

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

[short online version]

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 88

Based in the City of Olni in Saleria

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

HoY Scribe Slave: Moon (spirit7moon)

Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

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Note: Though the NEW VOICE OF GOR is based in Olni it is not associated with the city. The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein.

The proprietors 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.

02 EDITORIAL

A warm welcome to the pages of the 88th volume of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

Pushes some scrolls around on his desk murmuring: "my scribe lady Wendie and scribe slave Moon should be here but they prefer to travel or to sleep"... grumbles: "nevertheless this issue will be published right now!"

Rarius Yuroki
Editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

(OOC) FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTION

Is the NEW VOICE OF GOR OOC or IC?

This newspaper is available IN CHARACTER at message boards in several cities. But it has OOC parts and IC parts which can be identified although many people mix both. We try to keep the two separate. But if you start a storyline based on an IC article of the NEW VOICE OF GOR it would be useful for a moderator to have a log where you have read the message ICly.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR can be true or false, propaganda or journalism like on earth. There is no freedom of the press on Gor. Why let the truth get in the way of a good story?!

"Goreans were not always fooled by posts on boards.
Those who control the public boards, it is said, control the city.
But I was not sure of this.
Goreans are not stupid.
It is difficult to fool them more than once. They tend to remember."
(Magicians of Gor)

ALL OVER GOR

03 WHITE WINDS

From the highest caste of Gor

The Caste is in the Great Silence, a time of fasting, meditation and prayer. Reports will re-commence next hand.

There will be an announcement, perhaps next hand, of great importance to the Caste and of interest to those who follow our activities. It is currently too soon to make such an announcement.

Omnos Serenus
Great Temple of Sardar - Klepios valley

04 GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)
Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant
Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)
HoY Scribe Slave: Moon (spirit7moon)
Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

OLNI GAZETTE
Editor: Janette Inglewood

FOREST PORT CHRONICLE
Editor: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port

THE TREVIAN TRIBUNE
Editor: Payton999 Robonaught

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL
Xtrmx Resident Managing Editor
Leisha Sideways Editor
Rei Nori Editor

THE TURIAN GAZETTE
Editor-in-Chief Sophia Farella

THE STAR OF VONDA
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH FOR ITS CITY
Editor unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER
Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™
Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

THE VOSK SPIRIT (FINA)
Editor: Janet Balfour

JAHESA CHRONICLE

Editor and Publisher: Elena Dreamscape Jahesa Head Scribe and Moana Jahesa First girl

THE LANDA HERALD

Editor: IsabellaGreen Resident

THE HERLIT CRIER

Editor: Felicia Soleil

CRIMSON SCROLL

Offical Scroll of the Crimson Sword Outlaws

Editor: Commander Sian Sprie

Scribe slave editor bina (SSamantha Fride)

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

Editor: shani (littleredhead Resident), slave of Master Jonathan Crane, Sword of Ko-Ro-Ba

GOREAN CITIES

05 PORT OF OLNi

OLNI ZAR TOURNAMENT

starts the fifth day of the Tenth Passage Hand of the month of Se'Var (01-14-2012)

City of Olni, the meadows provide a tranquil surrounding for ZAR tournament

So come join us..explore, make friends..and best of all play ZAR with a chance to win a great prize. If you dont know the game an excellent chance learn it, you will be an addict in no time, ZAR is played by Free and slaves alike

[OOC:]

1st Place Prize : \$5,000L

2nd Place Prize : \$2,500L

3rd Place Prize : \$1,000L

see Krista

to register or for more information or for Zar lessons

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

By Teal Razor ~ slave of Siri Emerald Jr. Captain Port Olni Scarlets

THE WHIP ~ THE STATION OWNER SPEAKS HIS MIND...

By Teal Razor ~ Slave to Siri Emerald Jr. Captain Port Olni Scarlet's

I recently did an interview with the owner of THE WHIP, a radio station that offers Goreans an alternative. I think we all can agree, competition in any market tends to make all products better.. Or at least lets the other guy know where he wants to place his product... Please now, no comments about shoving the product where the sun does not shine.

Well, Master Brett Bertolucci, the owner of THE WHIP, sat down with me in his commodious home and stuffed me with tea and cakes. Some how I think word has gotten out that I am an aficionado of cream cakes and hot tea. About time I say..... It was a wonder I could even ask the questions seeing as how my mouth was never free from the tasty repast...

This Master had read the previous weeks column in which I fielded an interview with a former broadcaster on a station that is in the same market. I will just cut to the chase...last weeks article covered the worrisome creeping philosophy of non-Gorean principles onto the planet, mainly a culture of Bondage/Discipline and Sodomasochism on GPR. Master Brett Bertolucci wanted, in part, to make his stance on the subject. He said that THE WHIP endeavors to make all of their listeners feel comfortable. The station hopes to fit into the Gorean lifestyle of Gor's inhabitants. He also made this comment on how his station deals with its broadcast responsibility. Excuse me for paraphrasing here because I noticed a grease smudge on the original notes where I dropped a dollop of my cream cake . He said that Gorean's views are better than earth's views...We, Goreans, care more... honor is above all.. If you can't be honorable you have nothing.

Master Brett also believes that if we need Gorean storylines, they should be inspired by our great historian John Norman. He admitted though, "It is not easy being Gorean." He could be right...I don't get as many cream cakes as I used to.

He went on in a comfortable and guileless manner. He talked of many things including his background as an actor plying his trade on the stages at the great fairs on Gor. He has also directed some fine plays, one of my favorites is, The Warrior Who Wore Women's Panties. It was by that playwright...who was it? Oh yes, Shakingspear.

Master Brett really waxed ecstatic over the staff at THE WHIP. It seems as though they are a great group to be with.

Eventually it was time to leave as I had eaten all of the cream cakes. Looking down at my bulging stomach I realized that not only had Master Brett made me a big fan but he also caused me to gain 3 pounds.

