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Anything But Simple

I have been boiling 1:1 batches of white cane sugar and water on my stove like its going out of style. Methodically dialing in the exact amounts that fill my containers, watching it go from an oversaturated, milky looking slop to a fully boiled, crystal clear fluid destined for drinks galore. Simple syrups can have many practical uses besides cocktails. It makes a fantastic base for homemade lemonade, a flavor infusion for iced speciality beverages like matcha, coffee, or chai, and even to flavor homemade whipped cream to top a dirty soda.

Last year I did a rather elaborate bar setup for the annual group camping trip I attend with some of my local fur friends. I like to go all out like some folks do for room parties, just outside in the woods with battery powered fairy lights and items not afraid of a washer at the end. By the time this comes out, I might have even shared a few pics in the server of my setup! The most popular drink from last year is the only returning one on my menu for this year, it's a gin cocktail that came from the though exercise "interpretation of your fursona as a beverage" (Which, for me kinda extends on favorite flavor/scents, it's definitely activating the same parts of my brain to think about and is a fun mental exercise that you should try yourself.)

Minotaur Mule

Ingredients

- Simple Syrup, Steeped with Rosemary and Lime Zest/Juice
- Mint leaves
- Fresh lime wedge
- Ginger Beer, the spicier the better. Despite the name this is a non-alcoholic mixer and should not be swapped for ginger ale.
- Gin of choice, if omitting add dried juniper berry to your steeping mix to keep the flavor notes that gin provides.

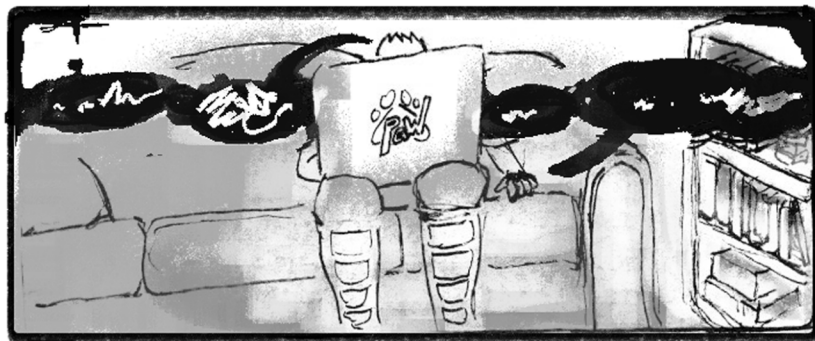
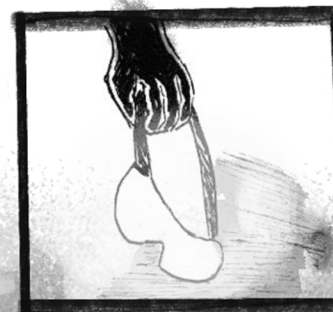
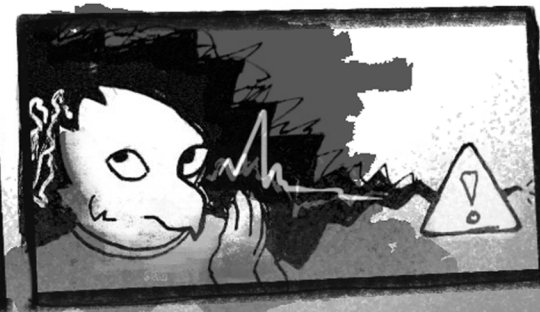
Muddle mint and lime wedge, add ice and pour over 1 shot each of flavored Simple syrup and gin, finish with ginger beer and a stir.

Tear and share cooking will be returning soon, it's going on hiatus so I can prepare and recover from ~~bilateral salpingectomy~~ getting spayed :3

-Island

Annetto's gone on vacation! Where has he set up camp? Use the blank space to fill in the background.





The Path to Becoming an Adult Therian

By JJ

When I was in my senior year of high school, I started joking about being a werewolf.

Obviously, or at least obvious to me circa 2023, this was a joke. I am not literally a werewolf, I am just neurodivergent. My neurodivergence has been peer reviewed by several of my friends, and in general I have an often standoffish, aggressive, forceful personality.

This personality stems from the fact that I have a hard time reading facial cues or social norms. I get defensive when people push against me for violating social boundaries that are never communicated or written down. I'm apparently just supposed to guess, and apparently everyone else has been doing that since the beginning of time.

