



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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



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It was difficult for Rand to see in the moonlight, but Tam's wound seemed to be only a shallow gash along the ribs.



It was, in fact, no bigger than the palm of Rand's hand.

He had seen his father take *worse* injury than that *before*, and Tam had only stopped working long enough to *wash it off*.











Small as it was, that lone cut was still grave enough; the flesh around it *burned* to the *touch*.

It was even hotter than the rest of Tam's body, which was hot enough to make Rand's jaw clench.



UHN

A scalding fever like that could *kill*...



...or leave a man a husk of what he once had been.




Rand was trying to be gentle while cleaning and dressing Tam's wound..

HURRR...


...but soft groans still interrupted his mutterings.

Would the Trollocs be able to hear that? Would they even still be searching?



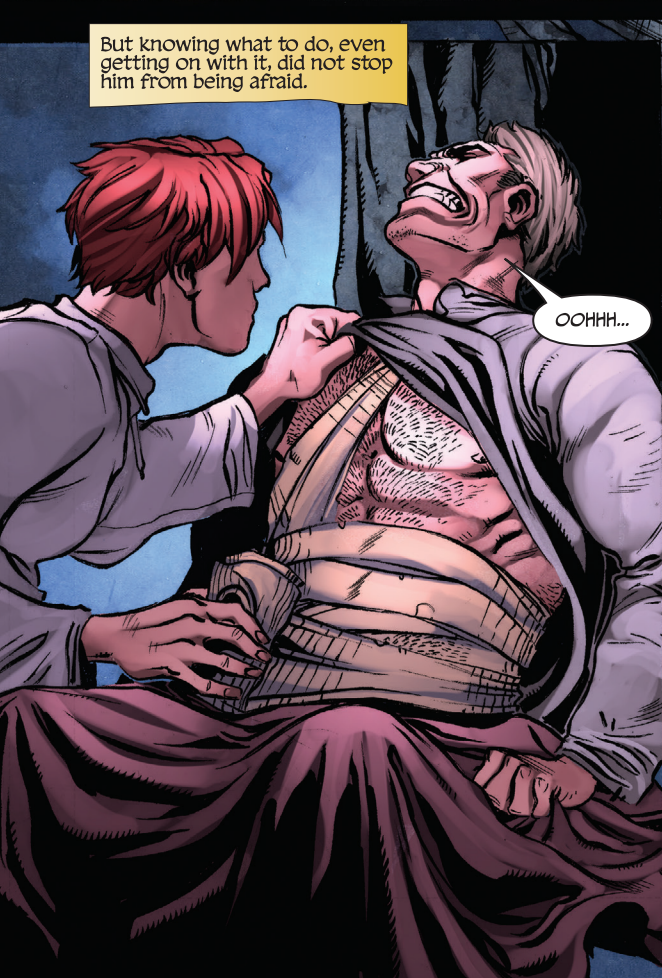


Trollocs. Creatures out of a gleeman's tale, coming out of the night to bash in the door.




And a Fade as well! These things just didn't happen.

Rand knew he couldn't just sit around, frozen like a rabbit that had seen a hawk's shadow...



But knowing what to do, even getting on with it, did not stop him from being afraid.

OOHHH...



When the Trollocs came back, they would surely begin searching the forest for *some* trace of the people who had escaped them.

SKRICH

And who knew what a Fade would - or could - do?



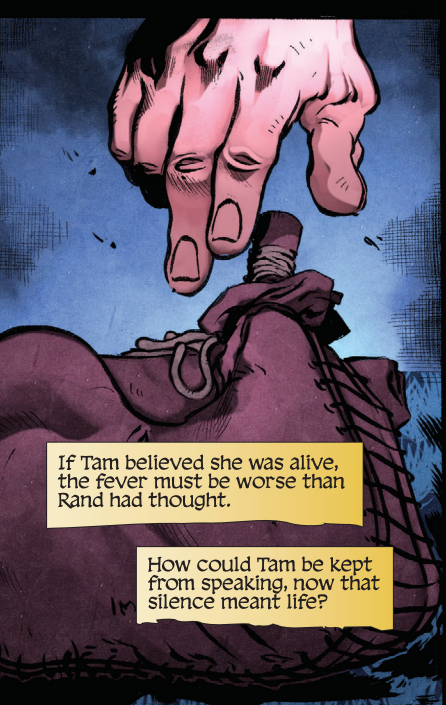


YOU HAVE  
TO KEEP  
QUIET.

