

# THE IANDA TIMES

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 54

Based in the city of Landa

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## Content:

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- City news and announcements
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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)

Reprint of previous editorial [OOOC]

This week's topic is Gorean Masters and their slaves. After some observing of how Masters treat their slaves, I would like to give my opinion on the subject. For the purpose of this editorial, I am using Master here to describe a relationship between an Owner and their slave, be they a Master or Mistress.

Gorean slaves were used by their Masters to serve a specific purpose. That purpose could be mainlining the house, doing chores, serving in taverns, for pleasure and whatever purpose the Master sees fit. The Master controls the slave and everything she is and does is at his discretion.

In SL Gor today I see many, both Masters and slaves, who do not understand the complex bond that occurs between a Master and a slave. The slave loses all choice and the Master gains complete control of the slave. (Really any Free has complete control but for now I will only address Masters and will address Free and slaves in another editorial.) The problem is some Masters take advantage of this control and act like Gor is BDSM and it is not. Nothing could be further from the truth. The slave has a value and the Master would do nothing to lower that value. Only in extreme cases would the slave be injured or tortured thus lowering the value.

In SL Gor today slaves also have a responsibility. Too many think they are in control and get upset when they are commanded to do things. They do not want to learn the proper way to serve their Master but only want to learn the quick and easy way. They are there in Gor only for "quick sex" and do not want to learn the full role of what it takes to be a gorean slave.

So the problem is 2 fold and has 2 solutions. First Masters must take responsibility for their slave. They must reign them in and be firm and let them know what is expected. Disciple them when they need it. Also praise them and let them know when they do things right. Second slaves need to take responsibility to learn to please their Master. The slave needs to learn to serve properly and do chores willingly. You always need to conduct yourself in a manner that shows respect for your Master and will bring him honor.

If both do these things, then not only will the Master and slave be happier. All of SL Gor will be better for it.

Sherman Easterwood  
Praetor of Landa

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## CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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### - LANDA SCHEDULE

#### WEDNESDAY

Red Caste meeting (05/16/2012, 2.30 pm SLT)  
Hall of the warrior's building

Red Caste training in the Arena

#### FRIDAY

(05/18/2012)

Meeting HoY slaves only, HoY Kennel (05/18/2012, 1 pm SLT)

Free training in the Arena (3.00 pm SLT)  
Visitors are very welcome!

SUNDAY

Homestone Swearing Ceremony for New Citizens of Landa  
(05/20/2012, 2 pm SLT)  
Admin's building

- NEWS

NEW ADMIN BUILDING

by Sherman Easterwood

The complete demolition and rebuilding of the Palace in Landa is complete. During construction it was discovered, it was being built on a site that contained ancient ruins.

The Palace of Landa had been built on 10,000 year old ruins. A few walls were still there and on them were strange paintings that resembled Warriors of the the old times of Gor. As the Scribes searched the history scrolls they discovered something very interesting. The scroll is here for you to read.

The builders incorporated the ruins into the building of the new Palace. You will see the ancient stone ruins in the walls of the new building. It provides an important bridge between the past and the current.

As citizens conduct their daily business in the Palace, the ancient walls will remind them of the history of Gor. The paintings of the ancient Warriors will symbolize the daily struggles we all face. The beauty of the new Palace will show the future and what can be accomplished by a city working together.

The new Palace of Landa stands strong and proud. It is a symbol of the past, the current and the future. Long live Landa. Ta-Sadar-Gor!!!

NEW OBELISK

The yellow caste of Landa created an Obelisk, it has been palced at the docks. Here is the inscription:

THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO WIN. YET THEY DID, AND IN DOING SO THEY CHANGED THE COURSE OF A WAR...EVEN AGAINST THE GREATEST OF ODDS, THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE GOREAN SPIRIT – A MAGIC BLEND OF SKILL, FAITH AND VALOR – THAT CAN LIFT MEN FROM CERTAIN DEFEAT TO INCREDIBLE VICTORY.

