

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

B-MOVIE NIGHT!

August 12-14, Denver, CO

FUR CON



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Dealer Den.....Wu Wei Registration.....Rocky "RockFox"
Events.....Maxwell Daemon Special Operations.....Stefan Wolf
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Dance Coordinator.....Ruxbat Social Media.....Newlyn
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Mataeus Spirit Silverwind
Suka Rotfuchs
Lounge Supervisor.....Alynnna Walker Pichlynn
Wolf Fike
Special Operations Supervisor.....Bryant Fox

EMAIL DIRECTORY

Chairman.....chairman@rockymountainfurcon.org Co-Chair.....cochair@rockymountainfurcon.org
Art Show.....artshow@rockymountainfurcon.org Conbook & Graphics.....conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org
Dealer Den.....dealers@rockymountainfurcon.org Events & Programming.....events@rockymountainfurcon.org
Marketing & Print.....marketing@rockymountainfurcon.org Operations.....operations@rockymountainfurcon.org
Registration.....registration@rockymountainfurcon.org SpecOps.....specialoperations@rockymountainfurcon.org

Special thank you to all of our generous volunteers!

No furrries were harmed in the making of this conbook.

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Anaglyph Conversion by Sahlokin • www.furaffinity.net/user/sahlokin

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WELCOME TO RMFC!

Like a lot of you, I grew up on B movies—Meet the Feebles, Army of Darkness, Ultraman, Flash Gordon, and Buck Rogers, to name a few. These sometimes intentionally, other times not cinematic camp movies hold fond places in my memory.

I'm excited to welcome our guests of honor: fursuiter Snap E. Tiger, owner of ByCats4Cats; and artist Rick Griffin, creator of the House Pets comic series. Along with our returning charity, Freedom Service Dogs of America, and The Rocky Horror Picture Show as presented by The Unmentionables, this is shaping up to be a great year!

Grab your popcorn and join me in the theater!
3...2...1...ACTION!

SORIN
RMFC CHAIRMAN

It's been a crazy year and we've been working hard to try to make this the best year of our convention to date.

To say that we've seen a few curve balls this year would be an understatement. That said, in traditional Rocky Mountain Fur Con fashion, our directors have worked together with the hotel to ensure that we have a good year.

This convention can't happen without you—the attendees—and your continuous support. You show us how much you like our con through participation, donations to our charity, and word-of-mouth to your friends. Some of you have even stepped up to work as con staff, bringing a passion to make this con better. Everyone is a great help, and we couldn't do it without you.

Welcome to Rocky Mountain Fur Con 2016!

KLANDAGHI SILENTCLAWS
RMFC CO-CHAIR



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2017

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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 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, 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
- No 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 either 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.

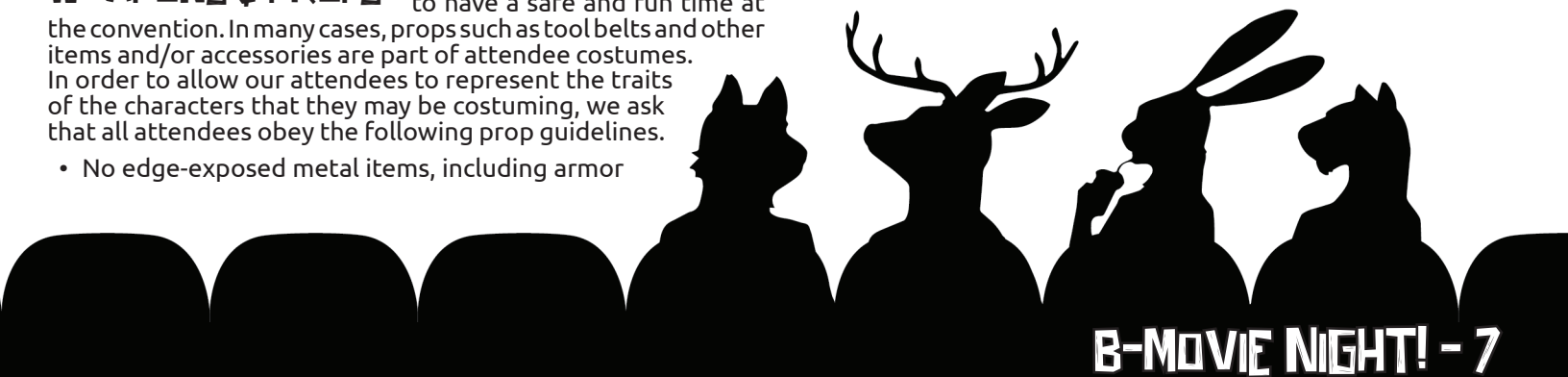
If any item, whether approved or not, is swung or used in an aggressive manner by any person, the item becomes a weapon. This requires the immediate and permanent removal of the item from the convention space. A SpecOps staff member that identifies an item that has become a weapon will document the item 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.



