

# THE IANDA TIMES

(short online version)

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 68

Based in the city of Landa

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki, Admin of Landa  
Scribe Slave and Accountant: Bee (Wendie Lemon)

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Note: Though the landa 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)

It seems that with every ship some one steps ashore looking to make Landa their home. Some land with a wealth of possessions, others with only the clothes on their back.

With Gor in Turmoil cities sinking into the sea others being reduced to rubble. Some cities with oppressive regimes, forcing citizens to flee.

Some usually the lower caste looking for streets paved with Gold .

Warriors arrive from all over Gor. Why only yesterday a man of the Pani passed me by on

the square of Landa. Tuchuks leaving their home on the plains now operating trading enterprises. Ships at the docks with dubious cargos unloading into warehouses, some people call them pirates but they pay their dues and no landa ship has been Taken for months.

Fine wines from Ar and the sweet wines of Turia are selling well to warriors from these and other cities . the tavern has begun to serve mead in horns for Jarls who patrol the walls and then spend their wages in the tavern.

There are so many people from all of Gor It seems only the Kur are missing

It seem the word has gone out to the rest of Gor sends us your waifs and strays we will give them a home a home and a place to work their caste.

Rarius Yuroki  
Admin of Landa  
paperwork made by Bee

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## CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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### - NEWS

#### BERTHA THE BOSK AND MORE by Bee

Another new month the year passing so quickly. The bosk in the town farm is pregnant this was confirmed by Lady Hina. Bertha the bosk is due to give birth in about 19 months Lady Hina checked and prescribed Apricots for the beast while they are still in season.

The Lady who has opened her Trading and herbal Enterprise in the square , also performs some medical services.

Let us give thanks to the priest kings for their bountiful compassion shown to us on this fair isle . All free should attend the services of our own High Initiate of landa and heed his word giving praise to the priest kings .

The gates of the city still stand open and visitors have been returning after the cessation of hostilities. We all pray this will continue .

#### NEW MAGISTRATE IN LANDA

[OOO] Tal everyoe,

i am Lord Naoko. a gorean pani. Pani is a culture introduced in Gor by John Norman in book 29. I was once a leader of a small pani compound where we had made the first SL and gorean pani info center. We used there- and i will quote from that base of knowledge-information gathered by the people of the sim and by Yuroki. it is fair to mention them as i

am not the one who put this all together. If you have questions about pani or myself as a Gorean character please ask.

Generally speaking you can compare a pani with a japanese. But there are also influences of other oriental cultures included. Like most new cultures, John Norman introduced some new titles. A Free man is called a Lord (like Jal in Torvaldsland). If you call me Sir or Master (depends who you are), then that is also correct. A slave is called a collar-girl. And a free woman, Mistress, or Lady. Besides these two there is the introduction of the Contract woman, a geisha. A geisha is a free woman, except when she follows the contract. In the contract is stated what her duties will be. Serving in the teahouse, bathing...etc.. It all depends on the contract holder and the contract woman.

The Pani were brought to Gor, and learned the Gorean way, but find a few things barbarious, like impalement. The pani prefer to chop a head off or crucify someone. Dishonor is followed by suicide. unlikely for goreans. Pani may drink all kinds of gorean drinks and eat all kinds of gorean food. But they prefer a rice wine, made from rice from Bazi. (sake). Sake is served handwarm, not hot. Also other japanese food, like sushi might be introduced. but that is also a thing for each one to play. eating and drinking is a ritual. so be careful. if you come for a snack at my door you might be occupied for a few hours.... The tea rituals may be an example.

Weapons:

Pani are infantry, cavalry and archers. their main steel weapon is the katana sword, just called sword. You will see two swords on my left hip. A longer and a shorter one. Only the longer is used to fight. the shorter is for decoration purposes and won't be used in battle.

So far a short introduction, i did not want to kill you with quotes and such and besides all, i am human and make mistakes also. I do have a huge resource on pani quotes and i don't know them all by heart. I am not a bookthumber and good roleplay goes above 100% BTB.

I wish you well and hope to see you in character at the Isle of Landa  
Lord Naoko (Umar Lionheart)

## 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.

## SLAVES

by Sandy

There were no new arrivals to Landa this week but there is danger of losing two residents. When roaming the streets of our wonderful city your reporter came across two beautiful

female slaves whispering in a corner. Call them Zerina and Penopy (not their real names). They were plotting to run away from Landa.

Masters look to your households! Are your slaves happy? Consider the complaints of these two girls. They are considering risking their lives in attempting to escape to an unknown fate - Why? Because their Master neglects them. When asked "What is that you like to do that your Master has not done?" Their answers were simple.

"Spend time with us." "Give us something to do." "Touch us, our hair, our hands."

The cry of these girls is piteous. They need some small tokens of attention. If a Master has no time or work for his slaves perhaps he should reconsider how many he needs.

## FOR SLAVE OWNERS

Please keep in mind that your slave is your property and if the slave is not registered and you don't have slave papers, anyone can come and might take that slave away from you.

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

Thank you.

Lady Dez  
Head Scribe of Landa

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## THE LANDA SOCIAL SCENE

### - THE HISTORY OF HINA MIHA

Age: 20

Appearance: Long flowing white hair which I normally keep braided. I am slim in build, muscular and stand 5'9" tall. Some people may consider me beautiful.

