

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**®

## the **EYE** of the **WORLD**

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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?

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.

WAKE YOURSELF, SHEEPHERDER. SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING US. OR SOMETHING.

WHAT DO YOU FEEL, LAN? IS IT SOMETHING THAT SERVES THE DARK ONE?

I... DON'T KNOW. I CANNOT TELL. PERHAPS IT'S THE WAYS, AND THE TAINT. IT ALL FEELS WRONG.

BUT WHOEVER IT IS, OR **WHATEVER**, HE'S NOT TRYING TO CATCH US. HE ALMOST CAUGHT UP AT THE LAST ISLAND AND SCAMPERED BACK ACROSS THE BRIDGE SO AS NOT TO. IF I FALL BEHIND, I MIGHT SURPRISE HIM AND SEE WHO, OR WHAT, HE IS.

NO.

IF YOU FALL BEHIND, WARDER, YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN THE WAYS.

SO LONG AS HE DOES NOT TROUBLE US, WE WILL NOT TROUBLE HIM.

WE HAVE NO TIME. **NO TIME.**

NOW LET'S BE OFF.

IF I REMEMBER THE LAST GUIDING CORRECTLY, THERE IS A PATH FROM HERE THAT LEADS TO TAR VALON. HALF A DAY'S JOURNEY AT **MOST**.

NOT QUITE AS LONG AS IT WILL TAKE TO REACH MAFAL DADARANELL--OR FAL DARA AS YOU CALL IT. I'M SURE THAT--OH!

THIS EXPLAINS MUCH...





..AND IT MAKES ME AFRAID. I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED. THE TAINT, THE DECAY...I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.

GUESSED WHAT?

WHAT IS IT? WHO DID THIS? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF OR SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

TROLLOCS. OR FADES.

THOSE ARE TROLLOC RUNES. THEY HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO ENTER THE WAYS.

THIS MUST BE HOW THEY GOT TO THE TWO RIVERS UNDISCOVERED; THROUGH THE WAYGATE AT MANETHEREN.


BUT THEY CANNOT KNOW ALL THE PATHS YET, ELSE THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN POURING INTO CAEMLYN THROUGH THE GATE WE USED. YES.

THEY DON'T USE THE WAYS EASILY...

MANETHEREN WAS DESTROYED, BUT ALMOST **NOTHING** CAN DESTROY A WAYGATE. THAT IS HOW THE FADES COULD GATHER A SMALL ARMY AROUND CAEMLYN WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM IN EVERY NATION BETWEEN THE BLIGHT AND ANDOR.







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?

YES. YES, THEY DID NOT RUIN THAT PART OF THE GUIDING, THANK THE LIGHT.

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...

LOIAL, DIDN'T YOU SAY THERE ISN'T ANY *WIND* IN THE WAYS?

THERE ISN'T, THERE--  
**NO!**

MACHIN SHIN,  
THE BLACK WIND!  
THE LIGHT ILLUMINE  
AND PROTECT US. IT'S THE  
BLACK WIND! SO MANY  
CAME OUT MAD, SCREAMING  
ABOUT MACHIN SHIN, EVEN  
THE AES SEDAI COULD  
NEVER HEAL--

HOW MANY  
MORE BRIDGES? LOIAL,  
HOW MANY MORE  
BRIDGES?

TWO.  
I THINK,  
TWO.

QUICKLY,  
THEN! FIND IT  
QUICKLY!

**THIS  
WAY!**

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!

LIGHT!  
BLOODY  
LIGHT!

CALM  
YOURSELF...



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...



ALL  
OF YOU,  
OUT!

QUICKLY!  
GO!





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 DARÄ.



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.

As the group headed for Fal Dara they passed several farms—farms that should be alive with activity, yet stood abandoned...and not for very long, either, according to the fresh curtains Egwene noticed in the windows of one of the houses.

What could have driven these people from their homes, and so quickly? The possibilities haunted Rand.

Lan tossed back his hood. And then, finally, the city was within sight.

