

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

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(short online version)

Firth day of the second Hand of the fifth month 10164 Contasta Ar

Based in Tancred's Landing

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Note: The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein.

The proprietors reserves the right to edit articles submitted.

Any news, articles, poems, gossip, schedules, paintings, jokes you have, please send them to the editor. You are looking for a free companion, a slave, an assassin? Advertisements are very welcome.

02 EDITORIAL

A warm welcome to the pages of the 118th issue of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

The right of reply is the right to defend oneself against public criticism in the same venue where it was published. The NEW VOICE OF GOR publishes the view of all sides. Goreans are not stupid. It is difficult to fool them more than once. The last issue and the article "A treacherous plan" caused some anger in Olni. In this issue you will find an answer of the Ubara of Olni and a statement of the editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR.

Rarius Yuroki,
Editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

The NEW VOICE OF GOR needs your help! Feel free to contribute! The only weekly Gor wide newspaper is nothing without its readers.

ALL OVER GOR

03 CHARGES OF SLANDER AGAINST HOY REGARDING THEIR LIBELOUS STORY PENNED BY JILL, COLLATOR, HOY

AUDIATUR ET ALTERA PARS - WHAT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR WROTE IN ISSUE 117 AND THE ANSWER OF LUCY, UBARA OF OLNi

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "During the last weeks warriors of Olni were complaining about their weak and lazy allies of Turia. Rumours say that Turia even backed the enemies of Olni."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "The Ubar and Ubara of Olni have always held the city of Turia and their honorables scarlets in high esteem."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "Jarek, the Ubar of Olni, was under pressure of the red caste to dissolve the alliance with Turia but hesitated, due to Olnis un-preparedness to stand alone against its enemies. The ambassadors of Olni failed to get new allies who were as strong as Turia and its SOS."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "Jarek never wavered from his faith in his allies in Turia who have been long time sword brothers, lending and frequently over the many years of their alliance.

Also... Turias's SOS? [Scarlets of the Shield] Each member of that group is sovereign and makes its own decisions. The group only comes together when all members find common cause and even then all parties voice their concerns and input into any decisions made to act as a group. This has happened only twice since the SOS was formed."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "The spies of the House of Yuroki companies were sent to find out what the background of this event was. The HoY Company is the biggest trading company on Gor. Its agents are everywhere they are well informed. There is a saying on Gor: "The eyes of Yuroki are observing from every gorean roof". When these eyes and ears report their small pieces of information back to the collator then everything comes to light. "

The Ubara of Olni writes: "The eyes of Yuroki need to have their vision tested before their mouths run of with slanderous misinformation and insults to the the honor of both Olni and Turia."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "What did happen and why did the Torvaldslanders attack Olni? A HoY merc brought news from Torvlandsland: Men from Turia travelled to a northern region. A group of Torvaldslanders who call themselves "Sons of Fenris" met these men of Turia and were paid in Gold to attack Olni. A spy in Turia sent information of gold and a group of men moving north."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "The attack on Olni was by the hordes of Amhas Cairn. Please get your facts right. If you can't get a simple thing like that, then you obviously don't know what you are talking about."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "You will ask: Why should Turia pay mercs to attack its own allie Olni? Well, the answer is simple: Turia wanted to change the public opinion in Olni which was very strong against the alliance. Turia alliance. Knowing for sure in advance that the "Sons of Fenris" would attack Olni. Turian troops were already prepared and waiting nearby which explains why they got to Saleria so fast. Turia wanted only to prove that they would help Olni against its enemies."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "All the realms of Gor know and respect Olni's for its sense of honor. To speak less is to insults its citizens. Such an insult cannot be easily shrugged aside."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "This kind of cunning planning is common for the friends of Turia. In the past, in the year 10162 contasta Ar, the southern town of Landa was only allied with Port of Meqara Point at the Vosk river, the homestone of the founder of the Turian "Southern Trade Alliance" and his free companion Rayah who is now in Genesian Port and a close friend of the regent of Turia."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "Make up your mind. Was it all planned in Turia to manipulate Olni or was Olni complice? Your obvious slanderous conjectures and conflicting words are unacceptable and will show the NEW VOICE OF GOR to be nothing more than a rag printing fictitious information the the reals of Gor for its own nefarious purposes."

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "When Turia declared war against Landa at that time, the warriors of Meqara sneaked into the walls of Landa claiming to help. But when the guards had let them in they started to attack the warriors of Landa and the Ubar. They even tried to open the gates for Turia. What a betrayal! What a shame! Fortunately Meqara and Turia lost: the brave red caste of Landa drove them all out. All this was with the collator gathering information to reveal yet more treachery."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "You speak of informations but how weak is yours, basing this fiction of the prejudeices and hostilities between Hoy and Turia, using gossip of the lowest level as if it were truth. The actual facts of a situation creating lies to further your own agenda."

04 CHARGES OF SLANDER?

AN ANSWER BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEW VOICE OF GOR TO THE UBARA OF OLNİ

by Rarius Yuroki, merchant of Tarnwald

Your Excellency Ubara of Olni!

When our output makes allegations of wrongdoing, iniquity or incompetence or lays out a strong and damaging critique of a Gorean individual or institution the presumption is that those criticised should be given a "right of reply", that is, given a fair opportunity to respond to the allegations. Audiatur et altera pars!

We must ensure we have a record of any request for a response including dates, times, the name of the person approached and the key elements of the exchange. We should normally describe the allegations in sufficient detail to enable an informed response, and set a fair and appropriate deadline by which to respond.

Any parts of the response relevant to the allegations message board posting should be reflected fairly and accurately and should normally be written in the same city, or published at the same time, as the allegation.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR apologises if the mentioned article suggested to have published something against the honour of Olni, the Ubar Jarek or citizens. That was not our intention. The Ubara of Olni wrote: "Was it all planned in Turia to manipulate Olni or was Olni complicit?" Olni was not complicit, we did never write that. We wrote about a treacherous plan of Turia and Olni was not informed about that.

Let me speak frankly: The NEW VOICE OF GOR has no reason to deviate from the opinion we had published or to change it. We have valid informations and these informations came

from Olni itself. We are wondering why Olni is complaining now and accusing us of spreading "gossip of the lowest level".

Let me repeat the words of the Master of Arms of Olni who visited Tancred's Landing recently to convert coins: "Turia will be no longer ally of Olni. Most of the warriors not happy. They been helping northan torvies. Paying them not to attack them and not coming to help Olni when torvies attack Olni."

This conversation happened some days before the Torvaldslanders attacked Olni.

