



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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



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

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

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WHEEL OF TIME: DRAGONMOUNT

# RAVEN



This far below Emond's Field, halfway to the Waterwood, trees lined the banks of the Winespring Water.

Bel Tine was past and summer not far off, and the time of shearing was here again.

All across the Two Rivers, herds from all about were brought and their wool gathered.

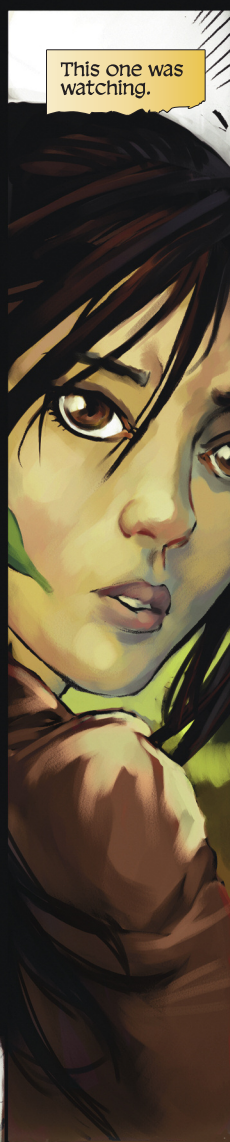
Egwene was not here to play.

At nine, she was carrying water for the first time.



Ravens sometimes bothered the sheep.

Egwene heard people say that ravens were the Dark One's eyes.



This one was watching.



Watching more than sheep.



It was a silly idea.

What would the Dark One want to see in Two Rivers?

Nothing ever happened in the Two Rivers.


Widow Aynal's Meadow stood empty most of the year. But now it held a good many more sheep than people.

Farmers came from all around Emond's Field for the shearing, and village folk came to help their relatives.

There were only a few other times a year when everyone gathered from all corners like this.

Though it was work to gather the sheep and clean the wool once gathered, the event took on the atmosphere of a festival.





On the pretense that the boys might be thirsty, Egwene made her way to the sheep pens.

UNNH!  
THIS IS THE  
LAST FOR  
NOW, MAT.

THERE'LL  
BE MORE  
SOON ENOUGH,  
RAND.



Among them,  
*Rand al'Thor.*



SHHHH!

But she did not  
really know Rand.

I'D  
LIKE TO BE  
KING--

Now was as good  
a time as any to  
start learning.

--THAT'S  
WHAT I'D LIKE  
TO BE.

A KING OF  
SHEEP!

HA!

The boy that everybody  
agreed Egwene would  
one day marry.



RAND  
AL'THOR--KING  
OF SHEEP!

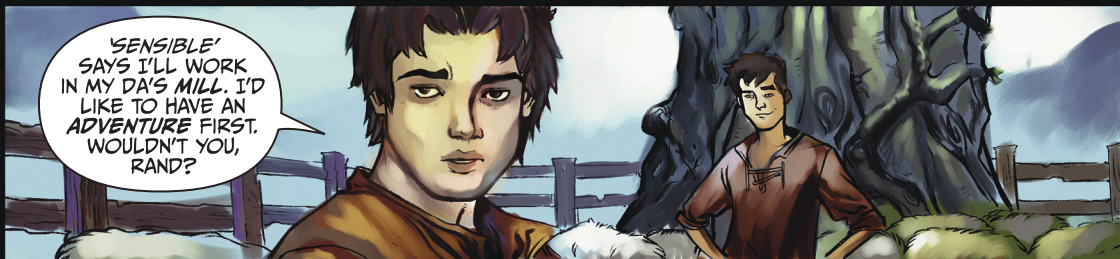
IT'S BETTER  
THAN SAYING YOU  
WANT TO RUN OFF  
AND NEVER HAVE  
TO WORK.

HOW  
COULD YOU  
LIVE WITHOUT  
WORKING?



I'LL RESCUE  
AN AES SEDAI AND  
SHE'LL REWARD  
ME!

SOMETIMES  
YOU HAVE TO BE  
SENSIBLE, MAT. YOU  
HAVE TO THINK  
AHEAD.



'SENSIBLE'  
SAYS I'LL WORK  
IN MY DAD'S MILL. I'D  
LIKE TO HAVE AN  
ADVENTURE FIRST.  
WOULDN'T YOU,  
RAND?



WHERE DO I FIND  
AN ADVENTURE IN  
TWO RIVERS?

MAYBE THERE'S  
GOLD UP IN THE  
MOUNTAINS, EH? OR  
TROLLOCS?

YOU BELIEVE  
IN TROLLOCS,  
BAN?

SURE--  
I THINK  
SO.



I WANT TO  
HAVE **MORE** SHEEP  
THAN ANYONE IN THE  
WHOLE TWO  
RIVERS.

YOU LOOK  
LIKE A SHEEP,  
ELAM.



WELL, FOR NOW WE DO HAVE WORK TO DO. AND WE'D BEST BE AT IT.

MAT, THE MAYOR WANTS YOU.

ME? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

HE WANTS ALL OF YOU AND DOUBLE QUICK. I'D GET OVER TO HIM NOW, IF IT WAS ME.



The Mayor of the village was Egwene's father.

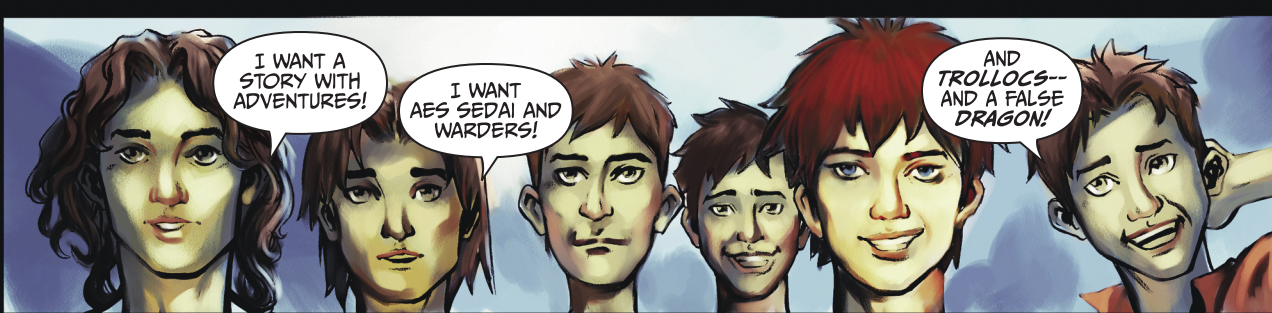
Surely, no one would question if she were to happen by with a drink for each.



WELL, LADS, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HARD. SO, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE TIME FOR THAT STORY I PROMISED YOU.

All were pleased.

Egwene's father told the best stories.



I WANT A STORY WITH ADVENTURES!

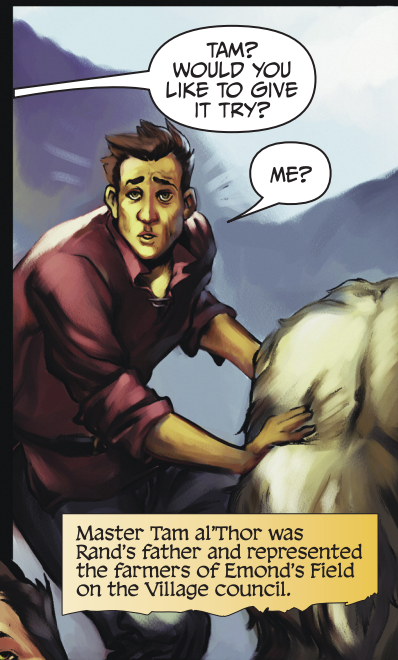
I WANT AES SEDAI AND WARDERS!

AND TROLLOCS-- AND A FALSE DRAGON!



HEH HEH.

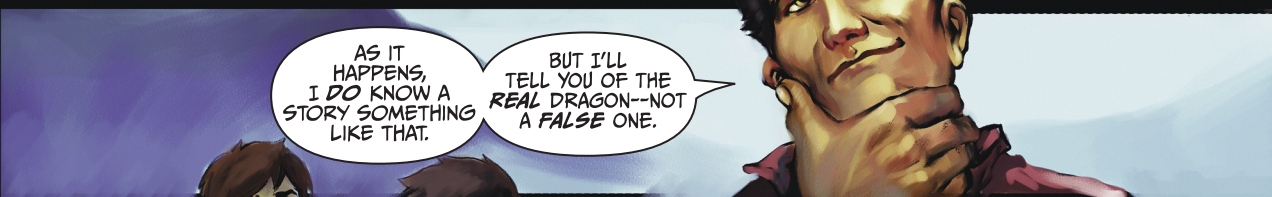
I'M NO GLEEMAN, LADS. I DON'T KNOW ANY STORIES LIKE THAT.



TAM? WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE IT TRY?

ME?

Master Tam al'Thor was Rand's father and represented the farmers of Emond's Field on the Village council.



AS IT HAPPENS, I *DO* KNOW A STORY SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BUT I'LL TELL YOU OF THE *REAL* DRAGON--NOT A *FALSE* ONE.



YOU'VE HEARD OF THE AGE OF LEGENDS? THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO OR MORE?

THERE WERE CITIES WITH BUILDINGS TALLER THAN THE WHITE TOWER. AND MACHINES RUN BY THE ONE POWER.

THERE WAS NO SICKNESS ANYWHERE. NO HUNGER. NO WAR.



AND THEN  
THE DARK ONE  
TOUCHED THE  
WORLD.

AND WAR  
COVERED THE  
WHOLE WORLD.  
THE WAR OF THE  
SHADOW.

THOSE WHO  
STOOD FOR THE LIGHT  
FACED DARKFRIENDS  
BEYOND COUNTING.  
AND TROLLOCS. AND ARMIES  
OF MYRDDRAAL.

WHOLE CITIES  
WERE DESTROYED.  
WHEREVER A BATTLE  
WAS FOUGHT IT LEFT  
ONLY DEVASTATION  
AND RUIN.

BUT THE  
LIGHT HAD A  
LEADER. A MAN  
NAMED LEWS THERIN  
TELAMON.

THE  
DRAGON.



LEWS  
THERIN GATHERED  
MEN AROUND HIM; THE  
HUNDRED COMPANIONS  
AND AN ARMY OF TEN  
THOUSAND.

WITH ONLY  
A FORLORN HOPE,  
THEY ATTACKED THE  
VALLEY OF THAKAN'DAR;  
THE HEART OF THE  
SHADOW ITSELF.

