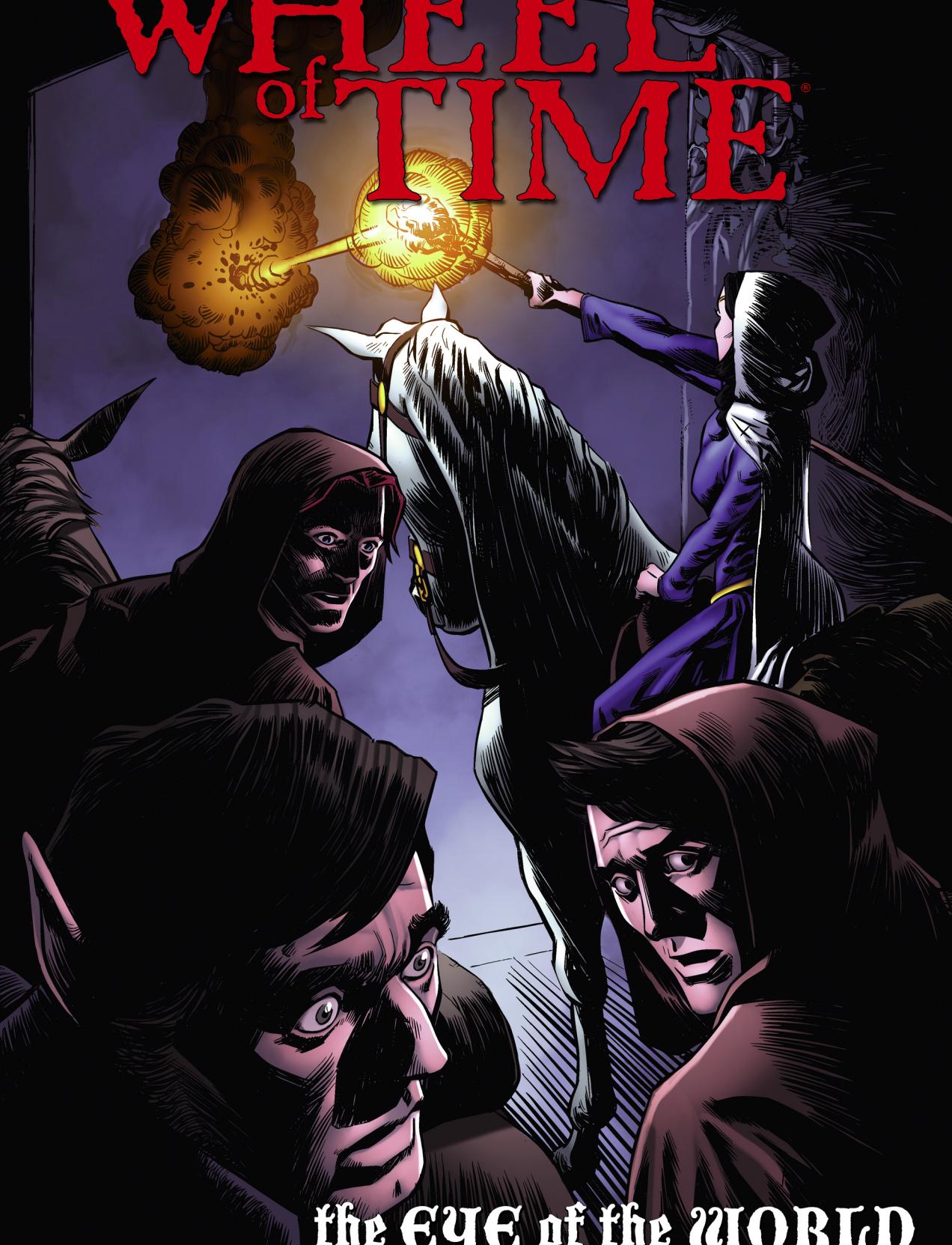


Robert Jordan's
the **WHEEL** of **TIME**®

DYNAMITE
31



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & FRANCIS NUGUIT

Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

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IS IT TO THIS
YOU'VE BROUGHT US,
AES SEDAI? ALL THIS JUST
TO FIND OUT WE HAVE TO
GO BACK TO CAEMLYN
AFTER ALL?

WE DO NOT HAVE
TO GO BACK. NOT ALL
THE WAY TO CAEMLYN.
THERE ARE MANY PATHS
ALONG THE WAYS TO
ANY PLACE.

WE NEED ONLY
GO FAR BACK ENOUGH
FOR LOIAL TO FIND
ANOTHER PATH THAT WILL
LEAD TO FAL DARA.
LOIAL?

LOIAL!



WHAT? OH.
YES, AES SEDAI,
I CAN FIND ANOTHER
PATH. I JUST...

