

# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

DYNAMITE  
34



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & FRANCIS NUGUIT

# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

## the EYE of the WORLD

written by

**ROBERT JORDAN**

script by

**CHUCK DIXON**

art by

**FRANCIS NUGUIT**

colors by

**NICOLAS CHAPUIS**

letters by

**BILL TORTOLINI**

cover by

**ADAM MOORE**

original series edits by

**ERNST DABEL & RICH YOUNG**

thematic consultants:

**BOB KLUTZ, MARIA SIMONS  
& ALAN ROMANCZUK**

consultation:

**ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL**

special thanks to:

**HARRIET MCDOUGAL, NAT SOBEL,**

**ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,**

**MELISSA ANN SINGER & DIANA M. PHO**

**DYNAMITE**

Visit us online at [www.DYNAMITE.com](http://www.DYNAMITE.com)  
Follow us on Twitter @dynamitecomics  
Like us on Facebook /Dynamitecomics  
Watch us on YouTube /Dynamitecomics

**Nick Barrucci**, CEO / Publisher  
**Juan Collado**, President / COO  
**Joe Rybandt**, Senior Editor  
**Josh Johnson**, Art Director  
**Rich Young**, Director Business Development  
**Jason Ullmeyer**, Senior Graphic Designer  
**Keith Davidsen**, Marketing Manager  
**Josh Green**, Traffic Coordinator  
**Chris Caniano**, Production Assistant



Certified Chain of Custody  
Promoting Sustainable Forestry  
[www.sfiprogram.org](http://www.sfiprogram.org)

This label only applies to the text section.

**ROBERT JORDAN'S WHEEL OF TIME: THE EYE OF THE WORLD** #34. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 113 Gaither Dr., STE 205, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054. Copyright © Robert Jordan. THE WHEEL OF TIME and all characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related are trademarks of Robert Jordan. All rights reserved. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment and its logo are ® and © 2013 Dynamite. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. **Printed In Canada**

For information regarding media rights, foreign rights, promotions, licensing, and advertising please e-mail: [marketing@dynamite.net](mailto:marketing@dynamite.net)



Moiraine had said to run, and Rand had run.

The land tended upward the way he went, but fear lent his legs strength and they ate the ground in long strides, tearing his way through flowering bushes and tangles of wildrose, not caring if thorns ripped his clothes or even his flesh.

Moiraine had stopped screaming. It seemed as if the shrieks had gone on forever, each one more throat-wrenching than the last, but he knew they had only lasted moments altogether.

Moments before Aginor would be on his trail. Rand **knew** it would be **him** that Aginor followed. He had seen the certainty in the Forsaken's hollow eyes.

Ahead, above, the ground leveled out a little...

...before ending in a sheer, hundred foot drop.

--NO!

Rand's heart was beating like a drum--there had to be some way to get away, perhaps if he'd gone back to find a way around? Just go back and...



...YET MY DREAMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BEYOND THOSE OF OTHER MEN, AND I LEFT MORTALITY BEHIND MILLENNIA AGO.

WHAT DIFFERENCE IF YOU SERVE THE GREAT LORD OF THE DARK ALIVE OR DEAD?

NONE, TO THE SPREAD OF THE SHADOW.

WHY SHOULD I SHARE POWER WITH YOU? I, WHO FACED LEWS THERIN TELAMON IN THE HALL OF THE SERVANTS ITSELF. I, WHO THREW MY MIGHT AGAINST THE LORD OF THE MORNING AND MET HIM STROKE FOR STROKE.

SHARE POWER? I THINK NOT.



Rand's mouth dried like dust; his tongue felt as shriveled as Aginor.



The edge of the precipice grated under Rand's heels, stone falling away.



He did not dare look back, but he heard the rocks bounding and rebounding from the sheer wall, just as his body would if he moved another inch. It was the first he knew that he had been backing up, away from the Forsaken.



There had to be some way to escape, Rand thought, some way to get away from--



Suddenly, Rand stopped thinking about escape for a moment because he felt something--and then he saw something... something that he knew was *not there to see*.



A **glowing rope** ran off from Aginor, behind him, connecting the Forsaken to something distant beyond knowing, something within the touch of Rand's hand.

The rope pulsed, and with every throb Aginor grew stronger, more fully fleshed, a man as tall and strong as Rand, a man harder than the Warder, more deadly than the Blight...

...Yet beside that shining cord, the Forsaken seemed almost not to exist.

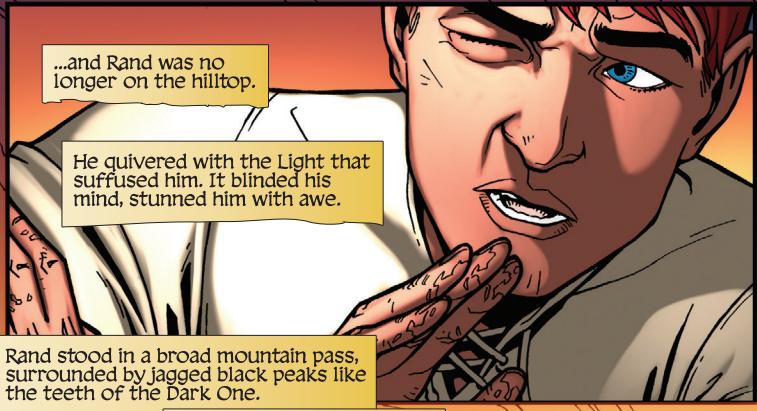
The cord was *all*.



