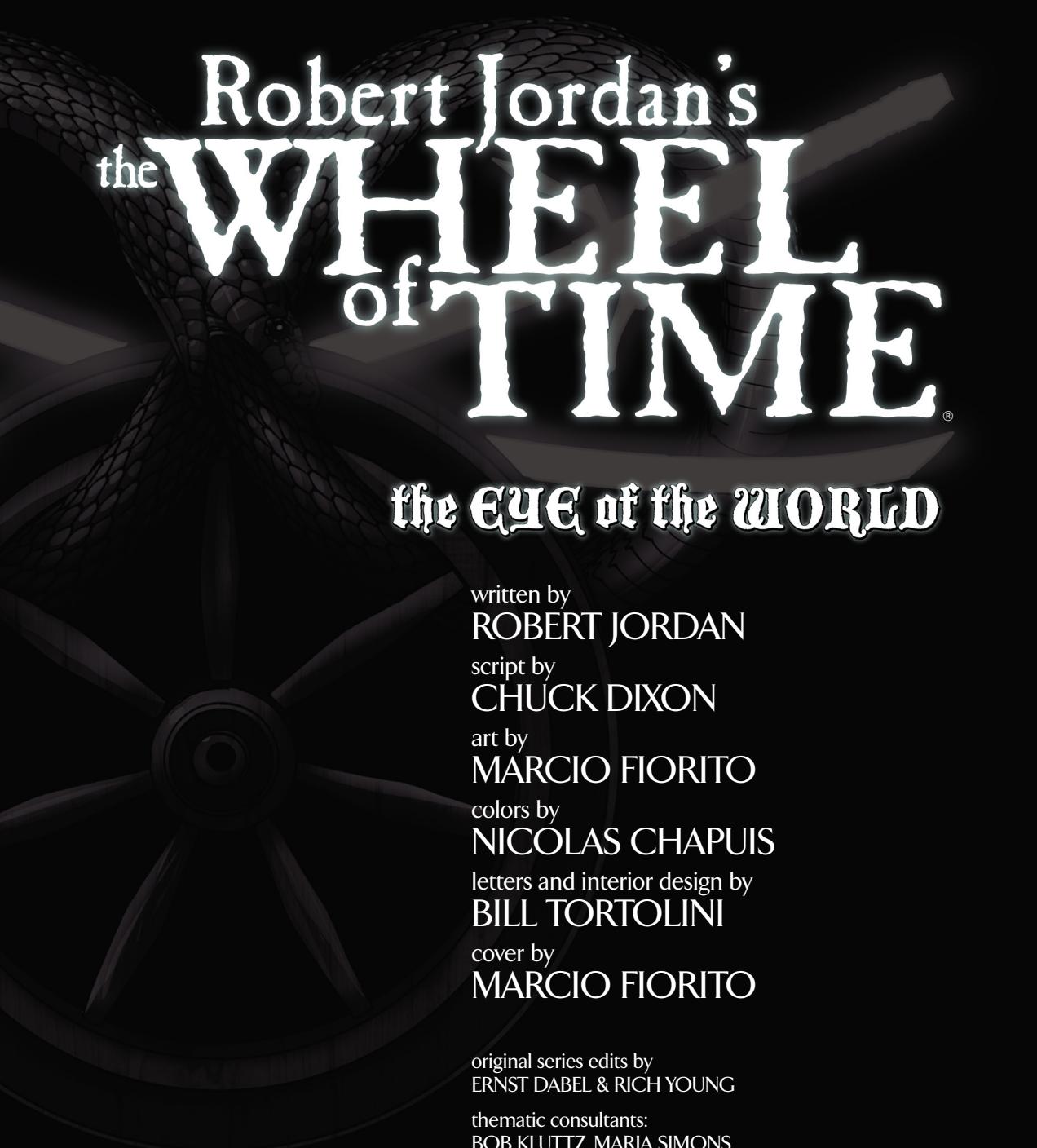


DYNAMITE
13

Robert Jordan's
the **WHEEL**
of **TIME**

the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & MARCIO FIORITO



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As hard as Lan pushed them, they were not getting farther on very quickly.

