

Anthrocon 2012



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HUNGRY?

The Anthrocon 2012 Convention & Dining Guide, found in your registration bag, contains a listing of nearby restaurants.



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Tomas Sparks and the Mystic Cauldron

Darkkenchild

It was late. That was all that Tom knew for sure. He had been sitting alone in this car for hours, waiting and hoping that nothing had happened to her. Casually, he scratched his muzzle and pushed the brown and blonde fluff from his eyes, pretending not to care. He wasn't worried about Friday; the Shepherd could leave worrying to others. He was merely concerned if she had made contact like she had planned. That's all.

For the thousandth time, he glanced up from behind the cover of his magazine. No sign of her. She had left at sunset, disappearing into the mists of the Scottish Moors with nothing but a promise. They were here to find an ancient cauldron, a mythical object that was said to have magic powers. Tom was an archaeologist and a man of science beside, he knew the legends were bunk. There was often a grain of truth behind the myth, however, and it had taken him years to track down the source of this artifact.

Friday had contacts amongst the shady and occult societies of the world, due to her families' checkered past. Tom could scarcely believe the graceful Saluki had inherited her superstitious criminality from her parents. However, despite the

woman's bitter mockery and a penchant for putting Tom in uncomfortable situations, she always came through when he needed her, and tonight was no exception. With but a word, she called in favors and arranged a meeting with the only man that had the faintest clue left in the modern world that could lead to the cauldron's lost location. The man refused to meet, except alone and in the middle of nowhere.

Now, Tom found himself regretting ever asking for that favor. Again, he glanced over his magazine and saw no sign of his companion. With a huff and a grunt, he tossed the magazine onto the passenger seat and turned off the vehicle. He was tired of waiting. His door shut with a slam, which echoed across the empty countryside.

Tom looked up at the night's full moon and across the moor. He tightened his old leather bomber jacket around himself, muttering about cool summer's evenings as he wandered into the mists. Friday had been facing due east when she had departed, murmuring something about following Celtic tradition. He knew nothing of Celtic traditions, but he knew a thing or two about direction and he followed in her footsteps. It took mere

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minutes before he stumbled over a stone and nearly fell on his muzzle.

"How do I keep finding myself in these messes?" Tom muttered to himself as he stood. He glanced at the muddy ground beneath him through the humid air. A footprint belonging to Friday's boots no doubt. He grinned and followed their direction to the south, squinting as the mists grew ever thicker. Soon, Tom could not even see a foot before him and the moon above had disappeared into the soupy night.

Tom wandered for some time before admitting to himself that he was completely lost. He turned around, intending to walk back the way he came, turning to face what he thought was the west, then the north, before stumbling forward. The mist was so thick now that he could no longer even make out the tips of his own fingers, and the humidity was nearly choking him. Finally, with frustrated indignation, Tom pulled himself by touch alone atop a large stone and sat. He did not wish to risk grow-

ing more lost and he could wait for the mists to dissipate before returning to the safety of the car. Thus, he sat down in frustrated loneliness for an eternal moment, before the silence was interrupted.

It was only a sound at first; the scratching and scraping sound of some sort of rough material against stone, muffled slightly by the mist. Then there came a flash of bright light. It was blinding in its suddenness, followed immediately by the swiftly dissipating smell of sulphur. As Tom blinked to clear his vision and saw a face illuminated by the faint glow of a match and framed by the encroaching fingers of fog.

The face was small and angular, with a pointed nose and pronounced cheek bones. The figure's eyes twinkled in the firelight and his thin-lipped mouth was cracked in a broad smile. Tom blinked a few times, trying to reassure himself that what he saw was real. The figure's skin was pale and hairless; the only hair to be found was atop the



head, where a shock of dark hair faded into the misty twilight. Where those misty curls did not fall, the tips of pointed ears could be seen peeking out. There was something distinctly otherworldly about the figure.

“Who is this stranger from afar?
What is it that he seeks out here,
What leads to him leaving his car?
And risk life and all he holds dear?”

The spindly man giggled a sound that seemed to echo off of every water droplet in the endless seas of mist that surrounded Tom. There was a wrenching sensation in his stomach, a warning sensation that what he saw was deceiving. He instinctively tensed his muscles in anticipation. He tried to hold his reaction in check, however. “Name’s Tom, Tom Sparks. I might ask who you are before sharing my goals with you, stranger.” Tom shot the figure a broad grin and held out a paw, unabashed by the stranger’s strangeness.

The figure looked down at Tom’s hand with a skeptical grin. The figure’s mouth did not move, but the sound of laughter resonated through the very air.

“So bold a mortal who lights a spark,
Who makes demands of his betters,
Fighting fear with his little bark,
No thought to his future fetters.
But, amusement this farce has shown,
I shall tell you my name, truly.
By many names I have been known,
But, always a known unruly



My name the first takes to the skies,
Foretelling the coming of spring.
As for my second be now wise,
Always a good fellow and king.”

The match finally reached the end of its life, and guttered out. Darkness fell heavily across the land and Tom found himself once again swallowed by the mists. The sound of giggles echoed from all around once more, and then fell silent in anticipation of Tom’s response.

“What the hell? Is that a riddle? Am I supposed to guess your name, is that it?” Tom’s eyebrow lifted as he called out into the darkness. “Okay, fine. Takes to the skies... That probably means a bird of some sort, I’d guess. Tells about spring? A Robin? Yeah, Robin.” He placed a hand on his muzzle in contemplation. “Good fellow and king? Richard? Nah, too specific and subjective. Unless... A good fellow and king. Robin good fellow and king. Wait a sec... That’s it! Robin Goodfellow!”

Again the mists themselves seemed to laugh, and they began to thin. Slowly, the mists cleared until a perfect circle island of clarity appeared. A column of emptiness spread upward to the skies and the moonlight shown down through the gap. Tom could see a perfect circle of stones along the edge of the mist, marking the boundaries of this clearing. He was currently sitting on one of the largest stones in this circle, and before him stood the creature. The figure, Robin Goodfellow, stood near to six feet tall and wore little more than a simple tunic and trousers. Robin leaned forward and grinned from his place in the center of the circle.

“No fool is he, who speaks my name.
Now, fair is fair and equals met,
Answer this, I promise no game
What item do you hope to get?”

Tom leaned forward and off of the rock. “Well, I’m here to find my wife, who came to speak with a contact she knows in the area...” He trailed off at the bald look of annoyance in the figure’s eyes.

“Facts that a simpleton would share,
We both know this farce for its truth.
Tell me your quest, if you would dare,
Else, this circle waste your youth.”

The threat was indistinct, but clear. That tone of voice was rarely used to make a joke or greet an old friend. He cleared his throat and nodded. “Fine. I’m here to look for something called

the Cauldron of Cerridwen. It's from a legend and I'm here to find the truth behind the..."

"Enough! I know of this object.
As I know why you seek it out.
A proud child of reason's sect
Foolishly, you charge the redoubt.
You doubt, examine and debate,
To prove magic's duplicity.
Never do you consider fate.
Never do you treasure mys'try.
I have known your name and your quest.
You never held secrets from me.
Your answers were merely a test
To teach what your future would be.
Now, one final question remains.
Answer truly and take your prize.
Else spend eternity in chains,
Choose now, and no time to revise.

Tom stood stock still, the reality of his situation uncertain and shaken by what he had seen and heard. He took a deep breath and nodded, suspecting he had little choice in the matter. "Fine. Lay it on me."

"Excellent. I await your due.
In truth but one answer holds true.
No sooner the word is spoken,
Else the pact be surely broken.

Tom stood in silence for the longest time, frozen by indecision. Not a word escaped his mouth as he wracked his brain for a solution to the riddle. With each passing moment, he could feel his demise crawling closer, but still he made no sign to reveal his worry. Finally, he could take it no more and he extended his arms in submission, opening himself to judgment by his companion.

Robin glared. Then he roared in frustration. Then he sighed and smiled.

"Be you a fool or be you wise,
Your answer is correct, my friend.
You shall take this, your worthy prize,
For now our time must truly end."

The mist began to close in once more, the instant that Robin stopped talking. The last thing to disappear into the fog was the figure's eyes, twinkling in the moonlight. Tom stumbled forward, uncertain and lost once more.

With a sudden and final thud, Tom ran into something large and metal. The fog began to clear, revealing a young and slender woman with distinctive patterns of brown and white fur. She grinned

mischievously and laughed.

"So, Tomas, I see you found the car? Did you get lost trying to find a toilet?" She laughed. It was a mocking, but friendly, chuckle.

"What? No! I..." Tom trailed off, looking around the clearing mist to see himself back to at where he had started. "Nevermind."

"Whatever you say..." The woman, Friday, rolled her eyes and sighed. "What will I do with you, Tomas? You are utterly hopeless without..." She stopped suddenly and glanced between Tom's feet.

Tom seemed about ready to defend himself when he saw where her gaze had gone. He followed her gaze down to the ground where, just behind his feet and beside the car, there sat a small and tarnished silver cauldron. He blinked a few times before picking it up. Pulling up his sleeve over his paws, Tom wiped away the top layer of dust and grime to better reveal the intricate knot work designs which twinkled in the moonlight.

"Is that...?" Friday trailed off.

"You know what... I think it is." Tom flashed her a grin. "Guess we didn't need your contact after all." His smile was met with a bitter glare.

"So you think..." Friday grumbled and drug him to the car. "Now let's go home, I've had enough of this place..."

As he put the vehicle into gear and pulled away, Tom could swear he heard the faint sound of echoing laughter issuing from the receding mists of the slowly brightening dawn.



A Summer Tale

Istanbul

The heat was absurd
The beasts all concurred
And not one was still up for running,

Fair Puck came along
Said, "I know a song
About why it gets hot in summer!"

The birds and the shrews
All passed on the news
Puck's stories were sure worth the hassle

"The summer," he span,
"Was made by a man
Who envied the unicorns' magic

He sought out a witch
For he was quite rich
And paid her quite well for her hexing

The crone told him, 'Son,
There is only one
Who could slay those beasts quite so read'ly,

He prayed to the sky
And soon gained the eye
Of Helios, massive and brightened,

'Lord Sun!' he called out,
'I kneel here, devout
Made humble by being so minded

You make mortals moan
So brightly you've shone
O', bright and celestial being,

A deal thus was struck
Poor beasts, they were stuck
The heat was just too strong and garish

The bargain fulfilled,
Grand Helios thrilled,
The eyes, he did take while still heating

This heat only shows
How little he knows
For deals oft are so unforgiving
For three months each year

For those with a pelt
The heat was rough-felt
And only the lizards were sunning.

So gather around
And don't make a sound
For cutting in makes you seem dumber!"

So all wandered near
The better to hear
The message from Oberon's vassal.

"So vain his despair
For his lack of hair
He planned for them endings quite tragic.

A horn could restore
His hair to before
Its loss (which he found very vexing).

Seek Helios' boon
His heat for to swoon
The creatures in manner quite deadly.

No fool was this man
For he had a plan
Not even one bit was he frightened.

I offer a gift,
The balance to shift
For I know that you remain blinded!

Strike unicorns dead
I'll take every head
But you keep the eyes for your seeing!

But justice was done
For beneath such sun
The man, too, did certainly perish.

But he was too bright
To allow for sight
And vision was terribly fleeting

'Do unicorns dance?
Do they leap and prance?
Do any of them remain living?'
He blazes quite strong

We all feel him near
His scrutiny still undiminished."

"Not true!" hooted Owl.
"You fraud, I call foul!
Your unicorn tale, I decry it!

Though not for too long
In hopes that he's finally finished."

Then Puck used his wit,
Said, "This I'll admit...
...if you can find one who'll deny it!"





The Locked Door

The back door to the colonial house had twelve different bolt locks all rusted in place. Oddly, a framed oil painting of what appeared to be a young raccoon girl dressed in frills and high collar was fixed with corroded nails into the center of the door.

