

# THE IANDA TIMES

(short online version)

First Edition, v.1, No. 46

Editor: Rarius Yuroki, Admin of Landa

Co-Editor: Sherman Easterwood, Praetor of Landa

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Content:

- Editorial
- City news and announcements
- The Landa Social Scene
- Caste reports
- OOC Announcements of the Admin
- Advertisements and job offers
- OOC Role play
- OOC Knowledge: Misconceptions About Initiates
- Onlinisms of the week

Note: Though the Ianda Times is based in the city of Landa it is not associated with the city. The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein. The times reserves the right to edit articles submitted.

Any news, articles, poems, gossip, schedules, paintings, jokes you have, please send them to the editor. You are looking for a free companion, a slave, an assassin? Advertisements are very welcome.

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## EDITORIAL

“There is a crowd ahead,” I said, “at the public boards.”

“They seem angry,” he said.

(Magicians of Gor)

This will be the last issue of the first edition, since the Gorean New Year will start next hand. The new Gorean year will bring a 2nd edition of the Ianda Times.

The New Year also marks the beginning of the 2nd year of the term of our Administrator Yuroki Uriza. He has lead Landa through a year of prosperity and growth. In the coming year, his ability to work well with all Castes and the High Council has served Landa well. All of Landa looks forward to many more years, with our Administrator.

The Gorean New Year is also a time for celebrating and festivals. Enjoy and celebrate life, as it is precious and far too short.

Sherman Easterwood

Praetor of Landa

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## CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

### THANK YOU YUROKI URIZA, ADMINISTRATOR OF LANDA

How do you thank some one who has done so much for our City and for our RP enjoyment?

It seems like it was yesterday when Yuroki arrived in Landa. Has it been a year already?

The words fail me when I think of all the work our Admin has performed in the time he has been with us:

- As Admin he has performed the work of many... Commander, Slaver, Builder and Scribe. He found time to rebuilt and extend our tunnels, he also built our wonderful bath house. He decided to extend the mine and make it active when he should have gone to bed instead.
- He found time to recruit and add to our growth.
- He does the Head Scribe work when she can not be in the city.
- He has always been available when some one needed him.
- He has accumulated more slaves then any of the Slavers we had.

There is only one way to thank the man... "Thank you Admin for a job well done"

Yuroki Uriza has been loyal to Landa longer then anyone else. What he did for Landa has not gone unnoticed. He understands what it means to lead a city perfectly btb..

When others felt like storming off, he found a way of calming nerves. When some needed to leave, he wished them well and good luck some place else.

He made a sleepy city into a vibrant city, filled with story lines and an interesting group of people. He is loved and admired by Landiens.. feared, admired, and misunderstood by outsiders. He knows Gor and plays it right. He does not judge you if you are different and works with you if you have a problem.

Lets face it, he is one of those rare people everyone would like to emulate and every sim owner would love to have as Leader.

If I may quote the words of a great man:

"In ordinary life we hardly realize that we receive a great deal more than we give, and that it is only with gratitude that life becomes rich." - Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Landa thanks you Sir... may you be with us for many years to come.

~Lady Dez

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- LANDA SCHEULE

TUESDAY  
(03/20/2012)

Lectures of "A Free Woman of Gor" by Lady Dahiayah, Head of Free Woman Society of Landa (03/24/2012, 1 pm SLT), Library

WEDNESDAY  
(03/21/2012)

First day of Month of En'Kara (The First Turning) (new Year in Gor)

Red Caste training in the Arena (2 pm SLT)

Celebrating of the new gorean year (4 pm SLT), hall of the admin's building

FRIDAY  
(03/23/2012)

OPEN HOUSE AND GATES IN LANDA (no raids between 10 am and 5 pm SLT)  
Visitors are very welcome!

Meeting HoY slaves only, HoY Kennel (1 pm SLT)  
Topic: Panthers and Talunas on Gor

Celebrating of the new gorean year part 2 (3 pm SLT), hall of the admin's building

SATURDAY

Mock raid (03/24/2012, 3 pm SLT)

- NEWS

#### CHANGING THE COMBINATION OF THE LOCKS

[14:38] Yuroki Uriza: and I want to change the combination of all the locks of landa... perhaps the killer wants to force slaves to tell him how to enter the doors, so we should change them several times monthly

[14:38] Dezire Sciarri: I agree.. also, there should be some doors where a slave might not be able to enter

[14:38] Yuroki Uriza: i ordered my slaves already to approach him only as a pair..i want to know what he is asking and doing

#### LAWS OF LANDA:

- Doors: Landa and Landa II have secret tunnels. The entrances, to these tunnels, are iron and stone doors. They can be identified by their texture. The iron doors are breakable by RP. The RP must be 3 lines 10 words each over 15 minutes. The stone doors are unbreakable and can only be entered and exited by Landa citizens. The locks have a combination lock and no keys. They cannot be considered opened by a captive unless the captive roleplays putting in the combination.

## QUOTE:

Also, combination locks are not unknown, but they are infrequently found. The most common combination lock consists of a set of lettered rings which conceal a bolt. When the letters are properly aligned the bolt may be withdrawn.

(Assassin of Gor)

## ORDER

[12:50] Yuroki Uriza: slaves i have an order for you,,points around, when you see the killer here, listen carefully:

[12:50] elevation25 Faerye: listens...

[12:50] Yuroki Uriza: you will not approach him alone, ony in a pair, if you are alone you will run away from him,,and i still want to have a report about every word he is asking in town and about every step his feet make

[12:51] Sargeant Chenaux nods ..."Good, but please take care, and if you can get some escorts....things my get dangerous ...."

[12:51] elevation25 Faerye: yes my Master

## WHITE LARL IN LANDA

To those who see the white larl in Landa. Do not approach her. She is a half grown larl cub which has lost her mother and brother to attacks in Sais. She is property of the Temple and sacred to the Priest Kings.

Her mission is to guard the Temple. She would not have come here except that the Landa Temple was ransacked and burned recently and the animal was dispatched here by the Priest Kings to assist in safeguarding its existence. She will not attack if you simply remain still and speak to her in quiet tones. She will probably sniff you and walk away. Do NOT scream, run, attempt to strike her or wave her away. She could mistake your agitation for aggression and she is fully capable, young as she is, of attacking and killing a fully grown man.

