

THE IANDA TIMES

(short online version)

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Based in the city of Landa

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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.

EDITORIAL

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

"They seem angry," he said.

(Magicians of Gor)

All the citizens are looking forward to the next meeting of the Southern Trade Alliance as trade in the port has more than doubled now the war has ended.

Citizens are becoming more nocturnal in their habits as the sun reaches its zenith. Ships are preferring to set sail in the evenings as the breeze quickens and their time at sea reduced.

The game of traders or Merchant of Gor is becoming more popular and a great contest

was held in Landa to celebrate the summer solstice More games and contests are promised by the Administrator

The increased prosperity of the city has allowed the bank to be enlarged to contain the Landa mint security has been increased and warriors recruited to guard it.

Rarius Yuroki, Admin of Landa
(paperwork nmade by Bee, HoY scribe slave)

CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

- NEWS

NEW BUILDING OF THE HOY BANK IN LANDA

by Bee, slave scribe and HoY accountant

Following a meeting at the bank of landa, it was decided by the administrator and the bank committee, that a new bank with higher security was to be built.

Due to the increased trade bought by the STA larger more secure vaults and minting rooms would be required.

The builders were called and detailed plans were drawn up. Work commenced while the old bank was still working as to close it would have meant a disruption to trade.

The first part was to make larger vaults and a minting room, then the main floor was increased in size with a new facade and roof.

Visitors can be shown coins of many cities as the administrator is an avid collector and now houses his collection in the vaults.

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

THE LANDA SOCIAL SCENE

- MERCHANTS OF GOR TOURNAMENT

A lot of card players joined the tournament in Landa and the merchant caste building was overcrowded. Lady Delilah of the Ta Var (EminenceGrise Resident) won the tournament, Zane (Kanze) and Liliith (Lindley) shared the second prize.

[16:03] Merchant: EMINENCEGRISE RESIDENT WINS THIS ROUND!!!

[16:04] Zane Kanze growls" she plays dirtier than you brother .."chuckles" I mean trickier..

[16:04] Liliith Lindley: wow..I wish I had so much luck sometimes

[16:04] Ðε|ϫā smiles.

[16:04] Krissy Sinclair: great match

[16:04] Rarius Yuroki: i think she is a female Harusplex and uses some magic tricks

[16:05] Ðε|ϫā smiles.

[16:05] Rarius Yuroki: so Zane and liliith play for the 2nd and 3rd prize

[16:05] Zane Kanze: congrats on 1st place lady

[16:05] Ðε|ϫā : good game, Sir.

[16:05] Ðε|ϫā : Thank you.

- THE MEETING

by Etana (Zoi Maven), slave of Tar

The night was cool and she looked at the moon, bright, shiny with small cloud on left, so similar to the shape of the bird she saw flying not long ago. It must be something she was thinking that the bird and the cloud are so similar. She felt the freedom of the bird so high in the sky and the restrain of her own cage she was in. Yes, she felt restrained when she was looking through open window, she felt invisible bars of golden cage in which she was confined from the moment of her birth. How I wish to be like this birth she was thinking.

She noticed blinking star on the dark sky.

She is like me, this star, small, beautiful and so alone, She went to the window and stood there, almost motionless feeling the touch of the Tahari wind on her bare shoulders, on her face now stained with tears.

The wind caressed her small body, moved in her long. black hair like a feathers of raven, played with her breast making her nipples came to live. She closed her eyes and let herself to take cares of the wind. She stopped thinking, almost not breathing she was now one with the hot wind, not sure if she feels the hot from it or from her toughs and rising blood in her veins.

The girl moved out of the windows and slowly came to her bed. It was huge, with white pillows made of the most delicate, white silk. Light cover also from silk was bordered with elaborate lace in the shape of tiny desert roses. She hated her bed now, when she realized she will sleep alone again.

She slowly undressed leaving only the long, shear strap of her night clothes and lay down.

She was deep in her thoughts and finally her eyes closed. She was asleep.

She was dreaming. In her dream she was riding kailla, on her back she felt the heaviness of the bow, morning sun was warming her uncovered face, and she was shouting with joy. She had pretty face. Huge emerald eyes shining now with happiness she felt, long, dark lashes, tiny nose and nicely shaped mouth. She totally forgot the lessons of her old nanny and was not thinking that the sun will make marks of her skin.

The man approached silently in the night. He climbed up the rope he threw before to her window and within few moments entered the room. Not making any sound he walked to the bed where she lied. He smiled as he looked at her, almost naked, peaceful, sleeping, breathing slowly. He was holding in his hands the binding leather strap he took with him, ready to bond her, but... he did not do so and stayed watching her for long time. Minutes passed before finally he bent and kissed her softly on the corner of lips before disappearing like the wind.

The dream passed as fast as it came. She felt now something changed. She was not aware in her sleep that she has been watched. She was not aware that someone was in her room. Someone who came quietly jumping over the high, stone walls, hiding in the shadow, run between flowers in the garden and climbed the walls to get to her.

She stirred again, her mouth parted a little. But she slept soundly and was not aware who was watching her. The man in the room was tall with strong, broad shoulders, his face covered with burnous of Nomads from Tahari. On his right shoulder sat his companion, the falcon.

She was not aware that it was the same man she saw before.

