

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

**DYNAMITE**  
**35**



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & FRANCIS NUGUIT

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

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Rand became aware of the sun, first, moving across a cloudless sky, filling his unblinking eyes.

It seemed to go by in fits and starts, standing still for days, then darting ahead in a streak of light, jerking toward the far horizon, day falling with it.



Pain came next, the memory of a raging fever, the bruises where shaking chills had thrown him around like a rag doll.

And a *stink*. A greasy, burned smell, filling his nostrils, and his head.

With aching muscles, Rand heaved himself over, pushed up to his hands and knees. Uncomprehending, he stared at the oily ashes in which he had been lying, ashes scattered and smeared over the stone of the hilltop. Bits of dark green cloth lay mixed in the char, scraps that had escaped the flames.

*Aginor.*

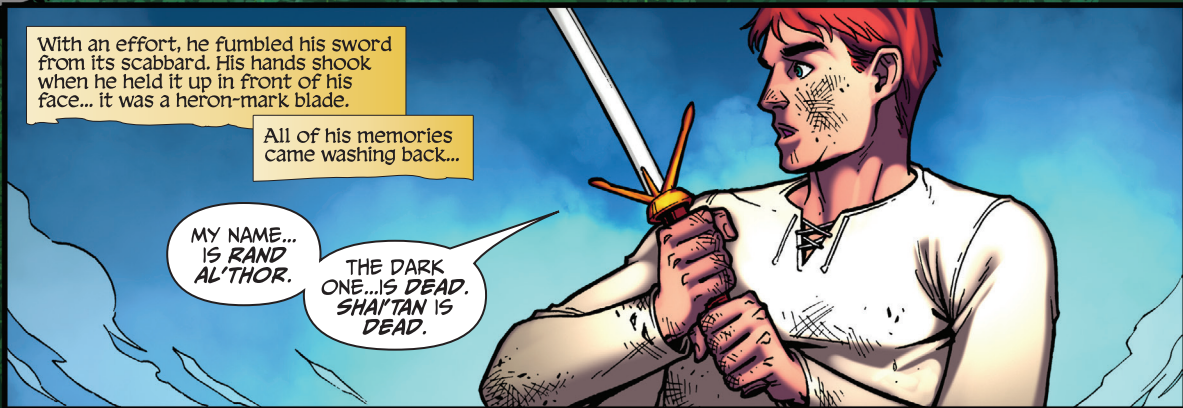


With an effort, he fumbled his sword from its scabbard. His hands shook when he held it up in front of his face... it was a heron-mark blade.

All of his memories came washing back...

MY NAME...  
IS RAND  
AL'THOR.

THE DARK  
ONE...IS DEAD.  
SHAI'TAN IS  
DEAD.







HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA!

**SHAI'TAN  
IS DEAD!**

Painfully, Rand got to his feet, wavering like a willow in high wind. He staggered over Aginor's ashes—not important anymore—and trudged forward, even as more memories emerged from within.



A name fought its way to the forefront of his consciousness: *Egwene*.

He had to find her.

Who *was* she?

Rand's legs took a moment to steady beneath him, but slowly, he found himself running, his long legs pulling him down the slope in leaps.







**EGWENE!**  
EGWENE, WHERE  
ARE YOU?

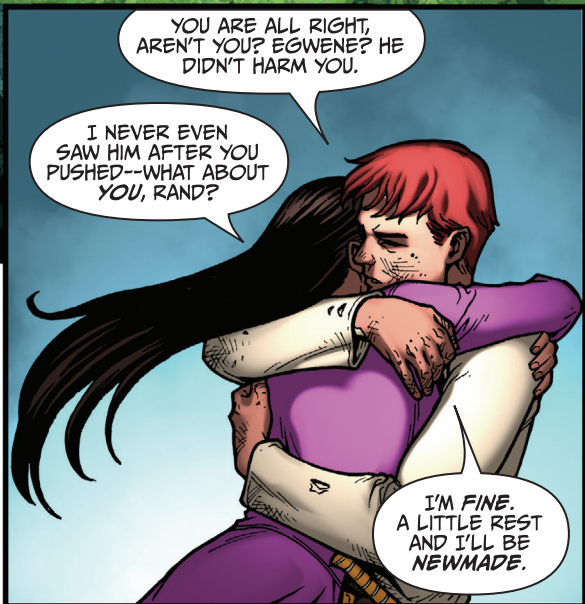


And then he saw them. Egwene?  
Yes, of course it was her.

And Moiraine, the Aes Sedai.

And the Wisdom, Nynaeve.

**RAND!**



YOU ARE ALL RIGHT,  
AREN'T YOU? EGWENE? HE  
DIDN'T HARM YOU.

I NEVER EVEN  
SAW HIM AFTER YOU  
PUSHED--WHAT ABOUT  
YOU, RAND?

I'M FINE.  
A LITTLE REST  
AND I'LL BE  
NEWMADE.



NYNAEVE?  
MOIRAINÉ  
SEDAI?

A LITTLE  
BRUISED. MOIRAINÉ  
IS THE ONLY ONE  
OF US WHO WAS  
REALLY HURT.

I SUFFERED  
MORE INJURY TO  
MY **PRIDE** THAN  
ANYTHING  
ELSE.



AGINOR WAS SURPRISED  
AND ANGRY THAT I HELD  
HIM AS LONG AS I DID,  
BUT FORTUNATELY HE HAD  
NO TIME TO SPARE  
FOR ME.

I AM  
SURPRISED  
MYSELF THAT I HELD  
HIM FOR SO LONG. IN THE  
AGE OF LEGENDS, AGINOR  
WAS CLOSE BEHIND  
THE KINSLAYER AND  
ISHAMAEAL IN  
POWER.

LET US BE  
THANKFUL NO  
MORE OF THE FORSAKEN  
WERE FREED. IF THEY  
HAD BEEN, WE WOULD  
HAVE SEEN THEM.



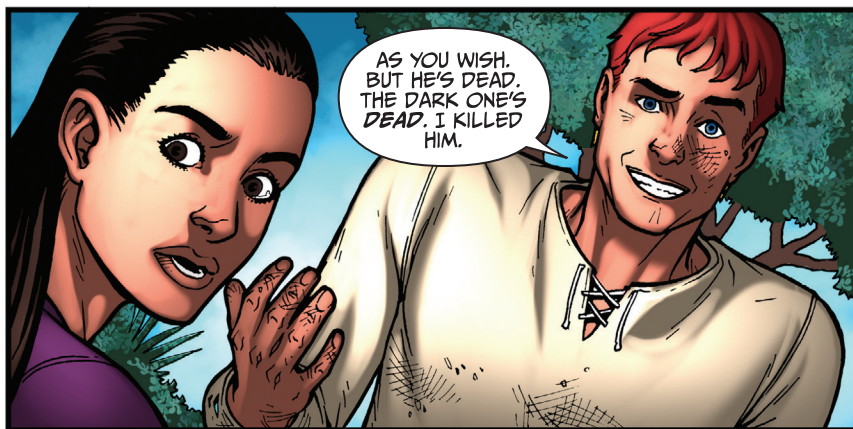


IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
AGINOR AND BALTHAMEL  
ARE DEAD, AND SO IS  
SHAI'--

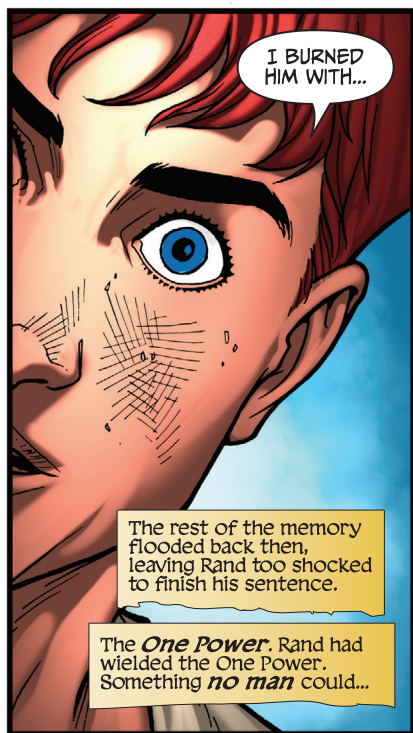
THE  
DARK  
ONE.



BEST WE STILL  
CALL HIM THE DARK ONE.  
OR BA'ALZAMON, AT  
LEAST.