Kyle loved working with his father and older brothers as they restored old homes. This colonial had once been on the outskirts of town in the midst of lush forest, but the farms were giving way to new development, and soon even this nearly forgotten corner would be inhabited. As such, this family of ferrets had come to bring a new shine to the one homestead still standing from the early days when their country was brash and young.

While his three brothers and father were working on some of the upstairs rooms, Kyle had been given the task of restoring this door from the old washroom to the rear of the house. They had already mowed the grounds and cleared the nearest trees, but before they could begin removing the old furnishings and replacing rotten wood, they would need to open all of the doors.

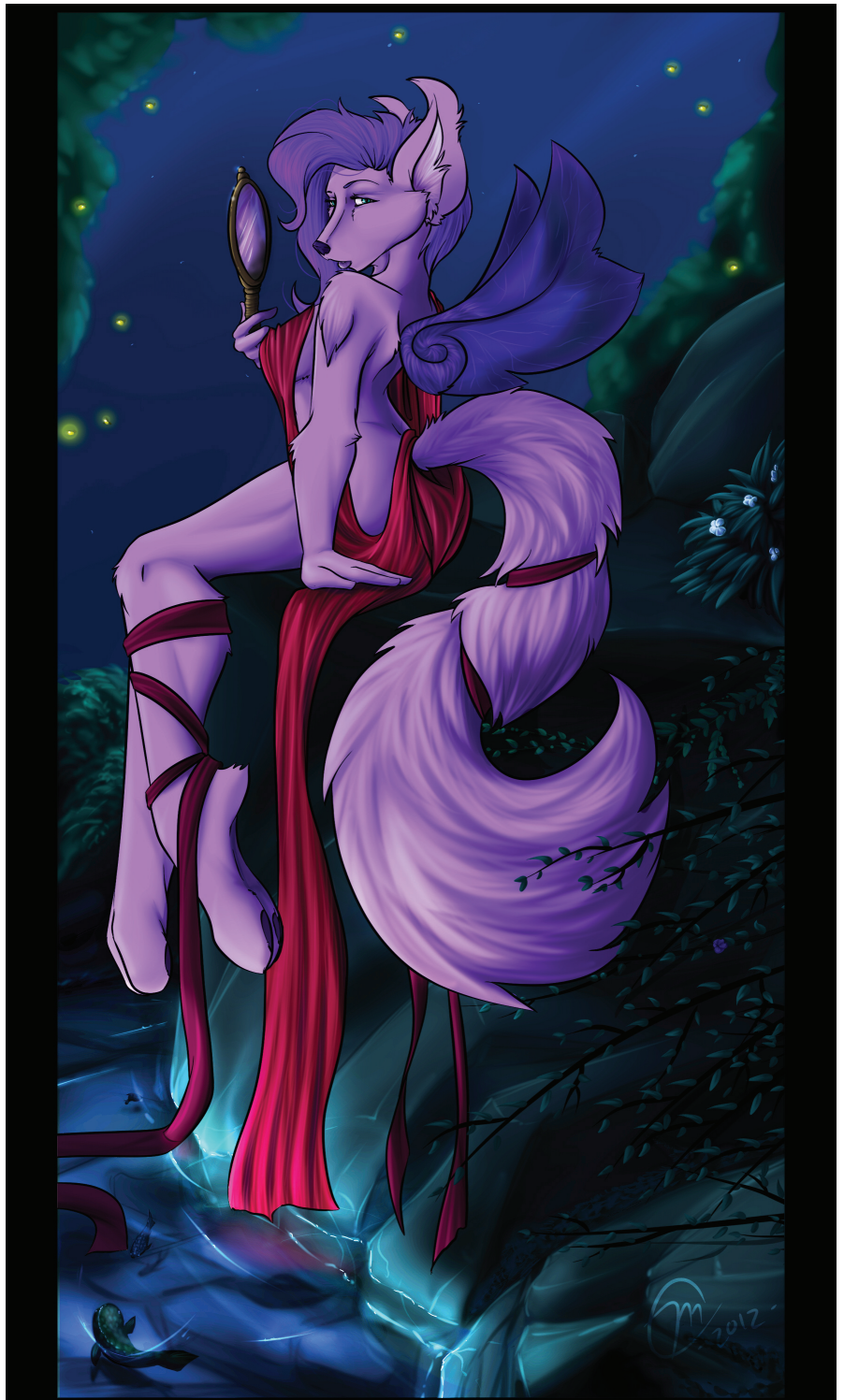
So Kyle churred to himself, tail and whiskers twitching, as he pried loose all of the old bolts. His eyes ever strayed to the faded and smeared painting; despite the smile that cleaved her snout, there was an air of sadness, as if tears had streamed from her eyes; the paint on her cheeks did seem to have run more than the rest.

One by one he managed to remove the bolts, the old door groaning against the jamb. When

the last bolt finally came free, Kyle sighed in relief. The door sagged inwards, and he gave the old latch a firm yank; to his surprise, it opened and bonked him on the snout.

Rubbing his nose, he stared at the starry sky and forest

Charles Matthias
across the high grass sward lit by dancing fireflies for several seconds before the incongruity of the scene registered. Kyle gaped, turned toward the window nearby and saw the bright afternoon sky, and then looked back out into the nighttime wood beyond the



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back door.

“What the heck?” he stammered as he stood and stepped out onto a small stair descending into the tall weeds. One paw still gripped the screwdriver as a strange sort of melody tickled his ears. It seemed a blend of bells, one harmony eliding into the next while a sinuous melody wound through each chord like a leaf gently descending through the air in its autumnal swansong. And so his paws carried him down the steps and into the high grasses, eyes wide, shadow stretching before him to reach for the sheltering wood.

The cool air brushed through his fur like a long comb, pressing against his back and helping him as he stumbled toward the wood and the dancing lights within; the delectable scent of berries and fruits, and something mustier and ancient tantalized his nose. Kyle gaped as he stepped beneath ancient boughs that stretched outward like sheltering arms. A pervasive warmth filled him as the music began to stutter and flicker from one ear to the other. Laughter, he thought as he marveled at the ancient oaks stretching far above, much further than the treeline had suggested. Darting back and forth in their branches were the lights, but now they seemed to be butterflies, then dragonflies, then little birds, and finally little ferrets spinning along spider webs that glistened with the morning dew. Kyle blinked, tail tucking against his legs as he gingerly stepped across the mossy floor, wary to snap even a single twig.

The lights – the butterflies or birds – or whatever they really were, spiraled down from

their heights to swirl about his head, the bells ringing in his ears with peals of delight. Like a hundred flies they brushed over his fur, grasping at each strand along his arms past his sleeves, his legs past his overalls, and all along his tail, behind his ears, and atop his head. He stirred and waved his arms about, overwhelmed with an odd euphoria and a nascent anxiety as those tiny hands reached through his fur down to his skin. He could hear nothing but the tolling of carillons.

From the brush erupted a large figure, shadowed but with bright blue dragonfly wings and long, quivering antennae. The little lights scattered with the crash, and Kyle collapsed to the ground as if he were a sack of old tomatoes dropped from the back of a truck. He shook his head and, popping up his neck, all four paws still on the moss, he gazed in stupefied wonder at the interloper. Apart from the luminous wings and antennae, the figure appeared as nothing more than a young raccoon girl garbed

in a colonial era dress and slippers.

“How came you here?” she asked in a frightened whisper. Her antennae brushed across the tips of his ears and he shot up to his hind feet, tail wiggling in disquiet.

“Well, I just came through the door and followed the music and... who are you?”

She blinked, her upper set of wings fluttering as green eyes noted his overalls and tools. “Are you a servant in my brother’s employ?”

Now it was Kyle’s turn to blink. “My dad is renovating that old house... your brother? I’m Kyle. What... what is this place?”

She studied him for a moment, and then reached out one paw to take his arm. “You cannot tarry here, Kyle. Come with me.”

Though she was at least five years younger than he was, he was incapable of doing anything but following after her. They ran along a winding track through oak, aspen, and pine while the laughing tinkle of the



bells chased after them, swirling like a swarm of fireflies through each bough. Kyle felt them brushing across his back; his shoulder blades twitched with each luminescent touch.

They ran for many long minutes, and Kyle could only marvel as the woods shifted and danced around them. The raccoon girl's wings buzzed and her paws left the mossy earth as they broke through the last line of trees to land in the field of long grasses behind the house. The door stood open and the bright light shined out. The house, in the silver gleam of the moon, showed no sign of the depredations resulting from decades of neglect and abandonment.

How had he gone so far into the forest? He didn't remember going more than a few steps past the trees...

"I can trespass no further than this," she announced, and though she stopped, and her toes and claws lowered, they did not touch the dirt between the stalks of grass. Kyle stared at her paws, his muzzle opening and closing. "Turn your ears! You cannot tarry here."

"What? What is going on?" Kyle asked, glancing at the house, at the girl, and then back at the woods. The sound of the music pulsed and beckoned, while the scent of the wood was fresh and deep, rich with mushrooms, fruit, and even wine. He took a step toward the wood.

"No! Pray not that!" The raccoon girl tugged on his arm and then draped her antennae over his shoulders until they tickled either side of his snout. "You must return to the house and to your father. If you tarry

here much longer then you will be here at midnight always!"

He turned and stared into the raccoon girl's eyes, and could not help but see the suggestion of tears and the antiquity within. "How... you're the girl in the picture!" he said at last. "What happened to you?"

"I danced in the woods too long." She cast down her eyes, glanced back at the wood with its scintillating light, laughing bells, and enticing mystery. "Go back to the house now, Kyle!" She gave him a shove and he stumbled forward.

Bouncing up on his paws he turned and looked back at her, bobbing his head up and down. "Who is your brother?"

"He owns the house... can you tell him I miss him."

The agony in her green eyes made his heart clutch tight in his chest. Still, he couldn't keep the words from slipping off his tongue. "But the house has been empty for almost a hundred years!"

"It has been so long?" She blinked, her wings and antennae flared a deeper blue as they trembled, and then she lowered her eyes, her entire frame deflating as she floated backward toward the wood. "Good bye, Kyle. Make haste! Make haste!"

Kyle swallowed, and then darted back through the grasses, holding his breath tight within his chest until he stepped into the light. He scrambled up the steps on all fours, jumping through the door, trying to ignore the insistent chiming of the bells calling him back. With one paw he grasped the edge of the door and slammed it shut so fast that he left claw marks.

Kyle gasped for breath, sprawled out on the old creaking floor, heart thumping in his chest and his fur and skin beneath trembling; he could still feel where those strange butterfly-lights had touched him. He rubbed his paws over his shirt, overalls, and then down to his tail and feet, wiggling each toe and claw to make sure they were all there and that no fiery appendages had been added. He even checked his head fur to make sure he wasn't sporting any feelers, horns, or anything else that didn't belong.

There was nothing there except the ferret he had always been. He took several more deep breaths before slinking to his paws and checking his belt loop. His screwdriver was missing. Kyle glanced at the door with the old oil painting; it must be out there somewhere in the midnight wood.

"Well," he said softly to himself, tracing one claw over the image of the raccoon girl, "I guess I'll need to get a new one." His other paw reached for the door latch. He almost had it lifted before the ferret could snatch it back. He fixed his gaze on the raccoon girl, and could almost see the wings and antennae in the streaks of the painter's brush. A deep emptiness filled him.

Above him, he could hear the sound of hammers and a saw. Backing up, Kyle slowly turned from the once-locked door, and shouted, "Hey Dad! You... you're not going to believe this!"



The Hunter

Welcome to Aetherwood, home of the faeries! My name is Rosewing, and I will be your host during your stay here. I must say, sir, you are a fairly 'husky,' uh...husky. I hope you do not find the climate here too uncomfortable, I know that our home is a long way from the Northern Lands.

You say that you are well traveled and are not bothered by warm places? That is good to hear, sir. We want all of our guests to be comfortable during their stay. If you need anything, please let me know. What is that? You are ready to have your wish fulfilled? I see. Before you make your decision, good sir, I bid you listen to this tale of another hunter that came before you.