Father: Tristan Bressig  
Mother: Sarabi Sapphire

I was born Hina Nani Mhia, White Beauty would be considered the translation on my mothers choice of names. My birth place was in the back of a wagon of the Tuchuk Wagon People. We were always on the move with the bosk always in search of new grasslands. Thus the plains became my class room and I quickly learned at a very early age how to use my femininity to get my way. Being the youngest daughter I was always very close to my parents and was constantly under foot. A hug and a kiss could always get me out of trouble and no matter how mad they got I could always bring a smile to their faces. I think the worse time was when my father found me with his favorite sword and I was trying decapitate my older brother Skalana who had annoyed me. It was at this time he thought it might be a good idea to teach his "Prize" in the art of the use of a quiva and not killing a family member. Being slim and agile, all the use of a bow and quiva came

easy to me (making my Father and Mother most nervous) as to where their Prize might end up! With my families travels with other wagon people and assorted personages I was exposed to all forms of experiences and would quietly slip away to watch the outriders practice their skills while my father thought I was busy with my scholarly studies. (A sharp quiva and quick fingers are a girl's best friends.) With a coy smile and a big hug everyone would quietly show me their most secret moves and tricks of their trades.

As I began to mature I found that my beauty was a tool that could be use in fulfilling all of my desires, it was when my family was staying in the winter camp that I can across a handsome lad named Serefin. He was handsome and agile and we would chase each other over the country side and into homes while my family believed me tucked safely in my bed. It was through Serefin that I learned of another lifestyle and was introduced to a very secret group of procurers. (In some circles they might be referred to as thieves but that is such a vulgar term). Being the only female in the group everyone was more than eager to display their skills and spent as much time as possible at my side helping me to hone my abilities.

It was on one of these forays that my Mother came to check on me as there had been a disturbance in the camp and discovered my empty bed. Noting my dagger and black leathers missing she was worried more about who I was with rather than what could happen to me. As I slipped in through the back of the wagon in the early hours of the morn I was started when from out of the shadows a sharp voice demanded to know my whereabouts. For the first time in my life my Mother's anger could not be calmed with my manipulations and I felt the strength of her hand on my posterior. With tears flowing I confessed my nightly travels as she sat patiently and listened to the details. To my surprise she took me in her arms, comforted me and I learned of how much she loved me and how badly my deception had hurt her. After what seemed forever she mentioned that she thought it best that we kept our secret from my Father and the rest of the family. (Though I always suspected my brother knew what was going on, he never said a thing.)

A few days later my Father and Mother informed me that they had made a decision that my formal education was finished and that in the morning I could begin my life experiencing the world. With tears I thanked them for this gift and it had been decided I could begin in morning. The next morning we hugged and I promised I would keep in touch and we would never be apart as we had that special bond between Mother and daughter. With my nightly escapades I had been able to accumulate a sizable collection of funds and with them safely tucked into my backpack, my dagger strapped to my thigh and my short sword on my belt I quietly left for the last time. In the still of the night I would occasionally watch my family from a distance as they dined and got on with their lives wondering if I had made the right decision. Occasionally my mother would find a scroll on her pillow when she awoke and would know I was safe. As with all in our profession staying in one place to long can be an unhealthy situation so Serefin and I moved on, we lived well and never wanted for anything. Serifin and I were in a very rich couples bedroom when Serifin knocked over a picture waking the owner, to save him being capture I allowed myself to be caught in his place.. When I was taken to the stockade I was believed to be a young lad as my hair was cut short and I had not much of a female body. One of the guards was into lads and one night paid me a visit and was very shocked when he had ripped off my clothes and left immediately. Unfortunately my clothes were shreds and they did not provide others. My sentence was 5 lashes to be dealt the following day.. the punishment was lessened as I was a female child they believed. The following day I was led through the street pretty well nude to the town square where I was tied to the post and the sentence was carried out... I won't go into detail of the pain I felt from his whip but it ripped

flesh from my back leaving 5 long scars on a angle from my right shoulder to my left hip. As I lay unconscious and old healing woman cut me down and carried me to her hut and tended me. She prevented infection and helped with the pain but the scars are permanent. It was the the old woman told me that I had been injured internally and there had been heavy bleeding from my heat. She informed me I would never be able to concieve children , though I would recover from the beating fully.

I am told my beauty grew with age and I became even more adept at using it to my advantage. It was on one such adventure with a very rich older gentleman that I heard that my family had returned to Westland. Upon returning to our suite I discovered large blood stains on the beautiful carpets leading to our bedroom. Laying in the center of the bed was Serefin; the once white satin sheets now a crimson red. The site of so much blood caused my knees to weaken and an incredible feeling of hunger came over me as I quickly ran to the bed lifting him into my arms. How he had lived this long only the Gods can answer but with his last dying breaths he told me of his love for me and his regret we would not grow old together. He made me promise to return to my family. Through tears of loss I agreed to his demand and listened to his last breath. So as with how this part of my life began so did it end, with a hasty exit through a window and out onto the rooftops.