STATEMENT FROM VARIK MARAT CONCERNING LAST WEEKS INTERVIEW WITH A FORMER COLLEAGUE

By Teal Razor ~ Slave to Siri Emerald Jr. Captain Port Olni Scarlet's

Communique from Varik Marat

Greetings teal

On behalf of Goreans Portal Radio, I wish to thank you for your inquiry. We have dedicated ourselves to continuing to serve the Gorean Community, by Goreans and for Goreans, since 2003 in Second Life and before that in mIRC Gor. Our mandate remains unchanged. We are on the air to entertain and educate. Insofar as your specific question, I hope you will understand and respect that it is station policy, not to mention common sense, precludes anyone on staff from discussing Goreans Portal Radio business with any individual outside of the organization. We do recognize and fully appreciate and support your role as a news writer. We wish you all the best with that endeavor. Please let me know how we might best cooperate with you and Voice of Gor to benefit the Gorean community.

Again, thank you for your concern

Varik Marat

My comment..Thank you and have a nice day.

OLNI GAZETTE

Latest Issue No. 43

Editor: Janette Inglewood

06 PORT OF VICTORIA

NEW HEAD MERCHANT

Hereric Veci (ellricki Ewing) has been appointed as new Head Merchant of Port Victoria.

07 TARNWALD

POISONED WATER?

Town-criers announce the following in the Praetor's name:

- Avoid drinking water
- Drink paga, ale, mead or any other brewed drinks instead
- Two men in green turbans or wearing other masks are wanted for attempting to poison the water supplies of the city, perhaps the river itself.

If you have any information about this contact any of the Praetors. Some low caste residencies might be searched to make sure none are helping with hiding these men.

Towncriers take to the streets to announce that the first suspect regarding the poisoned wells has been declared by the Praetor:

Lady Tiana the Herbalist is the first suspect.

TOO MUCH GOSSIP

[10:57 AM] Phoenix Braveheart leaned forward...elbows resting on the desk...fingers steeped beneath her chin..."well we do have the intrepid tarnsman...and Yuroki here....there is more money on their heads between then...than we have in the treasury im sure....there were even posters put around other cities about the price on Yuroki's head....but....none seem to have taken the challenge...or..if they have...have not brought it here."

SLAVES CORNER

By Hoy slave Blanca

A Masters Heart

I am his property nothing more.
I am there for him to ignore.
There to please him if he chooses.
To follow at his heel in case he needs me.
To be there even when he doesnt want me.
My Masters heart does not belong to me.

To walk behind him, I am proud to do.
To hear him shout and to do his bidding.
To have fun, travel, laughter and candy.
To feel his whip across my back when he chooses to.
To be faithful to my Master and to make proud to call me mine.
My Masters heart does not belong to me.

He calls me mine and his I am.
But he is not mine. No slave can call a Master, their own.
My Master a term used by all my sisters because he is my Master and their Master. We call him my Master. Smiles.
We learn how to be faithful obedient and give our hearts.
But Masters can only take what they own.
My Masters heart does not belong to me.

So sisters embrace and hold each other tight.
We share within our hearts love for our Master.
To make him happy is our aim today, tomorrow and forever.
Our sisters love together and strong.
We have our Masters love to bind us together.
To make us strong and give us us fun together.
But remember each of us today, he can treat us good.
But my Masters heart does not belong to me.
Or to you...

08 LANDA

SCARLET OF LANDA NEWS

The Ubar of Landa has approved to share the following news with the public:

1) Ubar of Landa attacked / Ubar of Selnar and Commander of Selnar killed

The Ubar of Selnar previously known as Leonard and his former Commander Lucien visited Landa on Saturday, 1/5/13, in the early morning. Most citizens slept at that time, when our Ubar was the only Warrior available to answer the gate. Leonard and Lucien asked for an audience with him and suggested to talk in the Warrior Hall. Our Ubar welcomed them and treated them like friends; he expressed his desire to establish a relationship with Selnar.

During the conversation the Ubar of Selnar and his Commander suddenly, and without

warning, drew their swords and struck our Ubar down. When he woke up from his unconsciousness, the furniture in the Warrior Hall was burning. He managed to escape through a secret exit.

After he had recovered from a smoke intoxication, he immediately made plans to avenge this heinous attack against his life.

On 1/6/13, a day after this incident, news reached our Ubar via messenger that the Ubar of Selnar and his Commander had been captured and executed.

Our Ubar underscores that he has nothing to do with their deaths. He was going to chase them himself for abusing his hospitality. The two obviously made themselves a lot of enemies and paid the just price for for their doings.

2) War with Vigo

In a private conversation with a tarnsman of Vigo, our Ubar stated that he would be willing to talk about a ceasefire as a first step to end the war between the two cities.

3) Military Alliances

Increasing efforts were made to strengthen Landa's military might through alliance agreements and contracts, thus enabling the city to respond swiftly and overwhelmingly to any aggression. Along with these measures we have intensified our recruitment efforts for our Scarlet.

Honor and Steel
Scarlet of Landa

LANDA HERALD

The eyes of Landa/ issue 04 (December 2012)
Editor:Lady Isabella

09 OASIS OF SAND SLEEN

KAISSA TOURNAMENT

Starting Beginning of Jan 20

Do you play Kaissa..why not enter a tournament..does not matter if you have much experience , the best way to get better is to play among friends, discuss the game, learn, practise ..

So do not wait SIGN UP TODAY for the Next tournament played in Oasis of Sand Sleen, you have a week to play each round.

Even if you loose the first match you are not out of the tournament, since it is double elimination

1st Place-\$5,000L

2nd Place-\$2,500L

3rd Place-\$1,000L

SIGN UP CONTACT Astary Pendragon, Kaissa Guild of Gor

10 TREVE

RUMORS ABOUT NEW COINS

"In honour of the magnificent new ubarate there has been new dies created to mint new coinage ... the old dies have been destroyed to prevent the possibility of treachery. The old coins will be exchanged."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR does not have valid informations, but we will keep you informed.

THE TREVIAN TRIBUNE

Latest edition: july 2012. Editor: Payton999 Robonaught

<http://www.cityoftreve.com/>

No new issue at the moment.

11 PORT KALANA

THE CITIZEN ARE ANGRY

By Anonymous

There is a new saying of the citizens of Port Kalana using an old dialect from earth:
"Ceterum censeo: nigra considerantur habet relinquere Kalana!"