I HAD NOT
DREAMED THE DECAY
HAD GONE SO FAR. IF THE
BRIDGES THEMSELVES ARE
BREAKING, IT MAY BE THAT I
CANNOT FIND THE PATH YOU
WANT. I MAY NOT BE ABLE
TO FIND A PATH BACK,
EITHER. THE BRIDGES
COULD BE FALLING
BEHIND US, EVEN
NOW.

IT WILL BE AS
THE WHEEL WEAVES,
BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE THE
DECAY IS AS FAST AS YOU
FEAR. LOOK AT THE STONE;
EVEN I CAN TELL THAT
THIS IS AN OLD
BREAK.

YES, YES, I
CAN SEE IT. THERE
IS NO RAIN OR WIND HERE,
BUT THIS STONE HAS BEEN
IN THE AIR FOR TEN
YEARS, AT LEAST.

YOU KNOW,
AES SEDAI, I COULD
FIND OTHER PATHS MORE
EASILY... TAR VALON, FOR
INSTANCE? OR STEDDING
SHANGTAI...

FAL DARA, LOIAL.
THE EYE OF THE WORLD
LIES BEYOND FAL DARA,
AND WE MUST REACH
THE EYE.

=SIGH=

FAL DARA,
IT IS. LET US
RETURN TO THE LAST
SIGNPOST.



And so, despite Loial's many attempts to convince Moiraine to change course, the group continued on another path to Fal Dara.



Rand was yawning by the time Moiraine announced they would stop for the night on one of the Islands.



ARE YOU GOING TO SET WARDS? THERE MUST BE WORSE THAN RATS IN...THIS. EVEN IF I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING, I CAN STILL FEEL.

YOU FEEL THE TAINT, THE CORRUPTION OF THE POWER THAT MADE THE WAYS.

I WILL NOT USE THE ONE POWER IN THE WAYS UNLESS I MUST. THE TAINT IS SO STRONG, WHATEVER I TRIED TO DO WOULD SURELY BE CORRUPTED.



I CAN TELL YOU ALL ONE CHEERFUL THING. I DO NOT THINK THOM MERRILIN IS DEAD.

WHAT? BUT...THE FADE...

YES, MAT TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED IN WHITEBRIDGE. PEOPLE THERE MENTIONED A GLEEMAN, BUT THEY SAID NOTHING OF HIM DYING.



THEY WOULD HAVE, I THINK, IF A GLEEMAN HAD BEEN KILLED. WHITEBRIDGE IS NOT SO BIG AS FOR A GLEEMAN TO BE A SMALL THING.

AND THOM IS A PART OF THE PATTERN THAT WEAVES ITSELF AROUND YOU THREE. TOO IMPORTANT A PART, I BELIEVE, TO BE CUT OFF YET.



TOO IMPORTANT? BUT HOW COULD...

DID MIN SEE SOMETHING? ABOUT THOM?

SHE SAW A GREAT DEAL. ABOUT ALL OF YOU. I WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND HALF OF WHAT SHE SAW, BUT EVEN SHE DOES NOT.

STILL, MIN ALWAYS SEES TRUE. YOUR FATES ARE BOUND TOGETHER. THOM MERRILIN'S, TOO.



It was not too much later that the Emond's Fielders lay down to rest--though sleep was not easily come by. Rand could not imagine he was anywhere but in the Ways, made by the men who had broken the world, tainted by the Dark One.

He kept picturing the broken bridge, and the nothing under it. On either side of him, Rand could turn and see Mat or Perrin--both with their eyes wide open, looking at nothing, obviously thinking the same thoughts. Perrin was tapping his thumbs nervously against his chest.

