

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

DYNAMITE
34



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

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

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

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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...

BA'ALZAMON
WILL GIVE REWARDS
BEYOND MORTAL
DREAMING FOR THE ONE
WHO BRINGS YOU TO
SHAYOL GHUL...



...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.

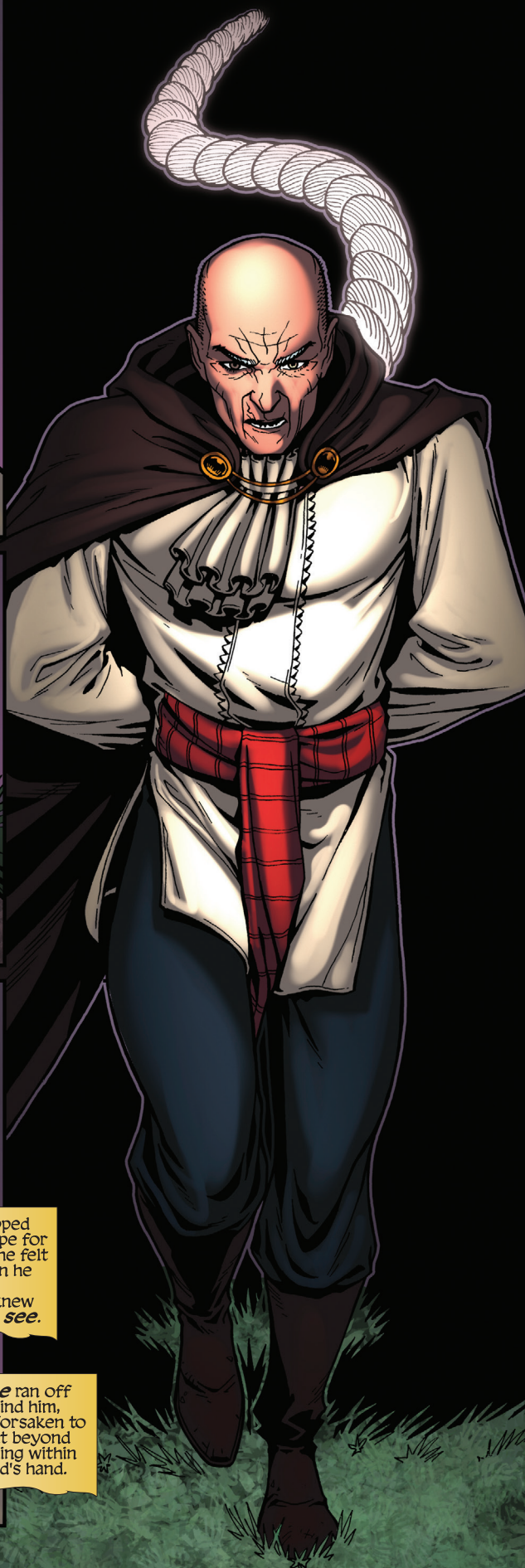
He did not dare look back, but he heard the rocks bounding and rebounding from the sheer wall, just as his body would if he moved another inch. It was the first he knew that he had been backing up, away from the Forsaken.

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*.

One bright finger-strand lifted away, drifted, and touched Rand...

≡GASP≡

Light filled him, and heat that should have burned yet only warmed as if it took the chill of the grave from his bones. Rand could see the strand began to thicken... he knew he had to *get away*...





...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.



And Trolloc banners. The horned skull of the Dha'vol, the blood-red trident of the Ko'bal, the iron fist of the Dhal'mon.