They traveled two feet up or down for every one forward, and every foot was a scrambling effort.

TA-ROOOOO

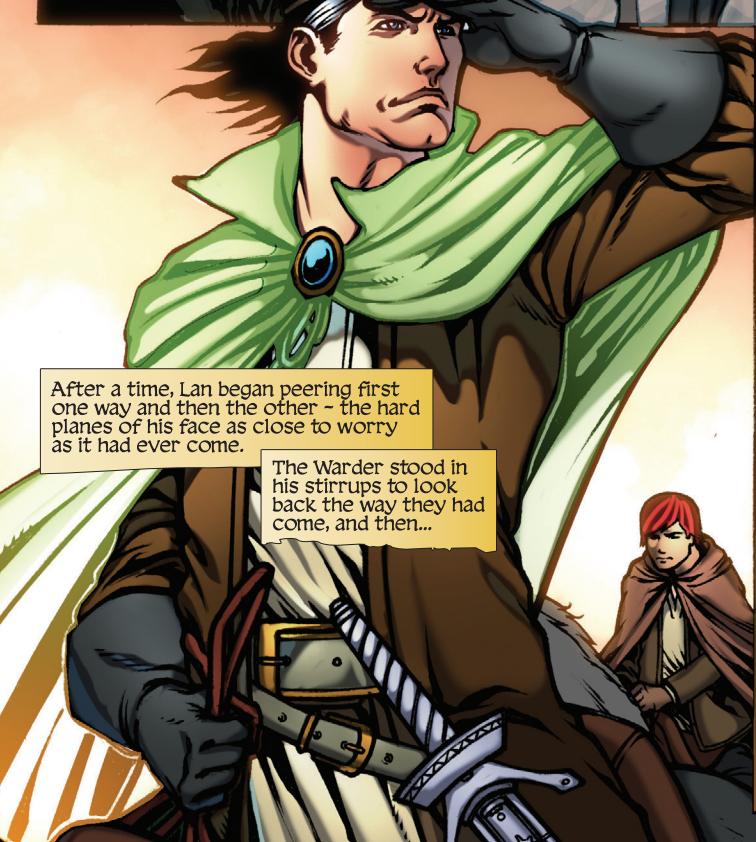
And the horns were coming nearer.

