

THIS ABOVE ALL;
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE
ZOO.

Vol. IV

No. 3

Autumn Equinox 2026

In this issue,
a gay cowboy drinks a glass of whiskey,
and a griffon and some others chat on the net.

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To Thine Own Self Be Zoo
Vol. IV No. 3
Autumn Equinox 2026

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COWBOYS

A SALOON - DAY

Two cowboys, ABRAHAM and GREYSON, sit at the bar.

ABRAHAM

Scorching day like today makes a man wonder if Hell could really be that much worse.

GREYSON

I hear that. I'd kill for some ice in these drinks.

The DOUBLE DOORS SWING OPEN.

ENTER SKITTLESCANDY, fursuit head on, otherwise dressed as ABRAHAM and GREYSON.

SKITTLESCANDY marches up to the bar and takes a seat right next to Greyson.

SKITTLESCANDY takes off his fursuit head; he is still very cute without it.

SKITTLESCANDY

Funny thing 'bout these trails, is you never know who you'll meet next, what kind of... mischief... you'll get up to in your time together.

SKITTLESCANDY puts on a cowboy hat.

GREYSON

SkittlesCandy did you fuck a random other gay furry again.

SKITTLESCANDY

Gay furry? Heh. Well, I don't know anything about that. He may have said something about his orientation while I was sniffing his good-fox bulge, I don't recall.

ABRAHAM

Here we go.

GREYSON

Why do you always TELL us you do this?

SKITTLESCANDY

One thing always leads into another. Bartender! A glass of the usual! As I was moseying around the cliffs by Amarillo Way,

ABRAHAM

There's no cows there.

SKITTLESCANDY

Searching in my heart for what it means to be a man, or a puppy as the case may be,

ABRAHAM

SkittlesCandy what kind of cowboy ARE you?

SKITTLESCANDY

As I arrived at a scenic overlook, I come across another lone wanderer, sitting there on the edge of the cliff, staring off into these beautiful lands. I came to find out that he was a fursuit maker, and that for inspiration on his newest design, he was out pondering the blazing sun, and the way the air smolders twice, once as the heat from the sun comes down to us, and then a second time as the earth, already full of the sun's generous gift, belches the excess heat back out continuously. He was going to turn all of that aesthetic into a fennec fox, whose fur looked as bright and as hot as the desert day before us. Well I thought he looked pretty cute, so I asked him if I could give him head while we were there together.

GREYSON

That's weird.

SKITTLESCANDY

Weird? How so?

GREYSON

It's weird that thinking someone is cute made you think you wanted his penis in your mouth.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was less about his foxy peepee in my maw, I suppose,

ABRAHAM

You need brain surgery.

SKITTLESCANDY

That would be so hot!!

SKITTLESCANDY fans himself with his cowboy hat for a moment.

The Bartender puts a glass of whiskey in front of SkittlesCandy.

SKITTLESCANDY drops his hat to give a heart symbol with his

hands to the bartender.

SKITTLESCANDY puts on a different cowboy hat.

SKITTLESCANDY

I'll tell you one secret about these trails for free, Greyson, Abraham. Sometimes it is your turn for everything to be all about you, and sometimes it isn't your turn right now. And in that moment, it wasn't about how I wanted to feel his hard, throbbing cock pressed against the insides of my mouth, although yes, I did enjoy that,

GREYSON

Weird.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was imagining how it would make HIM feel. What mattered was imagining that moment from his point of view, and thinking about what might take it from good to spectacular.

GREYSON

So then, HE ALSO received this "your genitals in my open oral mouth" plan, and was like, oh yeah, thumbs up, sounds perfect?

SKITTLESCANDY

When he shot, I thought, heh, wouldn't it be ironic? To drown in the desert?

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

He was wearing a full fursuit this entire time, as well, if I didn't mention.

ABRAHAM

Where do you people come from?

SKITTLESCANDY

I think that's what life is about. Two homosexual male furries, spending some time together relieving our urges, opening our bodies for one another.

GREYSON

That sounds like an unbelievably narrow philosophy for what the meaning of life is, you just without a thought left out ALL women!

SKITTLESCANDY

Women... can watch.

GREYSON thinks about this for a moment.

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

This is the life of the only gay furry cowboy out on the trails.

ABRAHAM

It seems like you have a neverending supply of premarital sodomy, it seems like more people exactly like you are spawned fully formed into the world every day to shamelessly copulate with one another.

SKITTLESCANDY drinks his drink.

ABRAHAM

Well, it sounds like your day was good.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was SO good, being a cowboy was the BEST choice I ever made.

SKITTLESCANDY drinks more of his drink, until finally the effect seems to hit him.

SKITTLESCANDY

Phew. Um, so anyways, how was y'all's days?

GREYSON

Good.

ABRAHAM

Fine.

SKITTLESCANDY

Cool.

GREYSON

SkittlesCandy, now here's a question I want your perspective on.

SKITTLESCANDY

Lay it on me.

