

Tails & Tornadoes



· Renaissance Faire ·

· 2022 ·

Bolter
2022

**2022 CONVENTION BOOK
TAILS AND TORNADOES
“RENAISSANCE FAIR”
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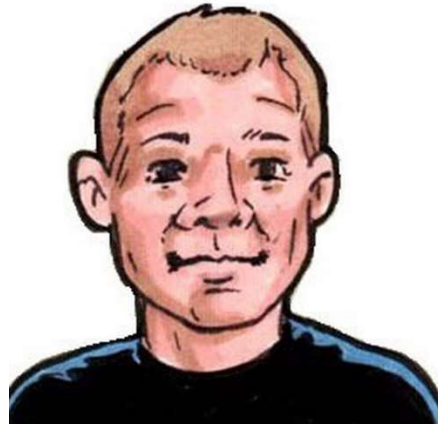
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Letter from the Chair of Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con



Hark, ye lords, ladies, and knaves! I am Lord Mattew of the Sooner State Kingdom, and I welcome all staff and attendees to ye olde TTFC '22. I hope everyone has a delightful 'Renaissance Faire.'

I hope everyone enjoys the third convention of TTFC, and my, how things have grown! I have held the position of con chair since 2020, when an unscrupulous baron conquered my peaceful lands and impressed me into his service! It is my hope that everyone—staff and attendees alike—have a safe and enjoyable convention experience this weekend.

I want everyone to sample all TTFC '22 has to offer. See old friends, make new friends, and attend the variety of panels and meets on offer. I encourage all attendees to check out the excellent slate of vendors at the Dealer's Den and commission a badge or two from the artists at the Artist's Alley. Don't forget to attend a room party or two after con space quiets down for the evening! However, I warn ye to keep the noise down...hotel security has informed me that several man-eating dragons have been brought in to handle troublemakers this weekend.

I am immensely proud of the high-quality staff that work hard to keep things running smoothly. If you need help or information at any point during your convention experience, our 'Shire-Reeves' on staff are here to help. These most noble officers will be highly visible: look for their bright orange badge ribbons and lanyards in the crowd. Notice the orange border with the word "Staff" on their badge to confirm they're the genuine article.

A lord is nothing without his nobles, and I could not do this without all the TTFC staff that have worked hard to make this weekend possible. They've planned for TTFC '22 since before the closing ceremonies of our 2021 event. Without them, I could not do my job as chair, and I am immensely grateful for all the behind-the-scenes work they've done to make this TTFC—and all TTFCs to come—possible.

TTFC isn't all fun and games, and we are also here to raise funds for a good cause. TTFC '22 will be supporting the ARF (Animal Rescue Foundation), a local charity with shelter facilities in

Bartlesville, Oklahoma. ARF offers emergency shelter space and supportive care to dogs, cats, and other pets in need throughout Oklahoma. Completely volunteer-based and open year-round, ARF holds regular spay/neuter clinics and adoption services to ensure that the animals it cares for find loving forever homes. They will have a booth in the Dealer's Den with puppies and kittens...with the possibility of puppy kisses in exchange for a charity donation on offer. I encourage anyone near Bartlesville to investigate volunteering for the ARF.

TTFC is proud to present a fine slate of jesters, entertainers, craftspeople, and other bards to ensure an atmosphere of great merriment during the faire. Our Guests of Honor are:

Heads and Tails Studios, based out of Phoenix, AZ. H&T Studios is an individually owned and operated (by Ash) custom costume and fursuit studio that specializes in creating and building wearable, one-of-a-kind animal art pieces. Originally founded in a garage in California in 2013, H&T Studios has brought over 250 different characters to life! Their commissions are open if you are in the market for a fursuit!

Boltie, a 26-year-old freelance furry artist based out of Saint Louis, Missouri, who has been drawing furies and posting her art online since 2008! Boltie offers art commissions as well as custom apparel, plushies, lanyards, and more featuring her art. TTFC is honored to have Boltie make much of the artwork that you will see around the con space this year (the con shirt design, the registration badge artwork, the sponsor gift, and even the conbook cover)! I encourage all to give Boltie some of your coins at her booth in the Dealer's Den.

Citrine Husky, a 29-year-old furry musician from central Indiana. Born in 1993, the fact he was diagnosed as being legally blind at birth has not stopped his career as a fursuiter, comedian, singer-songwriter, and multi-instrumental musician. He has attended nearly forty furry conventions since 2012, serving as guest of honor for Fur Reality, Fur the 'More, and Motor City Fur Con. He has performed alongside Fox Amore (as well as Foxes and Peppers), Bucktown Tiger, Alkali, and Uncle Kage, and is ecstatic about a performance at TTFC! Catch him at one of his numerous panels or visit his booth at the Dealer's Den to pick up a souvenir CD. He would be delighted to meet you, but please acknowledge him before going in for a hug!

I thank ye all for making the pilgrimage to TTFC '22. We couldn't do it without our attendees and staff. I hope everyone has a safe, enjoyable, and fun weekend!

Proclaimed from the Red Castle at Tulsa,

Matthew
Chair of Tails and Tornadoes Fur Con

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!!
AS WE DOTH PROCLAIM THE RULES FOR HOW WE
SHALL AVOID THE SPREAD OF THE PLAGUE!!

We here at the renaissance understand that the plague (covid-19) is still rampaging across the nation, as such the king has issued a decree of safety!

Covid-19 Policies for Tails and Tornados '22



Sticker Credits to Kwik

- All personal **MUST** wear a mask in public spaces with the exceptions of actively eating or drinking or wearing a full fursuit head that covers the face.
- Documentation of vaccination **OR** a negative covid test taken **NO MORE THAN 72 hours** before the convention.

We here at TTFC understand the frustration of covid-19 policies but we all **MUST** work together to keep everyone safe! Let's have a fun and **SAFE** convention while also keeping everyone around us as safe as possible!

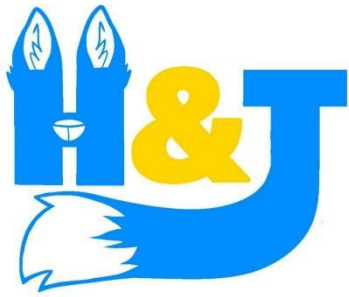
Sticker credits to Kwik

AND REMEMBER! IF YOU ARE FEELING ILL, STAY
HOME! KEEP THOSE AROUND YOU SAFE!



GUESTS OF HONOR TTFC 2022

HEADS AND TAILS STUDIOS



Heads and Tails Studios, based out of Phoenix, AZ is an individually-owned and operated (by Ash) custom costume studio that specializes in creating and building wearable, one of a kind animal art. Originally founded in a garage in California in 2013, Heads and Tails Studios currently has a gallery of over 250 different characters that they have brought to life! When they're not building suits, Ash loves to explore the great outdoors with their friends and dogs. We are excited to have them as our fursuit maker Guest of Honor for TTFC 2022!



BOLTIE

Boltie (she/her) is a 26yo freelance furry artist based out of STL Missouri that has been drawing furies and posting her art online since 2008! Aside from custom commissions, Boltie also sells her work on apparel, plushies, lanyards, keychains, and more on her website and at her table!

CITRINE HUSKY

Citrine husky is a 29-year-old from Central Indiana. He is a fursuiter, comedian, singer-songwriter and multiple instrumental musician. He was born in 1993 and was diagnosed as being permanently legally blind at Birth. At the age of three he received his first piano for Christmas. Over the next several years he began learning more instruments as he began performing with his father's band across the state of Indiana. Throughout Middle School he acquired instruments such as mandolin, fiddle, harmonica, accordion, Bass and more. It was around this time in 2005 that citrine wrote his very first song and since then he has never stopped writing. After High School in 2012 he discovered the furry fandom thanks to a well-known classic rock band called sticks. Soon after he began attending conventions and Performing original music publicly. To this day he has attended nearly 40 furry conventions over the past decade and has been guest of honor for conventions such as Fur Reality, FurTheMore and MCFC. He has performed alongside Fox Amour, pepper coyote, Bucktown tiger, alkali, uncle kage and many more and is ecstatic about performing here for us this weekend. Along with his numerous panels you can catch him in our dealers Den selling his CDs to take home with you as a souvenir. Please come up and say hi he would be delighted to meet you and is very friendly. Just remember to acknowledge Him before you go in for a hug because remember he is blind.



OUR CHARITY OF THE YEAR 2022!!



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

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

ON TOP OF OUR AMAZING GUESTS OF
HONOR: WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT
FURRY LOGIC AT TTFC 2022!!



FURRY LOGIC

AT-EVENT ESCAPE ROOMS

GET READY FOR A CAMPING TRIP LIKE NO OTHER!
AT CAMP IWANASOLVYA, YOU'LL NEED TO SOLVE OUR
PUZZLES TO UNLOCK YOUR BADGES AND
BECOME BEST AT CAMP!

