

TAILS AND TORNADOES FURCON



TULSA, OK

AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 1, 2024

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Letter from the Chair of Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con

Countdown for launch! **10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...ignition!** We have liftoff, and another TTFC is spaceward-bound. As your stalwart captain, I'm pleased to welcome you aboard my state-of-the-art starship *T.T.F.C. Procella*.

I'd like to give a warm welcome to all astronauts, cosmonauts, spationauts, and taikonauts joining us this year for 'Furries in Space.' Whether you're an attendee or a staffer, this year's convention will be out of this world!

As we pass through the mesosphere, you can gaze downward at conventions past—from the Wild Wild West to the Sooner State Kingdom—four in all. This fifth convention will be our biggest ever—you certainly couldn't fit everyone aboard a Corellian corvette! I don't recall much about how I became captain back in early 2020, but I think it involved a few pints of Romulan Ale and a Ressian flute playing contest.

It is my hope that I can ensure everyone—staffers and attendees alike—has a safe and enjoyable experience this weekend. Please keep all paws and tails inside the *Procella* while it's in motion and if you see something amiss, report it to one of my crew members.

We've now entered the exosphere, and y'all may unfasten your harnesses. You'll find that you're among friends once you ascend to the promenade deck, where a variety of panels and meet-ups have been carefully curated for you by Jansky, our vessel's AI. I encourage all attendees to purchase some cosmic souvenirs at the Dealers' Den and Artists' Alley. Don't forget to enjoy the many soirées thrown by our party animals—just don't be too loud, or you'll attract a pack of very unfriendly Death Angels!

I am immensely proud of my faithful crew—red shirts, blue shirts, and gold shirts—all of whom work hard to keep things running smoothly. Without them, my vessel would remain firmly planted on Earth, and I am immensely grateful for all the behind-the-scenes work they've done to make this TTFC—and all TTFCs to come—possible. I cannot say enough good things about them.

If you need help or information at any point during our voyage, a crew member will be happy to assist you. TTFC staff won't be difficult to spot—look for the bright orange badge ribbons and lanyard. They'll look just like a star going supernova!

TTFC isn't all fun and games. We are also here to help raise funds for a good cause. TTFC '24 will be supporting ARF (Animal Rescue Foundation), located in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. ARF offers shelter and care to animals in need, with a primary focus on dogs and cats. In addition, ARF holds regular spay and neuter clinics and offers adoption services to help these animals find a loving forever home. ARF is 100% volunteer based, and operates year-round to provide these critical services to the Bartlesville micropolitan area. I encourage everyone to stop by their booth in the Dealers' Den. I hear that there might be some puppies and kitties there—and the puppies might even be offering kisses in exchange for a donation!

To help entertain you as we give you a stunning view of Cydonia, we are honored to have an awesome slate of Guests of Honor.

First, we have Luthien Nightwolf. Luthien is a traditional artist who has lived in Oklahoma since 2009. Beginning as a hobby artist, she transitioned to full-time artistry in 2010 and has been supporting herself via commissions and other works ever since.

Second, we have Finn the Panther. Finn is a content creator who specializes in “explainers” about the furry fandom. Starting with a podcast recorded in his college dorm room closet (“The Furry Explained Show”), he has since grown his audience to over 100,000 followers.

Third we have Citrine Husky. Hailing from central Indiana, Citrine is a fursuiter, comedian, singer-songwriter and multi-instrumental musician. Despite being diagnosed as legally blind at birth, he has had the honor to perform alongside Fox Amore, Bucktown Tiger, Alkali, Uncle Kage, and other furry personalities. He is ecstatic to perform for us this weekend. Along with hosting numerous panels, you can find Citrine in the Dealers’ Den selling CDs; please do take one home with you as a souvenir! He would be delighted to meet you, but remember to acknowledge him before you go in for a hug because of his visual impairment.

I thank you all for joining me for this interstellar TTFC ’24. I hope everyone has a safe, enjoyable, and fun voyage. *Ad Astra!*

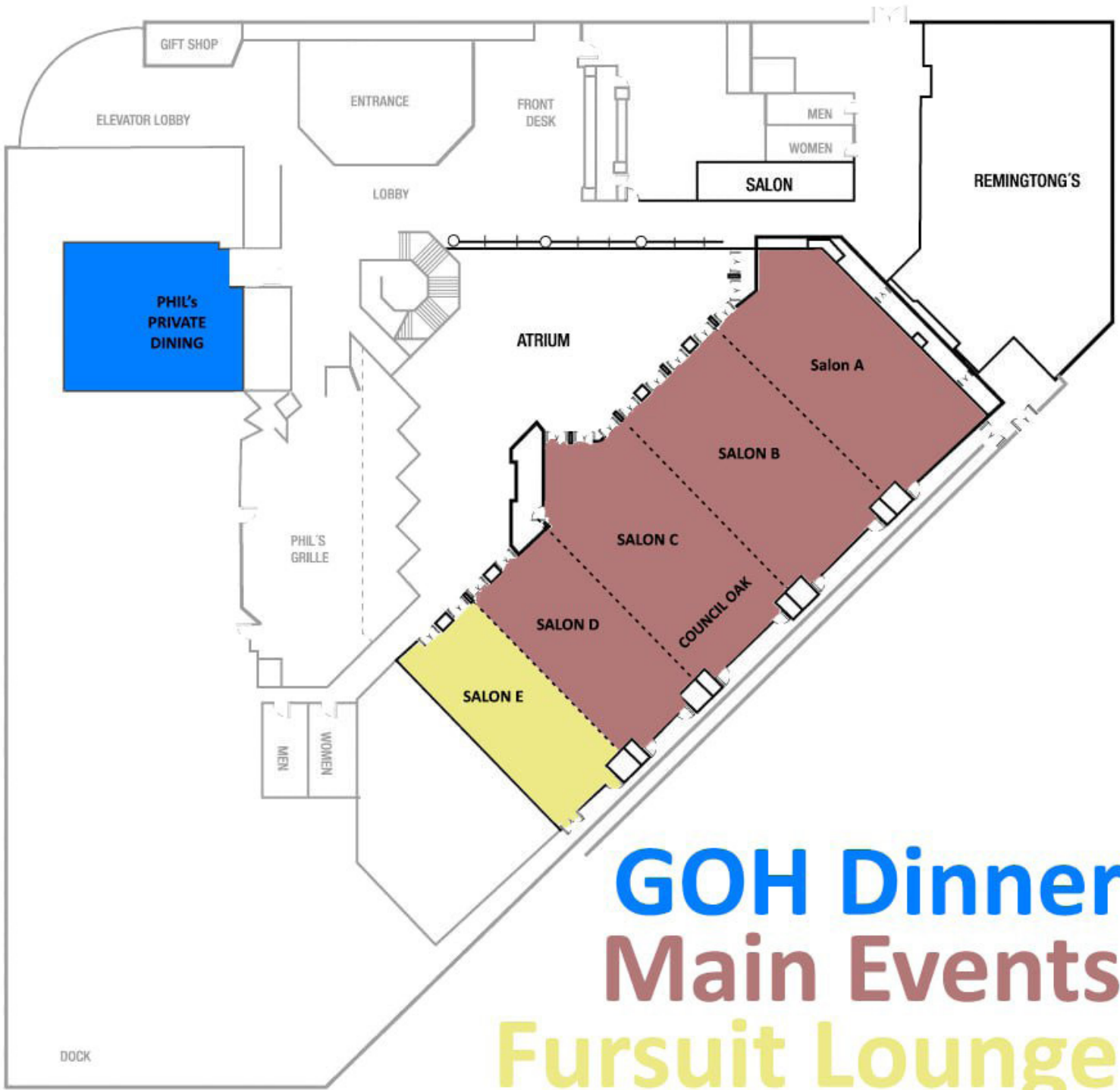
From the bridge of the *T.T.F.C. Procella*,

Matthew

Matthew,

Chair of Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con

FIRST FLOOR



GOH Dinner
Main Events
Fursuit Lounge

SECOND FLOOR



If you're feeling SPACEY,
take a break! We have two
fursuit lounges!

Floor 1 - Council Oak E (Next
to main events)

Floor 2 - Magnolia (Near Con
Ops and Quiet room)



Art by Dum_Pirate

GUEST OF HONOR - ARTIST

LUTHIEN NIGHTWOLF



Luthien Nightwolf is a traditional artist who has lived in Oklahoma since 2009. She found the fandom shortly after moving to Tulsa, and found an immediate fit for her style of art. At first it was purely for hobby, but in 2010 it became her full-time profession and she has been supporting herself from commissions ever since.

Her favorite subject matter is Fantasy, particularly faeries and other magical beings tied to nature. Luthien adores all things green and leafy, and always tries to bring nature into her work whenever she can. She especially enjoys art nouveau style for its flowing lines and natural motifs, and this theme pops up in her art often. She uses Copic marker, colored pencil, gel pens, scrapbook paper, stickers and even glitter to bring her creations to life. She is most known for character portraits but also likes to make adopts and design clothing and houses for her own characters.

When she isn't making art, Luthien likes to dabble in her other hobbies, which include gardening, houseplants, terrariums, pet rats, watching drag queens on TV, and restyling fashion dolls. She enjoys being in nature and often collects little trinkets from the outdoors, such as pretty rocks or feathers. When the gaming urge hits, she likes cozy farming games and Minecraft. She shares her home and life with her husband Pachu, who she met in 2012 and married in 2022.

Luthien's art can be found on Furaffinity and she also runs a Patreon page to connect with her followers more closely.



