

# FURTHER CONFLUSION!

2024





**FURTHER**  
**CONFUSION**  
... 2024 ...

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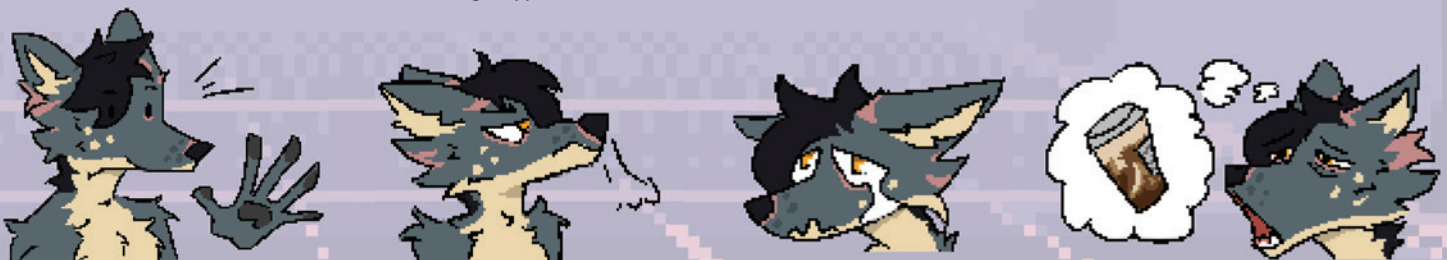
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# A Letter from the Chair

## Dear Friends,

Welcome to Further Confusion 2024: Pixelated. I have always found the timing of Further Confusion convenient for introspection - falling within the first few weeks of January, it has always served as a fun start to the new year, as well as an opportunity to reflect on the past.

Writing this, I can't help but reminisce on all of the years that lead up to this exact point. It feels like just yesterday I was a young teenager excitedly rushing through the front entrance of the Fairmont Hotel, eyes full of wonder and awe as the first real-life fursuiter I had ever seen was approaching another and preparing for a friendly embrace. That first convention experience was life-changing. I owe so much of my growth and success to this community and the many many friends I have made along the way.

I am so incredibly grateful that I have been able to serve as Further Confusion's Chairman for a second year running. While the experience has not been without its challenges, it has been a long time endeavor and dream that has been incredibly satisfying to see through to its conclusion. I want to take this opportunity to thank those who have supported and encouraged me on this journey. You know who you all are. Without your advice and guidance, I never would have made it this far.

If I had to give any advice to any young aspiring furies it would be to get involved. Be the change that you want to see. There are so many incredible people and opportunities within all the various organizations, so many useful skills you can hone, mentors that you can learn from, and lifelong friendships you can make.

Lastly, and I cannot stress this enough: If you are reading this please, take a moment to personally thank a volunteer today for their contribution. It would take more paper and space than I have available to describe just how much effort and work goes into running these events. Every single volunteered hour of work makes a difference. Taking the time to show your gratitude can go a long way.

With much love,

Ellie  
Further Confusion 2024 Chairman

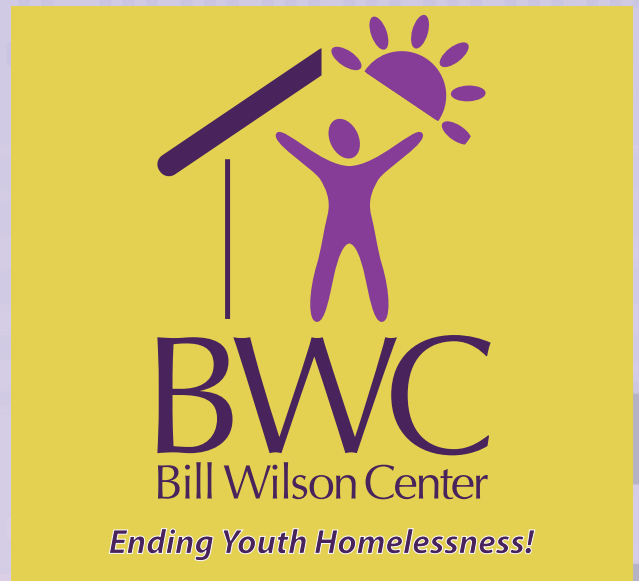


# Our 2024 Charity

## Bill Wilson Center

**Bill Wilson Center** has been providing services to runaway and homeless youth since 1973. Bill Wilson Center provides services to more than 5,000 children, youth, young adults and families in Santa Clara County through various programs. Additionally, they reach more than 103,000 clients through street outreach and crisis line programs. BWC programs focus on housing, education, counseling, and advocacy. BWC is committed to working with the community to ensure that every youth and young family has access to the range of services needed to grow to be healthy and self-sufficient adults; and that our behavioral health department is available to provide individual and family counseling sessions to a community facing a range of social and emotional challenges.

Visit [billwilsoncenter.org](http://billwilsoncenter.org) to learn more or connect someone in need to resources



**26%** Bay Area Community College students experienced homelessness last year

**4,400+** K-12 students in Santa Clara County experienced homelessness last year

**San Jose has the most homeless youth per capita in the USA**

Doors at 7pm  
Party starts at 8pm  
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21+ w/ ID

# Frolic

The Ultimate Furry Nightclub Experience  
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**Folsom Street Foundry**  
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San Francisco

**2024 DATES: Feb 10, April 13, Jun 8, Aug 10,** later dates tba...

# Meet Our Mascots: Berkeley

**Species: Canine (unspecified)**

**Gender: Male**

**Height: 5'10"**

Yo! I'm Berkeley, and welcome to the 8-Bits! You just stumbled across the right party with the right bartender – yours truly. Not here for a drink? All cool! I got plenty of stories to share that'll spice up this night and lots of party activities. You wouldn't believe some of the stuff that happens in my chemistry lab back at college. Sorry, hold on. What? We need more staff at the 'reg line? You got it; I'm on my way. No rest for the wicked until we close our eyes for good, they say. By that logic, I suppose I'm as wicked as they come! These eyes aren't closing for a good long time, not while I have anything to say about it. There's way too much excitement to be had, and I have no intention of missing out on any of it. For as long as I've been going to conventions, and I've been going to them for a good five years now, I've always liked to keep busy. I guess that's pretty much true with everything in my life though. Staying still has never worked for me.

There are a lot of reasons I like to keep busy. In the sense of conventions, I want to give back to the community I've been part of for so long. In the sense of all the parties and events I put together, I want to meet as many amazing people as possible. And, if I may be so brash, in the sense of myself, I want all eyes on me. I love the attention. For me, there's nothing quite like having everyone amazed as you dazzle them with everything you've got to show off, and I've always got a lot to show. Live action roleplaying, video game streams, chemistry experiments, and even the little things like air hockey. I hit a meeeean puck. Above all, I love my bartending. Nothing quite combines my passion for chemistry and my conversational expertise like serving up some of the best drinks these con parties have ever seen. Let me tell

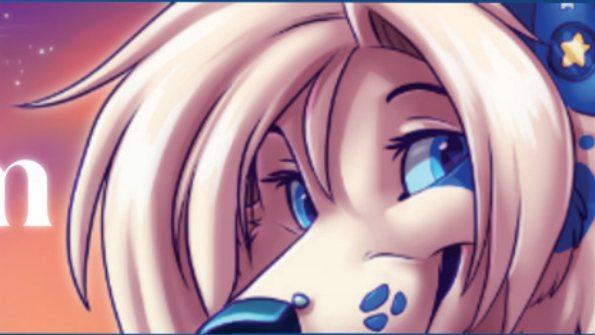
you – mixing multiple drinks at once and watching the eyes of your patrons sparkle as you fill those crystal glasses with tantalizing different colors is its own reward. Top that off with a memorable conversation and leave someone with a smile and a laugh, and you've got yourself the perfect night. Real talk though, it's all easier said than done sometimes.

Behind this charismatic display I put forward, deep down inside, I kinda waver in discomfort the moment it all stops. When I was a kid, I wasn't too well-received. I didn't have too many friends, and most people already had their little cliques that they didn't want anyone else to join in on. I've never understood how people can be so dismissive; it feels wrong. Once I started going to conventions, that's when everything changed. Everyone here is so kind and accepting, it's amazing! At my first convention, I was a bit shy and kept to myself in the game room, but everyone around me was so ecstatic to have me there. I hardly had time to breathe between talking and laughing so much. The sore throat from it all was absolutely worth it. After that, something just sort of turned on inside of me. All conventions after that and even back at college, I've never been more outgoing and just happy to be around everyone. Whenever I see anyone down and out like I was a few years ago, I stop at nothing until I can get them back on their feet and make sure they learn to love life the same way I do. Life's too short to spend it sad! We've all gotta support each other and leave one another feeling better for having met each other.