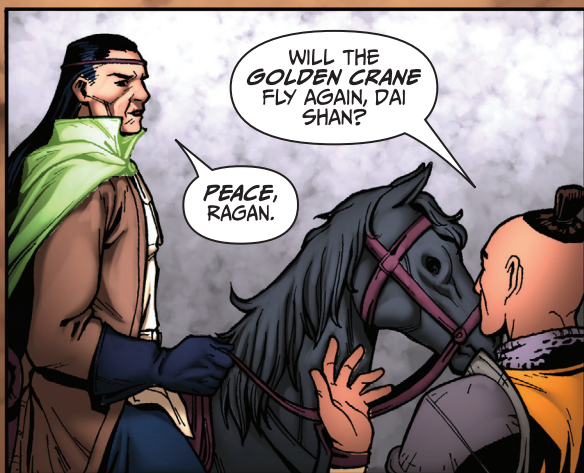
DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING I DON'T, OR DOESN'T THE WIND BOTHER YOU ANYMORE?

IT'S THE LAW IN SHIENAR. IN ALL THE BORDERLANDS. NO ONE MAY HIDE HIS FACE INSIDE A TOWN'S WALLS.

HAH! ARE THEY ALL SO GOOD LOOKING?

A HALFMAN CAN'T HIDE WITH HIS FACE EXPOSED.







Fai 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.

At least he knew now where all the farmers had gone.

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.

From one of the gate towers an armored man called down "Welcome, Dai Shan," while another shouted to the inside of the fortress, "The Golden Crane! The Golden Crane!"

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.





ARE THINGS REALLY AS BAD AS THEY APPEAR, ING'TAR?

THINGS ARE NEVER AS BAD AS THEY APPEAR, DAI SHAN. A LITTLE WORSE THAN USUAL THIS YEAR, THAT IS ALL.

SCOUTS RETURN FROM THE BLIGHT WITH NEWS OF TROLLOC CAMPS--ALWAYS FRESH NEWS OF NEW CAMPS--BUT WE WILL MEET THEM AT TARWIN'S GAP, AND TURN THEM BACK AS WE ALWAYS HAVE.



PEACE, BUT IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAI SHAN.

AND YOU, MOIRAINÉ AES SEDAI, PERHAPS EVEN MORE. YOUR PRESENCE WARMS ME, AES SEDAI.

NINTE CALICHNIYE NO DOMASHITA, AGELMAR DAI SHAN. YOUR WELCOME WARMS ME, LORD AGELMAR.

KODOME CALICHNIYE GA NI AES SEDAI HEI. HERE IS ALWAYS A WELCOME FOR AES SEDAI.

AND YOU, YOU ARE FAR FROM THE STEPPING, OGIER, BUT YOU HONOR FAL DARA. ALWAYS GLORY TO THE BUILDERS. KISERATI TI WANSHO HEI.



I AM UNWORTHY. IT IS YOU WHO DO ME HONOR.



A LONG JOURNEY FROM TAR VALON. YOU MUST BE TIRED.

A SHORT JOURNEY THE WAY WE CAME, BUT MORE TIRING THAN THE LONG WAY.

A FEW DAYS' REST WILL PUT YOU ALL IN FINE FETTER.





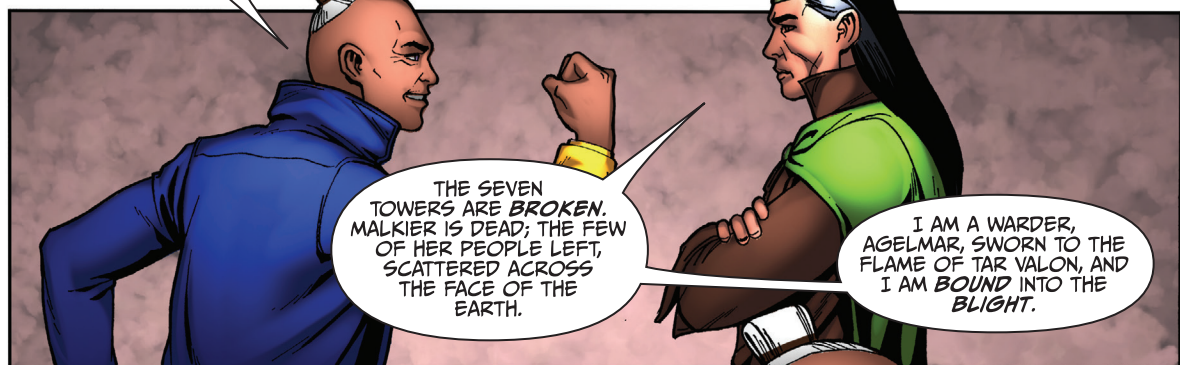
I ASK ONE NIGHT'S SHELTER, LORD AGELMAR, FOR OURSELVES AND OUR HORSES. AND FRESH SUPPLIES IN THE MORNING, IF YOU CAN SPARE THEM.