GUEST OF HONOR - CONTENT CREATOR

FINN THE PANTHER

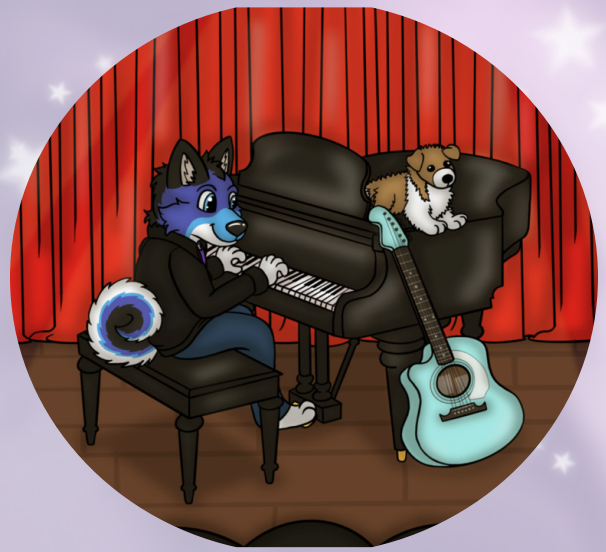
Finn the Panther is a content creator who specializes in explainers about the furry fandom. Starting with a podcast recorded in his college dorm room closet (The Furry Explained Show), he has grown his audience to over 100k followers across platforms. Now focusing on long-form explainers on YouTube accompanied by short-form videos on platforms like TikTok and Twitter, Finn combines education and entertainment in his content while sharing his passion about the furry fandom to the world.

As a software engineer by day, Finn found a love for producing content as a creative alternative to his regular job, and has found a niche for himself making high quality content about the furry fandom. This idea expanded when he received his fursuit in the spring of 2023, where shortly after he converted his content from audio to video with his YouTube channel. The topics of his videos range from fursona design, fursuit ownership explainers, and furry convention tips. He is also the creator of Furry for 30, a month-long series of videos covering a specific topic about the furry fandom for 30 days in a row.

If there's one thing that Finn loves talking about just as much as the furry fandom, it's creating content. As such, Finn will be hosting two panels on content creation at TTFC, one on how to get started with creating content, and a second on how current content creators can take their creative output to the next level.

GUEST OF HONOR - MUSICIAN

CITRINE HUSKY



Citrine husky is a 31-year-old from Central Indiana. He is a fursuiter, comedian, singer-songwriter and multiple instrumental musician. He was born in 1993 and was diagnosed as being permanently legally blind at Birth.

At the age of three he received his first piano for Christmas. Over the next several years he began learning more instruments as he began performing with his father's band across the state of Indiana.

Throughout Middle School he acquired instruments such as mandolin, fiddle, harmonica, accordion, Bass and more. It was around this time in 2005 that citrine wrote his very first song and since then he has never stopped writing.

After High School in 2012 he discovered the furry fandom thanks to a well-known classic rock band called sticks. Soon after he began attending conventions and Performing original music publicly.

To this day he has attended nearly 50 furry conventions over the past decade and has been guest of honor for conventions such as Fur Reality, FurTheMore and MCFC. He has performed alongside Fox Amore, Pepper Coyote, Bucktown Tiger, Alkali, Uncle Kage and many more and is ecstatic about performing here for us this weekend.

Along with his numerous panels you can catch him in our dealers Den selling his CDs to take home with you as a souvenir. Please come up and say hi he would be delighted to meet you and is very friendly.

Just remember to acknowledge Him before you go in for a hug because remember he is blind.

OUR CHARITY 2024



The Animal Rescue Foundation is a non-profit, 501(c)3 charity located in Bartlesville, OK about 45 minutes north of Tulsa. They offer shelter and care to animals in need, with a primary focus on dogs and cats. In addition, ARF holds regular spay and neuter clinics and offers adoption services to help these animals find a forever loving home.

ARF is 100% volunteer-based, and is open year-round providing their services to the community.



VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES!

Tails and Tornadoes is always looking for fresh team players to join our crew!

If you're interested in exploring new skills, polishing your resume, making new friends in the team, or !!!!!FREE STUFF!!!! We always have space for you! Apply below!

<https://tailsandtornadoes.org/volunteering/>



HOURS OF OPERATION

Registration (Redbud)

Friday: 10am-9pm
Saturday: 10am-9pm
Sunday: 10pm-4pm

Dealers Den (Sequoia)

Friday: 12pm-6pm
Saturday: 10am-6pm
Sunday: 12pm-4pm

Artist Alley (Birch)

Friday: 12pm-6pm
Saturday: 10am-6pm
Sunday: 12pm-4pm

Midnight Howl (Main Foyer)

Nightly, 12:00am (ish) -
Go to the lobby and howl
with your friends!

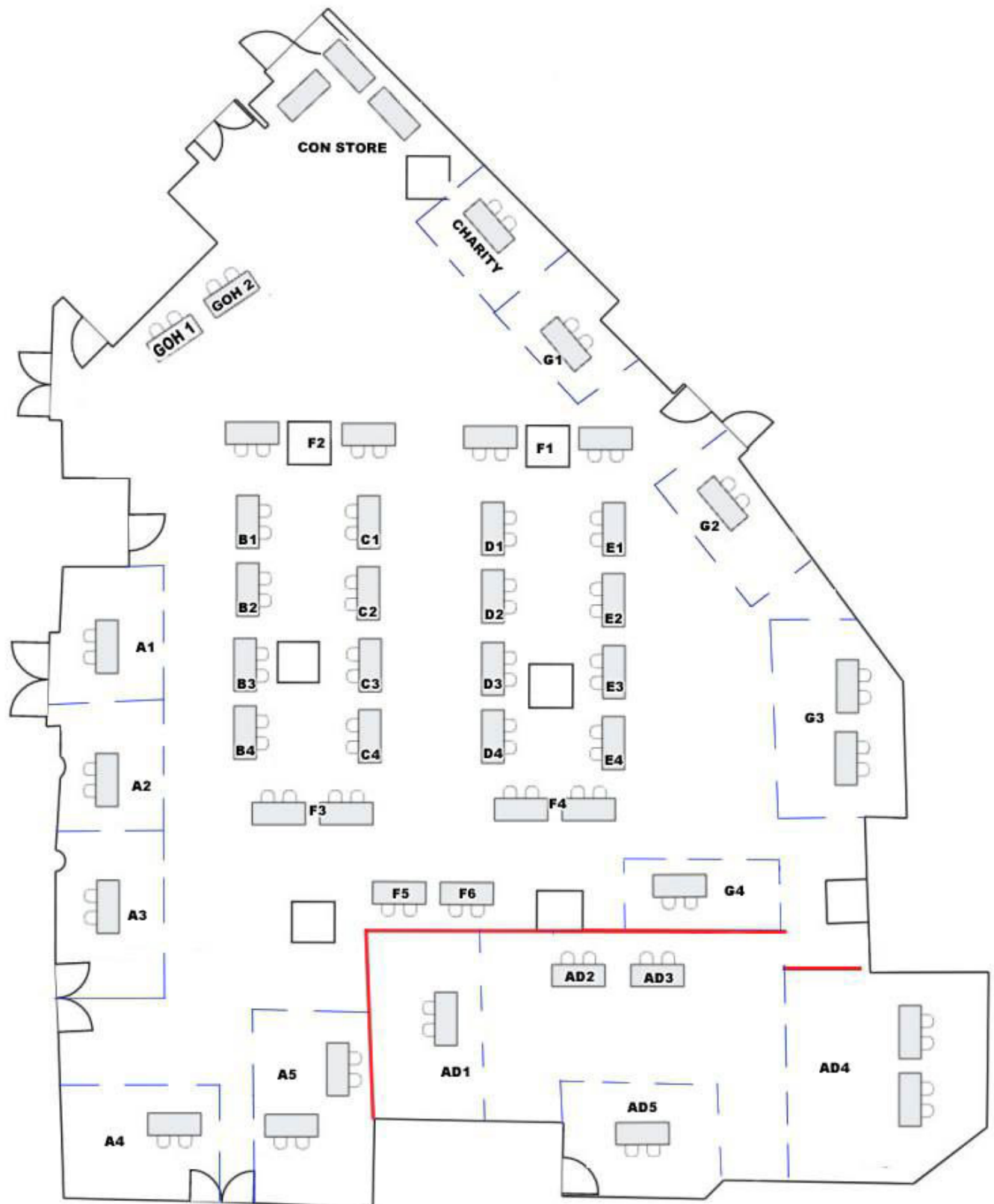
Photo Studio (Floor 2, Pecan)

Friday: 10am-1am
Saturday: 10am-1am
Sunday: 10am-10pm

Quiet Room (Floor 2, Cedar)

Friday: 10am-1am
Saturday: 9am-1pm
Sunday: 9am-12am

DEALERS DEN MAP



DEALERS AND VENDORS LIST

Anthro Aesthetics (F3)

Arcane Pursuit (D3)

Art of Luthien Nightwolf

(G0H1)

Art of Michele Light (F6)

Beautiful Miscreations (E1)

Bison Wares (G3)

Blue Wolf (AD4)

Camphorus (B2)

Chained up Fox (D2)

Chameleon After Dark (AD2)

Cicada Cafe (E4)

Craft Fox Boutique (B3)

Creature Feature Toys (AD1)

Cynthia Corner Illustration (C4)

Deann Stone Designs (E2)

Drolic Creations (B1)

Hackermutt (F2)

Haines on Design LLC (A5)

Lion Paw Suits (D1)

Moon Puppy Creations (C3)

Our Mass Hysteria (G2)

Patched Menagerie (F1)

PepperCoyote (B4)

Pinku's Cottage (A4)

Roxanne Drumm (A3)

Shiinrai Illustrations (G1)

SimpleNicks (C2)

Softpauxs (F4)

Spunky Stuff (A2)

StarFruitMeadows (D4)

Starry Stitch Cafe (A1)

Stuff by Mega (C1)

Tails and Tornadoes Furcon

(CONSTORE)

TOK - Tokyo Oklahoma (E3)

VisionarySerpent (AD3)