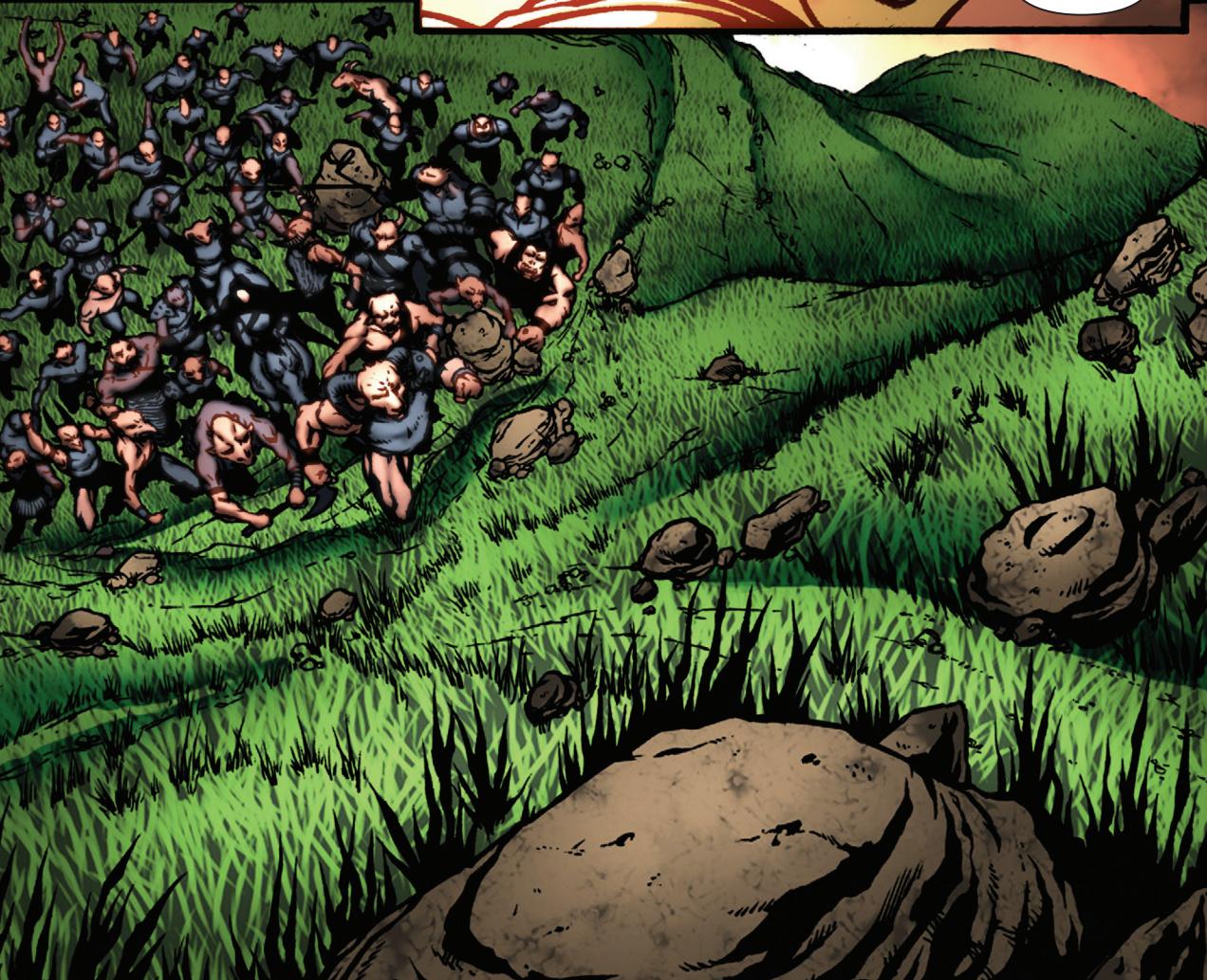


After a time, Lan began peering first one way and then the other - the hard planes of his face as close to worry as it had ever come.

The Warder stood in his stirrups to look back the way they had come, and then...

THERE ARE TROLLOCS NEARBY.







STAY
WITH
ME!

FOR
THE SEVEN
TOWERS!



Rand gulped and booted his horse forward; the whole group of them streamed after the Warder.



Caught up by Lan's cry, Rand found his own – and Perrin took it up as well.

But Mat shouted something different...

MANETHEREN!

MANETHEREN!

MANETHEREN!

MANETHEREN!

CARAI AN CALDAZAR! CARAI AN ELLISANDE! AL ELLISANDE!



And then Lan was on the Myrddraal, as the human folk fell on the Trolloc line.