EVERY MAN  
IN THAT ARMY DIED  
AND MOST OF THE  
HUNDRED. BUT AT SHAYOL  
GHUL THEY SEALED THE  
DARK ONE BACK INTO THE  
PRISON THE CREATOR  
MADE FOR HIM.

AND THE  
WORLD WAS  
SAVED AND BECAME  
THE WORLD WE  
KNOW TODAY.

AND THE  
FORSAKEN  
WITH HIM.



WHAT DOES  
'THE DRAGON'  
MEAN?

SPALT



THE  
DRAGON.

IT SURELY  
SOUNDS FIERCE  
NOW, DOESN'T  
IT?

BUT IT  
ALL HAPPENED  
LONG AGO AND  
HAS NOTHING TO  
DO WITH US.

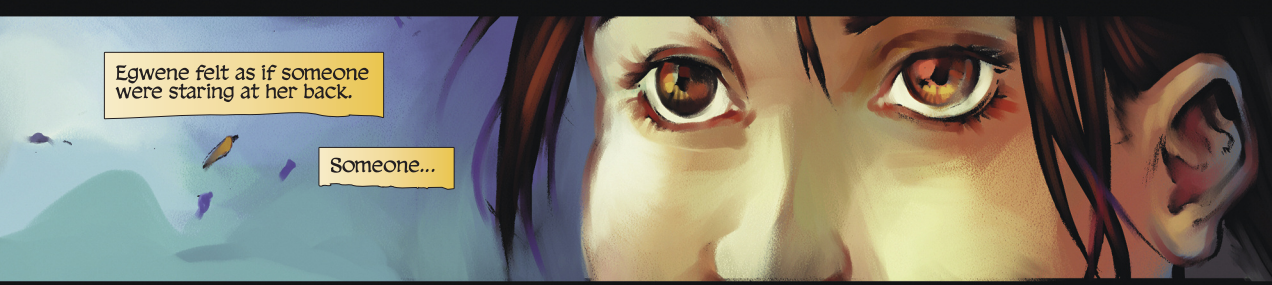
WELL,  
YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR BREAK AND  
YOUR STORY, LADS.  
BACK TO WORK  
WITH YOU.



Egwene thought about following them. If Rand noticed her he'd think she was goose-brained.

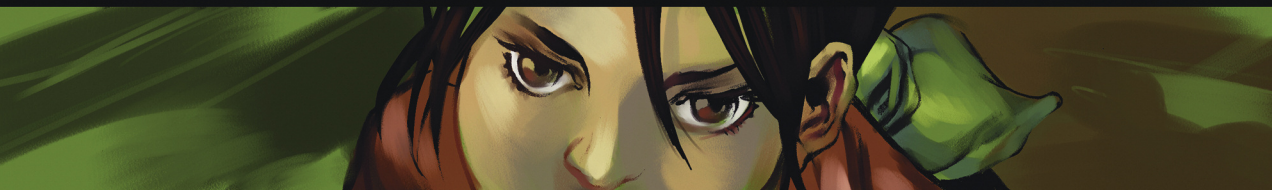


As if at a signal, all the ravens in the trees took off as one.



Egwene felt as if someone were staring at her back.

Someone...



Nothing ever happened  
in the Two Rivers.



Egwene would carry water all that season and into the one that followed.

She vowed to be the best water carrier *ever*.



She stopped wanting to hear stories from the grown-ups, though.



And many of those stories faded and were forgotten, or half so.

The War of the Shadow?

The Breaking of the World?

Lews Therin Telamon?

How could any of that matter now?



# WHEEL OF TIME: DRAGONMOUNT PROLOGUE

The palace still shook occasionally as the earth rumbled in memory.

The Dark lay heavy on the land and weighed down the hearts of men and the green things failed and hope died.

All was shattered and all memory lost and one memory above all others--of him who brought the Shadow and the Breaking of the World.

And him they named Dragon.



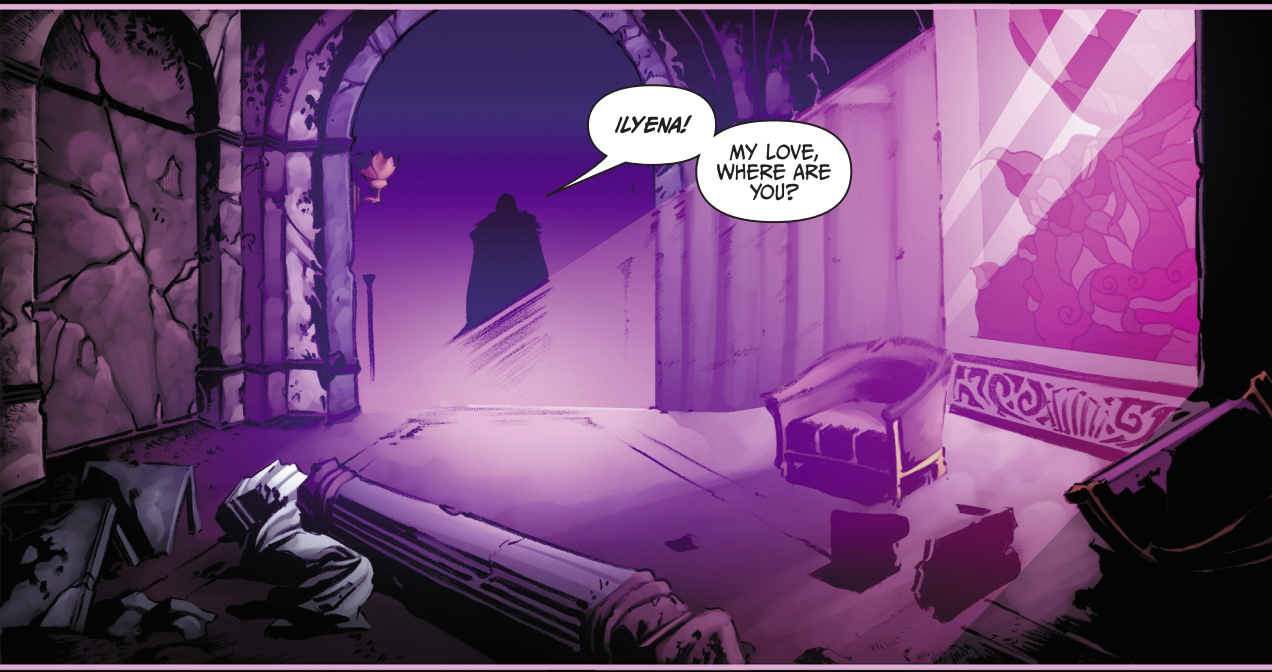
The dead lay everywhere.

Men and women and children.



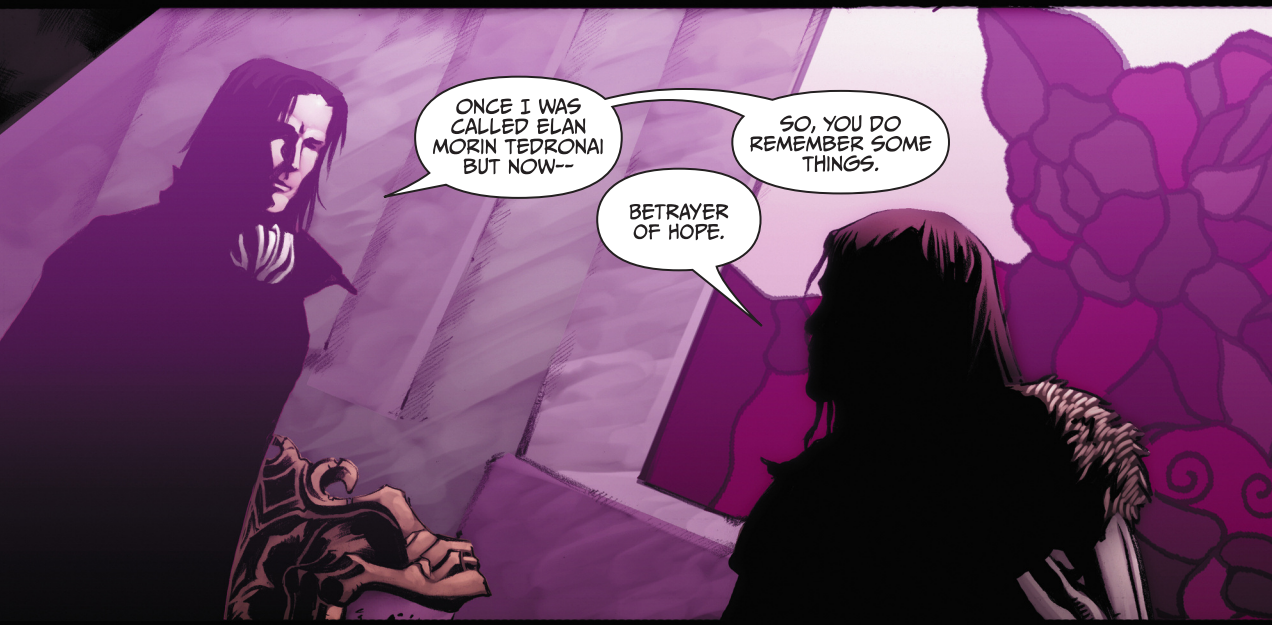
Struck down in attempted flight by the lightning that had flashed down every corridor.