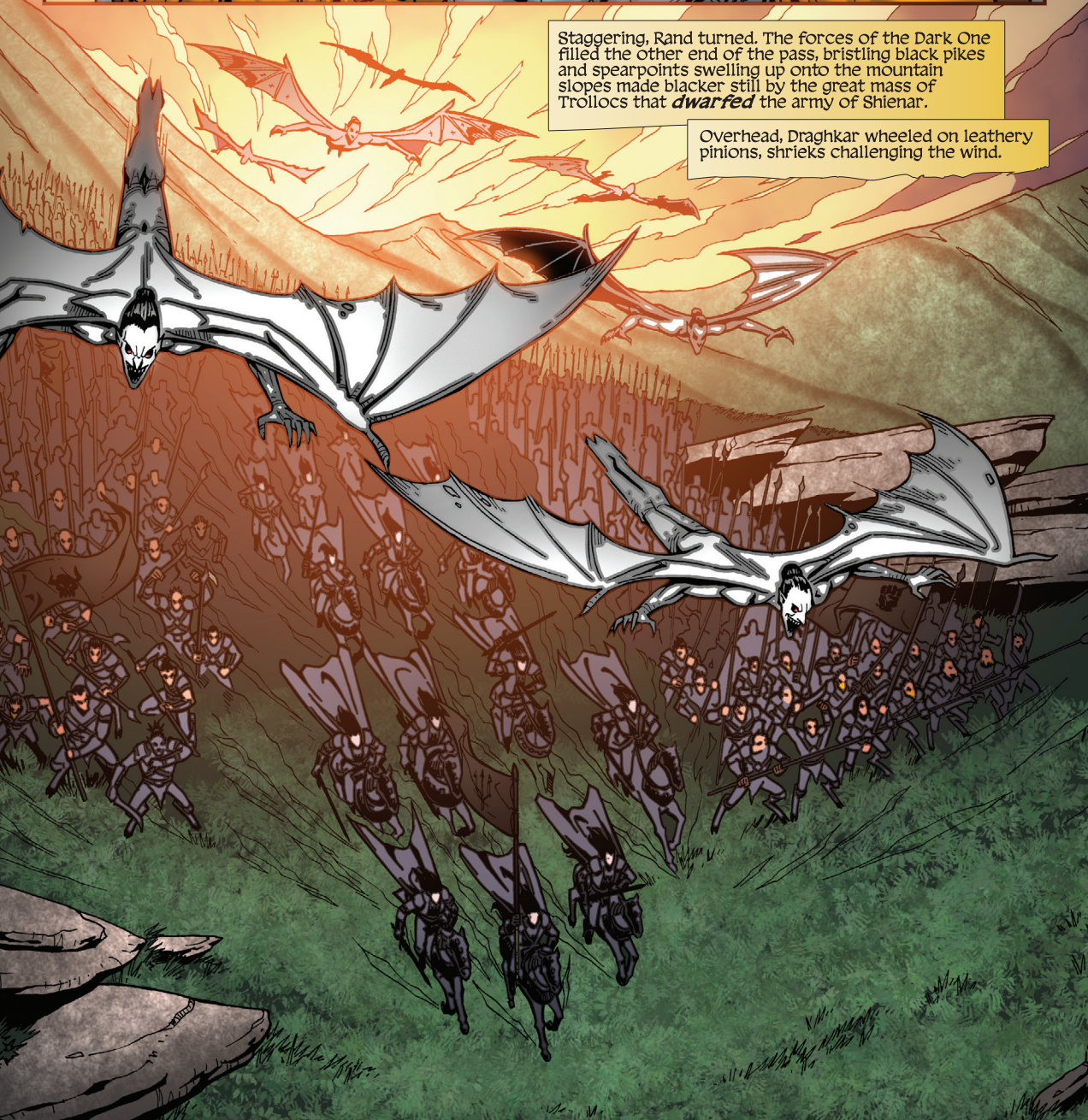
Rand found himself facing the end of the pass where the humans were re-forming. Plainly they could not stand another meeting, yet just as plainly they readied themselves for one final charge.


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.


Two. Three. *Six* of them, crying shrilly as they plummeted toward Rand.

SKRAAAAW


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.



Hunting cries became shrieks of death, and charred forms fell to leave the skies clean again.

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.

