

DYNAMITE

1

# 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

written by

**ROBERT JORDAN**

script by

**CHUCK DIXON**

art by

**CHASE CONLEY**

colors by

**NICOLAS CHAPUIS**

letters and interior design by

**BILL TORTOLINI**

covers by

**CHASE CONLEY**

original series edits by

**ERNST DABEL & RICH YOUNG**

thematic consultants:

**BOB KLUTTZ & MARIA SIMONS**

consultation:

**ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL**

special thanks to:

**HARRIET McDUGAL, NAT SOBEL,**

**ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,**

**MELISSA ANN SINGER & STEVEN PADNICK**

**DYNAMITE®  
ENTERTAINMENT**

**NICK BARRUCCI** • PRESIDENT

**JUAN COLLADO** • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER

**JOSEPH RYBANDT** • EDITOR

**JOSH JOHNSON** • CREATIVE DIRECTOR

**JASON ULLMEYER** • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

ROBERT JORDAN'S WHEEL OF TIME®: THE EYE OF THE WORLD #1. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078. 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 the Dynamite Entertainment colophon are ® and © 2010 DFI. 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@dynamiteentertainment.com](mailto:marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com)

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.





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*.



But she did not  
really know Rand.

I'D  
LIKE TO BE  
KING--

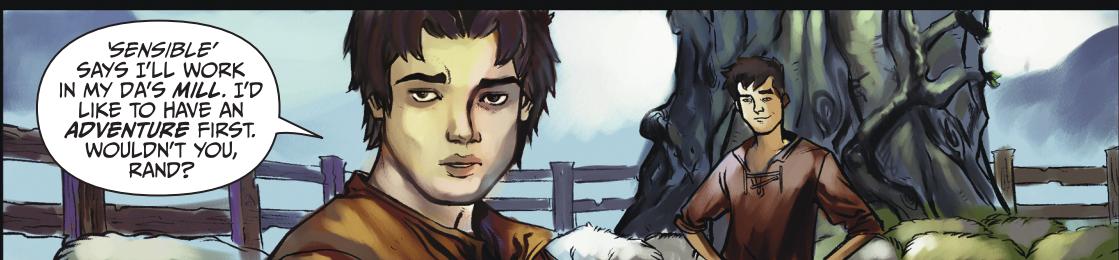
Now was as good  
a time as any to  
start learning.

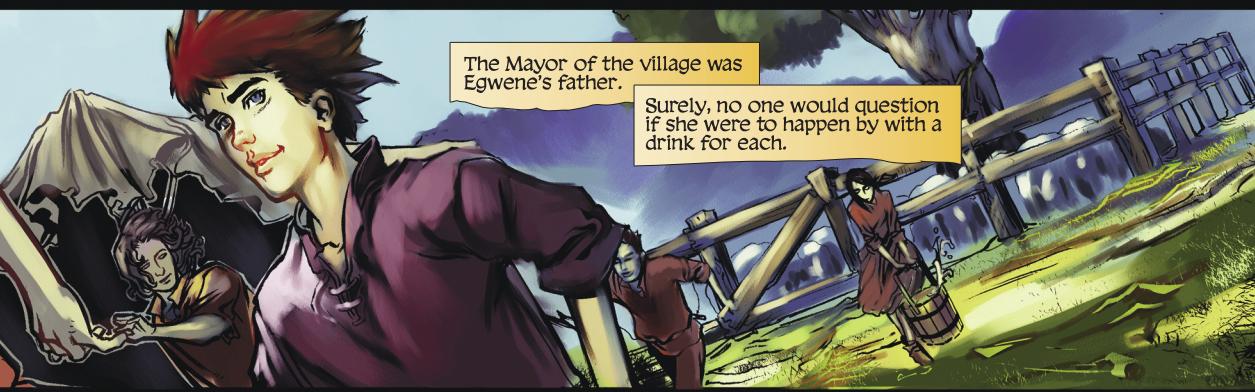
--THAT'S  
WHAT I'D LIKE  
TO BE.

A KING OF  
SHEEP!

HA!

