

RMFC ★ 2015! Game Shows!



AUGUST 7 - 9
DENVER, CO



The Rocky Mountain Fur Con convention book is a production of the Mid-American Anthropomorphic and Arts Corporation, a 501(c)3 non-profit. All rights reserved.

Reproduction in whole or in part of any text or illustrations of this publication without the express permission of the artist, author, or holder of the copyright is strictly prohibited.

All works herein have been reproduced with permission from the artist, author, or holder of the copyright.

This product is meant as a single item and is not to be unbound for resale.

Printed in Denver, CO, USA

© 2015

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

WHEEL OF GLITTER Front Cover Art by Sparky Nekomi • www.furaffinity.net/user/sparkynekomi

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Staff & Contact Information.....	3
Chairman & Co-Chair Letters.....	5
Code of Conduct.....	6
2014 Annual Report.....	10
Our Charity.....	11
Special Thanks.....	13
Guests of Honor.....	14
Musical Guests.....	16
Art & Stories.....	18
Promotional Art.....	26
Cover Art Contest & Submission Guidelines.....	28
Rocky Mountain Fur Con 2016.....	31

EXECUTIVES

Sorin • Chairman

Klandaghi Silentclaws • Co-Chair

DIRECTORS

Gayle • Art Show
Eagle Orion • Marketing
Stefan • Special Operations

Wu Wei • Dealers Den
Snuggles • Operations

Maxwell Daemon • Events
Rocky "RockFox" • Registration

MANAGERS

JenRyu • Art Show
Connor "Ruxbat" • Dance Coordinator
Frynge • Events Supervisor Assistant
Sari NeoChaos • Graphic Design
Brendan • Registration
Hibiki Fox • Special Operations
Bryant Fox • SpecOps Supervisor
Guily • Volunteer Coordinator

Vadafox • Communications
Growly • Dealers Den
Kupok • Events Supervisor Assistant
Alynn • Lounge Supervisor
Seto • Registration
Firefoxx Larkham • SpecOps Assistant
Crimson • Staging
Maho • Website

Rex • Dance Competition Host
John Fawks • Events
Serf • Fursuit Liaison
Riddles • Operations
Spikester • Social Media
Aadyn Johnson • SpecOps Supervisor
Xersa • Staging

STAFF

Equanaxx • Art Show
Myles • Dealers Den
Megan Woulffe • Events
Harvy • Registration
Silver • Registration
Pauza O'Savin • Special Operations
Spirit Silverwind • Special Operations

Sarcosis Machina • Art Show
Phaedra von Wulfe • Dealers Den
Nyko • Events
Kiba • Registration
Toboe Wolfyote • Registration
Scorch • Special Operations

Card Otter • Con Suite
Mataeus • Events
Jessika Robinson • Operations
Rizzy Rau • Registration
Jasper Wolf • Special Operations
Simha • Special Operations

VOLUNTEERS

Special thank you to all of our generous volunteers!

EMAIL DIRECTORY

Chairman • chairman@rockymountainfurcon.org
Art Show • artshow@rockymountainfurcon.org
Dealers Den • dealers@rockymountainfurcon.org
Marketing & Print • marketing@rockymountainfurcon.org
Registration • registration@rockymountainfurcon.org

Co-Chair • cochair@rockymountainfurcon.org
Conbook & Graphics • conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org
Events & Programming • events@rockymountainfurcon.org
Operations • operations@rockymountainfurcon.org
Special Operations • specialoperations@rockymountainfurcon.org



THIS AIN'T NO LEFT TURN
AT ALBUQUERQUE!

FURRY FIESTA
NIGHTS
ON THE
BAYOU

MARCH 11-13, 2016 - DALLAS, TX - FURRYFIESTA.ORG

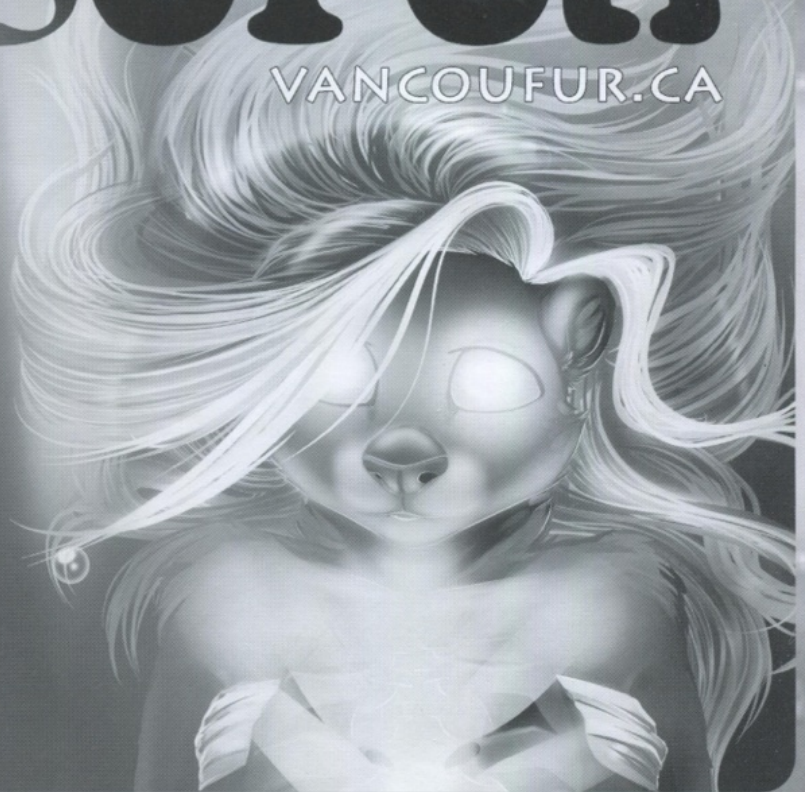
VANCA**PAW**UFUR

MARCH 3-6TH 2016

VANCOUFUR.CA



ATLANTIS



WELCOME TO RMFC 2015!

RMFC attendee, come on down!

Yeah, I know. Don't worry, it won't be the last hokey reference you're going to hear this year!

We have a great event in store for you, chock-full of games and prizes! I am blown away every year by how much we have grown and continue to grow thanks to you, our attendees. I'm excited to share another fantastic year with you and hope that you'll be thrilled, even without a showcase show down...

I'm excited to welcome our Guests of Honor, Zhivago and PhoenixWolf, as well as welcome back our fantastic charity, Freedom Service Dogs of America. I think we have some great fun in store for you all! Welcome to RMFC 2015, and now...let's play the games!

SORIN, RMFC CHAIRMAN

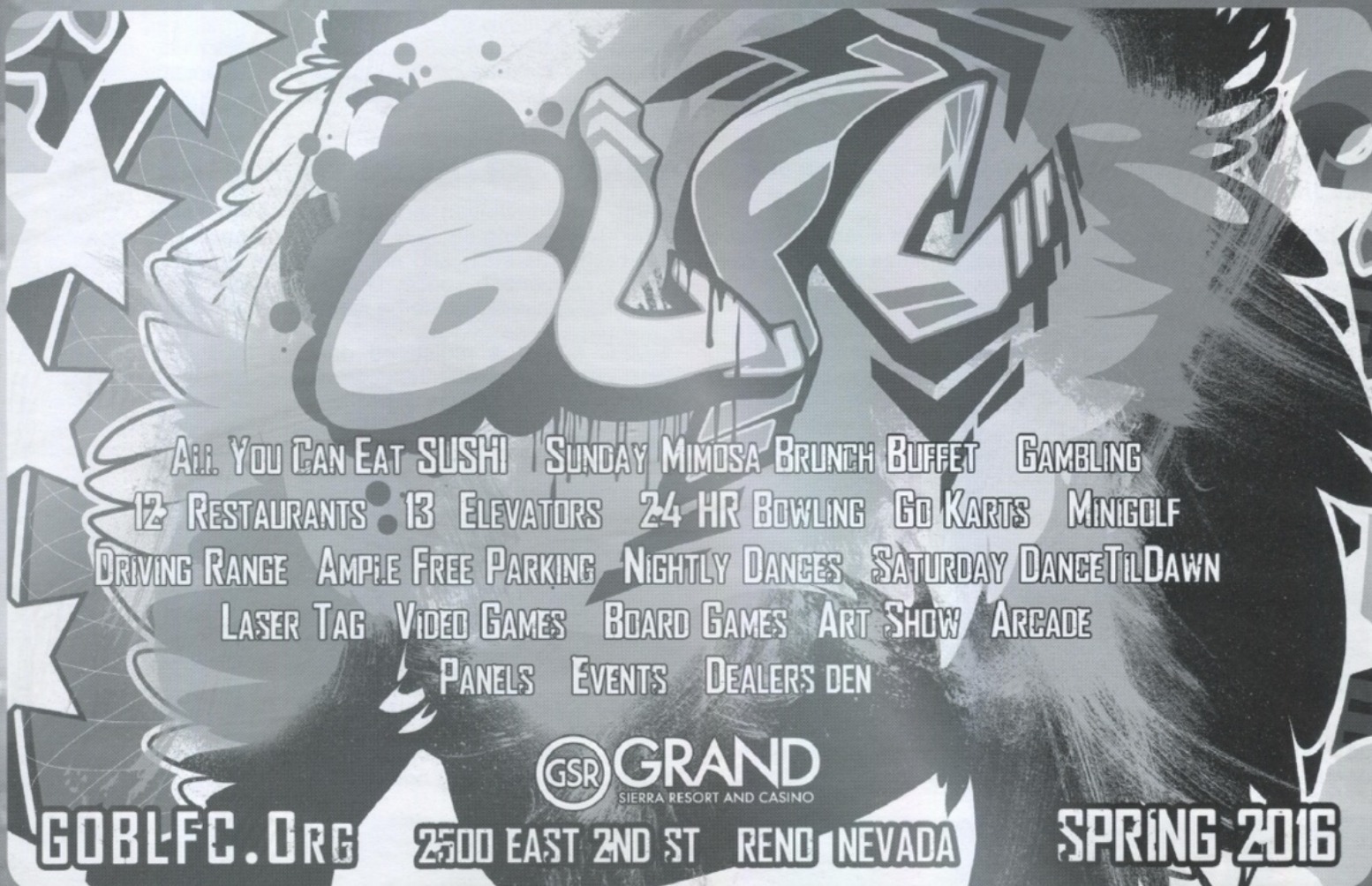
Welcome to Rocky Mountain Fur Con 2015! You made the show!

