

# ANTHROCON 2000



# Anthrocon 2000

## Furries of Myth and Legend

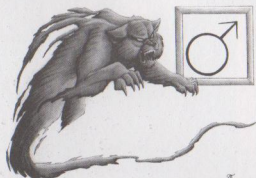
June 30 through July 2  
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

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# Furries of Myth and Legend

## A Message from the Chairman . . .



As chairman of Anthrocon for the second year, I am pleased to welcome you to Valley Forge! We have planned a wide selection of programs and activities for your enjoyment, and as always, we are grateful to the staff of the Hilton for the extra effort they have put in to make our convention a success. Even though Anthrocon is moving on next year to more wide-open spaces, we shall always remember the courtesy and professionalism of the Hilton Valley Forge. Please do not forget to show

our thanks to the hotel staff for their hard work and dedication.

This year we are celebrating "Furries of Myth and Legend."

The theme was chosen for many reasons, not the least of which was that the chairman felt that we as a community should have an occasional reminder of where we come from. There is far, far more to our fascination with anthropomorphic animals than the art that we collect and the cartoons we watch again and again and the comic books that we snatch so eagerly from the shelves. Behind it is a deeper longing, something akin to a race-memory that unites us with our most ancient ancestors who dreamed of the same sorts of creatures we do now. The roots of our fandom are older than any other and are shared by every culture throughout the world. Sadly, though, for many of our fellows in "The Mainstream" those old dreams have died, and we are left with only our cartoons and our comics and our artworks to remind us that Manlike Animals can tell us so many rich and fulfilling stories.

We need to remind ourselves that there is far more to our fandom than snuggly bunnies and big-eyed cats. Anthropomorphic animals enjoyed a lofty place in the human imagination long before anyone even dreamed of spaceships, even before humans forged the first sword. On the North American continent, people told stories of Coyote, the trickster, and of Raven, who found the first humans and taught them to survive in a harsh and unforgiving world. On the African continent, ancient peoples prayed to manlike deities with the heads of animals. In Asia, people were wary of their fellows who could transform themselves into animals, and vice-versa.

These timeless images have persisted throughout history. Bards in France in the Middle Ages told tales of Renard the fox and his nemesis Ysengrin the wolf. So popular were these stories that the name *renard* itself was incorporated into the French language to refer to the wily little animal. All around Europe there arose legends of men who could turn themselves into wolves, of women who turned into cats, and of man-fishes who lived in the sea.

It is from this rich and ancient tradition that modern Furry Fandom draws its roots. Humanity has always been fascinated with our mysterious brethren in the animal kingdom. We have envied their power, their cunning, their mysterious senses so much keener than our own. We have worshipped them, imbued them with our thoughts and forms, imagined ourselves as them for thousands of years.

We at Anthrocon are proud to salute our forebears and the tales and images they have left for us. We ask that as you wander the dealers' room and the art show, as you marvel to the wit of our panelists and learn new skills in our workshops, you take a moment to ponder the

centuries of tradition that have led up to this gathering. These traditions are with us today and will be with us for many tomorrows in the dreams of children and adults alike. The world will change and humanity will grow; new worlds will be discovered and new technologies will abound. Yet until the end, even after the passing of countless generations, there will still be many of us, young and old, who will look into the eyes of a wolf, or a leopard, or a hawk, and will wonder.

Dr. Samuel Conway ("Uncle Kage")  
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.  
Valley Forge, June 2000.

## A Message from the Editors . . .

"So thence we put on our shining armor, hefted the magical sword and went forth to do valiant battle."

Well, the armor was a large pot of coffee, the sword was a red pen and the valiant battle was making sure the book you are holding now would be the best work we could produce. 'Valiant battle' sounds a lot more exciting however. We confronted the Dragon of Deadlines, the Sphinx of Spelling and the Grinch of Grammar along our perilous journey. We enlisted the help of a pennant of proofreaders to help us wind our way through the remainder of the lexicon of troubles that any small band of editors faces when putting together a publication. Alit-eration aside, the arduous adventure achieved astounding attainments. You are holding our Holy Grail, the results of our nearly year-long journey, right now.

This year, we've introduced a number of changes to our convention, many of which were requested by you, our attendees. We've worked hard to try and speed up registration. No one likes to stand in line. We've expanded the Dealers' Room and the Art Show, then filled them both to capacity. We've added gaming rooms and contests. We went and collected information about every place to eat that's within walking distance of the convention and then some. We've made our dances flashier. For everything we've done, there are likely to be things that we still have yet to do. Some of this we're likely going to figure out for ourselves, but if you feel something is lacking, please let a member of the staff know, or email us, or tell us outright during the wrap up. This is the best way to get your voice heard. Alternately, volunteer, or offer to join the staff of our many departments, and help from the inside out. Either way, we'll be glad for your time and input.

We'd also like to thank the many artists, writers and staff who contributed the material that make this publication possible. Without the input of almost one hundred people, from contributors, to editors, to scanners and placers, to legal, to layout, to proof and printing, without the valuable contribution from each person along the way, what you hold would not exist. If you enjoy what you see in here, please consider becoming one of the many people who will be involved in next year's effort. We're also exploring the possibility of starting a regular news-letter during the course of the year. If this is something you think you'd be interested in participating in, or just receiving and reading, let us know what you'd like to see.

Enjoy the fruits of our labor while we gird ourselves for our next foray into the unknown. Welcome to Anthrocon 2000. We hope to see you next year as well, at Anthrocon 2001, Furries in Flight.

-The Anthrocon Convention Book Editors



## Anthrocon 2000

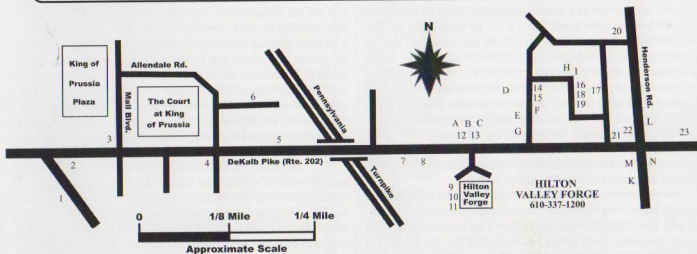
*Furries of Myth and Legend*

### Services

- A - Tower Records (Music/Videos)
- B - People's Dry Cleaners (Same Day Service Available)
- C - OfficeMax (Office Supply)
- D - Queen Theatre (Movies)
- E - State Liquor Store (Wine/Spirits)
- F - Progress Bank (with ATM)
- G - Kinko's (Copy & Printing Services)
- H - Michael's Art Supply (Craft/Art Supply)
- I - Buckley Pharmacy (Full-Service Pharmacy)
- J - CompUSA (Computer Supplies)
- K - Staples (Office Supply)
- L - Henderson Professional Bldg. (Medical Offices)
- M - CoreStates Bank (with ATM)
- N - PNC Bank (with ATM)

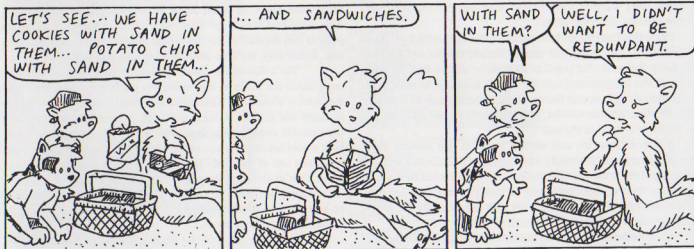
### Dining

- 1 - Lone Star (Steakhouse)
- 2 - Chi's (Tex/Mex)
- 3 - Sullivant's (Steak & Chops)
- 4 - McDonald's (Fast Food)
- 5 - Burger King (Fast Food)
- 6 - Amadeo's (Sandwiches, Italian - Delivery Available)
- 7 - Hoosters (American, Oriented toward Gentlemen)
- 8 - Red Lobster (Seafood)
- 9 - Kobe (Japanese Steakhouse & Sushi)
- 10 - Maxwell's Pub (American, Mixed)
- 11 - Alexander's Cafe (Breakfast)
- 12 - Einstein Bros. (Bagels, Light Fare)
- 13 - Acme Market (Supermarket, Light Fare)
- 14 - Peppers (Italian)
- 15 - Michael's Deli (Kosher/American)
- 16 - Dairy Queen (Ice Cream, Fast Food)
- 17 - Lee's Hoagie House (Sandwiches)
- 18 - House Of Hunan (Chinese)
- 19 - Pizza Hut (Pizza, Italian - Delivery Available)
- 20 - WaWa Market (Convenience Store, Light Fare)
- 21 - Dunkin' Donuts (Donuts, Light Fare)
- 22 - Starbucks (Coffee, Light Fare)
- 23 - Tony's Pizza (Pizza, Italian)



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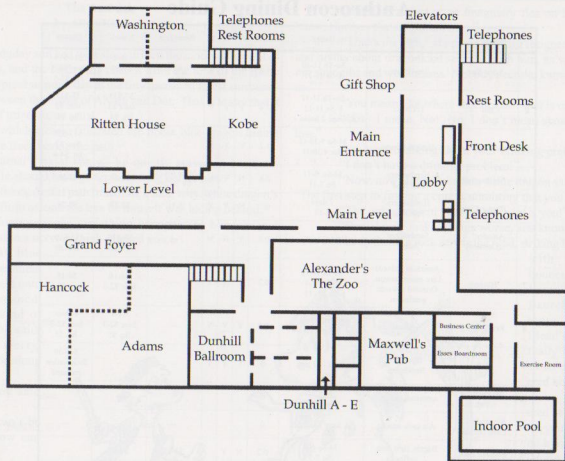
Po Shan Cheah



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# Furries of Myth and Legend



## Anthrocon 2000 General Schedule

| Event               | Location                                      | Schedule                                 |                                                          |                                                                             |                                                                  |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                     |                                               | Thursday, June 29th                      | Friday, June 30th                                        | Saturday, July 1st                                                          | Sunday, July 2nd                                                 |
| Registration        | Lobby                                         | Normal Registration<br>3:30 PM - 9:30 PM | Normal Registration<br>Single-Day Passes<br>8 AM - 10 PM | Normal Registration<br>Single-Day Passes<br>10 AM - 6 PM                    | Single-Day Passes<br>Preregistration 2001<br>10 AM - 4 PM        |
| Artist Alley        | Grand Foyer                                   | Not Open                                 | 9:45 AM Sign-up<br>10 AM - 6 PM Open                     | 9:45 Sign-up<br>10 AM - 6 PM Open                                           | 9:45 AM Sign-up<br>10 AM - 4 PM Open                             |
| Dealers' Room       | Ritten House Ballroom<br>and Washington Suite | 6 PM - 10 PM Setup                       | 10 AM - Noon Setup<br>Noon - 7 PM Open                   | 10 AM - 7 PM Open                                                           | 10 AM - 4 PM Open                                                |
| Art Show            | Hancock                                       | Not Open                                 | 10 AM - 2 PM Check-in<br>2 PM - 8 PM Open                | 10 AM - Noon Check-in<br>10 AM - 8 PM Open                                  | 10 AM - Noon Open<br>1 PM - 3 PM Auction<br>1:30 PM - 4 PM Sales |
| Art Show Adult Room | Enter via Hancock                             | Not Open                                 | 10 AM - 2 PM Check-in<br>2 PM - 8 PM Open                | 10 AM - Noon Check-in<br>10 AM - 8 PM Open<br>10 PM Voice Auction           | Not Open                                                         |
| Charity Auction     | Adams                                         | Not Open                                 | Not Open                                                 | 3 PM - 5 PM                                                                 | Not Open                                                         |
| Masquerade          | Adams                                         | Not Open                                 | Not Open                                                 | 11 AM - 2 PM Rehearsal<br>7 PM - 9 PM Masquerade<br>9 PM - 9:30 PM Photo Op | Not Open                                                         |
| Dances              | Adams                                         | Not Open                                 | DJ Fluffalump<br>11 PM - 4 AM                            | Purple Purple Live<br>11 PM - 4 AM                                          | Not Open                                                         |



# Anthrocon 2000

## Anthrocon Dining Guide

| Name                        | Fare                                                                      | Hours                                         | Miles | S | N | II | Breakfast              | Lunch                                        | Dinner                                          |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-------|---|---|----|------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1 Lone Star                 | Steakhouse                                                                | Su-Th 11-10<br>F-Sa 11-11                     | 1.4   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | 11-4<br>\$7-\$9                              | \$14-\$19<br>beer \$2-3<br>liq. \$3-5           |
| 2 Chili's                   | Tex-Mex                                                                   | Su-Th 11-11<br>F-Sa 11-12<br>Lounge 2 hours + | 1.4   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | \$7-\$15<br>beer \$3<br>liq. \$4             | \$7-\$15<br>beer \$3<br>liq. \$4                |
| 3 Sullivan's                | Steak & Chops                                                             | M-Sa 5:30-11<br>Bar 4:30-11                   | 1.2   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | --                                           | \$13-\$25<br>beer \$3<br>liq. \$4-6             |
| 4 McDonald's                | Hamburgers<br>Fast food                                                   | M-Sa 6-11<br>Su 7-11                          | 0.8   | N | Y | Y  | M-Sa 6-11a<br>Su 7-12p | \$2-\$8                                      | \$2-\$8                                         |
| 5 Burger King               | Hamburgers<br>Fast food                                                   | 7 days<br>6-12                                | 0.7   | N | Y | Y  | 6-11                   | \$2-\$8                                      | \$2-\$8                                         |
| 6 Amadeo's (Delivers)       | Sandwiches<br>Italian                                                     | M-F 11-8                                      | 0.8   | Y | N | N  | --                     | 11-5<br>\$5-\$10<br>BYOB                     | 5-close<br>\$5-\$10<br>BYOB                     |
| 7 Hooters                   | American (mixed)<br>Live entertainment.<br>Oriented towards<br>gentlemen. | M-Th 11-12<br>F-Sa 11-1<br>Su 12-11           | 0.3   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | \$4-16<br>beer \$2-3                         | \$4-16<br>beer \$2-3                            |
| 8 Red Lobster               | Seafood                                                                   | Su-Th 11-10<br>F-Sa 11-11                     | 0.2   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | 11-4<br>beer \$2-3<br>liq. \$5               | 4-close<br>beer \$2-3<br>liq. \$5               |
| 9 Kobe                      | Japanese<br>Steakhouse                                                    | 5pm - 11 pm                                   | 0     | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | --                                           | \$25-30<br>Reservation<br>required              |
| 10 Maxwell's Pub            | American (mixed)                                                          |                                               | 0     |   |   |    | --                     | --                                           | --                                              |
| 11 Alexander's Cafe/The Zoo | À la carte snacks                                                         | A fiery hangout!                              | 0     |   |   |    | --                     | --                                           | --                                              |
| 12 Einstein Bros.           | Bagels, light fare,<br>coffee                                             | M-Sa 6-4<br>Su 7-3                            | 0.2   | N | Y | Y  | \$1-\$5                | \$1-\$5                                      | --                                              |
| 13 Acme Market              | Super-market<br>some prepared foods                                       |                                               |       | N | Y | Y  | --                     | --                                           | --                                              |
| 14 Peppers                  | Italian                                                                   | Su-Th 11:30-Midnite<br>F-Sa 11:30-2           | 0.3   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | 11:30-3<br>\$3-\$6<br>beer \$2-3<br>liq. \$3 | all hours<br>\$6-\$12<br>beer \$2-3<br>liq. \$3 |
| 15 Michael's Deli           | Kosher / American;<br>500 kinds of beer in<br>bottles                     | Every Day<br>7-11                             | 0.3   | Y | Y | Y  | \$3-\$5                | \$4-\$6                                      | 4 pm to<br>closing<br>\$5-\$7                   |
| 16 Dairy Queen              | Ice cream<br>Fast food                                                    | M-Th 11:00-3:00<br>F-Sa 11-10                 | 0.4   |   | Y | -- | --                     | up to \$7                                    | up to \$7                                       |
| 17 Lee's Hongie House       | Sandwiches                                                                |                                               | 0.4   | Y |   | -- | --                     | \$3-\$7                                      | \$3-\$7                                         |
| 18 House of Human           | Chinese                                                                   | M-Th 11:30-10<br>F-Sa 11:30-11<br>Sun 12-10   | 0.4   | Y | Y | Y  | --                     | buff Tu-F<br>11:30-2<br>\$6-\$9              | \$7-\$15<br>beer \$2-4<br>liq. \$5              |
| 19 Pizza Hut (Delivers)     | Pizza<br>Italian                                                          | Su-Th 11-11<br>F-Sa 11-Midnite                | 0.4   |   | Y | Y  | --                     | \$4-\$15<br>beer \$2                         | \$4-\$15<br>beer \$2                            |
| 20 WeWa Market              | Groceries<br>some prepared foods                                          | Every Day<br>All Hours                        | 0.6   | N | Y | Y  | --                     | --                                           | --                                              |
| 21 Dunkin Donuts            | Donuts, light fare                                                        | Every Day<br>All Hours                        | 0.5   | N | Y | Y  | \$1-\$5                | \$1-\$5                                      | \$1-\$5                                         |
| 22 Starbucks                | Coffee, light fare                                                        | M-Th 6-10, F 6-11<br>Sa 6:30-11, Su 7-9       | 0.5   | N | Y | Y  | \$1-\$5                | \$1-\$5                                      | \$1-\$5                                         |
| 23 Tony's Pizza             | Pizza Italian                                                             |                                               | 0.7   |   |   |    | --                     | --                                           | --                                              |

# - The location on the map provided on page 2 of the cookbook.

S - Is there a separate smoking section? (y/n)

N - Is there a separate non-smoking section? (y/n)

II - Is the restaurant handicapped accessible? (y/n)

\*Fare\* indicates the type of food.

\*Miles\* indicates the distance from the Valley Forge Hillion.

\*Breakfast,\* "Lunch,\* and "Dinner\*" indicates hours specific

meals are served and the average prices of entrées.

Not all information available at press time. Above information is subject to change without notice. Please call ahead to confirm prices, times and services offered.



# Furrries of Alyth and Legend

The Ambush  
by Allen Kitchen

The noonday sun had long since driven the morning fog out of the green woods, and the birds sang unseen from the tops of the many trees. It was a typical summer day in the tiny unnamed forest surrounding the road between the towns of Alvara and Dor. That is to say that it was as devoid of travelers as usual.

A fact which clearly frustrated the obese blue dragon hiding behind one of the trees beside the path.

"By Tiamat's nasal spray," he quietly cursed in baritone. "Where is he? He should have gotten here long before now."

Across the dusty dirt path from him, a thin, wiry, white dragon's face peeked out from around the tree he himself was hiding behind.

"You don't suppose something happened to him, do you Hardy?" he asked in a nervous, high-pitched voice.

The fat blue head shook in negation, and the tree he held onto creaked and groaned. "Not with my kind of luck, Laurel," he said. "Not to worry. Thelonious will be along any time now."

"But you said that hours ago."

"So it can't be much longer, now can it?"

Laurel scratched the side of his scaly white head, thinking about what his friend said. He didn't do it for long though, since thinking made his head hurt.

"...suppose so,

Hardy," he muttered, unsure of himself. "But I still don't understand what we are doing here, laying in wait for him."

Hardy rolled his large blue eyes. "Look," he said impatiently as he pulled his thick tail out of the road for what seemed to be the hundredth time. "It's quite simple, Laurel. This traveling bard is going around telling all the myths and legends about us dragons to the common folks. We can't let the humans know that much about us, so you and I have to kill him."

"You don't mean we have to eat him!" Laurel stuck out his tongue, repulsed.

"Of course not," Hardy shot back, annoyed. "We didn't bring any sauce. We aren't savages, you know."

Laurel nodded. "So what are we going to do with him then?" he asked.

"How many times do I have to explain it to you?" Hardy answered, his patience coming to an end. "We wait until Thelonious gets a few feet from our trees, then we both jump out in front of him. I use my Water breath on him, then you use your Ice breath. We'll freeze him solid and leave him where he stands for some other traveler to find a few days from now."

Laurel scratched at an imaginary flea on his side. "I don't know, Hardy... that might kill him."

"That's the idea," Hardy said with a resigned sigh. "His songs and myths about dragonkind will die with him, as will his tales about our strengths and weaknesses. Nobody needs to know everything about us."

"You mean like where that ticklish spot is on your tail?"  
"Yes. I mean, No! No, I don't mean about where I'm ticklish."

"So, you're talking about your drinking problem then?"  
"I don't have a drinking problem!"

"Now, now Hardy," the thin white dragon said admonishingly. "The first step to finding a cure is admitting that you have a problem."

"The only problem I have right now is you!"  
"Denial only makes things worse, you know."

Hardy threw a rock across the road, striking Laurel in the chest with it. The rock bounced painlessly off Laurel's leathery hide. Laurel shrank away, more afraid of his friend's temper than actually hurt. He leaned closer to the tree and lowered his gaze.

Hardy glowered at his friend. "Listen you! Just concentrate on killing this bard, and let me worry about my own so-called problems, okay?"

Laurel automatically nodded in agreement. "Whatever you say, Hardy. But tell me; does this bard travel alone?"

"Of course."  
"Does he play a lyre?"  
Hardy shrugged. "I don't think so. I've heard that he's rather truthful."

Laurel had to think about Hardy's reply a bit. It made his head hurt more. It was several seconds before he understood the confusion.

"What I meant is, does this bard you want to kill play an instrument with lots of strings of varying lengths on a wood base?"

Hardy blinked. "Does he play a what?" he asked his friend, somewhat confused.

Laurel pointed down the road. "Does this Thelonious fellow play an instrument like that?"

Hardy looked down the road at the wandering minstrel, noting the chest-sized musical instrument the man was strumming. The blue-faced dragon turned back to his friend once more. "Yes," he said. "He plays an instrument just like that one."

It was several seconds before the realization struck Hardy like a fist to his stomach.

"That's him!" he yelled. "Laurel, that's Thelonious! Quick now, get him before he makes a run for it!"



Copyright © Po Shan Cheah



Hardy jumped out from behind his oak tree and stood in the road a good dozen feet in front of the wandering minstrel. He twisted his blue face into the most fearsome grimace he could make. Laurel hesitated, but jumped into the road a few feet behind his friend a few seconds later. The musician stopped in his tracks, tugged at his brown cotton tunic and looked back at Hardy, not afraid and not surprised at all.

"Hello," he said, as if encountering dragons on the road were a common occurrence for him. "Was that you two making all that racket a moment ago?"

Hardy said not a word, but took in a deep breath and exhaled his water breath weapon towards the young man as hard as he could.

Laurel took his cue and did like he was told to do. He closed his eyes, not wanting to see anyone get hurt, and exhaled his ice breath.

Right into Hardy's back.

"Aiiyee!" Hardy cried out in surprise and shock, spinning around and still spraying water everywhere. Shaking from the sudden cold he tried to tell Laurel to cease and desist, but remembered too late that garish noises were all he could make while using his breath weapon.

"Nyahh!" he yelled, waving his hands in the wet spray. "Ngah id uuff!"

Laurel, completely soaked and half coated in ice, kept his eyes tight shut and kept his ice weapon flowing, oblivious to what was going on around him.

Hardy tried to stop his own breath, but found that the sudden cold caused his muscles to lock up and freeze into place. His watery breath kept going, splashing and soaking him and Laurel both before turning to ice.

After a short time both dragons had finished their breaths and stopped. Laurel opened his eyes at last, only to find that he and Hardy were both trapped from the neck down in a large block of solid ice. Neither could move much more than their mouths and eyes. They stood there, Laurel staring at Hardy in shock while Hardy glared furiously back at his friend.

A moment later, a soft chuckle came from down the road. There came a quick chord strummed across a stringed instrument. Both dragons listened helplessly as Thelonious, their quarry, walked past them, composing a small tune on his lyre as he went:

*Of red dragons, you should always fear their fire.  
Of green dragons, their poison can make you expire.  
Black dragons, I've heard, can kill with but a touch.  
Ivory dragons love having people over for lunch.  
Yellow dragons can call down lightning from the sky.  
Rubies can make you kill yourself without knowing why.  
But of blue and white dragons, fear is not meant.  
Because blues and whites are quite incompetent!*

The man laughed a little bit as he went further down the road. He tried various different chord progressions and rhyming schemes as he walked out of sight and finally out of earshot, quite pleased to have something new and humorous to sing about.

When the only sound left in the woods was that of the birds and the animals around them, Hardy finally let out a sigh. "Well," he said to his shivering friend before him. "This is another fine myth you've gotten us into!"



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## Behind Ironclaw by Jason Holmgren

A question I get a lot about the *Ironclaw* Role-Playing Game is, "Why are all the characters *animals*?"

Many "older" gamers — those who knew life before *Pokémon* ... heck, before trading-card games, period — have fond recollections of the first time they played a role-playing game. Everything was new and strange. Things were happening that everyone was just "imagining." People were assuming different roles, wandering around a landscape that was familiar but still different. And, if it was a fantasy game, then the threat of dire peril lurked everywhere. There were risks to be taken, and rewards to be earned. There was also the thrill of becoming something "different." Unfortunately, these early games were often poorly-written and unclear, with clunky rules and obscure formulas that only the strongly devoted could comprehend.