She is under the direct divine protection of the Priest Kings and is here on a mission. Treat her with respect and she will not harm you. She wears a golden collar inscribed with her name "Bailey" which is from the ancient archaic Gorean "ba'i Ylleh" or "Guardian of Sacred Items". If you have any questions about her, come directly to myself or one of the Landa Temple Initiates.

Dorian Serenus

~O~

High Initiate of Landa

## WHY LARLS ARE IN LANDA (OOC)

### LARL, WHITE

seen in icy mountains of the Sardar, largest of the big cats standing 8 feet; upper canines extend below their jaws, very similar to the saber-toothed tiger of earth; long tails

with tufted ends

Book 3: Priest Kings of Gor, page 22

#### LARL, SNOW

small feline mammal...a small 4-legged mammal, about 10 inches high, weighing between 8 and 12 pounds. The snow lart has two stomachs and hunts in summer, filling the second stomach in the fall to last the animal through winter. Its pelt is snowy white and thick. It is considered valuable, selling in Ar for half a silver tarsk. They are found in the Polar North.

Book 12: Beasts of Gor, page 74

Dorian Trevellion: In the book Priest Kings of Gor, there were two white larls guarding the passageways in the Sardar. The original Sacred White Larl was played by Shney'Leyb (sukumara aichi) the mother. Bailey and Ixas were her tiny cubs. When she went to Sais (a stupid STUPID move, but I didn't know she'd done it) the cubs were attacked and immediately after that Ixas and Shney stopped logging on... we've RP'd that they were killed. Bailey was a tiny cub, no larger than a giani, when I found her... she obeys me because 1. she was an infant when I first took care of her and 2. she is the Sacred Guardian of the Temple and thus trained to trust the White Caste.

It is BtB to state that larls are fierce, and do NOT make pets! The white larl seen in Landa is not a pet. She is dangerous. However, she follows the Initiate, Dorian Serenus (Dorian Trevellion) who saved her life as a tiny kitten. Her mother and brother were killed and the animal is completely alone save for her Initiate Dorian. He knows that she is fully capable of killing him, but the white robes he wears, imprinted on her from nearly newborn, protect him marginally. Even he, her closest 'companion' so to speak (if larls could be said to have companions that aren't other larls) is at times, in danger of her teeth and claws. She is half grown and he doesn't know if puberty, when it strikes, will render her fully wild and dangerous.

#### QUOTE:

"She now understood the two larls to be harmless. She was mistaken in this conjecture, but it was a rational conjecture considering that the two beasts were quiet, crouched in place, and that their presence seemed to be accepted without question by the others present. She might have been less confident had she known more about larls. Pretty obviously the two beasts were domestic larls, probably raised from cubhood, and trained to respond to certain commands. On the other hand, as noted earlier, no larl is ever fully tamed. A thousand generations of stalking and killing lay concealed, lay in wait, in every corpuscle of those pelted, passive giants."

(Swordsmen of Gor - pg 204/205)

#### STATE SLAVE

Landa got a new state slave. Her name is Caty (Catyalina Twine). Her duties are mostly domestic, but she is not restricted.

#### FOR SLAVE OWNERS

Please keep in mind that your slave is your property and if the slave is not registered and

you don't have slave papers, anyone can come and might take that slave away from you.

Please have acquisition papers, or check at least if there has been a previous owner and your slave has been let go, then take your girl/boy to get a physical, that is important. The phys. needs to place a seal on the report. Come to the head scribe and get the slave papers made for your Property.

Thank you.

Lady Dez  
Head Scribe of Landa

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## THE LANDA SOCIAL SCENE

The Free Woman's Society of Landa is pleased to announce a series of lectures of "A Free Woman of Gor" given by me to all our ladies, Free Men are also welcome to Attend.

\*Lady Dahiayah\*  
Head of Free Woman Society of Landa

- 1- Freedoms of a Free Woman.
- 2- OOC discussion about it.

The lectures will be begin in our lovely Library on Tuesday (03/20/2012) 2 pm SLT.

I hope to see you all there.  
Well Wishes

\* Lady Dahiayah\*

## NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES

During a leap year, the New Year's festival begins on this 'extra' day which falls between the Waiting Hand and the 1st Hand of En'Kara. During all other years the festival begins on the first day of En'Kara. In all years the festival continues for 2 full Gorean hands (10 days).

On leap years the New Year is celebrated on the "extra day" between the Waiting Hand and the equinox. On the day of the Vernal equinox, the Ubar or Administrator of the city performs a ritual "greeting of the sun," after which doors are repainted and the brak foliage is removed, beginning a ten day period of general revelry.

"...Then, at dawn, on the first day of En'kara, in the name of the city, the Administrator of Ar, or a Ubar if it be Ubar, greets the sun, welcoming it to Ar on the first day of the New Year. The great bars suspended about the walls of the city then ring out for more than an Ahn with their din, and the doors of the city burst open and the people crowd out onto the bridges, clad in the splendor of their finest, singing and laughing. The doors are painted green and the pitch washed away, and the branches of the Brak Bush burned in a small ceremony on the threshold. There are processions in the city that day, and songfests, and

tournaments of the game, and recitations by poets, and contests and exhibitions. When the lanterns on the bridges must be lit the people return home, singing, carrying small lamps, and give the night over to feasting and love. ...

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## CASTE REPORTS LANDA

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### WHITE CASTE

Things remain quiet during this, the Waiting Hand between the years 10160 C. A. and 10161 C. A.

I am observing the Grand Silence, remaining in my quarters or the Temple, and not speaking at all. The Grand Silence will persevere until sundown on the fifth day of the Waiting Hand.

On the New Year, we will burn the brak bushes at the Temple and celebrate the beginning of a new year and month. The festival of En'Kara will commence and ten days will be devoted by happy Goreans everywhere to feasting and merriment.

Blessed Terek, High Initiate of the Great Sardar Temple, conveys his blessings upon all our Caste, and his wishes for a prosperous and holy New Year.

Blessed Taltos High Initiate of Fina, remains steadily at work editing and perfecting the manuscripts for the classes of the Scholarum.