THE  
TROLLOCS WILL  
BE BACK.

YOU'RE  
STILL LOVELY, KARI.  
STILL LOVELY  
AS A GIRL.

Rand's mother  
had been dead  
for *fifteen*  
years.



If Tam believed she was alive,  
the fever must be worse than  
Rand had thought.

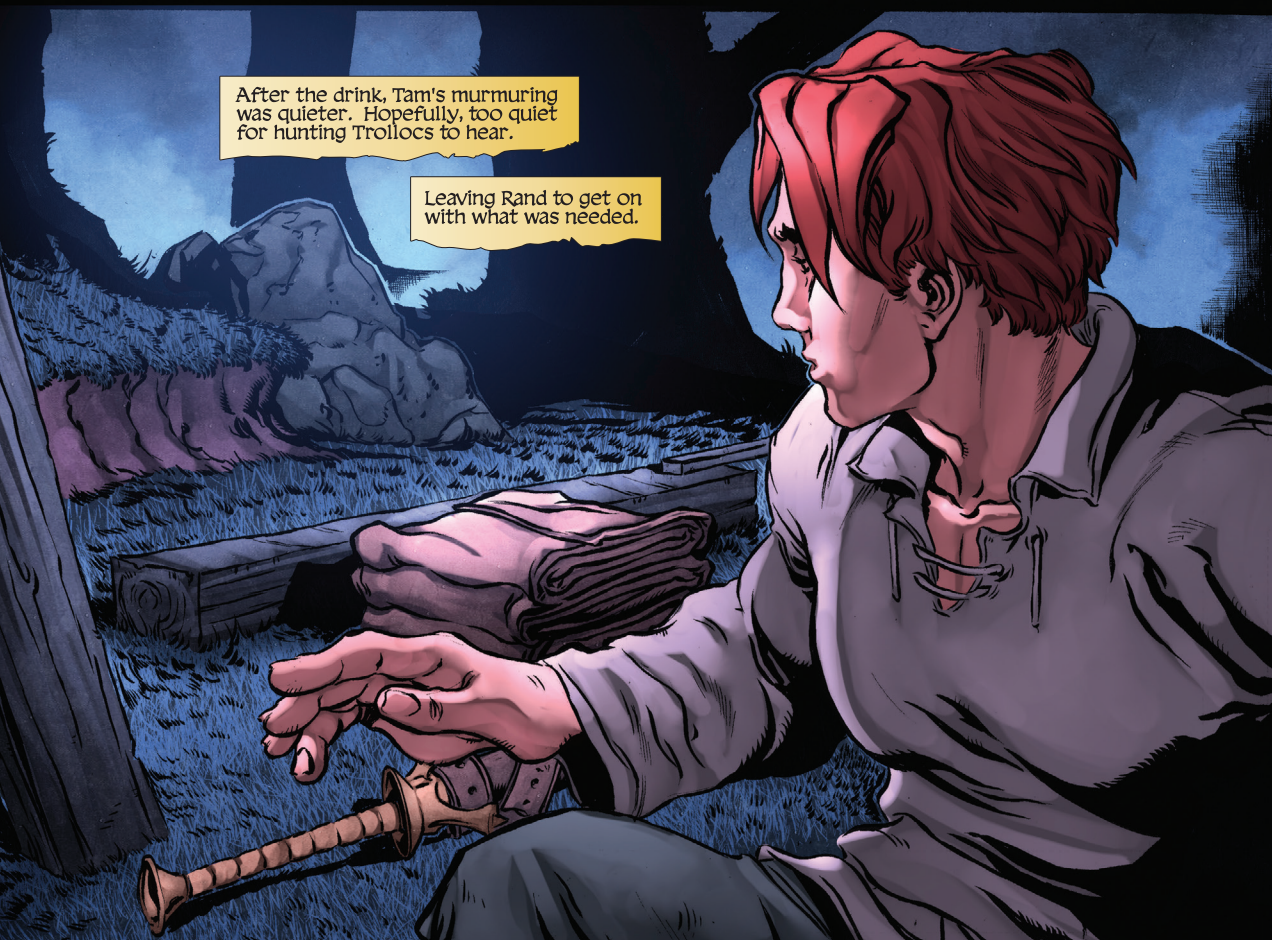
How could Tam be kept  
from speaking, now that  
silence meant life?