HOY BANK UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The HoY Bank in Kalana closed temporarily because the bank building is under construction.

12 THARNA

ANNOUNCEMENT

A lot of changes have take place over the last few weeks having to do with the security of Tharna, the Tatrix put this detailed report on how we need to defend the Walls and City of Tharna successfully!

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL

Xtrmx Resident Managing Editor

Leisha Sideways Editor

Rei Nori Editor

Latest issue: 01/01/2012

13 CRIMSON SCROLL

How MANY ... DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?

by Bina

(...) Jarl: Pounds his chest, looks at the burned out light bulb in disgust for it is beneath him and not worth of his attention, pounds chest again "I am a Jarl, I am from the north we drink mead from horns and sit around inside to stay warm during the 11 months of winter telling stories of how we conquered all of gor in only two days. No light bulb you are beneath me I shall not speak to you again.....did you hear me, light bulb I said would not speak to you again.....do not ignore me I am Jarl, pounds chest.

Silk Slave: looks up from her soft furs noticing that the light is out, and smiles knowing that soon her strong Master will return and he will have some lesser slave fix the problem while her Master brings her gifts and furs her yet again.

Bond Maid: I am a bond, I can do many great things I work hard every day I cook and clean and bring mead to Jarls, I have not time for such things.

Paragraph Emoter: Looks up slowly, her long beautiful lashes moving rapidly and she opens and closes her eyes quickly as she notices the light has suddenly left the room, she shifts her head slightly in attempt to look up, her long lovely hair shifting and each hair moving of its own accord one this way another that way, until every hair on her head seemingly alive rearranges itself, she scans the room long flowing shadows some dark as pitch, other a smoldering gray as if they are nothing more than wisps of shadows cast off by other shadows which have now entered the room as if a thief in the night, her typically sparkling eyes are slightly more dim now that the light has left them and the girl feeling deep to the very core of her soul that something is now lost and that it may never be found again... ((Um what is it that happened again I forgot and it seems dark in here))

BTB'er: ((WHAT A LIGHT BULB IN GOR THERE NO SUCH THING IT IS NOT WRITTEN THERE FOR IT CAN HAPPEN! I WILL NOT ROLEPLAY THIS I SHALL NOT IT NOT BTB THAT LIGHT IS DISNEY GOR SOMEONE COME AND FIX IT SO I CAN SEE..... DISNEY GOR'..... DISNEY GOR!!!!))

GE'er: "Hey babe I will be back in a couple of hours we are going to go raid a few sims and piss off the BTB'ers.

Official Scroll of the Crimson Sword Outlaws
Editor: Commander Sian Sprie
Scribe slave editor bina (SSamantha Fride)
Latest issue

14 FOREST PORT

A NOTICE FOR RENEVALS

I awoke to a rather dismal day, the wind was slightly blowing along the trees that seemed to lean in towards each other. Rain beat against the glass like a soft pitter patter of drums in a far away distance. Curiously I was drawn towards the window which I looked out upon at him stalking through the rain. Something glittered from the grey light that shimmered through at my fingers. A fashioned ring in which the gem cutters inlaid diamonds and other precious gems. It winked back at me as my hand twisted at the wrist softly side to side. A smile grew on my lips.

The days swirled into a mixture of thoughts, it was that time again to renew the vows spoken over a year ago, just like Surbas and Dove, who are now well over a year into their union, truly blessed by the Priest Kings. Thankfully, I stayed indoors and watched from above as my dear love trudged through the rain and mud, if anything was needed that day I sent out slaves from the house and made them get things...

FOREST PORT CHRONICLE

Editor: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port
Latest Issue vol. 6, No. 18

15 THE CITY OF TEVEH

[OOO] THE GIANT MAP IS IN TEVEH NOW

A beautiful large map of Gor, with a search functions so you will not loose the place. This is well worth looking at, to find your home stone, or possibly new home stone.

Timol McMillian

City of Teveh Pass Gor BTB continuously since 2006

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Teveh/128/128/1502>

16 HAIFA

Come visit our city, have a tour from one of the well trained and in-training house slaves. Come along to one of our classes, or as many as you want! All our classes are completely free of charge!

It is our Mission at the Academy to give girls the tools and confidence to create and enjoy the total Gorean experience. These tools are basic, and will form the foundation that every slave can build upon, adding her own personality, style and grace.

17 RORUS

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

latest issue 62nd edition November 2012

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

18 TURIA

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

last edition: 9th edition
10/03/2012
Editor-in-Chief Sophia Farella
No new issue at the moment.

19 JAHESA

JAHESA CHRONICLE
last issue vol.1, issue 3, November 2012
Editor: Azerbain, admin of Jahesa
No new issue at the moment.

20 THE SOARING HERLIT

THE HERLIT CRIER
Editor: Felicia Soleil
Last issue: November 2012
No new issue at the moment.

21 VONDA

THE STAR OF VONDA
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH FOR ITS CITY
A publication of Vonda's Caste of Scribes
Editor unknown
Last issue: No. 03, 10/04/2012
No new issue at the moment.

22 ARCADIAN MESSENGER

Latest issue No. 5, November 2012
Editor: Nephtides Resident
No new issue at the moment.

23 FINA

THE VOSK SPIRIT (FINA)
Editor: Janet Balfour
Last issue: Volume 19, Issue 19, October 29, 2012
No new issue at the moment.

24 PORT COS

THE PORT COS CHRONICLE

Thirtieth Edition, v. 1, Issue 1

Editor: storm, slave to Mercy Riiser

No new issue at the moment.

25 GAMES

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

Editor: shani (littleredhead Resident), slave of Master Jonathan Crane, Sword of Ko-Ro-Ba

26 TRADE

27 TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

The True Southern Trade Alliance has 16 full members now and two associate members from the Vosk Region. Three more cities want to join and are pending members.

The True Southern Trade Alliance has nothing to do with the so called false "Southern Trade Alliance" of Turia, Vigo and Sulport, which was a front company of Fina in the past. The true STA boycotts the trade with these cities.