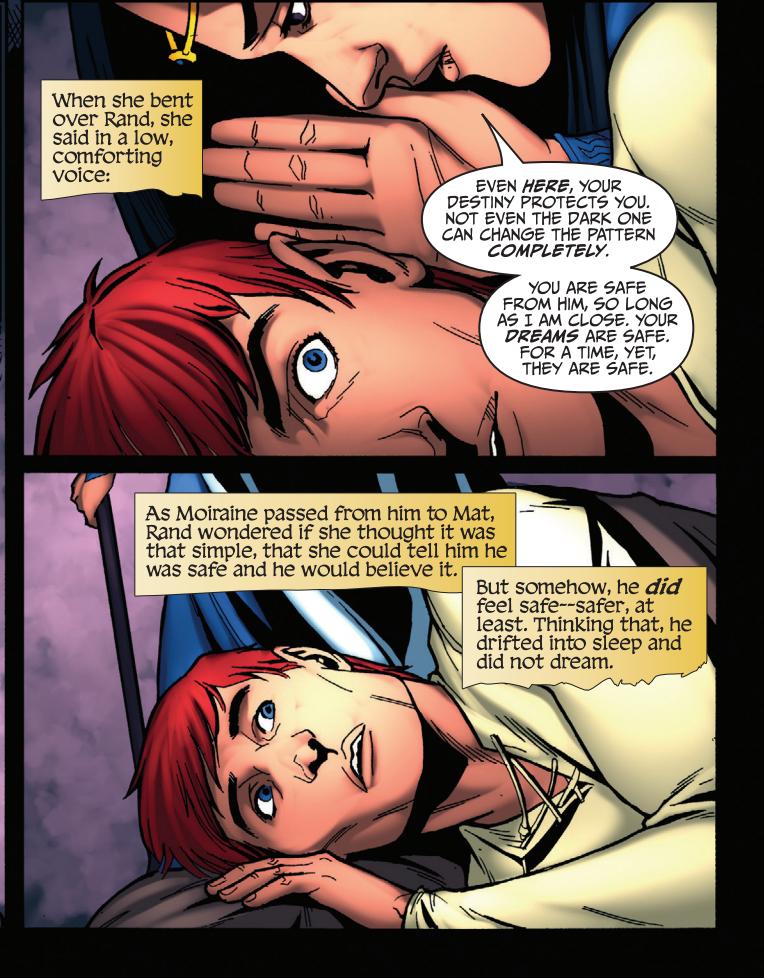


Moiraine made a circuit of them, kneeling by each person's head and bending down to speak softly. Rand could not hear what she said to Perrin, but it made his thumbs stop.

When she bent over Rand, she said in a low, comforting voice:

EVEN HERE, YOUR DESTINY PROTECTS YOU. NOT EVEN THE DARK ONE CAN CHANGE THE PATTERN COMPLETELY.

YOU ARE SAFE FROM HIM, SO LONG AS I AM CLOSE. YOUR DREAMS ARE SAFE. FOR A TIME, YET, THEY ARE SAFE.



As Moiraine passed from him to Mat, Rand wondered if she thought it was that simple, that she could tell him he was safe and he would believe it.

But somehow, he *did* feel safe--safer, at least. Thinking that, he drifted into sleep and did not dream.

Lan woke them. Rand wondered if the Warder had slept; he did not look tired, not even as tired as those who had laid some hours on the hard stone.





Moiraine led the others to Lan, and when they saw what he had found...

Rand heard someone retching behind him, and swallowed hard to keep from joining whoever it was. Even for Trollocs it had been a horrible way to die.

THIS WAS THE FIRST BRIDGE OF THE PATH FROM HERE TO TAR VALON.

AS WELL WE ARE NOT GOING TO TAR VALON YET.

HOW CAN YOU TAKE IT SO CALMLY? THE SAME COULD HAPPEN TO US!

PERHAPS. IT IS MORE LIKELY, THOUGH, THAT THE MEN--THE AES SEDAI WHO MADE THE WAYS--PROTECTED THEM, BUILDING IN TRAPS FOR CREATURES OF THE DARK ONE.

IT IS SOMETHING THEY MUST HAVE FEARED THEN, BEFORE THE HALFMEN AND TROLLOCS HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE BLIGHT. IN ANY CASE, WE CANNOT TARRY HERE, AND WHATEVER WAY WE CHOOSE, BACK OR AHEAD, IS AS LIKELY TO HAVE A TRAP AS ANY OTHER.

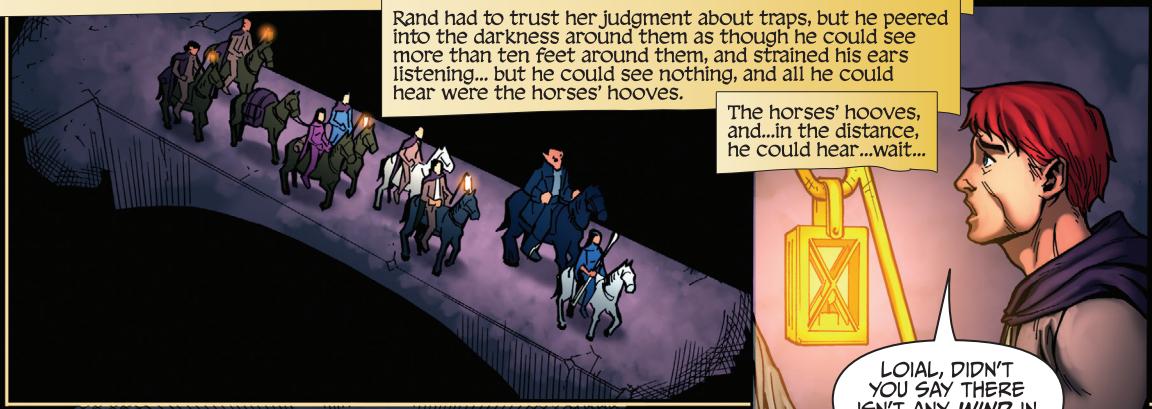
LOIAL, DO YOU KNOW THE NEXT BRIDGE?