We're so happy to have you as part of our participating audience this year! We've got a fun-filled weekend lined up for you and hope you enjoy the many panels and events that are in store. Thank you for your continued support of our convention; your feedback and continued patronage help keep us going.

I also need to thank our volunteers—from my friend, mentor, and our Chairman, Sorin; to all of the volunteers that run panels, events, and departments. Last, but not least, a big thank you goes out to our charity, Freedom Service Dogs of America, who continues to help many people and animals find a better way of living. You all help make this con happen. It can't be done without all of you.

If you've made RMFC your first con, we are honored and hope to set a high bar for future cons to come. If you're not new to being a member of our studio audience, we hope that this year's show is even better than it has been in prior years.

KLANDAGHI SILENTCLAWS, RMFC CO-CHAIR



All You Can Eat SUSHI | SUNDAY MIMOSA BRUNCH BUFFET | GAMBLING
12 RESTAURANTS • 13 ELEVATORS | 24 HR BOWLING | GO KARTS | MINIGOLF
DRIVING RANGE | AMPLE FREE PARKING | NIGHTLY DANCES | SATURDAY DANCE TIL DAWN
LASER TAG | VIDEO GAMES | BOARD GAMES | ART SHOW | ARCADE
PANELS | EVENTS | DEALERS DEN

GSR GRAND
SIERRA RESORT AND CASINO

GOBLFC.ORG | **2500 EAST 2ND ST** | **RENO, NEVADA** | **SPRING 2016**

CODE OF CONDUCT

The following outlines Rocky Mountain Fur Con (RMFC)'s policies and procedures. Everything listed herein is meant to describe known rules and expected behavior; however, nothing will replace common sense. If you believe that an action will negatively affect your or others' safety and/or enjoyment of the convention, you should avoid said action.

When you receive your Convention Identification Badge (CIB) at the Registration desk, you agree to abide by these rules while attending RMFC events both on and around the convention space.

These rules have been formulated so that following them is not confusing. If you are unable to determine whether or not an action violates these rules, please consult a Special Operations (SpecOps) staff member or visit the Operations desk. Hotel personnel are not RMFC staff nor expected to assist you regarding convention matters.

Attending RMFC also means that you agree to any and all hotel policies. Keep in mind that there are always other guests at 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 healthy fandom.

.....

CONVENTION IDENTIFICATION

The CIB provided to you at the Registration desk is the property of RMFC and must be surrendered, if requested. Convention attendees may retain their CIB at the conclusion of the convention should no staff member request the surrender of the badge.

The CIB is intended to identify you as a convention attendee and what allows you access to the convention space and events. Your CIB is to be worn and visible at all times that you are in the convention space and events.

Acceptance of a CIB is symbolic of the agreement to the Code of Conduct as well as other agreements provided. If at any time you object to the Code of Conduct, you must surrender your CIB to the Registration desk and let us know why you wish to surrender it. No refund will be provided for surrendering a CIB.

PRESS POLICY Members of the press are permitted to be inside of the convention space provided that they are convention attendees.

All non-staff attendees who intend to record events related to RMFC must display a press badge at all times while recording unless doing so for personal use only.

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.

All recordings that are made without a press or staff badge on display cannot be disseminated or reproduced for profit or commercial use. Recording is defined as anything that can be perceived by any of the five senses at a later time on demand.

SPECIAL OPERATIONS The SpecOps staff members are responsible for enforcing the policies of the convention, monitoring the convention space, and reporting safety concerns. They are present at all times within the convention space.

If you feel that a policy is being violated; are unsure where to go in the convention space; have a question regarding policies; or need medical attention, you can always ask a SpecOps

staff member for assistance. SpecOps staff members are not at liberty to modify or waive policies. If asked to comply with a policy, please do so.

While SpecOps staff members are not security officers, they are in contact with the hotel security and staff as well as the RMFC directors. Violations of state and/or federal law will be referred to the relevant authorities, hotel security or staff, or RMFC directors. SpecOps staff members can contact hotel security for you if you are on the phone with emergency personnel.

LOST & FOUND If you lose anything in the 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 next year's convention become the property of RMFC and may be donated or disposed of.

MINOR ATTENDEES RMFC is happy to welcome minors to the convention; as such, the convention is held to an MPAA rating equivalent of PG-13 regarding conduct. Minor attendees will be identified on their CIBs as such and not be allowed access to adult areas of the convention space. Unaccompanied minors will need a parental consent form to be filed prior to attendance.

RMFC is not a registered daycare facility for children. An unsupervised minor attendee without a parental consent form will be asked to follow a SpecOps staff member 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 shirts, shoes, and leg coverings equivalent to dresses, pants, or shorts at all times while in the convention space. Please remember that the MPAA rating equivalent of PG-13 is the general expectation of behavior and costuming during the convention. RMFC staff will request that any attendee violating this rating within the convention space either change clothes, if relevant, or curtail the behavior involved.

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.

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

HARASSMENT & ASSAULT The definition of harassment is "to disturb persistently; torment, as with troubles or cares; bother continually; pester; and/or persecute." Harassment and assault of any degree is unacceptable in the convention space. If you have harassment- or assault-related concerns, please consult a SpecOps staff member immediately. The event(s) will be reviewed, and appropriate action will be taken, including the possible revocation of the violators' CIB and/or hotel attendance. Relevant matters will be forwarded to law enforcement.

DRUGS & ALCOHOL RMFC attendees are not permitted to bring any legally controlled substance inside of the convention space unless it is for emergency medical use. 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 the convention space from outside. Some 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.

As of 2013, marijuana has been legalized for **private** recreational use in Colorado. At this time, RMFC considers the recreational use of marijuana in the same light as alcohol: It is not allowed on the floor or in the convention space. Violation of this policy will result in action similar to alcohol use, including the possible collection of damages to hotel property from the smoke.

Smoking is not allowed in any public hotel space or hotel rooms. There are designated areas for smoking outside of the hotel, but these are not considered **private** locations for the purposes of smoking or vaping marijuana. If this pertains to you, ask Operations for an informational pamphlet regarding legal recreational use in Colorado. Failure to obey hotel policies and laws, or creating a nuisance for non-smoking attendees, is grounds for warning and other potential action by RMFC staff.

Public displays of intoxicated/"high" behavior are considered a violation of the RMFC Code of Conduct, whether it is at a convention-served event or in any other convention space. SpecOps staff members may request that any such violators leave the 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 CIB. Continued attempts may result in law enforcement or hotel security involvement.

WEAPONS & PROPS RMFC staff wants all attendees to have a safe and fun time at the convention. In many cases, props such as tool belts and other items and/or accessories are part of attendee costumes. In order to allow our attendees to represent the traits of the characters that they may be costuming, we ask that all attendees

obey the following prop guidelines.

- No edge-exposed metal items, including armor
- No guns, gun replicas, or projectile launchers, such as airsoft 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 the convention space must be identified with a "peace tie" that will be applied by a SpecOps or Operations staff member. This non-permanent tie must be present for the item to be in the convention space.

If a SpecOps staff member identifies that you are carrying a prop that is applicable to this policy, you can do one of the following things:

- Remove the item from the convention space to a personal area, such as a car or hotel room; or
- Take the item to the Operations desk for approval.

If any item, whether approved or not, is swung or used in an aggressive manner by any person, the item becomes a weapon. This requires the immediate and permanent removal of the item from the convention space. A SpecOps staff member that identifies 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 the convention space until it is put away. If the item is brought in again after that point, the carrier faces revocation of his or her CIB.

The policy of the hotel is NO WEAPONS, which includes carry and concealed carry permits. As a private business, the hotel has the right at any time to supersede RMFC's rules on weapons and props. Please follow all hotel staff directions.

COMMERCIAL ACTIVITIES RMFC restricts the transfer of goods or services for profit to areas designated to commercial operation, such as the Dealers Den. Advertisements may not be posted unless approved by an RMFC executive or director.

Those seeking to sell goods or services must gain prior approval from RMFC by registering as a dealer. If you are intending for 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 of the convention space, inclusive of commissioned art.

FINAL NOTES If you have any questions and/or concerns regarding the above policies, please do not hesitate to contact us in person at the Operations desk during convention hours or through email after convention hours at information@rockymountainfurcon.org.

The RMFC staff thanks you, and we all hope that you enjoy your time at our convention!

GETTING BACK WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

BACK TO MIGRATION II

AUG 28-30, 2015

HYATT REGENCY MINNEAPOLIS
DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

GUESTS OF HONOR

Vantid	Artist GoH - fantasy wildlife artist
Ken Fletcher	Historic GoH - artist, Publisher, Co-creator of Vootie
Reed Waller	Historic GoH - artist, Co-creator of Vooti & "Omaha" the Cat Dancer

PLUS

Nightly Dances	Dealers Den
Fursuit Parade & Games	Artist Alley & Art Show
Panels	Gaming
Photo Shoot	Room Parties