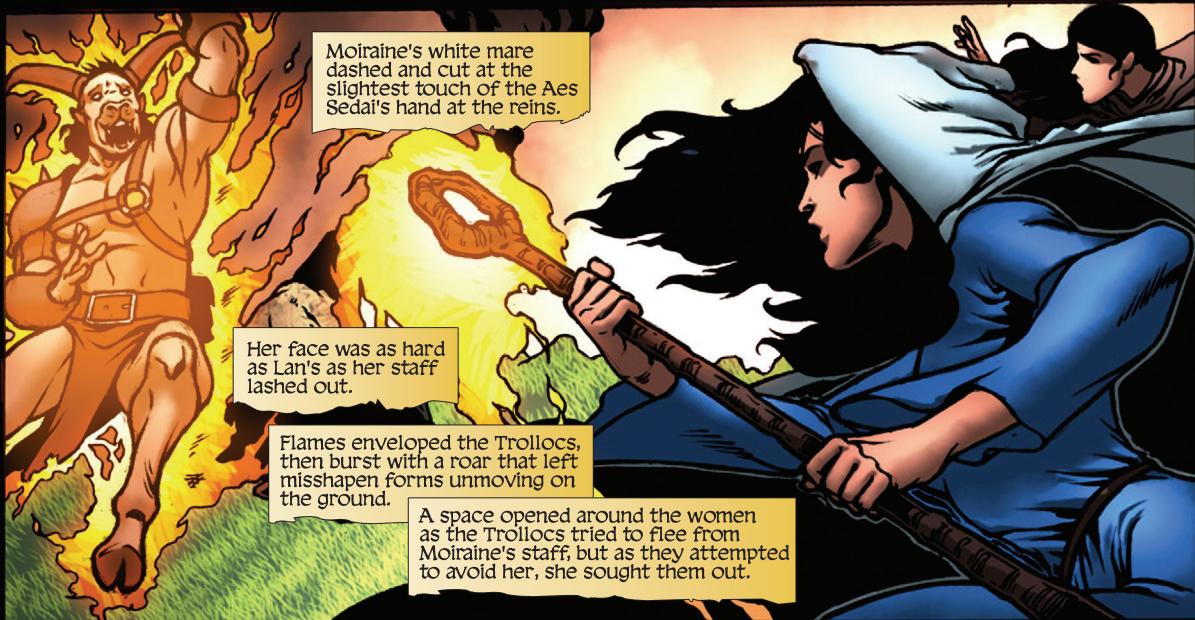
Warder's blade met black steel from the forges of Thakan'dar with a flash of blue light filling the air like sheet lightning.



Beast-muzzled almost-men swarmed around the humans, catchpoles and hooks flailing.



Only Lan and the Myrddraal did they avoid; those two fought in a clear circle, black horses matching step for step, swords matching stroke for stroke.



Moiraine's white mare dashed and cut at the slightest touch of the Aes Sedai's hand at the reins.

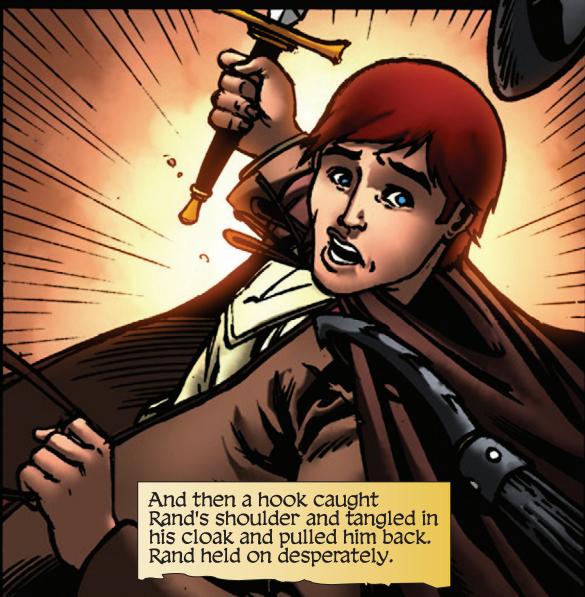
Her face was as hard as Lan's as her staff lashed out.

Flames enveloped the Trollocs, then burst with a roar that left misshapen forms unmoving on the ground.

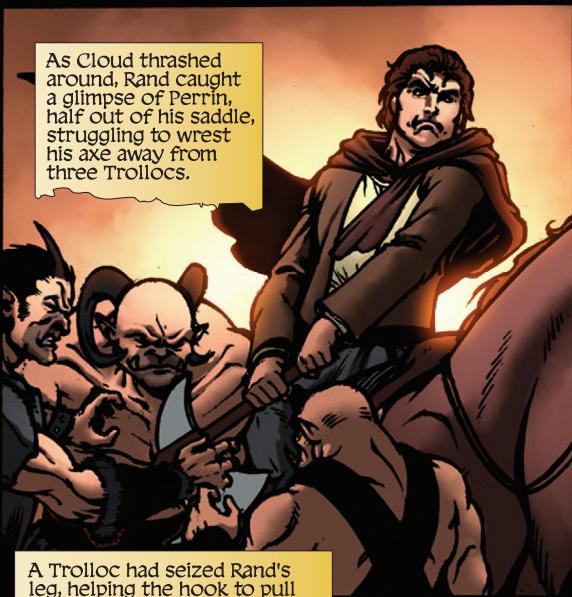
A space opened around the women as the Trollocs tried to flee from Moiraine's staff, but as they attempted to avoid her, she sought them out.