From the first time her eyes noticed him, she was curious about him, he caught her attention, she was not sure why she took interest in him, but he never left her mind and she was thinking about him often.

If she only knew his intention, if she only knew he came with bonding rope in his hand, her sleep would not be so peaceful. The moon, the blinking star, the flying bird all knew what she would feel if she knew that he changed his mind. Only Tahari wind took her in his hot embrace, but than the man and the wind were the one. And she still was not aware.

The Nomad started his camp fire again, blowing into the warm embers and adding a few logs of wood. He was thinking about the Lady he has been visiting during the night. He had planned to capture her that night. He wanted to take her with him, but... when he saw her breathing slowly and deeply that night, her breast moving calmly as she inhaled, her lips partly opened, he just could not help himself just to steal a kiss again and leave her there. Surely the girl would not blossom in slavery like she would as a free Lady, and under the protection of a city and of a companion. He smiled bitterly, and warmed his hands near the fire, hearing all the strange noises of the desert,

The girl stirred and woke up. She woke up as first rays of sun said morning to her. She was not rested, she remembered her dream of total freedom she felt during her dream. She was thinking about the life of Nomad, proud, strong people, about the man on their kaillas, about women tending to daily chores. She felt envy when she compared herself with them. They were working hard, always busy, their hands showed the signs of harsh life they led, and she was thinking that still they had smiles on their faces and looked happy.

This was a little strange she was thinking, how they can be so pleased with life when it is so hard for them. Than she remembered what she saw few days ago. At first she was not taking any notice of the picture before her eyes, but now she remembered well what cached her attention.

She saw the slave of her household and her cousin together. He spoke to her something in his deep voice, and she was thinking the slave must have done something and probably he is punishing her.

She had a second look, and now she was remembered that something was not the way she first tough. Her cousin was looking at his slave but in his eyes she could not see anger. He looked at the girl with longing, in his eyes she could see smile and she realized that her cousin must care about kneeling slave.

She stepped a little closer, so she could see the face of the girl. Slave was not aware she is observed and she was not hiding her eyes under lashes. And she remembered now, that in the eyes of the pretty girl she was not seeing fear. The girl was looking at her cousin with full devotion, with love even and she looked happy watching him standing over her.

She moved towards window of her room, and looked. Now she could see the dunes, red and gold in rising sun and she wanted to be there, in the sand, far from her cage, free like a bird with her bow and kaiila and with the man of her dreams.

Her toughs went to him again and she could see him in the desert and in her mind she run to him knowing that he will not wait for her and she will never be able to catch with him, as he was like a wind. Her heart was now like wilted petal of the desert rose. Falling and falling and falling,

She looked trough the window for a long time deep in her toughs. Than she dressed quickly and left the room. She run trough long corridors of her father palace, than to the small patio, passed it fast and went to the gardens. She had there her hiding place. It was her favorite spot, with tall, date palm trees and deep pool of natural water.

She loved to be there, where no one could see her and where she felt more free than in any other place in her father household.

He climbed at the hight peak of the mountain, hopping he would be able to see the Lady from it's top. He sat quietly and took his flute out. Slowly he began to play and his eyes could now see far away in the gardens, the fine shape of the Lady.

OATH OF KAJIRA

by Etana (Zoi Maven), slave of Tar

1. Master order of posture.

Submission pose

2. Master:

Repeat after me. "I, once Dancer of Earth

Me: I, once Dancer of Earth

3. Master: " herewith submit myself, completely and totally, in all things"

. Me: "herewith submit myself, completely and totally, in all things"

4. Master: " to him who is known as Tar of Landa"

Me: " to him who is known as Tar of Landa"

5. Master: " to be his girl, his slave, an article of his property, his to do with as he pleases"

Me: " to be his girl, his slave, an article of his property, his to do with as he pleases"

6. Master:
produces the collar. If it is engraved with his name or an inscription, he reads it to her, making sure that she understands what it says and means. He places it about her neck and snaps it shut with a click.

7. Master: " I am yours Master"

Me: " I am yours Master"

8. Master than asks 3 questions:

A. Who were you?

Me: Dancer Master

B. What are you?

Me: "I am your slave, Master"

C. What is your name?

Me: "She has none, the laws see her as a domesticated animal, Master."

9. The Master will then, if it pleases him, give the girl her new slave-name, which can be taken from her or changed at any time, according to his whim.

He asks slave further:

D. Master: " do you know why you wear collar?"

Me: " To show that I am owned Master"

E: Master: " do you know what is a purpose of your existence?"

Me: " To please the Free Man Master"

F. Master: " what are your duty slave?"

Me: " My duties are to be exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, Master"

G. Master: " do you know what you own me girl?"

Me:" Everything, and than a thousand times more, Master"

Master:

"You are ETANA.from now on as this is a name I am giving you"

Me: "Yes, Master. I am ETANA from now on, thank you from giving me new name Master."

LYRICS

DONT'T SAY

by Etana (Zoi Maven), slave of Tar

Don't say
too late
Don't say
white hair
Don't say
shoulders
dropped down
no longer the same
and cold
inside.
Don't say.
Your heart
still waiting
for tender touch

of my hand
eyes full of light
lips swollen from wanting
but you again stubbornly
what people will say

LATE LOVE

by Etana (Zoi Maven), slave of Tar

You came to me
suddenly
like a marvelous dream
why aren't you
him?