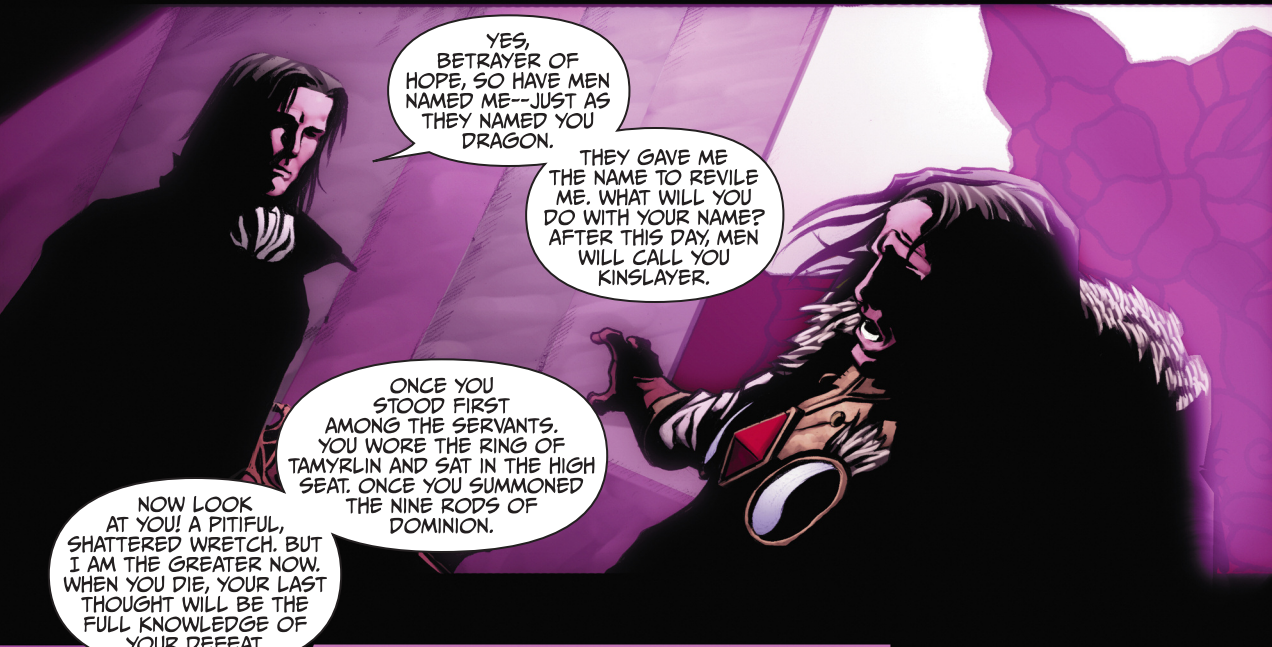
Or seized by the fires that had stalked them.



ILYENA!

MY LOVE,  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?





YES, BETRAYER OF HOPE, SO HAVE MEN NAMED ME--JUST AS THEY NAMED YOU DRAGON.

THEY GAVE ME THE NAME TO REVILE ME. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR NAME? AFTER THIS DAY, MEN WILL CALL YOU KINSLAYER.

ONCE YOU STOOD FIRST AMONG THE SERVANTS. YOU WORE THE RING OF TAMYRLIN AND SAT IN THE HIGH SEAT. ONCE YOU SUMMONED THE NINE RODS OF DOMINION.

NOW LOOK AT YOU! A PITIFUL, SHATTERED WRETCH. BUT I AM THE GREATER NOW. WHEN YOU DIE, YOUR LAST THOUGHT WILL BE THE FULL KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR DEFEAT.

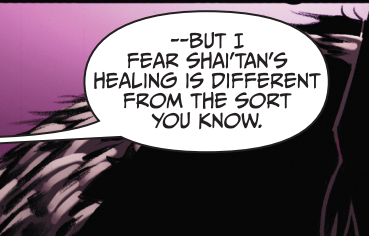


I FOLLOW A DIFFERENT POWER NOW. I CAN GIVE YOU A FEW LUCID MOMENTS--

ILYENA...



YES... ILYENA...



--BUT I FEAR SHAI'TAN'S HEALING IS DIFFERENT FROM THE SORT YOU KNOW.



MY LOVE...



BE HEALED, LEWS THERIN!



**ILYENA!**

Fire seared the marrow  
of Lews Therin.

Acid rushed  
along his veins.

His heart pounded, trying  
to beat its way out of his  
chest.

His skull was a sphere  
of purest agony.

ILYENA...  
LIGHT HELP  
ME...

UH?

NO...

**NO!**



REMEMBER,  
YOU FOOL! REMEMBER  
YOUR FUTILE ATTACK  
ON THE GREAT LORD  
OF THE DARK!

REMEMBER HIS  
COUNTERSTROKE!  
REMEMBER!



WHAT HAND  
SLEW ILYENA  
SUNHAIR? NOT  
MINE.

NOT  
MINE.

REMEMBER  
AND KNOW THE PRICE  
OF OPPOSING  
SHAI'TAN.

NO!



MY  
CHILDREN...

MY  
SERVANTS...

ALL MY  
BELOVED KIN  
AND SWORN  
FRIENDS...

All slain by his  
own hand.

He could not  
bear the faces.



The pain.

Desperately he reached  
out for the True Source--  
to the tainted Saidin.



And he Traveled.

He was alone. As alone  
as any man could be  
while still alive.

Yet he could not  
escape memory.

His children's eyes. Ilyena's  
eyes. They pursued him  
through the caverns  
of his mind.



LIGHT!

LIGHT--  
FORGIVE  
ME!

He had drawn on  
the One Power.

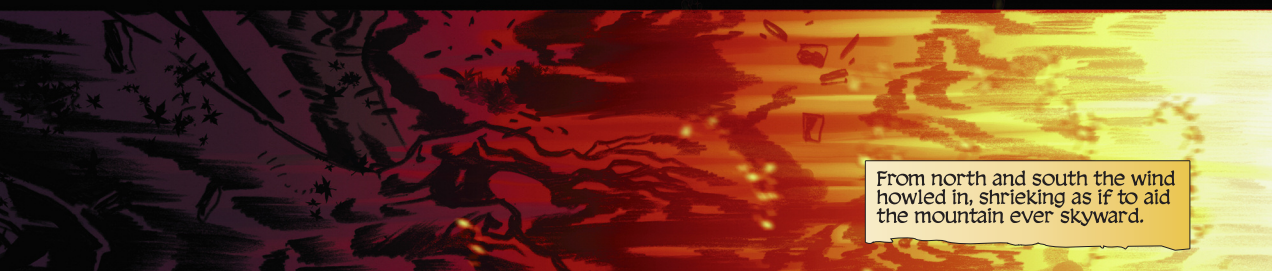
Far more than he  
could channel unaided.



The earth heaved like  
a sea in a storm.



The groaning ground rose--  
thrusting the burning spray  
ever upward.



From north and south the wind  
howled in, shrieking as if to aid  
the mountain ever skyward.



And the world  
was blighted and its  
surface blemished.



Of Lews Therin Telamon  
no sign remained.

Where he stood a mountain  
rose miles into the sky.

YOU CANNOT  
ESCAPE SO  
EASILY, DRAGON.  
IT IS NOT DONE  
BETWEEN US.

IT WILL  
NOT BE DONE  
UNTIL THE END  
OF TIME...

Then he was gone.

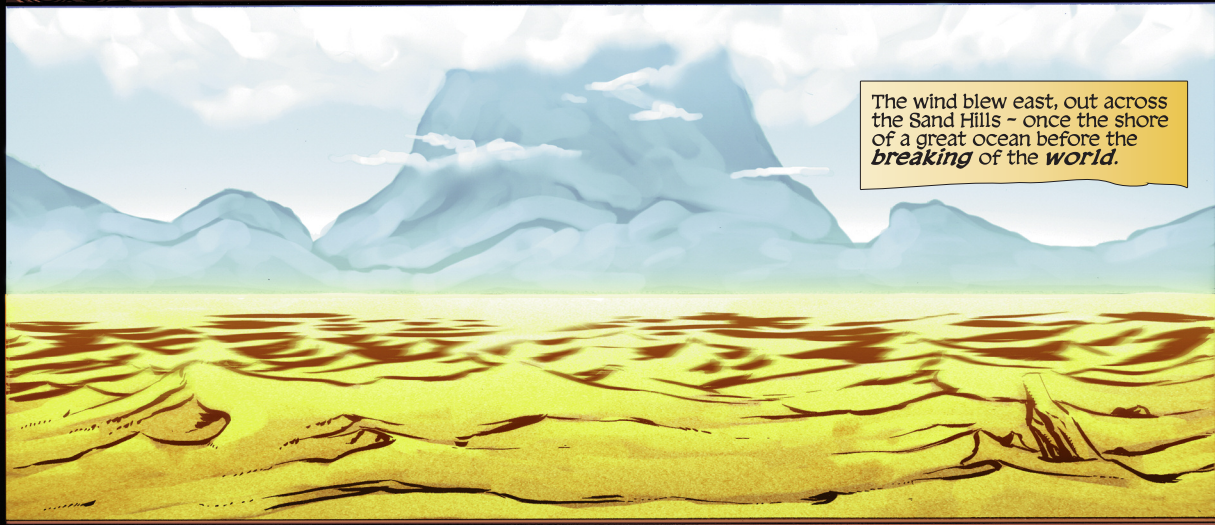
And the mountain  
stood alone.

Waiting.



In one age, called the Third Age by some, a *wind* rose in the Mountains of Mist.

The wind was not *the* beginning, but it was *a* beginning.



The wind blew east, out across the Sand Hills - once the shore of a great ocean before the *breaking* of the world.



Down the wind flailed, into the tangled forest called the *Westwood*...



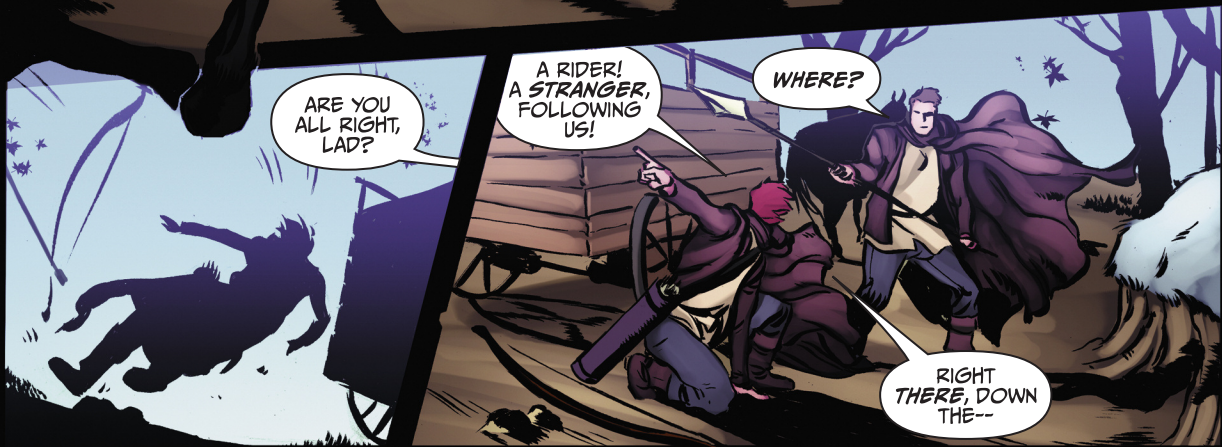


RAND--  
LISTEN TO YOUR  
FATHER NOW.

KEEP A  
SHARP EYE,  
LAD.