It hummed. It sang. It called Rand's *soul*.







...and Rand was no longer on the hilltop.

He quivered with the Light that suffused him. It blinded his mind, stunned him with awe.

Rand stood in a broad mountain pass, surrounded by jagged black peaks like the teeth of the Dark One.

It was *real*; he was there. He felt the rocks under his boots, the icy breeze on his face.

Battle surrounded him, or the tail end of a battle. There seemed to be a pausing as humans and Trollocs alike began to fall back and regroup. None seemed to notice Rand as they paid a few last strokes and broke away to the ends of the pass.





Rand saw banners waving in the dust-filled air... the Black Hawk of Fal Dara, the White Hart of Shienar, others.



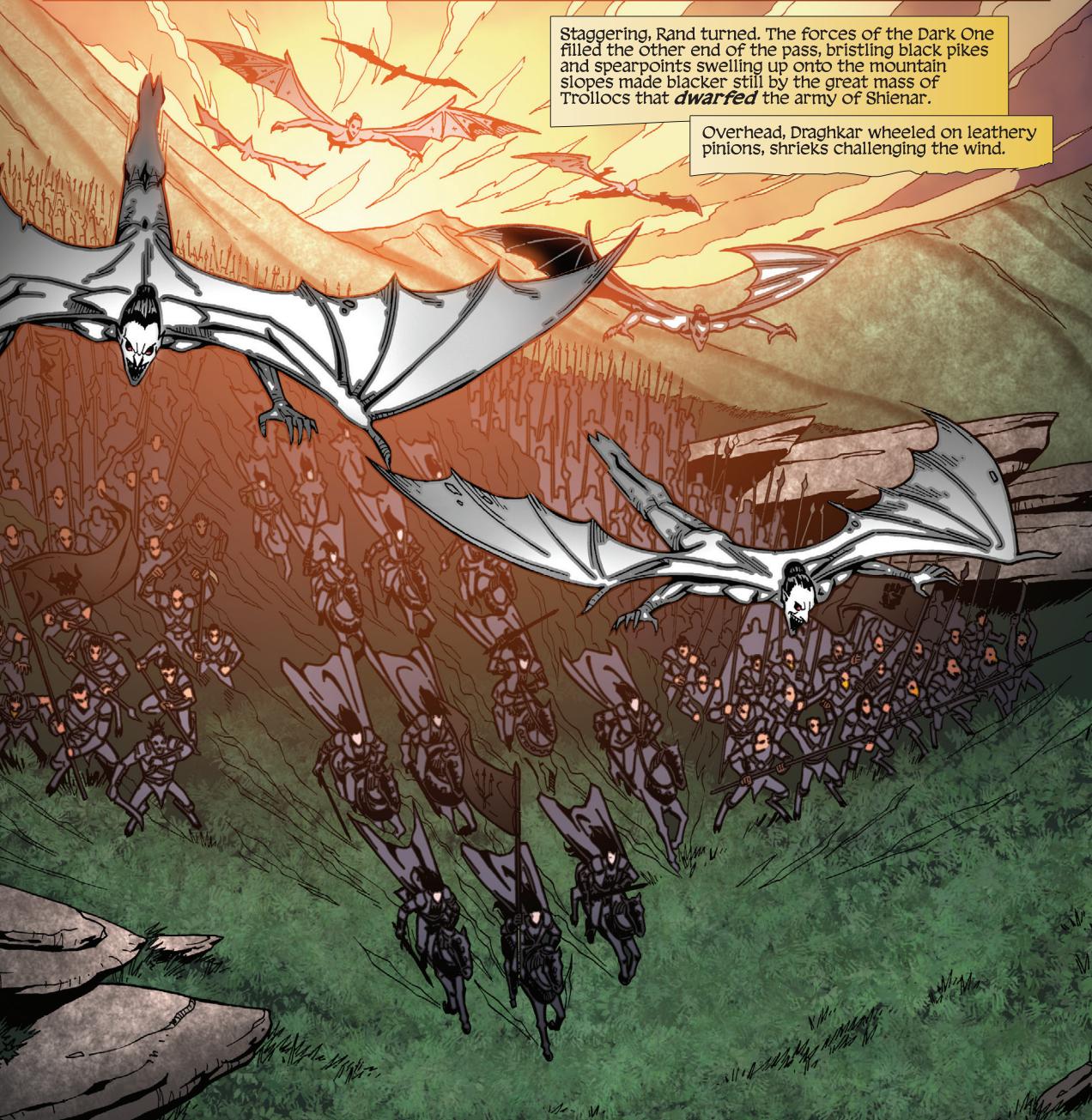
Rand found himself facing the end of the pass where the humans were re-forming. Plainly they could not stand another meeting, yet just as plainly they readied themselves for one final charge.

Some of them saw him now; men stood in their stirrups to point at him. Their shouts came to him as tiny piping.



Staggering, Rand turned. The forces of the Dark One filled the other end of the pass, bristling black pikes and spearpoints swelling up onto the mountain slopes made blacker still by the great mass of Trollocs that **dwarfed** the army of Shienar.

Overhead, Draghkar wheeled on leathery pinions, shrieks challenging the wind.



Halfmen saw Rand now, too. They pointed in his direction, and the Draghkar above spun and dove.