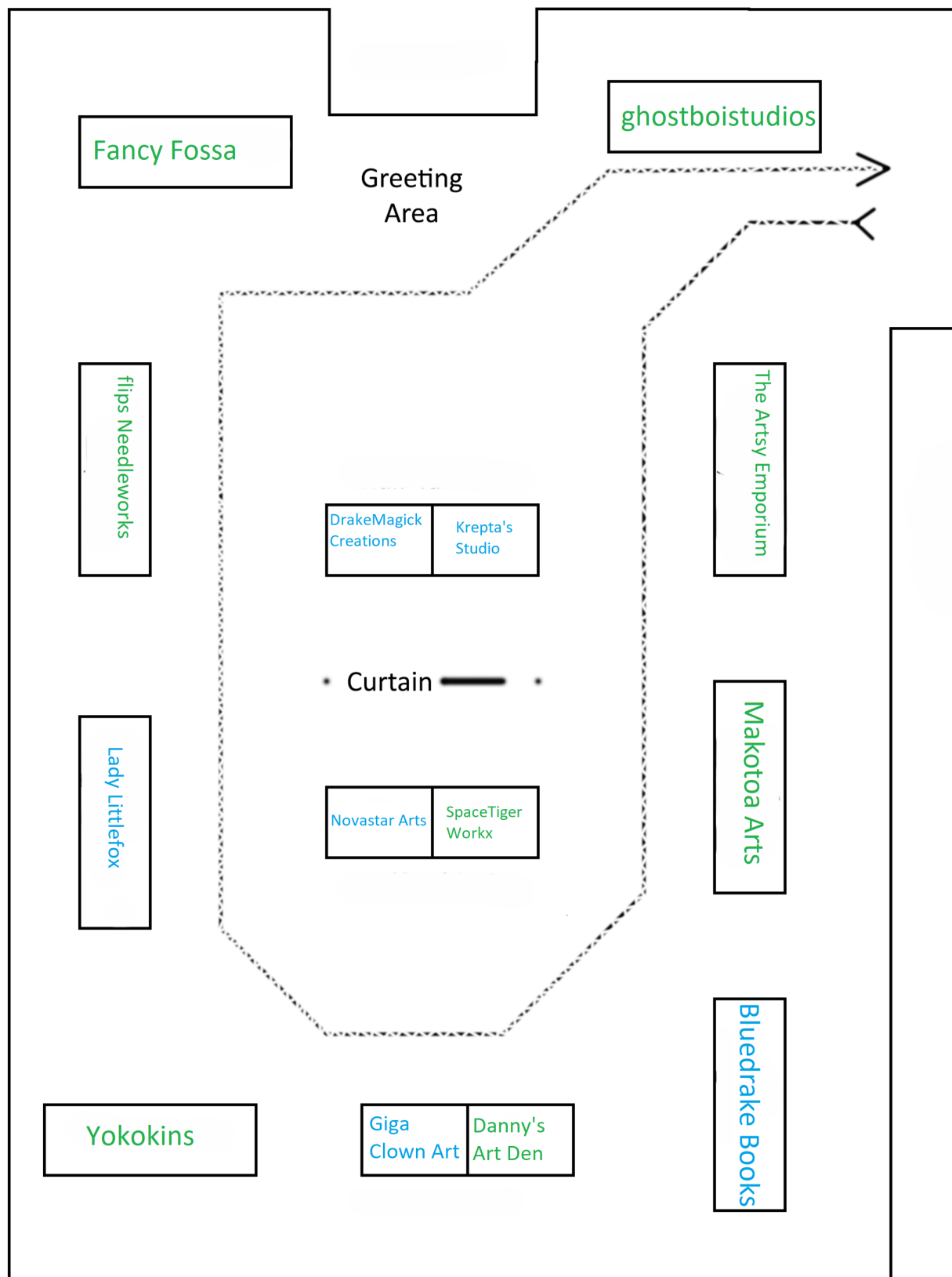
Waffle Wishes (G4)

Wintre Arts (AD5)

WolfBuck Studios (F5)

