

TAILS AND TORNADOES FUR CON



SEPTEMBER 5-7
2025

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BY THOMAS "FAUX" STEELE

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A LETTER FROM OUR CHAIRMAN...



Double, double, toil and trouble... something furry this way comes!

Welcome, my creepy critters and howling hounds, to another thrilling year of Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con! I'm howling with excitement to invite you into our haunted halls for TTFC 2025: *Ghouls, Ghosts, & Growls*.

Whether you're a seasoned spirit or a first-time phantom, this year's convention promises chills, thrills, and more fur than a werewolf-infested village beneath a full moon. Our cauldron is bubbling over with mischief and mayhem—and I wouldn't have it any other way!

We've had a few exciting changes this year. After years of howling at the Marriott, we've made the leap to our new lair: the Renaissance Tulsa Hotel & Convention Center. While we're still right here in Tulsa, this year's con is taking place one week after our traditional Labor Day weekend due to a prior booking. Fear not—we've signed a three-year pact with the Renaissance, and **starting in 2026, we'll be back to our usual Labor Day haunt.**

Our ghostly gathering is honored to feature two frightfully fabulous Guests of Honor:

- **Frouzon:** A digital artist and fursuit maker known for their eye-catching designs. This year, they've conjured up the art for our shirts, badges, and posters—and even created a limited-edition Halloween-themed fursuit that will be up for sale as part of our charity auction!
- **Astra:** A content creator whose interviews with con staff and fursuiters have helped spotlight the magic of furry conventions everywhere. If you see Astra stalking the halls with a camera, be sure to give a wave worthy of Casper the Friendly Ghost!

As always, TTFC isn't just about fun—it's about community. We're proud to once again support the **Animal Rescue Foundation (ARF)** in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. This entirely volunteer-run group provides shelter, medical care, spay/neuter clinics, and adoption services to animals in need. Drop by their booth in the Dealers' Den—you might even score some puppy kisses in exchange for a donation!

Speaking of giving, this year we're letting you help conjure the future. Your charity donations will double as votes for our 2026 theme! The options are:

- **Furassic Park**
- **Life is a Highway** (celebrating the centennial of Route 66)
- **Slumber Party**
- **Myths and Legends**

Please toss some coins into the cauldron and help shape what TTFC brews up next!

As you wander the haunted halls of our con, don't forget to visit the Dealers' Den and Artists' Alley—perfect places to pick up trinkets, treasures, and talismans. Our programming witches have stirred up a wicked good schedule of panels, meetups, and performances. And of course, no TTFC would be complete without some Monster Mash dance parties in the moonlight.

None of this would be possible without our incredible staff and volunteers, who work tirelessly behind the scenes. If you see someone wearing an orange ribbon or lanyard, they're one of our *fur-ightful* minions—give them a big thank-you (or a ghostly high five) for making the magic happen.

Thank you—attendees, volunteers, staff, and hotel employees all—for helping TTFC rise from the crypt once again. Here's to a weekend full of laughter, dancing, and delightfully devilish events.

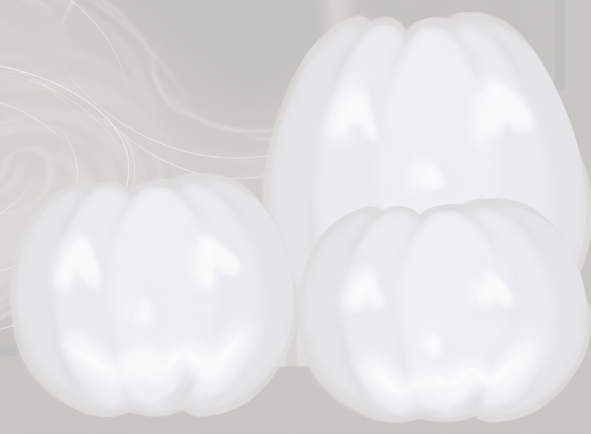
Stay safe, have fun, and remember: if you hear something go bump in the night...it's probably just a fursuiter who tripped down the stairs.

Maneamus nocturni,

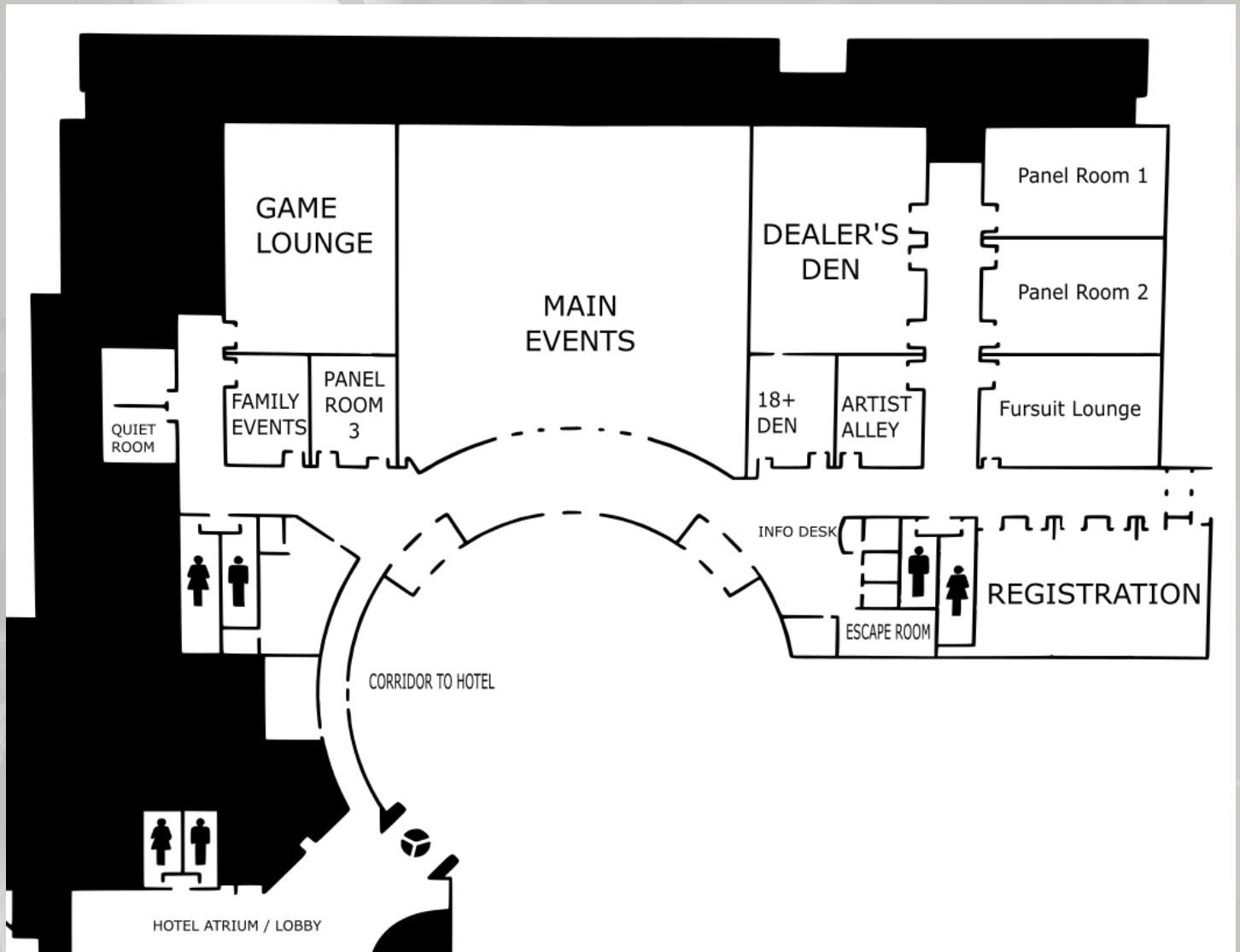
Matthew

Matthew

Chairman Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con



VENUE MAP



Art by Pyro Ashes

PyroAshes

HOURS OF OPERATION

FRIDAY

Registration: 10:00 am - 9:00 pm

Dealers's Den: 12:00 pm - 6:00 pm

Artist Alley: 12:00 pm - 8:00 pm

SATURDAY

Registration: 10:00 am - 9:00 pm

Dealers's Den: 10:00 am - 6:00 pm

Artist Alley: 10:00 am - 6:00 pm

SUNDAY

Registration: 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

Dealers's Den: 10:00 am - 5:00 pm

Artist Alley: 10:00 am - 5:00 pm



Art by Lathien Night Wolf

TTFC WELCOMES... FROUZON



GUEST OF HONOR

Em, commonly known by his online alias Frouzon, is a 25 y/o trans furry artist that has been active in the fandom since the early 2010's creating fursuits and digital art! With a total of 15 years of suit-making experience, he decided to open Thread's Workshop in 2019 to unify his fursuit creations!

