

# THE IANDA TIMES

(short online version)

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 67

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.

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## EDITORIAL

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

"They seem angry," he said.

(Magicians of Gor)

Tarn ships have been departing the docks of Landa and heading north The Administrator says they are just on landing exercises but im not too sure the men were not all wearing the red .

However on a lighter note the city should be clear of the infestation which struck during the last quarter With great speed the potion made by the greens have cured the problem.

The slaves of Landa have been looking for coins lost by the Administrator when his pouch

sprung a leak and a number of coins went missing.

The wing fish have returned to our waters and the fishing fleet is out everyday. Vast catches are left on the docks for slaves to clean and dry. The livers are removed and cooked fresh. A bowl of wing fish livers are costing one silver tarsk per dish.

Rarius Yuroki  
Admin of Landa  
paperwork made my Bee, HoY scribe slave

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## CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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- NEWS

- REFUGEES FROM BRUNDISIUM IN LANDA

by Bee

Picture if you will the docks at Brundisium a silver haired man steps from the ship, slowly he looks around at the grey drab buildings of this run down city. Having traveled far and wide across Gor he looks for a she urt they will tell him more about the city than anyone. As with most cities lacking trade she urts seem to gather and Brundisium Pass is no exception.

Slowly he approaches them " Greetings Ladies of the Docks "His broad smile sends a rush of blood highlighting the scars on his face some from the fighting over many years some from the larl that almost took his life.

He then takes a bag of apples from his back pack and gives them to the ladies". Now ladies how is the city"?

" Well there has been some upheaval sir , can you read this notice to us we are non too good with letters and things sir, we have been told what it says but find it hard to believe."

"Why !! this is an official notice An unusual one, its a confiscation order but gives no reason for the confiscation. Do you ladies know why "? "No sir" they reply in unison .

Most strange do you know Captain Ziny Barber hes the one who has offended the city in some way ?

"Yes sir we know him and his family they often send food or give us work. Hes a most kind man but not a man who is easily fooled" .

"Sir there is one other thing but im not sure we should speak of it. The silver haired traveler then lays 10 copper tarsks on the wall will this help Ladies . After much nudging and deep looks ,one girl whispers " well sir a number of sailors have seen scouts of landa in and around the city" .

" Do you know their administrator sir "? " I have heard tell of him a surly fellow by all accounts". "No sir he is a shrewd man and a fair man but when he gets a bee in his helm he is like a larl with a bone never lets it go".

"If his scouts are here or hereabouts they are not here for their health they are here for a purpose sir " With that the silver haired man thanks the ladies and paces a dozen more copper tarsk on the wall th, then quickly re boards a ship for departure.

## NUPTIAL FLIGHT

By His Holiness

Adilokos I

~(O)~

One Of Three

By Rank Among the White

High Initiate of Landa

'Xyn looks into the monitor watching the male as he studies scent tapes. The young male Priest King is beautiful, shimmering golden. Normally there would be a competition. The Nuptial Flight was to ensure that only the finest, strongest would match the speed of the Queen. But She knows that in this, the last days of the Nest, there was only the one, lone male, and no others. Hopefully he would keep up and overtake Her... if he failed... the Nest... and She... would die. Without the Drone, only female eggs would hatch and the race would be sterile.

She is restless, knowing that time must move forward, events must take place. Not just for the Nest, she muses, but for all of the Home World. Her people and the many people below the Mountains. All, everything, depended on this coming contest. <I want to. -- And I don't.> she tells the male. <I have only known you a scant few years. Today...>

The male moves closer, his antennae delicately caressing Her <Today is WHY. Without today, I would never have loved at all. Today is my world. You are my life. I will love you all your life long. I will be with you forever, my Queen.> Caste Attendeants move about, readying the large silver craft as they discreetly give the royal pair privacy.

Sardars - Some Ahns later

Shivering, the Queen stands on the edge of the crag. Partly it is the cold, partly the too-bright sun on Her delicate feathered antennae and translucent wings, but mostly it is trepidation... <Can he catch Me? What if he cannot? Our ONE chance!...>

Once only... 'Xyn looks at the male <Are you ready?> ... the scents float on the air. She feels the excitement, the forces surging through Her body. His antennae quiver. She tries not to think that this will be his last day of life. Surely something of him, of his intelligence, his courage would survive in his children, hers, theirs. Still, the male shows no fear, no sign that today, everything depends on him, on this pair. <Yes.> the scent of his affirmation is strong, steady. He stretches his wings, almost lazily, flashing gold in the morning sun. He almost radiates the odors of assurance, pride, strength. <Yes. Yes, I am ready.>

The Queen feels Her entire body thrilling to the challenge, every fiber of Her being responds to that pheromonic reply. <All right.... CATCH ME!!> 'Xyn spreads Her wings and leaps, high and hard, the membranes fanning the cold air, a harsh rattling buzzing sound in the still winter skies <Should I slow?... no... I cannot! Not fair to the future...> she goes for speed and altitude, spiralling upward, higher as the icy air bites at her. The light burns into Her delicate frondlike antennae, stinging in intensity. <Should've gone at night.... come ON My Beloved!, where ARE you?!!>

From the ledge two forms rise, following the Queen: The golden male, his wings

thrumming a deeper stronger harsher note, and a silver craft, defying gravity. Piloted by one of the Queen's Caste Attendants and carrying several others, silently tracking the pair, it rises into the icy Sardar daylight. The male arcs upward, ignoring the spiral pattern flown by the female. He streaks upward, his antennae flat against his head, streaming back in the wind of his wingfan. Suddenly the wind carries threads of Her scent to him. He slows marginally, lifting his antennae and spreading their filaments, breathing in Her intoxicating siren-call. Every atom of his being suddenly focuses, laser sharp. Yes! Yes, this IS what he was created for. This one brief, intense effort. Here. Now.