The journey home was uneventful as money can smooth over the roughest journey and who would suspect a rich lovely young lady of any type of misconduct. The upcoming reunion was one of unknown consequences so I had sent a message ahead to my Sister Joa letting her know of my plans to return to the family. As with the best laid plans they may never go as expected as was the case in my return. Upon arriving in the Village where I knew they may be, I checked into a very nice Inn and was making myself comfortable when a very loud knock at the door disturbed my nap. Quickly grabbing a dagger and concealing it in the folds of my dress I answered the door. As I gazed at the apparition standing in my doorway I dropped my dagger and threw my arms around the neck of the woman I had spent my entire life loving. How she had known where or when didn't matter only she was here to welcome me home and that I would never leave again. As to how my Mother had known of my return is a whole other story and in time I may take quill in hand and write of it.

## LYRICS

Mistake

Attraction  
was real  
and you noticed  
desire in my eyes

but it was only a moment  
and you where thinking  
of eternity

by Zoi Maven

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## CASTE REPORTS LANDA

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### WHITE CASTE

This has been a very busy hand.

I, Adilokos, journeyed to the mining islands of Arcadia where I had the singular experience of meeting and speaking with a group of Kurii. The band was from the Dreaded Claws group or tribe. An artifact was found in the mines on Arcadia which the Kurii have claimed belongs to them. Fortunately, although there was a tense standoff, the artifact was safely recovered and no-one was hurt. It is, however, an experience that I have no desire to repeat. I was, while not showing it, quite frightened. To see a Kur up close is an experience I would not wish on anyone. My nerves are still shaken by the encounter.

To further rattle my composure the following has crossed my desk.

Great Sardar Temple: Reports have reached me of one, possibly more earthquakes, the center of which seem to have been directly below the Great Temple. Preliminary reports were that damage was mild. Mostly things fallen off of shelves, some windows cracked or shattered and nerves jangled. However, a second, fragmentary report has come in that there has been a second temblor. Damage unknown, but it is reported as more severe than the first.

We must wait and pray until more news reaches us of the effects of the second quake. Communications with the Priest-Kings has ceased and we do not know of the status of our rulers.

Tabor has celebrated its 5th anniversary with great fanfare and jubilation. The ceremonies began on Friday and Saturday with blessings from the Tabor Temple. Friday's service was led by the Resident Initiate, Blessed Terek, and Saturday's by Tabor's High Initiate, Blessed Tiberius Brouwer. Our felicitations go to the land of Tabor on their celebration and anniversary.

More lands have been added to the Sardar Pilgrimage and we congratulate them on their expansion. The City of Vigo and the Woods Island have been added and the Pilgrimage is celebrating its own fifth anniversary on August 31st. More details will be forthcoming from that group as they occur.

The Merchant Joshao Rogerian has made a sizeable donation of the Temple in Landa, we, being the closest to his island home of Jazirat al Khusuf.. His ice journey was successful beyond even his avaricious dreams and he is a wealthy man, indeed. He is currently at sea, returning to the North in order to secure more ice. We were pleased to receive twenty Double Gold Tarns as a donation to the Priest-Kings, a "thank-offering" the Merchant told me. Both the City of Landa and the Landa temple were also given sizeable chunks of pure glacier ice from the North.

All in all, I will not have any desire to repeat this hand. Between quakes and Kurii I will need that ice to soothe my headache.

Hos Holiness  
Adilokos 1

One of Three  
by Rank Among the White  
High Initiae 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

- SHU

Please welcome Shu [Shujaaa Zsun] s new member of the red caste of Landa.

- WHAT IS GOING ON?

A small amount of elite warriors of Landa and some mercs have been seen heading north. Their destination is still unknown. The admin ans known members of the Landa Intelligence Agency (LIA) refuse to speak with the landa Times about this issue. We will try to keep you informed.

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## GREEN CASTE

### BERTHA'S PREGNANCY CHECK

I was asked by Bee to perform a different type of exam today. It seems the city Bosk Bertha may be in the family way and I was asked to perform a pregnancy check. Being born in a Tuchuk wagon and raised around Bosk most of my life this was not an unusual request.



There are a few ways to test for this and one is called Bumping. This is done when she's 4 to 5 months into her pregnancy, and if she is tame enough you can go up to her and scratch her back. If not, don't bother with this method. On her right side (not her left, as this is where the rumen is) on the belly closest to her back leg (but not too close, still along the belly), thump her belly and keep your hand there to feel for any movement. Chances are you will feel movement, and will know if she's pregnant or not.

The next method is much messier and entered through a part of the body found at the rear of the cow. I decided I would try the Bumping method and sure enough Bertha is going to present us with a beautiful calf. Congratulations to mother and to who ever the father is. If the calf resembles any of our red caste, they will be responsible for the raising of the calf. (Grins)

Hina Nani Barber (Now it seems Landa Bosk Healer)

## APRICOTS

We all love the sight of the beautiful flowers and lovely green Foliage that surrounds us everyday. We know they may smell nice and decorate our homes but they may have more uses than you know of. I will try and do an article every week for our newspaper to try and share a little of what grows around us.

Apricots:

Medicinal Uses: Strengthens Immune systems, normalizing blood pressure and heart function.