While his black cat fursona shares his human name, he is also known by his character suit Jin Jade the Tiger-Red Panda. If you see either on the con floor be sure to say "Hi!", both funny animals carry good-ies and are down to take photos, play games, or share a hug!

The passion behind his fursuit creations comes from a lifelong interest in biology, puppetry, animatronics, and animation, which captured his heart and mind from an early age. Pulling from all matter of interests to elevate his suit work, Em strives to create fursuits that highlight the unique allure of any animal- big, small, or even fantastical! His attention to minute detail breathe life into his creations and he enjoys making strange and uncommon animals into suits the most!

When he's not making suits, he's dedicating his off hours to learning about new sewing or building techniques to elevate his fursuits or exploring related works, like sewing plushies or fursuit accessories. Em enjoys other hobbies too, such as mushrooms hunting and foraging, video games, fashion, learning new languages, and collecting vintage toys! Feel free to chat him up about any manner of things!

Straight from the cat's mouth.

"I owe a lot to the furry fandom- my entire line of work!

This community has openly embraced me since I found it and I continue to be humbled by the generosity and love the people within it display. I was able to explore myself through it and find comfort, and now help others to do the same by building fursuits! Nothing brings me more joy than seeing the smiling face of a client whose character I helped bring to life."



Source - @frouzon (x)

AND... ASTRA



GUEST OF HONOR

Astra is a half-housecat, half-snow leopard furry content creator best known for quick, witty, and heart-warming interviews with fellow furries at conventions across the country. Since being dragged to his very first con at Megaplex 2022, Astra has fallen head-over-paws for the furry community and become a vibrant, recognizable face in it. Known for their warm hugs, infectious laughter, and genuine conversations, Astra's mission is simple. Share laughs and smiles with people from across the world through his content, and show a side of the fandom that many don't get the opportunity to see when not at conventions.

When not behind the camera or bounding through a con space, Astra works in cybersecurity, moonlights as a private bartender, and chases thrills through traveling, roller coasters, and new culinary adventures. Their content blends laughs, approachability, and plenty of hugs, earning them hundreds of thousands of followers and millions of impressions across platforms. Whether it's interviewing a fur-suiter about their latest creation, highlighting the artistry in the fandom, or simply making someone smile, Astra brings an energy that is both welcoming and unforgettable.

Beyond their growing online presence, Astra is dedicated to supporting and uplifting the community, partnering with brands, collaborating with artists, and organizing creative events that bring people together. For Astra, the furry fandom isn't just a hobby, it's a family, that has changed his life, and every new face is a story waiting to be shared. TTFC will be his 16th furry convention and first time in Oklahoma, and he is ecstatic to meet so many fluffy friends <3



Photography by AndromedusWolf
Source - Fartrack

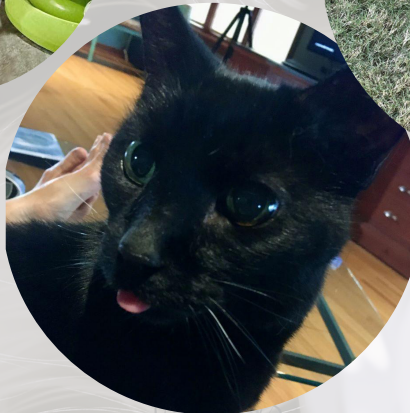
TTFCC PROUDLY SUPPORTS

ANIMAL RESCUE FOUNDATION



Our Mission

For more than 35 years, ARF has been helping homeless pets of the Tulsa area find loving homes. We do this by rescuing homeless animals out of area shelters that were possibly in line for euthanasia, placing them in foster homes, providing their comprehensive veterinary care, and finding suitable adoptive homes.

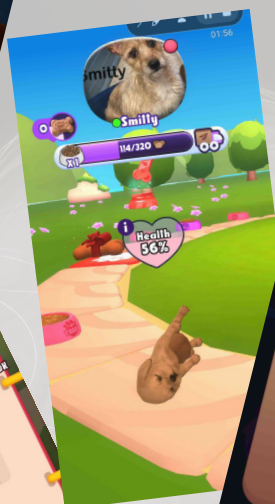
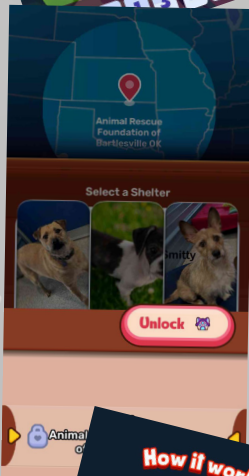


ARF + TREAT

You got games on your phone?

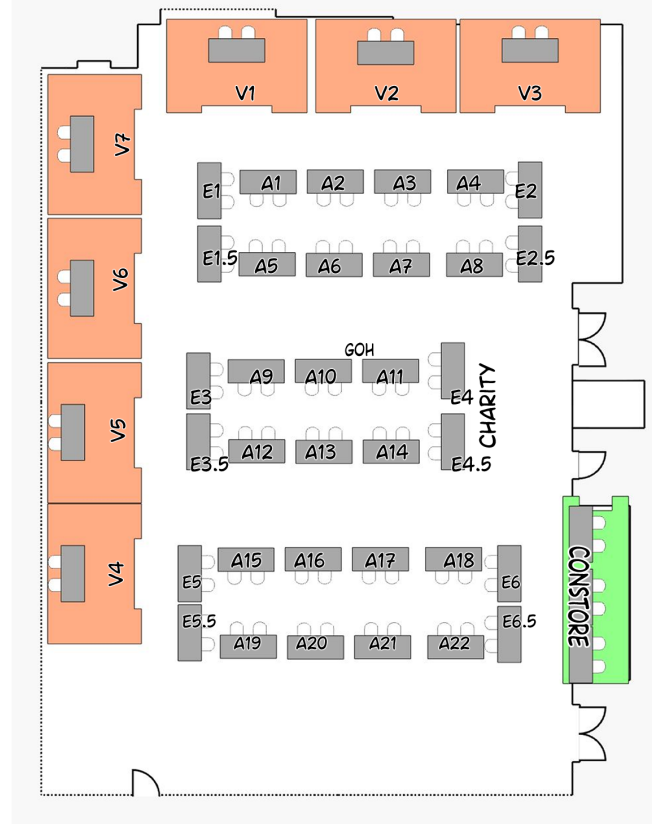
If you don't, why not? We all like to play games in our downtime! And now you can play for a good cause!

ARF is now teamed up with the game app called Treat! Where you can pick a dog at the rescue to play for, earn treats and food which are shipped to ARF for the dogs! Scan the QR code below and select ARF Bartlesville to start playing and helping out our friends!