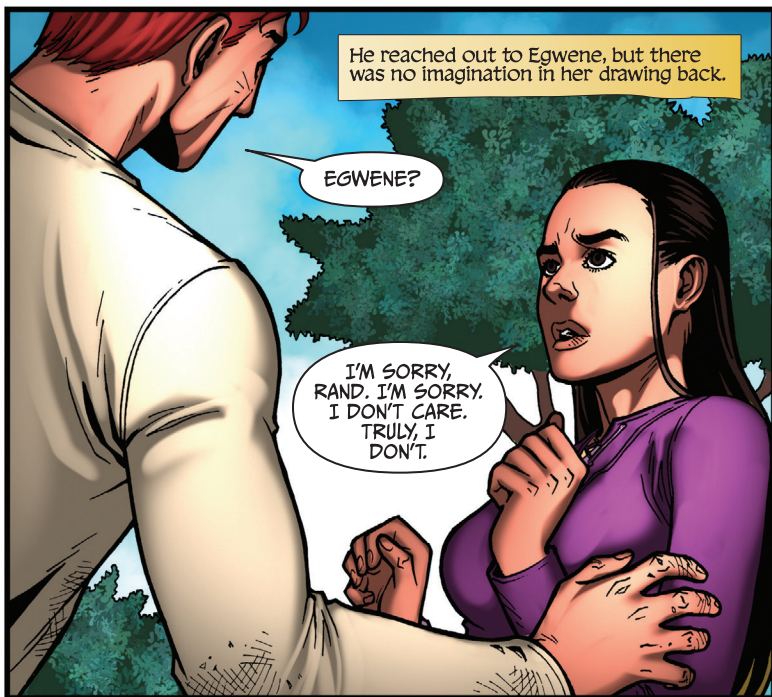
AS YOU WISH.  
BUT HE'S DEAD.  
THE DARK ONE'S  
DEAD. I KILLED  
HIM.



I BURNED  
HIM WITH...

The rest of the memory  
flooded back then,  
leaving Rand too shocked  
to finish his sentence.

The *One Power*. Rand had  
wielded the One Power.  
Something *no man* could...

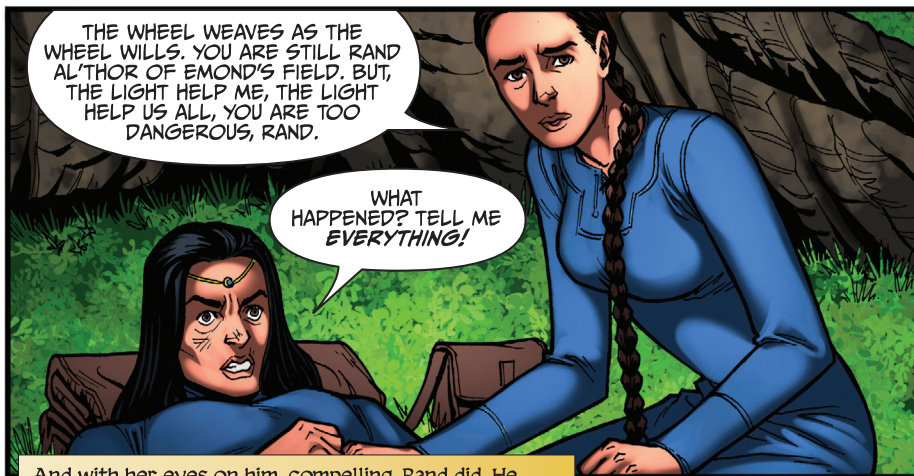


He reached out to Egwene, but there  
was no imagination in her drawing back.

EGWENE?

I'M SORRY,  
RAND. I'M SORRY.  
I DON'T CARE.  
TRULY, I  
DON'T.



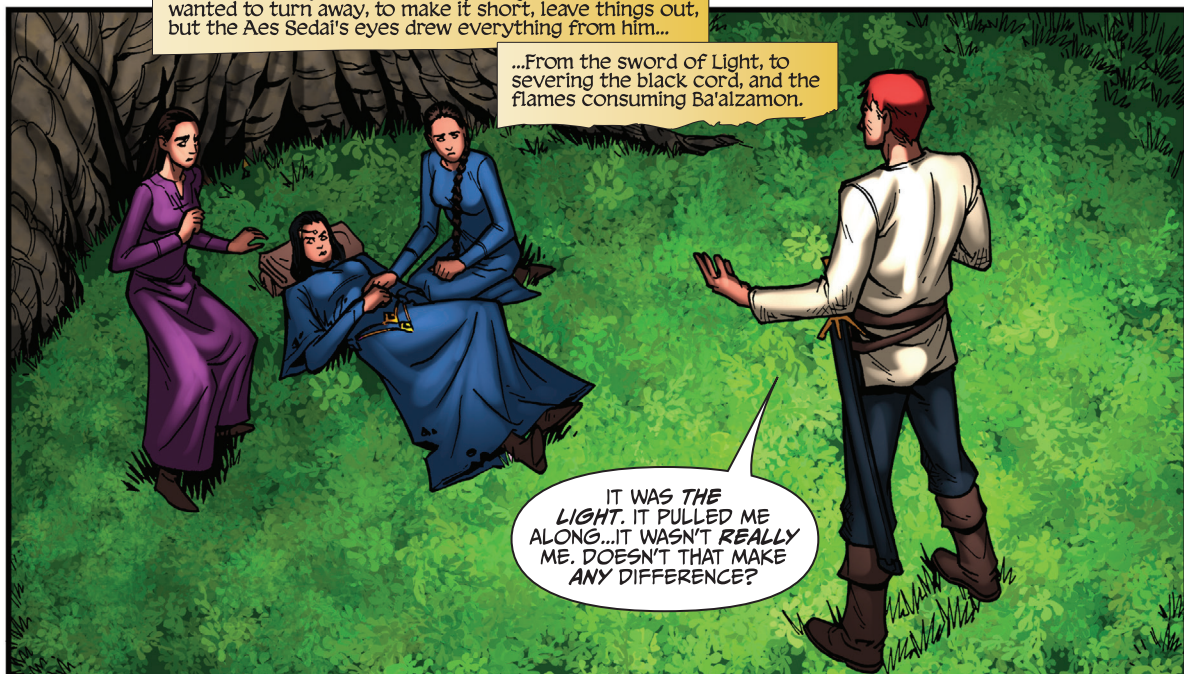


THE WHEEL WEAVES AS THE WHEEL WILLS. YOU ARE STILL RAND AL'THOR OF EMOND'S FIELD. BUT, THE LIGHT HELP ME, THE LIGHT HELP US ALL, YOU ARE TOO DANGEROUS, RAND.

WHAT HAPPENED? TELL ME EVERYTHING!

And with her eyes on him, compelling, Rand did. He wanted to turn away, to make it short, leave things out, but the Aes Sedai's eyes drew everything from him...

...From the sword of Light, to severing the black cord, and the flames consuming Ba'alzamon.

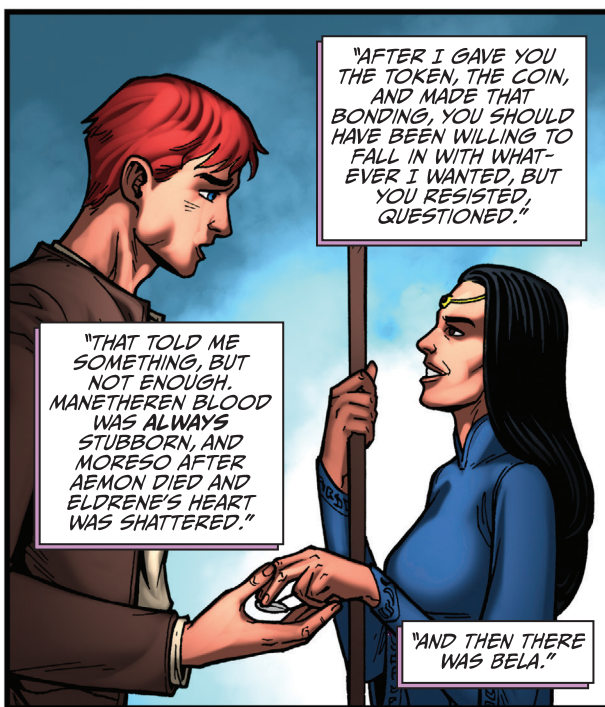


IT WAS THE LIGHT. IT PULLED ME ALONG...IT WASN'T REALLY ME. DOESN'T THAT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?



I HAD SUSPICIONS FROM THE FIRST.

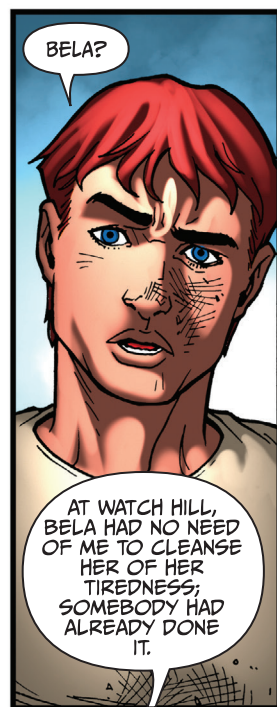
SUSPICIONS ARE NOT PROOF, THOUGH.