Your Excellency Ubara of Olni! Are you telling us that your own master of arms and honorable member of the red caste of Olni is a liar? We cannot judge that.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote: "A group of Torvaldslanders who call themselves 'Sons of Fenris' met these men of Turia and were paid in Gold to attack Olni."

The Ubara of Olni writes: "The attack on Olni was by the hordes of Amhas Cairn. Please get your facts right. If you can't get a simple thing like that, then you obviously don't know what you are talking about."

Your Excellency Ubara of Olni! The Sons of Fenris are a band of berserkers living out of a small holt named Amhas Cairn nestled high in the Hrimgar Mountains. So what is wrong with our assertion?

The NEW VOICE OF GOR wrote about the long time hostilities between Turia and the House of Yuroki (HoY).

The Ubara of Olni writes: "You speak of informations but how weak is yours, basing this fiction of the prejudices and hostilities between Hoy and Turia, using gossip of the lowest level as if it were truth."

Your Excellency Ubara of Olni! The editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR was Ubar of Landa at that time and has seen everything with his own eyes and heard everything with his own ears. The former ambassador of Turia insulted all members of my family and and threatened them with death without a reason. What do you expect me to do? I grew up in the Tahari desert where they do not know castes. Men of the Tahari are often quiet and patient but if you tease them enough they will get a fierce reaction. We are famous for our temper too.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR withdraws one sentence. We wrote: " Knowing for sure in advance that the 'Sons of Fenris' would attack Olni. Turian troops were already prepared and waiting nearby which explains why they got to Saleria so fast."

That was wrong. We regret the error. The Turian troops were not waiting nearby. There are not enough bushes around Olni to hide.

05 GIVEN ~ A GOREAN SHORT STORY

by Atlas Tereshchenko ~ Port Olni Scarlet Caste

As the laughter died, Galus leaned back against his cushion, sipping at the warm paga as he reclined next to the fire. Staring into the flames, he lifted his eyes and voice to the Free Woman standing just outside the door to the Tavern. "Lady Dimetrius, take your wrath elsewhere, for it will find no purchase inside these walls. We have been long in the campaign, and just returned. To us a bowl of paga, a warm fire and the company of Brothers and kajirae are the uppermost thoughts in our minds for the moment!"

The Lady Dimetrius, Head Scribe of the vast city, was more than vexed, beyond wrathful. Before her sat fine warriors of Gor, men of the Red Caste, all able bodied and more than one a meaningful consideration as a companion for any one of the available Free Women of the city. She was furious. These men had bathed, stowed their arms, met and conferred on the outcome of their campaign, and then when they should have come out amongst the populace, as she thought they should have, they retreated to this tavern and these beasts, to swill paga and dally with the slaves.

"Sergeant Galus, I insist you and your cohort come amongst the citizens! They are eager to see you, your long absence has been felt, and we wish to properly welcome your return " she says with all the venom in her being, directed at the sluts lounging and serving the men" and provide a reception worthy of your accomplishments". The tone of the Lady's voice was demanding, tinged with a hint of frustration at being unable to bend these men to her preference.

"It is quite disappointing to have so many of you return whole and safe, only to have you withdraw to your bowls and beasts. There are many amongst the citizenry that would relish your company, and that of these men as well". She says this with a undertone of exasperation, and perhaps an edge of guilt, hoping to goad the men into coming forth.

Galus turns his head, eyes glancing to his Brothers, and as one they all break into laughter. As the raucous noise subsides, he lifts his voice yet again to the shadow beyond the door. "Lady, let me explain something to you. We have come from far, and from the warm embrace of battle, where other doughty men of Gor undertook to remove our heads from our shoulders, and thanks to the Priest Kings they were less than successful. Those men sought to take our lives."

Sitting up upon his cushion, he arranged his legs beneath him, in what the men recognized as one of his teaching postures, and grinned to themselves as they imagined the lesson that the Lady Scribe was about to receive.

"You invite us to venture forth into another form of battle Lady, this with the all-too-charming and lovely Free Women of the city. That battle is not fought with spear and sword, but with words and the delicate rustle of long skirts and fluttering eyes. It is not a battle for our lives that we would be waging, but one for our freedom. Nay Lady, I think not. I for one have no desire to see an invisible collar of the strongest metal, one called "love" by many, slipped around my neck. Those ladies seek to take our freedom.

The kajira kneeling next to the Sergeant, attempted to stifle a laugh, as she watched the Lady outlined in the doorway to the Tavern, turn purple with rage. She new better than to be caught laughing. To avoid this, she attempted to bury her head in the Sergeants lap, something she had planned on previously, and decided to make happen much sooner than later.

"Sergeant! This is unacceptable!" The Lady literally stamped her foot on the wooden planks that ran around the perimeter of the tavern. "I cannot imagine what you mean. I cannot understand why you feel compelled to drink, and mostly I cannot abide you and your men consorting with these animals! What can these slaves possibly offer you?" Her voice had risen to a shrill tone, peaking to almost a scream as she berated the Warriors over the slaves.

A silence fell across the tavern, the kind that develops when a predator approaches. "Lady, it would do you well to remember to whom you speak. My patience is vast, but not endless. You may have station here in the City, but I am a Warrior of the Red Caste and a Free Man. Some offenses are met with the steel of a blade, others with the steel of a collar. As to your question, regarding what these slaves offer us? The kajira offers just that Lady, themselves. The kajira never takes, she always gives. No bargaining, no negotiation, no stipulations or demands. She simply offers. In short Lady, it is what is always unquestionably given the defines the kajira, and burns that gift upon the hearts of Free Men. Take that and yourself to your tea room Lady, and know that when a Free Man wishes, he will be amongst you, when he chooses."

The silence is broken by a thunderous roar from his men and Brothers, the sound as close to a battle cry as any heard upon the fields of contest. The Lady, abashed and terrified, spins and hurries away from the tavern, and who is left to tend to the mighty Warriors, the simple kajira, who gives and does not take and yet in her own way is the wealthiest woman on Gor.

06 [OOO] GM COIN SYSTEM

by Jaraziah Lowell

A lot of confusion seems to go about the GM coin system, and i would gather, i cant blame people for speculating either.

Thing is, the economy of the system, is again broken. Mostly due once again a form of cheat used. Seeing this would be the 5th time it would need repair, and me and Alika have more to do then to do so and then to receive hundred of im's of innocent people thats lost something they worked hard for. It be my idea to remove it all together. The system causes more drama then love as is from both players and creators.