JULY 28 -30 2017 - MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA



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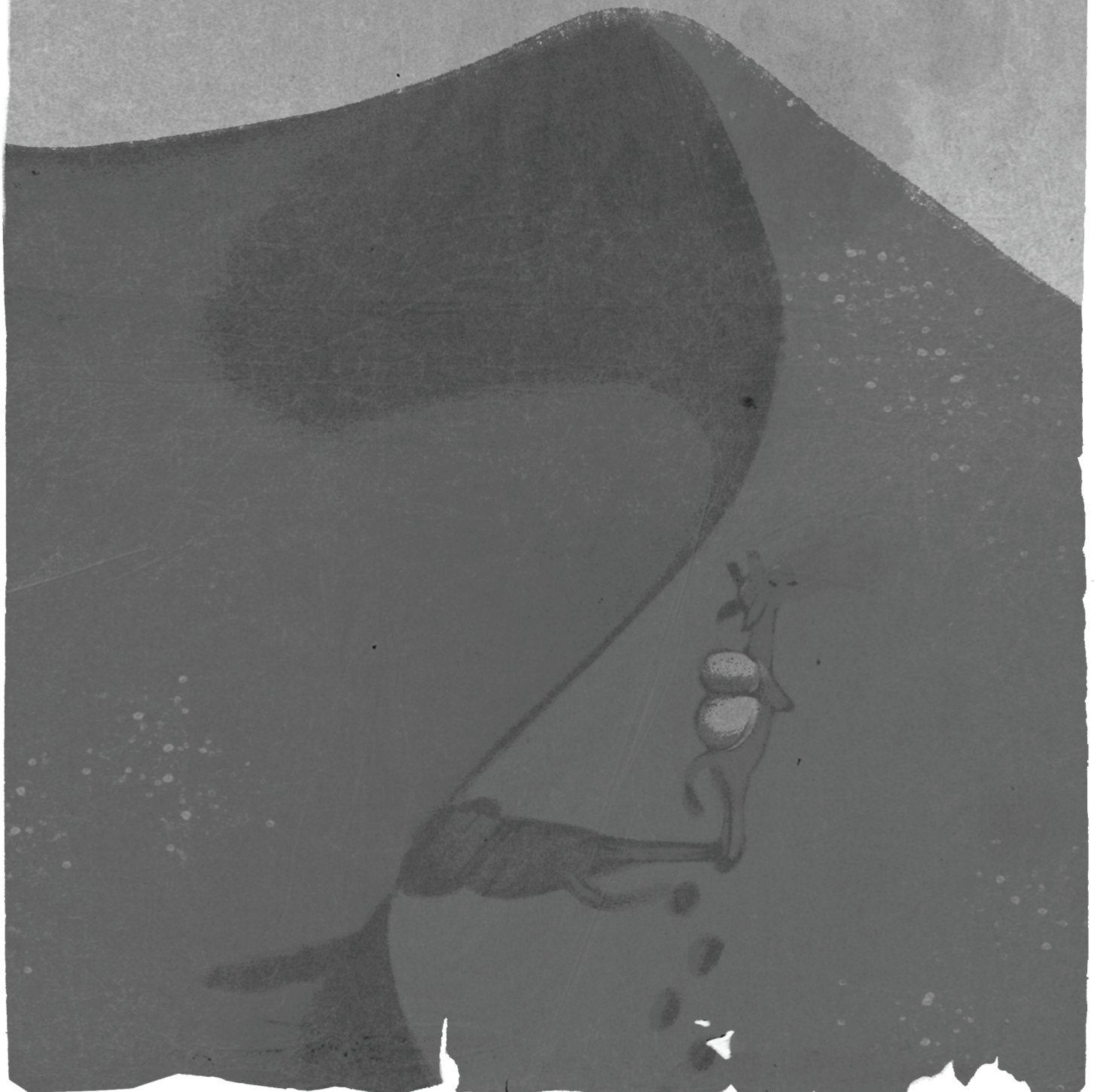
FURTHER CONFUSION 2017

GOING PLACES

JAN. 12TH - 16TH

SAN JOSE, CA

WWW.FURCON.ORG



ANNUAL REPORT

THANKS FOR MAKING RMFC 2015 A BLOCKBUSTER SMASH!

1,640 ATTENDEES

21%

INCREASE
OVER
LAST
YEAR

68 PANELS

65 DEALERS

48 VOLUNTEERS

382

FURSUITERS

IN
THE FURSUIT PARADE

\$2,975

RAISED FOR
FREEDOM SERVICE
DOGS OF AMERICA

473 ART
SHOW
PIECES

\$1K MADE IN COMMISSION

\$2352 MADE BY
ARTISTS

\$815 CHARITY
AUCTION

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 **sixth** 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! In 2014, 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!



B-MOVIE NIGHT! - 11

GUESTS OF HONOR

Rick Griffin Studios



RICK GRIFFIN • ARTIST

A prolific artist best known for his ongoing web comic, **Housepets!**, Rick Griffin has garnered a large fanbase for many years among furries with his unique mixture of fun style with captivating storytelling.

In addition to publishing a web comic and creating works of art, Rick also has published several short stories to date.

Through the recent launch of a Patreon page, he aspires in the future to expand the reach of his storytelling by becoming independent, which would free up time and resources to launch several new projects with accompanying websites and hopes to potentially see his works printed.

He currently operates out of the studio he established, **Rick Griffin Studios**, where you can view a collection of his works over the years.