"THAT TOLD ME SOMETHING, BUT NOT ENOUGH. MANETHEREN BLOOD WAS ALWAYS STUBBORN, AND MORESO AFTER AEMON DIED AND ELDRENE'S HEART WAS SHATTERED."

"AFTER I GAVE YOU THE TOKEN, THE COIN, AND MADE THAT BONDING, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WILLING TO FALL IN WITH WHATEVER I WANTED, BUT YOU RESISTED, QUESTIONED."

"AND THEN THERE WAS BELA."



BELA?

AT WATCH HILL, BELA HAD NO NEED OF ME TO CLEANSE HER OF HER TIREDNESS; SOMEBODY HAD ALREADY DONE IT.



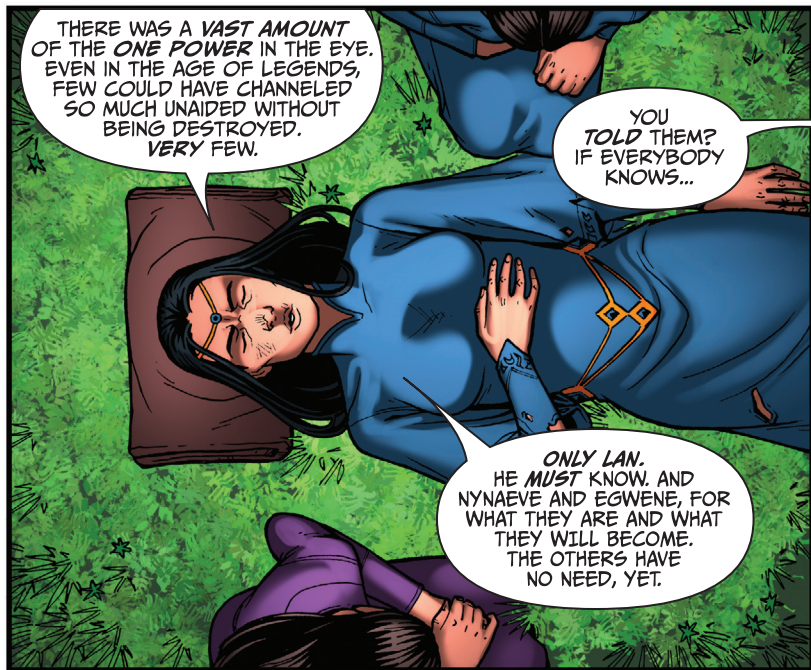






LAN TOOK THEM INTO THE CAVERN.

THE EYE IS GONE, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POOL, A CRYSTAL COLUMN, AND STEPS TO REACH IT. MAT AND PERRIN WANTED TO LOOK FOR YOU FIRST--LOIAL DID, TOO--BUT MOIRAIN SAID...SHE SAID WE MUSTN'T DISTURB YOU WHILE YOU WERE...



THERE WAS A VAST AMOUNT OF THE ONE POWER IN THE EYE. EVEN IN THE AGE OF LEGENDS, FEW COULD HAVE CHanneLED SO MUCH UNaidED WITHOUT BEING DESTROYED. VERY FEW.

YOU TOLD THEM? IF EVERYBODY KNOWS...

ONLY LAN. HE *MUST* KNOW. AND NYNAEVE AND EGWENE, FOR WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY WILL BECOME. THE OTHERS HAVE NO NEED, YET.

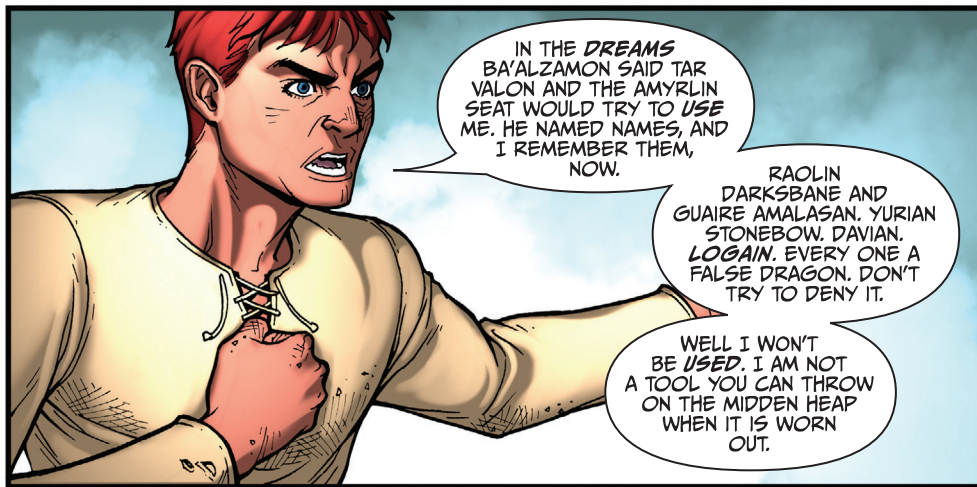


WHY NOT? YOU *WILL* BE WANTING TO *GENTLE* ME, WON'T YOU? ISN'T THAT WHAT AES SEDAI DO TO MEN WHO CAN WIELD THE POWER? CHANGE THEM SO THEY CAN'T? MAKE THEM *SAFE*?

THOM SAID MEN WHO HAVE BEEN GENTLED *DIE* BECAUSE THEY STOP WANTING TO LIVE. WHY AREN'T YOU TAKING ME TO TAR VALON TO BE GENTLED?



YOU ARE TA'VEREN. PERHAPS THE PATTERN HAS NOT FINISHED WITH YOU.



IN THE DREAMS BA'ALZAMON SAID TAR VALON AND THE AMYRLIN SEAT WOULD TRY TO *USE* ME. HE NAMED NAMES, AND I REMEMBER THEM, NOW.

RAOLIN DARKSBANE AND GUAIRE AMALASAN. YURIAN STONEBOW. DAVIAN. LOGAIN. EVERY ONE A FALSE DRAGON. DON'T TRY TO DENY IT.

WELL I WON'T BE *USED*. I AM NOT A TOOL YOU CAN THROW ON THE MIDDEN HEAP WHEN IT IS WORN OUT.



A TOOL MADE FOR A PURPOSE IS NOT Demeaned BY BEING USED FOR THAT PURPOSE...

BUT A MAN WHO BELIEVES THE FATHER OF LIES DemeanS HIMSELF. YOU SAY YOU WILL NOT BE USED, AND THEN YOU LET THE DARK ONE SET YOUR PATH LIKE A HOUND SENT AFTER A RABBIT BY HIS MASTER.

I AM NO ONE'S HOUND, DO YOU HEAR ME? NO ONE'S!

The conversation did not feel over, but Loial and the others appeared in the arch, and Rand scrambled to his feet, looking at Moiraine, who assured him that the others would not know about Rand's use of the One Power, until the Pattern made it so.

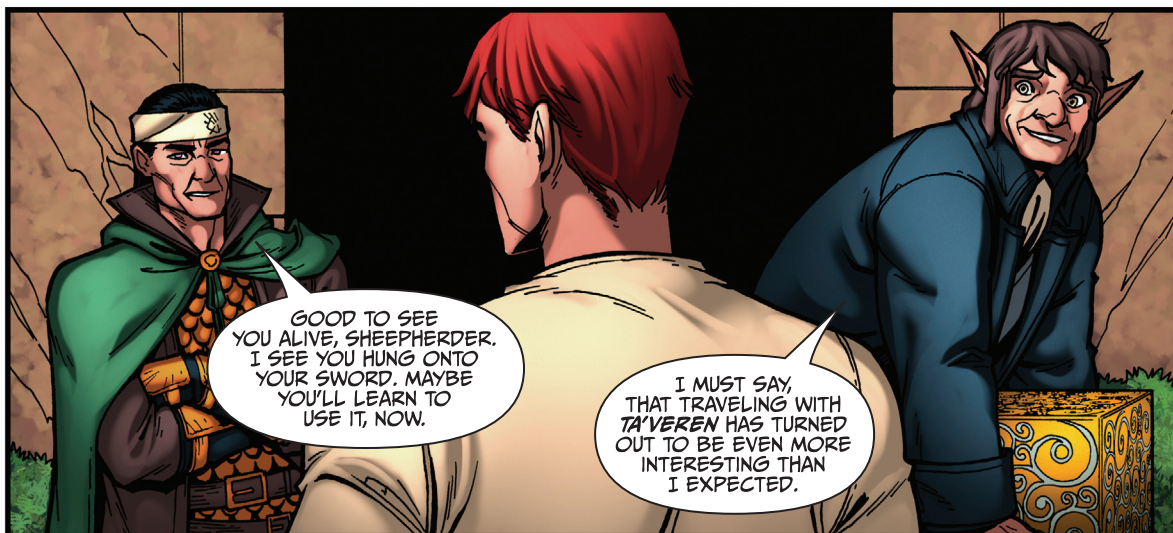
RAND! SO YOU'RE ALIVE AFTER ALL!