In a fantasy game, the roles offered to players are usually elves, dwarves, and orcs, which have become the "typical" fantasy fare for dozens of years. In the very first role-playing games, there was little or no explanation on what these things actually were. The "default" assumption was that everyone had read Tolkien's books. The first game-players had to make assumptions or guesses as to who did what, what these guys thought of those guys there, and so on. A question that was rarely asked was, "Why are there elves? Why dwarves? Why are so many games about the same old folks?"

I've always been a fan of fantasy, from the "pulp era" works of Robert E. Howard and Clark Ashton-Smith, to the contemporary works



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of Michael Moorcock, Jack Vance, and Gene Wolfe. Their books concern very human affairs, as larger-than-life characters fight with one another, fall in love, hold grudges, and forge the destiny of their landscape. However, when the majority of people think of "fantasy," their minds still wander to elves and orcs. Why is that?

As a fan of "anthropomorphics," I've paid particular interest to the fantasy novels that feature such characters prominently, as in the *Redwall* books by Brian Jacques, or the *Spellsinger* novels by Alan Dean Foster, or numerous short stories, novellas, and comic books. Part of the fun of these stories is the fanciful nature of it all, as the spectacle of all these bizarre creatures interacting in "civilized" ways is quite a different picture. Another part is the use of animals as allegory — cats are mysterious and stealthy, horses are noble and strong, wolves hunt in packs, rats scuttle in darkness ... it's no coincidence that the Disney animators of *Robin Hood* cast the sly thief as a fox.

The use of animal characteristics is a "shorthand" for the audience to quickly attach meaning to the characters. It's different enough to catch one's fancy, while similar enough to be quick to understand. Of course Squirrels can bound from tree to tree; of course Rhinos stand their ground with stern resolve ... and not the other way around. The fantasy of anthropomorphism encourages new and experienced role-players alike to think about their characters in terms quickly understood by all.

Our design team pondered numerous games that we could have made as our first product, such as a horror-themed one, or a science fiction one. We asked ourselves what we wanted our first game to be ... and we all agreed it was one that got people into their characters quickly but was still "different" enough and fantastic enough to be exciting. A fantasy game with a "furry" theme was the obvious choice.

There were already many role-playing games with "something furry" in them, such as a "token" cat-person race thrown in alongside the dwarves and elves ... games where it was obvious the anthropomorphics were an also-ran. We didn't want that. There were also many games where "beast-men" were integrating clearly within the setting ... but the rules were too much like those first games of twenty years ago, with lots of math and obscure exceptions — only a "die-hard furry fan" would show interest in such a product. If we were going to appeal to novice role-playing gamers because of our accessible setting, then we had to make sure that we had rules that were accessible as well. We spent about two years in development, testing certain ideas, questioning the assumptions of both the "furry" genre and the "fantasy RPG" genre.

In July of 1999, *Ironclaw: Anthropomorphic Fantasy Role-Play* was released. So far, the response has been overwhelming. Several people have praised our game's ability to make the "furriness" of the setting work in the context of the role-playing game. Others give kudos to how *Ironclaw* doesn't "lean" on its anthropomorphic concept — there's more to the game than cute ears and tails. And our game has proven to be both easy for novices to pick up while having the quirks and complexity for experienced gamers to pick at. As we continue to produce supplements for the *Ironclaw* world, we expect that more people will play the game ... and more people will ask us the question, "Why animal people?" I say that the reason is simple: it's fun.

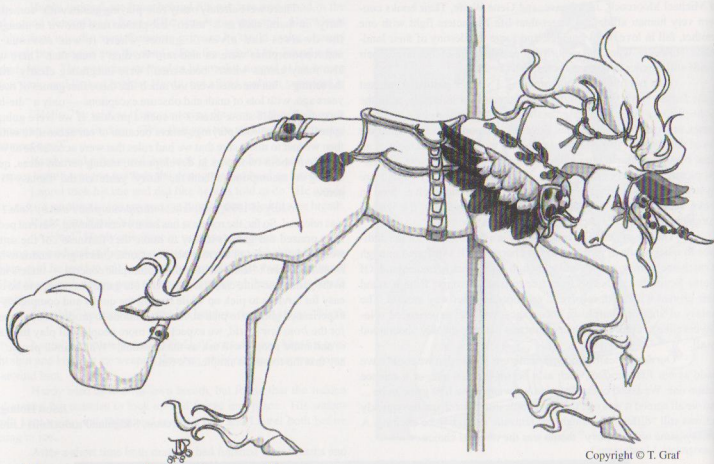
— Jason Holmgren

Director, Sanguine Productions Limited



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## Masquerade Information

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community this near-July 4th weekend who will discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a REAL furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade! This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

The Masquerade will consist of two parts. First, there will be the Masquerade itself where you may join other attendees in the audience to view performances by our fandom's top costumers. The second part will be a Photo Opportunity where you will be able to mingle with the performers and other costumers and get your pictures taken with them.

The Masquerade will be held in the Grand Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Grand Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/program for exact times.

We request that you refrain from flash photography until the Photo Opportunity following the Masquerade. If you would like to participate in the Masquerade or the Photo Opportunity, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning. If you have any other questions, please contact Mr. Harris as well.

## What the Market Will Bear by J. Scott Rogers (Dr. Skorzy)

I don't know exactly how I first got into the Business. I couldn't even tell you why I wanted to get into it in the first place. Contracting wasn't exactly a career they prepared you for in college, much less encouraged their students to pursue. There was no job security. You could be sipping cognac with your friends one day, and end up a buoy in the harbor that same night. In fact, in the grand scheme of things, the Business wasn't all that appealing in the first place.

Now, don't get the wrong idea, as I'm quite happy at doing what I'm doing. I do the Business pretty well; it suits me. The numbers in my bank account and the rep I had on the streets attested to that, if you wanted to count that as a measure of my success.

It figures that I'd mess with a good thing. I never stay satisfied when things are going well, always getting the itch to try something new and stick my nose into other ventures. The way I saw it, I was doing real well in the domestic markets, but my assignments weren't appealing to me anymore, not like they used to be. I wasn't finding any *challenge* in my Business anymore. So I started nosing about doing business for some more exotic clients.

I guess my newest client, one of my so called *challenges*, was the whole reason I'm sitting alone in this dump of a diner late on a Saturday night, sucking down bad coffee and chain smoking. Actually, this part of town is the *last* place I would've chosen for our business transaction. The diner was one of those ancient, hideous art-deco box-cars from another time that seemed to inhabit every dark nook and cranny



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in this city.

I glanced up as a large shadow entered the diner's door. Anything that had to duck and turn sideways to enter this place could be none other than my client. Flicking the ashes from my cigarette into my coffee cup, I was kinda looking forward to getting this deal done and closed. There was something about that dragon that gave me the creeps.

He lumbered slowly toward me and settled on his haunches beside my table. He wore a tent-sized trenchcoat over his scales and the silliest-looking fedora I've ever seen in my life. He was about as subtle as a trash truck crashing through a cathedral at Mass.

He looked down at me with sharp, green, slitted eyes and laid his hooked, shiny black claws on the table's edge. His powerful, tapered muzzle curled into a disturbing, fang-filled grin. That smile made me feel as insignificant as the cold french fries on my plate.

"Mr. Kingfisher... I'm glad that you've found the diner safe and sound..." he rumbled slowly. I could feel his breath hit my face, it was hot like the first blast from a heater.

I stubbed out the remainder of my cigarette and exhaled my last drag. "Thanks, Mr. Killdeer, it wasn't too hard to find, bein' it's the only building on this block not sealed by the cops."

The dragon just stared at me with those predatory eyes. My grin at this little rib faded as quickly as the end of my cigarette. I cleared my throat. "Perhaps we should just get right to business..."

"... Do you have my property, Mr. Kingfisher?"

Okay, so he wasn't the conversationalist type. Best to get this over right away; he wasn't going to like all of my news. I had certain expenses that exceeded the contract.

"Yeah, I got your property. Safe and sound, ready for delivery." I pulled a sealed envelope from my jacket pocket. "Every condition and request was fulfilled as you wanted. I can deliver yer property tonight." I held the envelope up to his snout and angled it towards him. "My fee."

The dragon gently took the envelope and ripped it open with a single claw. His brow furrowed at the amount written inside. I could almost feel a wave of angry heat coming from his eyes as they focused on me. He slowly lowered his claws. "Mr. Kingfisher, this sum is outrageous. It's nearly 20% higher than our negotiated payment!" he hissed, a small puff of sulfurous smoke spitting from his mouth.

My palms started to sweat, but I played it cool. I took a breath and shrugged. "I'm well aware of that, Mr. Killdeer, and I'm truly sorry. There were certain complications in procurement that required significant out-of-pocket expense." I went to sip my coffee and spied the soggy cigarette ashes in the bottom, I set it down and tapped its rim instead. "There seemed to be greater difficulty than I expected in finding your property. My sources suggested that there's a high demand for this particular... item. That made it more expensive to get my hands on, but I got you your order, on time and exactly as you requested." I started pawing for my pack of cigarettes.

"As an unfortunate result, I have to pass the expenses on to you..." I reached over and tapped the partially crushed envelope in his talons. "... and charge you what the market will bear." That was it. I laid my cards on the table. No more bets.

The dragon was silent for an excruciating moment and finally nodded. He hastily recovered a satchel and slapped it down on the table in front of me, making my coffee mug chime on its coaster. "Where is my property?" he hissed evenly.

I took the satchel. I'd count the money later. No point upsetting him more. I gave him a slip of paper with the address of where I parked the car with this... property inside it. He snatched it from my fingers and got up, turning to exit with his serpentine tail gracefully following behind him.

Guess my good reputation saved my ass again, no threats about how he'd kill me if his property wasn't there. Nothing! I suddenly felt more confident. My curiosity was killing me.

"Mr. Killdeer?... Would you mind telling me

something?"

The dragon stopped and craned its head around to look back at me. "Yes?" he rumbled.

I fished out another cigarette. "What in the hell are you going to do with a virgin, anyway? No ransom. Nothing. She's worthless. What's up with that?"

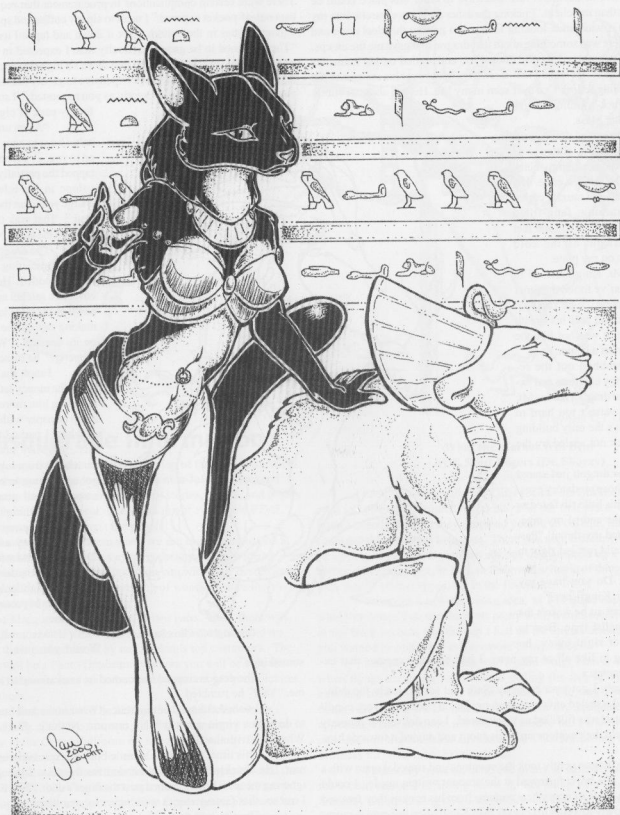
This time, the dragon's smile bore an expression of abject humor. He chuckled lightly and headed for the door. I thought he was ignoring me until he just pushed past the diner's door. "Mr. Kingfisher... I can see that fantasy stories were never to your liking..."

Then he was gone. Oh brother! I had to go get into *this* Business. I had to go challenge myself. Guess I got a lot to learn about dragons.



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

## Guest of Honor Sara Palmer



Even before attending the University of California, Long Beach and majoring in sculpture, Sara began her life in the arts at a very early age. She entered many contests and won several ribbons for her work in the county fairs and local contests held for children. As she entered college, she began the usual coursework of life drawing, drawing, ceramics, sculpture, life sculpture, bronze casting, mold making and similar studies, plus a very strong base of the sci-

ences. Though she does not find much time for sculpture anymore, it still remains one of her favorite past times.

During the early 1990's, her focus shifted to another of her great passions, animals. In 1994, she was licensed in California as a registered veterinary technician, as she had worked in the field while

pursuing her degree. She continued to work in the field for 10 years during school and after until an injury prevented her from continuing, and she turned once again to the arts. Her love of animals shows through in her work, as she finds animals exciting and challenging subject matter.

Her life has taken her from the shores of Southern California to the hills of New England, where she currently resides in an old house in a small town with her family and myriad of pets, including 2 cats, a great Dane, a hedgehog and a fish at last count. She is expecting her first child this year.

Sara is a relative newcomer to the Furry fandom, as Anthrocon marks her four-year anniversary with exhibiting her anthropomorphic art. At the present time, Sara works as a free-lance illustrator, drawing fantasy images for private clients as well as more professional clients. She is a frequent speaker at conventions, and though new to the world of comics, feels the media lends itself to telling bigger stories. Her work has been called vibrant, and her subject matter has varied from the mundane to the fantastic. She regularly sells prints and illustrations at conventions and through mail order, where she has grown in popularity over the last few years. She also has done many commercial illustrations for t-shirts, flyers, and various web-sites. She sends original art to convention art shows occasionally as well.

Her interests include such subjects as dinosaurs and ancient creatures, nature, museums, reading, cooking, any kind of artwork, Archaeology and Anthropology and she is an avid fan of science and nature programming. She is also interested in graphic storytelling and is currently the artist/writer of "Tears of Winter", a comic saga appearing in *Furrilough*, published by Radio Comics, along with various other projects, comic and otherwise.



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## Guest of Honor Paul Kidd



Paul Kidd  
(n) Porl Kidd. Fr Latin "Paulatium" (To layer or laminate), and "Kidas" (common european hedgehog)

1) A cave dwelling relative of the mole cricket, sometimes growing up to 8cm in length, or 2) A bearded, balding wit writer from Perth, Australia.

Paul either lives clinging to cave rooves and walls, following a largely carnivorous existence eating glow worm larvae, or he lives in Perth, writing screen plays, animated series, novels, computer games and comic books.

It is possible that his novel releases for 99/00 include "White Plume Mountain" (TSR), "Descent into the Depths of the Earth" (TSR), "A Whisper of Wings" (Vision), "The Rats of Acomar" (Vision) and "The Fangs of K'aath" (United Press UK).

Alternatively: His ability to survive total freezing and emerge with even his chitinous exoskeleton intact is the source of much speculation in scientific circles.

Paul's work is published in the USA, UK, Germany, Spain, Japan, France, Arab Emirates and Israel. The Australian industry considers him unpublished.

### The Rats of Acomar



By Paul Kidd

### A Whisper of Wings



Paul Kidd



ALL CHARACTERS ARE  
©2000 PAUL KIDD

Artwork Copyright © Chuck Melville  
Characters Copyright © Paul Kidd

Paul Kidd has written several novels, the following among them: *The Rats of Acomar* is the first book in the "Tales from the Mommist" shared-world by Lynn Abbey and Ed Greenwood. The story reveals the bleak existence of the Itheem, the Rats who dwell upon the Peninsula of Acomar, held there by a barrier wall manned by the ever-vigilant Uruth. But with the rising of the Warlord G'kaa, the Itheem find themselves on the very cusp of total victory over the other races that have kept them prisoner for so long.

*A Whisper of Wings* chronicles a time of spiritual crisis in the lives of a non-human race of hunter/gatherers known as the Kashtra. As disaster looms over their stagnant and calcified culture, two Messiahs arise -- each one pure in their vision, yet tragically opposed. War and terror, hope and love, power and majesty vie in a conflict that will tear a people asunder and remake them again in the fires of conflict.

\*\*\*

*The Rats of Acomar* is available as a trade paperback from Amazon.com, Diamond distribution, and INGRAM starting in July 2000.

*A Whisper of Wings* is currently available as a trade paperback from the same distributors.



# Furries of Myth and Legend

## Excerpt from *The Rats of Acomar*

by Paul Kidd

A lack of humor seemed to be the biggest problem in Tupan's life. Not in herself, of course - but it always seemed that no one else in the world knew how to take a joke. Running fleet-footed across the icy mountains with smoke streaming from her tail, she pondered the sad state of the world while lengthening her stride.

The armed mob baying behind her were a perfect case in point; good people in their own way, but with no appreciation of the sheer value laughter could bring into a life! A joke was golden - fun was treasure! Tupan could only sigh for the failings of an unkind world as she fled and left her troubles far behind.

With a long pointed nose and guileless eye, golden fur and skinny ribs, Tupan sped on all fours through a landscape made brilliant with powder snow and ice. The coyote girl wore a fantastic motley made of ribbons, patchwork and bells that fluttered all about her as she ran, each tassel waving a fond farewell to the lynch mob following behind. Fleet of foot and lean of flank, the girl seemed half stick insect and half starved wolf - although she always claimed her sparse lines were a result of fashion choice rather than famished necessity.

She ran with the speed of long practice - practice forced on her by a sadly unappreciative world. On the whole, she decided, canines were a dull sort of breed. In this she could never include herself - Tupan considered herself rather outside normal considerations of species, intellect or sex. But dogs, she thought, valued toil rather too much. Surely a bright moment in their lives was worth the price of a little food, a little drink, and the High Seer's prize-winning eels?

Life for a young Coyote could often be a vale of woes.

The pursuit lagged slowly behind, not having had the advantages of a life spent in high speed chase. The mountain air was fine and clear - perhaps a little sharp, but still, Tupan felt no reason to complain. She sped across the frosty grass upon all fours, with long patchwork gloves protecting her pretty little hands. The skies were blue, the bright sun shone, and it was promising to become a wondrous day.

A pine tree overhead suddenly exploded as a spell shot ploughed into the boughs. Blinking, Tupan launched herself into a sort of overdrive, running so fast she almost lost her fur. Behind her, a High Priestess gave a triumphant scream and dragged another spell out of the air. Tupan gave a sudden squeal of fear and dove across the ground; for reasons she never questioned, the flame dart suddenly skipped aside and buried itself in a hayrick in the fields, instantly setting the entire pile of winter fodder afire.

The coyote girl now had troubles of her own. She had entered a madly sloping forest of hawthorn thickets and tall pines - a place where sunbeams never fell. A deep-dished mountain stream had frozen early for the season, and it was into this slippery trough that Tupan tripped and fell. She hit the ice and skidded off downstream, sitting on her backside as she dazedly felt herself gathering speed.

"Oh poo."

She sat up on her bottom, her hands held out in front, ducking beneath a branch and suddenly enjoying the ride. Landscape whizzed wildly past as the slope grew ever sharper. The friction upon her bottom was hardly pleasant, but it was at least less tiring than running. Tupan looked owlishly about herself and decided to fit her chance discovery into a greater plan.

Shouts and hunting howls came from far behind, where four pack mates of the High Seer had launched themselves belly down into the frozen stream; it all seemed rather excessive for a few vegetables, a few missing trinkets and having the Seer pitch into a barrel of live eels. Tupan frantically tried to paddle with her hands to get more speed, but the belly riders shot forwards at a fantastic pace, baying as they came.

And then the whole journey took rather a down turn.

Tupan blinked as she felt the stream bed slope even further down the mountain side. Wailing, she raced through a high-banked curve and suddenly saw the stream bed end in open space. A pine tree branch slashed towards her face; Tupan grabbed the limb and jerked aloft, her tail whipping out above a dizzy fall into a lake below. She looked down in time to see four pairs of eyes looking up at her as her pursuers took the plunge; the last dog gave a heart rending glance of disappointment as gravity took hold and shot him into a freezing bath three dozen body spans below.

Quick as a weasel, Tupan slithered down the tree and raced down towards the valley floor, plunging her body in great leaps from tree root to tree root above the hard packed snow. She made a dizzy spring from a ledge out to the tip of a pine tree rooted in the valley far below, making a joyous noise as she slid down the trunk in a shower of bark and leaves. Speeding down into the mountain pass, she ran on through the steep boulders and the trees even as the first snowfall began to come drifting in the vain hope of picking up a scent.

Still bemusedly holding his beer, the wagon driver found himself face to face with one of the warriors as he clung onto the cart.

"Hey! Hey - seen a girl? Hey you! Have you seen a girl go by?"



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"Eh? A girl?" Tupan had tied one of her own ribbons about her eyes as a blindfold. In a voice infinitely frail, she quested blindly back and forth to find the speaker's face.

"A girl, do you say?" Tupan sniffed the air with the intense air of a connoisseur. "No girls here. Last one I smelled was two hundred spans back along the road. She headed north."

"North? Thank you, old one!" The black-furred hunter swung an arm and gave a howl to summon up his men. "North! Spread out and head North!"

The newcomers departed in a rush, leaving the carts to wend their way along the road in peace. Slipping the ribbon from her eyes, Tupan vigorously scratched a flea or two and gave a happy sigh.

The wagon driver and his pony both stared after the departing hunters with their ears sagging in disbelief.

"Who were those people?"

"Aaaah! Possibly the minions of an evil overlord! An overlord who has had his eye upon a certain beautiful young coyote girl and now intends to keep her prisoner!"

"What!" The driver gaped at Tupan in shock. "Really?"

"No no - I said possibly." Tupan had found the driver's lunch underneath the seat and tossed an apple to the horse. "This meatcake is pretty good! Hey - are you going to drink all of that beer?"

On the road behind, a last four sorry figures trudged out of the woods. They were blue with cold, sneezing and dripping wet from head to toe. Leaving frozen duckweed in their wake, they shambled along past the wagons heading on their comrades' trail.

The last of the warriors gave a titanic sneeze as he came level with Tupan's cart. The pony tut-tut-tutted and shook his head in evident sympathy.



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"Don't catch cold."

"Thanks."

The frozen dog waved to the pony, lifted his head in puzzlement, then suddenly wrenched about and looked straight up into Tupan's eyes. The girl froze to her seat and then made an annoyed little noise.

"Ooooooh, furballs!"

The girl stuffed the rest of the driver's lunch into her mouth and vigorously snapped her tasselled belt against the draft pony's ear. The creature gave a squeal of shock and broke into a gallop, arcing off the road and racing crazily along the snowy ground. The cart bounced wildly in the pony's wake, pots jouncing high to land with a spectacular crash. In an instant the cart had sped past the four wet and weary hunters, who raised a croak of alarm that their comrades could never hope to hear. The cart and pony careened southwards, heading against the traffic flow, then bumped across the road and landed with a bone-shuddering crash.

Downhill offered the best escape route, and the cart bounded off hidden logs to slam its way madly down the mountain slope. The pony seemed to know where it was going; Tupan freed herself of the blanket and took a grateful draft of air, looking about herself as the cart, driver and pony jounced crazily along the ground.

"You know - one day I'm going to get myself one of these!"

As she spoke, the driver gave Tupan a look of absolute amazement. An instant later, one wheel rolled free and slowly wandered off across the snow as the cart slammed hard against the ground, breaking pots and jarring Tupan's rear. The pony galloped on, dragging the shattered cart behind him until the second wheel broke free at last. The cart slid down a great, steep hill, collected the astonished pony, and then tobogganed its way down the side of a ravine. With the greyhound wailing and the pony blinking great, sad eyes, the cart eventually shot down into a forest and slammed straight into a thorny stand of hawthorn trees.

An awful silence fell. Amidst a scattered ruin of pots, straw packing, quaking ponies and bits of cart, Tupan had emerged utterly unscathed. She dusted herself off, walked past the panting pony and stuck an apple in his mouth, then extricated the handsome young cart driver from beneath a bank of snow.

"What's your name?"

"What?" The greyhound sat in a freezing drift of snow, almost knocked clean out of his wits. "It's - um, Surolf."

"Surolf? Tupan!" The be-ribboned coyote girl stuck out one wet, elegantly gloved hand. "How are you doing?"

"Not well."

"It'll be fine. Hey - I can catch a hare and we can cook it over hawthorn twigs for tea! Did you see any berries on your way down?"

The driver and the pony sat side by side in the wreckage, and each exchanged a look of bewildered horror. Surolf watched the coyote girl as she happily collected twigs in the snow. Stunned, he lifted up his hands, trying to somehow shape a concept out of the empty winter air.

"Tupan?"

"Yes?"

"I hate you."

The girl snapped her fingers, utterly oblivious to it all. "Cool! Hey - and you haven't even tried my cooking!"

