

Make way!



Gestern war wieder schwer was los auf der größten Messe auf Gør im Secondlife-Rollenspiel-Segment. Ich sage besser nicht, was auf der Auktion versteigert wurde. *'Make way! Make way!' laughed the brawny young fellow. He had a naked girl over his shoulder, bound hand and foot. He had won her in Girl Catch, in a contest to decide a trade dispute between two small*

cities. Nein, das war es nicht.

It was not far to the fair of En'Kara, one of the four great fairs held in the shadow of the Sardar during the Gorean year, and I soon walked slowly down the long central avenue between the tents, the booths and stalls, the pavilions and stockades of the fair, toward the high, brassbound timber gate, formed of black logs, beyond which lies the Sardar itself, the sanctuary of this world's gods, known to the men below the mountains, the mortals, only as [Priest-Kings](#).

Und es gibt wieder [das übliche Drama...](#)