WE MUST LEAVE *EARLY*, I AM AFRAID.



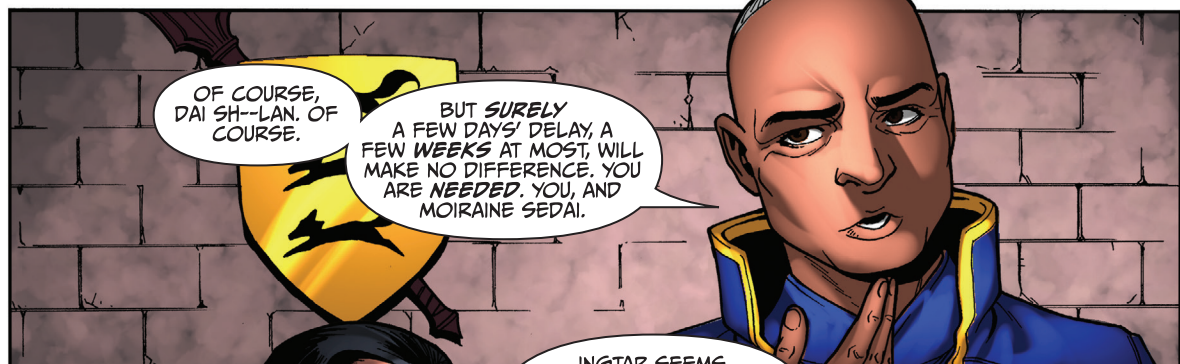
BUT I THOUGHT... MOIRAIN SEDAI, I HAVE NO RIGHT TO ASK IT OF YOU, BUT YOU WOULD BE WORTH A *THOUSAND* LANCES IN TARWIN'S GAP.

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.



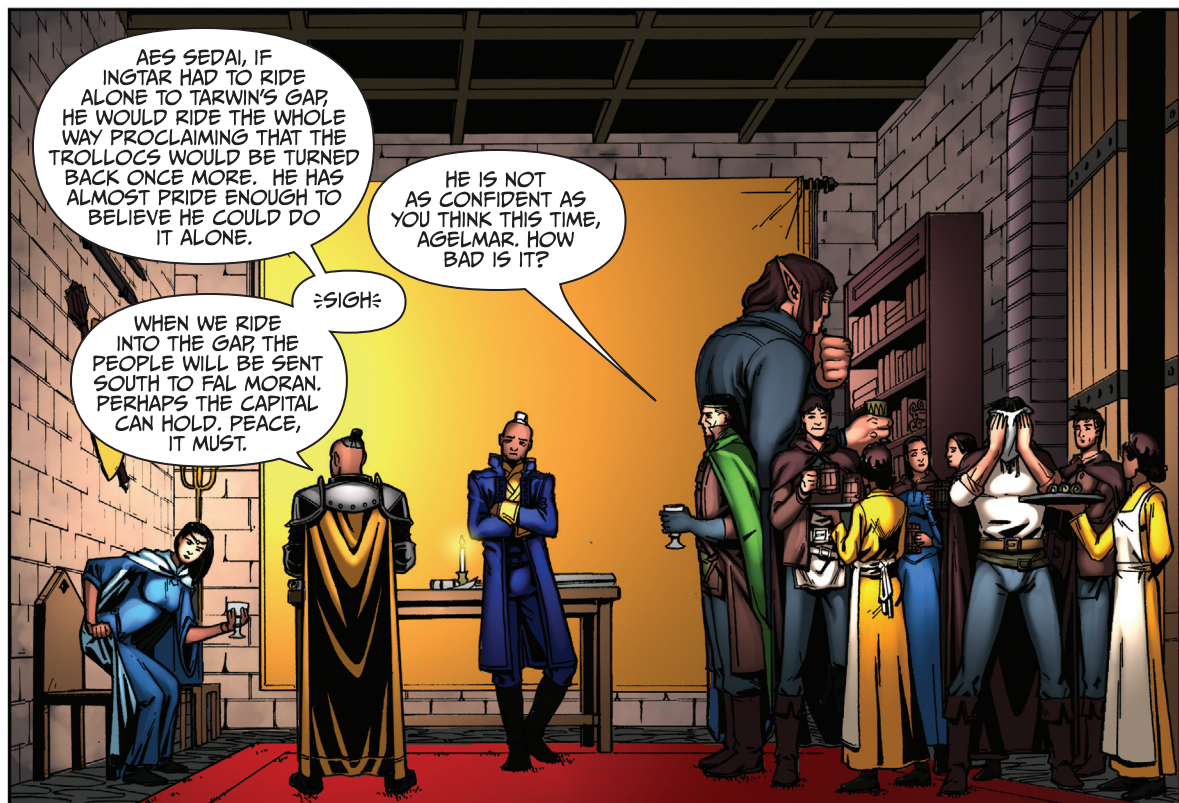
OF COURSE, DAI SH--LAN. OF COURSE.