He stared at them. He could see the Draghkar clearly, soulless eyes in pale men's faces on winged bodies that had nothing of humanity about them.

Rand could see them, and heat filled him--the burning heat of the touched sun.

Terrible heat. Crackling heat.

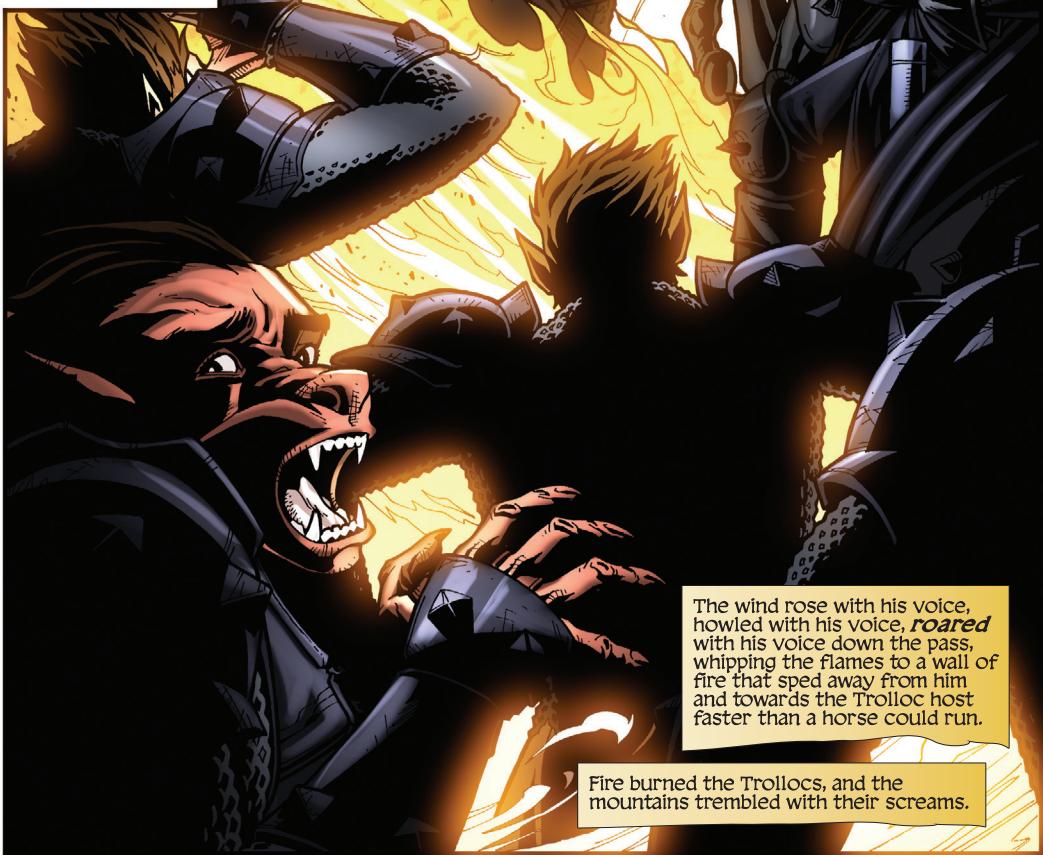




From the clear sky lightning came, each bolt crisp and sharp, searing Rand's eyes, each bolt striking a winged black shape.