DEDICATED TO THE WARRIORS OF LANDA  
WHO DEFEATED THE ALLIED ARMIES OF FINA, SULPORT, TURIA, MIDAS, MEQARA  
AND THENTIS

SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST HAND OF THE MONTH OF HESIOUS 10169

## 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 YOUNGEST CITIZEN OF LANDA

Isle of Sin Infirmary at Sinner's Cove  
Certificate of Live Birth

It is so recorded that a Female child so named Bryn Runner was born to Astoria Runner (astoria.enchanted) (mothers name), a Citizen of Landa of the Red Caste and Targa (targa.runner)(fathers name), a Citizen of Landa of the Warrior Caste.

The child was born on 5/10/12 at 15:23 pm (date &time) in the Homestone of Landa to the Caste of Warriors.

It is so recorded on this 10th day of May, in the year of 2012.

Sealed by:  
ScoutGalt Resident  
Head Physician  
Sinner's Cove

### - A JUNGLE TALE

by Sun (Sundance Churchill)

It was late. The sun had set and the moons were rising, casting their conflicting shadows across the jungle floor. The young man who called this place home was walking along the dirty path back to his outpost. His caravan and coffle had been raided by the wagon people on the return trip from Turia. His pouch was light, his supplies plundered and his morale low.

That is when he heard it. The loud throaty whistle of the tumit as it took flight, scared by something. Quickly he crouched and ducked behind a tree on the side of the path. Listening to sounds he knew all too well -- the wind through the Ta Thassa foothills, the gurgle of the river a mere passang from him and in the distance a song from the Black Bosk Tavern. He knew he was close to home but something had scared the tumit and he was not in the mood to be attacked twice in as many days.

He recalled the advice of his comrades who headed back to Turia, "Don't go alone. It's not safe alone." But he was eager to be home.

He remained crouched behind the tree barely breathing listening to soft footsteps on the jungle floor. The sound of drums began beating in the distance. "Taluna," he thought to himself. The Taluna were women, much like the Panthers of the Northern Forest, who live in the Jungles of the Schendi Region of Gor. It was well known that they were crafty and it was not unlikely for an unsuspecting man to be lured in by one, perhaps begging for help on the side of the river. Then as the man approaches, her sisters swarm in from their hiding places and take him down. It is not commonly known what is done with the captives, and the young man had no intention of finding out.

He made his way, slowly, carefully around the trees on the edge of the path. He could see the fires on the walls of his beloved outpost. There were no more than five or six passangs left in his journey. It would be tragedy to fall to attackers so close to the walls but it was far enough that he could not sound an effective alert. Then he saw her. In a small clearing under full tri-moonlight she stepped into view then stooped low to the ground, searching for something. The drums were calling for a captive. His heart began racing as he looked this way and that, trying to ascertain if the Taluna was alone or with her sisters. He crouched silent in his hiding place, not daring to move, watching as she moved closer.

She rose from her crouch, standing tall and proud, moonlight dancing on the sheen of her skin. An involuntary gasp escaped his lips. She was extraordinary. Blond hair flowed past her shoulders long and straight to kiss the small of her back. The toned muscles of her legs flexed like a lark as her sharp eyes scanned the darkness. He was certain she had seen him, but he held his place, silent and watching as she crept closer. She awakened a spirit in him, not one of mere lust or desire, but one that only complete possession would sate. His lips curled into a dangerous smile, he knew he would have her, or she would have him in the attempt.

She was only steps steps away now. He could hear her breathing, her footsteps quiet like snowflakes falling in the north. He waited for the perfect moment and prepared to strike, hand on his sword. He couldn't even remember when he drew it. Almost there, just a few steps more, and like a flash he leapt from behind the tree, sword arm ready to strike. He felt the pin enter his shoulder and the world started spinning. His eyes grew heavy and the last thing he saw was her eyes. Eyes as blue as Lake Ushindi. Eyes that pierced him to his soul. Eyes filled with, not hate, not malice, but surprise.

When he awoke he heard a familiar sound, a rush of water he'd known his entire life, and he knew the top of the Falls was nearby. He sat up quickly, too quickly. His head still swimming from the poisoned or drugged pin that had taken him down. He surmised the Taluna anticipated his attack and went around the tree, outflanking him. His blood rushed to his head and sounded, and felt, like a tsunami in his skull. When it subsided he could hear her breathing. She watched him from the other side of a small fire. Her calm voice

carried over the crackle of flames, "Its not safe to travel alone in my jungle."