The next meeting of the STA assembly will take place this hand. The members will get an encrypted message.

□ □

SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA) MEMBERS

The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes

The Oasis of the Two Scimitars

Oasis of Nine Wells

Oasis of the Sand Sleen

City of Kasra

Jazirat al Khusuf - House Rogerian

Katoteros

City of Ichrak

City of Tor

Karak (Kassaryan State)

Decadence Isle

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:

City of Victoria

Port of Kalana

Unkunga regions

HONORABLE MEMBERS

House of Yuroki Companies, located in Olni Shores

Kater Winkler, former Oasis of mandara

PENDING MEMBERS:

Five cities and Oases at the moment

28 HOUSE OF YUROKI COMPANIES (HOY)

TRADING IN SELNAR AND DAHIBA

The HoY Company made another trip to Selnar and to the Dahiba, called the "golden oasis", in the Tahari desert.

A wonderful crowd was assembled in Selnar and many things were purchased. As usual the soup they are famous for was there, spiced with Tahari spices. The people were very interested in the soft silks that were there, in many colors. Tharlarion oil was asked for, and we did not have it, so the HoY company is proud to say they will have it for their customers, the next visit. We waved good buy as the caravan pulled out, and will look forward to seeing them again.

The merchants of Dahiba were interested to join the True Southern Trade Alliance. That will be decided soon by the STA assembly.

SEEKING MERCENARIES, AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

The House of HoY is looking to recruit Mercenaries. They will be used to escort Hoy caravans throughout Gor and protect the bank

Remuneration is by the 4 Hands ranging from 1 silver to 1 gold depending on the work required .

Merchants are also required to further the interests of the house of hoy remuneration is negotiable.

Agents in other cities are also required .

[Quotes]

Whereas members of the caste of slavers are slavers, not all slavers are members of the caste of slavers. For example, I am not of the slavers, but in Port Kar I am known as Bosk, and he known as many things, among them pirate and slaver. Too, both Marcus and myself were of the warriors, the scarlet caste, and as such were not above taking slaves. Such is not only permitted in the codes, but encouraged by them. "The slave is a joy and a convenience to the warrior."

(Magicians of Gor pg, 315)

29 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

The base unit of exchange rates are the coins of the city of Ar.

The gold tarn disk of Ar is considered to be the standard by which other cities, such as Ko-Ro-Ba and Port Kar. set the value of their own coinage. It is worth, generally, 10 silver tarsks, but standardization is slight due to the shaving or splitting of the coin as well as

faulty scales that contribute to the debasing of the coinage. (pg. 155, Rogue of Gor)

31 ADVERTISEMENT

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNİ

Welcome to my Art gallery. I have many sketches on view of people who you may recognize so please feel free to drop in any time you wish to look round. I am adding new ones all the time so keep visiting. For Olni residents I charge just ten coppers for a sketch of a single person. so why not have one done of yourself, your loved one or your slave. Or even all three as they make wonderful gifts. My gallery is in the square besides the bank building in Olni so please come along.

Lady JJ

CURULEAN AUCTION HOUSE

The major auction house, the Curulean, contains the great block. It is a great mark of prestige among slave girls to be selected for sale from the great block in the Curulean, and girls tend to compete viciously among themselves for this honor. To be sold from the Curulean great block is almost a guarantee of a rich master, and a luxurious pleasant life, though it be, of course, only that of a slave. As at many of the larger markets, there are Musicians near the block, and a girl is given enough time to present herself well. (Assassins of Gor , pg. 108)

HOY BANK

BANKERS / COIN MERCHANTS REQUIRED

Applications are invited for the post of" Banker" and (coin) merchant in the below listed cities

THE CITY OF OLNİ
THE CITY OF LANDA

Duties will include
Normal banking duties
Keeping of records
Exchange of coins
checking of coins for quality
checking for rare coins
contracts for trade

Apprentices accepted too.
Applications to the House of HoY (Rarius Yuroki)

The House of Yuroki Bank is a privately owned company. It employs its own bankers,

merchants and guards, all of the highest quality. The House of Yuroki Bank has branches in Imperial Ar, Port of Victoria, Port Kanala, Tarnwald and the city of Olni in Saleria.

Specializing in coin production, it is pleased to offer this service to any cities wishing to issue their own coinage. For this it could mint their coins.

It is also interested in opening branches in other cities, working under license from them. It would wish to acquire premises in them to operate from, and would prefer to employ native citizens in the first instance as their staff

THE JEWELL THEATRE

Ask Sas Shi for more informations

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Samandiriel/206/128/29>

GOREAN UNIVERSITY

The Gorean University
(previously Gorean Pleasure Silk University)
Educating Gor since 2008
Dec - Jan Schedule

Schedule of classes and events: <http://www.localendar.com/public/GPSUStaff>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serendipity%20Falls/135/95/25>

GOREAN LEGAL ACADEMY (GLA)

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>

LEGAL COURSES

Magistrate & Advocate Courses
Lady Janette Inglewood

Thank you for your interest.

GLA offers two main legal courses.
There is no charge and courses are open to both free and slaves.

1) GOREAN MAGISTRATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes and two pieces of written work. We cover issues such as the laws, sentencing, IC/OOC, court procedures, jurisdiction and day to day tasks. It is a friendly discursive style class.

- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display (examples)
- graduates receive a Magistrate's Wand of Office

- course begins December 10th, for 8 weeks
classes each Monday at:
1pm OR 5pm SLT

2) GOREAN ADVOCATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes.

It is based around RP trials. We focus on the law, courtroom procedure and tactics as we role-play a series of case studies.

Two further cases are covered as written work.

- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display (examples)

- graduates receive a Law School Advocates Ring

- course begins December 11th for 8 weeks

classes each Tuesday at:

1pm OR 5pm SLT

- To enrol in the Magistrate and/or Advocate course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k)

- info regarding GLA self study basic scribe course

we recommend the Library on Gorean Campus for your research and studies

Janette Inglewood
Olni High Magistrate
Head of School, Gorean Legal Academy

32 ROLEPLAY

A MESSAGE FROM TIANA OF TARNWALD

By HoY slave Blanca and lady Tiana

[08:39] blanca (elevation25.faerye): fresh water for sale 2 copper tarsks for a barrel

[08:43] blanca (elevation25.faerye): blanca kneels before the free,, tired of shouting about the fresh water . my Master is such a clever merchant stocking fresh water just when a poison scare is about "fresh water for sale 2 copper tarsks per barrel "

[08:46] Tantus (tanta.tuni) listened with a closed conscience onto Tiana's plight, "I once lowered my hand into your darkest pit of despair, uncaring for the sullyng of my own reputation, I took your hand and lifted you out, pulled together your life with an open store and roof above your head", he stepped aside then, creating clear path between Tiana and Nymeria, "And you repay me how? by voicing lewd allegations to peers of caste caste, having this woman, Pye, investigate my conduct with women of the city and threaten me

with her reports to the head scribe? now you will see yourself out of this mess whilst I look to my own future", and it was to Nymeria he turned in requesting from her, "See to the woman's paperwork and if you find all in order, print her name to the document"

[08:48] spice (marjana.muhiindra) throws a pebble stone near blanca so the girl would notice her

[08:50] blanca (elevation25.faerye): looks around and smiles tal spice

[08:50] Tiana Mortlock she had written to Pye, asking her to explain this, but so far there had been no reply "I have not done that, i did not complain about you, i did not, please believe me, why would I, why would I when you did so much for me, for you are the only one I trusted....I still do" she said, and once more those emotions had resurfaced, her already reddened eyes glistened with unshed tears "on my word, on my life, on my freedom, I did not make allegations against you" she knew it would be rebuffed, but a hand pressed to his sleeve as he turned "please" she uttered brokenly "believe me" and as the girl spoke near her she looked at her "you warn youre owner, that people are talking, that it was a strange coincidence that he had water ready when there was such a scare, you warn him that there might be trouble, that he might be suspected

[08:53] blanca (elevation25.faerye): Kneeled listening to the free, sad that someones misfortune will be anothers fortune. If this poison scare looms for a little time, he will be rich selling fresh water to people scared to drink their own. They will be bathing in it soon, then he can retire. Listening to the Mistress words she raises her eyes to look at her . "Yes Mistress, I hear you I will tell him..

[08:56] Nymeria (iris.warwillow) having Tantus turn to her and looking at the scroll. She looking over the paper work . She was suprised he had asked her to do so but she could read and write. She looking over to him and knew he had a quail she easly would put the womans name down . She looked at he scroll as she listen to Tiana talk to Tantus. She spoke of some things about him and how she try to defend herself to him "Very well tantus a quill and ill write her name down on it" She looked at the girl at their feet she didnt buy things much she had plenty of things stocked in her room or her fathers if she was to need anything to drink.

[

09:00] Tantus (tanta.tuni)'s expression lifted, drawing himself away from the herbalist with and air of aloofness about him, "There is no other reason the lady Pye would burst into my office, birthing inconceivable allegation, but for the tales you have filled her poor mind with, Tiana, it is not necessary for you to ask her help. All women of noble nature would feel concern for seeing you in this state and from their desire to remedy your plight, good men of the city will find themselves made culprit on this fanciful flight of female rumours", paying little mind to the slave, or Tiana's warning onto her, he would offer a writing tool onto Nymeria, "Have it shown to the lady Tiana and once you are both satisfied, I shall seal the document"

[09:05] Tiana Mortlock she could of been signing her life away but she knew deep down she wasnt, her shaking hand went to take the pen and as she held the delicate renece upon it, she stroked the pen twice a X was made at the bottom and she just looked at them, "my slave is now the cities, is there anything else of mine that you wish, since pretty much all i will ever have will be taken from me" her face flushed from the humilation and her eyes looked around at them all, accusing eyes, eyes that wouldnt readily be forgotten, her back turned then as she moved within her rooms, though the placed had been ransacked, upside down, there wasnt much left unbroken or crushed into the floor

[09:07] blanca (elevation25.faerye): Shakes her head in disbelief, the Mistress!! oh dear she is thinking that my honourable soon to be very rich Master is responsible for such a crime.. Nods her head as if to agree and then shakes it again , No!!! my Master is a very honest and hardworking merchant he would never ,, never do such a thing. Then a thought comes to mind 'This would make such a good story for his newspaper' groans at her thoughts. Shouts out again being a good hardworking obedient slave. "Get your fresh water 2 copper tarsks a barrel, from a honest hardworking Merchant " Better hide she thinks to herself feeling so sorry for the Mistress but my Master commanded me to sell the water..

[09:09] Nymeria (iris.warwillow) she had not had time to tell the Tiana what was in the scroll but when the woman signed it with an x. She couldnt do more. She handing it back to Tantus "It was all legal" She then heard the womans words as she heard she would have all taken from her. She made an off handed comment to the woman "If you think they will kill you. Then prehaps you should just enslave yourself to a man" She had seen many women do so if they thought they were to be killed or worse. She had said it thinking the woman would prehaps would stop willowing in her own dispare. She watched the woman now to see her raction to her words.

BABY EXPLORES PART II

Honey was awakened in mid air. She had been sleeping cozily, her dreams of the warm broodcell punctuated by occasional sounds of the slumbering bosks in the barn near the dung heap. Suddenly something was shoved forcefully into the dung beneath where she was curled. The tines of the pitchfork buried deeply in the matter beneath her sleeping form. The farmer flexed his muscles and flung the forkful of straw (and sleeping Priest-King) into the back of a small handcart. "What in the...?" he said, seeing a flash of gold in the middle of the pile. Before he could get another word out, Honey had leapt to her tiny feet and skittered out of the stinking heap and into the stand of trees, as fast as she could move. Instinct kept her moving into the heart of the dark sheltering forests. The farmer gave chase for a few feet, but no living thing can keep up with a running Priest-King, even a youngling.