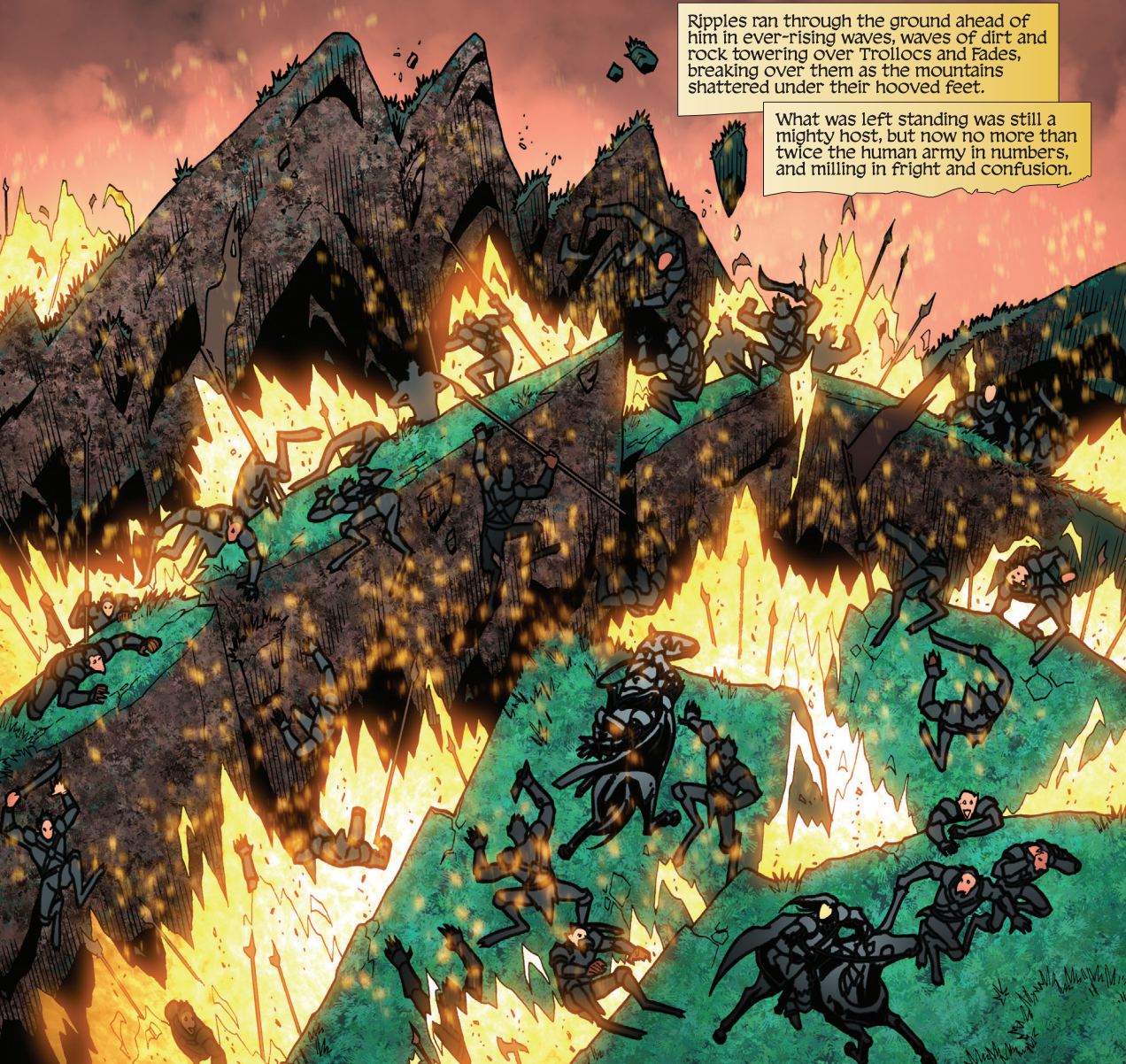


IT HAS
TO END!

Rand beat at the ground
with his fist, and the earth
told like a gong.




He bruised his hands on
the stony soil, and the
earth trembled.



Ripples ran through the ground ahead
of him in ever-rising waves, waves of dirt
and rock towering over Trollocs and Fades,
breaking over them as the mountains
shattered under their hooved feet.

What was left standing was still a
mighty host, but now no more than
twice the human army in numbers,
and milling in fright and confusion.



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.



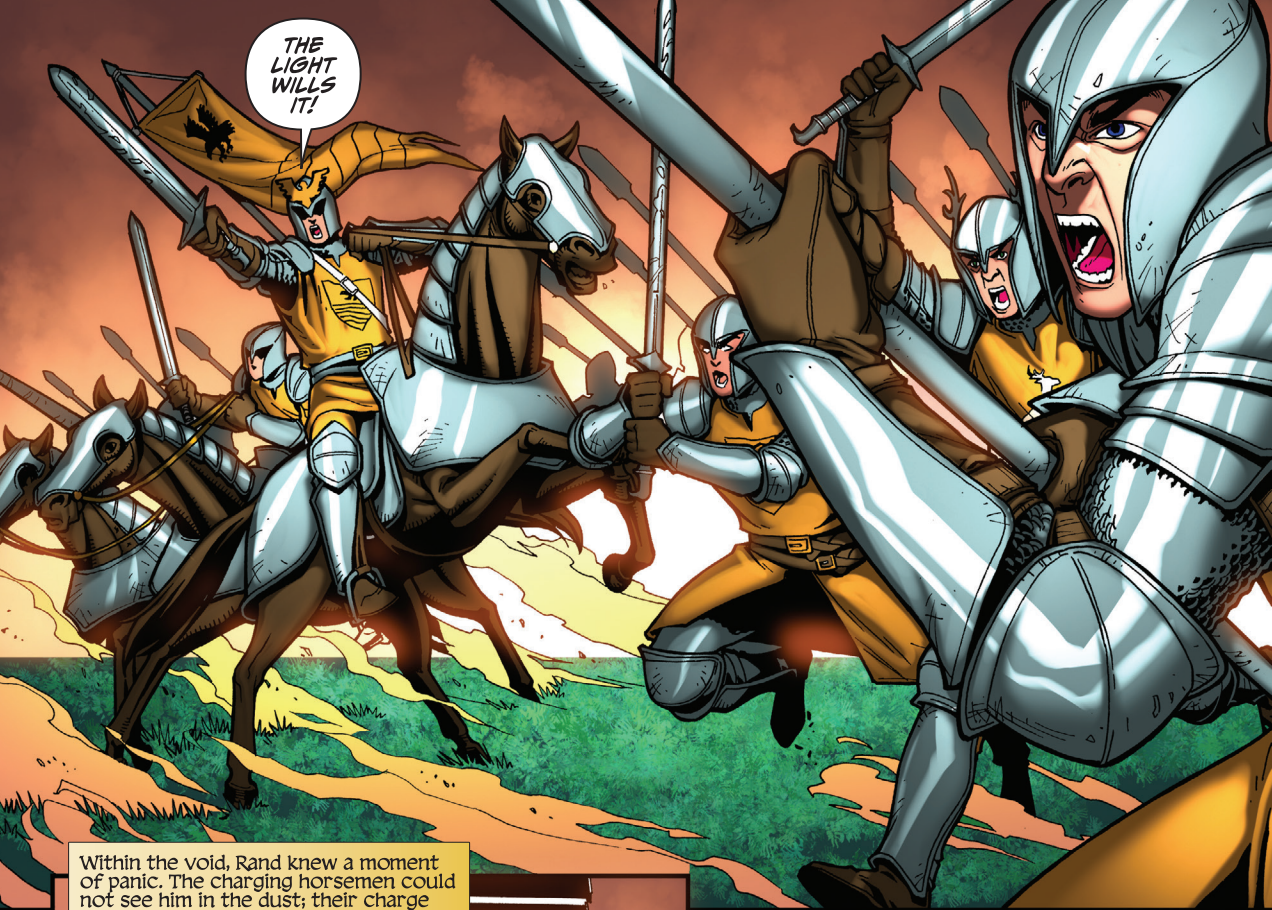
WHERE?
WHERE?