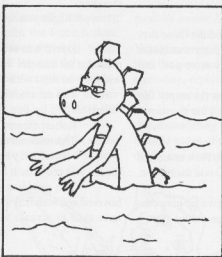
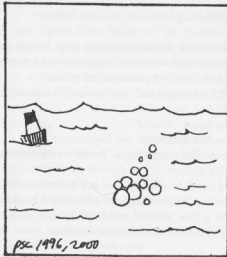
Girding her bells and ribbons all about her, the girl went happily off about making a decent lunch. Lost and drained, her companions numbly sank into the snow and prayed that the bad dream would simply end.



# Furries of Myth and Legend

## LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah



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## The World Shaper by Ed Smith The Teflon Cougar

The vixen kept low in the bushes. She watched the three furs moving along the road. It was as they feared. The other party was closer than they liked. She waited under the bushes until they were past and then scurried down the hillside.

Her partner James, a wolf, sat in camp staring at the empty fire pit. As long as the other party was near, a fire was out of the question.

"See them?" James asked  
"All three," Christine confirmed.

The leader of the other party was a wolf as well. He was named Robert. He always traveled with Solomon the tiger and David the moose. "They were headed for town."

The wolf nodded. "Robert was never one to give up his comforts. The lure of the tavern will have them. We'll get an earlier start."

The problem with Early is it keeps an inconvenient schedule. Christine looked at her coffee. It wasn't helping today. James already had the camp packed. Early risers had always confused the vixen. She yawned again. It was time to go.

Had it only been two days? Yes. That seemed right. Two days ago the pixies had arrived. They told her she was needed. Robert had learned the location of the World Shaper, the legendary sword of the gods. Whoever held the sword could tap the energies of the universe and reshape the world to their will. She had been directed to James. He was expecting her. They had to keep the World Shaper from Robert.

James paused and looked up at the mountain. It was as impressive as he had expected. He turned to face Christine.

"Ready for a work out, fox?"  
"I'll keep up. Don't worry about me."

They began the climb. The going was rough. By noon they were exhausted. They took a break for lunch. Christine kept looking around at every noise.

"Expecting trouble?" James asked.  
"Don't think the sword is unguarded do you?"

James chuckled. "Sorry. I thought you knew. There are two guardians. To get past them you either need the Gift or the Word. We have the Gift. The guardians can't see us."

"So that means Robert has the Word. Which means?"

"The guardians will challenge him. When he speaks the word they let him pass."

Christine looked towards the peak. It looked just as far away as when they started. "So, how far before we sleep?"  
James smiled a wolfish grin. "No sleep until we're done."

Robert looked up at the mountain and growled his frustration. He and his men had camped on it for the night. When they awoke they were back at the bottom.

"Cursed magics," Robert growled. "Well let's get back to it.

We have a world to rule."

Solomon sighed. "I guess it's no sleep until we conquer the mountain?"

"Right you are" Robert agreed.

David was relieved when Robert signaled a stop. He sat and rubbed at his muscles. He barely noticed the bank of glowing mist. Robert watched the mist with delight. The first guardian had arrived.

The mist hovered for moment and then in a clear voice asked, "Word?"

Robert cleared his throat. "Power"

The mist moved out of their way.

"David, stay here to mark our passage." Robert instructed. The moose was more than happy to obey.

The guardian did not fade after Robert and Solomon left. It hovered and watched the moose. David had grown so used to it he didn't have time to scream when it shot forward and engulfed him. Robert hoped the guardian liked its sacrifice.



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James drew his sword and faced back the way they came. Christine walked cautiously into the cave. It was lit with no obvious source. The vixen approached an altar. She jumped back, her own sword now out. A blue, transparent duplicate of her stood behind the altar.

"All may touch the sword, but it will only obey a heart that is pure." Her duplicate vanished. Christine strode confidently forward. On the altar was a miniature sword.

"Not much for all the fuss are you?" Cautiously she picked up the sword. Even for an object of metal it felt lifeless. She carried it to James. "Got it" She announced.

He turned to look at her. She saw Robert emerge from hiding. Before she could call out a warning, Robert threw a dart into James' back. James collapsed.

"Sword for the antidote, vixen"

"Antidote first, wolf"

"You know what happens if you don't follow through on a bargain on this mountain, don't you?"

Actually she didn't, but wasn't about to tell him that. Robert walked up to a stone and set down a bottle. He backed away. Christine approached the stone carefully watching Robert. She took the bottle and set the sword down.

James woke slowly. He was in a room at the inn. Christine looked down at him.

"What?"

"Robert poisoned you. I had to deal to get the antidote."

"Not the sword?"

"Yeah, the sword. He can't use it. Only a heart that's pure can tap the power. Clever, huh?"

"Stupid vixen. A heart that's pure. Even if it's pure evil."

Robert stroked the sword and thought of a world where wolves ruled all and every species prayed to their wolfish god.



# Furries of Myth and Legend

Love is the Law

by Francine M. Rice (Moonlight Sonata)

Warmth caressed her body. Wriggling in the sunlight dappling her lithe tigress form, Mistress Yuki uncurled from the futon hollow. She slipped a sea green kimono on and pushed aside the shoji, which separated her sleeping alcove from the living area. Beyond the wooden panels with their rice paper coverings painted with cherry blossoms lay the hearth and horigatatsu. While the tea brewed on its little brazier over the coals, she uncovered the long low table and set out bowl and teacup.

"Cream ladled over warm rice with sugar and dried fruit makes a satisfying breakfast," she thought, ladling it into her bowl. The heat stung her paw pads through the thin porcelain as she blew on the tea to cool it. She finished her meal, rinsed her dishes in well water, and set them in the stone sink to dry. Meditation first, then market, she decided.

Yuki entered the tokonoma, a sacred area dedicated to the ancestors and the gods. On the black marble dais squatted an incense burner and a wall fountain pouring into an alabaster basin from which the koi stared at her. She had placed a fresh arrangement of plum, pussy willow, and fern in the jade vase only yesterday. The scroll at the back of the alcove above the rust-colored ancestral candle displayed some of her best calligraphy and brushwork: bamboo leaves and cherry twigs with the characters "Love is the law" penned vertically down one side of it. Eyes on the scroll, Mistress Yuki lit the candle and incense. She drew her katana from the wall and knelt on the cushion, blade balanced across her palms. The mists which heralded a vision descended on her. *Love is the law...*

"*Love is the law.*" Yuki heard it before she saw the person to whom the thought belonged. Accompanied by a mewling cry of despair couched in bitterness, the phrase spoke of lack rather than love. She allowed it to pull her closer. A ragged figure clasped a crystal shard.

"*No, don't —*" She put out a paw to forestall the downward thrust. The creature hesitated, frozen by the command. "*This is not the way...*" As the first drops of blood fell, the shard turned a dull red. The mists swirled, obscuring her vision, and resolved into a snow white fox with golden claws, nine tails, and glowing ruby eyes. "*Inari!*"

"*Your prayer has been heard. You will find what you seek in the garden.*"

The air around her seemed to rend and she felt herself being thrust out of a vortex as the mists collapsed on her. A voice sweeter than any she could ever remember hearing, which filled her with a longing to meet its owner, followed her back to consciousness.

"Love is the law!" The katana clattered to the tatami mat and Yuki discovered she had clutched the blade so tightly that it had bitten into the paw pad. She hastily retrieved it and, uttering apologies to her ancestors, replaced it on the wall. Binding the wound, she rushed out into the garden and scurried across the flagstones.

Not far from the house the paths diverged at a cypress grove, one meandering through the garden and the other toward the pond. A terrible sense of urgency propelled Yuki toward the pond, past the boat dock, and across the stepping-stones to the island. The lantern-lined walk widened into a set of steps guarded by foo dogs on either side. In a clearing framed by weeping willows and maples lay the shrine to Inari.

A curly mane straggled down the cat woman's back, framing a gaunt but delicately sculpted body with tattered wings. The delicate rainbow markings on face and paws indicated a Siamese. She looked up, arrested by Yuki's timely arrival. "Don't," Mistress Yuki said. "Please, do not spill your blood in my sacred grove."

The Siamese lowered her quivering arm a fraction. "What? Why do you care?"

Yuki gasped: in spite of the harshly spoken words, the voice's sweetness matched the one she had heard in her vision. "You are in the temple of Inari," she explained. "It would take me many moons of retribution to restore the sanctity of the grove — a waste of my time and your life." She

held out her paw. "My name is Yuki. Will you tell me yours?"

"The humans called me Moonlight Sonata," she replied. "I do not think it is my name but it is the only one I have ever known.

"It suits you," said Yuki, her tone frankly admiring. The wary look on the cat woman's face faded to one of cautious hope. Yuki's paw closed on Sonata's. The crystal shard slid between their clasped paws and shattered. "Come into the house and have some tea. You can clean up a bit and we'll discuss our future."

A tenuous smile trembled on Sonata's lips. "All right."

It will be a new beginning for us both, Yuki mused as she guided her new friend toward the house, with love as the law.



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# Anthrocon 2000

## Charity Auction Information and Rules

The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field that deals heavily in the appreciation of the theme of animals crossed with humans to varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook our real-life counterparts of this mix and, as the human portion of this blend, assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support The National Greyhound Adoption Program (NGAP), an organization located in Philadelphia, PA. The following explains NGAP's operations as detailed by our NGAP representative, David Wolf:

*"The National Greyhound Adoption Program is the largest, independent greyhound rescue organization in the United States. We have a large holding facility in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and all of the greyhounds that we will ultimately adopt are brought to that facility. We normally have between 50-70 greyhounds year round and have a full staff to care for them. We adopt between 500-700 greyhounds annually from this facility, so each week some greyhounds are being adopted, and new greyhounds are coming in. We have our own in-house surgical facility and perform approximately 1,000 surgical procedures each year from procedures as simple as neutering/spaying to orthopedic work and amputation. We are very strong greyhound advocates and will forever be critical of greyhound racing.*

*We are an excellent facility for research and analysis of the greyhounds' health. We appreciate Anthrocon accepting NGAP to receive the proceeds of their silent auction. We look forward to seeing you in July with our greyhounds. We expect to be bringing silent auction items with us that were donated to us by the Home Shopping Network which should enhance your silent auction. Greyhounds Are Great As Pets!"*

You can reach NGAP and their representative, David Wolf, at [ngap@ix.netcom.com](mailto:ngap@ix.netcom.com), by phone at 215-331-7918, or visit their homepage at <http://www.ngap.org>.

NGAP representatives will be on hand during the Auction to receive the bidders' payments so that it does not pass through the hands of any Anthrocon staffmember. NGAP representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Auction.

The Anthrocon Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items donated by fandom artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us with artwork, software, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon. These donors have not requested anything in return for their

efforts to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Auction raised over \$3600 for The Great Valley Nature Center, a sanctuary and preserve for injured and recuperating birds and other animals. The total was one of the largest raised from an Auction for charity at an anthropomorphic-themed convention and the largest for Anthrocon itself.

Before the auction, items that have already been donated will be on display in the Art Show. The auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) in the Grand Ballroom and will run for approximately 2-3 hours.

Donated items and services will be offered in a pseudo-auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at Anthrocon.

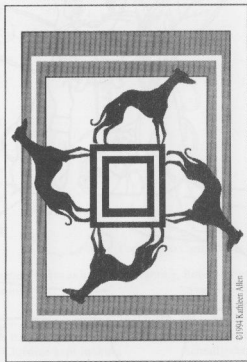
Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Auction to be sold, see the Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at the National Greyhound Adoption Program by joining us for the 2000 Anthrocon Auction on Saturday afternoon.

### The Greyhound in Brief

- Some facts about greyhounds:
- \* Greyhounds originated in Egypt about 5,000 years ago.
- \* They live approximately ten to fifteen years.
- \* They have a calm, gentle affectionate disposition.
- \* Their colors have many variations including white, black, fawn, and brindle.
- \* Their coat is short, velvety and smooth and they shed minimally. Additionally, they don't have a "doogic" odor.
- \* They don't require professional grooming. Home grooming includes minimal bathing, nail clipping, and ear and teeth cleaning. They are generally considered a low-maintenance dog.

## GREYHOUND ADOPTION



THE LOVING NEVER ENDS

### How the NGAP Adoption Program Works

The NGAP checks references carefully when they receive applications from people who want to adopt a greyhound. Once an applicant has been approved, they match up the applicant's request with the Greyhounds presently in their kennel.

The NGAP generally has 40 to 50 greyhounds at all times in their kennels and they profile every greyhound each week, using those profiles to match greyhounds to people wanting to adopt one of the dogs.

Using this method, they have done over 4,000 adoptions, matching people with greyhounds to bring happiness to both parties.



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# Furries of Aplyth and Legend



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## Chicks in Chain Mail Bikinis How Not to Write a Fantasy Story by Stacey Kathleen Wenkel

There are a lot of clichés in fantasy. If you get most of your ideas for fantasy stories from watching Conan movies, Xena and Hercules, and other B-grade fantasy movies or TV shows, then you may have fallen into the world of fantasy clichés. There are a lot of things that creep into fantasy stories that just don't belong. Chain mail bikinis are only the start.

### Defining and Debunking Clichés

Here are some clichés to keep in mind while you're writing your fantasy story or novel. Take a good look at them and try to keep them in mind because later, I'm going to try and debunk some of them.

- \* Warrior chicks wearing chain mail bikinis (heck, anyone wearing a chain mail bikini).
- \* Warrior guys with more muscles than brains.
- \* Horses are motorcycles.
- \* Big swords are better.
- \* Sword fighters aim for each other's swords.

- \* The bad guy is a BadGuy(tm) just because he's evil.
- \* No one fights dirty. Not even the bad guys.
- \* All evil plans have an obvious, fatal flaw.
- \* Strong warrior chicks are all dykes.

Now let's take a closer look at the problems with everything listed above. We'll take this one by one.

### Warrior chicks wearing chain mail bikinis (heck, anyone wearing a chain mail bikini).

Chain mail *chafes* and no woman in her right mind wants little metal links rubbing where something like that is going to rub. On top of that, if she's a warrior, it's not going to offer her much protection against arrows, swords, daggers and dragon teeth. Not to mention, chain mail bikinis and loincloths don't offer much protection against the elements.

### Warrior guys with more muscles than brains.

It's been done. It's been *overdone*. While Boris Vallejo does a pretty good job portraying musclemen, in general, body builders don't have the right muscles developed to use a sword and they very likely don't have the speed to develop one.

### Horses are motorcycles.

Horses are *not* motorcycles. If you want your fantasy characters to get somewhere fast, remember that horses need to eat. Like your other characters, they also need to sleep and pee. They'll be much happier if you stop them for the night, give them a good brushing, clean out their hooves, and feed them. Horses also have attitudes, just like people. Sometimes they will *not* go where their riders want them to, no matter what threat is made. Remember, if your characters *really* need to get somewhere, they'll need their horses to be in good shape, or they'll need to find a way to travel that doesn't require the beasties.

### Big swords are better.

Size doesn't always matter. If your main character is a tiny little guy, maybe a dagger is better suited for him, or throwing knives. If he *has* to pick up the massive barbarian's sword, he's not going to be able to swing it like that massive barbarian. He's probably going to drag the tip across the ground and piss off the massive barbarian (if he's still alive).

### Sword fighters aim for each other's swords.

Wrong wrong wrong wrong! A sword fighter aims for her opponent's weak spots. If the other guy is any good, he blocks it with his sword, shield. If he isn't, he blocks it with his arm, leg, chest or back and gets hurt. Or maybe he blocks it with his head or neck and gets killed. You can't believe everything you see on television and in the movies.

### The bad guy is a BadGuy(tm) just because he's evil.

Everyone is the hero of his or her own story. That may sound like a cliché, but it's true. People do things for reasons. Most of them even think they're right when they're doing those things. Sure, you may not be able to see how burning a village and then slaughtering every man, woman, and child who lived there is right and good, but think about it from the bad guy's perspective. Those people should



have been loyal to him. He's given them everything they needed. But instead of loyalty, they betrayed him, harbored his enemies and conspired to overthrow him. Does he think that perhaps his taxes are overwhelming? That his armies who march the streets day and night could make those people nervous? Probably not. He's doing it for their own good, for the good of his country. Make your villains just as human as you make your heroes; and give him believable motives. He doesn't have to be right, just real.

### ***No one fights dirty. Not even the bad guys.***

Everyone fights dirty now and then. If you're in the middle of a fight and the only way to save yourself is to throw dirt in your opponent's eyes, you're probably going to do it.

Just because your hero is one of the good guys doesn't mean he can't fight dirty. The bad guys are probably going to fight dirty, going to do what it takes to win, to survive. Your heroes should probably consider the same thing. Sure, they probably won't destroy a whole village to keep themselves alive, but they would probably resort to hair pulling and sand-in-the-face if they were running out of options. Fighting dirty for the bad guys also means everyone rushing the big stupid guy with the sword at the same time, not coming at him one at a time like a string of sword-wielding paper dolls.

### ***All evil plans have an obvious, fatal flaw.***

Give me a break. If a five-year-old could see the flaw in the villain's plan, then maybe you should think about restructuring the story. Challenge the characters, make them think, make them work hard to overcome the villain's plot. If you just give them the answer, the reader feels cheated. Think about possible ways to overcome the villain. Take the first two solutions that come to you and get rid of them. Come up with a third solution, something that isn't obvious.

### ***Strong warrior chicks are all dykes.***

Hey, I don't make the clichés; I'm just relating them to you.

Until recently, there seemed to be primarily two types of women in fantasy stories: the strong warrior woman who wasn't interested in men and the token chick in a party of manly men. Just because a woman knows how to use a sword, she doesn't have to ignore men, or act like one of the guys when they've had too much to drink in a tavern and they're all trying to pick up bar wenches. Strong women can have weaknesses for men, too. They may be better at hiding their attraction, or they may be worse.

Additionally, if you have a party that's primarily men—men described with bulging muscles and strength and agility—and one woman, make sure that you're focusing on the reason she's a part of the group. If you spend pages and pages talking about her raven locks, her long legs, her full lips but never once mention that she's one of the most dangerous assassins in the known world, then the only reason your reader can come up with for her presence in the merry band of killers is that she's there for the guys to look at. If the token chick is only there for the guys to look at, then say so. But if she is just there for looks, make her act believably, too. If they want her to do something, or if she ends up cornered, with no option but to fight, she's probably not going to fight with the kind of skill that a trained warrior has.

These aren't the only clichés, but they do represent a good number of them. Be wary of anything that looks like it might work well in a

Xena or a Hercules episode. Be doubly wary of anything that might work as the plot for a new Conan movie.

Try to avoid succumbing to clichés, no matter how tempting they may be to throw in to make the story easier. The story may be harder to write, but it will be better in the long run.

I told you to take a long hard look at the clichés I was presenting. I didn't tell you there would be a test on them later ... Well, there *will* be a test on this later. The test comes when you try to get your story published. Make the story something an editor wants to buy, something an editor can't put down. Don't make it something the editor has seen a hundred thousand times before. One way to keep an editor from groaning is to leave the clichés behind, or find a fresh new twist on an old cliché.

### ***Using Clichés to Your Advantage***

Now that I've told you to avoid clichés, I'm going to give you some suggestions for using clichés to your advantage. There are several steps in using clichés to your advantage. First, and foremost, you have to recognize and acknowledge the cliché you are going to use as a cliché.

Most fantasies that use clichés take hold of them and twist them around for comedic value. Xena and Hercules both do that. They settle the viewer in a world somewhat familiar to them (ancient Greece), and proceed to play on stereotypes and clichés to get laughs from the viewers. Most of the time, it works.

There are a handful of anthologies edited by Esther M. Friesner (*Chicks in Chain Mail*, *Chicks 'n Chained Males*, and *Did You Say*



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

*Chicks?*) where you have authors playing on story clichés, turning them on their heads, or exaggerating them to a similar comedic effect.

The other way to use a cliché to your advantage is to find a new twist on it. Find a way to make it new and fresh and different. If you can't make the cliché funny, if you can't make the cliché different, then find a different way to write the story.

## Additional Information about Clichés

Just remember, clichés don't occur *only* in fantasy stories. For more clichés, take a look at some of the following websites:

### The Grand List of Overused Science Fiction Clichés

Hop on over to <http://users.erols.com/vansickl/eliache.htm> and read a pretty exhaustive list of clichés that appear in science fiction. Don't fall into the trap of thinking that they are *only* found in science fiction, however. You can probably find a lot of the same clichés in other genres, as well.

Also linked from <http://users.erols.com/vansickl/scifi.htm>, you can find a list of clichés that surround heroes, sidekicks, the true love, evil henchmen, and some clever advice for the normal people in the world.

### Peter's Evil Overlord List

If you look at <http://www.eviloverylord.com/lists/overlord.html>, you'll find everything that the list maintainer (and a few of his friends) have found wrong with evil overlords of the past and what they'll do to ensure their own success when they become an evil overlord. The list is humorous, but it also points out clichés that appear in many genres including fantasy and science fiction.



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## DanceMagic by Ten Underscores

Lyrsta took a deep breath and adjusted her skirt again. She was wearing her finest dancing outfit for this special occasion. It was the first time she had worn the outfit on this world since the day she arrived.

She had traveled her own world in order to learn all she could about the art of dance, and her outfit showed it. She wore silks from the Far East, velvets from Europe, veils from Persia, and linens from the land of the Maharajahs. Not that those names would mean anything to the people of this world.

She walked to the doorway of the tent and looked out at the crowd. The people of this world, who called themselves N'sirtoi, reminded her of giant cats. She thought it was more of the fact that they had fur, sharp ears and those large, cat-like eyes. The old witch that sent her here just told her that they loved to dance, and could teach her many things; she never mentioned their appearance.

She watched the crowd of N'sirtoi form and thought about how she came to this moment. Her life took an unusual turn here when she was dancing with her troop for the Magister of the province nearly 3 months ago. It seemed that the only child of the Magister had come down with a disease the N'sirtoi called 'Blood Sickness.' Lyrsta was asked to care for the daughter, as the disease was very dangerous to the N'sirtoi, but would cause her no harm.

Lyrsta sighed as she remembered the first time she saw Oriali. The disease was still in its early stages when she met the young lady. She was thin and feverish, but still very much a lady. Oriali's wit and charm, even when faced with a fatal disease, inspired Lyrsta.

Even as the disease progressed and Oriali became weaker and less able to take care of herself, she was never cross to Lyrsta. At first, Lyrsta thought that the sick N'sirtoi was being polite to the only personal contact that she was permitted. Now, she only saw a bright young child who she could call friend. A bright young child who was going to die.

Lyrsta was going to try to change all that.

She took the small silver mirror and looked at her face. She reached over and took one of the small brushes. She dipped the brush into the crimson paste that her N'sirtoi teacher gave her. She took a deep breath and drew the 'sorrow marks' by each of her eyes. The N'sirtoi used them in both prayer and during times of mourning. Lyrsta thought that, either way, these marks would be perfect for her needs.

A gray and black furred head popped into the tent, "They're bringing Oriali out, now. Are you ready?"

Lyrsta exhaled, "As ready as I'll ever be, Auro. Is the Magister out there?"

Auro shook his head, and his ears went back slightly, "He still claims that nothing will come of your Otherworld magic. As if young Ori has any other chance. If this doesn't work, you know you'll be held responsible."

Lyrsta smiled and touched Auro's cheek in the N'sirtoi gesture of comfort. She said with far more confidence than she felt, "Everything will be fine. Now, go."

Auro nodded and pulled his head out of the small tent.

She heard the drums start, a calm beat that was as close to a sleeping heartbeat as could be allowed. With a deep breath, she threw back the flaps of the tent and began her march to the beat of the drum.



Oriali's litter was right where she asked for it to be set, and the crowd of curious N'sirtoi gathered around the area she staked out the night before. Slowly, and to the beat of the music, she walked to the litter and looked down at Oriali.

The sick N'sirtoi was thin and weak, her mouth open; her labored wheezing could be heard over the beating drum. Her tan and orange fur was thin, and there were several bald spots already. Her eyes were squinted and the water coming from them left a matted trail of fur along both sides of her short muzzle.

Lyrsta took off the small silver chain and medallion and clasped it around Oriali's thin neck. The N'sirtoi's eyes cleared as she noticed the dancer. From between wheezing, Lyrsta heard "... no .... no ..."

Lyrsta smiled and placed her hand on the sick girl's cheek, "Ori, I have to."

The dancer looked up and nodded to the N'sirtoi musicians. The beat of the drum increased, and the uris pipes filled the air. Lyrsta closed her eyes as she walked to the center of the crowd-surrounded area, letting the music fill her. She gracefully fell to the ground in the center, and waited.

The music's tempo picked up, and she flowed upwards with the music. She opened her eyes, and began to dance. She spun and whirled, using everything she learned from everywhere she ever traveled. She was spring, she was hope, she was love. She poured everything she knew about life, about living into the dance.

As Lyrsta spun and leapt, the small silver medallion around Oriali's neck began to glow and pulsate with the rhythms of the music. Lyrsta kept dancing, and the glow of the medallion increased

Lyrsta finished her dance, and the medallion gave a final flash as if a shooting star had landed. The crowd was silent and she walked over to the litter. On it, the young N'sirtoi's mouth was closed, and her breathing was smooth and easy. Lyrsta placed her head on the child's chest, and didn't hear any of the congestion that she had become so familiar with over the past months.