Description: The Apricot tree is deciduous (lose their leaves) and grows to a height of 10 - 15 meters. White or pink flowers which emerge before the leaves, which are smooth, large and roundish, with a pointed tip and serrated edges. The fruit has a thin outer layer of blush downy skin enclosing a sweet edible yellowish flesh around a large smooth stone.

Apricots require warm weather and need cooling to cold to break dormancy.

Medicinal: The internal kernel of the pit are used in oils, perfumes, cosmetics and for medicinal purposes. The seeds MUST be baked prior to direct consumption as they can be poisonous if eaten raw in large numbers. The fruit helps keep you arteries clean, strengthens your immune system. It is good for your eyes, skin, hair, gums, various glands and helps fight anemia. This is an excellent addition to your babies diet. For women who are getting older and their bodies are changing, apricots help in maintaining their hormone levels.

If you have any questions on herbs or plants and what they can do to make you healthier, please stop by our shoppe in the city square.

[Book Quote: I brushed away the two sellers of apricots and spices (Tribesmen of Gor, page 45)]

Hina Nani Mhia

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## MERCHANT CASTE

### - HOY BANK OF LANDA

The HoY bank and the mint of Landa got the order to mint coins for Port Quanali. That will be done in about one hand.

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## SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

News from the True Southern Trade Alliance of Gor

### MAGNA CHARTA

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 VIGO LEFT THE TRUE STA

The admin of Landa was laughing half an hour when he got a letter which had been delivered by a messenger from the city of Vigo:

"yuroki ..i have made a mistake in joining your group ,it was my thought that Vigo was joining the original STA ..which i have now found out is not the case...i am removing vigo from your group i apologies for the."

Rarius Yuroki to the landa Times: "The fake STA of teh Vosk League is not the "original" - and this front company is almost dead: fina is no longer, Midas is no longer, the admin of Meqara disappeared... so only the Vosk harbours Port Cos and Sulport are left of this so called "southern" Trade Alliance. And this man sealed a treaty without reading it? The only true STA is the trade alliance of the Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes, the 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, Katoteris, Mandara - Oase der Diamanten, City of Ichrak, City of Suri and Landa."

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## REGIONAL NEWS

### QUAKE IN THE SARDARS

Deep under the cold Sardar Mountains, tectonic plates begin a slow shifting. The rock trembles and groans.

In the Nest the Mother looks up, questioningly as Her attendants freeze in place, the subtle shift in gravitics alerting them to an unseen danger

Almost at once thousands of the Mother's children move to examine every square holt of the Nest, assessing the geological stability and strength of the newly-stressed basalt and black rock. The Mother waits, sending calmness to Her brood as reports begin flooding back in. Minor damage, no structural deficits .... yet.

Finally, calm returns. Stressed areas are being re-enforced by crews of Priest-King Builders. The Nursery with its thousands of eggs is unharmed, having, like the Birthing chambers below it, built in the most stable areas. No collapses and, thankfully no injuries. Seismic engineers hosever, warn that one movement of the rock could beget another, deadlier one.

In the Great Sardar Temple, Initiates halt as they feel the minor sway. The epicenter is almost directly underneath them, unseen, but felt, definitely. A candlestick, fortuitously unlit, falls from the altar with a clatter on the marble flooring, pictures on the walls hang crookedly and one of the view-windows on an upper floor shatters, letting in cold air. Throughout the Temple complex, Initiates begin to look for damage to the buildings. Walls have cracks here and there, and in the basement level, the slave kennel doors are stuck in their frames. Books litter the floors of the Library and dishes lie smashed in the kitchens.

Far beneath the Sardar Mountains, a stream of lava continues to press heavily on weakened stata of rocks above it. Subterranean pressure continues to mount.

## POETS DAY ON ARCADIA

"Ye poets, of all gorean lands!  
Drop quill and slavegirls from yer hands  
Forget the kanda scent that lingers,  
set, too, the goblet from yer fingers  
and take the time to read these lines  
that Neph's wild rhyming underlines!

For, on Arcadia, far away,  
there's going to be a poetry day...  
a day for slaves, a day for free, but most:  
A day for poetry!

Sweet wine and gracious dancers wait,  
to entertain and inspirate  
And every poet shall gain gold  
or silver, what his words may hold  
And every dance that can entice  
might win girl's master proud a price

And for the finest of the craft  
A price was hauled from deep mine's shaft  
that never fades and never wears  
see if its Your name which it bears!"

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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 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: Cordelia Fjelstad (Minnie Rae)

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

Merchant caste: Tar (Tarrie Chiuh)

Moderators:

Yuroki Uriza, Admin

Saurion of Lydius (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin

Sherman Easterwood, Praetor

Tar (Tarrie Chiuh), 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

### 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, Tatrixes and woodsmen (we love our palm trees)

## - THE LANDA TIMES

The landa times is looking for correspondents all over Gor.

## [ADVERTISEMENT]

## LIBBY'S ROLE PLAY ENHANCING PROPS

We try to bring a more visual reality to your second life role play. Whether it be Medieval, Gorean or any other role play we all know that things happening right before our eyes

enhances the experience we hope to have here.

Our props are designed with the role player in mind, interactive and menu driven.

We bring you a growing line of trade items, drinks and pies, with more to come so keep an eye out for new items, if trade is your passion of play.