Wife, children
how to hide
this love
and
how to live
without ?

FAREWELL

by Etana (Zoi Maven), slave of Tar

Sun
on wave 's pink bedlinen
was falling asleep
in the lake
Cranes
were bowing
deep in prayer
Tired wind
played with echo
and only
your silence sang
farewell

A Warrior's Creed

I have no parents:
I make the heavens and earth my parents
I have no home:
I make awareness my home.
I have no life or death:
I make the tides of breathing my life and death.
I have no divine power:
I make honesty my divine power.

I have no means:
I make understanding my means.
I have no magic secrets:
I make character my magic secret.
I have no body:
I make endurance my body.
I have no eyes:
I make the flash of lightning my eyes.
I have no ears:
I make sensibility my ears.
I have no limbs:
I make promptness my limbs.
I have no strategy:
I make 'un shadowed by thought' my strategy.
I have no designs:
I make 'seizing opportunity by the forelock' my design,
I have no miracles:
I make right-action my miracles.
I have no principles:
I make adaptability to all circumstances my principles.
I have no tactics:
I make emptiness and fullness my tactics.
I have no talents:
I make ready wit my talent.
I have no friends:
I make my mind my friend.
I have no enemy:
I make carelessness my enemy.
I have no armor:
I make benevolence and righteousness my armor.
I have no castle:
I make immovable -mind my castle.
I have no sword:
I make absence of self my sword.

Doranin Newey
Samuraj of Magic Las
Sensei

CASTE REPORTS LANDA

WHITE CASTE

- READY AGAIN TO TAKE UP THE BATTLE

By Adilokos

The Rank of three is re-formed and ready again to take up the battle between the Priest-Kings and the Others.

One of Three by Rank Among the White (Head of the Order)

His Eminence

Adilokos I

High Initiate of Landa

Ordo Psi Omega

Two of Three by Rank Among the White (Heart of the Order)

His Eminence

Blessed Terek

Resident Initiate of Tabor

Scholarum

Three of Three by Rank Among the White (Hand of the Order)

His Eminence

Blessed Stari

High Initiate of Ukunga Monastery

Order of the Blue Flame

All Initiates interested in furthering the aims of the White Caste may contact any of us.

Fire in Tabor

Word has reached me that there was a conflagration in the Isle of Tabor, begun by the Outlaws of the Kalana Woods. Evidently they struck while the people were elsewhere or asleep, set fire to buildings, planted their flag and fled before they could be brought to justice. Such cowardly and dastardly tactics will avail them nothing. They will be hunted down and brought to justice. Fortunately the Tabor Temple was not harmed. Still, it is rumored that their stronghold in the Kalana Woods is not over-flyable by tarns. Evidently, the saddlebirds refuse to cross that space. If they are using technology to evade overflights, their disobedience of the Priest-Kings Technology Laws will not go unanswered. We are in contact with the Sardr now, regarding that.

Calamity in Arcadia Only partial reports have reached me, but it is apparent that the Winter Jarl of Arcadia, a man known for his staunch alliance to the Priest-Kings, has been slain. His body taken to the Sardars in recognizance of his long service to the Order and to the Priest-Kings I have not had time to go further through the mountain of scrolls on my desk, but what I do have indicates that several attacks have occurred in arcadia and many dangers have been met by the brave supporters thre. Strange artifacts have surfaced there, in ukunga the Sardars and elsewhere. These are now being studied.

The Great Sardar Temple has unearthed a large stone stela marker with ancient scripts thereon. It is still being analyzed. Another Initiate has vanished. The first brother to go missing had entered the subterranean passage found next to the ruins of the Ur-Temple. It is believed that the second man also has entered the passages, not to return.

In Landa, things have been relatively quiet. Still, the continuing unrest in Gor is not far from my mind. A Facilitator has been dispatched from the Great Sardar Temple to report back with his findings on the artifacts.

His Holiness
Adilokos I
~(O)~
One Of Three
By Rank Among the White
High Initiate of Landa

FACILITATOR

Only one man remained near the smoking wood. He wore a black robe with a stripe of white down the front and back. Kuurus knew that it would be this man, who wore the black, but not the full black, of the Assassin, who would deal with him. Kuurus smiled bitterly to himself. He laughed at the stripe of white. Their tunic, said Kuurus to himself, is as black as mine.

When the man near the smoking wood turned to face him, Kuurus descended the hill. He was now welcome. Kuurus smiled to himself. The man did not greet him, nor did Kuurus lift his hand to the man, palm inward, saying "Tal." The man was a strange man, thought Kuurus. His head was totally devoid of hair, even to the lack of eyebrows.

Perhaps he is some sort of Initiate, thought Kuurus.

Without speaking the man took twenty pieces of gold, tarn disks of Ar, of double weight, and gave them to Kuurus, who placed them in the pockets of his belt. -- Assassin of Gor

The man gestured with his fat hand and a white bosk, beautiful with its long, shaggy coat and its curved, polished horns, was led forward. Its shaggy coat had been oiled and groomed and colored beads were hung about its horns.