When a change is coming and both me and Alika agree on it, two things can happen, one being we restart the system, from zero. Or option two, remove it. In either case, all inventory will be removed, from GM RP server and personal inventory so stocking up on it, will be pointless. So to transferring old items, will not be possible.

Next is to ponder, how to keep bandages, without the system as is. Bandages seem to add hugely to the GM, and is enjoyed greatly by both quake like sims and role play realms. There for some thing would have to be implemented, that is easy to use, with a same result, perhaps a special healer slash physician role that allows the creation of it and use of it, but with for example, a lower defense on the battle field. This just idea's and obviously so to, we are open to idea's from the community as is. In end we all make Gor, or destroy it. But as it stand right now, the GM Economy system as is, is destroyed.

Now many asked, "when" will this happen, spawner is, i do not know; it depends when Alike and me can discus it and what the input is from Gor on this topic.

Second question asked a lot, "Will we keep what we have". For me the answer on that is simple. Seeing the system as is, is broken and there so many coins in it right now it not even funny (approximate, 10 K coins per person, though spread over accounts some more, some less, some noting)

I hope with this to have aw-sered most gossip.
Kind Regards,
Jara

GOREAN CITIES

07 PORT OF OLNi

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

By Teal Razor ~ slave of Siri Emerald Jr ~ Captain Olni Scarlet's

GORITECTURAL DIGEST ~ The Homes of the Gorgeous and Gorean

WESTWARD HO THE TUCHUK WAGONS !!!

A review of the Tuchuk wagon and farm of Port Olni's City Kennel Slaverl, Tuor Na'Kos and his companion Tam Na'Kos

By Teal Razor

I recently toured a wagon and farm in the region of Port Olni known as Olni Shores. I would like to say that I am a card-carrying city girl to be sure. My trip, to an actual working farm on Gor, was as abnormal an act as an assassin who let his mark, live. All comparisons aside, I

found it a rather head clearing experience. Were it not for a couple of bug bites, I would say it was about as perfect a trip as you could want.

Of course, perfect for one person is not perfect for another. Perfect for me is, I don't have to do any work. Before you say, "Lazy bee-yatch!", let me assure you I am nothing of the kind. My Master is constantly irritated with me for "over extending" myself. He has put his foot down on my neck on many occasion when I have begged to go complete some task or another. I do not think I have ever heard a growl so ominous as the one that comes out of my Master when he is being told that I need some time away from him to accomplish my tasks.

I digress. The Slaver and his companion belong to a small group of Tuchuks that have broken away from the main caravan and stopped in Olni for a while to make money farming and trading in human flesh. Olni is about to gain another Tuchuk as I speak. Tam Na'kos is giving birth to her companions child. I was told there is going to be a rather boisterous celebration of this birth at a party that will be given soon after the child's birth. I am praying that there will be cake.

And so I have set the scene. I arrived by walking along the Port Olni docks and over a bridge of a large stream navigable by a small roundboat. The stream separates Port Olni from Olni Shores. I expected to walk along the quaint road until I reached the front door of a home with a porch and all the general doo daa's. I was taken aback when Mistress Tam left the road and headed off into the deep woods. She left me scrambling up a hill of uncertain elevation clearing branches out of my path to see where the Mistress went. Twice I lost her in the woods. I started to develop a case of hysteria when I spied her and ran excitedly in her direction. I really prefer places where there are street signs on the corners telling you which way to go.

Mistress Tam was standing in front of a large round structure that had a roof like the grain silo's of earth. It is unusual to see a round house but this house was notable in the fact it was on wheels. These wheels were huge and lifted the wagon about five feet from the ground.

The inside of the wagon was decorated in a restrained and quiet manner. The furnishings were functional. The only bright color evident in the wagon was provided by a rug that was made by one of the couples slaves. For some reason I was expecting a wagon that looked like a rolling birthday cake with a cherry on top. But that was a ridiculous notion as a colorful birthday cake would not hold up under the conditions that the Tuchuks travel.

She took me outside to see the most organized farm I have witnessed on Gor. The buildings were made from a beige hued stone with red tile roofs. I thought of the farm houses dotting the countryside in Italy on earth. The barn contained most of their domesticated livestock. It was immaculately clean and the animals well tended. An alcove in the barn contained a large tub of hot water for the slaves to bathe in. I was in awe of the couples two slaves Tana and Adira. They were both so respectful to the Mistress and went about their chores with a quiet dignity. How a slave can get into farm work I have no idea. Once again I was glad of not having to do anything.

The crops were all in neat rows, lovingly attended by the slaves and the Mistress. There were fruit trees and a Ka-la-na tree. The Mistress took me to an overlook on a small hill. From that vantage point we were able to see the walls of Olni, the docks, the other side of the

river, Tancred's Landing and ships at the dock. It was a breathtaking sight marred only by the insect that was trying to fly up my nose.

On an interesting note the farm contains a cave with many rooms carved out of the earth. Inside the cave is a kitchen, distillery, storage rooms for crops and other rooms not being utilized.

I left the farm and walked back to the city after thanking the Mistress for her charming tour. Once home I ran a hot bath and jumped in with a scrub brush and soap. My Master would not have been very happy with me if I had dirt under my nails and soiled feet.

DEAR TEAL ~ Solving the personal problems of Goreans one at a time...
By Teal Razor

DEAR TEAL:

I am a free woman. My companion of many years has recently withdrawn from active duty as a warrior. He wanted to spend his advanced years fulfilling his lifetime dream. And so we moved to Tyros to live by the sea. This dream has turned into a nightmare. Suddenly all our family members and every sword brother my companion ever made have descended on our peaceful life.

When they come, no one even brings along so much as a bota of paga or a loaf of Sa-tarna bread. The amount of gold I am laying out for the food that they consume has diminished our coin in the House of Yuroki Banks, and I'm sick of playing the role of slave while they have a wonderful time. None of these visitors bring their own slaves and so I, a free woman, has to tend to them.

I'm ready to move back to our old Home Stone. At least there I had a life besides cooking and cleaning. My companion wants to live here because it's his dream, but I can't take another year of this. The workload is killing me.

DEAR FOOL IN A FOOLS PARADISE:

Can we talk? You must of course solve this dilemma for, the time of En'Var Lar-Torvis is in full swing. This is the season those hordes of moochers crawl out of the cities to go to the beach. Don't refer to them as "visitors". That is your first mistake. These are blood sucking varts. I would love to tell you to just lock up the house and move to another beach without leaving a scroll forwarding notice. But alas, there are no locks on Gorean private residences. The moochers would come anyway and invade the empty house.