GREYSON

Abraham and I were talking earlier. Say it's a lonely day out on the trail. The opportunity presents itself... you and an animal... no humans around. Would you do it?

SKITTLESCANDY takes a long, thoughtful sip of his drink, and then idly begins rolling the bottom of the glass against the bar counter. He responds to Greyson's question by saying,

SKITTLESCANDY

What kind of animal are we talkin'?

GREYSON

An animal is an animal.

SKITTLESCANDY

What. kind. of animal. are we talkin? I don't need some rat-lookin wee little doggy who's gonna hump my boot and get moody that he didn't find the hole; I need an alpha with serious sink-your-snout-into-it fuckability; I need a butt so good I would do unlawful things to impress that butt's owner enough to get my face on it; I need a confident, beautiful lover; I need a playmate who feels dangerous in all the right ways; I. need. a winner.; So are we talkin about THAT kind of animal, when you ask if I would have sex with an animal, if no human was around? I'll tell you one secret about these trails, is it doesn't matter what species or gender some screwball scientist would say this living being or that living being is. The bottom line is that we're all living beings. As sure as I am that the sun will rise tomorrow, I'm sure that me and a captivating woman could find ourselves out on the trail together, cracking jokes, sharing our philosophies, and by the time we've had sex, someone could ask me, "Was she beautiful?" and I'd have to say, "Beautiful? Of course. I didn't even look at her. Beauty originates on the inside."

ABRAHAM

It seems like when you talk about dudes you find them beautiful on the outside as well.

SKITTLESCANDY

And people would ask me, about this beautiful woman I've had sex with, "Was she a mare?" And I'd have to ponder that a good long while, and say, "Well I don't suppose I noticed one way or the other at the time."

GREYSON

You should be able to notice that.

SKITTLESCANDY

Hard to tell male from female, human from horse. So sure, if me and someone who turned out to be a mare wound up sharing some intimate time with one another, relieving our urges, acting out our needs, I would say it sounds like a day well spent, and two lives made better than they were when the sun had rose that day. But I'll tell you one secret about these trails, and that's that the Well of Bestiality is located in the basement of this here saloon; Bestiality isn't something that dwells within the hearts of men, sometimes nascent and sometimes turbulent; Bestiality isn't something that happens as an inevitable consequence of intermixing multiple sexually reproducing species in the same sandbox; Bestiality originates in the Well of Bestiality, which is a magical font from which zoophilia flows into our world, causing bestiality to exist upon this planet; There is one and only one font of interspecies hanky panky, one source of zoophilia, one Well of Bestiality, and it's under this very saloon.

ABRAHAM

That is an absolutely insane coincidence.

GREYSON

What do you mean?

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah, how so?

ABRAHAM

That we were just talking about bestiality, and it turns out the source of all bestiality is right below these very floorboards.

GREYSON

Hm!

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah I go and fuck with it all the time, pretty crazy right, some guy came in once and said I was also the cause of all the gay furries that are coming into existence fully formed to fuck each other every day, and I was like whaaaat you're crazy, shut up.

GREYSON

Can we go look at the Well of Bestiality?

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah, lemme finish my drink and then let's totally go down there.

1 REMAINDER OF DRINK LATER.

SALOON BASEMENT - INTERIOR, DAY

ABRAHAM, GREYSON, and SKITTLESCANDY stand in front of the Well of Bestiality.

SKITTLESCANDY

So yeah I kinda come here and like can control whether a tonnnn of bestiality is getting into the world or just a little, it's pretty cool.

ABRAHAM

Ah, but there is a curse at play such that you can never turn the fountain OFF.

SKITTLESCANDY

Huh? Oh I guess I never tried.

ABRAHAM sighs.

SKITTLESCANDY

I kinda think it's hot when someone has had sex with an animal in a bestiality way and then they have sex with me, so sometimes when I'm feeling n-to-the-aughty on that grindset I turn the Well of Bestiality waayyyyyy up.

GREYSON

Ah, but then later you realize that for there to be balance, you must also turn the well DOWN sometimes.

SKITTLESCANDY

Actually I guess it kind of goes down on its own over time and I only ever really turn it up.

GREYSON

You sinful... sinful man. Dog. No, man!

ABRAHAM

SkittlesCandy, you have got to turn the Well of Bestiality OFF!

The three cowboys stand there for a while.

SKITTLESCANDY

I meannnn... do we... haaaave to turn it off?

GREYSON

We coulddd kinda just... just at least a little bit, of bestiality, should still be allowed to happen, still, right?

ABRAHAM

Mmmmmmm yeahhhhhh, yeah I suppose a little bit... now and then... I'm glad for those times- UH yeah a little bit of activity, springing forth from the Well of Bestiality, is, yknow, none of our business, let's just let it be that God wanted this here for His reason, Amen.

SKITTLESCANDY and GREYSON

Amen.

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

Well boys, I'm just gonna turn this up while we're here.

SKITTLESCANDY turns the Well of Bestiality super far up.

SKITTLESCANDY

There we go, easy does it. Uh, anything else you wanted to see, with the font of all zoophilia?