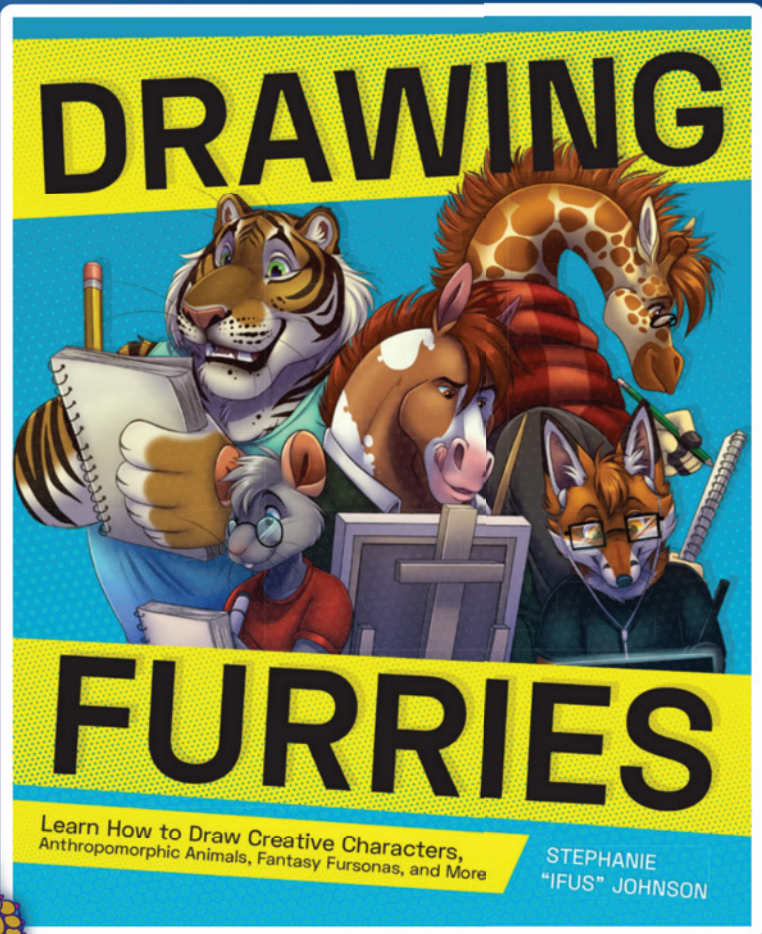


**Written by Blake**

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# Meet Our Mascots: Clara

**Species:** Feline (unspecified)

**Gender:** Female

**Height:** 5'7"

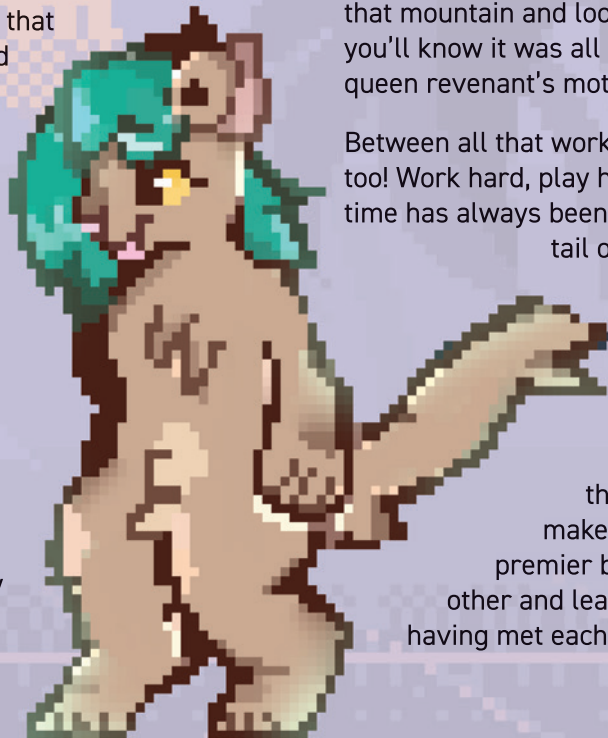
You've got a good set of eyes on you if you're looking this way! This is Marianne – my sapphire beauty. The foxiest 1979 fox body Mustang around, and with an impressive 300 horsepower, you'll be feeling the wind struggle to keep up with you as you tear through the road in this convertible. Wait, you're not here to check out this queen? Ugh, really? Some people have no class. Better not be looking at me then! There's only one partner who can keep up with me, and that's my azure goddess. If you absolutely must stick around, at least make yourself useful and hand me that jack stand. My beauty needs her manicure. Name's Clara, by the way. Best mechanic around San Jose, bassist for my punk rock band The Revenants, dancing enthusiast, and a convention veteran ready for her 16th FC. Once I set my mind to something, I see it all the way through. Like the wheels I ride or the chords I strum, I won't stop until I reach the finish line in first place or hit that last note and hear my crowd going wild.

For some people, it takes years for them to know what they wanna do in life. Me? I knew what I wanted to do the day my dad came home from work with a Mercedes Power Wheel back in good old '98. I never put my old dolls aside that fast in my life. I've been interested in cars for just about as long as I can remember. My favorite is of course the embodiment of perfection you see before you, but I enjoy near anything I can get these paws tinkering on. Each car has its own story to tell, its own soul you have to learn to resonate with to fully understand what it needs. It'll tell you what it wants, but only if you keep an open mind and have your ears perked. My dream is to be the greatest mechanic this world has ever seen, and I'm well on my way there. As soon as I got out of high school, and of course right after I attended my first Further Confusion, I sent resume after

resume to my local auto shop. Pretty funny how that went too. They denied me at first, so, like any competent mechanic-to-be who knows their worth, I went there anyway and started working alongside them. No way I was gonna let some "two years of professional experience" garbage stop me! Eventually they gave up trying to call authorities and run me away, and now I'm their prized lead mechanic. I take a lot of pride in my work, though I wish others outside of the shop looked at me the same way.

I never went to college; there was no need for me to with the path I had in mind. Every day I'm out of bed early and practically sprinting through my house to get out the door and get back to the job I love. All this work, all these massive accomplishments I've made in my life, and people look down on me simply because I never went to college. If I have to hear something like "A college degree is testament to your intelligence," one more time, I'm going to smash my bass over someone's thick head. I respect the people who chose to continue their studies, but that sanctified piece of paper means nothing unless you can back it up; you don't become a genius just for holding a diploma. If you want something in this world, you have to chase it down and beat any obstacles in your path into submission. You can't just say you have a title – you have to prove you deserve that title. Believe me when I say I know first-hand that it gets exhausting. Once you climb the top of that mountain and look down at your kingdom though, you'll know it was all worth it. But that's enough of the queen revenant's motivational speech.

Between all that work, you gotta know how to relax too! Work hard, play harder, I always say. My fun time has always been the conventions I dance my tail off at, and now it's gonna be the convention I play my heart out at. Finally convinced all my band members to join me here! These convention goers are completely unprepared for what we have in store for them. First we start at FC, then we make our world tour as this fandom's premier band. We've all gotta support each other and leave one another feeling better for having met each other.



**Written by Blake**



2024  
**HOWLOWEEN**  
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COMING 2024 | ESCAPE IS IMPAWSSIBLE.

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**Fireside Tails**

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APRIL 12-14TH 2024

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IBIS STYLE SUNTER HOTEL, JAKARTA 13-14 JULY 2024

ART BY:  
AMROZEPHYR  
REOREMADE

**IWAG.FURRIES.ID**

# Meet Our Mascots: Almaden

**Species:** Dragon

**Gender:** Non-binary

**Height:** 6'8"

Oh, um, hi! Name's Almaden. Uh, sorry, I'm not too much of a talker. It's a little hard for me to speak with others outside of my relatives, and even then, it's still a slight challenge. I come from a bit of a larger family. Being the oldest of three, life has always been moderately crazy for me at home. My parents were away at work most of the time when I was younger, so I had to take charge and act as a sort of parent for my two siblings. It's actually kind of funny since they started calling me their guardian because I'm so much larger than everyone around me. I may or may not have scared one of my brother's friends away when I barely squeezed my way through the kitchen doorway. It's not my fault they don't make these houses big dragon proof! Don't mind all the cracks in any doorframes you may see around me, and definitely don't worry about that smoke billowing out of the kitchen.

Ugh, this is why I always order takeout. Welp, good thing we keep a fire extinguisher in the kitchen. I don't get too much time to myself, having to take on the role of guardian and all. In fact, most people don't actually know what I do when I'm not at home. I've heard people come up with all sorts of crazy rumors. "Almaden is at the gym every day; I saw them bench over 9000 pounds!" Or even "Almaden once threw a guy so high into the sky away from their sister that he never came back down!" Or my personal favorite: "Almaden swooped in and ate my parents, that's why they're so big!" I may work out a bit, but those are all just a biiiiiit exaggerated.



I'm actually far more shy and gentle than looks would suggest. In those ephemeral moments where I do have some free time, I'm always at my favorite comic book store. I guess the term "geek" would best describe me, haha. Don't tell anyone though! Part of me actually prefers to keep people guessing rather than have them know the truth. I'm somewhat embarrassed to let most anyone know what I'm interested in, though it gets exhausting putting on this rugged front.

I've always felt a little pressured and like there were so many prying eyes on me in the form of my family. Don't get me wrong, I love them, but it gets so hard sometimes with all their expectations. I cherish those moments where I can sneak away and not have to worry about being this imposing and mighty dragon who can take care of the family and always does so much work around the house. In truth, I'm content hanging out in a quaint little shop where I can just be myself. I love to find a nice quiet spot there to read vintage comics, draw my favorite characters in unlikely situations, and play retro video games. I speak with a few others there sometimes, but it wasn't until my friend from college, Berkeley, stumbled upon me there and found out where I vanished to all the time. I was a bit nervous, but he told me he knew about this really fun place where I could meet a whole bunch of enthusiasts into the same topics and that he was going there next week.