YES  
SIR.

I'LL  
NOT--

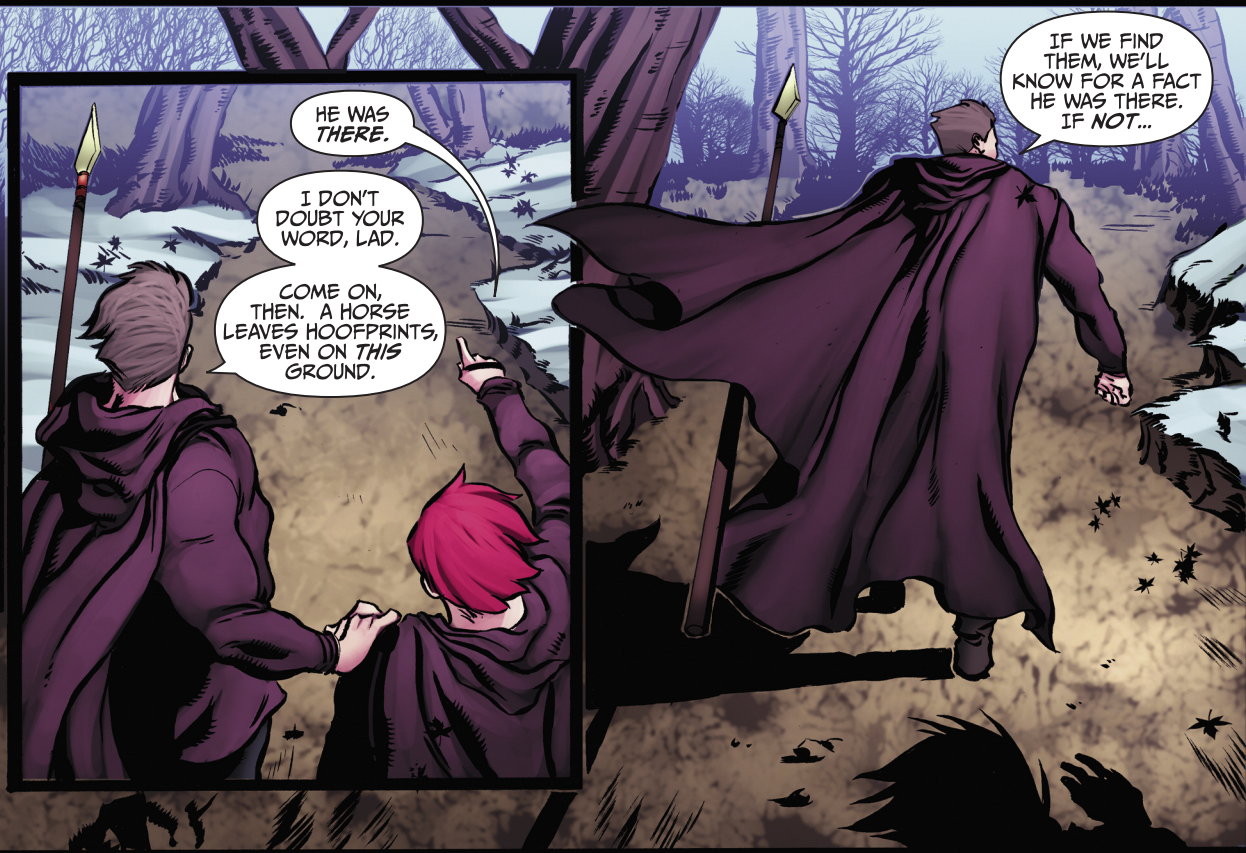


ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
LAD?

A RIDER!  
A **STRANGER**,  
FOLLOWING  
US!

WHERE?

RIGHT  
THERE, DOWN  
THE--



HE WAS  
THERE.

I DON'T  
DOUBT YOUR  
WORD, LAD.

COME ON,  
THEN. A HORSE  
LEAVES HOOFPRIINTS,  
EVEN ON **THIS**  
GROUND.

IF WE FIND  
THEM, WE'LL  
KNOW FOR A FACT  
HE WAS THERE.  
IF **NOT**...



WELL,  
THESE ARE  
DAYS TO MAKE A MAN  
THINK HE'S *SEEING*  
THINGS.

NO,  
FATHER,  
THERE'S NO  
NEED.

NO POINT  
IN LOOKING FOR  
WHAT ISN'T THERE, NOT  
WHEN WE CAN USE THE  
TIME GETTING TO THE  
VILLAGE AND OUT  
OF THIS **WIND**.

WELL, I  
**COULD** DO WITH A  
PIPE. AND A MUG  
OF ALE WHERE  
IT'S WARM.

BESIDES--

"--I EXPECT  
YOU'RE EAGER TO  
SEE EGWENE."



TAM!  
TAM AL'THOR!

OH, NO.



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO  
DO ABOUT NYNAEVE,  
AL'THOR?

I HAVE TO  
GET THIS TO  
BRAN AL'VERE,  
WIT.

SHE SAID  
WE'D HAVE A  
MILD WINTER,  
AND A GOOD  
HARVEST. AND SHE  
COULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN MORE  
WRONG!

WE CAN'T  
HAVE A WISDOM  
LIKE THAT FOR  
EMOND'S  
FIELD!



IT'S  
NOT OUR  
PLACE,  
WIT.

THE WISDOM IS  
WOMEN'S COUNCIL  
BUSINESS.



NYNAEVE AL'MEARA IS TOO  
YOUNG TO BE VILLAGE  
WISDOM, AL'THOR, AND IF  
THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL  
WON'T DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT--

WHAT  
BUSINESS IS IT  
OF YOURS, WIT  
CONGAR?



YOU JUST TRY MEDDLING IN WOMEN'S CIRCLE BUSINESS, AND SEE HOW YOU LIKE EATING YOUR OWN COOKING.



BUT, BUT, DAISE, I WAS JUST...

WHICH YOU *WON'T* BE USING MY KITCHEN TO DO!

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, DAISE. WIT. I'VE STILL A DELIVERY TO MAKE, THE LIGHT SHINE ON YOU BOTH.



...AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO ABOUT THE ABSENCE OF *STORKS*? I AM ONLY THE *MAYOR*!

SHE'S RIGHT TO WORRY.



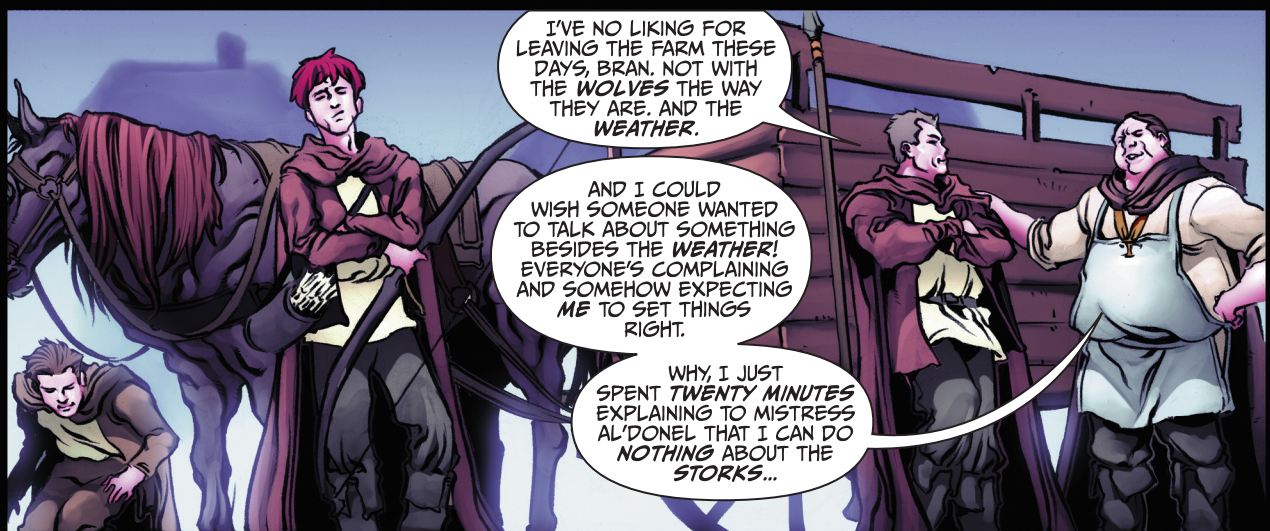
NO STORKS NESTING IN THE ROOFTOPS COME BEL TIME? IT'S AN ILL OMEN, AND WORSE TO COME, I'D BET.

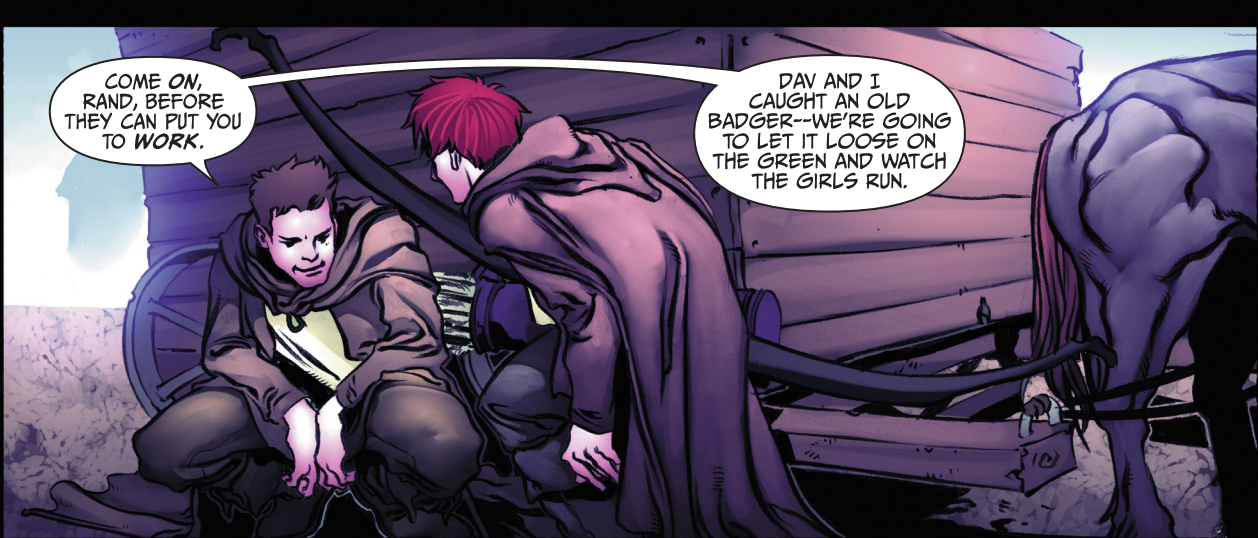
HAVE YOU BECOME A SOOTHSAYER, THEN?