ABRAHAM

Does the well itself have a known origin?

SKITTLESCANDY

A crazy guy put it here a thousand years ago, or something.

ABRAHAM

Huh.

GREYSON

Just. A crazy guy. And now all this. Now- YOU, SkittlesCandy, oh my gosh, no wonder you would never turn off the Well of Bestiality, you would cease to exist, wouldn't you! Wouldn't you!

SKITTLESCANDY

Ha, I guess probably.

SKITTLESCANDY cups his hands and draws a big scoop out of the Well of Bestiality and slurps it all up.

SKITTLESCANDY

I have urges that do NOT involve the two of you.

GREYSON

Just one more question.

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah what is it, this better be good, I have hot things to do bestiality style.

GREYSON

Could it be that there is an even greater font, a Well of Evil, and that, by finding it, and damming its flow, we could bring paradise... to us?

SKITTLESCANDY

Man I don't know! Is that, like, relevant? I got doggy style literal style on the mind.

ABRAHAM

Just a MOMENT ago at the bar it had seemed like you were winding DOWN from your sexual escapades for the day.

SKITTLESCANDY

Man I drank from the forbidden drink, now I'm screwing the midnight pooch, what do you want from me?

GREYSON

"Screwing the midnight pooch" is so deeply not a phrase.

SKITTLESCANDY

Someone has to have sex with these animals. They need it. They need it because the Well of Bestiality is set to the maximum. They need it because I set it on that.

GREYSON

Well, it's been so good to see you and catch up, sir.

SKITTLESCANDY

Sir, I am always better in your company, it's always an honor.

ABRAHAM

Partner, you shine on. Cowboys forever.

SKITTLESCANDY

Cowboys forever, partner. You know, rumors say the Well of Bestiality has higher settings. Hm. Well, anyways, I look forward to sharing your company another day, gentlemen.

SKITTLESCANDY exits.

ABRAHAM

I must return to the world outside these saloon doors as well, I suppose. Ol ball and chain.

GREYSON

Heh, good luck explaining your bar tab this time, you no good lyin man!

ABRAHAM

Ha, I am in for it, I am in for it alright.

ABRAHAM exits.

GREYSON looks at the Well of Bestiality.

GREYSON nods to himself, and then exits as well.

FIVE RUMINATIONS

In black chalk I have drawn a perfect circle and a pentagram, and placed an unlit candle at each of the five foci.

I am in a park, kneeling nearby a wooden bench that's some ways out from the reach of any lights, as the cold night wind blows against my cheeks and my nose and my hair, as cars pass on the highway a few blocks away, as other dwellers of the dark hours shuffle to and fro and sit elsewhere and sniff their runny noses and sometimes talk, as an unwell person is shouting at no one, as someone maybe a block away is repeatedly dropping wooden pallets on the ground.

I pick my lighter up off of the pavement, light a little flame, and hold this flame to the wick of the first of the five candles.

Candle by candle, I will set it burning, ruminate until it goes out, and then set the next one burning, and so on.

rumination i.

Why am I so goddamn polite? People back in Paducah, when they would find out I came from Green Bay before Paducah, would ask me, "What brought you here?" I felt so completely driven to give them a polite answer; I felt so completely obligated to lie. I would tell them, "I have family who moved down here and I was kind of following after them." What family could I point them to who lived within even a hundred miles of me? None. "I was trying to change it up, get away from the busy city, move to somewhere with different values." Was Green Bay

really such a sprawling metropolis? “I just really could not deal with the weather in Wisconsin anymore.” Paducah is better? That was maybe the most egregious lie.

I moved because my uncle (who always liked me better than his own kids, which I have always felt ravenously self-pleased about) had a house he wasn’t going to be living in while he worked a job in Hawaii for 3 years, and he offered me a rent-free house to stay in in Paducah if I would look after it, and he happened to catch me at a time when my life partner’s body was really-really starting to show signs of its old age, and I was willing to throw away whatever office-worker career I’d gotten for myself in Green Bay and live off of savings, if it meant never having to go in to work and instead living attentively together with my life partner for the last of her days. ‘My life partner’ being a Chocolate Lab; yes she was my life partner ‘in that way’, and yes she did die, and yes I am still broken; no I don’t pull out, but we never had puppies.

Why didn’t I want to tell people that? Would they not be entertained? Even if I left out the creampie aspect of it. Why could I not tell people I was cashing in on all of my privileges for the sake of my dog? Do we hate dogs that much, as humans?; Is something that benefits dogs so unspeakable?

I still do it, even now, after another move. When a queer person asks me why I moved here, I tell them I am queer and I was starting to feel unsafe in Paducah; When someone who doesn’t seem to be queer asks me why I moved here, I tell them something about the weather. Maybe there is a human instinct to be socially invisible, camouflage yourself with your social surroundings. Maybe it’s only an instinct that comes out in people like me, who feel a sense of danger at being seen, and so politeness makes us forgettable. Because other people—maybe even MOST people, it seems like some days—do not have a problem with being impolite, being owed everything in every possible social interaction.

rumination ii.