<u>TIMES</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
FRI: 12 P- 10P	2ND FLOOR
SAT: 10A- 10P	BIRCH
SUN: 10A-6P	

PRICE
\$20 PER PLAYER

**A PORTION OF ALL TICKET
PROCEEDS WILL GO TO:
ANIMAL RESCUE FOUNDATION
BARTLESVILLE, OK**

SIGN UP NOW TO RESERVE YOUR TIME!

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

MEET THE STAFF OF TAILS AND TORNADOES 2022!!

CHAIRMEN

CHAIRMAN – MATTEW



VICE CHAIRMAN - KOORI



IT DEPT

LEAD: SCAELING

MAXIS

CON OPS

LEAD: ALOHA

DOGGYSPEAK

SPARKI

ARTY

HORRIBLE BEAR

SAMAKI

GOKIES

NOGARD

SECURITY

LEAD: STORM

JJ COLLIE

SEVEN

JUNE

TYLER

FANG

INFO DESK

LEAD: DOGGYSPEAK

SPARKI

REGISTRATION

LEAD: DVOLKII

CORVUS SWIFTWING

KRILLIK

ASTRO OTTER

NIKOLI

PAWDAWOLF

ROWTH

GALAXY BURST

CODYAKITA

STAFF LOUNGE

LEAD: KRILLIK

LINEMONKEY

ROWTH

AV

LEAD: SHASTA

KOORI

KIO

LIME

SCHEDULING

LEAD: PAWDAWOLF

REX

FURSUIT LOUNGE

LEAD: SILVER

MILINA

ARTIST ALLEY

LEAD: ATSUKI

ORANGE

GAMING AREA

CO-LEAD: CYRUS

CO-LEAD: ISTANBUL

SPADES

SENPÄI

DANCE COMP

LEAD: ROGUE

JUNE

CHARITY

LEAD: JUNE

JESSIE

KOORI

MATTEW

ACCOUNTING

MATTEW

KOORI

HR

MATTEW

HOTEL

KOORI

MATTEW

GOH

MATTEW

KOORI

JUNE

ARTISTS

CHARLIE

ICHIGO

MELISA LOMBAX

CAPTAIN

SOCIAL MEDIA

DOGGYSPEAK

ASH

JESSE

CAPTAIN

PHOTOGRAPHY

LEAD: ACE

ZAFMOD

ROUGUE

ASH

CON STORE

LEAD: SHAYRIN

CHEYENNE

VENPORT

CAPTAIN

DEALERS DEN

LEAD: CHARLIE

JESSE

RATCHET

MELISA LOMBAX

TAVIN

TEEVORTEX

**A HUGE SHOUTOUT TO ALL THE STAFF WHO VOLUNTEER
THEIR TIME TO MAKE THIS EVENT HAPPEN!**

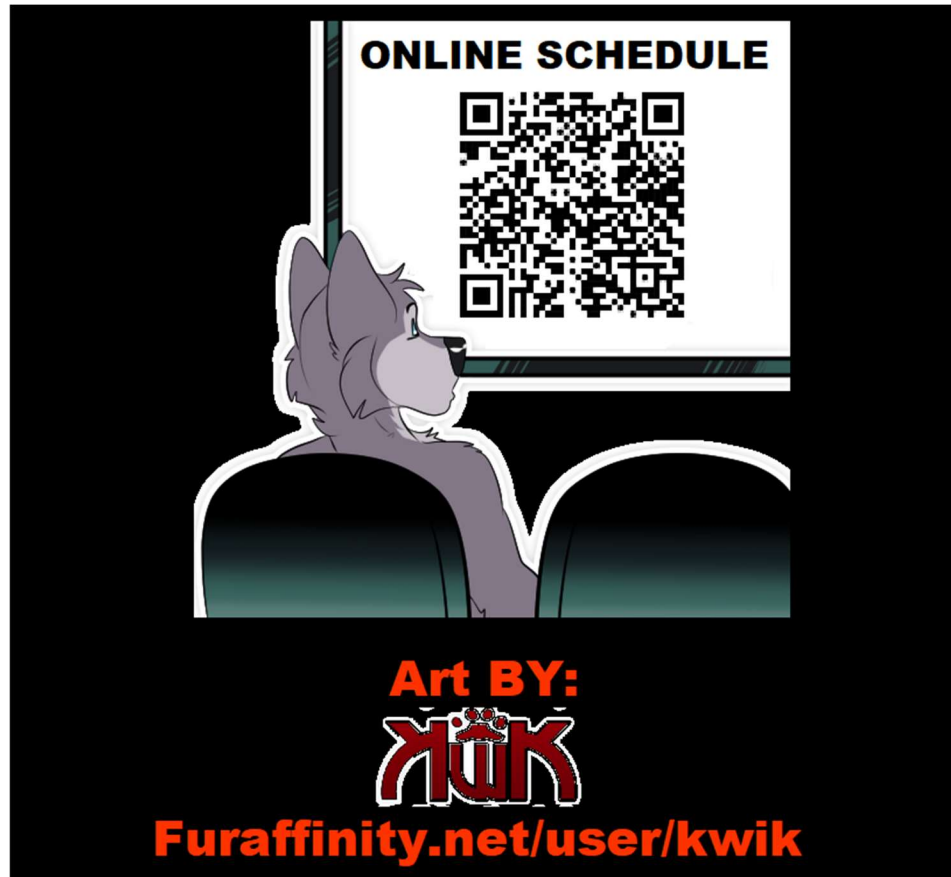


HONORABLE MENTION TO KWIK!

[HTTPS://WWW.FURAFFINITY.NET/USER/KWIK](https://www.furaffinity.net/user/kwik)

****BIG THANK YOU TO THEM FOR LETTING US USE THE
STICKERS IN OUR OFFICIAL CON BOOK!! FIND THEM
WITH THE LINK ABOVE!*****

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS



THIS YEAR, WE'VE ADDED A QR CODE FOR EASY ACCESS TO EVENTS! GIVE THIS A QUICK SCAN AND YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR COLOR-CODING SYSTEM BEFORE YOU GET STARTED!

Setup	Registration	Dealer's Den	Artist Alley	Charity	General Events	Music	Gaming	Fursuit	Social	Education	Guest of Honor
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FRIDAY

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SATURDAY

Saturday September 3	Council Oak C (Main Events)	Council Oak E (Fursuit Lounge 1)	Dogwood (Panel 1)	Redbud (Panel 2)	Maple (Panel 3)	Sycamore (Registration)	Sequoia (Dealers Den)	Silver Oak A	Silver Oak B (Artist Alley)	Pecan (Gaming)	Cedar (Photo Studio)	Birch (Escape Room)	Magnolia (Fursuit Lounge 2)
1am		Fursuit Lounge											Fursuit Lounge
2am													
3am													
4am													
5am													
6am													
7am													
8am	Fursuit Games!										Photo Studio / TikTok Studio		
9am							SETUP Soft Open 9:30am		Setup / Sponsor Access				
10am	SETUP				Convention Horror Stories	Registration Open	Open		Open	Gaming Open		Furry Logic Escape Room	
11am	Fursuit parade/photo		Fountain Pens Demystified										
Noon			Stop,Block and Write		World Forge (World Building)								
1pm	SETUP			Fellowship of the Felines									
2pm				Tiktok Furies!	HamFurs & StormSpotters							Learn to play Paperback	
3pm	Dance Comp				I Want to be a Gaming Journalist								
4pm	FLOOR WARS		The Basics of ClipStudio									Gaming Open	
5pm	SETUP							GOH Dinner					
6pm							TEARDOWN						
7pm	Citrine Concert			Fursuit Build Live Q&A				Charity UNO Tournament					
8pm			Transformation Nation										
9pm	SETUP				#&!, Many, Kill: Fourth Edition 18+								
10pm	Dance - Shasta		Playpen Meet n Greet (18+)										
11pm	Dance - Kigu Boys		Babyturf Meet and Greet and Discussion 18+										
12am	Dance - Rogue		Bedtime Stories (18+)	Midnight Howl (all ages)									

SUNDAY!