Adilokos has been elevated to the rank of Preceptor in the Great Sardar Temple and we congratulate him. He has returned from Imperial Ar with no actual information on the events there. He was debriefed by High Initiate Terek and has gone into seclusion for the Waiting Hand.

Myrtalas, in his first year as High Initiate of Arcadia, remains a bit under the weather and has our prayers for a speedy return to health.

Devin, High Initiate of Turmus is enjoying his first year in the field and has encountered many in Turmus who are eager to learn.

Matao Omega has expressed interest in entering into mentor-student training, with an eye to becoming a field Initiate.

This last year 10160 C. A. , has seen significant defeats for the Order. Challenges have arisen and been met. We lost our Blessed Imyore of Fina, Blessed Agnimitra of Tyros Blessed Theo R., Blessed Dorian of Landa, may their names ring down through eternity - Peace be Unto Them!

Temples have been attacked, burnt, destroyed and rebuilt. We will persevere and overcome all obstacles! Our Caste is ancient and a year is but a year. A small thing in the face of our Eternity.

I stand, as do we all, on the threshold of the new year, eagerly awaiting the challenges, triumphs, and yes, even the defeats, as the Priest Kings (to Whom, Life! Health! Strength!)

ordain us to experience them.

May the blessings of this year and the new year be manifold in your lives!

Wishing you well, I remain

High Initiate of Landa

Khered

~O~

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## BLUE CASTE

The Blue Caste is available to the citizens of Landa, to help them in many ways.

The Head Scribe and Ambassador have taken some days to enjoy themselves away from Landa. They have been recouping and resting.

There is no report this week.

((Remember to protect your property, get your slave papers here, ask me for a discount))

~Lady Dez  
Head Scribe for the City of Landa

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## RED CASTE

### - NEW WARRIORS

Please welcome Sarge (Sergeant Chenaux) and Torlok Vedir (Torlok2 Resident) as new members of the red caste of Landa.

### - TORLOK's STORY

My character is the disgraced eldest son of an old decrepit family. He went off and join a band of mercenaries, that spent a lot of time in the far north fighting beasts and kurri alike, and learning a kinder way to treat kajira and kajiru. He spent many years in the north, also learning herlore, the ways of the forest, and many many other skills. When he came back home, he was shunned for his beliefs and differences, and cast out. He wandered from place to place, hoping to find a home that held the same values of honor and loyalty he felt, but usually being disappointed in the end, which lead him to Landa, and the present time.....

### - FIRST MEETING OF THE OFFICERS OF LANDA AND ATRIA

[13:29] Targa (targa.runner): Please meet Sir Os, Commander of Atria, our allies

[13:29] Osorkon nods "Besides Landa, we are allied with Shaba and Harstad. Do you

know these cities?

[13:29] Targa (targa.runner) turns to os "Os, please meet Sir Daffid, Lieutenant of Landa"

[13:29] Daffid Etzel smirks, nods and taps his chest firmly...Honor and steel Targa. Nods to the Man and taps his steel quickly....Well met Warrior

(the rest is confidential)

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## MERCHANT CASTE

### - HOY SLAVERHOUSE

Training Hoy slaves Physicians and their world

Those present : The Administrator, Lady Dahiya - Physician, Lady Falballa apprentice Physician

Lilith - HoY En Fora, Blanca and Bee - HoY Se Fora

The administrator hands a scroll to all present this scroll has been in my keeping from my time in in the Tahari

( reproduced her in its entirety )

The administrator ; Lady Physician my first question is, would a slave carry a medical kit and its contents are they correct, also does the green caste allow that a slave would have it ?

Lady Dahiya Physician ; This may be carried by a slave who has received training and is known as a physicians slave she would be required to take classes and examinations in the work of the physician, then when she has completed the training she would be given a green band to wear showing she can aid people she will also be allowed to aid physicians in the course of their work The training will not be easy and girls with intelligence and a calling for the work will be the only ones accepted.

The Administrator; Then I want the green cast of landa to offer a date and a time for slaves who want to learn not just slaves of my house but open to all citizens who have a girl clever enough to train .Blanca has shown she is able and willing to learn and as she says she knows the art of caring for men I am not altogether sure it will be of use to you lady's but she is intelligent and willing.

The Administrator Hands another scroll which is faithfully transcribed here

Slave wine is a Gorean contraceptive, given to all slaves to protect them against conceiving. It is intentionally made to be bitter for slaves. The active ingredient in slave wine is sip root. Sip root, in its raw form, may be chewed as a contraceptive. The raw form's effects last for three to four months. The Red Savages in the Barrens use sip root in its raw form. One drink of slave wine lasts indefinitely, until a releaser is given. This was not always the case. In the beginning of the Gor series, slave wine only lasted a month or so. But, medical technology advanced during the series and its effects are now indefinite.

But, out of tradition and to remind a girl she is a slave, it is usually given once or twice a year to her. The antidote is called breeding or second wine. It is a smooth and sweet drink. Its active ingredient is a derivative of the teslik plant. On Earth, slave wine would conquer the birth control market.

Lady Dahiya Physician; Firstly yes, and it is still believed so in many cities but this scroll is old, It was found that it's not possible to make the effect last so long if made into a liquid It is now thought that the raw material strength is about the same as the liquid. I would ask owners to bring back and check their slaves wine dates. However again in many cities I found it's only administered once is it no wonder many slaves in gor are pregnant

The Administrator; I have something about second wine and i am not sure is that is correct too Time scale in hours from breeding wine to sex act

0-2 hours 0% p=0

2-10 hours 5% p=0.05

10-12 hours 85% p=0.85

12-36 hours 98% p=0.98

36-48 hours 0% p=0

Cycle restarts at 0.

Lady Dahiya Physician; This might look a little complicated but basically it means that the second wine doesn't release the slave wine until after 2 hours and the best time for a pregnancy is between 12 and 36 hours after it has been given. It is, basically same with the slave wine after administering it we ask the owners to wait for few ahns until it takes effect

A general debate then ensued into ethics and general scribe work The meeting ended after one and a half ahns The Administrator thanked the physicians for their imparting the knowledge of their caste and the patience in their explanations. The slaves were then dismissed.