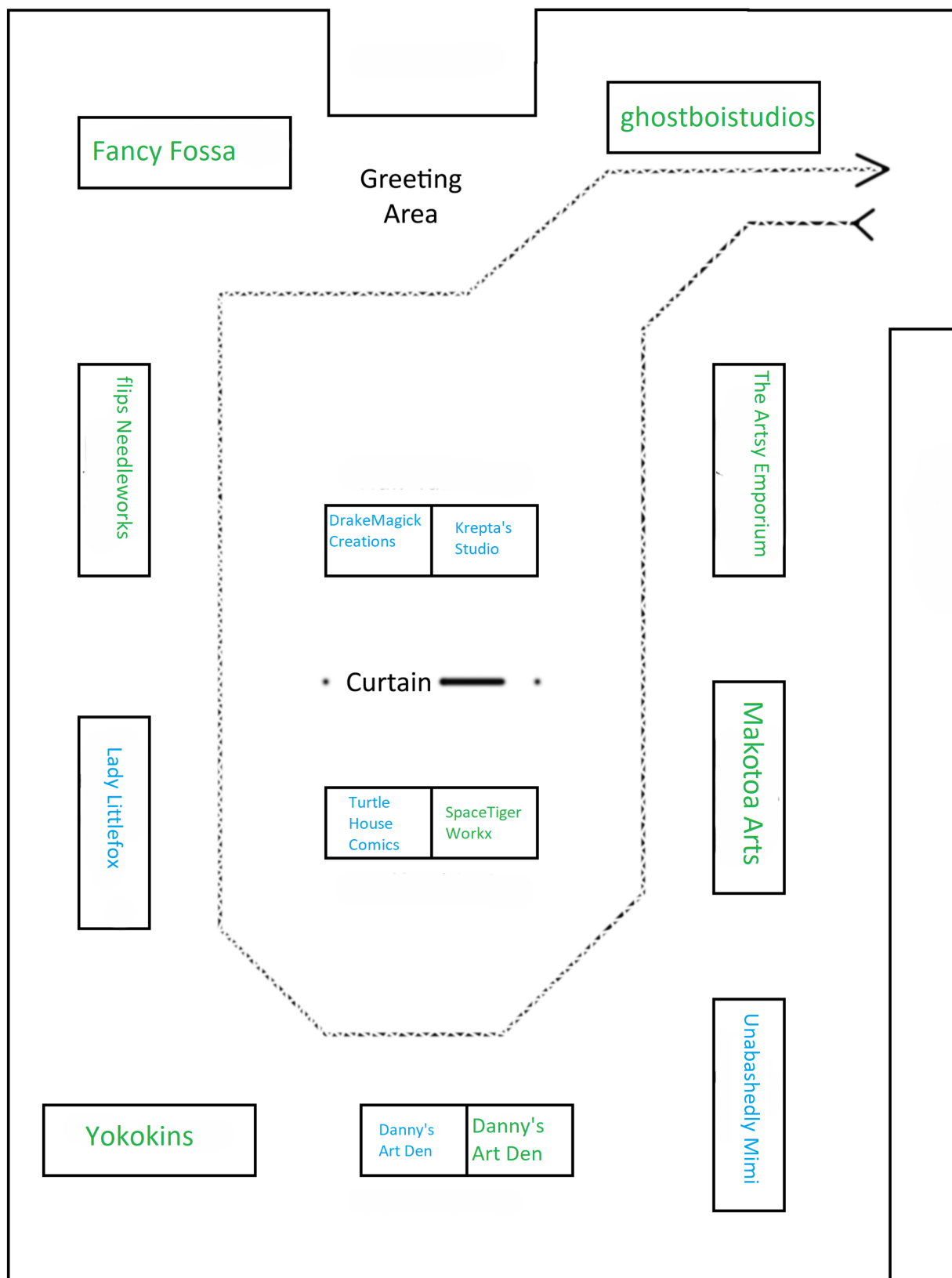
Friday, August 30th

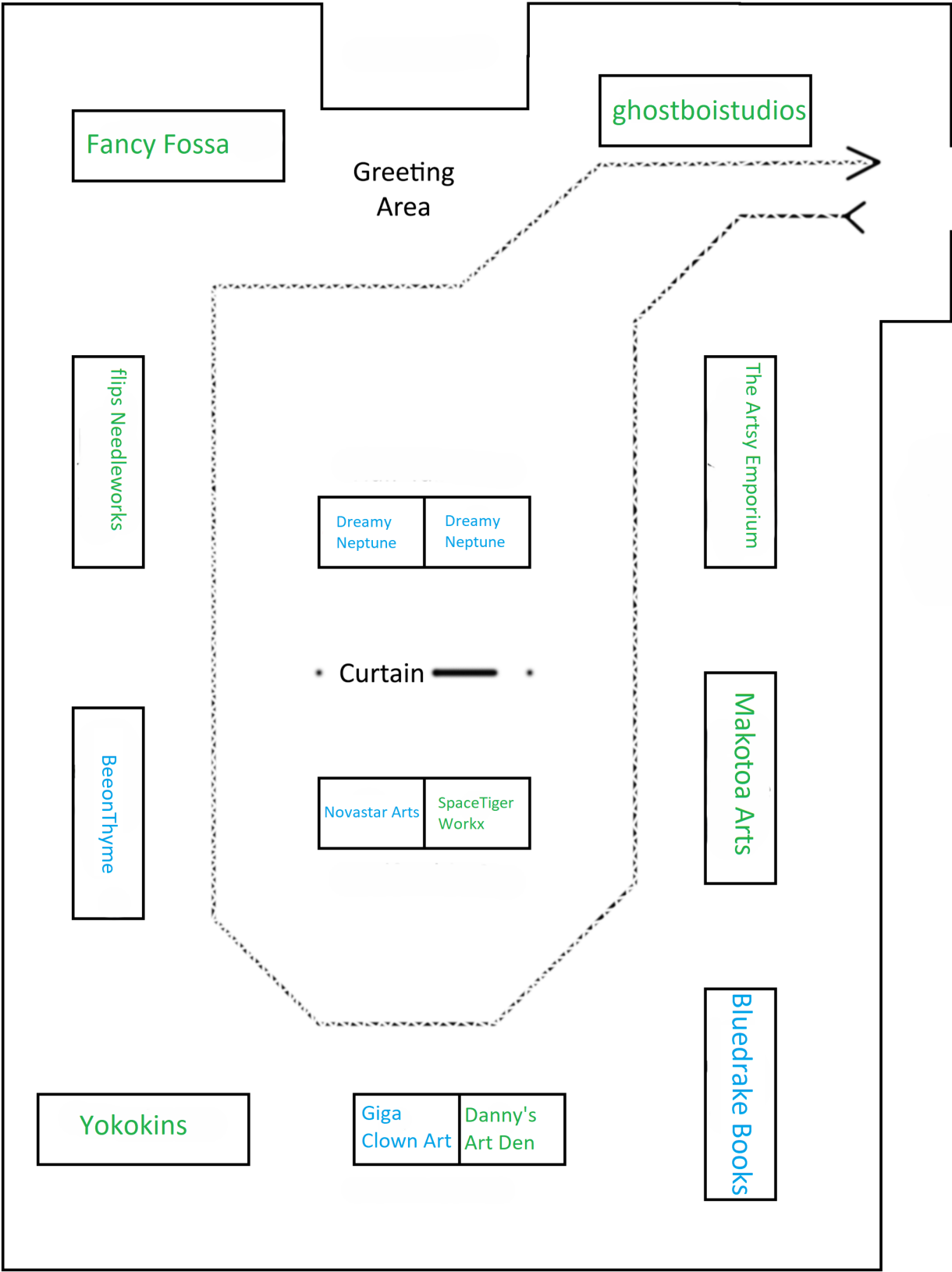
Birch AA 2024



Saturday, August 31st

Birch AA 2024





SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

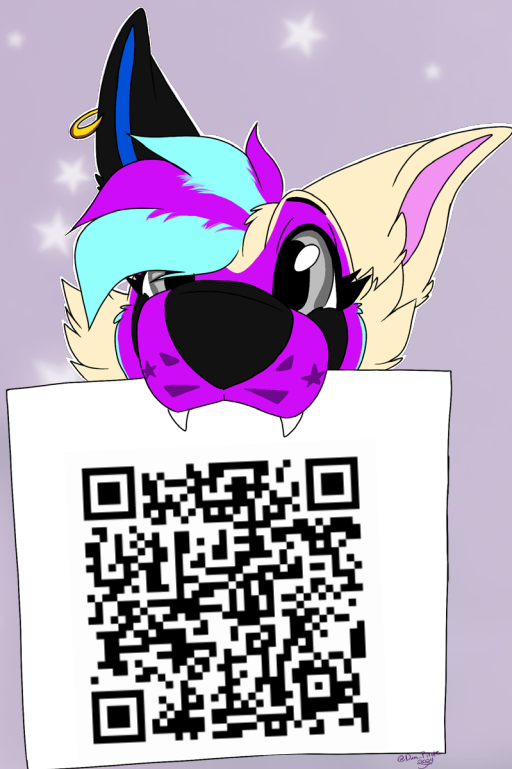
ONLINE SCHEDULE

For the most up to date scheduling information, stay tuned to our on-line transmission!

Panel Descriptions can also be found at the following link!

Scan this QR code or go to

<https://tailsandtornadoes.org/2024-panel-descriptions/>



Friday August 30, 2024	8:00 AM	8:30 AM	9:00 AM	9:30 AM	10:00 AM	10:30 AM	11:00 AM	11:30 AM	12:00 PM	12:30 PM	1:00 PM	1:30 PM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia									Dealers Den Open			
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood												
Council Oak E					Fursuit Lounge Open							
Magnolia					Fursuit Lounge Open							
Silver Oak A					Game Lounge Open							
Council Oak C							Opening Ceremonies					
Main Foyer Lobby												
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore									Gearheads and Grease		So, this is your first	
Panel Room 2 - Maple									Taxes 101 for Artists			
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B									Furry Music Jam			
Photography Studio - Pecan					Photo Studio Open							
Artist Alley - Birch									Artist Alley Open			
Registration - Redbud B					Registration Open							
Quiet Room - Cedar			Quiet Room Open									

Friday August 30, 2024	2:00 PM	2:30 PM	3:00 PM	3:30 PM	4:00 PM	4:30 PM	5:00 PM	5:30 PM	6:00 PM	6:30 PM	7:00 PM	7:30 PM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia	Dealers Den Open											
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood									Pin Trading Club SFW	DD after party / sketchbook swap		
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open											
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open											
Silver Oak A	Game Lounge Open											
Council Oak C				Dance Comp Auditions							Concert: Pepper Coyote	
Main Foyer Lobby												
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore	How to Make Mouth Calls		Fursuiting 101 (GOH)					Ham Furs Meet and				Intro. to Sewing
Panel Room 2 - Maple	Sign Language		So you want to make a protogen?									
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B	GoH Meet n Greet								Littlest Pet Shop (Made Me a Furry)			
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photo Studio Open											
Artist Alley - Birch	Artist Alley Open											
Registration - Redbud B	Registration Open											
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open											

Friday August 30, 2024	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	9:00 PM	9:30 PM	10:00 PM	10:30 PM	11:00 PM	11:30 PM	12:00 AM	12:30 AM	1:00 AM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia											
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood	DD after party / sketchbook swap				Babyfur Meet n Greet and Discussion (18+)						
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open										
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open										
Silver Oak A	Game Lounge Open										
Council Oak C		BITE CLUB		DJ - DubbyWubby		DJ - Barkshark		DJ - PegasYs			
Main Foyer Lobby									MIDNIGHT HOWL		
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore	Intro. to Sewing		WEREWOLF								
Panel Room 2 - Maple											
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B			TikTok Tips + Meet								
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photo Studio Open										
Artist Alley - Birch											
Registration - Redbud B	Registration Open										
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open										

Saturday August 31, 2024	8:00 AM	8:30 AM	9:00 AM	9:30 AM	10:00 AM	10:30 AM	11:00 AM	11:30 AM	12:00 PM	12:30 PM	1:00 PM	1:30 PM			
Dealer's Den - Sequoia					Dealers Den Open				Closed for Parade		Dealers Den Open				
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood					Family Events Activities (Minors and Parents Only)										My Kid's a Furry, Now What?
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS														
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS														
Silver Oak A					Game Lounge Open						Magic the Gathering Commander				
Council Oak C									Fursuit Pic / Parade		SETUP				
Main Foyer Lobby									Fursuit Pic / Parade						
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore			Traditional Art AMA (GOH)		So, this is your first furcon?		Aviation Furs Meetup		Closed for Parade		Epic Lip Sync Battle				
Panel Room 2 - Maple					Furry Choir - All Are Welcome				Closed for Parade		World Building Maps				
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B			Scouting in the Furry Fandom			Just Press "Record"! - Getting Started with Furry Content Creation (GOH - Finn)				Closed for Parade		Furry TikTok 101			
Photography Studio - Pecan					Photography Studio / Selfie Backdrop / Furcon AI										
Artist Alley - Birch					Artist Alley Open				Closed for Parade		Artist Alley Open				
Registration - Redbud B					Registration Open										
Private Dining - Tallgrass															
Quiet Room - Cedar			Quiet Room Open												

Saturday August 31, 2024	2:00 PM	2:30 PM	3:00 PM	3:30 PM	4:00 PM	4:30 PM	5:00 PM	5:30 PM	6:00 PM	6:30 PM	7:00 PM	7:30 PM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia	Dealers Den Open											
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood	Family Events				Twisted Art Circle	Family Events					DD Sketchbook Swap Part 2!	
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS											
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS											
Silver Oak A	Magic the Gathering Commander	Gaming Room Open									Smash Bros Charity Tournament	
Council Oak C	Citrine in Concert (GOH)	Dance Comp				Setup	Karaoke				SETUP	
Main Foyer Lobby												
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore									Introduction to Knot			Fursuit Games
Panel Room 2 - Maple	World Building Maps 101					Cat Lovers Panel (PG-			Wild Artist Challenge			
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B	Meet our Charity - ARF!				The Blind Side (GOH)		Dancing with		Aviation Furs		VRChat Meet-n-Greet (PG-	
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photography Studio / Selfie Backdrop / Furcon AI											
Artist Alley - Birch	Artist Alley Open											
Registration - Redbud B	Registration Open											
Private Dining - Tallgrass							GOH Dinner					
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open											

Saturday August 31, 2024	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	9:00 PM	9:30 PM	10:00 PM	10:30 PM	11:00 PM	11:30 PM	12:00 AM	12:30 AM	1:00 AM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia											
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood	DD Sketchbook Swap Part 2!			WEREWOLF!!							
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS										
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS										
Silver Oak A	Smash Bros Charity	Gaming Room Open									
Council Oak C			Setup	DJ - Koori		DJ - Thunder Fox &		DJ - PleXus			
Main Foyer Lobby								MIDNIGHT HOWL			
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore	Fursuit Games	Inflatables and Plushies meet						Pin Trading Club! AD Edition!			
Panel Room 2 - Maple			Storytime with	Sapphic Furs Meet and		PC Upgrade & Repair Workshop					
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B			Convention Horror Stories (PG-13)	Whose Lion Is it Anyway?		Unhinged Roast Panel (18+)			Open Mic. (PG-13)		
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photography Studio / Selfie Backdrop / Furcon AI										
Artist Alley - Birch											
Registration - Redbud B	Registration Open										
Private Dining - Tallgrass											
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open										