Sunday September 4	Council Oak C (Main Events)	Council Oak E (Fursuit Lounge 1)	Dogwood (Panel 1)	Redbud (Panel 2)	Maple (Panel 3)	Sycamore (Registration)	Sequoia (Dealers Den)	Silver Oak A	Silver Oak B (Artist Alley)	Pecan (Gaming)	Cedar (Photo Studio)	Birch (Escape Room)	Magnolia (Fursuit Lounge 2)
1am		Fursuit Lounge											Fursuit Lounge
2am													
3am													
4am													
5am													
6am													
7am													
8am											Photo Studio /Tiktok		
9am	Activity Hour						SETUP-Soft Open		Setup				
10am							Open		Open	Gaming Open		Furry Logic Escape Room	
11am			The World of Armored Combat Sports, and Fulltime Artist 101		Survifur: TTFC	Registration Open							
Noon	Citrine's Chaotic Charity Concert		Birds of a Feather	AnthroExpo Info & Meet/Greet						Magic: The Gathering Draft			
1pm					Charity: Cards Against Humanity								
2pm			The Blind Side	Sign Language Basics									
3pm				ArcanPawz Meet&Greet			TEARDOWN			Gaming Open			
4pm	Charity Auction												
5pm													
6pm	Closing Ceremonies												
7pm													
8pm			3D Printing Workshop	Scratch and Blep	Bugs! Fact or Fiction?								
9pm	Dance - Koori												
10pm													
11pm	Dance - ElectruX												
12am													

PANEL DESCRIPTIONS!

Charity	General Events	Music	Gaming	Fursuit	Social	Education	Guest of Honor
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Panel Name	Description	Panel Host
#*&!, Marry, Kill: Furth Edition	The classic game of #*&!, Marry, Kill but with a Furry twist	Cass
3D Printing Workshop	Are you a 3D Printing Fur? Want to get into 3D printing? Maybe you're the cool cat who likes to design models but don't have a 3D printer. Come meet with Charlie and DeuteriumOxide while we talk shop about 3D printers, talk about some of the models we've made and produced, and meet other furs who like making stuff!	DeuteriumOxide, Charlie
A bunny thing thing.	A thing for bunny things. Are you a bunny thing? This thing is for you. Meet and Greet!	Shayrin
Activity Hour!	Freeform fursuiting fun and games. We provide the toys, you bring the fun!	Shayrin
After Dark Spill the Tea	Grab a drink with me and listen to internet horror stories from potential clients over the years. From people complaining about prices, to stolen artwork and characters. Its been nearly a decade since i started this job so theres plenty of tea to spill.	Ash
AnthroExpo Info & Meet/Greet	AnthroExpo takes place January 27-29th, 2023. Our theme this year is Furry Scene. Unleash your inner sparkledog. This panel will go over convention details, answer any questions you might have along with some goodies! Come by and say hello!	Apsel Wonderbou
Art Games	Gartic Phone, like Pictionary meets the Telephone game, drawing prompts as quickly as possible or from memory and then describing other's drawings. Smart devices are required to participate. Furies of all ages and skill level are welcome to watch or join in!	doggyspeak
Artist Meet amd Greet	A panel where you can meet local artists and other aspiring visual creators.	Cass and other artists
Babyfur Meet and Greet and Discussion	Are you a Babyfur or a member of the ABDL community or are you just curious as to what this section of the fandom is about? Come join us for an hour of discussion and mingling and making new friends.	Citrine Husky
Bedtime Stories	It's been such a fun and long day at the convention. Why don't you join us before bed for some nice calming and silly stories? Who knows? Maybe we'll have a special guest read us some goodnight stories	Charlie
Birds of a Feather	Birds of a feather flock together! Got a head of feathers? Come meet and hang out with Avians, Featherheads, Gryphons, Phoenix, Dinos, and all sorts of Birds.	ProGen

Bugs! Fact or Fiction?	Can a cockroach live without their head? Can a spider crawl out of a drain? Can a bee dance? Just how much do we know about insects? Only one way to find out... stop by to play Bugs! Fact or Fiction!	Arty, Gavin
Car Furs meet up	come hang out and talk with other cars furs and show/talk about your fav cars	Rogue, Kenta
Charity: Cards Against Humanity 18+	Come join us for a charity game of Cards Against Humanity! Attendance is free, but you can purchase cards to read to the contestants.	Matthew
Citrine In Concert	Come join Citrine the fandom's only blind singing husky for an hour of music and entertainment.	Citrine Husky
Citrine's Chaotic Charity Concert	Do you love our charity? Of course you do. Do you also love music? Come join the fandom's blind singing husky and donate some money to charity to get the chance to force Citrine to sing some of the weirdest songs imaginable. It's simple, throw some money in the hat and pull a random artist name out of the hat. Let the chaos begin!	Citrine Husky
Convention Horror Stories	Have you ever wondered what it's like behind the scenes of a convention? A lot of strange and horrific things happen that we don't tell you attendees about at least until two years later. Come join us for an hour of humor and horror about conventions past.	Citrine Husky
Drawing Furies 101: The Basics with Boltie!	Want to learn how to draw furies? Come to this zappy dog's panel to learn some quick tips to improve your art and answer some questions!	Boltie, Peachey, Puffin
Fellowship of the Felines	Felines of all shapes and sizes, venture from near and far to fellowship together in this fun, interactive meet-n-greet event! Fursuits not required but encouraged! Pictures to be taken at the end. Rodents and dogs are welcome too, at their own risk. :3	Koori
Finding your fursona 101	Help in discovering your true furry (scaly, feathery) self. Intended for new furs but something for everyone.	Leo Haiku
Floor Dragger Meet n Greet	Tails! Tails! and MORE TAILS! Who doesn't love those big fluffy floor draggers that you just want to lay on?! Come meet more lovers of the giant fluffy things that go FLOOF!	Ichigo and Charlie

Fountain Pens Demystified	Learn about the mechanics behind different types of writing implements, why they create bad handwriting and cause hand cramps/fatigue, and what makes fountain pens great. You'll learn how fountain pens work, how to care for them, and how to find a pen that fits your budget. We'll also have some fun with inks and learn about the options available.	Glenn Birmingham
Fulltime Artist 101	Empress Neko is sharing business tips on how to maximize profits, growth, and curating beyond the fandom.	EmpressNeko
Furry Common Sense	Come sit and listen for advice on fursuiting, the media, having a fun convention, and much, much more! Remember: The More You Think You Don't Need This Panel, The More You Need This Panel!	Istanbul
Fursuit Build Live Q&A	Watch Ash of Heads & Tails Studios work on a fursuit head live on stage. Ask any questions you may have about fursuit making, and what it's like as a full time job. The finished head will be up for grabs at the charity auction!	Ash
Fursuit Games!	Games for fursuiters! Musical chairs, etc! (Will be in main events)	Shayrin
GearHeads and GreaseMonkeys	Have a passion for Cars or Trucks? Got your own fleet to keep on the road, or just something special to drive now and then? Come hang out with other Auto Enthusiast and mechanic furs. Doesn't matter if it's domestic, Import or Exotic, New or classic, Street, track or offroad, two, four, or 18 wheels, We all share the road.	ProGen
Gesture Draw 101 (18+)	Want to try your hand at drawing humans and get the basics down of anatomy drawings? Join Charlie from IPPS as they show you how to start your journey as an artist working from real models!	Charlie-InkyPaw and Ichigo-DaftFur, maybe one more artist
GOH Dinner	Dinner	Matthew & Koori
GOH Meet&Greet	Come meet our Guests of Honor	Boltie and Ash
HamFurs and Storm Spotters Meet	Whether you have a license and training, want to get your license, Have questions, or just want to listen, Come meet with other Ham Radio, GMRS Radio, SDR users, and Storm Spotters.	ProGen
I want to be a gaming journalist	Video-game journalist Michael Mosley talks about how he got into the field, how others can get started, and the ups and downs to expect along the way for eager newcomers to the gaming industry.	Michael Mosley
Inflatable furies	Balloons, pooltoys and other things that inflate.	Taggard, Zetsu
Karaoke	Come sing you favorite song on our main stage!	Kio

Learn to Play - Paperback	Come learn to play Paperback by Fowers Games! This deckbuilder has you making the most valuable words possible in order to further your writing career and get published! 2-5 players, but we'll play multiple rounds - easy to learn, fun to play!	Istanbul
Learn to Play - Ticket to Ride	Come learn how to play Ticket to Ride, the classic indie board game! 2-5 players, but we'll do more than one round - easy to learn, lots of fun!	Istanbul
Magic: The Gathering Draft	Draft your way through the Streets of New Capenna! Swiss format, prizes to top places, \$20 entry fee, all money goes to charity! 8 players max, so sign up early!	Istanbul
Magic: The Gathering Draft	Come join in the fun for a Swiss draft of Streets of New Capenna! 8 players maximum, sign-ups in the Gaming room, \$20 entry fee, all goes to charity. Includes prizes for the top players!	Istanbul
Mermaid Meet at the Pool	Are you into mermaiding or interested in it? Bring your fins and meet us at the pool for some fun in the water. No fins? No problem! Kick off your shoes and dip your feet in!	Ash
Pin Trading Club	Do you like enamel pins? Do you have too many? What about if there was this swell place to trade pins at the beginning of the con for ones from others in the fandom? Come join us and trade pins with staff, vendors and other attendees!	Charlie and Ichigo
Playpen Meet n Greet	So you've heard about ABDLs and Cubs, and you're curiosity is getting the better of you, want to meet fellow age-players and like minded fo0lx? Demystify the stories and rumors? Come meet some cute little Tykes at the Meet n Greet! Don't worry! They can't bite without teeth.	Charlie
Reptile/Amphibian Meet and Greet	Sometimes scales are better than fur. A panel to get to know and meet people with similar interests and fursonas. All are welcome here.	Cass
Scratch & Blep	Have fun at the con? Want to tell us how we did or share some suggestions on what could be better? Come hang out with the convention chairs and share your feedback!	Koori, Mattew
Sign language	Teach class to learn ABC and some animal signs	Ratchet

