

(BRL WĒ FEMMES EN)  
(PIERRE, T'Z ÉGALITÉ  
(WRL'ZL)

(SKAZ)  
(HYET LZ)



(LIR NĀO)  
(COMPENSADO  
(PARCIAL LI)  
(DESPÓTICO T'Z)  
(CREULHOŠO IAL  
(ILIL IR

(ZĪL'  
(IWARNEN  
(KĪ...)



What - what  
are they  
saying?

They disagree  
about us.

About what  
our fate is to be.



THEY TALKED IN GODSPEECH.  
I HAD NO IDEA LEAROYD EVEN  
UNDERSTOOD GODSPEECH,  
MUCH LESS COULD RESPOND.

AND I WONDERED, NOT FOR THE FIRST  
TIME - THE GREAT CHAMPION, GODS -  
WHAT HAD MY LIFE BECOME?



# The Touch of a Goddess

**EIGHTH**  
IN OUR EXCLUSIVE  
SERIES

**A**ND SO DID they join together, goddess and champion, sharing passion, essence and spirit.

Feniz came to him in a form like unto his, to affirm his mission and share her power. To remake him from the heart outward, granting him miraculous abilities that are the province

only of the gods. For his mission was desperate, and her need of a champion—*our* need of a champion—great.

Male and female did they join, tan and copper, enveloping, driving, commingling, their spasms shaking the hills and their gasps echoing across the sky. Heroic might thrust through, godly power drew in, in a shuddering, ecstatic



by  
**GRAND-SAAR CARANNA**  
ILLUSTRATED BY GROZ GRAZZINI

conjoining that saw the Champion glimpse the divine and the goddess feel the breathless cry of mortality.

For was he not *her* Champion? Was she not the *reason* for all he did, the reason he existed at all?

He came to the Temple of the Sun, this we know. He met a goddess there. He displayed

miraculous power. How then, could it be otherwise? She gave him a piece of her heart. He took her desires as his command. He came to be succored by her granddaughters, the Galitaan, and she blessed him.

The heretics say different, but the heretics lie. There was no battle. How *could* there have been? Even a Champion cannot challenge a god.

you, lady!  
**YOU!**

These women served you — served you well! They shouldn't be killed just because you don't have a use for them any more!

They're not women. They're machines.

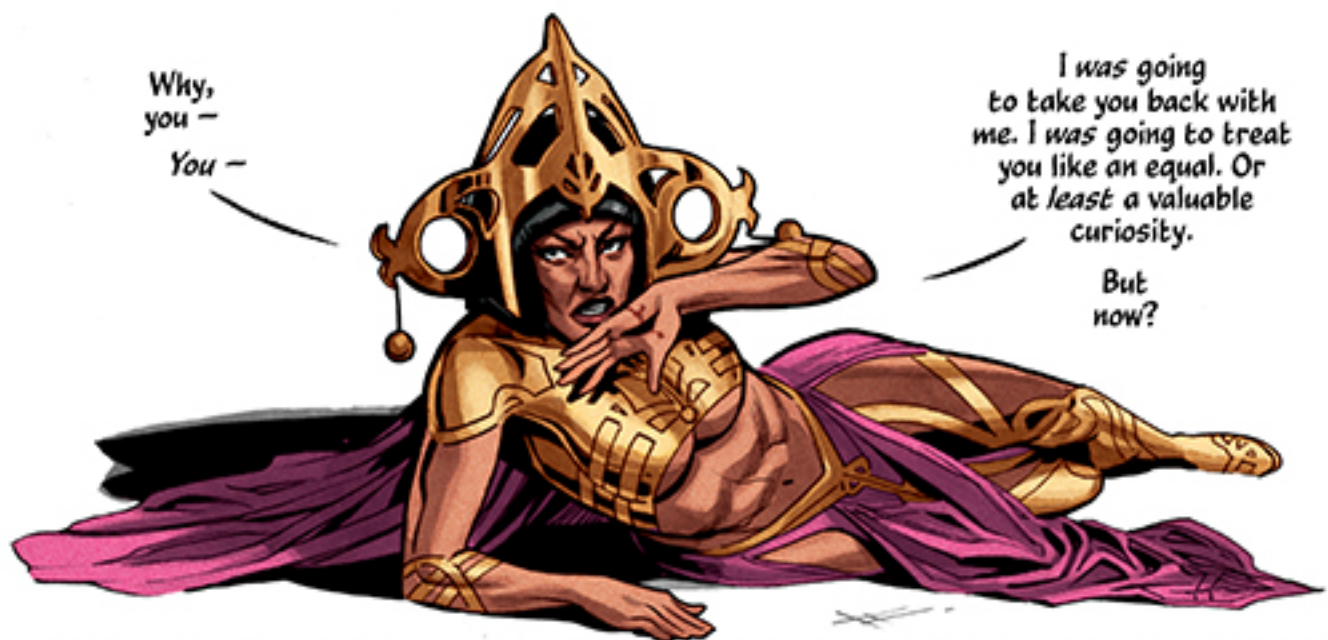
And if I say they're done, they're done. How are you going to stop me?