SHE WOULDN'T LET US LOOK FOR YOU. SAID WE HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT THE EYE WAS HIDING. I'D HAVE GONE ANYWAY, BUT NYNAEVE AND EGWENE SIDED WITH HER AND ALMOST THREW ME THROUGH THE ARCH.

WELL, YOU'RE HERE NOW, AND NOT TOO BADLY BEATEN ABOUT, BY THE LOOK OF YOU. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING. YOU'RE HERE, AND WE'RE DONE WITH WHAT WE CAME FOR, WHATEVER IT WAS. MOIRAIN SEDAI SAYS WE'RE DONE, AND WE CAN GO.

HOME, RAND. THE LIGHT BURN ME, I WANT TO GO HOME.





GOOD TO SEE YOU ALIVE, SHEEPHERDER. I SEE YOU HUNG ONTO YOUR SWORD. MAYBE YOU'LL LEARN TO USE IT, NOW.

I MUST SAY, THAT TRAVELING WITH TA'VEREN HAS TURNED OUT TO BE EVEN MORE INTERESTING THAN I EXPECTED.



BUT IF IT BECOMES ANY MORE INTERESTING, I WILL GO BACK TO STEDDING SHANGTAI IMMEDIATELY, CONFESS EVERYTHING TO ELDER HAMAN, AND NEVER LEAVE MY BOOKS AGAIN.

IT IS SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, RAND AL'THOR. THE WARDER IS THE ONLY ONE OF THESE THREE WHO CARES MUCH AT ALL FOR BOOKS, AND HE WON'T TALK.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WE ALL RAN OFF AND HID IN THE WOODS UNTIL MOIRAI NE SEDAI SENT LAN TO FIND US, BUT SHE WOULD NOT LET US LOOK FOR YOU.

WHY WERE YOU GONE SO LONG, RAND?

I RAN AND RAN UNTIL I FELL DOWN A HILL AND HIT MY HEAD ON A ROCK. I THINK I HIT EVERY ROCK ON THE WAY DOWN.

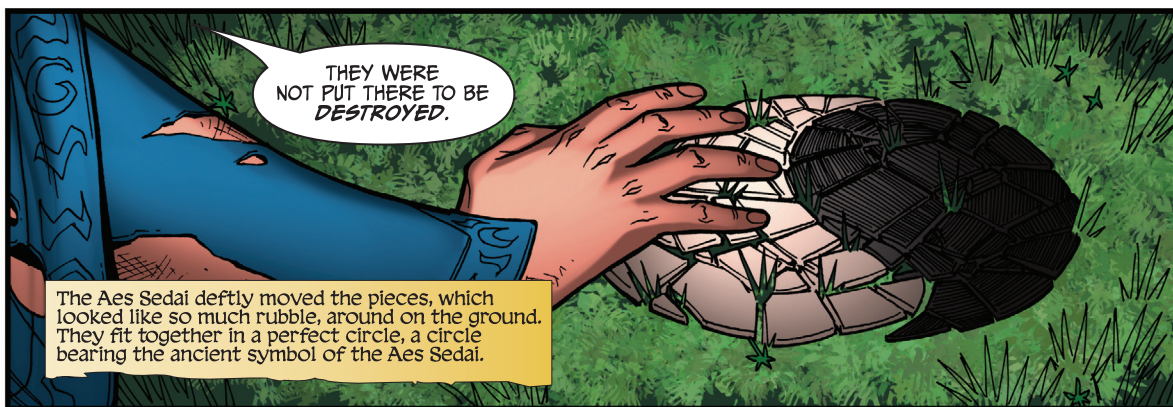
WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LOST, AND FINALLY I STUMBLED BACK HERE. I THINK AGINOR IS DEAD, BURNED. I FOUND SOME ASHES, AND PIECES OF HIS CLOAK.

The lies sounded hollow in Rand's ears, but his friends nodded and accepted them--



HERE-- HELP ME UP.

HOW COULD THESE THINGS BE INSIDE THE EYE WITHOUT BEING DESTROYED LIKE THAT ROCK?



THEY WERE NOT PUT THERE TO BE DESTROYED.

The Aes Sedai deftly moved the pieces, which looked like so much rubble, around on the ground. They fit together in a perfect circle, a circle bearing the ancient symbol of the Aes Sedai.













TIA MI AVEN MORIDIN  
ISAINDE VADIN...THE  
GRAVE IS NO BAR  
TO MY CALL.

THE HORN OF VALERE.  
TO CALL THE HEROES  
OF AGES BACK FROM  
THE DEAD TO FIGHT  
THE DARK ONE.

BURN  
ME!



I BEGIN TO  
WONDER. THE  
EYE OF THE WORLD  
WAS MADE AGAINST  
THE GREATEST NEED THE  
WORLD WOULD EVER  
FACE, BUT WAS IT MADE  
FOR THE USE TO WHICH...  
WE...PUT IT, OR TO  
GUARD THESE  
THINGS?

QUICKLY,  
THE LAST. SHOW  
IT TO ME.



WHAT  
IS IT?

THE BANNER  
OF THE LORD OF  
THE MORNING WHEN HE  
LED THE FORCES OF  
LIGHT AGAINST THE  
SHADOW.

THE BANNER  
OF LEWS THERIN  
TELAMON. THE BANNER  
OF THE DRAGON.


BURN  
ME.

WE WILL TAKE  
THESE THINGS WITH US  
WHEN WE GO. THEY WERE  
NOT PUT HERE BY CHANCE,  
AND I MUST KNOW  
MORE.

IT IS TOO LATE  
IN THE DAY FOR STARTING  
NOW. WE WILL REST, AND EAT,  
BUT WE WILL LEAVE *EARLY*. THE  
*BLIGHT* IS ALL AROUND HERE,  
AND *STRONG*. WITHOUT THE  
GREEN MAN, THIS PLACE  
CANNOT HOLD  
LONG.







Dawn revealed devastation, as the sickness of the Blight spread its infection to the Green Man's garden. The cool breezes had died, replaced by a growing sticky heat, the butterflies were gone, the birds silent, and it was a silent group who prepared to leave.

IT IS NOT  
RIGHT. IT IS *NOT*  
RIGHT THAT TREEBROTHER  
SHOULD FALL TO  
THE *BLIGHT*.

NOT  
RIGHT.

Lan opened his mouth as the Ogier walked to the great oak, but Moiraine, lying on the litter, weakly raised her hand, and the Warder said nothing.

When Loial reached the oak, he kneeled and lifted his face to the sky. And he *sang*.

Rand could not say if there were words, or if it was pure song. In that rumbling voice it was as if the earth sang, yet he was sure he heard the birds trilling again, and spring breezes sighing softly, and the sound of butterfly wings.

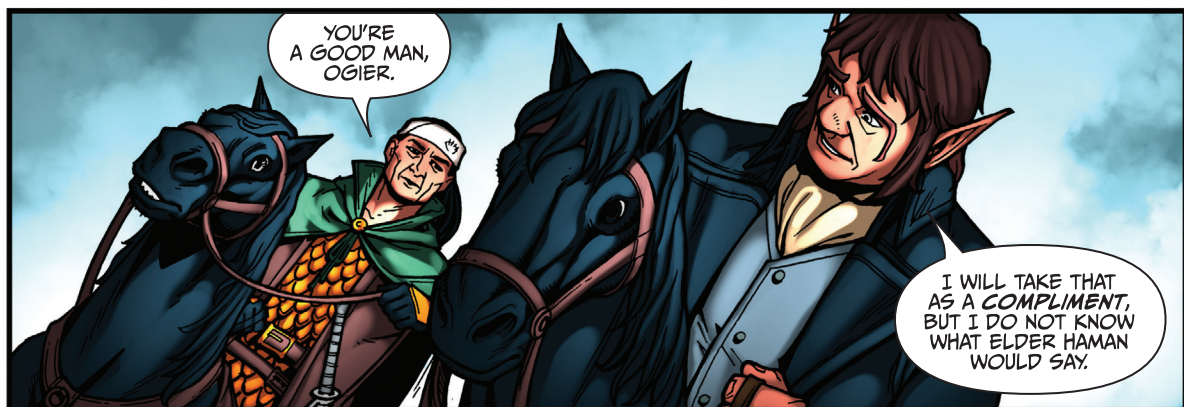
Lost in the song, he thought it lasted only minutes, but when Loial finally finished Rand was surprised to see the sun stood well over the horizon.





I'VE NEVER SUNG  
SO HARD BEFORE. I  
COULD NOT HAVE DONE  
IT IF SOMETHING OF  
TREEBROTHER WAS  
NOT STILL THERE.

THIS LITTLE  
SPACE, AT LEAST,  
WILL NOT SINK INTO THE  
BLIGHT. THE BLIGHT  
WILL **NOT** HAVE  
TREEBROTHER.