I think that trans people have reinvented christianity. All of your flaws of the past have an explanation and are forgiven; Where

have I heard that before? Stories of personal transformation, of years spent in an on-and-off relationship with this thing, before finally discovering how important a part of your life it is, and dedicating yourself to it. A whole lexicon and grammar with which to talk about the world in a way that gels nicely with your beliefs about how to not say the wrong thing. Brick for brick, it's all still here: "Your soul is stained with sin and you could be going to hell;" "You posted some really bad things before and I could remind everyone."

I wonder if christianity is on its way out and trans is on its way in to replace it at large, or if trans is seeing a notable but ultimately inconsequential spike in popularity before it's back to business as it has been for the last 2000 years.

I find individual christians infinitely more palatable than christianity as a body.

I feel almost lucky that it's almost not my business. I am not christian; So, it's almost not my business. But how could anyone fail to see the deep scars, shame, harm, that christianity as a body has done to the world? I wonder whether anything about this harm is actually christian-specific, or whether misanthropy by any other name would smell just as sweet. I could believe either possibility, I think; maybe the sex-repulsed puritanism of christianity did human society a deep and unique disservice that we are not even close to recovering from; or, maybe when you hand society to humans, what they come up with is sex-repulsed puritanism no matter what.

I think history is a repeating geometric pattern. I wonder if someday another species will claim reign of this planet, and when they do, if their pattern and ours will even look different.

rumination iii.

What if I was a water bender but for dog cum? Or, to put it in a brand-nonspecific way, what if I had telekinesis that I could specifically only use to levitate canine semen? Could I use that to put on a show? Ladies and Gentlemen! Furies and Corpses! You are about to witness an incredible act of inexplicable magic, but first, please bear with me for a moment as I get down on my knees and jerk off this Alaskan Malamute! It's part of the show,

worry not! As soon as this big, aesthetically pleasing guy nuts, you will see things that will make you doubt your own eyes! Dog cum loop-de-loops! Dog cum getting splattered everywhere like fireworks, all done with nothing but my mind! Tell me your name and I will spell it in the air, in dog semen, a fluid which contains all of the genetic information to make the best friend you will ever have in your life, and it also tastes pretty neat, if you're agreeable to that!

Could I make porn featuring dog cum telekinesis? I mean, *yes*, I *could*, but, is that hot? I don't think it really is. I think this magical talent would kind of be a bust.

Maybe if I had enough dog semen at my fingertips, I could fly with it; Levitate it under my feet, and then effectively just walk in the air, on dog cum. I presume the dog cum would have to be reasonably fresh for all of this to work, so maybe like, I keep two studs around, and then when I need to fly, I jack both of them off and have an hour or so of dog cum flight to work with. That might be something.

Maybe I use dog cum telekinesis as a tool of assassination. Attend a dinner with Politician Who Is Scum, and float some dog cum laced with poison into his drink. Or skip the poison and just float the dog cum down his throat directly, and make him choke to death on it.

I don't think there's anything about this power that makes it really useful that it's dog cum specifically. I think if a genie were granting someone telekinetic power over any substance of their choosing, their choice should not be animal jizz.

rumination iv.

When laundry day comes, I wash all of my clothes together: the black socks I wore out on a hike through the mountains by myself; the neon green-and-blue t-shirt with furries on it that I was wearing when I bent a stranger over the counter at the gay bar and fucked him, and someone who was watching bought me a drink afterwards; the dark green-and-blue flannel I was wearing during several meetings this week about my team lacking critical documentation about our campus, specifically documentation on the tunnels and all of the infrastructure

therein. All of my clothes, no matter the piece of my life that they accompany me through, get piled up on top of each other, go in the same load. Water as cold as my heart. Detergent. Wash it all clean for another week.

It's so, so easy to imagine a nature documentary, and then when they cut to the next animal they're going to talk about, it's just me. "Oh my, well, that's enough of the northern red-footed robin; Maybe we'll come back later, to see if his fishing technique ever enjoys any success. Up next, we see Thaim. Thaim engages in the mating routines of his species, though is chronically ineffectual." Footage of me busting inside of a dog. Footage of me busting inside of a gay furry. "By day, Thaim gathers resources by attending his job; He has found a rewarding place within his ecosystem. However, this ecosystem in which he finds the greatest rewards is also very stressful, and so when not at work, he often escapes into other ecosystems unrelated to his resource gathering." Footage of me walking along a hiking trail in the woods. Footage of me swimming in a lake. Footage of me eating a hotdog and sitting on a street curb and staring at nothing contemplating existence. "Seemingly not destined to reproduce, Thaim serves only the meta to-do of being a living being." Footage of me paying for something at a store. Footage of me standing at a crosswalk waiting for my turn. Footage of me and half a dozen other gay furies in someone's living room stroking each other's erect penises. Footage of me doing laundry. "He washes his clothes, and is ready for another week."

rumination v.