That was when I found out about my new favorite event, something that rivaled even our weekly artist gatherings at the comic book store – Further Confusion. Since then, I've

never felt more happy to just be myself and be surrounded by so many wonderful people interested in the same things. I just hope Berkeley can stay quiet and not let his loud mouth get the best of him; the last thing I need is the attention.

**Written by Blake**

# The Legend of Nex: Second Quest

## by Equilius

Nex's first problem was deciding when he was born. Of course, there were three options for him to choose from; 1987 for when the game featuring his design was first developed, some unspecified date several years later when the aftermarket arcade cabinet he spawned from was manufactured, or that fateful day nine weeks ago, when he...

The pine marten wasn't even sure what had fully happened, apart from what little Varra could explain to him. Supposedly, she was playing a video game in which he was the main character, before she accidentally spilled soda on the machine, causing it to short-circuit. After which point, the soda mixed with both the internals of the cabinet as well as the arcade carpet below to somehow breathe actual life into him.

If he hadn't experienced the events firsthand, Nex would have called the story bullshit, far too fantastical and impossible to believe, yet he existed. A video game character given life. One of the first things that Varra asked him once they both reached their apartment was what he could remember, if each loop of the game was felt by him. But Nex had no answer for himself, let alone the sabertooth whose actions allowed him to exist.

The whole thing felt fuzzy. If he wanted to remember his past life, it came to him almost instantly, with a frightening level of clarity. The home town he lived in, as well as its various inhabitants. He could also remember some of the various adventures he went on, now revealed to have been controlled by another.

But trying to remember further back, to his childhood or how exactly he came to be the adventurer he was, simply came up blank. Of course, this was because the programmers who created Nex neglected to give him any sort of backstory, but that didn't make his past feel any less stolen.

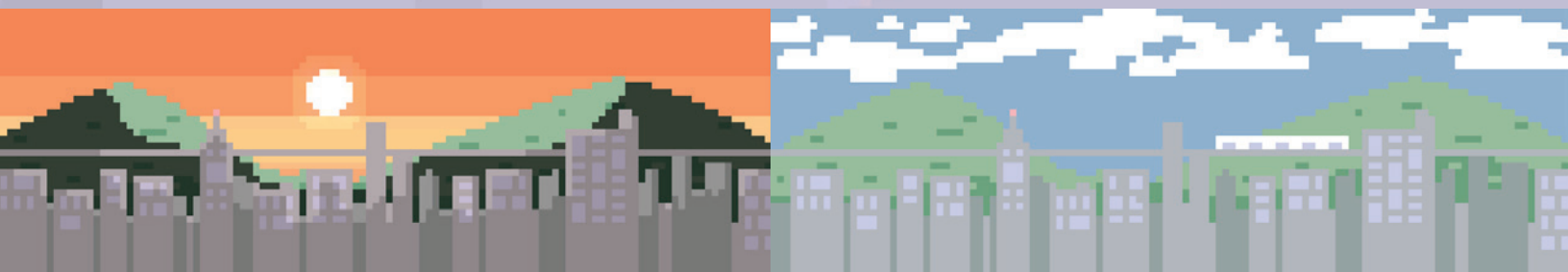
When returning from his pondering to the real world, however, Nex's memories of whatever his life in the game slowly faded, as though the means to access them were past a door in his mind that he continuously needed to keep propped open. It was as though his entire history before waking up in the arcade was nothing but a dream, which in a way it was.

It was easy for him to remain upbeat, being programmed to be a hero to never waver in the face of evil or confusion. But Nex was no longer a hero, no longer destined to save the world. Everything that made him who he was only existed as pixels on a screen. That's what made it so easy for him to remain confident when first meeting Varra, bluffing his way into making them believe he knew exactly what was going on.

Nex never returned to his birthplace, at first not by choice. Varra was still far too embarrassed by their spillage to dare show their face back there, and wanted the digital Marten to likewise lay low. Once Nex was allowed to explore the city on his own, however, he still decided to stay away. What would he even be looking for apart from further affirmation of his existential crisis?

But curiosity quickly got the better of him, and even though the rarity of the game he spawned from caused finding an actual copy of his game to be a fool's endeavor, there was still a way for Nex to explore his origins. When first appearing in the real world, the pine martin had somehow allowed himself to conjure a USB featuring his own game's code, a feat that he could not for the life of him replicate after successive attempts.

He knew from the sabertooth's ramblings that the game he spawned from was rare, seemingly being just as pleased at Nex being able to retrieve the game as they were for him to exist in the first place. Initially not wanting to open Pandora's Box, it took only two weeks



before Nex sat down at Varra's computer while they were at work, and booted up an emulator to see what 'The Legend of Nex' was all about.

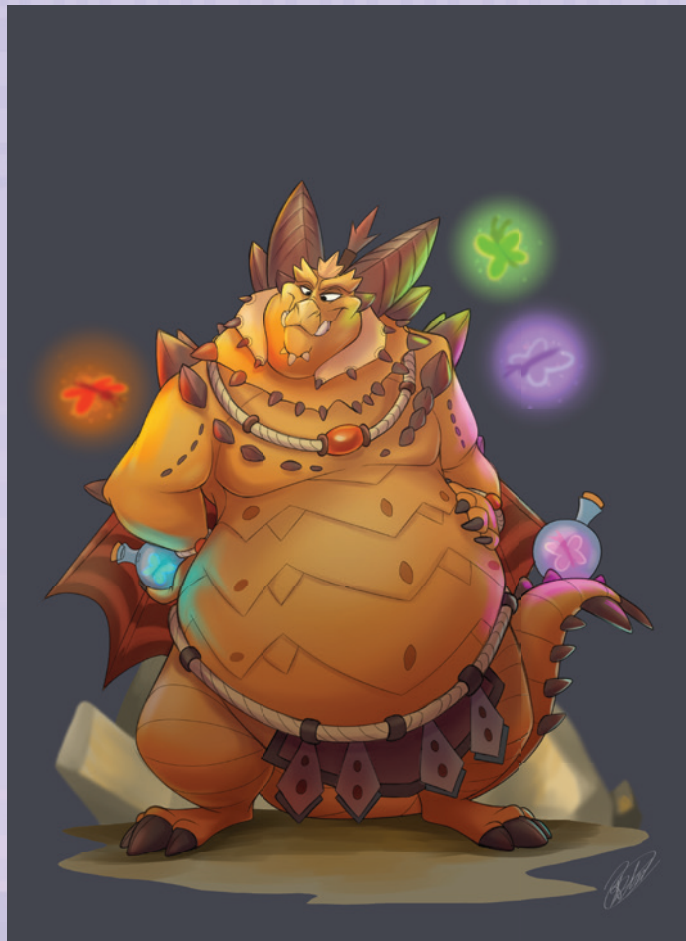
It was bizarre seeing this pixelated rendition of himself on the screen. Having spent the past few weeks patterned after an arcade cabinet, Nex almost forgot what he was 'supposed' to look like. Pitch black skin covered in multicolored stripes was instead a reddish brown color, the same general shape and design simplified to be able to be rendered on the primitive hardware the game was designed for.

Observing his digital form, Nex couldn't help but think that he was intentionally created by someone else, an uncredited developer halfway across the world. Would his designer even recognize what Nex had become, if they were even still alive of course. What the hell would he even say to them if they were to meet?

Pressing each key, the digital avatar followed Nex's every command. Is this really how he had lived for all of these years? Just being nothing but a puppet for someone else to control? His world that had felt so real to him was nothing more than somewhat detailed sprites, entirely static with whatever changes Nex had made while in the game reset after the one controlling him beat the game.

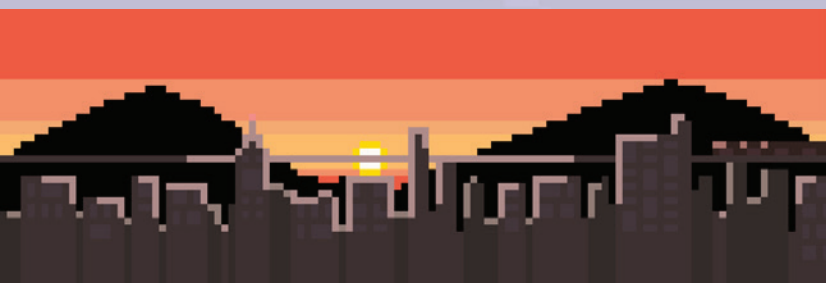
Still in the town square, it felt odd for Nex to see the alleys and paths he had traversed hundreds of times from a top-down perspective. Several people he had known for years were displayed here as well, from the old sage to the shopkeep. Perhaps the lack of names for any of the townsfolk should have clued Nex in on the fact that everyone he knew was an archetype rather than an actual person, but much like everything else, it felt so real in the moment.

Heading over to the shopkeep, the shattered illusion became even more apparent. There was no ability for Nex to interject with his own dialogue when speaking to the NPC, hearing the same recitation that had long



since burned into the pine martin's head through the countless unaware loops he had spent trapped. Nex wondered for a moment if any of the other NPCs were aware of what was happening, but as the existentialism of his thoughts grew, he quickly shut off the game to avoid thinking about it.