YOU'RE  
A GOOD MAN,  
OGIER.

I WILL TAKE THAT  
AS A **COMPLIMENT**,  
BUT I DO NOT KNOW  
WHAT ELDER HAMAN  
WOULD SAY.




Rand half expected they would have to  
fight their way out as they had fought  
their way in, but the Blight was as quiet  
and still as **death**.

Not a single branch trembled as if to lash at  
them, nothing screamed or howled, neither  
nearby or in the distance. The Blight  
seemed to crouch, not to pounce, as if it  
had been struck a great blow and waited  
for the next to fall.

Even the sun  
was less red.



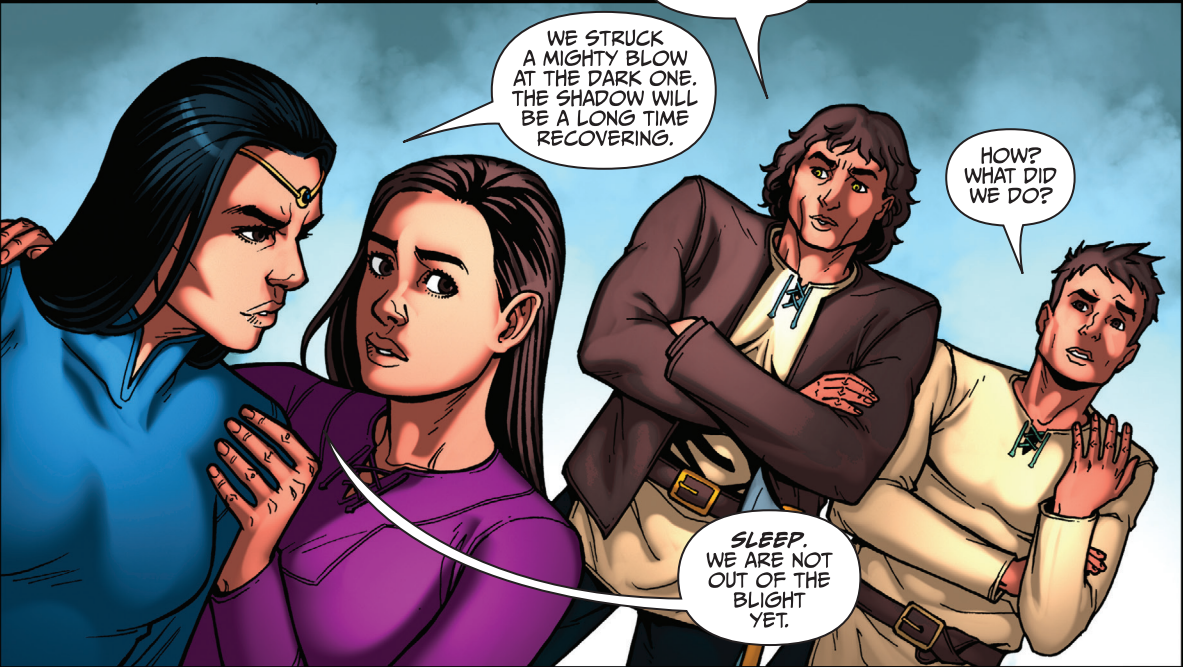


Before sunset the Warder chose a campsite, and Moiraine had Nynaeve and Egwene help her to set wards. The Aes Sedai whispered in the other women's ears before she began. Nynaeve hesitated, but when Moiraine closed her eyes, all three women did so together.

Rand saw Mat and Perrin staring, and wondered how they could be so surprised—*every woman is an Aes Sedai*, he thought.

*The Light help me, so am I.*

WHY IS IT SO DIFFERENT? IT FEELS...

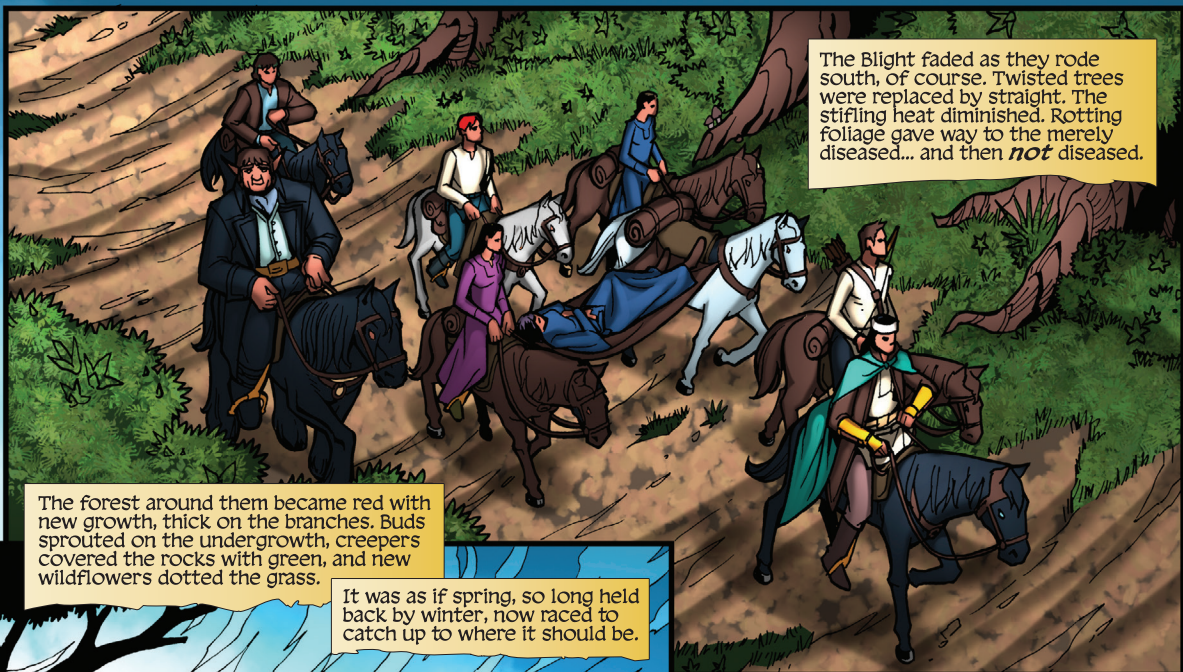


WE STRUCK A MIGHTY BLOW AT THE DARK ONE. THE SHADOW WILL BE A LONG TIME RECOVERING.

HOW? WHAT DID WE DO?

SLEEP. WE ARE NOT OUT OF THE BLIGHT YET.

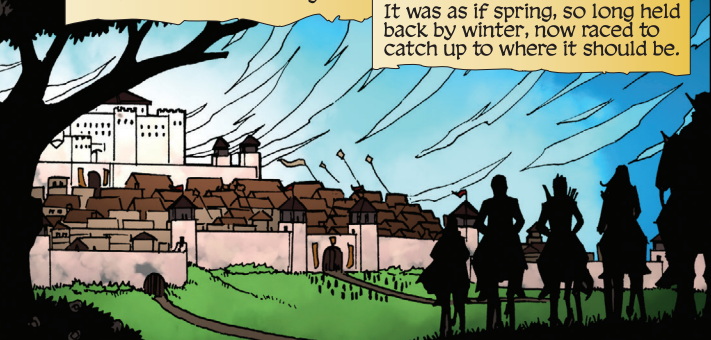




The Blight faded as they rode south, of course. Twisted trees were replaced by straight. The stifling heat diminished. Rotting foliage gave way to the merely diseased... and then *not* diseased.

The forest around them became red with new growth, thick on the branches. Buds sprouted on the undergrowth, creepers covered the rocks with green, and new wildflowers dotted the grass.

It was as if spring, so long held back by winter, now raced to catch up to where it should be.



In the late afternoon they reached Fal Dara, to find the grim walled city ringing with celebration. Ringing in truth. Rand doubted if there could be a bell in the city not clanging, from the tiniest silver harness chime to the great bronze gongs in their tower tops.



A MIRACLE IN THE GAP! THE AGE OF LEGENDS IS BACK!

SPRING! THE LIGHT BLESSES US WITH SPRING ONCE MORE!

VICTORY IN THE GAP! WE WON!



There was so much joy in Fal Dara, it was not until they reached the Keep, and met with Ingtar that Rand saw a face that was *not* smiling. Grimly, Ingtar told Lan:

I WAS TOO LATE, LAN. TOO LATE BY AN HOUR TO SEE. PEACE!

...FORGIVE ME, GRIEF MAKES ME FORGET MY DUTIES. WELCOME, BUILDER. WELCOME TO YOU ALL. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU SAFELY OUT OF THE BLIGHT.

I WILL BRING THE HEALER TO MOIRAIN SEDAI IN HER CHAMBERS, AND INFORM LORD AGELMAR--

TAKE ME TO LORD AGELMAR.