...OR DO YOU LISTEN TO THE WIND, LIKE A WISDOM?

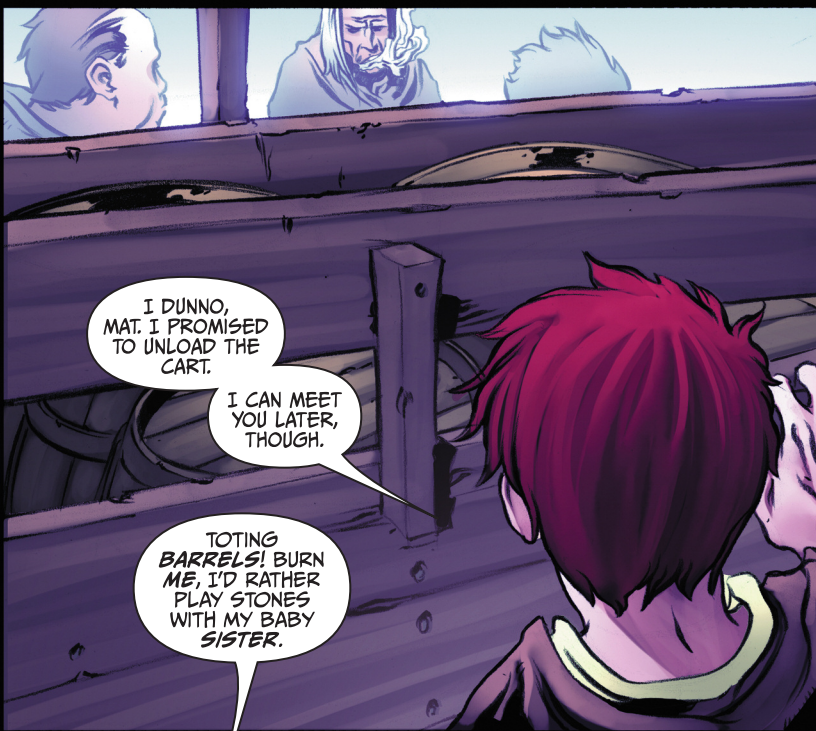
TAM!





COME ON, RAND, BEFORE THEY CAN PUT YOU TO WORK.

DAY AND I CAUGHT AN OLD BADGER--WE'RE GOING TO LET IT LOOSE ON THE GREEN AND WATCH THE GIRLS RUN.



I DUNNO, MAT. I PROMISED TO UNLOAD THE CART.

I CAN MEET YOU LATER, THOUGH.

TOTING BARRELS! BURN ME, I'D RATHER PLAY STONES WITH MY BABY SISTER.



STILL, I KNOW OF BETTER THINGS THAN A **BADGER**. WE HAVE STRANGERS IN THE TWO RIVERS. LAST EVENING--

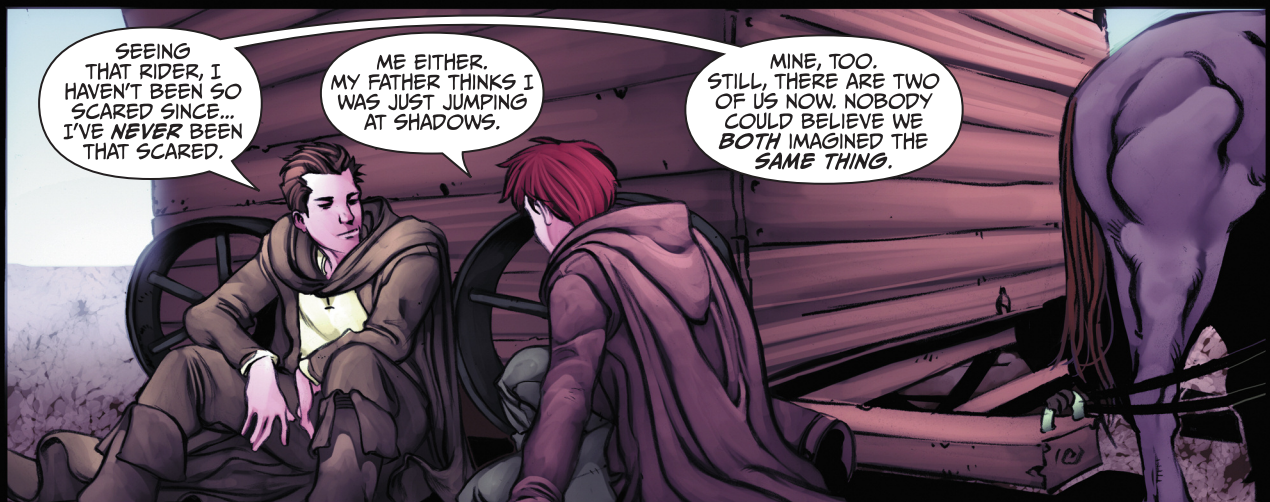
A STRANGER? WAS IT A MAN ON A BLACK HORSE? WITH A BLACK CLOAK THAT DOESN'T MOVE IN THE WIND?



YOU SAW HIM **TOO**? I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE.

DON'T LAUGH, RAND, BUT HE **SCARED** ME.

I'M NOT LAUGHING. HE **SCARED** ME, **TOO**. IN FACT, THE WAY HE **STARED**, IT FELT LIKE--LIKE HE WANTED TO **KILL** ME.



SEEING THAT RIDER, I HAVEN'T BEEN SO SCARED SINCE... I'VE *NEVER* BEEN THAT SCARED.

ME EITHER. MY FATHER THINKS I WAS JUST JUMPING AT SHADOWS.

MINE, TOO. STILL, THERE ARE TWO OF US NOW. NOBODY COULD BELIEVE WE *BOTH* IMAGINED THE SAME THING.



YOUR FATHER WOULD BELIEVE YOU PUT ME UP TO IT, AND *MINE*--

*YOURS* WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE HIS CART EMPTIED.

GOOD MORNING, MATRIM. I SEE YOU'VE COME TO HELP RAND WITH THE BARRELS. GOOD LAD.



WHY GOOD MORNING, MASTER AL'THOR! *ACTUALLY*, MY DA SENT ME TO--

NO DOUBT HE DID. AND NO DOUBT, SINCE YOU'RE A LAD WHO DOES HIS CHORES RIGHT OFF, YOU'VE ALREADY FINISHED THAT TASK.



STILL, THE QUICKER YOU GET THOSE BARRELS INTO MASTER AL'VERE'S CELLAR, THE QUICKER YOU CAN BE OFF TO SEE THE *GLEEMAN*.

YES, ARRIVED JUST LAST NIGHT, I'M TOLD.

A *GLEEMAN*?!

LAST NIGHT? HE DOESN'T...

HE DOESN'T WEAR A *BLACK* CLOAK, DOES HE?



HAH! HIS CLOAK IS MORE PATCHES THAN CLOAK, WITH MORE COLORS ON IT THAN I CAN NAME!

AND I STILL SAY HE WAS A WASTE OF MONEY. BUT WHAT DO I KNOW?

THIS WIND IS CHILLING MY BONES. I'M FOR THE FIRE AND A MUG OF ALE. GENTLEMEN.



THINK I'LL JOIN YOU. AND BOYS--

THAT CART'S NOT GOING TO UNLOAD ITSELF.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HELP, MAT. YOU DO HAVE A BADGER TO GET BACK TO.

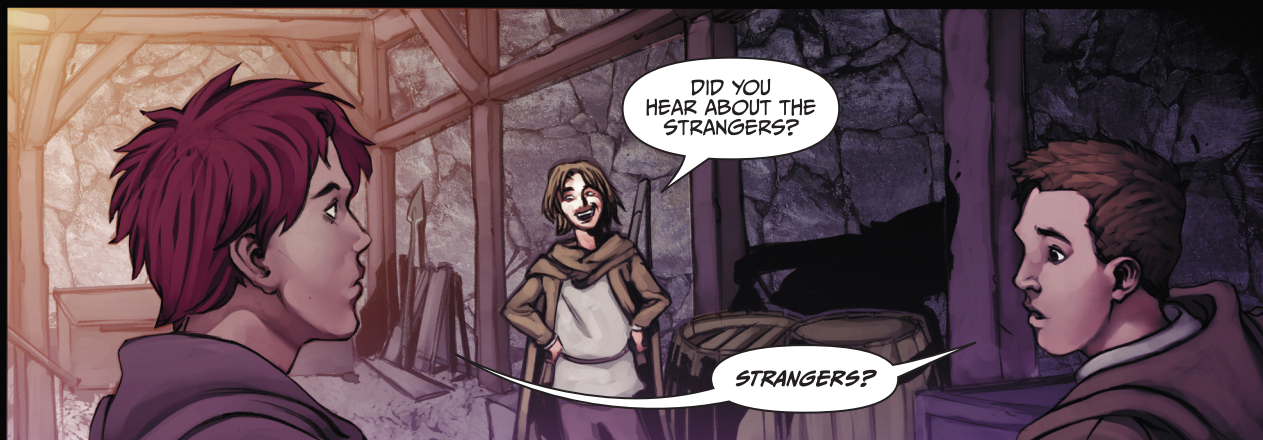
FORGET IT, I DON'T MIND. BESIDES, WE MAY RUN INTO EGWENE WHILE WE'RE HERE...

AND WATCHING YOU MOON OVER HER IS ALMOST AS FUNNY.

NOW LET'S GET THIS DONE SO WE CAN SEE THE...OH, I SMELL MISTRESS AL'VERE'S HONEY-CAKES.

THINK ABOUT FOOD LATER, MAT, OR WE'LL NEVER BE DONE.

WE'LL BE DONE IN NO TIME. I HAVE AN IDEA...





OF *COURSE* I COULD SEE HIS FACE.

AND HIS CLOAK WAS *GRAY*. OR GREEN? HER CLOAK WAS *BLUE*, LIKE THE SKY.



WAIT, HER?

OH! THEY'RE THE ONES I MEANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT, BEFORE YOU *DISTRACTED* ME.

THEY ARRIVED LAST NIGHT, TOOK ROOMS HERE AT THE INN.



HER NAME IS *MOIRAINÉ*. I HEARD HIM SAY IT. AND HIS IS *LAN*.