You could get some trained sleen to guard the property. Teach them to kill on command with a secret word. Make sure the word is never used in local conversation or you could inadvertently utter it to your companion by mistake. You might face a charge from the local magistrate for your slip of the tongue. But there could be another solution. Sometimes in a companioning there comes a time for separate vacations. Maybe you should go vacation in another spot and leave your companion to enjoy his solitude and a nag free existence for a short season. Then when the moochers descend, he will not budge to get them anything.

Men don't think of putting out food, scrubbing floors, and supplying hand towels in the

bathroom for guests. The ungrateful tarsks will soon tire of the inhospitable atmosphere and leave. You will come back after the season ends refreshed and in a loving mood. Just go to a slaver and hire some slaves for a week to clean up the mess. Think of the money you will have saved not buying groceries. Problem solved.

08 HELLENOS

THE HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF HELLENOS

by AdriaRickman, Senior Scribe of Hellenos

Brought about by the machinations of the soon to be Ubara, Talena, daughter of Marlenus, the forces of Cos marched upon Mighty Ar. Among the first to fall of it's holdings were the proud people of Ar's Station along the Vosk river. Defeated in a bloody coup that almost wiped them out to a man, the remnants of that proud city moved in with thier fellow Vosk League partners, the city of Victoria.

As much a debt as they owed the good people of Victoria, the men and women of Ar's Station soon yearned for their own city once again, this time free of the clutches of Ar, whom they felt betrayed them. Sailing down the Vosk, and on into the southern reaches of the gleaming Thassa, they finally stumbled upon an uninhabited stony isle rising high above the sea. Naming the place Hellenos, and claiming it as a sovereign state, these proud men and women, forged from the stuff of Mighty Ar, now reclaim their lives and thier rightful place in Gorean history.

The most recent chapters of this proud city's history was its rebuilding during the past two years. Three FM – known as The Brotherhood, dreamed about this city while still in another Home Stone. Alas Azeal Talon, one of the inspirations behind this project died in RL and never saw the city. His spirit still lives here and is carried through in everything that is done in the city following the inspiration that he gave. The other brothers have moved on and the city now is in the careful hands of Administrator RaoulAngel Writer and his FC Khalida Juutilainen. We value Truth and Honour above everything, as well as education and clear communication.

About the Island of Hellenos

Geography

The Isle of Hellenos is one of the numerous, small independent islands in the Thassa archipelago. This chain of islands extends, like a scimitar, northeastwardly from the Isle of Cos. The main island is approximately 25 square pasangs (27km²). In close proximity to this main island are three smaller land masses, primarily used for agricultural purposes, growing food for the small community that resides on the island.

Climate

The weather of Hellenos is temperate, the changes between seasons are quite mild. The atmosphere can be quite humid during the summer. The winters are fairly mild. Snowfall is

common on the tip of the highest peak between the months of Se'Var and En'Kara. It is extremely rare to find snow on the lands below.

During the Hellenos summer, average temperatures reach the high 20s to low 30s Celsius (mid-80s to mid-90s Fahrenheit) with the maximum touching the upper 30's Celcius.

Agriculture

The first agricultural island of Hellenos holds many orchards. Rows of grapes, olives, figs, tospit, apricots, pomegranate and pears cover the fertile lands. A rare, yet sturdy variety of the segmented, juicy larma gives the citizens of the island a special treat.

The second agricultural island holds the gardens. Fields of carrots, onions, sul, turnip, kort, squash, beans, peas and hardy peppers cover the usable lands of this island. The slaves work the island daily, tending the crops and harvesting them as they are ready.

The third agricultural island has the most grazing land of them all. Here, herds of verr, bosk and tarsk roam about. Enough of these animals are kept to sustain the dairy and meat needs of the island residents.

The primary protein of the island is fish. Northern schools of Cosian wingfish, though small, can be found around the island. In the winter, swarms of parsit fish migrate from the colder, northern waters and are abundant around the islands. Along with the parsit fish, come the white grunt. Year round, the saltwater grunt and a variety of other fish are a staple in the diet of the residents of Hellenos.

09 TELLURIA FALLS

[OOO] LOOKING FOR SIX FEMALE PARA RPERS

by Julia Deir

Tal Everyone,

If you play a female and consider yourself a talented Para Rper, please IM Boabissia Resident who is looking for people for an in-depth, extremely exciting storyline involving intrigue, politics, newspapers, and most importantly, women.

Open to all women of Gor who para roleplay, including slaves. All castes welcome. The most interesting, extraordinary women will be invited to participate.

No boys... for now.

10 RENGE MARSHES

I am Torm of the Renge... a scribe of little note[s]...

My story is quite simple.. devoid of the luxurious lashings of some of my caste brethren...
Please read on...

I was found, abandoned, at the edge of a rencer village community raft deep in the delta of the Vosk river as it enters the Gleaming Thassa. Rencers, as we are known, occupy vast areas of the delta and live on large rafts made from rence. The largest of these moveable rafts are joined together to effectively form a floating village.

Little was known of my origins except what was found in my possession. I was discovered snugly wrapped a tattered deep blue cloth: made from the wool of the bounding hurt and dyed in the blood of the Vosk sorp. Inside this wrapping with me, a scroll of the finest verr hide, tied with a leather closure, was found alongside my tiny frame. Unfortunately, the damp conditions of the Marshes caused severe deterioration of the scroll and much of its text had been rendered unreadable. Additionally, none of the rencers I lived with were able to read the beautifully ornate cursive script contained therein.

I was raised in this nomadic community, floating from place to place, harvesting rence and avoiding enemies. I learned the skills... how to cut rence; how to protect with the use of the long bow of the peasants; adding rafts to the slowly sinking rence village ensuring its continued survival. I also learned to survive in the harsh environment that is the Vosk Delta, eating of its multitude of hidden treasures, many of these unknown to most Gorean folk.

I grew into an inquisitive young lad and explored the delta from Turmus to Port Kar...then, as I grew older, beyond, taking me to Schendi, then far along the Cartius river, to Kasra in the far tun. Then, back to the coast... and var... to The Sardar... and into the frozen shadow of The Berg, to Verr Flord. Thus began the sojourn of the 'Travelling Inksniffer'

Many places have I been... and served my Caste with Honour and Dignity...and mayhaps a tad too much paga at times.

I now return to my beloved Marshes, to the place of my youth... to get my hands really dirty cutting the rence that provides for many a scribes' scribblings... then relax in the warmth of the village's fire... sipping paga, chatting with others. ... to feel the slow undulations of the rafts as they rock with the currents. Home.