Sunday September 1, 2024	8:00 AM	8:30 AM	9:00 AM	9:30 AM	10:00 AM	10:30 AM	11:00 AM	11:30 AM	12:00 PM	12:30 PM	1:00 PM	1:30 PM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia					Dealers Den Open				Lunch (Closed)		Dealers Den Open	
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood			Moo's Crafty Crafts				Family Events (Minors and Parents Only)					
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS											
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS											
Silver Oak A					Game Lounge Open							
Council Oak C							Fursuit Activity Hour				Citrine's Chaotic Charity Concert (GOH)	
Main Foyer Lobby												
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore							Songwriting 101		Beyond Pressing		Beginning Ukulele	
Panel Room 2 - Maple					Amateur Satellite receiving						Amigurimi (Crochet Plushies)	
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B					Vital Information for the Commissioned Artist (GOH)				Birds of a Feather		Feline Meet n Greet	
Photography Studio - Pecan					Photo Studio Open							
Artist Alley - Birch					Artists Alley Open				Lunch (Closed)		Artists Alley Open	
Registration - Redbud B			Registration Open									
Quiet Room - Cedar			Quiet Room Open									

Sunday September 1, 2024	2:00 PM	2:30 PM	3:00 PM	3:30 PM	4:00 PM	4:30 PM	5:00 PM	5:30 PM	6:00 PM	6:30 PM	7:00 PM	7:30 PM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia	Dealers Den Open											
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood	Family Events (Minors and Parents Only)				Twisted Art Circle						DD Sketch Swap Part 3!	
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS											
Magnolia	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS									CLOSED FOR BREAKDOWN		
Silver Oak A	Game Lounge Open							CLOSED				
Council Oak C	Charity Auction				SETUP		Closing Ceremonies					
Main Foyer Lobby												
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore	Plush Makers Meetup											
Panel Room 2 - Maple												
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B												
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photo Studio Open											
Artist Alley - Birch	Artists Alley Open											
Registration - Redbud B	Registration Open				CLOSED FOR BREAKDOWN							
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open											

Sunday September 1, 2024	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	9:00 PM	9:30 PM	10:00 PM	10:30 PM	11:00 PM	11:30 PM	12:00 AM	12:30 AM	1:00 AM
Dealer's Den - Sequoia									CLOSED		
Panel Room 4 - Dogwood	DD Sketch Swap Part 3!								CLOSED		
Council Oak E	Fursuit Lounge Open - 24 HRS								CLOSED		
Magnolia	CLOSED FOR BREAKDOWN										
Silver Oak A	CLOSED										
Council Oak C	SETUP		DJ - Kio		DJ - Rogue		DJ - Foxhound		CLOSED		
Main Foyer Lobby									MIDNIGHT HOWL	CLOSED	
Panel Room 1 - Sycamore									CLOSED		
Panel Room 2 - Maple									CLOSED		
Panel Room 3 - Silver Oak B									CLOSED		
Photography Studio - Pecan	Photo Studio Open								CLOSED		
Artist Alley - Birch									CLOSED		
Registration - Redbud B	CLOSED FOR BREAKDOWN										
Quiet Room - Cedar	Quiet Room Open										

**DO SOMETHING MORE FUN WITH
THIS PAGE DUMBASS :)**



SHOUTOUT TO OUR RESIDENT SPACE CREW!

STAFF

CHAIRMAN

Matthew

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

Sparki

EXECUTIVE BOARD

President • Matthew

Vice President • Aloha

Secretary • Momma Shark

Treasurer • Moonfur

Member at Large • Nickoli

Member at Large • Matthew

Member at Large • Dvolki

Member at Large • Shayrin

Member at Large • Doggy Speaks

Member at Large • Kwanza

Member at Large • JJ

OPERATIONS

AREA MANAGER: ALOHA

IT

Lead • Dvolkii

Logixkitten

WEBSITE

Lead • Koori

Kwanza

SECURITY

Lead • Storm

Lead • JJ Collie

Seven

Tyler

Mild

Sebastion

Jared

Tetra

Rose Knight

INFO DESK

Lead • DoggySpeak

Sparki

REGISTRATION

Lead • Dvolkii

Corvus Swiftwing

Nickoli

Rowth

CodyAkita

TeddyBear

Logixkitten

Melody

Jax

Reese

CON OPS

Lead • Aloha

2nd • Nogard

DoggySpeak

Arty

Horrible Bear

Samaki

Gokies

Ceru

Neptune

Madison

Zushi

Moonfur



STAFF LOUNGE

Lead • LineMonkey

Ancient Owl

VOLUNTEERS

Lead • Red

EVENTS

AREA MANAGER: KOORI

AV

Lead • Shasta

Koori

Kio

Krillik

Evder

Broken Skies

Devon Shepherd

Felix Kain

Lightening Skies

FURSUIT LOUNGE

Lead • Silver

ARTIST ALLEY

Lead • Atsuki

Orange

Tanner/Star

DANCE COMP

Lead • Rogue

Loy

Devon Shepherd

SCHEDULING

Koori

Devon Shepherd

Rogue

POCKET SCHEDULE

Captain

FURSUIT

Shayrin

FURSUIT ACTIVITIES

Shayrin

GAMING AREAS

Lead • Cyrus

Spades

ReggieKrueger

FAMILY EVENTS

Lead • Momma Shark

Xero

Zenny

EXECUTIVE

AREA MANAGER: MATTEW

CHARITY

Lead • June

Matthew

Koori

HR

Lead • Ryder

Matthew

GOH

Matthew

Kwanza

ACCESSIBILITY

Glendale

ACCOUNTING

Moonfur

Matthew

Koori

HOTEL LIAISON

Matthew

GUEST RELATIONS

Panda

MARKETING

AREA MANAGER: SHAYRIN

ARTISTS

Lead • Ember

Co-Lead • Danny

Ichigo

Melissa Lombax

Captain

Shaulah

Hackermutt

Wolfie

Sparki

Chot

Neondopple

Koda

Hoodiedogs

Kupo

Cypher

CON BOOK

Captain

AUCTION

Shayrin

SOCIAL MEDIA

Lead • Captain

DoggySpeak

Ash

Koori

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lead • Ace

Zafmod

Kite

Jules

Sherry

CON STORE

Lead • Shayrin

Cheyenne

Venport

Leon

Strato

Cornelius

DEALERS DEN

Lead • Ember

Assistant • Devon

Ratchet

Melissa Lombax

Ichigo

Neph

Astro Otter

Danny

Ravin

THEMING

Lead • Kwanza

Shayrin

Leon

Stacy

Red

Xero

Sparki

Makala

Horrible Bear

Space for add, also have fun
with this one

SPECIAL THANKS

get this from Matthew

by Thomas “Faux” Steele

An Immortal Galaxy Story

“Are you *sure* that this prototype is flight-ready?” Juniper shot a skeptical look at the angular craft slowly rolling out of a hangar a few dozen meters away. Recalling the profile of a MiG-25, two enormous outlets set beneath the cockpit vented heat from a nuclear thermal propulsion reactor within the armored fuselage. Several engineers with sweat-matted fur were clustered around the underbelly, frantically making adjustments to the landing gear. “Asking for a friend, of course.”

“Do you really think I’d let a starfighter with my name on it reduce us both to space dust?” Holly rolled her eyes, gracefully stepping out onto the baking tarmac to chat with the lead engineer. Her shoulder-length headfur whipped about in the breeze, streaked with ice-blue highlights that matched the Firouz missiles mounted flush against the craft’s swept-back wings. “C’mon!” Holly shouted, poking just her head in. “Banks just informed me the storm’s rolling in faster than expected!”

Juniper shot Holly a demure nod as the visceral humidity from the lush rainforest surrounding the runway enveloped her the moment she stepped outside. Her nose twitched as she caught a whiff of the spun sugar scent of freshly-welded metal. Scrambling to cover the distance as a violent gale began to pelt her with graupel, the otter climbed the mobile stair and awkwardly flopped into the wizzo seat behind her wife. A moment later, the overhead canopy sealed with a sharp *clack-pssh*.

“Where’s the aircon in this thing?” Juniper grumbled, thick beads of sweat already trickling down her waterproof outer coat. A panoramic touchscreen—the targeting control module—served double duty, displaying both the weapons systems and redundant flight instrumentation. Everything except the HVAC controls, apparently. “I can’t find the switch.”

“Just give it a second, Juni.” Holly’s gloved fingers darted across an identical touchscreen as she spooled up the in-atmosphere turbojet engine. The displays in front of Juniper refreshed to mirror those of an FCS¹ Bādpa trainer, bathing her in warm orange light as chilled air blasted out of concealed vents. “Better?” the stoat asked, a playful smirk tugging at the corners of her muzzle.

“Much,” Juniper replied, barely audible over the throaty whine of the turbojet as Holly guided the CSEC² Aether toward the runway. Despite the ventilated seat allowing chilled air to swirl around her back and thighs, Juniper wished she’d opted for a cloth-backed diaper as the JaguarSoft trapped a layer of sticky heat against her bottom. “At this rate, I might even manage a wink of shuteye before we hit our aft burn.”

Holly chuckled, double-checking orbital trajectory vectors before donning a full-face helmet with a semi-polarized visor the color of crushed malachite. Painstaking *zaratsu* polishing brought out the beauty of the sharp angles, rendering them as brilliant, diamond-edged facets in the fading sunlight. “You’ll want to be awake for the view, trust me. Now put your helmet on and buckle up.”

¹ Faravahar Consolidated Shipyards.

² Callahan Systems Engineer Corporation.

“Okay, *Mom*.” Juniper rolled her eyes, grabbing her helmet from the secure in-floor compartment beneath her sheepskin boots. Coated in matte blue enamel the color of the ocean beneath a starless sky, it slotted neatly over her rounded ears with a muted *click-hiss*. The otter tightened the straps over her shoulders as Holly brought the Aether to a stop at the head of the runway.