THE *WISDOM* MAY NOT LIKE THEM, BUT I DO.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK *NYNAEVE* DISLIKES HER?

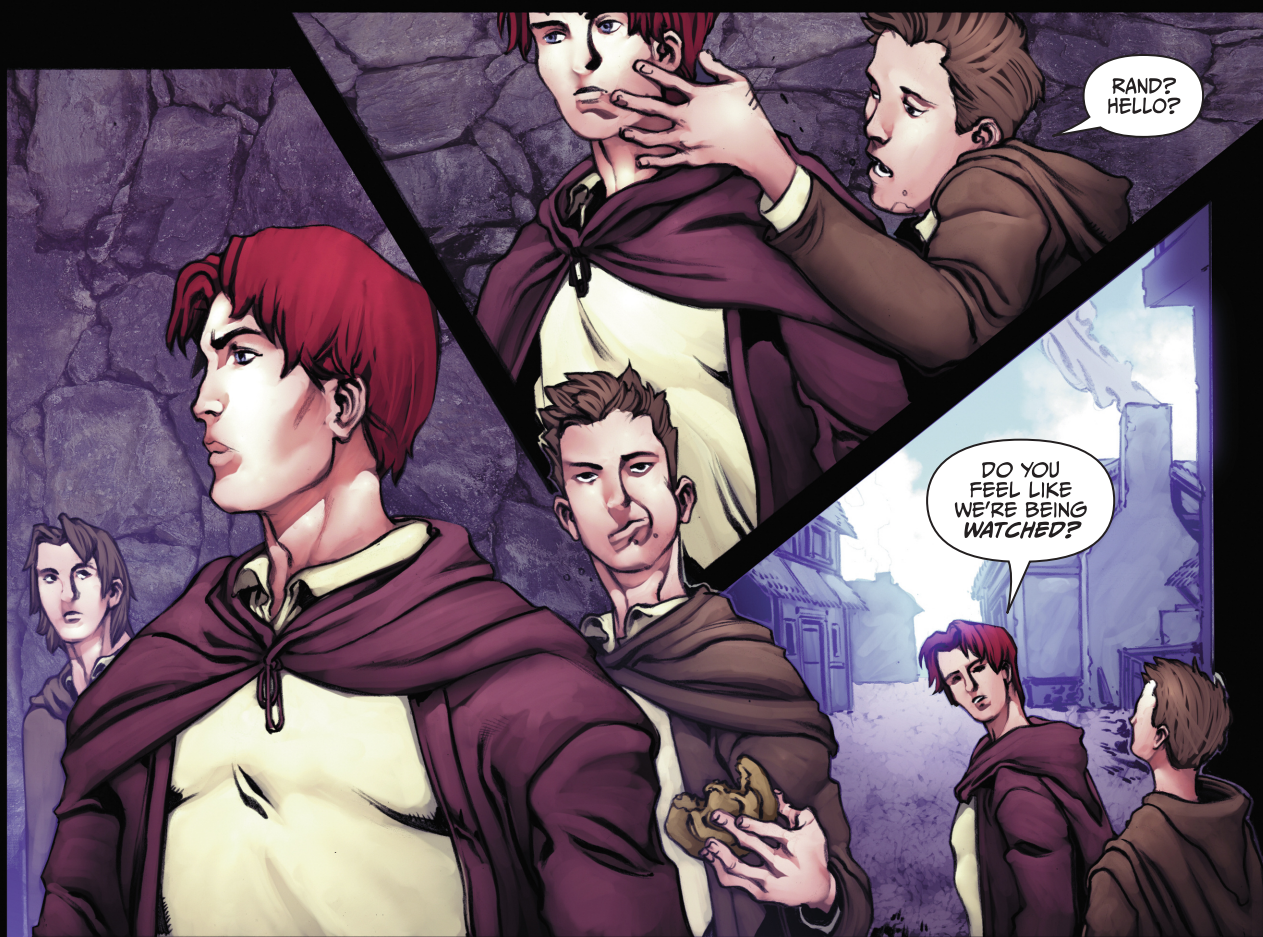


BECAUSE THE *WISDOM* DISLIKES *EVERYONE*.

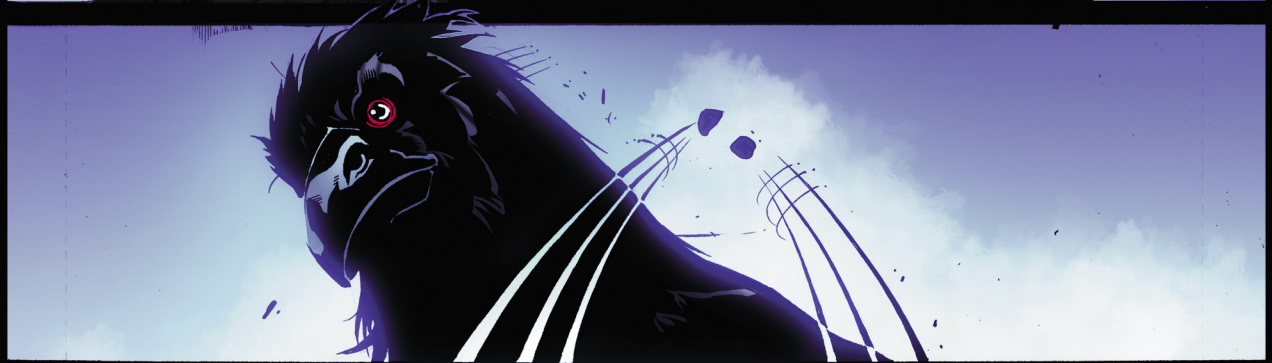
ALSO, THE LADY ASKED FOR DIRECTIONS THIS MORNING AND CALLED THE *WISDOM* "*CHILD*."



I'M SURPRISED *NYNAEVE* DIDN'T WHACK HER IN THE HEAD WITH A *STICK*.









A VILE  
BIRD...

=SKREE=



...TO BE  
MISTRUSTED IN  
THE *BEST* OF  
TIMES.

GOOD  
MORNING,  
MISTRESS, ER, LADY  
MOIRRAINE.

YES, GOOD  
MORNING LADY  
MOIRRAINE.



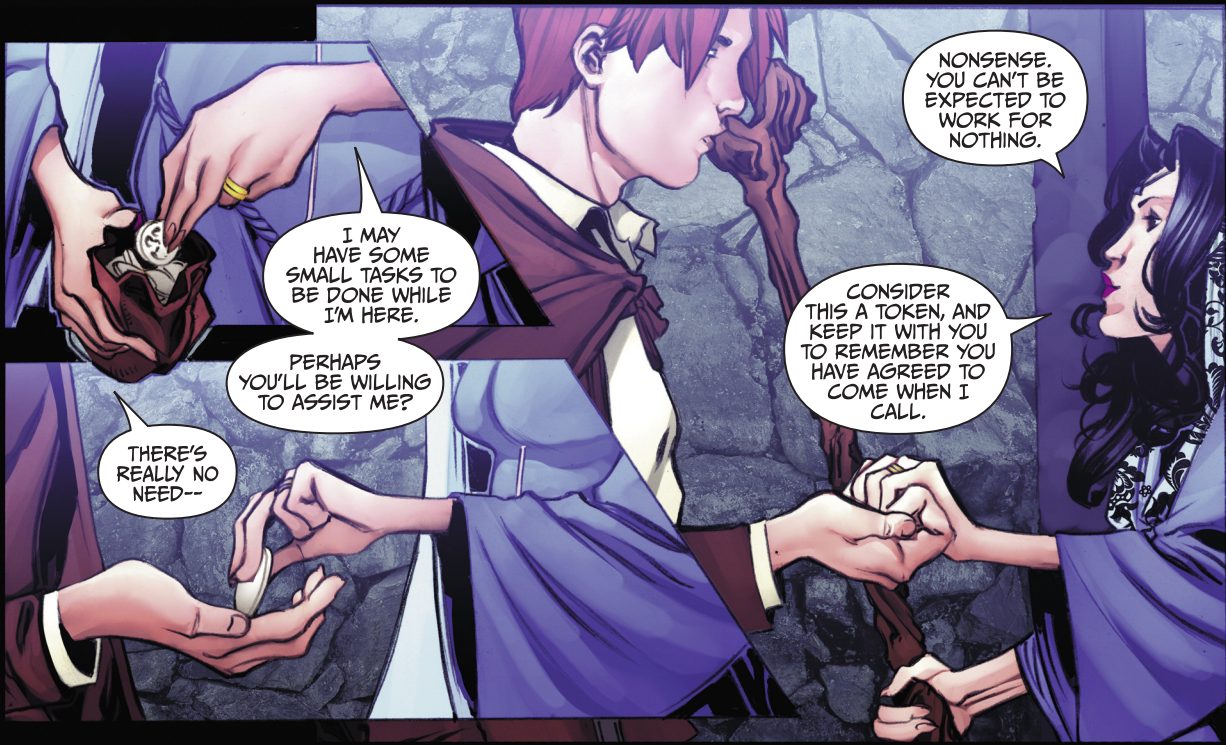
YOU  
KNOW MY NAME!  
DELIGHTFUL. BUT  
YOU *MUST* CALL  
ME MOIRRAINE,  
NOT LADY.

AND WHAT  
ARE YOUR  
NAMES?











THAT WAS LAN.  
I BET HE'S A  
WARDER.


DON'T BE  
STUPID.

WARDERS  
SPEND ALL THEIR  
TIME UP NORTH,  
FIGHTING EVIL  
AND TROLLOCS  
AND SUCH.


THINGS THAT  
AREN'T AROUND  
HERE.

WELL  
HE *COULD*  
BE.


OH!  
SHE GAVE ME A  
WHOLE SILVER  
PENNY!




WHAT  
KIND OF CHORES  
COULD SHE *POSSIBLY*  
HAVE WORTH ALL  
THIS?



I DON'T KNOW.  
AND I DON'T *CARE*.  
ALL I KNOW IS I'M  
NOT SPENDING THIS--  
IT'S FAR TOO GOOD  
A STORY.



COME ON,  
BOYS, THERE'S  
STILL THE  
GLEEMAN  
TO SEE.



STRANGERS,  
A GLEEMAN...I  
EVEN HEARD  
RUMORS ABOUT  
FIREWORKS.

THIS IS  
GOING TO BE THE  
BEST BEL TIME  
EVER.