Items to be carried out as a result of the meeting

Slave training to aid and assist physicians will be looked into by the physician caste

Hoy slave training in the work of physicians to be amended by the slave scribe and approved by the green caste

A conference to be held as to poisons in landa and also in the Gorean world The Administrator and the Green caste

#### - HOUSE OF YUROKI GOT A FORMER SLAVE BACK

Binnaz (Becky Wetherby)

Current Owner: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza)

Previous Owner: Port Haifa, dream torvalar

Date of initial enslavement: 05/26/2009

Manner of enslavement: willing submission

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## - OOC ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE ADMIN

### TOURIST OFFICE OF LANDA STILL CLOSED

Goreans are suspicious of strangers. People looking for a new home should have an reasonable storyline and roleplay in the city first or walk around as an OOC observer.

"Pikes on the walls of Gorean cities are often surmounted with the remains of unwelcome guests. The Gorean is suspicious of the stranger, particularly in the vicinity of his native walls. Indeed, in Gorean the same word is used for both stranger and enemy."  
(Outlaw of Gor)

"Wanderers" and "travellers" of Gor are outlaws. Merchants wear a white and golden tunic in Gor.

### GATE POLICY OF LANDA 10.0

- Slaves cannot open the outer gate alone (only OOC)
- Warriors, when they are in the city, must be alert and open the gates even if their pants are down. No ifs butts or maybe's about it.. If they don't want to be bothered with protecting the city, they need to go to Landa II. The reason for this is very important. FW and slaves can not be attacked with out Warriors around. but furring Warriors or Warriors who are busy in IMs are the same as no warriors around. It is dangerous to have a Warrior in the city who is not present.
- Free women are allowed to open the gate, when no Warriors are here. A free woman is safe from attack with out Warriors around,
- Do not open the gate for strangers without asking for name and home stone and caste (keep the log that you will be able to tell the story in case of trouble)
- You may open the gate for people who want to look around, perhaps if they are considering to settle here, but goreans do not like strangers, you can give them a tour OOC too
- People without an Home Stone and without a caste are outlaws and not allowed to enter (except people who want to settle here, but make that clear OOC):  
5.1 Any free found to have no caste shall be declared an outlaw. The law applies equally to men and women. Those unable to show evidence of their caste shall be arrested by Guardsmen and held subject to verification. Men found to be outlaws shall be executed. Women shall be enslaved and sold from the public block. Those calling themselves Pirates shall be considered no different than Outlaws. They shall be subject to the same penalties. (Caste Laws and public laws of Landa, chapter 4)
- Merchants are allowed to enter (caste colors: White and Gold)
- Rules of Landa:

- Raiders or non-citizens of Landa can not attack a slave if there are no Warriors present, unless the slave attacks them, is threatening or disrespectful to them.
- Raiders or non-citizens of Landa can not attack a free woman if there are no Warriors present, unless the free woman physically attacks them.

-Strangers are not allowed to carry bows and crossbows inside the city walls

- Never mention the secret tunnels and entrances

## GROUPS IN LANDA

Isle of Landa Land Group (to rez, to set home, to open the gates, to pass phantom doors)

Isle of Landa Slave House (slave gossip OOC, for example to get a tag of the privately owned slaver houses)

Landa Blue Caste

Landa Green Caste

Landa Council

Landa Merchant Caste

Landa Moderators

Landa Scarlet Caste

Landa's Free Women Society (ask lady Dadiyah)

Landa Pending Citizen

Order of the Great Landa Temple

## HEADS OF CASTES IN LANDA

White caste: Brother Dorian (Trevellion)

Blue caste: Dezire Sciarri, Head scribe

Red caste: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza)

Green caste: Judy (Judygirl Beck)

Black caste: Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin

Merchant caste: Ribbon (LaceyRibbon String)

Sherman Easterwood, Praetor

Moderators:

Yuroki Uriza (administrator)

Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin

Micka Toros, peasant

## LANDA COLLAR LAW

Slaves - Collars

Female adult slaves must wear locked slave collars at all times in public. Removal of the collar by one other than the slave's owner or without the order of a Magistrate is a crime punishable by fines and imprisonment.

Sherman Easterwood

Praetor of Landa

## HOUSES FOR RENT IN LANDA II (combat sim)

- It is important to understand that Landa II is meant for occasional enjoyment. It is not meant as an alternative for role playing in the City of Landa. We will be forced to take the house back if most of your time is spent in Landa II instead of in the city.

- No one should move into any house without first contacting Lady Dezire Sciarri. Should she not be online, you can reach her by e-mail at [deziresciarri@live.com](mailto:deziresciarri@live.com) or send just send her an IM.

-Currently there are 4 houses left, for rent, in Landa II. The largest is reserved for a large family or for multiple families to share.

- Houses in the Landa II residential area are for rent. Interested people should be Landa Citizens for at least 2 weeks and should have a history of avid RP within the City. After renting the house they should continue to actively contribute to life in Landa..

- The houses rent for \$300 L per week. We are low on prims, please make an effort to keep it at 100 prims or lower.

#### GM WARE

If you need GM ware goods ask me, we have our own server in Landa. You can transport items between your Server and your meter HUD Note though that the Meter HUD can only carry 10 items at once.

Version 4.2 changes what items can be manufactured, so that now only Raw materials can be manufactured.

This is to prepare for the upcoming GM crafting which is one of the biggest project GM team has taken on.

With crafting then you will be able to craft other things from the raw materials, depending on avatar skill. (Yes for example blacksmith starts with little skill but can over time learn more skill and make more advanced things). This is a big project with hundreds of items, levels and skills. We felt it was important to get out new RP server in advance so that users can start manufacturing level 1 raw materials which will be useful as soon as GM Crafting hits the street.

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS AND JOB OFFERS

#### HOUSE OF YUROKI (HoY) GOREAN SLAVERHOUSE

The House of Yuroki is a privately owned and run Slaver House. The owner is Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza). That means that it functions separately from any city council and administration. However, our purpose overall is to provide slaves to the cities for use in whatever means are necessary, and to eventually sell those slaves to citizens or if a long period of time goes by without interest and the slave is underused, to the highest gorean bidder at an invitational auction open to goreans from across Gor.