He has been the recipient of Ursa Major awards for Best Comic Strip six consecutive times between 2009 and 2014 and has also been recognized with NaNoWriMo awards for writing in 2008 through 2010.

Rick lives in Huntsville, AL with his dog, Apollo.

SNAP E. TIGER • FURSUITER

Eric Stevens, a.k.a Snap E. Tiger, became active in the fandom in 1999. It was June of 2000 when he borrowed and wore a fursuit for the first time. He instantly commissioned his own, which he took to Midwest Furfest in 2000.

Snap made his first fursuit, Velcro Tiger, in 2001, which had velcro stripes so that he could apply whatever color stripes he wanted. Since then, he has made fursuits as a hobby for himself and a few for others.

ByCats4Cats.com was created to offer commissions on a part-time basis in 2009. Snap left his job at PayPal.com in May of 2012 to make fursuit-building his full-time career.

Thor and Snap were married in August of 2013 and live in White Bear Lake, MN. Snap now holds shop in a 950 square foot basement with one full-time employee.

Snap has been in numerous media segments over the years, including TLC's Animal Imitators in 2003; Animal Planet's Weird, True and Freaky - Humanimals in 2008; and various news stories, magazine articles, and video features. He also has been staff at seven conventions, currently working registration for Midwest Furfest.

Having made over 200 fursuits for furries all over the world, he says that he is living the dream and doesn't take for granted what he does as a "job."



SPECIAL THANKS

SUPER PATRONS

Arid	Jerzei Collie	Lukos Valentino SilverFang	ShadowKat
Blank KitOkami	John Connor	Maga Deergon	Sirberus Khaos
Ciaran Tenebris	Kasseth Selak	Neratas	Sorin
Eagle Orion	Kiba	Nodd Mouse	Stefan
Evilotus	Kiee	Rob Baird	Sylvara Venorin
Growly	Kit Pawpad	Rooth	Wally
Hector	Klandaghi Silentclaws	Scorch	

PATRONS

Aoki Bengal	Glassan	Pauza O'Savin	GBG
Asuncion	Grifter Wolf	Plasmahawk	TenebraeVulpis
Bitz	Hollis	Powder	The Cat From Planet X
Blackwulf	Ignitus Silverstone	Rankine	ToddRenard
Brax	Istel	Realis	Treble Vandoren
Bryant Fox	James Fox	Relay	Tyson
Calno	Joey Wah	Ridley	Uintah
Damon Grey	Johnny-dog Whitehair	RockFox	Vadafox
DarkClaw	kelar	Rossi	Voxia
Divitus	Lavawolf	Rukus	Watcher
Dougal	Loomy	Senshi	WHERE SNOW?!
Dyke Grenadier	Matheniel	Seto Shepherd	Wu Wei
Erin	Nero	Spacemonkey43	Xaloshi
FreeFox	Omega Hellbug	Spikester	Xander
Garrou Sterling	Painless Black Wolf	Talous Rainscale	Zephyr

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Clio Canticle	GiorgioELCheetah	Note	Tibo
cobalt-blue	Harp Bandit	Nova	Togo Sled Dog
Crummles the stoat	Harwich	NyeFable	Triss
Dart	Ian McGecko	Odakota	Tsodiyo
DavidN	Kalu	Peter Wolf	Veridian Lupine
Deth	Kazuo	Puff The Magic Wolf	Vincent
Dexter	Kiro	Pumadude	wintergreen skunk
Drako ink	Kitsu	RAZ	XENTERIO
Dustah Feryn	Kojo	Reo	Xirex
E the Weasel	Krakatoa	Rex	
Easton	Kupok ~Confused	Rien	

Thank you to our wonderful vendors: the Crowne Plaza Denver Airport Convention Center, Lab Seven Design & Imprint, MiDo Printing Company, Retsing Eyewear, TeamLogo, 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.

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Furry Migration

photo: @omgfursuits

WE ALMOST DIDN'T PRINT A CON BOOK

By Eagle Orion
*Director of Marketing
for RMFC*

It used to be that every single convention had a program book to go along with it. RMFC has been no different since its inception and up to the present, nearly ten years later.

That isn't to say, however, that the publication hasn't evolved! The first issue was simple and, in many ways, like the first convention: small, non-imposing. It had an illustration of a cougar lounging on a tree in the midst of a field of grass, looking hopeful about his future in an uncertain world.

Little did Geo know that in only 10 years' time, he would be the face of one of the top 10 furry conventions in the world!

When a con grows in attendance, everything grows with it. More staff is needed, and budgets can grow jaw-droppingly. The conbook has been a mainstay, and so it, too, has grown in size and production value. Once a flimsy, 16-page publication printed on copy machines, the conbook has evolved into a 36-page tome printed on high quality, monstrous presses.

Along with fond memories, the conbook is one bit of swag attendees can generally count on from a con.

Lately, however, the trend has been for conventions to stop publishing a book altogether. Inevitably, that discussion arrived on the RMFC roundtable during a meeting in mid-2016. On the surface of it, saving a paw full of \$100 bills makes perfect sense. However, we soon discovered that the answer was a little more complicated than simply deciding to phase the book out. Our attendees came to mind.