MOTHER  
WANTS YOU  
TO--

--KARI  
WANTS YOU TO  
BE QUIET.

HERE.  
DRINK  
THIS.





After the drink, Tam's murmuring was quieter. Hopefully, too quiet for hunting Trollocs to hear.

Leaving Rand to get on with what was needed.

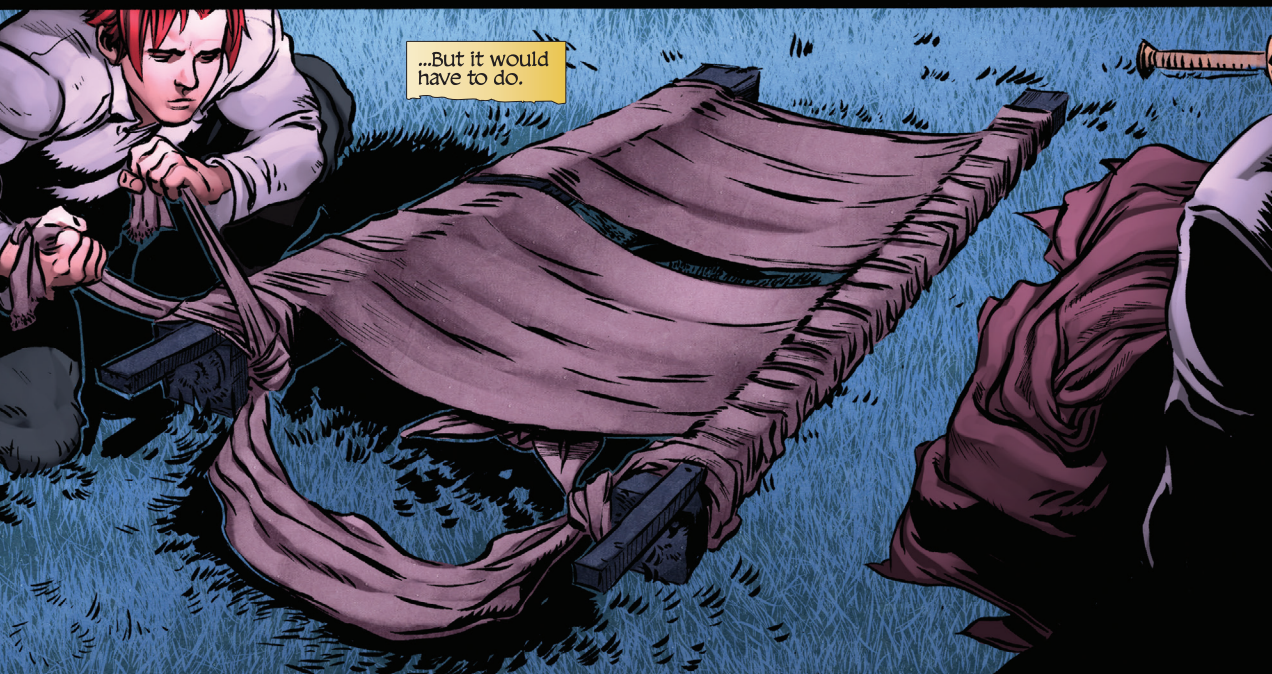




Three blankets, wove around the shafts cut from the cart, formed a makeshift litter.



Rand would only be able to carry one end of the litter, and that would make the journey difficult on Tam.



...But it would have to do.





LMNS...



UHNNN...



Tam had always seemed indestructible to Rand.



Nothing could harm him.

Or stop him.

Or even slow him down.

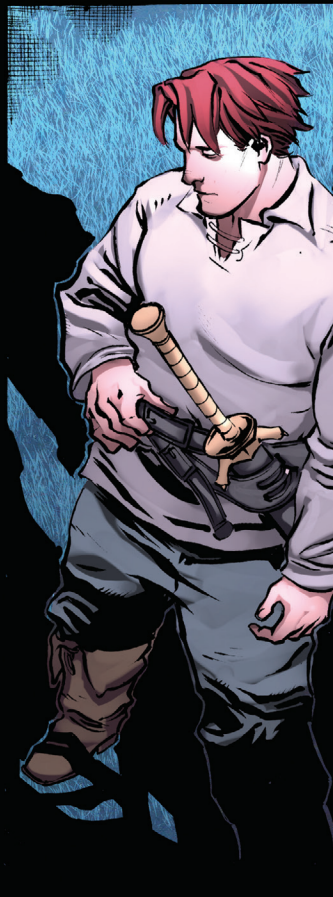




For Tam to be in  
this condition...