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:

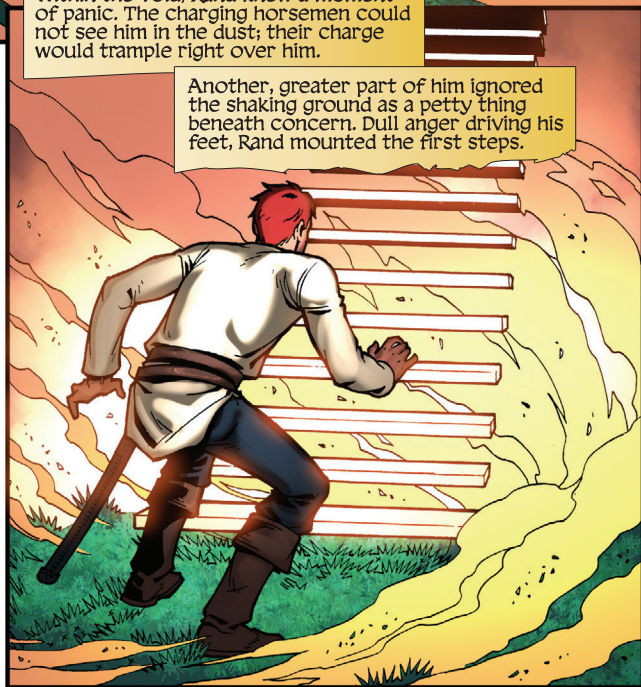


NOT
HERE.



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.

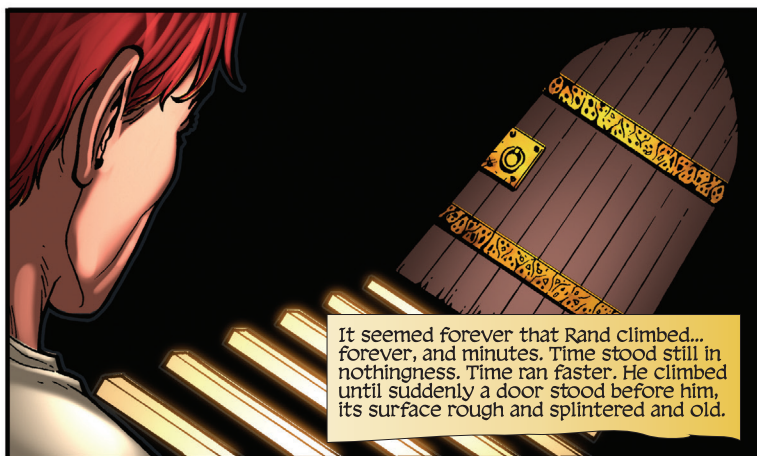
The steps were still there, hanging in the black, under his feet and ahead.

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.



It had to be ended!



It seemed forever that Rand climbed... forever, and minutes. Time stood still in nothingness. Time ran faster. He climbed until suddenly a door stood before him, its surface rough and splintered and old.



A door well remembered.



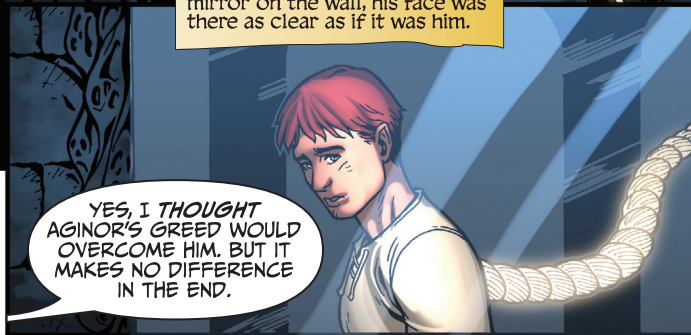
He touched it, and it burst into splinters.