A noose on the end of a pole swept at Rand's head. With an awkward slash, he cut the catchpole in two, then hacked the goat-faced Trolloc who held it.



And then a hook caught Rand's shoulder and tangled in his cloak and pulled him back. Rand held on desperately.



As Cloud thrashed around, Rand caught a glimpse of Perrin, half out of his saddle, struggling to wrest his axe away from three Trollocs.



A Trolloc had seized Rand's leg, helping the hook to pull him out of the saddle. Cloud shrieked and thrashed, and for a moment only Trollocs filled Rand's eyes. And then...



...and then, it **stopped**. The pulling vanished.



The Trollocs had stopped attacking, and began to scream.



All of the Trollocs screamed, a howl like all the dogs in the world gone mad.

They fell, writhing to the ground, tearing at their hair, clawing their own faces, biting at the ground, snapping at nothing, and howling, howling.



Then, Rand saw the Myrddraal.

THIS IS
NOT ALL OF
THEM!
RIDE!





The horns bayed like hounds with the scent of a deer. Hounds closing in.

If Lan had set a hard pace before, he doubled it now, till the horses scurried uphill faster than they had gone downhill before, then nearly threw themselves at the other side.

But still the horns came nearer.

TA-ROOOO



Eventually, the humans reached a hilltop just as Trollocs appeared on the next hill behind them.

Only a hundred spans separated the two parties.



The hilltop was blackened with Trollocs, and three Myrddraal overawed them all. Three!

The Myrddraal's black swords rose as one, and Trollocs boiled down the slope, triumphant cries rising.



Moiraine climbed down from Adlieb's back. Calmly, she removed something from her pouch and unwrapped it. Rand glimpsed dark ivory.

The *angreal*.

With *angreal* in one hand and her staff in the other, the Aes Sedai set her feet, raised her staff high...



The ground rang like an iron kettle struck by a mallet.

And then, for an instant, all was silent. The wind died. Trolloc cries stilled; even their charge forward slowed and stopped.

For a heartbeat, everything waited.

Slowly, a low rumble returned, growing until the earth moaned.



This was Aes Sedai work like the stories told about, and Rand wished he were a hundred miles away.

The ground rippled, lapping toward the Trollocs like ripples on a pond, ripples that grew as they ran. On the far slope Trollocs fell in heaps, tumbled over and over by the raging earth.



Yet as if the ground were not rearing all around them, the Myrddraal moved forward in a line, their dead-black horses never missing a step.

Trollocs rolled on the ground all about the black steeds, but the Myrddraal came slowly on.



Moiraine lifted her staff, and the earth stilled, but she was not done.





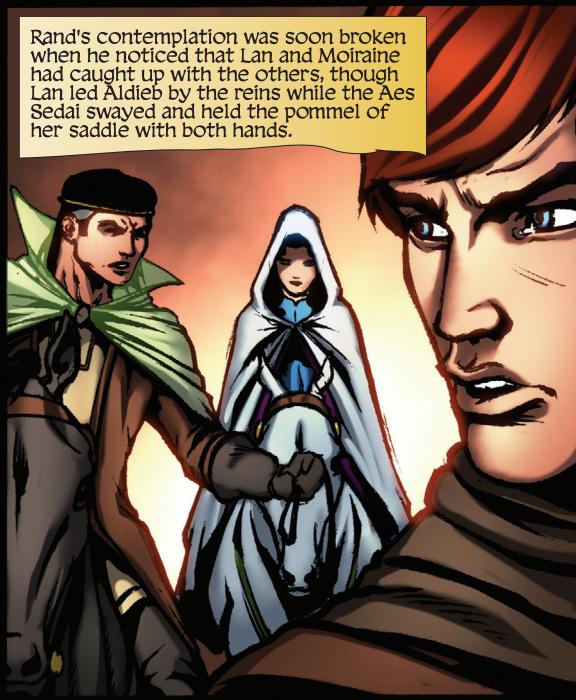
The wall of flame roared as if it would indeed burn forever, but Rand did not argue.