Honey stayed crouched under a tall fern, in the heart of the forest. Shivering in reaction, she huddled, her antenna sodden and flat, the tiny needle-like fibres stuck together with the residue of the bosk dung in which she had sheltered. Finally recovering from her shock, she straightened. Only then did her sensitive antennae register the smell. Overpowering stench! She straightened, lifting her small triangular head to try sensing her surroundings. Her antennae, heavy with dirt remained stuck to her delicate head and she knew she had to clean herself off as best she could. She minced delicately forward on slender legs, seeking some way to extricate herself from the overpowering miasma of bosk dung and old straw. The dew-wet fern slapped against her shoulders and back, releasing its morning cargo of water over the tiny being in an icy cascade. With the wetness went some of the dung.

Quickly she walked back and forth through the fern, ducking her head beneath the fronds. It was cold and threatened to slow her down, but the cleanliness was delicious and she went back and forth until most of the dung was gone and the fern a trampled heap. Quickly she sought another morning fern and repeated the cleansing until she was shining gold and spotless, her feathery antennae once again held aloft, quivering in the cold morning

air.

Hunger was the next concern. Daintily she drew a water-laden frond of fern through her mandibles, quenching her need for moisture. She remembered the wonderful scent of the hive and began questing the air for it. There! This time the odor was in a new direction and higher up. She began quartering, searching for it... finally she found the source of the scent, high in a tree. Using her nimble forearms and long legs, she began to climb the rough trunk, edging closer to the wild bees that had overwintered in the tree. Anchoring herself to the bark with her clawed feet, she began to rip the bark away with mandibles and sharp foreclaws.

Again the surface of the hive was easily breached and she had a feast as the futilely stinging guardians made no headway against the invader plundering their home. Finally sated, she scrambled down from the tree and set about to groom herself once again. Here in the shady midst of the trees, she had only the occasional patch of sunlight to avoid, her sensitive antennae safe from Lar Torvis' brilliance. She was beginning to feel very good, indeed, exploring the new smells around herself.

She essayed to dance a bit, stepping daintily in geometric forms, unknowingly replicating inexactly, the first physical communications of her kind. She stepped to the side, back again, forward, turning in a circle, each movement punctuated by curling, uncurling and waving antennae. It was her species' form of play. Honey might be alone, endangered and lost, but she was still a child. She danced, taking in the scents and odors of the forest and playing with them, creating her own mimicry of the smells.

As she moved, a slow heavy rhythmic sound began to intrude on her senses. THOKK! THOKK! THOKK! Honey paused as the scent of wood floated over her. The resinous odor of tree sap became heavy to her senses and she turned toward the sounds, curious. She minced toward them, careful to remain hidden.

At the edge of the wood, a man was engaged in the craft of his caste. The woodsman was cutting trees for the lumber mill. Nearby, his wife and daughter were gathering fallen branches and twigs to load onto the cart for kindling. Honey stayed in the shady area, sensing the smells of the man, woman and girl. A loud crack sounded, then more crackling and a swishing rush of sound as the tree, expertly hewn, crashed to the ground. Quickly mother and daughter began gathering snapped wooden branches together. The little girl was not of much help, being perhaps three or four years of age, herself, but she did her small best, grabbing leaves and twigs to carry back.

The child caught sight of a golden feather behind a bush. "Oooh.. pretty!" she said in excitement. "Mami! Gold! Pretty!" she said pointing, but her mother ignored the child's gestures. The small girl went toward the pretty feather "Pretty..." There, before her, was a beautiful sight.. a bit taller than herself, the creature was slender and delicate, two waving golden feathers atop its magical head. "Pretty!" she said, reaching toward the antennae. "Hello."

Honey scented the small being before her. She caught warm smells, the fragrance of the child's breakfast porridge, a whiff of the soap used to wash her, and the sweet scent of the child's breath on cold morning air. The creature was extending two chubby pink things toward Honey. They seemed too fat and clumsy to be antennae but the gesture was similar. She extended her own antennae, brushing the fingers of the child in a feathery 'hello'. She sent the odor of greeting toward the baby human, giving her name and the

location of her broodcell and her caste.

'Tinky!' the child suddenly squealed "You made a 'tinky! C'mere Pretty!" as the little girl darted forward to try to grab the baby Priest-King's antennae her mother called out. "Amalie! You come right back here! There's sleen in these woods! Come back here NOW!"

"Yes, Mami!" Amalie turned, happily obedient, as nearly all Gorean children are, to trot back to her mother. "Mami! He made a 'tinky! He pretty." her mother's shawl enfolded the child and the mother gently scolded her for wandering off. Eagerly the little girl described the Priest-King to the mother. "You know I've told you not to wander off with your imaginary friends, Ami. Now come along and we'll get this wood home for the fire.". She set the child on the wagon, making sure she would not fall. "Bye Pretty! Wishyew well.... " Amalie cried as the wagon, pulled by a patient tharlarion, began to bump its way toward their distant house.

Wistfully, Honey watched her small playmate leave, the scent of her fading along with the mingled smells of the adults and the freshly cut wood. She went to inspect the freshly cut tree stump. The strong reek of sap still flowing filled the air with pungence, masking the slowly approaching reek of a sleen. Honey explored the area, finding wood chips from the felling, and playing with them, tossing them in the air, tracking their odor as they fell to the ground.

The tawny forest sleen was not the largest sleen around, but it was large enough. A young male, it was on its way back to the den to sleep during the day, when the strange scents drew it from its normal path. It had been drawn by the scent of the human child, but, seeing no evidence, and sensing the odors fading on the wind, the sleen decided on smaller safer prey. It lifted its sleek triangular head, nose twitching. Then, nearsighted eyes caught the slender moving form amidst the trees. The sleen crouched, its back legs treading a bit to get traction for the forward rush that would place the prey firmly in its large vicious jaws. The sleen tensed for the leap.

To Be Continued.

