



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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The sun stood halfway down from its noonday high by the time the cart reached the farmhouse.



I DON'T THINK THE BLACK-CLOAKED MAN CAME HERE...

THE SHEEP WOULDN'T BE SO SETTLED IF *THAT* ONE HAD BEEN AROUND.



I SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T. STILL, ALL THIS ABOUT MEN AND HORSES I CAN'T SEE OR HEAR JUST MAKES ME LOOK CROSSWAYS AT EVERYTHING.



AH WELL.
I'LL START SOME
STEW FOR SUPPER.
AND AS LONG AS
WE'RE HERE...

...WE MIGHT
AS WELL GET
CAUGHT UP ON A
FEW CHORES,
EH?

Around a farm, the work
never *really* gets done...



As soon as *one*
thing was finished...



ONLY
THREE EGGS
FOR ME TODAY,
LADIES?

...*two* more
needed doing.

KRRACK



RAND!
LET'S WASH UP,
LAD, AND SEE
ABOUT SOME
SUPPER.

I'VE ALREADY
CARRIED IN THE
WATER FOR HOT
BATHS BEFORE
SLEEP.

ANYTHING
HOT SOUNDS
GOOD TO
ME.

KRRACK

AND SLEEP,
TOO. I JUST
MIGHT SLEEP
RIGHT THROUGH
FESTIVAL.

WOULD
YOU CARE TO
MAKE A SMALL
WAGER ON
THAT?





MMM...

NOT QUITE
DONE YET, A
LITTLE WHILE
LONGER.



WHAT'S
THAT FOR?

MAYBE
I'M TAKING A
FANCY, OR MAYBE
THE WEATHER'S
BLACKENING MY
MOOD... BUT
BEST TO BE
SAFE.

I'LL SEE
TO THE BACK
DOOR.

A locked door.

No one in the two rivers
had ever locked their doors.
There had been a need.



...until now,
at least.



DA?
WHAT'S
THAT?

HAVE YOU
DECIDED ON
TONIGHT TO
MOVE ALL YOUR
FURN--



WHERE DID
THAT COME
FROM? DID YOU
GET IT FROM A
PEDDLER?



HOW
MUCH DID IT
COST?

I GOT IT
A LONG TIME
AGO. A LONG
WAY FROM
HERE.

...AND I PAID
ENTIRELY TOO
MUCH.



YOUR MOTHER
DIDN'T APPROVE,
BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS
WISER THAN I. SHE
ALWAYS WANTED ME TO
GET RID OF IT, AND
MORE THAN ONCE I
THOUGHT SHE
WAS RIGHT...

..AND THAT
I SHOULD
JUST *GIVE* IT
AWAY.



GIVE IT
AWAY?

HOW
COULD YOU GIVE
A SWORD LIKE
THAT AWAY?



NOT MUCH
USE IN *HERDING*
SHEEP NOW,
IS IT?

CAN'T
PLOW A FIELD
OR HARVEST A
CROP WITH
IT.

BUT...

...IF I AM NOT JUST
TAKEN BY A BLACK FANCY,
IF OUR LUCK RUNS SOUR,
MAYBE IN THE NEXT FEW
DAYS I'LL BE GLAD I
TUCKED IT IN THAT
OLD CHEST.

THE STEW
SHOULD BE
READY. I'LL DISH
IT OUT WHILE YOU
FIX THE TEA.

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

IT... IT MUST
BE ONE OF THE
NEIGHBORS?
MASTER DAUTRY,
WANTING TO
BORROW...

DAUTRY'S
AN HOUR AWAY
BY DAYLIGHT.
HE'D NOT MAKE
THE TRIP AT
NIGHT. I--

CRASH

IT'S NOT
THE RIDER. IT'S
NOT...

WHAT IS THAT
THING?! WHAT'S
GOING ON?



GRAAAART!

GET OUT
OF HERE, BOY!
RUN! HIDE IN THE
WOODS!

THERE
ARE TOO MANY
TO HOLD!



GO!
NOW! I'LL
FOLLOW!









C'MON,
DA, WHERE ARE
YOU...?