He rolled over on his side to see her better, watching her through the flames. She was stunning. Sharp, feline features were accented by the golden light of the fire and her piercing blue eyes, bewitching, seemed to cast a spell over him. His vision grew blurry and he slumped over. She was at his side in a blink. Supporting his shoulder she eased him to the ground, daring to press her soft lips to his as sleep took him.

When he next woke it was morning and he was alone, his only company the familiar rush of the falls. A faint whisp of smoke rose from where the campfire burned the previous night. He walked down around the edge of the falls back to his outpost, his mind distracted, replaying the previous night's events.

Merchant caravans heading through the jungle to Turia or Schendi had been often attacked recently. Patrols outside the outpost were increased and security tightened. The attacks were a good enough reason, but he had his own motivation. He was determined to capture the Taluna woman, their Chieftess, and make her his. His men would be heard cheering on occasion as they came back through the gates, dragging a captive. Each time he saw a bound woman he would race to meet the men, but each time he was disappointed.

Hands passed and frustration mounted. At night he would stand on the balcony of his cylinder and stare off into the distance toward the top of the falls. Some nights he would swear he could see a sillouette standing or crouching at there but he would blink and the vision would fade. The Taluna Chieftess remained free and his desire for her tortured him.

The hour was late and the outpost was quiet as he nodded to the guards on duty on his way out through the gates. They watched with disbelief, astonished as he walked away toward the falls, but did they not leave their posts.

This night would be different, he would find his quarry, he was sure of it. He walked around the stones of the falls climbing to the peak as he had done ever since he was a child. He knew every foothold, every outcropping, like old friends they touched as he passed, ascending to the height of the falls. At the crest he found a bush to crouch behind and settled in to wait. Three moons cast their glow over the surrounding jungle and his gaze, adjusting to the gloom, watched eagerly in the direction of what would be her most logical approach.

The sound of loose stones tumbling down the cliff face startled him from his slumber and he woke cursing his inability to stay awake. As his eyes adjusted to the moonlight and shadows he saw her, just as he had imagined so many nights before, standing at the top of the falls, poised like a jungle larl watching over her territory. She was nude, her weapons and clothes lay in a pile a few feet away. He stood quietly, picking up his spear and moving through the shadows toward her.

He recalled her speed from their last encounter and vowed to exceed it this night. In seconds he was up on her, before she could turn he'd let his spear drop and caged her in his arms clutching her lithe frame tight to his chest. She gasped softly as their bodies clashed. She was strong for a woman, but still no match for his brute force. They struggled but he subdued her, binding her wrists tightly behind her back. Through the whole incident she remained silent, save for that soft gasp. Then, as his hands began to roam her body, her limbs being bound, she began to hum a soft tune.

He grabbed his spear and gathered up her belongings then made his way down from the falls, his captive in tow. As they walked she glanced back toward the jungle, her eyes full of longing and sorrow. In a few Ahn he was back at the gates, the guards standing slack jawed in awe that he had gone out alone into the jungle and returned with the Taluna Chieftess.

He took the woman to his quarters and, noting the brand on her taught muscular thigh, a simple kef, he secured a collar on her neck and chained her to the foot of his couch. Removing her bindings he stood back and assessed her beauty. She was a vision kneeling in his chains, having naturally assumed perfect posture. He lay on his couch, his exertions catching up with him, and soon fell asleep, taking visions of her curves with him into his dreams.

Steel links clinked softly in the dark. His eyes flew open but he remained still, listening, letting his vision adjust to the gloom. She'd stretched the chain to it's limit and stood peering out the balcony. She didnt' seem to be struggling, just standing, watching, eyes wistful and sad. For over an ahn he watched her standing, unmoving at the balcony. The longing in her eyes spoke to him of freedom of spirit, something he'd known as a child many years earlier in his jungle home. His conscience twinged and he frowned a moment, wondering silently to himself if he would cage that free spirit. Shaking off the feeling he drifted back to sleep.

It was a bright, sunny morning in the outpost when he awoke. The woman knelt at the foot of his couch once again, her posture exactly as the previous evening. He made no mention of her night-time vigil at the balcony. He dressed, removed the chain from the foot of the couch and using it as leash led her down to the kitchen where he would eat his morning meal. As he often did with new captives, he fed her something insignificant, but from his own hand, not allowing her to hold the morsel herself. She knew it was by his hand alone now that she would receive her sustinence and she took it willingly, though if he watched, he could still see that longing flicker in her blue eyes.