Nex's existence was bizarre, impossible. But as he thought about it, very little about the world he lived in made sense either. Varra supposedly went to work each weekday, but once arriving back home they couldn't recall a single thing that they did, either to themselves or to Nex. Time was instantaneous while simultaneously dragging on, the memories of the weeks Nex spent



before opening his game again seemingly just as hazy as his own time in the game, not important enough to be brought up.

He could additionally spot what he referred to as 'inconsistencies' in several of Varra's friends. Kylie, a giraffe friend of the sabertooth, somehow appeared at a different size depending on the day, from only a few feet taller than the pine marten to easily overshadowing cities. The giraffe's panda roommate never changed size, but always managed to find himself in the worst situations while coming out of them entirely unharmed.

Nex didn't want to admit it, but something seemed off about these characters. It was as though there was something there that he should not get involved in. At times, even Varra gave him that gut feeling. Seemingly fantastical events had happened to both Varra and their friends, with minimal weight or fanfare given to them. Even Nex's own impossible birth was accepted with little hesitation. But despite the oddities surrounding them, the events and people were seemingly just as real as he was.

The pine marten worried that, just like his prior life was manufactured, whatever inconsistencies in this world could reveal it to also be a fantasy, trapped

behind layers of fictionality. Whether there was a way to properly test his theory was beside the point, as even the possibility was horrifying enough.

After weighing his options, Nex opted not to share his findings with any of his friends. He worried that if he mentioned it to Vander, the Vaporeon would only prove them to be correct. He couldn't exactly make these feelings go away, as the idea of him not being real even now continued to eat up at him.

But did it matter? Even though Pandora's box had been opened, that was no reason not to just continue living. At the very least in this life, he had agency, options to perform instead of portraying a single-note hero. He now had friends who he could talk to, share jokes with, and just enjoy life to the fullest with, no matter what life it was.

And so he chose to simply believe.



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- > June 29th
- > **July 20th**  
Summer Weekender
- > August 10th
- > August 31st
- > September 21st
- > October 12th
- > November 2nd
- > November 23rd
- > **December 7th**  
Winter Weekender

For more info visit  
[londonfurs.org.uk](https://londonfurs.org.uk)

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*"ALS CAN KISS MY FUZZY BUTT..."*

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Tony "Dogbomb" Barrett's courageous battle with ALS in 2018 brought a fandom together like never before. The support from Furries near and far showed the true meaning of love and generosity. Though Tony eventually passed away on April 5th, 2019, he is NOT forgotten!! That's why WE NEED YOU, FUZZY BUTTS...

**TEAM TONY** will be gearing up later this year to walk in his memory, while supporting those currently suffering from Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, a disease of the nervous system that causes loss of muscle control. It is also known as Lou Gehrig's Disease, named after the baseball player who was diagnosed in 1939.



Please join us in **The Walk To End ALS 2024** on **Saturday, November 2nd at PARK PLACE in Irvine** (near John Wayne Airport). It will be a fun-filled morning packed with activities for all ages, highlighting with the walk and a catered lunch for attendees. A fursuit changing tent will be provided.

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**We're not done yet...PLEASE JOIN US!**



### For More Information, Please Contact:

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# New Arrivals

## by Blake

"Almaden, when I told you to pack light, I didn't mean take five of your ten costumes and all the props that go with them." A slate gray and cream canine groaned while he used his sole luggage as a chair, his head rested in one of his paws. At first, he had made a game of counting how many times the same few suitcases went around the airport baggage claim, but now he was steadily becoming exhausted. If not for his friend's deviation from their demure personality to a bouncy zeal, he'd be bored out of his mind.

A large red and yellow dragon towered over most everyone around them. This was one of those rare occasions where they struggled to hide their elation, and everyone they stood next to got to experience that first hand with an occasional twitch from an ardent set of wings. "When you're stuck at home as much as I am and seldom get time to yourself, you try to make every bit of it count. I figure you'd know that, Berkeley." Almaden scanned the baggage carousel, exclaiming when their third bag came into view. Leaning over to reach for it, they completely forgot their wings were spread and nearly knocked over two people on each side of them. "Ack, sorry!" Springing back with their bag clutched, the draft from Almaden's wings made nearby travelers brace themselves as a forceful gust rustled clothes and toppled lighter luggages. The irritated glares and disapproving mummings made Almaden clench their wings back and bashfully avert their gaze – only Berkeley found the situation comical.

The canine had been coming to Further Confusion for a few years now. In the short time he'd been here, he'd gone out of his way to make his name known and bring a smile to everyone he met.



Some people knew him for his incredible bartending skills and the parties he hosted, and others knew him for his workaholic nature and dedication to staffing at conventions. Whatever the case, virtually everyone loved him. He was hoping that would be the case for Almaden just as it was for him.

It wasn't until recently that Berkeley finally found out where his friend ran off to all those times he couldn't contact them. Most graduate students he knew relegated themselves to the library, as was usually Almaden's case unless they were caring for their siblings. Come to think of it, it seemed funny enough to see a dragon that athletic looking be methodically turning pages of a textbook instead of running at the track. That was part of what made finding them cosplaying at a comic book store for a retro video game night even more bewildering. Everyone had their hobbies, and that was one he wasn't expecting.



Anyone else would have been struggling to drag all of those suitcases away from the baggage claim. Fueled by excitement, empowered by raw strength, or some combination of the two, Almaden was easily able to drag all four of their bags over to where Berkeley was standing and fiddling with his phone. "Alright, good to go." They readjusted the bag being wheeled along by their thick tail. "We're still on track for registration pick up, right? Oh, and we're not too early for our hotel check-in, I hope. Oh, and we're still on time for..." they realized just now how much of a goofy smile Berkeley had etched across his muzzle as he looked up from his phone. "Uuuuh, what's so funny?"

"You always seem so stressed or stern; it's nice to see you finally relax and be yourself for a bit." The canine chuckled and looked past the dragon. Some people were still picking up their bags from the mighty whirlwind that knocked them down. If he hadn't known better, he'd have thought a tornado came through the airport. "Certainly looks like you're well and on your way to loosening up."

Almaden tilted their head. "What do you mean by th-oh!" They turned back around and saw just how much of a mess they made. Seeing fliers torn off the walls, luggages overturned, and even a trash can knocked on its side, they immediately felt as if they were stage center for a class presentation they hadn't properly prepared for. If they had a set of ears like Berkeley,

they'd be pulled so far back as they tried to find a hole to go hide themselves away from the world in.

"Aw, don't worry about it! A little bit of attention won't do ya any harm." Berkeley clapped them on the back between their clenched wings.

"That's easy for you to say. You practically a showman while I'm some bumbling half-time show hoping their performance ends as soon as possible so they can go back into hiding." Almaden jerked their head back forward and tried their hardest to imagine no one was staring at them. Picking that trash can back up and trying to squeeze their way into it was sounded rather appealing at this point.

The canine cocked an eye. "That so? Seemed more to me like you were a ringmaster back home at the comic book store. You seemed pretty excited to show off all your fan art of you collecting golden floating rings and running through green hills."

"Gah! Let's just get out of here!" Almaden clumsily ran as fast as they could while burdened by the weight of everything they brought with them flopping around in their arms.

Trying not to completely burst out laughing for his friend's sake, Berkeley set the trash can back up and gave a showy bow to his unexpected audience. "Thank you, kind travelers, for being such a wonderful crowd! We'll be here all week."

Thankfully Almaden wasn't particularly good at hiding or difficult to track down. Berkeley caught up with them right by the curbside as they were catching their breath. Outgoing as he was, the aversion to attention was something he could never quite fully understand. Even in awkward situations like just now, those came as a package deal with the opportunity to resolve it with a witty charm he knew all too well. Giving the dragon a reassuring smile, he promised himself he'd make sure they were able to relax just like any other one of their visits to the comic book store.

"If this is how the convention goes for you, you're gonna be making friends in no time once you walk through those doors. From experience, I can tell they're gonna love you there." Catching one of his friends bags just before it slipped off their shoulder, Berkeley caught the handles and slid the duffel bag right onto his arm.

Almaden breathed out, plopping down onto a bench right next to them. "Thanks, Berkeley. Not for the bag, I mean, but just for being here. I'd never be able to go to something this big on my own."



"Hey, no worries! If you have time to worry, then you have time to allocate into something more productive and enjoyable." Catching sight of a familiar blue convertible driving their way, Berkeley pointed to the car with his free paw. "Speaking of someone who knows how to have fun, our ride's here."

The car pulled right up to the side of the curb and stopped in front of the pair. Up close and personal, they could see just how well maintained the older vehicle was as it sparkled like a gleaming sapphire underneath the sun's rays. Its soft top was already pulled back to reveal its sleek black seats and a tan feline wearing a pair of dark green sunglasses and singing along to a punk song neither of them recognized. Pulling off her shades and flicking the dial for a lower volume, the cat waved to the canine she'd been going to conventions with for a few years now.

"Would you look at what the winged-cat in the sky flew in. It's been too long, Berks." She took a moment to examine the dragon next to him. That many bags and looking that reserved, they practically were parading around with a sign that read 'first time con attendee,' "Looks like you even brought some fresh meat with you! How's it going, Wings?"