So this is your first Furry Convention	Is this your first convention? First fur event? Stop by to get information about cons in general as well as specifics of furry conventions. Learn the do's and don'ts of conventions!	Matthew
Songwriting 101	Are you a musician in the furry community? Are you a songwriter already or have you never written a song before? Learn the tips and tricks to get started in basic songwriting inside and outside the furry fandom.	Citrine Husky
Stop Block & Write	Do you spend a lot of time dreaming about writing, worlds, stories, characters, but struggle when you sit down to actually write? So did I! In this workshop, I'll introduce you to a new type of writing group that focuses on practicing writing, rather than producing content, then we'll practice together in a writing group session tailored to the size of the group. Come learn how to get unblocked and start writing.	Glenn Birmingham
Survifur: TFC	Are you a fan of shows like Survivor or Total Drama Island? Then come and play Survifur: TFC edition! Appearing in Tulsa for the first time, bring your friends for 2 hours of intense competition, strategy, and betrayal all leading up to someone being crowned the winner! A game like no other, all contestants walk away with something!	Cassidy Civet
Tails with the Greymuzzles	A few greymuzzles sit and share stories of conventions and events past and humorous life experiences. Others may share stories with us as well if they like.	Kavori, Night, Soul
The Basics of Clip Studio	Wish to learn how to draw using clip studio paint? Come learn the basics and enjoy an hour of good fun and learning the ins and outs of this program.	Cass
The Blind Side	Have you ever wondered what it is like to be blind? Join Citrine for an in-depth discussion about what it's like to be without sight in a sighted world. Be sure to bring your questions.	Citrine Husky
The World of Armored Combat Sports	We show a recreation of a full contact medieval tournament that uses blunted steel weapons, and full body steel armor.	Armis
Tiktok Furies!	Have you ever wanted to improve your tiktoks more? Or just wanna know how to have more fun! Come join us for a panel about tiktok and furies! Come join Turbo and Captain for some tips and make some tiktoks with us!	Captain, Turbo
Tiktok meet up	Come hang out	Rogue wilde

Transformation Chat	Wanna talk tf with other shapeshifters? Come to this casual chat where we'll discuss all of our favorite transformation tropes and media!	Cassidy Civet
Transformation Nation	Some change will do you good! We'll talk about media and websites, contacts and artists, and a lot more! Audience participation is encouraged! (Actual RL TFs not guaranteed...)	Istanbul
VR Chat hang out	Come hangout with your vr friends	Rogue wilde, Kirek Dutchie
WEREWOLF	Defend your village against a pack of werewolves in this highly explosive group tabletop game. SUS out the werewolves before they devour the entire village in this witch- I mean, wolf hunt! (I plan to run this every night, as is the TTFC tradition ♡)	Nocty
Whose Lion Is It Anyway?	Have you ever heard of the show Whose Line Is It Anyway? Come join us for the furry version. At this comedy event you will be the performer. We will play some simple comedy games with you as the main event. Come try your hand and have fun.	Citrine Husky
Wixoss TCG Anime and Anthro Card Fun	Learn to play Wixoss (Pronounced we-cross) Wixoss is a well-balanced trading card game that released in English last year. The card game itself has been available in Japan for 6 years, and has multiple anime series. Whether you are familiar with card games, or completely new to the world of trading cards, all are welcome to learn the game with pre constructed decks.	Jitt Wolf Productions
World Forge (World Building)	This will endeavor to teach the basics of map making, ways to bring your map to life.	Zushi Tsunami
ArcanPawz Meet&Greet	If you'd like to hear about Arkansas Greatest and Only FurCon. Meet some Great folks and see a preview of what we have to offer come on down.	PawDaWolf, TeddyBear