\$45 ADULTS
18 & UP

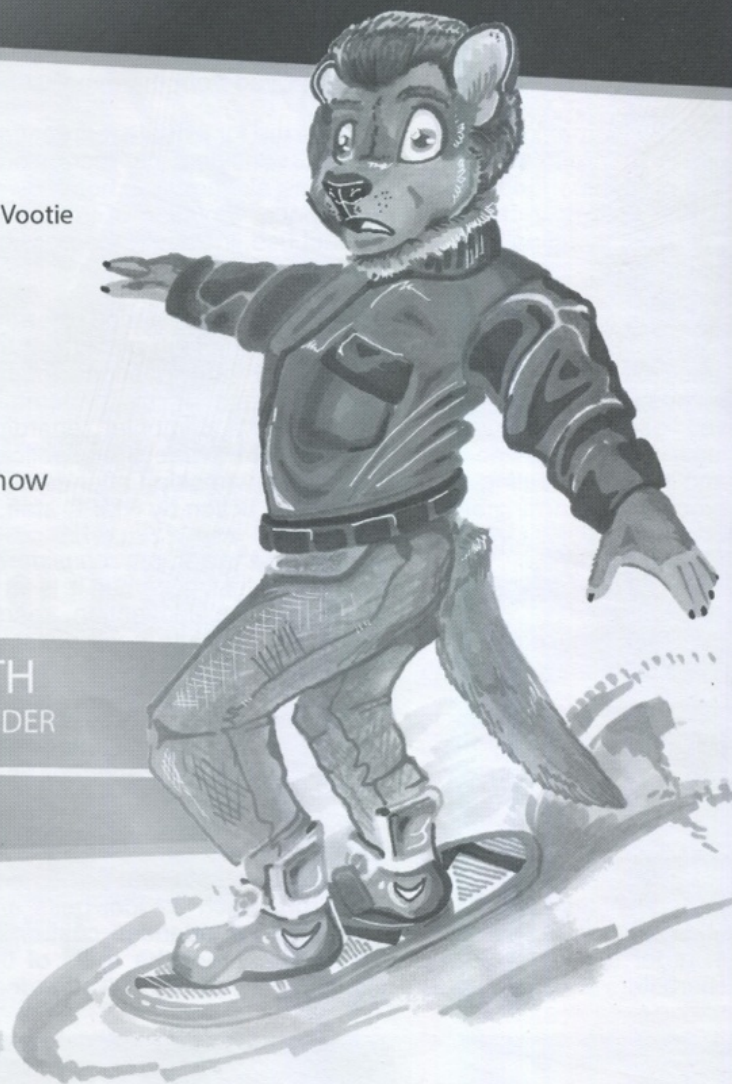
\$35 YOUTH
17 & UNDER

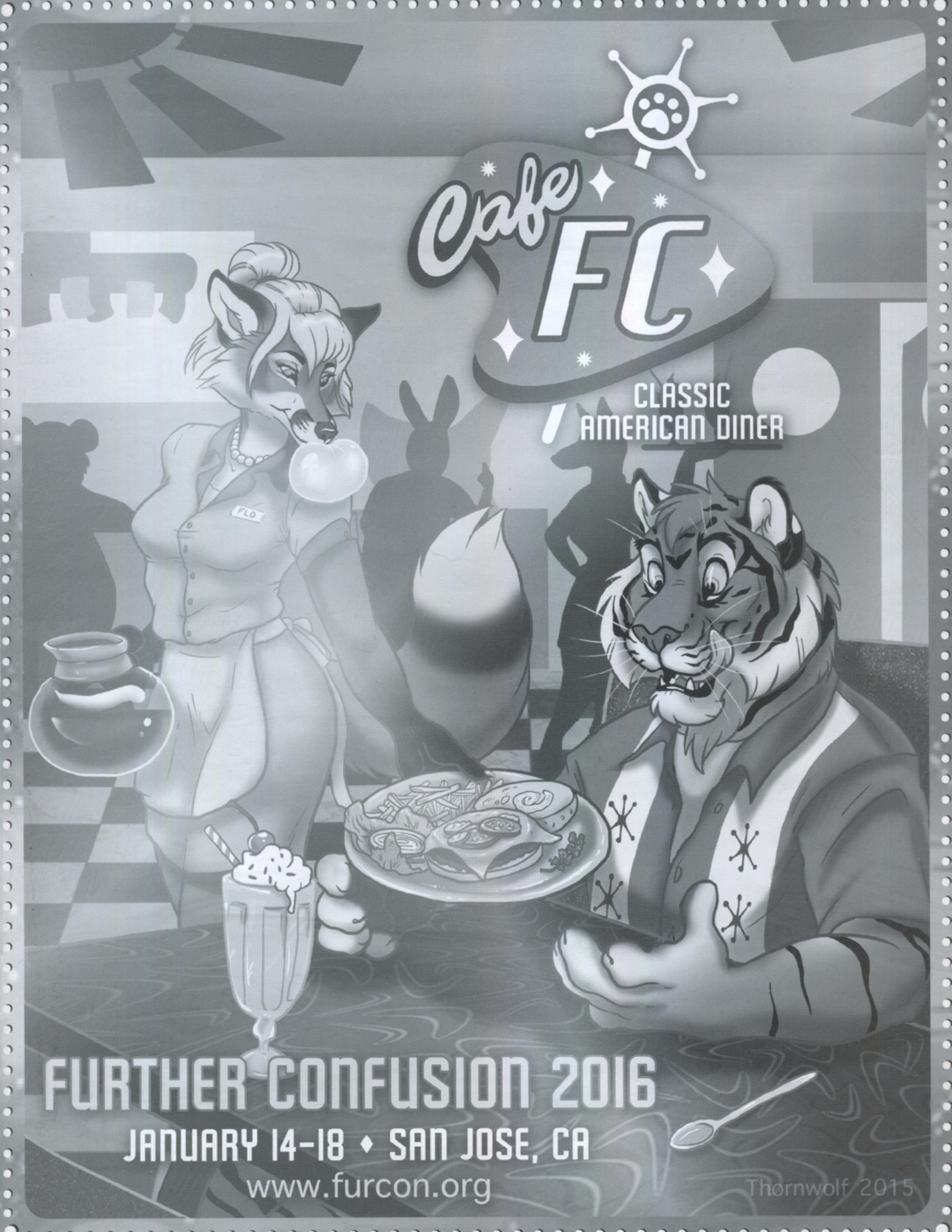
\$135 SPONSORS

All prices effective through
August 8, 2015.

FURRYMIGRATION.ORG

@furrymigration FurryMigration Furry Migration





Cafe FC

CLASSIC
/ AMERICAN DINER

FURTHER CONFUSION 2016

JANUARY 14-18 ♦ SAN JOSE, CA

www.furcon.org

Thornwolf 2015

2014 ANNUAL REPORT

THANKS FOR MAKING RMFC
2014 A JACKPOT WINNER!

1,354 ATTENDEES 75 PANELS
35% INCREASE OVER LAST YEAR 73 DEALERS
45 VOLUNTEERS

303 FURSUITERS
IN THE FURSUIT PARADE

\$5,500
RAISED FOR FREEDOM SERVICE
FOR DOGS OF AMERICA

OUR CHARITY



BREAK
ME OUT.

I HAVE
WORK
TO DO.



**FREEDOM
SERVICE DOGS**
OF AMERICA

For our annual charity, RMFC has partnered once again with Freedom Service Dogs of America (FSDA). This is our **fifth** year partnering with FSDA!

FSDA is a non-profit organization dedicated to enhancing the lives of people with disabilities by rescuing dogs and training them to perform tasks specific to aiding individual client needs.

Their client base includes children, veterans and active duty soldiers, and other adults; with disabilities ranging from autism, traumatic brain/spinal cord injuries, cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis, and post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

In 2013, RMFC raised **\$3.8K** to benefit the charity, **\$800** of which was raised during the casino night alone! Last year, we raised a whopping **\$5.5K**—a **more than 30% increase** from the previous year!

On behalf of all FSDA members and volunteers, RMFC staff would like to give thanks and extend gratitude to all of our generous and compassionate attendees for helping make these numbers—and the training and services resulting from such—a reality!

"I read. Anything and everything reputable that has to do with animals. If you read the details often enough, it sticks in your brain."

"Oh...well..."

Ralph decided to take a chance. "I actually studied at my local library for weeks before my first interview on the show. I'd recommend to your watchers that they actually try it out. It's free to go to the library and..."

The chihuahua turned around and made a cutting movement along her throat. Ralph straightened his shoulders and brushed past her.

"By the way, miss, if you had read anything, you would know I am horrible at interviews."

YOU BET YOUR SPECIES

by Erin Quinn • www.furaffinity.net/user/quinnskunk

"Remember when we used to just win money, or a car, or an oven from this game?" I'm shuffling my feet a lot, kicking at an olive green and yellow sofa stitched out of the same fabric my dad's pants were made of back in the 60's.

"I sure don't, and neither do you, kid," the rat says back to me. I'm not a kid; I just turned forty, but arguing sounds like a great way to increase my stress. Let that one slide, Miller, just let it slide. I tell myself that a lot.

"Yeah, well, I'm just saying it was probably a lot easier back then." I scratch my snout and take another bite of an apple. Then another. Then another. I think I'm eating the core. Core tastes so good.

"Miller Troff! You're on in five!" My tail nearly uncurls; I pull my index card out of my jacket pocket. I have a few quick notes about baseball, names of presidents, and who in my family to mention when I win.

The rat waves bye and asks me just as I'm heading through the door, "So, what are you going to be on the other side? Fox? Wolf? Lion?" All fine choices, I must say, though I already have mine picked out.

"Cat, white and orange." Then I'm told to hush by one of the producers as we start down the hall, the door to the waiting room closing and locking. Hopefully the rat finds some company with the warthog who had been with us but stone silent for the last six hours.

It's an understandable silence. It's an honor to even be in this building, let alone get on the show. It is a life-changer, a real one, the kind that brings your family a status you always want them to have when you're a loving husband and father. The money, the fame, it's all within your grasp. As long as you win.

I only think about the winners—the fox who scored a record deal, the vixen who became a movie star. Those are the names and faces I think about every night before going to sleep.

Did I think about the half-rabbit half-bear who shuffled off disappointed to a crowd of laughter? Or the lady who ended up part-poodle part-skunk?

Of course I didn't, worry won't help you win. Especially not on—

"You Bet Your Species!" There's a thunderous cheer while an ominous drumbeat sounds. The host, Mark Stone, a gecko with a habit of chewing cigars, welcomes me with a cold handshake. He adjusts his thick-rimmed glasses, steps back behind his desk, and sits down. I feel frozen, but I'm where the producers told me to stand during yesterday's runthrough. We'll have some banter and then launch into the game.

Did Mark just say something? He's talking, pointing his cigar at me. I probably missed something; these lights are so hot, it's hard to focus. "So are you here with any family?" he asks, turning his eyes to the crowd. "Someone cheering you on, and hoping you're a wolf within the hour?" There are a few giggles.

"No, I'm by myself," I reply.

"Well that just stinks, like a pig in—" He pauses. "Too close to home for ya; sorry, ma tongue got away from me there." He flashes his tongue at the crowd, and they laugh as he waves to them with it.

Wilma refused to come. She didn't stop me, she didn't argue, she just stared as I boarded the bus with a suitcase and our savings. I had put on a brave face, told her the new life we would have, how it would erase decades of cruel teasing and torment. I could leave behind the cubicle and stale sandwiches and be the man I was meant to be. And she'd have it all. Yet, she didn't come. She'll regret that.

I probably missed another question, because Mark has moved on to explaining the rules. There's a graphic on a screen to my right, showing a silhouette of my stocky, rotund frame. It's labeled as just "Miller the Pig," which is pretty accurate and probably how most folks I know would describe me.

"Now, Miller, I know you're fully aware of the rules, but I think, given the seriousness of the game, it bears repeating. Or pigs repeating, as it were." The audience laughs at Mark, and I'm getting curious if there's a sign telling them to do that. He's not as funny as he imagines he is.