STEALING FROM TARNWALD

by KrystynAnne

[12:45:14] Krys (krystynanne) moving to set the sack on the ground, opening it up and moves to the patch, my gazelooking over the veggies and starts to pick them from the ground, tossing them to the sack before moving to the next few and again picks more of the veggies and tosses them into the sack figuring that was enough of those I rose and wiped the dirt frommy hands on my skirt and then grabbed the sack before moving off to the next patch of stuff growing

[12:49:52] Krys (krystynanne) moving to the patch of stuff and looked it over frowning as i couldn't at first figure out what they were until I set the sack down and opened it up, I reached out and grabbed hold of the stems and started to pull what seems two at a time and tossing them into the sack before going for another pulling it out I set it in the sack before I moved across and started to pick the ones next to the second one I had chosen to pick from, pulling them out of the dirt and tossing them into the sack, when I figured that was good for now I grabbed the sack and hefted it up, grunting slightly before moving to

the other patch of food and started to pick it, I knew if I didn't like it one of the tribe would, filling the sack up enough I tied it off and pulled the second sack from my belt and looked around to see where else to go

[12:53:17] Krys (krystynanne) setting the sack down as I reached the house that I figured had something good in it reading the sign and furrows my brows as it didn't look like a slavers house when I passed the window, I reached out then and gripped the handle to push at the door and turning the handle to see if it will open or if I was going to have to use the picks

[12:53:34] Village House Door 1 : KrystynAnne Resident starts to lockpick... (wait here 2 min till end of timer at top)

[12:54:26] Krys (krystynanne) frowns and finds the door locked I move to gather the small pouch and took out the picks, taking one of them I slip it into the lock and started to work it around before slipping another from the pouch and worked it into the lock

[12:55:13] Krys (krystynanne) my gaze watching the pick as I worked it into the lock before feeling it slip into place I then took the final pick and slipped it in with the first two. then leaning down I turned my head and started to listen carefully

[12:55:34] Village House Door 1 ✖ Lockpicked by KrystynAnne Resident

[12:56:15] Krys (krystynanne) turning the picks as they were in place I listened carefully to the sounds as I worked the lock to open, hearing the tumblers sliding out of place and then pushing the door open I left those picks in there thinking to only gather what I could

[13:05:03] Krys (krystynanne) moving to the smaller barrels and tilted my head slightly as I looked them over and then just shrugged my shoulders slightly as I figured nothing wrong with taking one of them and if we liked it then we would most certainly come for more, I reached out and gripped hold of the barrel and moved to tip it to its side and started to move it out of where it was then moving behind it I rolled it to the door and pulled it back to stand right before I moved back in and pulled the salt crate out as I was definitely going to take some of that

[13:07:29] Krys (krystynanne) taking my spear and working the blade into the edge of the crate and pushed down on the spear to get it to lift the lid I then sheathed the spear before moving to pull the lid up further, grabbing a smaller sack from the shelf and filling it with the salt, figured if we didn't use it all it would do well in trade that was for sure

[13:08:18] The camera cannot focus on user because they are outside your draw distance.

[13:09:34] Krys (krystynanne): me tying it up and using one of the binding fibers I moved to get the rope tied about the top of the sack then looping it I moved to secure the other side and then hefting it up and working the fiber about my head and then one arm to bring it as a backpack on my back, I stepped back and turned figuring this was well definitely outstaying my welcome

[13:11:09] Krys (krystynanne) moving to the barrel and tips it over and rolls it out the door stopping a moment I moved to the other side of the barrel and pulled it towards me making sure to not have it squash me or anything but I didn't want it moving to roll away either, easing it down the steps before I looked around quickly and moved to grab the sack now and then moving once more to the other side of the barrel and started to push the barrel

rolling it off towards the bridge

[13:11:21] Second Life: You are now the owner of object Palm Wine from Landa 2.0

[13:11:21] You paid Rarius Yuroki (yuroki.uriza) L\$0 for Palm Wine from Landa 2.0.

[13:14:10] Krys (krystynanne) moving to turn the barrel and started to roll it towards the patches of veggies and stops as I see the woman not far off and frowns a bit, scowling then but continued what I was doing, I put my back into it and got a good momentum with the barrel as it started to roll faster, I began to get into a jog and kept rolling the barrel

[13:14:45] hollie (holliie) saw the armed woman and was not one to interfere at ALL! She just pretended not to see as she kept working in the field

[13:15:53] Krys (krystynanne) the sack I had and the bag were held tightly as I moved on with the barrle, my gaze looking towards the woman and was glad she didn't shout or run for help as I stole the palm wine and the veggies as well as the salt

[13:18:43] Krys (krystynanne) stopping on the bridge and looking to Ice and sighs my gaze looking back and then took a deep breath as I pushed the barrel to get it rolling again this time over the uneaven bridge and grunted out loudly "help.....goodsis....." shifting the sack and the bag a bit "my eyes were bigger then my stregnth!"

[13:20:09] ICE (misty.sun) growls I have to help mutters stands beside you bending down to help push

[13:20:57] ICE (misty.sun): READY??

[13:21:02] Krys (krystynanne) chuckles and looks to you "awe you want good drink and food you help" nodding my head and then pushed to get it going across the bridge and was not looking forward to the hill on the other side, lets get it going fast and hopefully we make it up the hill

[13:23:10] ICE (misty.sun): GREEDY bich you have to take it all at once you could have yelled for help before you leave mumbles as I help you load it into the canoe

[13:23:52] Krys (krystynanne) hufs and pufs all the way up the hill until we get to where we will be able to get it rolling faster and all the way home. snorts and looks at you "well you know me when I get bored" flashes you a grin

[13:24:35] ICE (misty.sun) leaves enough space at both ends of the canoe for each of us and covers the goods with a tarp and throws you a paddle as I tie my canoe to the back

[13:25:25] Krys (krystynanne) getting things into the canoe cause at leastyou were thinking I wasn't, I had almost lost my mind since yesterday and sighs as I pick up the paddle and starts to work it through the water with you making sure we go in the direction of the secondary home

GOREAN FIRE MAKER

I saw the spark of Kazrak's fire-maker, and I felt the flush of friendship as I saw his features briefly outlined in the glow. He lit the small hanging tent lamp, a wick set in a copper bowl of tharlarion oil, and in its flickering light turned to the sleeping mat. No sooner had he done so than he fell to his knees on the mat and grasped the ring.
(Tarnsman of Gor, page 167)

The man from the Caste of Builders then sat cross-legged on the ground and took from the pouch slung at his waist a tiny, cylindrical Gorean fire-maker, a small silverish tube commonly used for igniting cooking fires. He unscrewed the cap and I could see the tip of the implement, as it was exposed to the air, begin to glow a fiery red.
(Priest Kings of Gor, page 138)

Taphris lay weeping in my arms, trying to kiss me in the darkness.