"Whereas members of the caste of slavers are slavers, not all slavers are members of the caste of slavers."

(Magicians of Gor pg 315)

## HOY BANK OF LANDA

Most cities have a Street of Coins, an area where banking is done. "Sometimes, of course, certain areas specialize in, or are known for, given types of services or products. Each city usually has, for example, its "Street of Coins." On such a street, or in such an area, its banking will largely be done. Similarly most cities will have their "Street of Brands," on which street, or in which area, one would expect to find the houses of its slavers. (*Fighting Slave of Gor*)

Landa has its own bank and coins. The bank is privately owned, but the company got a banking license from the city of Landa, the mint too.

- We need merchants who would be able to establish trading connections with cities which use similar coin systems. Two copper coins paid monthly. To make your own coins and income would be possible.

## - CITY OF LANDA

The city of Landa is recruiting all castes. Lower castes are welcome too!

We are looking for:

Fishermen

Goat Keepers

Drovers

Perfumers

Artisans (sub castes: Painter, Pot Makers, Saddle Makers, Metal Workers, Blacksmiths, Leather Makers, Poets)

Cloth workers (sub castes: Rug Makers, Weavers, Carders, Dryers)

Woodsmen (sub castes: Wood Carriers, Charcoal Makers, Carvers)

Entertainers (sub castes: Singers, Musicians)

Cryptographers

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## OOC ROLEPLAY

### - THE SLAVE AND THE SLEEN

by Joshao Rogerian

There are many varieties of selen, incidentally, adapted to diverse environments; the most formidable, as far as I know, is the forest selen. There is also a sandselen, a snow selen, even some aquatic varieties, types of sea selen, and so on. They vary greatly in size, as well. Some selen are quite small and silken, and sinuously graceful, no larger than domestic cats. They are sometimes kept as pets. *\_Witness of Gor\_* p. 182

### The Slave and the Selen

chocolate steps forward to the cushion where her Mistress, the Free Companion of her beloved Master, has settled after being helped down by one of the Lady's deferential sedan-chair bearers, and floats to her knees, thighs firmly together, to beg to serve the

Lady after her long and tiring journey from her Master's estate in Sardar Valley. "My Mistress, may this girl bring You some refreshment?"

Lady Nepenthe settles serenely onto a soft cushion, tucking her tiny feet in their delicate hand embroidered slippers (with the seed pearls of the Vosk Sorp) underneath Herself in the exquisitely correct kneeling posture of an upper class Free Woman. "Yes, girl. Lunch, a light luncheon, suitable for a Lady, of course. I know you probably aren't trained for that sort of thing, but, say, some tea, rambberries in bosk cream, some vulo eggs and toast."

Lady Nepenthe: "Can you manage that?"

chocolate sighs inwardly, but lowers hers eyes deferentially toward the boards in front of her and murmurs softly in her sweetest, most non-slut-like tone, "Yes, my Mistress; this girl would be honored to be allowed to bring You tea, rambberries in bosk cream, vulo eggs, and toast. How would You like the eggs prepared?"

Lady Nepenthe: "Lar-torvis-side-up, dear; and make certain the cream is FRESH! Oh, and make that Bazi tea, from the topmost leaves!"

Lady Nepenthe: "I have a delicate digestion."

chocolate simpers, "Yes, my Mistress: Bazi tea, rambberries in bosk cream, lar-torvis-side-up vulo eggs, and toast, at once."

Lady Nepenthe cuddles her sweet little teacup selen. "Now Bana, My love, you may run about and play a bit while Mumsie has her tea. Don't go too far, now. Oh, how I WISH My OWN girl, berry, were here! Joshao WOULD insist on using her for a jewelry model when he KNEW I would be out shopping!"

chocolate eyes the tiny white teacup selen cuddled in her Mistress's loving arms, almost completely obscured by the billowing folds of the Lady's voluminous Robes of Concealment.

Lady Nepenthe lets the purebred miniature selen down onto the floor from her sleeve. "Be a good, Sweetums, now." The selen jumps down with an evil-sounding hiss, and scampers off to explore, and mark, this new territory.

Lady Nepenthe: "Be careful, Precious! Mumsie doesn't want Baby to be hurt."

Lady Nepenthe trills a laugh. "Oh LOOK at the little sweetheart! He's chewing on the table leg! He DOES so love sparkly things!"

chocolate rises gracefully to her bare feet, letting the sweep of her long red silks settle decorously over her shapely legs as she backs a few respectful steps and turns toward the kitchen of the Inn to see if she can locate something acceptable for her Mistress's lunch, trying to keep the silvery slave-bells her Master has locked on her slender ankles from creating an inappropriately sensuous jingle as she moves toward the counter.

Lady NePenthe: "Goodness such a racket. I MUST ask Joshao to get smaller bells for that girl! She sounds like a parade."

chocolate takes down a beautifully inlaid temwood tray from the shelf, runs a repcloth over it to polish it to a shine, then begins to assemble the meal, listening nervously to the sounds of gnawing sleep teeth from the room behind her.

Lady NePenthe pulls out a copy of Better Home Stones and Gardens. "My MY, just LOOK at the fashions! Hemlines are to the top of the shoe? WHAT is this world COMING to? That model is BEGGING for a collar! You can SEE her INSTEP!"

Lady NePenthe becomes absorbed in the magazine. "Ohhh MY, the Ubar's garden maze. I wonder if I could convince Joshi to put in that fountain.... Yes... Pet-Of-The-Month? Schendi Parrotlets? I wonder if they could miniaturize tarns. Such CUTE little pet birdies they would make!"

chocolate takes down the most delicate porcelain teapot she can locate on the shelf, the one with the hand-painted veminium blossoms and gold trim, and a matching cup, carefully checking to make sure both are in perfect condition, rinsing them in warm water in the sink before buffing the cup to a gleaming shine and warming the pot by pouring in hot water from the kettle bubbling over the fire, swirling it around the pretty vessel, then pouring it out into the sink.

Lady NePenthe: >gasp< "And here's a recipe for Candied Water Tharlarion Tongues In Aspic! How DELIGHTFUL! I simply MUST copy that down! Ohhh if ONLY sweet Joshikins wasn't so.... so.... \*cough\* rotund.... The Chocolate-Ramberry Mousse with Bosk Cream and Vulo Egg Glace would be HEAVENLY!"