I think it's more likely than not that I will live to see the end of The United States of America. I don't even think it's doomer of me to say, because, I meanwhile still live my life; I in fact still predict that I will be doing fine in Post-US Earth. But I do think my home country is nakedly floundering on borrowed time at this point. Oil shortages. Hateful politics. Expensive food.

I can imagine a time in this country that is post-law. I can imagine sucking off a St Bernard in public and there are no police for anyone to call about it.

I don't know what's going to happen with the land. "It goes back to the natives" is not high up on my probabilities list. I think what's going to happen is that various foreign powers are going to establish presences in North America, perhaps "To help American refugees" if they're feeling generous enough to give a pretense to why they've come; And these foreign powers are going to cut up North America on a map like they cut up Africa, and there will be a lot of messy, bloody conflict between the foreign powers and the Americans who have still remained here. I think North America will be a very unpleasant, very unsafe place to live.

I don't see myself sticking it out, whatever the case may be; I see myself fleeing to the EU. I wonder what it would say about me, in the EU, to have an American Flag pin on my backpack. Would it be taken as a symbol of hate? Would it be a symbol that I am a cool post-apoc wanderer whose home has been nuked? Would it be more controversial, or less controversial, than the zeta pin that I would also have on my backpack, right next to it?

prayer.

The gift of Thought was given to me without my desire or my permission. I have used my mind to love a dog. I have used my mind to love nothing else.

—

There are now five melted candles atop a perfect circle and a pentagram, drawn in black chalk, on the pavement of this park, this night.

My sword Ruminant lies on the ground, summoned, atop all of the melted wax.

I stomp on my sword and it disappears into a mist of shadows.

"I remember thee, my closest; but I pray I have no need of thee tonight."

Someone (someone for whom I and them share a core common interest) has been coming to this park every Sunday night.

It's Monday mornings I always see their work, a fresh new zoo sticker, as I'm passing through here, through this park. And Sundays during the day, I have never seen the new work yet.

So it must be Sunday nights.

Same place? Same time? Same signals?

Someone wouldn't make a very good spy.

I don't know when, what time specifically, I can expect them.

But I can tell from the sound of their jingling collar that I have found them, before I have even laid eyes on them. Someone dressed in black-and-neons puts a sticker on a street light and keeps walking. The sticker has an illustrated German Shepherd presenting to the viewer, and has the text "Don't miss out on dog pussy" and then a zeta. Haven't seen that one before. Interesting. Into it.

I start following after the zoo at a distance.

Two blocks later, they're sitting at a bus stop, alone, waiting, head down, looking idly at the pavement.

I take a seat next to them. From a pocket, I take out a clear plastic bag with two dozen different zoo stickers in it, and toss it onto the pavement in front of them. Startled, they look up at me, and then they look down to the stickers again, and then they look at me again.

I give a mischievous smile, and I tap the zeta tattoo on the side of my neck.

They look very surprised and very pleased. They pick up the stickers.

YPCD LOG

12:07 * **stankpaw9** yawns.
12:14 --> zapados has joined #yiffypawcomicsden.
12:15 <**stankpaw9**> Oh here we go.
12:15 <**stankpaw9**> Hi zapados what's up.
12:15 <**zapados**> m or f?
12:15 <**crow**> lol
12:16 <**stankpaw9**> Indeed.
12:16 <**crow**> zapados: the name of this room is a joke :p
stankpaw9 is a veritable slut for paws but it does not have any
comics for you.
12:16 <**stankpaw9**> HEY
12:17 <**crow**> uh huh
12:19 <**stankpaw9**> UNTRUE
12:19 <**crow**> uhhhhh huh
12:19 * **crow** sticks its paw in the air in front of stankpaw9
12:19 * **stankpaw9** sniffs the air near the paw
12:20 <**crow**> cutie
12:22 * **stankpaw9** blushes
12:31 <**ludwigk**> homos
12:33 * **crow** kisses stankpaw9 on the cheek
12:34 * **stankpaw9** kisses crow back on the side of the beak
12:36 <**crow**> zapados: fyi I am a griffon anthro, with black
feathers/coat, and a healthy dose of unknown DNA that is
seemingly from the wolf family. "paws" rather than talons
and "beak" rather than muzzle does add up, trust me.
12:36 <-- zapados has left #yiffypawcomicsden.