Drawing a small knife from his pouch the Initiate cut a strand of hair from the animal and threw it into a nearby fire. Then he gestured to a subordinate, and the man, with a sword, opened the throat of the animal and it sank to its knees, the blood from its throat being caught in a golden laver held by a third man. -- Priest Kings of Gor

These are the Facilitators: men chosen from within the ranks of Initiates to be the "bridge" between the White and the World. Referred to as "Subordinates" in seemingly an effort not to notice their existence, they perform the necessary tasks. They are the slaughterers of sacred bosk and verr, the gaolers of the Caste who bind and imprison.

Held to the same Vows as mainline Initiates, save for the Purity Codes, they are the bleakest of the bleak Caste. Facilitators are seldom, if ever seen, outside the temples, save by the Caste of Assassins, or Tuchuk torturers, whom they are empowered to hire.

They cannot shed human blood or offer unnecessary violence (an important distinction) they are enabled to handle weapons, swords, knives and the like, and touch unclean things, women and slaves when they must.

Facilitators or Subordinates must adhere to the rest of the Codes. They cannot eat meat or

beans, partake of alcohol, touch women or break the Vow of Celibacy. They serve for a term of years, and if they succeed, they may return to the regular ranks of Initiates. If they perish during their term of office, they are condemned to the Cities of Dust as unclean things.

Initiates may become Facilitators by several ways. They may volunteer as an act of martyrdom. They may be highly paid and use the money they earn to aid their families that they have left. They may be sentenced to the post as punishment for violations of Caste Codes, or they may be slaves, offered their freedom to join the Order as a full Initiate when their term (generally much longer) has expired. Some, a rare few, actually enjoy their role and volunteer and remain Facilitators for life, within the White Caste.

Most Initiates understand the necessity for them, but also want nothing to do with them. Theirs is the lonliest of tasks.

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

RED CASTE

With compliments of the Landa Intelligence Agency (LIA):

Alliances of Port Cos

Trade and Military

The Soaring Herlit, Turia, Fina

Trade Alliances

Port Meqara, Temos, Samnium, Rorus

We are also members of the Southern Trade Alliance [this means the fake "Southern" Alliance which is the front company of the Vosk League]

Contact either Mirella Menizah, Chief Ambassador of Port Cos, or Kayden Darkrayne, Head Merchant of Port Cos

GREEN CASTE

Landa is looking for a new Head physician and leader of the green caste.

MERCHANT CASTE

RORUS CURRENCY OVER INFLATED

Due to the fact that Rorus is moving to a more Gor wide economy and that our currency was over inflated the council has restructured the worth of our coins and added weight to the various metals used. At a later time there will be an exchange made available to exchange old currency but not yet.

- HOY BANK OF LANDA

NEW COINS FOR THE TEMPLE AND KATOTEROS

by Bee (wendie Lemon), HoY scribe slave and accountant

In the dead of night slaves from the mine were used to transport heavy boxes with the Landa arms embossed on the side and the words Landa mint.

The boxes were stowed in the hold of the Lillith Trader. The Bank agent Tar stepped aboard as some of the slaves were led away in the dead of night back to the mine.

As Lillith Trader left the docks she was followed by Two Tarn ships as escort . This was one of the largest shipments of coin to be issued from the landa mint.

The Administrator was taking all precautions as the coins now belonged to the Katatoros being delivered to Sir Red and also to Ukunga and the High Initiate Stari.

The journey was uneventful as the troops of landa stood guard only a fool would attempt to attack such a well trained loyal group of fighting men .The Journey was swift as the trader only carried the coin and no other cargo. The first stop was Katatoros then on to the jungle. Now Katatoros and Ukunga have new coins minted of the finest gold silver and copper all weights checked.

NEW CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES

07/21/2012

Update info:

THE HOY BANK CONVERTS:

Coins of Port Cos 1:2 (only made by Ayana Snowfall)

NOT LONGER VALID:

Coins of (german) Tyros (made by the mint of Landa)

SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

News from the True Southern Trade Alliance of Gor

Citizens of the TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE, known by the mark joined together to form a Magna Carta:

We vow to promote justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for trade with safety of passage, promote the general well-being and secure the Blessings of the Priest Kings upon we the members.

This Alliance was forged out of necessity to work together. Build trade and to unify the south against invaders especially from the North and the Vosk region (as the false Southern Trade Alliance from Megara has been exposed as a front organization of the Vosk League) who's sole aim was to disrupts the mutual trade investments of our Ports, Cities and Oases.

The city and harbour of Tyros has fallen into the Thassa because of a storm and and earthquake. Half a dozen cities, ports and oases in the south of Gor are considering tojoin the trade alliance. The landa Times will keep you informed.

REGIONAL NEWS

- CITY OF THENTIS ARREST WARRANT

The Magistrate of Thentis hereby issues this warrant for the individual known as Lady Elpida Nikolaidis for the crime of Dishonoring the Homestone.

All Warriors and Guards of the City of Thentis are hereby Ordered to arrest the fugitive on sight, to be held In the City of Thentis. She is free to move about but shall remain in the city to leave the walls of the city is to admit guilt and will be punished accordingly.

Filed and validated on this __16__ day of __7__, in the year of our Priest-Kings 2012.

