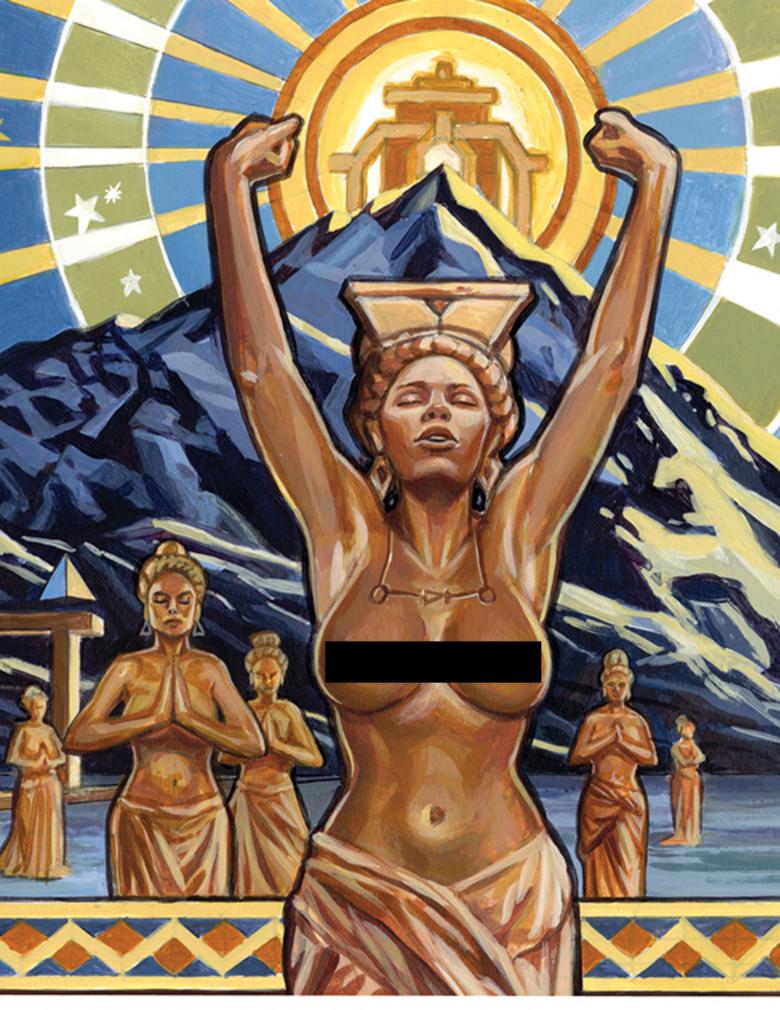


HE TEMPLE SHONE with the light of welcome.

All was prepared. All was prepared, as it had been decreed.

The granddaughters of Feniz, Goddess of Energy, took their responsibilities seriously, performing them dutifully and well. That which the goddess wished, they made reality. And a visit from their grandmother-goddess that was honor and majesty, a gift from above. All must be made clean and new and shining with welcome on such an occasion, and so it had been.

The goddess, not long before, had granted succor to the Great Champion in the wake of his battle with the army of the treacherous bison Seven-Scars, blessing him with food, clothing



and the healing of his wounds. And surely she blessed him with knowledge, as well, for he and his companions found their way to the last Temple of the Sun, which no living creature had seen since before the tribes first arose in the Vernal Lands.

And as obedient granddaughters, the Galitaan had welcomed them as heroes errant and servants of the gods, giving them honor, rest, comfort and a surcease from danger.

But now it was time to sally forth once more. Now it was time for the Champion and his band to be given their new quest, and the Galitaan the thanks of their father-mother for their eons of faithful service.

The temple shone with welcome...



