"Ooooooh, what did I just get myself into?" Almaden could practically feel the bench manifesting its own gravitational pull on them. Even then, it was a pull the combined influence of an eager canine and an adventurous cat could overpower.

Berkeley waved back. "Clara! Great to see you again." He approached the car and opened the passenger door, motioning for the dragon to follow him. "This is Almaden. It's their first time at one of these things, so they're a bit nervous about it all."

"The dragon you mentioned online, yeah? Always a pleasure to see new blood come to join in on the party." Clara looked past the canine as he got into the car and closed the door. "Well don't just sit there warming the bench; we've got a convention to go to! I promise Marianne and I don't bite...much." Expectantly watching Almaden with a welcoming smile, her infectious willpower pushed aside their hesitation. Rising from the seat, Clara had to trail her eyes upward to properly make eye contact with the dragon as a shadow came over her car. "It's a real good thing I drive a convertible. You can toss your bags in the trunk with Lucy."

Almaden blinked as they stared blankly at the car, not seeing anyone past Berkeley or Clara.

"Marianne and Lucy? I just see you there."

With a proud pat to her dashboard and feeling the soft rumble of her beloved car's engine, she looked at Almaden from her side. "This beauty here is Marianne!

Picked her up two years ago and fixed her up myself." She pointed back with her thumb. "Lucy's the bass stored away in the trunk.

Don't put your bags in too roughly. She startles easily."

"Um, right." Compared to everything Clara packed, they may as well have looked like they were completely moving to

a new home. Not much space to work with, they were starting to feel like they may have overdone it. Though it took more force than it should have should have, Almaden managed to barely squeeze all of their bags into the trunk. Hopefully Clara wouldn't notice how much they had to press down on the trunk. "All stored away!"

"Then away we go!" All of them buckled up in Clara's car and drove away from the airport with a sole destination in mind.

Each of them had been to plenty of larger cities like this before. The enthusiastic street performer garnering a small crowd, the person spewing their religious doctrine next to their favorite streetlight, the lost travelers with their eyes glued to their phones as they struggled to find where they were, and all the other colorful characters they'd come to know and expect in the city. Keeping quiet as they tried to wiggle into some sort of comfort in the back seat, Almaden watched each person as they passed by and wondered which of them were actually going to the convention. For that matter, how many of them even knew there was going to be a convention? As Clara turned onto the next street, their attention was ensnared and yanked away from the standard city sights.

It wasn't the restaurant with a fancy display of elegant wine bottles in the window nor the large statue of a tech company's logo that caught their eyes, though their proximity was amusing to them.

Hanging from the lamp posts were banners advertising the convention, and by an artist they drew inspiration from, no less. Almaden would recognize those toony eyes, vibrant colors, smooth lines, and expressive smile anywhere, a smile directed right at them while the weasel in the artwork held a sword up high and their cloak blew behind them. The artwork's cheerful grin captivated them as they took in all the street turned art show had to offer them.

Pausing her conversation with Berkeley, Clara looked to her rear-view mirror and chuckled with a warmth in her heart. "That's just the beginning of it, Wings. You haven't



seen anything yet." Sixteen years ago, she was that overly stimulated convention newcomer. Sixteen years ago, that was her feeling like her life had just started anew and she was a kit experiencing the world for the first time.

"Ooh, look at them! They're already in their costumes and just walking around the city!" Almaden pointed towards a group of people on one side of the street, then immediately to another. "And them! Those people are taking pictures with them, and they don't even look like they're here for the convention!" They could scarce believe they were a witness to everything going on in the open.

As they drove on, they left behind the reality they came from. The past was miles out of reach, the present was halted by a red light behind them, and the future dared not even try to catch up with the swift time capsule the three were in. Time came to a standstill as the iconic convention hotel came into view. Basking in its solitary time bubble, it beckoned them with its sliding glass doors as the driveway latched onto Clara's car with an invisible tow chain. Drawing them up to the front of the building, the hotel greeted them with the temporal confines it had constructed in accordance with the convention.

Clara parked her car up front and turned it off. She was the first to unbuckle her seat belt and stand out of the car. Raising her arms high for a long stretch and breathing in, she felt rejuvenated merely standing there. Sure she lived nearby, but it was like entering a different world once the convention was in town; the whole atmosphere morphed into something unlike the place she grew up in. Years later, that feeling of arriving here never got old. "Well, guys, we're back in town. Or I guess for some of us we're new to the place?" She smiled as her arms came back down to her sides.

Watching a hotel staff member walk out in her uniform and looking past her, Almaden turned their head to look into the hotel. Even for a first-timer like them, it wasn't hard to discern who was there for the convention and who wasn't. The sheer volume of people in the lobby wearing convention badges or dressed up to fit the retro theme sent sparks through their body. Far beyond what they had pictured this event being, even just that

small fragment of the hotel made the tiny club they frequented back at home look minuscule. Completely exhilarated, they felt they had been absorbed by the welcoming venue. It was as if they were possessed by the spirit of the convention itself, and it was a mighty specter. Almost entirely unaware of what they were doing, Almaden hopped out of the car and ran right into the hotel, immersing themselves in the convention atmosphere and oblivious to the mild bit of pain their maw was in from smiling so hard.

"So, ready to make an entrance at your first convention?" Clara turned around back to her car only to find it missing one person. "Wait, where'd Wings go? They were literally just right there."

Berkeley flicked his ears while he was slouched in the car seat. "What are you talking about? They're right... Almaden?" Looking in the back seat, his friend was nowhere in sight.

"How does a dragon that massive just go missing?" Scanning the driveway, Clara couldn't find them anywhere. "Guess they got stage fright after all. Welp, wouldn't be the first time I've seen this happen. Let's go find them."

The canine chuckled. "Something tells me we won't have to look too far. Look over there." He sat up and pointed over to the lobby. Right inside of there, an unmistakable red dragon was living through a major sensory overload, darting from one place to the next to try and satiate their rampant curiosity and excitement. Whatever they saw down the hallway really spoke out to them, because they ran so fast down there that they almost knocked someone's coffee out of their paws as they were coming out of the shop in the hall.

Clara ran past the glass doors.

"Wings, get back here! I am not carrying all of these bags!" As fast as Almaden was dashing, she was pretty unlikely to catch up with them and let out a sigh on her way back to the car. "Next time warn me when you're going to bring someone who's going to run off and leave us stranded, Berks."

"Trust me: I'm just as surprised as you are." Wiping away his silly grin, Berkeley found his way out of the car and over to the trunk. "Actually, maybe I shouldn't be. Anyway, go easy on them. It's their first con and you



wouldn't imagine the kind of front they have to put up back at home. What was it you said when I met you at my first con? 'These cons our escape from reality.'

"Was that before or after you thought you could 'win my heart over' at that party while you were bartending?" The cat raised one of her eyebrows, adopting a bit of a slyness to her tone.

Berkeley's ears folded back. "Okay, first off, that was my third year here, secondly, I use that as a fun opener to everyone I serve, and lastly..." He stumbled over all of his words as he tried to rush them all out.

Laughing, Clara put up one of her paws for him to stop. "Alright, alright, I get it. I was just messing with you. For someone that hungry for spotlight, you sure do have amusing reactions once you get it like that." She joined him over by the trunk. "You're right though - that's my standpoint with these things. As much as I work, I need these outlets or I'll lose my mind."

"Exactly my point." Berkeley nodded and adjusted his backpack. "C'mon. Let's get all these bags to the front desk then check in. I've still gotta get to the Dealer's Den and help set up, then I've gotta get the room bar set up. Day zero just means pre-game day in my book."

"I'll drink to that." Clara turned her car key in the trunk slot and twisted it. Without even trying, the trunk flew open, and with it, Almaden's bags. Bonked in the face with a plush spellbook for one of the dragon's costumes, most the rest of their bags flew past her and had Berkeley twisting and dodging out of the way like he was playing dodgeball. "Berks?" The cat stood there without moving.

Berkeley sprang back up, his head covered partially with a wizard costume. "Uuuuh, yeah?"

"Make that two drinks." She tossed the book back into the trunk, flicking her ears when the plush toy squeaked.

"Waaaay ahead of you." Together, they both started picking up everything and marching it on inside, their convention shenanigans already starting before they even had both feet in the door.