The decision was split nearly in half during the meeting. Some directors reminisced over the many years of published keepsakes, while others wondered aloud if they had ever done more than flip quickly through a conbook before casting it aside. Many conventions, it was pointed out,

just phased the book out without any warning to its attendees. Even if the directors unanimously agreed, there is no guarantee that the move would have been popular with the readers and contributors.

So we asked you, dear reader, what you thought. And boy, are we glad we did.

Unlike the voices of the Board, which were evenly split, the feedback we got both online and in person was nearly unanimous: Do not stop printing this book!

One past attendee, Rave Fox, even supplied a picture of four straight years of his kept mementos (shown right). Others said they usually do not read the content, but they keep the book, anyway. These comments gave me pause.

It was soon clear to me that we didn't need to stop doing a conbook— we needed to keep printing it but reinvent it to give the publication more value!

What you are holding in your hands, claws, or wings today is the product of that discussion. Going forward, we will continue to make sure that this convention book looks great on your shelf and contains information about the convention that is useful. We would like for it to serve as a keepsake of how awesome RMFC 2016 was; however, we would also like for it to be a resource for our tightly-knit community. We want to bring you content that is interesting, useful, and topical. We want to be patrons of our community by providing platforms for artists like Idess, illustrator of this year's cover, to showcase her stunning artwork to a massive audience.

If you are a member of the community who feels you have an idea for an article, or other concepts to help make a good thing great, please send your thoughts on the subject to conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org.

We can't wait to hear from you. ●





FURSUITING FOR THE FIRST TIME

Written by Telephone

**“I REMEMBER THE EXCITEMENT
OF MY FIRST TIME SUITING.”**

The videos online of suiters at furry outings, conventions, and just having fun even at home drove my little 12-year-old mind to creating my very own fursuit. With fleece, wire and duct tape, I whipped up a creation that was quite an eyesore to most, but it was special to me! With that Frankenstein mess I called a fursuit, I stepped my paws out into the very normal world.

I lived in a small town where there was not much to do with a suit, and my goodness, did I learn the dos and don'ts when it comes to fursuiting for the first time. Whether homemade or commissioned, every suit is special and means something to someone. My advice for the first-time fursuiter is to go slow, trying on the suit and maybe running around the house to get a good idea of how your character will act with the surroundings around them.

Is your fluffy wolf dragon shy, afraid, and maybe a bit curious? Or maybe your fox pal just likes to be more anthro and wears a nice shirt and hangs with his friends. Either way, it's time to go out suiting! Try small events around you, and



always make sure you have a handler when going to non-furry events (trust me on this). Expect someone to be THAT person bold enough to pull your tail or make some kind of “yiff” joke.

You will sometimes run into the occasional non-educated folk, or people who are just rude, but that's what the handler is for. They can step in like Gandalf and shout “YOU SHALL NOT be a jerk,” but nothing will beat the smiles you give to the other people you meet on the way.

Remember, you're in a giant furry carpet costume, and it will get hot! If it's your first time, I hope you like Hell, because that's what it will be like...but! it will get better the more you suit over time. Just remember to take lots of breaks and drink water on your fuzzy adventures.

Do some research! There are so many more furry-related things now than when I first started. Check to see if there are any local furry meets, greets, or conventions! All this is exciting, but it can be even more fun with a friend by your side.

My first experience at a fur con was interesting but a bit slow; I strutted out in my new snow leopard-dragon-wolf-demon...thing not really knowing what to expect, and it was a bit odd at first. My rainbow-spotted whatever brought a lot of attention to the crowd for its eye-scorching rainbow spots of a hot mess, but It was truly fun with my “made in a day” fox friend next to me. The excitement of watching suiters you saw online in that one video was the best! All in all, just running around being a goof summed up my experience.

There is a lot to do at a convention! From the masquerade, to fursuit



games, and let's not forget the dance competition. Oh! and booze, right?!

NO—no, no, no, nooo! I have been the sad victim of doing this! When I reached the aged at which one can consume the booze, and since I had seen people do it, too, why not me? Oh, the lessons learned! Luckily I got away with just a bad hangover and a whole day of the con lost. My bear friend, on the other hand, lost his whole suit! He passed out and had to be cut out of his costume by an EMT. Away he went on his white bed chariot, off to the land of expensive hospital bills.

Be honest with yourself: Do you really want to spill expensive whiskey all over the \$3,000+ suit you JUST got? Be smart about what you do, be respectful of others' personal space, and, most importantly, have fun! What you do now with it is up to you. Make your own adventures! Learn new things, and always remember to keep being you. It's time for you to create new memories and adventures!

P.S. Don't fursuit at Walmart... they don't like it. ●

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Writing in the Furry Community

by Kyell Gold

Just under twenty years ago, Paul Kidd's *A Whisper of Wings* was published. This was the first furry novel I remember hearing about—the first written by a member of our community with characters and worlds that were familiar to us, not just a space opera with catlike aliens. At the time, I wanted to be a writer in a formless way; I had written stories in college and even gotten one published in *Yarf!*, a furry fanzine, but I didn't know how to go farther. So I started writing a novel without any real idea what I was doing.