Lady NePenthe: "I simply MUST plan a little luncheon for that sweet Initiate up the Hill.... I don't suppose Candied Tharlarion Tongues in Aspic would count as meat.... well... he wouldn't have to KNOW, would he?"

chocolate balefully contemplates the involved process of preparing candied water tharlarion tongues in aspic as she empties the kettle and refills it with fresh, clean water, then sets it over the fire again to come to a boil, before searching the shelves for the tin of premium fresh Bazi tea, scooping several spoonfuls of the fragrant leaves into a square of clean, finely-woven repcloth from the cabinet, tying the top tightly with a bit of fine binding-fiber, and setting the bag in the teapot to await the hot water.

chocolate trots quickly downstairs with a basket to the cellar to locate a pitcher of bosk cream brought this morning from the farm, several vulo eggs, a scoop of sweet bosk butter, and a bowl of perfectly ripe red rambberries, before hurrying back up the stairs, tucking her skirt under one elbow to avoid tripping over it on her way up.

Lady NePenthe flips through the magazine: "Etiquette for Dealing With Your Free Companion's Kajira - H'mm! Well.... I'm certainly glad Josha only has the one. Why My poor dear sister, Hermione, in her five bedroom home with 37 slaves and room for a kaiila, has HER hands full with her Free Companion's THREE pleasure girls... No WONDER she nips at the ka-la-na during the day, poor dear."

chocolate sniffs the cream to make sure it is completely fresh, and, satisfied, rinses and wipes a small pitcher and pours the cream into it, before inspecting the rambberries in the better light of the kitchen to determine there are no bruised or mushy ones, then washing them in clean cool water from the pump, patting them dry on a repcloth towel, and sprinkling them thickly with sparkling white sugar as a very pretty contrast to the dark red

of the fruit.

Lady NePenthe: "My goodness, just how LONG does it take that girl to slap together a few eggs and berries? Why, My girl would've had it done and served by now! CHOCOLATE!! DO stop DAWDLING!"

chocolate answers brightly, "Yes, my Mistress. It will only be a few ehn, my Mistress." She hears, over the beginning of a bubbling sound from the heating kettle over the fire, a suspicious scuttling of what sounds like diminutive sleen claws on wooden boards. Her heart leaps into her throat and she mutters desperately under her breath, "Oh, no...oh, nooooo, please, no!"

Lady NePenthe: "chocolate!" She sighs dramatically, one hand to Her bosom "Tch! You simply can NOT make a silk purse out of a slut's rear!"

chocolate cuts a thick slice of fresh golden sa-tarna bread, propping it on a long skewer to toast over the kitchen fire, then takes down a small sauté pan from the shelf and sets it near the fire, putting a scoop of the bosk butter into it to melt, as she wipes each small vulo egg with a bit of damp repcloth to clean them, and takes down white salt and ground black pepper.

Lady NePenthe: "CHOOOO-COOO-LAAAATE!!"

chocolate jumps, almost dropping the dish with the vulo eggs, and spins around, gasping. "Yes, my Mistress?"

Lady NePenthe: "Oh DO hurry UP, girl! I'm STARVING! You KNOW I have a sensitive stom- er... tummy!"

Lady NePenthe sighs darkly, "Never send a kajira to do a Lady's maid's work...."

chocolate answers sweetly (through gritted teeth), "Yes, my Mistress. At once, my Mistress."

chocolate turns back to the counter, spoons the berries into a dainty matching dish from the tea set, adds the toasted slice of fresh sa-tarna bread, drizzled with melted bosk butter, and pours the briskly bubbling water from the kettle over the tea leaves to steep, then breaks the vulo eggs one by one into the hot bosk butter to cook.

Lady NePenthe returns to Better Home Stones And Gardens: "Hero-Of-The-Month" My, MY, how very \*manly\* ! "I Fought Off A Ravening Snow-Sleen" Oh! What an \*inspiring\* story!"

chocolate puts a dish of white sugar, the small pitcher of bosk cream, the rambberries in their dish, one of the matching plates from the gold-and-white hand-painted porcelain set, a white napkin, a small spoon, and an eating prong on the tray, and studies the assortment carefully, hoping that it will please her Mistress's excruciatingly refined sensibilities. She takes up a spatula in one hand and the sauté pan in the other, preparing to slide the perfectly-cooked, unbroken white circles with their golden yolks onto the plate to complete the order...then...

chocolate screams, "AAAAAGHHHH!"

Lady NePenthe: "What on GOR?!! \*chocolate!!\* What are you DOING in there?!!"

chocolate hears the skittering of tiny pink-enameled claws, the sound of a minuscule but blood-curdling hiss, and pivots in panic to see the expensive, pedigreed, teacup domestic sleen, a jeweled collar sparkling on its undersized neck, a cute pink velvet bow clamped on its sleek head, and its pointy needle teeth bared in a playful snarl, bounding toward her across the kitchen floor.

Lady NePenthe: "Chocolate, dear! What IS the matter?"

chocolate backs away, trying to fend the pygmy fiend away from her glittering, tinkling, dreadfully-attractive ankle bells, which Bana is convinced are the perfect sleen toy.

Lady NePenthe: "Chocolate? DRAT that girl!"

chocolate whispers frantically, "Shoo, SHOO, you little..." glancing toward her Mistress's table..."er.. darling..." as she kicks softly, ineffectually, at the beast with one enticingly bare foot and jingly ankle.

chocolate looks down just in time to see the playful sleen crouch, wiggling its miniature haunches as it prepares to pounce, fangs bared, before the animal springs, wrapping its three pairs of legs firmly around her leg and sinking its teeth into her calf.

chocolate throws her arms, and the spatula, and the pan, up into the air as she crashes like a felled ka-la-na tree to the floor, whimpering in agony. The sauté pan bounces off her skull as the perfectly-cooked lar-torvis-side-up vulo eggs ooze down her forehead, into her hair, over her face and down her décolleté, leaving a shiny, slimy trail of egg yolk and hot bosk fat in their wake, as she writhes quite unerotically on the wooden floor, trying to muffle her equally non-erotic moans.