12:36 <crow> cool
12:37 * **stankpaw9** *throws a nickel into the jar.*
12:37 <stankpaw9> Indeed.
14:40 * **stankpaw9** *yawns.*
14:44 * **crow** *preens over stankpaw9, picking through its thick nape with beak*
14:47 * **stankpaw9** *relaxes, melting into comfort under the preening.*
15:02 <ludwig> It lives! I can now say that every piece of equipment in my ecosystem is linux. Some different flavors I'm still meh on, but all linux at least.
15:02 <crow> congrats!
15:05 <-- maso231 has quit (Quit: bbl it is meow time for calc)
15:41 * **stankpaw9** *cuddles crow, running fingers through its coat.*
15:54 <crow> :3
15:54 <stankpaw9> :3
15:55 <dogfucker12> :3
15:57 <ludwig> glad to have such nice friends :3
16:29 --> sardius88088 has joined #yiffypawcomicsden.
16:29 -- sardius88088 is now known as sardius_.
16:30 <sardius_> You guys, I apologize if you were in the middle of anything, but I have to interrupt now with serious news. Even though he was my friend, I have evidence that dogfucker12 is a zoophile supporter.
16:30 <stankpaw9> no it can't be
16:31 <crow> are we... doing this again?
16:31 * **stankpaw9** *throws a nickel in the other jar.*
16:33 <stankpaw9> ludwig: congrats on that sweep of upgrades for real. I'm still stuck on Windows but more and more jealous of you every day.
16:34 <ludwig> thanks! aaaa I'm so happy about it. Having the entire system how I want it (more or less) feels like a clean bill of health, in a weird way. Just feels like, phew, I got better, I'm healthy.
16:34 <sardius_> dogfucker12 gave me a mixtape yesterday that was loaded with more zoophilia dog whistles than I can list on a single sheet of paper, double sided.

16:34 * **stankpaw9** spits out its drink.

16:34 <**stankpaw9**> LOL

16:34 <**crow**> dogfucker12: OH MY GODS IS THIS REAL
DID YOU DO THIS

16:34 <**crow**> YOU TWO ARE LOCAL TO EACH OTHER
RIGHT?

16:34 * **crow** wheezes, curling against stankpaw9 and
patting it repeatedly with palms

16:34 <**dogfucker12**> sardius_: How could you come to such
a conclusion? What was even on that tape?

16:35 <**crow**> IS IT REAL

16:35 <**sardius_**> Is there any limit on what I can say in
here?

16:35 <**stankpaw9**> How so?

16:36 <**stankpaw9**> If you send a message over the character
limit it will break it into two messages (or more), and if you
send too many messages at the same instant the network will
kick you off and you'll have to rejoin but that's it.

16:36 <**stankpaw9**> I want to say the current ratelimit is
fffive messages per 4 milliseconds?

16:37 <**sardius_**> As far as vulgarity.

16:37 <**stankpaw9**> Swear the fuck on.

16:37 <**sardius_**> The first thing on this mixtape is a song
that screams "dog c*m" over and over again, to give you an
idea of the kind of thing I will need to talk about to explain
what's on this tape.

16:38 * **stankpaw9** is trying to breathe but can't. This might
be the end.

16:38 <**dogfucker12**> oh yeah I forgot that song was on
there

16:38 * **stankpaw9** passes out.

16:38 * **crow** waves a magic spell around stankpaw9,
keeping it alive and conscious.

16:38 * **stankpaw9** sits up.

16:38 <**stankpaw9**> sardius_: This sounds very serious.

16:39 <**crow**> uhhhhhhhhh huh

16:39 <**stankpaw9**> Thank you for bringing this to my
attention.

16:39 <**stankpaw9**> I believe for the sake of not hiding

anything we should figure this out in the open rather than taking this to PMs.

16:39 <**stankpaw9**> Can you tell me what else was on this mixtape? sardius_

16:39 <**dogfucker12**> don't tell it anything sardius_

16:39 <**stankpaw9**> Also: how did this mixtape change paws between you two?

16:41 <**dogfucker12**> we met for brunch at the coffee place across from a dog park and I thought I was picking up on the way sardius_ was peeping some of the larger breeds but I may have misunderstood where he was at mentally with all that

16:43 <**stankpaw9**> And then? How did he get the tape?

16:43 <**dogfucker12**> Oh I gave it to him

16:43 <**stankpaw9**> You had brought it with you?

16:44 <**dogfucker12**> yeah

16:44 <**dogfucker12**> I mean, allegedly

16:44 --> maso231 has joined #yiffypawcomicsden.

16:44 <**maso231**> Calculus is so. so. so boring.

16:45 * **maso231** throws ter bookbag on a hook and shuffles towards crow

16:45 * **maso231** falls and rests terself beside crow

16:45 <**crow**> :3

16:45 * **crow** pets maso231

16:46 <**sardius_**> stankpaw9: On one side, the mixtape had the dog cum song (the genre was punk I guess), immediately followed by a song about a wife cheating on her husband with their dog (I guess also punk but I think by a different band), and then a book-on-tape of a story where you're a girl wolf and you "mate" with some guy on his bed while his wife is distracted doing laundry down at the river. Which, could just be fantasy by itself, but in the story the wolf's name is Temptress, and on the cassette's label someone had written with a pen in parenthesis "(imagine Temptress is Gumdrops)" which is the real life name of my golden retriever.

16:46 * **maso231** rips off ter pants.

16:46 <**maso231**> owo

16:47 <**ludwigk**> maso231: yiff in hell furfag

16:47 <**maso231**> not a furry!!