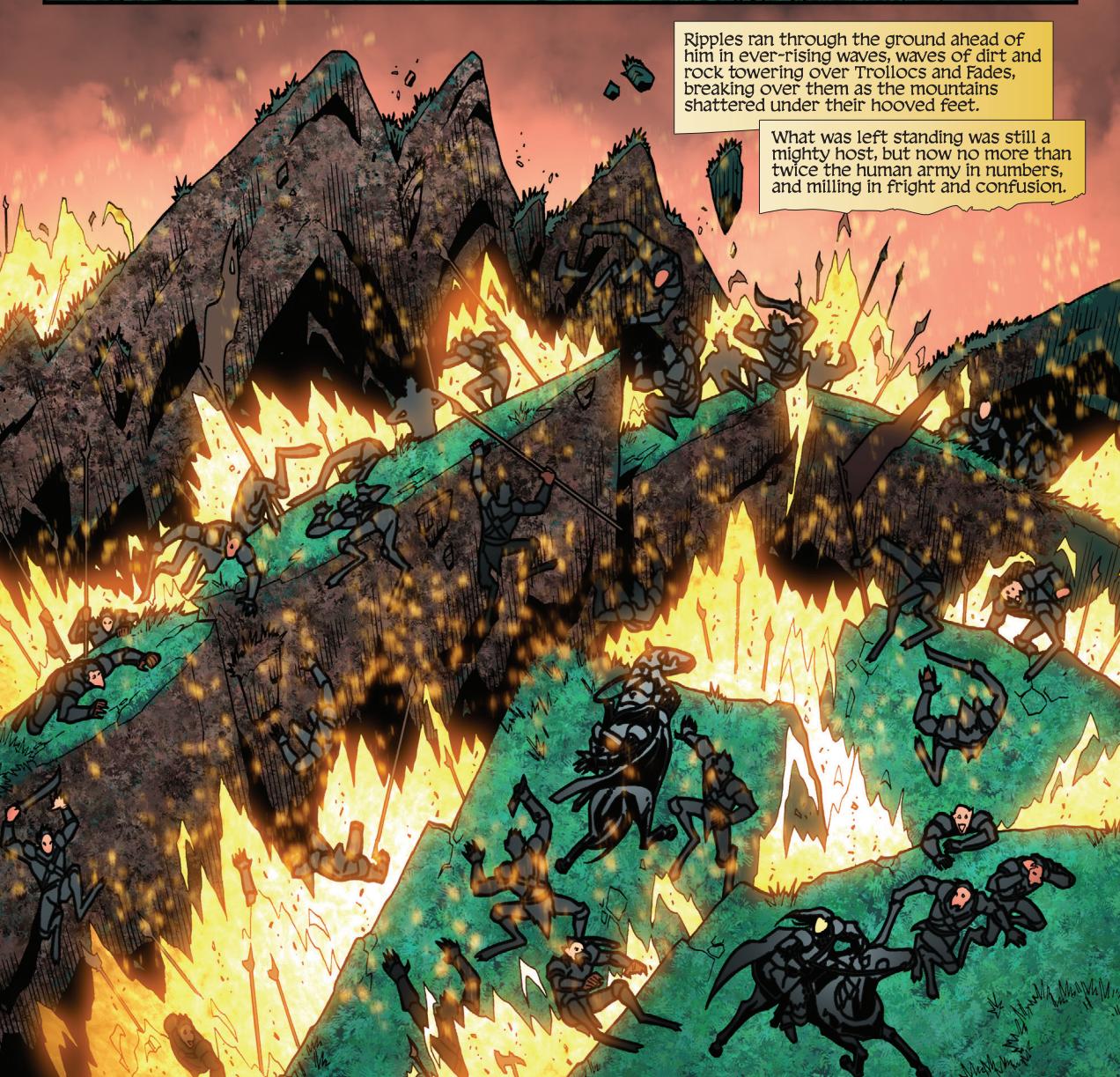


The heat. The terrible heat of the *Light*.



The wind rose with his voice, howled with his voice, *roared* with his voice down the pass, whipping the flames to a wall of fire that sped away from him and towards the Trolloc host faster than a horse could run.

Fire burned the Trollocs, and the mountains trembled with their screams.



THE LIGHT  
BLIND YOU,  
BA'ALZAMON! THIS  
HAS TO END!

IT IS  
NOT HERE.

It was not Rand's thought,  
making his skull vibrate.

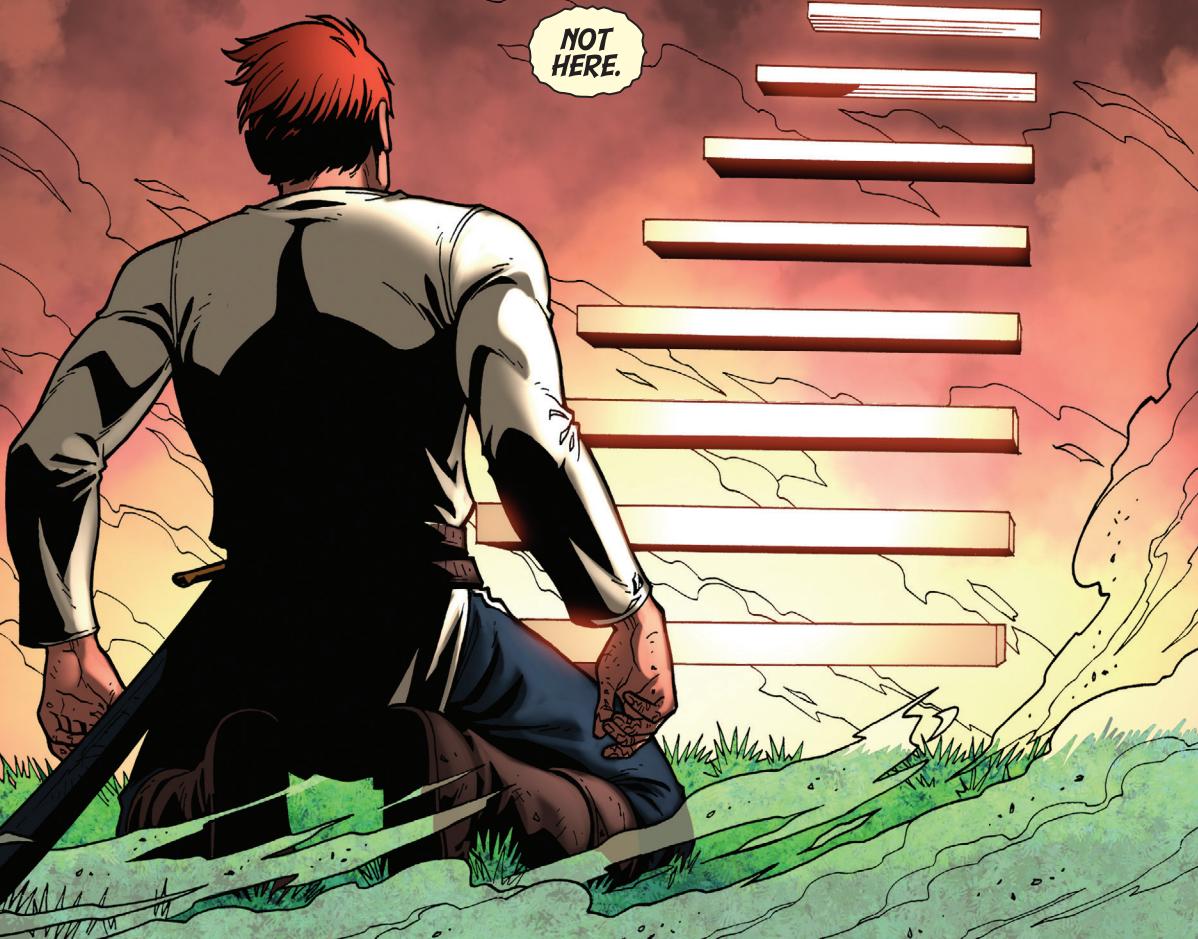
I WILL TAKE  
NO PART. ONLY THE  
CHOSEN ONE CAN DO  
WHAT MUST BE DONE,  
IF HE WILL.