We have animated props that brings a girl to her knees and offers you a delicious pastry treat or a fried (chicken) vulo platter with suls (potato), holding it so obediently so those she serves has a tasty treat at his or her fingertips.

A hearty meal is always the passion of a girl to serve, we have soup pot trays and bread bowl trays, a custom sculpt I might add that you will not find any place else, and a soup chore for animating yourself to be busy in a kitchen. Everyone loves soup!!

If you are in need of a specific item, either for yourself or to trade away, please feel free to contact me, liberty Mynx.

Once again, thanks for stopping in and we wish you a wonderful SL experience.

Well Wishes and Safe Paths  
Libby  
Thea and Umar, the prop team

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## ROLEPLAY

### BASHEERA SEARCHING

Basheera is searching in the huge building for a gold Tar...looking behind plants and vases....behind doors and behind the hidden places...suddenly she sees a trapdoor, and by hitting the secret knob it opens up...Behind the door is a deep sleen-pit... and yes...yes.... there is a golden Tar on the bottom of the pit...But the mean sleen is just next to it.. watching it and guarding it... How do she gets the Tar???? Wait!!! next to the pit stands a bucket with water....I take the bucket and throws the water away....now i take the bucket upside down and aims carefully to the mean head of the sleen.... i throws.... and yesssss.. the bucket falls over the sleen's head.... he cannot see and he cannot bite!!! he is shaking his head, but the handle from the bucket is stuck behind his ears.... Quickly i jump into the pit, grab the Tar.... put it between my breasts ( no pockets in my camisk) jumps high up, and just grab the edge of the pit.... then i pull myself up, and climb out of the pit.Let the sleen behind...hitting his mean head against the brickwalls because he still cannot see i thing. i run as fast as i can to My Masters office, and put the coin on his desk...

☺ ☺

Basheera.

## WEAVING

[13:12] Sofia (sofiaprada) sits down and instinctively begins to mold the clay.



[13:13] Sofia (sofiaprada) notes the rotation of the table and with their delicate hands, begins to mold a beautiful shape.

[13:13] Sofia (sofiaprada): Almost sensuously, she feels the wet earth in your hands and shapes that appear remind the body of a beautiful woman. A little mud drops on her thigh, but she does not care and continues to shape the earth ...

[13:14] Sofia (sofiaprada): a form slowly reveals itself ...

[13:14] Sofia (sofiaprada): she remains focused on her work ... There is magic in this work, and no doubt much sensuality ... some more mud drops on her thighs and while trying to clean it up, she gets more dirty ...

[13:15] Sofia (sofiaprada): Now she begins to gently open a hole in the center of the shape, very slowly as a vase will reveal ...

[13:16] Sofia (sofiaprada): strangely, she feels excited, as if she were being touched as it touches the pot ... and so the vessel will emerge, like magic .. as if hidden in that pile of wet earth. She observes the vessel and certainly is not the most beautiful vase ever, but certainly a nice work and how everything she does for Landa, she did so with great care, love and dedication.

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## KNOWLEDGE

What is the only common body of law existing among Gorean cities?

"The Weight and the Stone, incidentally, are standardized throughout the Gorean cities by Merchant Law, the only common body of law existing among the cities."  
(Raiders of Gor, page 130)

What is the usual criteria on Gor in determining who is a barbarian?

"'It is you who are the barbarian,' said Portus Canio, matter-of-factly.  
'It is true, Master,' acknowledged Ellen, 'that Gorean is not my native tongue.'  
'Thus,' said Portus Canio, 'you are a barbarian.'  
'Yes, Master,' said Ellen, twisting in the ropes, 'in that sense.'  
The usual criterion on Gor for a barbarian is one who does not speak Gorean, or, perhaps better, whose original language is not Gorean. Ellen, for example, who is now fluent in Gorean, continues to be thought of as a 'barbarian.'  
(Prize of Gor, page 684)

Sometimes, for certain events in a Gorean city, admission can not be purchased at the gate. How does one legally enter into these events?

"It was quite commonly the case, I had learned, that for a concert by Lysander one could not buy admission at the gate, but must present ostraka purchased earlier in one of the market places or squares. These were apparently originally shells or pieces, shards, of

pottery, but now were generally small clay disks, with a hole for a string near one edge. These were fired in a kiln, and glazed on one side. The glazing's colorations and patterns are difficult to duplicate and serve in their way as an authentication for the disk, the glazings differing for different performances or events. The unglazed back of the disk bears the date of the event or performance and a sign indicating the identity of the original vendor, the agent authorized to sell them to the public. Some of these disks, also, on the back, include a seat location. Most seating, however, in Gorean theaters, except for certain privileged sections, usually reserved for high officials or the extremely wealthy, is on a first-come-first-served basis. These ostraka, on their strings, about the necks of their owners, make attractive pendants. Some are worn even long after the performance or event in question, perhaps to let people know that one was fortunate enough to have been the witness of a particular event or performance, or perhaps merely because of their intrinsic aesthetic value. Some people keep them as souvenirs. Others collect them, and buy and sell them, and trade them. If the event or performance is an important one, and the ostraka are limited, their number being governed by the seating capacity of the structure or area in question, it is unlikely that they will be publicly displayed until after the event or performance. It is too easy to snatch them from about the neck in the market place. Too, sometimes rich men have been known to set ruffians on people to obtain them. Needless to say some profiteering occasionally takes place in connection with the ostraka, a fellow buying a few for a given price and then trying to sell them for higher prices later outside, say, the stadium or theater."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 113)

There are two lines of thinking, in Gor, with regards to the lock on an iron belt. One is that it should be in the front, one that it should be in the back. What is the reasoning behind both of these lines of thought?