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



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





AES SEDAI, IF  
INGTAR HAD TO RIDE  
ALONE TO TARWIN'S GAP,  
HE WOULD RIDE THE WHOLE  
WAY PROCLAIMING THAT THE  
TROLLOCS WOULD BE TURNED  
BACK ONCE MORE. HE HAS  
ALMOST PRIDE ENOUGH TO  
BELIEVE HE COULD DO  
IT ALONE.

HE IS NOT  
AS CONFIDENT AS YOU  
THINK THIS TIME,  
AGELMAR. HOW  
BAD IS IT?

≡SIGH≡  
WHEN WE RIDE  
INTO THE GAP, THE  
PEOPLE WILL BE SENT  
SOUTH TO FAL MORAN.  
PERHAPS THE CAPITAL  
CAN HOLD. PEACE,  
IT MUST.



SOMETHING  
MUST HOLD.

THAT  
BAD?

KANDOR,  
ARAFEL, SALDAEA--  
THE TROLLOCS RAIDED  
THEM ALL STRAIGHT  
THROUGH THE WINTER.  
NOTHING LIKE THAT HAS  
HAPPENED SINCE THE  
TROLLOC WARS; THE  
RAIDS HAVE NEVER  
BEEN SO  
FIERCE.



LAN-NOI--DAI SHAN, FOR YOU  
ARE A DIADEMED BATTLE LORD  
OF MALKIER, WHATEVER YOU SAY.  
DAI SHAN, THE GOLDEN CRANE  
BANNER IN THE VAN WOULD PUT  
HEART INTO MEN WHO KNOW  
THEY ARE RIDING NORTH  
TO DIE.

I CANNOT!

CRUNCH

I AM A WARDER,  
AGELMAR. AT FIRST  
LIGHT, I RIDE TO  
THE BLIGHT.




MOIRANE  
SEDAI, WILL YOU  
NOT COME, AT LEAST?  
AN AES SEDAI COULD  
MAKE THE  
DIFFERENCE.

I CANNOT,  
LORD AGELMAR.  
THERE IS *INDEED*  
A BATTLE TO BE FOUGHT,  
BUT *OUR* BATTLE, THE  
TRUE BATTLE WITH THE  
DARK ONE, WILL TAKE  
PLACE IN THE BLIGHT, AT  
THE EYE OF THE WORLD.  
YOU MUST FIGHT YOUR  
BATTLE, AND WE  
*OURS*.

YOU  
CANNOT BE  
SAYING HE IS  
LOOSE!





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

CAN YOU FIND THE EYE, AES SEDA? 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 SEDA, 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.

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

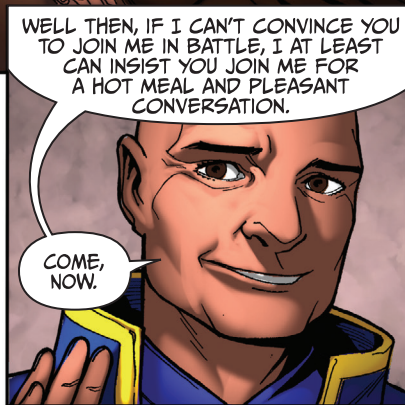
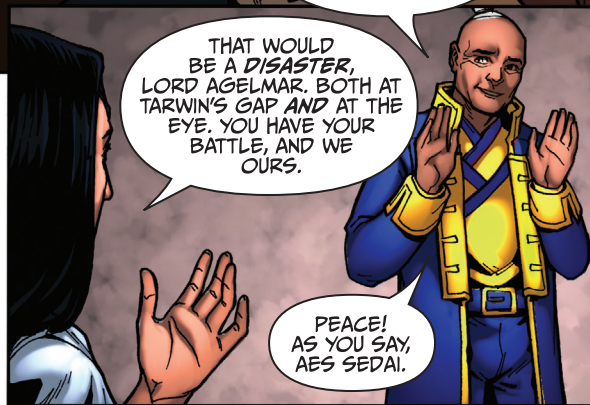
NO MEN.