The galloped northward as fast as they could make their horses go. The horns in the distance shrilled out disappointment, then fell silent.

As they rode, Rand thought... so that's what a battle is like.

He could not remember much of it, not any particular part. Everything ran together in his head, a melted mass of hairy faces and fear. Fear and heat. It had seemed as hot as a midsummer noon while it was going on. Rand could not understand that.

Rand's contemplation was soon broken when he noticed that Lan and Moiraine had caught up with the others, though Lan led Aldieb by the reins while the Aes Sedai swayed and held the pommel of her saddle with both hands.



By and by the hills grew smaller and the land began to level out.



But instead of pressing on, Lan stopped. He and the Aes Sedai rode ahead and put their heads together, and from Moiraine's gestures, it became apparent they were arguing.







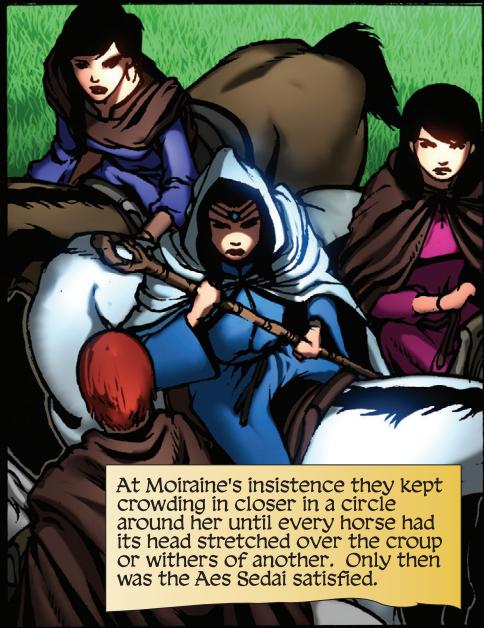
Rand thought he knew what Mat was thinking - the same thing he was thinking.

If Mat was a descendant of the ancient kings of Manetheren, maybe the Trollocs were really after **him** and not **all three** of them. The thought made him ashamed.

I CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE EVER HEARD THE LIKE OF THIS. ANOTHER TIME, I MIGHT EVEN MAKE A STORY OUT OF IT, BUT RIGHT NOW...

DO YOU INTEND TO REMAIN HERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, AES SEDAI?





At Moiraine's insistence they kept crowding in closer in a circle around her until every horse had its head stretched over the croup or withers of another. Only then was the Aes Sedai satisfied.



Then, without speaking, she stood in the stirrups and swung her staff over their heads, stretching to make certain it covered everyone.



TO THE TROLLOCS
OUR SCENTS AND OUR TRACKS
WILL SEEM TO FOLLOW THAT.
THE MYRDDRAAL WILL SEE
THROUGH IT IN TIME, BUT
BY THEN...

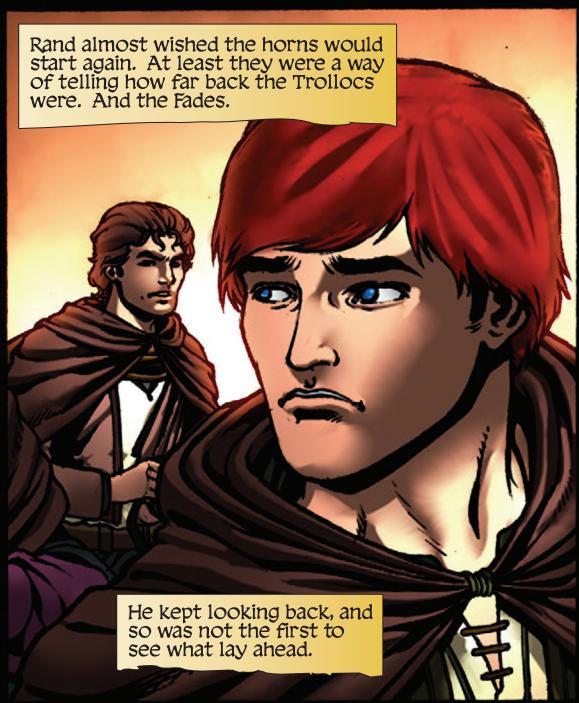
BY THEN,
WE WILL
HAVE LOST
OURSELVES.