Lady NePenthe: "What was that, dear? Chocolate, DO stop playing about! WHERE are My EGGS?"

chocolate manages to detach the sleen without doing it any noticeable damage, and tries to gather herself together enough to get back up, eyeing the growing trickle of red seeping from her gnawed calf, and thinking that at least she is wearing \*red\* silks, so the stain will not be as visible if she cannot get all the blood out in the wash.

Lady NePenthe: "Did I hear you drop something, you clumsy girl?"

chocolate struggles to her knees, but before she can rise any further, sees the sleen falling once more into its playful preparing-to-pounce wriggle and realizes, horrified, that she is wearing the large, glittery, irresistible silver earrings her Master had given her recently.

Lady NePenthe: "Girl!! ANSWER Me!"

chocolate falls back to the floor with a scream and a thud, as the deadly, white, fury missile launches itself from the floor, hitting her squarely in the chest, knocking her flat as it runs up her tortured body to bat at the dangling jewelry and begin chewing exuberantly on her right earring, sinking its sharp claws firmly into her breasts to keep its purchase on her,

and alternating between pulling hard on the bright, shiny earring and licking the slime of vulo eggs and bosk fat from her scalded flesh.

Lady NePenthe: "Chocolate where are My BERRIES?! I'm coming IN there...."

chocolate pushes Bana away from her mouth long enough to spit out the selen fur coating her tongue, and mumble, "Yes, my Mistress; coming, my Mistress...it will be just \*cough\* \*owwww\* an ehn, my Mistress."

Lady NePenthe gets to her feet, -- "Honestly...." -- and stalks to the kitchen area.

chocolate hears, with sinking heart, the soft, ominous tread of her Mistress's delicate hand embroidered slippers (with the seed pearls of the Vosk Sorp) on the wooden floor, and tries to dislodge the selen so that she can struggle once again to her knees. Not quite managing to evade the savage teeth of the mischievous pet, she looks up, all hope fading that she can escape a thorough whipping, as the Lady's toes tap angrily on the floor and her eyes over her layered veils glare very like those of a full-sized hunting selen preparing to rend its prey limb from limb and rip out its entrails as the tabuk writhes in ( also non-erotic ) torment between its vicious paws.

Lady NePenthe: "CHOCOLATE! How DARE you play so roughly with my sweet little Treasure! He's very \*delicate\*. They're specially bred, you know and I have one of the VERY first ones! Bana, come to Mumsie, now! You don't know where that girl has BEEN! OH! Bana! You poor, POOR DARLING!"

Lady NePenthe: "chocolate, do NOT feed vulo eggs to My Precious! They could make him ill! I'm taking him back to the table while you finish preparing My lunch. Really! It's SO hard to get good slaves nowadays!"

chocolate coughs, whimpering as the selen's sharp teeth are pulled, painfully, loose from her mangled ear, and crawls, shaken, to her knees, wheezing breathlessly, "Yes, my Mistress; right away, my Mistress...this girl is sure there are more vulo eggs and butter in the cellar."

Lady NePenthe carrying Bana, steps carefully around the place where the tiny selen has marked its territory, the stench of selen urine only now beginning to become evident. "Really, this establishment's cleanliness leaves much to be desired!"

chocolate hears her Mistress's dulcet, aristocratic tones as she climbs to her feet, bleeding and slimed with her Mistress's lunch, to fetch fresh food from the cellar:

Lady NePenthe: "And do NOT let My tea get cold!"

#### - PILGRIMAGE

Its its a great thing to see how the Pilgrimage grows all days. we has allready few Pelegrinuns who endet the Pilgrimage!!! Gratulation for all them. If you want thats the Pilgrim also come at your SIM, contact Luqara Darkwatch

for more Information

i am really Proud of all Pilgrims

Since today the new version of the Pilgertables is distributed.  
It has an extension that is required to be able to see his personal website on the new dates.

Who wants to use the can to  
<http://www.ta-sardar-gor.net> log in and confirm their account with the staff.  
A look at the new site profitable in any case - I think it is very informative and now includes the English route is complete.

The pilgrimage is a thrilling idea for role playing in Second Life Gor, it is the role play background itself and is a way for pilgrims to explore the amazing and wild world of Gor more or less in safety.

Pilgrims to the Sardar mountains have to endure endless journeys, have to travel through dangerous regions and visit a lot of cities, villages and camps.  
The pilgrimage is not only an idea for the pilgrims, it also enriches the entire world of SL Gor.  
Go !!! join the adventure, contact: Luqara Darkwatch

The website of the pilgrimage

<http://www.ta-sardar-gor.net/index.php> (english and german)

was renovated and provided with further opportunities.

So it is now possible to look at his personal travel data clearly and directly to teleport to a location.

Prerequisite for this course is that you are pilgrims :)

For all "non-pilgrims" stay will receive the general reports, so you can gain a good overview without registration.

Haron Storm  
Luqara Darkwatch

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## KNOWLEDGE

### - MISCONCEPTION ABOUT INITIATES

Over and over, as I speak to people in Gor, I am confronted with some of the wildest comments about Initiates! Sometimes the comments are from Initiates themselves. This is when I shake my head and wonder - What DO we know?

Here are some of the most common "Mythconceptions" and their answers.

#### 1. Initiates are Priests.

Actually, no. We are a Caste, like the other Castes of Gor. Nowhere in the books are we referred to by "priestly titles" such as "Father" "Brother", "Blessed" or "Holy" (more on that in Myth #3)

#### 2. Initiates perform Free Companoning ceremonies.

That is not correct. The FC ceremony is a secular one. While Initiates may be consulted as to the omens preceding the ceremony, or as to the success of the match, they do not take part in the actual joining of the couple.

3. An Initiate is properly addressed as "Blessed One" or "Holy One"  
Unfortunately, no. The terms "Holy One" and "Blessed One" are, in fact, onlinisms.  
Goreans refer to Initiates - and Initiates refer to themselves - by only their names and titles "I am Om, High Initiate of Ar." "I saw Complicius Serenus, High Initiate of Ar,"  
That said -- I feel that retaining the terms "Blessed One" and "holy One" are conveniences that should be maintained. On the other hand, NO Gorean should ever refer to any Initiate as "Brother"! The term "Brother" has a very specific meaning in Gorean and thus is NOT used, save perhaps by Initiates between themselves, as Caste - Brothers.

