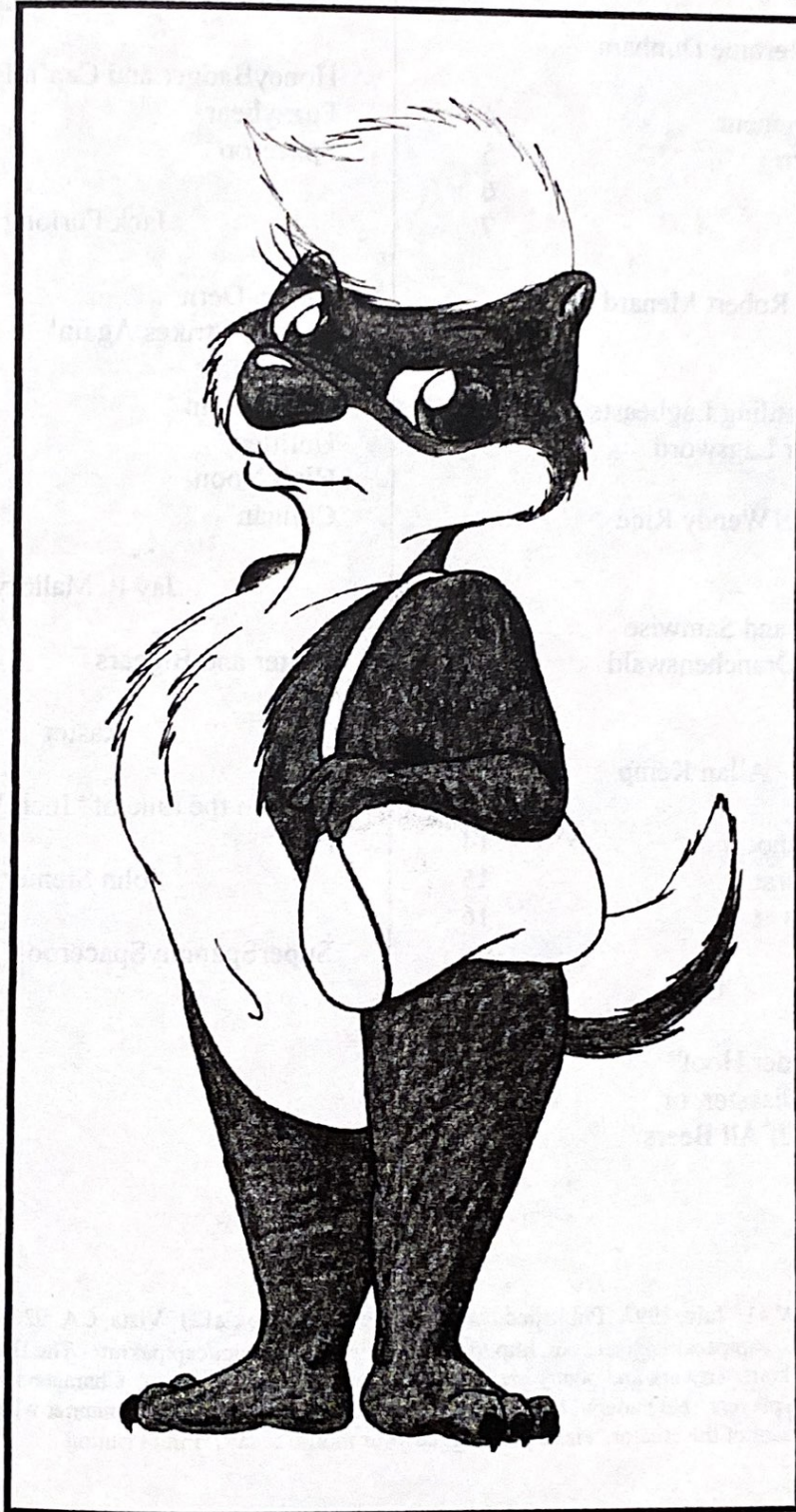


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The Burrow

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The Burrow #1

| | | | |
|--|-------------|--|----|
| R. E. Dye | | Joseph Nebus | |
| HoneyBadger | Front Cover | "The Furry Space Effort Suffers A Last-Minute Obstacle" | 21 |
| Austin Dern | Centerfold | | |
| Raster and Bigears | Back Cover | David Piccola | |
| Jerome Dunham | | HoneyBadger and Cap'n Packrat | 22 |
| Tail Improvement | 4 | Fuzzybear | 23 |
| Captain Dern | 5 | Spaceroo | 24 |
| "ACK!!!" | 6 | | |
| Bigears | 7 | Jack Furlong | |
| Robert Menard | | Austin Dern | 25 |
| Strongpaw | 8 | Bigears Strikes Again! | 26 |
| Samwise Battling Lagbeasts With Her Lagsword | 9 | HillBluffer | 27 |
| | | Nildro Hain | 28 |
| | | Untitled | 29 |
| | | High Noon | 30 |
| | | Counan | 31 |
| Wendy Rice | | Jay P. Mallory | |
| Royce | 10 | Raster and Bigears | 32 |
| Muddybear and Samwise | 11 | | |
| Fhaolan in Dranchenswald | 12 | Raster | |
| Algernon | 13 | Sung to the tune of "Inch Worm" | 33 |
| Allan Kemp | | John Siemer | |
| Bigears, "Innocence" | 14 | SuperSpammySpacerool | 34 |
| Capt'n Packrat | 15 | | |
| Plushdragon | 16 | | |
| Loqu | | | |
| "Furries Under Hoof" | 17 | | |
| "Raster of Disaster, or, The Bun Of All Beers." | 20 | | |