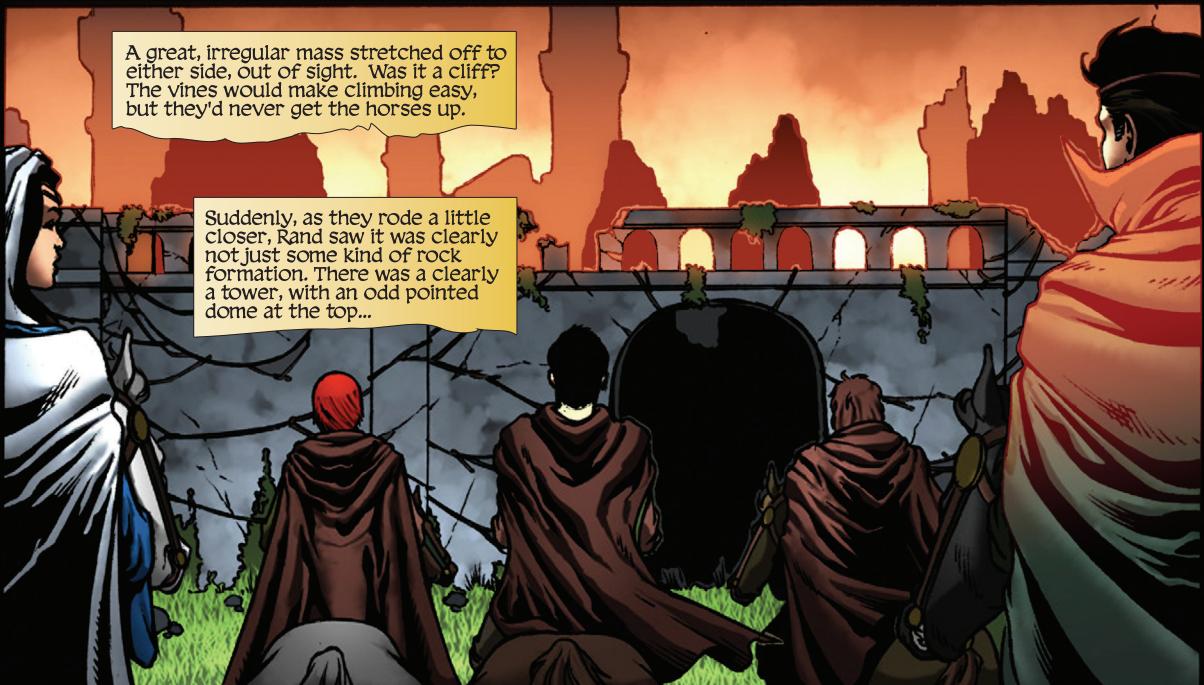
Lan lead the way north again, not at the crashing pace they had been making, but rather in the quick walk with which they had traveled the Caemlyn Road.



Nynaeve rode beside the Aes Sedai, concern battling dislike on her face.



Rand almost wished the horns would start again. At least they were a way of telling how far back the Trollocs were. And the Fades.



And there was a hint of something more, Rand thought, almost as if the Wisdom saw some goal in sight.