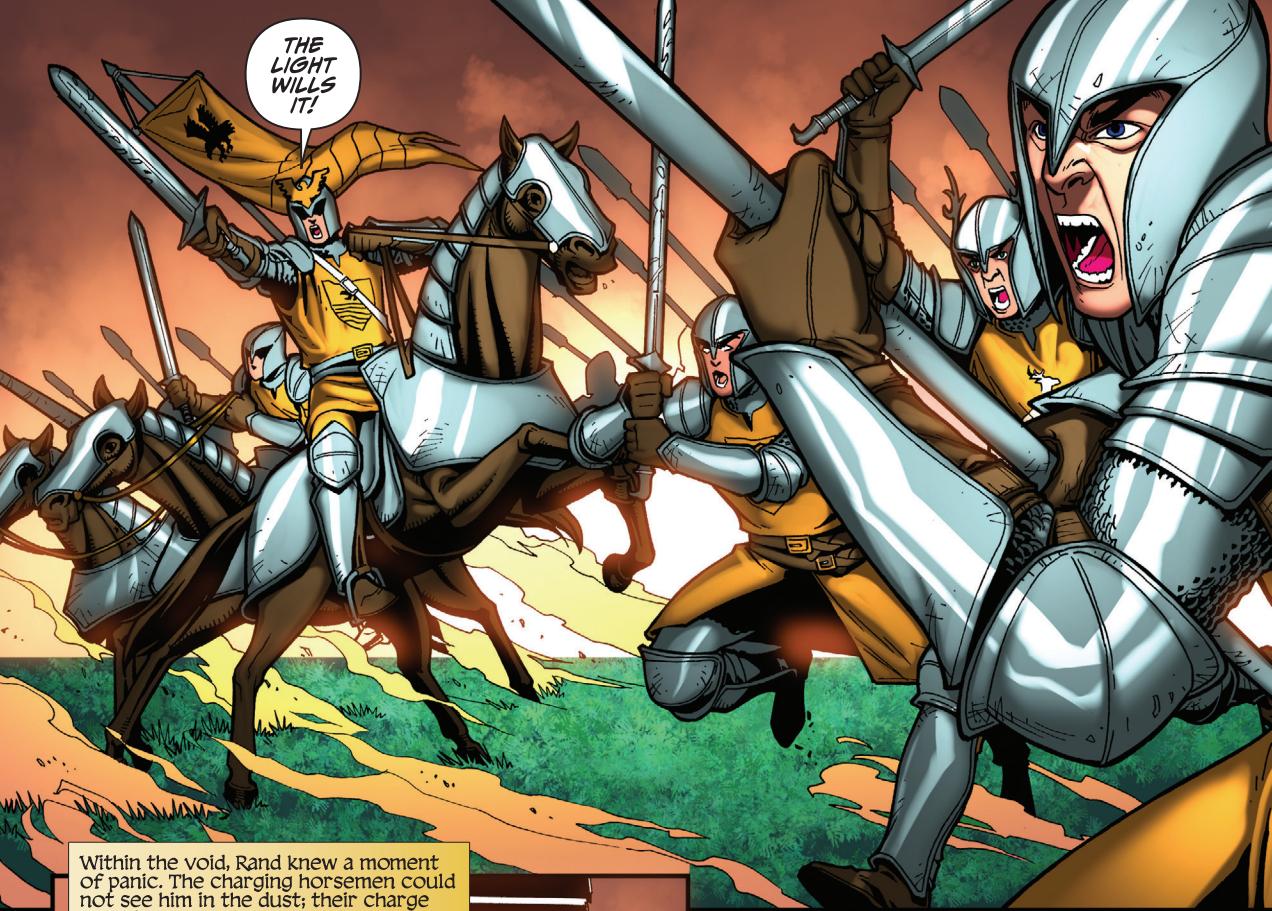
WHERE?  
WHERE?

The haze surrounding Rand parted, leaving  
a dome of clear, clean air ten spans high,  
walled by billowing smoke and dust.