They spent two days more together. They spoke of the jungle they both loved, and what brought them to the place they both called home. He was often suprised that she made no attempt to flee, she seemed honor bound to his steel, although he was not convinced it was to him. His almost tender treatment of her was all the talk of the people of the outpost. But though many whispered of his weakness, in fact she had given him no reason to be harsh with her, and had behaved perfectly. By the time the third night arrived, he no longer used the leash and as they retired, he brought her up into the furs of his couch where, as was his right, he used her.

The echoes of their passion crashed against the walls of the Outpost that night. One would surmise you could even hear them now, and the residents there knew full well what was transpiring in the home of the Administrator. All through the night as the three moons made their lazy arch across the sky, the music of Master and slave, man and woman resounded.

Later, as she thought he slept, she crept again to the balcony, repeating the same sad ritual she had performed each night. He watched her a while, his head nestled in the cushions of his couch as he decided his next course of action.

In the morning without so much as a word, he dressed, snapped a leash on her collar and

brought her down for the morning meal. Again he fed her by his hand. When their meal was done he placed a small bit of bread in a sack, grabbed her leash and headed out into the morning air. At the gate he greeted the guards, walked through the archway and stood staring at the jungle. Solemnly he gazed down at his captive then reached into his pouch. He withdrew the piece of bread and with it, a key. He handed her the bread and then gently unlocked the collar letting it fall to the ground from her neck. Behind him a guard gasped, another muttering, "only a fool frees a slave." She looked up at him with those wild blue eyes confused and bewildered. Grabbing the collar from the dirt he slung it as far into the dense jungle as it would fly. Staring at the branches and treetops he spoke, not lowering his gaze, not looking at her, "You are free," then turned and walked back into the outpost, closing the gates behind him.

The guards later told him that she knelt there for a few Ehn, eyes darting from the gates to the jungle before leaping to her feet and running swiftly back into her beloved jungle. Several said they thought they saw her pace the treeline for some time, watching the outpost, but soon she was gone.

Each night thereafter he stood at his balcony and waited, watching. And each night thereafter, by the light of three moons he saw her in the distance, a silhouette, proud and free. He cursed himself for his weakness, to be taken by such a creature both physically at first, and then in the depth of his soul. Who was it who possessed who he wondered. His obsession with the woman, even though he had possessed her, was like an ache or an itch in his mind. He would toss and turn at night, then, grabbing whatever slave was at hand, use her roughly for his pleasure and toss her aside, his body sated, but his heart, his soul, still yearning. Soon he resolved he must have her again, he must retrieve her from the jungle and make her his again, this time, permanently.

He had all his gear set out for the nights hunt, ready to go as soon as the sun set when one of the outpost slaves came and meekly knocked on the door of his office. She said the guard had sent her to retrieve him. Thinking it was some emergency he grabbed his sword and ran swiftly to the gates. The alarm had not sounded and as he skidded to a halt he saw why he was summoned. There between the massive doors knelt his Taluna Chieftess. Her knees, kissing the ground, were splayed wide and between them shone the collar he'd thrown into the jungle. Her wrists were raised high above her head, crossed and as he walked forward he saw those blue eyes glance up once, pleading, before she lowered her gaze to the ground again.

He stood there staring down at her for some time, struggling to understand the torrent of emotions racing through him. Elation. Disappointment. This was the mighty, free Taluna he had so desired? This was the woman he'd obsessed over in the night, tormented and yearning? His passion seemed to fade and slowly sour into disdain as he tied her wrists with the binding fiber he slipped from his belt. Scooping up the collar and locking it around her neck he wondered, awestruck that this could be the free spirit he'd desired, one that was now, he realized, broken, by his hand, now nothing more than another slave.

Dinner was being served in the tavern. The aroma roused his hunger and he dragged the girl over to a table where he sat and started his evening meal. She begged to serve him, eager in her collar to be pleasing. He denied her request and ate in silence.