“Tower, this is Speedbird. I am parked at runway zero-one,” Holly murmured, turning slightly to shoot Juniper a thumbs-up. “Ready for departure.”

“Speedbird, this is Tower. Winds 210, 20. Adjust accordingly,” a soothing female voice replied. Juniper noted the AI’s avatar glowing softly on the instrument panel—a simple, yet elegant representation of a feral hummingbird fluttering amidst orchids. “Confirm weapons system officer identity.”

“Tower, Ozone is my wizzo on this run,” Holly replied, quickly inputting a security code to cede control over the weapons control module to the otter. “Speedbird requests takeoff clearance.”

“Speedbird, you are cleared for takeoff runway zero-one, climb to one-five thousand, squawk four-seven-two-one. Please confirm.”

“Cleared for takeoff, runway zero-one, climbing to one-five thousand, squawk four-seven-two-one,” Holly replied while nudging the throttle. The Aether started forward with languid grace as the stoat ensured the landing gear held fast against a few hard bumps. “Looks like we’re clear to give it the beans!”

With a lurch that took Juniper by surprise, the sleek craft surged forward as Holly rolled the throttle to the wide-open position. A half-taken breath escaped the otter’s throat as she was

thrown against the thinly-padded seat back. The runway lights blurred into phosphor streaks as every rivet in the cockpit trembled with anticipation. Holly kept a firm grip on the yoke as crosswinds buffeted the Aether's titanium skin, fighting for control as the craft balanced on the edge of liftoff. "Uh . . . Hols?"

"I've got it!" Holly barked, throwing all of her weight into pushing the yoke forward. "Just need a little more lift," she grunted, flipping a toggle beneath the throttle to kick on the emergency afterburner.

With a final, brutal surge of acceleration, the Aether shook the constraints of gravity and slipped away from the runway just before concrete gave way to unspoiled jungle. Hardly designed for passenger comfort, every vibration of the airframe was transmitted straight into Juniper's seat, shaking her as if trying to extract a few dirham chips from her pockets. The otter's knuckles went white beneath her nut-brown fur as she fought the instinctive urge to clench her eyes shut.

"Relax, Juni. The wind seems to be calming down." Holly's voice crackled in the earpiece of her helmet as the stoat shifted to the internal comms system. "Looks like we've managed to outrun the storm—barely."

Juniper spared a quick glance at the telemetry data scrolling along the edge of the targeting control module. Spinning rapidly, the digital altimeter indicated they were climbing a thousand feet every few seconds. With a relieved sigh, the otter slowly uncurled her paws and used a Velcro pad in the cheek of her helmet to quickly scratch her nose. "Clear skies ahead, I hope?"

“Clear skies all the way to the stars,” Holly replied with a reassuring helmet-tilt. Outside the cockpit, the last rays of Stella Telluride danced across the silvery caps of nimbostratus clouds in a dazzling disco-ball display. “Tower, this is Speedbird. Launch conditions at one-five thousand feet are good. Ready for exostrat.”

“Speedbird, this is Tower. Confirm all internal systems are green and final go/no-go poll is complete,” the AI murmured, feathers oscillating between blue and green at the tempo of an easygoing heartbeat. “You’re clear on my end.”

“All primary systems green, Tower,” Holly replied, glancing at the myriad of indicators painting an emerald landscape across the cockpit. A barrage of mechanical chirps like an agitated flock of cybernetic birds echoed around her as the craft’s auxiliary systems were pinged for readiness. “All secondary systems are green. Final go/no-go poll is complete.”

“Speedbird, you are cleared for exostrat ignition sequence. Once you cross the Kármán line, Huntress will assume control. Tower over-and-out,” the AI said, avatar vanishing a moment later.

“Alright, otter-kit,” Holly said, a hint of excitement creeping into her voice as she reviewed the chief engineer’s notes from the prior in-atmosphere performance test. “Let’s take the Aether on its inaugural spaceflight, shall we?”

“Can’t wait, Hols,” Juniper piped, eyes glowing with the reflected green light thrown from Holly’s instruments. Scrolling through Holly’s playlist, she threw on a Peter Schilling track and cued up the chorus. “You’re up, Major Tom,” she teased.

With a sly grin, Holly rolled the throttle of the turbojet engine to idle and then cut the fuel off. For a heart-stopping moment, everything but the *whoosh* of the wind fell away. Switching

over throttle control to the nuclear propulsion drive, the reactor hummed like a waking behemoth as hydrogen began to flow through the superheated core.

A sudden jolt rocked the Aether as an otherworldly roar filled their ears. Brilliant blue light enveloped the cockpit as high-temperature hydrogen blasted through twin exhaust nozzles at the Aether's rear. Snarling with power even at idle, the shift in propulsion transformed the craft into a metal-skinned beast eager to escape the cage of Telluride's atmosphere.

"Initiating exostrat burn in three . . . two . . . one!" Holly shouted, gradually rolling the throttle forward. The blue glow intensified into a second star, momentarily blinding them before their visors polarized. An invisible hand pinned them into their seats, the edges of the cockpit constricting in their peripheral vision. "Monitor the reactor for me, would you Juni? The Aether ran hot on the last run!"

"I'm hardly a nuke, but I'll do my best!" Juniper shouted, flipping through readouts until a simplified cross-section of the Aether's reactor core appeared on her screen. Intense azure and crimson danced in a chromatic display, showcasing the meeting of fire and ice as liquid hydrogen gushed through the heart of the reactor. "Looking good so far, Hols! Core temperature is holding steady at four-thousand kelvin."

"Perfect!" With a flick of her wrist, Holly shifted the Aether into a near-vertical climb. As the craft passed through the auroral zone, ribbons of turquoise and indigo played across the hull, casting psychedelic shadows into the cockpit. Juniper grinned despite herself, awed by the light show as the horizon curved into a chubby crescent.

"We're coming up on the Kármán line!" Holly announced after a minute or so. The bright blue flame of the engine faded into an ethereal purple as the Aether punched into the

thermosphere. While Callahan Systems Engineering Corporation controlled Telluride, everything past the Kármán line was under the jurisdiction of the Immortal Hierarchy. “Say hello to the stars.”

“Hello stars!” Juniper shouted childishly, muzzle crinkling in delight. While she was no stranger to spaceflight, the thrill of piercing the atmosphere and glancing upon the Big Bang’s twinkling children never ceased to captivate her.

“Speedbird, this is Huntress.” The AI’s avatar—a white wolf—materialized on a dash-mounted holoprojector, fur rendered in exquisite detail as her piercing blue eyes met the otter’s. Ears pinned flat against her skull, Artémis looked uncharacteristically serious. “You are under my control. Please acknowledge.”

“Huntress, this is Speedbird,” Holly replied. “I am under your control. Request orders.”

“The *E.H.S. Tsaphah* has picked up three bandits dropping out of transligh at the edge of the geocorona,” Artémis replied. “*Tsaphah* is requesting assistance. The bandits are closing too quickly to scramble anything planetside.”

“Copy that, Huntress,” Holly acknowledged, glancing over her shoulder at Juniper. A lightly-armed Behistun-class frigate, *Tsaphah* was protected by six point-defense guns and a handful of inexperienced Ahrār marines. The research vessel wasn’t equipped to fend off anything more than a handful of ragtag pirates. “It’s a good thing we’re outfitted for a live-fire test. Request intercept course.”

“Stand by . . .” The AI’s avatar disappeared momentarily, replaced by a rotating star map that zoomed into a trajectory leading towards the distressed frigate. “Bandits are identified and

an intercept course is plotted. Prepare to intercept at burn speed seven. The bandits have already engaged the *Tsaphah*, so time is short.”

Juniper scrunched her muzzle, flicking analog switches to disable the safeties on the Aether’s weapons. Equipped with eight Firouz air-to-air missiles, two Atishbaz light plasma cannons, and a single underbelly-mounted Zihl coilgun, the prototype was loaded for bear.

“Looks like our bandits are Scrim Halcyons . . . not something your average merc collective can afford.”

“It seems that someone with deep pockets wants to put a dent in CSEC’s stock price,” Holly replied with an irritated growl. Designed to carry out intersystem smash-and-grab attacks, the Halcyon was among the smallest vessels equipped with a translight drive. “We don’t have long until they punch through the *Tsaphah*’s shields.”

“This is going to hurt, isn’t it?” Juniper asked, never a fan of high-gee burns.

“Oh, most definitely,” Holly answered, tapping a touchscreen on her carbon-fiber bracer to activate the MediGuard unit beneath as Juniper mirrored her motion. A moment later, a rush of vigor washed over the otter as ZT Elixir—a cocktail of accelerating drugs—was fed straight into her brachial artery. “But that’s half the fun, isn’t it?”

Slamming the Aether’s propulsion system from near-idle to full throttle, the ship jolted, then surged forward. Even with the ZT Elixir thinning her blood and forcing her heart to pump harder, Juniper’s vision started to gray out within seconds. Firm pressure gripped her calves and thighs as her flight suit pressurized to force blood back towards her core. Created were more durable than humans, but even they had physical limits.

“M-mrmph . . .” Juniper lost control of her bladder as the weapons control unit began to blur, bright spots of color merging into a single spot of eye-watering glare. A membrane around her chest expanded to draw air into her lungs, forcing her to breathe despite the sensation of an elephant sitting on her ribs.

“H-ang in there . . .” Holly’s voice seemed distant and muffled around the edges as Juniper barely clung to consciousness. Yellow warning symbols blazed across the display as the Aether shrieked in protest against the stress Holly was placing on the airframe. “A-and . . . b-burn complete.”