As she stood up, she used the hem of a veil to dab the sweat from her brow. She knew that she had to leave before the child woke up. All she had to do was pack her tent and performance clothes, and she could move on with a traveling troupe of entertainers that was passing through the town. Both she and Oriali needed to start new lives, but they must be apart.

Lyrsta knew she did the right thing, and the cost was well worth it.

\*\*\*

Oriali sat at the table, eating with her father for the first time since she had the Blood Sickness. Her fur was now thick and glossy, and she was quickly gaining weight. Soon, she would be completely whole again.

Magister W'rel sat next to his daughter. "Oh, Ori, it's so good to have you back. I knew you could fight of the Sickness."

Oriali finished chewing her food before she replied. "Father, have you heard anything from Lyrsta?"

"The Otherworlder? She took her false magic and left. She didn't even bother to tell anyone here goodbye." The Magister chuckled, "It just goes to show that you can't trust the Otherworlders. They are so self-centered."

The younger N'sirtoi laid her ears back and dropped her utensils on the table, "Father, how can you say such things?"

The Magister was taken aback at his daughter's comments,



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"Well, look for yourself. She disappeared without even knowing if you were healed or not. What kind of loyalty does that show?"

"Father," Oriali said with a voice that was trying to hold back tears, "Lyrsta's magic saved me. The Chief Healer has even said so. Don't question her loyalty or her bravery."

"Ori, that's no tone to take with your father."

The tears flowed down Oriali's muzzle openly now, "Father, I can't help it. You never got to know Lyrsta. You didn't know about her magic."

"What would that have to do with anything, Ori? Magic is magic..."

"No, Father, it's not," The young N'sirtoi interrupted. "Her magic was special. What you don't know is that she was only allowed to use the magic twice in her life. She was using it once to come to this world, and once to go back to her own world."

She stood up slowly and took her walking staff, "Father, she gave up her life, her whole world, for me. Say what you like about Otherworlders, Father, but don't make them seem like monsters."

Oriali took the silver medallion that belonged to the dancer off her neck and handed it to her stunned father. "Here. I trusted Lyrsta, and I trust that she had reasons for leaving as she did. Maybe this will give you some of that trust."

As W'rel took the jewelry, his daughter walked out the room. Her eyes were filled with tears, but she walked straight. She understood the dancer's sacrifice, and was determined not to let such an expensive gift go to waste.



# Furries of Myth and Legend

## The Birth of Sleipnir (Norse Myth - retold by Sarah "Atara" Brannan)

In the days of the Aesir, long gone but not forgotten, the gods of the Old North feared attack from the trolls and the giants. They conceived a stronghold, a place called Asgard, and sought a craftsman for its construction.

A stonemason arrived to offer his services. "My name is Blast," he said in a ringing voice. "I will build you a stronghold that will be impenetrable to attack from the Frost Giants and the Trolls of the Mountains. For this task, I only require a small payment: the hand of the beautiful goddess Freya in marriage, and the sun and the moon."

"Outrageous!" the Aesir roared, and prepared to send the stonemason away.

But the trickster Loki called his brothers aside. "I propose we set a deadline for the mason," he said. "The entire stronghold must be completed in six months, and he must complete the work alone. He will fail; no human could complete the task alone in that time. When the first day of summer arrives and even one stone is left unlaid, he must forfeit his prize. We will then only have to finish the hall ourselves - surely an easy task."

The gods warily agreed, and proposed the contract to Blast. "I will accept your conditions," said the mason, "but only if I can use my stallion Svadilfari."

Odin glanced at Loki, who nodded. "Very well. We accept your terms. You may begin work on the first day of winter." The contract was made, and the gods of Asgard were bound by their word.

Come the dawn of winter, Blast began work on the stronghold. The mason worked all day and all night, using his horse to haul the stones. The Aesir were astonished at the size of the stones Blast used to form the walls - his stallion Svadilfari was much stronger than he looked. As winter wore on, the stronghold went up far faster than Loki had anticipated.

Days and weeks passed as the great hall neared completion. The mason had only to complete the hall's massive archway before claiming his wages. Odin fumed. "If the hall is completed in two days, we will be forced to hand over the sun, the moon, and Freya!" he roared. Odin clamped his hands on Loki's shoulders and lifted the trickster into the air. "If the mason completes the wall before the first day of summer, you... will be dead."

Shaken, Loki swore a solemn oath. "I swear that I shall not let

Blast finish his work, no matter what it might cost me." Appeased, Odin let Loki go. Loki did nothing for the rest of that day but watch the mason work. He noticed that the stallion did twice again as much work as the mason, hauling the huge stones from the quarry to the hall. Loki devised a plan.

The next morning, Loki called upon his powers and transformed himself into a mare with flaxen mane and hooves of gold. Hiding herself in a thicket, the mare waited for the mason and his stallion to pass. When they came into view, Loki stepped out of the thicket and neighed at Svadilfari, flicking her tail playfully in the air.

Seeing the beautiful mare, the stallion became frantic. He bucked and whinnied and struggled, and he broke free from his traces. Svadilfari kicked up his heels, arched his neck at the lovely mare, and galloped after her. Blast roared when he saw his stallion break free. He spent the rest of the day and that night pursuing the two horses through the forest. But Loki led the stallion further and further into the thick dark of the woods, until they were lost from Blast's sight, and made sure the stallion remained occupied for two days.

Blast sullenly returned to his cart, attempting to finish the work himself. Without his stallion's help, however, the work progressed much more slowly.

Two days later the stallion returned to his master feeling frisky and refreshed. But it was too late, for the first day of summer had come and passed, and the hall remained incomplete. The mason became so angry that he revealed his true self, transforming into a Rock Giant. Thor killed the giant with one blow of his mighty hammer, and Asgard and Freya, and the sun and the moon were saved.

The gods were pleased that they did not have to pay the giant,



When Fenrir gets bored.

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but they wondered what had become of Loki. Several months passed, and still the trickster did not return.

One day, Loki appeared at the gates of Asgard. He looked tired and sore, but he waved off questions of what had happened to him. Trailing behind him was an extraordinary colt with eight legs and eyes of fire. "This is Sleipnir," he said wearily, handing the colt's bridle to Odin. "He is a magnificent animal, suited only for a god such as yourself. He can travel over land, sea and air, and he will serve you loyally."

Odin nodded and regarded the trickster. "Thank you," he said, accepting the fine animal. "But tell us, where have you been?"

"Another time," Loki murmured, departing the great hall. "I must rest now... I'm feeling a little hoarse."



## A Simple Tale by Andrija Popovic

"I disagree."

Silence fell. Lord Masamune Ryu's composure never wavered. The young Fox wiped a drop of tea from his whiskers. Beneath the motion, he hid a glance around the room.

The other provincial Lords quieted. A few turned their tea cups in their hands. One braved a sip of his tea. But the soft rustling of summer winds against creamy white paper screens ruled the room.

"Is that so?" Lord Tsubashi Yama's voice was an earthquake in the tiny room. Ryu inclined his head towards the hosting lord. The delicate wooden tea-table creaked under the massive Canine. "You do not share my views, Masamune-sama?"

"Not entirely, Yama-sama," he said.

"And which portion of my statement do you not agree with, Masamune-sama," said Yama, a smirk cutting his face. Ryu suppressed a sigh. Although they held the same rank, Ryu was a young lord, recently inheriting the position after his father's death in a skirmish with the Tamanouchi clan. Ryu had taken one arrow for him. The other found his father's heart.

Lord Yama's father died in his sleep years ago. An honored and respected poet and calligrapher, the elder Lord Yama left a heavy legacy for his son, who had neither the talent nor the desire to follow in his father's path. So, as one who could not do, he criticized.

"Poetry, calligraphy and painting are noble forms of art," said Ryu. "But I do not agree that they are the *only* true noble arts."

"Oh?" Yama's smirk turned to a scowl. His hand trailed towards his family sword. The other provincial Lords did likewise. It would not be the first time a discussion of the arts had ended in a duel. "Are you suggesting that even the dry prose used for court documents and histories could be raised to a noble art?"

"In the hands of a true artist, yes," he said.

Lord Yama laughed. "The notion is preposterous, Lord Masamune! Such unpoetic stories are only suitable for merchants."

"Currently, yes," Ryu said. "But I believe I have glimpsed an original prose work that could join the ranks of the great poets."

"Ha!" spat Yama. "Then I propose a wager. Bring to us this noble prose. If myself and the Lords assembled here believe it holds merit, we shall recommend it to the Emperor's court."

"If it does not..." Lord Yama leaned closer. "Then your smiths owe me a fine, new sword for myself and my retainers. Are we agreed?"

Ryu paused. Taking a sip from his cup, he looked to the lords in the room, and then to Yama. "It is agreed."

\*\*\*

"Thank you for seeing me on such short notice Lady Fuj—" The beautiful lady fox raised her hand, the sleeves of her kimono gathering around her elbow like flower petals. Ryu halted his words.

"Please call me Shikibu," she said, smiling. "It has been a while, my shining Ryu. I have completed another chapter of my story. Would you like me to read it to you?" Ryu knelt before her, head bowed low. Around him, Shikibu's garden rustled and sang as the wind slipped through the flowers.

"Shikibu, I have a boon to ask."

"Oh?" She raised an ear, her tail flicking with interest. Ryu felt a blush creep under his fur.

"Yes. It centers around your tale...and your art." He lifted his gaze. Shikibu opened a small rice-paper and bamboo fan, cooling her fur as she moved it back and forth. The lady often meditated to the rhythm of that fan.

"Tell me what you need, my shining Ryu..."

\*\*\*

Yama glared at Lord Masamune, a smile plastered on his face. He could almost feel one of the young upstart's swords, fresh from the forge, in his hand. Masamune bowed before the provincial Lords. "May I introduce a noble writer of prose," the young fox said. Yama leaned close. The wager was almost won.

The rice-paper screen slid open, revealing the 'noble writer.' Yama's canine tail stopped its wagging. Dressed in resplendent silk, the Governor's daughter—one of the Empresses' ladies in waiting—entered.

"Greetings honorable lords," she said as she bowed and unrolled a scroll. "Masamune-sama has asked me to read from a new work of fiction, written in the style of Chinese historical dramas, which I call 'The Tale of Genji.'" Daintily, she

sat beside Masamune and began reading:

"In a certain reign there was a lady not of the first rank whom the emperor loved more than any of the others..."

By the time the first chapter was done, Yama had lost the bet. By the time the second was complete, he did not care.

\*\*\*

"Thank you again, Shikibu," said Ryu as they watched the sun set behind the sea.

"No," she said. "It is I who should thank you." Before he could ask why, she placed a single finger across his lips.

"Why?" she continued. "All I did was tell a simple tale and tell it well. It was you, my shining Ryu, that gave my story what it truly needed...an audience. After all, if a tale is never read, who can say it was ever told at all?"

Ryu said nothing. Shikibu replied in kind. Together, the two Foxes sat and contemplated the setting summer sun in a garden by the Sea of Japan.



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# Furries of Myth and Legend



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

## Tales of the Scales: Dragons in Myth and Literature by Loquacious O. Kentauros

In the minds and writings of the creative people of the past and present, there are dragons. Dragons have a long literary lineage, in many cultures, varying from the malevolent to the benevolent, from the sapient to the animalistic, from anthropomorphic to utterly alien. Dragons roam the fantastic in shapes ranging from the incarnation of Satan to relatively harmless creatures to just another fantasy race to the mighty defender of that which is good. Evidently dragons appreciate their wide publicity, for they have been portrayed by some as the patrons of literature. Literature has kept the dragons among us. The Western tradition is a good place to start, as good as any other, and we can trace its influence in modern literature quite some distance. From there, we can run over to other mythologies. The official theme of this gathering is 'Furries of Myth and Legend.' Fur, no... Myths and Legends... a dragon's hoard. There is something in the human psyche that needs to think about powerful, magical, vaguely reptilian creatures. Is it possible to identify it? Let's have a look.

In *Beowulf*, the dragon is rather impersonal. After considerable provocation by others, it descends and kills Northern Europe's first great hero. St. George might find such an event hard to swallow, but if you define a dragon as an economy-sized fire-breathing, armored, long necked Tyrannosaurus with four clawed legs, wings optional, as seems to be the most popular conception, it is surprising that any human hero survived a literary encounter with them. If the dragons had written the books, as the old fable tells, probably none of them would have. A dragon would probably not find St. George hard to swallow, come to think about it. *Beowulf* is the first preserved version of a long Anglo-Saxon tradition of the dragon as the evil enemy.

Wagner's operas, derived from old Teutonic Myth, bring in dear old Slepner who gave Siegfried such trouble, but perished in the end when Siegfried caught him napping, about the best time to catch a dragon, indeed. St. George beat his dragon, supposedly the agent of Satan himself, and forced it to walk into the town square where he dispatched it. Human-Dragon conflicts in the Anglo-Saxon myths seem to be no-quarter affairs. Dragons are the most formidable of monsters. Slepner himself had been a giant, but upgraded himself to a dragon for

the purpose of guarding his treasure. He nonetheless lost everything, but, he was the bad guy. Slepner's blood gives the power of tongues to his slayer. A lot of benefits come from offing that particular drake, to everyone, it seems, but the dragon. Wagner gets terror, magic, mystery and great Bass solo out of his dragon.

J.R.R. Tolkien was a professor of Old English and an expert on *Beowulf* and the other draconic legends of Northern Europe. His major writings contain three dragons of note. In the *Silmarillion* we have

Glaurung, who destroys and sacks a city before he is, believably, and in the tradition, caught napping and killed by Turin Turambar, with his sword of meteoric iron. Tolkien and Wagner give their dragons a certain magical element. Glaurung's hate-filled gaze knocks Turin senseless even after Turin has dealt him his deathblow. Bilbo Baggins is almost trapped by Smaug's "dragon spell" in *The Hobbit*. What is the most interesting about Tolkien's dragons is their use in wars with armies and cities. They do not appear solely in single combat with heroes, although heroes such as Turin and Bard are still their bane. Glaurung attempts to break the Dwarvish column at the great battle of Angalibad, landing and killing the Dwarf King Azghal. In the process, however, he takes a terrible beating from the "Baruk Khazad" (axes of the Dwarves, their battle cry) and gets a knife in the belly from the heroic Azghal. Smaug is even less successful in his attack upon Lake-Town, and this time a Dwarven weapon, the Black Arrow, in Bard's bow, proves fatal.

Tolkien's dragons are also an interesting blend of the animal and human points of view. They eat people but value their possessions, sniff and roar, but also talk and threaten. Chrysophlax is the somewhat ineffectual opponent of *Farmer Giles of Ham*. His name means 'Guard of gold,' although Giles shakes him down for a good portion of his hoard with the help of the magic sword 'Tailbiter.' Although he proves a rather ineffectual opponent,

Chrysophlax at least maintains quite an engaging sense of humor, for all the fact that he could not be trusted any further than he could be thrown. Still, keeping the upper hand, Giles makes military use of the subdued worm and wins a kingdom by it. Tolkien knows his dragons, and has Smaug and Chrysophlax deciding the fates of thousand. Glaurung himself fights armies and destroys cities and yet demonstrates in addition the decisive effect of human valor, human courage, and draconic sleep-deprivation.



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The shared natures of dragons and humans become even more visible in the works of other authors. C. S. Lewis was in a literary discussion group with J.R.R. Tolkien and a fellow English professor at Oxford. There is a very good example of a dragon with human feelings in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, part of C. S. Lewis's justly celebrated *Narnia* series. Lewis has the somewhat unpleasant Eustace Clarence Scrubb actually turned into a dragon, who terrifies himself when he wakes up. Lewis explains the transformation as a result of Eustace's "falling asleep on a dragon's horde, thinking dragonly thoughts." That feat was easy enough for even an otherwise incompetent child to do it. For all that, Eustace, although not much of human, does not seem very happy to be a powerful dragon. He is quite happy to have his metamorphosis reversed, which takes divine intervention. For the purposes of the adventure, it must be admitted that Eustace was a bit more useful as a dragon than he was a human, although his character seemed much improved by his time with wings and scales. Nothing positive about dragons as such in Lewis, but the greed and savagery (some cannibalism, too) make them a solid part of the overall object lesson within the entire series of books.

Gordon R. Dickson, in his wonderful *The Dragon and the George*, has an English Teaching Assistant subletting the body of a rather powerful, if not staggeringly large, dragon named Gorbash. Jim Eckert actually thoroughly enjoys being a dragon, and, unlike Eustace, is a bit let-down when he is restored to himself. Considering the reality of a Teaching Assistant's existence, the feeling is terribly understandable. Dickson fairly swaps Eckert's body for Gorbash's, but the dragon does not enjoy being human at all, probably because he is bludgeoned unconscious while trying to dismember an annoying human. To Dickson, being a dragon is definitely a step up, becoming human, at the best, a necessity. In the later books, Eckert's role as a knightly hero comes when he has draconic shape. Dickson uses his dragon to give his hero super powers, for all the fact that hero changes species to get them.

In her *Wizard of Earthsea*, Ursula K. LeGuin's hero, Ged, had to watch it when he turned himself into a dragon, lest he never bother to become human again. As a dragon, he defeated and slew smaller dragons and gained the attention of one infinitely larger for important negotiations. It took a metamorphosis to do it. LeGuin seems to share Dickson's belief in the usual superiority of the usual dragon. Like Dickson, LeGuin returned to the theme of humans turned into dragons in her later book, *Tehanu*.

The dragons of modern fantasy, when they aren't ex-humans, come in all varieties as the influence of the older tradi-

tions wane. Roger Zelazny's dragons in *Roadmarks* are infinitely more advanced than humans, to the extent that they time travel and make it possible for others to travel themselves—without caring if they do or not. They are mortal and passionate, however, as one dragoness falls passionately in love with a Tyrannosaurus Rex. No mind, but oh! what a body! Again, Zelazny's dragons resemble humans, but are not humans; they are more powerful, more mysterious... And kinky.

Clifford D. Simak, in *Shakespeare's Planet* has a rather pathetic dragon appearing at the novel's conclusion. This dragon is a beautiful creature put in suspended animation to fight an evil monster, but the gentle warrior dies before the battle because the process of preservation had failed. The heroine comforts the dying creature, which accepts even its death with dignity and beauty. Simak's high opinion of dragons separates at least that one from emotional frailty, for all its physical destruction.

Peter Beagle refers to dragons in *The Last Unicorn*, as does Bradbury in *Dandelion Wine*, but only as ugly and impersonal destroyers of that which is beautiful. Humor is the opposite extreme of both reverence and fear. Jack L. Chalker, in his spoof fantasy, *The River of the Dancing Gods*, gives us a powerful and quite lethal dragon crippled and undergoing therapy because of his neurotic fear of beautiful maidens. *Bored of the Rings* plumbed the depths, when Beard and Kenney's dragon destroyed the gates of Minas Troneo on roller skates. Our attention is caught, as always, with the dragon—and then we laugh. Well, the trick works in both books. If we're lucky, we don't read the ones in which it doesn't.

More seriously (although not by much), the dragons of Piers Anthony's Xanth series are almost completely invincible, again showing the human inferiority complex in regard to dragons. It can go the other way, as it did with Turin and Glaurung. Poul Anderson's fire-breathing dragon in *Three Hearts and Three Lions* dies in pieces when Holger Carlsen flips a gallon of cold water into its superheated stomach. Carlsen's intellect and courage show themselves in the dragon's demise. Once again, the dragon doesn't get much out of it. There is the pleasantly smug luck dragon Falkor in the *Neverending Story*, resembling physically and otherwise the equally smug, nearly omnipotent Orm Embar of LeGuin's *The Farthest Shore*.

As things now stand, it is hard to lay down any rules as to how a dragon might behave in the literature of the West. Of all the creatures in modern fantasy, authors seem to feel the least constrained with dragons, discounting humans. They are powerful, and catch the reader's at-



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

tention, even as powerful laughing stocks. Is there more to be learned from looking elsewhere? Perhaps merely a universal constant.

Draconic unpredictability seems to be a common trait both today and in other mythologies. The idea of humans becoming dragons shows up in Greek and Roman mythology. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* describes how the Greek hero Cadmus killed one dragon in self-defense. For that, he suffered the curse of the god Mars and his family suffered horribly. Finally, Cadmus himself gets turned into a dragon after a moment of unguarded speech—"If the gods like serpents so much I wish I were a serpent!" ZAP!—The transformed hero, joined in scales by his wife, remembers what he had been and remains ever afterwards friendly to people. Cecrops, the ancient ruler of Athens, was supposed to have been half dragon in origin and body. Probably he was hard to contradict in debate. Powerful, mysterious, like us... For the Greeks, for us.

The Norse, like the Greeks, tended to mix dragons and large serpents, so we have the Midgard Serpent being the ultimate dragon, or reptile, at least. Holding the world together in one's coils is about as important a role as a dragon can have in anybody's mythology. Perhaps my favorite ancient story about a dragon involves a shipwrecked Egyptian sailor in the second millennium B.C. Washed ashore on an island, the Egyptian is just about to eat some fruit he has found when he sees a huge turquoise and gold dragon approaching him, complete with a dignified beard. Giving himself up for lunch, he instead finds himself being gently carried (in the dragon's mouth) to a beautiful palace, where he is given a much better meal, a sympathetic ear, and a promise of rescue. When the ship arrives, the dragon generously fills its hold with incense and spices and sends the sailor home a wealthy man. This reptile certainly beats the one that found Sinbad. Another island, another dragon, but this one kept visiting Sinbad's rough brushwood shelter nightly, until Sinbad was driven to desperate measures by fear. He caught the next Roc out of town.

The Oriental Dragon glories in at least as much fame as his counterparts in the West. Dragons in Chinese Mythology control the



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sea, earthquakes, and the weather. Dragons govern nature according to bureaucratic principles, a king and his court passing directives to the rest. Like humans, these dragons tend to be a capricious lot. Some were friendly; some were hungry; although it appears that the dragon king had considerable good will toward humans, being once released from a spell by one. In their natural forms dragons (*loong*) ranged from the extremely beautiful to the extremely grotesque. One of the grotesque ones, the minister in charge of coastal tidal management graciously permitted an interview with the emperor and his cabinet on the condition that none of them would try to make a likeness of him. Although the Emperor had had them searched, one courtier was so fascinated by his host that he began to sketch the dragon in the sand with his foot. The dragon saw, and erased the sketch with a catastrophic tidal wave. Touchy, touchy. Powerful for good or evil, dangerous... All those. All mythologies... Well, well... What do you know? Have we found our constant? What happens, if, with all traditions influential, they are all combined? Does this constant manifest itself? R. A. MacAvoy brought a Chinese dragon West in *Tea with the Black Dragon*. His anglicized name is Mayland Long (*loong*). He is no departure from Chinese tradition in being in human form, since it was common practice for Chinese dragons to interact with humans in human shape. MacAvoy carefully makes Long seem dragonly, and correctly has him being a scholar, collector, and reclus. He is wealthy, and wealth is power. He is incredibly dangerous, defeating trained assassins in the course of the book. And... in the later Buddhist tradition, he is like a human with a human need—of enlightenment, in this version.

So, there it is. ALL dragons in all stories are not powerful, mysterious, like humans, and interested in human things—but one or more of those qualities looks likely to show up wherever a dragon is to be found. The resemblance to humans means that humans and dragons are often interested in exactly the same thing, for all the differing uses knight and dragon might have for the damsel in distress. The interest of humans in dragons is definite. Perhaps the inferiority complex we see in so many works of literature is a result of the dragons never seeming to be all that interested... in us.

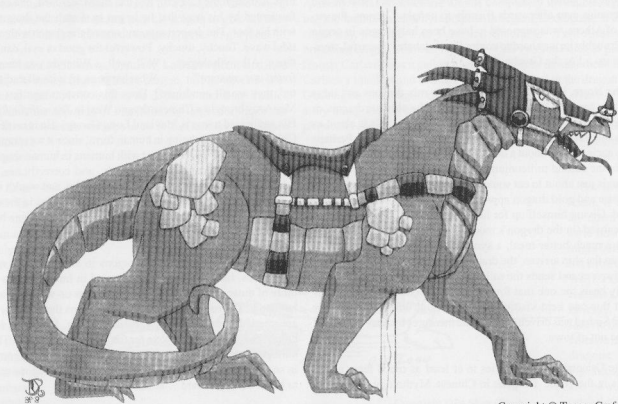




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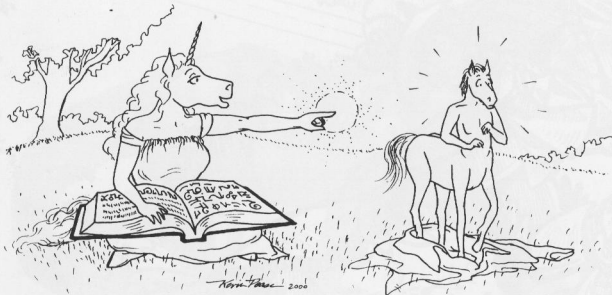




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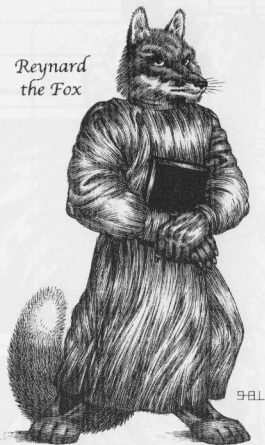


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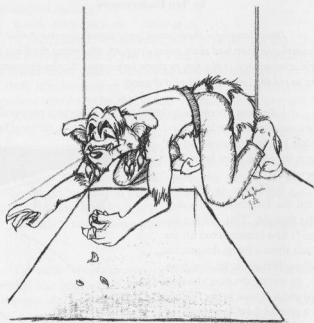




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## Truth and Legend by Ten Underscores

*Once, long ago, there was a great tigress warrior called Kasha Dragonslayer. She had slain many dragons, becoming the King's Own at still a young age. One day, in those very caves, Kasha Dragonslayer came to rid the local village of a dragon....*

Like most tigers, Kasha hated caves. Especially cramped limestone caves that she couldn't stand up fully in. However, the local farmers pointed her to this cave, so the dragon they saw must be in here somewhere.