THE BURROW #1 July, 1997. Published by 'akbar Press, P.O. Box 2121, Vista, CA 92085. Editor, Captain Packrat, captpackrat@isat.com, <http://www.sandiego.sisna.com/captpackrat/>. The Burrow is © 1997 by Captain Packrat. Artwork and poetry are copyright their respective creators. Characters are copyright their respective players. No material herein may be copied or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the written consent of the creator. Have you hugged your mouse today? First Printing.

Q. What is a MUCK? What is FurryMUCK?

A. A MUCK is an interactive social roll playing game, usually played over the Internet. There are hundreds of different MUCKs, MUDs, MUSHes, and other variations. One of the largest and most popular is FurryMUCK, the first 99 44/100% anthropomorphic/Furry MU*. FurryMUCK (or FM for short) regularly reaches it's limit of 350 players online at one time, and has a database of over 175,000 objects, and 100 megabytes of data! FM is virtually limitless, and if something you want doesn't exist, you can build it yourself. You can be anything you want to be, and go anywhere you want to go.

Q. What is HoneyBadger's Burrow?

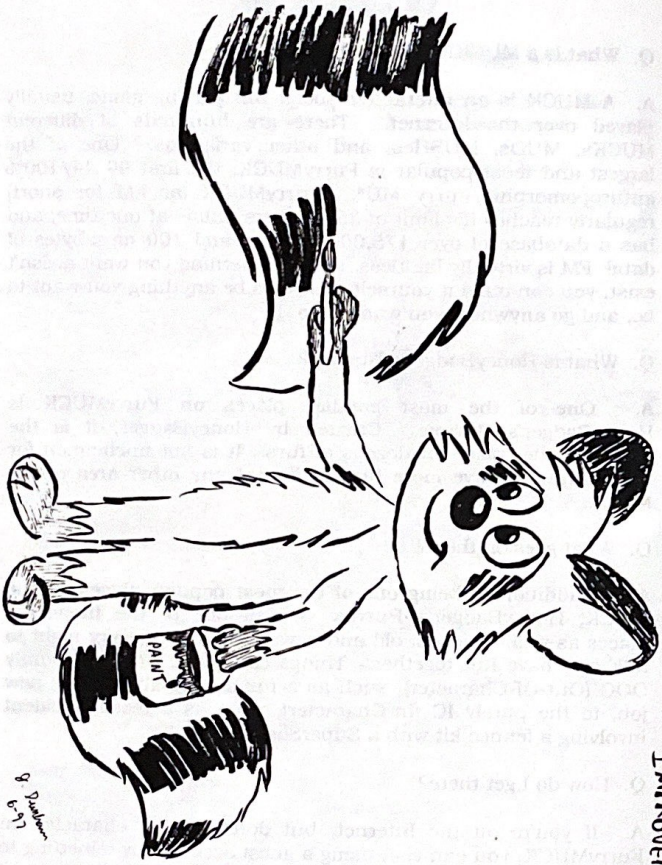
A. One of the most popular places on FurryMUCK is HoneyBadger's Burrow. Created by HoneyBadger, it is the nightly gather place for dozens of furs. It is not uncommon for her burrow to have more furs in it that any other area of the MUCK.