CRASSH



FATHER!
I'M OVER
HERE!



RUN,
LAD!

HIDE!

IF I MOVE
LIKE I WAS
STALKING A
RABBIT, THEY'LL
NEVER HEAR ME
OR SEE ME.

"RABBITS."

THEY'RE
MORE LIKE A PACK
OF STARVING
WOLVES.







--BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU CALLING OUT. SOME TROLLOCS CAN HEAR LIKE A DOG. MAYBE BETTER.

BUT TROLLOCS ARE JUST... ARE YOU SURE?

I MEAN... TROLLOCS?



I'M SURE. THOUGH WHAT BROUGHT THEM TO THE TWO RIVERS...

I NEVER SAW ONE BEFORE TONIGHT, BUT I'VE TALKED WITH MEN WHO HAVE, SO I KNOW A LITTLE. MAYBE ENOUGH TO KEEP US ALIVE.



LISTEN CLOSELY.

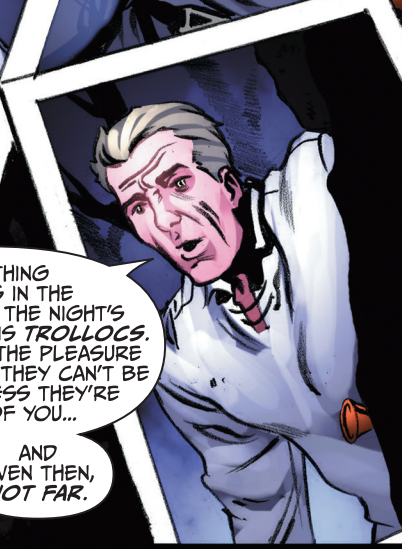
A TROLLOC CAN SEE BETTER THAN A MAN IN THE DARK, BUT BRIGHT LIGHTS BLIND THEM. FOR A TIME, AT LEAST.

THAT MAY BE THE ONLY REASON WE GOT AWAY FROM SO MANY.

SOME CAN TRACK BY SCENT OR SOUND, BUT THEY'RE SAID TO BE LAZY. IF WE CAN KEEP OUT OF THEIR HANDS LONG ENOUGH, THEY SHOULD GIVE UP.



IN THE STORIES, TROLLOCS HATE MEN AND SERVE THE DARK ONE.



IF ANYTHING BELONGS IN THE SHEPHERD OF THE NIGHT'S FLOCKS, LAD, IT IS TROLLOCS. THEY KILL FOR THE PLEASURE OF KILLING, AND THEY CAN'T BE TRUSTED UNLESS THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU...

AND EVEN THEN, NOT FAR.



DO YOU THINK THEY'RE STILL HUNTING US?



MAYBE,
MAYBE NOT.
BEST ACT AS IF
THEY ARE,
THOUGH...

UHN...

YOU'RE
HURT!



KEEP
YOUR VOICE
DOWN.

IT'S JUST
A SCRATCH, AND
THERE'S NOTHING
TO BE DONE
ABOUT IT NOW,
ANYWAY.

AT LEAST THE
WEATHER SEEMS
TO BE WARMING.
PERHAPS IT WON'T BE
SO BAD SPENDING
THE NIGHT OUT.



YOU'RE
ON FIRE! I HAVE
TO GET YOU TO
NYNAEVE.

IN A BIT,
LAD.

WE DON'T
HAVE ANY TIME
TO WASTE! IT'S A
LONG WAY IN THE
DARK!

LET ME
REST A WHILE,
BOY. I'M
TIRED.









VLJA DAEG
ROGHDA!

NARG NO
HURT! MYRDDRAL
WANT TO TALK
TO YOU.

OTHERS COME
BACK, YOU TALK
TO MYRDDRAL.
PUT SWORD
DOWN.

A MYRDDRAL?!



ALL RIGHT,
I'LL TALK.

YES...

GRARR!





BELA?
YOU THERE,
GIRL?



OH,
NO...



The cart was no longer
functional, but that did
not mean it couldn't still
be of use, after a fashion.



...it would just take
a bit of work.



CHUK



To be continued...



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