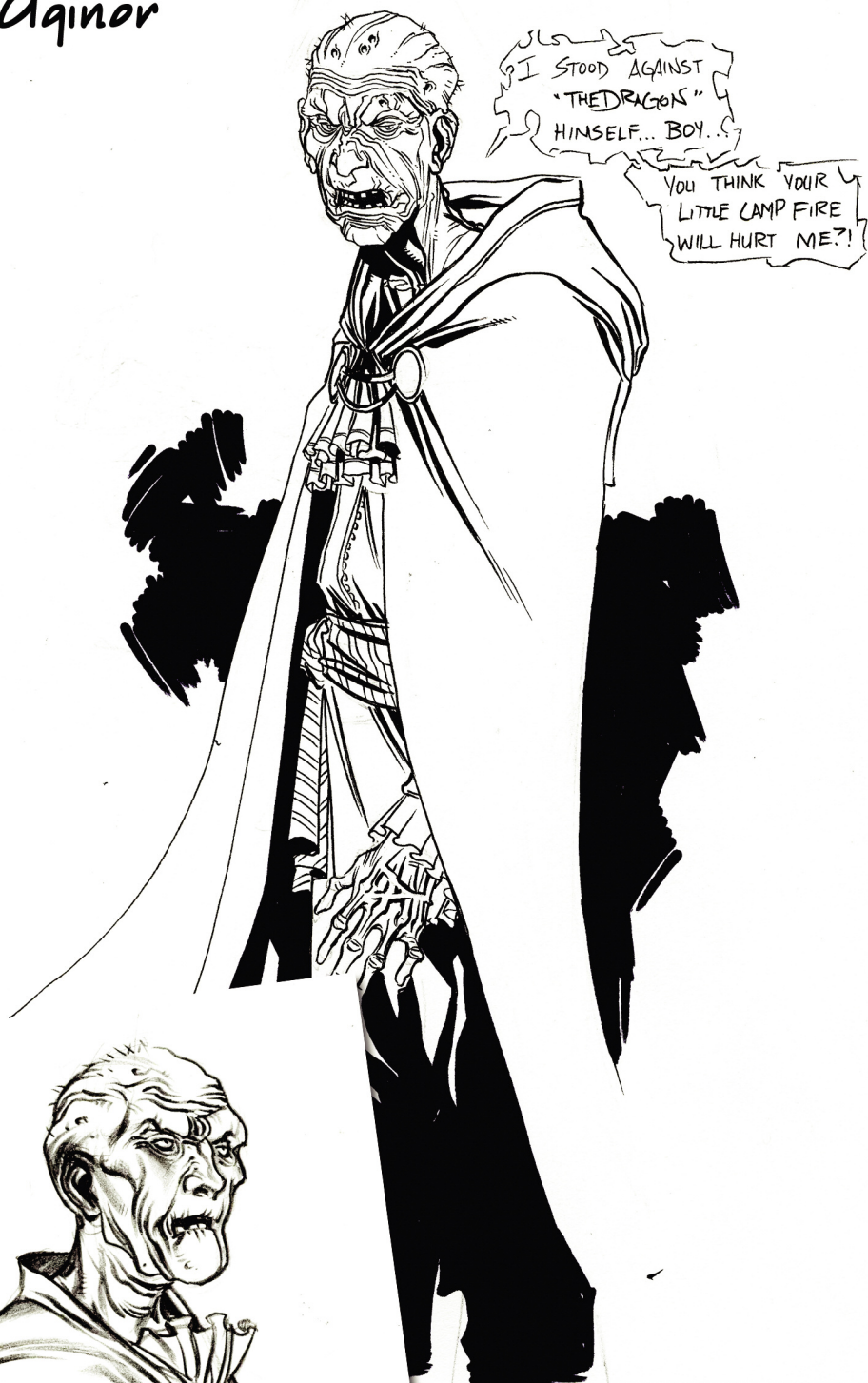
To be continued...

# BONUS SKETCHBOOK

BY CHASE CONLEY



Aqinor

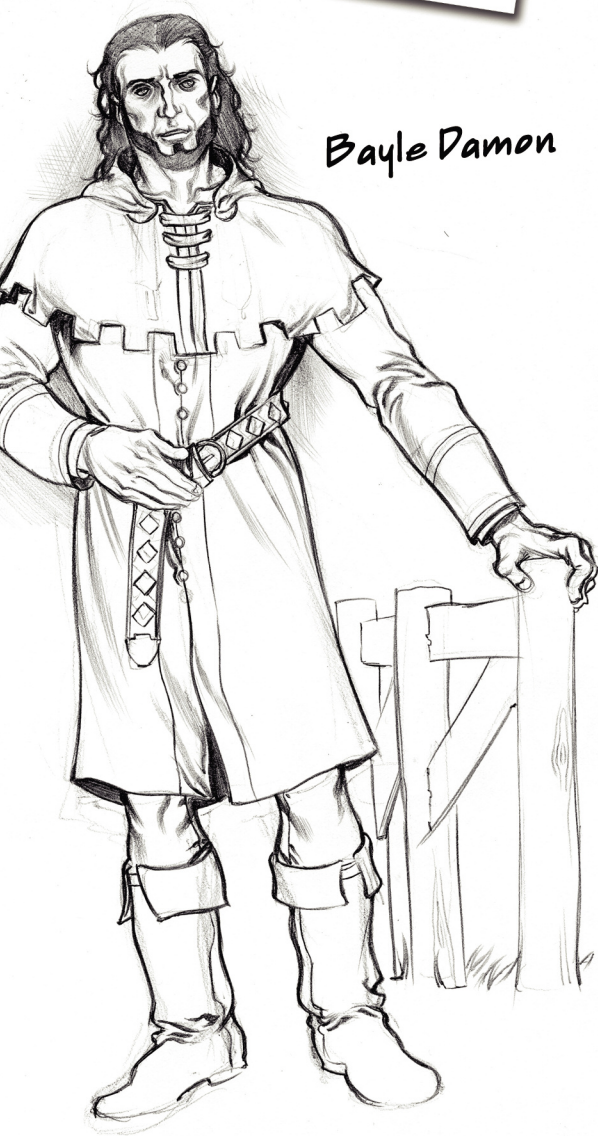




Ben  
Crowe



Aram

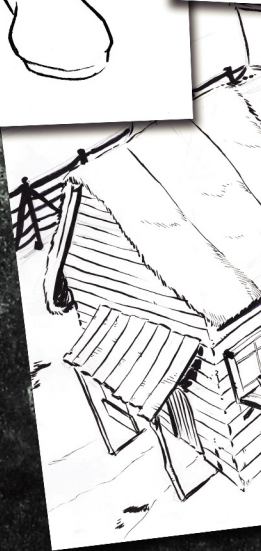
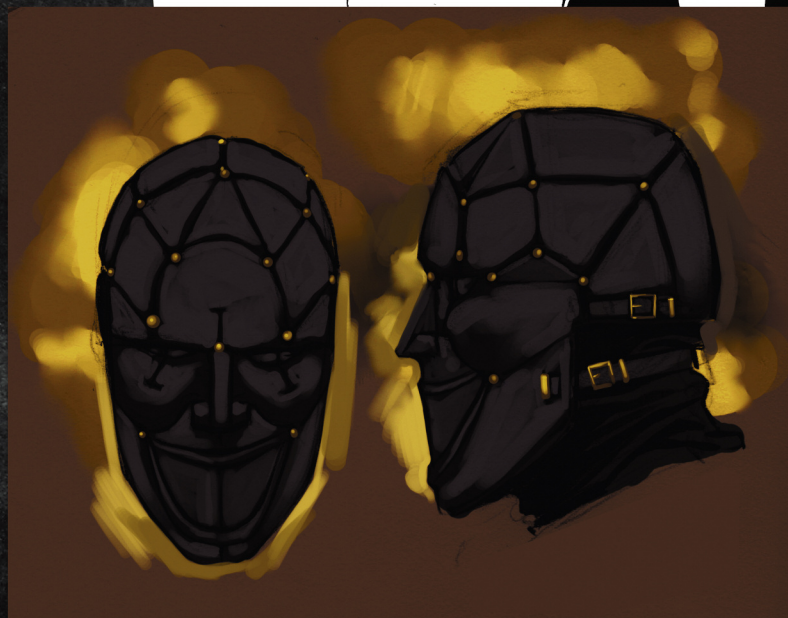