Steps rose before him, each standing alone and unsupported,  
stretching up into the murk that obscured the sun...  
and then the voice in his head answered:

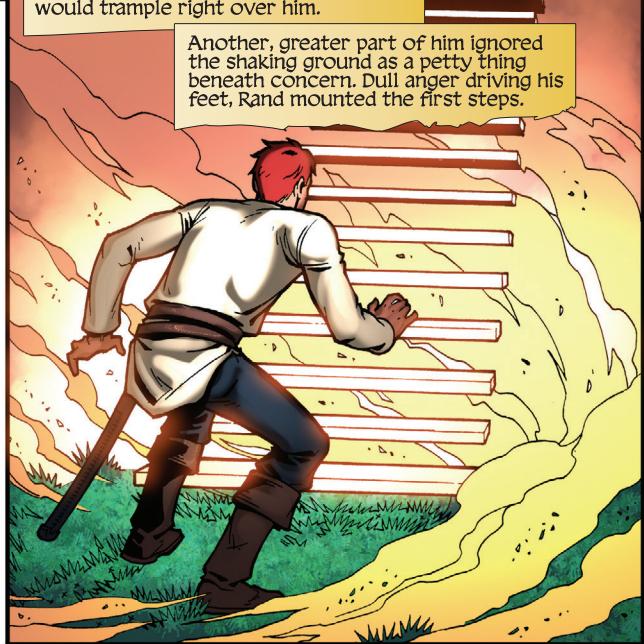
NOT  
HERE.





Within the void, Rand knew a moment of panic. The charging horsemen could not see him in the dust; their charge would trample right over him.

Another, greater part of him ignored the shaking ground as a petty thing beneath concern. Dull anger driving his feet, Rand mounted the first steps.



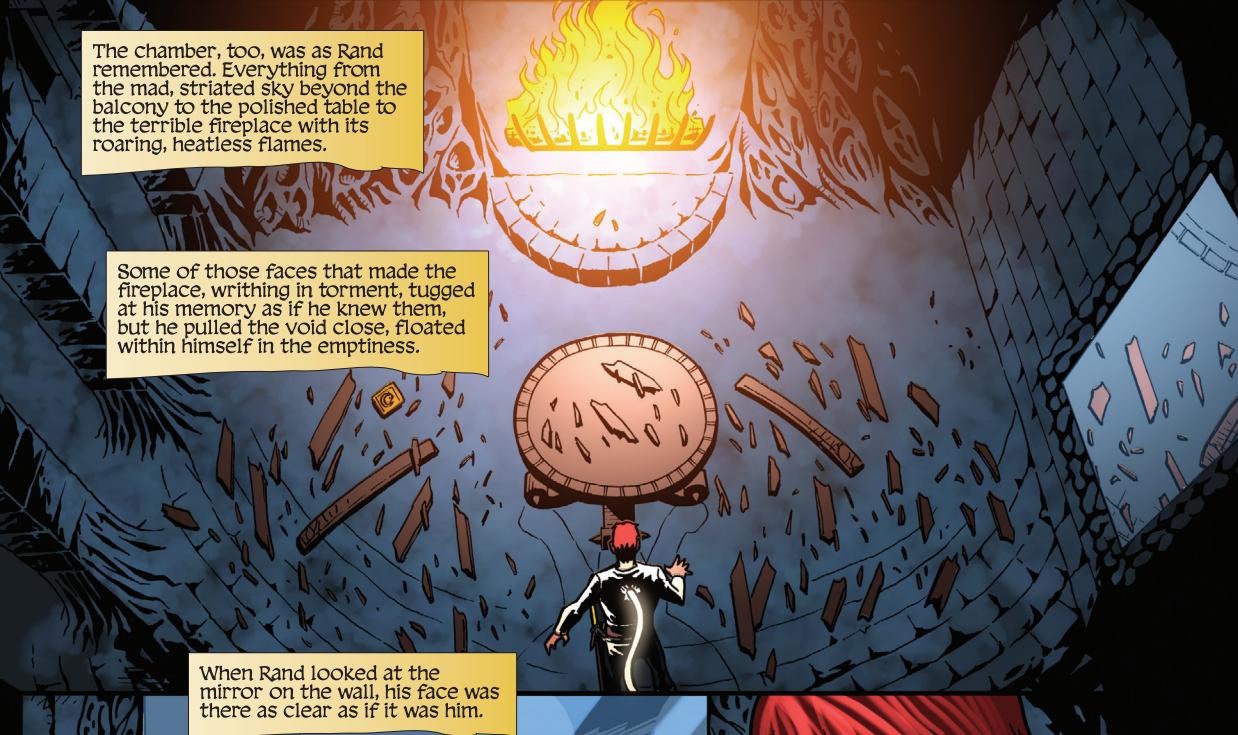
Darkness surrounded Rand, the utter blackness of total nothing.

The steps were still there, hanging in the black, under his feet and ahead.



When he looked back, those behind were gone, faded away to nothing, into the nothingness around him. But the cord was yet there—not so thick as before, but it still pulsed, pumping strength into him.

He climbed.





MANY TIMES  
YOU HAVE STOOD AND  
FOUGHT, THEN GROVELED  
IN DEFEAT, BEGGING  
MERCY.

YOU HAVE THIS  
CHOICE, WORM, AND THIS  
CHOICE ONLY: KNEEL AT MY FEET  
AND SERVE ME WELL, AND I WILL  
GIVE YOU POWER ABOVE THRONES;  
OR BE TAR VALON'S PUPPET FOOL  
AND SCREAM WHILE YOU ARE  
GROUND INTO THE DUST  
OF TIME.

THERE  
ARE OTHER  
CHOICES.

THE WHEEL  
WEAVES THE  
PATTERN, NOT  
YOU.