By the hand of the High Magistrate of Thentis,

Xavior Gant
Magistrate of Thentis

A TRIAL IN THENTIS

delivered by Jjill Lemon

I was fortunate or unfortunate to witness Justice as of Tharna now delivered in Thentis. The trial of a scribe for publication of this: Her words are the first part, his are his final words on this world.

When it came to trial the charge was changed to one of sedition . No notice was given to the defense contrary to city Law .

This was just waved aside as of no importance. It was then I looked at the beautiful courtroom from the marble tile, the quadrant seating then the small walled semi circle reserved for judgment . All the opulence of the city its high and low caste gathered together to witness what all Goreans hold dear, Truth to their homestone and to their own caste laws.

Now let me set this out so high and low caste can understand and make a judgment.

Sedition is : Conduct or speech inciting rebellion against the authority of a state or ruler.

In reading the above document the scribe and the warrior I can find no evidence of sedition I find a warrior deeply disillusioned with his caste praying for a higher authority to help him . I Find a scribe trying to find reason and asking questions of all citizens but not a trace of sedition against a home stone.

Let me return to the trial after the defense were told to keep quiet and get on with it. Well the trial continued with the usual claim and counter claim with the usual point scoring by both sides. If you wish to read of the trial I would assume that the law courts of Thentis hold transcripts .Part way through the trial the court was interrupted. A free woman obviously of low caste, she interrupted the proceedings shouting out derogatory remarks about the defendant . I was astounded when the obviously deranged lady was not removed from the court.

Eventually it came to the summing up the prosecution were told to take time to make ready their closing statements . Then to my amazement again contrary to city law the defense were told to go first or forgo their closing statement.

Then after the closure, the greatest travesty of Justice occurred the Deranged woman was called before the magistrate and asked what she had to say.The evidence she gave was totally against the defendant .

In my opinion the whole event was stage managed. The defendant had no chance to cross examine or find the history of the woman as the case was supposedly in the stage of the magistrates reckoning .

This can only lead me to assume the rule of freedom in Thentis is lost and that the warrior was true in what he wrote to back this up one warrior said . "These scribes stick together, and i for one will not be lifting a finger next time someone comes to rape them". I almost blurted out what about your caste codes what about honour of the home stone but I am pleased to say I am not of Thentis and controlled my self. If you want to find sedition in Tentis then look to your own red caste.

Maxim 3: Know those who are free, and honor their freedom.

Aphorism 33: What is gold, when compared to the honor of your city and caste? A Warrior does not allow the baubles of wealth to glitter so brightly that they obscure the truth

Aphorism 74: The true Warrior renders respect for all peers and equals

Warriors of Thentis learn your caste, up hold the true law or live as those of Tharna under the yoke.

As I left Thentis It was with a heavy heart to see justice trampled.

PORT COS DECLINES TO TRADE WITH SOUTHERN GOR

Port Cos continues to forge mutually beneficial alliances with Ports and cities. The latest Trade alliance being with Rorus and confirmed with Temos. Tafa have approached me to begin negotiations which I will discuss with our Head Merchant, Kayden.

You can obtain a full list of alliances from the library.

Mirella Menizah

Chief Ambassador of Port Cos

THE DEATH OF UBAR JEREK STEEL

The Ubar of Torcadino, Jerek Steel, traveled to the Cities of Dust on the fourth day of the first hand of the month of Camerius

Ubar Jerek Steel had passed judgment and sentenced an apprentice Scribe of the city to slavery. Commander Michael Gupte of Torcadino, the woman's guardian, arrived.

Micheal was a Warrior of honor, he knew there was indeed one way to solve this, one way the man could not fail to respond else he lose his codes, lose his place in the caste for so it was written a warrior would face every challenge. The warrior lifted a hand, finger pointed to Jerek. "You Jerek, since you have enslaved the woman I speak to you.....kajira canjellne."

At first, Ubar Jerek Steel looked down to Theophania and back to Michael. "Then I answer the challenge. The woman is yours. Take her, and leave the city... She means something to you, and we were brothers once. I will not fight you for her."

Captain Stridicus Ferraris roared with laughter at Jerek's words and quoted the codes.....

-23rd Aphorism of the Codes-

A Warrior may respond to the rightful challenge of another Warrior in one of two ways:

He may yield all, or he may answer with steel.

Woe be it to any who yields all!

A collar of iron awaits him one day.

"You are no warrior Jerek, you are a coward. Face the challenge as a man or lose the respect of all those of the Red Caste."

Ubar Jerek Steel offered a tired smile, "Then I answer it. I have choice of weapons...." Jerek looked to Michael, "That is the custom. Then, I choose pole arms." Jerek answered simply. "It is his right, and I answer it Dragon.... Michael is an honorable man. He does what he believes is right."

After Commander Micheal Gupte and Captain Stridicus Ferraris return with pole arms, the two men fought honorably, even though a mercenary by the name of Storm tried to interfere with the duel. The battle was epic with skill and strength; but in the end, Commander Michael Gupte was victorious and Ubar had passed quickly on to the Cities of Dust with honor.