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

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 Ingtar 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 NEGLIGENT  
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.

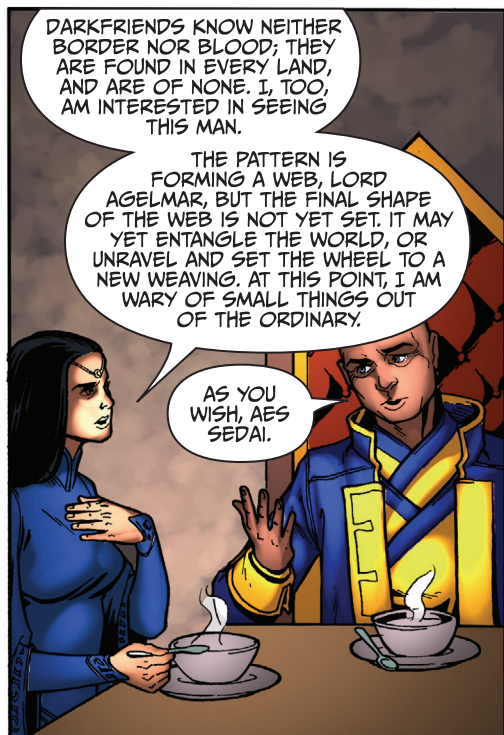
HAS HE  
BEEN BROUGHT  
TO THE KEEP  
YET?

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 WARAY OF SMALL THINGS OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

AS YOU WISH, AES SEDAI.



A few minutes later, Ingтар 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!

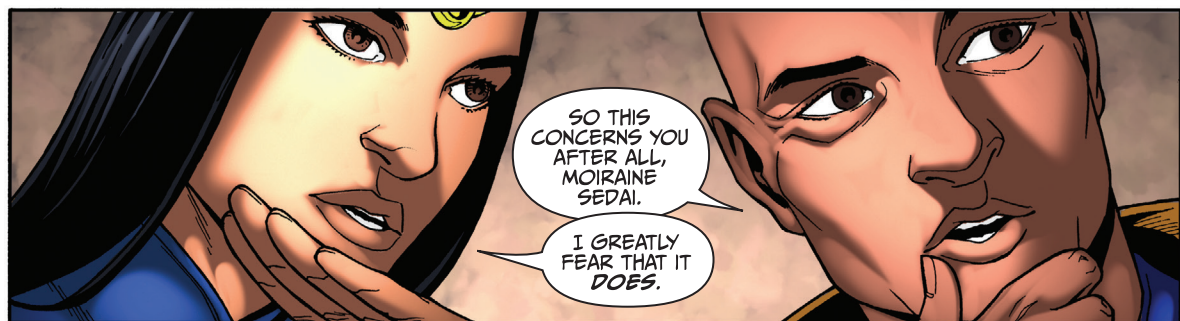
THE BORDERLANDS ARE A STRANGE PLACE TO SEEK--



THE PEDDLER!

PADAN FAIN.

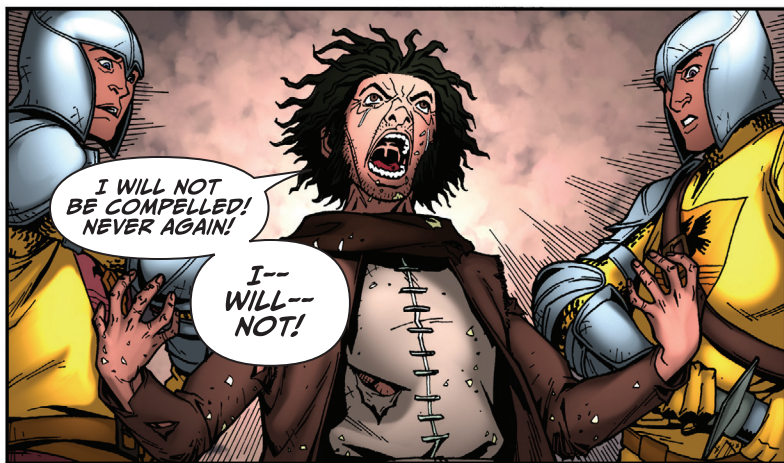
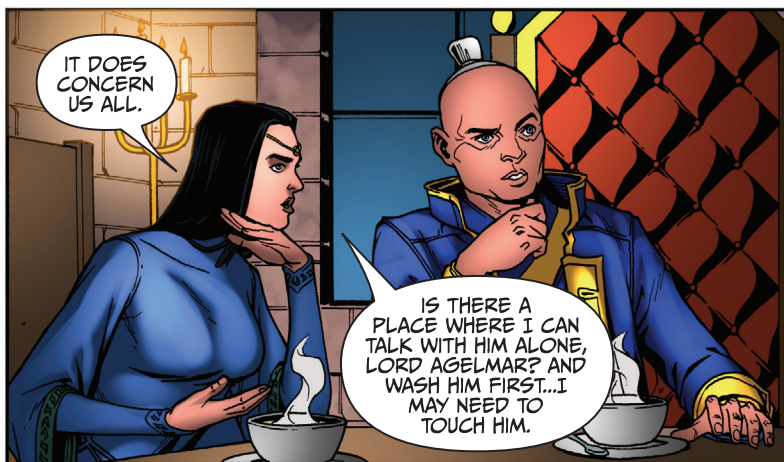
THE BEGGAR... HE'S THE MAN WHO WAS ASKING ABOUT US IN CAEMLYN. HE HAS TO BE.