He continues, and it is important for me to focus. Can't get distracted. "We're going to have a series of seven questions, each increasing in difficulty, from categories chosen by you. I'm kidding, we choose them; that'd be quite silly if we did it any other way. For each right answer, you have the thrill of spinning the species wheel. It will land on an animal, and we'll assign that animal's part to the corresponding body part on the graph."

The screen lights up, and the crowd claps. "Now, you get all seven right, from your feet to the top of your head, and you get to choose your species! Which means, you'll have the privilege of walking right back there." He points behind us, smoke billowing out and revealing the phone booth-sized device that modifies one's species. How did such a marvel end up on a game show? How did we end up so dependent on it?

"But, of course, if you get a question wrong, the game ends, and that means you're going to look really funny from here on out. And I'm sure our audience knows this answer, but you tell me, piggy: Are you able to come back on the show?"

"No, I'm not."

"Correct! So, let's begin, unless, of course, you want to disappoint our wonderful audience, and yourself, and quit before we begin."

I look out at the crowd, as my mind ponders the possibilities of losing. I remember the articles I read about the losers. At least there's a support group. How would I feel the rest of my days if I ended up with the legs of a cat, the tail of a skunk, and the arms of an elephant?

"Miller? You're not seriously thinking of abandoning the game? No one's done that; why would they? Think of the hours you've spent applying, going through the testing, paying the deposit, only to quit? Is that what you want?"

My eyes scan the crowd, my hand sweating as I haven't picked up my buzzer to start the game. Have I been there seconds? Minutes? Will they decide for me?

Then I see Wilma, crammed up in the top row of the bleachers. She's still wearing her ring, wearing the same blue and yellow sun hat that she was wearing when we met. She shakes her head and puts her hands to her heart.

Mark's tone has decidedly gone cold. "Piggy boy, we have other contestants, other people back there, who want a better life. So, you can either join us and play the game, or you can quit and go back to being laughed at, eating slop and playing in the mud. Doesn't matter to me; you're the tenth pig I've seen this week. Just another in a long

SPECIAL THANKS

SUPER PATRONS

ArcFoxAJ	Dawny	Divitus	Edgewise
Growly	Jerzei Collie	Kasseth Selak	Keinse
Klandaghi Silentclaws	Lavawolf	Lukos Valentino SilverFang	Scorch
Sirberus Khaos	Sorin	Syrior Venorin	Wirez

PATRONS

Aden	Adrian	Aridwolf	bigwolf
Blackwulf Lunarnight	BradHound	Broadway	Bryant Fox
Buck Hopper	Calno	Darebear	Discord
Dragov	ElectronicBird	Emberhorn	Evo A. Vulpes
FreeFox	Frito	Frost	Glassan
Idylwild	Jellybean Bunny	JJ	Kiba
Kovu Animosis	Labby Rat	Lyeska RAWFurtography	MalKontent Blizzard
Matheniel	matsi	Michel Mephit	MidnightSnow
Nodd Mouse	Prakash Saber	Rackety	RAY
Rayne	Realis	rebelnine	Ridley
Rob Baird	RockFox	Rune Imagi	Sari NeoChaos
Scribbles Ayashi	Seto Shepherd	Shadow Arkine	Sk Skunk
SkyyTBL	Snap E. Tiger	Sophie Manx	Thor
ToddRenard	Tyson	Uintah	Vadafox
Wu Wei	Xerxes Shepherd	Zekey	Zoey

SPONSORS

- @Z B@+	Adilor Solthaer	Ajax Peanutbutterbutt	August PB
Aurelius Pardus	Clio	cobalt-blue	Crys the Hybrid
Darris	Deadlypon3	Dexter	Dominic
drake	E the Weasel	Eagle Orion	Eric B. Lue
Faux Pas	Fretch	Gavin	Gnowun Uno
Goostavo	Helio	Jader	Jaiko
James Fox	James the gargoyle	Kayleigh	Kitsu
Kojo	Lagreskul	Lexi Foxxx	Luci Strange
LynneKitty	Mako	NyeFable	Oubastet
Pauza O'Savin	Peter Wolf	Purple the Gryphon	Rakkit
raziel	Reynard L	RocketCorgi	SamiFur
Sammy Fox	Sapphire	Seven Discovery	Silver Aura Claw
Sketchy Wolf	Star Feralwolfe	Takuma	tetris
The Librarian	Toboe Wolfyote	Torin Darkflight	Utanith Kesilai
VoidKat	Watcher Rat	wintergreen skunk	Wolfy Sterling
Zeb T'Sal	Zorion	zxyainer	

Thank you to our wonderful vendors: the Denver Marriott Tech Center, TheGameCrafter.com, MiDo Printing Company, ooShirts.com, PlanetApparel.com, and Ultimax Printing. As always, thank you to all of our volunteers and staff who pour their hearts into the convention to make each one special. We would again like to thank our founders and donors: Trigger Happy Squirrel, Calicat Merlin, Sirberus, Fritz, FreeFox, Scorch, Daniel Lewis, Richard Arp, Amada Draeger, and Shelby Humphrey.

GUESTS OF HONOR



ZHIVAGO • ARTIST

Zhivago is a furry artist originally from southern California and currently residing in the Bay Area.

She has been drawing ever since she can remember, with her love of anthropomorphic subjects starting just as early.

She joined the fandom nearly ten years ago after discovering that others shared in her interest in the subject, and she has been comfortable ever since.

She enjoys creating community projects for the fandom when she can, including free reference sheet templates and holiday card giveaways.

In 2010, she started **FandomFashions** as a furry-themed clothing line.

Zhivago frequents many conventions on the west coast, and she has previously been a Guest of Honor at Furry Weekend Atlanta (FWA) 2011.

You can find her artwork on Furaffinity under the username **zhivagod**.



When Phoenix was 15 years old, she created her first fursuit as a fun, after-school art project. It was then that she made her first step into the furry fandom. Fast forward six years and over eighty suits later, and you'll find proof that you can turn what you love into a career.

With each new creation, she strives to hone her skill and perfect her craft by drawing from past experience and experimenting with new techniques. Nowadays, Phoenix works tirelessly to give your characters life in the form of custom suits made with care.

Phoenix hails from just outside of Minnesota's twin cities, never straying far from her beloved pet ferrets and local friends. She has always been passionate about animals of all species and was inspired early in her childhood by Disney (*The Lion King* will always have a special place in her heart and imagination).

It's easy to see how a fascination with anthropomorphism has driven her to forge a career in mirroring the same wonder and joy in her costumes, bringing happiness to all who experience her work.

You can find her work at her website **phoenixwolfsuits.com** and on Furaffinity under the username **phoenixwolfsuits**.

MUSICAL GUESTS

LIVE CHIPTUNE PERFORMANCE

by Aethernaut • aethernautisded.tumblr.com

"Video games have been a central part of my existence." Despite playing (and loving) video games over the years, it wasn't until about 2008 that Danny, AKA Aethernaut, realized that there is a community of 8-bit/retro-aesthetic/lo-fi/bleep-bloop enthusiasts who also adore so much those system sounds of yesteryears.

He found himself listening more and more to artists like Trash 80, RushJet1, Sabrepulse, Random, Virt, Bit Shifter, and Anamanaguchi.

RMFC welcomes Aethernaut and his live chiptune violin performance **Saturday from 9PM to 10PM in the Main Events Ballroom!**



LIVE GOTH/WITCHHOUSE PERFORMANCE

by Church Fire • churchfire.bandcamp.com/releases

RMFC has had many requests for more live music at the dance. We've also had requests for a change of pace that Church Fire is sure to deliver!

Church Fire has been performing their "majestic, witchy, up-to-no-good gothprom angels" act in Denver for years.

We're eager to welcome them to the stage on **Sunday from 8PM to 9PM in the Main Events Ballroom!**



UNTHROCON has evolved into

FURRY UNLOCKED

Doubletree Suites Downtown
Salt Lake City, Utah
October 30 - November 1 2015

**VIDEO GAMES
ART
FRIENDS**

FURRY & much MORE

For more information
<https://www.FurryUnlocked.org/>

ANTHRO NEW ENGLAND 2016

BOSTON, MA

JANUARY 21ST - 24TH

GUESTS OF HONOR:
PAC
KITTIARA

WWW.ANTHRONEWENGLAND.ORG

TWITTER: @ANTHRO_NE

COME JOIN US IN THE
CITY OF CHAMPIONS
AS WE CELEBRATE ALL
THINGS "SPORTSBALL!"



GAME SHOWS (THE LIGHTS) by Aaron Wolf

I stepped into a hotel
In the Tech Center
And all I saw were lights
of numbers,
Letters,

And "Winner!"
It all blinded my sight,
So I stumbled back to focus on the inside.
When I stepped further in,

A puma came up to me;
He said he was the host;
He then asked my age, at most.
Cameras pointed at me, I said,
"Fifteen."
"Then you are old enough to play!"

He shoved me to a podium
With a banner saying,
"You're contestant #1, enjoy the games!"
They then said over a loud speaker facing the cameras:
"Welcome to RMFC 2015: Game Shows!"

I turned to face the camera and saw
A small audience of wolves, foxes, and angel dragons clapping.
"The first game we'll play is Jeopardy!"

So, as nervous as I was,
I stood my ground
Against a bear and a rabbit,
Ready to question the answer
And win the game.

We played
And played
And played
Until it was finally over;

I won the prize;
I won the spot of the host!
Now let me say this to you:
"Welcome to RMFC 2015: Game Shows!"

KILLJOY by Jeremiah T. Foxx

"Hello again, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome back to KillJoy! In this, our debut episode, we've taken virtual reality to the next level with our latest advances in mental imaging technology as contestants shot, stabbed, sliced, bashed, and blew their way to victory in our digital arena!" The speaker, Bill Barkin, stood before the large live audience, cheering as he gave this recap. Bill was a fairly young, tall dalmatian with a spot over his left eye, wearing a colorful suit emblazoned with cartoonish blood spatters, comic explosions, and other colorful representations of pure carnage.

The set he was hosting the show on consisted of five chairs with high tech-looking helmets dangling above them. These were the helmets that made the new technology being shown off in the show possible, using electromagnetic pulses on the brains of the contestants to make them see and feel everything as if they were actually in the game itself—albeit, with high-end computer graphics rather than the actual world. This, of course, also allowed players to do things they would never be able to do in reality, though this aspect of it was made somewhat more realistic for the purposes of the show.