Every shred of Her mind wishes to slow, to wait for him, to allow this contact, even as she knows every lhn of flight is an extra lhn of his life-length. Overpowering Her will, Her instincts drive Her faster, higher. <Oh, if ONLY...> She leaves the rest of the thought unformed. Ideally there would be a cloud of males, five, six or more and Her utmost strength to outpace them all. Only the strongest! Only the fastest! Had the former Mother doomed the colony in her sad wish to be the last? Even as Her heart screamed to slow down, the Queen's esurience and desire for the culmination overtaking Her, She increases Her speed. <No! He CANNOT lose Me, he mustn't!> Higher she flies, the sun striking Her antennae, her golden form, lancing Her with the agony of light.

A dark thunder-drumming roar hits Her antennae and She risks a look back to see the Drone almost at Her heels <YES! Oh My Beloved YES!> 'Xyn throws Her vast strength into Her wings and, now ignoring the pain in her body, She flees as fast as She can, dodging and jinking in the high, attenuated air... the spiracles along Her abdomen opened wide as She drags in the thinning oxygen. Pain shrouds Her senses, her antennae curled tightly, trying to avoid the piercing sun. She's flying almost blind, agonized, yet determined. The roaring wing-fanning continues to build. To Her undying joy the male keeps up!

She flutters, her steady wing-fan beginning to fail her as Her strength begins to ebb. <No!> She cannot sense him... then a flash of gold drawing steadily nearer-

The Lar Torvis shimmers on two fast-flying golden bodies, closing swiftly. With Her last strength, 'Xyn tries to dodge the male and he grabs Her. She gives a shrill cry as his mandibles clamp onto the base of first one of Her wings and then the second, severing them. <AIIIEE!> the sharp scent-scream electrifies them both. The pain stimulates Her in a way She had never dreamed of, and biological forces take command. <Beloved!! Oh Beloved!> The male has Her helpless in his grasp, now, curling around Her protectively, piercing within Her in the ancient Gorean dance of life. Two iridescent glittering blades flutter to earth, severed from their former owner, along with Her name. From this time forward, she will be simply The Mother. Now only the male's strength holds the pair aloft. Smaller than She, but stronger, wing membranes whip the thin atmosphere and the male begins to descend, the Mother clasped to him in ecstatic adoration. <I have You - I have You!> He ignores the pain of the light, his antennae curled around hers as if to shield them with his alien kiss. A piercing ecstasy and She feels life flooding Her body.

Slowly the two descend, She, still held fast by the weakening male. He feels his last reserves go as he completes his task.... He feels his own flesh tearing. Hatched for this one purpose, he uses his last life energy to slow their descent. Even that fails and consciousness begins to fade.

The silver craft is beneath them, now, the wingless Queen and her dying mate. His last effort carries them onto the craft's edge. <I love you! I love you!> and the final instinctive roll. The male separates, collapsed on the craft's rim, his golden eyes dimming. The

Mother's antennae touch his, fibrils intertwining one last time <My love! So soon?> <Yes - tell them of us! Tell them I go with joy! It is....> silence.

Through an opening a Caste Attendant gently takes hold of the stunned Queen, steadying Her. <Inside now. Please. There is no more You can do, Mother. We return home.>

Wingless, She weeps, holding Her dead lover and mate, stroking his beautiful golden face with Her antennae <I love you> knowing that from this day forward... She will be alone. Finally She succumbs to the gentle tugging of Her Attendants and releases the dead form. The male rolls off the edge of the craft, falling lifeless toward the Thassa. No-one sees the small boat below them.

Sorrowing, even in the advent of new life, the Mother drags Herself into the saucer, helped by several others. <It is accomplished?> asks Misk. <Yes!> She replies, in irritation, and then instantly regretting Her sharp tone with Misk... She delicately touches him in a gesture of apology. Misk brushes antennae with Her transmitting love and obedience to the new Queen Mother. <I will be alone.> She says as several Priest-Kings assist Her to a resting place in the craft.

Some time later, in the Nest, The Mother nods to Her escort and they carry Her to Her silken chambers, prepared in advance. Gur has been prepared and she is finally full fed and tired. Now She would await the Change. Tola was accomplished.

In the Thassa, a floating body is noticed by several Goreans. They have never seen its like. By the time they get to the point where it had fallen, the male has sunk beneath the icy surface and vanished.

"His wings are like showers of gold!" -- Nest Mother

## 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

- NO MORE LICE IN THE HOY KENNEL

Invoice #1 - 9/8/2012

Lice Check Up  
Sir Rarius Yuroki

2 Slaves Lice Recheck Up 2 @ 2 copper = 04 Copper Tarsks  
1 Free Man Lice Check Up 1 @ 3 copper = 03 Copper Tarsks  
3 Bottles of Head Lice Shampoo  
@ 5 Copper Tarsk = 15 Copper Tarsk  
Total = 22 Copper Tarsk  
22 Copper Tarsks

Received Payment

Citizens of Landa, send your favorite paintings of our wonderful town to the Landa Times!

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## CASTE REPORTS LANDA

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### WHITE CASTE

Events have been very quiet of recent, and this is all to the good. Peace is always preferable.

Landa Builders Caste is at it again and has provided the City with beautiful new docks and wharfage. This will make travel easier between cities and thus, traveling Initiates will find an easier time arriving in Landa.

The Great Sardar Temple is moving forward on creating the Panoptikon, a temple which will mirror the descriptions in our Holy Writ..