EVERY TRAP  
YOU'VE LAID FOR  
ME, I HAVE ESCAPED.  
I'VE ESCAPED YOUR  
FADES AND YOUR  
TROLLOCS, ESCAPED  
YOUR DARKFRIENDS.

I TRACKED  
YOU HERE, AND  
DESTROYED YOUR  
ARMY ON THE WAY.  
YOU DO NOT WEAVE  
THE PATTERN.

OTHER ARMIES  
CAN BE RAISED,  
FOOL. AND YOU  
TRACKED ME? YOU  
SLUG UNDER A  
ROCK, TRACK  
ME?

I BEGAN THE  
SETTING OF YOUR  
PATH THE DAY YOU  
WERE BORN, A PATH  
TO LEAD YOU TO YOUR  
GRAVE, OR HERE.

AIEL  
ALLOWED TO  
FLEE, AND ONE TO  
LIVE, TO SPEAK WORDS  
THAT WOULD ECHO  
DOWN THE YEARS. JAIN  
FARSTRIDER, A HERO  
WHOM I PAINTED LIKE  
A FOOL AND SENT TO  
THE OGIER THINKING  
HE WAS FREE  
OF ME.

THE BLACK  
AJAH, WRIGGLING  
LIKE WORMS ON THEIR  
BELLIES ACROSS THE  
WORLD TO SEARCH YOU  
OUT. I PULL THE STRINGS  
AND THE AMYRLIN SEAT  
DANCES AND THINKS  
SHE CONTROLS  
EVENTS.

The void trembled;  
hastily Rand firmed  
it again.

He knew it all. He  
could have done.  
It could have been  
the way he said.

No. Rand found  
calm again.

IT MATTERS LITTLE IF I HAVE YOU ALIVE OR DEAD, EXCEPT TO YOU, AND TO WHAT POWER YOU MIGHT HAVE.

YOU WILL SERVE ME, OR YOUR SOUL WILL... BUT I WOULD RATHER HAVE YOU KNEEL TO ME ALIVE THAN DEAD. A SINGLE FIST OF TROLLOCS SENT TO YOUR VILLAGE WHEN I COULD HAVE SENT A THOUSAND.

ONE DARKFRIEND TO FACE YOU WHERE A HUNDRED COULD COME ON YOU ASLEEP. YOU ARE MINE, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MINE, AND I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO KNEEL TO YOUR MASTER, OR DIE AND LET ONLY YOUR SOUL KNEEL.

I DENY YOU. YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER ME, AND I WILL NOT KNEEL TO YOU, ALIVE OR DEAD.

OH? LOOK.

LOOK.

Unwilling, Rand yet turned his head... and there he saw Nynaeve... and Egwene... and...

MOTHER?

NO! MY MOTHER IS DEAD, AND THE OTHER TWO ARE SAFE AWAY FROM HERE! I DENY YOU!

THEY MAY BE AWAY... BUT KARI AL'THOR, AT LEAST, IS MINE TO DO WITH AS I WILL.

I DENY YOU.  
SHE IS DEAD AND  
SAFE FROM YOU  
IN THE LIGHT.

THE LORD OF  
THE GRAVE IS STRONGER  
THAN HE ONCE WAS, MY  
SON. HIS REACH IS  
LONGER.

THE FATHER  
OF LIES HAS A HONEYED  
TONGUE FOR UNWARY SOULS.  
MY SON, MY ONLY DARLING SON.  
I WOULD SPARE YOU IF I COULD,  
BUT HE IS MY MASTER NOW,  
AND HIS WHIM IS THE LAW  
OF MY EXISTENCE.

The bloodless hands of  
the Fades burned against  
Kari's flesh... her scream  
would not end.

Rand's scream echoed  
hers. The void boiled in his  
mind, and suddenly... his  
sword was in his hand.

Not the heron-mark blade,  
but a blade of *light*.

PLEASE MY  
SON, PLEASE HELP  
ME. HELP ME. HELP  
ME, PLEASE!





IT IS  
ENDED.

Nooooo! KRSSSSSH

RRUMMIE

Ba'alzamon screamed as the sword fell, screamed until the walls trembled, then shivered and cracked; the floor heaved, and chunks of stone crashed to the floor from the ceiling.



IT IS  
ENDED.

Fwoooosh

To be concluded!

# DYNAMITE®

## IN THE NEWS - APRIL 2013

SIMONE TO WRITE ONGOING  
RED SONJA SERIES!



Dynamite is delighted to announce that the one and only Gail Simone is taking on RED SONJA with a brand-new #1 issue launching this July - in time for San Diego Comic Con! Gail Simone - one of the premiere writers in the comics industry, is best known for DC's *Birds of Prey*, *Secret Six*, and especially *Batgirl*! Walter Geovani will join her, as the interior artist. Covers will be drawn by some of the top female artists in comics today! We are extremely fortunate to have Nicola Scott, Colleen Doran, Jenny Frison, Stephanie Buscema, Fiona Staples on covers, with more high profile female cover artists to be announced! Fans will definitely want to pick up Gail Simone's RED SONJA #1 this July!

To help kick off the celebration of Gail's take on The She-Devil with a Sword, Dynamite is proud to give away, to all Emerald City fans, limited edition prints featuring art from the upcoming Nicola Scott covers! These limited edition, high-end prints are sure to be highly sought after collectibles, and are being given away to fans for free, as premium prints, to be signed by Gail herself at Emerald City Comic Con, to rev up for the launch in July.