The chamber, too, was as Rand remembered. Everything from the mad, striated sky beyond the balcony to the polished table to the terrible fireplace with its roaring, heatless flames.

Some of those faces that made the fireplace, writhing in torment, tugged at his memory as if he knew them, but he pulled the void close, floated within himself in the emptiness.

When Rand looked at the mirror on the wall, his face was there as clear as if it was him.

YES, I THOUGHT AGINOR'S GREED WOULD OVERCOME HIM. BUT IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IN THE END.





A LONG SEARCH,
BUT ENDED NOW.
YOU ARE HERE, AND
I KNOW YOU.



I AM TIRED OF
RUNNING. TIRED OF
YOU THREATENING
MY FRIENDS.

Rand could not
believe his voice
was so calm.

I WILL
RUN NO
MORE.



YOU THINK
IT MAKES ANY
DIFFERENCE WHETHER
YOU RUN OR
STAY?



Ba'alzamon had a cord too,
Rand saw. A black cord that
ate the light around it.

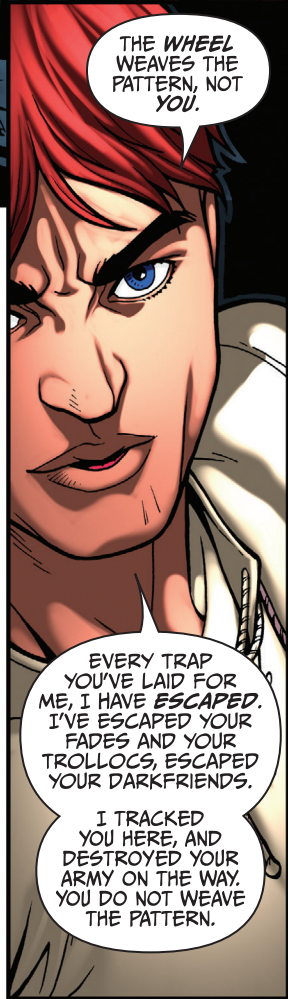
YOU HAVE FLED
FROM ME MANY TIMES,
AND EACH TIME I RUN YOU
DOWN AND MAKE YOU EAT
YOUR PRIDE WITH
SNIVELING TEARS
FOR SPICE.



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.



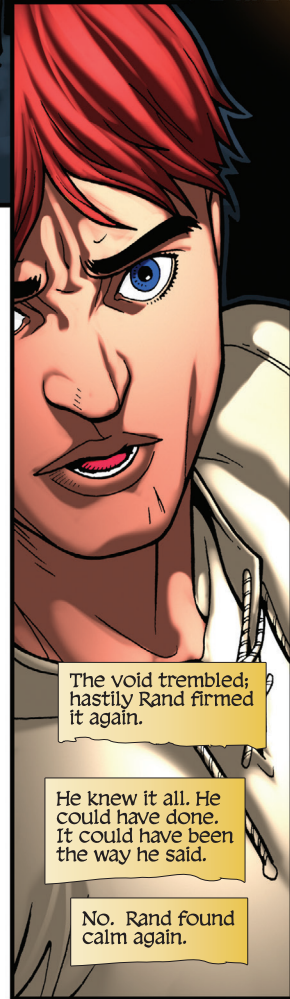
OTHER ARMIES
CAN BE RAISED,
FOOL. AND YOU
TRACKED ME? YOU
SLUG UNDER A
ROCK, TRACK
ME?

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.



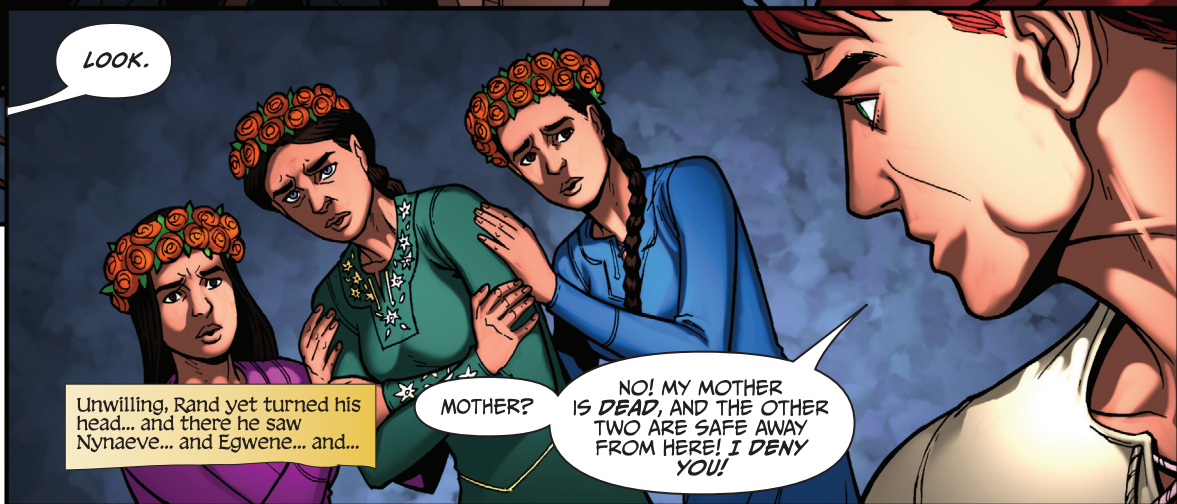
IT MATTERS
LITTLE IF I HAVE YOU
ALIVE OR DEAD, EXCEPT
TO YOU, AND TO WHAT
POWER YOU MIGHT
HAVE.