That night in his couch he could hear her sobs from the kennel below. He tossed and turned as the lesson he had learned rolled over in his thoughts. She was now nothing more than a slave girl. He had successfully taken a wild and free spirit, and reduced her to



exactly what he thought he wanted, a girl desperate to please him, desperate for his attention and his touch. He had by all guages done what any Master would have done. Yet he felt empty, remorseful and tired.

In the morning he sold her to a slaver who was passing through with a merchant caravan, a few coppers and a new kettle and mat girl in trade.

Some nights, when the jungle was quiet, he walked out to his balcony, leaving whatever girl he chose that night in his furs, and stood looking longingly into a world of spirit and freedom. Perhaps he sought his taluna chieftess, or the exuberance of a young child swinging on the liana vine. He smiled a bit sadly, and returned to his couch.

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## CASTE REPORTS LANDA

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### WHITE CASTE

From the Desk of Adilokos  
Temple Preceptor -  
Great Sardar Temple

#### White Caste Report

The renovations are completed, the archaeological work is finished, although the historiological research is just begun.

The Great Sardar Temple is once again open to visitors.

The great Temple itself is as it has ever been. The renovations consisted of shoring up walls which are well over 2,000 years aged and replacing the roof which has born nearly as many winter snow-packs. Priest Kings (Ankh! Seneb! Uadjet!) be praised, my office no longer leaks! Visitors may again pay a call.

The new Monastery is also open now and has a full refectory, infirmary and common room as well as monastic cells which are available for Initiates who wish to reside there. The Monastery will house seven Initiates. Contact Blessed An'Trev of Landa (Dorian Trevellion) or Joshao Rogerian (Karaden Finesmith).

For the refreshment and prayer of Initiates, we announce the opening of the Inner Light Meditation Garden. All, Initiate and non-Initiate, may visit and enjoy the peace.

Deep beneath the Iarl cave lie the ruins of the Ur Temple. The Ur Temple is the FIRST Temple ever built by the White Caste, some 5,000 years ago in the Sardar Mountains. It lay hidden for the last 3,000 years, but has been rediscovered and excavated. Be careful, for the Temple area is only now stabilized by our builders. There are varts around.

The items excavated from the Ur Temple are housed in the Great Temple Archives, which also hold many of our sacred historical objects and manuscripts.

The Archives lie directly across from the Scholarun Classroom where we will again soon be training Initiates.

The Great Hall and Throneroom of the Sardar High Initiate is now upgraded and open and features statues of the first white larks that guarded the Priest Kings home so many aeons ago. The ashes of these first larks are held between the paws of each statue. The statues have human faces to reflect that souls of the larks which have held the post of Sacred Guardian through the history of the Temples.

Finally high over Gor lies the Orbital Platform. A masterful diorama designed as a teaching aid, this massive build displays the beauty of Gor as it must appear from high orbit. Come and view the White Caste's Home stone!

In other news, an Initiate, or one claiming the White Robes, has paid for his violation of our Tenets with his life. In my tenure as Temple Preceptor and Mystikos in Service to the Rank of Three, I have only seen three Initiates slain for violations of our Most Holy Tetractys in the last 776 years. I am chagrined deeply that the perception by others is that the man who was slain by our Sacred Lark was killed because he was homosexual. This is not only untrue, but a calumny upon those of our Brethren who are of this orientation. The man was slain because he violated his Holy Vows \*and intended to continue violating them\* ! I grieve his loss, if he was, indeed of our caste. His body may have worn the Vestiture, but his heart and soul did not.

Thus ends my Report, accompanied by the Blessing of the Priest Kings upon all who read this. May you remain strong in your faith and dedicated in the Mission you have been given.

M.H.I. Fr. Adilokos O.P.O. GST  
~(O)~  
Grand Preceptor Great Sardar Temple

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## BLUE CASTE

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

We have already produced employment contracts and are working with the High Physician to ensure that all slave papers are in order. A Blue is serving as the Magistrate, he is available to help you address any legal problems that may arise. We produce FC Contracts and you can have your FC Ceremony performed by either of us.

These are just a few services available from the Blue Caste. As Head Scribe, I am available to help all citizens with matters relating to the Blue Caste.

Prices for our services are negotiable.