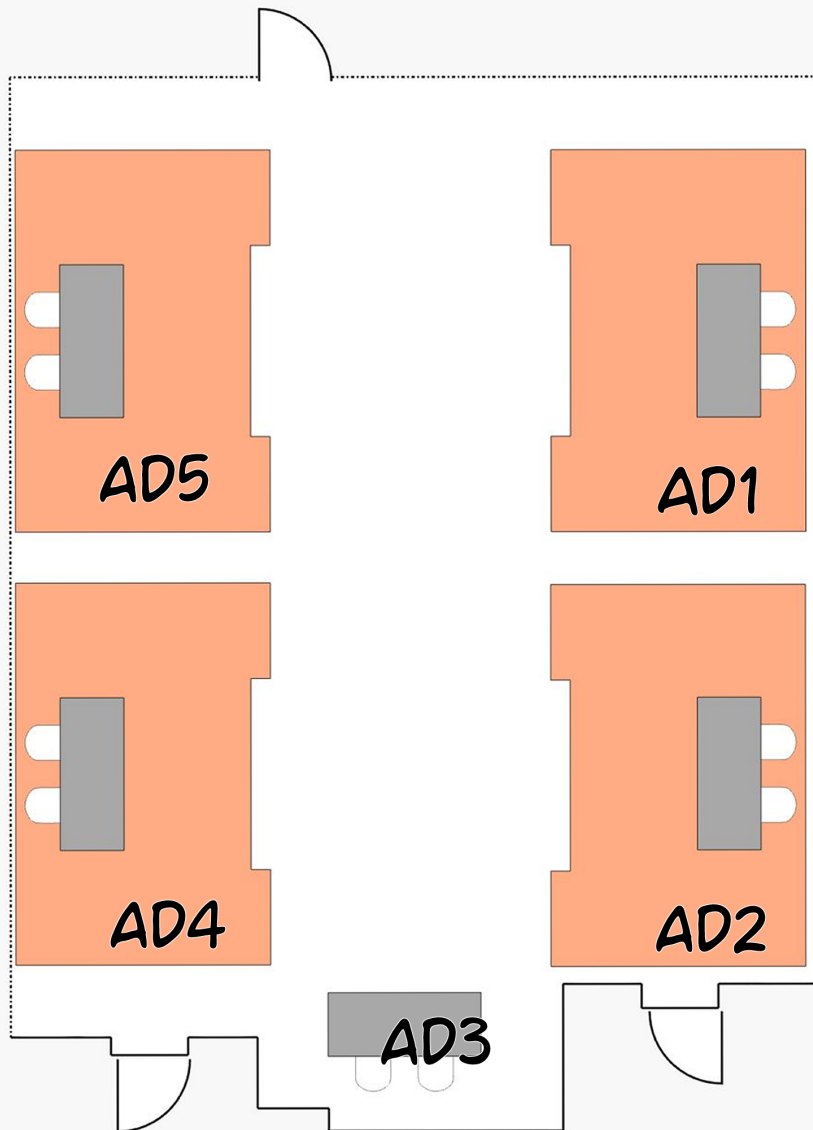




- A15 ANTHROAESTHETIC
- A12 ART OF MICHELE LIGHT
- A18 THEARTSYEMPORIUM
- A13/14 BISON WARES
- A9 CAMPHOROUS
- A7 CAROUSEL CUSTOMS
- A4 CITRINE
- A16 COMTER FABRICATIONS
- A21 CRITTER COVE
- A5 CYNTHIA CONNER ILLUSTRATIONS
- A17 DANNY'S ART DEN
- E5/5.5 FENRIS PUBLISHING LLC
- V1 LITTLE WOLF LUTHIERY
- V7 OUT MASS HYSTERIA
- V5 PINKU'S CRAFTY COTTAGE
- A22 PIXIEFUZZCREATIONS
- A1 PONYBOT DESIGNS
- A1 PRETTYPAWPRINT
- V6 RATTY CREATIONS
- A6 RINNE KANZAKI
- E1/1.5 SIEFER STITCHES
- A8 SOIC
- E6/6.5 SOUR CITRUS SUITS
- A3 SPACEY PAWS
- A20 STARRY STITCH AND NEONDOPPEL
- A19 WEATHERDOG WORKSHOP
- E3/3.5 YIPPYAPP
- E2/2.4 ZERO REMNANTS



SPECIAL GUESTS
FROUZON A10/11
A.R.F. E4/4.5
CITRINE A4



AD1
BLUE WOLF COLLECTIVE

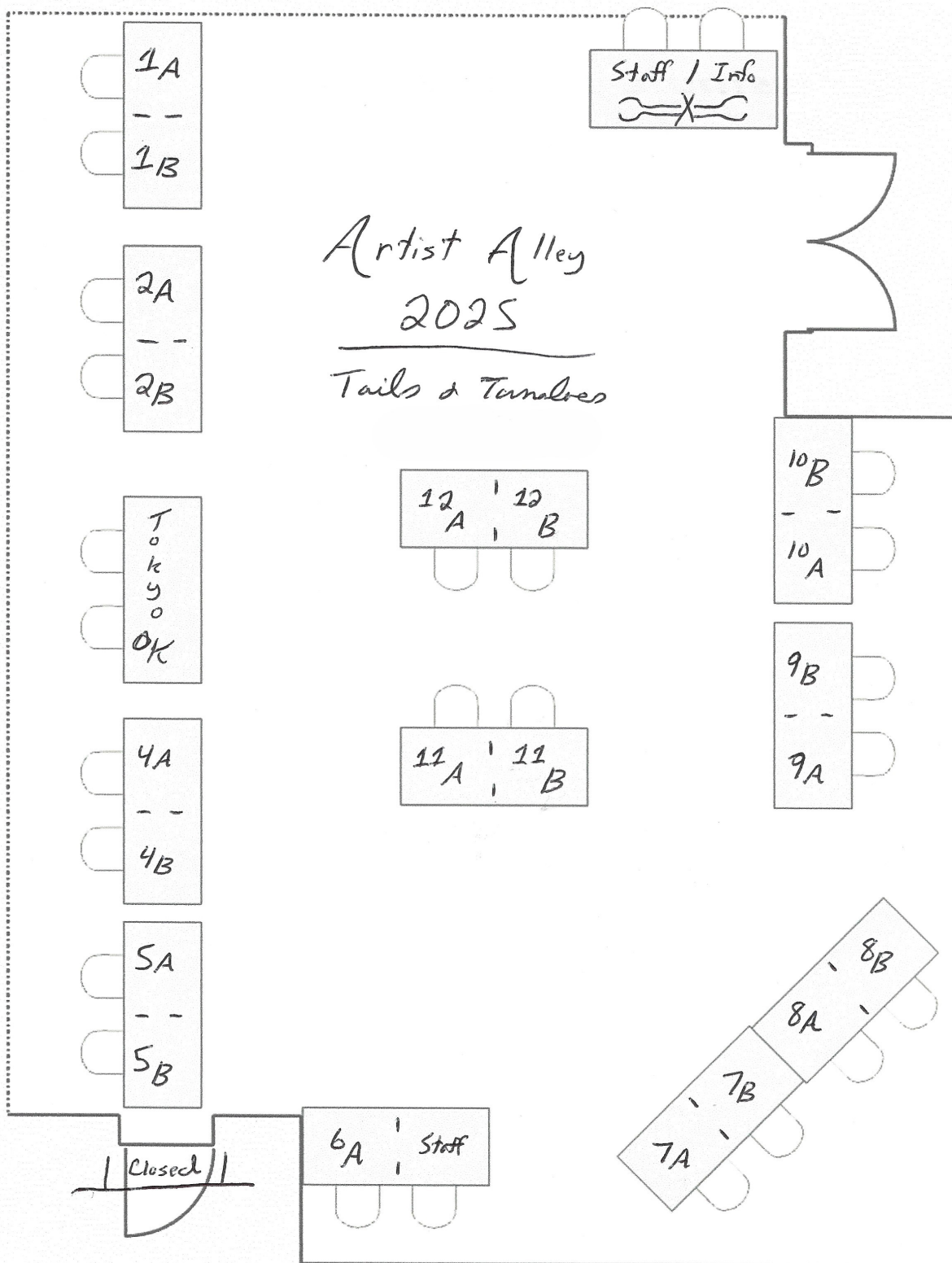
AD2
SANGUIS DIVINI ART

AD3
VISIONARY SERPENT

AD4
NINE-VOLT PRODUCTIONS

AD5
REGALLY WILD

ARTIST ALLEY - MAP



ARTIST ALLEY - VENDORS

1A - Ghoulcat

1B - Crosschopper

2B - Turtle House Comix

3 - Tokyo, OK

4A - Inkwolf

4B - ghostboistudios

5A - Ransom Artist

5B - CosmicHeartAttacks (spelling intentional)

6A - Cypher

(6B is a staff post)

7A - Ditt Wolf Productions

7B - Wizard Fists Art

8A - Rotfang

8B - Supgkun

9A - Bluedrake Books

9B - Makotoa Arts

10A - Tulsa Monster Makers

10B - Nana Marchae

11A - flurps

11B - Presentable Microwave

12A - Luthien Nightwolf

12B - Purple Pardus and Nabbybuns

SPOOKTACULAR EVENTS

WE'RE JUST "DYING" FOR YOU TO ATTEND
FRIDAY

11:00 AM - OPENING CEREMONIES

Join us in main events as we open TTFC 2025! Come Learn important information that will be useful during your attendance at the convention.