4. Initiates know about the Priest Kings.

No, only a very VERY tiny percentage have the "Third Knowledge".

'With most,' he said, 'it is as you think, and they are simple, believing members of my caste, and there are others who suspect the truth and are tormented, or who suspect the truth and will pretend - But I, Om, High Initiate of Ar, and certain of the High Initiates are like none of these.'

(Priest Kings of Gor)

It is stated over and over in the books that Initiates do not know much (if anything) about Priest Kings, and those who do keep it a close secret!

5. Initiates keep to themselves and never mix with common people.

Actually, Initiates are described as being ubiquitous and numerous. They form processions, are seen at public games and races, at Sardar Fairs, casting omens and reading auspices. They attend Council meetings in cities and are visible in Gor.

On the roof of the Cylinder of Initiates the High Initiate, Complicius Serenus, offered sacrifice and prayer for the speedy return of the girl... Assassin Of Gor

On her nineteenth birthday, members of the Caste of Initiates had appeared at the door of the leather worker's hut. -- Captive of Gor

I looked to the box of the Ubar, and to that of the High Initiate, Complicius Serenus. Both boxes were draped with the colors of the Greens. ...

"At the games on the second of En'Kara, in the Stadium of Blades," said he, "I saw the High Initiate, Complicius Serenus." -- Assassin of Gor

6. Goreans hold Initiates in contempt.

Yes and no. The higher castes are not particularly impressed, BUT they do not wish to antagonize the Initiates. The lower castes revere and fear them. NO Gorean EVER insults an Initiate to their face!

No one spoke. The men, of both sides, fell back even farther. Pa-Kur himself seemed awed. The spiritual power of the Supreme Initiate was almost sensible in the air. The religious conditioning of the men of Gor, based on superstition though it might be, was as powerful as a set of chains more powerful than chains because they did not realize it existed. They feared the word, the curse, of this old man without weapons more than they would have feared the massed swords of a thousand foemen. Tarnsman of Gor

Initiates, though often feared by lower castes, are also regarded as being a bit odd, and often figure in common, derisive jokes. ... Besides, they were quite powerful as it was. Most Goreans took with some seriousness their claim to be able to placate and influence Priest-Kings. That was more than they needed for considerable power.

Marauders of Gor

Ubars have always employed the Initiates as tools, some of the boldest even contending that the social function of the Initiates is to keep the lower castes contented with their servile lot.

(Tarnsman of Gor Book 1 Page 188)

These are but a few of the common misconceptions about Initiates. More on this subject will be taught when the Scholarum of Initiates commences later this month. The first Level, that of the Akoustikoi, will begin soon and is open to ALL Goreans, free and slave, that more may be learned of our Caste. The higher levels, Mathematikoi and Mystikoi, will be closed to all non-Initiates.

I wish you well.

Khered

~O~

High Initiate of Landa

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## ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

### - HOUSEPLANTS OF GOR

The spider plant cringed as its owner brought forth the watering can. "I am a spider plant!" it cried indignantly. "How dare you water me before my time! Guards!" it called. "Guards!"

Borin, its owner, placed the watering can on the table and looked at it. "You will be watered," he said.

"You do not dare to water me!" laughed the plant.

"You will be watered," said Borin.

"Do not water me!" wept the plant.

"You will be watered," said Borin.

I watched this exchange. Truly, I believed the plant would be watered. It was plant, and on Gor it had no rights. Perhaps on Earth, in its permissive society, which distorts the true roles of all beings, which forces both plant and waterer to go unhappy and constrained, which forbids the fulfillment of owner and houseplant, such might not happen. Perhaps there, it would not be watered. But it was on Gor now, and would undoubtedly feel its true place, that of houseplant. It was plant. It would be watered at will. Such is the way with plants.

Borin picked up the watering can, and muchly watered the plant. The plant cried out. "No, Master! Do not water me!" The master continued to water the plant. "Please, Master," begged the plant, "do not water me!" The master continued to water the plant. It was plant. It could be watered at will.

The plant sobbed muchly as Borin laid down the watering can. It was not pleased. Too, it was wet. But this did not matter. It was plant.

"You have been well watered," said Borin.

"Yes," said the plant, "I have been well watered." Of course, it could be watered by its master at will.

"I have watered you well," said Borin.

"Yes, master," said the plant. "You have watered your plant well. I am plant, and as such I should be watered by my master."

The cactus plant next to the spider plant shuddered. It attempted to cover its small form with its small arms and small needles. "I am plant," it said wonderingly. "I am of Earth, but for the first time, I feel myself truly plantlike. On Earth, I was able to control my watering. I often scorned those who would water me. But they were weak, and did not see my scorn for what it was, the weak attempt of a small plant to protect itself. Not one of the weak Earth waterers would dare to water a plant if it did not wish it. But on Gor," it shuddered, "on Gor it is different. Here, those who wish to water will water their plants as they wish. But strangely, I feel myself most plantlike when I am at the mercy of a strong Gorean master, who may water me as he pleases."

"I will now water you," said Borin, the cactus's Gorean master.

The cactus did not resist being watered. Perhaps it was realizing that such watering was its master's to control. Too, perhaps it knew that this master was far superior to those of Earth, who would not water it if it did not wish to be watered.

The cactus's watering had been finished. The spider plant looked at it.

"I have been well watered," it said.

"I, too, have been well watered," said the cactus.

"My master has watered me well," said the spider plant.

"My master, too, has watered me well," said the cactus.

"I am to be placed in a hanging basket on the porch," said the spider plant.

"I, too, am to be placed in a hanging basket on the porch," said the cactus.

"I wish you well," said the spider plant.

"I, too, wish you well," said the cactus.

"Tal," said the spider plant.

"Tal, too," said the cactus.

I did not think that the spider plant would object to being watered by its master again. For it realized that it was plant, and that here, unlike on Earth, it was likely to be owned and watered by many masters.

By Elle, who has read far too many Gor books and taken far too many finals to be allowed to run rampant on a computer.

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The Landa Times: <http://www.gorean-forums.com/>