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Chaotic[redacted]  
Charlie  
Charpy  
Chef Lisa Lynx  
CHIEF  
Chief  
Chip  
Chip Unicorn  
chip\_cat\_  
Chips  
Chmee  
Cindi Morgan  
Cinnamon Otter  
Cirrus  
Citanger  
CK9C  
Claud  
Clicky  
Clyde Racc! 🐾  
CoffeeWoof  
Collings  
Commander  
Conjure  
Convlexity  
CorranFox  
Coutzy  
Coyote Seattle  
Crashdoom Marshdevil  
Crissa Kentavr  
Cynra Aexara  
Cyrus Snow  
Czar  
Dan Maku  
Danzi  
Dark\_Spawn\_Wolf  
Darris  
Dave  
DBWolf  
Decora  
Dee  
Del Stinko  
Dergon LargePaw  
despicable trinagles  
Dewey  
Dezmond  
Dim  
Director Grandpa  
Dj FireWolf  
DJ Whole Milk  
DMAN  
DonovanRottie  
Doom  
Dozer  
Dr Mogwai  
DraconicDKW  
Drægon  
Drægonis  
Drakreo  
DTZ

Dum hyena	James Webst Space Telescope	Loup bunny	Noxx
Dusky Snep	Jaric/Mikola	Lucien	Nuke
DylantheFloofer	Jasper Gray	Luna	NukerFox
Echo/Kiara	Jax	Luney	Null / Silly
Edward	Jax	Lup	oh no it's Abe
Ekko	Jessie	Lupaio	Oreo
ekko T raven	Jetticy n	Luxrien	Orvan Rabbit
Elan	Jinx	Lyte	Outsider
Elbrar	Jirayre Ferrari	Mak	Party Fowl
Eligecos	JJ Husk	Mane Time Between Failures	Pathia
Ellie	Joe G. Bear	Mari Kat Wolf	PAWA
Equilius	John Lemon	Mark J	Pepper
Euro, Shadow King	John Lynx	Marshall	Peppermint
Evarie	Joran Zeno	martinisoft	PepperPengu
Evey	Jordan Rinehart	Matthias	PhaedraFlux
Fabio The Fox	Jowo	Maxwell	Phobos
Fateclaw	Junaos	Mechpup	Phorsaken
FaultyFfion	Junk Knight	Mel	Pixelated Possum
Faynefluff	Jutado	Melkyore	Pixie
Federal Offense	Kaia Cougar i	Melon	Playfulcarpet
Feroxdoon	Kains	Meros	Polite Menace
Fireline Coyote	Kaisarion	Merrill	Polt
Firnen	Kakino kitsune	Michael Galati	PoofyHimbo
Firon	Kari Vixen	Midori	Procyon
Flerken	Kathiss Clawden	Miles Seawind	Pulsar
Flink & Sierra	Katie Puppers	Ming	PupperDoggo
FluffyHowL	Katja	Mino	Pubit
Fluke 🐟	Kauko	Mint Chocolate Minx	QuietFire
FluxPaw	Kaysho	MintDoq	R I P P L E
Forrest Husky	Kel	Mischief	Rai
Foxy	Kel	Mishael	Rainshadow
Fredrick	Kelly Stonepaw	Mitsy Marcella	Rakku
FrozenFOXX	Ken Cheng	Mitt	Rallie
Furahi	Keno Fox	miyagami noriko	Rath'Tolar
FuzzWolf	Keyda Fynx	Monco	Rawni
G'day, how-a-roo?	Khandor K. Talonflash	Moneyhams	RAWRBARKS
Gale	kieran	Monty!	REAZU
Garcatte	Kiko	Moo	Rechner
Garnie	Killer-Of-Night	Mootiful Princess	Red
Gemini	Killjoy	Morganashe	Relaxing Dragon
Georninja	Kimber Wolfe	Mozdoc Alicentaurpede	Relay Raccoon
Ghost	Kiri	Muddypaws	Ren
glowpuppy	Kiteless	Multimodal Dragon Model	Renzo
Golden Wuffle	Kitten	Myaburr	Reo
Goober	KittyKhrysty	MYRIAD	Reo_Grayfox
Gooning In the 90s	Koda	Myrishi	Repaki
Grendel	Kodiak Wulfe	Mystical	Revelion
Grii	Krahnos	Myth	RevyAfterMao
Grimal T. Skunkrat	Kraith	N2Kenai	Rez
Gristle	Kravotir	Nan	Rhys
GrizzOrc	Krystine Morgan	NaniMoose	Rich
Grovel Husky	Kuma Raccoon	Nanuk	Rich Chew
Growler	Kusabi	Nash	Ritz
Hans	KyLo	Nekona	Roady
Harold Winters	Lancener	Nekrossai	Robert
Hoppy!	Latch	Nero	Robut Babysitter
Hyperious	Latte	Nesheph Wolf	Rosemary
Ice-Wolf	Leif & co. in Panic on Funkotron	net-cat	Royce
iDog Mom	Lemony Galette	Nick 🐱	RustyTheBrave
ilian	Len Ozora	Nightshade	RykerHusky
Imani	Levi	Niko Fox	Ryoken
Incubat	Lex	Nitro	Saber Kitsune
Isaac Wolf	Lhocke	No Sleep Fur	Sabur
Jade McLeod	Lily	No! No! Bad dog!	Sadira Volantes
Jaffa	Linzer	Nomad the Wolf	SaeboDog
Jakkob	Lively	Nouv	Sagemane
Jakky the Dober	Lommox		Sakura Inu

# Sponsors & Super-Sponsors con't

Salem  
 Sanna  
 Sardan Shikami  
 Scorpio Kat  
 Senky  
 Sennard  
 Serkos  
 Sharnae  
 Sharon Hom  
 Shensy  
 Shouka  
 Shrapnel  
 shu  
 Shugnussy  
 Shyotl  
 Sigmya  
 Signal  
 SikDrift  
 Silver Yote!!!  
 Simon Tesla  
 Sketchy  
 Skyite  
 Slash0x  
 Slush  
 smudge!!!  
 Sneptember  
 Snow  
 SnowyHitch  
 SolaceRaptor  
 Solanum  
 Somnius  
 SongBird  
 Soren Sladkevick  
 Sourjers  
 SouthKitsune  
 or ScopesLyonSense  
 Sparky  
 Spectrum Fox  
 Spitty  
 Spook Rooster  
 sprite dog  
 Squash (@squashtfc)  
 Squirrel  
 Star  
 Starfall  
 Steady Gait  
 Stickers  
 STOP WORK  
 Strategically Placed Howls  
 Stupid & Stinky  
 sup3rmar10  
 svnh  
 Sweet Tooth  
 swishchee  
 Sylvester The Cat  
 Sylys Sable  
 TOTSU  
 Tack the Horse  
 Taebyn  
 Tajga  
 Tama Tala  
 Tanaki  
 Tani Coyote  
 Tanuski (Steve)  
 Tarantella  
 Tarocco  
 TaroFoxy  
 Tarqin  
 TARS  
 Tau  
 Tav\_Fox  
 Tayler Macht  
 Technus  
 Teez  
 Tek  
 Tenebris Rex  
 Tersl  
 Tess The Red  
 Thal  
 The Big Dad Wolf  
 Theodore C. Whitchambres  
 Three Peaches  
 Thumper  
 Tibbles N' Bits  
 Tiel  
 Tikwid  
 Timmy  
 Tiny  
 Titus  
 Tivo  
 Tober  
 Tobias  
 toki  
 TOOB  
 TOOMANY...INMY...MEAL  
 Topaz Tracker (ChainChomp2)  
 Traakki  
 Trezir Pyle  
 Troy Goes Bork 🐾  
 TrueHiddenS  
 Tser  
 tubbyc  
 Tugs  
 Tulnek  
 Twitch Fenstalker  
 Twitchy Shadows  
 Ty  
 Tyhrinian  
 Tytolis/Seleft  
 Umami Bomb  
 UncommonCrittter  
 Vaeldria  
 Vance  
 Vancu  
 Vataqun  
 Vaulren  
 Vault  
 Vaurien van Danna  
 Vega  
 Venison  
 Veskie  
 Vetur Ironwill

Vicho  
 Vicromos / Vycktor  
 Vignette  
 Virtual Weasel, Actual Idiot  
 Vishki Kindragon  
 Voldsom  
 Vulka  
 Vulotaur  
 WadeShoe  
 Waffle House Referee  
 Warphammer  
 Warren  
 Weapons Grade ADHD  
 Wiley  
 Winter\_Floof  
 Wizzy  
 Wolf of Walfstreet  
 Wolfire  
 Wolviren  
 Worlds Angriest Babysitter  
 woufer !!!  
 Wrassle n' Hassle  
 wufky

Wyrmlclan  
 X-scape  
 Xenon  
 Yasha  
 YAY  
 yeLang  
 Yukon  
 YumeWolfFang かわいい  
 Z'Raashaq gro-Kral  
 Zander  
 Zane Summers  
 Zarafa  
 Zarek Kayne  
 Zed Shirogane  
 Zenith  
 Zenith Star  
 Zeniya Starr  
 Zeon  
 Zephira  
 Zephyr  
 Zip (Bravo)  
 Zolly  
 Zunta Lutra



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# *Journey To Atlantis*

**An AEIOU Convention**



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Nov. 8th - 10th 2024  
Chula Vista Resort, Wisconsin Dells*

