding my paw pads,
Till there's nothing left.



Zuci
www.furaffinity.net/user/zuci/





The Future Has Fur By Sirberus Khaos

Waking up should be a slow process, leaving you groggy but refreshed and ready to do battle with another day. This was not one of those days; it was like a liquid fire running through my veins while being hit with lightning. My eyes snap open, but it's pitch black and smells like medicine and metal. Straining to hear anything, I can make out voices, the first low and growly, somewhere nearby, "Look chief, I don't want to be a bother but we are on borrowed time here, we have infected incoming. Can you hurry that up?" A moment later a loud banging noise on

the outside of the pod I groggily assume I'm in shook my head, followed by another voice, softer, but confident.

"Soldier!" That same voice again, soft, oddly so. . . "If you can hear me, cover your ears, I'm blowing the release bolts." Closing my eyes and covering my ears by instinct, I miss the worst of the world exploding around me, the top of the box blowing free. Blinking and shaking my head, my vision clears; the room is full of swirling steam or smoke. My eyes burn and the room smells like the inside of a pill bottle, making me cough, eyes half closed against the white cloud. Before I can manage to sit up, a giant freakin' rabbit, wearing a strange

uniform, proudly emblazoned with U. S. Army, leans over me, tossing me a sleek, black gas mask. "No time to explain right now soldier, but I promise we are all on the same side. As soon as we get you all up and around we need to get out of here, time for talking after, eh?"

The mask slides easily on, replacing the mixed smells of the room with the scent of warm rubber. As my vision clears, I watch the rabbit quickstep to the next metal box, pounding on it and repeating his warning as he grabs the red emergency handle. I shake my head, the fog inside it not clearing away as easily as the fog in my eyes. The stasis units look right, just like the ones they showed when we volunteered for the tests, but the room was wrong and from the look of who woke us up, it seemed we were out more than six months. The soft pop of a suppressed weapon grabs my ear. Turning on my heel, I'm staring at the doorway; two guys from my platoon are pressed against the wall, eyes wide behind masks matching mine, watching a big grey wolf, in the same uniform, firing a thick-barreled carbine down the hallway beyond. One of them started to salute me, stopping with an unsure glance at the wolf. "Nice seeing you, sir. I'm hoping you can figure out what's up, 'cause this is wack. . ."

The thunder of the last pod blowing open erases my words, a moment later the rabbit is beside me, grinning. "Sir, glad to see you are all right. The commandant will be thrilled to hear you were here. Ever since we lost D.C. to the damn flesh-eaters, we've been desperately short on command officers. We need to get you out of here before we get swamped under." Hoisting the duffle from my pod over one shoulder, he scurries to the doorway, the wolf moving ahead of him now, weapon held ready.

The sounds of heavy gunfire and jet engines greet us as we burst out into the sunlight, the sleek black of a ducted-fan VTOL squatting on a patch of torn grass some yards away, the chain gun in its belly turret punching rounds away at something beyond it, out of my sight. We run, throwing ourselves through the open door, the craft lifting even as we struggle to the seats awaiting us. The strange wolf creature grins across at us and nods. "Since Chief here forgets to explain things much, I'll give you the 30 second briefing. Looks like you all overslept. You were already in stasis when the plague hit, they just left you to sleep. It's a nightmare out there, has been for close to a century. The plague is lethal, virulent, airborne, oh yeah, and it turns humans into zombies. They made us to fight it, we're all but immune, but it was too late for the most part. We're just holding our bases, our manufacturing plants, trying to find the survivors when we can, mostly people still in cryo-sleep. Welcome to the future, Sir."

It had been a hell of a way to wake up, and looks like the nightmare is just starting.



The Last Ridge

By Finn

The cataclysm had not been kind to this stretch of land. The valley was lined with mountains that had collided as the earth split apart, land upheaving and causing deep gouges - while other parts of the valley had crashed together, causing impromptu cliffs and ridges. An already wind swept valley had become especially treacherous as powerful breezes carried away the loose dirt, leaving stone and only the sharpest bits of earth.

Traveling through particularly rough winds - even for this valley - a lone wanderer shielded his eyes with a forearm. Wind splaying his black fur, flying dirt buried itself deep in his already dusty, dingy coat. One arm shielding his eyes, the other desperately clutched onto his tail, stopping it from flailing painfully in the fierce winds.

The wolf took another jagged step, stumbling against the wind and always ignoring the sharp jabs of upturned rocks and stones. With a fevered determination he continued past aching, bloody paws, and a soreness he could feel to his bones. He wondered how he had come to this valley, and now that he was in the center of the barren upheaval he considered turning around. He remembered leaving the deserts of the cataclysm, where each stretch of land had been as desolate and lifeless as the last. Somehow the familiarity of that barren desert seemed more inviting than the jagged, wind-blown earth he was in now.

Despite his yearning for the familiar - even with the ache in his bones and the stiffness in his fur - the wolf placed another foot. Always pressing forward, and with blind determination, the wolf placed another foot. Because this, he knew, was the last ridge. After years of traveling alone this

was the ultimate stretch. After numbing years of wandering, forsaken in a lifeless tundra, he knew his green pasture was just ahead of him. That place he had dreamed about all his days. A creek flowed through it, and cubs played in the water, carefree and happy. In fact, everyone was happy, on that pasture. Fathers laughed over the barbecue, the great smell of sausages in the air. And dear God, was that pasture GREEN. Lush, and vibrant, and bright, and the grass was so soft you cried.

A misplaced foot, spurred by the unforgiving wind, brought the wolf falling forward. With an involuntary yelp he loosed his tail, claws stretched in panic, and caught himself on a particularly rough, upturned stone. Bracing himself against the sharp jab into his paw, and for just a moment forgetting the pain of his tail lashing helplessly in the wind, the wolf again placed one paw in front of the other, followed by another - and another. He had brought his arm away from his face, and his muzzle consequently stung (like the rest of him) - but he would keep moving on. Squinting against the dusty wind, he could just barely make out the top of the ridge. So close.

From his crouched position the wolf reminded himself of what he was working towards. The greenest meadow he had ever seen. Just on the other side of this ridge. He reminded himself also of the happy band of survivors - just after this ridge. The warm comfort of company, the warm fire with sausages - there must be sausages! - and his tired paws resting on warm, soothing grass. Just on the other side of this ridge.

With one final surge of strength the wolf topped the rise, placing a paw on that jagged line where earth had collided with earth, and vaulted himself to the other side. A sharp drop off, a little bit of rolling - and now, shielded from

the wind, his tail no longer flailing painfully, his fur no longer splayed in every direction, and with the greatest sigh of accomplishment - the wolf took in his surroundings.

More dirt. More rocks. And, in front of him, another ridge. Just like the last ridge. And just like the ridge before that.

Sucking on his wounded paw, the wolf chuckled and chided himself. He must have envisioned it wrong. His oasis must be after this next ridge.

Reminding himself of his green pasture, he continued. Forever traveling to his stronghold of survivors. Forever placing paw before paw, forever searching for peace of mind. And above all, forever searching for that green, grassy plain.

Just one last ridge.

Journey of Destitute

By Rahne Kallon

Geo dropped to his knees, panting with exhaustion as his feet gave out. His body ached from the twenty-mile trek since he'd journeyed towards Denver. He hated the thought of walking such a long distance, but with scarce fuel and few working vehicles around, the cougar made do. He had to.

It wasn't like he could track the nearest stranger and ask them for help; with valuable resources limited in their entirety, most everyone who wasn't part of an established community had adopted an 'every man for himself' mentality. In some ways it worked. In most ways it didn't. It made denizens greedy. Selfish. It even drove many insane, because they were so desperate. They were called Hoarders. So he made sure to keep to himself whenever he could, though even he himself was down to his last supplies. At least he still had a means to defend himself with his knife, his rifle and his pistol. Though ammunition, of course, was also scarce.

It was said that Denver was a safe haven, one of the few major cities still intact. Though many people believed that to be just a rumour, and didn't think it was worth the long journey there. Geo thought otherwise. What else could you do when you've wandered from city to city, trying to survive? He had to go to Denver, to see if the rumours were true. It gave him more hope than anything else at this point. It was that hope that pushed him this far.

Even as his muscles throbbed, he had to go on. He looked up to see a road sign a couple feet away. Twenty miles until he reached Denver. He sighed heavily. "Twenty...miles..." he panted. "Come on...get up," he said to himself, grunting as he struggled to his feet.

He didn't have much time to waste; it was getting dark, which was the worst possible time to be making a trek like this, as that's when the hoarders were most likely to attack.

He glanced over his shoulder and could still see the horizon of the city he just left, surprised that he'd made it this far already. "Gotta keep moving..." he said, taking a deep breath as he marched forward toward his destination.

Suddenly, he heard rapid footsteps approaching; someone running, moving fast. He quickly took hold of his assault rifle, turning on its flashlight to illuminate his sights. His breathing rapid and nervous, he wavered slightly with his



Sharpie
www.furaffinity.net/user/sharpiesabre/





rifle. Still having a long way to go, the last thing he wanted to do was use any ammo, but it was always the surest way to put down a hoarder, and much less risky than using his knife

The footsteps came closer and a shriek turned his attention back behind him to see some sort of canine with obvious intent. Geo's body shook and he nearly fumbled with his rifle. Before he could put him down, a bullet whizzed by and dropped the assailant in a pile of gravel.

Geo quickly turned back around, aiming his rifle at the truck full of camo-clad individuals.

"Calm down, calm down. We're friendly," one of them, a gray fox, spoke as he stood up in the vehicle.

Geo sighed heavily, lowering his rifle.

"Are you alright?" the vulpine asked.

"Yeah..." Geo said, still exhausted. "Yeah, I'm okay. What are you guys doing here?"

"We're from Denver. We were doing a routine search and rescue for survivors around the area."

Geo looked at him, shocked. "You're... from Denver?" He quickly padded up to the truck.

"We are. A good chunk of the city's still intact. We've taken up refuge in the Doubletree Hotel."

"So the rumours were true..."

The fox nodded. "You'll be safe there. Come on." He offered a paw.

"Thank you," Geo said, smiling for the first time in days as the vulpine pulled him into the vehicle.

Last One By Railey

Click-click

The rifle was in Skunk's paws before his eyes had even rendered what the phantom walking towards him was. Adrenaline coursed through his veins as he struggled to keep his breath under control. His aim had to be steady, but he would not shoot until he saw the whites or possibly yellows of whatever eyes were attached to his uninvited guest.

The figure stopped just inside the light of the campfire, its arm was outstretched towards Skunk with a six shooter in his webbed paw. The hammer was cocked back and a calm digit rested on the trigger.

Skunk relaxed slightly, the figure did have whites in his eyes. The stranger was an Otter who looked like he had quite a few years on him. There was a scar that ran down his cheek from just below his eye and stopped somewhere under his vest; it was like a canyon of flesh in his fur. He had a thick mustache of a creamier light brown than the rest of his dark brown fur. The dust of the desert caked his clothes and fur, although Skunk himself wore the sands of the desert like it was going out of style.

Otter held up a finger as if signaling to wait one minute before shooting. He fished around in his jacket pocket and produced a vial of black liquid. The stranger shook it in his paw; the skunk saw the label and his jaw dropped.

Soy sauce! Skunk thought, drooling.

Otter smiled and nodded towards the rack of lizards that Skunk had been roasting over the fire just minutes earlier. He licked at his lips and, as if on cue, the Otter's stomach growled.

Skunk's eyes moved between his food and the stranger. He had cooked up plenty of lizards and planned on

stuffing himself and then some, but the lizards did not have a good taste and were rather dry. His tongue slipped along his lips as he stared at the Otter's soy sauce. With a light shrug, Skunk lowered his rifle slowly and Otter returned his gun to the holster on his hip.

"I could smell those morsels from half a mile away, stinky," said the Otter.

Skunk bit at his lip to hide his disgust. He hated that name. You never told strangers your real name because you might have to put them down later. Most strangers took on the brand names that were printed on their weapons or people just called you what species you were. After a while, you weren't quite sure what you were originally named. In Skunk's case though, every single refugee he came across and befriended called him 'stinky'. He only smelled of campfire and the dust of the desert, his own natural odor was kept in check. Still, he could the minor insult if it meant some flavor to the lizards he had been eating. For weeks it had been nothing but lizards for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The last abandoned store he had found was picked clean. There were not even pests or insects to eat.

"Where did you get that stuff?" asked Skunk. "I haven't been able to find anything like that since before the werewolves came."

The Otter grinned and replied, "I got lucky in the last town I stopped through. But those monsters found me and captured me. I barely got out alive."

Skunk handed Otter a lizard dipped in soy sauce on a stick as he prepared another for himself. His interest was piqued. The werewolves came out of nowhere a few months ago. They moved from town to town eating or changing anyone that was in their way. They were like locusts and their numbers just kept growing. Soon after, most towns were nothing but cemeteries devoid of life. Old buildings stood as tombstones to mark what once was.

"Were they Alphas or Betas?" Skunk asked.

"Keep those lizards coming and I'll tell you all about it," Otter smiled and held out his paw.

Skunk sighed and handed the lizard on a stick he was preparing for himself over to Otter and soon grabbed another from the rack. He looked back expectantly, showing a slight smile to beckon the stranger on.

"Okay," Otter started, "I was with a caravan of folks from North Hampton. We had heard word that the wolves did not go south and left the tropics alone. So we packed our wagons in the hope that the rumor was true. Our caravan was only a skeleton of what it once was, only a good forty of them left out of the hundred they started with. They picked me up along the way, saved me from a hungry Beta that cornered me as I was looking for supplies in Jericho--That's where I found the soy sauce, in a general store that still had most of its stock intact.

"Anyway, we were about fifty miles south of Arbuckle when we decided to pitch camp for the night. The horses and oxen were tired and deserved a break. It wasn't my turn to guard and the day had been a rough one, so I was fast asleep when they came.

"It was all betas, they ransacked the tents. We lost

ten people before they really got into it with us and I swear another entire pack of them just materialized out of the dark. We took several of them down but they just kept coming. We were down to half our people when things got weird.

"They stopped killing and used their big fists to knock us out or held and tied some of us to wooden posts. I've never seen them take anyone alive. I started to flee but one of them pounced and knocked me out."

Skunk yawned. He was literally on the edge of his seat but apparently the day was catching up with him. He'd watched the werewolves before at a distance and knew what Otter said was true--they never took prisoners. They only ate or bit the ones they felt they wanted to keep. Within the more recent weeks he heard rumor that they weren't biting anymore, just eating their prey. One night, he saw some of the more scrawny werewolves eaten by a pack.

He handed a few more lizards over to the stranger and munched on a few of his own. His eyelids were growing heavier. It was a struggle to stay awake but he needed to know more.

Otter continued, "I woke up in one of their camps. We had all been disarmed and lined up; people were crying. More and more people kept disappearing from the front of the line and into a large tent. Escape was impossible; we were in the middle of their camp with wolves on all sides. I won't lie to you, when my turn came I started praying to every deity I'd ever heard of.

"They drug me into the tent. That's when I saw him, an alpha easily twelve feet tall and as monstrous as they come. There was something regal about the way he looked and spoke, he had females all around him and they seemed to be hanging on his every word. Those brutish betas made me bow before him on my knees and the alpha came in close to me, sized me up from all sides. I checked myself to see if they had taken my 'Emergency surprise' dagger, damn wolves were thorough, I reckon.

"The alpha said I was not strong enough and not worthy to be one of them and therefore I would be food."

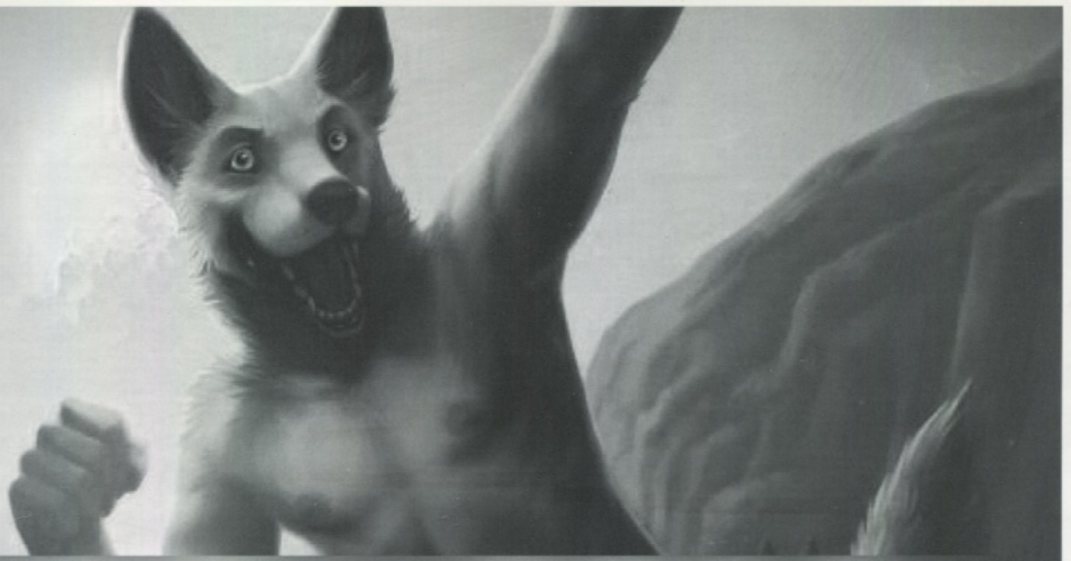
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Hey! Where's the rest of the story?!

Due to space constraints, stories longer than the submission parameters had to be truncated. Not to worry, they can be found at the following link:

www.rockymountainfurcon.org/conbook-submissions/archive-2012-story-submissions.html





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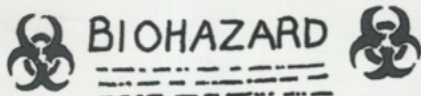
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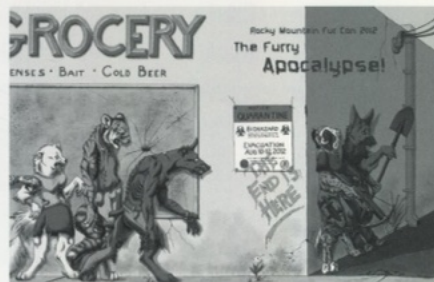
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If you are interested in being a staff member or volunteer for 2013, please email Operations. Staff members are required to be 16 years in age or older and have a valid state ID. Please volunteer! We wouldn't be able to do this without you.

Special Thanks to: The Denver Doubletree Hotel, Freedom Service Dogs, bottlemark.com, ooShirts.com, planetapparel.com, posterbrain.com, prinrunner.com, volunteers, staff, and many more.



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