The Resident Initiate of Tabor has recovered from his wound, and has returned to holding regular services. He is busily making preparations for the celebration of Tabor's fifth anniversary. there will be a two or three day affair with contests, celebrations and what were described to me as "carnival rides". I am not at all certain what these are, but the Resident Initiate, Blessed Terek, assured me that they are entirely in keeping with the Priest-Kings' Laws. The Initiates will be rededicating the temple there, in Tabor. The dates for this celebration will be the 17th 18th and 19th of August. The Landa Temple and the Great Sardar Temple congratulate Tabor on their celebration.

Very little news from the Arcadia temple. The investigation into the artifacts found continues.

The Ukunga Monastery has added personnel. Defenders have arrived in that land, prepared to keep the Monastery and its occupants safe from marauders. They plan, soon, to begin traveling from temple to temple, establishing regular communications to aid Order cohesiveness. They are planning an exposition of artwork and I will give more information closer to that date. The Sacred Larl has been seen in the vicinity.

The Merchant, Joshao of House Rogerian on Jazirat al Khusuf (member of the True

Southern Trade Alliance) has sent word that he is now making the return journey, by sea, from the Northern latitudes. His ship, the Ice Ubar, is laden with a hold full of ice, being kept from melting by an ingenious process of pumping seawater around the blocks, to maintain their cold temperatures even in the warmer latitudes of Gor. He has promised me ice for my ramberry juice. We will see if his invention works.

Until next Hand, may the Priest-Kings guide and protect you and yours.

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

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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

Our warriors Musashi (Hagen McCarey) and Honiahaka (Roberto Baggio) returned from a long travel and are ready to serve the red caste of the city. Welcome back!

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## GREEN CASTE

- NEW HEALER IN LANDA

My Name is Hina Nani Mhia and I am the daughter of Ziny Barber & Sarabi Sapphire and our family is Tuchuk. I have been a Forest Herbal Healer for a most of my life in Gor as well as a Trader / Merchant. (Pay is not very good in the forests and wilds as a healer)

My Mother Sarabi is also a Herbal Healer, Scribe and Tuchuk Haruspex . My father owns Four Horn Shipping of which my mother and I assist him when needed.

I was asked to come to Landa to assist your physician when needed and I have just opened a Herb Shoppe that I hope will fill all your herbal needs, medicinal and others. (As of yet the shoppe is unnamed.) I would like to thank all of you I have met who have made me feel at home and look forward to meeting the rest of you in the future.

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## MERCHANT CASTE

- HOY BANK OF LANDA

- NEW CONTRACT (EXCERPT) WITH THE CITY OF VIGO (MEMBER OF THE STA)

" (...) This contract between the HOUSE OF YUROKI (herinafter HoY) Bank and the City of Vigo is directed to the exchange and regularization of coinage between the above parties. It will not take effect until signed, sealed and witnessed by both parties No alteration of terms may be made without the written agreement of both parties, which shall be appended to this document.

1. The HoY undertakes to exchange coins of the City of Vigo with those of the City of Landa at parity.
2. The City of Vigo undertakes to exchange its coins with those of the City of Landa at parity.
3. The HoY will mint coins of the City of Vigo with the City's Heraldry making them unique and identifiable as coins of the City of Vigo at a minimal charge.
4. The City of Vigo will have a small branch office of the Hoy Bank to be staffed by local citizenry. (...)

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## 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 Meqara 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.

City of Landa



The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes  
Oasis of Klima  
The Kasbah of Seraphina  
The Oasis of the Two Scimitars  
Oasis of Nine Wells  
Oasis of the Sand Sleen  
City of Kasra  
Jazirat al Khusuf  
Port Quanali  
Unkunga regions  
Katoteros  
Mandara - Oase der Diamanten  
City of Ichrak  
City Of Vigo  
City OF Suri

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- OOC ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE ADMIN

TOURIST OFFICE OF LANDA STILL CLOSED

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

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

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

GATE POLICY OF LANDA 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 golems 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: Cordelia Fjelstad (Minnie Rae)

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

Tar (Tarrie Chiu), Head Merchant

#### 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](mailto: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.

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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

## 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, Tatrixes

## - THE LANDA TIMES

The landa times is looking for correspondents all over Gor.

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## ROLEPLAY

### HOY EN FORA LILITH:

Coin 1:

[08:47:04] Lilith Lindley stands in front of the statue at the merchants building and wonders where her Master might have hidden those gold coins.

[08:49:54] Lilith Lindley: As if the statue knows the answer she looks up interrogatively but doesn't get any answer of course. She shrugs and decides to search the hall and the office of Master Tar.

[08:55:52] Lilith Lindley enters Master Tar's office and searches everywhere even in the pot of the big plant and under the carpet but nothing.

[09:01:36] Lilith Lindley: She decided so search all plants first and makes her way upstairs. The plant at the floor next to the classroom catches her eyes. Tiptoeing she looks into the pot and claps her hands cheerfully as she discovers the sparkling coin.

[09:03:12] Lilith Lindley nearly stuck in the small pot as she tries to pick up the coin but finally she is able to grab it and hides it in her belt smiling mischievously.

#### Coin 2:

[09:08:08] Lilith Lindley hears some noise from the sleen who is held in the big hole. She walks to the door and with trembling body she finally dares to open the door.

[09:12:50] Lilith Lindley: the animal growls and she kneels silently and slides to the edge of the hole peering down to the animal. Shocked she sees a piece of meat at the floor which looks like a human leg.

[09:14:48] Lilith Lindley: But next to the leg she spots another sparkling gold coin and wonders how she could pick up the coin without being attacked by the animal.

[09:18:04] Lilith Lindley: remembers the capture scent at the infirmary which is able to numb people. There should be a rest in the bottle in her kennel they used at kajuralia.

[09:22:08] Lilith Lindley: Quickly she runs down to the kennels and luckily she finds the little bottle under the fur in her sleeping basket. She grabs a piece of red fabric and her fishing rod. At least she walks to the garden. Yes there she is.. the big ladder they used to cut the bushes.