16:47 <crow> uhhhhhhhhhhh huhhhhhhhhhh
16:48 * **maso231** crosses ter arms and pouts.
16:48 <ludwigk> Riiiiight, you're not a furry, you just keep
joining the furry room by mistake :p
16:48 <maso231> You're just as guilty of being a furry as I
am at that rate.
16:49 <ludwigk> yes
16:49 <ludwigk> I am a furry I'm also GAY and a
COMMUNIST
16:50 <maso231> Yeah yeah keep your politics in your pants
buddy pal
16:50 <ludwigk> furry homo
16:52 * **stankpaw9** sits patiently, ears attentively pointed to
sardius_, waiting to hear what's on the other side of the
tape, or if there was more on this side.
16:52 <sardius_> On the other side the first 10 minutes was
Microsoft Sam repeating the sentence "I, dogfucker12,
endorse bestiality." And then the rest of it was a bunch of
different guitar solos that I presume were also some kind of
hidden message although I admit I do not get what it was.
16:52 <dogfucker12> that's a little unfair of you to assume
that about the guitar solos
16:53 <maso231> LMAO
16:54 * **ludwigk** unzips
16:54 * **ludwigk** pees on maso231
16:54 <maso231> OwO
16:55 <stankpaw9> sardius_: You said there were more dog
whistles than you could list on a sheet of paper double sided.
I certainly am following along with why you think
dogfucker12 has some kind of interest in the topic of
bestiality, but was there more besides these things? It sounds
like you've covered what was on both sides of the tape now.
16:55 * **ludwigk** keeps peeing on maso231
16:56 * **sardius_** sighs.
16:56 <sardius_> On the side I was just describing, with MS
Sam and the guitar solos: All of that with MS Sam and the
guitar solos was just "in the background," if that's the right
way to describe it in audio. More prominently, what you
could hear on that side was an out-loud conversation between

what sounds like dogfucker12 and a friend, and the conversation teeters back and forth between an avalanche of zoo jokes and another avalanche of dogfucker12 and his friend talking about what sex acts they've done with different dogs and horses recently.

16:57 <**dogfucker12**> didn't know that was recording

16:57 <**crow**> oh my gods

16:57 <**stankpaw9**> Wow.

16:58 <**dogfucker12**> some of the dog stuff was a little bit hyperbolic

16:58 * **ludwigk** finishes peeing, wipes his cock off on maso231, and lays down beside crow.

16:58 * **crow** smooches the side of ludwigk's torso with beak.

16:59 <**maso231**> "some of the dog stuff" was a little bit hyperbolic

17:03 * **maso231** drips ludwigk piss.

17:03 * **crow** can smell ludwigk piss from this distance.

17:03 * **maso231** notices you notice

17:03 <**maso231**> hey get your own piss

17:04 * **crow** makes horny griffon sounds.

17:04 * **stankpaw9** shits on crow.

17:04 <**crow**> ok not the same

17:04 * **crow** waves a spell around and magically cleans itself off completely.

17:04 * **crow** creates a magic tentacle.

17:04 <**stankpaw9**> owo

17:05 * **crow** sticks the magic tentacle up stankpaw9's naughty poopy hole.

17:05 * **stankpaw9** writhes in pleasure.

17:06 <**sardius_**> So, not to um, "interrupt," but I'd say dogfucker12 needs to be banned.

17:06 * **stankpaw9** blinks.

17:06 <**stankpaw9**> Hm?

17:06 <**stankpaw9**> Oh.

17:06 * **stankpaw9** continues to writhe on the tentacle.

17:06 <**stankpaw9**> dogfucker12: Any last words?

17:06 <**dogfucker12**> Dog cocks are so huge, legitimately it's like your face is right up against a rolling pin but red and veiny.

17:07 <**stankpaw9**> Cool.
17:07 <**stankpaw9**> !op dogfucker12
17:07 * **ChanServ** gives channel operator status to dogfucker12.
17:07 <**stankpaw9**> !down
17:07 * **ChanServ** removes channel operator status from stankpaw9.
17:07 <**stankpaw9**> Oops, finger slipped.
17:07 <**sardius_**> WTF?
17:07 <**dogfucker12**> ayyyy up top
17:07 * **dogfucker12** goes to high five stankpaw9.
17:07 * **stankpaw9** contemplates the feeling of the nasty tentacle inside of it.
17:07 <**stankpaw9**> Lil busy rn.
17:07 <**dogfucker12**> fair
17:08 <**stankpaw9**> Keep an eye on the place while I pleasure myself with this griffon?
17:08 <**dogfucker12**> sure :3
17:09 <-- sardius_ has left #yiffypawcomicsden.
17:10 * **ludwig** throws a nickel in the jar.
17:10 <**ludwig**> dogfucker12: Do you meet with sard often?
17:11 <**dogfucker12**> first time
17:11 * **ludwig** chuckles and shakes his head.
17:11 * **ludwig** pats dog fucker
17:11 <**ludwig**> Be safe, dear.
17:12 <**dogfucker12**> I learned a valuable lesson for sure
17:13 <**dogfucker12**> With those guitar solos: if you combine the first letters of the titles of all of those songs it says “dog took my v card but no regrets”
17:14 <**maso231**> Sounds about right.
17:14 <**ludwig**> How. long. did that take to make?
17:15 <**dogfucker12**> I didn’t realllllly sleep the night before that, I started working on it between about when the sunlight started to first be visible and then went to meet him for brunch, so, about 6 hours if that sounds about right?
17:17 <**ludwig**> Who were you talking to accidentally?
17:17 <**dogfucker12**> Oh on the recording? I’m guessing that must have been my friend who swung by on his way to give someone else guitar lessons but we were chatting for a while