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

"It's like this...even most of the best female heroines when I was a kid were pretty polite. What I love about Sonja is that she isn't polite, she says what she means and if you give her any lip about it, hello, sword in the gut. She's smart, she has a heart, she has some compassion. But when it's go time, she's a hellraiser, a mad general, she's a sword edge virtuosa, she's death on wheels. She is the woman you never want to mess with. I can relate, Sonja. No offense to all her guy writers, but THIS Red Sonja is about sex and swords! It's everything you love about Red Sonja, except with more monsters getting stabbed in the eye."

"Words can't even express how excited I am to have Gail Simone, one of the premiere writers in all of comics, write RED SONJA, a character she was born to work on. Fans will see in the first issue that she really cuts in to the heart of the character :)", says Dynamite Entertainment CEO/Publisher Nick Barrucci. "I have wanted to work with Gail for years, and it's incredibly exciting that her first choice in working with us is Sonja. A strong-willed female with fiery red hair writing about a strong-willed female with fiery red hair - AND A SWORD! It is a dream come true that this project has finally come to fruition! Gail and Sonja's will be the blades that cut the deepest to her enemies char-

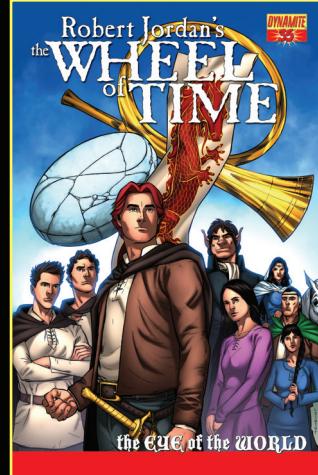
grin!"

Gail Simone got her start in comics writing for Bongo Comics, home of *The Simpsons*. Following her time there, Simone entered the mainstream comics world with a run on Marvel Comics' *Deadpool*, and later, *Agent X*. Gail is best known for known for runs on DC's *Birds of Prey*, *Secret Six*, *Welcome to Tranquility*, *Wonder Woman*, and *Batgirl*.

"Like" Dynamite's Facebook page today!  
[www.facebook.com/dynamitecomics](http://www.facebook.com/dynamitecomics)

Join the conversation on Dynamite Entertainment's twitter page at  
[twitter.com/DynamiteComics](http://twitter.com/DynamiteComics).

## NEXT ISSUE:



### ISSUE #35

The Prophecy Has Been Fulfilled! The Dragon has been reborn! The Dark One has been dealt a great blow, and the people of the world rejoice, finally, in the coming of spring! It has been a long journey for Rand al'Thor and his friends, and it has changed them all forever. Join us now for the conclusion to this adaptation of Robert Jordan's epic fantasy, The WHEEL OF TIME: THE EYE OF THE WORLD!

# DYNAMITE®

Visit us online at [www.DYNAMITE.com](http://www.DYNAMITE.com)  
Follow us on Twitter @dynamitecomics  
Like us on Facebook /Dynamitecomics  
Watch us on YouTube /Dynamitecomics

Nick Barrucci, CEO / Publisher  
Juan Collado, President / COO  
Joe Rybandt, Senior Editor  
Josh Johnson, Art Director  
Rich Young, Director Business Development  
Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Graphic Designer  
Keith Davidsen, Marketing Manager  
Josh Green, Traffic Coordinator  
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant

## FEATURED REVIEWS

### THE SHADOW: YEAR ONE #1

(COMIC BOOK BIN):

"The story jumps right in and feels at home in the pulp world, setting up several plot threads that will deepen the hero's mythos. Wagner definitely left me feeling impatient as I wait for #2. I'd say that is a mission accomplished."

### THE SHADOW: YEAR ONE #1

(GEEKS OF DOOM):

"There's nothing not to love about this comic book! I applaud Dynamite for handling this book so well and bringing on exceptional talent for this very important mini series. The boys are pouring extra love into the pulp characters that are part of Dynamite's stable of characters."

### DARK SHADOWS #14

(MAJOR SPOILERS):

"Action-packed spookiness... A wise purchase."

### THE SHADOW: YEAR ONE #1

(SCIFIPULSE.NET):

"Just when you think the Year One concept has been done to death, a comic appears to remind you that it's not dead if it's done well. I say welcome to The Shadow: Year One."

### DEJAH THORIS AND THE GREEN MEN OF MARS #1

(SCIFIPULSE.NET):

"A decent start up with solid visuals. I want to see what's next!"

### THE SPIDER VOL. 1: TERROR OF THE ZOMBIE QUEEN

(COMICS ATTACK):

"Not only the best book on the shelves right now, but it quite possibly is the best in the past few years."

### SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE LIVERPOOL DEMON #2

(UNLEASH THE FANBOY):

"The Liverpool Demon continues to be a very good Sherlock Holmes read. Longtime fans can enjoy another good story with a new take on the title character while whole new readers can read what could be their first Holmes story. Either way, you can't go wrong. The mystery is just getting started."

### VAMPIRELLA STRIKES #3

(UNLEASH THE FANBOY):

"From the first page to the last panel, (writer Tom Sniegoski) effortlessly charts a fun romp..."

### BIONIC MAN #17

(GEEKS OF DOOM):

"It's got plenty of action, super heroics, intrigue, and is just plain entertaining. A perfect jumping-on point!"