He, too, sought a challenge...

Our newest visitor was

unlike anyone we had ever seen before. He was a very large, thick fellow. Instead of hair or fur, the stranger's body was covered in an ash-colored something. He appeared to be very formidable as he stood in a heavy set of iron armor that carried the dents and scrapes of many battles. His left hand held a very large battleaxe that he carried with very little effort. What we found most curious about the newcomer was his large snout that ended in a pointed horn. He was very strange, indeed.

The newcomer casually stomped into our village; his footsteps shook leaves from the trees and frightened everyone near to him. He seemed to take great pleasure in this; one side of his mouth curled into a smirk as ev-

Eduardo Soliz

eryone stared. He came to a stop and surveyed the village. It was my turn to host the next guest, so I flew to him and introduced myself.

"G-good day to you sir, and welcome to Aetherwood," I said as I made a curtsy. Despite my attempt to appear unafraid of the large fellow, a slight tremble betrayed my nervousness. "I am Rosewing the pandafaerie, and I will be your host during your stay."

"Good day to you," the stranger bellowed as the force and smell of his breath assaulted my senses. "I am Micah of the Southern Plains. I have heard stories of a forest where faeries live and where wishes are granted. Is this the place?"

I cleared my throat before



speaking. "This is the place, sir, and we are here to serve. I caution you to be completely certain of your decision, for—"

"I KNOW WHAT I DESIRE!" Micah interrupted, following with a snort. "I need not hear your warnings nor heed your cautions. I am a hunter, and I only wish for one thing."

"What is it that you desire, sir?" I asked. I was becoming even more nervous, not because of our guest's belligerence, but because he was so certain of what it was he wanted.

"I have traveled to the ends of this world, capturing or killing every great beast that I have ever encountered." Micah explained. "There are no more beasts that I desire to hunt, and so I come to you seeking a new challenge."

"Very well, sir. Your request shall be granted come the morrow." I said with a bow. "Allow me to escort you to your cabin." After another snort, Micah followed. I led him to one of the small cabins that we have set aside for our visitors. Before entering his temporary abode, he motioned me to come closer. I reluctantly did so.

The visitor's face took on a stern expression as he gave me a warning: "I expect you and your friends to satisfy my wish, little faerie. If it is not fulfilled to my liking, the consequences shall be very severe." Micah entered the cabin and slammed the door behind him, startling everyone nearby. I breathed a sigh of relief and spent the rest of the day pondering over just exactly how I was going to grant him his wish.

As is our custom, the faeries of Aetherwood gathered to

dine after nightfall. While all faeries are capable in the handling their duties, matters that prove to be too vexing for one can be presented to all for discussion and debate. The fulfillment of Micah's wish was such a matter, and so I told my sisters of his request. Ideas and opinions flew across the table as we ate and drank. Luckily, a solution to my dilemma was found just before dessert was served. I went home and cast the appropriate spells before going to bed.

While the village slowly arose from its slumber the next morning, I flew to Micah's cabin, eager to see the results of my magic. As I approached the cabin, the door flew open and a scrawny grey wolf-person tumbled out. Instead of clothes, he had covered himself with a sheet, and had tripped over it as he had exited. The wolf was very agitated,

and stumbling about as a child that was learning to walk. Upon seeing me, he grew angry.

"Explain this, faerie!" yelled the 'new' Micah.

"You sought a challenge, Micah, and a challenge you have been granted." I replied.

My statement only served to enrage Micah further as he steadied himself. "I did not ask for this! I desired to battle a creature fiercer than the largest dragon, swifter than the fastest kelpie, and stronger than the fiercest gryphon! Instead, you have turned me into this hideous, hairy...thing!" he said as looked at his arms in disgust.

Making sure that I stayed just out of the angry wolf-person's reach, I continued my explanation: "While we could have created a great beast for you to battle, we had to consider the possibility, however remote, of



something steampunk this way comes...



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your defeat. Should you have perished, this creature would have ravaged Aetherwood and possibly all lands beyond. As stewards of the Enchanted Forest, we cannot endanger it, not even for the sake of a visitor's wish."

"But how am I to do battle when I can no longer wear my armor or wield my weapon, you mischievous insect?" Micah asked, growling.

"You have learned to overcome your foes with brute strength, Micah. Now that it has been taken, you will need to learn new ways to fight in order to once again become a great hunter. Your cunning and guile will be your armor," I explained. "This will prove to be much more satisfying than simply slaying or capturing another beast. If we had simply created a new beast for you to fight, you would have slain it and returned to us seeking an even greater challenge."

"This is unacceptable, you wretched trickster!" Micah snarled. He leapt into the air to try and snatch me. I easily avoided his grasp and he fell to the ground in a heap. "I am...I was the greatest hunter in the world." He said as he lay on the ground, sobbing. "I was the most powerful of all, feared by everyone who stood in my way. I am now but a shadow of my former self, defeated by a mere faerie."

"It was not us that defeated you, Micah." I said as I did my best to comfort him. "Nor was it our intention to, as you say, 'defeat you.' Your hubris was your undoing." I landed on the ground close to him, and walked up to his still-sobbing face, keeping my wits about me. I softly placed my hand onto his cheek,

began to stroke his fur and continued: "Your unhappiness with your wish saddens me, Micah of the Southern Plains. Although it pains me to leave you in this state, I must bid you adieu."

I kissed Micah on the cheek, as was the custom. His sobbing ceased as he quickly fell asleep. When he awoke, he would be on the edge of the Enchanted Forest, the memory of how to find Aetherwood removed from his memories.

We faeries are unable to leave the Enchanted Forest, and so I have no way to know what happened to Micah after his visit. I can only hope that his path in life led to happiness and peace.

That concludes my story, sir. I hope that you found it thought-provoking. Please follow me to your cabin and feel free to summon me if there is anything you need during your stay. Pardon me? You say you would like more time to consider your wish? Take all the time you need, sir.

After all, it can be something of a 'challenge' to think of a good wish.



Dreams

The constant sound of the clock stabbed into Bryson's head as he gave an annoyed stare at the device. The coyote did his best to focus his attention back on the pamphlet in his hand. Why am I even here, maybe I should have done this a long time ago, Bryson thought. Feeling his pocket vibrate, he dropped the pamphlet and reached in; pulling out a small metallic cube. Pressing a side button, the cube emitted a holographic message above his hand. The words "Tell me how it goes. Love, Becky" scrolled from left to right. The coyote sighed as his wife gave him the answer to his rhetorical question. Funny how things work out, he thought. Placing the device back into his pocket, he decided to pass the time again by looking around the room, taking note of the emotional pictures of reunited families, religious symbols and holy

text that were strewn about the office. Bryson sighed.

"Bryson Anderson," A voice called out. The coyote stood up from his seat and approached the desk.

"So, we have an appointment set up for you at 8:00 am on Tuesday," The red fox at the desk smiled, looking up at the coyote, as her upbeat and high pitch voice annoyed Bryson's ear. Bryson stood there for moment. "Do you have any questions?"

"The procedure is completely painless right?" While not the question he really wanted to ask, it was the only phrase his mind could come up with.

"Yes, it's just a series of injections and then some pills afterwards, and then we offer counseling if you feel you need it." The fox kept smiling.

"Counseling?" Bryson voice cracked.

Argus Warner

"Did I give you enough time to read our pamphlet?"

"Yes!" the coyote said a little too quickly. The fox had this confused stare as Bryson glanced back up at the clock and then at her. "I'm sorry, I will take it home."

"Great, we're on the Holographic Virtual Web, all you have to do is mention our name, and Google should do the rest."

"Thank you, I will keep that in mind."

"You're welcome, and I'm certain your wife will be very happy."

Bryson stepped forward as the door automatically separated. A highly decorated high school basketball court stood before him. Glancing up, Bryson stared at a simulated image of the night sky, which conveniently repeated a shooting star falling



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every 38.6 seconds. There were silver and blue balloons scattered about the gym and scrolling text banners that stated "A Midsummer's Night." A cheesy theme for the dance, but he wasn't the one that decided it. Moving forward, the coyote looked at his tux and calmly brushed at it. Very nice, he thought, and as he looked up he saw him. A husky stood there, looking down at the floor, ears folded back, tail limp. He hadn't noticed Bryson yet. The coyote smiled but he also gave a long and deep sigh, considering what he needed to do. Wasting no time, he began to close the gap separating him and the husky.

"So are you here alone?"

Bryson smiled. The husky's head turned in an instant, looking directly into the coyote's soft brown eyes. Rushing forward, he wrapped his arms around Bryson. "Easy there, Rick." Bryson then pulled himself away.

"Oh right," Rick sighed. Bryson looked around the room, seeing if there were any wandering eyes.

"Uh, Rick, why don't we get some air?" Bryson said and Rick nodded.

Bryson and Rick both walked out the door, only stepping a few feet from the entrance. Bryson did his best to avoid Rick's gaze. He knew what he had to say, but he didn't know how to say it.

He could feel his hands sweat, his heart beating fast. This should be easy. Rick took a deep breath, grabbing onto Bryson's hand, immediately Bryson pulled his hand away. He surveyed the area around him, ensuring that no one saw them. Then it occurred to him how silly his actions were.

"Bryson!" Rick glared at him.

"What?" Bryson turned, looking at him.

"You're ashamed, aren't you?" Rick asked.

"Ashamed? No! I—I just—" Bryson hated this part.

"Just what?" Rick looked concerned.

"Look Rick, I can't help but think this is wrong, it's all wrong. We can fix —"

"THERE IS NOTHING TO FIX, DAMN IT!" Rick yelled. Bryson's ears dropped as he just stared at him. The husky turned away in disgust, snatching his arms across his chest. This would be the perfect opportunity, wouldn't it, Bryson thought. He could tell him now and leave it at that. So Bryson made his move and placed his hand upon Rick's shoulder.

Instantaneously Rick spun around wrapping his arms around the coyote, burying his head into Bryson's chest. Given the circumstances, he just wanted to pull himself away. He needed to tell Rick the truth, to tell him that this was not his life. Bryson's mind exploded, wrenching at the internal war that was being fought within him. No! I can't do this to myself, not this time. This time will be different, this time Rick will know how I truly feel.

Unfortunately, Bryson made one fatal mistake — he hesi-



A·A·E PRESENTS

FURBIDDEN PLANET



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tated. The husky broke off the hug and looked at him directly.

"Bryson, please just for tonight, let's forget about everyone else." Rick's eyes were red. Has he been crying? Bryson paused, thinking about how he should phrase his answer.

"Okay, for tonight, I at least owe you that," Bryson responded. Dang it, that wasn't what I wanted to say!

Not too soon thereafter a large thumping tune came vibrating through the walls and the doors of the gym. Rick's head bolted, turning toward the gym and then he immediately looked back at Bryson. Bryson's face went pale, knowing Rick's smile. He began to shake his head but his reaction was a little too late. The coyote found himself being pulled beyond the door and into the crowd. Rick then released the coyote as he began to move his body in rhythm with the tune. Bryson just stood there looking around and felt everyone staring at him. Rick did his best to give Bryson a comforting grin, dancing slow at first, hoping that he would encourage the coyote. Bryson smiled and with a side glance to Rick, he seized the moment. Bryson didn't know exactly how to move, and at times felt three inches tall. Though as his eyes wandered, his gaze kept focusing back on Rick. He started to lose himself in Rick's smile, the way he moved his hips, the way his tail would swing left to right. It was amazing how much he loved him. Soon the music stopped and both of them just looked at each other. Bryson still felt awkward, reluctant to look at Rick directly.

It didn't take long before the music started up again, to

Bryson's disappointment. But this wasn't Rick's loud music, which has a ton of bass or a fast beat. The music contained and carried a much softer melody. Rick's head dropped as he began to turn around. Bryson, on the other hand, felt a surge of inspiration. What the heck, he thought, as he reached out to grab Rick's arm, turning him around.

"May I have this dance?" Bryson asked.

Rick raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure?"

"Try me," Bryson said with a smile.