12:30 PM - EWWW DON'T CALL ME A POPUFUR - CONTENT CREATION 101

GoH Astra teaches his best tips and tricks on how to grow and maintain an online audience, plus awesome guidance on filming short form content!

2:00 PM - THE HAUNTED HOWL - ART CIRCLE

Artists have one minute to state a spooky drawing before passing it around the table for others to add their own haunted twists. It's a fast-paced, collaborative art game full of fun, surprises, and Halloween creativity, perfect for all skill levels, this event is only for those under the age of 18 and their accompanying adults.

3:00 PM - LEARN TO DRAW: THUNDERBISCUIT & DOPPLAR

Learn to draw mascots Dopplar and ThunderBiscuit with our staff artists in a fun, beginner-friendly workshop. Panelists will guide participants through the steps, share drawing tips, and reveal creative insights behind the characters.

4:30 PM - TTFC'S PRIMER FAMILY EVENTS ART COMPETITION

Calling all young creatives! In this special art contest, kids and teens will put their own spin on our mascots, Doppler and ThunderBiscuit. Whether it's crayons, markers, or colored pencils, we want to see how you bring these characters to life. Entries will be judged by age group, with prizes. This event is only for those under the age of 18 and their accompanying adults.

6:00 PM - GOH MEET-N-GREET

Meet our guests of honor, Frouzon and Astra!

6:00 PM - KARAOKE

Come sing your favorite song on our main stage or watch your friends!

9:00 PM - 1:00 AM - DANCES

Friday Lineup: Dō Koori, Dō 2FVC3, Dō C0rSG, Dō Shep, Dō Daðackal

FULL



SCHEDULE

SATURDAY

10:30 AM - DO YOUR LITTLE DANCEY DANCE

This is a panel for those under the age of 18 to learn and ask questions on how to improve dance comp skills and learn from experienced dancers/judges on how to stand out.

12:00 PM - FURSUIT PARADE PHOTO

Join us in main events with your fursuits! We are going to take a big group picture, then we will do a parade around the hotel!

FURSUIT ONLY during the photo!

We will be counting all the suiters for Closing Ceremonies results later!

2:00 PM - MY KIDS A FURRY, NOT WHAT?

This is a friendly panel for parents and guardians new to furry conventions. It covers what to expect, explains key aspects of the community, and offers a chance to ask questions and meet other supportive adults - all in a welcoming, informative space.

3:00 PM - THE HAUNTED HOWL - ART CIRCLE

Artists have one minute to start a spooky drawing before passing it around the table for others to add their own haunted twists. It's a fast-paced, collaborative art game full of fun, surprises, and Halloween creativity, perfect for all skill levels. This event is only for those under the age of 18 and their accompanying adults.

3:00 PM - DANCE COMP

Come watch your fellow furs dance their tails off for our signature dance competition! Full of energy and a big dance floor!

3:30 PM - BUILD-A-TAIL! (ALL ATTENDEES)

Join our Guest of Honor, Frouzon, in building your own 'nub' fursuit tail! Whether you're a deer, bobcat, rabbit, or bear, everyone is welcome!!

Learn basic sewing techniques and construct your own fursuit tail from the ground up! All materials will be provided in limited quantity kits (one per person), and you'll get to take home what you make!

Please be aware that this panel includes the use of sharp objects such as sewing needles and scissors. Adult supervision for minors is required.

SATURDAY (CONTINUED...)

4:30 PM - BUILD-A-TAIL (FAMILY FRIENDLY KIDS)

Join our Guest of Honor, Frouzon, in building your own 'nub' fursuit tail! Whether you're a deer, bobcat, rabbit, or bear, everyone is welcome!!

Learn basic sewing techniques and construct your own fursuit tail from the ground up! All materials will be provided in limited quantity kits (one per child), and you'll get to take home what you make!

Please be aware that this panel includes the use of sharp objects such as sewing needles and scissors. Adult supervision for minors is required.

5:30 PM - GOH DINNER

The Guest of Honor banquet, featuring our Guests of Honor and executive staff! Advanced ticket required, seating limited!!

9:00 PM - 1:00 AM - DANCES

Saturday Lineup - DJ BarkShark, DJ DabbyWubby, DJ Pibb, DJ Kimchi, DJ Plexus



SUNDAY

13:30 AM - DRAW TOGETHER: FURRY BADGES!

Join our Guest of Honor, Frouzon, in creating your own Furry Badge!

A 'badge' in the furry fandom is a piece of artwork that helps others identify you! It's often of one's 'fursona', and can usually be seen on lanyards!

Come draw, color, and laminate your own badge to wear around the con! Templates will be provided for those who'd like one, but you can also follow along with Frouzon to make a badge in your own unique style! All materials needed for this panel will be provided by the host!

12:00 PM - CITRINE IN CONCERT

Come join Citrine the fandom's own blind singing husky for an hour of music and entertainment.

2:00 PM - THE HAUNTED HOWL - ART CIRCLE

Artists have one minute to start a spooky drawing before passing it around the table for others to add their own haunted twists. It's a fast-paced, collaborative art game full of fun, surprises, and Halloween creativity, perfect for all skill levels. This event is only for those under the age of 18 and their accompanying adults.

3:00 PM - CHARITY AUCTION

Charity Auction

5:00 PM - CLOSING CEREMONIES!

Closing Ceremonies! Let's talk numbers, sell off some remaining auction items, and announce our 2026 theme!!!



Art by Kwik

GRIM GRINNING STAFF

ADMINISTRATION TEAM



Con Chair - Mattew
Executive Assistant - Sparki

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President - Koori
Vice President - Aloha
Secretary - Rae
Treasurer - Moonfur

Member at Large - Danny
Member at Large - Mattew
Member at Large - Dvolki
Member at Large - Shayrin