TAKE US ALL.

Agelmar was in his study, and his was the second face that did not smile. He wore a troubled frown that deepened when he saw Moiraine being carried in.

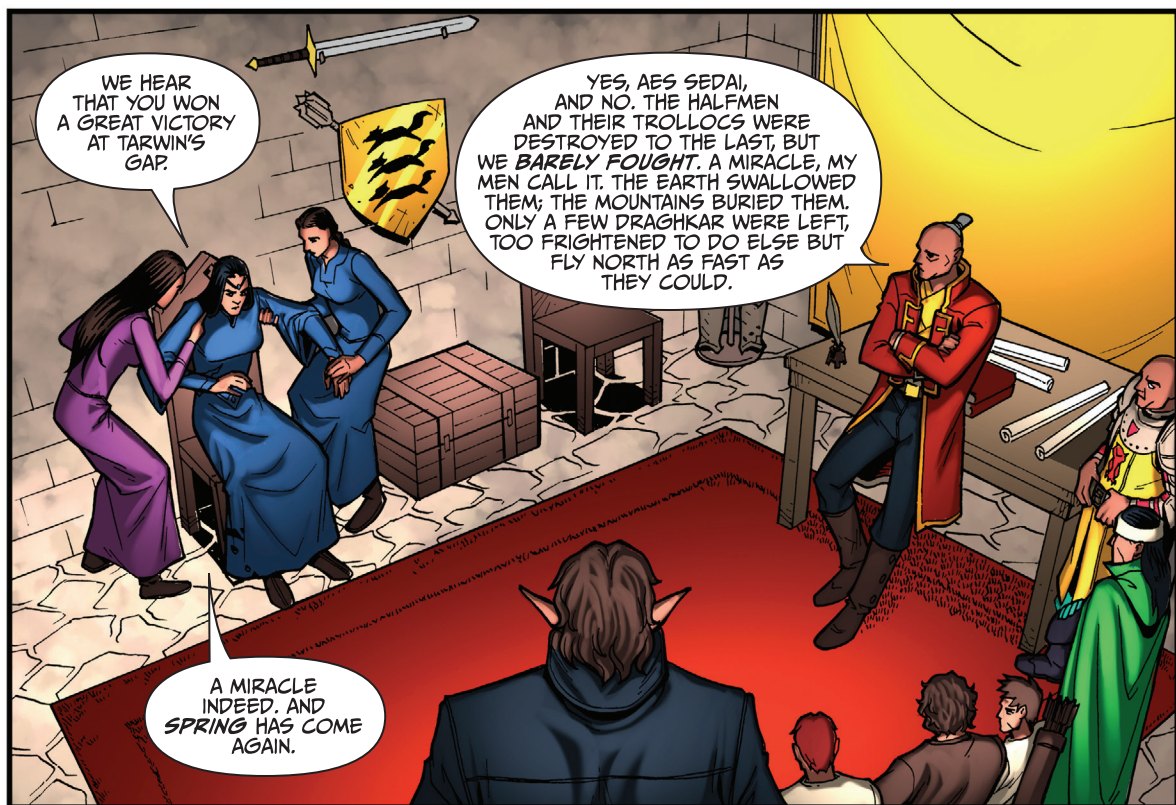
PEACE! ARE YOU INJURED, MOIRAIN SEDAI?

INGTAR, WHY HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE AES SEDAI TO HER BED AND BROUGHT THE HEALER TO HER?

BE STILL, LORD AGELMAR. INGSTAR HAS DONE AS I COMMANDED HIM. I AM NOT SO FRAIL AS EVERYONE HERE SEEMS TO THINK.

I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU, LORD AGELMAR.





WE HEAR THAT YOU WON A GREAT VICTORY AT TARWIN'S GAP.

YES, AES SEDAI, AND NO. THE HALFMEN AND THEIR TROLLOCS WERE DESTROYED TO THE LAST, BUT WE *BARELY FOUGHT*. A MIRACLE, MY MEN CALL IT. THE EARTH SWALLOWED THEM; THE MOUNTAINS BURIED THEM. ONLY A FEW DRAGHKAR WERE LEFT, TOO FRIGHTENED TO DO ELSE BUT FLY NORTH AS FAST AS THEY COULD.

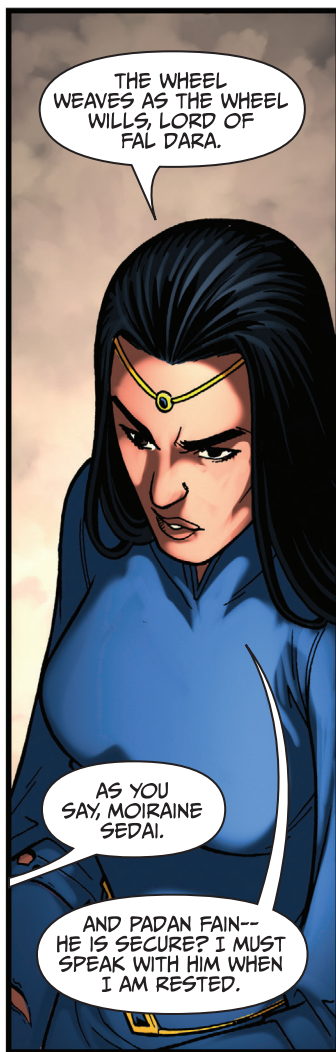
A MIRACLE INDEED. AND *SPRING* HAS COME AGAIN.



A MIRACLE, BUT...

...BUT, MOIRAIN SEDAI, MEN SAY MANY THINGS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GAP. THAT THE LIGHT TOOK ON FLESH AND FOUGHT FOR US. THAT THE CREATOR WALKED IN THE GAP TO STRIKE AT THE SHADOW...

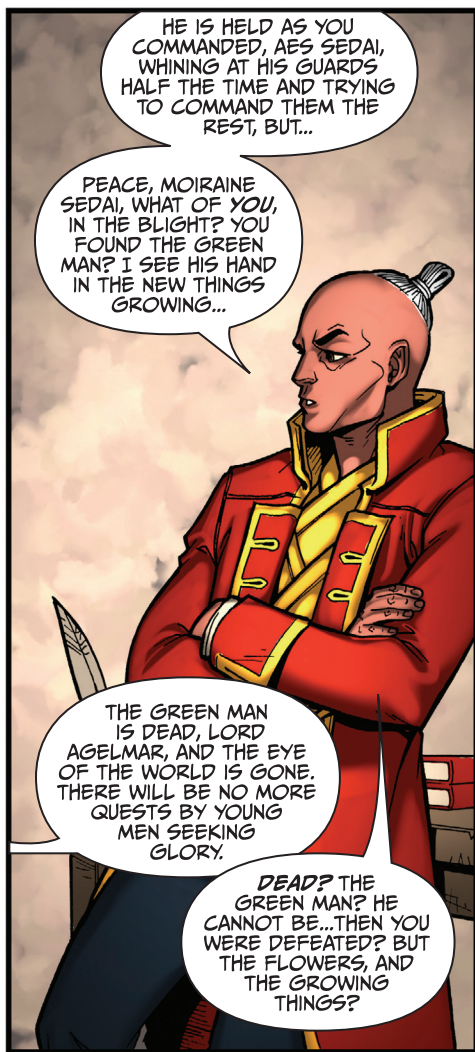
BUT I SAW A MAN, MOIRAIN SEDAI. I SAW A MAN, AND WHAT HE DID CANNOT BE, *MUST NOT BE*.



THE WHEEL WEAVES AS THE WHEEL WILLS, LORD OF FAL DARA.

AS YOU SAY, MOIRAIN SEDAI.

AND PADAN FAIN-- HE IS SECURE? I MUST SPEAK WITH HIM WHEN I AM RESTED.