[09:25:43] Lilith Lindley: Gasping for breath she arrives at the sleen hole again and attaches the red fabric at her fishing rod. She uses all capture scent remained in the bottle and watered the fabric then quickly lowers the prepared bait in the hole.

[09:30:34] Lilith Lindley: the sleen is already most excited by the unusual ongoings above it and immediately tries to swoop the red cloth. Finally he is successful and lilith lets go the fishing rod not to be pulled in the hole.

[09:32:51] Lilith Lindley backs back a little bit and watches the animal as it calms down very fast and staggers and finally falls and rolls to the side it's eyes closed.

[09:37:39] Lilith Lindley: Quickly she uses the ladder and her legs trembling as she climbs down to the numbed animal. The sleen moves his tail as she grabs the coin and with a bloodcurdling scream she climbs up and lays on her belly at the edge of the hole not able to move. After some seconds she stands up and hides the second coin in her belt and pulls the ladder back to the surface and carries it back to the garden her legs still doddering.

#### Coin 3:

[09:53:49] Lilith Lindley: Tal Ina

[09:54:02] Ina (karavixen): Tal Lillith!

[09:54:09] Lilith Lindley: You search for the coins too?

[09:54:22] Ina (karavixen): no I am playing with my skin and shape

[09:54:24] Ina (karavixen): :)

[09:54:33] Lilith Lindley: I see

[09:54:46] Ina (karavixen): I am not likeing what I had

[09:55:04] Lilith Lindley: Can I quickly go in your Master's kennels and have a look around

[09:55:10] Ina (karavixen): of course

[09:55:15] Ina (karavixen): look in the garden

[09:55:20] Lilith Lindley: I am pretty sure there is another coin hidden

[09:55:32] Lilith Lindley: oh really?

[09:55:32] Ina (karavixen): its by the fountain in the garden

[09:55:36] Ina (karavixen): I saw it :)

[10:05:44] Lilith Lindley: good I will go in the garden now

[10:05:48] Lilith Lindley: thanks for the hint

[10:05:50] Ina (karavixen): ok good luck!

[10:05:53] Ina (karavixen): you are welcome

Lilith runs quickly downstairs to the Hoy kennels and back in the garden. The water of the little fountain splashes falling in the nearly filled bassin.

[10:07:49] Lilith Lindley laughs as she kneels next to the fountain and finds the coin as Ina described to her. This was a easy job she thinks and picks up the coin... good good.. only two coins left now.

Coin 4:

[03:01:20] Lilith Lindley walks around the merchant building thinking hard where to find the other gold coins. There shoudn't be many stashes left in the empty rooms.

[03:02:14] Lilith Lindley opens the golden doors to walk upstairs again and stands in the middle of the big room with the golden floor looking around.

[03:03:40] Lilith Lindley: Suddenly she got an idea and walks close to the windows and checks the long window ledges.

[03:05:10] Lilith Lindley: A wicked smile appears at her face as she discovers the gleam of the gold coin at the corner.

[03:06:33] Lilith Lindley: she turns around to make sure nobody is around to watch her and quickly grabs the coin and hides it in her belt where 3 other coins already are hidden well.

[03:08:32] Lilith Lindley: may be I will win she mumbles only 1 coin left to find that shouldn't be a big problem now.

Coin 5:

[04:04:48] Lilith Lindley continues her search for the fifth gold coin and again she goes upstairs. She has already checked all ledges in the building, all plants and pots and every corner.

[04:07:18] Lilith Lindley rather clueless she stands at the railing and looks down to the entrance of the big building.

[04:09:48] Lilith Lindley: tired she leans against one of columns and a yelp of surprise re-echos from the walls of building.

[04:10:47] Lilith Lindley: behind the column something was blinking in the sun lighting the big hall at this moment.

[04:12:18] Lilith Lindley crawls around the column at all fours and her hand gropes for what she has seen gleaming in the sun.

[04:14:14] Lilith Lindley: Cheerful laughter can be heard in the building as she holds the last coin in her hands. She presses a kiss at the golden surface and hides the coin in her belt too.

[04:14:51] Lilith Lindley: Immediately she will now go and place the treasure at her Master's desk and she hopes she will be the first of all slaves in Landa to bring him his 5 coins.

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## KNOWLEDGE

### THE PRIEST-KINGS

The mysterious Priest Kings are believed to be immortal and possibly gods. Extremely few people know the true nature of the Priest-Kings. Even almost all of the Initiates do not know their true nature. The Priest-Kings are worshiped by most Goreans, though the Lower Castes believe more in the divinity of the Priest-kings than do the High Castes. Many High Caste Goreans regard Priest-Kings not so much as masters but as potential

allies. Gorean petitions and prayers to the Priest-Kings are very specific and practical.

The Priest-Kings maintain their Sacred Place deep within the foreboding Sardar Mountains. The Sardar Mountains are a wild vastness, both taboo and perilous. They are dark mountains, often crowned with ice, and nothing grows on them. A palisade of black logs encircles the Sardar, with a single towering gate of black logs bound with wide bands of brass. There is also an invisible force shield that prevents all animals from entering the mountains. The force field may affect their inner ear and cause them to lose control of their bodies. Some Goreans who are old or tired of life journey there. Sometimes young rebels go there to lodge protests, but none have ever returned.

Members of the Initiates stand guard at the gate to the Sardar. Male slaves must open the gate by wooden windlasses, a heavy burden. A huge, hollow metal bar tolls whenever someone enters the gate. The Initiates refuse few, if any, the right to journey into the Sardar. The path up the mountain is not difficult as there are well-worn paths and even stairs at points. There is even graffiti on the cliffs, left by previous visitors. It takes about four days to reach the primary entrance into the Sardar. This entrance is guarded by two white larks on chains. The chains can be shortened or lengthened by people inside the Sardar. A section of the mountain wall, about eight foot square, can roll silently back and upward to permit entrance. This entrance leads into the heart of the complex of the Priest-Kings.