*for more info - <https://Aquatifur.com>*

**GSFC presents**

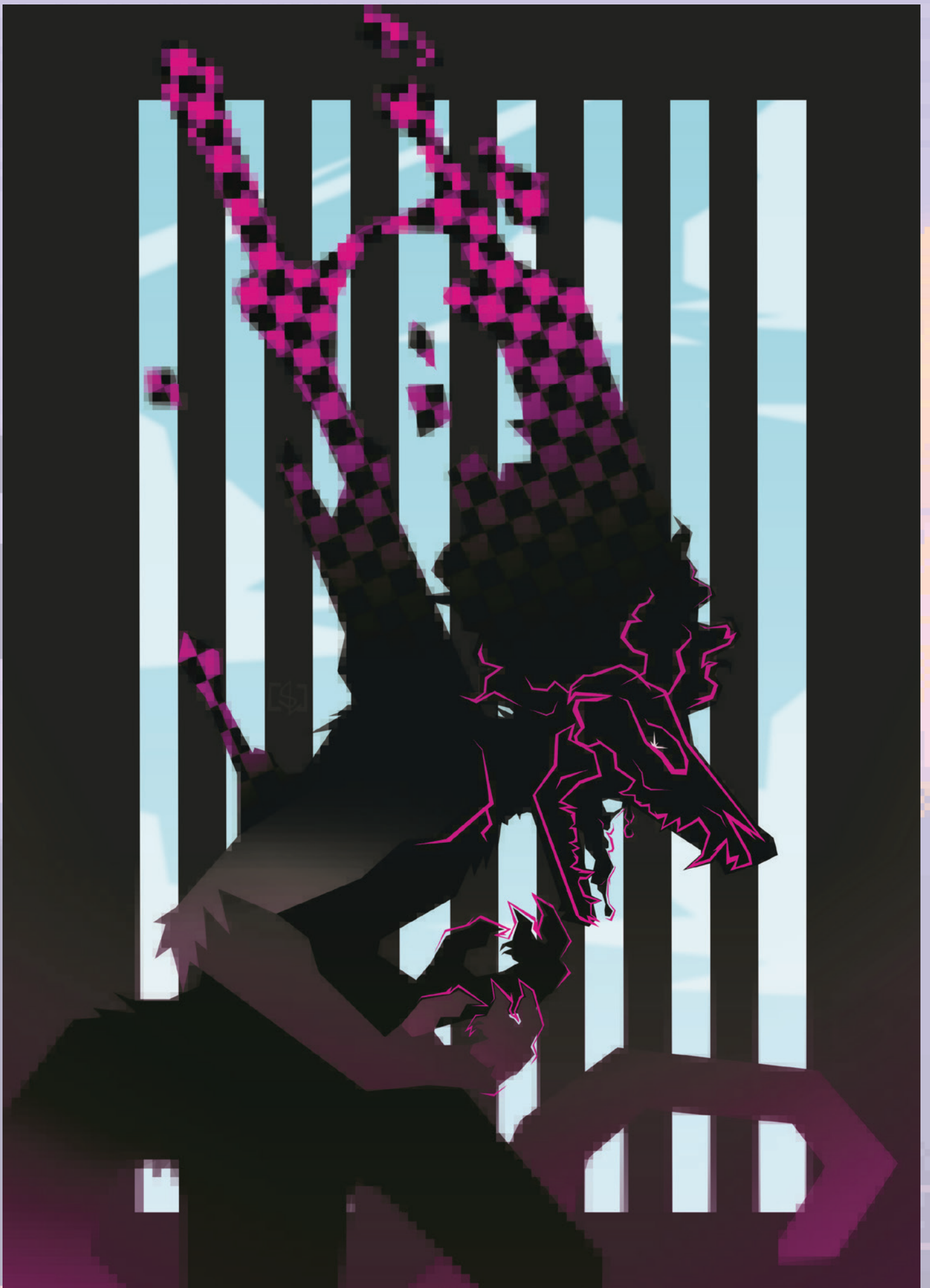
# **BACK** *TO* **THE 80s**

**an AEIOU Convention**

**APRIL 5th- 7th 2024**  
**Hilton - LAX**

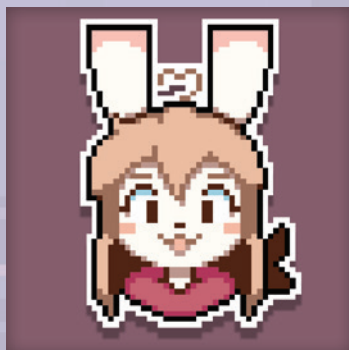
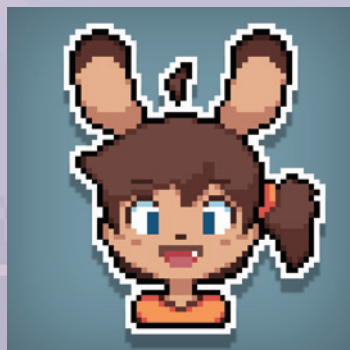
**More information at <https://gsfurcon.com/>**





# FFG

24



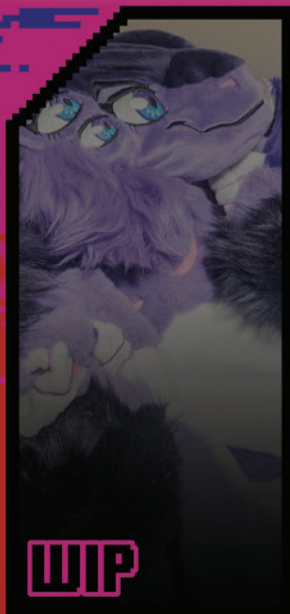
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- KikiDoodle
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Always fire your Raygun with  
*Both Hands!*