RARE DIALECTS OF GOR

11 TURMUS

ZEHN KLEINE COSIANER

von Anonymous

Zehn kleine Cosianer wollten sich zerstreun,
da kam die turmische Armee, da waren nur noch neun.

Neun kleine Cosianer versteckten sich bei Nacht,
der turmische Ubar hat sie gesehn, da waren's nur noch acht.

Acht kleine Cosianer, die wollten sich vergnuegen,
doch turmische Kajirae verscheuchten sie, da warens nur noch sieben.

Sieben kleine Cosianer, die schlichen durch die Suempfung,
als turmische Pfeile sie nieder warfen, da warens nur noch fuenf.

Fuenf kleine Cosianer markierten ihr Revier,
ein Flussthalarion hats gesehn, da warens nur noch vier.

Vier kleine Cosianer, die dachten sie waer'n frei,
da kamen sie Turmus doch zu nah, da warens nur noch drei.

Drei kleine Cosianer bekamen Sklavenbrei,
der eine gefiel einer Haendlerin, da warens nur noch zwei.

Zwei kleine Cosianer vergassen Ruhm und Ehr,
sie sprangen in den Vosk hinein, da warns gar keiner mehr.

TRADE

12 ECLIPSE TRADING COMPANY REVISED

Eclipse Trading Company is the owner of House Rogerian Fine Imports. The companies are proud members of the true Southern Trade Alliance.

13 TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA)

The true Southern Trade Alliance is a trade alliance of southern Gorean cities and oases only (and associates of the Vosk region) and has nothing to do with Turia. The STA is the biggest and most important trade alliance of southern Gor.

The next monthly STA meeting will take place in about one or two hands. The members of the assembly will get a sealed and encrypted message.

Full STA Members:

The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes

Oasis of Nine Wells

Oasis of the Sand Sleen

Shrine Valley (formerly known as Jazirat al Khusuf)

Karak & Kamras - Ukunga Plains (ITA)

Decadence Isle

City of Tor
Ukunga Region - Land of the Family Kron
Asperiche
Rive de Bois Trading Post
Tancred's Landing
Turmus (GER)

Privately owned Companies:
The Phoenix Trading Company
House of Yuroki (HoY) Companies

Associated members:
Tharna

MAGNA CARTA

The Citizens of the TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE, in league to form a more perfect coalition, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for trade with safe passage, promote the general well-being, and secure the Blessings of the Priest Kings to ourselves and our Posterity, do prescribe and validate this:

We proclaim to work together towards trade support to unify the south against invaders seen from any entity especially from the North that disrupts our mutual trade investments within our Ports, Cities and Oases, for peace and prosperity and the protection of our trade routes.

14 HOUSE OF YUROKI (HOY) COMPANIES

FACTS

The HoY Companies are currently located in Tarnwald (Voltai region), Tancred's landing (Vosk region), Landa and in Tharna. The HoY Companies are a member of the true Southern Trade Alliance.

REWARD - DEAD OR ALIVE

A messenger arrived at the HoY headquarters delivering this scroll, sealed and encrypted:

"On Monday night of this week a man with long dark hair, a small short beard around his jaw line and a patch of hair under his chin came to Olni and confronted, if that is a good word, the Ubar of Port Olni as he was leaving the small area after a spar match. The Ubar was talking to his Captain of the guards, Siri Emerald. We found out through his confession that he was from Port Salaria. He wants to kill Yuroki.

He confessed to using a lot of different weapons so I could not vouch for that..He is slender of body and dresses all in black...He usually has a Glaive on that looks like a Q-tip with spikes on the ends encrusting it. I have never seen this glaive and I watch weapons obsessively. It

is quite unusual."

The House of Yuroki Companies will pay

TWENTY GOLD TARN

for this man DEAD OR ALIVE.

His name is unknown but the description is very accurate.

SEEKING MERCENARIES, AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

The House of Yuroki Companies (HoY) is looking to recruit Mercenaries. They will be used to escort Hoy caravans throughout Gor and protect the banks.

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

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

Agents in other cities are also required.

THE HOUSE OF HOY JOB OFFERS

BANKERS / COIN MERCHANTS REQUIRED

Applications are invited for the post of" Banker" and (coin) merchant in the below listed cities (these cities have a bank building but no banker)

THE CITY OF OLN

PORT KAR

Duties will include

Normal banking duties

Keeping of records - ledger

Exchange of coins

checking of coins for quality

checking for rare coins

contracts for trade

Apprentices accepted too.

Applications to Rarius Yuroki

15 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

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

The gold tarn disk of Ar is considered to be the standard by which other cities, such as Ko-Ro-Ba and Port Kar. set the value of their own coinage. It is worth, generally, 10 silver tarsks, but standardization is slight due to the shaving or splitting of the coin as well as faulty scales that contribute to the debasing of the coinage. (pg. 155, Rogue of Gor)

New: The HoY bank accepts and converts coins of Turmus (german BTB), the City of Tor, coins of Torviksburg (Torvick Burg, H.O.S.) and coins made by the mint of the Golden Larl Trading Company.

ADVERTISEMENT

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNi

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

Lady JJ

GOLDEN LARL COMPANY

IC - Tal, My Name is Dejah and I work for a company called the Golden Larl Trading Company. They are a Merchant group in Gor, Owing and running many business, having trade items and Mercenaries for hire. Currently we are based in Cities like Turia, Olni, Hochburg and Voltai and where currently recruiting for new employees. Either for work in your curren town, or if your after a change we have position open in several key locations including Kargash. If you are seeking employment and wanting to earn good coin please contact by any means Aurelian Ambrai (inismore), A Humble Merchant (Hildof), Dejah (CalamityJayneAmor), or Ashara Decius (aeonamcbride). Well met, we hope to hear from you soon.

OOC - Hey, where currently a RP group that RPs in 8+ sims and where looking for more people to join our RP, either in there current cities or heading into the locations we already are to fill positions needed. We dont care you RP style, GE or BTB. Where hear to bring you real RP thats fun and constant. We dont mind if you have other employment in towns and are just looking for more or if you are completely new to Gor. Greens, Blues, Yellows, High Caste, Low Caste, Merchant Houses, Slaves... we want everyone. Please feel free to IM any of the people above and we can see if and where you will fit i our RP, Our Goal is to get more good RP going in Gor sims. Most of us are para rpers old school style gor, please dont be scared of that where welcoming of everyone.