In an instant, the pressure eased. Juniper gasped for breath, eyes fluttering open to focus on the weapons control module. Forcing herself upright, she was suddenly thankful that Holly had swapped her panties for something more absorbent. Rivulets of sweat trickled down her temples as her muzzle was suffused by the metallic tang of blood.

“You still with me, Juni?” the stoat managed to squeak out, paws trembling as she adjusted the Aether’s trajectory.

“I could use a diaper change and a stiff drink,” Juniper replied weakly, wiping away a thin trickle of gold-flecked blood from the tip of her muzzle. While she felt as though she were hit by a truck, the Mutagen in her tissues would ensure that any internal injuries would be mended in short order. “But I’m still with you, Hols.”

“Love you, otter-kit.” Holly sighed, shoulders slumping with relief. “Ready two Firouz missiles and prepare to acquire target lock on Bandit Alpha. Ten seconds to engagement range,” the stoat muttered, tracer rounds flashing across their path ahead as the beleaguered *Tsaphah* fought back against the adversaries.

“Love you too, *ku’uipo*.” Juniper’s paws moved with machinelike precision as the training hardwired into her by hundreds of hours of simulator exercises overrode her baser instincts. A pair of red circles blinked into existence on the weapons control module, each centered on the lead Halcyon. “Lock acquired on Bandit Alpha,” she reported, voice still shaky but gaining strength.

“Speedbird, this is Huntress. Target dead ahead. Heading, 32. Mach 2 and slowing,” the AI interjected, voice tinged with a hint of *khun-tashnagi*—righteous bloodthirst. “Ozone, you are cleared to fire. Kill Bandit Alpha.”

“Copy that,” Juniper responded, neck fur standing on end as she gripped the side-stick and curled her index finger around the red-lit trigger. The Halcyons were close now; sleek forms darting and weaving amidst the glow of tracer fire from the *Tsaphah*. “Firing in three . . . two . . . one . . .”

The last word had barely left her muzzle before her trembling finger squeezed the trigger. With a metallic *clunk* that reverberated throughout the cabin, two Firouz missiles detached from underwing hardpoints, leaving trails of gleaming sapphire-like exhaust as they raced into the howling dark.

“*Allah yil’an ibleesik*. Hurry up,” Juniper growled, tension knotting tighter in her stomach with each passing second. The pair of missiles streaked toward their designated target as the otter waited in breathless anticipation, eyes fixed on the weapons control module. Despite the craft banking away from the *Tsaphah*, a moment later, two balls of brilliant blue-white light briefly outshone every other star as the missiles detonated.

“Good work,” Holly praised, exhaling a shaky sigh of relief. “Scratch one. Confirm when you have missile lock on Bandit Beta.”

“Roger that.” Juniper made fine adjustments to the sensor array, hunting the next Halcyon through the screen of debris trailing from the wounded frigate. A hint of a smile curled on her muzzle as two new circles blinked into existence—only for the screen to white-out a moment later. “Damn it! They’re dropping wide-field chaff.”

“Damn it,” Holly echoed with a snarl, brow furrowing with concentration as she roughly tracked Bandit Beta by visual signature alone. “Go multi-spectrum and see if you can get a bead on them through the noise.”

“Working on it.” With a few quick commands, Juniper rerouted their sensor array to hunt for subtle echoes the chaff couldn’t entirely obscure. After a few moments, the sea of white static on the weapons control module began to resolve into a rough outline of Bandit Beta. “Stay as close as you can manage without letting the Halcyon turn us into Swiss cheese. I’ll have to guide this salvo in manually,” the otter grunted with a low-pitched squeak of annoyance.

“You sure about this, Juni?” Holly asked, banking hard to the right and throttling down. The space around them lit up with streaks of tracer fire as the Halcyons drew away from the *Tsaphah* and engaged them in earnest.

“Mrm hrm,” Juniper grunted in response, attention riveted on the erratic blips on the display as she prepared to fire. Just before squeezing the trigger, an audible alarm blared in her ear as one of the Halcyons’ targeting systems successfully locked on. A moment later, a violent impact briefly knocked the otter unconscious as her helmet violently slammed against the headrest.

“—and increasing speed!” Holly shouted, pushing the Aether’s reactor to its limit.

“Ozone, get up! We’re not out of this fight yet!”

“I’m down but not out, Speedbird.” Breathing raggedly, Juniper used the rush of adrenaline to quickly collect herself and return to her lethal task. Her eyes darted back to the weapons control module as she muttered an Ahrār prayer under her breath, finger clasped around the trigger as she waited for the perfect moment. “Almost . . . almost . . .”

“Ozone, we need fire in three . . . two”—Holly’s voice shook as another missile exploded close to their hull, the Aether’s shields flickering erratically as the emitter’s temperature spiked to near-critical levels—“now!”

Holly words weren’t necessary—Juniper had already sent two Firouz missiles racing into the starlit void. Bandit Beta veered sharply to the side before deploying a defensive Tarasov generator. One missile detonated prematurely in the interference field in a dazzling burst of light, while the other barreled straight through as the generator cycled.

“Come on . . . come on,” Juniper murmured, manually adjusting the missile’s trajectory as she observed Bandit Beta through a camera mounted in the nose cone. Like a mongoose engaged in a death-match with a king cobra, the enemy craft twisted and weaved to avoid the fatal strike. “You’re not getting away this time,” the otter snarled.

For her part, Holly skillfully maneuvered the Aether to track Bandit Beta’s weaving path, keeping the enemy craft within visual range despite the evasive maneuvers. While it had been a decade since the stoat had seen combat with the 333rd Star Corps, the years had not dulled her dogfighting skills. “I can’t keep this up forever, Ozone! It’s now or never!”

With a guttural growl, Juniper made a final adjustment to the missile's trajectory and overrode the flight computer to eke out every possible pound of thrust. Just as it seemed Bandit Beta might outrun the missile, a burst of heat bloomed across the display. "We got him!" Juniper cried triumphantly, reflexively punching the air with her paw. "Bandit Beta is down!"

"Bloody hell, that was some great shooting!" Holly cheered, black-tipped tail wagging as the Aether careened away from the fading remnants of the obliterated Halcyon. "Just one more to go. Tweak the sensor array to get me telemetry on Bandit Charlie. I'm flying blind right now."

"Right . . . Bandit Charlie," Juniper muttered, nervously turning back to the targeting control module as the Halcyon lurked like a jackal somewhere in the black abyss. Just before finishing the adjustments, the otter's eyes went wide as the Halcyon—having masked its signature by powering down—suddenly jolted back to life just a hairbreadth away. "Oh sh—"

The Aether's shields flared and overloaded as the enemy craft strafed them with its 20mm kinetic cannon. Warning lights painted the cockpit in a bloody hue as parts of the Aether's titanium hull buckled and deformed. Atmosphere vented from several jagged punctures as Holly disengaged, wrestling with the controls to put as much distance between them and Bandit Charlie as possible.

"I'll take care of the bastard," Juniper growled, fingers throbbing as the temperature inside the cockpit rapidly dropped. While her flight suit warmed the blood in her core, it wasn't designed to handle full EVA. "Trust me on that, Hols."

"Only because we're married," Holly murmured, flicking a switch to activate the craft's self-sealing system. With a muted *pssh*, canisters of foam embedded just beneath the Aether's hull sprayed their contents over the glossy armor. While aesthetically displeasing, the hardened

foam stabilized the temperature in the cockpit as the auxiliary life support systems kicked in. Banking sharply to the left, Holly dumped the emergency coolant into the reactor to avert meltdown as she pushed it well past safe operating parameters. “We’ve got thirty seconds until we’re Chernobyl’d, Juni. Let’s make ‘em count.”

Ignoring the biting cold seeping into her fur and the system failure messages covering half of the weapons control module, Juniper’s eyes locked onto the wavering outline of Bandit Charlie. Slowing her breathing to steady her paws, she armed the four remaining Firouz missiles in their complement.

“Missiles are primed and awaiting target lock,” Juniper reported, voice steady and resolute. “Just get me into that sweet spot, Hols.”

“Almost there!” Holly clenched her paws, strained by the effort of micromanaging the overheating reactor while kinetic cannon rounds pelted the last shreds of the Aether’s shields, each impact reverberating through the failing airframe. “Just a little more,” she gasped, fur bristling with tension as she engaged in a *danse macabre* with the Halcyon.

“Lock!” Juniper shouted, simultaneously hammering the trigger the moment the Halcyon strayed into the Aether’s field of fire. Four Firouz missiles rocketed towards Bandit Charlie, piercing the darkness like falling stars. “Get some!” the otter shouted over the high-pitched *whoop-whoop* indicating that the reactor was moments away from melting down.

The Halcyon heaved violently to the side, but it was too late. At this range, Juniper’s pounding heart managed three beats before impact. An eye-searing fireball sent high-velocity shrapnel radiating outward, overloading the Aether’s weakened shields. Just as Juniper exhaled a

sigh of relief, a sword-like shard of metal punched through the transparent aluminum canopy, stopping just inches from Holly's headfur.

"Glad I decided not to cut costs with a glass canopy," Holly murmured with a shaky laugh. "Initiating a scram on the reactor now—just in time, it seems."

The Aether's thrumming heart gradually trailed off into silence, leaving the pair adrift as the remnants of the Halcyon became one with the cosmos. "What now?" Juniper asked, popping off her helmet once she confirmed all hull breaches had been foam-sealed.

"Now we wait," Holly replied, shoulders slumping with exhaustion. Leaning forward, she flipped a plastic cover open and activated the distress beacon. "It shouldn't take too long for the engineers aboard the *Tsaphah* to patch things up enough to come and tow us in. I'm sure Art  mis will keep us apprised."

"Mrm . . . the view up here sure is nice," Juniper murmured, unbuckling her harness and pushing upward with just enough force to gently glide towards the canopy. The otter lightly caressed the transparent aluminum, daydreaming that with just a little more effort, she could pluck one of the countless stars stretching across the horizon for herself. "Care to join me?"