((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

### - LETTER FROM TARGA

It seems my missions, which take me to a world beyond our horizon, will still keep me busy. I will be unable to spend as much time in Landa as a leading Commander should in times of war. Therefore I have made the following decision, which I have already discussed with our Ubar, and got his approval.

1. The position of the leading Commander will be fulfilled by our Ubar himself.
2. I will stay as an elder and an active officer in the Landa forces, more focusing on my missions and the training of the warriors. Therefore i will act as warrior and Master of Arms.
3. Further, the Ubar asked me to act also as an Ambassador for the Red Caste of Landa, which i agreed upon.

I am sure you understand; sometimes there are duties beyond the activities we first think of on our planet.

Honour and Steel  
Honour before Steel  
not even Steel can take that from us !

Targa

### - APPOINTMENT

I appoint Targa as ambassador of the red caste of Landa. He is Master of Arms and First Sword of Landa already.

Rarius Yuroki, Ubar of Landa

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### - OOC ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE UBAR

#### ABOUT THE WALLS OF LANDA

Some people were complaining about the walls of Landa because it is not easy to shoot defenders. Here are some parts of a conversation I had with the owers and weapon makers of Primus Weapons (Thord Karu and Jaxx Silverfall, thanks for allowing me to publish that):

Tal Thord,  
we need your help with primus weapons, we have a strange problem here: our wall uses

alpha textures and you can shoot up from downstairs if you find the proper angle and you can shoot down, only primus weapons cannot shoot and i have no idea why, i need to explain that to others, perhaps you have a notecard prepared about that?

[14:38] Thord Karu: hey Yuroki, hope things are well with you, I wonder if Ir [LR Weapons] and h&s [Harbinger & Stormie Designs ] rez the arrows on the other side of the prim meaning they shoot further out from the body, which is good for shooting through walls, but up close your arrow would go right through the person. When jax gets on I will have him take me over there

[14:38] Thord Karu: and we will find out Yuroki :D

[14:39] Yuroki Uriza: our enemies are complaining but i showed them that they can shoot us, but they are mostly used to pew pew and splash hits and that will not work here, is very realistic

[14:39] Thord Karu: good that is better I like that, I wish everyone did those rules

[18:26:58] Jaxx Silverfall: yeah I am not sure why H&S and LR doing it, they are going through the prim basically

[18:27:30] Nicco (niccodemis.threebeards): but if we stand back we cant shoot out, nor can they hit us with them which is realistic

[18:28:09] Jaxx Silverfall: Well its full prim so you have 100% no hit or shoot back if you stand back

## 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 11.0

- Slaves cannot open the outer main gate alone (only OOC) but they can get in and out through the small door if they have ICly chores to do at the docks.

- Slaves are not allowed to linger outside or on the docks, especially if strangers are there. Unless their owners had allowed it. However, should you get captured while lingering outside, the owner will be help responsible.

- 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 FW 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 if they show their 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 rezz, 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: An'Trev of the House of Olathe (Dorian Trevellion)

Blue caste: Dezire Sciarri, Head scribe

Red caste: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), Ubar

Green caste: Judy(girl Beck)

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

Merchant caste: Ribbon (LaceyRibbon String)

Praetor: Sherman Easterwood

Head Slaver: Arris Vesuvino (HoV)

Moderators:

Yuroki Uriza (Ubar)

Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin

Micka Toros

Jamie Reverie

## LANDA COLLAR LAW

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

### LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN LANDA

Welcome to my Art gallery. I have many sketches on view of people who you may recognise 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 Landa 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 main square in Land so please come along.

"Art in a Gorean city is taken seriously; it is regarded as an enhancement of the civic life. It is not regarded as the prerogative of an elite, nor is its fate left exclusively to the mercies of private patrons." (Kajira of Gor, page 106)

Lady JJ

### 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:

[high castes] Physicians, ambassadors, scribes (cryprographers), warriors,  
[low castes] Animal handlers, Artisans, bakers, bargemen, bleachers, butchers, entertainers, charcoal ,akers, carvers, fishermen, goat keepers, harnessers, leather workers, merchants, mind healers, money lender, lighters, musicians, players, rencers, rug makers, sailors, tarn keepers, tavern owner, Tharlarion keepers, urt hunters,

We are not looking for:

[high castes] admins, Ubars, Initiates  
[low castes] artists, bankers, cloth workers, metalworkers, perfumers, peasants, potmakers, weavers, slavers, woodsmen

- Landa needs an Inn keeper (male or female) for the Black Giani Inn

- Landa needs a Tavern keeper for the Golden Dagger tavern (male only)

- Landa is looking for a blacksmith and metalworker who wants to run the copper mine and the smithy

read more in the notecard:

## - THE IANDA TIMES

The landa times is looking for correspondents all over Gor.