It was a dance like no other. For the first time in Bryson's life he lost himself completely in the moment. Was it really that simple? Rick lifted his head and his eyes immediately locked onto the coyote's. Bryson didn't want to push back this time and he didn't run away. Even as their muzzles drew closer, he felt no hint of hesitation as they intertwined into a deep but slow kiss. It was the most amazing thing Bryson had felt. Bryson hesitated but he felt Rick pulling away, and after a few moments, each of

them just stood there, looking at each other.

"I love you, Bryson," Rick said softly.

"What?" Bryson couldn't believe what he heard.

"This simulation is over." Rick stiffened, his voice almost monotone.

A faint humming sound surrounded the coyote as he stood there, signaling the end of the simulation. Rick began to fade; his grey fur soon turned white and then erased itself out of existence. In previous instances of this program, he had always given the execution command. He thought this simulation would give him a chance to say goodbye to his ex-boyfriend. Funny how that sounded, ex-boyfriend, a second chance, Bryson thought. Funny, how he still never said it. Bryson stood there looking around at the blue and orange lines that surrounded the walls of the empty room and sighed. A female wolf materialized in front him, wearing a very plain gray and white dress.

"Do you wish to run another simulation or re-run cur-



What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?



©Foxy'12

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was.

rent settings,” the wolf asked.

Bryson responded. “No.”

The wolf nodded and disappeared. The coyote turned around, seeing the now visible door. Lowering his head and looking at his tux, he figured he should start heading back to the changing room. Moving forward, he placed his hand into his pocket and took out the small cube again. Pressing a button he brought it immediately to his ear as the cube transformed, creating what looked like a small Bluetooth headset.

“Call Dr. Zimmerman’s office,” Bryson said.

“Calling,” An electronic voice stated.

“Yes, this is Doctor Zimmerman’s office, the leading specialist in modern Reparative Therapy, where we make the gay go away, Nurse Julie speaking,” a soft but perky voice came through on the earpiece.

“Yes Nurse, I want you to cancel my appointment.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that. Is there any reason why?”

“Yes, I’ve recently learned there’s nothing to fix.”



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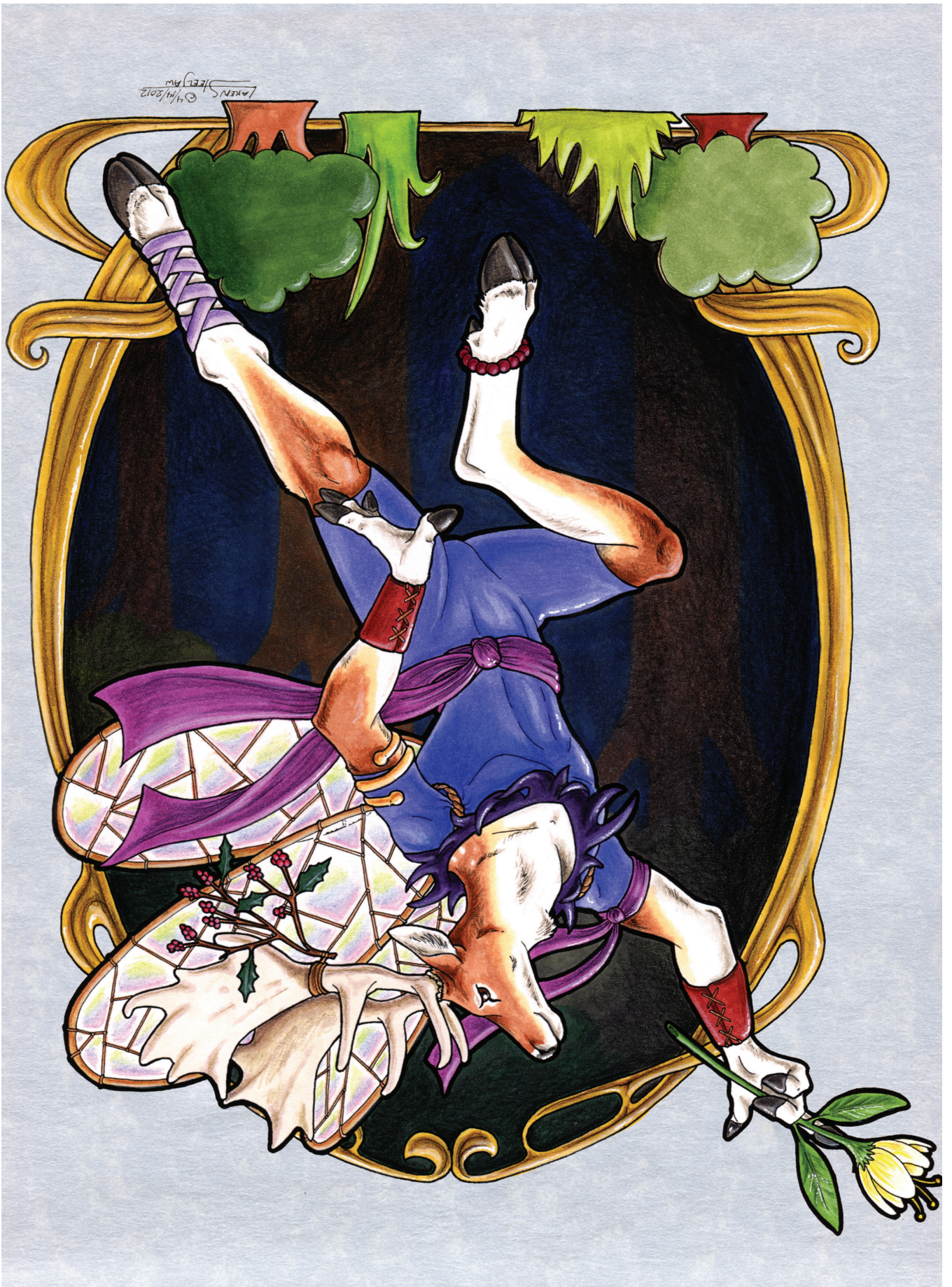
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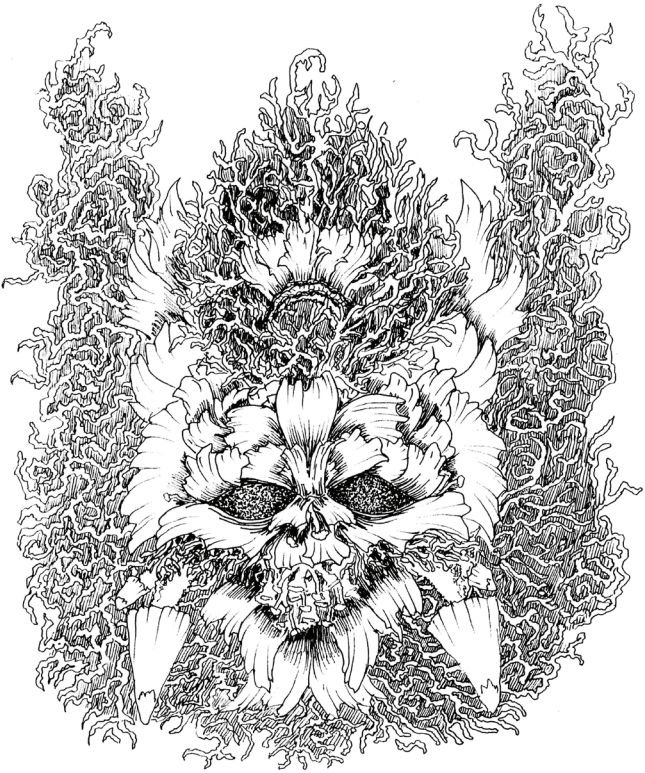
Midwest
furfest 2012







Silent
Raugh



Zeke Shadowfyre
Programming

Y'Knossos
Programming

Yappy Fox
Dance / AV / Programming

Soaring in from New Jersey is Anthrocon's very own winged wolf. WhiteFang has been involved with the Art Show for three years now, and is happy to return for her fifth Anthrocon. She wishes the best of luck to all of the Art Show staff; may bagzillas be few and far between, and all artists have pieces well bid on!

WhiteFang
Art Show

Uncle Kage

Board of Directors (Chairman)
Chairman of the convention.
CEO of Anthrocon Inc. Grumpy old man.

Uncle Vlad

Dealers Room

Vlad continues to hate writing about himself. If you want to know something about him, find him in the Dealers Room, most likely at the control table.

Valerjn

Dance / AV

Behind the scenes since 1998, making sure Anthrocon has power, lights, sound and music.

Victoria Earl

Art Show / Security

Violet Neko

Art Show

Violet is an artist and creative

Walter Faddoul

Art Show
A young Kansan wolf that's been attending Anthrocon since 2006; come find him at the Art Show and say hello! ^_^

Whiskerchu

Art Show
Five feet of pure terror and destruction... or at least that is what she tries to claim. The tiny trouble-making fox spirit hails from the mythical land of New York. Whiskey enjoys video gaming, creating art, wandering through sun showers, and consuming a surplus of soda, candy and caffeine. She firmly believes that anyone can catch your eye, but it takes someone special to catch your heart. <3

White_wer

Logistics
I'm made of bacon.

genius who is 32 with 2 wonderful children. She loves everything from a nice hike up the mountain and camping, to curling up with a good book and the silence of good company. She has been a face-painter, bar manager, plumber's assistant, and nuclear merger's assistant, right now she is working chanic, right now she is working on getting a charity called "Art for Autism" off the ground in honor of her oldest son. She still does face and body-painting often for charities, the most recent one being CCI in NC. She is currently working on making herself a fursuit of her neko character Scratch. Other than that she has always loved art and has lived her life like the adventure that it is.

Wagi!

Artists Alley / Con Store

Previously a mere verb, Wag appears at Anthrocon this year in the form of a proper noun!

Inaugural Year!

Con Theme: Musicals
"Opening Night"



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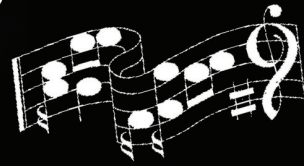


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Goh Rhubarb the Bear -
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Creator of the plays
"Julie Bunny Must Die" &
"Fosgate: Ferret Loan Officer"



Goh Jugular Jaguar - Fursuiter

Tej
Security

The Foxish
Dealers Room

After ten years of doing this, The Foxish has transcended bios. He will be working in the Dealers Room. He will answer questions and consume caffeine. That is all, and consume gong*

Thomas Muth
Artists Alley / Con Store

Thorfax
Registration

Tigerwolf
(George Nemyer)

Board of Directors (Internet Room)
Tigerwolf is a retired USAF flight test program manager/engineer and is a rated senior navigator. Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities. We've also provided Internet for victims of hurricanes Katrina and Gustav and during extended power outages from windstorms in Ohio.

Tina, DI
Security

Tony Ringtail
Registration / Security

Tony Ringtail is a mischievous and fun-loving raccoon, but he takes his work very seriously. Tony carries on many duties around Anthrocon from herding the masses at Registration, to caring for the sick and injured furs during the convention. He is usually a very busy raccoon and can sometimes be seen as a mere blur in the corner of your eye. Tony loves being able to meet with his friends during the con, as well as lend a paw to the new furs who seem to get overwhelmed. Tony can usually be found at Tonic in and the earth begins to rot. The people wait, their only hope, a surrounding him. Feel free to say hi if you should happen to see him there.

Tora Fluffy
Operations

Just a cool cat from the Whooz- fur state (Indiana). Chairman of IFC, typical furry any other day. My time is spent driving trucks, yelling at people, and playing on my computers. I'm a Tiger, 29 years or age... caring, fun, and all around big softy. www.tora-fluffy.info - I love my Snepid <3 (Eletee)

Triamine
Security

Hey, robots are anthropomorphic too!

turtyl
Gaming / Programming

The world is veiled in darkness. The wind stops, the sea is wild, and the earth begins to rot. The people wait, their only hope, a prophecy... When the world is in darkness a Fur will come... After a long journey, a Fur arrives, holding an ORB... that 2000 years ago shined with beauty from within. But now, only darkness. Come! Start your journey! Return the light of peace to our world.

Tyrnin
Registration

Tyrnin is one of the several dedicated staffers who help keep Registration running smoothly. She also (usually) has art in the Art Show, specializing in musical instrument art, and takes part in the fursuit parade as one of the few gryppons.

Tori Clayton
Security

I wasn't there, I didn't do it, and besides, he hit me first.


Trevor Boyd
Charity Auction

Photographer, artist, and costumer rolled into one amateur being.

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ams Mark Hotel in Philadelphia and fell in love with this fast paced community. Since that time I have constructed several fursuits, participated in numerous mas-querades and even hosted a few fursuit panels. For the last three years I worked tirelessly side by side with Panda in co-hosting the fursuit game sets, helping to make sure it all runs as flawlessly as possible. I am always there to lend a hand (or fin) to my fellow furs, and my main goal this year is to make sure that Anthrocon stays the BEST Furry Con in the world.

ShiroTora

Art Show

ShiroTora has attended every AnthroCon so far and was staff for most of them. He dabbles in sculpture, photo-manipulation, buttons, and most recently is attempting to break into voice acting. To see/hear some samples check out www.youtube.com/user/theguywiththevoice. He can be contacted at james.m.eden@gmail.com. He wrote nothing witty in his staff blurp this year. He thinks "staff blurp" sounds vaguely naughty. Still nothing witty.

Shy Matsi

Artists Alley / Con Store

This wolffox is from central New Jersey. Furry looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is furred wolffox painted blind. Seek him along the halls of the Artist Alley.

Siekhal

Logistics

I am an avid fursuiter living in Savannah, Georgia. I was staff last year in logistics, and being staff for a convention is both amazing and a lot of work. Logistics isn't normally my forte, nearly having my MFA in Sound Design for



ShiroTora has attended every AnthroCon so far and was staff for most of them. He dabbles in sculpture, photo-manipulation, buttons, and most recently is attempting to break into voice acting. To see/hear some samples check out www.youtube.com/user/theguywiththevoice. He can be contacted at james.m.eden@gmail.com. He wrote nothing witty in his staff blurp this year. He thinks "staff blurp" sounds vaguely naughty. Still nothing witty.

SpotWeld

Art Show

An off and on Anthrocon attendee

SnowQueen TigerClaw

Registration

A dizzy, dapper den-dweller who's also ended up with a wonderful girlfriend who is keeping him sane and making sure he doesn't staff any more conventions!

Steven

Security

Steven "Tora" Sears

Security

something something dark side

Stahi

Charity Auction / Masquerade

...why do I keep doing this? :c



www.rainfurrest.org

Writer Guest of Honor - Elizabeth Ann Scarborough
Fursuiter Guest of Honor - Soki Twopaw
Artist Guest of Honor - Yambliss

RAINFURREST

September 27 - 30, 2012

Hilton Seattle Airport & Conference Center



holds true in his day job and at Anthrocon. ♪It woke me from a life-long daydream / While I'd been aging you wrote it all down / And though I recognized the words when I read them / I know I never said them to people out loud ♪

Robert "Harbinger" Palmer

Security

Ron Black

Art Show

Rooh

Artists Alley / Con Store

Rooh, AKA Rooh'ragon or Rooh'roo, has been a member of the community since 1990. He has attended many conventions, and volunteered at a few, including his first visit to AC in 2006 and every one since. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes, particularly of the dragon or kangaroo variety. He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a senior IT professional. Find him working Artists Alley wearing his signature white dragon tail with the blue feathers.

Rukis

Publications

Rukis is a self-employed artist living in the Catskills of NY, where she spends most of her time drawing, painting, and mucking around on her small farm. Other than art, she is excessively fond of hiking, cooking, gardening, raising chickens, and tabletop gaming.

Saifer

Art Show / Registration

Whenever he is not collecting books or out partying with his fellow ska/punk band members, Saifer the fox is generally seen next to his green-haired tiger, Rakedu, while wishing everyone a wonderful time at furry cons! Originally from southeastern Ohio, he currently resides in Michigan. This is his fourth Anthrocon and second year working staff at the Art Show.

Sage Firefox

Publications

Excited to be working with the Publications staff for a second year, and to be continuing the efforts of the Red Panda World Domination League.

Sandy Schreiber Bratzel

Security

Sandy splits her time at Anthrocon between selling her artwork in the Dealer's Den and working security with the Dorsai. Sleep is around on her small farm. Other than art, she is excessively fond of hiking, cooking, gardening, raising chickens, and tabletop gaming.

Sazume

Registration

Well, here's the third year I'm attending Anthrocon and I'm glad to be, once again, a part of the staff. It's only been 3 years since I've jumped into the furry fandom, literally and already I've made tons of new friends, learned lots of insight and have bettered myself as an artist. Can't wait to see what this year brings in! Also, do you like mmmmm bananas?

Scott Williams ("Talyn")

Logistics

Suddenly: Meanwhile: Just then: STUFF. Stuff is very significant.

Scruffy

Art Show

Hi everyone! After a 2 year hiatus to take care of family matters, I'm back! I'm looking forward to a great con again this year.

Sgt. Steve Simmons

Security

Steve's latest accomplishment was when the nice police officer asked if I wanted to go along on the bust because I was the one who caught the guy. Thanks, but no thanks.

Shadow D Wolf

Artists Alley / Con Store

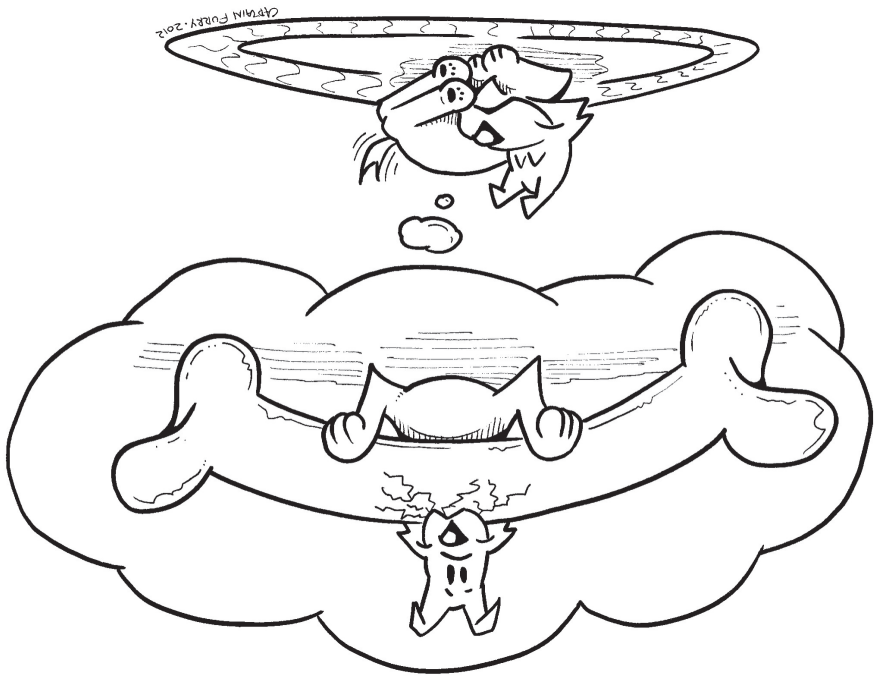
Shadowwolf

Dance / AV

Sharky

Programming

I attended my first furry con way back in the year 2000 at the Ad-



Osee DeSantis

Programming

I believed my prison had been escaped, But alas my freedom was for nought! KP summoned me once more to work on staff, And thus has sealed my fate. So once more through darkened con halls I must roam, The smell of fur thick in the air. And whilst I hear in vain for my lost soul, I hear the steely voice of Kage rasping, "Forever! Everywhere!"

Panda

Programming

Anthrocon 2012 marks this Panda's third year administering the Pursuit Track for Anthrocon! He performs for a local charity group "Critters for a Cause", and has been an active costume performer for many years! Feel free to say hi!

Panzier

Internet Room

Life is an ever changing thing, either hang on tight and go for a ride or grump! as it whizzes past

PeterCat

Board of Directors (Art Show)

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS-TV series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He's Anthrocon's representative to the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, which administers the Ursamajors Awards (ursamajors.org). He also runs the Furry Infopage/furry and, using the professional name Peter Katt, is a freelance voice artist at peterkattvoice.com. He can often be heard on Will Sanborn's "Anthro Dreams" podcast.

Phaedra Wyldkynn

Meyer

Board of Directors

(Dealers' Room)

No day but today.

Protocolle

Dance / AV

All I do is party, ha ha ha ha.

Rakedu

Art Show

Rakedu the Tiger hails from southeastern Michigan. This will be his third year attending Anthrocon and second year staffing the art show.

Robert "Chiaroscuro"

Armstrong

Board of Directors (Registration)

Robert W. Armstrong, aka Chiaroscuro L. The myst, is the crazed fellow wearing a chef's hat, running around frantically, trying to produce order out of chaos. This



Out Darned Spot!

conventions, drawing pictures and smiling for the camera.

North

Programming

Swooping in from Seattle, North is a long time fursuiter and puppeteer who first found furry fandom on Furry Muck in the mid-90s. He's a current and founding member of the Rainfurfest Board of Directors, Chairman of Rainfurfest in 2009 and 2010, and in his second year as Anthrocon's Asst. Director for Programming. North loves the mountains, motorcycles, shooting, cooking and bartending, Formula One racing, his boyfriend Matix, and his dog Chase.

Oddy

Dance / AV

That husky behind the audio console.

com, he can be seen at various to make www.SanguineGames.com.

Norman Rafferty

Publications

Norman Rafferty is not as good a climber as the black rat, but is an excellent swimmer. He is mainly active at night, where he lurks on the internet, the dulcet tones of his voice heard on various podcasts. When not pushing buttons

fully) in the Masquerade.

Nonsanity

Programming

A simple, hand-flapping video puppeteer and creator of the Fluff & Such line of videos. Now head organizer of the Puppet Track here at AC. Often to be found in the Puppetorium in or around the stage he built for it. Check out his new video (hope-

Nightclaw

Dance / AV

Minty freshness at your service!

Nevermint

Programming

Net

Dealers Room

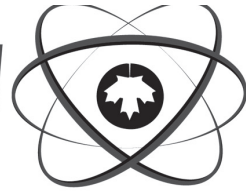
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full account of her life.

oldest grandchild joins us.

Lunos
Art Show

Lunos is a cheerful owl. He foolishly allowed himself to be tricked into joining the staff, where he now runs around all silly-like doing things on behalf of the convention. Lord what fools these mortals be.

Mach
Operations

Writer, brewer, leather-and-wood-worker. Systems admin. Runner. Hiker and tinker. Sometimes a blacksmith, used to be a scientist. Jack of all trades, master of none, sometimes better than a master of one. Name it, I'll try it. And I'm here to help and make things more awesome for all!

Mamasan
Security

When I am not working security at various SF, Fur, Gaming or Anime conventions I'm an Executive Assistant, Human Resource Manager for a small non-profit in Ypsilanti, MI. Security for me is a family affair. At AC you often see several of my daughters working alongside my husband Renegade and I. Three of my four daughters are members of the Dorsai in their own right. This year our

Marauder
Art Show / Registration

First year on staff, seventh Anthrocon, a guy who wouldn't miss this convention for the world. Born and raised in southeast Oklahoma, graduated from Oklahoma State University, began attending Anthrocon in 2006, and just fell in love with it and the city of Pittsburgh. Has volunteered his time for the previous five Anthrocons, and now has finally joined the staff. Spends his free time roleplaying online and loves anything related to Sonic the Hedgehog.

Marc "CAPTROO"

Wartenberg
Publications

This Roo makes its home just outside Philly in NJ. This is my second year working in Publications and I am happy to be able to give back to the fandom by volunteering my time to help out! Say hi anytime, I won't bite or kick, promise! I am a CHIROopractor by trade and love to take care of my furry friends!

Mark Bernstein, DI
Security

Mark Bernstein? Never heard of him.



Mark Osier, DI
Security

PhD. Dorsai. Toxicologist. Be very afraid.

Max Sprinkle
Security

Max looks forward every year to working AnthroCon. Aside from leasing his soul to Uncle Kage for a week every year, Max enjoys designing and building furniture, making jewelry, and cooking. When Max isn't in his laboratory making something new, he's out playing paintball or airsoft. Contrary to popular belief, Max is NOT a hitman.

Michael Garrison
Security

Miltonius Prime
Gaming

Music addict, avid player of the videojuegos, possible hipster (under investigation). Vying for the coveted "Tightest Pants on Staff" award. Haunts the video game room. Thinks he's a better singer than you (if Rock Band is involved). Girl drink drunk. Positive example. 9th Dan Grandmaster in the secret art of NGAF. Vast untapped natural deposits of hot air and opinions. Unsuccessfully training to become a fat-fur. Known for not finishing what he starts, due to

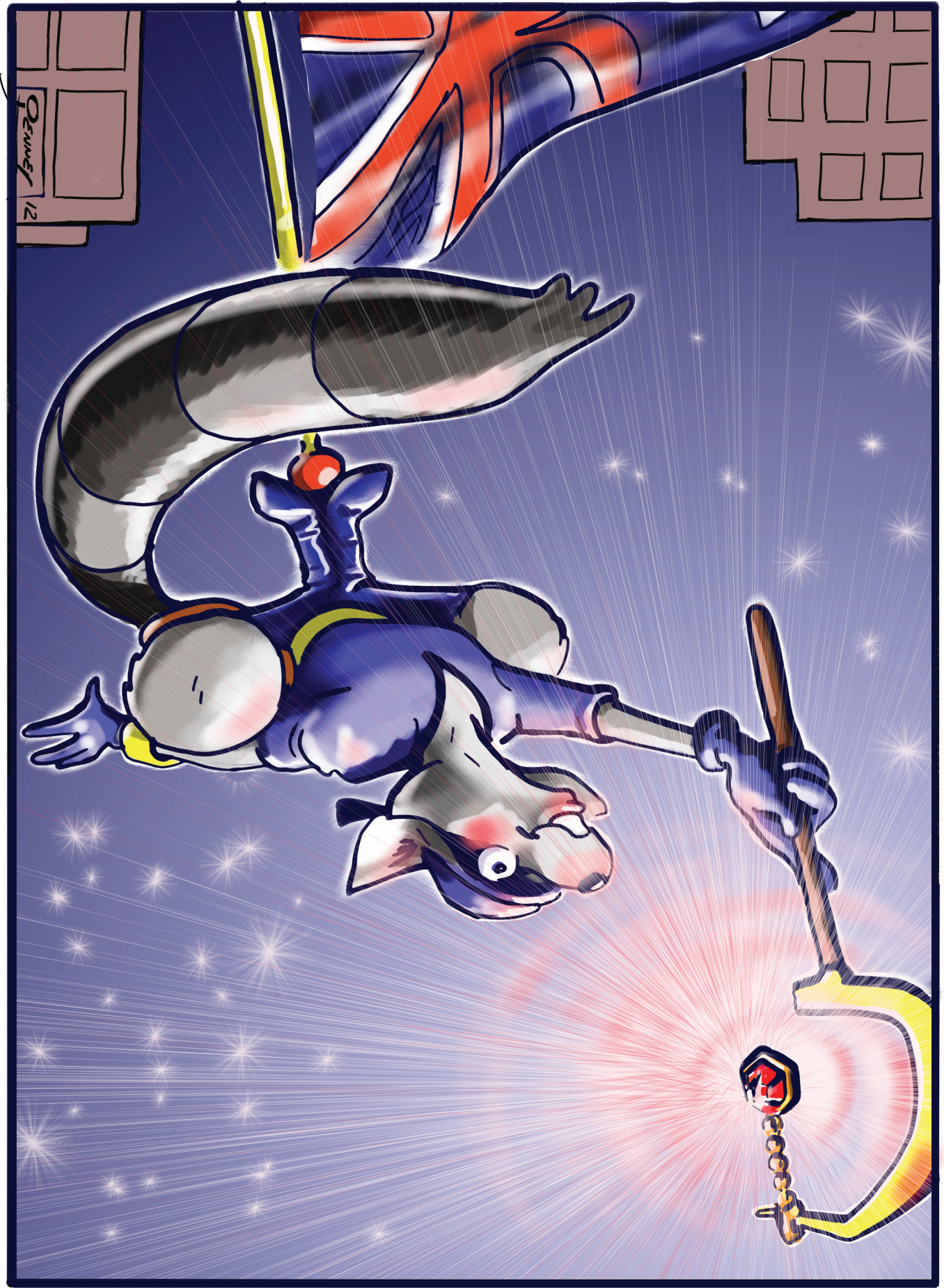
Morgan Crochet Tiger
Art Show

Yarn? Where? I want my yarn. YARN! *gets hopelessly tangled*

Mrianti
Charity Auction

Myenia
Publications

Myenia, an artist, is participating on staff in publications as illus-



Penney
12

Spring, 2013



Kittens *Operations*
 year helping out at the Art Show.
White Tiger, Furst State Admin-
 istrator, and head organizer for
 the DE Furbowls. Happy to lend
 a paw to a great convention! Heya
 Delaware Furies! Visit www.thefurststate.com for our official
 website!

Kodi *Programming*
 Editor. When not enslaved by
 the local newspaper, this friendly
 lion, who some may recognize
 from YouTube, enjoys bowling,
 racquet sports, and enriching the
 lives of others through fursuit
 Registration
 A tired old grey bunny.

Krin *Registration*
 Organizer of When Furballs
 Strike, the largest fursuit bowling
 meet on the West Coast.

Kyree *Dealers Room*
 Why don't you have (insert game
 here)? "No one brought it." Bring
Kzace *Photography*
 Khurn lives just outside of
 it!

LeafGirl *Security*
 LeafGirl is too busy fighting
 crime at this moment to give a

Kittens *Operations*
 year helping out at the Art Show.
Woo *Woo*
 hope that everypony has a great
 time and enjoys themselves. P.S.
 Please return the Luna suit I
 lent you. It's been one thousand
 years! Your faithful student, An-
 thro Wolf

Kijani *Publications*
 Back for his third AC, Kijani is
 honored to put his copy-editing
 skills from his real-life job to
 good use as the con's Publications
 Editor. When not enslaved by
 the local newspaper, this friendly
 lion, who some may recognize
 from YouTube, enjoys bowling,
 racquet sports, and enriching the
 lives of others through fursuit
 Registration
 A tired old grey bunny.

Kirin *Dealers Room*
 Organizer of When Furballs
 Strike, the largest fursuit bowling
 meet on the West Coast.

Kyree *Dealers Room*
 Why don't you have (insert game
 here)? "No one brought it." Bring
Kzace *Photography*
 Khurn lives just outside of
 it!

Kit Drago *Artists Alley / Con Store*
 as an electrical engineer. In his
 spare time he enjoys Egyptology
 and playing classical piano. This
 is his fifth year at AC and third

Kevin Sonney *Security*
 Kevin Sonney is a technology
 professional, podcaster, and me-
 dia producer. Kevin produces the
 weekly show "Alchemist in the
 Evening" for Dark Mother Me-
 dia, and is co-host of Kevin &
 Ursula Eat Cheap. Kevin is the
 domestic partner of Children's
 Author and Artist Ursula Ver-
 non. Kevin and Ursula routinely
 attend comic & fandom conven-
 tions across the US.

Khurn *Art Show*
 Khurn lives just outside of
 Binghamton, NY where he works
 as an electrical engineer. In his
 spare time he enjoys Egyptology
 and playing classical piano. This
 is his fifth year at AC and third

for newcomers to kigurumi and

furry.

Kay Jarrell, DI

Security

There are several good restaur-

rants near Anthrocon, and one

Great one. That is "Eleven" on

Smallman Street just north of the

DLCC. They make everything in

house. Of course everything is

from scratch in the dining room;

they make their own hot dogs for

the bar. "Seviche" on Penn is cool

appetizers and hot music. "Tonic"

on 10th had good drinks, home-

made BBQ, and Poutine. Don't

live on subs! Go out to dinner.

Kenneth Huckle (Anthro

Wolf)

Art Show

Dear Princess Celestia, This

weekend we are sharing in the

joys of friendship and fun at

the largest Furry convention in

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx

Squeakypony)

Board of Directors (Publications)

This is Karl's ninth year as Publi-

cations Director. In his free time,

he enjoys riding his recumbent

bicycle, exploring abandoned

buildings, and worshipping horse

noses. He maintains a webpage

about Furry fandom at

www.furryfandom.info.

Kasi Frost

Operations

Kasi Frost, is a freelance IT/web

consultant and furry/anime/cos-

tuming convention staffer from

Bristol, Connecticut. Kasi enjoys

costume design, pop-alt culture

(rave, goth, sci-fi/fantasy) and

small business projects. Her per-

sonal interests in fantasy cos-

tuming, photography, and travel

make her a community resource

for networking and collaboration

Funday Pawpet Show, and the

emcee for the Anthropolpy game

show. In his spare time, he enjoys

doing calligraphy, and spending

time with his dog, "Magic".

Johnny Not-So-Sane

Security

JR

Masquerade

From Orlando, Florida, cast

member for Funday Pawpet

Show, creator of PoinKCast! and

stand-up comedian.

Justin P. Reese a.k.a.

The Sonic God

Registration

A long running member of An-

throcon's registration system,

and volunteer for most of the rest

of the con. Very huggable! Occa-

sionally seen as a blue-eyed tan-

coloured lion with a red mane.

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ing, Tango is likely to be seated in a circle, accusing other people of being werewolves. Joy of taking things slow. You'll see me around the convention in a shirt and tie. Say hello. It's been a few years since I've been to Anthrocon.

John "Bear" Hall, DI

Security

Bear has been part of the Anthrocon security team since 2002. Nobody knows why he keeps coming back, year after year. (We think it's a cry for help.)

John (Joatmon) Lindgren

Art Show

Born in the '50s. Grew up watching cartoons in black and white. Finally got a color TV. Most cartoons still in black and white.

John Cole
Board of Directors
(*Masquerade, Programming*)
John "K.P." Cole has been Anthrocon's Programming Director since 2005 and is also the Masquerade Director. Originally from Houston, Texas and now living in Orlando, Florida, K.P. is a fursuiter, cast member of the



my eyes to beauty of nature, the essence of magic, and wonderful joy of taking things slow. You'll see me around the convention in a shirt and tie. Say hello. It's been a few years since I've been to Anthrocon.

Jak Ferret

Art Show / Masquerade

"A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age." Ahh Shakespeare, one of my many favorites. Its Jak, the happy hyper ferret that runs everywhere to do everything and

Doesn't roam far from his duties or his mate Icepaws. "Absence from those we love is self from self – a deadly banishment."

James J. Walton, DI

Security

Oh no! I'm doing it again. I am VOLUNTEERING!

JBadger

Programming

Just a silly old badger that sometimes runs around as a colorful Zonkey or a wolf in a chef's hat.

Jeff Pierce

Registration

Going by the handle of "Rebel Squirrel," Jeff is a long-time member of furry fandom who has joined Anthrocon's registration staff for the first time this year. Look for the guy in the gray Civil War cap – you can't miss him!

Jesse "Tango" Stringer

Programming

Having survived his brother's wedding in 2011, Tango is happy to return for his tenth year as a member of Anthrocon's staff. This year he'll be assisting with programming! When not work-

Dec 4th - Dec 8th 2012, Arrow On Swanston, 488 Swanston St Melbourne Australia
MidFur.com.au

MIDFur2012 THE FURRY APOCALYPSE COMETH



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Froggie.

Gabi

Registration

which one has had more of an influence on my life. Married to the gorgeous and talented Anne and aerodynamic, just give him a push. No really, it's fun! (Also former DDR tournament director and avid bowling fur.)

Icepaws

Art Show / Internet Room / Logistics / Registration

The course of true love never did run smooth. Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger: At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there, Troop home to churchyards.

Irime Zane

Artists Alley / Con Store

Ironwolf

Security

Jacob 'Crimson' Dawson

Security

Does not (usually) bite.

Jaie

Art Show

Ian is a veteran of... uhm... Ian, Living in the mountains of New uh... We don't really know what Mexico has really helped open



Gabi is an All-Purpose Fox. As such, she can answer any questions, no matter the subject. Accuracy, or even a connection between the question and the answer, are not guaranteed. But she is equal-opportunity friendly, so she will be nice to you, and may offer you tea and cookies if you find her at the right time. Plus she can talk to you in Spanish while she helps you get your con stuff.

Gary Bratzel, DI

Security

Gemo

Artists Alley / Con Store

Gemo is a Florida Fur-trans-plant who now lives in Milwaukee. The dracomutt has been into furry since 1998 and his first con was AC 2000. When he's not at work being an engineer, he's at home being a geek.

Gen. Talon

Board of Directors (Dance / AV)

Just a simple space otter from Michigan, returning once again to Captain the A/V crew. I've always held Anthrocon in a special place in my heart, and I am happy to return to Pittsburgh.

Greyse AKA Heidi

Art Show / Publications

This is my fifth year helping out in the Anthrocon Art Show and my second year helping out with the dining guide. I have a blast every year and I'm really glad I can contribute to Anthrocon.

HAWKEYE

Security

SF fan since 1971, Internal Medicine doc since 1975. Guess

got ten minutes on Saturday...
Registration

Deuce Swift

Deviant Terra

Art Show

Living the world's stage as a mere player, this doctor of pharmacy plans to get into acting down the road. For now, being a whimsical furry will suffice. One of these years, he'll have to take a break from being staff so his friends can see him for a change...for now, though, he continues to give back to the venue he so greatly enjoys, and hopes you do, too.

Devin
Dealers Room

Digby

Masquerade

Hailing from Utah, Digby slides on in as a newbie staff member. Give him a Dr. Pepper to make him grin. Please. He needs it.

DonQuixote

Security

Douglas Muth (Giza)

Board of Directors (Operations)

Giza's first furry con was Anthrocon 1999. Many years later, he is now the Operations Director and also heads up the convention's social media presence. Follow him on Twitter at @dmuth. He should never be confused for a cheetah.

Eagle Eye

Security

Eric Long, DI

Security

Erik N. Noble

Art Show

Art Show Junkie and husband to Hugmonster.

Operations

Erika "Chilly" Rosengarten

meaning, but it is a blank canvas on which to paint meanings of your own. Live deliberately, you are free.

Fizz Otter

Dance / AV

Foxy

Operations

Purrr! A wild Irish foxkitten appears! Artist, publisher, furry costumer and cosplayer, Foxy has been highly active in the furry scene since the early '90s. Chances are if you have furry fanzines, you've seen her artwork. No stranger to conventions, she's made the move to staffing this year. Come say hi, she'll meow!

Froggie

Security

Jo Hall (Froggie) aka "Not a Dor-sat" (just seen hanging around with them all the time, rather unimpeccable breeding from the northeast farms of Maine. His interests include travel to out of the way locations, woodworking, and various collections.

Fallout

Art Show

The world may be empty of



Davin Warter
Operations
 This will be Davin's second year as staff officially. As before he'll be spicing his time in Ops with two of his passions; fursuiting and computer support.

Debbie G
Security

Decker
Operations

Deja

Security

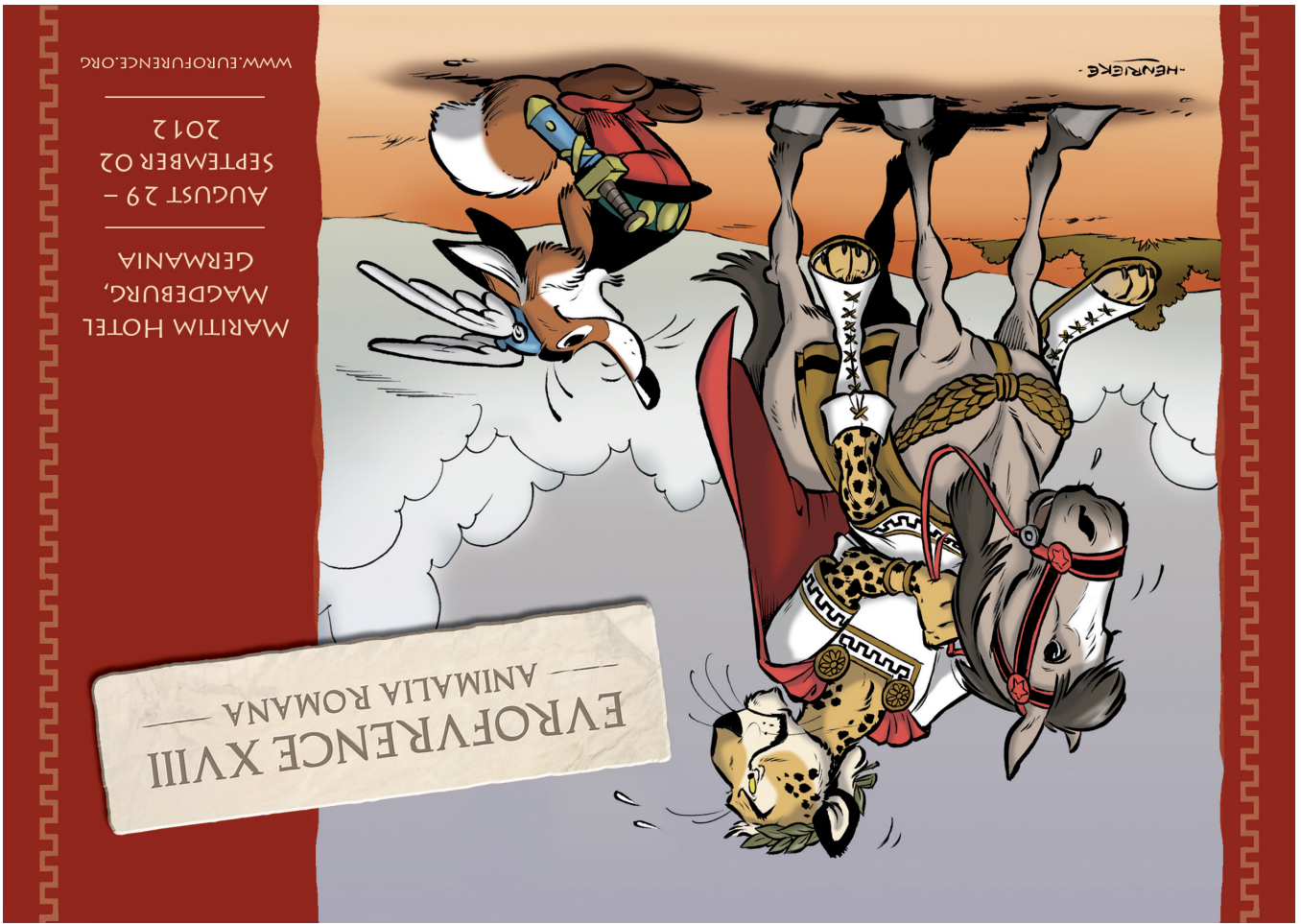
Delphi_Vinn

Artists Alley / Con Store

dester'edra

Art Show / Security

One of these years I'll try sleeping some at one of these things. Maybe. If it doesn't interfere with my work schedule. I think I've



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founded Furnal Equinox and the Furry Full Moon meets.

Danruk Rooface

Masquerade / Programming
 Danruk has been stalking inno-

cent Anthrocon attendees and handing out volunteer ribbons. Should you accept them, you will be a big part of helping an awesome con be more awesome.

Don't let him fool you thinking it's a trap. It's a noble purpose and service to the furry fandom at large. Oh, and he's likely to be a backstage programmer for the Masquerade and the furry game show "Anthropoly," and helping out with afternoon parade on Saturday to wrangle fursuits, as well as occasional fursuit spot-ter/headless lounge assistance.

Darkclaw

Internet Room

Darkclaw's 13th year of staffing

Dave
Artists Alley / Con Store

David M "Skippy" Stein, DI
Security

Yummy Sugar Cookies:
 2 1/2 C - Flour
 1 C - Sugar
 1/2 tsp - Salt

2 sticks unsalted butter
 3 oz - Cream cheese
 1 egg yolk
 1 Tb - Vanilla.

Slowly mix items one at a time till smooth. Knead into a disk, chill 3 hours. Roll out to 1/4" cut cookies. Chill cookies 20 min. Bake at 350 for 10 to 16 minutes.

AC, and his headfur is falling out in an attempt to match his boss Tigerwolf. Still smuggling odd British sweets into the USA to trap the unwary - stop by the Net room to become a test subject. [For the Horde!]

white room, this feline is back for his eighth time wondering if he'll ever get the chance to eat a lasagna wrap at Furrandos.

Chris Clayton

Security

Cryo Cyberwolf

Logistics

Co-Lead of the Logistics department. An arctic wolf, Cryo has been attending AC since 2007. He can usually be seen running around making sure all the STUFF!! is where it should be, then freezing it in place with his freeze ray. Enjoys icy landscapes, cold drinks and snow.

Cthulu Jr.

Security

Dan Jarrell, DI (Photon)

Security

I went to my first convention in 1973. It was made all the more exciting when Star Trek unveiled the felinesque Lt. M'Ress. It wasn't until I worked my first Anthrocon that I rediscovered an energy and creativity I thought gone forever along with Lieutenant M'Ress's heirs. In my life I've found friends who became family and aged but tried not to grow old. Thanks for helping to keep the dream alive and fandom young.

Dan Skunk

Art Show

Striped skunk from Ontario, Canada that loves working hard and helping other furies have fun. Owns ontariofuries.ca, a site for Ontario furies. Founded many chat rooms for Ontario furs: tortur, toronto-furry, and OntarioFuries on FurNet, and co-founded many events including the Spaghetti Factory Meet, and the Islington Furreet, and

year! If you see him in the writing room looking sleepy though - feel free to feed him coffee!

Aurius

Art Show

B. Gabriel Helou

Security

Gabe spends most of his time torturing poor, helpless computers to make them do other people's bidding. In his spare time, he hits things, cooks meals for large groups, makes gallons of Syrian Dragon from the UK currently studying to work in the VFX industry. Look out for me running around as Ari the blue wolf

Bauer

Security

I love working security. I really really do. In that sick and twisted sort of way. It doesn't hurt enough. Can I have another, sir?

Becca Price, DI

Security

Benjamin "Firefox" Cook

Operations

Bezel

Registration



Bill

Security

Bismarck

Artists Alley / Con Store

Born and raised in Detroit and now a law student at Case Western in Cleveland. Also a very avid reader, gamer, and baker. Cookies will be provided. To everything. Forever.

Blastdav

Registration

Dragon from the UK currently studying to work in the VFX industry. Look out for me running around as Ari the blue wolf

Boven

Registration

Brian Harris (Rigel)

Board of Directors

(Charity Auction) Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the fan community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at in Leesburg, VA. He has been the Anthrocon Charity Director for fifteen years, and has previously been a Masquerade director and DJ.

Buckaroo Banzai

Security

Calaver

Dance / AV

If anybody has a roll of duct tape, five bungee cables, a canister of dried milk (12 oz or bigger), three boxes of cornmeal, a bottle of whiskey, the Sports section from yesterday's paper, and a toothbrush, give me a call.

Chanur

Operations

Still trying to escape the little



The furry world from the inside out. adjectivespecies.com



[adjective] [species]

Anthrocon 2012 Staff

A Furry Named Greywolf

Logistics / Registration

After 5 years of coming to Anthrocon this Cleveland area wolf

has caught the staff infection. His hobbies include collecting laser

discs, baking, brewing, archery

and taking walking tours of cities. He should have taken a tour

of Pittsburgh on May 6th so feel free to ask him about restaurants

within "walking distance" of the convention center.

Alex 'Warlock' Krumwiede

Security

Allison Ruby

Security

Ruby is Ruby, and that's all I have to say about that.

Amaruq

Internet Room

A wolf from the mountains off to the east of the convention

site, Amaruq has been helping out in the Internet Room for several years. Back again for another

round. Hey, when is the Charity Auction? Find one of the many

schedule forms and go bid!

Amras

Registration

Here we go again!

Anana

Dealers Room

Andrew Meulenbergh

Registration

Kekah's a twenty-something student of Psychology and probably the only mooning fox you'll come

across!

Andy "smileytourist" Colson

Dealers Room

Angel Seal

Art Show

Angel Seal is a student, artist, intellectual, teacher and collector of too many hobbies. She was

first introduced to Anthrocon by her then boyfriend Gen. Talon in

2008. She is now married to him and Art Show owns her soul. She

lives in Michigan with her cats, best friends, a library worth of

books, a sewing machine, a kiln and her beloved otter.

Anita Muth

Artists Alley / Con Store

Anne Passovoy

Security

Boring geek with secret identity

AquaFox

Registration

A light blue and tan feral fox who enjoys cuddling, making

new friends, spending time with awesome friends he already has.

Helps out a lot, a great trouble-shooter for computer problems and a mentor to many. En-

joys working with photography, audio/video, electrical and digital

devices, nature, animals, friendship, napping. Does not like being left alone or forgotten. Loves

anime and cartoons, traditional and CGI kinds, as well as action/adventure/sci-fi movies.

Arc

Art Show

Arc has been with us since the start and has served as con staff

each and every year since Albany Anthrocon 1997! Always happy

to lend a helping hand, this Canadian k9 unit (hard-working husky

on duty, fun-loving foxy amateur radio enthusiast at other times)

has worked as staff at over thirty furry conventions. Got ham? Listen for VE3FXY if you're 'radio-

active!

Archai

Photography

Arrow Quivershaft

Programming

Ashe Valisca

Programming

He's back again! Ashe is returning for another year of coordinating

and teaching Anthrocon's Writing Track, he lost count but he

thinks he is up to almost 10 years of teaching in the track (he's not

sure anymore). He's glad to be back, and he's trying to take the

writing track to another level this

Anthrocon 2012 Guests of Honor

Mike Kazaleh



Mike Kazaleh is a veteran of comic books and animated cartoons. He began his career producing low budget commercials and sales films out of his tiny studio in Detroit, Michigan. Mike soon moved to Los Angeles, California where he landed his first studio job as an apprentice animator at Filmation. He quickly moved up the ranks, and became one of the best animators in the business, working on many television series and specials, and since then he has worked for most of the

major cartoon studios and comic book companies. He has worked with such characters as The Flintstones, The Simpsons, Mighty Mouse, Krypto the Superdog, Ren and Stimpy, Cow and Chicken, and Bugs Bunny, as well as creating his own independent comics including The Adventures of Captain Jack. Before all this stuff happened Mike was a TV repairman. If you are under 20 years old, you probably do not know what that is.

Dev Madan has been lucky enough to have bounced between the fields of Video Games, Comic Books and Illustration for the past two decades. Prior to his current position as a Creative Director at PopCap Games for the Plants Vs Zombies franchise, he has served as Art Director at Sucker Punch Productions for the Sly Cooper series that earned multiple awards including "Best New Character" and "Art Direction". As a freelance illustrator he's worked with such clients such as Squaresoft, Warner Brothers, Dark Horse, Image, Marvel and DC

Dev Madan



During his time at DC Comics. During his time at DC, he lead the creation of the 18 issue run of Young Heroes in Love as well as providing pencil art for titles such as Plastic Man, Judge Dredd, Batman Adventures, and Justice League Adventures. In his free time, Dev spends it with his beautiful and ever patient wife Karin in Redmond, WA and obsesses over the fine art of procrastination, trolling art stores for new art supplies and finding new ways to avoid talking about himself.

Special Guest: Saryuon

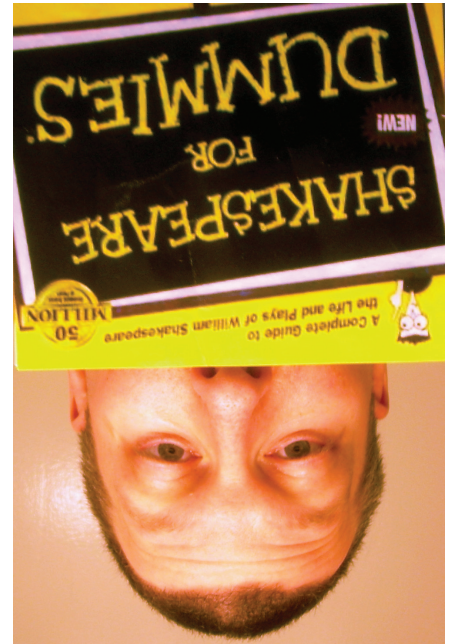
Saryuon is a juggler and acrobat from Japan who will be making the long trek to Anthrocon to astonish us with his feats of balance and agility.



A Message From the Chairman

you where it will, and interpret each image as you like it, though it all be in the end much ado about nothing.

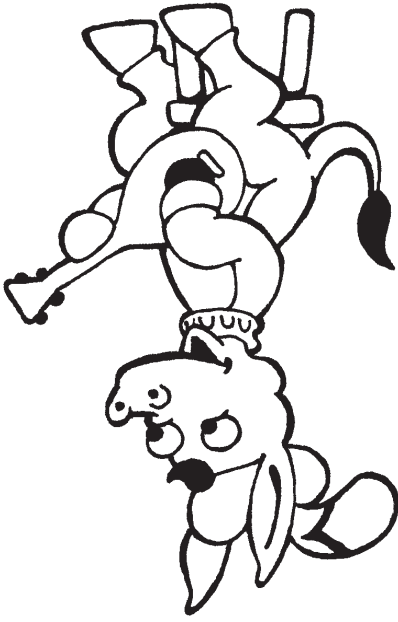
As recently as a few months ago I overheard someone refer to Anthrocon as "Uncle Kage's con." That could not be further from the truth. In this dream I am naught but a humble Peter Quince, who our guest this year Mr. Dev Madan. Mr. Madan is well known in the videogame industry, and his artistic talents are responsible for awakening the Inner Furry in many of his thousands of fans. No matter your age, you have probably encountered Sly Cooper and his associates, all of whom Dev helped bring to life for us. rush by.



Four days will quickly steep themselves in night; Four nights will quickly dream away the time..

These words, spoken by Shakespeare's Hippolyta, seemed quite appropriate to Anthrocon. The Furry world that we create in downtown Pittsburgh each year seems to many like a "midsummer night's dream," so we decided to evoke that imagery in this year's theme. The play itself has everything: fae folk, transformation, even a lady who at least for a time enjoys the company of a gentleman with decidedly equine features. Sadly, their love is not meant to last, and by the end of the play she is forced to remove him from her Friends list.

A special guest this year will be joining us all the way from the Land of the Rising Sun. The amazing Sardyuoan, a Japanese fursuiter-acrobat, will be on hand to thrill us with his feats of strength, balance and coordination. Others may have invented these things; Sardyuoan made them cute.



Long overdue for the title of Guest of Honor is an unassuming fellow, a reluctant legend in the field of Anthropomorphics. Much to our delight Mr. Mike Kazaleh will be joining us this year. Though best known to us for his Furry comics, the delightful Captain Jack and the heartwarming The Suit, Mike's talents cover the entire spectrum and beyond. If you have ever read a comic book or watched a cartoon on television, the chances are good that you have seen his work. It is said that Mike can watch just ten seconds of any major studio's animation and tell you from the style who has worked on it. Perhaps we will put that to the test.

And one last thing before we open the curtain on this year's production: let us not forget the good people of the City of Pittsburgh who have been so welcoming to us. The local merchants look forward to your business and they've all put out the welcome mat. Let's not disappoint them!

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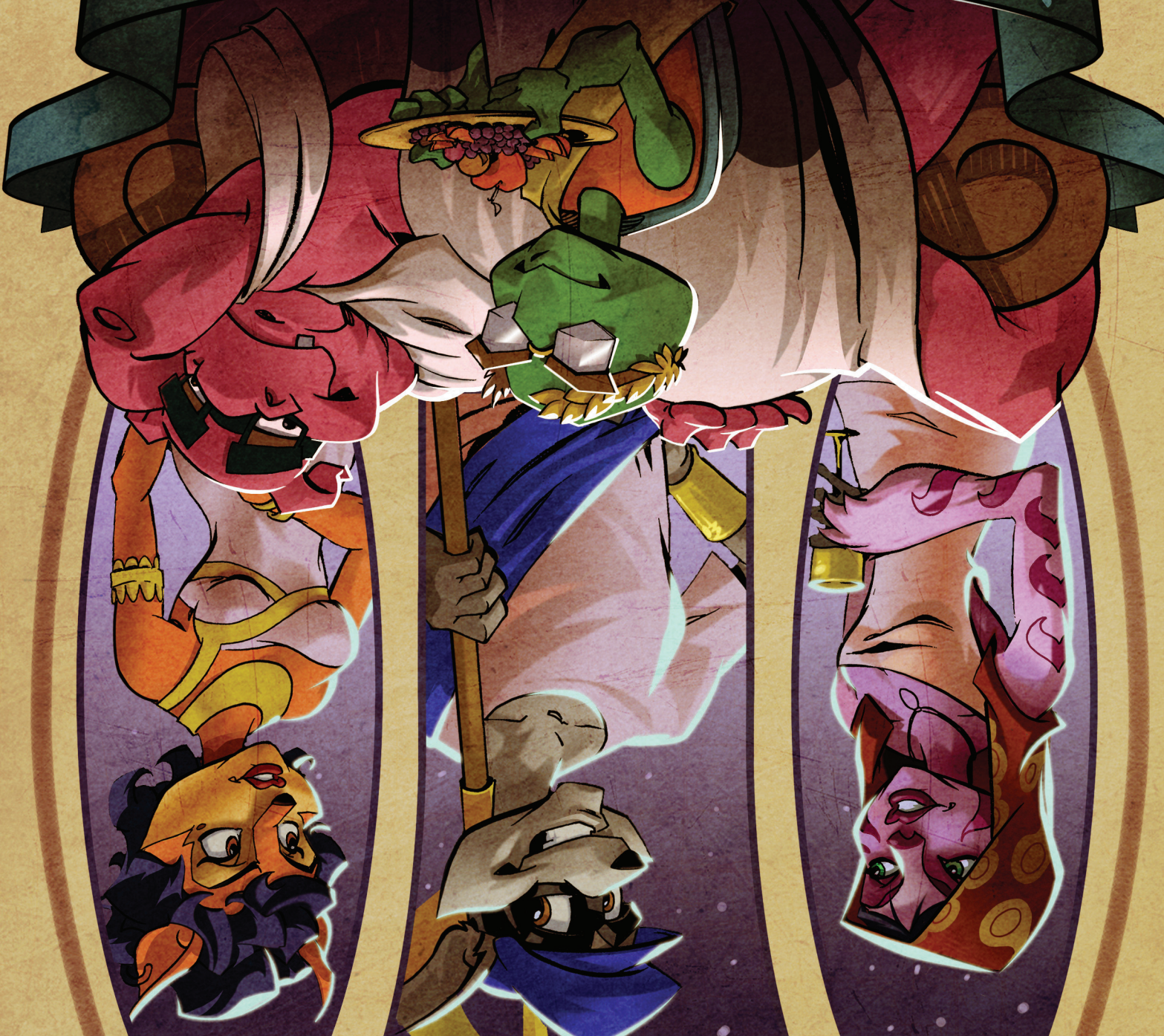
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