Q. What goes on there?

A. In addition to being one of the most popular places on the MUCK, HoneyBadger's Burrow is also one of the friendliest places as well. Friends, old and new, gather there every night to talk and have fun together. Things can range from the purely OOC (Out-Of-Character), such as a fur talking about their new job, to the purely IC (In-Character), such as a recent incident involving a fennec kit with a SuperSoaker. ☺

Q. How do I get there?

A. If you're on the Internet, but don't have a character on FurryMUCK, you can visit using a guest account, by telnetting to furry.org:8888. Once you're on FM, just type "wa" to see if anyone is in the Burrow, and if there is, you can get there by typing "tport vel", then heading "south", then "east", and finally, "in". Be prepared for a very warm greeting. ☺

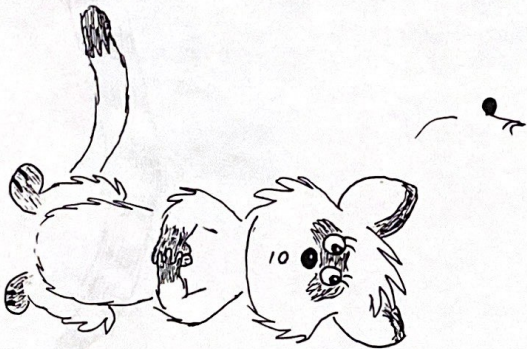
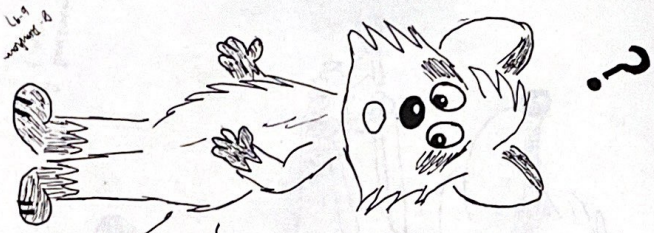


B. Dinkman
6-97

NEED
"CAPTAIN"
IMPROVEMENT!



B. Dinkman
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8. Pamban
6-97

SAMWISE @ WASHINGTON
1997



STRONGPAW © ROBERT MENARD
1995



SAMWISE © WENDY RICE
1997







Biceps
"Innocence"
Photo
1917





Furries under Hoof

By Loquacious O. Kentauros

I'll visit Honey's burrow, hit the ceiling, bump my head,
And send coatis sprawling from the bookshelves with a 'whoof'
And then all conversation stops in ever-mounting dread
Of what may quite soon happen when there's furries under hoof.

CHORUS:

Fennecs in the breadbin, rabbits on the couch,
Carnivores all prowling, looking for a place to crouch.
Pythons in the parlor and three dragons in the den,
Foxes all around me since I can't remember when.
Blackbirds in the pantry-gad, it's wacky, but the truth.
I'm the centaur of attraction when there's furries under hoof.

Honey's got her feet up and she needs to trim her claws,
But latches to my foreleg and she's too cute not to hug.
I try to find a place to sit, there's wailing and stomped paws.
Three mice were playing Yahtzee in the middle of the rug.

CHORUS

There's a dragon on the shoulder of a mournful Scottish wolf,
And a minidrag is napping draped around a Jewish lion.
Raster's up to something, and I know I'll find some proof,
And Krin hopes that he'll be as bad, I always see him trying.

CHORUS

A koala with a cookie pulled a habit from a rat,
And Austin's on my back now, and he's braiding my poor tail.
I seem to have spilled Alka Seltzer on a spitting cat
And I dodge and apologize, and both do not avail.

CHORUS

With a packrat in your pocket you cannot help being tense
With raccoons in the rafters you soon have an aching neck.
A coyote wants to sell me stock which adds to my suspense.
Three teddy bears are present, so my oath must be 'Oh, heck.'

CHORUS

And a Roman emperor who somehow came back as a moth,
Is acting as the arbiter over a game of chess
Between a python and a mongoose who does not seem wroth,
But keeps the snake in check, or at least on defense, I guess.