Suddenly, a wing reflected the torchlight. *A wing?* Kasha thought. *This dragon has wings?* She remembered all the legends about a flying dragon, but just thought them to be exaggeration, as every dragon she had heard about or seen in her lifetime was a ground dwelling beast.

She shifted the grip on her sword and edged toward the wing. As she approached the opening, she saw a cave that was larger than she was expecting. The "cliff" was only an overhang about two paces to the floor of the cave, but the domed ceiling went up at least 50 or 60 paces.

She edged as close and quietly as she could to the wings and looked down at the drake. This dragon, in spite of its wings, was only a bit larger than the dragons Kasha had seen before. Its neck was longer and more serpentine, and its head was smaller and triangular, reminding her of an arrowhead. Overall, it wasn't as massive as the land-bound lizards she faced in the past, but that meant that it was, more likely, faster and more flexible. If it got out into the open, she would also have to deal with attacks from above.

She had to attack now, in this cramped space where the dragon's advantages were mostly negated. With a roar, she took her sword in both hands and dove at the dragon.

As sudden as her attack, an overwhelming wave of nausea hit her like a speeding cart. She dropped her sword and clutched her stomach. Her vision blurred, and she lost her balance, falling off the edge of the limestone precipice and onto the floor below, narrowly missing the dragon with her own body.

The nausea combined with the impact was too much, and Kasha's world went dark.

When Kasha came to, she was nearly muzzle to muzzle with the dragon. She inhaled and tried to get away, but the pain in the back of her head nearly caused her to go unconscious again. The dragon pulled back its neck, as if to strike.

Kasha looked up at the beast. "You have me now, lizard. Don't make it any worse, just end it. *End it!*"

The dragon cocked its head to one side. "By *Gr*'nath, furling, why would I want to do something like that?"

Kasha just stared at the dragon, her jaw open.

"Hold still, and let me look at your eyes." The dragon placed his head close to Kasha again, and squinted. "Hmm. I don't think you hit your head that hard. Do you have a name, furling?"

"K-K-Kasha," she stammered.

"Kuhkukhasha? What an odd name. I'm *Y'tasce*. Now, I think civilized introductions are so much more pleasant than screaming and dropping down on someone with a knife." The dragon smiled slightly. "Now, can I trust you not to go attacking me until we talk? Had I meant you any harm, you wouldn't have woken up, so you can trust me at least that much."

"Y-y-you can t-t-talk?" Kasha was still stunned.

The dragon pulled back and reached for one of her own cups, in a tidy pile by the fire. "I'll take that as a yes." She dipped it in a nearby pool and handed the cup to the tigress. "Well, talking is more effective for communication than grunts, snarls and the occasional gout of flame. Drink this. The water is safe in this cave. It will help quiet your stomach from the spell."

Kasha took the cup. It was large to her, but not unmanageable. "Thank you. What spell?"

*Y'tasce* chuckled, "Well, you caught me off guard, so I used a Sickness spell at full power. I thought you might be my mate, trying to sneak up on me."

Kasha took a deep drink, and it did seem to quiet her stomach and clear her head. She sat the cup in her lap. "How can you confuse me with your mate?"

*Y'tasce* took another cup and filled it for herself. "Well, you both use a similar Hiding spell. When I smelled you, I thought he might have been playing with another spell as well." *Y'tasce* took a drink, and continued. "I really am sorry about that Sickness spell. On someone of



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

your size, that must have been very uncomfortable."

"I'm confused," Kasha said, taking another sip, "I wasn't using any spells. I don't know anything about magic."

The dragon blinked. "I hate to disagree with you, Furling Kasha, but you were using a spell. Else I would have seen you coming, especially with that lit torch you were carrying."

Kasha shook her head. "No, I honestly know nothing about magic. I'm a dragonslay--" Too late, the tigress realized what she was going to say.

The dragon chuckled again, "You can say 'Dragonslayer', Furling Kasha. Our kind may not be from this region, but we understand that you have large dragon-like lizards that cause trouble for you Furlings here. They are dumb animals who really don't deserve the name of 'dragon,' but I understand how you could confuse my kind with them." Y'tasce held out a foreclaw. "Would you like some more water?"

The tigress held out the cup. The dragon took it, refilled it from the pool, and passed it back to Kasha. Y'tasce filled her own cup again and continued, "Well, you may not have realized your powers, but you were using magic. Haven't you ever wondered why you can get so close to your prey before you are noticed?"

Kasha started to object, but paused. She thought back to her youth, where she always seemed to have a knack for stalking prey. Even when she began hunting dragons, she had seen where others weren't able to get as close as she did, but she had just thought it was her skills, not any special power. "That is magic?"

The dragon nodded, "Yes. It is raw, and only works against

those you are focusing on, but it is magic. I assume that you haven't had any magical training?"

Kasha shook her head. "None at all."

Y'tasce paused for a moment, and looked into her cup. "Furling Kasha, you have a gift. If you like, I can talk with my mate and you can come back to our realm. I am not an expert on magic, but we have people there who know more about it. There are even a fair share of Furlings there who might be able to help you learn about your gift."

Kasha was stunned at the sudden offer. For the first time in several years, came an opportunity to go somewhere and see things that no one she knew ever had. She became a Dragonslayer out of need, but became a very good one. She thought that it would lead her on adventures, but it soon just became a task. Now, not only could she find something new, she could, just maybe, become more than just the sum of her past. This was a fresh start.

"M'lady Y'tasce, if your mate agrees, I will gladly accompany you."

*The battle between dragon and tigress lasted for several hours, and then all was quiet. One of the local villagers ventured into the caves the next day, and all that was found was the sword of Kasha Dragonslayer, with no other trace of either beast or slayer.*

*It is said that Kasha Dragonslayer sacrificed her own life when she killed the dragon, and the Gods took both Beast and Slayer to the Heavens as a memorial of the epic battle, leaving only her sword as a reminder.*

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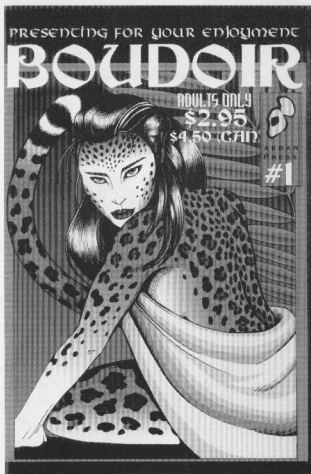
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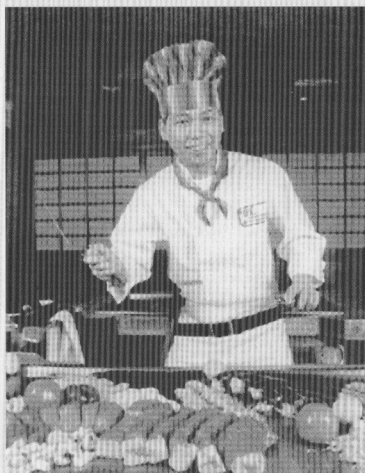
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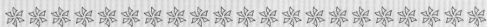
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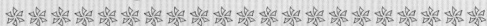


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# Furries of Myth and Legend

Song—With Apologies to W.S. Gilbert, but who got even  
with this drratted rhyming scheme!  
by Loquacious O. Kentauros  
(To “When You Find You’re a Broken-Down Creature”)

When you find you’re a mythical creature,  
The kind that the textbooks don’t feature,  
And the person who sees you a screacher,  
Or (much worse) someone out for a kill,  
If your mother was sweet, but a dragon,  
Or a sphinx someone kept in a wagon,  
And your father a faun, with a flagon,  
Or a troll who was out for a thrill,  
When you’re out on the edge, but a centaur,  
And the track team’s barred you from the course,  
And your love life just couldn’t be benter,  
Since you’re dating two girls and a horse,  
If you’ve three rows of teeth  
Hence, a threatening grin  
And spines shoot from your rear,  
And the best *aperitif*  
Is the milkman, I fear,  
You had better stay in!



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If your physique’s both eagle and lion  
And your hind legs both hamper your flying,  
And, although you can’t roar, you keep trying  
Since it simply can’t work with a beak.  
If you’re shocked when they *don’t* call you “Fairy,”  
And you think three feet tall ordinary  
And you find lepidoptery scary  
And you haven’t touched ground for a week—

If folks doubt that your head is your own,  
And, when you go out walking, doors slam,  
If there’s panic wherever you’ve flown,  
You had best cut your losses and scam!  
If they doubt you, at least,  
Or just say you’re not there,  
Or they call you a fraud  
Or a fantastic beast  
Or a walking nightmare  
You shall find your life odd!



## That Which Walks Among by Stacey Wenkel

*He walks with care and a mask upon his face,  
Preying on the weak, unnoticed.  
They live uncertain lives, full of fear,  
Looking outside for that which walks among.*

The Red Unicorn stood like a marble statue atop the hill, his head turned to look back at the village, right foreleg raised just a bit from the ground. Flames from the sun sinking into the horizon combined with flames from the village behind him. He danced and molten red hooves left black crescents in the lush grass. A darkly gleeful whicker rolled from his muzzle and he lowered his hoof to paw at the ground. His nostrils flared so that steam and smoke curled out of them.

The scent of smoke and burning wood drifted up from the little valley where the village lay. Red and black pulsed and rose from the village, turning the valley area into a gaping wound where life slowly bled out of it. The stallion could just make out the tiny forms of villagers, dragging what possessions they could away from the flames, dragging stubborn cows and barking dogs to a safer station.

Suddenly his ears perked up and swiveled back, catching sounds aside from the roaring fire on the wind. His ears picked out the sound of Man: angry voices, shouts. He reared and whirled, catching sight of them. They caught sight of him at the same moment and their anger washed upward in a wave. The fading light glinted dully off the counter-clockwise twist of midnight and blood that stood proudly centered in the unicorn's forehead. The dull glow from his horn guided them like a beacon in his direction.

He bolted, racing over the grass, hooves leaving a scorched, blackened trail after him or striking sparks off uncovered rocks. The thud-thud rhythm of hoof against earth faded into the distance as the Men followed after him on foot. He dodged between trees, hooves sending up a spray of earth and decaying leaves with each stride. As he raced farther into the forest, the trees closed around him, twisted branches reaching out to caress his flank or shoulder like the fingers of a spurned lover welcoming him back.

He ran until the foliage was too thick for him to run anymore. When he was out of sight, when he knew no one was close enough to see, or hear, or feel, he shifted. A blast of heat radiated from him and the near-instant change was complete. The dried twigs underfoot were now black smoldering bits and the more succulent greenery around him wilted and withered. He stood, man-sized, in a stallion-sized circle of smoke and destruction, clothes smelling of smoke and sulfur.

With a small effort, he recreated his illusion of humanity. Cat-slit eyes of blood red hid themselves beneath a soulful chocolate brown deception, and the nub of his horn blended itself into his forehead. His mane of hair was still red as flame, the one danger of his disguise, the

one clue the villagers had never discovered. He shook the mass of tangled curls and crept through the forest, more careful of the snagging branches than he had been in his other form.

He circled around, picking his way carefully through the twisted dimness of the forest so that he came up behind the Men who were searching for him. He insinuated himself into their search, looking over the ground, searching for hoof-prints, for strands of that flaming red of mane or tail that might have snagged on the grasping branches of trees and shrubs.

Their search and struggle lead them to the scared circle where he had shifted, but they couldn't find anything else. His footprints had been obliterated by the milling Men as they gathered around to look at scorched earth and wilted plant life. Their theories and fears were so close to reality that he had to bite back a laugh. Their ignorance and reliance on myth and fancy for truth was an entertainment that never ceased to tug his lips into a grin.

The men gave up their search as night descended upon them and the moonless, starless night wrapped them in a blanket of terror. They picked their way back to the village carefully, afraid to light torches to make picking their path out easier.

He followed them back to the ruins of the village, drinking in their anger, their weariness, and their fear. He feasted upon their uncertainties and their disquiet as they looked through the rubble, the burnt timber, and tried to determine what could be saved. Nothing could be salvaged from the smoky remains though; the fire had burned itself out when there was nothing more for it to eat. He inhaled their misery when they realized they had only what they had managed to pull out of the flames before the fire became too hot, when they realized that their pasts were nothing more than charred pieces of the present and age-worn memories, when they wondered how they would survive and rebuild. Their hopelessness surrounded him like a blanket and warded off the night's chill.

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They all gathered into the tiny barn that was settled at the farthest point from the center of the village, the only building that didn't burn. They huddled together in darkness black as sin, unwilling to risk another blaze by lighting a fire for warmth. The quiet that settled around them was pregnant with unspoken terror, with curiosity. What had become of the demon horse? Would it return for them? The questions hung in the air unasked, padding the darkness between bodies.

He curled around one of the young farm girls who had lost her husband to the hot tongues of flame. A warm hand stroked over her arm and down her side as she cried onto his shoulder. Her tiny daughter was held crushed against her chest, the downy hair brushing his exposed chest. He could feel both heartbeats and he shivered. His tongue flicked over her lips to gather another taste of disappointment from the air, the bitterness of it sweet as candy to his discerning tastes. This was what he lived for.





And the legs ended in something weird.. no hooves like normal folk, but... they looked like stubby little fingers!

The Legendary Beast of Maccanaw Woods!

Judy's camera clicked, sending a bright flash at the creature just as it was about to take the bait. The sudden bright light caught the creature's attention, and it screamed in fright at what he saw, bounding back into the bushes and scampering away! Judy lurched forward, her horse's hind legs giving her a sudden burst of speed. "Wait!" she screamed after it, her hooves pounding the dirt floor mercilessly.

But it was too late. Judy sighed and sank to the ground, her lower body resting on bent forelegs as she stared after the creature. She didn't even hear the clopping of Patrick's hooves behind her, as the centaur came down to her level, putting his hand on her shoulder in a celebratory grip.

"Judy - that was *amazing!* It *does* exist! We saw it! And you got a *picture!* We'll be rich!! We'll be famous!" he said, practically prancing in joy at the concept.

The centaurette looked down at her camera, then back at the spot where the creature was. Slowly, she took her camera, opened the film compartment, and yanked it out, letting it fall on the forest floor, ruined.

Patrick just about fell over at the action. "Judy!! Wha..." he said, eyes bulging in disbelief. "Why??"

Judy rose to her hind legs, then her front ones as she sighed, then looked sadly at Patrick. "Did you see how scared he was of us?"

Patrick, his eyes still wide in disbelief, shook his head. "So?!?"

She sighed, her flanks quivering. "Don't you think he had a reason to be? What do you think would happen to the 'Legendary Beast of Maccanaw Woods' if everyone knew where he was, and how to get to

him? He would be dissected, caged, and ogled like a freak show because we would be so intent on discovering his secrets - how he can walk on two legs, his evolutionary path... he wouldn't be a legend anymore. He'd be... a project, ripped from his home for the amusement and greed of others."

"That's not your responsibility, though!"

Judy looked sadly at her friend. "Isn't it? Would you want to be the one who started the destruction of something unique and wonderful just for your name in lights?"

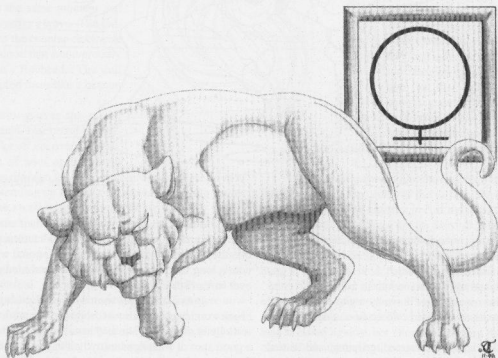
Patrick sighed and shook his head. "Well.. no. No, I wouldn't."

Judy nodded. "That's why I destroyed the film. I don't want the world to know about them. They have just as much claim to this land as we do, and just because they're not like us doesn't mean we have the right to displace, humiliate and ultimately destroy them." She looked back to the film, impotently strewn about the grass floor. "I'm not going to help destroy a legend. We've seen him - that's all I really wanted."

Patrick nodded, understanding creeping into his head. He then smiled as he extended a hand to hers. "Judy, you have a lot of common sense in that thick head of yours, you know that?"

Judy looked over to Patrick, smiled and clasped his hand gently. "As far as I'm concerned, the Legendary Hyu-Mahn will stay just that. A legend," she said, as she repositioned her body on the path and started walking slowly as they left the woods. "He was... wonderful, though wasn't he?"

Patrick nodded as they ran on, hooves pounding the trail as the pair cantered back toward town. "He was. And now, he'll stay that way too - a wonder."



# Furries of Myth and Legend

## Worldbuilding Basics

When reading speculative fiction or enjoying a role-playing game, you may look at the background world that the story is set in. The setting of the story or adventure plays an important part in your total experience. From a creator's standpoint, world-building can be a most rewarding, and also most daunting, task. However, if you take time to examine your needs, the job of creating your new world may not be as difficult as you might think.

The first question you should ask yourself is: Do I *really* need to create a world? The world you live in now can be all you really need, with all of its diversity. There are major extremes of terrain, climate, societies and politics on every continent on our planet. This can give you the basics you need. Using real cultures and locations with a name change or a slight re-vamping is a simple trick and authors and game creators have used the basic principle for years. Oddly enough, the 'familiarity' of this sort of world is both its strong point and it's weak point. While players can immediately relate with distances and cultures, some players may think it too mundane, or want something 'more fantastic' than the world they know.

Television shows like *The X-Files* and *Forever Knight* use this to great advantage, as do the White Wolf's World of Darkness role-playing games. Writers who have used 'our world' for stories include Tanya Huff (*Blood pact*), Tom Dietz (*The Gryphon King*, *SoulSmith Trilogy*), Mercedes Lackey (the Diana Tregarde Novels), Stephen King, and Clive Barker.

Sometimes, you can change the world that you now live in to get something that isn't quite here, but is still familiar enough for the reader or the player to have a feel for it. The best examples of this sort of world building are the 'Alternate History' worlds. These worlds are easy to create, because there usually is a wealth of information out there about pivotal changes in society. This is the perfect example of speculative fiction: the 'What if *this* happened' story. In some ways, this is easier because you can find 'hinge-pin' events throughout history, and choosing one to get a result you like is very easy. The down side to this is that you *really* have to know your history to pull it off in such a way that is believable, or you'll be dealing with "This would never happen," and "This person wouldn't have done this" all the time.

Television shows of this sort include *Quantum Leap*, *Sliders*, *7 Days* and even more 'realistic' dramas such as *Early Edition*. Role Playing games use this as well, with games such as *Space:1899* (out of print for some time) or the newer *Deadlands* from Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Books include Orson Scott Card's 'Alvin Maker' series, Harry Turtledove's 'WorldWar' series, Harry Harrison's *A Rebel In Time*, Laurel Hamilton's 'Anita Blake' books, and *Pasquale's Angel* by Paul J. McAuley.

If either of these two options will not give you the effect that you want, you should look into creating a whole new world. This is the most work, but it gives you the freedom to create whatever your heart desires. If you are using a futuristic world, you can build on the base history we have now, or create your own. For a fantasy world, you can start from scratch and go where you like. You can set your own rules for cultures, species, what have you. Creating a world from scratch can be most rewarding.

However, creating your own world has its own pitfalls. One is just the sheer amount of time needed to create a whole world or history from scratch. This takes a lot

of work with a bit of knowledge from many different sciences and arts. If you're not careful, you will have volumes of information about the world before you even start your first story or first campaign. If you want something a little quicker, you may want to do like television writers do and start a 'bible'; a continuity list that starts out small but grows as the show continues. Television writers don't have the luxury of planning out whole worlds in advance, because they never know how long their show will last. They start with a basic idea, and maybe some directions they would like to go, and continue from there. As certain facts about the world or characters are mentioned, they go into the bible, a fact that can be used for a future story. When they reach the point of the future story, they make sure all the facts match with previous stories, and write something new. In a way, this is cheating, but it also is the way to get the best work with the least amount of effort.

Another pitfall is if you spend time creating your own world, you feel the need to share the *whole world* with your players or readers. This is really the biggest mistake you can make. You should always let the reader or player discover little bits on their own. My test to make sure I don't go into so much detail in my work is to ask, "Does this person have any reason to *care* about this?" An example: Go on the street and ask ten people at random two questions. "Do you have a driver's license?" and (if the answer is yes) "What are the four stages in a four-stroke internal combustion engine?" Frankly, you won't find many people who drive who can answer the second question. Why? Because it has no effect on whether or not they can drive a car. Using exposition in a story or adventure is a tricky thing. An adventurous thief is not going to care about the history of the Religion of M'gdsr when all he wants is that ruby encrusted idol in the temple.

Building a world is a must for any serious writer or game master. Regardless of what method you use, you should always keep one factor in mind. The world, no matter how detailed, is nothing more than a set for your characters to have their adventures in. By choosing the best method to showcase your needs, you will make your role-playing adventures or stories much more enjoyable for all.



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## Swish! — The Making of a Costume Horse Tail by Kevin Kelm

Let's assume for the moment that you've been *dying* to look more equid at conventions, at work, and at family reunions. Let's also assume that you're moderately handy with crafts. Perfect! You're ready to make a horse tail that you can wear in-costume, or out.

What will it take to put a tail in your trot? A swish in your swagger? We're going to make a tail of natural horse tail hair that is bound together with latex, and anchored to a belt using a small loop of coat hanger wire. A stylish "tail wrap" will grace the base (this serves the dual purpose of looking neat and hiding the anchor). Let's get started. You'll need:

### MATERIALS:

- \* 1 lb (1 bundle) of No. 10 horsehair (36"-42"), depending on your height. The tail should come down to about mid-calf for best effect. A number of sources sell horse tail hair in these lengths, and the cost will vary with the color you choose, but you can have what you need for as little as \$40.

(See <http://www.hitchingpostsupply.com/toolspage56.htm>.)

- \* 1 pint of liquid latex (See your local hobby store)
- \* 1 coat hanger
- \* 1/2" leather braiding thong, or other ornamentation
- \* 2 feet string or twine

### TOOLS:

- \* Wire cutters (for coat hanger)
- \* 2 pair pliers
- \* Lighter
- \* Scissors
- \* Disposable rubber gloves

When the horse hair arrives, it will be in a bundle approximately 1.5 inches in diameter. It will be tightly bound every six inches or so by wire ties or string. Choose the end that will be the base of your tail. *Keep the hair bundled throughout this procedure!*

Make sure the string binding the base together is about 2 inches from the end (you should be able to push it down if necessary). This will cause the hairs to fan out a little. Brush them around with your hand to help them spread out.

The next couple of steps are somewhat smelly, so you might want to do them outside. Using a lighter (or some other convenient source of flame), *touch* the flame to the ends of the hair. They will singe a little, but the key is that they will curl up at the ends, forming a little "ball" that will provide a solid anchor in the latex. Be very careful not to let it burn TOO much; if you let part burn away so much that the base becomes markedly uneven, just use your scissors to cut it back flat again, then try the singe again. Pass the flame over as many of the hairs as possible until they've gotten something of a curl to the tips. Brush your hand at the tips to break loose any charred hair.

Now we're going to apply the first coat of latex. Put on the rubber gloves for this, and do this where you have good ventilation; liquid latex smells bad. Dip the first 2 inches of the base into the latex, and then rub at the hairs with your gloved fingers, working the latex deep between the hairs. Dip again, and repeat until the ending 2 inches of the hair are totally saturated with latex. Have a length of string handy to firmly bind up the end of the tail so that it no longer

fans out quite so much. It will "weep" a bit of liquid latex as you do. Dip it one more time—this time dip it about 4-5 inches deep, and hang the tail up to dry *with the latex end downward* so that it can air dry. It will probably take 24 hours for the latex to dry all the way through the bundle.

Once dry, dip it to the same depth as before (4-5 inches), and let it dry again. It should only take an hour or two this time.

Next, we need some means of mounting the tail to the belt. Take the coat hanger, and bend it out straight. Using the wire snips, cut two pieces about 10" long each. Use the pliers to bend them into loops as shown in Figure A.