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## ROLEPLAY

### - WHAT IS ROLEPLAY?

Roleplaying is a form of creative writing performed wherein a storyline or setting is proposed, a group of individuals join the role-play and they take turns to write and submit segments of writing where a few things happen each time. The end product appears somewhat like a novel or short story; but it is conceptually different from either of those.

No one can teach you how to RP. It is something only you can learn by yourself. It is something you practice on, and over time you learn from your mistakes and you develop, improve and grow. Perseverance is very important when it comes to want to become a good role-player; many people have taken years to develop the skills they currently possess. You must be involved and you must try and be ready to make mistakes if you want to grow.

In roleplay, there is a clear difference between action and speech. The former is associated with verbs, or 'doing something', while the latter is 'saying something'. If you are speaking/having a conversation in an RP, it is important that you distinguish between action and speech through use of speech marks.

Some things to keep in mind while RPing are:

- Be Descriptive. This is very important, and as you make progress with role-playing, you will develop a sense of being descriptive. It is the difference between waiting for raiders to turn up and standing on a hill-top, sending a bird, looking at the sun, sighing, glancing around and tapping the tip of your spear in the dirt as you wait. You will find a level of descriptiveness that suits you, and it will come naturally.
- Have structure. It's the basic things like having proper paragraphs, proofreading if you have trouble with syntax, spelling, grammar, vocabulary and punctuation, but it's also having the sense of how much you should do in one post. This is a sense you develop as you improve as well, but cramming 10 things in one post ends up forcing people to read a thesis every time, and doing a couple of things is too short and you will find yourself disadvantaged because people are doing more than you per post.
- Speak English. Perhaps one of the most important points that can be made; no 1 will read ur post if u typ lyk dis, I wld skm ovr ur post and mute u frm all ma rps. Point made.
- Don't God-mode. Alright. God-modding is when you have unrealistic powers in a roleplay. Like being invincible (cannot die or get hurt) or manipulating time, etc.
- Be consistent. One of the things that is imperative to the logic behind the RP is that you have to be consistent. Although it sounds obvious, what this means is that whatever happens to you in the previous post/s is carried over to your current post - if you got stabbed by someone in the last post, you will not be able to miraculously heal in the next post and go about as normal - you will bleed and your stamina will decrease, and eventually it would lead to unconsciousness and death if the wound is not treated.

In SL , unfortunately, you are destined to meet people whose only goal is to prevent you from having as much fun as you can. These "grief players" are a tiny minority on the overall, but they have a widely disproportional effect on the rest of Gor's population. Fortunately, they tend to either become bored with obnoxiousness and either shape up or quit playing.

Let's take Bob, for example:

Bob is bored. Bob blows up the world. Bob kills everybody except himself. Bob laughs. Bob takes over Jupiter. Bob takes over the world, too. Bob enslaves everybody.

The first sentence is fine. After that, Bob turns into a person with no imagination.

Unless you have the misfortune to be one of these socially-malformed misfits, you will find it is strongly in your best interest to maintain a certain standard of courtesy while engaging in RP.

First of all, it generally pays to be polite to others. It's basic human nature - if you treat others well, they'll treat you well and help you get ahead. Of course, there are valid role-playing reasons for a certain level of in-game "rudeness" - when you meet members of a rival city or camp, for example, or if you're just playing a rather unpleasant character.

The important thing about role-playing discourtesy is to keep it with in the context of the role.

On the whole, the main thing to ask yourself whether you're making RP more or less fun for others. Competing against another will probably make the RP experience more fun for them, even if you come out on top. However, systematically trying to frustrate everything they try to do will ruin their fun, and is not defensible behaviour.

The secret to role-playing is not coming up with a complex back-story, rather, it is just fitting into the world you play in.

Figure out what you want to be, and why, and just go for it. Think about the choices you have made to bring yourself where you are, and let yourself react accordingly.