That novel will likely never be published, but posting bits of it online led me to meet a few other people interested in writing. The problem with the writing community in those days was that it was evanescent, and there didn't seem to be many other people who were as passionate as I was about it. I did make one friend who was, and we discussed the state of writing in the furry community at the time. He ultimately stepped back from writing but is still active as the CEO of Sofawolf Press.



At the time, there were (as I recall) very few writing panels at conventions. I remember S. Andrew Swann being a guest at a Confurence a while back, but I didn't go to any of his panels; I'd read one of his books and enjoyed it, but he felt more like a professional author coming to talk to fans than a member of the community (this was only my impression at the time; he may have been active in other areas, but I never encountered him on writing groups).

In 1999, Sofawolf Press began its existence with the publication of Anthrolations. There had been a few furry small presses before then, but most managed only one or two 'zines or books over their lives. Sofawolf has been around for seventeen years as of this writing, with nearly 100 magazines and books published in that time. Sofawolf distributed novels that had been published by other presses and soon began publishing novels of its own, as well.

In 2006, FurPlanet Press came under new ownership and quickly established itself as another major player in the furry fandom publishing industry. With those two publishers providing professional-level venues for writing, the writing community began to grow and thrive.

Initially the community was rather fragmented, with some gathering on forums on FurAffinity, others collecting on SoFurry, and a small but passionate group on the site FurRag, as well as in other places. In 2010, the Furry Writers' Guild came into being and slowly began to accumulate members.

Now the guild has over a hundred members and presents its own writing awards, the C oyotls. Forums and chats are very active, with members discussing common problems and opportunities facing writers in the fandom. It's an exciting time to be a writer in the fandom; we've gone from a frontier mentality, with lots of lone wolves (and lone foxes) to a town. There are levels of accomplishment: posting stories online and getting readers, being accepted to an anthology or 'zine, writing a novel, and so on, and there are people to help newcomers navigate through the hurdles.

In the fandom at large, conventions regularly invite writing Guests of Honor. Writing panels are common at most of the larger conventions and many small ones, and there are more and more great people leading them. I've met lots of very smart people at

conventions whose writing I hadn't encountered before then.

The most important thing about writing in the fandom, to me, is that we haven't lost the element of writing what we love. Occasionally there will be conversations about what will "sell" in the fandom, but the opportunities are so great that everybody seems able to write the things they love. If there isn't a market for it, there's a website where you can gain a following.

It can be a little daunting now for writers starting out, to be sure. I get asked often how to build a following, and it doesn't seem useful to say "go back in time to when there weren't that many people writing." But writers do it, slowly but surely, by continuing to put out quality work so that people notice it and start to know their names. And now there's a community of writers who are happy to help promote each other, so anyone starting out has a head start.

This is the kind of community I wish I'd had when I was starting out in the fandom, but I'm delighted to be able to be part of it now, later in my career. It's a real treat to watch the quality in the writing and publications in our fandom grow year after year.

If you're interested in writing furry fiction, the good news is you have access to a lot of resources I didn't have while starting out. You can participate in some Furry Writers' Guild activities while trying to get your first publications, and can talk to established authors, editors, and publishers. There are a number of anthologies you can submit to, professional magazines, and several publishers who will consider your furry novel. Or you can post your work online in a number of venues and find places to talk about it.

The future continues to look bright. Some furry authors are finding success in the larger science fiction and fantasy world, and that world is just beginning to notice furry fiction. The two worlds are separate and probably will remain so, but there are an increasing number of people glancing over the wall in either direction. The furry fandom is growing, and the number of furry fans interested in writing is growing, as well.

It's been a great twenty years, and I can't wait to see where the fandom goes in the next twenty. ●

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ART & STORIES

ATTACK OF THE FUR-EATING SQUID

by Dusk • <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/maiitsoh>

The fox slowly rose from the muck and twitched her whiskers. She raised her paws in a slow motion and wiped the mud from her muzzle. This was so not what she planned when she had entered this section of the woods. Looking down, she sighed in exasperation at the look of her jogging suit; it was simply beyond ruined! She lifted her tail into her view and groaned. This was the true tragedy. It was going to take a long time to regain that lovely shine on her black fur.

After taking stock of herself, she looked to her surroundings. Something had tripped her up, and she usually wasn't tripped so easily by random forest floor. Something shimmered slightly and caught her eye. Leaning down, she saw a silky shimmering string, almost fine enough to be a spider's webbing. She picked up the string and rolled it between her fingers with a thoughtful expression.

She was tripped on purpose! But by who? Instantly, she went on alert. Looking around, she saw nothing but the trees. The string was tied between two of the mammoth redwoods; aside from that, nothing else looked out of place. All seemed well, in fact. Birds were singing, and squirrels were twittering as they searched for food.

It was just as that thought finished that she heard a low grunt-growl. It was nothing she could identify right away. She noticed that the woods now became a hushed silence, as if it were listening in with her.

She closed her eyes and focused her other senses. She just had to get past the musty earth smell from the mud on her muzzle. It smelled like she expected: damp leaves and rich dirt. She could identify several feral animals, but there was something... off?