GOREAN UNIVERSITY

The Gorean University

(previously Gorean Pleasure Silk University)

Educating Gor since 2008

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

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

GOREAN CAMPUS

GOR WIDE ZAR TOURNAMENT

Starting Aug 18, Gorean Campus hosts a SL Gor wide ZAR TOURNAMENT (a BtB Gorean fun & challenging board game)

Great fun & all Free and slaves are welcome to participate. There is a Zar board in the Campus Inn for practice. If you don't know how to play, Beginners Zar lessons on Campus: Friday 26th at 6PM & Monday 29th at 1PM.

Krista

Gorean Campus FG

for Administrator, Lady Janette

Gorean Campus Timetable (All times in SLT.)

Classes

Classes

Monday Aug 5th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Green Caste Training - Jerrod Moonwall - 7 pm

Monday Aug 5th - Arena - Weekly
Beginner Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Tuesday Aug 6th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Seminar - Darwin - 4:30 pm

Tuesday Aug 6th - Gallery - Weekly
New to Gor - Krista - 6 pm

Tuesday Aug 6th - Arena - Weekly
Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Wednesday Aug 7th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Basic Kajira (Spanish) - Azhar - 1:30 pm

Wednesday Aug 7th - Gallery - Occasional
New To Gor (kajirae) - Krista - 6 pm

Thursday Aug 8th - Campfire - Weekly
Reading Marauders of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon

Thursday Aug 8th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Caste Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm and 5 pm

Monday Aug 12th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Cultures of Gor - Viper Trenton - 2:30 pm

Monday Aug 12th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Green Caste Training - Jerrod Moonwall - 7 pm

Monday Aug 12th - Arena - Weekly
Beginner Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Tuesday Aug 13th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Seminar - Darwin - 4:30 pm

Tuesday Aug 13th - Gallery - Weekly
New to Gor - Krista - 6 pm

Tuesday Aug 13th - Arena - Weekly
Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Wednesday Aug 14th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Basic Kajira (Spanish) - Azhar - 1:30 pm

Wednesday Aug 14th - Arena - Weekly
Combat & Warrior Class - Azerbain Grey - 3 pm

Wednesday Aug 14th - Gallery - Occasional
New To Gor (kajirae) - Krista - 6 pm

Thursday Aug 15th - Campfire - Weekly
Reading Marauders of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon

Thursday Aug 15th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Caste Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm and 5 pm

Sunday Aug 18th - Arena - Occasional
Dance Seminar - Raaja (Tuka) - 10 am

Sunday Aug 18th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Gorean RP Essentials - Juvana Grey - 9:30 am

Events

Friday Aug 2nd - Cinema
Amelia - 1 pm

Sunday August 18th running for 6 weeks
Gor Wide Zar Tournament

Dance contests

Saturday August 31st - Arena - 1 pm

Saturday August 31st - Arena - 1 pm
Gorean Campus Dance Competition
Date: August 31, 2013
Time: 1 pm slt
broadcaster: Gorean Portal Radio
\$15,000L in prizes

Saturday November 2nd - Arena - 1 pm
Saturday January 4th - Arena - 1 pm

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena%20Aquarius/10/126/2>

GOREAN LEGAL ACADEMY (GLA)

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

LEGAL COURSES

Magistrate & Advocate Courses
Lady Janette Inglewood

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

1) GOREAN MAGISTRATE COURSE

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

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

- next course will begin Mid-April for 8 weeks
classes each Monday at:

1pm OR 5pm SLT

2) GOREAN ADVOCATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes.

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

Two further cases are covered as written work.

- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display
- graduates receive a Law School Advocates Ring

- next course will begin mid-April for 8 weeks
classes each Tuesday at:
1pm OR 5pm SLT

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

- info regarding GLA self study basic scribe course

Gorean Legal Academy (GLA)
SCRIBE DIPLOMA COURSE
self-study (version 3, 2013)
Lady Janette Inglewood

- The Scribe Diploma Course is a self study course requiring written answers and essays. Each assignment is submitted to the tutor for marking. This course can be done at the learner's own pace.

- Topics covered include: Caste, sub-Castes, Caste codes, first and second knowledge, language and the role of the Scribe. The course has been run for a long time now, with many excellent Scribes having completed it and it is also applicable for Scribe slaves.

- There is no charge for this course and graduation certificates for both your profile and for display, as well as special commemorative jewellery, are awarded upon successful completion.

- To commence this course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k).

ROLEPLAY

17 A PANTHER ESCAPES

[11:54] Gostosa Siamendes wakes yet again with the soft moan, the gentle tug of the lock on

her clit all night has had her tossing and turning, sweating with lusty need, every shift every shimmer making her nipples pucker and her chest quiver she opens her eyes and peers about the bathroom, surprised to see no one nearby, she tries to stand up, furious to find the chain isn't long enough, the straining tension in her soft petals making her whimper.

[11:57] Gostosa Siamendes spies the wide edge of the bath, she rises slowly and carefully to her knees, her leg straddling the edge, she presses her burning heat to the cool marble, her fingers twitching to touch, to drive in, to press to relieve herself quickly she sobs dryly, her breath catching as her body yearns as it's never done before. She brings her feet up on the edge before her, squeezing her thighs tightly together in need, if her hands were in front of her she would at least be able to release the dull throbbing ache, she rocks slowly forward and back whimpering, thinking not only of her pussy, also of freedom, but mostly of her pussy. Her eyes slide along the cool marble which has only served to excite her more, the stark contrast of the cool stone stroking the heat of her fire she surprised she doesn't hear a sizzle as her hips shift attempting to drive her clit into the edge, succeeding only in tugging the lock more.

[11:58] Gostosa Siamendes pulls her wrists screaming curses at the shackles, her head thrashing side to side, hair whipping around her face as she screams, bitter at the man for shackling her hands behind her instead of in front she twists, arches her back, trying to slide her hands under her to her wet and needy pussy, the juices dripping slowly in humiliating striations down her leg.

[12:00] Gostosa Siamendes slides her wrists under her bum, the cool metal of the shackles just whispering against her folds she stifles a sob and slides them along, moaning as the metal flicks the lock on her clit she twists her hands uselessly trying to touch, to stroke her own heat, whimpering sobs when she's unable to, she shakes her head again and bangs it against the air wishing for a nice hard surface to knock it on.

[12:04] Gostosa Siamendes bends her legs up to her chest, surprised now to find her wrists under her thighs, she carefully pulls one leg up, bending the knee severely, she arches her foot and slides it under the shackle then does the same with the other, her legs falling free to either side of the tub's edge she stares down at her hands now shackled before her. A small well of joy springs into her chest and she drifts her fingertips softly along the insides of her thighs, their gentle sweet caress like tender kisses she closes her eyes, her head leaning back as she moans, knowing soon she will be sated, her index finger finding the outerfold of her petal she slides her finger slowly from back to front tracing it, moaning in pleasure, a smile on her face knowing now that she will at last have release, the tug on her clit incessant now pleasurable, she can't lift her hands to her face as that would pull the chain on her pussy from where it's connected to the o-ring but all she wanted was to be able to touch herself anyway.