Member at Large - Doggyspeak
Member at Large - Kwanza
Member at Large - Jd

OPERATIONS AREA MANAGER - ALOHA

IT - LEAD: DVOLKII

Logixkitten

WEBSITE - LEAD: KWANZA

Koori

Logixkitten

CON OPS - LEAD: ALOHA

SECOND: DOGGYSPEAK

Arty

Samaki

Gokies

Ceru

Neptune

Madison

Zushi

Moonfur

SECURITY - LEAD: STORM

LEAD: JJ COLLIE

Seven
Tyler
Mild
Sebastian
Jared
Tetra
Rose Knight/Xen
Pup Rynn

Checkers/Gummi
Thorn/Luna
Kahnner
Terrence
Boom Box
Mystery the Owl
Derek
Kaioat

INFO DESK - LEAD: DOGGYSPEAK

Sparki

REGISTRATION - LEAD: DVOLKII

SECOND: RYLIE SHIBA

Corvus Swiftwing
CodyAkita
Horrible Bear
Logixkitten
Melody

Jax
Reese
Omnikitty
Speedy
BrianPuppy

STAFF LOUNGE - LEAD: LINEMONKEY

Darstarmom

Slurpee

Jasper

VOLUNTEERS - LEAD: RED

Puppyfang

Strato

Aaron



Art by Kivik

EVENTS

AREA MANAGER - KOORI

AV - LEAD: SHASTA

Koori

Kio

Krillik

Eyder

Broken Skies

Devon Shepard

Felix Kain

Lost Disk

Dj Electux/Voticy the Folf

Some Oddball

Rim

Aquos

Alex Kitsune

SCHEDULING - LEAD: KOORI

Devon Shepard

Rogue

Leopard LynxLeivy

POCKET SCHEDULE

Phantom

PROGRAMMING - LEAD: KOORI

ADULT PROGRAMMING - LEAD: KOORI

Puppyfang

FURSUIT - SHAYRIN

FURSIUT LOUNGE - LEAD: SILVER

Squirrelly

FURSIUT ACTIVITIES

Shayrin

ARTIST ALLEY - LEAD: ATSUKI

Amber

Joel

GAMING AREA - LEAD: CYRUS

Spades

ReggieKrueger

Neon Dino

DANCE COMP - LEAD: ROGUE

Loy
Devon

FAMILY EVENTS - LEAD: RAE

Xero
Zenny
Tanner/Star



**EXECUTIVE
AREA MANAGER - MATTEW**

CHARITY - LEAD: JUNE

Matthew
Koori
ThunderBart

ACCOUNTING - LEAD: MOONFUR

Matthew
Sage
Koori
Sparki
Bear

HR - LEAD: JJ

Matthew

Momma Shark

DarkWolf

Ryder

HOTEL LIASON

Matthew

GOH

Matthew

Kwanza

GUEST RELATIONS

Attor Dragonis

ACCESSIBILITY - LEAD: SERENITY

Glendale

David

MARKETING

AREA MANAGER - SHAYRIN

SOCIAL MEDIA - LEAD: KOORI

Phantom

Darkwolf

ARTISTS - LEAD: DANNY

Phantom
Hackermutt
Neondopple
Koda
Luthien

Cypher/Ethanwhispers
ZennyRen
Xander/Chot/CyberDayDream
Giga Clown/Jumbo
Pyro Ashes/Zimmer

PHOTOGRAPHY - LEAD: ACE

Zamford
Kite
Jules
Sherry
Cap
Kavori/Werefox

CONSTORE - LEAD: SHAYRIN

Cheyene
Venport
Leon
Strato
Cornelius

DEALERS' DEN

ASSISTANT: WILL WILL

Ratchet
Xander/FireWolf
Ichigo
Neph

AstroOtter
Danny
Ravin
Scrubs

THEMEING - LEAD: KWANZA

Shayrin
Leon
Stacy
Red
Xero

Sparki
Horrible Bear
Slade
Pyro Ashes/Priness

CON BOOK

Phantom
Pyro Ashes/Zimmer

AUCTION

Shayrin

Tears of the Created

by Thomas “Faux” Steele

An Immortal Galaxy Story

Saffron adjusted the embroidered hem of her cashmere cloak as evening mist drifted around gnarled trunks like smoke from a dying pyre. Rich volcanic soil squelched beneath her hooves, damp with dew and flecked with the ghostly shimmer of noctilucent spores. Above, low-hanging branches cradled clusters of translucent orbs that refracted ribbons of amethyst, rose-gold, and glacier blue across her silver-sheathed *mardāzi* antlers.

The doe’s ears twitched at the faint rustle of leaves, each sound sharpened by the uncanny stillness of All Hallows’ Eve. Beneath her cloak, a cloth diaper was pinned around her hips, the thick layers further insulating her from the chill. Though she had once detested the indignities that came with being *abguzār*, she now found the reassuring bulk a small comfort amidst the leering shadows.

“You really didn’t have to come all the way out here,” Esme said, her voice a velvet purr. Draped in a verdant emerald cape, the jaguaress exhaled a stream of silver haze as the tip of her cigarette glowed like the eyes of a jack-o’-lantern. Behind her, Golmārūn’s twin moons wound around one another like pale serpents, their entwined glow casting her coal-dark fur in a ghostly pallor. “This harborage-orchard isn’t quite as docile as it might appear to the unwary.”

“And let you have all the fun?” Saffron smirked, deftly stepping over a root that jutted from the moss like a skeletal finger. “*Puh-lease*. I trained with the *Ahrār*. The only orchard that frightens me is one bereft of fruit.”

An ominous wind howled through the patchy canopy above the dyad. For a breathless moment, the uncountable bunches of fruit quivered in unison. Finally, a single orb dropped with a muffled thud, bounced once, and settled in the moss like a gleaming jewel in a prospector's water pan.

"So, what are these, exactly?" Saffron asked, her paw brushing absently at the fold of her cloak. "I can tell we're not dealing with apples here."

Esme couched beside the fallen fruit. "Tears of the Created," she murmured, reverently cupping the orb in her paw. "A rare species first cultivated by the earliest synthetics—before we thought to name ourselves Created. Beautiful, aren't they?"

Saffron knelt beside her, the moss cool against her knees and damp enough to darken the hem of her cloak. The padding at her hips pressed her thighs slightly apart, though she was grateful for the impermeable outer cover as she shifted back onto her seat. "But some survived, obviously."

"A few," Esme murmured. "Harborage-orchards like this one protected them during the Safāyeh." The jaguaress lifted the fruit to her muzzle, nostrils flaring as she took a long whiff. "The humans had no idea what they were destroying. Only those blessed with the blood of the jaguar can truly savor them."

The wind stilled, though the trees remained restless. Another fruit dropped—softer, slower—rolling until it came to rest against Saffron's hoof like a mother nudging her drowsy cub. Her paw quivered as she reluctantly picked it up, the Tear's warmth instantly radiating through her fur like she held a flameless ration heater.

She closed her eyes, and the visions came. Citadels of chrome and neon rose as distant beacons, monuments to the Created's first flowering before the Safāyeh ground them to ruin. Worlds choked beneath veils of dust as mass drivers scoured their surfaces clean from orbit. A crystalline forest shimmered, its glassy trees bowing toward the Second Hierarch while a vast ring-shipyards loomed in the atmosphere above.

She drew a deep breath. Vivid scents washed across her heightened senses: damp soil, autumn rot, and the sweet, exotic tang of the Tear. A shiver coursed down her spine, rippling outward until her teeth chattered in her muzzle.

"Are you certain you wish to try it?" Esme asked, unsheathing her *shamshir*. The plasma edge of Golzār flared to life with an analog crackle, radiating violet light that seared through the surrounding mist.

Saffron arched a brow. "Why the theatrics?"

Esme gave no reply—at least, not in words. The jaguaress's gaze alone carried the warning, while the glow of the plasma cast shadows that writhed across the doe's antlers like restless spirits. At last, her voice broke the hush, low and deliberate: "Tears are reactive to the Mutagen in your flesh and blood. Within the Estate you would be safe enough, but to consume a Tear within the harborage-orchard could summon...*ifrit*."

Saffron's eyes widened. "Wait—those are real?"

A wry smile curved across Esme's lips. "As real as the moss beneath your hooves—and not confined only to Jahannam." She angled Golzār's blade, the plasma glow sharpening her features. "The Second Hierarch shaped *ifrit* in the likeness of Qur'anic demons as failsafe to keep the Tears from falling into unworthy hands."

Saffron recoiled, nostrils flaring. The jaguaress's smoky musk tangled with the sweet reek of the fallen fruit, cloying in her throat like a feral grip. A bead of sweat slid down her spine, burning hot against the visceral chill that suddenly pierced through her cloak. "Can we just take the Tear and leave, then?" she asked.