The Priest-Kings are an alien race with vast technological powers. Priest-Kings brought the planet of Gor to our solar system over two million years ago. It is alleged that their own sun was dying and they needed to relocate to survive. This relocation may have been done several times in the past. At one time, the Priest-Kings were rich and filled with life. After that phase of their existence, they entered a time when their arts flourished. Then for a long time, their only passion was scientific curiosity. Now, even that lessens and they enter darker times. There are presently less than one thousand Priest-Kings on Gor.

For the most part, the Priest-Kings ignore most matters on Gor except for technology violations. They do protect both Gor and Earth from many of the predations of the Kurii. For thousands of years, the Priest-Kings have been using space ships to transport people and items from Earth to Gor. These journeys are called the Voyages of Acquisition. They have also been keeping an eye on Earth, checking to ensure that it never becomes a threat to them. They have the power to protect Gor from being observed by Earth. If Earth ever became a threat, the Priest-Kings might limit it, destroy it or leave the solar system. Before Gor came to our solar system, other alien species were brought from other worlds to Gor.

Priest-Kings resemble huge golden insects. They are nearly eighteen feet tall and about a yard wide. Like insects, they have six legs. Their two forelegs are lifted delicately in front of its body, almost level with their jaw, like hands. These forelegs are more muscular than its other four legs. They walk on four extremely long, slender, and four-jointed stalks. Priest-Kings move with a delicate, predatory grace. They can jump backward, up to forty feet. They can even walk on ceilings and walls. Each arm ends in four delicate, hooklike prehensile digits. The tips of these digits normally touch each other. There is also at the end of each foreleg, in a ball, a curved, bladed, hornlike structure that can spring forward. This is used as a weapon. There is also a small cleaning hook behind the third joint each foreleg that is used to comb its antennae.

They have a great head like a globe of gold with eyes like vast luminous disks. The

head has two fragile, jointed appendages that are long and covered with short quivering strands of golden hair. Their jaws move laterally. Their blood is a greenish fluid. Priest-Kings breathe by muscular contractions in the abdomen that suck air into their system through four small holes on each side of the abdomen, the same serving as exhalation vents. Usually, breathing cannot be heard unless you are close to a Priest-King.

The eyes of Priest-Kings are compound and many-faceted, but they do not rely on them much. They are used as secondary sensors when information is not relayed by scent, their primary sense. Their antennae are their primary sensors. The antennae can also be used to detect sound vibrations but hearing is not of big importance. They do not draw a distinction between smelling and hearing. Thus they are not hampered by darkness. Priest-Kings have little or no scent of their own detectable by humans. But, there is an odor that follows them around. It is the residue of scent signals used by Priest-Kings in communicating with one another. The odor is slightly acrid, vaguely like the smell of an expended cartridge. The slightly acrid odor is a common property of all of their communications.

Communication by odor has its benefits and detriments. An odor can carry much farther to a Priest-King than a man's shout to another man. Messages can also be left if not too much time has passed. A problem though is that your messages are open to anyone. The Priest-Kings have various devices to record messages for longer times. The simplest method is a chemically treated rope of clothlike material that can hold a message scent for some time. The Priest-Kings also identify themselves by scent. They wear their rank, caste and station by scent. Their specially prepared synthetic scents can last for thousands of years. Scent dots are a form of writing that is arranged in rows making a square. They are read starting with the top row from left to right, then right to left, and then left to right and so on again. Their language has 411 characters. Their phonemes number seventy-three while English has only about fifty. Their language is thus quite complex.

Priest-Kings are usually sexless. Only the Mother of the Nest is female. In the last six thousand years, only one other female egg had been laid. The Priest-King called Sarm had destroyed all other female eggs prior to that time. A female egg resembles a gray rock, squarish but with the corners rounded. It is light and rather leathery, with a grained surface. Male Priest-Kings are only about twelve feet long, with long, slender, golden, translucent wings. In 10117 C.A., there is the first male born in eight thousand years. The Priest-king called Misk got the male egg about three hundred years ago. Male Priest-Kings have no names like the Mother, as he is seen as above such things as a name. He is not considered the Father either. There is never a Father of the Nest.

Priest-Kings have eight brains, modifications of the ganglionic net. Priest-Kings learn by the use of mnemonic plates. The information is instilled into them by machines. These plates are standardized by the Keepers of the Tradition, which once was led by Sarm. The Priest-Kings have a penchant for complexity, regarding it as more elegant than simplicity. Their basic math begins with ordinal and not cardinal numbers. Cardinal numbers are viewed as more limiting. Their syllabary and language is complex and they won't simplify it because then they might lose some beautiful signs.

It is very difficult to slay a Priest-Kings with a sword. It would take many swings to do so. The best areas to strike are at the brain-nodes in the thorax and head. In the lower abdomen there is a dorsal organ which circulates the body fluids. But since the tissues are, on the whole, directly bathed in body fluid, injuring this organ would not produce death for at least a few Ehn. You must sever the ganglionic net to kill them. They can even



regenerate lost limbs. Their own foreleg blades though can hurt other Priest-Kings. But, for over a million years, no Priest-King had ever killed another. This would change in the book *Priest-Kings of Gor*.

Priest-Kings can stand absolutely still, an unnerving sight. No part of their body will move at all. Their body movements though can show their emotional states. Impatience may be signaled by a tremor in the tactile hair on their supporting appendages. Boredom or a wandering of their attention may be shown by their unconscious movement of their cleaning hooks. When they are hungry, an acidic exudate forms at the edges of their jaws. When they are thirsty, there is a certain stiffness in their appendages that is evident in their movements. Priest-Kings also eat and sleep standing as they never lie down. Priest-Kings cannot tolerate the sun.