Using the string (or twine), bind the wires to the tail as shown in Figure B.

Next, brush more latex on in the same areas, letting it dry

thoroughly between coats. You'll want 3 or maybe 4 coats—enough to smooth out the bumps of the string and wires a bit and encase them so they never work loose.

When it's all dry, go ahead and unbundled the hair, letting it hang free. There will inevitably be some number of hairs that didn't anchor properly. Comb through the tail bit by bit with your fingers to remove

all of the hairs that aren't well attached. After this point, you shouldn't notice it shedding much anymore.

Your new tail is almost done! All we have to do now is make a tail wrap to cover the latex mount. If you like, you can build it into your costume so the base isn't seen, but if you have the patience, you can weave a circular braid of 1/2" leather strips to cover the base and make it look like the tail wraps that show horses sometimes wear. For information about braiding, I recommend the book, *Leather Braiding*, Bruce Grant, Cornell Maritime Press, Inc, 1950. ISBN 0-87033-039-X. Amazon.com carries the book.

You will notice that the whole bottom of the tail hangs pretty close to parallel to the ground. Optionally, a nice touch is to trim the ends to be shorter on the sides than the center, and shorter toward the rear of the tail than the front.

Thread a belt through the loops of the wires (Figure C), and you're ready to go! You'll find that because your tail sticks out at an angle, subtle hip motion will get it to swish nicely to your gait.

It pays to lightly zap your tail with anti-static spray or even a spray fabric softener every now and then, to keep it from poofing out from static electricity.

Hey, we can't *all* be cute horse morphs. And maybe it won't be quite like the real thing. But wielding a horse tail at business meetings, power lunches, and Anthrocons *will* get you noticed!

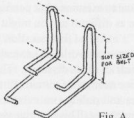


Fig. A

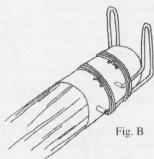


Fig. B

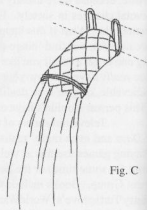


Fig. C



# Furries of Myth and Legend

Galaxy Felines!

by Edward "Tanavin Silverfox" Lopategui

"We are entering an area of space known as the Kiburian Expanse. GF Headquarters reports known canine activity in this region, and I am proceeding with a good deal of trepidation. As a precaution, I have issued a standing yellow alert to remain in effect until our mission in this extremely volatile sector is concluded. I believe the ship and its crew are ready for anything the dogs may throw our way. End log." Captain Lawson, a middle-aged panther morph, surveyed the bridge of the GFIC *Endeavour*, making stern eye contact with each of his trusted bridge officers. "Alright cats, let get to it!"

"Aye-Aye Sir," responded Lt. Taron, the sharp ocelot at the helm. "We will be penetrating the boundary of the Expanse in three minutes."

Lawson pawed at the fur behind his right ear—something of an old habit in tense situations. "Engineering, report. How are we doing, Mr. Garret?"

A gruff lynx answered "Gravimetric Drive's online; core's at optimum efficiency. Deflectors an' weapons fully functional. Both aux thermoreactors are up an' running. We're ready t' take whatever them doggies can deliver."

"Very good. Maintain course."

"Captain—" interrupted Commander Shyle, a beautifully elegant white-tigress. "According to the TCAS array, I am detecting the gravimetric perturbations of another vessel, heading in our direction. I do not believe this is a software anomaly."

"Turn to intercept."

"Captain!" Ensign Marobi—a young lion who was still a bit wet behind the ears—sat at the communications console and snarled. "Incoming signal!"

"On the main panel, please."

The image of a ragged, battle-torn wolf appeared on the monitor. He boasted three tremendous scars across the left side of his body, one of which ran directly across his face, and right up to his left eye, which was wholly missing. Ears down and teeth bared, this beast was looking for a fight.

"I am Captain Lawson of the Galaxy Feline Interstellar Cruiser, *Endeavour*. We are currently at war, and I must warn you—"

"Spare me any of your bureaucratic stupidity," the wolf coldly barked. "I have contacted you only to show you the face responsible for the end of your miserable existence. You will now die."

"Incoming Fire," Shyle calmly reported.

"Evasive Action. Arm weapons. Use of force is authorized. Fire at will." Captain Lawson issued orders like a finely tuned machine.

The bridge lurched violently from the attack, and the communications console overloaded in an explosion of electricity and fire. The young lion officer slumped to the floor, dead. Smoke was beginning to devour the bridge; Lawson could see precious little. More explosions. The battle was not going well.

Mr. Garret leapt away from his exploding console just in time. "Captin' fire suppression on this deck ain't workin'! Them doggies are giving us a wallop!"

"Continue returning fire! Taron, plot us an escape vector. Someone call the doctor up here, Marobi looks bad."

Another explosion obscured Lawson's view entirely. He couldn't see a thing. With little warning, a white flash dashed across the corner of his eye and the bridge seemed to melt away. "Was this the end?" Lawson thought to himself.

"Mr. Lawson! Just what the hell is your problem!?"

"Huh?" Kyle Lawson was disoriented.

Lisa Shyle, sitting at a desk diagonally from Kyle's, was trying hard not to bust out into laughter.

"Ms. Shyle! Do you find all of this amusing!? Do you!?"

"No, sir. Sorry professor," Lisa apologized. The cute tigress turned around and sneaked a wink in Kyle's direction.

"Now, Mr. Lawson. I'll ask again. What does the second law of thermodynamics tell us about entropy?" Clearly, the lupine professor was most displeased.

"Uh... er—" Kyle pawed the fur behind his ear. His meager attempt to recall an answer was futile.

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"That's it Mr. Lawson. See me after class. Now... can anyone answer the question?"

Antone spoke up. "The second law states that the entropy of an isolated system must always increase or remain constant. It can never decrease."

"Very good Mr. Marobi. This is why we must account for the heat loss in this problem. Now, let's continue..."

As the professor returned to the board, Antone whirled around and whispered to the young panther, "Good one, Kyle."

"Oh shut up, Antone. You're dead anyway, fuzzlehead."

Antone rolled his deep yellow eyes. "Get a life, Kyle."



## The World Tree RPG (The Apple of Light: A Creation Myth)

The gods found a sun in an apple in the realm of their birth, and decided to make a world for it to light. The god Virid made a seed and planted it in a sea of becoming, and the World Tree grew to its present size and shape by the night of the first day. The seven Creator Gods thought all night, and the next day each one brought ten thousand kinds of new animals and plants, and hung them upon the World Tree. Five of them dreamed good peaceful dreams, but Gnarn dreamed adventures and Accanax had nightmares; and so it is with the world.

Then the creator gods brought their friends to see the world that they had made, and it was much admired. But Birkozon said, "The World Tree is beautiful and vast, and we admire it much. But it is empty of word and song, of thought and poetry. Make people to live upon it, and then we shall admire it twelve times much!" Hren Tzen replied, "How may people live without gods beneath them? Come dwell on the World Tree with us: if you support the Nouns, we shall support the Verbs, and then all may admire the world eighty-four times much!" And Birkozon said, "I shall!"; and eleven other gods joined him.

Then each of the creator gods went home and thought all night again, and the next day each one brought a new prime species to the world; but Accanax had had nightmares again, and so all he brought were the Khtsoyis. So Relhat helped Accanax that day, and together they made the Gormoror as another prime species.

The gods put all the people they had created onto the topmost branch, and let them do what they would. And the people built homes, and cleared the forests, and farmed in the soil, and fenced out the verticals-beasts, and explored strange places, and made wise laws, and did all the things of the world.

Welcome to the World Tree! Its upper branches are perhaps fifty miles wide and thousands of miles long, and prime civilization lives in the forests and fields on their flat tops. The Verticals, the sides of the world-branches, are wild and dangerous, and never more than twenty-five miles away.

You'll probably find yourself in a city-state: a big important city claiming dominion of fifty or a hundred miles along a world-branch. The cities tend to be a mix of Cani, Orren, and Rassimel; the countryside is populated mainly by Herethroy, and the other species are rare everywhere. City-states are likely to be ruled by two or three ranks of hereditary nobility, with trade guilds holding a great deal of power. Cities are walled and heavily guarded: wars are rare; raiding monsters from

the Verticals are common. Cities are very concerned for their own citizens; laws and guards protect them. Foreigners are usually given some minimal level of protection, but swindling foreigners is practically a civic duty for most merchants. Foreigners are mostly on their own for all but the most basic justice.

In the largest cities of Ketheria, you will probably find all eight prime species. Cani are dog-people, loyal and social, arguably the dominant species. Gormoror are large bear-people, proud and heroic, and not common. Herethroy are tall cricket- or beetle-people, usually peaceful and agrarian, with three genders and six limbs. Khtsoyis are aerial seven-tentacled octopi, toughish and brutal, ranking somewhere between criminals and monsters in popular opinion, but prime nonetheless; most primes are glad that they are rare. Orren are otter-people, merry and mercurial,

quick and careless and inconstant, flickering from interest to interest; they become regular others when they get wet. Rassimel are raccoon-people: clever, precise, quick to learn, and more than a bit obsessive about the three or four things they're interested in. Sleeth are green-black non-anthropomorphic panthers, rare and fierce and scary. The very rare Zi Ri are miniature dragons, immortal and mysterious. The primes are close to all the gods, and able to use all the possible magical arts. Because the contact is so common and so mundane, most primes aren't terribly religious. There are any number of sentient nonprimes, who the primes regard as inferior species or monsters. There are also many animals.

You will find parts of civilization which correspond to bits of Terrestrial civilization from the 13th to the 23rd centuries, but it feels more like the 18th century than anything else



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in particular.

"There's more than one way to roast a fish. Of course, one's the easy obvious one. Creoc Pyrador - fire - fish - lunch. But suppose you don't want to make any smoke for your greedy sister to see? Suppose you're a great Mutoc mage but a little bit shaky with the Creoc? Suppose I ask that on an exam and you think it's a trick question? Suppose, gods forbid, that your fish is fireproof? Magic Theory can tell you how to do things when the easy obvious way doesn't work. I, personally, can think of thirty-seven ways of doing it, and only about half of them are dead stupid.

— Prof. Zacharias Zartanopolis, Sovance Magical Academy

Prime civilization uses magic much the same way that human civilization uses technology. Everyone has access to commonplace wands; a housewife might have enough magic to clean dishes and banish dust and send a thief fleeing enveloped in flame. Mighty wizards exist, greater in degree though not in kind from the housewife — but a vast



# Furries of Myth and Legend

enough degree to shake the world-tree. Recent advances in magical technology are starting to have dramatic social consequences.

Magic is divided into seven Verbs and twelve Nouns. The Verbs describe ways of manipulating things: Creco, creation; Destroc, destruction, Kennoc, understanding, and so on. Each is managed by one of the seven creator gods, and each prime species is particularly good at the Verb of its creator god.

Nouns describe things in the world: Corpador, animal matter; Mentador, mind and thought; Locador, places; Magiador, magic. They are managed by a dozen gods with a dozen distinctive personalities. They can overlap: rain is both Aquador (water) and Airador (air, incl. weather), and can be manipulated by either Noun or more easily with both at the same time. The Nouns are not all equal. A simple spell will levitate a ten-pound log or bone; doing the same to ten pounds of metal is a much trickier Durador spell. Mentador is feared and hated, and people with even innocent mind-spells hide their powers. Pyrador is destructive, on a world of wood.

Minor magic is plentiful in the World Tree, used for the full range of things that technology is used for terrestrially: sending letters, taking pictures, and washing dishes as well as fighting. Aggressive magic is weaker than in most high fantasy settings. Mages cannot slaughter scores of enemies with a swirl of fire; instead, they are likely to toss pepper into their enemies' faces and entangle them in vines, then draw swords and fight beside the professional warriors. Healing is common but limited in scope; combat is dangerous and has serious consequences, but need not end in death.

Magic is based on Verbs and Nouns, skills which measure connection to the seven-and-twelve gods of the World Tree, plus other skills for the various kinds of magic. A spell to twist roads around so that the subject traveling along them will end up at the place of casting is Ruloc, control, plus Locador, space. The Nouns have their own distinctive characters, based on their ruling gods: Locador is cruel; Airador, air and weather, is mischievous. Basic magic, as used by everyone on the World Tree, uses easy rules. Characters and players who are interested have a

large and fascinating realm of advanced magic to explore.

*"You'll need a good healer, to start with. Always travel with a healer. Can't heal yourself if you're stunned and reeling. And a healer can do other tricks, catch you in a spell if you fall down.*

*"And you gotta have a wizard. Two wizards are even better. One to cast and one to blast, I say! One to keep your enemy's spells away, and one to wrap 'em up in burning brambles!*

*"Then you oughta take a knight. A Russimel knight if you can find one, and just because he's short. You can float over his head, he can fit under your tentacles! You thunder down on the beast with your clubs while the knight hews at its entrails and the wizard pokes thorns into its eyes; there's no finer fighting on the world-branch!*

*"You also oughta take a magazine. Sometimes the wizards just sit and talk for days and days and there's nothin' to fight. Oh, they'll make you fetch and carry and sneak and peek, that's just part of the job."*

*— Juber Ranksaffle, Khtsoyis clubs-for-hire*

By design or by accident, you will probably find yourself on an adventure. Some venture into the dangerous sideways forests on the edges of branches; some explore the libraries and unsafe laboratories of absent wizards; some try with all their might to defend their home villages from greater or lesser monsters. The World Tree is a perilous place for primes.

Some adventurers are the familiar types from other games: warriors, battle mages, thieves.

At least as often, they are people from ordinary society, slung into adventure. A housewife with an unexplored native talent for swordplay escorts her ten-year-old son on a trip to the top of the World Tree. A distinguished professor of magic theory and transformations helps an old friend retrieve a long-lost banner. An Orren artist decides to use magic sense as his canvas. A Khtsoyis healer turned pawnbroker leaves her home city to escape unpleasant politics, and goes to help colonize a new branch of the world.

The World Tree RPG is tentatively scheduled for publication in early 2001 by Padwolf Press. Come visit us at [www.world-tree-rpg.com/](http://www.world-tree-rpg.com/)!



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# Anthrocon 2000

## 2000 Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

The primary purpose of Anthrocon 2000 is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective, we must establish these standards of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of a small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention.

Speaking of atmosphere: smoking is permitted only in designated sleeping rooms. Under no circumstances will smoking be permitted in any convention function or area, nor is it permitted in the halls. The hotel respectfully requests that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the hotel's doors and entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

### General Rating of the Convention

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphic fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. In public spaces open to any Hotel patrons, the Rating will be "PG" at all times.

The rating for programming events (accessible only to Anthrocon badgeholders) will follow this general guideline:

6am-6pm Rating G to PG-13.

6pm-10pm Rating PG-13 to R. Parental guidance is suggested.

10pm-6am Rating PG-13 and above.

Ages 17 and under are not permitted to attend those events rated above PG-13 by the programming staff without the express permission of a parent or legal guardian.

Anyone found to be violating the public rating, such as by publicly displaying inappropriate artwork, wearing unacceptably revealing clothing, acting in a lewd or lascivious manner (see PDAs below), etc. will be issued a polite warning and will have his or her con badge marked. A second offense will result in confiscation of the badge and denial of entry to all further official con events. Blatant and obviously intentional breaches of the rules may result in immediate revocation of membership. Remember that the rules are in place to ensure the comfort of all Anthrocon members, a responsibility which Anthrocon's staff takes very seriously.

Regardless of any posted or understood rating of convention events, no actions may be taken or items displayed or used in convention events that are illegal under Federal, State or Local laws.

### Public Displays of Affection (PDAs)

We are a friendly and close-knit community. Kissing, holding hands, and similar activities among consenting adults are certainly allowed in all Anthrocon-sponsored areas. We ask that common sense be used, however, when displaying affection for your special other. Remember that not everyone has the same feelings regarding what is acceptable in public, and it would behoove us as a community to be sensitive to the feelings of those around us. Two good general rules to follow at Anthrocon are:

"If you have to ask or think twice about whether or not you should do it in public, then don't do it".

and

"NO, means NO."

Please be courteous and understanding. If you feel that you



# ANTHROLATIONS



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S ofawolf Press introduces Anthrolations, the only semi-professional literary magazine devoted entirely to anthropomorphic fiction. Each issue features stories focusing on the events that shape the characters' lives; from the comedic to the tragic, and from a variety of styles and settings. Our second issue will debut at Anthrocon 2000, featuring stories by Michael H. Payne, Kim Liu, Justin Stanchfield, Tim Susman, and more — with illustrations by top artists! Get your copy of the magazine rated "5 out of 5 stars" by the e-zine Fuzzy Logic.

Stop by our table in the Dealer's Den and put your name in for free Sunday drawings for plush huskies and other cool stuff!

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must display deep affection for another in a physical fashion, please do so in the privacy of a hotel room. Anthrocon security will not hesitate to ask a party to desist if that party's behavior is considered inappropriate for a public area or is patently annoying to other parties. Such admonishments are difficult for us and are an embarrassment to the party in question, so kindly do not make us take such action.

## Public Exposure -- Indecent and Other

At the request of the Hilton management, we must ask that shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in any restaurant, or when traveling to and from the pool area. Bathing suits in the lobby are not considered to be appropriate attire, even if you are only passing through. Please utilize the changing rooms in the pool area. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all area of the hotel except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area, due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Any person who publicly exposes a part of the body whose exposure constitutes "indecent exposure" under Pennsylvania state law (and you know what they are) will be given a single warning and asked to correct the situation immediately. Upon further violation or failure to correct the matter, the authorities will be summoned immediately.

## Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the con, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who would like to question this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security, Mr. Randall Brule or the Con Director, Dr. Samuel Conway.

No weapons, or anything that can be mistaken for one, may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space. If you have anything you would like to carry with you that you feel may

come into conflict with these rules, please ask permission of the Security Director first. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event.

**NOTE:** Items such as sword-canes and bali-song (butterfly knives which may be legal to own and carry in some states, are not welcome in Pennsylvania and especially not at Anthrocon. Kindly leave them home.

No firearms, real or replica, are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes BB or pellet guns, cap guns, or any other item which bears a close resemblance to any firearm, modern or antique. Air-soft weapons and squirt guns may NOT be employed within the interior of the hotel.

For reasons of public safety, no laser-pointers, laser-aiming device or similar device may be used in public, save for legitimate purpose such as a seminar, display, or other convention sanctioned event.

The designation "security-approved" will be given to individual items at the sole discretion of the Security Director. This designation may be revoked at any time at the discretion of the Security Director if the item is being used or brandished in an inappropriate

fashion or if complaints are received regarding its display.

## Exceptions

The aforementioned items may be carried if and *only* if:

a. The item has been presented in advance to security for inspection; and

b. The item has been cleared to be used in this event; and

c. The item has been clearly tagged and peace-bonded prior to the event; and

d. The person is escorted from the place the item is being stored, by an authorized security person to the event; and



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e. The item remains peace-bonded and/or tagged throughout the event; and

f. The item is returned by the owner/user under escort of an authorized security person, to the place of storage IMMEDIATELY at the conclusion of the event.

The weapons listed above are not meant to constitute an exhaustive list of those items which are not to be carried at Anthrocon. In short, it is to be repeated that except in the specific situations noted, NO weapons or weapon replicas will be permitted without the prior approval of the Security Director. Brandishing any weapon, real or replica, is not permissible. Brandishing is defined as the display of an item for the purpose of real or implied threat. The intent of the brandisher is irrelevant under the law, and the brandishing of any weapon will be treated as an assault upon another person.

Those licensed in Pennsylvania to carry any of the above-mentioned or similar items will be asked to secure said items at a location other than in convention areas. If they are subsequently found to be carrying any of these items at any location associated with the con, they will be immediately expelled from the con. If not licensed, the offender will be reported to the local authorities.

### ***Disorderly Conduct***

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there are other guests staying at the hotel. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with Hotel security personnel. If you are requested to quiet down or to cease a certain behavior, please do so immediately. It will make the convention much more pleasant for all parties involved.

Hotel security personnel are empowered by Anthrocon to confiscate your con badge if you do not comply with hotel rules or directives. If this occurs you must take up the issue with Chief of Security Brule. This standard includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance to any convention or hotel function, restaurant or public area.

The hotel has asked us to conform to a few house rules and we thank everyone for following them. These rules are as follows:

\* No loitering on the stairways or in the stairwells. This means keep moving, do not plan on chatting in the stairways. This is a safety issue, by order of the Township Fire Marshall.

\* No horseplay or goofing off on stairways. This, too, is a safety issue.

\* No horseplay near, on or around any of the railings.

### ***Harassment (All Types, Including Sexual)***

This includes but is not limited to: striking, shoving, kicking, any unwanted physical contact, threatening to do any of the above or following someone around a public place without a legitimate reason or in a threatening or intimidating manner. Please remember, if someone tells you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. Leave them alone. Do not follow them or make them uneasy in any way. Any complaint in regards to harassment shall be dealt with in accordance with Con policy. Only one warning may be given.

### ***Assault/Menacing/Trapping***

Assault is defined as: any physical contact done with the intent to cause physical injury, or actions of a reckless nature (i.e., rough horseplay, etc.) that cause physical injury to another person. These are legally

punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Menacing is defined as when, by physical or verbal means, a person intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of death or imminent physical injury. Menacing is also punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Trapping is exactly the same as unlawful imprisonment. It is a misdemeanor to stop someone from leaving an area or confining someone against his will. This means that if someone says "let me out," you let him out or you may find yourself locked up instead.

Any person engaging in the above activities will be removed from the convention and possibly barred from attending in the future as well. If any person or persons assaults, menaces or "traps" any convention staff member, Anthrocon Inc. will press charges to the fullest extent of the law, both criminally and civilly. Anyone found guilty by a court of law of any of the above actions will be barred from future Anthrocon events.

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon 2000 will be strictly enforced by the safety and rules officers, hereafter referred to as Security, who will be clearly identified as such on site. Enforcement will be very simple; your first offense will result in a mark on your con badge and a warning. The second offense will result in the confiscation of your badge and the revocation of all con privileges without a refund. In cases of malicious intent or direct infraction of the above guidelines, or the laws of the country or state, a warning may be bypassed.

Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon 2000 for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member you may take the matter up with the Security Director, Mr. Randall Brule or Anthrocon's Director, Dr. Samuel Conway. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members to go uncorrected.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. Please note that it is illegal by both hotel and local rules to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or grounds not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Please be reminded that these rules are, of course, "worst-case" scenarios. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation, and for their continued assistance in making this a fun and safe experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you!

-- Anthrocon Security Director, Mr. Randall Brule  
security@anthrocon.org

-- Anthrocon Executive Director, Dr. Samuel Conway  
ceo@anthrocon.org



# Furries of Myth and Legend



## ANTHROCON WANTS YOUR VIDEO!

If you caught a rare moment or just some good video or pictures of events at Anthrocon this year, we'd love to include it in the annual souvenir video!

Contact us via e-mail at [video@anthrocon.org](mailto:video@anthrocon.org) or by the address below by September 1<sup>st</sup>.

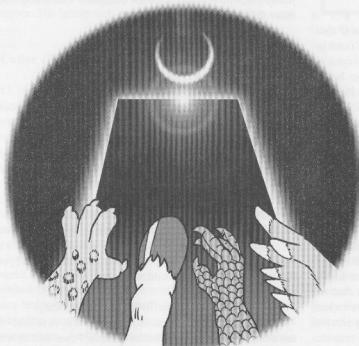
All submissions are welcome!

Anthrocon Video  
PO Box 270  
Devault, PA 19432

## Video Taping Hints and Suggestions

Helpful videotaping hints to make your memories last:

- \* When videotaping, try to keep the ceiling lights out of the view of the camera. This will reduce lighting errors in your tape.
- \* Try not to leave digital effects and clocks turned on while taping. While it is fun to play with these, over time they will only detract from your memories.
- \* Try not to hold conversations and speak too often from behind the camera. Often such conversations aren't understandable. If you have to do so, speak clearly.
- \* Hold the camera level and steady. Try to keep the camera close to the body to make your movements more fluid and less violent.
- \* Be courteous of whom you film. Not everyone necessarily wants to be on camera.
- \* When using supporting lighting, don't light the subject directly. Reflect it off a nearby surface. Be wary and courteous of other persons around you.
- \* Remember to send in a copy of your videotaping to help the annual video.



*My God... it's full of furs!*

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## Panelist Bios

### Scott Arsenault (Panelist [Visual Arts & Entertainment-Misc Track])

Cartoonist and animator, Grand Poobah of Yerf.com, creator of Sully Fox and Heebas, artist for *Tales of the Fehnik*, a sharp dresser and a good friend.

### Jack W. Below (Panelist [Fursuit Track])

Been in the furry scene for nine years, active for the last four. Alphawolf of the St. Louis based furry group, Arch Regional Furies (ARF), and active in many other furry organizations/conventions/NWOs/Etc.... Whenever in the St. Louis, MO area, call me up, and we can do something. Come and check out Murrdril Gras 4 in 2001!!! Always willing to help out another furry whenever I can. Experienced computer technician and engineer. And let's not forget fursuiter too. Despite appearances, am just a big lovable fun furbal.... even if the nose ring does squeak people out some.