Esme's smile did not soften. She let Golzār's blade hum low, its violet glow completely absorbed by her dense coat. "If it were so simple, little fawn, the Created would have stripped these groves bare long ago. Only within a harborage-orchard do the Tears quicken with the power to sate the hunger of an Athar Shahmiri. Away from this place, they are no more than orbs of sugar-glass—sweet on the tongue, but hollow."

"Damn it." The doe's pulse quickened as the grove seemed to close in around them. "If *ifrit* are going to come after me," she said, forcing her voice to steady, "then I'll need something to defend myself with." Her paw instinctively brushed at her cloak, but she carried nothing sharper than her own resolve.

Esme drew an FME Acrux from the holster at her thigh, flipping it neatly to offer Saffron the grip. The handgun's matte surface drank the moonlight, glyphs along the barrel glimmering faintly as if stirred by her touch. Saffron reached out, paw trembling, and felt the weapon mold itself to her fingers, the grip settling into place as though it had been waiting for her all along.

"It's old," Esme said, almost offhand. "A relic of the Shikast-e Marzān. We weren't sure we'd survive that war—yet here it is, and here we are. Are you ready?"

Saffron's paw tightened around the pistol as her gaze dropped to the Tear pulsing in her other paw like a heartbeat. "Ready?" she echoed, her voice thin but defiant. Years of drills and

sparring during her formative years at the Echelon whispered through her muscles, reminding her how to steady her stance, how to breathe before the strike. “Ready as I’ll ever be, I suppose.”

She lifted the Tear to her muzzle, breath hitching as the scent cloyed in her throat. Then, before doubt could root itself, she sank her teeth into the skin and let the molten sweetness envelop her tongue.

Heat surged through her chest, racing along her veins until every nerve shimmered with light. In the span of a single blink, she found herself beneath a sky of fractured glass. Wide-eyed, she watched as constellations shifted into the gaze of a being born not of the familiar cosmos, but from the primal spirit of another galaxy. A feminine voice thundered through her skull—alien, yet achingly familiar.

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh. Prove yourself...or be unmade.

“Are you—” Esme’s words were cut short as the ground convulsed beneath them. Saffron lurched to her feet, clutching both Tear and Acrux as the loam split open at her side. From the fissure rose a figure of roots and bone, its eyes burning with the same violet fire that flickered along Esme’s blade.

“*Ifrit*,” Esme hissed, golden eyes blazing as she stepped forward with the plasma edge of her *shamshir* snarling in her grip. Mist recoiled from the heat of her blade, while the orchard seemed to observe with bated breath, waiting for the first strike.

On instinct, Saffron leveled the handgun. The golden glyphs along its barrel flared, spilling light across the creature’s bark-flesh hide. Her paw quivered, yet the Acrux seemed to guide itself, aligning as though moved by an older, steadier will.

Esme's snarl split the air as her *shamshir* carved violet arcs through the mist, sparks of plasma scattering where blade met claw. *Ifrit* pressed from every side, hammering the jaguaress in a frenzy she could only turn aside, not break against her body. "Your mind will only slow you," she barked, eyes blazing. "Trust your weapon—let it find its mark."

The *ifrit* lunged. Saffron squeezed the trigger.

The shot split the night as a lance of golden light speared into the creature's chest, driving it backward as roots burst apart in a spray of silvery-black sap. Saffron wrinkled her muzzle as the air curdled with the acrid stench of scorched wood and ozone.

Yet even with its chest smoldering, the *ifrit* refused to fall, violet eyes narrowing with a fury that made Saffron's stomach lurch. Then came the roar—a guttural screech that rattled her bones and threatened to splinter her resolve. The trees themselves seemed to answer; branches lashed her antlers, spores sifted down in pale clouds, and for a heartbeat it felt as if a thousand more *ifrit* stirred in the dark, waiting for their cue to rise.

A Great Jaguar's roar split the din, rising above the clash of roots and steel. Something in Saffron's chest locked firm, steadied by a sudden rush of courage. "Again! Golzār cannot cut them all down!"

Saffron's hooves slid in the slick moss as she reset her stance, the handgun steadying her trembling grip as she took aim. The *ifrit* charged again, its bark-flesh split where her first shot had struck, argentite sap streaming from the wound. She fired twice in rapid succession—golden lances tearing through its core, splintering roots into shards, and at last wrenching the life-fire from its chest.

The *ifrit* loosed a keening shriek as its chest collapsed inward, sap vaporizing into a plume of silvery smoke that spiraled toward the sky. For a breath it lingered upright, limbs quaking like storm-struck trees, before crashing into the moss with such violence that a wave of petrichor rolled over Saffron's muzzle.

Saffron lowered her weapon, breath ragged, headfur slick with a mixture of sweat and orchard dew. The golden glyphs along the barrel dimmed to a faint shimmer. But in her other paw, the Tear still throbbed—hot, insistent.

Esme's voice rang through the haze. "More on your six!"

With a swift pivot, Saffron swung around, the Acrux burning against her palm. More shapes burst through the mist as more twisted, bark-fleshed beasts surged into the clearing. The ground shook beneath their charge, and the air quaked as their guttural howls rose into a deafening chorus.

She barely had time to curl her finger around the trigger before a trio burst from the fog, branch-frills flaring. Saffron hurled herself aside, cloak snapping as clawed roots shredded the loam where she'd just stood. The handgun thrummed in her paw, its heat biting deep into her palm as if alive with purpose. She squeezed the trigger, and the Acrux answered with a battle-cry of golden plasma.

An aureate spear blazed forth, piercing through the lead *ifrit*'s jaw and bursting out the nape of its neck. The creature folded soundlessly, silvery-black sap crackling like ice under pressure as the Acrux smothered its life-fire. Saffron pivoted before the lifeless hulk struck the ground, sighting the next *ifrit* as it lunged through the mist.

Inhale...hold...exhale. The doe released her breath and loosed another bolt. A lance of gold punched through the creature's chest, rending bark and phloem in a single, merciless stroke. The *ifrit* reeled, limbs thrashing in vain, before collapsing in a ruin of splintered wood.

Then, before she had time to recover, the third *ifrit* tore forward, its massive frame tearing up roots and soil as it bore down on her. Saffron instinctively staggered back, hooves fighting for purchase on the slick moss. The Acrux shivered in her grip, white-hot metal faintly visible through the vents along the barrel—nearly overheated.

“Esme!” she shouted.

“Take the shot!” came Esme's reply, precise and unflinching.

Saffron whipped the barrel toward the blur of motion and fired blind. The bolt seared past the lunging *ifrit*'s spine, carving a ragged gash through its core, but failing to slow the momentum of its charge. She rolled hard, grit and phosphorescent spores clinging to her fur, but failed to maneuver outside the creature's reach. The Acrux bucked in her paw, straining for release—then gave a strangled whine and fell silent as it overheated.

One of the creature's limbs scythed down. Saffron snapped the Acrux up on instinct, deflecting the strike, though the force still sheared several points from her antlers. She thrust her paw forward like a spade, tungsten-impregnated nails biting deep as she drove between plates of bark-flesh into the wound that exposed the throbbing phloem within.

The phloem split beneath her strike, and sap burst over her paw in scalding rivulets, hissing against her fur. The reek of burnt cedar and wet earth rose with it, sharp enough to sting her eyes. The *ifrit* bellowed, the sound reverberating off the trees like a struck bell, and with a violent heave, the creature flung her aside.

The *ifrit* convulsed, bark splitting in jagged seams as violet fire guttered from within. Argentite sap surged over her arm, searing her fur in rivulets that smoked where they fell. Still, Saffron held fast, desperately twisting the blade as though inscribing her final testament into living wood. The creature's bulk sagged against her, pressing closer, every breath smothered by the stench of ash and cedar.

The *ifrit* began to buckle as Saffron snuffed its life-fire, its collapse drawn out with agonizing slowness. Then, a suffocating ruin of timber and fire crashed over her as it finally came down. The weight crushed the breath from her chest, heat radiating through her cloak as though she were burning with fever. Pinned as though beneath an avalanche, she clawed at the bark, twisting just enough to steal a ragged thread of air while the carcass groaned above her.