SO THIS CONCERNS YOU AFTER ALL, MOIRAI NE SEDAI.

I GREATLY FEAR THAT IT DOES.









SO YOU'VE  
COME HERE BECAUSE  
WE FIGHT TROLLOCS. 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.

ER...

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.

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



WE DO AS  
WELL AS MEN CAN.  
THE WHEEL WEAVES AS THE  
WHEEL WILLS, BUT WE HAVE  
FOUGHT THE DARK ONE ALMOST  
SINCE THE BREAKING OF  
THE WORLD WITHOUT  
PEDDLERS TO TEACH  
US HOW.



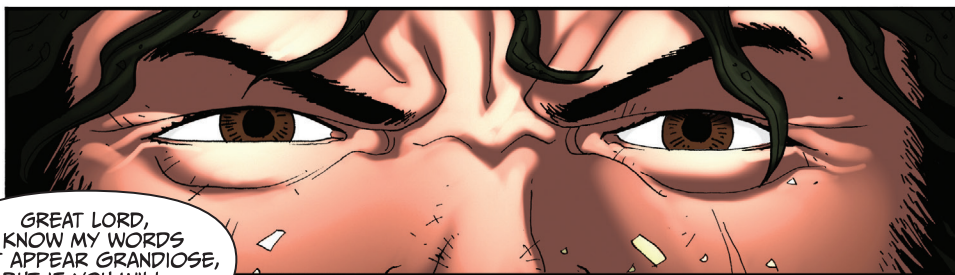
GREAT LORD,  
YOUR MIGHT IS  
UNQUESTIONED, BUT  
CAN IT STAND AGAINST  
THE DARK ONE  
FOREVER?

IF YOU BUT TRY  
WHAT I ADVISE, YOU WILL  
SEE, YOU WILL CLEANSE THE LAND.  
YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU DIRECT YOUR  
MIGHT IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.  
AVOID LETTING TAR VALON ENTANGLE  
YOU IN ITS SNARES, AND YOU  
CAN SAVE THE WORLD.

HE THINKS  
A GREAT DEAL  
OF HIMSELF FOR  
A PEDDLER.

I THINK  
INGTAR IS  
RIGHT. HE  
IS MAD.





GREAT LORD,  
I KNOW MY WORDS  
MUST APPEAR GRANDIOSE,  
BUT IF YOU WILL  
ONLY--

I--

I HATE HIM,  
I WANT TO BE FREE  
OF HIM, I WANT TO  
WALK IN THE LIGHT  
AGAIN...

HE...  
HE MADE  
ME DO  
IT...



I AM AFRAID  
HE IS MORE THAN A  
PEDDLER, LORD AGELMAR.  
LESS THAN HUMAN, WORSE  
THAN VILE, AND MORE  
DANGEROUS THAN YOU  
CAN IMAGINE.



HE CAN BE  
BATHED AFTER I  
HAVE SPOKEN WITH HIM.  
I DARE NOT WASTE  
A MINUTE.



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

Shadow fails to stop a routine mugging, he travels to the Far East with his pilot and sidekick WWII 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 heart-break too -- all in the latest issue of Robert Jordan's The Wheel of Time: The Eye of the World!

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To discuss this and more, log onto the Dynamite forums at  
[WWW.DYNAMITE.NET/BOARDS](http://WWW.DYNAMITE.NET/BOARDS)

## 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 myths."

### 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

(BLUERAVENTCOMICS.COM):

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