[12:06] Gostosa Siamendes slowly begins to stroke her clit, her finger finding the lock she rubs it gently, one hand caressing the thigh in the odd twisting angle while her fingers slowly softly spread her pussy wider, gently teasing the folds, touching them softly, stroking them, she half laughs, half moans, the sound ripped from her chest desperate and needy she smiles softly to herself that if she made a kajira moan like that, she would keep that kajira wet always such a beautiful sound, not quite believing it came from her own throat.

[12:08] Gostosa Siamendes arches her back, her legs spread wide, she dips her fingers in

the cool water and lets the droplets slide along her heat, burning the water with her desperate needs she slowly works it into the soft skin, her fingers sending shivers, delicate sparks of electricity up into her hips, they begin to grind her hand slowly, sensuously, sliding back and forth, open as wide as she can manage, perhaps then a little wider as she turns her head to the side, unable to support its weight when confronted by such pleasure she lets it fall back and moans, the air once again sliding from her throat

[12:09] Gostosa Siamendes pulses hard on her fingers, her clit swollen and throbbing she can feel the rapture building, the tidal wave of ecstasy pulsing just beyond that curtain and she cries out as her hips take over, her primal need riding her, forcing her to violate herself in a way she would never have contemplated, ripping the orgasm from her she sobs in relief, leaning forward, laying her chest and forehead on the cool stone as waves of passion, of surrender wrack her body.

[12:12] Gostosa Siamendes skin shudders, ripples with aftershocks, her teeth chatter together and she tries to still them, her energy sapped unable to open her eyes, her mouth, not having the desire or willpower to do anything but lay there, used by her own hand, spend on the marble of the tub, the chilled marble that makes the delicate beads of sweat on her skin shiver in the cool air. a slow satisfied smile creeps across her lips and she can feel herself drifting towards sleep, real sleep, not the tortured catnaps woken by blinding lust she's experienced all night. She wrinkles her nose as her face relaxes, her mind drifts, the sound of a delicate tinkle as something clatters to the ground, she opens one eye to look and sees a key. the key...the key from her necklace.

[12:14] Gostosa Siamendes sits bolt upright an ice shiver playing along her spine as she stares at it on the ground, the key she stole from him, the key she wore around her neck as a remembrance! how is it that he didn't rip it from her?! She leans forward sliding from the tub, her legs shaking from excitement and pleasure she collapses to the ground, leans forward and picks up the key, between her thumb and fore finger she twists her hand awkwardly in the cuff, trying to gain the angle

[12:15] Gostosa Siamendes cries out in pain as she finally twists her hand into position, she grips the little lock carefully and slides the key in, the lock turning as easily as smoothly as it did for him she quickly pulls the lock from her pussy and stands running around looking for any exit.

KNOWLEDGE

18 THE BLUE FLAME OF DEATH

"...It is Flame Death merely to possess a weapon of the interdicted sort. Sometimes bold individuals create or acquire such war materials and sometimes for as long as a year escape the Flame Death, but sooner or later they are struck down."...
(Tarnsman of Gor)

I knew almost nothing of the fabled Priest-Kings, but I did know that something of the sort must exist, for I had been brought to Gor by an advanced technology, and I knew that some force or power lay in the mysterious Sardar Mountains.

(Tarnsman of Gor)

"I would have supposed that armor, or chain mail perhaps, would have been a desirable addition to the accouterments of the Gorean warrior, but it had been forbidden by the Priest-Kings."

(Tarnsman of Gor)

"Nonsense," said Misk. "But perhaps I shall show you the Scanning Room someday. We have four hundred Priest-Kings who operate the scanners, and we are accordingly well informed. For example, if there is a violation of our weapons laws we usually, sooner or later, discover it and after determining the coordinates put into effect the Flame Death Mechanism."

I had once seen a man die the Flame Death, the High Initiate of Ar, on the roof of Ar's Cylinder of Justice. I shivered involuntarily.

(Priest Kings of Gor)

I did not tell Ivar that those he knew as Kurii, or the beasts, were actually specimens of an alien race, that they, or those in their ships, were locked in war with Priest-Kings for the domination of two worlds, Gor and the Earth. In these battles, unknown to most men, even of Gor, from time to time, ships of the Kurii had been shattered and fallen to the surface. It was the practice of Priest-Kings to destroy the wrecks of such ships but, usually, at least, they did not attempt to hunt and exterminate survivors. If the marooned Kurii abided by the weapon and technology laws of Priest-Kings, they, like men, another life form, were permitted to survive. The Kurii I knew were beasts of fierce, terrible instincts, who regarded humans, and other beasts, as food.

(Marauders of Gor)

The Priest-Kings, keepers of the Holy Place in the Sardar Mountains, seeming knowers of all that occurred on Gor, masters of the hideous Flame Death that could with consuming fire destroy whatever they wished, whenever they might please...

(Outlaw of Gor)

I had seen a man die the Flame Death, the High initiate of Ar on the summit of Ar's Cylinder of Justice, consumed in the sudden burst of blue fire that bespoke the displeasure of the Priest-Kings.

(Outlaw of Gor)

"It is said below the mountains that Priest-Kings know all that occurs on Gor."

"Nonsense," said Misk. "But perhaps I shall show you the Scanning Room someday. We have four hundred Priest-Kings who operate the scanners, and we are accordingly well informed. For example, if there is a violation of our weapons laws we usually, sooner or later, discover it and after determining the coordinates put into effect the Flame Death Mechanism."

(Priest-Kings of Gor)

"I once saw a man die the Flame Death," I said. "Is that mechanism also in this room?"

"Yes," said Sarm, indicating with one foreleg a quiet-looking metal cabinet to one side possessing several dials and knobs. "The projection points for the Flame Death are located

in the surveillance craft," said Sarm, "but the coordinates are fixed and the firing signal is relayed from this room. The system is synchronized, or course, with the scanning apparatus and may be activated from any of the control panels at the observation cubes."
(Priest-Kings of Gor)

"Priest-Kings do not exist," said Mirus.

"Even so," smiled Portus Canio, "I would advise you to keep their laws."

"They do not exist," said Mirus.

"I do not know," said Portus Canio. "But do not be afraid."