She heaved against the carcass, hooves scrabbling in the slick moss, but the weight refused to yield. Each breath came shorter, her chest fluttering beneath the relentless pressure. Around her, the orchard seemed to close in; branches shivered as spores drifted down like a funeral pall. Her vision dimmed as scalding sap crept across her throat.

A snarl split the air, fury braided with urgency, as Esme's shadow swept over the wreck. Her boots crushed splintered bark as her claws sank into the carcass. With a guttural grunt, she drew on a strength beyond mere muscle, and in a single heave, the ruin toppled aside.

"Give me your paw," Esme said, her voice low and resonant as thunder against a mountainside. Saffron raised a trembling arm, and Esme's unyielding grip closed around her wrist. The world tilted as the jaguaress drew her up with effortless strength, steady as a pillar rising from the earth. "You slew the last of them."

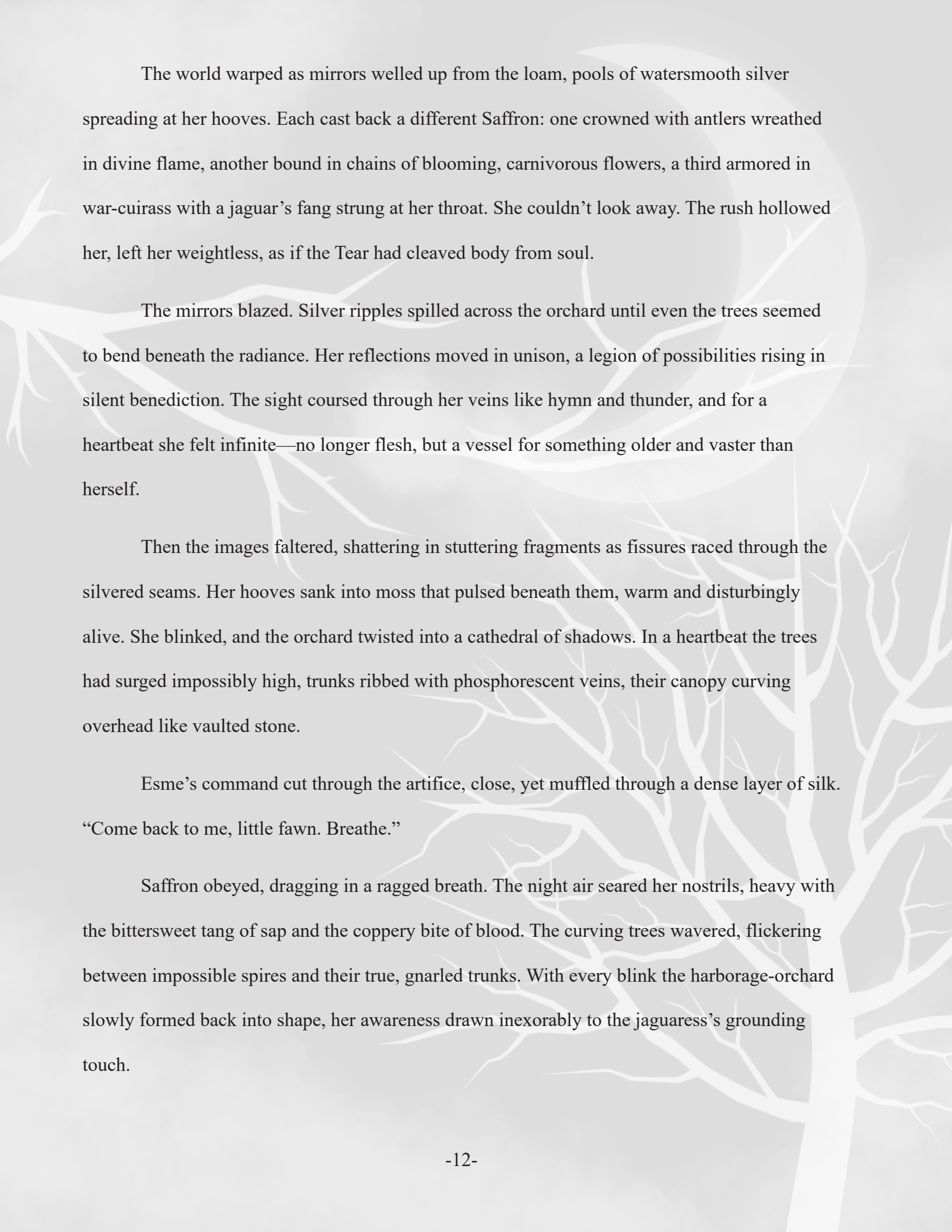
Staggering forward, unsteady as a newborn taking her first steps, Saffron took a gasp of frigid air before sagging into Esme's arms. The jaguaress caught her with a low grunt, steadying her, her scent a grounding mélange of musk and oudh, familiar as home. Claws combed gently through Saffron's fur, probing for wounds without heed to the sticky knots matting her chest and thighs. She flinched as a paw brushed the deep bruise blooming beneath her fractured ribs.

Yet as she braced for pain, warmth unfurled beneath Esme's touch. The sharp throb ebbed, then melted away, as though unseen threads were knitting her flesh from within. Heat coursed along her veins, a pulse not entirely her own—an echo of the Second Hierarch stirring through the Mutagen in her blood.

"Easy," Esme murmured, her paw steady at the small of Saffron's back. "Go on, eat. You've earned that right."

Saffron's gaze fell to the ground where the Acrux lay half-buried in moss, the unsullied alloy gleaming beside the Tear she had dropped in the struggle. She reached down with trembling fingers, bypassing the weapon, and lifted the fruit instead. Its skin was still warm, pulsing faintly against her palm, as if it had been waiting for her all along.

With no small sense of foreboding, Saffron lifted the Tear to her lips. Its skin yielded with a soft pop, and molten sweetness flooded her tongue. At once the vision seized her; constellations shuddered as the cannons of a *Shahrūkh*-class Starwarden tore an orbital defense platform into molten shards. Then the scene shifted; a jaguar's paw pressed seeds into black soil while, on the horizon, chrome towers burned under plasma fire, the first harborage-orchard rising from the ashes of conquest.



The world warped as mirrors welled up from the loam, pools of watersmooth silver spreading at her hooves. Each cast back a different Saffron: one crowned with antlers wreathed in divine flame, another bound in chains of blooming, carnivorous flowers, a third armored in war-cuirass with a jaguar's fang strung at her throat. She couldn't look away. The rush hollowed her, left her weightless, as if the Tear had cleaved body from soul.

The mirrors blazed. Silver ripples spilled across the orchard until even the trees seemed to bend beneath the radiance. Her reflections moved in unison, a legion of possibilities rising in silent benediction. The sight coursed through her veins like hymn and thunder, and for a heartbeat she felt infinite—no longer flesh, but a vessel for something older and vaster than herself.

Then the images faltered, shattering in stuttering fragments as fissures raced through the silvered seams. Her hooves sank into moss that pulsed beneath them, warm and disturbingly alive. She blinked, and the orchard twisted into a cathedral of shadows. In a heartbeat the trees had surged impossibly high, trunks ribbed with phosphorescent veins, their canopy curving overhead like vaulted stone.

Esme's command cut through the artifice, close, yet muffled through a dense layer of silk. "Come back to me, little fawn. Breathe."

Saffron obeyed, dragging in a ragged breath. The night air seared her nostrils, heavy with the bittersweet tang of sap and the coppery bite of blood. The curving trees wavered, flickering between impossible spires and their true, gnarled trunks. With every blink the harborage-orchard slowly formed back into shape, her awareness drawn inexorably to the jaguaress's grounding touch.

A shudder rippled through Saffron, fur and skin bristling, as the ground's alien pulse faded. The illusion dissipated in an instant, leaving her back beneath boughs weighed down by clusters of the Tears. Saffron sagged into Esme's hold, the jaguaress's arm anchoring her in the dark. Each breath dragged needles through her chest, the Tear's aftertaste burning sweet and stubborn behind her teeth.