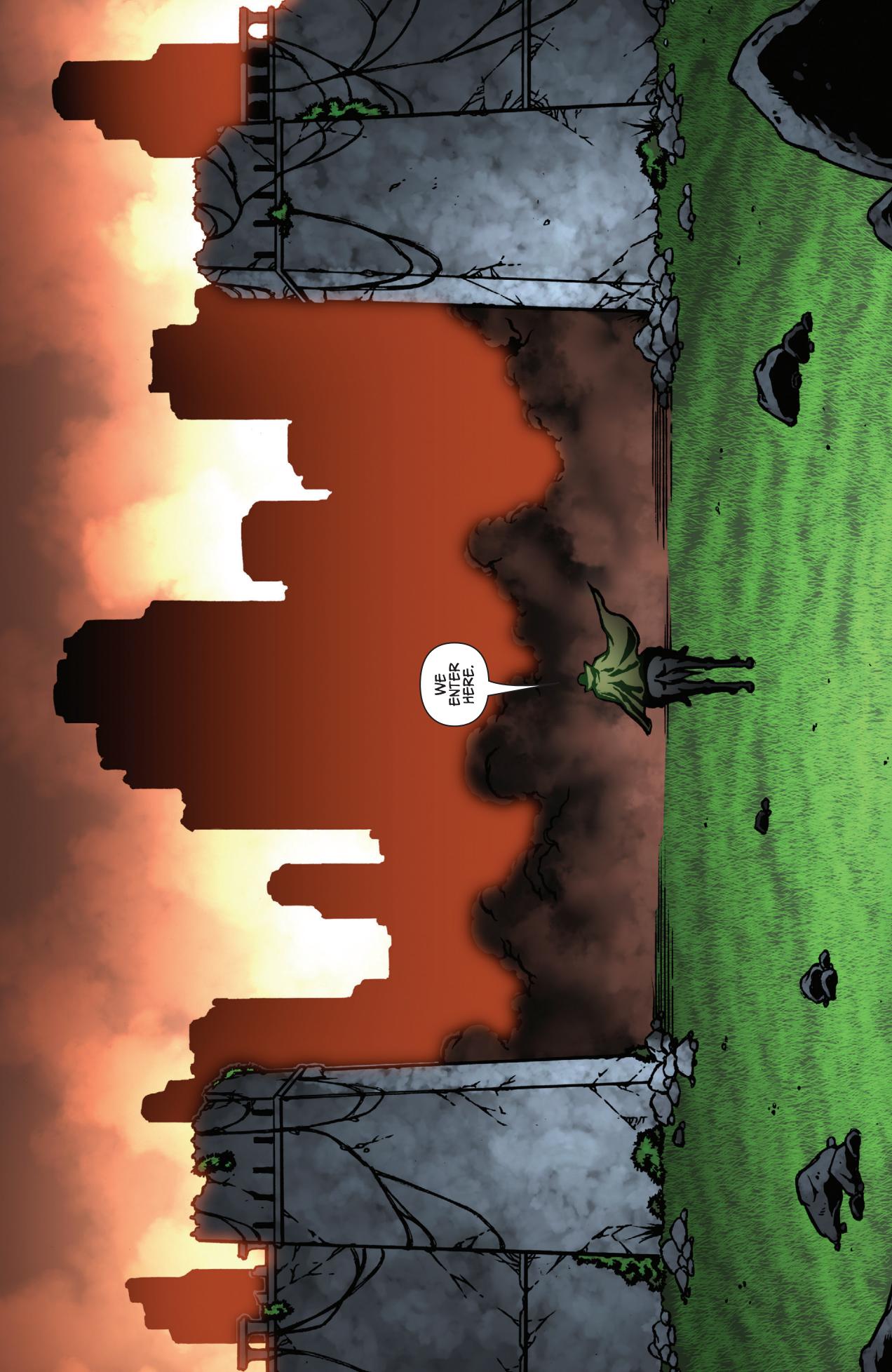
He kept looking back, and so was not the first to see what lay ahead.

A great, irregular mass stretched off to either side, out of sight. Was it a cliff? The vines would make climbing easy, but they'd never get the horses up.

Suddenly, as they rode a little closer, Rand saw it was clearly not just some kind of rock formation. There was a clearly a tower, with an odd pointed dome at the top...







WE
ENTER
HERE.



To be continued...