"Are you now Mistress?" I asked.

"I did not know such feelings could exist," she said.

"Are you now Mistress?" I asked.

"No," she said, "no. I am only a slave! I was a slave before, but did not know it. You are the first to have taught me, truly, that I am a slave."

"Do you think you will forget it?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I will never forget it. I will remember it, lovingly, always."

I began to kiss her about the shoulders and throat.

"I am a slave!" she cried, happily. "I am your slave, Master!"

"Enough!" cried the Mistress. "Light! Light!"

I heard a fire maker strike in the darkness. There was a shower of sparks and then a tiny flame.

Taphris squealed in terror, squirming helplessly under me.

Then Kenneth had lit the torch and held it.

(Fighting slave of Gor, page 308)

"I shall light the lantern," said Samos. He crouched down and extracted a tiny fire-maker from his pouch, a small device containing a tiny reservoir of tharlarion oil, with a tharlarion-oil-impregnated wick, to be ignited by a spark, this generated from the contact of a small, ratcheted steel wheel, spun by a looped thumb handle, with a flint splinter.
(Savages of Gor, page 15)

I heard the tiny wheel scratch at the flint. I did not take my eyes from the things at the far end of the room, on the floor, half hidden by a large table, the area open behind them leading to the ruined tarn cot. It is not wise to look away from such things, if they are in the vicinity, or to turn one's back upon them. I did not know if they were asleep or not. I guessed that they were not. My hand rested on the hilt of my sword. Such things, I had reason to know, could move with surprising speed.

The wick of the fire-maker was now aflame. Samos, carefully, held the tiny flame to the wick of the now-unshuttered dark lantern. It, too, burned tharlarion oil.

(Savages of Gor, pages 15-16)

The auctioneer signaled to an attendant who, from aside of the hall, brought forth a shallow copper bowl, some two feet in diameter, filled with slender cylinders of oil-impregnated wood. In a moment, with a fire-maker, of flint and steel, he had ignited this wood. The girl looked at it. I do not think, at that time, she clearly understood its significance.

(Savages of Gor, page 112)

"They found one another," I said. I then thrust my captive to the side. I then felt about for the lamp. I located it almost immediately, and swirled it a bit. There was a tiny bit of oil left in it. I relit the lamp with the lighter, or as the Goreans say "fire-maker," from my pouch. It is a standard flint-and-wheel device, with its tiny wick and reservoir. Goreans do not smoke, of course, but, as they commonly use natural flame for cooking and light, they find such a device, and others like it, utilizing springs and pyrites, with cartridges of oil-saturated tinder moss, and such, of great utility. The common sulfur match, on the other hand, so common on Earth, I have never met with on Gor. The chemistry involved in such a device, interestingly enough, is forbidden on Gor. It is regarded as constituting a violation of the Weapons Laws imposed on Goreans by Priest-Kings. This is not as farfetched as it might sound at first. Sulfur, for example, is one of the primary ingredients in the composition of gunpowder.

(Mercenaries of Gor, page 395)

She used a tiny fire maker and set fire to the leaves and twigs. She blew on the small flame, encouraging it.

We could smell cooking fires about. It was near dusk.

"Your plans have not proceeded as you hoped?" she asked.

"I do not complain," I said. "Things might have proceeded better than they have, but they have gone much as I expected they would.

She added sticks to the small flame.

(Renegades of Gor, page 149)

35 ONLINISMS OF THE WEEK

FABIENS ALT

[13:22] Raven (randall.reich): Between Scar and I we have built around a dozen sims. Successful ones. Im talking 50K traffic sims.

[13:23] Rarius Yuroki (yuroki.uriza): randall built the Gor hub? I did not know that...

[13:23] Liz Calhoun: wow you guys are snittier than a kennel of sluts :P

[13:23] Kat Galewind: blinks

[13:23] Raven (randall.reich): Yes I built the Gor hub.

[13:23] Sundance Churchill: Fabien's male alt!!! i finally found her!

34 ABOUT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

The Landa Times is to become the NEW VOICE OF GOR.

The reasons for this are the former VOICE OF GOR Is one of the oldest publications of second life Gor. Many Goreans have come to know it and its editor Verona Lorgsval.

Verona does not longer publish the Voice of Gor which was based in the city of Olni. Her mission statement for the paper was:

"The Voice of Gor is a cross sim Gorean wide newspaper. It is designed to promote and

increase Cross Sim Role play and communication. The Voice of Gor strives to ensure that all parties are contacted ahead of time; however, occasionally a city will object to what was written. Any city is free to write a rebuttal or send in their own news."

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor (about 1727 members)

for members of the group BTB Goreans (about 680 members)

for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers (about 1422 members)

for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices (about 125 members)

in the Gor Hub (near the map there)

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/0%200%20Acajou/191/148/3009>

in the Imperial City of Ar <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Titian/92/129/2704>

in the City Port of Olni (gate house) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>

In Forest Port (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Forest%20Port/186/230/3251>

in the City of Kassau (skybox) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Myrkvidr/163/113/1546>

in Tharna (skybox) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tharna/40/108/4044>

in Port Kalana (skybox) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Dark%20Paradise/77/82/24>

in Tarnwald (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/City%20of%20Tarnwald/251/133/1013>

in the Oasis of Nine Wells (near the gate) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Nine%20Wells%20East/19/188/63>

in the Gorean campus (besides the gallery) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena%20Pointe%20Noire/8/126/22>

in Port of Victoria on Vosk (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Gor/176/4/23>

If you want to have a dispenser of the NEW VOICE OF GOR (6 prims, not transfer) on your sim, please contact Yuroki Uriza

The NEW VOICE OF GOR <http://www.gorean-forums.com/>