"There are many varieties of such belts,' said Drusus. 'You see a rather plain one. Note the placement of the padlock, at the small of her back. Some regard that arrangement as more aesthetic; others prefer for the lock to be in front, where it may dangle before her, constantly reminding her of its presence. I personally prefer the lock in the back. Its placement there, on the whole, makes a woman feel more helpless. Too, of course, its placement there makes it almost impossible for her to pick."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 108)

You are bidding on a slave that was rescued from a crashed Kur ship. As far as anyone can tell, the girl was bred by the Kur and kept as a grooming slave. You ask for more history, but they tell you the girl is unable to give information on her history. Why would the girl not be able to tell you her story?

"She was hitherto from one of the Steel Worlds, one of the animals kept there, she for the purpose of grooming her master. The tiny fingers and nibbling teeth of such females are well fitted for this task.

It was not perfectly clear at the time how she came into the possession of Priest-Kings. One supposed it might have been a matter of bartering at an exchange point, between our humans and those of Priest-Kings, for such interactions occasionally occur, however illegitimately; or she may have been taken to the surface by our human allies as, so to speak, negotiable currency, to be there exchanged unobtrusively for local coin. That is sometimes done. Too, there might have been a crashed or downed ship. Perhaps then she had been retrieved from her cage, perhaps drawn from fiery or smoking debris. Her master

or keeper in the meantime might have made good his escape, or perhaps failed to do so, was apprehended by Priest-Kings, and routinely destroyed.

You might suppose that we could have easily solved this problem, how she came into the keeping of Priest-Kings, by simply asking her, but that would be incorrect, for she, as a typical Kur human, had never been taught to speak. Would you, for example, teach a dog, or pig, to speak?

That they can be trained for simple tasks is more than enough."

(Kur of Gor, pages 25-26)

What is one reason a girl that is not a pleasure slave might be belled?

"She wore bells locked on both wrists, and on both ankles, thick cuffs and anklets, each with a double line of bells, fastened by steel and key. She wore the Turian collar, rather than the common slave collar. The Turian collar lies loosely on the girl, a round ring; it fits so loosely that, when grasped in a man's fist, the girl can turn within it; the common Gorean collar, on the other hand, is a flat, snugly fitting steel band. Both collars lock in the back, behind the girl's neck. The Turian collar is more difficult to engrave, but it, like the flat collar, will bear some legend assuring that the girl, if found, will be promptly returned to her master. Bells had also been affixed to her collar.

"She is Turian?" I asked.

"Of course," said Kamchak.

"In the cities," I said, "only Pleasure Slaves are so belled, and then customarily for the dance."

"Her master," said Kamchak, "does not trust her."

In his simple statement I then understood the meaning of her condition. She would be allowed no garments, that she might not be able to conceal a weapon; the bells would mark each of her movements."

(Nomads of Gor, page 29)

On earth, the barbarians use an alarm clock to awaken in the morning. On his first visit to Gor, Tarl experienced the Gorean way. What was used to awaken him that first day?

"In the morning I awoke on the sleeping mat in the corner of my apartment, cold and shivering. It was shortly before dawn. I turned off the power switch on the mat and folded back its blanket sides. It was chilly to the touch now, because I had set the chronometric temperature device to turn to cold an hour before the first light. One has little inclination to remain in a freezing bed. I decided I disapproved of the Gorean devices for separating mortals from their beds as much as I loathed the alarm clocks and clock radios of my own world."

(Tarnsman of Gor, page 43)

What does it mean to be "face-stripped"?

"One stands as closely as one wishes to a slave, of course. They are accustomed to this. Indeed, at a word, they must come to one's arms, must press their body to yours.

I looked down upon her.

My hand was in her veil.

'No!' she cried. 'No!'

I tore it away.

'Beast!' she cried.

I cast the veil aside. Her maidens screamed.

She, the proud Lady Vivina, then stood before me, held, helpless, face-stripped.

She shuddered, and, humiliated, wept with rage and shame. Her face, running with tears, was now bared, as bared as that of a slave. It was now public to any who might care, even casually, to look upon it.

To those of some cultures the significance of this may not be clear, but, without comment, let me remark that its effect in certain other cultures, such as that of Gor, is momentous. On Gor there is an absolute and dreadful chasm separating the lofty, dignified free woman from the debased, degraded, meaningless female slave, who must strive to be pleasing to a master, who must serve eagerly, totally and unquestioningly. And one of the symbols of this chasm is that female slaves are not permitted the veil. The fact that many women of Earth do not affect the veil is one of the reasons that many Goreans, who are familiar with the Second Knowledge, or have witnessed such women being brought in chains to the market, perhaps still in shreds of their Earth clothing, regard them as shameless, and as curvaceous meat fit for nothing other than love, service and the collar." (Raiders of Gor, pages 215-216)

From what root is slave wine made?