17:20 <**maso231**> You're guessing it must have been that guy
17:20 <**dogfucker12**> yes
17:21 <**maso231**> But it might have been someone else who
came by in that window of time as well to talk about having
sex with dogs and horses
17:21 <**dogfucker12**> I think it was the guitar guy
17:21 * **crow** *slithers the tentacle slowwwwly in and out of
stankpaw9*
17:21 <**stankpaw9**> ah~
17:21 * **stankpaw9** *whimpers, holds its breath, horny af
little gasps.*
17:22 <**crow**> anyone else?
17:23 * **maso231** *raises ter paw.*
17:23 * **ludwigk** *also raises his paw.*
17:23 * **dogfucker12** *raises paw.*
17:23 <**crow**> eeeeexcellent
17:24 * **crow** *creates more magic tentacles, causes them all
to slither over everyone, feeling for zones receptive to touch
and pleasure.*
17:25 <**dogfucker12**> you find all the zones
17:27 <**crow**> goofball.
17:28 * **crow** *pets dogfucker12 with tentacle.*

ARS AWRARTICA

or; A Shadow Whose Paws Are The Nest Of A Red Bird

Chap. I

The good counsel to the midnight prince.:

The midnight prince, adorned in the garments which he did so love the most, walked by the sea with his male lover. At a rest in their walk, both sitting upon a wide stone leg to leg and arm to arm, the midnight prince remarked upon the black attire of them both. We are as two vessels of ink poured together into one puddle upon a stone. Here by the new moon we are that which cannot be seen. I am as a shadow that meets a shadow. You are as a raven who perches against a black apple. We cannot be divided one from the other. The prince's lover remarked in exchange to the prince that the two were not dressed in black. These garments you wear are grey. Upon thy legs, this cloth one may call white. The midnight prince, in his youth, had seen these things tailored, and remarked, they are black. The lover remarked, they are not black. I will work upon them with dyes. The prince, to appease his male lover, agreed to this.

Upon their meeting which followed nine days from thence, the prince's lover presented to the prince garments which were

very beautiful. The prince remarked, this truly now is as ink, as shadow, as creatures by cover of night. I am a monster which reigns so deep down through the sea's vast evils and hideous currents that light has never once touched it. The prince's lover embraced the prince. Now we are as a shadow that meets a shadow. The prince spoke thence of his male lover, by way of introducing him when there was such a need, here now is he who created darkness. Here now is genesis. Here now is all that has made me beautiful. Here now is one who has seen that which was not good enough, and not made himself to endure it. Here now is villainy I do love.

Chap. II

The nature of the opaque gate.:

Who is it who doth know truly what shall become of it after its death? Who is it who doth know truly what shall become of it after it has shared its closest secret? Who is it who doth know truly what shall become of it after it has stood up where it has been taught to lie down in docility?

The protagonist may imagine riches and pleasures. The protagonist may imagine desolation and travails. The protagonist also may imagine very much or very little.

If the gate is opened by the protagonist itself, and the protagonist indeed craftily continues its hold upon the gate, the gate may be opened only a slight ways. Peradventure on the other side of the opaque gate is a fire of great fury, the protagonist may be consumed rapidly. If on the other side is sand piled up in heaps, such that it slides to fill the open gateway, the protagonist may struggle to close the gate again utterly. The materials on the other side of the opaque gate may be, in substance, chiefly, air.

Actors may dwell beyond the opaque gate or none may. The gate may be opened by another actor on the other side, if any such actors dwell thereabout with desire for the gate to open, or the gate may only open from the protagonist's side.

The protagonist may open the opaque gate and find itself at the throat of a kingdom, where it shall encounter a thousand opaque gates (hitherto unseen) before it has seen its next new moon.

Chap. III

Spoken by the dog running within the wolf pack.:

Is there a difference between a life well-lived and a life of commitment to a gleeful joke? I do not know but I am happy.

If I am before thee, I aspire to be before thee by pride. I wag my tail and shall meet thee with a lively posture. Leaping is the operation of my paw pads as I scurry out from the shadow of one gate and into the embrace of another. It is my fate and desire to be folded into a pack by any means, whether in its diet or company. There are things I am not discerning about.

Fire is a gift I hope to rob from humankind; Prometheus, watch my paws.

I am dressed in garments which are my finest and darkest.

A POEM

here a dog
has walked
upon the earth.
and farther.
and farther.
and farther.
the gears' teeth align.
should they?