

DYNAMITE

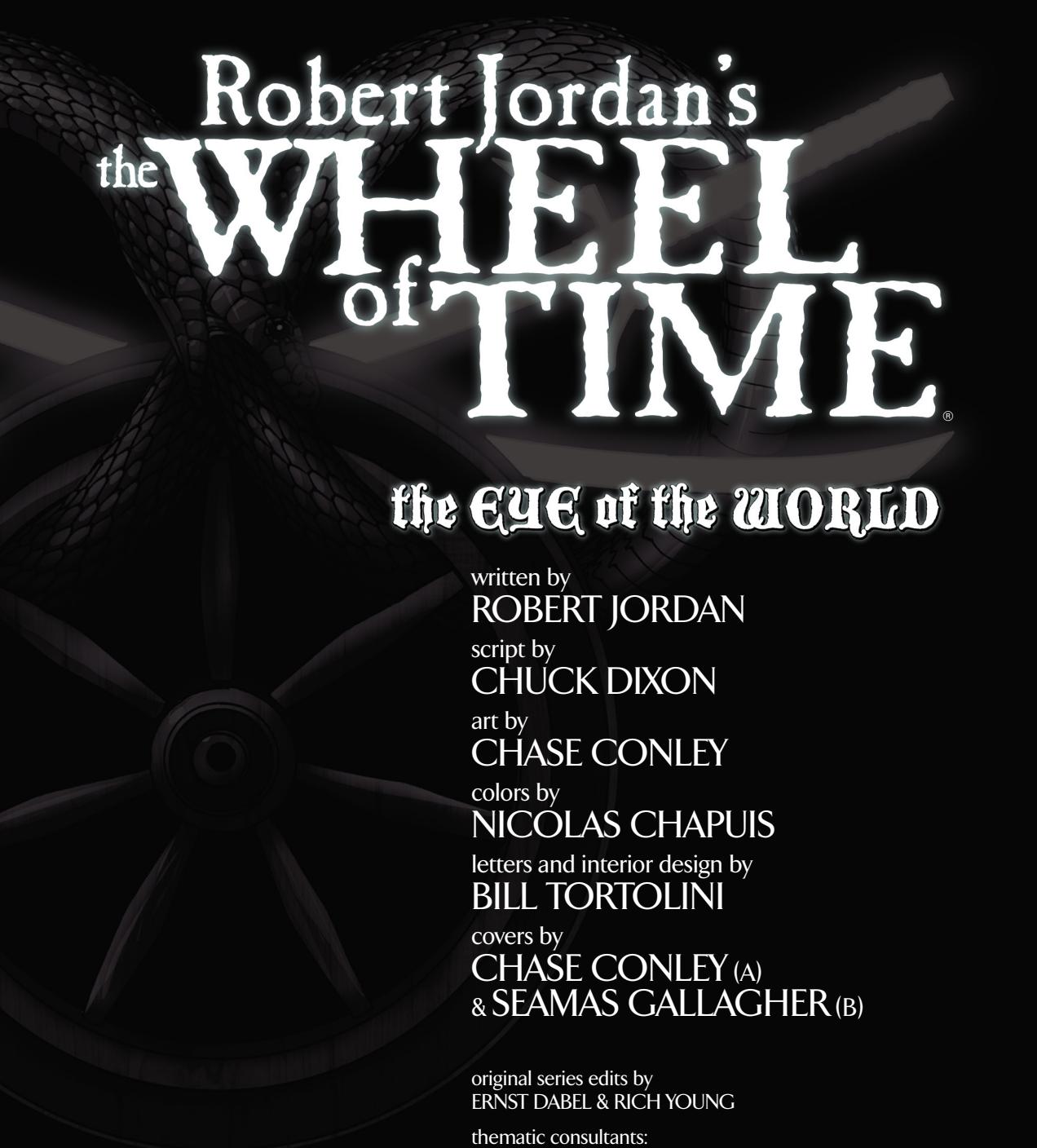
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Robert Jordan's  
the WHEEL  
of TIME®



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

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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.





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



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

WOULD  
YOU CARE TO  
MAKE A SMALL  
WAGER ON  
THAT?

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

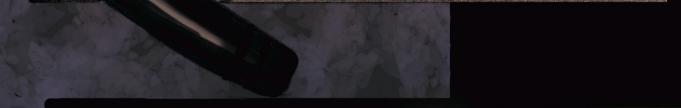




MMM...

NOT QUITE  
DONE YET. A  
LITTLE WHILE  
LONGER.





...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--

KRACK

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

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



GRAAART!

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

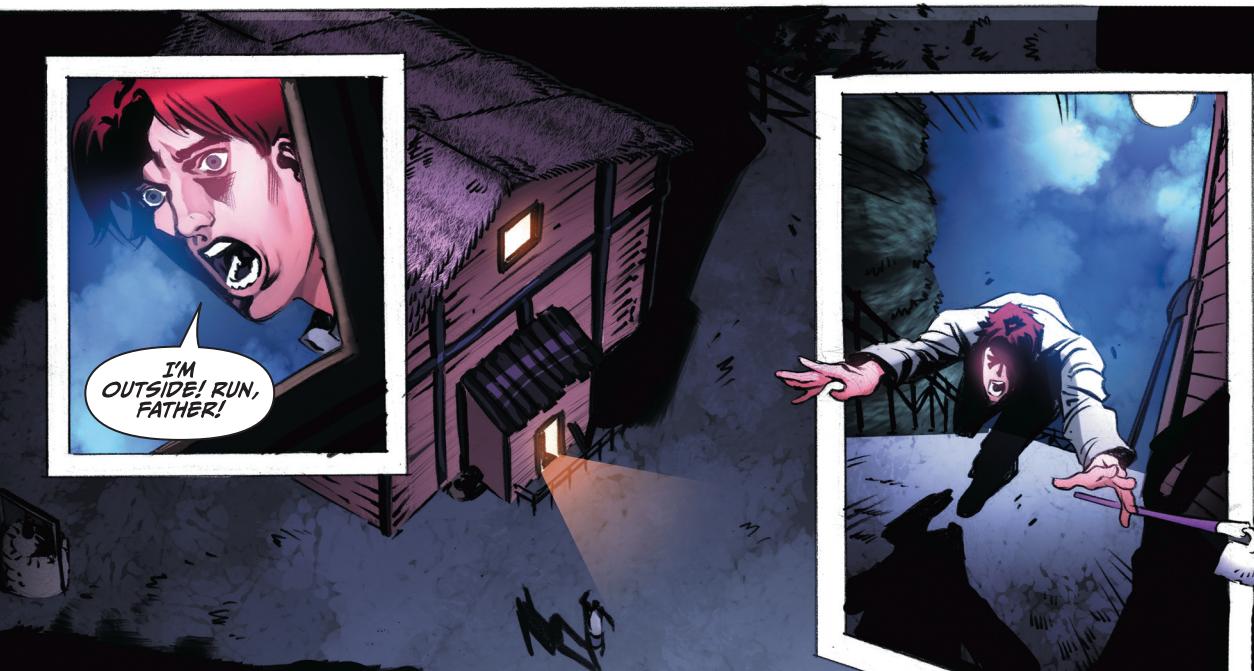
THERE  
ARE TOO MANY  
TO HOLD!



GO!  
NOW! I'LL  
FOLLOW!







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





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

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.

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

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.

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...

DO YOU THINK THEY'RE STILL HUNTING US?

AND EVEN THEN, NOT FAR.

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.









NARG NO  
HURT! MYRDDRAL  
WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU.

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

A MYRDDRAL?!







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.



CHUNK



To be continued...

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