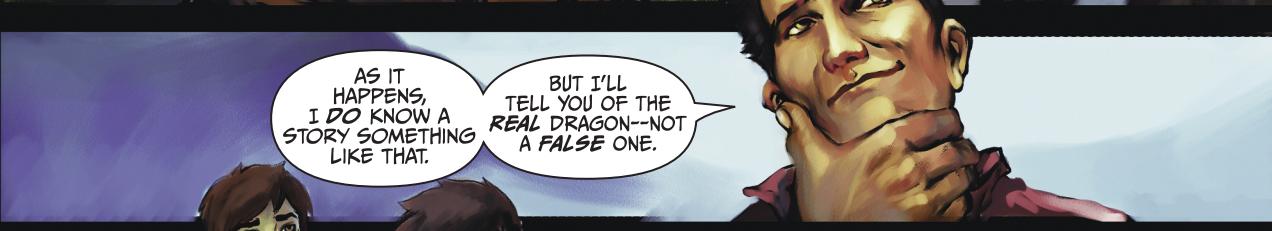
The boy that everybody  
agreed Egwene would  
one day marry.







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





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.



LEWIS  
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.

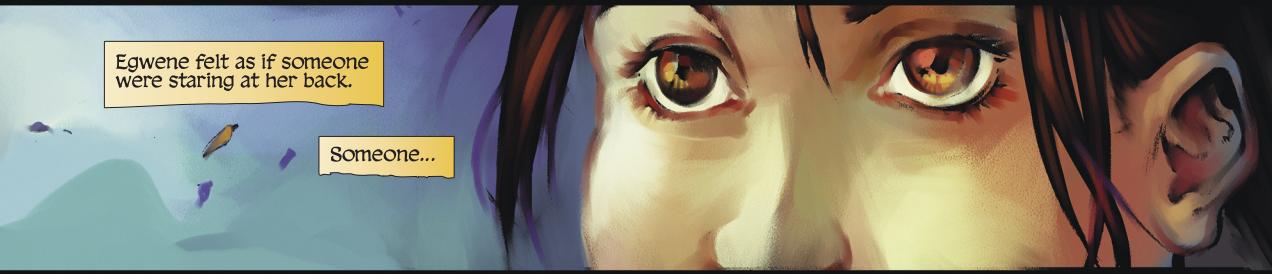


Egwene thought about following them. If Rand noticed her he'd think she was goose-brained.



Egwene felt as if someone were staring at her back.

Someone...

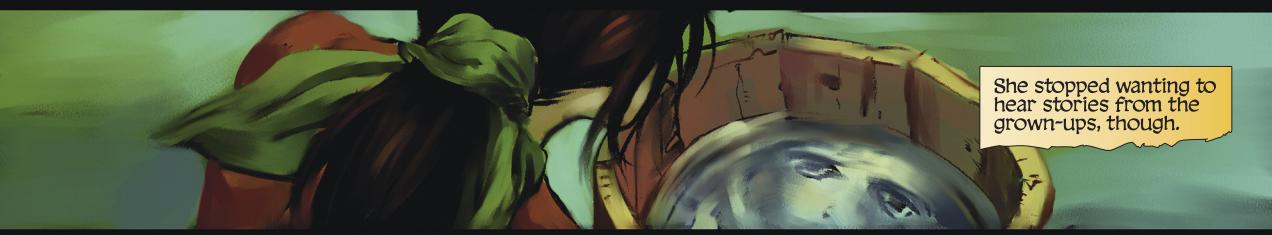






Egwene would carry water all that season and into the one that followed.

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



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

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



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.