For once, Loial seemed as eager to go on as Moiraine did. He had his big horse moving before he finished speaking.

Moiraine may not have believed a trap could be set for them, but for all the haste she spoke of, she made them travel more slowly than before, pausing before letting them on to any bridge or off on an island. She would step Aldieb forward, feeling the air in front of her with an outstretched hand, and not even Loial--or Lan--was allowed to go ahead until she gave permission.

Rand had to trust her judgment about traps, but he peered into the darkness around them as though he could see more than ten feet around them, and strained his ears listening... but he could see nothing, and all he could hear were the horses' hooves.

The horses' hooves, and...in the distance, he could hear...wait...



This time, Moiraine did not wait to check. She urged the others to a gallop, even as the sound of the wind grew louder. Rand could hear it, even over the sound of hooves pounding on stone. Behind them, and gusting closer.

Out of the darkness the Gates appeared, vine-carved and standing alone in the black like a tiny piece of wall in the night.

Moiraine was first to the wall; she leaned out of her saddle, reaching towards the carvings, but...



THE
AVENDESORA
LEAF IS NOT HERE!
THE KEY IS
GONE!



As she had done in Emond's Field, Moiraine called flames forth from the end of her staff, but this fire was not the pure white that Rand had seen before; this fire was colored with sickly streaks of yellow and slow-drifting flecks of black, and emanated a thin, acrid smoke besides. The taint of the Ways was more evident now than ever.



Stone melted like butter, leaf and vine withering in the flame and vanishing. The Aes Sedai moved the fire as fast as she could, but cutting an opening big enough for everyone to get through was no quick task.



To Rand, it seemed as if the line of melted stone crept along its arc at a snail's pace. His cloak stirred, as if caught by the edge of a breeze, and his heart froze. There was not much time...



They did not wait for the Aes Sedai to tell them twice. Spurred by the dark chill of the approaching Black Wind, the group raced through the open Waygate, stumbling through the rough change of time slowing down as they made the transition back to the World.

Moiraine was last out--she had held back the Black Wind long enough to ensure everyone else enough time to escape, and then backed out slowly. And then, she held, watching the Gate.

The Waygate darkened. The hazy shimmer became murkier, sinking from gray to charcoal, then to black as deep as the heart of the Ways.

As if from a great distance the wind howled at them, carrying hidden voices filled with an unquenchable thirst for living things, filled with a hunger for pain, filled with frustration. Rand could hear them whispering, even now:

FLESH SO FINE,
SO FINE TO TEAR; BLOOD
SO RED, SO SWEET;
SWEET SCREAMS, PRETTY
SCREAMS, SCREAM YOUR
SONGS, SING YOUR
SCREAMS...

IT COULD NOT
PASS. I THOUGHT IT
COULD NOT; I HOPED IT
COULD NOT. FAUGH! THE
TAINT CORRUPTS EVERY-
THING IN THAT
PLACE.