"Slave wine, incidentally, is made from sip roots. The slaves of the red savages, like slaves generally on Gor, would be crossed and bred only as, and precisely as, their masters might choose."

(Blood Brothers of Gor, page 147)

While in Ar on business for Dietrich of Tarnburg, Tarl visited the slaver Tenalion. During that visit, he was served his favorite paga. Who makes Tarl's favorite paga?

"'Tau' is the first letter of the name 'Tenalion'. I had recognized it immediately when I had seen it near the call rope. Indeed, it was identical with that on his place of business, which I had passed at various times when in Ar, a large, formidable structure located in the heart of Ar's slaving district, which housed various facilities pertinent to his trade, ranging from beautifully appointed sales rooms to discipline pits. I had also seen it at different times at the Sardar Fairs, at his display spaces. I had not met him personally, however, until today. He had entertained Hurtha and myself, sharing some fine paga with us, of the House of Temus, my favorite, after Boabissia had been removed from the room, presumably to be transported to his house of business. "

(Mercenaries of Gor, page 318)

The petals of the desert veminium is boiled in water until nothing is left but an oil. For what purpose is this oil used in the Tahari?

"The petals of veminium, the 'Desert Veminium,' purplish, as opposed to the 'Thentis Veminium,' bluish, which flower grows at the edge of the Tahari, gathered in shallow baskets and carried to a still, are boiled in water. The vapor which boils off is condensed into oil. This oil is used to perfume water. This water is not drunk but is used in middle and upper-class homes to rinse the eating hand, before and after the evening meal."

(Tribesmen of Gor, pages 49-50)

Name the four major cities on the Isle of Cos.

"Telnus, our destination, is the capital city of the island of Cos, one of Gor's two largest maritime ubarates. Cos lies north of Tyros and west of Port Kar, which latter city is located in the Tamber Gulf, which lies just beyond the Vosk's delta. There are four major cities on Cos, Telnus, Selnar, Temos and Jad. Telnus is the largest of these and has the best harbor. The Ubar of Cos is Lurius, from the city of Jad."  
(Slave Girl of Gor, page 387)

This is an option for the free woman, not for the slave girl. It cannot long survive the collar, the chain and lash.

"Frigidity is an option for the free woman; it is not for the slave girl. Frigidity cannot long survive the collar, the chain and lash. It is simply not permitted."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 299)

Sullius Maximus invented a paralyzing drug that was ultimately used against Bosk of Port Kar (Tarl) How did he test this drug?

"'Sullius Maximus,' he said, 'invented such a drug. He tested it, by pin pricks, on the limbs of a captured enemy, paralyzing him from the neck down. He kept him seated at his right side, as a guest in regal robes, for more than a week. When he tired of the sport he had him killed.'"  
(Marauders of Gor, page 20)

There are three reason that most slave girls, after a period of time, are proud to wear the collar. The first is that the collar is attractive and adds to their beauty. The second is the seductive, sensual nature of the Gorean collar. What is the third?

"A third reason why girls tend to wear their collars with pleasure and pride, aside from the attractiveness of the collar and its seductiveness, is seldom mentioned. That is, that the collar, in its way, functions as a symbol of interesting differences among women. It, like a wired seal of quality, attests to the value of the merchandise upon which it is fastened. "Beautiful enough to be collared" is a Gorean compliment, though perhaps a rather rude one, and one that one would not be likely to hear addressed openly and to the face of a free woman. "She has legs pretty enough to be those of a slave girl" is another such compliment. If the free woman should hear such compliments she will be scandalized. But she may also wonder if, indeed, she is beautiful enough to be collared, and if, indeed, her legs are as pretty as those of a slave girl. If, at some later time, she is collared, she will then, for all practical purposes, have the answers to her questions." (Guardsmen of Gor, page 216)

Tarl speculates, in Renegades of Gor, why earth women are considered "slave stock." Can you name four of the reasons?

"...Goreans tend to think of Earth women as slave stock. There are a number of reasons for this, for example, they tend to eschew face veiling, thereby shamelessly exposing their

features to public inspection, a convenience, incidentally, for woman hunters; they think little of baring portions of their body unthinkable to the Gorean free woman, particularly of high caste, such as the ankles, arms and wrists, and even of the exposure of the navel, spoken of in Gorean as the "slave belly"; many have their ears pierced and dare to mount rings in them, a degradation on Gor commonly imposed only on the lowest and most degraded, and most exciting, of slaves; their native language is not Gorean, and thus they are barbarians; they lack Home Stones; they are easily harvested, and so on. Too, about the only Earth women Goreans are familiar with are those they buy from slave blocks." (Renegades of Gor, page 408)

A slave has brought a cup of water to her Master. He drinks, then offers the cup to her to also quench her thirst. Before the slave drinks, you see her turning the cup before placing her lips on the rim. Why did she turn the cup?

"He also gave me a slice of dried larma, some raisins and a plum. Twice he poured me water from a bag into a cup. He indicated the side of the cup from which I might drink. When a cup is shared masters and slaves do not drink from the same side of the cup." (Kajira of Gor, page 231)

You are wandering through a market in the Taharai. In front of a tent you see a young man working on what appears to be an oddly shaped piece of animal skin. As you watch, he carefully searches for tears in the skin, sewing and waxing each as he repairs it. There is a long strap attached to the device. What do you think he is repairing?