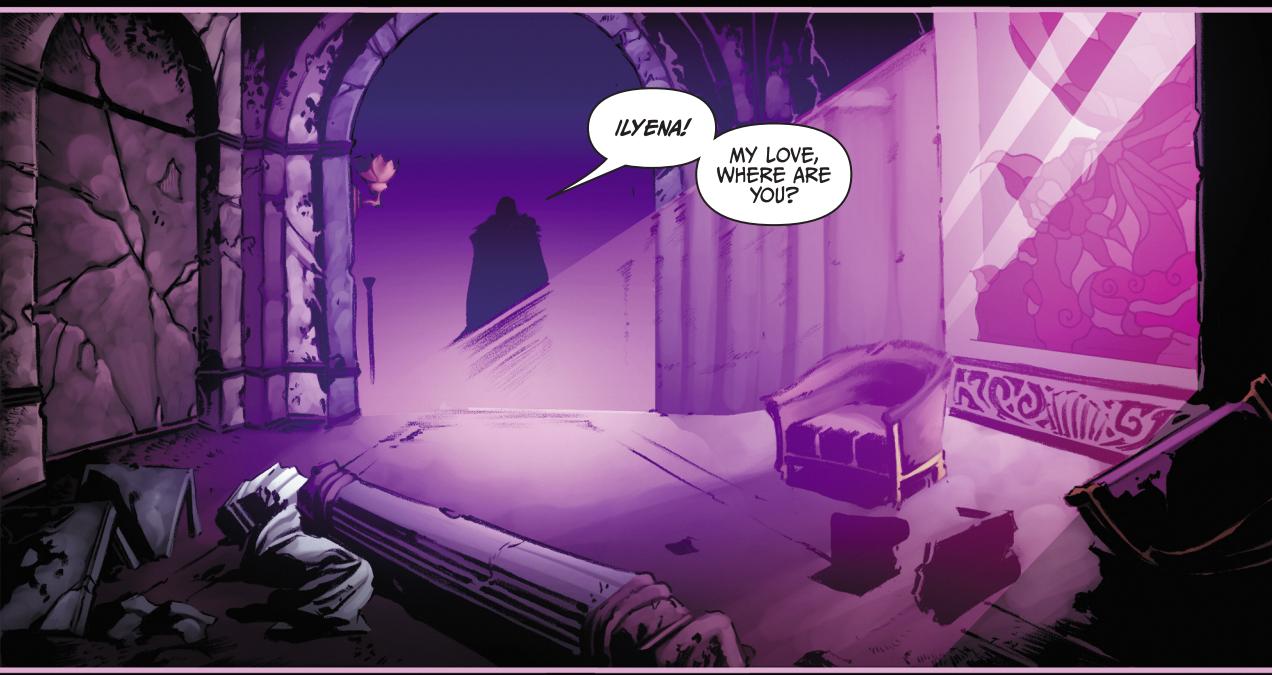
And him they named Dragon.

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.





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.

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.

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.

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

ILYENA...

YES...  
ILYENA...

--BUT I  
FEAR SHA'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.



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--  
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--





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





TAM! THE LIGHT SHINE ON ME, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. AND YOU, RAND. HOW ARE YOU, BOY?

I'M FINE, SIR.

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WOULDN'T BE BRINGING YOUR BRANDY THIS YEAR. YOU'VE NEVER COME SO LATE BEFORE.

I'VE NO LIKING FOR LEAVING THE FARM THESE DAYS, BRAN. NOT WITH THE WOLVES THE WAY THEY ARE, AND THE WEATHER.

AND I COULD WISH SOMEONE WANTED TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING BESIDES THE WEATHER! EVERYONE'S COMPLAINING AND SOMEHOW EXPECTING ME TO SET THINGS RIGHT.

WHY, I JUST SPENT TWENTY MINUTES EXPLAINING TO MISTRESS AL'DONEL THAT I CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT THE STORKS...

AND I SAID IT'S AN ILL OMEN! DOESN'T THE WISDOM ALWAYS WALK AWAY WHENEVER SHE'S ASKED WHEN THE WINTER WILL END?

MAYBE WHAT SHE HEARS IS THAT IT WON'T END. MAYBE IT'S JUST GOING TO KEEP ON BEING WINTER UNTIL THE WHEEL TURNS AND THE AGE ENDS!

AND MAYBE SHEEP WILL FLY!

WHA--?

SHHH...



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

DAV 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.

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.

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

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.