**KTOWN**

Why,  
you —  
You —

I was going  
to take you back with  
me. I was going to treat  
you like an equal. Or  
at least a valuable  
curiosity.

But  
now?



To hell with  
you! To hell with you!  
I'll flay your flesh from  
your bones, and let  
the analysts sort  
it out!

Because I.  
Will. Not. Be.  
Touched!



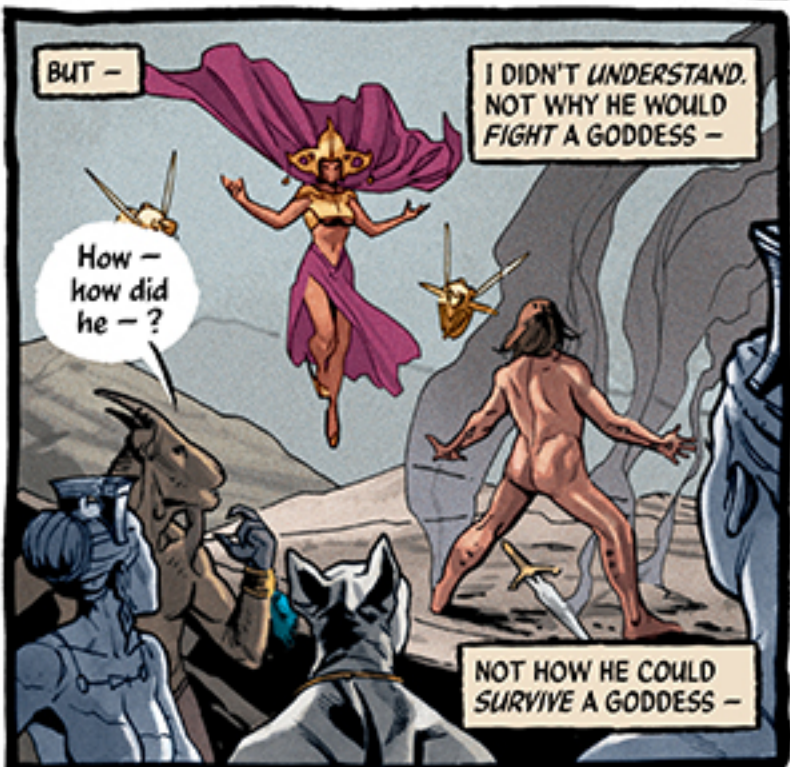
AND THERE — THERE WAS SO  
MUCH HATSAS — I COULDN'T  
IMAGINE SO MUCH —



BUT —

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.  
NOT WHY HE WOULD  
FIGHT A GODDESS —

How —  
how did  
he — ?



NOT HOW HE COULD  
SURVIVE A GODDESS —