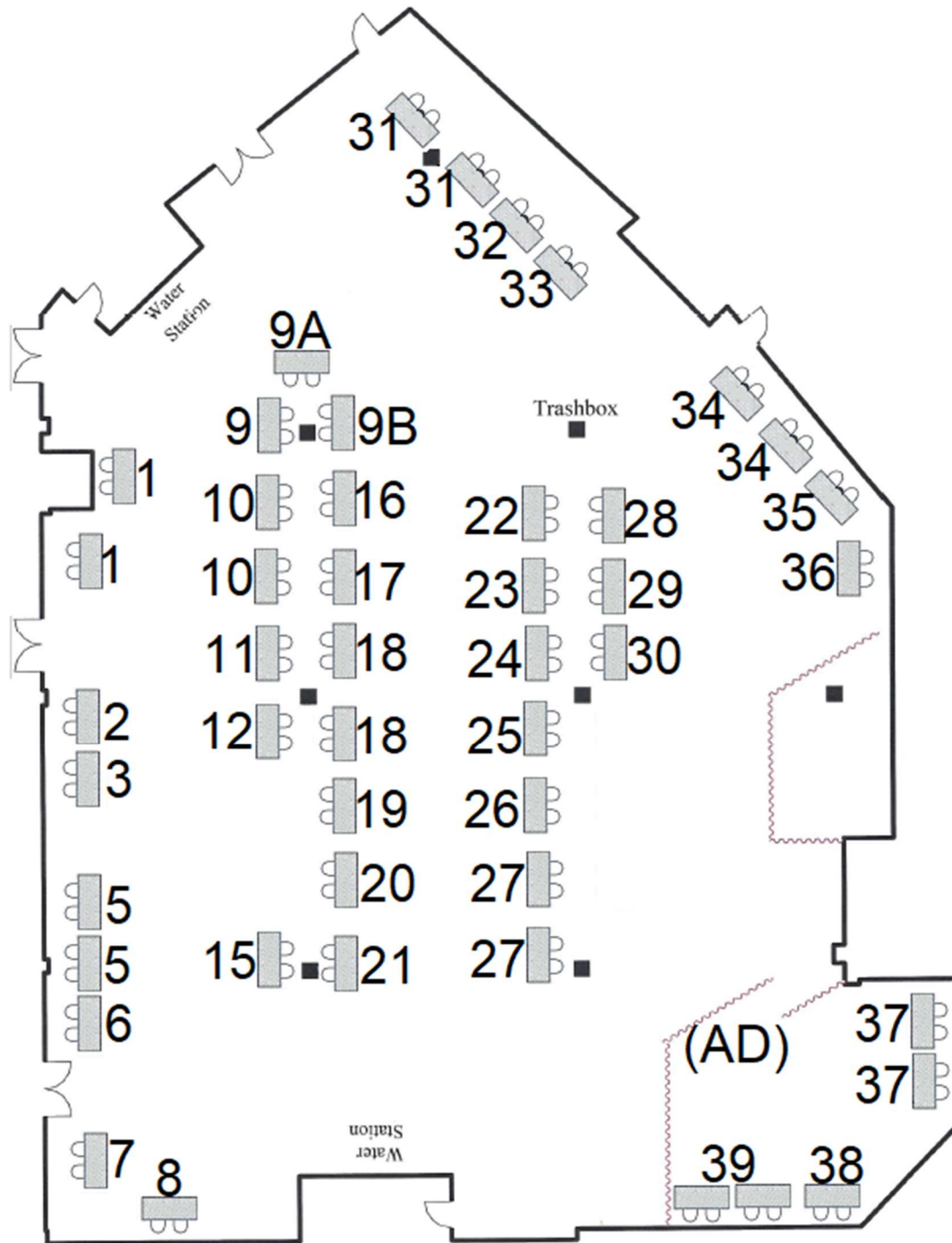
**ABOVE: HOTEL
MAP (SECOND
FLOOR)**

**RIGHT: TTFC
MAP (FIRST
FLOOR)**



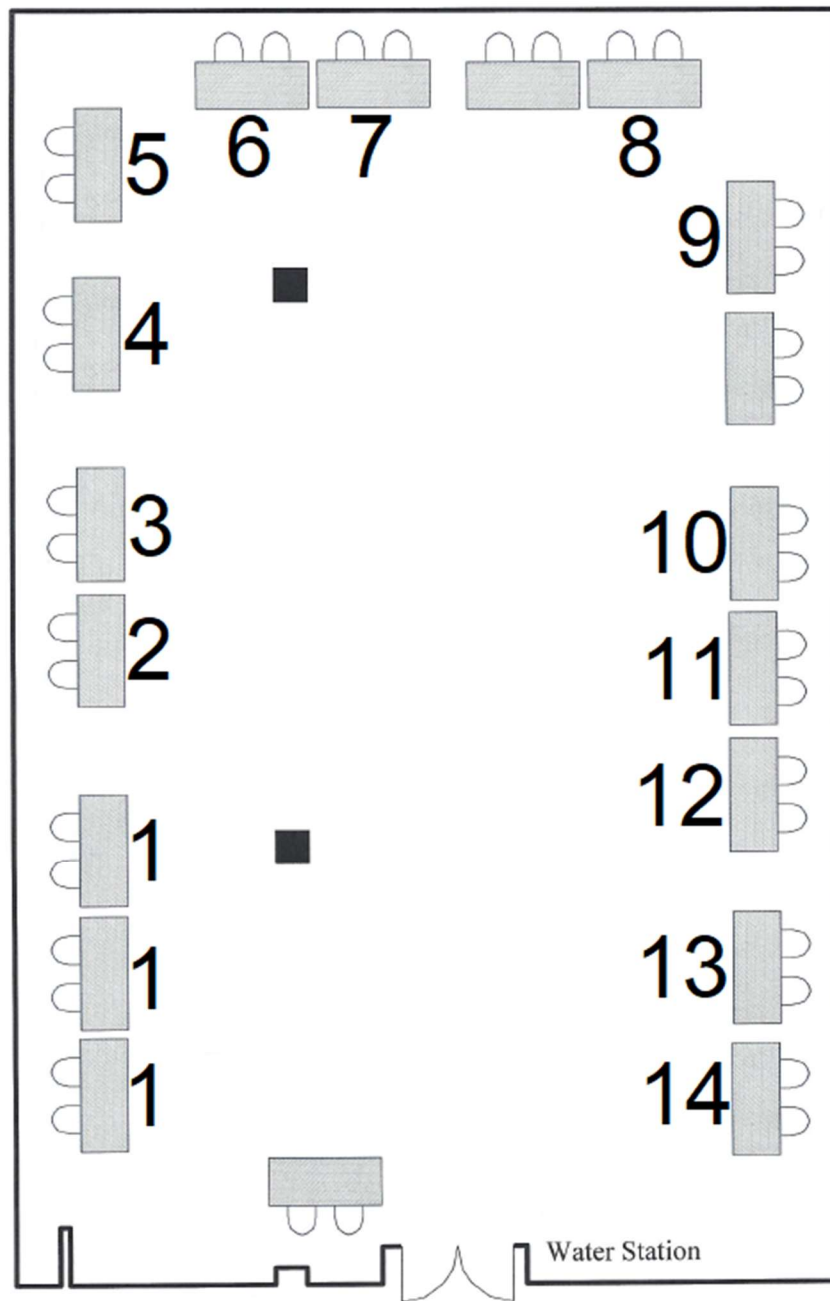
DEALERS DEN MAP

Sequoia



ARTIST ALLEY MAP

Silver Oak B



AA - Artist Information / Blurbs

SpaceTigerProductions is run by Cass. They hail from Texas and make stickers and badges that show off all the flag of the LGBTQIA+ community. No cat, dog, or Dragon left out.

Danny's Art Den is a local Tulsa trans artist trying to save up for top sugary we offer prints, stickers, custom badges, and LGBeeT's (croquet bumble bees)

Mard ō Mard

by Thomas “Faux” Steele



An Immortal Galaxy Story

“Dad! When is the jousting going to start?” Mir impatiently tugged on the sleeve of a massive snow leopard seated beside her. Dressed in a rich blue robe, Count Lucien of Conti ripped a hunk of meat free from a turkey leg while grease dripped onto the ermine trim. His imposing art nouveau throne rested on a glass platform above the arena floor in a position commensurate with his status. “I’m *bored*,” she said, drawing out the syllables for emphasis.

“I’m sure it will start soon, Princess.” Lucien dabbed at the stain on his robe with a linen napkin. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to attend the...medieval fur-care tutorial?” he asked with an awkward smile, taking a brief glance at the schedule of events. “Ooh, you can try a pomegranate seed fur brightener!”

“I’d like to go...but then I’d miss the jousting!” Mir’s paw slid downward to rest on the *shamshir* in a leather scabbard belted around her waist. Barely ten years old, the cheetah leaned against the throne’s arm stump with a knightly swagger. A gold signet ring on her right paw bore the *faravahar*—a jaguar rising from a winged sun—which marked her as an Immortal, one of the

warrior-aristocrats that ruled over much of the Milky Way. “Could I at least have some of your tokay?”

“How about...*no*.” The snow leopard laughed and took a long sip of amber liquid from a crystal goblet. Mir caught a honeysuckle-sweet whiff as Lucien tugged her onto his lap. “When you’re of age, I’ll decant a bottle of the ’98 vintage for you. It’s my—”

“It’s your favorite, I know.” Mir rolled her eyes, making grabby paws as Lucien played keep away by holding the perspiring goblet just out of reach.

“Relax, little one.” Lucien poured the contents down his throat in an elegant waterfall before handing the hunk of mineral crystal over to Mir once it was completely drained. An AI servant quickly filled the goblet with pomegranate small wine—a fragrant, sweet liquid with a cub-appropriate alcohol content. The small wine left a crimson stain around the cheetah’s muzzle fur as she quaffed it down. “Have some turkey and enjoy the festivities. I saved you some *marrow*,” he cooed, dangling the fire-roasted turkey bone in front of her muzzle.

“Well...I’ll take the consolation prize.” Snatching it from Lucien’s paw, Mir cracked the bone open with a sharp *snap* and wrapped her tongue around the jagged fracture. She purred softly as the rich, buttery flavor swept through her muzzle like a typhoon. “Mrm-mm!”

“It seems the jousting is about to start.” Lucien adjusted the crown haphazardly hanging around his left ear and stood up. Partially forged from the crown jewels of Conti’s former human rulers, it was a circlet of gold and sapphires fitted around a central band of pure osmium. The two knights on horseback bowed to Lucien as he extended his scepter. “You may begin,” he said into a microphone integrated into his leather wrist cuff.

“C’mon! Aren’t you excited?” Mir’s tail whipped back and forth, lashing about like a lassoed zebra. Having failed to inherit her mother’s natural aptitude for military theory, the cheetah had instead made a name for herself at the Imperial Grammar School by ranking at the top of her class in applied combat. “Captain Forel told me I could earn extra credit by watching and dictating a report on medieval fighting techniques...and even more by participating in a single combat match.”

“Absolutely not.” Lucien brushed a tender paw through her headfur. Though he wasn’t her biological father—Mir’s title instead derived from her mother’s throne—the snow leopard treated her every bit as his own. “You’re not ready for combat against an adult, even in a controlled environment. I will not see you come to harm while in my care.”

“But Mom said—” Mir bounced her heels against Lucien’s shins while displaying her best begging eyes.

“Reserving my judgments on your mother’s training regimen, this is *my world*, not Karaj, and while you’re here you’ll abide by *my rules*.” He lowered his paw, gently stroking his pheromone-laden palm across her muzzle. “The Hierarch’s blood runs in your veins, an honor not even I can claim. It’s far too valuable to spill on this straw.”

“B-but—” Mir pleaded.

“Your time will come, little one. This era of peace and prosperity cannot last forever.” Lucien gestured to the azure sky visible through the glass ceiling that spanned the full length of the arena. In the distance, ominous storm clouds had begun to gather in a dozen shades of gray. “But for now, I will hear no more of this. Understand?”

“Yes, *Bâbâ*,” Mir replied, using Lucien’s formal familial title—as she usually did when annoyed by his constraints.

“Who do you think will win the match?” Lucien asked, abruptly changing the subject. “I’ve overseen the Grand Renaissance Fair for twenty-eight years, and I’ve rarely seen a pairing with such dramatic contrast.”

“I’ll put five lire of my allowance on LeGris,” Mir said with a grin, almost instantly brightening up. LeGris was a handsome lion, heavy enough in gleaming plate armor to require a Shrine horse to bear his weight. His shield bore the triskelion of the House of Lombardo. “He’s powerful like a sledgehammer. Nothing can stand up to a direct hit from his lance.”

“Don’t forget the importance of technique, Princess.” Extending a turquoise-painted claw, Lucien pointed to a lankier fennec fox atop an American Quarter Horse. She wore lighter Persian-influenced armor composed of sections of intricate chainmail surrounding a central leather breastplate. The green and pink lotus flower on her *sipar* indicated she served the House of Yazdi. “Nafisi is lighter and faster than LeGris, and I’d wager she makes for one heck of a moving target. Your precious coin will be mine in short order.”