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

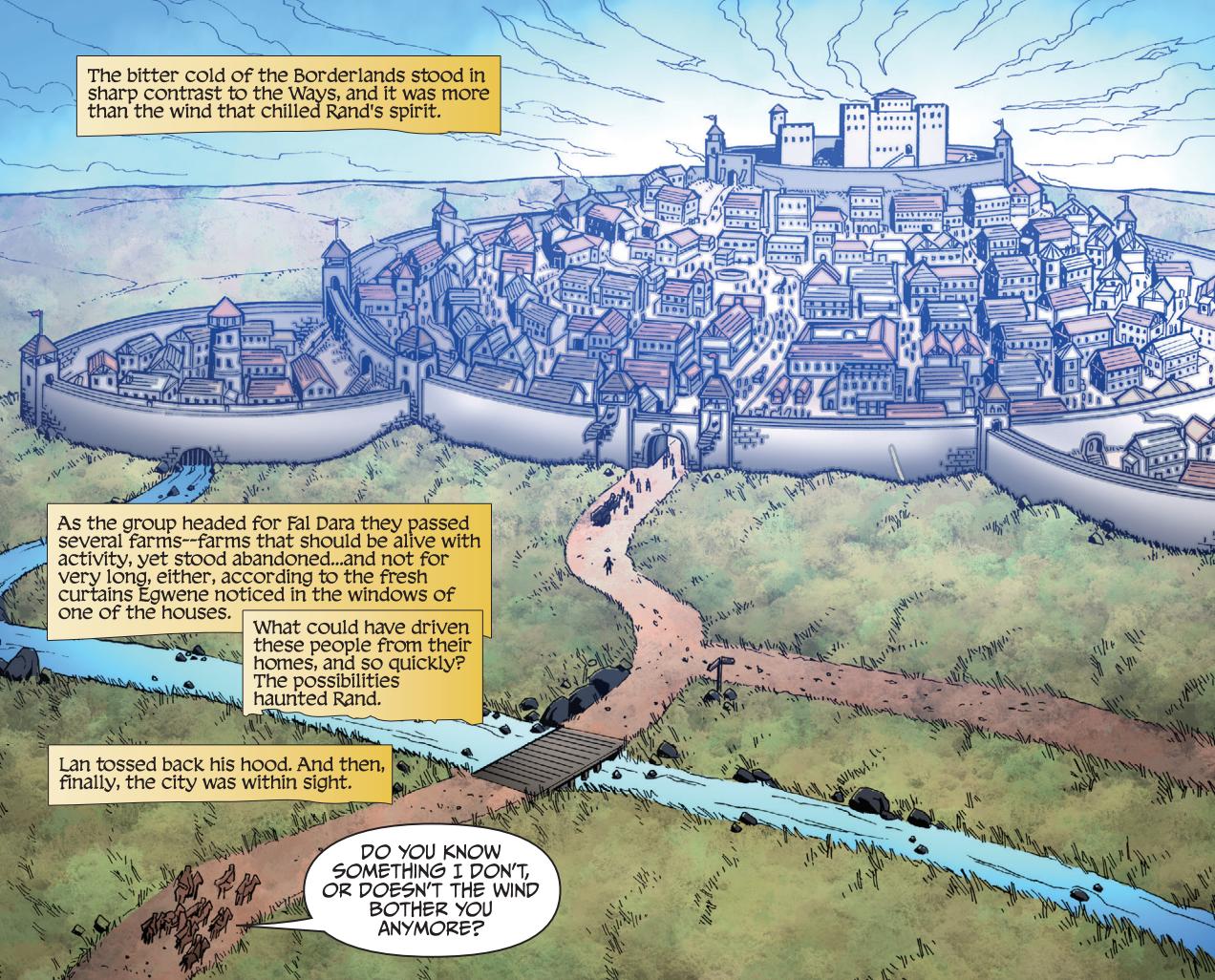
MACHIN SHIN.
THE BLACK WIND
THAT STEALS
SOULS.

IT IS SOMETHING
LEFT FROM THE TIME OF
MADNESS, PERHAPS, OR EVEN
FROM THE WAR OF THE SHADOW.
SOMETHING HIDING IN THE WAYS
SO LONG IT CAN NO
LONGER GET OUT.

BUT THOUGH
IT CANNOT GET OUT,
ANYONE COULD WANDER
IN. AGELMAR MUST SEND
MEN TO WALL THIS UP
ONCE WE REACH
FAL DARA.



The bitter cold of the Borderlands stood in sharp contrast to the Ways, and it was more than the wind that chilled Rand's spirit.



DO YOU KNOW
SOMETHING I DON'T,
OR DOESN'T THE WIND
BOther YOU
ANyMORE?





Fal Dara was bulging at the seams, but the people were neither the eager crowds of Caemlyn, enjoying the grandeur of the city, nor the milling throngs of Baerlon...they were simply there, and haunting Rand with their silence.



Lan led the way to the fortress in the middle of the town, a massive stone pile atop the highest hill, a place for a last defense, if the rest of the town fell.



IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAI SHAN. VERY GOOD. WORD WAS SENT TO LORD AGELMAR AS SOON AS YOU WERE SEEN COMING. HE IS WAITING FOR YOU NOW.





I ASK ONE NIGHT'S SHELTER, LORD AGELMAR, FOR OURSELVES AND OUR HORSES. AND FRESH SUPPLIES IN THE MORNING, IF YOU CAN SPARE THEM.

WE MUST LEAVE EARLY, I AM AFRAID.



BUT I THOUGHT...
MOIRANE SEDAI, I HAVE NO
RIGHT TO ASK IT OF YOU,
BUT YOU WOULD BE WORTH
A THOUSAND LANCES IN
TARWIN'S GAP.

AND YOU,
DAI SHAN. A THOUSAND
MEN WILL COME WHEN
THEY HEAR THE GOLDEN
CRANE FLIES ONCE
MORE.

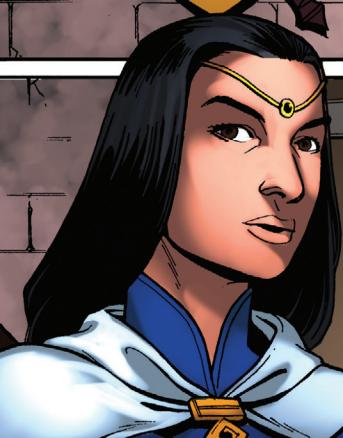
THE SEVEN
TOWERS ARE BROKEN.
MALKIER IS DEAD; THE FEW
OF HER PEOPLE LEFT,
SCATTERED ACROSS
THE FACE OF THE
EARTH.