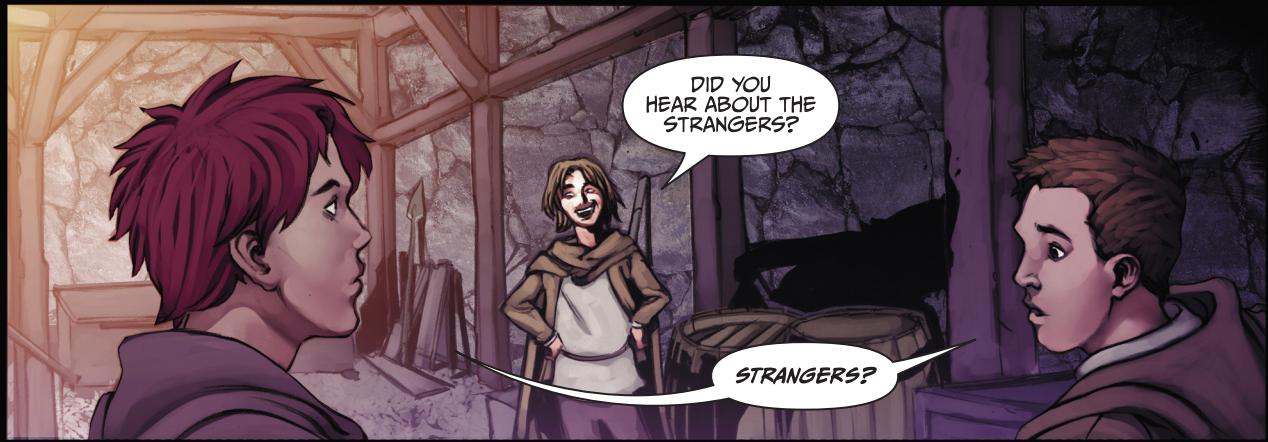
NOW LET'S  
GET THIS DONE SO  
WE CAN SEE THE...OH,  
I SMELL MISTRESS  
AL'VERE'S HONEY-  
CAKES.

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.

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

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









NOW THAT  
YOU MENTION  
IT...

AHA!



LOOKS  
LIKE YOU WERE  
RIGHT, RAND.

FILTHY  
CARRION  
EATER.









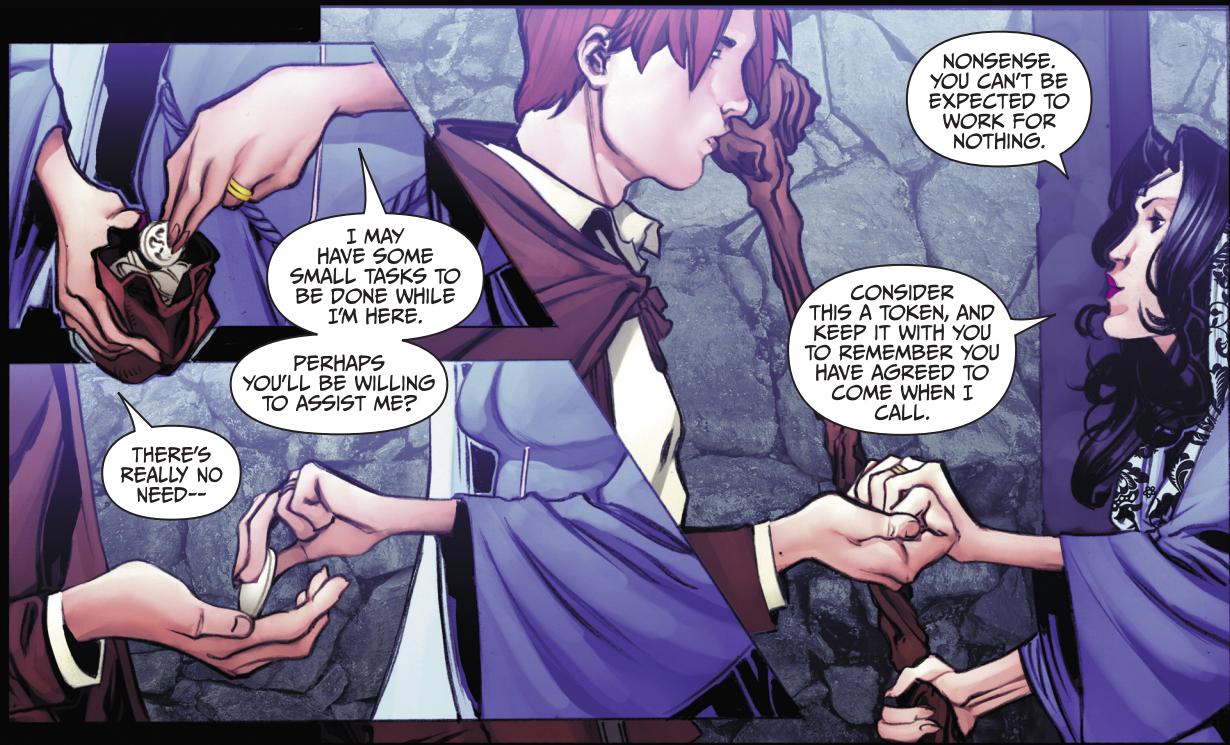




THE PLACE YOU CALL TWO RIVERS HAS ALWAYS INTERESTED ME. I'VE OFTEN STUDIED THE STORIES OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE, LONG AGO.

WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE TWO RIVERS TO INTEREST SOMEONE LIKE--I MEAN, WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED HERE?





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 TINE  
EVER.

To be continued...

# BONUS SKETCHBOOK

BY CHASE CONLEY

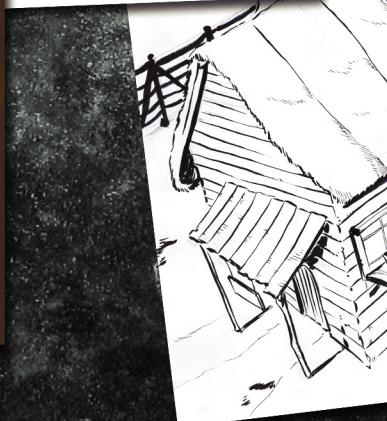
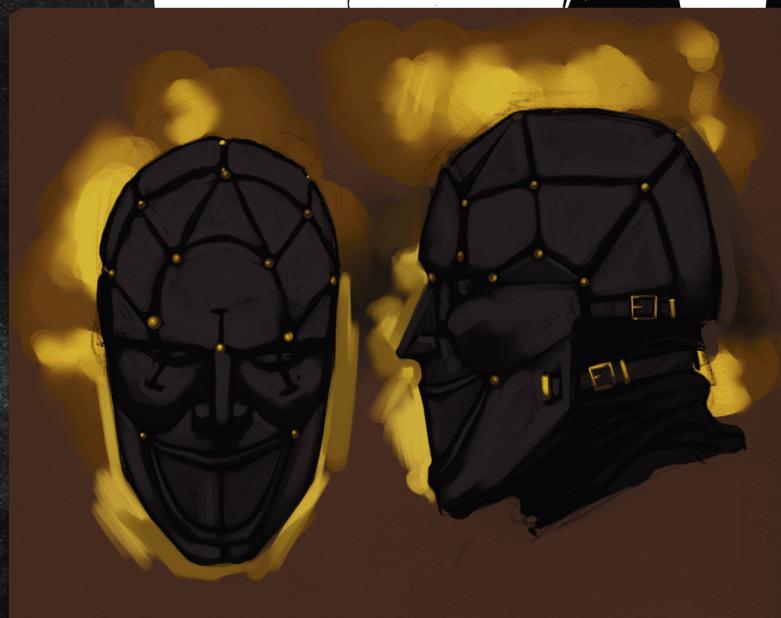