"In this episode, we started with twenty gamers from around the country who came here to prove their worth; now, only five contestants remain in this final match-up! Who will walk away with

today's \$10,000 prize and the professional gaming sponsorship from FoxSoft? We're about to find out, but first, let's reintroduce our final five contestants for the day!" Bill said with a flourish as the first contestant came onto the stage. He was a middle-aged tanuki with a thick build, sort of out of shape though with plenty of muscle to back it up, it seemed.

"Our first contestant gunning for today's top prize is Matt Presh—or, as he prefers, his much more well-known online handle, DeadZone! This imposing FPS veteran has managed to gun his way through the preliminaries with ease, but will it be enough to match up against our other promising finalists?" Bill introduced the first contestant as he waved at the audience with a smug smile, flexing and pointing an imaginary gun out into the crowd before taking his seat. A tall, thin teen fox with salt-and-pepper fur followed, immediately recognizable by the audience by his cocky grin and the red martial arts headband he was wearing.

"Our next contestant is sort of the underdog of today's competition. This platforming Picasso has been able to slice and dice his way to the finals with his quick agility, acrobatic performances, and affinity for knives, swords, and everything else sharp and pointy! Let's hear it for Rodney Carter!" the crowd cheered once more as Rodney gave his own display of heroic poses before taking his own place in one of the seats. The next contestant to take the stage was a white mouse who seemed to be in his twenties. He was a bit shorter than the previous contestants but more than made up for it with plenty of muscle.

"Proving that neither size or weapons matter in combat, our next contestant, Larry Crex, has been putting the hurt on lesser warriors all throughout the show with deadly demonstrations of his superior martial art skills developed not only through personal training but years of studying the styles and techniques of fighting games during his gaming experience!" Bill announced, and as the crowd cheered once more, Larry demonstrated a few of his fighting techniques, including a few flips and a powerful roundhouse before taking his own seat on the stage. Soon after, an older, wiry-looking ferret came out onto the stage.

"Although our next contestant doesn't seem like he's much of a gamer, his skills in rhythm and puzzle games have given him an excellent memory and pattern-recognition skills. This helps make him an ideal demolitionist and trap master, quietly taking out hapless players in today's matches with some well-placed bombs and hidden traps! Give it up for our own Harbinger of Boom, Jerry Slagle!" Bill introduced. Jerry didn't seem nearly as enthusiastic, though he did flash a crooked grin out to the audience as he took his seat. The last contestant to take the stage was a rabbit girl around Rodney's age with white fur and fiery red hair.

"Finally, proving that girl gamers are alive and well and can be twice as vicious as the boys, we have Scarlet Reyes! This little hotshot is good with a variety of different weapons, though she prefers to pop her opponents with a variety of powerful handguns, adding insult to injury when she takes out the poseurs armed with sniper rifles or semi-automatics with one!" Bill introduced the last contestant as she flashed a knowing smile towards the audience, mimicking shooting a gun with her thumb and forefinger before taking her place.

"All right, now that you all know our finalists, it's time for some KillJoy! Players, don your helmets, and log in now!" Bill instructed, and the five players pulled the helmets over their heads, soon going slack in their seats as the helmets activated, pulling their minds into the game. A large panoramic screen set above the stage lit up, showing a view of each player, including health and other statistics, as they entered the game.

"All right, we're loading the stage for the final match now, and the enemy AI for this level will be set to the max! Remember, each enemy kill in a stage adds to a player's total score as well as a higher score for killing fellow players, and when we're down to the last player standing, the highest score takes the cash and the sponsorship! Now, get ready for the countdown," the host prompted

as the audience soon joined in on the countdown.

"3...2...1...KillJoy!"

As the game began, something else was going on in the background—something far more sinister than a simple game.

"The match has started; initiating synchronization program," a voice called out. In a smaller, more discreet room behind the scenes, a tall black jackal stood. He was a decorated general, it seemed, and he currently stood before a large video screen. On one part of the screen, it showed an overhead view of the game taking place on the stage, while another section detailed an actual live battle taking place elsewhere. The battle seemed to be between some sort of alien race with long appendages and purple skin.

The disturbing part about this scene is that the game footage seemed to match the live battle directly; while Rodney slashed apart several ninjas in the game taking place on stage, one of the creatures in the battle moved exactly the same way, decapitating several of its own kin with a blade of its own.

"You were right, doctor," the general told a small, bespectacled squirrel scientist as he also entered the room. "Today's gamers have more than enough skill and know-how to be able to dispatch our enemies."

"Indeed, the Mind Puppet Project is proceeding exactly as planned; we may soon be able to take the next step in making them full-fledged soldiers for Teragan's army," the scientist agreed.

"Excellent. Then we can easily conquer our surrounding planets. Soon, not even the Federation will stand in our path to conquest!" the general agreed, laughing slightly before turning his attention back to the game taking place on stage...

WINNING ONE

by Mailtsoh • www.furaffinity.net/user/the_Wyld

The lights in the studio were blinding. Beyond the blinding glare and the electric hum, it was hot. The bear next to him had taken to fanning herself, the slight movement of her shirt wafting up the scent of her sweaty fur and underlying scent of nervousness.

The bunny ran a finger along the collar of his shirt, missing the usual collar that was around his neck. The show producers said that it would be better to show the contestants as "independent." And, gently, they were dressed in a manner to "appeal to the studio audience." None of which really cared. The fox and cougar seemed to be unaffected by the lights, by the heat, by the fact that one of them was about to win the game and win it big.

Geo leaned over the fox's podium. They were softly murmuring something. He could listen if he really tried, but he simply was too rattled. This commercial break was taking forever—why did he agree to do this—why was he here—so many people! His heart was racing, and the bear was starting to take note as some primal need to hunt was triggered.

The bunny closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. This was it—the final round, and he was ahead in the questions. He could actually win. A slight smile peeked out of the corner of his mouth. His nose twitched as the air slowly eased out of his lungs. Turning his head, eyes still closed, he faced the studio audience.

They didn't care what they looked like. They were here to get out of the rain, to get closer to the stars, to see drama. All manner of reasons, really. There was one person the little rabbit really cared about, though; the one reason he had the nerve to actually step onto that stage. They were all murmuring, waiting for the big moment, too.

There he was, the wolf he knew and loved. Third row up, second seat from the left. The only one not bothered with talking to those around him. Looking causal in his pinstripe black suit, a collar on his

lap, holding it for the bunny. For him. He had to take it off to be here, but at least he knew that it was off but not forgotten. His blue eyes sparkled as he looked up and saw the wolf smiling back at him. He slightly nodded and uncrossed his legs, setting in with confidence.

Syffy beamed, and suddenly, none of it mattered. None at all. He wasn't bothered as the host strolled across the stage. A skunk was behind the camera. The Quiet Please sign was lit, and his paw went up. Standing before the camera, he nodded, saying 3...2... before stepping back and silently holding up a single digit, 1...

The audience broke out in the required and requested cheering, the skunk running back and forth behind the camera but raising his paws to encourage the cheers. As if the master of an orchestra, he stood in the center of the floor and lowered his paws, trying to calm the roar he just made happen. What a job he must have.

The bunny smirked and made his best contestant face as the camera focused on the three of them. Geo told everyone what they already knew, the places of the contestants, the importance of the final round.

It went by like a blur, as well. The bunny was back in his zone. Paw flying down on the buzzer, answers stated before the questions were even finished. True, he didn't get them all. But he didn't have to. He was like a machine, filled to the brim with seemingly endless, so-called useless information. But it was down to the last final Daily Double.

Geo stood tall behind his podium; the hostess smiled as she framed with her arms the screen with the final question. Again, the bunny took in every detail of the moment, placing it in his long-term memory. The slight breeze from her walk over made the white sparkles shimmer. She stood with that false smile as she looked at the two in the lead dead on. It wasn't meant to be a challenge, but Syffy took it as one. Glancing to the side, he saw his wolf.

He so had this. Lifting the card in front of him, the question mirrored

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

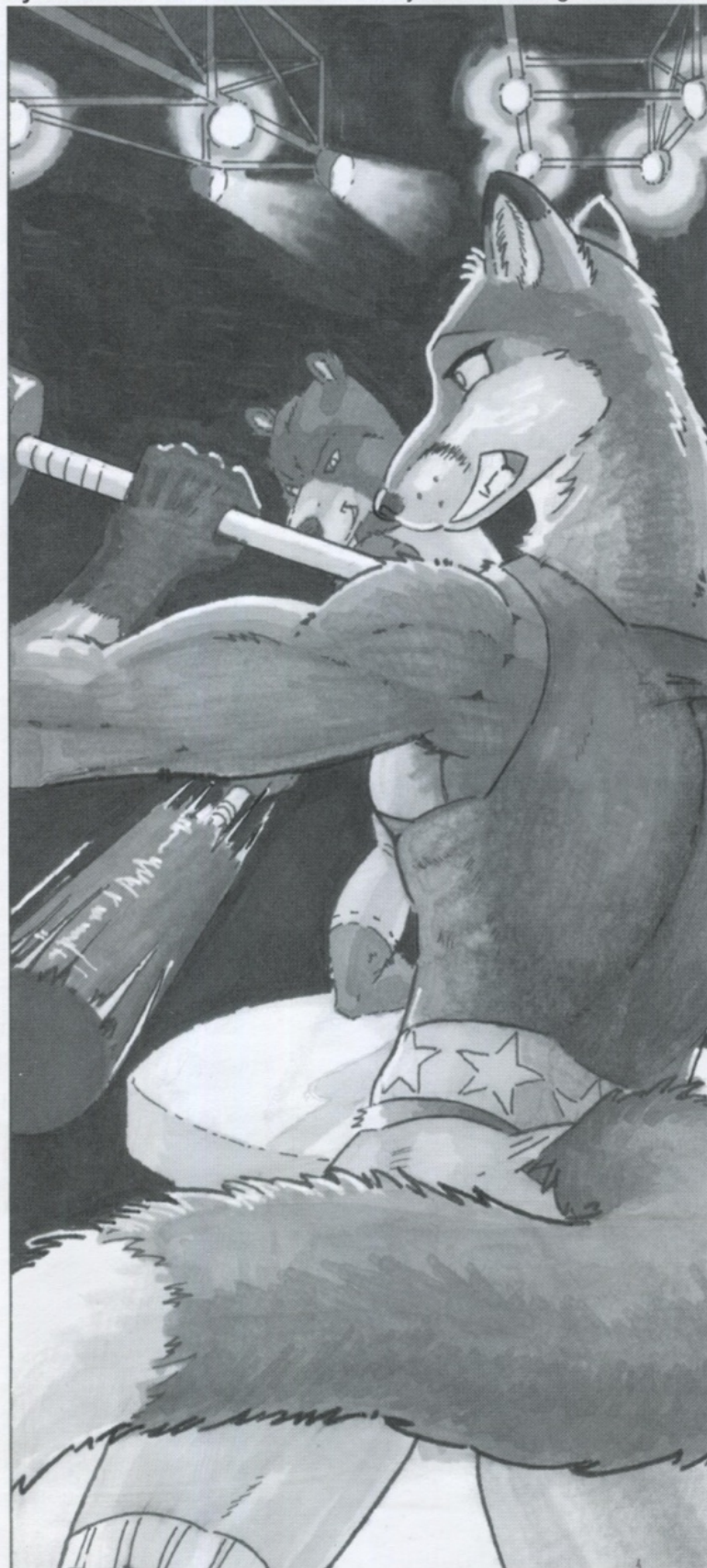
by Pouchmonster • www.furaffinity.net/user/pouchmonster



ART & STORIES

FURRY GLADIATORS, EPISODE 215

by Mataeus DeVailo • www.furaffinity.net/user/dragoncrescent



on the screen: "The Rocky Mountain Fur Con was scheduled to have its debut on this month and date. However, it was postponed because it conflicted with Anthrocon. What was that first con for the Rockies date supposed to be?"