Her left ear twitched at a humming sound--nothing she could identify right away. She stopped, closed her eyes, and focused on the scents closest to her. Her ear twitched towards the humming sound again. She turned her head and slowly opened her eyes.

There, hidden in the leaves, was a small camera, a tiny red light blinking at a slow, steady pace. Suddenly, she had an idea what might be going on. She straightened and dusted herself off. She made a face at the camera, hoping to annoy whatever perv was watching and took stock of the throbbing of her ankle.

Clearly, someone was watching this part of the woods. But why? Why set a trap and record the fall? She resumed walking down the path towards a clearing she could see up ahead, holding up her paw to shade herself from the light making its way through the trees.

She heard twigs snap behind her. Something, or someone, was following her now. Thinking it was best not to let on that she knew anything had changed, the vixen continued forward. Whatever it was, it was slow and clumsy.

Whip sat in a wet mucky puddle. His glorious white fur was messy with twigs and clinging to his body. It wasn't a full-on dirty mess, but it was enough to annoy the typically clean rabbit. He knew he should get up and get away. This whole thing stunk of a trap. As a rabbit, he knew a trap when he saw one.

"At least it isn't one of those snare things," he mumbled. He was extremely well skilled at getting away from these situations, but for now he listened.

There was a fox coming from behind him. Perhaps this was who attempted to trap him. "We'll just see about that!" He attempted to get up and slipped on the muck, falling back into the puddle with a splash. He sank his paw into the mud to feel around his foot. There was indeed a rope snare. He grumbled lightly and worked the loop off of his ankle.

The fox smell was getting closer. His nose started lifting more as his breath picked up, his heart beating a touch faster. Whoever it was, they were not trying at all to hide who they were, and there was more than one of them; the second whatever didn't seem to have a scent but was tromping along like a limp elephant dragging a club.

The wind suddenly shifted, and he squeaked as he was suddenly downwind. The things behind him that were coming surely knew about him now. He worked the rope free and tried to grab it, thinking it might be handy later, but it was firmly planted in the ground. Before he could process what was happening, a muddy paw appeared before his muzzle, offering help.

"Need a hand up?" The rabbit looked up into the friendly vixen's face and placed his paw into hers. The lumbering noisy sound was coming closer, but the vixen before him didn't look too concerned.

BITTE! by Garrou Sterling • <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/garrou>



ART & STORIES

He smiled and stood up, his ear perked. They both turned around to see the thing raise its arms and growl.

"It's going to attack!" he exclaimed.

Several things happened at once. The friendly paw dropped as the fox grabbed a stick and yelled "Duck!"

Whip yelped and fell back but quickly scrambled to his feet, turning and fully running away. The vixen swung the stick around her and connected with a soft thud, hitting the thing behind her and gasping as the head toppled off.

"Whoa, whoa...whoa!" She heard protests, but she continued to beat the thing, driven by her instinct to fight. The creature took a defensive position, covering its head as the vixen dropped the stick, panting a bit. She was left looking at a dog in a rather poorly made suit. The voice behind her tried again: "Easy now."

The vixen kicked the lumpy dog once more for good measure before turning around to see a raccoon wearing the world's loudest shirt stating "Director." He was holding a clipboard, but his paws were held wide in a non-threatening manner.

"Hey there, can you stop beating up on our star... please?"

Before she could say a word, a small mole scampered up out of nowhere and thrust a clipboard into her face.

"Sign here, please." The vixen stared down at the paperwork and started to read, glancing over and seeing the poor, hassled rabbit getting the same treatment. Flipping a page, she looked up at the grinning raccoon.

"There now, see? it's all in good fun, and you'll be in the movies! Look here, we will pay for your trouble, and replace your... erm..." He paused and gestured towards her, waving a paw in a circular motion as he made a distasteful face. "...athletic apparel." The raccoon, thinking himself on par with the slyness of the vixen, never broke eye contact as he held out his paw for the mole to place an envelope into.

"See, we have finished our movie; we just wanted to add some genuine reactions of terror to the show!" Looking back over to the rabbit, the raccoon smiled his best and continued talking. "We would love to use you in the final production, if you don't mind, of

course. It's our greatest film to date!" The raccoon looked away and spread his paws out, clipboard in hand, evoking an imaginary marquis and speaking grandly to underscore his claim. "Attack of the Fur-Eating Squid!"

Whip had opened his envelope and exclaimed "Cool! Yeah I have heard of you guys: Rattail Productions, right? Oh man, you guys make the best worst movies I have ever seen!" he stated excitedly as he signed the paperwork.

The vixen, still doubtful, read through the contract and then opened the envelope. Looking up, she leaned her muzzle down and tilted her head, as if to say "Are you serious?" and was about to do so when the raccoon waved over the mole again and grabbed a second envelope, handing it over with a toothy grin.

"Yes, I'll try and not be offended," he exclaimed with a wink. "You, my good man, are going to be a star in our latest production." Suddenly, a cat wearing a red cap ran up, rushing to the Director.

"More furs are entering the tra..." Looking over to the vixen, he smiled and amended his sentence. "The, erm, ah...staging area." Smiling as if he said something brilliant, he flicked his tail. The raccoon grabbed the tip of the cap and placed it on his own head, hurrying backwards and away from the couple.