"Water," I said. He came to me, bent over, tattered, swarthy, grinning up at me, the verrskin bag over his shoulder, the brass cups, a dozen of them, attached to shoulder straps and his belt, rattling and clinking. His shoulder on the left was damp from the bag... One of the brass cups he unhooked from his belt. Without removing the bag from his shoulder, he filled the cup... The water flowed into the cup through a tiny vent-and-spigot device, which wastes little water, by reducing spillage, which was tied in and waxed into a hole left in the front left foreleg of the verr skin. The skins are carefully stripped and any rents in the skin are sewed up, the seams coated with wax. When the whole skin is thoroughly cleaned of filth and hair, straps are fastened to it so that it may be conveniently carried on the shoulder, or over the back, the same straps serving, with adjustment, for either mode of support. The cup was dirty. I took the water and gave the man a copper tarsk. (Tribesmen of Gor, page 36)

Identify the food: This is a vine-like parasite that grows on a particular tree. It's curled, red, ovate leaves are eatable and used in a common Gorean soup. What is the food?

"The principal ingredients of Sullage are the golden Sul, the starchy, golden-brown vine-borne fruit of the golden-leaved Sul plant; the curled, red, ovate leaves of the Tur-Pah, a tree parasite, cultivated in host orchards of Tur trees; and the salty, blue secondary roots of the Kes Shrub, a small, deeply rooted plant which grows best in sandy soil." (Priest-Kings of Gor, pages 39-40)

You see a slave and her Master. You hear him mumble a word. The slave flings her wrists behind her and lifts her chin, turning her head to the left. What command did her Master

give?

"Leasha!" he said. Immediately, responsive to this command, I flung my wrists behind me, separated by some two inches, and lifted my chin, my head turned to the left. I felt slave bracelets flung, snapping shut, on my wrists. I was braceleted. In another moment I was leashed.

(Dancer of Gor, page 365)

You are at a slave house as a slaver is bringing in his new batch of acquisitions. One slave is brought up to the blacksmith, a collar steel collar is sealed around her neck. After she is secured, an intricately beaded collar is cut from her throat. From where do you think this slave was acquired?

"The red savages do not use steel collars. They usually use high, beaded collars, tied together in the front by a rawhide string. Subtle differences in the styles of collars, and in the knots with which they are fastened on the girls' necks, differentiate the tribes. Within a given tribe the beading, in its arrangements and colors, identifies the particular master. This is a common way, incidentally, for warriors to identify various articles which they own."  
(Savages of Gor, page 98)

Why do you think the slaver placed the new collar before removing the old one?

"He liked the way her hair now fell to the sides of her neck. He could see the base of her bowed neck, with the short, fine hairs there. He considered what it would look like in a slave collar. It is there, at the back of the neck, incidentally, that the collar commonly closes and locks. If the collar is to be changed, the male does so from behind the girl. This helps her to keep in mind that she is a slave. If a new collar is to be placed on the girl this is commonly done before the old one is removed. If a girl is between collars, or is being fitted, or such, she is commonly bound hand and foot. Her limbs may be freed, of course, once she is again in a collar."

(Kur of Gor, page 64)

This slave is responsible for keeping the quarters of the owners clean, running errands, and providing care to their items and their person. What is this type of slave?

"'Thank you,' said the Lady Florence, regarding her former enemy, now her naked slave, at her feet.

'Will you keep her as a personal serving slave?' asked the Lady Leta. 'That might be amusing.'

'She is too sexual to be a serving slave,' said the Lady Florence."

(Fighting Slave of Gor, page 307)

"'I have been assigned by my master, Appanius, to Milo, to be a personal serving slave to him, to clean his quarters, run his errands, and such.'"

(Magicians of Gor, page 439)

Are there roaches on Gor?

"You see,' said the proprietor. 'You will come to like the frevets.' We watched a large, oblong, flat-bodied black object, about a half hort in length, with long feelers, hurry toward a crack at the base of the wall. 'That is a roach,' he said. 'They are harmless...'"  
(Mercenaries of Gor, page 280)

Is a slave girl ever allowed to speak the name of her owner?

"Slave girls, of course, may speak the name of their masters to others, for example, as in locutions such as, 'I am the girl of Calliodorus of Port Cos,' or 'I come from the house of Calliodorus.' It is only that they are seldom, in addressing the master himself, permitted to use his name. He is usually addressed simply as 'Master,' or as 'my Master.'"  
(Guardsmen of Gor, page 270)

"May I call you Tarl?' she asked. 'Only if given permission,' I told her. this was normal Gorean slave custom. Generally, of course, such permission is not even asked, and , if asked would be denied. Sometimes a girl is whipped for even daring to ask this permission.

'A girl asks permission to call her Master by his name,' she said.

'It is denied,' I said.

'Yes, Master,' she said. I would not permit the slave girl to speak my name. It is not fitting that the name of the master be soiled by being touched by the lips of a slave girl." --  
(Tribesmen of Gor, page 360)

Taken from Sari's Daily "Quote from the Books" Trivia July and August 2012

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#### ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

Master: slave, you have no tits and your box is too tight.

slave: Master, you need to get off my back.

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