Priest-Kings spend a lot of time grooming themselves. Priest-Kings even clean each other. Their slaves may also groom them with a special grooming fork. They consider humans very unsanitary. Under the Sardar, humans are confined to certain areas of the tunnels for sanitary reasons. Priest-king slaves must bathe twelve times a day and this is called the "Duty of the Twelve Joys." They have washing booths, showers with a special washing fluid that contain a cleansing additive that is highly toxic to humans. These booths are found throughout the inside of the Sardar. It is interesting to note that the Kurii also enjoy grooming themselves.

Priest-Kings have their own translators, small circular devices hung on their necks, that are more compact than Gorean ones. They can translate their language into Gorean and vice versa. Yet some Gorean words and actions do not translate easily for the Priest-Kings. Until Tarl Cabot came to the Sardar, Priest-Kings did not know what a laugh was. They now believe it may be like when a Priest-King shakes and curls its antennae. Priest-Kings don't have a word meaning friendship. There is "Nest Trust" but this is more of a communal notion. It is a sense of relying on the practices and traditions of an institution, accepting them and living in terms of them. Nest Trust means that Priest-Kings will not betray each other.

The Nest is the name for the lair of the Priest-Kings beneath the Sardar. The Mother is the Greatest in the Nest, the only female. The High Priest Kings, also known as the High Council of the Nest, are the first five Priest-Kings that were born to the Mother. The First Born of the Nest was Sarm though he is now deceased. The Fifth Born of the Nest is Misk. The other three have previously succumb to the Pleasures of the Golden Beetle. Misk is over two million years old. The Priest-Kings say that "Only the Nest Matters" and "The Mother is the Nest and the Nest is the Mother."

The Mother is unwinged and has a huge abdomen though a head and thorax of normal size. The abdomen, if it had been swollen with eggs, would be the size of a city bus. If it is empty, it would be collapsed and wrinkled. Her color is darker, more brown, with some black stains on her thorax and abdomen. Her antennae seem unalert and limp. The Mother at the time of the novel *Priest-Kings of Gor* was hatched before the stabilization serums were created so it has been difficult to retard her aging. She dies during this book.

No one may see the Mother except the caste attendants and the High Priest Kings, except on the three great holidays. But even then, only Priest-Kings can view her, not the lesser races. The three great holidays are the Nest Feast Cycle of Tola, Tolam and Tolama. These holidays are respectively the Anniversary of the Nuptial Flight, Feast of the Deposition of the First Egg, and the Celebration of the Hatching of the First Egg. They

occur late in the En'Kara or soon after that month. Slaves do not have to work on these holidays.

On the Feast of Tola, Gur must be given to the Mother. Gur is a product originally secreted by large, gray, domesticated, hemispheric arthropods. In the mornings, these creatures feed on special Sim plants, vine-like plants with huge, rolling leaves. At night, they are milked by slaves. Gur for the Feast is kept for weeks in the stomachs of specially chosen Priest-Kings. The Priest-Kings hang upside from the ceiling, storing the Gur in their swollen abdomens. Eventually, the Gur is thrown regurgitated into golden vessels held by special humanoid slaves, the Gur Carriers.

The Gur Carriers have torsos smaller and rounder than a human. Their legs and arms seem extraordinarily long. Their hands and feet are unusually wide. Their feet also have no toes but are disk-like, fleshy cushions on which they pad silently. On their palms is a fleshy disk. Their hands and feet can exude a secretion that allows them to walk on walls and ceilings. Their eyes are very large, perhaps three inches wide, and are round, dark and shining. They are mutations bred long ago for service in the dark tunnels and now have been preserved for ceremonial purposes and tradition.

In the Nest, all humans are slaves and are called Muls. There are other nonhuman species that are also muls. Humans have shaved bodies, except for their eyelashes. They wear purple plastic tunics, ironically the color of Ubars. Few muls wear collars. It is considered the greatest joy of Muls to love and serve Priest-Kings. Friendship between Muls is forbidden. Theft, except for some salt, is unknown in the Nest.

The primary food for Muls is Mul-fungus. It is an extremely bland, pale-whitish, fibrous vegetablelike matter. The Priest-Kings eat a similar fungus and the main difference is the smell and maybe being a bit less coarse. Muls eat four times a day. The first meal is Mul-fungus ground and mixed in water forming a porridge of sorts. The second meal is fungus is chopped into rough two-inch cubes. The third meal is fungus minced with Mul-Pellets and served as a sort of cold hash. Mul-Pellets are some type of dietary supplement. Their final meal is fungus pressed into a large, flat cake and sprinkled with a few grains of salt.

Besides Muls, there are other non-human creatures in the Nest that are not considered slaves. They are called Matoks, a designation for a creature that is in the Nest but is not of the Nest. One type of Matok is the Slime Worm. This is a long, whitish, wormlike animal that is eyeless. It has a small red mouth on the underside of its body, and inches its way along hugging the angle between the wall and floor. It was designed to be used as a sewerage device but has not done so for thousands of years. It presently scavenges on the kills of the Golden Beetle. Another Matok is the Toos, a crablike creature covered with overlapping plating. It lives on discarded fungus spores. There are some diseased Muls who have diseases that won't affect the Priest-Kings. These diseases are also considered Matoks.