"Excellent! Listen..." Turning, he looked over at the vixen and rabbit. "We have taken up way too much of your time. PLACES, PLEASE! We'll see you again on the big screen."

The mole appeared again and grabbed the clipboards from them both before scampering away as the cat walked over and helped the groaning dog in the suit replace the head piece and get up again to move along. Faintly, as they walked away, the dog was muttering, "They are not supposed to fight back..."

Dusk looked to Whip as he limped over to her. They were apparently alone again as the rambling crew had disappeared into the woods to do it all over again to some other poor lost souls. She took his paw.

"Well, that was...something. What do you say we get out of here and grab a drink?" Whip grinned and took her paw.

"Yes, let's."

A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

by Thomas "Faux" Steele

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

"Not the zombies again," I mutter under my breath, pushing my foot to the floor and summoning all 429 cubic inches of American muscle to send the living carcass flying over my hood. A few pieces of decaying fur stick in my windshield wipers.

I keep up the pace, managing to dodge the rest of the undead horde otherwise unscathed. It's the third pile of rotting flesh I've run into, and I'm starting to get annoyed. I round the corner of 1st and Amistad and, instead of open road, I encounter a demigod wolf. He's wielding a massive spear as he blocks my path.

"Halt, foolish mortal!" he cries, jabbing his weapon in my general direction. My window rolls down as my eyes roll up. I come to a stop.

"Hey, I'm not looking to intrude on your little fiefdom. I'd just like to get through to see my boyfriend, assuming that's cool."

"Ha! This road shall be your grave!" He hurls his spear at me. I duck as it sails through the windshield and out the back window, covering my lap in hail-like fragments of tempered glass. I narrow my eyes.

"You're gonna pay for that," I say. I floor it. The rear tires squeal for a few moments as they struggle to grip the asphalt, but eventually the Mustang shoots forward. It covers the distance between us, the front bumper sending him flying. I'm surprised to hear the sickening crunch of metal, not bone, and I catch him staggering out of a ditch in my rearview mirror.

I sigh. I don't think the damage to my bumper is going to buff out.

I continue down Amistad, although the route becomes somewhat more challenging when giant spiders like something out of Harry Potter start crawling across the road. I get halfway through the cluster before one of them aggressively rams into my passenger-side door. It's enough to kick out the back wheels, but with the weight of nearly two tons of Pittsburgh steel behind it, my Mustang easily mows down a half-dozen more arachnids before I get it righted.

"Oh, hell no," I mutter as I encounter a new gaggle of monstrous creatures rising from the lake bordering

the road. They're covered head-to-toe in a coat of green algal slime with barbarous aquatic features poking out from underneath. One of them snarls and blocks the road. I dodge around it by flicking the handbrake and oversteering. "Not today, you S.O.B.!"

I'd like to give a figurative piece of my mind to whatever idiot of a mad scientist brought these B-movie creatures to life. After avoiding a colony of vicious mantis men by taking a side street, I manage to reach my house: a small, single-family home in the middle of a culdesac.

I climb out of my car and sprint towards the door, fumbling with my key as a robot monotonically chanting "The Prime Directive is to destroy all humans!" advances up my driveway. Like a chick in a bad horror flick, it takes me what seems like forever to fit the key into the lock. As the robot closes in, I steady my shaking hands enough to get the door open. I stumble inside, quickly pivoting to slam the portal shut.

"Hey babe. How was work?" A tall fox in jeans and an Express t-shirt greets me at the door before noticing my panicked state. "Uh...everything okay?"

"No. Have you looked out the window? We need to get out of here, now. There's a load of monsters outside, and I think we need to blow this city. Go to the country house and wait for the exterminators to clean things up."

"Doesn't it make more sense to stay here if there are monsters outside?" he asks right before a laser beam shoots through the roof to leave a burning crater a few feet from where we're standing. I hear a high-pitched whirr emanating from somewhere above us, and I can only assume there's a flying saucer somewhere up there. "On second thought, I could use some fresh country air. Are we taking the Mustang?"

"No, too slow," I reply, heading towards the garage. I grab a red key off of the wooden rack mounted to the wall just inside the door. The lights come on, revealing a bright red, squared-off muscle car with an angry hood scoop and a large SRT badge in the grille. "I wouldn't mind running over a few aliens along the way," I joke.

The garage door opens, and I start the supercharged V-8. Outside, all the creatures of the silver screen await. In here, it's just like a night at the drive-in.