It was clear from the faces of the players that no one had a real clue. Taking a chance, the fox slammed a paw down at the same time as the bunny. Geo's eyes flicked to the skunk, who pointed to the fox as being the first to register.

Calling to him, a hush fell over the crowd as he stated in a slight quivery voice, "June 2007!" Looking hopeful, the fox started to wring his paws, his tail drooping as the cougar shook his head, not giving away anything as the skunk pointed to Syffy.

Turning to face him, the camera focused on the bunny's wide-eyed look and twitching nose. He was still confident. It was just really hard not to tuck tail and run when the whole room seemed to look at him. The camera focused on him, the lens zooming out slightly.

"Same question," Geo said, looking on as the bunny looked up and straight ahead.

"It was originally supposed to start June 2006."

The yells of the crowd were so loud, he could only guess he was correct. He had done it! The show ended with the shaking of paws and pats on the back. The only thing that really mattered was the audience parting a path as the wolf walked up to him and placed a paw on his shoulder.

"Well done, buns."

ARE YOU SMARTER THAN A REPORTER?

by Mika Hatter • www.furaffinity.net/user/mikanis

"And now for the \$500 question: This is the term for the part of the shark that senses vibrations."

BUZZ!

"Yes, Ralph?"

"What is the lateral line?"

"That is correct, Ralph! You have just won this week's Animal Adaptations!"

Ralph barely remembered walking off the stage and heading toward the exit. All he could think about was that one fantasy novel that's been sitting on his shelf for the past few weeks. And a glass of brandy.

He jerked back as a bright light and news camera were shoved into his face.

"Ralph! A word for the Worldly Woof. What is the secret to your success?"

The rooster took another step back from the smiling, bouncing chihuahua. "I'm not sure what you mean."

She blinked her big eyes for a moment. "Oh. Our viewers are just dying to know how you managed to know the answers to so many questions. Do you have a special tutor? Are you given the answers ahead of time?"

Ralph clucked. "Neither, actually."

The lady smiled. "Really...come now, Ralph...how do you answer all those questions?"

"I read."

"You what?"

MEGAPLEX

British Invasion

Orlando, FL

August 5th - 7th, 2016

GET MORE INFO AT
MegaplexCon.org



SPECIAL GUESTS
Cosmic Wuffy
Kenket



CONFUZZLED 2016:

CARNIVAL of the NIGHT

27-31 May 2016
Hilton Birmingham Metropole
United Kingdom

WWW.CONFUZZLED.ORG.UK



line of swine—"

I feel the sweat trickle down my brow, hand trembling as I reach for the buzzer.

"There we go! Let's begin, Miller; life only gets better from here." I clench my fist and close my eyes, opening them so I can look up at my love.

"I quit."

FERAL FEUD

by Ramble Coyote • www.furaffinity.net/user/ramblecoydog

Mr. Tut tugged at the sleeve of his sports coat, jostling the collar of the white shirt beneath it. Leaning in close to the mirror before him, he examined a back tooth and, with his pinky, picked at a bit of something he had for lunch that day.

His ear twitched at the muffled roar of the game show crowd outside his changing room door. Who would win this thing? What would America think? What sort of ridiculous responses would he be getting and, if inappropriate, might get him fired?

Grabbing a bottle, Mr. Tut puffed some cologne into his paw and lightly patted it against his neck. Now perfumed with the musky scent of burning wood and spice, Mr. Tut looked at the mirror to wink at himself.

"Damn, you sexy animal, you." He made a clicking noise with his tongue and proceeded to follow his ego out to the stage curtain. The audience was electric with anticipation; the families, nervous from being on TV for the first time ever.

He waited for the note he always entered on and spread his arms as he took the first step. An array of lights illuminated his face, and he grinned a car salesman smile to the crowd, waving for them to return to their seats.

"Alright, everyone," Mr. Tut began, continuing to gesture so that everyone's cheering would calm down enough for him to make his usual introduction of the families. He turned to the family on the left, a sign hanging heavily over their heads in bright, blinking yellow lights.

"To my left," he started, wandering before the podium with pride running off of him like water from a mountain, "the Johnston family!" he announced as if it were a fighting ring. The crowd clapped cooperatively as he stretched his left arm at them. The right arm went up toward the other side. "And to this side, the Smith family!" The crowd was more than pleased to be introduced to them. The Johnston family were a lot of fennec foxes, and the Smiths were some average-looking red foxes.

Mr. Tut peeked at a cute fennec girl at the end of the Johnston family aisle. He couldn't help but wink at her as he gestured for her and a family member from the Smith family to join him at the main console, where there lay two buttons and, stemming them, a couple of microphones. The girl, despite looking to be in her early twenties, blushed an innocent schoolgirl blush, and Mr. Tut let a sly grin show itself on his face like a phantom, removing his curtain lips.

It was the same spot on his teeth that he was picking at earlier; he grew self-conscious as he smiled at her on camera. His serious face returned, and he held up a light blue card with the show's emblem on the back with "Feral Feud" in yellow letters.

He cleared his throat for a second, and the audience went quiet. Glancing at the card, he read its sacred words:

"What—" he paused for effect, looking up at the two contestants, "do you find under your bed?" As if trained their whole lives for it, the two contestants slapped the button in front of them, and the red fox's lit up in an obnoxious red in less than a second.

The Smith family contestant, an autumn-furred young man, responded with a rushed answer. "Dust bunnies!" There was little hesitation as Mr. Tut pointed to the board with another gallant wave of a strong, wide arm.

"Show me dust bunnies!" As if a genie were granting his wish, a screen high above flipped, and "dust bunnies" was revealed as the second answer on the board. The red fox family cheered, and the fennec girl glanced longingly at Mr. Tut before wandering away from the console to return to her family's side as Mr. Tut and the young red fox male made their way to the other family's podium.

The red fox had a younger sister to his left side. Leaning in, Mr. Tut cooed in a devilish whisper at her the question once again. "What... do you find under your bed?"

The red fox girl was prepared. "Spiders!"

"Show me spiders!" he echoed, and another sign flipped over. It was the fourth answer. There were still three left, and a number one answer was yet to be found.

Suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, the Smith family had no idea what to write next. It was like they forgot what the question was, even though Mr. Tut was reading it to them each and every time. When he had surpassed all of the contestants hailing from the Smith family, Mr. Tut carried his way to the other family with suave dignity. When he made it to the Johnstons, he asked them the same question.

"What...do you find under your bed?" he asked a particularly tall creature, most likely the father to the twenty-something that had lost the initial round. The fennec thought and thought, looking up at the board, and just when he was about to run out of time, he replied with an innocent answer.

"Toys," he said. The audience clapped in unison, probably just happy that he had a response.

Mr. Tut didn't pay much attention to him or the answer. He heard them, but he wasn't there. He was instead deserted on an island deep in the ocean of the fennec daughter's eyes. Speaking the answer glumly and without motivation, the bell rang loud on the speakers, and the third slot was open.

Mr. Tut looked to the grandmother figure, who stood stunted in stature and had a voice as old as the wind. "I'd say," she gusted. "I'd say that I would find a good book under my bed." Pointing to the board once more, the number five flipped over and revealed "reading material/books."

The family rejoiced and laughed, but Mr. Tut heard a sound in the headpiece that dangled freely next to his face, ripping him from his tropical daydream. It was the judges; they needed to cut to a commercial break.

Usually, they would finish the show during the break, but the cute fennec girl at the head of the row grew hungry in appetite and glanced up and down at Mr. Tut as if she were a lion on the prowl.

Mr. Tut noticed.

He motioned to the judges to go take a break, and the families were allowed to wander, as well. Predictably, the attractive fennec followed Mr. Tut to his dressing room, where nobody would be looking, not even the backstage security cameras.

Five minutes later, the families were on the sets, and the live audience applauded as Mr. Tut returned. With pride and gloating, he leaned an arm over the counter between himself and the tall Johnston father, smiling the most wicked he had in a while.

There was a small commotion from the back, and a few shouts from crew members of the show, wearing their typical black and dark jeans.

"Where is she? Where did she go?!" an important voice called. There was a silence, and the Johnston family became restless. With cunning, the Smith family took advantage of the situation and tried to taunt at the Johnstons to get them off their game.

"Looks like someone chickened out! Hahaha!" The entirety of the Smith family laughed, but instead of getting infuriated as expected, the fennec family became sad for a moment when there were utters from the grandmother.

"What's that, Ms. Johnston?" Mr. Tut leaned in.

"She says that there is a terrible evil happening here," said the father in a tone of disdain.

Finally, from behind the curtain that Mr. Tut had revealed himself from before, the girl—Maggie, he believed they called her—wandered out on the set, and there was a heavy sigh of the work hands surrounding the set with their chaotic searching.

There was something different this time. Maggie was silent. This young lady, so full of wonder and hope before, was gone, leaving

this mess of depression in its stead. The family noticed right away, and they held her tight, but no matter how close and warm their embraces, they seemed as distant and cold as the look in her eyes.