One of the most unique and dangerous creatures in the Nest is the Golden Beetle, that lives in the unlit caverns beneath the Sardar caves of the Priest-Kings. This is an insect the size of a rhinoceros. Its back seems divided into two thick casings which once long ago might have been horny wings but which have fused into a thick, immobile golden shell. It has glowing eyes and its head can almost withdraw beneath the shell. It can still use its jaws when its head is beneath the shell. It has two multiple-hooked, hollow, pincer-like extensions that meet at the tips about a yard beyond its body. These suck a creature's fluids out. Its antennae are very short, curved and topped with a fluff of golden hair. There

are also several long, golden strands that extend from its head over its domed back and fall almost to the floor behind it. Its bite has a paralytic venom. It hisses and can move fast but only for a brief time. Its greatest weapon is that it exudes an odor, somewhat oppressive, that induces sleep in people nearby. This is even effective on Priest-Kings. Its primary food is Priest-Kings. It lays its eggs, each about the size of a fist, in a host. The egg has leathery shell and the baby is the size of a child's turtle. The host will not die if the eggs are removed before they hatch.

The Priest-Kings consider it a great crime to kill one. Priest-Kings will not resist the lure of the Golden Beetle and many have died by them over millions of years. Some Priest-Kings who tire of living seek out the Beetles to meet their final fate. During the Nest War, a large number of Beetles were released and they killed numerous Priest-Kings, including Sarm.

The Priest-Kings possess fantastic technological marvels. They have had millions of years to research and develop such items. Their technology is greater than that of the Kurii. The Priest-Kings have been able to hold off the Kurii from conquering Gor and Earth for about twenty-thousand years. It should be noted though that the present Kurii are not as technologically advanced as they once were. The apex of their technology was about forty twenty thousand years ago and was largely destroyed during their internecine wars.

Priest-Kings discovered the secret of cell replacement without deterioration. This is similar to the Gorean stabilization serums but much better. Unless they meet with injury, accident or the Golden Beetle, they cannot die. Some Priest-Kings are over one million years old. The oldest Gorean on the other hand is at best about five hundred years old. Priest-Kings do not believe in an afterlife. They know the Nest will go on though so they do not fear death. They do not even want to live forever because they feel that then the Nest would be eternal and it could not be loved the same.

One Priest-King, Kusk, has discovered ways to create humans. In one method, he synthesized a human, forming it molecule by molecule over a period of two hundred years. It was built during his leisure from his serious biological investigations. Genetic manipulation, artificial control and alteration of the hereditary coils in gametes can also be used to create humans. They consider it immoral though to synthesize a Priest-King.

The Priest-Kings use manned and unmanned spaceships for a variety of reasons. Some are used in their voyages of acquisition. Others are used to defend the planets from the ships of the Kurii. Others are used to monitor Gor and Earth. Their spaceships are different from the Kurii ships. Priest-King ships are larger and silver colored. Kurii are smaller and black colored. And, Kurii ships have observation apertures which Priest-King ships lack.

Priest-Kings have a brain scanner that can record the patterns of your brain and your memories on a metal plate. It actually records three-dimensionally the microstates of the brain. If it is done well, the result becomes better than a fingerprint. They have even developed a partially gravitationally resistant metal. This is used to create transportation disks for within the Nest.

The Priest-Kings even have some incredibly deadly and destructive weapons stored away. One such weapon is a silver tube that is a charged, cylindrical weapon that uses principles like the Flame Death mechanism. They had been encased in plastic quivers for centuries. But once opened, they were as ready to use as if they were new. They were

used by Sarm and his allies in the Nest War. Another weapon used during the Nest War involved gravitational disruption. This is forbidden even to Priest-Kings as it could destroy the planet. That type of weapon almost destroyed Gor.

Priest-Kings of Gor details Tarl Cabot's visit with the Priest-Kings and the Nest War that occurs at that time. There is a rivalry between two of the High Priest-Kings, Sarm and Misk. Misk is hiding a male Priest-King, the first one born in 8000 years. Sarm would kill the male Priest-King if he knew where he was. The Mother is dying and the Nest is endangered. There is a female egg that has been hidden away as well. Sarm would like to seize control of the Nest. The Mother wants Tarl to help the Nest by locating the female egg that is now outside the Sardar. After her death, the War of the Nest begins as Sarm and his allies attempt to destroy Misk and his allies. Misk is greatly outnumbered at first but the Muls and Gur Carriers ally with Tarl and Misk. Sarm uses ships with gravitational disruptors, releases diseases and unleashes over two hundred Golden Beetles to destroy Misk. Sarm is eventually defeated but not before he tries to destroy the Power Plant and all of Gor. Sarm is killed by a Golden Beetle.

After the Nest War, there are few slaves in the Sardar, except for those who betrayed Misk during the war. The Scanning Chamber is inoperable for a time. The Priest-Kings are weakened and though rumors reach the Kurii, the rumors are not fully believed. The Priest-Kings must rebuild much and it is unknown their present status.

Priest-Kings prefer humans to live in isolated communities. This makes it easier to observe men and prevent the development of science that could become a threat. Sometimes, the Priest-Kings destroy a random city to teach the might of the Priest-Kings and to encourage obeying their laws. The Priest-Kings also enforce their Technology and Weapon Laws to control Gor. They have a series of spaceships that monitor the surface of Gor for violations. If they locate a violator, he receives the Flame Death. A blue flame disintegrates that person.

Though the Priest-Kings protect the Earth from the Kurii, they feel that the Earth will destroy itself within a one thousand years. It is difficult to recruit Gorean men to work on Earth so natives are used by Priest-Kings and Kurii. It is unknown why the Priest-Kings did not do more to limit Earth's technological development. It may have been a matter of inadequate resources, not enough to monitor two planets.

On Gor, the Priest Kings have numerous agents working for them. Most do not know many other of the agents as a security precaution. The majority of agents are engaged in surveillance and intelligence. The house of Samos in Port Kar is a headquarters which many agents report to. It also coordinates and directs agents. It is a clearing house for information which goes to the Sardar. There are likely other such headquarters, with lower profiles. The primary purpose of these agents is to monitor Gor. This monitoring is to protect against the Kurii, technology violations and much more. Tarl Cabot is the most famous of their agents though currently the Priest-Kings wish him captured for unknown reasons.