PROMOTIONAL ART

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



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MOVIE TIME by CorgsArts

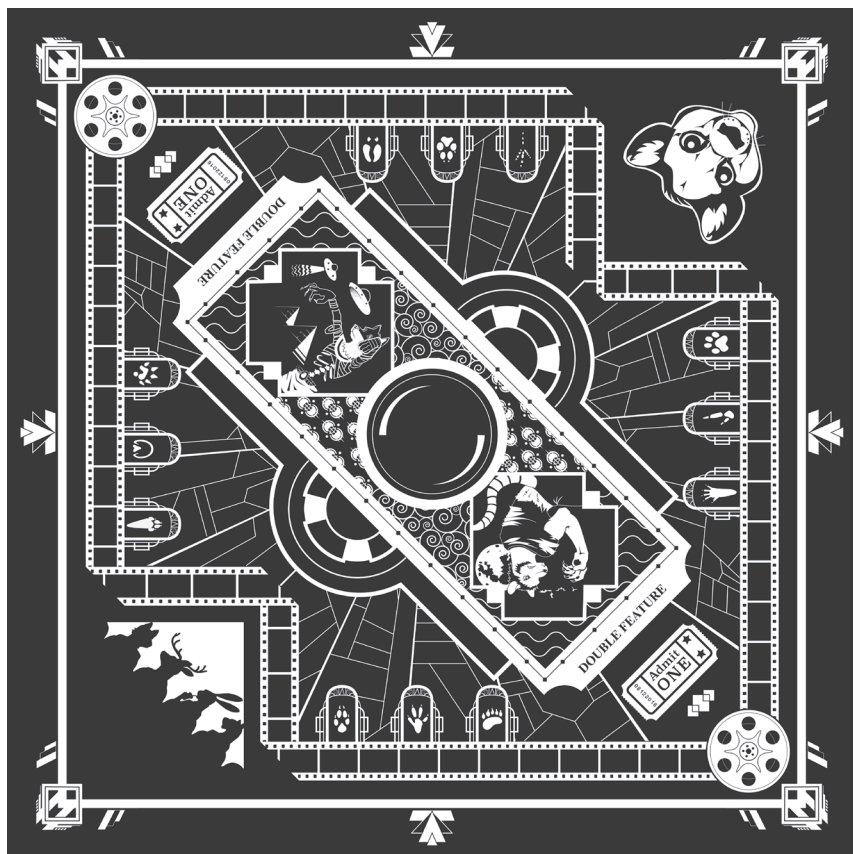
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SCIFI SAVIOR by Rick Griffin

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PROMOTIONAL ART

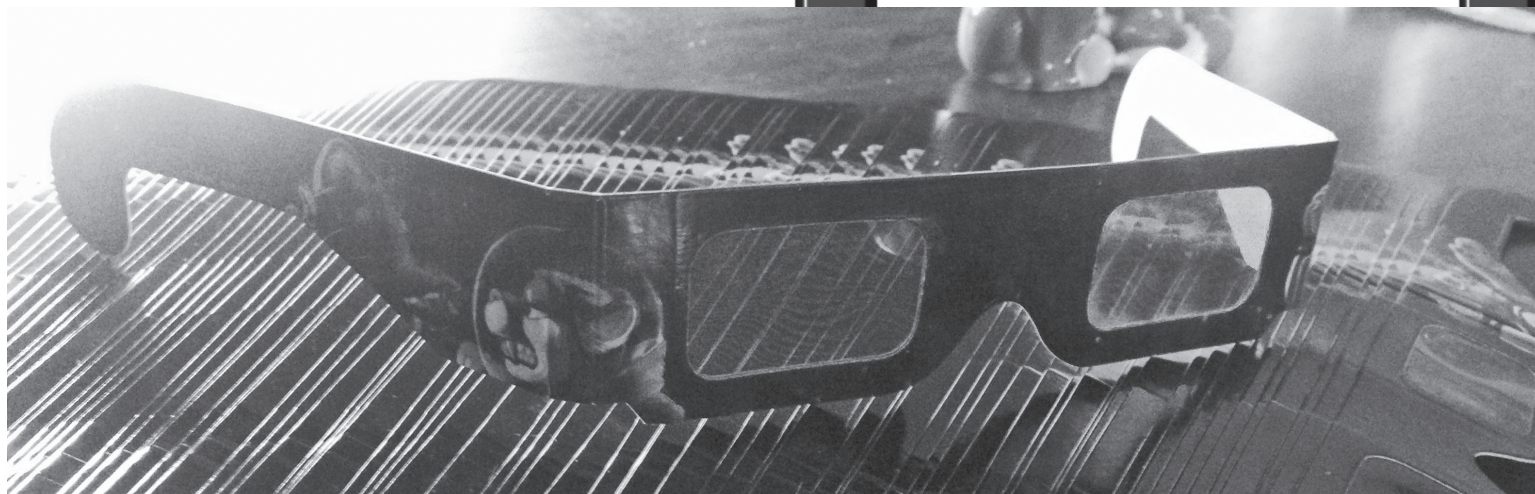


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- Deadline for art and literary submissions is July 15.
- Submissions **MUST** be rated PG-13 or below.
- Acceptable image formats are PDF, TIFF, and PNG.
- All artwork needs to be at least 300dpi.
- Keep story submissions under 1000 words.

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 (pictured to the right in her natural state), at **conbook@rockymountainfurcon.org**, and she'll gladly walk you through any steps needed to correctly and effectively modify your artwork for print.



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



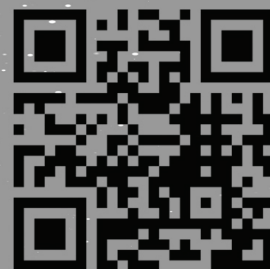
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