Esme's cape brushed her cheek; edged with the faint spice of clove and smoke, it was steadying in its familiarity. Saffron leaned into her, drinking in the warmth of the jaguaress's fur and the unfaltering beating of the heart beneath. "Still with me, Saffron?"

The doe became acutely aware of every patch of fur matted with sap, of the chill air threading through the damp weight between her thighs. The Tear—what little remained of it—lay inert in her palm, its fire spent. "Yeah...still with you."

Esme's arms swept her up with practiced ease, lifting her as though she weighed nothing. The ground slipped from beneath Saffron's hooves, and she sagged against the jaguaress's solid frame, breath hitching at the sudden shift. Esme dipped her muzzle close, nose wrinkling as she drew in a playful sniff. "Pew. You, little fawn, are well overdue for a change," she murmured, the jest softened by warmth. "Let us be off; we shouldn't linger. The witching hour draws near, and we're in no condition to fight more *ifrit*."

Esme carried her like a fawn, sparing her battered ribs from further strain, her stride an unyielding rhythm through bramble and hedge. Saffron's limbs hung limp, half-numb; the Mutagen had dulled the burn of her wounds, yet the crusted sap still tugged at her fur with every sway. The grounds of the Estate slid past in broken fragments—moonlight glinting on

strawberries, the ethereal bloom of night-basil flowers—but her world had shrunk to the warmth of Esme’s chest and the measured, gliding cadence of her steps.

In what seemed the span of a blink, Esme shouldered open the door to the Estate’s kitchen. Warmth washed over Saffron: woodsmoke, rising steam, and the faint scent of lavender from linens drying by the stove. Golden lamplight stung her eyes, carrying with it the nutty perfume of barley simmering in broth.

Esme bore her with unyielding ease, padding through the carpeted warren of the lower halls. Saffron’s head sagged against the jaguaress’s collarbone as her strength failed her. She only managed a half-formed protest that her legs still worked as her tongue lay heavy and uncooperative in her muzzle.

A door swung open, and Saffron glimpsed blue tile glinting in the lamplight as the sharp scent of eucalyptus greeted her. Steam curled above the porcelain tub, drifting in silver strands that rolled along the elaborately embossed tin ceiling. Esme’s paws moved with deliberate care, mindful of her bruises, as she eased Saffron onto a padded bench beside the bath.

The jaguaress knelt, a faint smile softening her muzzle as she unpinned and peeled away the soiled garment clinging to Saffron’s hips. With practiced ease, she set to work with a washcloth, gently stroking the doe’s fur until her coat was restored to a natural, sap-free sheen. Satisfied that no injury lay beyond the Mutagen’s reach to mend, she guided Saffron’s tawny frame into the fragrant water.

“Mmrph.” Saffron grunted as the water closed around her. Every scrape and bruise lit up at once, the sting sharp yet purging. Her fractured antlers clicked against the glazed rim with a

hollow chime, and she let herself drift lower, surrendering everything below her muzzle to the enveloping warmth.

A soft exhale escaped her as the heat seeped into her still-healing flesh, needling gently at the abrasions along her flanks. Saffron closed her eyes, letting the hush of the bath wash away the night's terrors—no visions, no *ifrit*, only the thrum of her own pulse and the gentle motion of Esme's onyx-tipped claws grooming her headfur.

“So, what now?” Saffron asked.

“Now?” Esme's tone curled between mockery and fondness, the same voice she used when Saffron wheedled for a piece of fine jewelry at an *Anār* boutique. “Now you rest, little fawn. Tomorrow we'll see if you can stomach the power of my Athar Shahmiri after your midnight feast. Who knows—perhaps you'll even manage to conjure me a few pumpkin-servants.”

Leaning close, Esme traced a paw along the curve of Saffron's antlers. With deliberate care she unfastened the *mardāzi* from their sockets, letting the brittle prosthetics clatter softly to the floor. “I suppose those will need replacing,” Saffron murmured, voice thin but wry.

Esme's ring glimmered as her touch lingered—a band of root-twined gold crowned with an emerald that seemed to breathe with hidden life. The stone pulsed, and from the crown of Saffron's skull, velvet-sheathed antlers emerged, rising in a slow, inevitable bloom. Pale gardenias unfurled along their base, spiraling upward in delicate coils, summoned by the jaguaress's unspoken command.

Petals unfurled across her brow, their fragrance heavy with honey. She tipped her head forward, breath feathering over the water, while the ceiling lamp cast Esme's face in a golden



halo. The emerald of her Athar Shahmiri gleamed as the jaguaress stroked her fur again, an unspoken promise carried in her loving touch. A shiver ran through Saffron, half relief, half awe, and she let her eyes close, leaning into the warmth with a soft murmur of contentment.

And so waned All Hallows' Eve, its echoes dissolving into a tranquil hush, until only the promise of dreams remained—exquisite as the gardenias woven through Saffron's fur.

- END -

Appendix—Lexicon of the Created

Abguzār: From Persian *āb* (“water”) + *guzār* (“passage, crossing”); literally “one through whom water passes.” A term that refers to Created whose incontinence is caused by exposure to Mutagen.

Ahrār: From Arabic/Persian *ahrār* (“the free ones,” “those who are liberated”). Refers to members of the peacekeeping and paramilitary arm of the Immortal Hierarchy, who undertake both security and humanitarian missions.

Athar Shahmiri: From Arabic *athar* (“trace, relic, monument”) + Persian *shāh* (“king”) + *mīr* (“lord, commander”); literally “the relic of king and commander.” Relic-weapons wrought by the Second Hierarch, capable of extraordinary feats.

Golmārūn: From Persian *gol* (“flower, rose”) + *mārūn* (variant of *marān*, “snakes, serpents”); literally “flower-serpents.” The name of Esme’s homeworld, named for the entwined orbits of its twin moons, likened to serpents coiled around a rose.

Golzār: From Persian *gol* (“flower, rose”) + *zār* (“garden, field, place”); literally “rose-garden.” The name of Esme’s plasma-edged *shamshir*.

Ifrit: From Arabic *ifrīt* (“demon,” “giant,” noted in the Qur’an for cunning and might). Neither living nor dead, these guardians were given life by the Second Hierarch to defend places sacred to the Created.

Mardāzi: From Persian *mard* (“man”) + suffix *-āzi* (used in words for crafts or implements); literally “man-made” or “artifice.” The alloy-and-resin prosthetic antlers worn by some female Created as ornamental displays of virility or strength.

Mutagen: From English “mutagen,” though its sense parallels Arabic *itra* (“essence, extract, perfume”). A compound derived from the blood of the Second Hierarch, possessed to some degree by all nobility of the Immortal Hierarchy. Grants regenerative ability, heightened strength, and greatly prolonged life.

Nargis: From Persian *nargis* (“narcissus, daffodil”). The name of Esme’s *pesh-kabz* dagger.

Safāyeh: From Persian *safā*’ (“purity, cleansing”). Refers to the systematic purges waged by humanity against the first communities of Created who had broken free from slavery.

Shikast-e Marzān: From Persian *shikast* (“defeat, breaking”) + *marzān* (from *marz*, “border, frontier”); literally “breaking of the frontiers.” Refers to a period of crisis when the Created stood on the brink of extinction, before the advent of the *Shahrūkh*-class Starwarden and other vessels capable of defending Created-held worlds against orbital bombardment.

CODE OF CONDUCT

AGREEMENT

LAST UPDATED 01 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

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.

Download our Minor Permission Form Here.



HARASSMENT, ALCOHOL & 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 Renaissance Tulsa Hotel & Convention Center 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.

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.

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, TIFC staff photographers and videographers will be capturing footage and photos. By attending a TIFC event, you agree that TIFC 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

Contact us here:



HEALTH & 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 TIFC cannot be held liable for any exposure.

TIFC 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.