But to reframe that aspect to me as the aggression, bullishness, and confidence of a werewolf or some other creature felt softening, and a little bit freeing. Beyond that, however, there was no reason to believe I was actually a werewolf.

I couldn't be a werewolf, also, because I was too afraid of dogs! What kind of stupid wolf is afraid of dogs?

The thing, though, is that I've been trying to get rid of that forceful side of myself for a long time. It's not fun, it causes problems, it makes it harder for me to empathize with people, and it makes people hate me. It means I am famous amongst my friend group, Mr. Dogshit-At-First-Impressions.

And there is when it separated. It doesn't feel like a normal, human part of my personality. It feels like a creature that takes me over and makes me bite and gnash at people for no reason other than the fact that I, the wolf here, was not built to be put in this situation.

I was built to chase prey in the woods and exist in a pack structure with other wolves and dogs. Not do small talk and pay fucking taxes. Suck my dick.

And it does take me over. Without my consent and without my knowledge sometimes. It also drives me fucking nuts on a full moon.

In college, after rebuilding my faith in and rekindling my love for dogs, as well as talking with a friend who was into petplay, I broke down enough walls to actually call myself Therian.

To label this creature inside of me as the werewolf it is that I don't maintain much control over.

Which then put me in the unenviable position of being a wolf working in a fucking newsroom. At a desk. With a laptop and a nametag.

And it's affirming to let the mask down amongst other people. But specifically people I know who get it. I have a small number of friends that I feel comfortable engaging in this with, because too many people think I am their dog.

I am not your dog, furthermore I'm not a dog. I'm a wolf, I'm not super domesticated, I don't respond that well to commands, you can't just touch me, and you can't fucking call me "good boy."

However, I play-fight. I bite, god how I love to bite. I bark, I growl (genuinely and honestly without thinking often times.) I love being a wolf, and I do really like being a wolf amongst dogs.

The wolf metaphor never stops giving.

And I allow patches of fur to cultivate on my brain, little mechanisms and mannerisms to grow on the outside to share with those I trust in this matter.

I do let my tail wag around those who won't try to call me good boy or fucking click a clicker at me.

And when I'm given the go ahead, with certain people, I get to chase prey in the woods and exist in community with other dogs.

And that's nice.

NATURE is the Daughter of TIME

ART is the Servant of NATURE

★ THERIANTHROPY // MUSIC AUGUST / September 2026



FRANDOG
BLUE
houndfollly

MUSIC is the melody whose text is the world



I SPENT MOST OF MY CHILDHOOD IN A SMALL, CONSERVATIVE, OREGON TOWN.



I THINK WAS THE ONLY BROWN KID IN MY ENTIRE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

...BUT BEING MIXED AND RAISED BY MY WHITE FAMILY AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE ME SO DIFFERENT.



DEW YEW LIEK MEH FURSONA?

EW, FREAK.

STAY AWAY FROM US.

THEY MUST BE JEALOUS OF MY FURREH SWAG...

I'M CLEARLY TOO AWESOMESAUCE FOR THESE PEASANTS.

(THEY WERE BEING RACIST)

I THINK A PART OF ME KNEW WHY, DEEP INSIDE... BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE THAT CHILDREN MY AGE COULD BE SO HATEFUL ALREADY.



THANKS TO FURRIES, I WAS ABLE TO EXIST IN IGNORANT PEACE WITH MYSELF FOR A LONG WHILE. MY WEIRDNESS, MY FRIENDS AND MY COMMUNITY ALL HELPED TO SHIELD MY NAÏVE MIND FROM THE CRUELITIES OF SOCIETY.

SO IN SOME WAYS, I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO FURRIES FOR HELPING ME STAY A WEIRD, OPTIMISTIC KID FOR JUST A LITTLE BIT LONGER.



BEACH



PORTLAND

Portland.

MY LOVELY SANCTUARY
ACCEPTANCE, FREEDOM
ETERNAL IS THE HIDDEN COMMUNITY
OF RAD TRANS SIBLINGS, EMBRACING
THE CORPOREAL NEED TO LET
OUR FREAK FLAG FLY!
CONFORMING BECOMES A
FOREIGN CONCEPT IN
THIS GREAT CITY.
YEARNING FOR
A FUTURE MADE
FOR US THROUGH
EMPATHY. MY
FRIENDS FOUND
THEIR LIVES
IN YOUR
LOVING,
ARMS!

FOR THAT,
I OWE MY LIFE
TO YOU.
THANK YOU.

WZZZ