People say that the Priest Kings bring a warrior to Gor every thousand years to change the world. Tarl Cabot was brought to Gor to do so. He was tested by being sent against Ar and then tested again by being asked to recover the female egg of the Priest-Kings. He has also fought against several plots of the Kurii. But, out of honor and the camaraderie of warriors, he chose to warn a Kur general of an assassin squad out to kill him. That caused concern amidst the Priest-Kings and they asked for Tarl to be brought to them, calling him

a traitor. That storyline has yet to be resolved.

#### Partial Description of Areas in the Nest:

1. Most of the Nest is lit by energy bulbs for the non-Priest-Kings in the Nest. Priest-Kings do not require lights.
2. The primary entry hall leads to a large, plain room. The ceiling has a perfect dome, at least one thousand yards in diameter. It is made of a unknown transparent substance and the sky can be seen above the dome. In the room is a high dais, with nine steps, and on this is a large throne carved from a single block of stone. A tile ring surrounds the throne. The ringed has a force field that burns with a great heat. A spear thrown at it explodes in a burst of heat and all that is left is some soot and drops of melted bronze. There is a secret passage behind the throne.
3. Three gongs are rung to signify nighttime in the Nest. At that time, the energy bulbs are dimmed and the Priest-Kings walk the halls. This is a frightening time for some of the muls.
4. There are Chamber Slave rooms that are about forty feet square. Each such room contains a slave who must remain in the room. Outside each room is a number which is the number on the slave's collar. She is the slave of whoever is in the room. They wear long white gowns. The rooms include a stone sleeping platform, about twelve feet square, with sleeping belts, sheets of silk and a couple silk cushions. The walls are of plain dark stone with energy bulbs. At least one of the bulbs contains a spying device to monitor the room. There are no windows or doors. There is only an open portal about twelve feet wide and eighteen feet high. Each side of the portal has three rounded red domes, each about four inches wide. When a slave in the room gets to within a yard of the portal, the domes glow. If the slave tries to pass through the portal, she will die horribly. The domes can even detect through metal. But, they can be smashed and broken so they won't work anymore. There are usually two or three large chests in the room. There is a drain in one corner. A glass disk in the wall operates the water. When you move your hand past it, water emerges from a concealed aperture. The speed of your hand determines how much water you get. You get hot water by moving your hand left to right and cold water the other way. You can also wave your hand to open a circular panel where dirty towels are placed. There are storage areas for food similarly hidden and opened. Food is stored in a foil of blue plastic.
5. The Hall of the Chamber Slave rooms is lit with energy bulbs. The rooms are about fifty yards apart and staggered so the girls cannot see each other. Most of the rooms are usually empty.
6. There is an elevator on the first level of the complex that descends to the tunnels of the Priest-Kings. The elevator travels for four to five minutes. It ends on a high, railed platform overlooking a vast circular artificial canyon lined with bridges and terraces. In the canyon and on the terraces are many geometrical structures of various sizes, colors and illuminations. Some have windows and others have many levels. There are many tunnels that lead out of the canyon. This area is the beginning of the Nest. A great ramp spirals down from the elevator to the canyon floor.
7. The scent-tape room is a long room and its walls are covered with thousands of tiny illuminated knobs. Priest-Kings pull out the knobs, which are attached to slender cords, and pass them between their antennae. They then can read the messages there.

8. The dissection chambers are the place where slaves go to die as punishment. For certain offenses, muls are given a record scar. If you acquire five scars, you are sent to be destroyed. The scar is put on your scent tape and an odor on your tunic.

9. The Hall of Processing is used to protect the Nest from contamination. There are several doors down the hall, each with the outline of a certain creature. There are scent dots on the top of each of those doors to identify the type of creature that must go through that door. Each door is for a different species. When you step through a door, the first room you encounter is a large, bleak chamber coated with plastic. It is bare except for several metal disks in the wall at one end and a transparent shield. A Priest-King watches through the window, the disks slide upward and metal arms come out. The metal arms grab and hold you while other arms strip your clothes and force a laxative pellet into your mouth. You are then put into a metal cage with a double floor. The higher one consists of narrow bars and you sit on wide mesh. The lower has a white plastic tray. Within two or three minutes, your bowels void into the white tray. The tray is then taken away. Your cage is then moved on a track through an opening in the right wall. The cage is submerged in various solutions of various temperatures and densities. It is then blasted with hot air. Finally, it is bathed in wide-beam rays of colored lights which kill various organisms that can infect the Priest-Kings. The last known instance of these organisms though was four thousand years ago.

10. In the Scanning Room, a few hundred Priest-Kings man the scanners to watch over all of Gor. Patterns of small ships, not satellites, invisible from the ground, beam information to the Priest-Kings. The ships are in the atmosphere which helps their reception rather than a satellite from space. They do random scanning patterns. The Flame Death equipment is also kept in this room. This room is a long chamber and built on four levels.

11. There is a vivarium there, a zoo of Gorean animals and creatures from other planets. Some of these creatures are specially bred here.

12. The Fungus Chambers and the Pastures are where mul-fungus is grown and processed as food for everyone in the Nest.

13. The power source of the Nest is a great machine where the basic energy for the Priest-Kings is generated. It is a great transparent blue dome housing a huge, crystalline reticulated hemisphere. It emits a bluish, combustive refulgence. The dome is surrounded by walkways of paneling and instrumentation that are adjusted by the Priest-Kings.

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#### ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

"Whip me, Master!" I pleaded.

"No," he replied.

(Sadists of Gor, page 89)