I AM A WARDER,
AGELMAR, SWORN TO THE
FLAME OF TAR VALON, AND
I AM BOUND INTO THE
BLIGHT.

OF COURSE,
DAI SH-LAN. OF
COURSE.

BUT SURELY
A FEW DAYS' DELAY, A
FEW WEEKS AT MOST, WILL
MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. YOU
ARE NEEDED, YOU, AND
MOIRANE SEDAI.

INGTAR SEEMS
TO BELIEVE YOU WILL
DEFEAT THIS THREAT AS
YOU HAVE DEFEATED MANY
OTHERS ACROSS THE
YEARS.





NOT YET. IF WE WIN AT THE EYE OF THE WORLD, PERHAPS NOT EVER AGAIN.

CAN YOU FIND THE EYE, AES SEDAI? IF HOLDING THE DARK ONE DEPENDS ON THAT, WE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD. MANY HAVE TRIED AND FAILED.

I CAN FIND IT, LORD AGELMAR. HOPE IS NOT LOST YET.

VERY WELL, AES SEDAI, BUT... AT LEAST LET ME SEND MEN WITH YOU. A HUNDRED LANCES, MORE OR LESS, WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE IN THE GAP, BUT YOU WILL SURELY NEED MORE THAN ONE WARDER AND THREE YOUTHS IN THE BLIGHT. IT IS WORSE THAN USUAL THIS YEAR. IT... STIRS.

A HUNDRED LANCES WOULD BE TOO MANY, AND A THOUSAND NOT ENOUGH. THE LARGER THE PARTY WE TAKE INTO THE BLIGHT, THE MORE CHANCE WE WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION, AND WE MUST REACH THE EYE WITHOUT FIGHTING, IF WE CAN.

YOU KNOW THE OUTCOME IS ALL BUT FORETOLD WHEN TROLLOCS FORCE BATTLE INSIDE THE BLIGHT.

NO MEN.

IT IS THE NATURE OF THE EYE, AND THE NATURE OF THE GREEN MAN. HOW MANY FROM FAL DARA HAVE EVER FOUND THE GREEN MAN AND THE EYE?

FEWER, THEN. EVEN TEN GOOD MEN WOULD GIVE YOU A BETTER CHANCE OF ESCORTING MOIRANE SEDAI AND THE OTHER TWO WOMEN TO THE GREEN MAN THAN WILL JUST THESE YOUNG FELLOWS.

EVER? NO MORE THAN YOU COULD COUNT ON THE FINGERS OF ONE HAND.

NO ONE FINDS THE EYE OF THE WORLD UNLESS THE GREEN MAN WANTS THEM TO FIND IT. NEED IS THE KEY, AND INTENTION. IF EVEN ONE AMONG US SEEKS GLORY, SEEKS TO ADD HIS NAME TO THOSE FOUR, WE MAY NEVER FIND IT THOUGH I TAKE US STRAIGHT TO THE SPOT I REMEMBER.



The chamber where they ate was as stark and plain as Lord Agelmar's study had been, with little more furnishing it than the table and chairs themselves. A big fireplace warmed the room, but not so much that a man called out hurriedly would be stunned by the cold outside.

Agelmar had promised hot food and pleasant conversation, and that he provided until Ingmar appeared in the doorway and caught the lord's attention.

YES,
WHAT IS
IT?

A SMALL
THING, LORD.
A STRANGER TRIED
TO ENTER THE TOWN. NOT OF
SHIENAR. BY HIS ACCENT,
A LUGARDER.

WHEN THE
SOUTH GATE
GUARDS ATTEMPTED
TO QUESTION HIM, HE
RAN OFF. HE WAS SEEN
TO ENTER THE FOREST,
BUT ONLY A SHORT TIME
LATER HE WAS FOUND
SCALING THE
WALL.

A SMALL THING?
PEACE! THE TOWER
WATCH IS SO NEGLECTFUL
A MAN CAN REACH THE
WALLS UNSEEN, AND YOU
CALL IT A SMALL
THING?

YOUR PARDON, AES SEDAI, BUT I MUST SEE
TO THIS. PERHAPS HE IS ONLY A PITIFUL
WRETCH WITH HIS MIND BLINDED BY
THE LIGHT, BUT TWO DAYS GONE, FIVE OF OUR
OWN PEOPLE WERE FOUND IN THE NIGHT
TRYING TO SAW THROUGH THE
HINGES OF A HORSEGATE.