"I do not understand," said Mirus.

"If they do exist, perhaps in the Sardar Mountains, as many claim," said Portus Canio, "I think it is clear that we have little to fear from them, indeed far less to fear from them than from the caste of Initiates, which claims to speak in their name. The Priest-Kings, it seems to me, have little or no interest in us, in our kind, in our form of life, little or no concern with the doings of men, other than that their laws be kept."

"You suggest that they are rational? That they fear human technology?"

"Perhaps," said Portus Canio.

"They are real then?" asked Mirus.

"One does not suppose otherwise," said Portus Canio.

"Perhaps as real as mountains and storms, as real as flowers, as tarns and sleen."

"They do not exist," said Mirus, again.

"I do not know," said Portus Canio.

"No," said Mirus. "It is lightning, lightning."

"Perhaps," said Portus Canio.

"Lightning," repeated Mirus. "Obviously lightning."

"That is quite possible," said Portus Canio.

(Prize of Gor)

19 DID PHYSICIANS CHARGE ON GOR?

"When the Physician had finished the cleansing, chemical sterilization and dressing of the merchants wounds, he left. With him the majority of the watchers withdrew as well. The Scribe had paid the Physician from a small iron box, taken from a locked trunk, a tarsk bit."
(Beasts of Gor pg. 104)

"Is there no antidote?" I asked.

"No," said Iskander.

"Then there is no hope," I said.

"No," said Iskander, "there is no hope."

"Perhaps it is not the poison." I said.

"Perhaps," said Iskander.

"Thurnock," said I, "give this physician a double tarn, of gold."

"No," said Iskander, "I wish no payment."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I was with you," he said, "on the 25th of Se'Kara."

"I wish you well, Physician," I said.

"I wish you well, too, Captain," said he, and left.
Marauders of Gor Book 9 Pages 17 - 19

"Little is said about the cost of a Physician's services. There was only reference where a Physician earned a tarsk bit for cleaning, sterilizing and dressing a wound."
(Beasts of Gor, p.104)

"When the Physician had finished the cleansing, chemical sterilization and dressing of the merchants wounds, he left. With him the majority of the watchers withdrew as well. The Scribe had paid the Physician from a small iron box, taken from a locked trunk, a tarsk bit."
(Beasts of Gor pg. 104)

20 TRIVIA

It is said, in a Gorean proverb, that a man, in his heart, desires freedom, and that a woman, in her belly, yearns for love. There is something that answers both needs. What is it?

"It is said, in a Gorean proverb, that a man, in his heart, desires freedom, and that a woman, in her belly, yearns for love. The collar, in its way, answers both needs. The man is most free, owning the slave. He may do what he wishes with her. The woman, on the other hand, being owned, is institutionally and helplessly subject, in her status as slave, to the submissions of love." --Slave Girl of Gor, page 198

Tarl once asked a Gorean hunter why the larl was hunted. What was the response?

"I once asked a Gorean hunter whom I met in Ar why the larl was hunted at all. I have never forgotten his reply. 'Because it is beautiful,' he said, 'and dangerous, and because we are Goreans.'" --Priest Kings of Gor, page 14

A hunter will often slice open the beast he has hunted and eat the heart for luck. Does the heart of a mountain larl or the vicious and cunning sleen, bring more luck?

"Then, as sleen hunters do, for luck, and because I was hungry, I took my sword and cut through the fur of the animal and ate the heart.

It is said that only the heart of the mountain larl brings more luck than that of the vicious and cunning sleen. The raw meat, hot with the blood of the animal, nourished me, and I crouched beside my kill on the road to Ko-ro-ba, another predator among predators." --Outlaw of Gor, pages 25-26

Taken from Sari's Daily "Quote from the Books" Trivia for July 2013

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

21 A BOSK, A WARRIOR AND A PRIESTKING

by ClaudiaSombra Resident

A bosk , Warrior and Priest King walk into a tavern,

Tavern Keeper asks them all, "What will it be?"
Priest King said "water and fungus".
Warrior said, "I will have a paga"
And the bosk said, "I will have a paga as well",
Suddenly the bosk disappeared in a blue flame,
and the warrior looked over to the Priest King and said, "Now why did you do that?"
The Priest King said, "OMG!! A talking bosk? Thats so invalid!"

KNOWN GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW / ONLY INWORLD)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

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

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

Correspondent in Forest Port: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port Outpost

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

OLNI GAZETTE

Editor: Janette Inglewood

THE GENESIAN GAZETTE

Editor: Sophia Farella

THE VIGO TIMES

Editor: Alphil Darkfire

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL

KaTrina Velde, Editor

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

Editor: unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER

Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

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

ABOUT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

(OOC) FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTION

Is the NEW VOICE OF GOR OOC or IC?

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

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

Why is "publicare et propagare" the motto of the NEW VOICE OF GOR?

You all know that Goreans use message boards to spread news, announcements and gossip. Such are found at various points in Ar, such as the vicinity of squares and plazas, near markets, and on major streets and avenues.

Books are rare on Gor and expensive. Paper is the essential trade good of the Rencers and they sell their wares on both the eastern and western edges of the Delta of the Vosk river. The NEW VOICE OF GOR is a collection of renece paper scrolls but the editor paid some message boards too to spread the newspaper. Gorean Public Boards sometimes made people angry. Those who control the public boards, it is said, control the city.

We took our motto from the Acta Diurna [latin: Daily Acts sometimes translated as Daily Public Records] on earth. The Acta Diurna were daily official notices in ancient Rome, a sort of daily gazette. They were carved on stone or metal and presented in message boards in public places like the Forum of Rome.

Acta Diurna introduced the expression "publicare et propagare", which means "make public and propagate". This expression was set in the end of the texts and proclaimed a release to both Roman citizens and non-citizens.

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor
for members of the group Raid Messenger of Gor
for members of the group BTB Goreans
for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers
for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices

Gor Hub: <http://slurl.com/secondlife/0%200%20Acajou/64/85/42>

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

Voltai Viktel (library) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Voltai%20Viktel/114/138/1003>

Forest Port Outpost (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Forest%20Port%20Outpost/19/17/23>

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

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

New Tancred's Landing (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tancreds%20Landing/244/251/21>

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

[temporarily under construction]

Gorean campus (besides the gallery) [http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena
%20Aquarius/8/125/22](http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena%20Aquarius/8/125/22)

Physician School - The City of Koo Vidrew (docks) [http://slurl.com/secondlife/Hunters
%20XIII/14/152/22](http://slurl.com/secondlife/Hunters%20XIII/14/152/22)

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

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