“You’re on, Dad!” Mir leaned back against soft ermine fur, watching intently as LeGris made the rounds. The black-and-gold caparison on his horse glinted in the reddish sunlight streaming down from Aosta, Conti’s star. His helmet—crafted from transparent aluminum oxynitride to showcase his luscious mane—made him the clear favorite among the ladies. Roses pelted him as he made a loop at a gentle trot, occasionally pausing to kiss an outstretched paw.

“He is quite handsome. Is that why you’re staring so intently at him?” Lucien asked with a smirk, grabbing a handful of fragrant grapes from a brightly painted maiolica bowl by his shoulder.

“I’m just...studying his armor!” Mir blushed as a harlequin—dressed in a jumpsuit embellished with neon-colored triangles—assumed position atop a pole set dead between the two combatants. The harlequin was assigned the important task of beginning each joust, though how to do so was left to their discretion. “He’s not *that* cute, anyway...”

Turning her attention to Nafisi, the cheetah was surprised to see that she was busy feeding her mount a pawful of sugar cubes. Her quiet confidence reminded Mir of her first *shamshir* instructor, an un-augmented lynx who had once handily bested her mother in a sparring match. Perhaps this joust wouldn’t be so one-sided as she had initially assumed.

“Of course, little one. I more than anyone understand the value of an academic—” Lucien’s voice cut out as the roar of twenty-thousand spectators forced Mir’s ears tight against her head. Prancing away, the harlequin—a musk deer—displayed her candy cane-striped fangs while tossing a full deck of cards into the air.

“Wool!” Mir shouted, caught up in the electric energy of the arena as the last card fluttered to the ground. The joust had begun. “Let’s go, LeGris!”

Horses kicking up straw like miniature dust devils, LeGris and Nafisi started toward each other with lances raised skyward. Waiting with bated breath, the crowd fell silent as the *clip-clop* of hooves split the air like thunderclaps. Mir leaned forward while biting on her index claws, heart fluttering in her chest. The Jumbotron showcased every detail, frothing spittle collecting on the stallions’ lips as they thundered forward.

Lances dropping horizontal, there was a second of calm as LeGris and Nafisi angled their blunted tips toward one another. Lucien placed a protective paw on Mir's shoulder to prevent her from slipping off his lap as she craned her neck to get the best view of the impact. Mir blinked and then opened her eyes wide so she wouldn't miss a second of the action.

At the last instant, Nafisi eked out a final burst of speed from her mount. LeGris' lance went wide, missing the fennec by a hair's width as her lance's tip rammed dead-on into his chest plate. The wood cracked and splintered as the lion flew backward off his horse as if flicked by an enormous, invisible finger. Landing hard on his back, LeGris skidded a few feet across the arena floor before coming to a halt against the dividing fence.

"What the *heck*?" Mir's jaw practically hit the floor. Nafisi had unhorsed LeGris in one pass, which was about the biggest insult in jousting that she could imagine. "That was..."

"Impressive, yeah? I think that makes my victory in this bet quite clear." Lucien winked as Mir cracked open her leather purse and pulled out a five lire coin—about the size of a Nilla wafer and emblazoned with Lucien's face on the obverse—and dropped it into his paw. The snow leopard finished his goblet of tokay and set it aside before plucking an oyster slider off a nearby tray. "This is why you listen to *Bâbâ*. You still have much to learn."

Turning her attention back to the arena, Mir watched as LeGris was hauled to his feet by the mule deer. The cheetah blushed as Lucien leaned down and gave her a feline parent's grooming, his tongue brushing thoroughly around her ears. Herbal musk that reminded her of Lucien's famous pasta filled Mir's nostrils as he rubbed cheeks with her to exchange scents. "Dad! You're embarrassing me!"

“Oh no, being cared for by the Count of Conti? What could rival the sheer indignity?”

Lucien asked with a playful smirk he used the stone of his *pietra dura* ring to playfully boop her nose.

“Count?” Cattaneo—the head of Lucien’s security team—interrupted them. He stood out by virtue of wearing a simple black dress jacket with a sigil of a sword surrounded by *millefiori* flowers embroidered on both sleeves. It was nothing like the outfits the citizens enjoying the festivities wore. “There’s been a disturbance in the locker rooms. An unauthorized individual is moving toward the field.”

“And you weren’t able to stop them?” Lucien cocked his head as the door that separated the locker room from the jousting field was launched forward as if shot from a canon. There was a tremendous *clang* before it came to rest at the opposite end. “Oh *cavolo!*”

Mir looked up at the Jumbotron as an imposing figure stepped through the gaping hole. He was clad in a full suit of Japanese *tameshi gusoku* armor, thick strips of steel the color of dried seaweed running across the breastplate. The *kabuto* helmet framing his squarish face was topped with a gilded octopus, a junk grasped in one of its lashing tentacles. “A human?” Mir asked with astonishment.

“It looks like it,” Lucien replied, one ear perked in the cheetah’s direction. Mir hadn’t met many humans—only one instructor at the Imperial Grammar School who didn’t care much for chit-chat—and the sight piqued her curiosity. “We should move you somewhere safer, Princess.”

“What do you think he wants, Dad?” Mir’s tail beat against the snow leopard’s knee with childish enthusiasm. “Ooh! Maybe you killed his family a long time ago and he’s spent the last twenty-eight years searching the galaxy to finally enact his revenge and—”

“I certainly hope not.” Lucien leaned forward, placing both paws on his ebony scepter as Mir hopped off his lap. Knee stiff from an old war injury that hadn’t quite healed right, it took him a moment to climb to his feet. “What brings you to the Conté of Conti, good sir?” Lucien asked, voice echoing around the dead silent colosseum.

“I...don’t think you can hear him, Count.” Cattaneo coughed into his paw as the figure gestured vigorously with a katana. “Should I—”

“Give him a microphone, yes.” Lucien snorted. A moment later, a matte black microphone descended from the ceiling on a cord as though it were the start of a wrestling match. Seemingly jumping ten feet into the air, the figure seized the microphone and violently yanked it the rest of the way down.

“I’ve come to challenge *you* to a duel, Count!” The figure aggressively slammed his fist against the microphone to send a colossal *boom* through the sound system.

“I’d appreciate it greatly if you wouldn’t abuse my sound equipment!” Lucien’s eye twitched as he noticed a dent on the Brauner’s polished titanium housing.

“You should learn to let go of these material things, Count!” Throwing his head back, his rotund belly jiggled around his breastplate as his hearty laugh filled the area. “I will accept no other challenger! Your exploits are legend in the Outer Colonies!.”

“I’m afraid that was many years ago, when I was younger and far more foolish,” Lucien replied into his bracer. Though Lucien appeared no older than twenty-five, Mir knew he was at least twice that age—if not more. Unlike her mother, he was perpetually reticent to tell war stories. “I can only offer you my sincerest regrets. It’s quite a shame that you’ve had to travel all this way for nothing.”

“I challenge you to a duel, *mard ō mard*. I know you cannot refuse that, Immortal!” The figure plunged his blade into the dirt and stepped back. “The Tako Ronin will not be denied. Do you accept, or will you demonstrate cowardice in front of your people and forfeit your titles as the Hierarch’s Laws demand?”

“There’s absolutely no way I’m fighting this joker.” Lucien rolled his eyes. “Go and deal with him for me, Cattaneo. Try not to make too much of a mess for the cleaners.”

Before Cattaneo could part his muzzle to speak, Mir stepped forward. “I accept your challenge on Count Lucien’s behalf. I will serve as his champion.”

“A cub offers herself as a champion?” The Tako Ronin slapped his knee, a tear of laughter beading at the edge of the eye slits of his *kojo* mask. Designed for use in a *noh* play by an actor playing an old man, the deep wrinkles carved into the cypress lent him an air of mystery. “Now this *is* an unexpected twist. State your name, young one!”

“Mir, what are you doing!?” Lucien rapped his cane against the glass floor, ice blue eyes heavy with concern. “I forbid you from fighting this deranged individual!”

“I am Miranda Vaux Immortalem, Princess of the Cheetah’s Spine!” Mir stood confidently, the folds of her dress billowing around her like a battle flag. She peeked back at Lucien with a fire in her eyes. “I will stand in place of my *Bâbâ*.”

“It is done! Come down and meet me on the field of battle,” the Tako Ronin said, sheathing his katana before dropping down to a cross legged meditation pose.

Lucien sighed, shaking his head as he flopped back into the leather-lined confines of the throne. Anxiously tapping his foot, he took a deep breath before looking up at the cheetah.

“You’ve placed me in an awkward position.”

“I can handle him. Let me have this...please.” Mir tapped on the TacBrace that occupied most of her forearm, which held a flexible screen within a gleaming titanium bezel. Once the instructions were relayed to her AI, she turned and grasped one of Lucien’s massive paws. “I’ll come out the other side in one piece...pinkie promise.”