SMALL, BUT ENOUGH TO
LET TROLLOCS IN. AND IF
EVEN SHIENARANS CAN BE DARK-
FRIENDS, I MUST BE ESPECIALLY
CAREFUL OF OUTLANDERS IN
THESE DAYS. IF YOU WISH TO
WITHDRAW, I WILL HAVE YOU
SHOWN TO YOUR
ROOMS.

HE IS A MADMAN, LORD. THE LIGHT SHIELDS
MADMEN. PERHAPS THE LIGHT CLOAKED THE
TOWER WATCH'S EYES AND ALLOWED HIM
TO REACH THE WALLS. SURELY ONE
POOR MADMAN CAN DO
NO HARM.

HAS HE
BEEN BROUGHT
TO THE KEEP
YET?

NO, MY
LORD.

GOOD.
BRING HIM TO
ME HERE. NOW.



DARKFRIENDS KNOW NEITHER BORDER NOR BLOOD; THEY ARE FOUND IN EVERY LAND, AND ARE OF NONE. I, TOO, AM INTERESTED IN SEEING THIS MAN.

THE PATTERN IS FORMING A WEB, LORD AGELMAR, BUT THE FINAL SHAPE OF THE WEB IS NOT YET SET. IT MAY YET ENTANGLE THE WORLD, OR UNRAVEL AND SET THE WHEEL TO A NEW WEAVING. AT THIS POINT, I AM WARY OF SMALL THINGS OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

AS YOU WISH, AES SEDAI.

A few minutes later, Ingtar returned with two guards, escorting a man who looked like a ragbag turned inside out.

YOU'VE NO CAUSE TO BE HOLDING ME LIKE THIS! I'M ONLY A POOR DESTITUTE, ABANDONED BY THE LIGHT AND SEEKING A PLACE TO SHELTER FROM THE SHADOW!

THE BORDERLANDS ARE A STRANGE PLACE TO SEEK--

THE PEDDLER!

PADAN FAIN.

THE BEGGAR... HE'S THE MAN WHO WAS ASKING ABOUT US IN CAEMLYN. HE HAS TO BE.

SO THIS CONCERN'S YOU AFTER ALL, MOIRANE SEDAI.

I GREATLY FEAR THAT IT DOES.



SO YOU'VE COME HERE BECAUSE WE FIGHT TROLLS. AND YOU ARE SO IMPORTANT THAT SOMEONE WANTS TO STOP YOU.

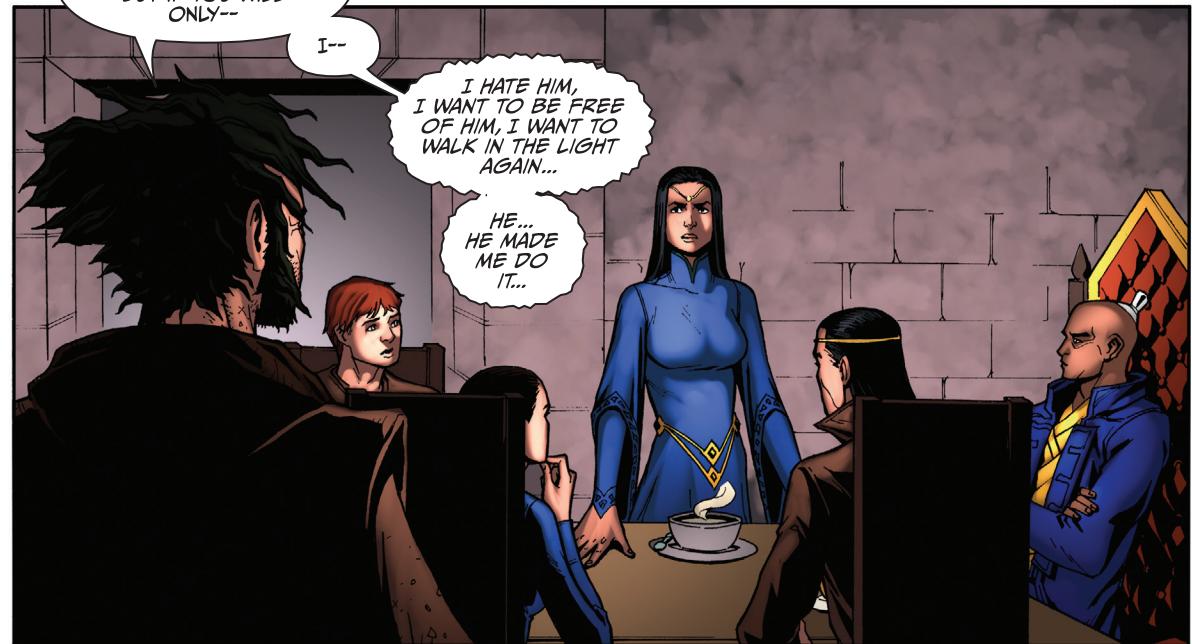
THESE PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE A PEDDLER CALLED PADAN FAIN, AND THAT YOU ARE FOLLOWING THEM.