The judges shouted into Mr. Tut's headset, and he reassured the families that everything was fine and they needed to continue.

The old woman from the fennec family watched as Mr. Tut set course for whom he was certain was Maggie's mother. He had to put on face; it was a serious situation, but he had to hurry up with the charade before it cost him his job. A drop of sweat tingled at the tip of his tongue, and he was near the point of opening his mouth instinctively and letting loose his tongue.

The crowd cheered as the cameras were turned back on so that he might accomplish the act that was going on at this set. He went over all the things that had happened in the last round, reminding everyone of points and ensuring that the families were ready.

Looking at the mother, Mr. Tut repeated the question as best as he could without making eye contact with the grandmother. The mother answered wrong and didn't seem to care. It was too late. The energy

FURRY FEUD by Mango Weasel • www.furaffinity.net/user/mangoweasel



ART & STORIES

was gone, and Mr. Tut pulled nervously at his sports coat.

Moving to the now seemingly animatronic girl, the tension was high, and there were murmurs of high anticipation in the crowd.

Mr. Tut asked her what she thought was under her bed, and his eyes began to glow. In fact, there was a reddish hue to them that wasn't there before. Without looking up, a sense of darkness surrounded her, so thick that it made the scoreboard in front of her family flicker.

Finally tilting her head towards Mr. Tut, who stood about three feet away, she opened her eyes, and with colossal black eyes of marble smoothness, she channeled words in a tone that was both hers and something sinister:

"The devil lives under the bed."

With those words, the audience disappeared into a lake of darkness, and the lights around them blew out, sending terrified sparks flying, and only the main billboard remained.

The number one answer flipped around, reading something clearly written in a dead language, and before either of the families could react to it, they, too, were blanketed into the black cloud.

Only the eyes of Mr. Tut remained, and with true soul-churning screams, the Smiths were devoured by the mouth of Hades itself, where their innocent play and fun was swallowed by a big toothy grin, bearing the heat of fire cast from the furnaces of Hell.

A minute later, beams of florescent light were snapped on to the four family members remaining behind the desk, and a single spotlight beamed over Mr. Tut in glorious angelic wonder.

The fennec family was now restrained to metal chairs, bound entirely by thick, root-like vines. They each squealed in terror, but the grandmother continued to stare at Mr. Tut, who glided toward her with soft-pawed feet barely touching the ground.

"You, old hag...you were the closest they ever got."

There was a small chuckle, and a slimy salamander-like creature emerged from the darkness as if it were a swelling mudhole and wrapped its fingers around her weak, wrinkled face. In a second, she was gone.

Only Maggie's parents remained, and they glanced at each other through their tears, still smelling the stink of the creature's abyss and what was probably the fall of the grandmother into the hole of eternal darkness.

"Wh-where is my daughter?" the father begged. "Where's Maggie?"

Mr. Tut's voice had also altered. Removing the ear piece and placing it with care on top of the console, the spotlight heeded his steps and fell upon him with false gentleness. He loosened his top button from the silken white shirt and snapped his fingers. In response, Maggie, still entranced, followed the light out onto the stage to Mr. Tut's call.

"I am here, master."

Before the traumatized parents could respond, Mr. Tut pointed their attention to the audience, which was slowly brightening to reveal a slew of crocodiles, snakes, salamanders, and cruel beings of the cold practice of death, each one better at it than the last.

Mr. Tut smiled at the pair, his eyes burning bright as coals at the bottom of a furnace; any brighter, and they may have caught his coat on fire, seemingly bleeding molten metal each time he blinked.

"Join us," he demanded, pointing at Mrs. Johnston. "Join us, and you will know no more pain."

"Don't do it!" Mr. Johnston cried. "You won't feel love, either!" Maggie held tight to Mr. Tut's shoulder—not in fear, but in absolute lust. Mr. Johnston was about to make another remark, but a creature from the darkness reached out and grabbed him. In the glint of the light, it

seemed as though he was stuffed into the throat of an alligator, using him as food to provide its belly with new, wriggling nutrients.

"Choose," stated Mr. Tut one more time. Maggie was now feeling up his arm in near desperation for the attention that she craved. Mrs. Johnston was shaking, her mouth numb, without words or thoughts to speak.

"Well, Mrs. Johnston?" Mr. Tut finalized with what she knew was going to be the last time he would ask:

"Choose."

THIS IS NOT HOW JEOPARDY WORKS

by NyeFable • www.furaffinity.net/user/nyefable

"Aaaaand we're back!" proclaimed a jubilant lizard. Turquoise scales sparkled under his semi-formal garb. His energetic eyes scanned the disheveled crowd of various victims, also known as paid volunteers. "Now it's time for the next portion of our wonderful new show! If we could have the next contestant —"

"Back? From what!?" a battered dalmatian growled as he favored an arm; blue and red bruises were scattered in with his black spots. "This whole thing is a joke!"

This was a very special game show, or so the producers hoped. Clearly, what the prime-time network needed was a game show that highlighted many games throughout the decades! Although, so far all of the games just happened to be rather physical.

"Oh, lighten up, dog!" hissed the scaled one. He twirled the microphone on its cord. While the lizard scanned his company, his eyes became locked on a corgi. When spotted, the short guy flinched and seemed to shiver. "You! How would you like to try our next game?"

So far, the corgi had avoided any of the scary, abusive games. His eyes darted to the dalmatian. Battling through the gladiator games looked painful. Then, he looked to a ferret. Her fur was still soaked after she was punched into a pool. And then there was the ocelot holding her bloody nose, and the stag with a cracked antler; the corgi's teeth nervously bit into his cheek as he shook his head.

Suddenly, the host's hand was on the corgi's shoulder. Even with the dog's protests, he was being guided to a stage with three different walls, each with a door. Those sharp corgi ears flicked as he studied each one. "I don't supposed you have a Match Game clone I could do, instead?" he whimpered.

"Let's Make a Deal!" shouted the emcee.

"Can I leave after this?"

"Sure!" said the lizard, not at all sounding convincing.

Dread blanketed the dog. After the corgi collected himself, he trotted up to the first door. Unfortunately, the lizard seemed to think he did it wrong. The scaled hand grabbed his shoulder again and yanked him back to center stage. It was so sudden that the dog gave a yelp that echoed in the large studio.

"Whoa! Hold your horses!" This caused a glance from the corgi up to a large Clydesdale participant. The equine scowled and let out a snort. "We have to make a deal!"

"What sort of deal?"

"Do you want to choose the unlocked door in the middle, or take a slide into a giant pie, find one of the two keys, and open one of the locked doors for a special opportunity?"

"I want the middle one!"

"Great choice! Now, just climb up the slide and take the plunge! The

smaller key is the best door, by the way!" Completely ignoring the dog's decision—and his whimpers—the lizard practically carried the dog to the ladder that led up a giant slide. A cream pie with a giant layer of whipped cream was the slide's ending. At the top of the ascent, there was a small landing before the drop.

The crowd of participants watched on. The corgi gulped and closed his paws around his eyes. Then, he jumped. The slide itself wasn't bad! It would have been fun, except landing in pie wasn't as pleasant as imagination might lead someone to think. It was so squishy and sticky; the pie crust on the bottom littered the dog's pants and shoes. Being so small, only the ears could be seen out of the whipped cream, like radar dishes in the clouds.

Eventually, the canine crawled out of the wall of a pie tin and slobbered back to the stage and the lizard. Covered in pie debris, the corgi let out an annoyed sigh as held up his hand. A small key was presented in bitter victory.

"Congratulations! You found the key to open the first door."

JACK AND KALINE, LINGO MASTERS?

by JackTheWolfFurry • jackthewolffurry.deviantart.com



@JackTheWolfFurry

Dramatically, the lizard snatched up the key. With the cream-covered corgi watching and waiting, dread began to build. The key made a satisfying click, and the door unlocked. "Behind this door is a special game, just for you!" This did little to tempt the dog. "But first, let's look at the other doors! What was behind door number two?" The middle door swung open and revealed a glass case of bugs meant for eating. The corgi whimpered audibly.

"Yikes! It's a good thing you found one of the keys! What was behind door number three?" Then, the door opened, and revealed a beautiful spinning wheel.

"Why didn't I get to play that?" barked the dalmatian.

"You should see what happens when you hit the Bankrupt piece," flirted the lizard. "And now for the special door!" The corgi's eyes darted around, likely seeking out the studio's exit, just in case. When the door opened, a fabulous prize revealed itself. The corgi actually beamed a smile. There was a hiss from the jealous crowd.

"You get to play Plinko!" trumpeted the lizard. Five disks were handed to the corgi, and he danced up the steps to the Plinko platform. He stood atop and waited for permission, cream-covered, tail wagging.

"Feel free to drop them one at a time," smiled the lizard. The corgi did as he knew how. The first two dropped into unnamed trays. "Nothing yet! Disk three!"

The corgi quickly dropped it. It snaked its way down until it landed in the center. Bells and whistles sang their song as lights flashed like strobes.

The corgi bounced down the stairs with the biggest smile. "That was great!"

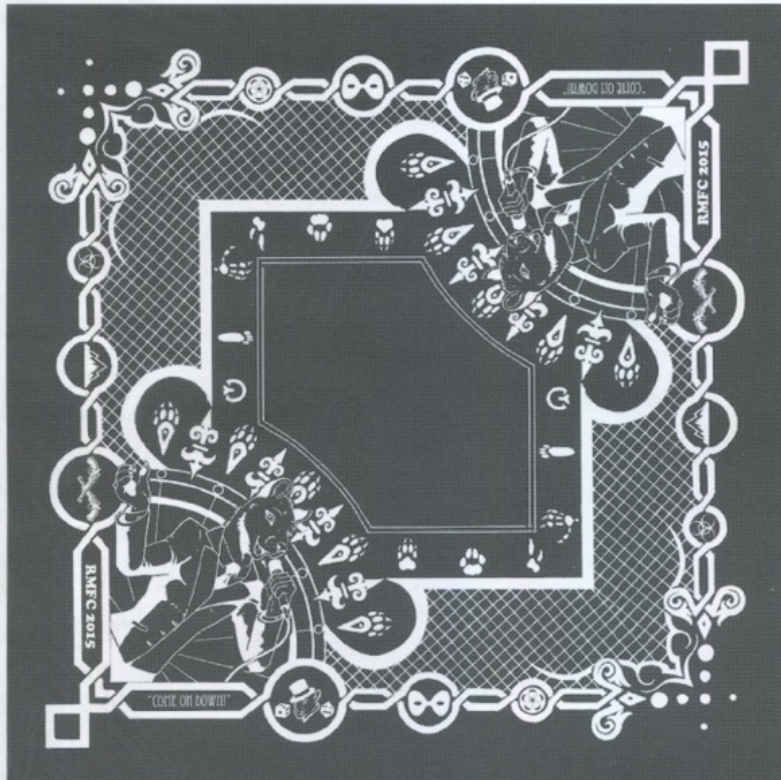
"Congratulations! Your prize is one ticket to participate in our live show, hopefully coming this fall! Thank you, and we hope you enjoyed your game."