### Aaron Borel (Panelist [Entertainment-Misc Track])

### Po Shan Cheah (Panelist [Visual Arts Track])

I'm an amateur cartoonist and toon furry artist, and the creator of Limpidity, a comic strip published on the web and in a few zines. I began cartooning on a regular basis in August of 1996. I currently reside in northern New Jersey where I work as a computer programmer.



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### Richard Concepcion (Panelist [Fursuit Track])

Richard Concepcion began working with puppets on Public Access cable TV in New York for fun and self-expression shortly after becoming a Broadcast Engineer for Time Warner Cable of New York City and in 1983 created the character Rapid T. Rabbit to be sort of the mascot that the Big Apple never had. Seventeen years and almost 500 episodes later, "Rapid T. Rabbit and Friends" still cablecasts every Monday afternoon at 5pm over Manhattan Neighborhood Net-

work, and now even enjoys a nationwide/worldwide audience via a Sunday evening webcast preceding the Funday Pawpwt Show.

As a fully-costumed character, RTR has been a regular in the Easter Parade on 5th Avenue in New York, as well as other events, including the Pasadena, CA and Ocean City, NJ DooDah Parades. In addition, Richard has done appearances as over 25 characters within the past 12 years, including Bugs Bunny, Michigan J. Frog, Chuck E. Cheese and the Care Bears. This past year, he was featured in an interview by Rich Brown about RTR's mascot efforts in an edition of "The Daily Show" on the Comedy Central cable channel.

### Ian Dettmering (Panelist [Visual Arts Track])

Known simply as "Fennece" in the fandom, this Hobbyist extraordinaire has been a regular to the Anthrocon happenings since the old Albany days four years ago. He boasts an Associates Degree in Technical Art, a Bachelors Degree in Architecture, and approximately five years of drawing fuzzy furry things in the fandom. Currently living in NY, he's working on an internship for his Architectural License and doodles in his spare time. Past panelist contributor, he has been a regular contributor to several furry 'zines, and folios.

### Bryan Feir (Panelist [Art Track])

Bryan Feir has been following Furry comics since the original Xanadu in 1988, hit FurryMUCK in early 1991 (after meeting most of the people who created it on Islandia in 1990), and doing origami since around 1980. In that time he's been fascinated with the history of both the fandom and origami, amassed a considerable collection of books on both, and done work on designing a few of his own paper figures. Currently lives in Toronto with his computer and many stacks of books taller than he is.

### Daniel Gill (Panelist [Writing Track])

### Shawntae Howard (Panelist [Art Track])

Fandom alias: Tamar the Ebony Leopard  
Homepage: <http://www.geocities.com/xenif/extinctioners.html>

The hardest working man in furry? Maybe not, but you'd be hard pressed to find someone else who does as much as he does. He works on three quarterly comics: *Katmandu*, *Extinctioners*, and *New Horizons*; does an online comic strip (semi-regularly); takes commissions; does work for the annual *Magic Carpet* and other publications; and works a regular job! Shawntae has been an active part of the fandom since 1996, when he first discovered it on the internet. Ever since, he's enjoyed the ride and hopes to bring a quality of art and story telling to the genre that has rarely been seen. He's making his third appearance at Anthrocon this year and hopes to return in the future. If you see him say hi, don't worry he won't bite, much.

### Joseph C. Kennedy (Panelist [Spirituality Track])

AltairSkunk is Deacon Joe Kennedy. A soldier of 20+ years, I am studying to become a Roman Catholic Priest and an Army Chaplain. An avid collector of everything Skunky (my favorite animal), I discovered Furrydom two years ago and love it! I came for the Skunks and stayed for the Friends.

### Allen Kitchen (Panelist [Writing and Spirituality Tracks])

Allen Kitchen is a writer and an electrical engineer actively



# Furries of Myth and Legend

working in the Space Program. His stories have been seen in several conbooks and fanzines over the past few years. He is 36 years old but doesn't let it ruin his youthful outlook on life. Old enough to have watched man walk on the moon, he hopes to live long enough to attend the first-ever sci-fi con actually on Luna. He was recently elected co-moderator for the proposed rec.arts.furry newsgroup on Usenet. He can be found on IRC and FurryMUCK as "Shockwave." He loves beer, steak, and chocolate. Allen lives in Houston, Texas together with his wife and family and a yardful of dandelions.

## Bret Larwick (Panelist [Entertainment-Misc Track])

Bret is 25 years old and works as an Information Technician for the local school district. Over the past year, he has been playing the game of Pokémon and has become a DCI sanctioned judge for Pokémon tournaments. He has also taken the role of a Gym Leader for the official Pokémon League and is known as KittyFox, the Deck Mechanic, on Pojo.com. Since the May issue, I have also been a writer for the Pojo Magazine, covering a wide field of article topics.

## Craig Loewen (Panelist [Writer Track])

Craig A. Loewen (who writes under the name C. Alan Loewen) is a resident of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and is presently employed by the Heildersburg Church of the United Brethren in Christ. He also serves on the boards of various non-profits as a fundraising consultant. Married with three children, three cats and a Shetland Sheepdog, he has had his fiction published in *PawPrints*, *MLPMonthly* and has also been published in *Beauty From Ashes Poetry Review*. He is presently looking for a publisher for a completed children's novella. A former professional stage magician, he is also working on a future magic act using anthropomorphic themes. His home web page is <http://www.angelfire.com/pa/cloewen>.

## Matt J. McCullar (Panelist [Entertainment, Fursuit, and Writing Tracks])


Matt J. McCullar is a Texas giraffe of long standing. His furry stories have appeared in *FurryPhile*, *Furrotica*, *Fantastic Furry Stories*, *Fur Visions*, and elsewhere. SilverFox Publications carries his two illustrated novellas: *Grasslands' Tale* and *Fornax: Remix*. He's the keeper of the Furry TV Commercials (now into its third volume) and maintains the information file "What to Take to a Con."

## Joelle "Jade" Mellon (Panelist [Misc Track])

Joelle was one of the original residents of the Pittsburgh group house *Yarf* magazine dubbed "The Furry Home," where FurryMUCK was originally created. She is now working as a children's librarian at a branch of the New York Public Library, where she gets to encourage kids to read books like *Redwall* and *Catwings*. Her nonfiction work is regularly published in *Renaissance*, a nationally distributed medieval and Renaissance history magazine primarily for reenactors. Currently, she is also developing some fiction that she will talk your ear off about at the least provocation. Joelle enjoys science fiction, fantasy, comic books, anime, role-playing games, cooking, weaving cloth, and being addressed as "My Lady."

## Brian L. Miller (Panelist [Writer & Entertainment Tracks])

Brian L. Miller, now newly-minted as a civilian, is the head fox in charge of SilverFox Publications. Along with the lovely Penguin



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Lady (his wife Annette) and his cubs, he has been involved in furrydom for over 5 years. An artist and writer, as well as chief Editor, he is now settling down to find out what retirement is all about.

## Michael O'Donnell (Panelist [Entertainment-Misc Track])

Trickster (Michael C. O'Donnell), a morphic brown wolf, has been artistically involved in the fandom for around four years. He shows art at conventions, recently started doing commissions, and dabbles in costuming and writing. He currently has a BA in psychology and aims for a PhD. Side interests include lucid dreaming, gaming, and diversity organizations. Trickster is the current president of the Anthropomorphic Diversity Support Association. He attends several furry conventions and local gatherings each year.

## Allen Petlock (Panelist [Visual Arts Track])

Allen Petlock started and maintains the ArtSpots web site, a place for artists to gather and collaborate, and the home of the Artists' Ambush. An artist and animator himself and mostly on the periphery of Furry Fandom until recently, he focuses on working in mainstream projects with a furry element to them.

## Keneth Pick (Panelist [Writing/Spirituality Tracks])

One of the unknown old guard of furry fandom, Ken has been fascinated with upright talking critters as far back as he can remember. A forty-something computer programmer from Orange County, California (The Digital Coast in the middle of Confucius Country), his interests have included SF, fantasy, role-playing games,



anthropomorphs, history, militaria, Catholicism, pulp adventures, "recreational thinking," and any combination of the above. He does anthropomorphic art and writing "to stay sane."

**Steve Plunkett** (Panelist [Fursuit & Entertainment Tracks])

He has been puppeteering professionally since 1992, and entered the furry scene in 1994, first appearing at Duckton, then CF6 through CF9. He has done many shows locally, performing for various venues, such as day cares, retirement homes, corporate family picnics, as well as the local wild animal park. His puppets and himself have appeared in two newspaper articles, on the local news several times, as well as on a nationally-broadcast cable TV show. His characters have become well known through the furry community, and now include Fifi the skunk, Odie the otter, Scarlett the fox, Gracie the squirrel, RC raccoon, and his newest character, Bianca Bunny. This year, he is bringing his team of puppeteers together again to delight the convention goers.



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**Kevin R. Richardson** (Panelist [Spirituality Track])

**Michael Russell** (Panelist [Entertainment, Fursuit, and Writing Tracks])

Michael "Flafox" Russell is the creator of The World of Vicki Fox (<http://www.VickiFox.com>) featuring the cute cartoon star, Vicki Fox. Mike uses a puppet form of Vicki Fox for teaching and entertainment. He also writes comic book stories; some have been published in *Furlough*, *Wild Side*, and *Magic Carpet*. Mike has been doing extensive research into licensing, merchandising, and marketing. His day job with IBM includes architecting software applications and web site consulting.

**Michael Sawyer** (Panelist [Spirituality Track])

Michael Sawyer is a software engineer in the Silicon Valley area, who recently left his position as an oceanographer at the University of Hawaii. He has led spirituality roundtable discussions at Anthrocon since 1999, as well as at other conventions on the West Coast. Other interests include fursuiting, fiction writing (though he is yet unpublished), SCUBA diving, sailing, and hiking.

**Dirk Schmidt** (Panelist [Visual Arts Track])

**Lee Strom** (Panelist [Fursuit Track])

Lee Strom, also known as T.F.Rabbit, Chairo and Pompeii, lives in the San Francisco bay area and works as a Computer Technician for IBM. He has been in the Furry Fandom for the past 3 years and has attended many conventions across the nation. Lee is presently the Vice Chairman for Further Confusion 2001 and has been working with that convention since its inception in 1998.

In his free time he enjoys building and performing fursuits. These include Jazz Jackrabbit, Chairo Itazuramono (raccoon) and Pompeii (wolf/dog). He is also a member of a local group of fursuiters who perform periodically in parades, at zoos and at mascotting events.

Lee is also a newbie to puppetry scene and helps in the organization of the

newly formed PawPet Show West performed by BAPers (Bay Area Puppeteers), which was inspired by the Florida Funday Show.

**Tom Turrittin** (Panelist [Entertainment Track])

Tom/Dronon enjoys putting red ribbons on dissimilar items and then giving them to Kage. This year he's running the improv show for its second year and is thinking about becoming a librarian. He enjoys long walks in the supermarket, making people laugh, and failing that, confusing them instead. Turn-ons: absurd answering machine messages. Turn-offs: cornstarch.

**Francine M. Wolfe** (Panelist [Entertainment-Misc Track])

**Marlo Young** (Panelist [Entertainment-Misc Track])

Marlo Young, a.k.a Catchclaw, has been involved in furry fandom since 1993 through the online environment. Last year, she started the Furry Female Fans Mailing List which grew out of an idea discussed between a group of females at a past Conference. The list is to allow females to communicate together about any and all issues in the fandom, as well as to arrange the sharing of rides and rooms for upcoming conventions. She can be contacted at: [mty@clark.net](mailto:mty@clark.net).



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## Staff Bios

**Matthew Adey (Danruk)** (Convention Operations Staff)

**Anthony Albert (Falbert)** (Art Show Staff)

Anthony "Falbert" Albert is from northern Maine, and usually plays one of the natives from that area, a Maine Coon Cat.

**Gene Angel (WhiteShepherd)** (Internet Room Staff)

Before you stands a strong towering male 6'2" snow white German shepherd dog. His soft lonely blue eyes catch yours and for a moment you catch a glimpse into the soul of this white beast. (Quote from FurryMUCK)

I'm a furry who loves to meet other nice furs, computers, nature, art (all kinds), singing, and writing. But most of all I love my heart and mate Kylee. <http://www.tigerden.com/~whiteshp>

**James Augur (Kagur)** (Registration Staff)

James Augur has been furry for most of his life, but only recently discovered furry fandom and conventions. A native of Southern California, James is a reference librarian in a local public library. While flipping through a book on Internet games, he saw a picture of a character on FurryMUCK—and immediately bought his first computer, talked with furries online, and attended CF9. He volunteered for Anthrocon last year, and was assimilated by the Registration Borg. When you see him at Registration, talk to him before he evolves again!

**Terry Austin (NightGecko)** (Security Staff)

**Jeigh Baldwin** (Anthrocon Dance Coordinator and DJ)

DJ Fluffalump, AKA Jeigh Baldwin, has been DJing for a number of years now and is proud to be appearing for the second year in a row at the Friday night Anthrocon Dance. He started his DJ career in Orlando, Florida and has moved on to spin in Colorado at various clubs. He's been a member of the Furry community since 1993 and is currently a wizard (Brenda) on FurryMUCK.

**Andrew B Beaudoin (White Fox)** (Spirituality Programming Track Advisor)

Born in the mythical state of confusion, WhiteFox's broken home helped him decide that furry animals were the best state for his mind to be in at any given time. The fox takes great pride in the fact that he was able to pull himself from his situation as well as graduate from college with a BS in Math and a degree in Education. So what is our

fine furry friend doing now? Well he is not teaching math that is for sure! WhiteFox is working as a Marketing Communications Assistant for a really big company. He would have loved to teach children about life and the universe and all things from Unicorns (which do exist) to Harpies, but he chose to pay bills. (And there was much rejoicing from parents everywhere.) Though he is not doing what he intended to do with his life, the Fox has found that working this job offers him more time to devote to his drawing skills. Maybe next year he will have enough courage to put something in the art show.

**Henry Bestwick (Waarhorse)** (Security Staff)

Waarhorse, aka Henry Bestwick, became involved with furry officially in 1996 when he skipped work one day to find out what this thing called Anthrocon was. He became enamored with the art and writing and has volunteered many cons. He has worked security for Anthrocon and Conifur.

He is a military intelligence specialist in electronic warfare and cryptanalysis and a 21 year veteran assigned to the 640th Military Intelligence Battalion (CANG). Currently, he works for the US Customs Service as a Canine Enforcement Officer and is training at FrontRoyal, VA. When he finishes he will be at Lukeville, AZ. As hobbies he writes, attempts drawing, and works on computers.

**Bard Bloom** (RPG Programming Track Co-Advisor)

Bard Bloom has been playing and running RPGs since the entire industry was three little tan books. In the last decade or so, the games have gotten furrier and furrier. Together with Vicki Borah Bloom, he has written *World Tree*, a furry fantasy RPG.

**Vicki Bloom** (RPG Programming Track Co-Advisor)

Vicki is a feline-type person who enjoys playing dress-up and pretend, whether it be for cons, LARPs, Ren Faires, or just hanging around the house. An avid gamer, Vicki is also co-author of the still-in-its-infancy RPG *World Tree*. Ancient FurryMUCKers from before the dawn of time (AKA the very early 90's) may remember her as Sasha, the big purple cat with the funny hat and dancing bells. In RL, Vicki designs alcoholic beverages for a living.

**"Nightsky Bluewyrn"** (Art Show Staff, Panelist [Visual Arts & Entertainment and Fursuit Tracks])

Nightsky Bluewyrn is also known as Mikeneke from "Three Cats and Two Joes." In addition to bellydancing, Nightsky enjoys archery, drawing, playing riq, Tarot, costuming, and "making stuff." As Fate Ravenglass\*, she enables the "stuff" to manifest as masks. She hopes to improve her art skills and make significant contributions to



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

Furry. She lives with her fiancé jfm3 and three rats: Myoko, Tuptim, and Suzy Creamcheese.

(\* "Fate Ravenglass" is the name of a character from *The Snow Queen and The Summer Queen*, (c)1981 and (c)1990 by Joan D. Vinge. Licensed exclusively by the author. Used with permission. All rights reserved.)

## Christopher Bochna (Orzel) (Masquarde Staff)

Chris Bochna obtained a Ph.D. in experimental nuclear physics from U.Illinois. After enduring the horrors of graduate school, he now puts his education to good use as a software engineer in Silicon Valley.

Chris spends his off hours as a pro mascot stalker. His preferred method of attack is to run up and grab the mascot in a warm hug, preventing their escape as a friend snaps a photo of the pair. He keeps in shape between mascot hunts by stalking all the fursuits he can during furry cons.

He credits the beginnings of his interest in Furry to Alan Dean Foster when Chris read the *Spellsinger* series in the mid 80's thanks to a review of the first book in an old issue of *Dragon Magazine*.

He still remembers the day he stumbled onto the Furry fandom in 1990 at Carnegie Mellon University. Back then he spent the wee hours of many mornings surreptitiously peeking through student computer account directories. There, in one open directory, he found a gold mine of furry stories and other files, including the address of FurryMUCK.

## Randall S. Brule (Tackybear) (Security Chief)

French-Canadian, Randall has worked in a variety of positions from working frontstage for Much Music's - Electric Circus live broadcast at Ottawa's Winterlude, to the HOPE Beach Volleyball tournament. He's been a volunteer with Nepean Police Services & Ontario Provincial Police, senior shift Resource Protection Officer in 4 Ottawa Nortel sites, and most importantly, security staff for AC '98 in Albany & AC '99 in Valley Forge.

## Gary Burke (Cargo) (Dance DJ)

Gary "Cargo" Burke has been DJing Purple Purple dances at cons since 1995. He is 28 years old and lives in the Bay Area of California.

## Arnab Chowdry (Kashra) (Science Programming Track Advisor)

Kashra is a Biophysics major entering his junior year at Johns Hopkins University, and aspires to be a candidate for an MD/PhD degree someday. He works at the Children's Medical Surgical center as a

genetics researcher and is interested in pretty much anything science-related...except organic chemistry...just don't ask! He's been to all but one Anthrocon—the first—and is a German Shepherd Dog (well, not really). Kashra's interests, aside from science and biology, include computers, kickboxing, politics and food! Oh, and don't forget writing...can't forget that.

## Gary Coulbourne (Video Crew)

Mr. Coulbourne's experience as a videographer dates back 15 years. He has produced documentaries commercially for the state of Delaware, several music videos, and has acted on both stage and screen. He holds a degree in television production from Delaware State University in Dover, Delaware.

## Dr. Samuel Conway (Uncle Kage). (Anthrocon Director and Chairman of Anthrocon, Inc.)

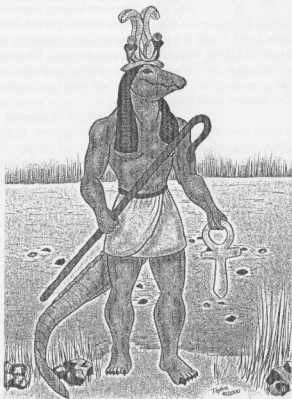
Sam Conway has been with the Furry community since 1991, when he first introduced the character of Kagemushi Goro, the samurai cockroach. He is best known to convention-goers as Uncle Kage. Begun when his grouching about some annoyance in his life began to draw a crowd in a hotel lobby in 1994, his reputation as a storyteller has reached far and wide. Today he finds himself on the invitation list of an increasing number of conventions, where his performance never fails to attract a standing-room-only crowd. "I don't understand it, myself," he says of his popularity. "All I do is get up there and talk about stuff that's happened since the last con." Nevertheless, the audiences keep coming back for more. Recently, a video (on sale in the Dealers' Room) of some of his best performances from past Anthrocons has been compiled and has been selling out almost as fast as it can be reproduced.

He holds a doctorate in organic chemistry from Dartmouth College. After an eight-year career as a research chemist in the pharmaceutical industry, he hung up his safety goggles to accept a position in which he arranges the procurement of human tissues and organs for biomedical research. "I got tired of being the scientist," he says. "I wanted to try being the hunchback for a while."

Some of his other activities include service as the Emergency Management Coordinator of his local municipality, as well as working with birds of prey, and writing. He combined the latter two with his scientific knowledge in 1999 to produce his first published story, "Tweaked in the Head", which appeared in Mercedes Lackey's *Flights of Fantasy*, an anthology of stories about birds of prey (also on sale in the Dealers' Room) published by DAW Books.

## Wilma E. Conway (Grandma Kage) (Convention Operations Staff)

Mother to our beloved chairman and the true source of his



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amazing storytelling capabilities. Born on Philadelphia's Main Line, a lifelong motorcycle enthusiast, now happily-retired baker of cookies, she has graciously offered to help out Anthrocon during its second year in Valley Forge.

**W. "Raven" Coons Jr.** (Virtual Worlds Programming Track Advisor)

Raven has been involved in the furry on-line community for close to a decade, mostly delving into MU\*s. He has been an administrator on a few MUCKs for close to seven years, SPR-MUCK mostly, and is the founder of his own ChaosMUCK. He is a noted MUF programmer, and has written many useful MUF programs for MUCK administrators. Raven is the Virtual Worlds Track advisor this year for Anthrocon.

**George Cunningham** (Registration Staff)

George is a computer programmer/systems operator in Oklahoma City. He lives on 10 acres with his horse Josie, 5 cats, and his wolf MoonDancer. He can be found around various MUCKs as Whysper, wearing the form of a black anthro pegasus Clydesdale, or a winged anthro timber wolf. He enjoys camping, fishing, motorcycles, horseback riding, hiking, boating, campfires, movies, dancing, good friends, RP, chatting on the internet, and more.

While he does draw, most of his art tends toward poetry and short stories and he hopes to have some published soon. In addition to interest in furry, he also does historical reenactments and stunt work. He portrays living history of the United States from 1830 through 1900 which includes Mountain Main, US Civil War, 1870s Calvary, Old West Gunfighter, and Pioneer and Cowboy.

The rest will remain a mystery for now.

**Capricia Davis** (Art Show Staff)

Capricia Davis lives in Tampa, Florida where she does internal tech support for the local telephone company. She got a degree in phys-

ics because she thought it was fun, thereby supporting the popular belief that all fen are crazy. Though her interest in anthropomorphics goes back to the days of waking up way too early on a Saturday to see cartoons, blame — err, credit for her introduction to furry fandom lies squarely on the shoulders of Chip Unicorn. She plays lcwearing@Furtoonnia. For fun she writes, draws, does pottery, brews, works in the garden, makes candles, and generally makes a mess.

**Andrew Douglas** (Security Staff)

**Jeff Eddy** (Art Show Staff, Panelist [Wrier Track])

Jeff Eddy has been hiding in plain sight since 1995, most recently as publisher of the semi-pro literary magazine *Anthrolutions*. When not looking suspiciously at reams of Syslog data and muttering arcane security axioms, he enjoys worrying incessantly about deadlines, editing, taxes, marketing, and how exactly to write Rio's vet bill off as a business expense. He currently resides on Cape Cod with his Siberian Husky, who tolerates him because he stuffs her with expensive dog food. They will soon be relocating to L.A. in search of the perfect traffic jam.

**Dan Eloff** (GOH Liaison)

Better known to many by a variety of names — amongst those Ciaran "Key" Ferguson, (The) Fox, Foxyboy, the Official SillyFox, HeyYouYeahYou! nTalkingToYouGetYourTailOverHereNow and several others — was the experienced GoFer (GoFox, as he insists, bearing no resemblance to Prairie Dogs or their ilk) last year. He was promoted from Peon to Advanced Peon this year, becoming the GOH Liaison. He now serves as their Slave, instead of the Slave of the executive Senior Staff as he was last year. He will often be found with his wife, Ronni Eloff aka She Who Must Be Obeyed.

**Elizabeth Eloff (LizzieBunny)** (Programming Staff)

**Ronni Eloff** (Programming Director)

Ronni Eloff has been around in the Science Fiction community for over 25 years, bemused by the changes the internet has brought to conventions both in planning and volunteering. She originally joined Anthrocon to help Points, stayed on to do a five year arc, but like all good things, Life threw a curve. This is her last year with the convention, her real life has taken on a new direction with a lucrative start-up and a fast-paced career track that landed her one step shy of VP of Engineering, unfortunately sucking up all her free time. She used to have time for LARPing, and Web Designing but now her attention, when she has any left, goes to her Family: her husband Key, and her daughters Liz, Kristi and Katya along with the three cats in Sunnycastle.

**J. Scotty Emerle (Windsinger)** (Charity Auction Staff)

**Dale Farmer** (Art Show Assistant Director)

Abducted by trekkies at a tender age, Dale has been pressed into unpaid labor at various nefarious "Sci-Fi" conventions for many years. Working under terrible conditions, in strange places, Dale has somehow survived his ordeal. Someday, with your assistance, Dale can be rescued from his years of drudgery. Please help, the need is great.