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.

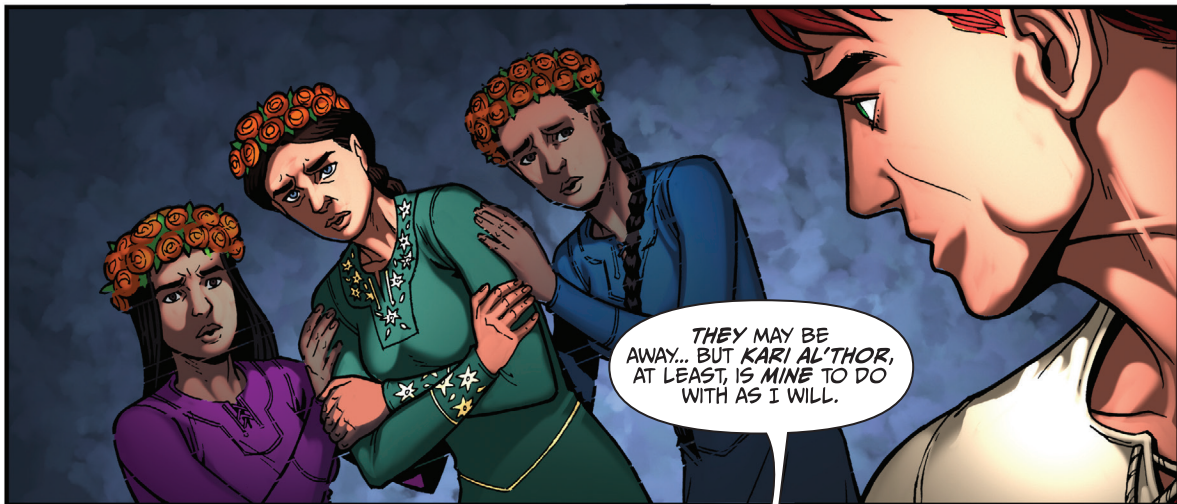


LOOK.

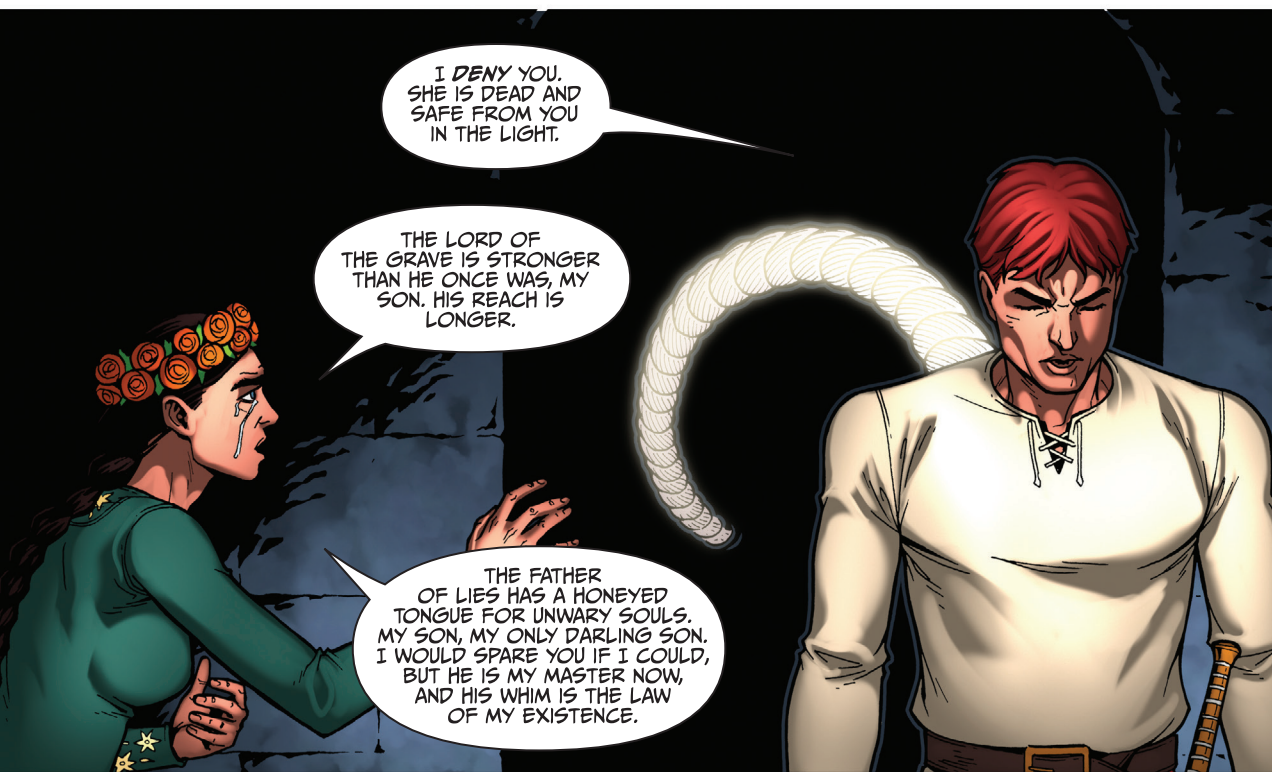
Unwilling, Rand yet turned his
head... and there he saw
Nynaeve... and Egwene... and...