The corgi was led to the exit. He was leaving! But he might be back...

PROMOTIONAL ART

AD INDEX

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| Anthrocon • 30 | Further Confusion • 9 |
| Anthro New England • 17 | Indy Furcon • IFC |
| Biggest Little Fur Con • 5 | Megaplex • 12 |
| Central Plains Fur Con • 30 | Mephit Fur Meet • 29 |
| Confuzzled • 12 | PrintFur.Me • 29 |
| Furry Migration • 8 | Texas Furry Fiesta • 4 |
| Furry Unlocked • 16 | Vancoufur • 4 |

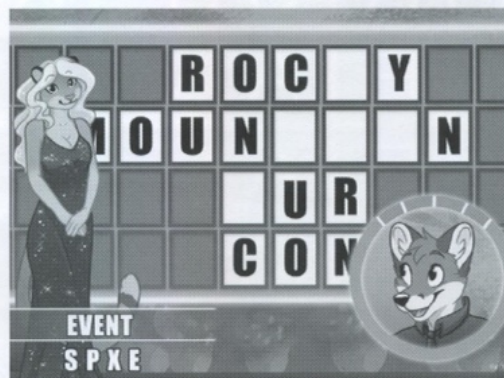


BANDANA DESIGN by Mataeus DeVaillo
www.furaffinity.net/user/dragoncrescent



T-SHIRT DESIGN by Zhivago
www.furaffinity.net/user/zhivagod

LOGO DESIGN by Sari NeoChaos
www.furaffinity.net/user/chaostudios



WHEEL OF FORTUNE
 by Etuix
www.furaffinity.net/user/etuix



AMERICAN FURRY WARRIOR
 by Tica
www.furaffinity.net/user/tica



BOARD GAME

- "I Need A Hero!" Art by Noben
www.furaffinity.net/user/noben
- "14ers" Art by True Blue
www.furaffinity.net/user/truebluefox
- Board Design by Alastair Wildfire
ulos12.weebly.com

- "Wild Nights" Art by Keihound
www.furaffinity.net/user/keihound
- "Apocalypse" Art by Idess
www.furaffinity.net/user/idess
- Attendee Card Art by Etuix
www.furaffinity.net/user/etuix
- Smartphone BG Art by Shinigamigirl
www.furaffinity.net/user/shinigamigirl

- "Wild West" Art by Heather Bruton
www.furaffinity.net/user/hbruton
- "Lucky 13" Art by RKTDWG
www.furaffinity.net/user/rktdwg
- Director Token Art by Idess
www.furaffinity.net/user/idess
- Convention Icon Art by Sari NeoChaos
www.furaffinity.net/user/chaostudios



WE HAVE A WINNER!

by Hiccupby
www.furaffinity.net/user/hiccupby



WHAT IS RMFC!

by Pouchmonster
www.furaffinity.net/user/pouchmonster



WHEEL OF FURRY

by Ritz Bitz
www.furaffinity.net/user/ritzbiz

COVER ART CONTEST

THE WINNER TAKES ALL! Cover Contest Submission by
Krystyna Eiden • <http://www.jacketflap.com/profile.asp?member=krystia>



WANT TO PARTICIPATE?

We want to show off your art and stories! As long as you follow certain guidelines, you, too, can potentially have your creations featured not only on the conbook cover, but also as badges, posters, or alongside other submissions by fellow artists and writers! The rules of the game are simple:

- Deadline for art and literary submissions is July 1, 2016.
- Deadline for cover art submissions is July 1, 2016.
- Submissions **MUST** be rated PG-13 or below.
- Acceptable image formats are PDF, TIFF, EPS, PNG, and JPG.
- All artwork, regardless of medium, needs to be at least 300ppi.
- If possible, please keep written submissions under 1000 words.

Artwork for the convention book will be converted to grayscale, as all inside pages will be printed in black and white. These adjustments are made manually with great care to ensure that images do not print too light or too dark and maintain appropriate contrast.

Printing is complicated! If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact our fuzzy in-house graphic design daemon, Sari NeoChaos (shown to the right in her natural state) at conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org; she will gladly walk you through any steps necessary to correctly and effectively modify your artwork for printing purposes.

RMFC cannot guarantee that your submission will make it into the conbook or otherwise used. Submissions that adhere to the convention's theme will be favored over those that do not.





-  Double sided so you never have to flip again!
-  Custom cut shapes make your badge unique!
-  Printed directly onto durable, clear polycarbonate.
-  Setting up your artwork for transparency is included.
-  Visit **PrintFur.Me** for more information!

Flexible
Badges
\$20+



Rigid
Badges
\$25+



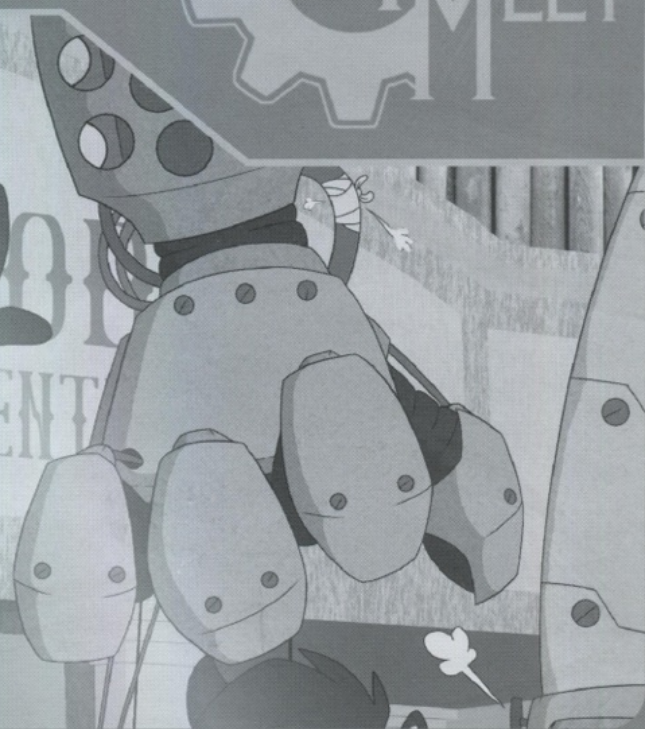
Quality
Prints
\$50+



STEAMPUNK SKUNK

SEPT 4-6
LABOR DAY
WEEKEND

MEPHIT FUR MEET





“Roaring Twenty”

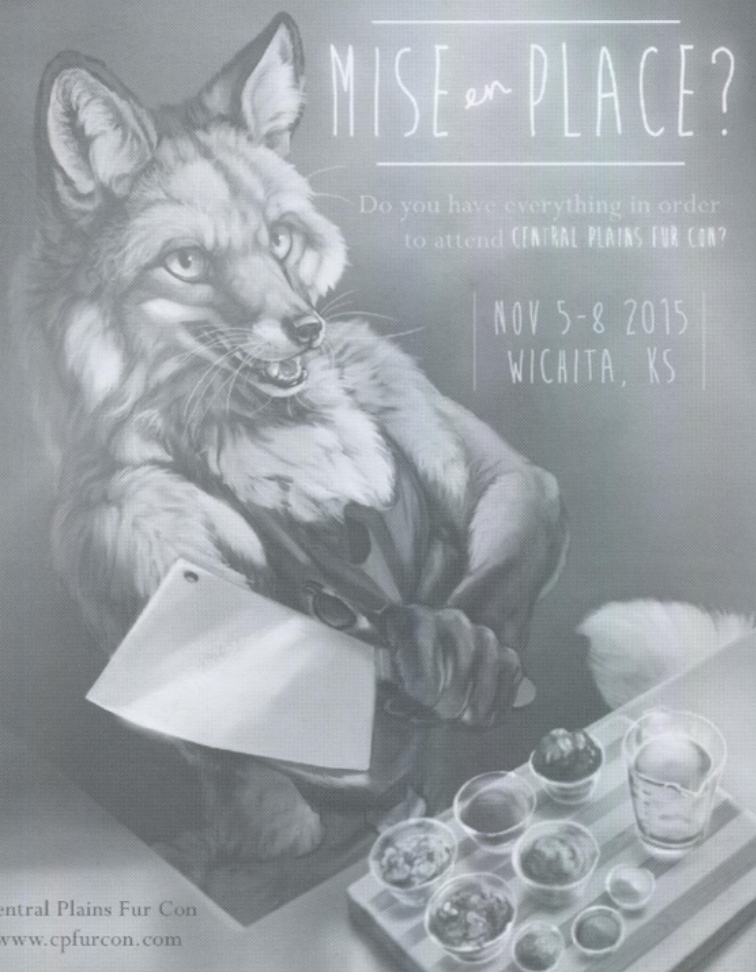
Celebrating our 20th Anthrocon

June 30 thru July 3, 2016

David L. Lawrence Convention Center — Pittsburgh, PA

Guests of Honor to be Announced

WWW.ANTHROCON.ORG



MISE *en* PLACE?

Do you have everything in order
to attend CENTRAL PLAINS FUR CON?

NOV 5-8 2015
WICHITA, KS

Central Plains Fur Con
www.cpfurcon.com

Central Plains Fur Con

2015

with

- Guest of Honor -

Vantid

ROCKY MOUNTAIN
FUR CON PRESENTS...

B-MOVIE NIGHT!

OUT OF
THIS WORLD
ACTION!



BE
THERE...
OR BE
SCARE!

PRODUCED BY A LION EDITED BY A DOG VISUAL EFFECTS BY
CREATURES DESIGNED BY ALIENS SCREENPLAY BY FUZZIES

AUGUST 2016 - DENVER, CO

WRITTEN BY BIRDS COSTUME DESIGNER FURSITS GALORE
DIRECTED BY GEO CREATURES DESIGNER AND SUPERVISOR NOBODY