**Neil Ferris (Kylee)** (Internet Room Staff)



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# Furries of Myth and Legend

**Robb Flemming (RobbCat)** (Security Staff)

**Brian Harris** (Charity Auction and Masquerade Director)

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community for over 8 years. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Silver Spring, MD where he works on neat stuff like AOLTV for AOL Time/Warner. Brian occupies himself by collecting comic books, playing computer games, and is on the executive staff of the Free State Pinball Association in Maryland. With the experience of working Confurence East, Further Confusion, and Anthrocon under his belt, this year will be his fourth year as Charity Auction Director, his second year as Masquerade Director, and his fourth year rewriting this bio because he keeps forgetting to File -> Save it.

**Amy Heller** (Registration Staff)

After getting a BA in Theatre from Towson University, Amy immediately looked for a job where she didn't have to say "Would you like fries with that?" Currently working in a Sign Language Referral Service, she has been online for about six years. Beginning on Glass Dragon MUD, where she has a God named, of all things, Meep, she progressed to MUCKs and MUX where she has found a creative outlet. She plays Meep, Tritel, Kaali, and a few others in Tapestries. She is also found on Castle Keep as Meep and Ty, and recently has begun working in a staff position on City That Never Sleeps MUX. She has met many very good friends and some even closer to her heart online and would like to thank the cats who let her live at the apartment, Nathan and Adelaide (the original Meep).

**Corben Henry** (Registration Staff)

Okay, what to say about me? I'm Scottish, born here, live here, traced back something like 8 generations, so safe I think to say I'm Scottish. I live in Edinburgh to be precise, ever sunny, ever full of tourists, and ever crawling (literally sometimes) with students. (Okay, so I lied about the sunny bit). I'm a computer techie sort (or so I like to think), though often I find myself doing jobs utterly unrelated, much to my distress. I'm still cursed (or is it blessed?) with living with my parents, but really I don't interact with other members of my family all that much. (As little as possible actually, though I do love them dearly. Well, most of them.) When I'm not working, I'm usually in front of a computer, or helping to prop up a bar. MUCKing would have to be one of the bigger drains on my time, mainly on FurrySpaceMUCK, though I do mess about occasionally on others. Most who know me from a MUCK will know me as Corben, as he's my main alter ego. I do have other characters, but I ain't gonna tell you who they are. (If you already know, keep it quiet, Steve. "grin") I love good films (mainly sci-fi), good books (ditto), and good music. (My definition of 'good' may differ from yours somewhat. Mainly Rock, Metal, Goth, Industrial sorta stuff.)

**Andrew J. Hicks (Shades Mckatt)** (Registration Second)

Returning to Anthrocon for his second year under the command of the self-proclaimed "Master of All That is Evil... Oh Yeah, and Anthrocon Registration", Jonah Safar, Andrew hails from Austin, Texas. He's been a prominent resident of FurryMUCK and the still-young FurrySpaceMUCK as Shades Mckatt (and a few other roles), and in general has a fairly unhealthy interest in technology, gaming, and vari-



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ous things Japanese. He's also quite easily the tallest fur on the Anthrocon Staff, standing at 6'7" with red hair... hard to miss. As with last year, he'll be manning Anthrocon Registration, as will about 90% of the FurrySpaceMUCK crowd... go fig. In addition to Anthrocon Staff, Andrew is also the local Dell Computer Tech, but hopes that won't mean he actually has to fix anything... he's on vacation, and is also hoping to be able to con Jonah into an excursion into Philly for some real food (Cheesesteaks).

**Erin Hurst (Devi)** (Registration Staff)

Devi the lil blue otter-imp makes a super-yummy recipe called Accra Banana Peanut Cake. It is sweet and cinnamonony, er, what? CON Book! Not Cook Book? CON BOOK!!!! A! shoot. Durnnit!

Devi the lil blue otter-imp has been around Furrydom for about a gazillion kazillion years. She was raised by Kimba the White Lion in the heart of Africa. She can often be seen chasing bats. She collects Frog tattoos and wishes Space Food Sticks would become available again.

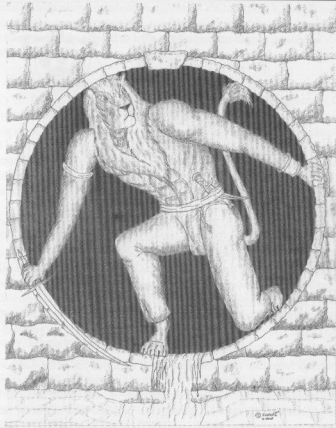
**Lisa Jennings** (Art Show Staff)

Lisa Jennings has been floating around furrydom since 1982. Combining her technological and artistic skills, Lisa was one of the main animators for the furry adventure game "Inherit The Earth." While working with Dreamers Guild, she also assisted in the animation for "Dinotopia" and "I Have No Mouth But I Must Scream." Since then, she has moved into a more technical field in her profession and has shifted more towards computer-assisted illustration as her hobby. Her company, Dancing Stoat Enterprises, is preparing to publish the long-awaited second edition of "Other Suns", the first furry-focused Science Fiction role-playing game.

**Carolyn Johnson (Sherifa, Nezhka, Gretchen, Insert Alt Here)** (Registration Staff)

Wannabe artist!





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## Stephen Johnson (Simtra) (Art Show Staff)

Stephen "Simtra" Johnson will be helping for his third year at the con. Finally got used to living in Jacksonville as a programmer after three years living there. He first found furry back in 1988 on a story list on old Apple BBS. In 1993 he discovered furry on the Internet when someone left a furry portfolio next to him at UCF and then showed him the avatar ftp site. (Who are you so I can thank you!) He has become more active in the fandom by working here at Anthrocon and Further Confusion.

## J'wydragon (Judy Oxford) (Art Show Staff)

J'wydragon was introduced to Furrydom by a young dragon (FyrDragon) who introduced her to furry chatrooms and thence Furry fandom. Since then, she has collected art, stories and been to a few cons. She was Go-Fur Coordinator at ConFur Northwest '98 and '99; at CF10 she spent a major part of her time helping Xianjaguar at their art show, and was co-lead of the CF11 art show. She has been a sponsor to each of the cons, as her furry mentor (Kagur) tells her this is one of the best ways to support furry.

## PeterCat Kappesser (Art Show Director)

PeterCat has been interested in furies most of his life. In spite of a dearth of furry material, he enjoyed what he could — mostly in science fiction books such as C.J. Cherryh's *Chanur* novels and others. The late-80's CBS series "Beauty and the Beast" led him to meet other fans of the series online and eventually in person at cons, where he began helping out at art shows. On the Internet, he created the Furry InfoPage <[www.tigerden.com/infopage](http://www.tigerden.com/infopage)> and in his FurryMUCK per-

sona as Rhal, maintains a list of furry-themed MU\*s.

## Paul Kellogg (Pepe K.) (Masquerade Staff)

Paul Kellogg has been in the theatre for the past 25 years, as an Actor, Director, Singer, Designer and Playwright; in NJ, NY and throughout New England; and as a professional and semi-professional.

He has both a B.F.A. and a Master's Degree in Theatre and is a Graduate of the Trinity Square Rep Conservatory. He has appeared in over 200 productions, doing everything from Shakespeare to fire-eating. Since 1991, he has directed and starred with his good friend Brian O'Halleran ("Damian" of *Clerks*). Last year the two starred in the 2-man show *Sleuth*.

In May of this year, Mr.Kellogg made his Broadway debut, playing the role of "The Visitor" - a leading role in the new Rock Opera *Edgar Allen Poe's "The Fall Of The House Of Usher"*.

Pepe K. is proud to be a furry skunk. He's designed and created his own fursuits and he is also known as "Fifi". Fifi is a chantuse and showgirl skunkette whom you'll see performing in this year's Masquerade.

## Loquacious O. Kentauros (Staff Writer)

The fellow signing himself Loquacious O. Kentauros is a scholar of the past, however and where ever you find him, whether it be of ancient seafaring, various aspects of military technology, old fantasy literature, or old images, or old friends. Future's less friendly, and probably involves him selling something, sooner or later.

Writes poetry, some of it good, writes historical fantasy, some of it published, draws badly, needs to work on that... Corresponds with a great many interesting sentiments, ranging from centaurs to sea folk to dragons to small, furry carnivores, hence his presence here in the realm of Furry Fandom.

Can be found on FluffMUCK, Unbridled Desires, and FurryMUCK, too much of the time really, usually for a good joke or an argument, has defended his self-invented title of Top Pun of Furry on numerous occasions, with a great deal of collateral damage each time. Tries, with varying degrees of success, to make people glad they've met him, tries, with no success at all, to get a job teaching.

## Kevin Kelm (Triggur) (Technical Coordinator)

He's just this horse, OK?

## Ray Kiefer (Cray Fox) (Convention Operations Staff)

Ray "Cray Fox" Kiefer lives in a comfy den with his mama vooop in Exton, PA. He's been doing furry things since his introduction to Yiffnet four years ago (Hi Eddie!) and is now a regular at both Anthrocon and Philcon. He spends much of his time working in a warehouse deep underground, but he comes out every once in a while to see what season it is. He hasn't done anything all that special just yet, but you can bet he has big foxie plans!

## Marc Lacourciere (Greylocks) (Security Staff)

## Tracey Lutrario (RazBry Raccoon) (Security Staff)

## Karl Maurer (Dealers' Room Co-Director)

A long-time fur, he started the *Fanzine FurVersions* back in the mid 80's. He's been active in fandom for many moons, and is the cur-



# Furries of Myth and Legend

rent publisher of *FurVisions* and *FurPlus*. Active in SF Bay Area fandom, he's helped start Further Confusion, as well. He's also been helping at cons since way back, including CF 0. He's also been a Co-Director of Anthrocon's dealers' room since the start.

## Jonathan McDermott (Dermott Leannan) (Registration Staff)

While the character 'Dermott' has been on FurryMUCK since July of 1996, Jonathan has been involved with furry fandom in general one way or another since 1994, starting with FurryMUCK where he had (and has) the name 'Carraig.' He considers himself an aficionado of both hard science fiction and space opera, and has no particular subject where he can call himself an expert. This will be the third Anthrocon at which he has been on staff.

## Karl F. Meyers (Art Show Staff)

Karl F. Meyers is from Jacksonville, Florida. He has been in furry fandom since 1992, and has been writing and telling stories longer than that. His stories have appeared in *PawPrints*, *FurVisions*, *North American Fur*, and *Fantastic Furry Stories #1*; he is also a member of *Rowbruzzle* and the Furthest North Crew. Karl is a veteran of many conventions, and his live storytelling events have been well received at Anthrocon, Further Confusion, and Mephit FurMeet in past years. He is also the Programming Director for Furry Spring Break, coming to Orlando, Florida--March 2-4, 2001 <http://www.furryspringbreak.com/>.

## Cynthia Moreno (Convention Operations Staff)

For many years, the 'Den Mommy' of Philcon.

## Doug Muth (Giza) (Internet Room Slave)

Like many other furs, Doug has been a furry since his childhood, only to find the fandom a scant two years ago. When he's not involved in his anti-spam efforts, such as behind the scenes work for sites [cauce.org](http://cauce.org) and [suespammers.org](http://suespammers.org), and working a day job as a software developer, he likes to make his own tails and ears and proudly wear them around in real life, much to the confusion of all the humans in the immediate area.

This year, Doug will most likely be spotted in the Internet Room, keeping an eye on the systems there and assisting any furs who are having difficulties with the machines, as well as fighting off the effects of sleep deprivation.

## Jay Naylor (Registration Staff)

Just a semi-vacationing furry artist who can't stay away from another convention. Jay's relatively new to the whole fandom, and retains many odd habits from the normal world which set him apart from furies, including the regular use of his human name in furry social events.

## Nick Papecu (Registration Staff)

So you want to know about a wuff from Michigan-land, huh? Well, he's 22, works his butt off in a kitchen, though he'd love to be doing something else. Life is decent most of the time, as long as his Bacon EZ Cheeze don't run out. Where's the Triskit?? Hangs his tail round Tapestries. Tried FM, but its too big for his fragile little mind. Known to start random bouts of Hectic Disco, and lazy craziness lounging out on a couch, this lupine hits it from all angles. Or something like that. Really, he's just a friendly sort who likes his chaos nice and organized...all round him. Plays Paintball when he gets the chance in

the summer, and plots against the New World Order of Political Correctness the rest of the time. Open-minded, many faceted, Transformer's The Movie fanatic, music from Atari Teenage Riot to Jimmy Buffett lover, believes in magic, kinky where it counts and all encompassing poen to The Man. Sometimes a writer, always a lover of life, though a hater of all things involving boy bands. Somewhat a punk, though more of the Happy Hardcore variety. Exasperatingly joyous that Hawaiian shirts are in style now. Loud guy in the corner booth at 3am in Denny's, yup, that's him. A cuddle in front of a warm fire on a cold night, light nibbles on an ear tip, animal lover, sweet and romantic though only to a chosen few. Um...well...yeah...what else...He has the power to chew gum and walk without tripping. Once saved an albino marmoset from an exploding underground prison, though still couldn't tell you what a marmoset is. Any comic this wuff reads inevitably gets canceled, hence the fact *Hepcats* and *ElfQuest* are no more. He apologizes greatly. MP3 collecting newbie, so gifts of full CDs are greatly appreciated and awarded with an actual lock of his backhair. Yes folks, he's all of this, and more, all for only three easy payments of \$29.95, Michigan residents please add sales tax. And remember, Soylent Green is yummy.

## Susan Parkin. (Artist Programming Track Advisor, Assistant Programming Director)

Susan Parkin has been in the fandom, officially, for three years now. Albany Anthrocon was her Coming Out Event, if you will, so it's an anniversary of sorts for her. She is a graduate of Moore College of Art and Design with a BFA in Illustration as well as being a Fountain of Seemingly Useless Information and Punter Extraordinaire. Currently, the comic strip *A Doemain of Our Own* is her pride and joy.

## Pau Peter (Arctic Wolf) (Security Staff)

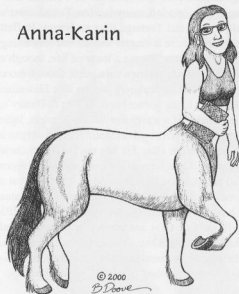
## Phillip Pollard (Web and Video Director)

Mr. Pollard is a technology and media engineer currently residing in the greater Philadelphia area. A classically trained musician,

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## Anna-Karin



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Writer, Otaku and member services coordinator for the Association of Air Medical Services (AAMS), Andrija has been with the Anthrocon art show through thick, thin and dangerous air-conditioning failures. His stories, currently archived at <http://members.xoom.com/Urldth/>, have seen publication in *Yarf!* and the Anthrocon Convention Book. In the near future, he hopes to receive his first rejection slip from a major publication and begin several screenwriting projects. He will also attempt to break his Nixon-esque habit of referring to himself in the third person...

### Ivan Repin (Fursuit Programming Track Advisor)

Ivan Repin is a professional fursuit designer and performer living in Sydney, Australia. He has been making promotional characters and sporting club mascot characters since 1984 when he started his business, Animal Crackers Costume Hire, as a part time business while he was working for the Department of Defense as an Electronics Technical Officer. Since 1989, he has been a full time Costume Maker and performer and has created costumes for all sorts of clients including sporting clubs, ski resorts, shopping centers and for film and TV. Costume credits include mascots for the Balmain Rugby League Football Club (tigertim's old home), Wollongong Soccer club (lupus the wolf), Sydney United Soccer Club (Monty the Puma), the characters that lurk around Thredbo Ski Resort, shopping center mascots at Casula Mall, Green Valley Plaza, and other product replica's and strange characters that can be seen on the website.

### J. Scott Rogers (Dr. Skorzy) (Art Show Assistant Director)

Originally from the quaking lands of Southern California, he's since emigrated to the Heart of the Commonwealth (of Massachusetts) to discover the ultimate sushi bar. He works as a Biomedical Research Scientist at UMASS Medical Center, investing a majority of his life studying stress-activated proteins, eavesdropping on how they talk to one another and discovering a Biotech patent application so cunning you could put a tail on it and call it a weasel. He's written a few bits of anthropomorphic fiction, pursues outdoor activities and cares for his

his technological career has included consulting work with the U.S. Army and the National Reconnaissance Office in classified computing environments as well as administration at several e-commerce companies such as CDNow, Inc.

Mr. Pol-lard is currently employed as Chief Technology Officer of eFirms.com of Staunton, Virginia.

### Andrija Popovic (Art Show Staff)

rats when he's not wearing his lab coat.

### Ray Rooney (Rune) Video Room

### Erika Leigh Rosengarten (Art Show Staff)

Erika Leigh Rosengarten is the cat-like purry and giggly mousie originally from Long Island, NY. Professionally, she is a character designer/photographer. Not totally a furry, she does quite a bit of art work and costume designing related to it. Anthrocon 2000 will be her first Con and she thinks it will be memorable. She can be found on IRC on Yiffnet's #furry, #fursuit, and #uk or WTnet's #toonplay, #warnercafe, #watertower as well as <http://yerf.com/roseerik>.

### Jonah E. Safar (Director of Support Services)

This year, by dint of careful planning, Jonah is actually writing his own bio! These days, he is a full time research programmer, full time consultant, full time Anthrocon staff worker... err... he'd be a lot of other things too, had he more time in the day. Have any suggestions about the convention? Drop by and talk to me, we're always looking for ways to improve our functions, our look and feel, and especially our customer service.

### Will A. Sanborn (Art Show Staff)

Will A. Sanborn is in his late twenties and works as a hardware-design engineer, currently employed in the ubiquitous networking/communications field. In his spare time he enjoys entertaining flights of fancy, science-fiction, fantasy and anthropomorphics. A big hobby of Will's is creative writing, and he enjoys sharing his stories with the fandom. He likes hiking in the summer and cross-country skiing in the winter, and also checks out the roller-coasters at various amusement parks for the thrill of the wild rides. Will definitely likes Pina Coladas, but is not too fond of getting caught in the rain.

### Kyle Sarrif (Kylee) (Internet Room Staff)

Kylee is a freelance artist and graphic illustrator specializing in anthropomorphic art. His art is a part of him that he loves to share and expand upon with talk and such about this kind of brush and that kind of marker, he loves art and all the aspects of art. If you want to take a peek of his website check out <http://www.tigerden.com/~kylee>.

### Jennifer Scott (Registration Staff)

Jennifer Scott was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and has been slowly going insane in the Midwest for the last 24 years, not counting a few to go to college (in which case she slowly went insane out of town). She currently works at Washington University School of Medicine, supposedly to help advance the cause of science — that is, if none of those wacky conspiracy theories are true. She spends a fair amount of time role-playing on FurrySpaceMUCK, where you can usually find her as Ael, and chitchats on FurryMUCK as Buran, and has been known to turn out bits of 3D modeling from time to time (very rarely!) as well as talk for hours on end about science fiction and space travel. She also likes computer games - flight simulators and first-person shooters are high on the list of favorites.

If you see her during the convention or while she's running the registration table, be nice and speak up - she doesn't hear so well, especially not on her left side.



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## Steve Scott (Registration Staff)

Steve Scott was born in El Paso, TX in 1975, the year of the Raving Nutcase. Since then, he's been a delivery driver, a video clerk, an Army combat medic, a grocery store clerk, a telemarketer for a thankfully brief period, and a Technical Support supervisor. On the side, he's also been a furry fan and mucker since 1995, on top of being a boyfriend, fiancé, and finally husband to his wife Jennifer. He also does Evil Masterminding on weekends and holidays. In online life, he's most well known as 'Galand,' on FurryMUCK, and as 'Annika,' 'Moira,' 'Ashes,' and the sometimes-harried Valenth on FurrySpaceMUCK.

## Don Shaffer (Molly Devil, Auris, Itzhuitl) (Registration Staff)

Fools! Now that you have let down your guard I shall DESTROY you all! Perish under my devious plans! AH HAHHAHAHAHA. Huh? Was I thinking out loud again. I mean, uh, I'm a nice guy, glad to help out, and I would never plan universal domination. Never. Well, maybe a little. You can put down the gun now, Points.

## Nathan Slowey (Convention Operations Staff)

Nate's about 21, a senior in college, majoring in Biology with a minor in Chemistry. He found Furry about 6 years ago, but only found himself sucked into a muck about four or so. Since then it's been happily hindering his progress in college and making his social life interesting to say the least. Aside from that he copes, helps his friends cope, copes with his friends, with life as it happens.

## DeWayne Stuart (Dealers' Room Director)

Electronics nut, picked up a bit of furry interest in the late 80's helping Karl Maurer (See his Bio) with the fanzine *FurVersions*. Been working furry cons since CF-5, and Karl and I ran Reg at CF and Further Confusion con for years. I am also one of the story editors for *FurVisions* and *FurPlus* published by Karl Maurer. Got pressed into service as AAC's and now AC's Dealers' Room Director since the start.

For a 'living' I'm an electronic technician at San Francisco International Airport, and have been a tech for about 30 years. (I'm the nut with the interactive electronic badge with the marquee around it.)

## Shannon Stuart (Dealers' Room Assistant)

Eldest daughter of the Dealers' Room Director. (Nepotism is handy.-) She is often seen on loan to registration, helping or checking her stuff in the art show, helping in the Dealer's Room or as Sailor Saturn Skunk.

A furry artist for the last four years, and helping at Anthrocon from the start, she has proven invaluable as an assistant at cons, and has a lot of fun as well. She even acquired her first 'fanboy' at AAC '97. (Thanks, Brian!)

Anthrocon was the first con where she did well in the art show, so she's always had a soft spot for here. She'll have some pieces in the art show, so watch for them!

## Tigerwolf (Internet Room Director)

Like so many furries, I'm one who was overjoyed to find such a vast number of others interested in anthropolitics. Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, discovering the rest of the community didn't occur until the Internet opened the door back in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part as a way to try to contribute something back to the fandom,

since my artistic talents are zero. Since that time, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, artist web page hosting, muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities. Despite the proliferation of the 'net, and its various free services, we've tried to provide what we could to the rest of the furry community. In addition to the Internet services, I've worked cons in various behind-the-scenes capacities.

## Bob Wasikowski (Rollie) (Auction/Masquerade Staff)

Although I have only been a fur for about three years I have always had an interest in costumes (but mostly fursuits). An idea for a unique Halloween costume prompted the purchase of a good used sewing machine.

I taught myself to sew over the summer of '98. Several weeks later I completed my first basic fursuit. Since that time, I have finished one full fursuit for myself and I will soon be working on two commissioned suits. I currently reside in Cudahy, Wisconsin. I'm 33 years old, and work as an Engineer for a Fox TV station.

## Stacey K. Wenkel (Director of Press Services and Conbook Editor)

More writer than artist, Stacey is taking this Anthrocon off to spend six weeks in East Lansing, Michigan at MSU for Clarion 2000. There, she'll have her ego totally destroyed (while her fiction is ripped to shreds) by some of the top names in the science fiction, fantasy, and horror fields. With any luck, she'll come out of the experience with a higher chance of getting published.

## Jason Williams (Darkclaw) (Internet Room Staff)

Up until November 1996 I led a normal life, apart from the enjoyment of werewolf pictures and a love of wolves. End of November I came on-line - three months later I became self-aware! Well, I found FurryMUCK, at least. Working in a Newspaper business for nearly 10 years now, I've traveled the world over, mastered a few water sports, and now settled into a lazy life of work, rest and furry.

I have a deep love of my Dolby Digital Home Cinema setup, crave junk food, and lust after PCs better than mine.

My Darkclaw character resides on FurryMUCK, SPR, TigerMUCK, FluffMUCK and Tapestries.

## Vicki Wyman (Programming Sensei)



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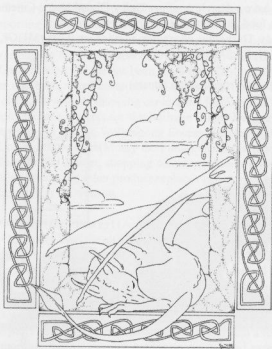




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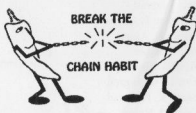
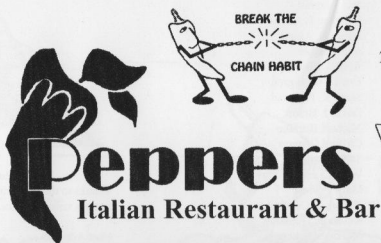
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Thanks to the following folks for lending their time as volunteers for Anthrocon '99:

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Phillip Pollard  
Patrick Sharkey  
Smrgol  
Louis Vitale

And many more! If we missed your name, we apologize profusely...but then, not all of the volunteer time cards got collected last year when the con was done. Volunteers, please remember to turn in your time cards at the end of the con so that we may properly reward you!

To those cherished volunteers not listed above, do not think that we do not value your hard work. Without all of you, Anthrocon could not be! If we missed your name, snag Uncle Kage in the hall and he'll give you a hug.

We would also like to thank all of the artists and writers who submitted artwork and stories, and to announce the winner of the drawing: Mary Minch, now an honorary supersponsor.

**Through generous donations of money and time, these people have helped us make Anthrocon everything it can be.**





With a grateful nod to WETA

Carspecken '00

## A VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM

