

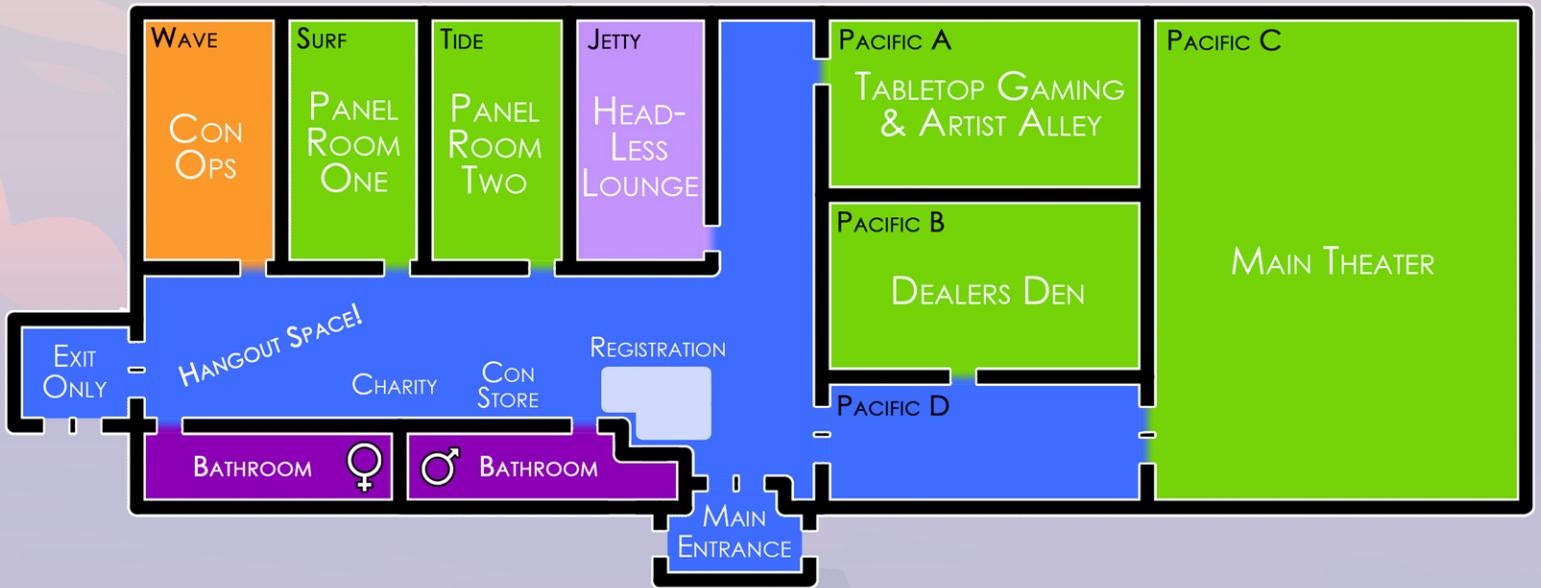
FURVANA 2025

Conbook



SHANNON
THE ARTIST

Convention Center Map



FURVANA Dealers Den

EXIT ONLY (Left arrow)

ENTER ONLY (Bottom arrow)

Vendors:

- Poodlewool
- Hibbary
- Maranda Cromwell
- Jonathan Vair
- Sasha R. Jones
- Kori Cuddle Plush
- KIRAWRa
- Adventure Cat
- Badger Paw Puppetry
- AL Song
- ShawnTheGirl
- Attac Racc
- Corgilegs
- Danneroni
- Keovi
- Paradox Palms
- Split Grape Soda

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Official Hashtag

#Furvana25



Unmoored

by Al Song

Being cuffed, fettered, and left to bake under the blazing sun wasn't the way I thought I'd leave the world. I thought it would be from catching a disease from a patient. There was that part of me that wanted to show people that rats weren't just carriers of plagues, but we could actually help heal as well. Constantly getting sick due to patients didn't help with that negative notion.

Some time had passed and I noticed the coconut tree acting as a large sundial, so I figured I could roll myself under the shade. The sand was still fiery to the touch, and I was more dehydrated than a fish over a fire, but I was eternally grateful for the slight relief from the direct harshness of the sunshine.

The other passengers who were also captured warned me that the pirates would kill us faster if they discovered me trying to abate their torturous methods. Then I realized they could draw the agony out longer if I was misbehaving or they could off one by one and force me to watch. I tried to keep my ears and head on a swivel to make sure none of our capturers would be there to witness me trying to abate the unrivaled wrath of the sun gods.

We could try inching my way like a worm or rolling into the more forested area, but it wouldn't be too difficult to find us on this islet. I spent the first half hour panicking, but I knew I just had to accept my fate.

Suddenly as I was making peace with my fate, the sounds of cannonades burst from the direction our merchant ship was being plundered by our attackers. I wondered why they would try to sink our ship if they were looting it, but when I turned to the water I saw a larger vessel with the seal of the Lom Lands. It basically looked like a compass rose with two L's in the center. Maybe it was a navy ship? But it had a figurehead of a wolf holding a spyglass rather than a mercreature. All the countries in this region didn't allow figureheads on official ships.

A large dhole dove into the waters near the shore followed by a large polar bear, an equally sizeable badger, and the rest of the crew rained down brandishing swords, clubs, and crossbows. They surfaced from the sea with their weapons as they made their way to the plunderers like vengeful spirits of the sea. Cries of commands and agony reached a crescendo dotted by marcato canon blasts as glassy slices of metal splashed blood into the sand and water.

My instincts were torn in two. The desire for survival burned a fire in me to flee even if I was tied down. The other half connected with my training to immediately heal the wounded with elixirs and the waters of life. But I was frozen and unable to take any action. I had to just be a witness to this miniature form of warfare.

Our accosters stood no chance against this deadly crew harvesting their souls like wheat. They were outnumbered by about twenty and it looked like the Lom Landers knew how to actually fight.

As the battle died down the others around me began shouting and wagging their tails to try to flag the mariners down who had saved us. The tall dhole ran up the beach to us and locked picked me free as others sliced through the binds of heavy ropes. The dhole wore a blue jacket covered in blood with a cream shirt underneath. That dark russet fur and those golden eyes made it so difficult for me to turn my eyes away. His chest muscles piqued my interest as they peeked through the open collar of his shirt falling into a deep valley where a golden pendent rested between those incredible pecs.

After the polar bear from his crew uncorked a clear bottle and let me drink some water as the captain helped me get back in the shade.

"Are you alright," the dhole asked. "I already know the answer to that." Behind him the crew were bringing the injured members onto the beach as I pushed myself up into a sitting position.

"I'm alright." I licked the residual water from my muzzle. "Can you help me up?"



“Mr. uh, Rat? Sir, I don’t know if that’s a good idea.”

“It’s okay. I’m training to be a physician, and your crew needs medical attention.”

The ones who needed help the most were the unconscious ones who washed ashore. I found the large badger and I began chest compressions on him after noticing he wasn’t breathing, and then I shut his muzzle and blew into his nostrils and repeated the process until he coughed out the water and directed others to do the same for the two others who were unconscious on the beach. He was also bleeding out and I used the jacket of a dead pirate mouse and applied pressure to his stomach.

“Are you the captain?” I asked the dhole.

“Aye, Doctor Rat.”

“My name’s Wesley Chantarath, but Wes is fine. I just need you to tell folks to start picking northflowers and veil-fruit. When they’re mixed together they can act as an antiseptic.” There was a stream nearby and a rock and a flat rock could be a suitable mortar and pestle. I also told him about blue moss and how it can be a form of gauze if cleaned off, and I explained how morning mint could be used to help numb and heal but it had to be boiled first. “Do you have all of that, Captain... uh?”

“Vongsavanh, but you can call me Easton.” We smiled at each other as he took off to direct and I was feeling delirious.

The badger underneath me tried to thank me as I told him to rest.

When everything was ready I showed them how to apply the different salves and used the leaves of the veil-fruits as bandages. The dhole also tried to get me as much clean water as he could.

“Thank you for taking care of my crew,” the captain said to me as he sat next to me as I admired my handiwork. All the pirates were dead and my saviors were all alive, then I wondered as I looked at this crew all dressed in everyday clothing with a lot of weapons.

“Thank you for saving my life, but you all pirates too?”

“Not exactly.”

“I’m guessing you’re not the navy by how you’re dressed,” I said looking around at the crew members.

“Not that either. We’re in the middle.”

“Privateers?” I asked.

“Exactly,” he smiled like teacher would when I got an answer correct. They were attacking a merchant ship, which are currently neutral so had to intervene. Where

“I just ended winter semester, so I thought I would see my family on the mainland.”

“New Fai?”

“Yeah.” I told him I was a student at Kreuz Island Medical Institute.

“The trade docks there are neutral, so we can escort you there without any issues. I’ll let you ride on my ship too and I can get you back to the university.”

“Why me?”

“Because you’re an amazing physician... and I noticed you checking out my chest.”

He pulled me close and I got the scent of grapefruit and sandalwood.



“Your cologne smells really nice,” I said trying to make conversation and not be an awkward, scaredy rat while being so close to this handsome dhole.

“It’s what an old friend of mine always wore, and like you he was great at mixing things, but for him it was perfumes and drinks. Not those things together of course.”

“What happened to your friend.”
“He passed away.”

“I’m sorry I don’t mean to ruin this or the mood or…”

He looked down at me, chuckled, and then looked at the horizon and smiled wordlessly as he leaned against me and clasped his locked with his free paw.

After nights of waking up packing and crying from being captured and tortured by pirates and my family rushing into my room and making sure I was alright, I waited at the docks and had a lightning bolt of excitement rush through me when I saw a ship with a wooden wolf holding a spyglass at the bow.

The corners of my muzzle stretched to my ears as I witnessed a handsome dhole wave at me from the helm. As the crew unloaded and loaded crates and goods onto the ship I ran on to see the big dhole who greeted me with an even bigger hug.

I had some small talk with a couple members of the crew. Lana was a large, elderly polar bear who could carry two barrels over her head without any issues. She was great with a broadsword, but Easton also told me she was the mother of the crew because she made cakes for birthdays and was a great listening ear. Hua and Nam were twins, a vixen and tod who were constantly competing with one another at chess, go, shogi, and well, you name the game and they morphed into master tacticians. Those two were also master pranksters on the ship. At one point they pretended to be eating mustard from a glass jar with the word ‘mustard’ on the outside, but upon closer inspection my nose informed me it was just custard. There was also the first mate, Norman Argyle. A quiet badger who thanked me as he sharpened a dagger. Most of his responses were one worded, but he always softened when he spoke to Easton. He poured us each a cup of tea, and when I said I could serve because I was the youngest he fought me for the rights to be a good host.

The crew worked in tandem pulling ropes, cleaning the deck, cooking food, and so much more. Everyone knew what they were doing, and they were doing it efficiently, and it made me think about my time at the university with my head buried in textbooks while stuck on an island. The amount of times I wanted to sail back to the mainland to see my family and my old friends. I also thought about all of the exams and assignments that were being piled onto me. Being on this ship felt like pure freedom. A part of me wanted Easton to lift me up at the helm so I could feel the breeze through my fur and whiskers. Instead he had my pink paws on the wheel as he helped me steer correctly. His warmth against my back under the cool, salty air. This was perfect.

“Oh, be careful. Let me guide you.”

“Ah, I’m sorry.” I felt like I had to stop messing up in front of Easton.

“It’s alright. You didn’t know. Sailing into the irons isn’t exactly what people want to do.”

As the sun began to set, he had First Mate Argyle take over. Easton held me close as we watched the shimmering waters fade in the sunset as islets became shadows against a maroon and orange sky slowly burning off into deep royal blues dotted with constellations of the warrior, the crown, and the lotus appeared first above us.

I took in the citrus and sylvan scents around his neck as I nuzzled his muscled chest. My own body was much softer than his as I felt a twinge of anxiety ripple across my torso.

“Why me?” I asked.



“What do you mean?”

“I- I’m just a portly rat. I’m nothing special.” I look around at all the men with larger muscles and the ones were thinner than me on the ship.

“Don’t say that. I think you have a mind of a genius, and I find you to be incredibly attractive.”

“I don’t need to have big muscles?” I reached up to his bicep and he flexed it for me as he shook his head. “I don’t need to have a flat stomach?” I reached down to feel his abs as his muzzle gently swayed from right to left.

“All I need is someone sweet and selfless, and luckily enough it looks like I have him here.” “I don’t mean to interrupt, but I’m trying to do your job for you, and this is a tad- it’s distracting.” The badger didn’t even look at us as he said this.

“Apologies, Argyle.” He gave the badger a kiss on the cheek. “Shall we head somewhere a bit more private?”

I nodded and he led me down the steps from the helm to a large door. He unlocked it with one of the keys strung around his waist and pushed it open.

“Oh, you have an actual bed in the captain’s cabin? They must be paying you well.”

“Actually, I inherited all of this from the last captain, so I can’t take credit for any of this.”

There wasn’t much in his room besides the bed, a large desk with just a quill and pot of ink and above it, the painting of shirtless wolf holding a spyglass.

“There are other things we can explore instead.” He placed a gentle paw on my shoulder and spun me around as he pulled me close as I took in the scent of the woody citrus.

One paw on his flank, the other atop his muscled chest, and the dhole’s large paws supporting my back. He pulled me closer as our torsos met under the moonlight diffused through the dusty porthole. We admired one another in the low light, then our muzzles did as well, and finally our torsos followed suit.

He led and I followed as the waves crashed against the heavy hull while the moon and our spirits ascended to their respective zeniths. Lightning crashed leagues away as thunderclaps applauded our courage as they arrived at our eardrums. Chilly winds rushed against the round window, but we kept one another warm in each other’s arms.

I luxuriated in the eye of the storm within his enormous biceps, those strong forearms, and his dexterously rough paws around me and his bare, broad torso against my back as the ship rocked us within its gentle oscillation

“Oh, Captain,” I whispered into the darkness.

“I told you to call me Easton, silly rat.”

I said his name wordlessly as he placed his chin over my head, and the world disappeared as that moment ushered me into the inky darkness of a peaceable repose.

“This is a lovely island, but we’ll have to hoist the white sails and look as neutral as possible. If any of New Fai’s navy sees us, then that might cause some issues.”

Kreuz Island was mostly known for the medical institute, but it also had a few small ports along with residences, places to shop and eat, but it mostly contained patients, students, and doctors.



"I guess if an island belongs to a rival nation, then maybe I'm not sure if it's even a wise idea to be moored to the docks," I said looking over at the ship with plain white sails.

"I'm sure it'll be fine, but we just have to be quick."

"You were pretty fast when you dropped me off."

"Yeah, but we just have to look like a merchant ship, and then we can hoist the colors when we're further out."

Easton was in his most formal wear as he picked me up at my small bungalow near the medical campus. He wanted to look as natural as possible, but he definitely stuck out compared to all the people in loose shirts and shorts, and it didn't help that he literally picked me up and carried me to the ship docked at the northside of the small island.

That evening he wined and dined me at the merchant isles of Wind Haven, though he didn't have any wine. We danced through the square of the bazaar as accordions and horns celebrated the Tempus Venum Festival. Blooms, petals, and buttery crumbs adorned our fur as I shared a kiss between the Captain and Argyle.

We swam in the crystalline cool springs of the South Vale Islands as a crew while I collected false jewels at the bottom of the ponds and lakes as purple crustaceans scurried to safety from us furred giants stomping through the homes.

The twins won us grand prizes from the Money and Murder Games in the gambling halls of the Opal Dragon Fjords. That archipelago had impressive but imposing cliffs but also the best honey noodle dumplings I'd ever had in my life.

A couple weeks passed before Easton took me on another more private date in search of treasure, and I could hardly sleep the night before.

He rowed me onto a rocky islet with a small hill of stones in the center surrounded by black beaches of fine sand. Easton took out a rectangle of parchment from the pocket above his heart as he held it to me as I unfolded it. The ink curved to form suspiciously legible letters and cheesy stanzas with small illustrations of some palm trees, a key, and something resembling the hill at the center of the islet.

The first stanza led us to a rock under a palm tree with a red 'X' painted on the rock and the tree. Under the rock was a key and the next stanza took us to top of the hill, which had a small crate with a chain and lock around it, forming another 'X' at the top. I unlocked the chains and the crate only contained a smaller map of the island with an 'X' on the northern side of the hill.

There was a small shelter formed on the side of the hill and there was also a small desk with a drawing of a wolf atop it along with a simple chair next to it. The view of the other islets brought so much peace to my heart as I stared out at the view of the azure waters dotted with grays softening to greens and browns. After I drank in the horizon I turned my attention to the furniture inside the shelter.

"There's nothing inside the drawers besides vials of maybe water. This one looks quite viscous," I said and turned around to the dhole who had a piece of parchment in the opening of his shirt with the letter 'X' on it.

"Ah, 'X' marks the spot," I said as he smirked at me.

"I told you there was a chest here that you would love."

"This is something that I treasure dearly."

I kissed him as I began unbuttoning his shirt.



“If it’s alright to ask, um, who’s the wolf?”

It took him a few moments to respond, but eventually he said, “An old lover of mine.”
“Oh, I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s alright. You didn’t know.” He took a breath and then opened the locket to reveal a drawing of the wolf and a compass. “Before my parents passed away we struggled to put food on the table, but when I was around your age they both became very ill, and we couldn’t find a physician to help them who we could afford. I didn’t know what to do, so I ended up doing odd jobs at the docks, and I met a coyote who told me I would make a good soldier for the navy since I already knew how to sail. That’s where I learned how to properly fight, but I had my own issues with following rules that I wasn’t a fan of and created my own code. Unfortunately I ended up back on the docks doing odd jobs, and at a tavern I met a handsome wolf, who helped me into his pirate crew.”

“Private to pirate to privateer? That’s quite the career journey.”

“Yeah, I started out as a soldier, ran away to become an outlaw, and then signed my soul away to become something in-between.” He let out a sigh. “I’m just tired of being lost.”

“Honestly, I think you guys are doing pretty well. You’ve got a strong and skilled crew, and the morale is high and—”

“Yes, but that’s just the surface. I took over for Captain Nordheim or as I called him Rowan after he drowned. It wasn’t even in battle. He got drunk and fell overboard at night.”

“Is that why you don’t drink?” I was met with a nod.

“A hopeful part of me wants to believe he found some driftwood and made it safe somewhere, but if that were the case I would’ve heard from him at some point after all of these years.”

“Easton, I’m really sorry.”

“It’s alright, you didn’t know.” His voice was gentle but I saw the fatigue wash over his face.

“Also, why are you okay with me calling you Easton if First Mate Argyle calls you Captain? Aren’t the two of you also... uh, having fun together?”

“It’s a working relationship, and we tried a romantic one, but I think we’re better just on a physical level.”

“That’s understandable.” I honestly didn’t know what to say and we just sat there on the edge of the shelter with our legs hanging above the patches of verdant land.

“I also want to thank you for helping everyone out when they’ve become ill,” he said and put an arm around me.

“It’s no problem. It’s just what I do, and if you’d like me on your team as a fulltime physician, then I could help everyone even more.” I gave him a wry smile at that.

“That would be incredible, but I think you could find any other employer who could pay you better. I think you deserve a life and career full of prestige.” He returned the same smile to me.

“But I want to keep traveling with you. This semester has been so stressful, and I’m so tired of all the pressure, and I feel so behind on everything. These exams are going to be the death of me, and I was left for dead before you saved me!” I knew humor probably wasn’t going to help my case, especially when he had no expression looking at me, so I unfortunately kept talking. “It’s so freeing when I’m with you. I can actually relax and have fun when I’m on the ship.”

“You’re not. You’re showing me new and amazing things. I want to have adventures with you.”



“Please, just stop this. If you quit your program to join my crew, then you’re making a grave mistake. Do you really want blood on your paws from pulling on ropes all day? Do you want to sit there for hours or even days with nothing to do?”

“But we can make the time go by faster while we spend it together.”

“You’re literally from the mainland and you don’t know much about sailing, and I don’t think you’d be willing to kill anyone. I’ve only been showing you the fun and nice parts, and these aren’t even parts of the job. It’s just been me taking the crew and you on vacations and we’re not being paid on those days.”

“If I’m losing you so much money, then why are you taking me everywhere?”

“Because I like you. Because you saved lives and took care of my crew.”

“And I just want to make more happy memories with you.”

“Look, I get it. Life gets repetitive, and I want to believe the elder tales of ghostly galleons, formidable sea monsters, and treasures that reach the ceiling of the sky, but It’s mostly been salt and stress for me.”

“Hey!” Maybe I said that louder than I should’ve. “I know those things aren’t real. I’m not a child.”

“I’m not calling you a child. All I wanted was to give you a taste of adventure, and I guess you can’t get enough now.”

“But you’re my hero. Is it so wrong to dream about being with someone I care so much about?”

“Your dream isn’t to be stuck on an old pirate ship fated to endlessly sail. You have a bright destiny to do something you actually love and enjoy and know so much about. That shouldn’t be me.” I saw tears forming in the corners of his eyes. “I have to beg you not to cast that dream into oblivion for me.”

“Easton.”

“I don’t want to lead you astray.” He wasn’t looking at me anymore. “I... I care too much too much about you to let that happen.”

I know what I want.”

“And I don’t want you to become like me.” A tear from each eye slid down the fur on his face. “You have everything you need to be happy.”

“But you make me happy.”

“Wes. I can’t let you join.” His golden eyes turned to icy stone. “I’m tired of serving a country in which I have no true loyalty nor connection. I know you want to be free, but this isn’t freedom.” We sat there in silence until it started to rain.

After that I did what any rational person with my feelings for Easton would do, and when he dropped me off on Kreuz Island I hid in a merchant crate that was going to be loaded into the storage hold so I could try convincing him again. With the power of hindsight I would also be shaking my head and yelling at the book or scroll in my paws telling the character not to make this fatal mistake, but logic has always in a losing war with emotion.

I decided to take a nap in the crate to make the time go by faster, and I woke up to screaming and shouting as the crate was opened and instead of one of the crew members I saw a large arctic fox brandishing a glaive with wide eyes, but also a wide grin showing off a golden fang that shined as brightly as his blade.

This was when regret quickly set in as my heart began racing. I froze in fear as a single tear began to well in each of my eyes.



The door crashed open to reveal the handsome dhole who split his gaze between Argyle and me. He turned his head between the two of us. Eyes darting left and right, and then in under a second he went after the fox who was accosting me. I presumed it was because I was unarmed. He made quick work of the fox and slayed him on the spot as I heard an agonizing scream from the badger as the broadsword dug into his clavicle, but his dagger found purchase in the boar atop him as Easton attacked him and I went to Argyle, took off my shirt, and proceeded to put pressure on his wound.

“I can’t trust you anymore.”

“I’m sorry.” More tears streamed down my face. “I’m so sorry.”

“That’s all you have to say?”

My mind was so full of words they created a stoppage in my throat.

“Leave. Get off my ship now.” It wasn’t an angry command. It was cold and despondent. This would’ve been the same as a close friend telling you there was a painful dissolution to your relationship. His sullen eyes dripping with disappointment turned away from me as I made my way out of the storage hold and faced the bitter expressions of the crew who refused to look at me. The chill of dawn seeped into my bones as everyone labored in silent consternation.

They watched me with sagacious intent as their gazes bore holes in the back of my head as I left the ship. It looked like Argyle wanted to thank me from the floor, but I would’ve just said that this was all my fault. The crew tended to their own wounds, and I knew better than to offer any help.

Fearsome tempests swelled around the island as anxiety over Captain Easton Vongsavanh also brewed in my gut clouding my mind. Weeks passed by as I studied on the docks and the beach hoping to see a ship with a wooden wolf holding a spyglass.

I buried myself in the pages of my textbooks and I took on more hours at the clinics to learn under the fully fledged doctors. The final exams required more time than I felt like I truly had as I focused all of my energy on making sure I wouldn’t have to repeat this last semester.

My parents sat close to the staging area as they waved at me, and I curled my pink tail around my leg in both excitement and nervousness. There was one person who I wished could be there, but I knew this was the direction the winds were blowing my sails toward. I took a step and felt a paw on my shoulder along with the scent of grapefruit and sandalwood ribboning to my nose.

Sunrise & Sunset Times

Sunrise 6:30

Sunset 7:45



Photo by Rictar Rat

A Word from the Chairs

Dobbs

Ahoy, me hearties! I'm so excited to welcome everyone to Furvana's next voyage!

As with any voyage, we couldn't have done it without a crew. Our amazing volunteers again worked hard to bring you a wonderful furry convention experience in the beautiful city of Ocean Shores.

Throughout the year I spoke with many furs, and some related their excitement at Furvana being their very first convention. If this is YOUR first year joining us, welcome aboard!

I hope to foster a community where we can all express true ourselves and have fun doing it.

Furvana welcomes you all with open arms, whether you're a returning veteran or joining us for the first time.



Fritzzy Wolf

And I was this close to retirement... yeah fuzballs, I'm back! Furvana is a labor of love, and as sure as the ocean is wet, damn do I love this community. As we enter our 4th convention and mark 9 years of event planning, it's both humbling and awe-inspiring to see how far Furvana has come. I never imagined that we'd cross 1,000 attendees, and yet... we did that two years ago!!

While it's a bit bittersweet to put a cap on attendance, doing so has become a necessity to avoid overwhelming our venue. Maintaining the small-con charm and laid-back, beachside vibes that make Furvana special is something I take seriously, and personally. I'm incredibly grateful to the Ocean Shores community for giving us such a wonderful home!

This year, as you wander the con with old friends, new crew-mates, and found family, I'd encourage you to cast your eyes forward. As the saying goes: a rising tide lifts all boats. So lift up your friends. Lift up your community. Lift up yourself! The tale only gets better from here, I'm sure of that.



Guests of Honor



ShawnTheGirl

This year's Artist Guest of Honor is ShawnTheGirl! Over the years you may have seen her at a convention selling her arts and various crafts, or caught one of her streams cracking jokes with her friends, or, more likely, you bumped into her at your local Safeway, shopping for snacks like a cryptid in pajamas (her words, not ours).

She is classically trained in 2D animation by Don Bluth himself, and recently earned her Bachelor's in Psychology. Though she absconded with pets and kids (and Husbeast too) to New York, she's been a part of the fandom and the PNW for 18 years and still considers this place home. With her love of punk, pirates, and fantasy, we knew she'd be a great fit for this year's theme and are glad to showcase her work this year!

shawnthegirl.com  shawnthegirl.bsky.social

Al Song



Art by
Donryu

Al Song (not A.I. Song) is a Lao-American kangaroo who grew up in the Greater Seattle Area and currently resides there. He mostly frequents coffee and tea shops in order to partake in the craft of prose while also brewing up new ideas for future stories, some more heated than others. His stories are mostly suited for adult readers, but he has prose for all audiences as well.

The roo took his first creative writing class during his senior year of high school and has remained clacking his claws on the keyboard ever since. His stories focus on the intersection of being gay and Asian-American along with discussions of class, body positivity, and the joys of music. A University of Washington and Western Washington University graduate, he took on German studies and comparative literature during his undergrad years, and he recently graduated with his Master of Fine Art in creative writing. During his time as a grad student he taught English courses and was the managing editor of the university's literary journal.

Al's first publication was in the anthology, Fang vol. 8, and from there he continued to get stories published in Roar vol. 9, Tales from the Guild: World Tour, The Furry Cookbook and many more. He also works as a freelance editor and is credited as lead editor for four novels.

Even though he loves to write he also is a polyglot and an amateur musician who recently got into floral design. Between his day jobs, D&D sessions, writing gay erotica, and editing stories for friends, the roo will always make time for watching nonsense on YouTube.

You can find him on Bluesky and FurAffinity where he posts stories and his spicy art commissions.



alsongroo.bsky.social



furafinity.net/user/alsong



FURVANA CAR SHOW

SATURDAY, 2PM-5PM
CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT

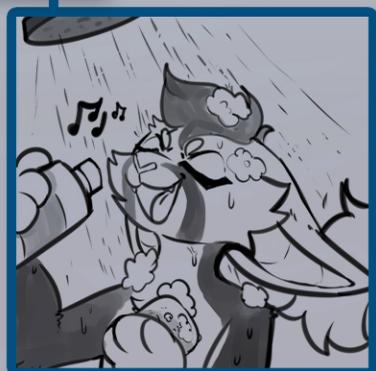


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Have you had your daily 621?



6 Hours of Sleep

2 Meals per Day

1 Shower



Featured Charity

SeaLife Response + Rehab + Research (SR³)



This year Furvana is proud to support SeaLife Response + Rehab + Research (SR³) as our charity partner. You can support this organization by participating in our charity auction, purchasing a charity donation ribbon, or any of the other fundraising opportunities we'll have throughout the convention. 100% of all money raised by Furvana for our charity partners is donated to their organization.

SeaLife Response + Rehab + Research (SR³) is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit dedicated to responding to and rehabilitating stranded or injured marine wildlife throughout the Pacific Northwest, researching the health of our region's iconic Southern Resident orcas and other cetaceans, and promoting wildlife health through education and collaborative conservation efforts.



SR³ operates the SeaLife Rescue Center, the Pacific Northwest's only hospital dedicated to marine wildlife, in Des Moines, Washington. It serves as their primary location for rehabilitating injured marine wildlife, for monitoring the overall health of the regional marine ecosystem, and for trainings and providing community outreach.

You can learn more about this wonderful organization and how they help animals by visiting their website at www.sealifer3.org



Fursuits Get HOT!

Know the signs!

Heat Exhaustion

- > Clammy Skin
- > Heavy Sweating
- > Faintness or Fatigue
- > Dizziness, Head Rush
- > Headache, Nausea
- > Muscle Cramps
- > Weak, Rapid Pulse

Heat Stroke

- > Body Temp of 104+
- > Confusion, Agitation
- > Slurred Speech
- > Nausea and Vomiting
- > Flushed Skin
- > Rapid Heartrate
- > Rapid Breathing

Stay hydrated, stay cool!



Costumes are not Consent!

- > Always ask before you touch or hug a fursuiter or costumer.
- > When in suit, it can be difficult to see and hear!
- > Be sure you have the attention of the person in suit before interacting.
- > Do not lift suiters, tug on tails, ears, or tentacles!
- > Keep the convention safe for everyone!



Do you enjoy stories?



Art by Donryu

Do you worship Anubis?

Art by Rojolyx



Bluesky: @alsongroo
FurAffinity: alsong

SHAWN THE GIRL

CHARACTER ART!
SIMPLIFIED ANIMATION!
PSYCHOLOGY NERDINGS!
CRAFTS!
STREAMS EVERY SUNDAY!

VISIT MY SOCIALS...
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Hotel Conduct

Maintaining a positive relationship with our venues and hotels is a shared responsibility of every attendee. Represent the best of the fandom, and remember these simple rules:



1. Keep your volume level reasonable and do not run in the halls.
2. Do not bring any food or glassware into pool areas.
3. Do not overload elevators, and give priority to disabled attendees or those in suit.
4. Do not tamper with safety equipment, including smoke detectors.
5. Remember to be kind and tip the housekeeping staff!



Beach Safety

Furvana is located a very short walk from the coast of the beautiful Pacific Ocean, and although there is plenty of fun to be had on the beach, the ocean can be extremely dangerous if you do not respect the power of the waves. To ensure a fun and safe time is had by all, please follow these guidelines whenever you're on the beach:

Logs Are Not Your Friends!

Always stay clear of driftwood logs and never play on or around them. Logs are on the beach because they were picked up and carried by waves; they are unstable and can easily roll over on you.

Knee Deep!

If you do walk into the water, make sure you don't go in to water past your knees to help ensure your safety and help prevent you from being swept away by a rip current.

Bring a Buddy!

Do not go out close to or into the water by yourself. That way, if you do get into trouble, there will always be someone to call for help.

Don't Turn Your Back on the Ocean!

When in the water, sneaker waves can come out of nowhere and knock you off your feet. Always keep one eye on the incoming waves when in the water or close to the water's edge.

Wear a Wetsuit!

The water of the Pacific Ocean can be very cold, especially in September! Wearing a wetsuit will help keep your body temperature regulated and decrease the risk of hypothermia.

Cars on the Beach

The beach is classified as a state highway, so pedestrians should watch out for moving vehicles at all times and vehicles should drive slowly and be very mindful of pedestrians. Driving on the packed sand of the beach is permitted, but you should always stay very clear of the ocean water. It is very easy for a heavy vehicle to become entrapped in the wet sand, and the high salt content of ocean water can do damage to a vehicle. Traction tires are strongly advised.

Alcohol

Alcohol is permitted on the beach, but you **MUST NOT** be in a vehicle if you are drinking.



Leave only pawprints,
take only memories!

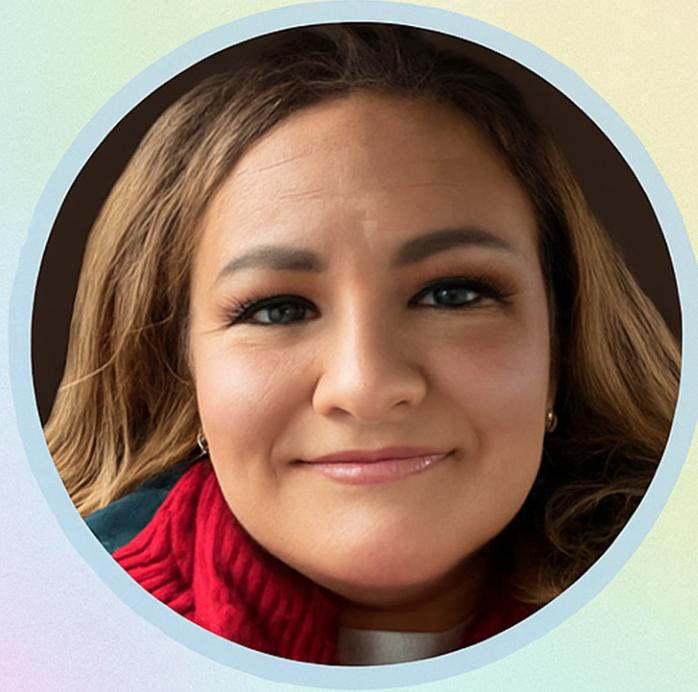




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Panels & Programming

Main Events

Opening Ceremonies

Friday 2:00 PM to 3:00 PM in Main Theater

All paws on deck! Set sail on another glorious voyage as we kick off Furvana 2025 in style! Meet your crew, Guests of Honor, learn what treasures await this weekend, and get your bearings for all the adventures ahead. Whether it's your first con or your fourth, the journey starts here!

Dance!!!

Friday 8:00 PM to Midnight in Main Theater

Saturday 8:00 PM to Midnight in Main Theater

Sunday 6:00 PM to 10:00 PM on the Beach (Main Theater as Backup)

As the sun dips below the yardarm, the beat rises! Join us each night as the main stage transforms into a seafaring soiree of lights, sound, and furry revelry. Featuring a rotating cast of DJs spinning EDM, house, and other high-energy tunes, the Nightly Dance is the heart of the party. Dance like no one's steering and lose yourself in the rhythm of the tide. Visit the Furvana website for the latest DJ schedule. Please note that a minor curfew is in effect in all areas of the convention center, including the dance, after 10:00 PM.

Furvana Car Show

Saturday 2:00 PM to 5:00 PM in the West Parking Lot

Hosted by: Project F and Awoocru

Roll into port for Furvana's flashiest car show back for its second year! Whether ye bring a vessel or just be admirin', this is where furs and gearheads meet to show off their rides and talk tailpipes.

Photo Booth

Friday 11:00 AM to 2:00 PM in Panel Room 1 & 2

Saturday 6:30 PM to 8:30 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Rictar Rat

Capture the magic! Swing by the official Furvana Photo Booth to snap a memory with friends, fursuiters, or your own fabulous self. Props and backdrops await—so strike a pose and immortalize your adventures at sea (or at least at con)!

Charity Auction

Saturday 9:30 AM to 12:30 PM in Main Theater

Ready to plunder for a cause? Bid on art, collectibles, and one-of-a-kind items at our raucous charity auction, all in support of SR3 Sealife! It's the most fun you'll have parting with your gold. Raise your paw (or hook) and show your generous spirit!

Dance Competition Qualifiers

Saturday 1:00 PM to 2:00 PM in Main Theater

Think you've got the moves to impress even Davy Jones? Strut your stuff and show our judges what you've got! The qualifiers determine who will compete in the final Dance Competition. Bring your A-game and your sea legs! Note that this is a closed event only for those who want to participate in the Dance Competition. Advance sign-up is not required.

Dance Competition Finals

Sunday 2:00 PM to 3:30 PM in the Main Theater

Only the boldest buccaneers remain! Cheer on the finalists as they battle it out in Furvana's high-energy Dance Competition. Expect stunning moves, dramatic footwork, and more tails wagging than a kraken's got tentacles. Who will win the crown? The fates will decide!



Patron and Guest of Honor Dinner

Saturday 5:00 PM to 6:30 PM in Main Theater

An exclusive evening for Furvana's Patrons, VIPs, and Guests of Honor. Enjoy a delicious catered meal and casual conversation in a relaxed setting. A chance to break bread, share stories, and get to know the amazing folks who help make Furvana a reality. By invitation or Patron-level badge only.

Fursuit Parade

Sunday 12:00 PM Starting in Main Theater, traveling to the Beach

Gather yer maties, polish yer paws, and march with pride! The Fursuit Parade is your chance to strut your stuff across the con and show the world your character in full glory. Open to all costumers; don't forget to hydrate and bring your best swagger!

Closing Ceremonies

Sunday 4:00 PM to 6:00 PM on the Beach (Main Theater as Backup)

The voyage ends but the memories live on. Join us for a fond farewell as we celebrate highlights from the week-end, reveal our fundraising total, and tease what lies on the horizon for next year. Until our ships come ashore again, thank you for being part of the adventure. Stick around afterwards, as closing ceremonies leads directly into the dead dog dance!

Arts and Crafting

How to make a Refsheet

Friday 7:00 PM to 8:00 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: ShawnTheGirl (Guest of Honor)

Ready yer sketchbooks, shipmates! Learn how to design a character ref sheet with Guest of Honor ShawnTheGirl. Whether ye be drawing yer own or commissioning others, this session offers tips, Q&A, and artistic treasures aplenty!

AD Sketchbook Swap (18+)

Friday 10:00 PM to Midnight in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Cuptab

Hoist yer pencils and swap sails—er, sketchbooks! Trade character art with fellow 18+ artists in this collaborative, consensual creative exchange. Don't forget your reference sheets and drawing do's/don'ts!

Sketchbook Swap

Sunday 1:00 PM to 2:00 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Kitty Snail

Gather round for an art swap bonanza! Bring your sketchbook and trade drawings with fellow furs. Group games, sketch exchanges, and sona fun await!

Ears and Tail Making!

Friday 3:00 PM to 6:30 PM in Panel Room 1 & 2

Hosted by: Matoakit & Karma

Craft yer own furry finery! Join Karma and Matoakit in this hands-on workshop where you'll stitch, shape, and swashbuckle your way through makin' custom fursuit ears and tails. All materials and tools will be on deck—just bring yer creativity!

Fiber Arts Gathering

Sunday 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Anya Silverfur

Bring yer yarn, hooks, needles, and projects to this cozy crafting circle. All fiber arts welcome! Whether you knit, crochet, or cross-stitch, join your fellow string-loving furs for a chill time.



Lifestyle and Hobbies



Yoga – Hip and Knee

Friday 4:00 PM to 5:30 PM in the Main Theater

Hosted by: Awe Tiger

Start yer quest for animal alignment with a focus on yer lower rigging—hips and knees! This gentle yoga session welcomes all levels and abilities, including chair-based options, guiding ye toward inner balance and strength.

Yoga – Shoulders and Spine

Saturday 11:00 AM to 12:30 PM on the Beach

Hosted by: Awetiger

This mid-journey yoga stop focuses on shoulders, spine, and breath. Settle your sails, stretch your rigging, and find alignment with nature's rhythm. Chair-friendly options available!

Yoga – Paws and Purception

Sunday 10:00 AM to 11:30 AM in the Main Theater

Hosted by: @awetiger

Condition yer paws and sharpen yer senses in this unique yoga and movement session. Accessible for all mobility levels—let's awaken yer inner beast.

Vintage Computer Lab

Friday 1:00 PM to 5:00 PM in Tabletop Gaming Room

Hosted by: Leo Barkley

Step back in time! Explore classic machines, tinker with vintage tech, or bring your own device to share. Perfect for retro-furs and pixel pirates alike.

Autistic Furs Guided Meetup

Friday 7:00 PM to 8:00 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Moosemower

Ahoy, autistic mateys! Thar be a semi-structured meetup in which to parlay with like-minded crewmates about your salty tales, expound on your special interests, and show-and-tell your shiny baubles! We shall commence with a lightning talk before breaking into bands of 3-5. Perhaps ye shall meet a fast friend?

Living as a Digital Nomad

Friday 8:00 PM to 9:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Fritzy Wolf

Dreamin' of taking your den on the move? Learn how one wolf wandered the wilds of North America full-time in an RV, working remotely and living on the move. Come with questions, leave with a map to adventure.

Ecology and How to Forage

Friday 8:00 PM to 9:30 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Echomary

Have you ever wanted to get into foraging but were stopped by certain barriers of entry? Or maybe you just want to get to know your local plants and mushrooms a little better but don't know where to start? Unearth the magic of the natural world! Learn the essentials of foraging safely and ethically, without poisoning yourself or others. Learn the essentials of foraging safely and ethically, whether ye roam the forests or the concrete jungle. We'll also explore how this practice connects to broader ecological resilience.

Furry Relationship Advise (18+)

Friday 10:00 PM to 11:00 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Shawn the Girl (Guest of Honor) & ErikTheOdd

Drop anchor for a late-night journey into the high seas of furry romance! With a blend of advice, laughs, and real talk, ShawnTheGirl (psych degree in tow) and ErikTheOdd field your relationship questions in this After Dark affair.

Parenting Furry Kids

Saturday 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Shawn The Girl (Guest of Honor)

If you're here, you've already taken a huge step in supporting your unique kiddo! Come to this panel to learn about the community, child safety within the community, and how we, as parents, can do our best to help these wonderful kiddos! (Panel run by ShawnTheGirl, parent with a BA in



Intro to Aviation

Saturday 12:00 PM to 1:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Squawk_7777

Ever wanted to learn about the behind the scenes of aviation in the United States? Fly over to this panel for an introductory course on how your flight gets from point A to point B.

Intro to 3D Printing

Saturday 12:00 PM to 12:30 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Chakat Nightscream

New to the realm of 3D printing? Learn the ropes on picking the right printer and setting sail on your first projects. A perfect intro course for landlubbers and makers alike.

3D Printing Workshop

Saturday 3:00 PM to 5:00 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Chakat Nightscream

Already know yer way 'round a printer? Dive deeper into the world of 3D fabrication with this advanced panel on tools, techniques, and pushing your prints to the next level.

Intro to Game Dev

Saturday 6:00 PM to 7:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Lexario

Wanna be a game developer? Making games is a huge undertaking and knowing where to get started can feel overwhelming, so let's tackle what's most important to know when you're getting started. Will cover everything it takes to actually make a game, touch on common terminology, tools, techniques, and tips for programmers, designers, artists, sound designers, and production, as well as provide advice that can be applied regardless of focus from the perspective of someone who's worked both on small indie projects and at AAA studios.

How we Started a Furry Cider Company (21+)

Saturday 9:00 PM to 10:00 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Spork and Martini

Come wet yer whistle and hear the tale of Slightly Furry—the world's first licensed furry alcohol producers! Learn how cider and beer be brewed, ask yer boozy questions, and maybe find the wind for your own distilling dreams.



Fandom

Bat Furs Meetup

Friday 7:30 PM to 8:00 PM in Main Lobby

Hosted by: Nightmare Bat

Calling all bats and bat-lovers! This casual meetup is for winged furs to hang out, connect, and echolocate new friends.

Trading Post

Saturday 4:00 PM to 6:00 PM in Main Lobby

Hosted by: Kitty Snail

Yarr! Bring yer treasures—plushies, pins, art, and more—to this cozy trading cove. No gold required, just a love of the swap. Clean, SFW loot only, or ye'll walk the plank!

Portland / Vancouver Furs Meetup

Saturday 6:00 PM to 6:30 PM in Main Lobby

Hosted by: Oneggiri

Live near the Vancouver/Portland borderlands? Come connect with fellow SW Washington furs! This is yer local social sail.

Game Devs Meetup

Saturday 7:30 PM to 8:00 PM in Main Lobby

Hosted by: Lexario

Connect with fellow furry game devs in this casual meet and greet! Talk shop, share ideas, and maybe find yer next collaborator or crewmate.



Let's Spoil Warrior Cats! (The Prophecies Begin)

Saturday 10:00 PM to 11:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Naritacoree

Ever wondered what the fuss is about those feline warriors? Set sail with Naritacoree as we dramatically spoil (and lovingly roast) the first arc of the Warrior Cats series—live drawings and maybe a peek at the next arc included!

Rubber Furs Meetup

Saturday 10:30 PM to 11:00 PM in Main Lobby

Hosted by: Nigel Ranaghar

Whether you suit up in latex, rubber, vinyl, or just admire the aesthetic, this meetup is your safe harbor. Come connect with fellow rubber furs, show off your gear (if you've got it), and chat about all things squeaky. All experience levels and curiosities welcome—no judgment, just good vibes and glossy fun!

Midnight Howl

Saturday at 11:59 PM on the Beach

Hosted by: You!

This one's simple, just trounce on out to the beach at midnight and awoooooOOOOO!!

Performance

BoxDoom - Live Electronica

Friday 6:00 PM to 7:00 PM in Main Theater

Hosted by: GloveBoxOfDoom

Climb aboard for a sonic voyage! GloveBoxOfDoom brings electrifying energy in this live electronic music set sure to rock the ship. Tune yer ears to a stormy sea of sound, lights, and rhythm!

What Strange Beasts Concert

Saturday 3:00 PM to 4:00 PM in Main Theater

Hosted by: What Strange Beasts

Back from the depths and ready to rock, What Strange Beasts returns with their signature mix of progressive rock, storytelling, and cosmic vibes on the Furvana stage! Don't miss this electrifying live concert, featuring original music and enough energy to shiver your timbers.

Um, Actually...

Saturday 4:00 PM to 5:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Auggie Dog and Big Yeeted Menace

Do ye love trivia, technicalities, and furry facts? Then this be the game for ye! A furry twist on the Dropout.TV hit gameshow "Um, Actually", complete with audience chaos, prizes, and the thrill of being technically correct, which is the best kind of correct.

Shake Your Tails Off!! (Beach Bash Edition)

Saturday 4:00 PM to 5:30 PM on the Beach

Hosted by: Lulu

Dive into beachy beats and unleash your inner dance beast! Join us for high-energy dancing on the big wide beach. No experience needed—just shake your tail!

Rhex's Runway – Furry Fashion Show

Saturday 8:00 PM to 9:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Rettysuko

Witness the finest furs strut their style on the high seas of fashion! Three categories, fierce competition, and audience votes decide who takes home the crown in this glamorous showcase.



Writing & Gaming

Intro to Furry Writing

Saturday 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Al Song (Guest of Honor)

What are some differences between furry fiction and other types of prose? How do you get started as a furry fiction author? How do you even get started as a writer? We'll answer these questions and discuss the basics of writing furry fiction. This panel will be for beginning writers of furry fiction who want to learn more about the craft of prose containing anthropomorphic worlds and characters.

Let's Make Zines!

Saturday 12:30 PM to 2:30 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Mulchmouth

Make yer mark, matey! Learn how to create a one-sheet zine and craft your own on the spot. Supplies provided, but bringing yer own tools is heartily encouraged.

How to Anthro in Tabletop RPGs

Saturday 2:00 PM to 3:30 PM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Nigel Ranaghar

Furries enjoy a variety of outlets for their furry passion, from art, music, and storytelling. Another avenue is in the characters they make and the games they play. Tabletop Roleplaying Games are a rich creative source for people to let out their furry nature. We'll examine 4 different game systems and how each of them support the fantasy of being a furry, comparing and contrasting them to each other as well as how they balance flavor and mechanics.

How to Write Furry Erotica (18+)

Saturday 10:00 PM to 11:30 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Al Song (Guest of Honor)

Join us as we discuss the basics of writing erotica with a furry lens. Join author Al Song for tips to those who have already started on their erotic writing journeys, and help those who are curious about the art form but have not written a story before. We'll also discuss terms specific to furry erotica. There are multiple types of knots we can address within this panel!

Intro to Worldbuilding

Sunday 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM in Panel Room 1

Hosted by: Liamdayfui

Building a setting for a book, but yer not sure where to begin? Want some tips on tricks on how to develop your fictional world? Hoist the sails of your imagination! Learn tips and tricks for crafting compelling worlds, and answer yer questions to help chart your creative course.

Worldbuilding Workshop

Sunday 1:00 PM to 2:00 PM in Panel Room 2

Hosted by: Liamdayfui

Companion Panel to "Intro to Worldbuilding". Roll up yer sleeves and build a world from scratch! Prompts, materials, and creativity abound in this hands-on workshop. Optional sharing and discussion at voyage's end.



Keelhauled

by Packwolf Lupestripe

From the Desk of William Leasgill
Monday, February 6, 1741

I write this Letter to put right the scurrilous Rumours about me. You may ask why I have waited so long when my Reputation is already in Ruins, but you must remember the Context of how this came to be.

Fifteen years ago, Persecution by the Societies was insidious and strong. Hangings were common under the 'Protection of Manners'. Close Friends suffered the Pillory under the Opprobrium of Crowds, while Entrapment was rife in the Taverns and Bog-Houses.

When you live through such Terror, you can never show your true self, not until you know you're in the Presence of someone you trust. Seeing so many Lovers betrayed made the Noose feel ever tighter and I knew it was only a matter of Time before it would ensnare me too.

My Tale begins one December out East, five Months into our Mission, back in 1725. The Promise of adventure had seen me seek out the Navy, but so did the Promise of anonymity in faraway Lands. One day, I spied a Flying Fox on the Dock and was instantly smitten by his exotic Beauty. We got chatting and soon realised we shared similar Proclivities, and he suggested a Place we could sequester away.

An Encounter became an Affair and then a Source of true Torment, for I was due back on the Boat yet was reticent to leave. For Days a Battle was waged between my Head and my Heart, until Duty came calling and the Decision was made.

I can still picture the last Moments we shared. I see them every Time I close my Eyes.

There's a small Fire in the Corner, but my Beloved is the only Warmth I need. I meet his Gaze and we embrace at the back of the Inn; our World condensed into this one tiny Room.

I sigh and shift my Weight down upon him, nuzzling into his soft Fur. I may have only known him nine Days, but it already feels like a Lifetime. My Tail flicks back and forth as he wraps me in his Wings. It reminds me of Safety. It reminds me of Home.

I pick up the Tankard of Rum and take a deep Swig. He hasn't asked how I could afford it, and he doesn't need to know.

I stroke down his firm Chest with my wandering Paw, enjoying his Moans as he dissolves into me. I move my Muzzle up to snatch a quick Kiss before sinking contentedly back into his Pelt.

Then a familiar Voice shakes me to my Core.

"We are from His Majesty's Navy. We are looking for a Mr. Leasgill. Is he on the Premises?"

I jump up, but my Lover pulls me back towards him. He mustn't have heard the Commotion outside. I pull away sharply and my Heart cleaves in two, the look on his Face almost bringing me to Tears.

My Eyes dart around frantically, but I know there's only one Exit. I must go through the Window and into the Darkness beyond.

"Where are you going?" he cries and I struggle to maintain my Repose.

"I don't know my Love, but I know love will prevail."

He walks up beside me and gives me a Kiss, passionate and long, but not as long as I'd like. He wraps



me in those Wings and I melt into him again, but the Moment's too fleeting and I must let him go.

"I love you," I gasp as I pull the Glass to one side. I dive through the Portal, as my Adversary dives into the Room. The only thing he can catch is my Buttocks disappearing into the Night.

"Get back," my Lover screams, but I'm gone before I hear how it resolves. I run down the Backstreets, looking for Salvation, but I sense that the Captain is hot on my Tail.

"Stop! Stop in the Name of His Majesty!"

I search in vain for an Alley, for somewhere to hide, dodging the Locals milling about on the Streets. The tropical Heat is too much and I soon start to pant, the Air becoming thicker in the expectance of Rain.

There's a flick on my Shin and I fall to the Floor. I scramble over the Dirt, but I know I cannot escape. There's a Heaviness against me, pushing my Muzzle into the Mud, while my Arms are forcibly pulled behind my Back.

My Heart beats in anger like the Thunder in the Sky as I hear the six paltry Words that'll determine the rest of my Life.

"William Leasgill, you are under arrest."

The next Morning, I am dragged before the Crew in Chains and guided to the Bow where a Rope is there waiting. The Boatswain can't look at me as I'm tied to the Rigging, torn between a Sense of Friendship and Duty. I remember drinking with him the Day before I absconded; the Mirth of that Night long-since departed.

He tugs at my Binds to ensure I am secure. I stare out to Sea, condemned to my Fate, knowing my chance of Survival is impossibly slim.

"William Leasgill," the Captain proclaims. I look at my Crewmates; Heads bowed in solemnity.

"You are charged with the Crime of Desertion and the Theft of one Barrel of Rum. For these Offenses, you have been sentenced to Keelhaul."

I look down at the choppy Waters baying for my Blood. For a second, I see the Flying Fox reflected in its Wake. I glance back at the Captain as he gives a sad Nod, a thin Smile betraying how I know he must feel.

I recall the many Nights we spent alone in his Cabin, sharing Stories and Rum then later our Bodies. It means nothing now - Duty always prevails on the High Seas - but it was never my Intent for this to happen this Way.

How was I to know I was going to fall in Love?

I think of my Beloved as they lower me down; if only he could fly and spirit me away. My Paws hit the Drink and the sharp Scent of Salt hits my Nose, my Senses overwhelmed in this cerulean Hell. My Fur becomes matted as the Waves batter my Torso and I know Fate may deem this the last Thing I see.

But Fate must have been smiling on me that warm December Day. Either that or I enjoyed the Captain's Benevolence and Favour.

The sea became becalmed, as if pleased by the Sacrifice, and I've always been good at holding my Breath. I'd heard tales of Seamen subjected for Hours then hung from the Bow as a Warning to all. Some had been sent to their Deaths or were torn Limb from Limb, but after only ten Minutes my Punishment was done.

I spent the next Weeks recovering; my Crewmates shunning me for my 'Crimes'. At least they shunned me in Public, but a Man has certain Needs. Days are arduous and long, particularly at Sea, and I was all too happy to fulfil my new Role.

The Admiralty would have hanged us, but the Admiralty wouldn't know. And a Secret is shared on a Ship of this size. The Captain knew this as much as the Crew, which is probably why he'd been so lenient on me.



I was court-marshalled of course, once we got Home. Stripped of my Rank and dishonourably discharged. Sometimes it only takes one Instant to trash a Reputation, even if that Instant comes from the purest of Deeds.

My Lover was executed shortly thereafter, but I have thought of him daily over the last fifteen Years. It's not a thing to confess in polite Society, but I hold no Regrets for what I became. I did what I did through a deep Sense of Love and no Reformation of Manners can ever reform me. For there is no Crime in making what use I please of my Body. There is no Crime in loving those who you love.

At least the Societies are gone, but Society is still poisoned against us. As I lie here on my Deathbed, I wish I were born into a different Time, but one cannot change the Time into which one is born. I can only hope Historians of the Future assess me in a much kinder Light, in a Time when the Word 'Sodomite' is no longer a Curse.

I hand myself over to God and do not fear his Judgment, for I know my Lover is in Heaven waiting for my return.

Artwork Credits

We would like to thank the following artists and designers for helping us with many of the wonderful art assets you see around the convention, on our website, and in the conbook.

ShawnTheGirl - Convention shirt, convention poster, badge art, background art, assorted promotional art, conbook cover, pin design.

Soren - Assorted promotional art

Meep - Mascot design, Assorted promotional art, staff shirts, standees

3ring - Logo design, character art

Franpaccio - Character art

Rictar Rat - Photography

Fritz Wolf - Area guide,
Graphic design and layouts

Cat - Graphic design and
layouts



VIP Members

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Sol Myriad

Patron Members

@Rictar_rat, Adilor, AL SONG, Antwelm, awoo?, BlackDawg, Bounme, Cameren Rose Carma, Chimerror, Circa Roo, Cookie Doe. Cujo, DozingUnicorn, Durg, Dusk Seeker, Erik the Odd, Fable, Fenric, Frey, Fritzzy Wolf, Gaernin Hel OtterHound, Hey Esker!, Jacky, Kaji, Kazen, Keyy, Kovu Cougar, Lance ilpikachoo, Matoakit, Maxwell Colorado, Michael Dragonson, Mozu, Nanuk NightCat , Nightmare, Orion Navattan. Quinn Fairchild, Rhin, Rook_the_fluffy Roukan, Scyvvir, Sergal King, Shadow D. Wolf, ShawnTheGirl, Shutter Wolf, Skai Snowmeow, Spottacus, Squawk, Teuf, Thumper, Tilton, Tony Sionnach, Tuxedokitty Venya, Wild_n_Woofy, Wolfie27415

Sponsor Members

#!/usr/bin/env shep, 3Ktone, Ab, Abzer, Agralewyn, Akyon, Alder, Alex, AlphaCzar, Ambro, Anemos , Ankle Bane Antony, Anya Silverfur, Apricity, Arctura, Aspen, Avalanche, Aven, B.H. Rodriguez, Bahumot, Bailey, Baisy, Bear Ben Dronkin, Blinker, Blu, Blue, BryFoxett, Bubba, Bubbles, Calvin Requin, Canidae Collective, Capt. Harar Captain Lila, Ceffy, Celanor, chimey, Cipher, Code, Cole fox , Collings, Cori, Courier, Cres, CristionWolf, Crypty Bean Cuda, Daft, Daija, Damian, Damien Canidae, DangerDook, Danny, darterWolf, DeafDoe, Dekko Drax, Delicious Delta Noises, Demon Fox, Dizzy, Dizzy PurpleQgr, Drake Arlin, EDW, Ellis, Elyxr, Emi, Fade, Fafo Arson, Fang, Fauxerious FelHearts, fernacen, Finn, Finny, Flair, Flake, Flying Tacos, Foster, Fouquin, Frozen, Fulmi, Fuzzy Fox, Gallus, Grim, Grizzly Growlph, Haika, Hazel, Hige, Holy Guacamole, Hoppy!, Howlwind, Hukka, Icy, It's Trey!, Ivy, Jacie Doggy, Jackson JadeOart, James, Jarn, Jayce Bandit, Jim, John, Kadenza, Kamon Fox, Katriel, Khobalt, Kipple, Kit, Kit Yote, Kno, Koda Kota Bearclaw, Kuyo, KVAR, Kynie, Lavy Jasper, Lex, Lickity Split, Lila, Loft, Loxy, Lucky, Lunasnowwolf, Lydia, Mador Marine, Markus, Martini, Maxx, Meli, Metal Fox, Midnight, Milo, Milo, Milo, mingmingrr, Mintie, Moose Mower, mooztooz Mutt, Mynx, Nican, Nigel Ranaghar, Nitrofox, Nordmeat, Nova, Nuke, NukerFox, Oliver Kylorri, Ome F, Othello, Ozymandias Patty, Pavel, Petorawolf, Polaris, Pup Kin, Raleigh, Ramidi, Ratchet, Red, Redclaw, Remy, Rigel, Rocky Raku-n, Royce RubistoneFloof, Rustyrabbitsss, Ryzote, Sabur, Sal, Sheppy, Shiv, Shoelace, Siber, Siki, Silver, Sir Licks-A-Knot, Sketchwolf Slayyterwolf, Snivyknight, Spud Dastardly, Starshell, Strap, sunrise, Sydney, T-DOG, Teez, The Package Vulpine, Toxi Trozte, Tsukasa Darkstar, Tuzi, Ube for ur bae, Uck, Val, villager (unconscious), Wildberry, Willowyn, Windmist, Wizzy Wolfy SeaFang , WoofADoof, Xysh, YaltaWuff, Zaltania , Zentimental, Zera, Zevana

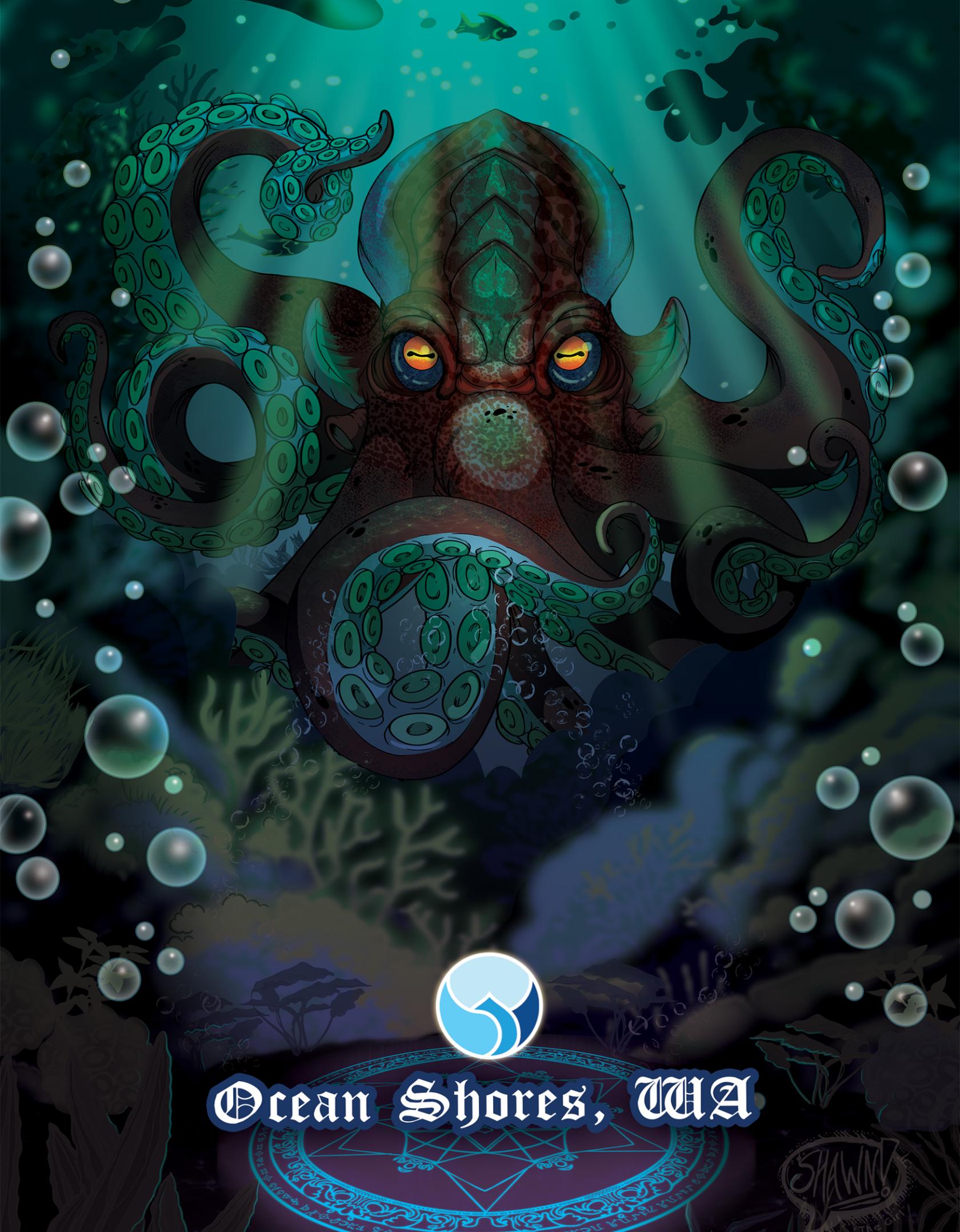
Furbana Staff

Chairs: dobbs, Fritzzy Wolf

Executive Team: Smiles, Kiba Anazuka, Tuef, Grovel, Antwelm, Metal Fox, Cat, Knine, Kae, Darter Wolf

Beloved Staff: Rictar Rat, Kaylie "Nicky" McCary, Cristal "DJ Zaltania" Visser, Dorsai Irregulars, Loma, Adilor, Carma, Matoa, Quincy Otter, Terk Wolf, Keyy Otter, Ratchet Fox, Haru, Tigon, Leo Barkley, Porsche, Cookie Cutter, Soren, Meep, Luna SnowWolf, Graypaww, FrostTheFox, Spud Dastardly

Special Thanks: Zaltania & Circa Roo



Ocean Shores, WA