MOTHER?

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



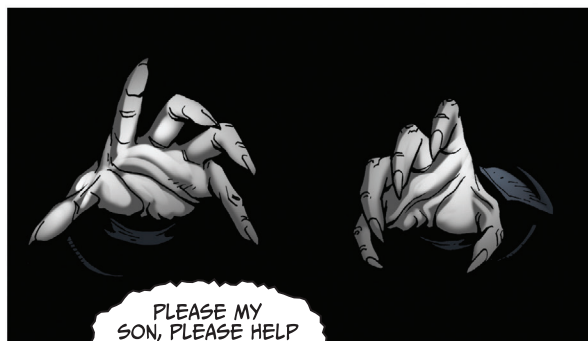
THEY MAY BE
AWAY... BUT KARI AL'THOR,
AT LEAST, IS MINE TO DO
WITH AS I WILL.



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.



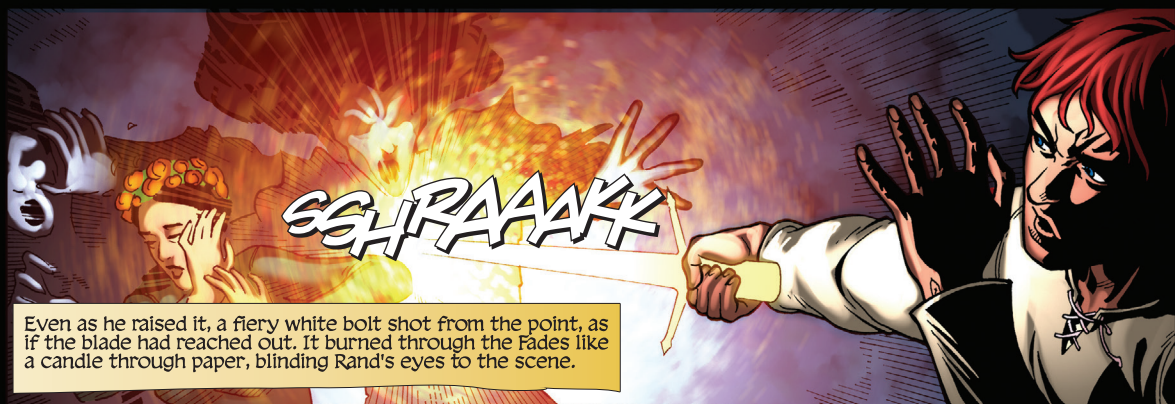
PLEASE MY
SON, PLEASE HELP
ME. HELP ME. HELP
ME, *PLEASE!*

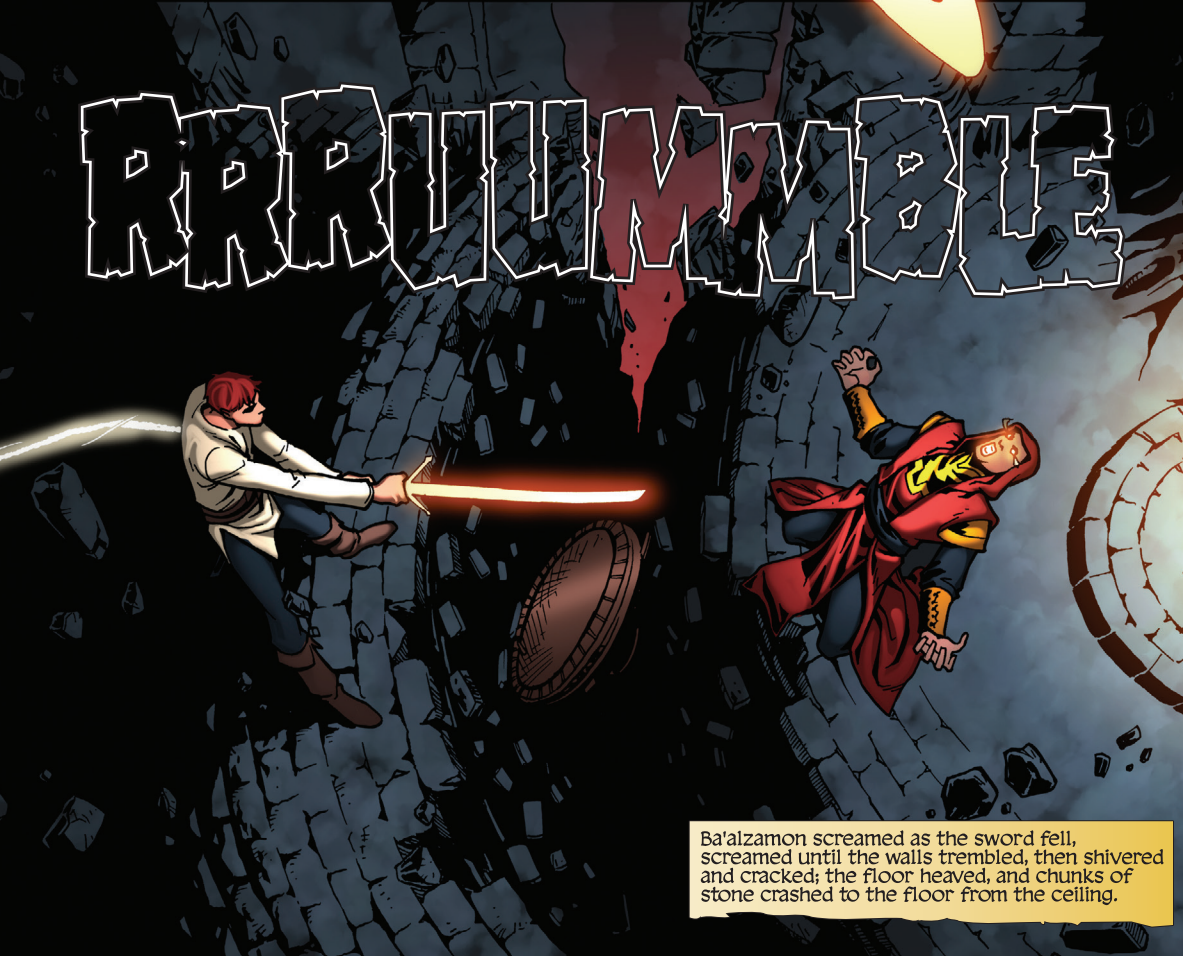
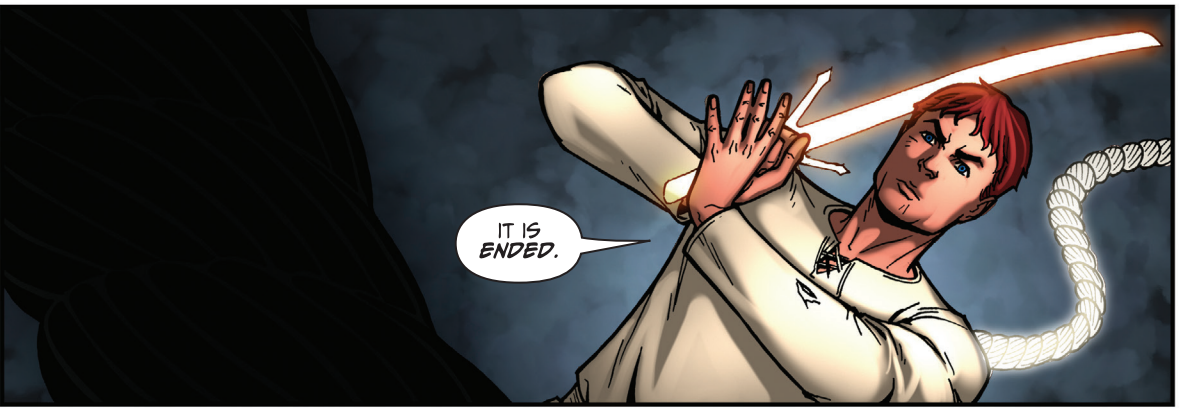


The bloodless hands of
the Fades burned against
Kari's flesh... her scream
would not end.

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*.





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.

FWW BOSSH

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."

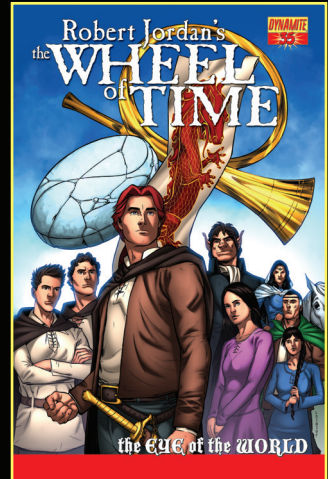
"Words can't even express how excited I am to have Gail Simone, one of the premiere writers in all of comics, write RED SONJA, a character she was born to work on. Fans will see in the first issue that she really cuts in to the heart of the character :-), says Dynamite Entertainment CEO/Publisher Nick 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' chagrin!"

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*.

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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!*

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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 Sniegowski) 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!"