THE CITY OF TEVEH PASS

by Lady Rhose Forsyth (AlexisRose Palmira), scribe of Teveh Pass

I suppose it was Pudra the Tarn-keeper who noticed it first; the early morning light brought about the discovery that Bolt, the captain of the Tarnsmen's bird had broken free and was gone. Kess, the new bird, only half trained was restless and wild, as if he had taken in none of his training. Even the other older birds wanted none of the verr carcasses Pudra tossed to them. Something was wrong, even Pudra felt it; the hairs on the back of his neck were standing on end, like Kess's feathers. Perhaps if Pudra had mentioned it to someone...but he was worried about telling the Captain about Bolt, and besides....Pudra would be dead in an ahn.

The low rumble woke me, I didn't feel the shaking yet but I was dead awake in ihn. My companion sat up beside me, her face drawn and eyes wide open with fear and confusion as the room began to quiver. Leaping up I pulled my tunic on and almost was knocked to my feet by the first violent shudder of the ground. I yanked my companion out of the bed as she reached for her house veil and drug her out into the street, "go...to the river" I yelled as I shoved her away. As the Administrator of Teveh Pass I did my first duty to my home stone, I ran to the council chamber and retrieved it from its place of honor. Running out in the street again I watched as the captain of the scarlet ordered his men to get the Free Women and children to safety and watched as they leapt to obey even as the first great stones of the mountain rolled toward us. I could hear the screams of fear from the beasts in the kennels but there was not time to release them, getting the free to safety came first, even my own girl was sacrificed.

The first of the great stones from the mountains rolled into the city like a child's ball, smashing into the building of the documents...I had not seen the head scribe or the other blue; I knew they had stopped to gather up their precious scrolls. I prayed to the Priest Kings that they escaped out the merchant gates.

It seemed as if time itself slowed as I ran through the streets shouting orders, the slide of stones and dirt that swept away the tavern and inn roared past and caught me up in its grip...I fought to put the building of the merchants between it and I and felt my leg shatter. Great, strong hands caught me up by my arms and drug me along, Damb the sailor held me under one arm and his woman by his other hand and pulled us through the shaking streets and crumbling buildings....I fought to shake him off as he made for the merchants

gate, "No...I have to go back" I shouted. "Ye will be needed later", was his reply and his pace didn't slow a bit. His crew manned the boats, the water swirling violently like Thassa in the winter, screaming women and children crowded the decks, wounded men and women of all castes lay scattered about being tended by Dambs woman, our head green. She rushed to me, "No Lady Serenity, tend the others", torn by her codes and my orders she moved away to the bloody blacksmith trying futilely to save his life. I struggled to the rail as the sailors fought the churning water to get us out of the valley, looking back and up I watched the great wall tumble down the cliff, I wept for my city as she died before my eyes.

Part 2 to follow.....

AN AVERAGE DAY IN A GOREAN CITY

written by the Ubara of Port Cos

(The "room" may be empty at times, but the city is almost always active, vibrant, and full of life.)

- EARLY MORNIGN HOURS

During the early morning hours before dawn, men drawing carts move through the smaller cobblestoned streets of the city making deliveries of various goods.

The grains & flours needed for the days business are brought to the shops of the Bakers from the larger storage buildings of the grain merchants.

Charcoal, needed in every home for warmth, is delivered from home to home by the men of the Charcoal Makers.

Peasant men deliver needed produce to the public kitchens, inns, and taverns. Other produce they bring to the city markets, setting up their offerings as the sun rises.

As the sun rises, men emerge from their homes, extinguishing the oil lamps that light the common areas and the shops of the various castes begin to open.

The Chandler shops make & sell candles. Metal Workers shops sell their metal goods, Perfumers sell their perfumes in their shops.

The Sun Gate opens.

- MID MORNING HOURS

The butchers offer meats to the city residents at their stalls in the market.

The public laundries are open for clothes to be dropped off and cleaned

Free Women, when moving about the city, proudly conceal all but the bridge of their nose and their eyes from the view of others.

The Initiates open the temples and many men visit the temples to petition the Priest Kings for favors.

Tarn wire, if the city is in danger, glistens overhead in the sunlight

The Library opens.

Men visit the Barber shops near the city square for hair cuts and to be shaved.

Some men spend time listening to the cases being argued in the city courts.

Paga slaves wander the crowded areas, searching for men to entice back to their Masters' tavern.

- THROUGH THE DAY

The city's Public baths open and throughout the day men and women gather separately to

socialize in the baths.

For the men of Gor, a 2 Ahn lunch break is not uncommon.

Slave girls owned by Private Masters are seen shopping, taking clothes to the laundry, and traveling about the city.

Kaissa is played in the streets and on the high bridges. Tournaments and competitions are sponsored by amateur organizations. Men check the scores posted on the large boards near the central Cylinder or square.

The Paga Taverns are open, serving a simple meal and paga.

Men discuss philosophy & current events in the city square and paga taverns.

Slave rentals are arranged in the city square for service at evening dinners, parties & such.

Races & games, in summer months, are held in the Stadiums in the afternoon sun.

Tarnsmen patrol the city and surroundings in groups of three through the day and night.

- EVENING

The Paga Taverns become more crowded and livelier. Many men enjoy gambling in the taverns.

Coin girls are sent to the streets of the city around dusk to earn coin for their Masters.

Concerts and plays are held in the theaters and amphitheaters of the city.

Private dinner parties are often held.