CHORUS

The kitchen sink seems empty, and I get a glass of water
And something furry flashes up and wraps around my throat.
It seems FT was taking SCUBA lessons from an otter,
And had to weasel out at last-he's not THAT deep a stoat.

CHORUS



Raster of Disaster

or

The Bun of All Beers.

(with tongue FIRMLY in cheek)

By L.

Though the subject may seem dreary, and you may soon grow weary,
I've a warning on this morning of a danger sharp and near.
One always must be thinking of just what one is drinking,
You'll hurt if not alert to the dread threat of Raster's beer.

Bottling's a battle which can make the Rabbit rattle,
But I'm not one to tattle on the bunny's beery brain.
He goes into the beer shops but he doesn't dare go near hops,
For the bunny and his brewing's known to cause hops made in pain.

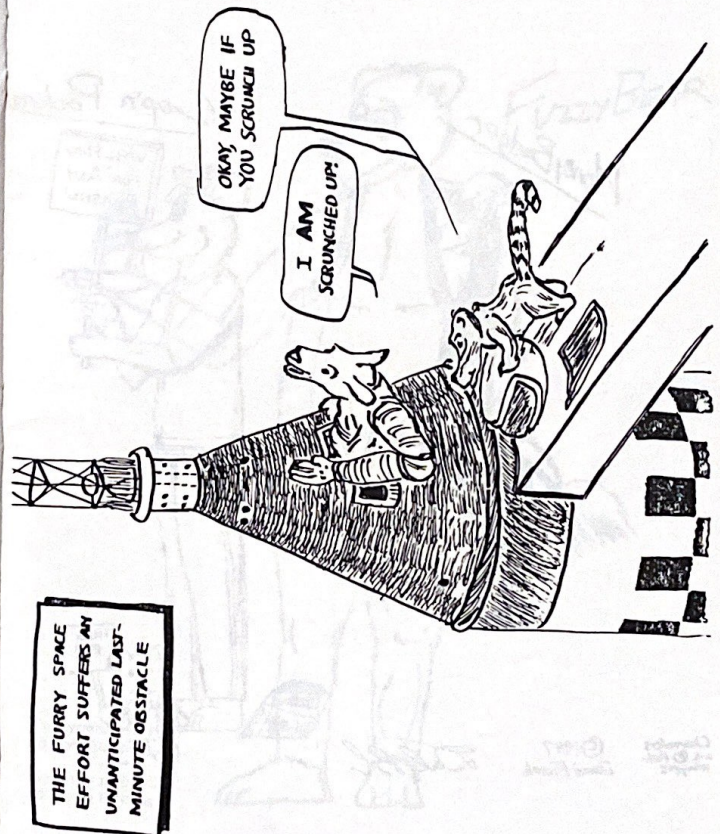
Yes, the Rabbit, on his Harley, goes and mashes down the barley,
And adds honey (that costs money) to the water, and the wheat...
And if all his work avails, he brews bunny-beer and ales,
Though non-bunnies would place money that his bunny brew's too sweet.

Once, in case somebun would share it, he made ale with a carrot,
And the color caused a cholera that caused terror in the streets...
And it had a foul aroma, and they chased him to Paloma,
And since then he's kept to other roots, like radishes and beets.

So, though not sure what he's doing, that darn bunny keeps on brewing,
And his beers prompt ample fears that he is straying from the norm,
With his rabbit innovations he's wrought havoc on all nations
And whatever else he's brewing that bun's brewing up a storm.

If a rabbit should hop near you and then offer you a beer, you
Would be quite well advised to seek some shelter, or a stick.
Don't start drinking with a rabbit, for it could become a habit,
And the result, then, should you grab it, be the sum of all your fears.

I know one who drank Hare Ale, and he's grown a fluffy tail,
And I'm not the one to tell you what has happened to his ears.
No, I'm not the one to beg, but put the rabbit in his keg,
And take what's in it (wait a minute) right down to the EPA.
Tell them what to do in haste, mark the barrel 'Toxic Waste.'
And pay what moneys bunnies cost to be transported far away.