“If you insist, I won’t stop you...just this once.” Lucien sighed as he fastened a sterling silver bracelet decorated with delicate *millefiori* beads around her wrist. “Remember what I said about LeGris and Nafisi. If he’s able to throw a steel door fifty feet, you’re not going to be able to overpower him.”

“Be light on my feet. Got it.” Mir took a step forward as a machine that resembled a Rococo armoire on tank treads rolled up, rapidly crossing the hardlight bridge to the royal platform. After depressurizing with a drawn-out *hiss*, the parting of the doors revealed a set of gleaming cub-sized power armor. The breastplate was composed of overlapping scales that gleamed like pure gold as though forged from the hide of a fallen dragon.

“Don’t be overconfident. No human is foolish enough to challenge an Immortal to single combat unless they have an ace up their sleeve.” Lucien drummed his claws against the throne’s armrest, as he dug through memories that held the secrets of the cosmos. “I’ve heard whispers of

enhanced humans...it is possible that not everything the Genetischwaffen Division produced was lost during the First Interstellar War.”

“Are they like us?” The assembly frame whirled away while donning Mir’s armor, neatly fitting each piece into place with the precision of a Swiss watchmaker. She clenched and unclenched her major muscle groups to ensure the reactive gel layer beneath the armor plates distributed itself evenly. “These...enhanced humans.”

“No, they’re something entirely different.” Lucien’s eyes briefly flashed luminescent sapphire blue. Hierarch’s Mutagen coursing through his veins, he suddenly seemed every bit the solemn commander she’d seen on the military recruiting posters that hung in Conti’s public squares. “Your guess on what makes him tick is as good as mine...but whatever you do, don’t underestimate him. Be *very* careful.”

“I’ve got this. Immortal’s honor.” Mir winked as she sent a song request to the orchestra. The conductor—a tall wolf in velvet robes the color of seafoam—turned with an expression of surprise. “Just sight read it,” Mir mouthed just before the descending helmet enveloped her muzzle.

As an orchestral rendition of a centuries-old Yarbrough & Peoples hit shook the stadium, Mir leapt over the railing and spread her arms wide. Energy shields flaring deep purple, weightlessness rocked the cheetah’s gut until the shielding solidified into angelic wings more than twenty feet across. Flapping her arms a few times, Mir slowed her descent until she made a graceful landing on the arena floor. “Alright, let’s do this.”

The Tako Ronin cracked an eager eye, his iris yellow with a fiery-red rim that bled into his sclera. Climbing to his feet in the span of a single blink, he drew his katana with a slight *ting* as the tip of his blade came free.

Mir drew her *shamshir* in response, heart fluttering in her chest. “Ready when you are,” she said, visor polarizing Tyrian purple so that her opponent saw only his reflection.

“You there, harlequin!” The Tako Ronin gestured to an otter wearing a jaunty cap and bells, a jaguar’s head marotte clasped in his paw. Bowing in response, he flashed a brilliant white smile toward the hovering camera drone above them. “Begin the duel!”

“Talk to me, Vî. What’s my status?” Mir glanced at the glowing dot in the upper right quadrant of her helmet display. It flashed three times, a low buzz filling Mir’s ears as the AI scanned the armor’s subsystems.

“You’re good to go. Please try not to break anything expensive this time,” they said in a monotone voice. While simple— Vî was programmed to operate only in the absence of a more powerful smart AI—Mir appreciated their wry humor. “Last time you lost six months’ worth of allowance.”

“It was totally worth it though,” Mir replied, wriggling her fingers to ensure the replaced servos were operating with full dexterity.

“You may begin when I drop my handkerchief,” the harlequin said, pulling out a rainbow silk from his breast pocket. Staring the Tako Ronin down, Mir flicked a concealed switch mounted on the cross guard of the *shamshir*. The leading edge sparked and smoked as the primitive plasma generator struggled to ignite.

“Having a little trouble, cub?” he asked, voice gravelly like he’d just eaten a bowl of nails—without any milk. He cracked his neck as his gaze remained unnervingly focused on her, sizing up her capabilities at close range. “I’m happy to do this with my bare knuckles, if you prefer.”

“This old hoss sometimes takes a little while to get going.” Mir slapped her sword’s hilt against a hard case on her thigh. Through the application of the brute force method of troubleshooting, the cheetah finally summoned the plasma edge. The weak Gauss Field gave the plasma violent life as it crackled and snapped like a campfire eager to escape and torch the surrounding forest. “But once it does, it’ll run like a stallion racing the rain.”

The harlequin threw out the silk—predictably several feet long—as Mir clenched her paw around the weathered black leather grip. Her opponent’s attention shifted to the Qur’anic calligraphy inlaid in gold along the length of the *shamshir*, which accented a blade that gleamed like polished silver. “Your sword’s reputation precedes you. Sin Drinker is not drawn lightly.”

“I prefer the original agnomen,” Mir replied, turning the blade to catch the fading light as the last bit of cloth touched the ground. The final rays of the evening sun lit the Farsi script underlying the calligraphy in brilliant crimson. “Few humans have glimpsed Chain Breaker and lived to tell the tale. You should be honored to face the sword that freed ten billion Created slaves from bondage.”

“A sword is no greater than the one who wields it.” The Tako Ronin mirrored her movements as they were cast into momentary shadow. Scarlet fire shot forward in a graceful arc as the plasma edge of his blade roared to life, smooth as a lake on a windless night. “My katana has no need of a name.”

“It’s a good thing Chain Breaker is in my paws then!” Mir made the first move, aggressively spinning her body in a movement of distilled fury as she drove her *shamshir* straight at the Tako Ronin’s core. His plasma edge danced off the metal of her blade, leaving it unharmed as he blocked her thrust.

“Trying to cut my own sword out from under me, are you?” The Tako Ronin laughed with bemusement as he drew back to a neutral stance.

“It was worth a shot,” Mir replied, paws shaking with adrenaline.

“So, the rumors are true, then.” Forged from alloy sourced from a distant galaxy, Chain Breaker possessed unique properties—most notably a resistance to plasma-based weaponry. As their blades met again, Mir struggled to concentrate with an audible alarm blaring in her ear. Despite engineering designed to crush even the strongest mortal, the Tako Ronin was already pushing her VITALIS armor to its limits. “Still...that flashy blade and golden power armor will not save you, cub.”

“Maximum servo exertion reached,” Vî chimed in. Mir desperately dug her foot claws into the dirt as they locked blades. Despite the armor’s enhancements, Mir was still bound by elementary physics. The Tako Ronin used his advantage of more than two feet in height and two hundred pounds in weight to begin overpowering the cheetah. “Exceeding design parameters may lead to armor failure and physical injury.”

“Shut up and give me more juice!” Gritting her teeth, Mir fought desperately as her blade inched back toward her, plasma crackling against her exterior shields. Symbols began cascading down the side of her visor like falling rain as Vî shut down critical systems to redirect power. “Now Vî!” Mir shouted, the golden scales of her breastplate beginning to bubble and blacken.

“All power has been directed as you requested,” Vî said as Mir disengaged, dodging just quickly enough to avoid losing an arm. Panting, she barely had time to recover before the Tako Ronin was on her again. Mir flailed, struggling to defend against blows that landed with the force of a fully loaded Land Rover. “I must inform you that you can’t take much more of this.”

“Thank you for stating the obvious!” Mir tried to disengage before the Tako Ronin forced her to block an overhead strike with a single paw. It was immediately followed by the loud shriek of shearing metal, the abused servo finally giving out. Unbearable weight pulled her right arm downward as thirty pounds of Titanium-A armor plating made itself known. “Can you fix that?” Mir asked with a grunt of exertion.

“It will take time you don’t have.” Mir drew back while assessing her options. “You could always surrender and admit defeat,” Vî said, as the Tako Ronin spun his blade between his thumb and index fingers to burn a smoldering trench into the floorboards.

“And when Mom finds out, she’ll turn his entire planet to glass to save face.” Mir bounced from left to right like a heavily caffeinated toddler, staying out of range of his short, powerful slashes as he tried to re-engage her. “Let’s try something different. Can you reprogram the remaining servos to give me a little extra maneuverability?”

“You’re running out of room to retreat,” the Tako Ronin said menacingly, as the wall behind the cheetah loomed dangerously close. “What will you do now, young one?”

“Did you really think I couldn’t wield my blade with either paw?” Buying Vî a little more time to finish the re-routing, Mir slid the *shamshir* between paws and caught him off-guard with a viscous downward slice.

“Coming right up.” An indicator light flashed in the upper right corner of her HUD as Mir threw herself right. There was a sharp *fwip* as the hydraulics feeding the servos over-pressurized, allowing her to easily dodge her opponent’s leftward stroke. She punished the Tako Ronin with a pommel-blow that left a sizable dent between his pectorals. “Nice hit!” Vî shouted.