- NIGHT

Men direct male slaves through the streets to collect the large terra cotta vats of waste, carting the refuse of the city on wagons outside the city walls to be dumped in the carnarium

Drunks carouse & sing here & there on their way home from the taverns.

- OOC ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE ADMIN

TOURIST OFFICE OF LANDA STILL CLOSED

Goreans are suspicious of strangers. People looking for a new home should have a 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 Dez)
Landa Pending Citizen
Order of the Great Landa Temple

HEADS OF CASTES IN LANDA

White caste: Adilokos (Ugurusu Resident)
Blue caste: Dezire Sciarri, Head scribe
Red caste: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza)
Green caste: NN
Black caste: Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin
Merchant caste: Tar (Tarrie Chiu)

Moderators:
Yuroki Uriza, Admin
Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin
Sherman Easterwood, Praetor

LANDA COLLAR LAW

Slaves - Collars

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

Sherman Easterwood
Praetor of Landa

HOUSES FOR RENT IN LANDA II (combat sim)

-Houses in the Landa II residential area are for rent. Interested should be Landa Citizens for at least 2 weeks and should have a history of avid RP within the City and will continue to be actively contributing to the life in Landa. (you stand to lose your house if you are more in the house than in the city)

-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.

If you want to rent a house, please get in touch with me. Should I be offline, you will reach me per e-mail deziresciarri@live.com or send me an IM.

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.

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 owner: Rarius Yuroki

Hoy accountant and scribe: wendie Lemon

Hoy agent: Raschid Hassanein

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)

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.

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.

- 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 (cryptographers), warriors,
[low castes] Animal handlers, Artisans, bakers, bargemen, bleachers, butchers, entertainers, charcoal makers, carvers, fishermen, goat keepers, harnessers, leather workers, merchants, mind healers, money lender, lighters, musicians, players, rencers, rug makers, sailors, slavers, tarn keepers, Tharlarion keepers, urt hunters,

We are not looking for:
admins, Ubars

- THE LANDA TIMES

The landa times is looking for correspondents all over Gor.

KNOWLEDGE

FIGHTING SLAVES ON GOR (QUOTES)

Near the verr pens we found chained male slaves, picked up by Kurii on foraging expeditions, and used as porters. There were more than three hundred such wretches. Svein Blue Tooth was at the pens, leading the attack that had broken the rally. The rally had been led by the Kur who had been foremost in the attack on his hall. This Kur, it seemed, had disappeared, scattering with the others. The Blue Tooth stepped over the body of a fallen Kur. He gestured to the chained male slaves. "Free them," he said, "and give them weapons. There is yet work to do." Eagerly the slaves, when their manacles had been struck away, picked up weapons and sought Kurii. (Marauders of Gor)

We heard, behind a tent, the snarl of a Kur. Ivar and I swiftly, circled the tent. It was a large Kur, brownish, with blazing eyes, rings its ears. In its right hand it dragged a human female. It was Thyri. Ivar motioned me back. Blocking the path of the Kur was a man, in a kirtle of white wool, a collar of black iron at his throat. He held his ax lifted. The Kur snarled, but the man, Tarsk, Thrall of the Forkbeard, once Wulfstan of Kassau, did not

move. More than once today had I seen the fellow Tarsk at work in the fighting. In the lines of Svein Blue Tooth, once he had fought not more than six men from my right. His ax, and his kirtle, were much bloodied. Many times had his ax in the ferocities of combat drunk the blood of Kurii.

The Kur threw the girl to one side. In her collar she f whimpering, her eyes filled with terror.

The Kur cast about and suddenly darted its great hand down and clutched an ax, a Kur ax.

Wulfstan did not strike. He waited. The lips of the Kur drew back. He now had the ax firmly in his two heavy fists. He snarled.

Thyri lay on her side, the palms of her hands on the ground, her right leg under her. She watched the two beasts contesting her, the Kur and the human beast, terrible with the bloodied ax, Wulfstan of Kassau. The fight was swift and sharp. Ivar was pleased. "You did well," he told the young man. (Marauders of Gor)

"The slave boy, Fish," I said to the kitchen master, "has come unbidden into my presence and he has not, in my opinion, shown sufficient respect for the master of my kitchen."

The boy looked at me, fighting back tears.

"Accordingly," I said, "he is to be beaten severely."

The boy looked down, his fists clenched.

"And beginning tomorrow," I said, "if his work in the kitchen improves to your satisfaction, and only under that condition, he is to be permitted one Ahn a day to train with weapons."

"Captain" cried the boy. (Raiders of Gor)

I snapped shut the glass of the builders and descended the narrow rope ladder to the deck of the Dorna.

I had scarcely set foot on the deck when I saw, near the mast well, the boy Fish.

"I told you," I cried, "to remain ashore!"

"Beat me later," said he, "Captain."

I turned to an officer. "Give him a sword," I said.

"Thank you, Captain," said the boy.

I strode to the stern castle of the Dorna. (Raiders of Gor)

Thus the fourteen hundred round ships might, hopefully, be able to envelop their formation, surround it, and attack on the flanks, with their not inconsiderable barrage of flaming javelins, heated stones, burning pitch and showers of crossbow bolts. Further, when the ships of Cos and Tyros turned upon these round ships I did not think they would find them common foes. Each was rowed either by citizens of Port Kar or by eager slaves, armed and uncained, that they might, if they chose, fight for their freedom and the Home Stone of a city. Only slaves whose origin was of Cos or Tyros, or their allies, had been taken from the ships and left behind, chained in the warehouses of Port Kar. (Raiders of Gor)

Then we had come to my holding and now we stood, together, side by side, in the apparently deserted, almost darkened great hall of my holding.