Bayle Damon



Bili Congar

Balthamel

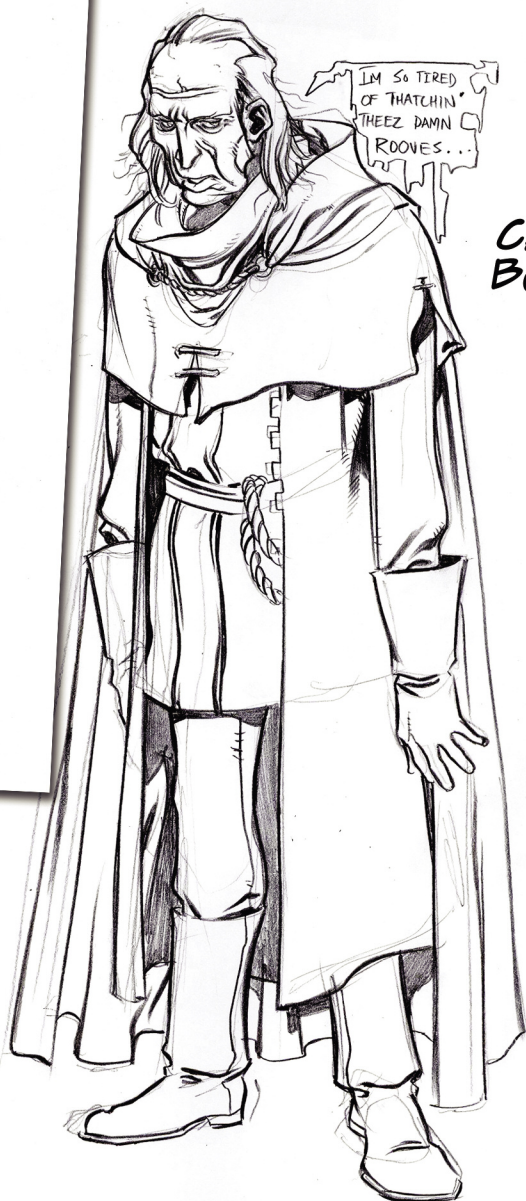




Bran



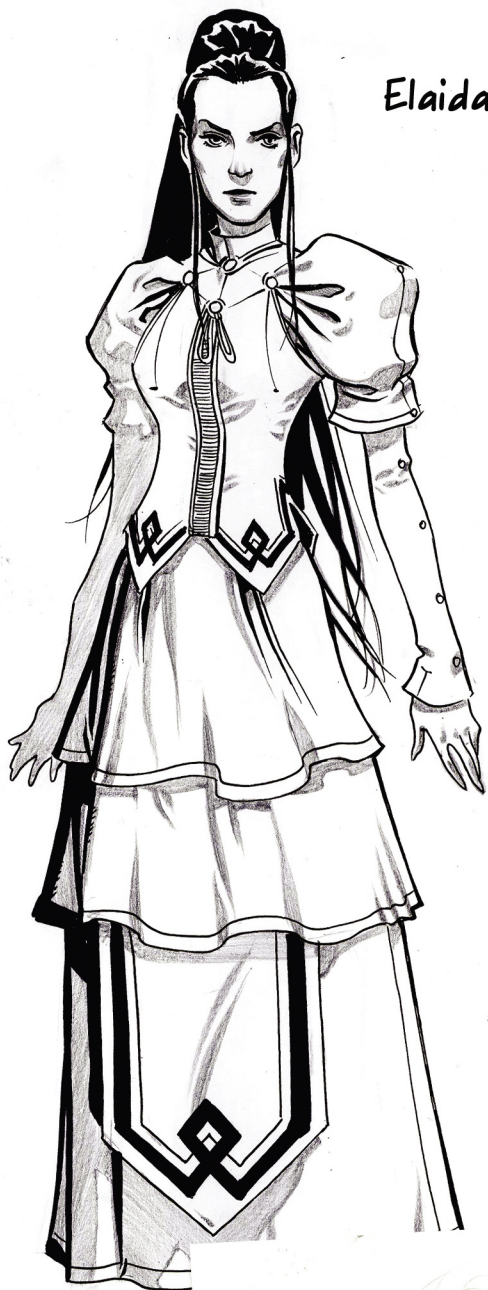
Al'Thor House



IM SO TIRED  
OF THATCHIN'  
THEEZ DAMN  
ROOVES...

Cenn  
Buie

Elaida



Elaida  
(STERN)



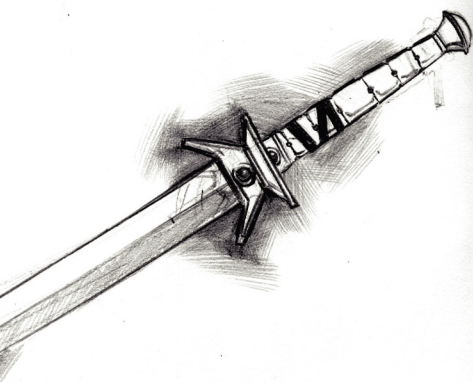
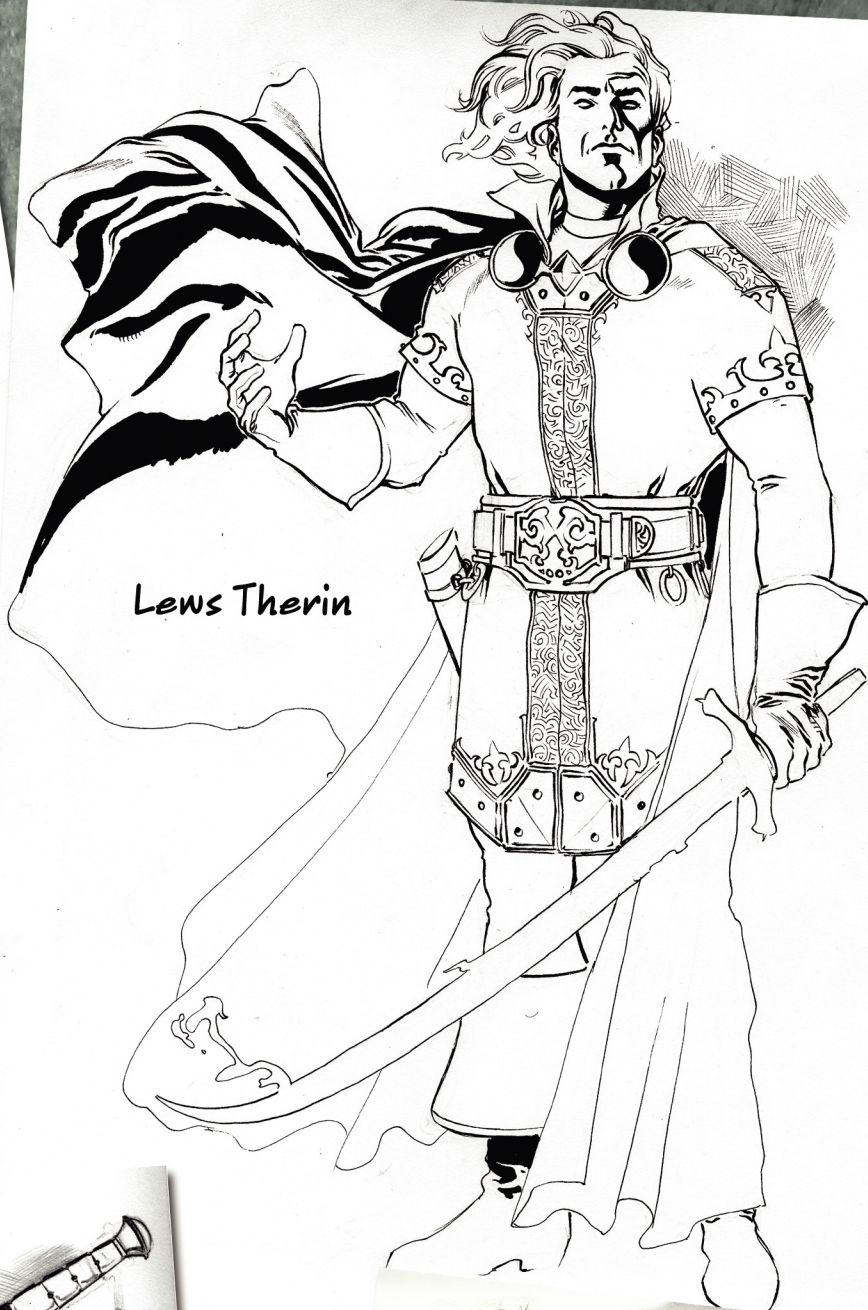


Ilyena



Galad Damodred





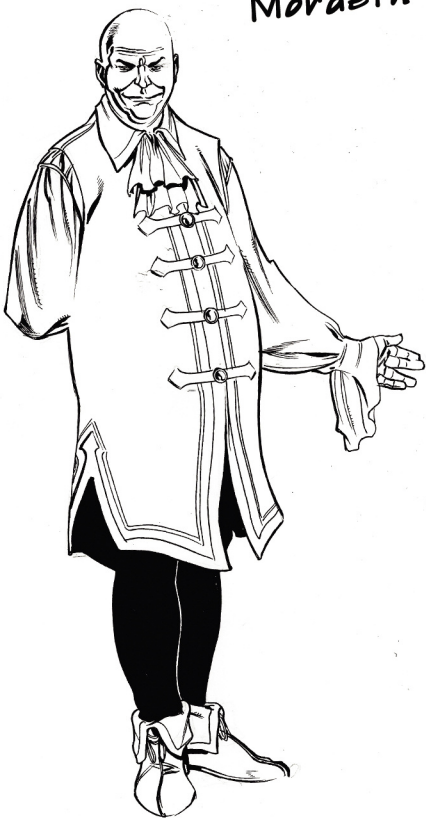
Myrddraal



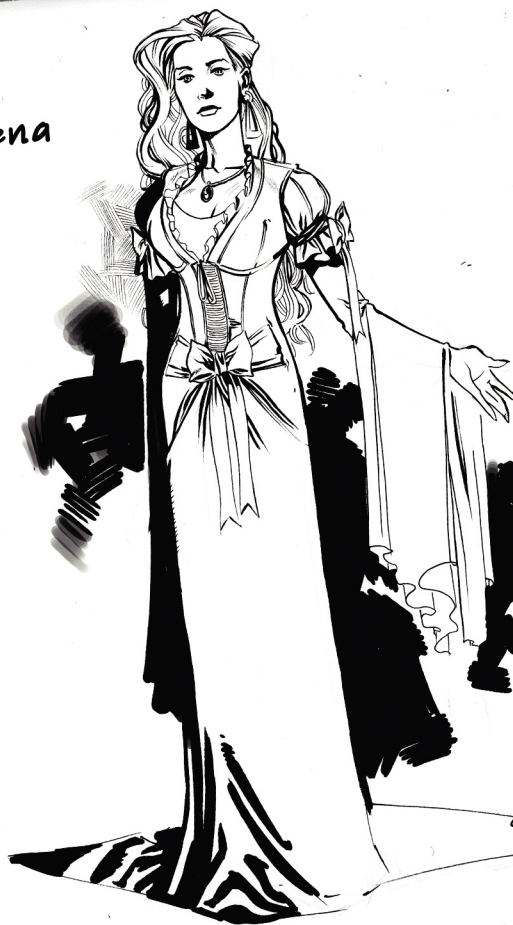
Min



Mordeth



Ilyena



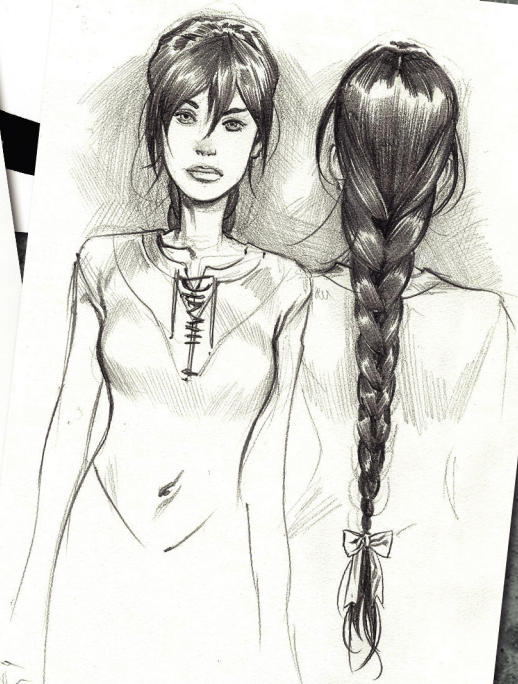
Moiraine



Perrin



Nynaeve





*Trollocs*