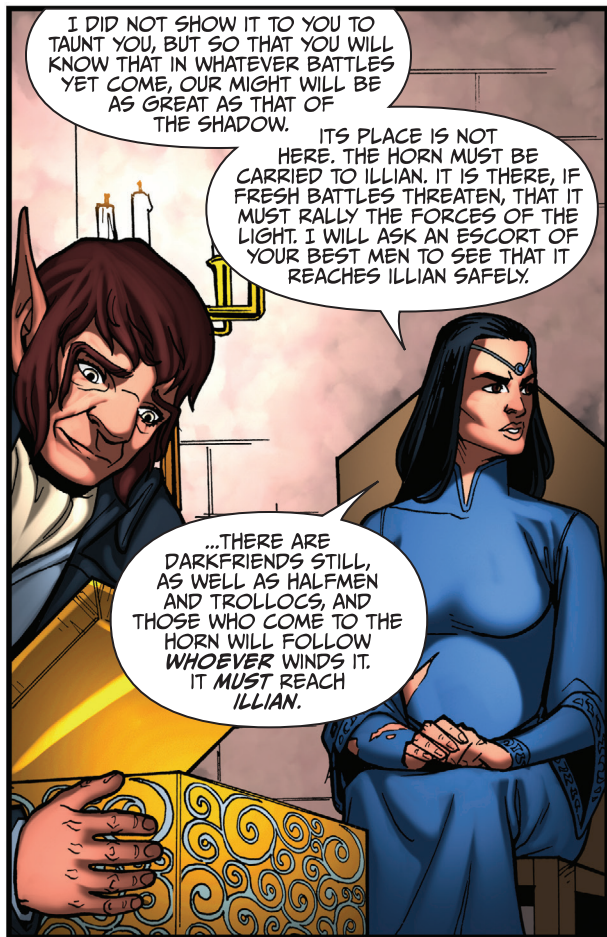
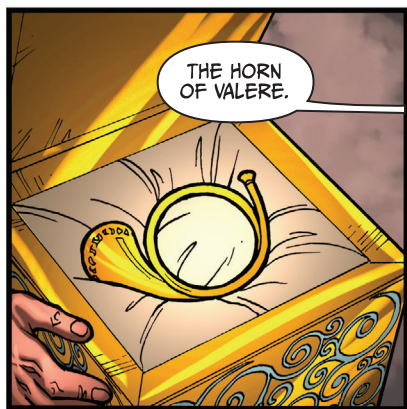
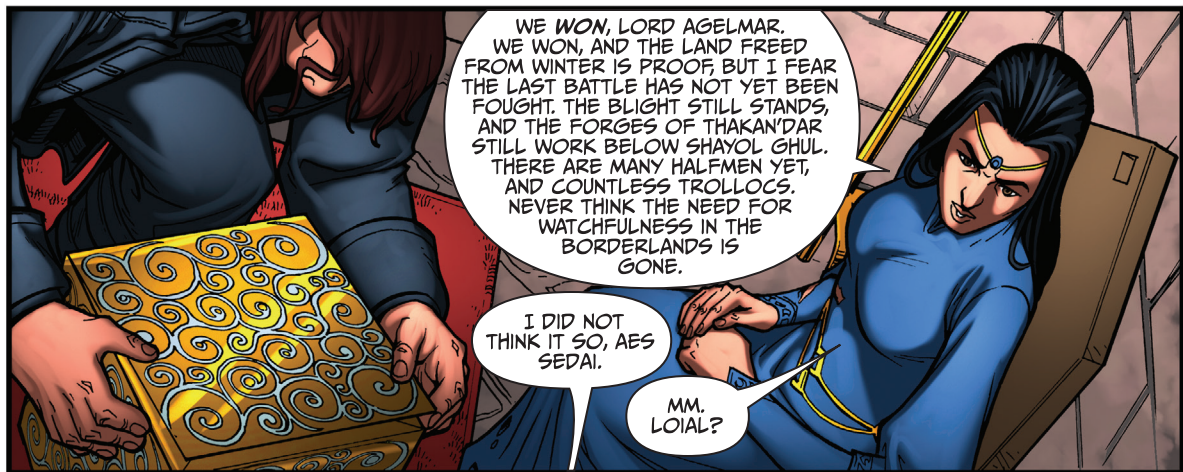
HE IS HELD AS YOU COMMANDED, AES SEDAI, WHINING AT HIS GUARDS HALF THE TIME AND TRYING TO COMMAND THEM THE REST, BUT...

PEACE, MOIRAIN SEDAI, WHAT OF *YOU*, IN THE BLIGHT? YOU FOUND THE GREEN MAN? I SEE HIS HAND IN THE NEW THINGS GROWING...

THE GREEN MAN IS DEAD, LORD AGELMAR, AND THE EYE OF THE WORLD IS GONE. THERE WILL BE NO MORE QUESTS BY YOUNG MEN SEEKING GLORY.

*DEAD?* THE GREEN MAN? HE CANNOT BE... THEN YOU WERE DEFEATED? BUT THE FLOWERS, AND THE GROWING THINGS?







Seven days later, bells still rang in Fal Dara. The people had returned from Fal Moran, adding their celebration to that of the soldiers...

...And singing blended with the pealing of the bells on the long balcony where Rand practiced with his heron-mark blade.

HYAH!

GOOD, SHEEPHERDER. YOU ARE DOING WELL, BUT DON'T PUSH SO HARD. YOU CAN'T BECOME A BLADEMASTER IN A FEW WEEKS.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT BEING A BLADEMASTER.

IT'S A BLADEMASTER'S BLADE, SHEEPHERDER.

I JUST WANT MY FATHER TO BE PROUD OF ME. ANYWAY, I MAY NOT HAVE A FEW WEEKS.

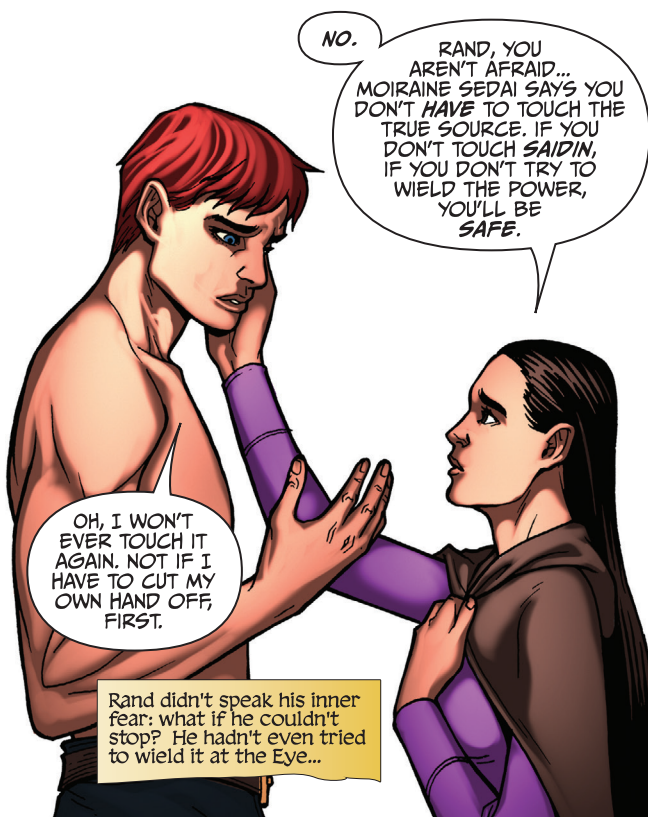
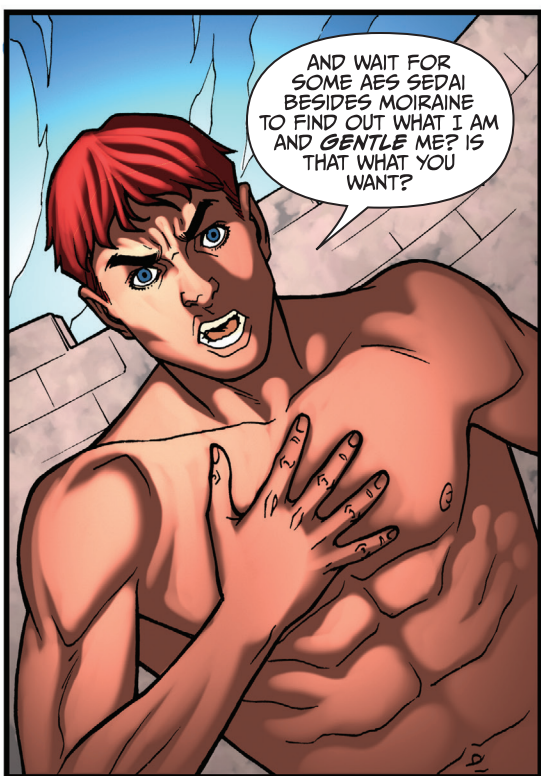
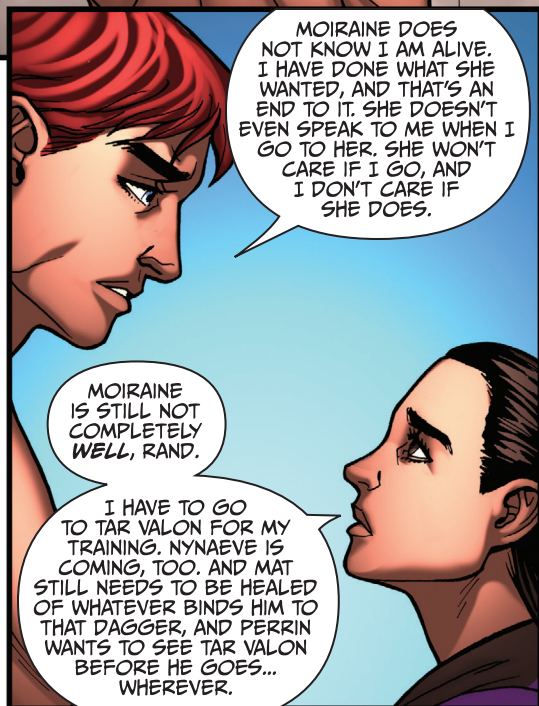
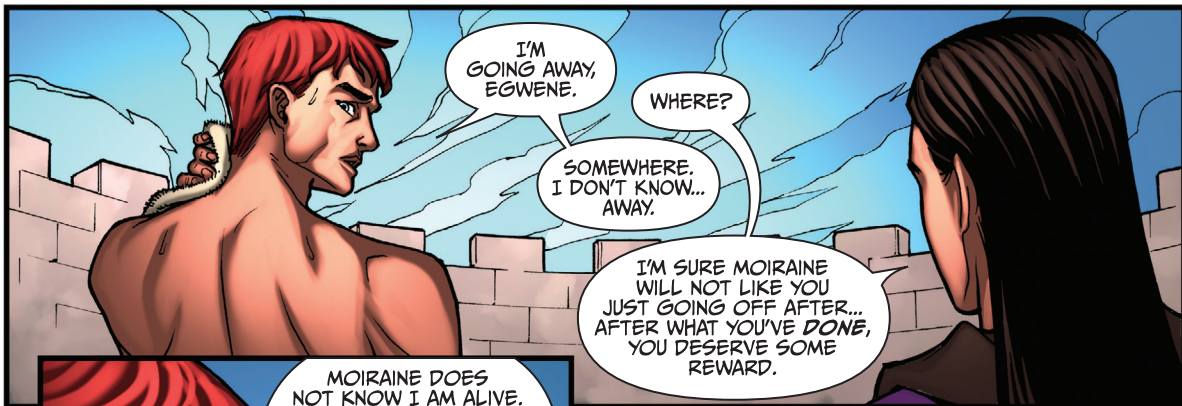
THEN YOU'VE NOT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