PADAN FAIN IS SIMPLY ONE OF THE MANY DISGUISES I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WEAR OVER THE YEARS. FRIENDS OF THE DARK PURSUE ME, FOR I HAVE LEARNED HOW TO DEFEAT THE SHADOW.

ER...

I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO DEFEAT HIM, GREAT LORD.





To be continued...

DYNAMITE

IN THE NEWS - NOV. 2012

VICTOR (X-MEN) GISCHLER BEGINS WRITING THE SHADOW WITH ISSUE #7!



Dynamite is proud to announce that acclaimed and best-selling comics writer Victor Gischler will be joining Dynamite! Having been the lead writer on the X-Men for the last 2 and a half years, we're proud to have Victor as part of our team. And Victor is not taking over just any title, but one of Dynamite's Premiere titles - The Shadow! Fresh from his acclaimed run on X-Men, Victor is one of the hottest writers in comics, as he also writing a Buffy the Vampire Slayer 'Spike' spin-off mini-series! Joining Victor on The Shadow #7 is artist Jack (Kirby: Genesis) Herbert with covers by Alex Ross, John Cassaday, Darwyn Cooke, and Francesco Francavilla!!! This is Darwyn Cooke's first ever The Shadow cover!!! The foot is still heavy on the pedal after Garth Ennis' acclaimed run on The Shadow concludes, so make sure to keep on picking up this must-read book as Victor joins The Shadow with issue #7 in October!

In The Shadow #7, The Shadow is known for the mystic power which allows him to cloud men's minds and read their hearts. But what happens when this power fails him? After the

To discuss this and more, log onto the Dynamite forums at WWW.DYNAMITE.NET/BOARDS

Shadow fails to stop a routine mugging, he travels to the Far East with his pilot and sidekick WWI ace Miles Crofton. In Nepal, he hopes to reconnect with his old masters and to consult with them about what could be amiss with his powers. Instead, he finds opium smugglers. As always, The Shadow faces danger ... but he must also look within himself.

"The Shadow is a classic, iconic character that I'm thrilled to write," says new The Shadow writer Victor Gischler! "It's really like you get two characters in one -- The Shadow, an incredible crime fighter with the ability to cloud men's minds, but also as a wealthy man about town named Lamont Cranston who is almost a James bond sort of character himself. Action, romance, and intrigue in an amazing pulp package make The Shadow a must read."

"Victor is a writer who we've wanted to work with for quite a bit, but weren't able to due to his exclusivity to Marvel," states Dynamite President Nick Barrucci. "We've talked in the past, and are happy that we are able to work with him today. We actually spoke with Garth before deciding who the next writer on The Shadow should be, and Garth was happy to hear that it was Victor, as he's a fan of his novels and Punisher run. We're very fortunate at Dynamite to be working with Victor."

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NEXT ISSUE:



THE WHEEL OF TIME: THE EYE OF THE WORLD #32

The quest to find the Eye of the World draws nearer to an end! The group finally makes their way into the cursed northern land known as The Blight - a place fouled by evil in all possible ways - as they continue on their way to the Eye! Also, we discover more about the Warder Lan's mysterious past, and how it ties to the fall of Malkier, a country now consumed by the Blight! All this and a little heartbreak too -- all in the latest issue of Robert Jordan's The Wheel of Time: The Eye of the World!

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FEATURED REVIEWS

THE SHADOW #5

(aintitcool.com):

"Ennis and Campbell are knocking out a nice little adventure of The Shadow, and I'll be sad to see Ennis go when it's done."

THE SHADOW ANNUAL #1

(newsarama.com):

"Tom Sniegoski delivers a fine enough story for the legendary pulp character and really delves into the Eastern mysticism that surrounds Lamont's own powers. It's definitely got a "Village of the Damned" feel, but something with a more sinister edge."

JENNIFER BLOOD: FIRST BLOOD #1

(thelotteryparty.com):

"This is a rich in drama characterization that is clearly building something quite valid to the mythos."

THE BIONIC MAN #13

(unleashthefanboy.com):

"This is something that's shown to often be at the heart of Bionic Man; the amalgamation of man and machine. This fight between emotion and logic has been shown before, but the introduction of a more primitive example certainly makes things more interesting without being obviously patronizing or clichéd."

WARLORD OF MARS #21

(thelotteryparty.com):

"With a creative team as strong and capable as this, and such a warmly dynamic opening chapter, now is a damn fine time for new readers to dive into the alien splendor."

JENNIFER BLOOD #17

(blueravencomics.com):

"Jennifer's change of character is so captivating and I can't wait to see her ultimate fate."