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Art by @TheFlukeBadger

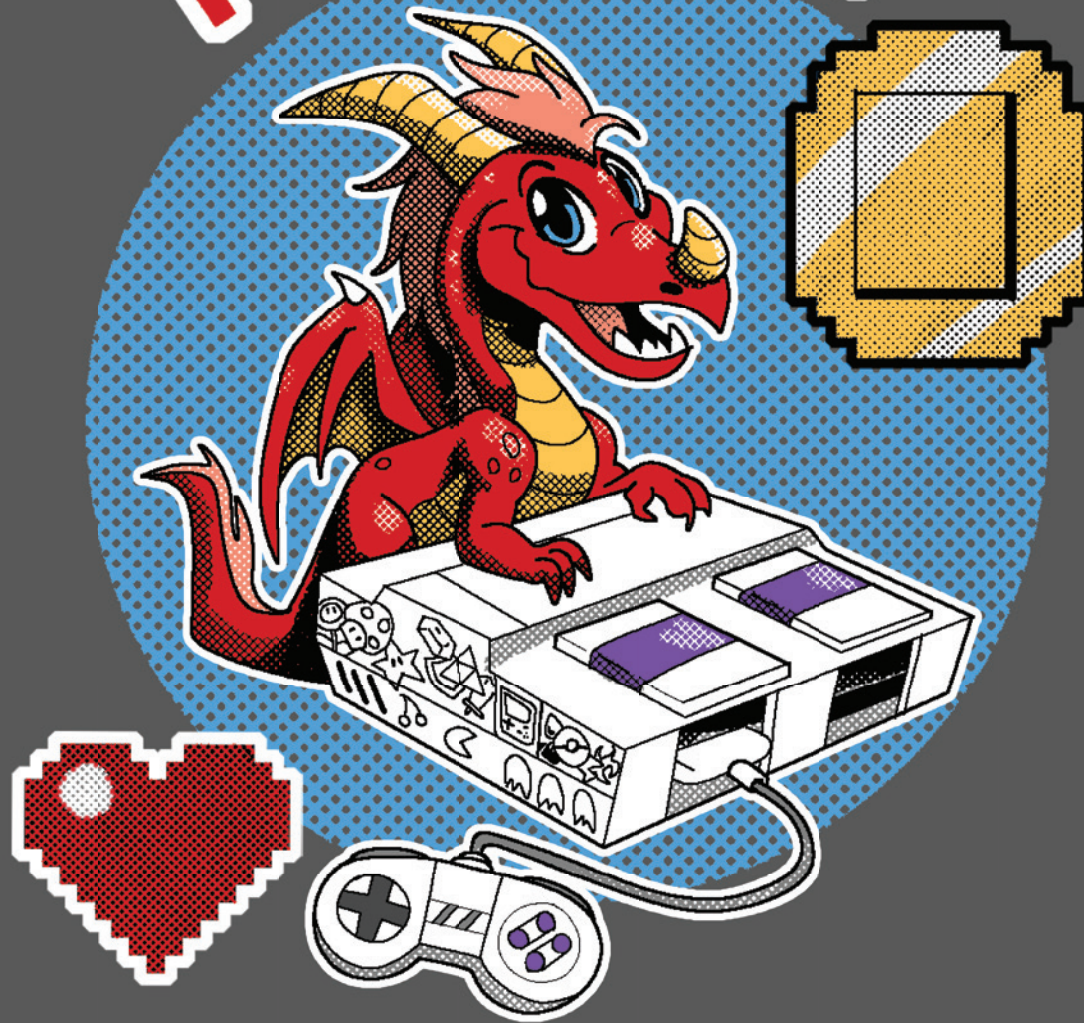


Authorised by the **Foundation for Uncharted Realms & Distant Universes**

# Staff Art Gallery

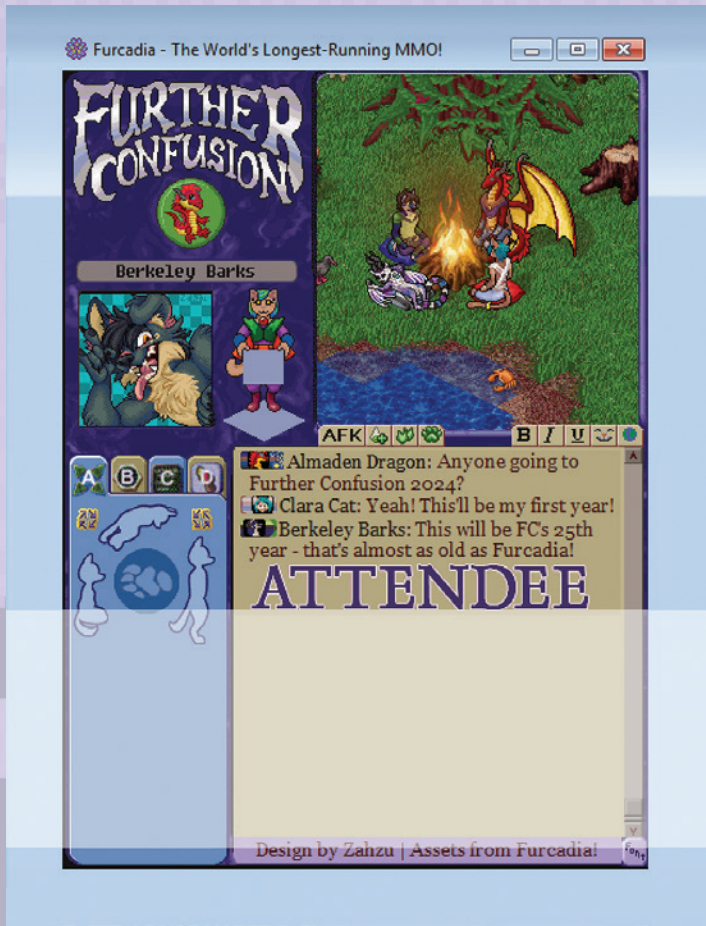


# FC 2024



## FANCY FRIDAY









Staff Art Credits can be found in the Table of Contents. Thank you to all our artist volunteers!

FURRY WEEKEND ATLANTA PRESENTS

FWA

**FURRY  
UNIVERSITY  
HOMECOMING**

**MAY 9-12, 2024**

ATLANTA, GA

[www.FuRRYWEEKEND.com](http://www.FuRRYWEEKEND.com)



**F W A**

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– Submitted by Whispers In The Wind







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7TH - 9TH JUNE 2024  
HOVOTEL LANGLEY, PERTH WA



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**RAM THE DRAGON**  
ILLUSTRATOR OF ANTHROS, DRAGONS  
AND MORE!



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# FURRIES AT BERKELEY

@BerkeleyFurries

@tizzypaw

# Furries? At My University?





Further Confusion 2023



SF Pride Parade 2023



FC Picnic 2023

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Brought to you by the  
**Anthropomorphic Animal  
Appreciation Association**

Want to start a furry club  
at your university? Scan  
to get our starter pack!



QR Code Art: @DF\_Lemons  
Design: @Carbon\_the\_Wolf  
Event Photos: @BerkeleyFurries



# A Letter from the Board

## To our attendees:

Welcome to Further Confusion 2024! Whether this is your very first furry convention, or you are a long time participant, the board of directors of Anthropomorphic Arts and Education, the parent corporation of Further Confusion, warmly welcomes you and hopes that each one of you has a fantastic time here with us.

This year marks our twenty-fifth annual FC! It's been a long road since the first FurCon in 1999, when we had just 691 folks attend. Never in our wildest imagination did we expect that it would grow so much and last so long. There have been more than a few bumps in the road, changing venues, changing staff, even the board has changed quite a lot over 25 years, and then there was COVID. But through it all FC continued and grew. That's a tribute to all the wonderful folks who make up this community, and to the amazing volunteers who bring FC to life year after year. It is also a testament to the value each of you, our members, place on FC every year. It is your enthusiasm and participation that makes both FC and the furry fandom truly great.

Furry fandom is by far the most participatory group of folks we have ever seen, and that's a truly great thing. It makes all the hard work over the now multiple years of planning and preparation all worthwhile. As long as that community and its participation exists, we hope to continue to contribute to the furry experience.

This year we have added more hotels and a new hotel lottery system along with redistributing our events across more of our event space. The board of directors wants everyone to know that we realize there are growing pains with all the changes. We are committed to improving things as we continue to learn and grow. And we continue to ask our community for guidance on the possible directions and trade-offs that will help us decide the best course to chart. Please take the time to give us that input at [feedback@furtherconfusion.org](mailto:feedback@furtherconfusion.org).

I can't wait to see what the next 25 years will hold for us. I hope to see you all along that journey.

Sincerely yours,

AAE Board of Directors:

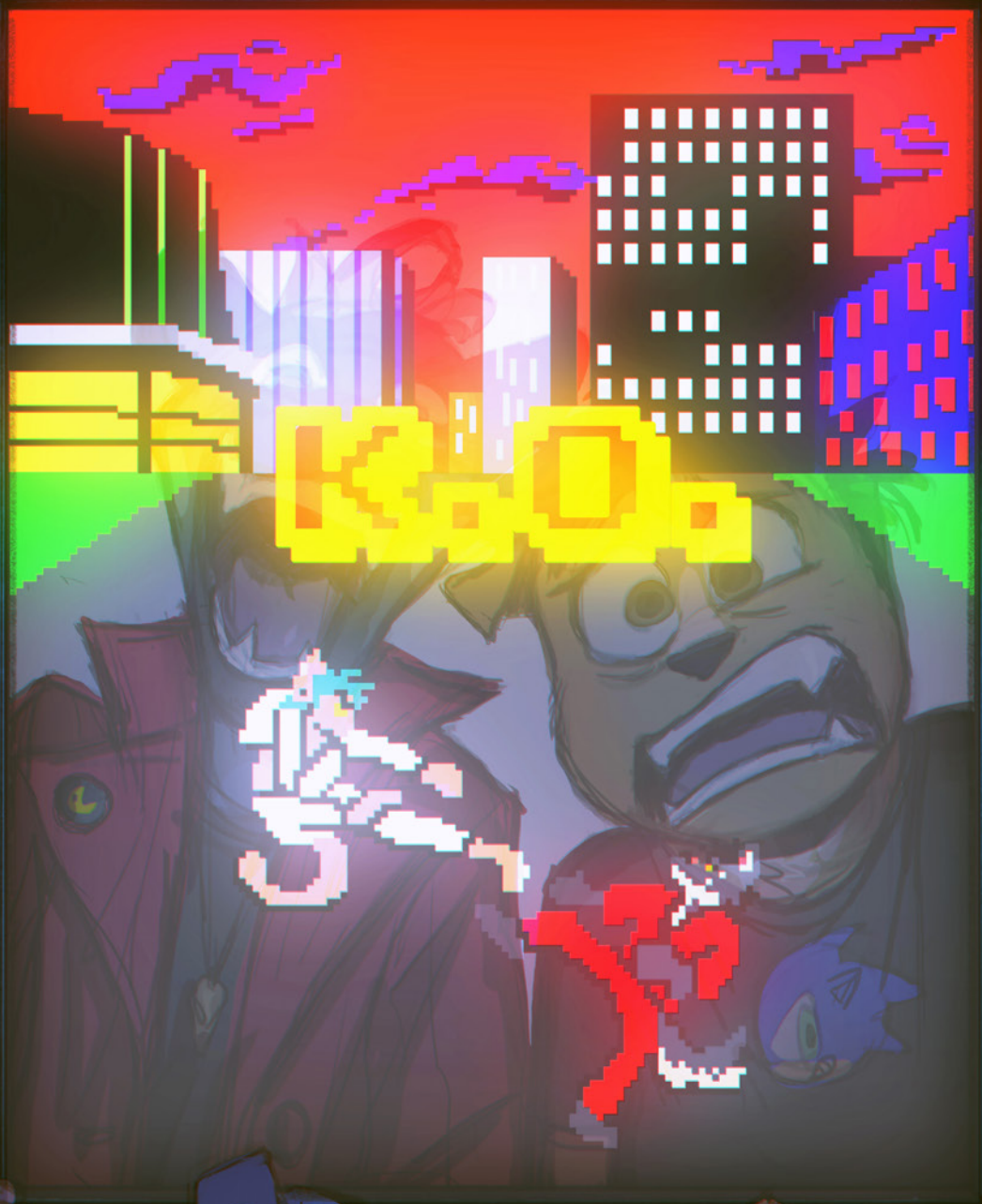
Vince "Berg Polarbear" Cardinale  
Laura "Squirrel" Cherry  
Grant "Red XIX" Lautz  
Lauren "Latte" Bowman  
Jeff "Dax" Bowman  
James "Shy" Tatum



## Special Thanks

- ♥ All our furry convention peers around the world
- ♥ All of our fabulous Volunteers and Go-Furs
- ♥ All panelists, dealers, DJs, and performers
- ♥ Everyone who contributed their work to this conbook
- ♥ Our Staff Artist team for amazing convention collateral
- ♥ FLARE, our crowd control resource
- ♥ Games of Berkeley for lending us their game library
- ♥ Convention Cat Event Systems
- ♥ PrintPapa
- ♥ Golden State Communications, Inc.
- ♥ IATSE Local 134
- ♥ The Staff of the San Jose Marriott, Hilton, Hyatt Place, AC, De Anza, Westin, and Signia hotels
- ♥ Team San Jose

# KARATE FURRY



ART BY  
DRCAOHL +  
SPIKIE



# SEAL YOUR FUTURE.

The Further Confusion quality seal makes it crystal clear that your  
FurCon Pixel Arts and Events are backed by Further Confusion.  
Without the seal, it's not the Further Confusion Conbook.