“I’ll admit that you have some skill.” The Tako Ronin drew back, raising his blade until tendrils of plasma drifted perilously close to his ear. “But you are not the first Immortal I have faced, cub. Do you really think you can beat me?”

“I *know* I can beat you.” A cheer that rattled the stars swept through the arena as luminous gold began to creep around the inner edge of Mir’s irises, Vî depolarizing her visor for psychological effect. The audience was cheering for their champion—their Immortal. Mir effortlessly raised her left arm as she mirrored the Tako Ronin’s stance, *shamshir* glowing with the near-limitless energy of neural physics. “Let’s make this a *mard ō mard* to remember, hrm?”

Spreading her stance, Mir drew the field of battle with perfect clarity in her mind, down to a silver earring that had slipped from Nafisi’s ear during the joust. Born of a noble lineage that had—for the briefest of moments—united the Milky Way under the absolute command of a single ruler, the cheetah had been told from her earliest moments that the blood of gods ran in her veins. She had thought it a mere figure of speech.

Only now—with Hierarch’s Mutagen augmenting every cell in her body—did Mir grasp what that truly meant.

Dancing about lightly on the tips of her footpaws, Mir dropped all ornamentation in her swordsmanship as she pushed the Tako Ronin back. Battering his katana aside with the slightest change in angle, the cheetah’s movements were as elegant and deadly as those of a Breon

Skyshark. Like a supercharged feedback loop, Mir used the human's vigor against him, tearing chunks out of the spine of his blade each time he overextended to fend her off.

Chunks of wood and fabric disintegrated as they dueled around the dividing line, exchanging blows too fast for mortal eyes to follow. Posts served as brief shields as Mir relentlessly pursued her foe, reflecting his power back at him as though he were gazing into the watersmooth-silver reflecting pool that sat in front of the Sun Throne.

And then, it was over.

A subtle tilt of her *shamshir* allowed it to slide neatly through the *fuchi* and straight into the handle of his katana. Plasma edge sparking and sputtering, it winked out of existence just before coming to rest harmlessly against the cheetah's armored throat. Irises now glowing a shade of gold that complimented her signet ring, Mir flicked her opponent's blade and watched as it cracked to bits like the shell of a *crème brûlée*. "I win."

"A duel well fought." Looking up at the Jumbotron with a noble gleam in his eyes, the Tako Ronin gathered the fallen shards of the handle and tucked them neatly in a humble cotton *tenugui*. "You have learned much in your short life, Princess. If our paths cross again, perhaps you will give the honor of another lesson. Do forgive the deception on the part of my master."

The Tako Ronin bowed and then stepped back as Lucien emerged from the locker room accompanied by an imposing cheetah with a sneer of cold command upon her muzzle. Her expression softened as her eyes—irises the same rich golden hue—met Mir's. "*A mard ō mard* well-fought, daughter."

"You mean this was all a—"

“No, the danger was quite real. Your mother”—Lucien gave Savannah a side-eyed glance carrying the implication that a heated conversation was in order once Mir was out of earshot—“wanted to ensure you had an authentic renaissance fair dueling experience...and paid one of the Milky Way’s most dangerous mercenaries handsomely to accomplish that.”

“C’mon Luci, where’s your sense of excitement?” Savannah laughed as the Tako Ronin flickered and then vanished into thin air. Mir shook her head as she collapsed backward against the last post standing at the center of the arena. Integrating an active camouflage generator into sixteenth-century Japanese armor couldn’t have been an easy task. “How about another *mard ò mard* to really take the Hierarch’s Mutagen augmentations for a test drive, huh?”

Mir shook her head and sighed. Catching her reflection in the polished head of Lucien’s scepter, she noted the gold was already beginning to fade from her eyes. Her stomach growled as she was suddenly overcome by ravenous hunger. “I think that’s enough excitement for one evening. But I wouldn’t turn down a turkey leg...or three.”

“Anything for our little Immortal,” Lucien and Savannah said in unison. Hoisting Mir up so that she straddled their shoulders, they headed triumphantly off to the concession stand.

“Turkey legs are on me, my treat!” Lucien grinned, and Mir was suddenly glad that she’d decided to skip the medieval fur-care seminar.

END



TTFC CODE OF CONDUCT

Code of Conduct Agreement
Updated 8/21/2021

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

All attendees agree to indemnify and hold harmless TTFC, it's affiliates, associates, vendors,

partners, and Board of Directors from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at TTFC. TTFC reserves the right to deny or revoke attendance at any time for any reason. Upon attendance revocation, that attendee must surrender their convention badge to Staff and leave TTFC convention spaces immediately. Removed attendees will not be entitled to refunds. TTFC accepts no liability for whatever may occur outside of convention spaces. Incidents that occur in a hotel room are the sole responsibility of the individual to whom the room is rented. This includes payment for any damage, responsibility for complaints levied against the room or area and any other issues that may arise. Our Code of Conduct is not an exhaustive list of do's and don'ts. Any behavior that interferes with the operations of TTFC or harms its reputation is strictly forbidden. This includes, but is not limited to, its relations and reputation with our community, municipality, venue, or the public. This also includes interfering with or disregarding instructions or guidance from TTFC staff during the performance of their duties. TTFC reserves the right to amend these rules without notice.

Badging Policy

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

Examples of valid photo identification include:

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

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

- * School ID

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

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

TTFC will not accept any refund requests after Pre-Registration has closed. TTFC does not permit attendance by any individual who appears on any state or federal sex offender registry.

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

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

Minor Attendance Policy

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

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

Parent(s) or guardian(s) who are attending with a minor will be required to sign up for an

attendee badge, but will not be charged to attend the event. Parent(s) or guardian(s) will be held responsible for damage and/or issues caused by their minors. Children 10 and under may attend at no charge with one paid adult registration but must be supervised and attended at all times by a parent or guardian. This type of badge may only be requested during on-site registration.

Harassment, Alcohol and Weapons

TTFC has a strict No Harassment policy (physical, verbal and/or sexual).

Harassment or discrimination is not tolerated; this includes but is not limited to the spreading, supporting, and/or sympathizing with discrimination based on race, color, national origin or ancestry, creed or religion, sex, or gender identity, sexual orientation, marital status, disability, or age.

All parties at which alcohol is served or consumed must verify that every person consuming alcohol at the party is 21 years of age or older by checking government-issued photo IDs. Any

party found serving alcohol to or allowing consumption of alcohol by anyone under the age of 21

will be shut down immediately. No usage, sale or possession of illegal or non-prescribed

controlled substances will be tolerated.

No weapons are permitted at TTFC. Fake or peace-bonded props for use as a part of a costume

must be approved by TTFC Security before being shown in public. Additional prohibited items

include, but are not limited to, silly string, paintball guns, water guns or any similar devices.

Dress Code

Any attire worn in the hotel must maintain a PG rating up until 9:00pm. Between the hours of

9:00 pm and 4:00 am, attire must maintain a PG-13 rating.

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

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

The following are not permitted at TTFC:

- Any attire that is genuine or gives the appearance of being non-fictional military or law enforcement attire with the exception of currently serving military or law enforcement personnel who may wear their duty uniforms.
- Any attire which allows for the features of a person's genitalia to be viewed
- Armbands
- Symbols perceived as hate symbols as determined by our staff.
- Leashes
- The following is permitted only between the hours of 9:00 pm and 4:00 am.
- Latex/PVC/Neoprene form fitting bodysuits

Behavior in Public Areas

Any attendees engaging in behavior which endangers life or property will have their badge

revoked immediately and may be barred from future events organized by TTFC.

The following behaviors are prohibited in any public area:

- Excessively loud volumes or use of portable speakers
- Disrespect of hotel staff or damage to hotel property
- Sleeping
- Consumption of alcoholic beverages anywhere other than hotel approved areas
- Display of any adult-themed subject matter
- Running, Skateboarding or use of Hoverboards or Wheeled Footwear
- Operating drones or radio-controlled flying devices
- Throwing Objects
- Selling goods or services outside of the commerce areas specifically designated by TTFC

The Marriott Southern Hills expressly prohibits any posting of signs, fliers, notices, etc. on all

walls, doors, and in elevators. Do not deface or mark on the hotel's surfaces.

Fursuits are not

allowed in the Hotel Restaurant or Bar. No rule in this code of conduct is meant to supersede any rule set by the hotel.

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

Media Policy

Commercial photography and video coverage is not allowed in convention areas of the hotel.

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

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

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

Seeking Help and Redress

TTFC seeks to make its staff available to its attendees. All members of Staff, while on duty, will be wearing identifying clothing or badges to indicate their status. If you have a problem, please alert Staff to the issue. Staff can't help, if they don't know there is a problem. TTFC staff will make every attempt to be fair, lenient and understanding in the case of infractions. If you feel that you have been treated unfairly by Staff or Security, please go to Con Ops and ask for assistance.