Our blades were unsheathed, those of an admiral of the fleet and a slave boy.

Now, discovered, Fish fought by my side, that we might, together, protect one another.

"Now, Slave," said I to Fish, "you should have stayed with the fleet."

"Be silent," said he, adding, "...Master."

I laughed.

I saw the boy, with a lightning thrust, Hash four inches steel through a body, returning to the on-guard position before the man realized he had been struck.

In fighting as we were, one did not use a deep thrust, that the blade might be more swiftly freed.

"You have learned your lessons well," said I, "Slave."

"Thank you, Master," said he.

He dropped another man.

I dropped two others, to my right. (Raiders of Gor)

I caught sight of the boy, Fish, running past, a spear held over his head in both hands, and heard a horrible cry, long and wailing, ending with the abrupt striking of a body far below on the stones.

I saw Telima's head in the opening. In her teeth was the dagger I had seen. In her right hand, bloody, was the admiral's sword I had discarded.

"Go back!" I cried to her.

I saw Luma and Vina climbing up behind her. They picked up stones from the roof of the keep, and ran to the walls, to hurl them at point-blank range against the men climbing.

Telima, wildly, her two hands on the sword, struck a man from behind in the neck and he fell away from the blade. Then she had lost the blade, as an invader struck it from her hand. He raised his own to strike her but I had my steel beneath his left shoulder blade and had turned again before he could deliver his blow.

I saw a man on the parapet fall screaming backward, struck by a rock as large as his head, hurled from the small hands of Luma. Vina, with a shield, whose weight she could hardly bear, was trying to cover the boy, Fish, as he fought. I saw him drop his man, and turn, seeking another.

I threw a man whom I had struck, even before he died, over the parapet, striking another, who, clinging desperately to the siege pole, carried it back in a long arc with him as he fell. I saw one of my former slaves, with a spear shaft, beating another man from the wall.

"Go below!" I cried to the girls.

They stood away, feet fixed apart, in- the garments of slaves, obdurate, rebellious.

"We acknowledge ourselves your slave girls!" screamed Telima. "If we do not please you, beat us or slay us!"

A crossbow quarrel swept overhead. "Go below!" screamed Fish to Vina.

"If I do not please you," she screamed, "beat me or kill me!"

He kissed her swiftly, and turned to defend a wall.

The girls took up stones and swords, and stood beside us.

"I am rich," said Claudius. "I can pay for my freedom."

"The Council of Captains of Port Kar," said Samos, "has business with you."

"My business is first," said a voice.

We turned to see the slave boy, Fish, his sword in hand.

"You!" cried Claudius. "You!"

Samos looked at the boy, curiously. Then he turned to Claudius. "You seem disturbed," said he, at the sight of a mere slave boy."

I recalled that there was a price on the head of the young Ubar, Henrius Sevarius.

And he stood there, though branded, though collared, though in the miserable garment of a slave, as a young Ubar. He was no longer a boy. He had loved, and he had fought. He was a man.

Claudius, with a cry of rage, the cloak of white, spotted fur of sea sleet swirling behind him, leaped at the boy, sword high, raining blows upon him.

The boy smartly parried them, not striking his own blows.

"Yes," said the boy, "I am not an unskilled swordsman. Now let us fight."

Claudius threw aside his swirling cloak and, warily, approached the boy.

Claudius was an excellent swordsman, but, in moments, the boy, Fish, had stepped away from him, and wiped his blade on the flung-aside cloak. Claudius stood unsteadily in the center of the great hall, and then, he fell forward, sprawling on the tiles.

"Remarkable," said Samos. "Claudius is dead. And slain only by a slave."

The boy, Fish, smiled. (Raiders of Gor)

"I have not mentioned, either, slaves with professional competencies, such as medicine or law, or fighting slaves, in effect gladiators, men purchased for the use as bodyguards or combatants in arranged games." (Fighting slave of Gor, page 168)

"Too, a free person on Gor is almost never in any danger from a slave unless it be a guard slave, and he is attacking its master. In some cities a slave can be slain for so much as touching a weapon."

(Kajira of Gor page 123)

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

- TEN THINGS KAJIRA SHOULD'NT SAY OUT LOUD

1) Girl likes boosting Master's ego. In fact she wishes to boost it so much his head would explode.

2) Master, girl regrets to inform you that kajira are really priest kings in disguise and we're sadly disappointed

3) girl is tired of fetching Master's paper and slippers. If Master wont play frisbee then girl is peeing on the rug!

4) Divorce

5) Master is late dinner is cold the kids are in bed and is that lipstick on your cheek?

6) If Master is going to tan girls hide can he make sure to use SPF 30

7) Do your own damn nadu. I'm PMSing

8) Oops, excuse girl Master, bosk gives her such gas... but look my bum curtain flows with the breeze.

9) Panthers? Aren't they that sports team that beat the Ubar's team in the champoinships last season?

10) Thats it? Oh good the commercials are over.