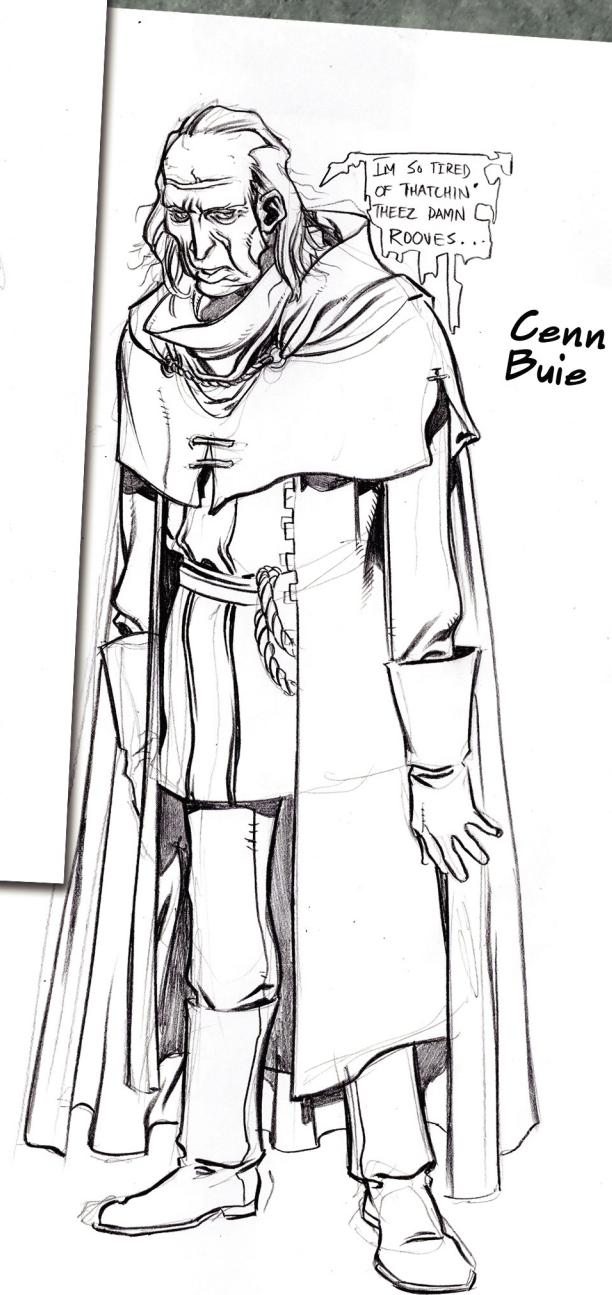
# Aqinor

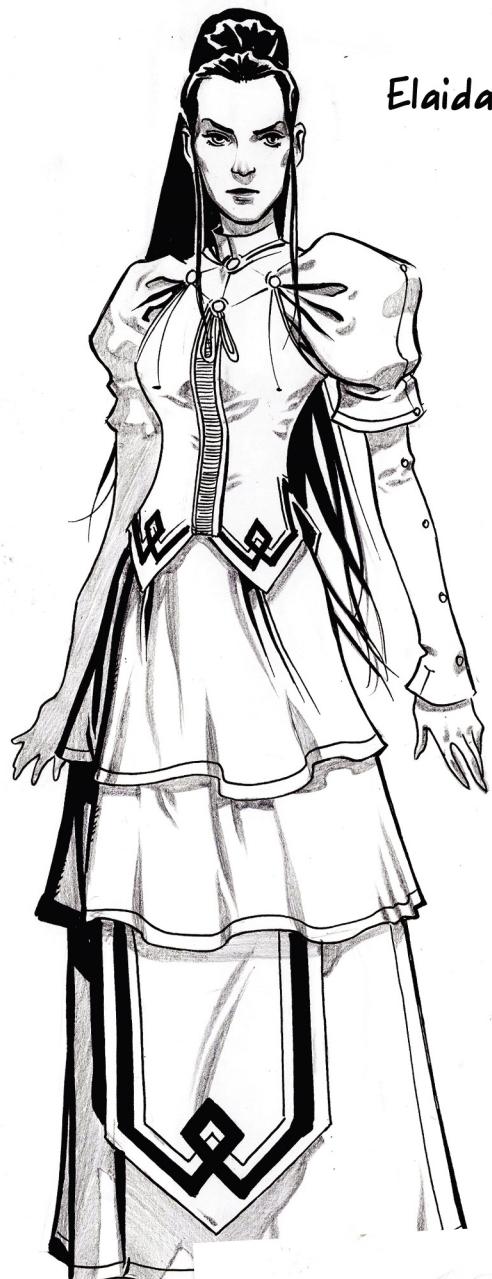




Balthamel







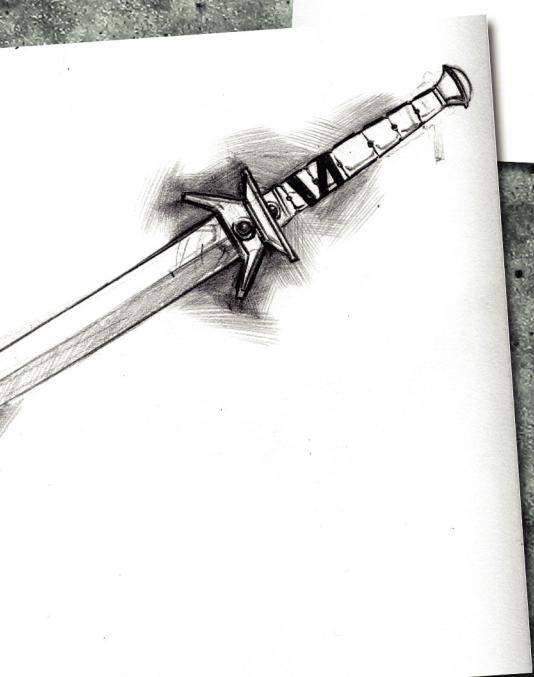


Ilyena



Galad Damodred







Moiraine



Perrin



Nynaeve





Trollocs