You become an integral part of the RP when you join it - you are the protagonist - act like one. Take charge, do what you would do, and don't act like an insignificant sidekick. Show us what you can do.

[taken from <http://lands-of-apocalypse.forumotion.co.uk/t32-rp-pointers>]

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## KNOWLEDGE

Street signs in Gorean cities, where they exist, are not mounted on poles. Where would you find the name of the street?

"Street signs in Gorean cities, where they exist, incidentally, are not mounted on poles.

They are commonly painted a few feet above the ground, on buildings at corners."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 358)

In the slave market of Uchafu, Tarl finds a girl blindfolded. Blindfolding is a device often used by slavers to demand what from a slave?

"Why is that girl blindfolded?' I asked, indicating a girl, kneeling with other girls, chained, under a low, palm-thatched platform.

'Why to keep her quiet, Master,' said Uchafu.

I nodded. It is a device often used by slavers."

(Explorers of Gor, page 125)

Stabilization serum is given in a series of four shots. Over what period of time are these shots given?

"We returned, similarly, to the physician's house on the next four days. On the first day I had been examined, given some minor medicines of little consequence, and the first shot in the Stabilization Series. On the second, third and fourth day I received the concluding shots of the series."

(Captive of Gor, pages 94-95)

Stabilization serum is given in a series of shots. How many shots are commonly given?

"She requires the Stabilization Serums," said the physician.

The guard nodded.

"They are administered in four shots," said the physician. He nodded to a heavy, beamed, diagonal platform in a corner of the room. The guard took me and threw me, belly down, on the platform, fastening my wrists over my head and widely apart, in leather wrist straps. He similarly secured my ankles. The physician was busying himself with fluids and a syringe before a shelf in another part of the room, laden with vials."

(Captive of Gor, page 94)

Complete the Gorean saying: "She who writhes best \_\_\_\_\_, writhes best in the furs."

"The sexually responsive woman whips well. This is probably a function of the high degree of her skin sensitivity and the depth and vulnerability of her feelings. Her sensitivity and responsiveness make her peculiarly helpless under the lash. She who writhes best under the lash, so say the Goreans, writhes best in the furs."

(Savages of Gor, page 256)

How does the leech plant draw nutrients into its system?

"The leech plant strikes like a cobra, and fastens two hollow thorns into its victim. The chemical responses of the bladderlike pods produce a mechanical pumping action, and the blood is sucked into the plant to nourish it."

(Outlaw of Gor, page 22)

While traveling on the road to Ko-ro-ba, Tarl Cabot felt the stinging pain of two fangs in his leg. What had attacked him?

"Once I shouted in pain. Two fangs had struck into my calf. An ost, I thought! But the fangs held fast, and I heard the popping, sucking sounds of the bladderlike seed pods of a leech plant, as they expanded and contracted like small ugly lungs."

(Outlaw of Gor, page 22)

The pelt of the larl is normally tawny red or sable black. The black larl is predominantly nocturnal. The red larl is the more common variety and hunts whenever hungry. One variety has a mane, the other does not. Is it the black or red larl that has a mane?

"The pelt of the larl is normally a tawny red or a sable black. The black larl, which is predominantly nocturnal, is maned, both male and female. The red larl, which hunts whenever hungry, regardless of the hour, and is the more common variety, possesses no mane. Females of both varieties tend generally to be slightly smaller than the males, but are quite as aggressive and sometimes even more dangerous, particularly in the late fall and winter of the year when they are likely to be hunting for their cubs. I had once killed a male red larl in the Voltai Range within pasangs of the city of Ar."

(Priest-Kings of Gor, page 12)

[Taken from Sari's Daily "Quote from the Books" Trivia for May and April 2012]

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#### ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

"Why," I inquired, "are you laughing?"

"Because," she replied with a grin, "I am amused"

"Fool," said I, "on Gor, there is no fun"

(Partypooper of Gor, page 5)

"Greetings, Master", I said, and knelt on the paved street, my thighs wide in the position of the pleasure slave.

The slave kneeling to his left spoke. "No hun, you don't kneel like that, okay sweetie?"

Here, let me show you. Do you need training?"

(Know-it-all of Gor, page 39)

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