"Thought you'd never ask," Holly replied. With a muted *click*, she released her own harness and used a grab handle to propel herself toward the otter. Her trajectory was perfectly calculated for her outstretched arms to wrap Juniper in a warm, comforting embrace. "It's been a while since we've shared a quiet moment together."

Juniper responded with a tender squeak, pressing back against Holly's natural pillows. She squinted while gazing at distant lights, seeking out familiar constellations amidst the glow of

Stella Telluride. “There’s . . . Canis Major, I think,” she murmured while gently tracing the cluster of stars. “Over there, near the second moon.”

“Mrm, I see it now.” Holly softly dooked as the otter’s muscular tail curled around her thigh. “Brings back memories of the Academy, doesn’t it?”

Juniper chuckled, turning to rest her muzzle against the creamy fur of Holly’s neck ruffs. “D’you think they ever replaced that old telescope we broke?” Her voice dropped to a whisper as she rubbed her thumb across Holly’s knuckles. “Or the bench we, uh . . . commandeered?”

Holly’s hearty laugh sent a current of warm air across Juniper’s headfur. “If they did, it’s only because they haven’t caught the culprits yet. Fortunately, I don’t think they’re hunting for an innocent little otter-kit like you, huh?”

“Hardly innocent,” Juniper quipped, playfully nuzzling into Holly’s flight suit. By chance, as the otter took a bleary-eyed glance spaceward, the momentary flicker of a star losing its fight against the universe’s whims caught her attention. She quickly pointed upward. “Looks like a shooting star. Make a wish, Hols.”

Holly chuckled, soft breath tickling Juniper’s cheek as she tilted her muzzle toward the infinite cosmos. “Who needs a shooting star when I’ve already got my wish right where I want her?” she replied, playfully nipping at the otter’s outstretched paw.

With a contented sigh, Juniper’s gaze remained fixated on the swirling nebulas and radiant constellations above. Snuggled together, the otter and stoat enjoyed the celestial symphony set to the tune of each other’s heartbeats. “You’re right . . . I can’t imagine being anywhere but *inter astra* with you.”

~ END ~

CODE OF CONDUCT AGREEMENT

UPDATED 1/28/2024

SUMMARY

All attendees are assumed to have read and understood the Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con (herein: TTFC) Code of Conduct and agreed to the terms set forth herein when receiving a badge.

All attendees agree to indemnify and hold harmless TTFC, it's affiliates, associates, vendors, partners, and Board of Directors from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at TTFC.

TTFC reserves the right to deny or revoke attendance at any time for any reason. Upon attendance revocation, that attendee must surrender their convention badge to Staff and leave TTFC convention spaces immediately. Removed attendees will not be entitled to refunds.

TTFC accepts no liability for whatever may occur outside of convention spaces. Incidents that occur in a hotel room are the sole responsibility of the individual to whom the room is rented. This includes payment for any damage, responsibility for complaints levied against the room or area and any other issues that may arise.

Our Code of Conduct is not an exhaustive list of do's and don'ts. Any behavior that interferes with the operations of TTFC or harms its reputation is strictly forbidden. This includes, but is not limited to, its relations and reputation with our community, municipality, venue, or the public. This also includes interfering with or disregarding instructions or guidance from TTFC staff during the performance of their duties.

TTFC reserves the right to amend these rules without notice.

BADGING POLICY

All attendees of TTFC (except minors attending with a parent) will be required to present a single government-issued photo ID at registration which clearly states their full legal name and date of birth.

Examples of valid photo identification include:

- * Photo ID issued by DPS or DMV office
- * A valid (non-expired) Driver's license
- * Military ID
- * Passport

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- * Military ID
- * Passport

Examples of IDs that are NOT valid include (but not limited to):

- * School ID
 - * Employee ID
 - * Any other ID that is either not issued by the government or not a photo ID
- will full legal name and date of birth.

NOTICE: Any person who does not present such photo ID will not be allowed to complete the on-site portion of registration or be granted a convention badge.

TTFC will not accept any refund requests after Pre-Registration has closed.

TTFC does not permit attendance by any individual who appears on any state or federal sex offender registry.

All attendees (in and out of costume) are required to have their con badge clearly visible at all times while in event space and it must be shown upon request to convention staff, security, or hotel staff. Altering convention badges is forbidden.

If your badge becomes unusable or is lost, it may be replaced for a charge. Any attendee entering the adult programming area must present a valid government-issued photo ID in addition to current year proof of badge.

MINOR ATTENDANCE POLICY

Attendees who will be 16 or 17 on or before the first day of the convention, may attend TTFC without a parent or guardian, provided that the parent(s) or guardian completes the Parental Consent form. This document must be signed by the minor's parent(s) or legal guardian, notarized by a public notary or witnessed TTFC Staff Member, and turned into the Registration team on-site upon arrival to the event.

Attendees 15 years old or younger upon receiving their badge must register and be accompanied by their parent or legal guardian at all times in all convention space.

Parent(s) or guardian(s) who are attending with a minor will be required to sign up for an attendee badge. Parent(s) or guardian(s) will be held responsible for damage and/or issues caused by their minors.

Children 15 and under may attend at no charge with at least one paid adult registration but must be supervised and attended at all times by a parent or guardian.

HARASSMENT, ALCOHOL AND WEAPONS

TTFC has a strict No Harassment policy (physical, verbal and/or sexual). Harassment or discrimination is not tolerated; this includes but is not limited to the spreading, supporting, and/or sympathizing with discrimination based on race, color, national origin or ancestry, creed or religion, sex, or gender identity, sexual orientation, marital status, disability, or age.

All parties at which alcohol is served or consumed must verify that every person consuming alcohol at the party is 21 years of age or older by checking government-issued photo IDs. Any party found serving alcohol to or allowing consumption of alcohol by anyone under the age of 21 will be shut down immediately. No usage, sale or possession of illegal or non-prescribed controlled substances will be tolerated.

No weapons are permitted at TTFC. Fake or peace-bonded props for use as a part of a costume must be approved by TTFC Security before being shown in public. Additional prohibited items include, but are not limited to, silly string, paintball guns, water guns or any similar devices.

DRESS CODE

Any attire worn in the hotel must maintain a PG rating up until 9:00pm. Between the hours of 9:00 pm and 4:00 am, attire must maintain a PG-13 rating.

Helpful Hints:

Attendees must wear appropriate attire up to and including opaque shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear.

Appropriate undergarments must be worn under bodysuits e.g. dance belts

The following are not permitted at TTFC:

Any attire that is genuine or gives the appearance of being non-fictional military or law enforcement attire with the exception of currently serving military or law enforcement personnel who may wear their duty uniforms.

Any attire which allows for the features of a person's genitalia to be viewed

Armbands

Symbols perceived as hate symbols as determined by our staff.

Leashes

The following is permitted only between the hours of 9:00 pm and 4:00 am:

Latex/PVC/Neoprene form fitting bodysuits

BEHAVIOR IN PUBLIC AREAS

Any attendees engaging in behavior which endangers life or property will have their badge revoked immediately and may be barred from future events organized by TTFC.

The following behaviors are prohibited in any public area:

Excessively loud volumes or use of portable speakers
Disrespect of hotel staff or damage to hotel property
Sleeping
Consumption of alcoholic beverages anywhere other than hotel approved areas
Display of any adult-themed subject matter
Running, Skateboarding or use of Hoverboards or Wheeled Footwear
Operating drones or radio-controlled flying devices
Throwing Objects
Selling goods or services outside of the commerce areas specifically designated by TTFC
The Marriott Southern Hills expressly prohibits any posting of signs, fliers, notices, etc. on all walls, doors, and in elevators. Do not deface or mark on the hotel's surfaces. Fursuits are not allowed in the Hotel Restaurant or Bar. No rule in this code of conduct is meant to supersede any rule set by the hotel.

All interior areas of the hotel are non-smoking. This includes vaping. The hotel has designated outside areas where smoking and vaping are permitted.

MEDIA POLICY

Commercial photography and video coverage is not allowed in convention areas of the hotel. Those wishing to conduct commercial photography or video must receive approval, prior to entry to the convention. Attendees purchasing a badge agree not to act as media agents, while attending the event. Any attendees taking video or photography of individuals must ask permission.

Members of the Press and Media should contact us through the contact methods provided on our website for any questions.

During the event, TTFC staff photographers and videographers will be capturing footage and photos. By attending a TTFC event, you agree that TTFC may use your image or likeness for the purpose of marketing our events with no expectation of compensation.

Individuals are not permitted to contact the news media, perform interviews, or act as representatives of the convention. Only authorized personnel designated by the convention may contact news media and / or conduct interviews and /or act as representatives.

SEEKING HELP AND REDRESS

TTFC seeks to make its staff available to its attendees. All members of Staff, while on duty, will be wearing identifying clothing or badges to indicate their status. If you have a problem, please alert Staff to the issue. Staff can't help, if they don't know there is a problem.

TTFC staff will make every attempt to be fair, lenient and understanding in the case of infractions. If you feel that you have been treated unfairly by Staff or Security, please go to Con Ops and ask for assistance.

HEALTH AND SAFETY

This Policy Applies to all staff, attendees, and vendors

Exposure to any illnesses is a possibility while attending any event, and by attending, you agree that TTFC cannot be held liable for any exposure.

TTFC would like to remind everyone to do their part in helping to limit the spread of any virus or disease. The things you can do to help are:

Getting one of the COVID-19 vaccines.

Not attending the convention if you feel sick.

If you start to feel sick while at the convention, wear a mask, and social distance (stay in your room).

Wash your hands frequently.

**LETS ALL DO OUR PART TO MAKE TAILS
AND TORNADOES A SAFE AND ENJOYABLE
GALAXY FOR EVERYONE!**