YOU WON'T TRY TO STOP ME? OR MOIRAI NE SEDAI?

YOU CAN DO AS YOU WILL, SHEEPHERDER. I'LL LEAVE YOU, NOW.

CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT WHAT, RAND?





Rand didn't speak his inner fear: what if he couldn't stop? He hadn't even tried to wield it at the Eye...





WILL YOU GO HOME, RAND? YOUR FATHER MUST BE DYING TO SEE YOU. EVEN MAT'S FATHER MUST BE DYING TO SEE HIM BY NOW. I'LL BE COMING BACK TO EMOND'S FIELD NEXT YEAR... FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT LEAST.

NOT HOME. I'M GOING AWAY, BUT NOT HOME... NOT EVER HOME.



In Agelmar's private garden, Moiraine shifted in her bedchair, watching the faint blue glow fade from the stone she held in her fingers.

It had no power in itself, the stone, but the first use she had ever learned of the One Power, as a girl, in the Royal Palace in Cairhien, was using the stone to listen to people when they thought they were too far off to be overheard.

...NOT EVER HOME.

THE PROPHECY WILL BE FULFILLED...



THE DRAGON IS REBORN.

THE END... OF THE BEGINNING.

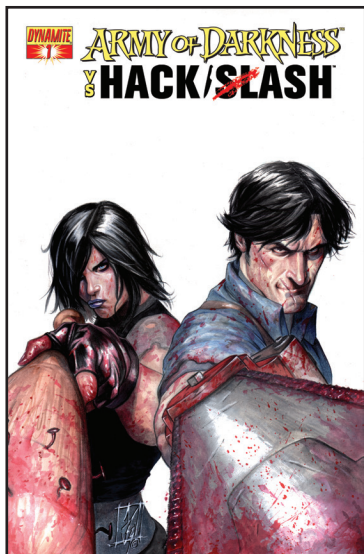


# DYNAMITE®

## IN THE NEWS - JUNE 2013

ARMY OF DARKNESS CROSS-OVER WITH HACK/SLASH. WRITTEN BY HACK/SLASH CREATOR TIM SEELEY!

SIX-ISSUE SERIES, COMING OUT JULY 2013!



Dynamite Entertainment is proud to announce that Cassie, the star of Tim Seeley's most famous creation, *Hack/Slash*, will be crossing-over with Ash from the *Army of Darkness*, in a new series written by *Hack/Slash* creator Tim Seeley! Featuring covers by Tim Seeley himself, his *Hack/Slash* co-creator Stefano Casello, the acclaimed Ben Templesmith, and a special cute cover by Ken Haeser, *Army of Darkness Vs. Hack/Slash #1* is not to be missed when it arrives in-stores and digitally this July 2013!

In *Army of Darkness Vs. Hack/Slash #1*, after the events of the *Hack/Slash* series, Cassie Hack is doing her best to live a normal life when a Deadite attack forces Cassie back into action. But she's not alone! Meet Cassie's new partner: Ashley J. Williams! Can the pair keep from killing each other long enough to quest for the stolen pages from the Book of the Dead? Will Ash get some sugar? Or will Cassie make him kiss it?

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

It's the horror mash-up that fans demanded!

"Besides being one of the inspirations for *Hack/Slash*, *Army of Darkness* has long been one of my all-time favorite films," says writer Tim Seeley. "Readers have been asking for Cassie and Ashley J. Williams to meet for as long as I've been making *Hack/Slash*, and we're finally going to give them what they want. There will be blood, boobs, baseball bats, and boomsticks."

Ash, the square-jawed protagonist of the *Army of Darkness* series, has frequently teamed-up with (or faced off against) beloved characters from throughout comics, film, literature, and real life. Best-selling crossover miniseries include *Marvel Zombies Vs. Army of Darkness*, *Danger Girl and the Army of Darkness*, *Prophecy* (alongside heroines like Vampirella and Red Sonja), and *Freddy Vs. Jason Vs. Ash*. Also, in over nine years of publication through Dynamite, the *Army of Darkness* series itself has hosted Darkman, H.P. Lovecraft's mad scientist Herbert West, and classic monsters like Dracula and Frankenstein. Ash even got patriotic when he met the president in the *Ash Saves Obama* storyline.

"It's a natural fit, putting *Army of Darkness* together with the ever-popular Cassie Hack," says Nick Barrucci. "And honestly, it's what the fans have asked for! Ash is the Crossover King, that perfect combination of badass and jester which makes for amazing, amusing comic book team-ups. And what better combo could there be, between a splatter movie hero and the ultimate Last Girl?"

*Hack/Slash* is a comic books series, created by writer/penciler Tim Seeley. The focus of the series is on a horror victim, Cassie, who strikes back at the monsters, known as "slashers", with Vlad, a disfigured "gentle giant" who frequently wears a gas mask.

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IN STORES NOW



### THE BLACK BAT #2

The redemptive quest of *The Black Bat* continues! As the cloaked hero launches his campaign against his criminal former clients, he must save the police from a mysterious captor. What darkness from Tony's past threatens his newfound war on crime?

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Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Graphic Designer  
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant

## FEATURED REVIEWS

### THE BLACK BAT #1

(Geeks of Doom):

"GRAB THIS BOOK!!! I can understand you're hesitations - it's not a character on the level of The Shadow, The Green Hornet, or even The Spider, but what it is, is most importantly, is a fantastic comic."

### THE BLACK BAT #1

(Bleeding Cool):

"It selects the best elements from the past *Black Bat* character and takes them for a spin to see what kind of attention it can still attract."

### DAMSELS: MERMAIDS #1

(Comic Hype):

"This book has some fantastic dialog, a good mix of characters and personalities, unexpected turns, and even some mythology. I have no doubt that this book will surprise you as it did me."

### GAME OF THRONES #14

(MTV Geek):

"The characterizations remain faithful to the book and the artwork is quite striking. If you want to know why everyone is talking about the TV series, then this issue of *Game of Thrones* is a good place to start."

### THE SPIDER #11

(Unleash the Fanboy):

"The Spider #11 is the best this creative duo has delivered, and I am absolutely thrilled to see where this is all going."

### DARK SHADOWS: YEAR ONE #1

(Comic Book Therapy):

"This series should easily please *Dark Shadows* fans. As someone whose knowledge of *Dark Shadows* is based on the recent movie and a few episodes of the TV show, it seems to fit in perfectly with the latter's style. There's enough here to appease the old fans

and an interesting story to draw in new readers."

### DARK SHADOWS: YEAR ONE #1

(Unleash the Fanboy):

"When it comes to putting the words into physicality, Guiu Vilanova lends his talent to the artistic side of things. His pencil work relies on heavy shadows combined with well-structured designs to sell its authenticity. He literally sets the proverbial mood as this specific journey gets underway."

### DARK SHADOWS: YEAR ONE #1

(Sci Fi Pulse):

"This is an open door to the cult favorite that will initiate virgin readers and satisfy long term fans. You should enter before the door disappears!"