HoneyBadger



Cap'n Pockra



Characters
and © their
players

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David Piccola

David Piccola

Fuzzy Bear

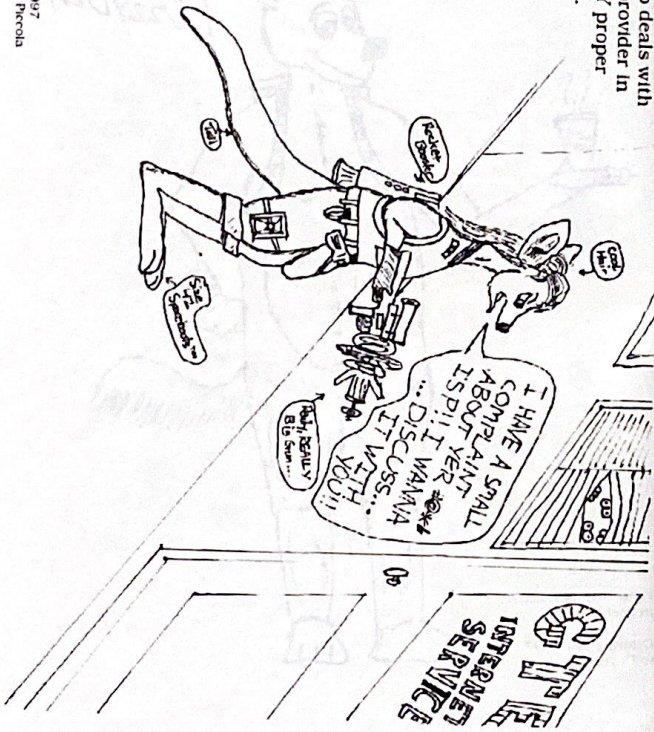


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Austin
Dern



Big Ears
STRIKES
AGAIN!!



HONK!



*Nildre
Hein*





HIGH NOON

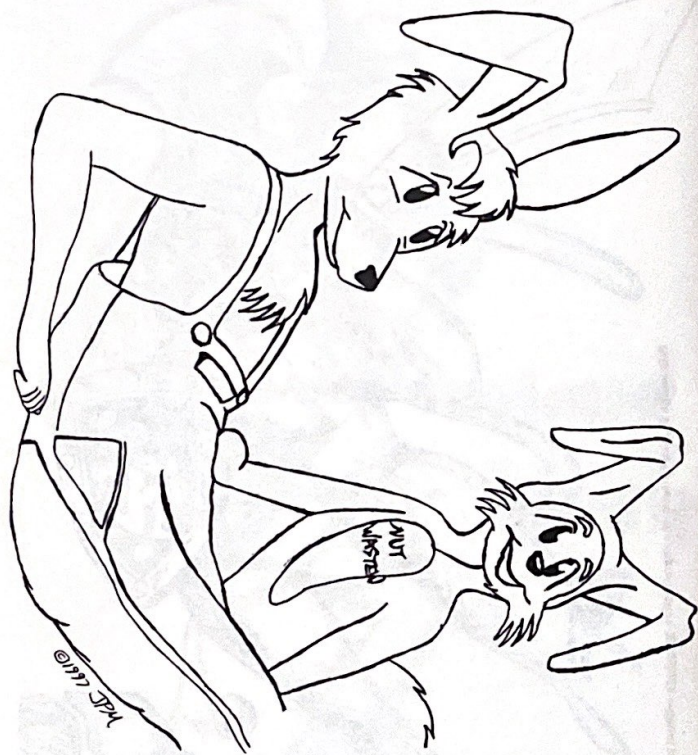
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Ⓢ 97'



Sung to the tune of "Inch Worm"

Two and two are four.
Four and four are Eight.
Eight and eight are sixteen.
Sixteen and sixteen are thirtytwo.
(repeat...)

Centaur... centaur...
Menacing... the lagamorphs.
You and your
antipathy,
You're really quite bizarre.

Centaur... centaur...
Strangling... the lagamorphs.
Seems to me
you'd stop and see,
how lovable we...
ARRRRRRGGH....!!!

-- Raster



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More artwork from these artists and many others can be found on the Squeaky Clean Furry Archive, <http://rat.org/furry/>.

For more information about FurryMUCK, visit the FurryMUCK web page, at <http://www.furry.com/index.shtml>, or Captain Packrat's FurryMUCK Quick Start Guide, located on his web site.



How To Contact The Artists



04/02/1997