...It almost robbed Rand  
of what courage he had  
managed to gather.



But he *had*  
to keep on.




That was all that  
kept him moving.



He had to.








The best plan was to head for the Quarry Road and follow it to Emond's Field.


A man with red hair, wearing a white shirt and a dark vest, is running through a forest. He is carrying a man in a wooden crate. The man in the crate is wearing a brown tunic and has a determined expression. The forest is dark with tall trees and a path leading through them.



The danger would almost certainly be greater along the road, but Tam would receive no help at all if they were lost trying to navigate the woods in the dark.

A man with red hair, wearing a white shirt and a dark vest, is running through a forest. He is carrying a man in a wooden crate. The man in the crate is wearing a brown tunic and has a determined expression. The forest is dark with tall trees and a path leading through them.






In the darkness, Rand was nearly out on the Quarry Road before he knew it.

Nearly on the road.  
Nearly *out* in the *open*.

Rand's throat tightened like a fist. Traveling through the trees was difficult, but going out onto the road would be *madness*.




The idea was to reach the village *without* meeting any Trollocs. Without even seeing any.

He had to assume the Trollocs were still hunting them, and sooner or later, they'd realize the two set off for the village...


That was the most likely place to go, and the Quarry Road the most likely route.

Even under cover of forest, Rand was closer to the road than he liked.






Moonlight filtering through the bare branches gave just enough illumination to fool Rand's eyes into thinking they saw what was underfoot.



Roots threatened to trip him at every step. Brambles snagged at him. Sudden dips or rises had Rand stumbling with almost every stride.



Tam's mutterings broke into a sharp groan whenever one of the shafts of the litter bumped too quickly over root or rock.


AH!

HRR...


WHOMP

But still Rand kept on.






Uncertainty made him  
peer into the darkness  
until his eyes burned.



Every scrape of  
branch against branch  
brought him to a halt.

Only when he was  
sure it was wind  
would he go on.



Even with the weariness creeping into his  
arms and legs, reminding him that he had been  
up since dawn, working for most of the day...  
and had had nothing to eat since Mistress  
Al'Vere's honeycakes, Rand continued.

Until...





THEY  
CAME OVER  
THE DRAGONWALL  
LIKE A FLOOD...

...AND  
WASHED THE  
LAND IN  
BLOOD.

HOW MANY  
DIED FOR  
LAMAN'S  
SIN?



THERE  
ISN'T ANY FLOOD  
OF TROLLOCS,  
FATHER. NOT NOW,  
ANYWAY.

WE'LL BE  
SAFE IN EMOND'S  
FIELD SOON.  
HERE, DRINK A  
LITTLE--



THEY  
CALLED THEM  
SAVAGES.





THE FOOLS  
SAID THEY COULD  
BE *SWEPT ASIDE*  
LIKE *RUBBISH*.

HOW MANY  
BATTLES LOST, HOW  
MANY CITIES *BURNED*,  
BEFORE THEY FACED  
THE TRUTH? BEFORE  
THE NATIONS STOOD  
TOGETHER AGAINST  
THEM?

THE FIELD AT  
MARATH CARPETED  
WITH THE DEAD, AND  
NO SOUND BUT THE  
CRIES OF RAVENS  
AND THE BUZZING  
OF FLIES.

THE TOPLESS  
TOWERS OF  
CAIRHIEN BURNING  
IN THE NIGHT LIKE  
TORCHES.

ALL THE  
WAY TO THE  
SHINING WALLS  
THEY BURNED AND  
SLEW BEFORE THEY  
WERE TURNED  
BACK.

**TH DOMP  
TH DOMP**

ALL  
THE--

SHHH!





TH DOMP  
TH DOMP  
TH DOMP  
TH DOMP

Wavering shadows slowly resolved themselves into a horse and rider... followed up the road by tall, bulky shapes trotting to keep up with the animal.



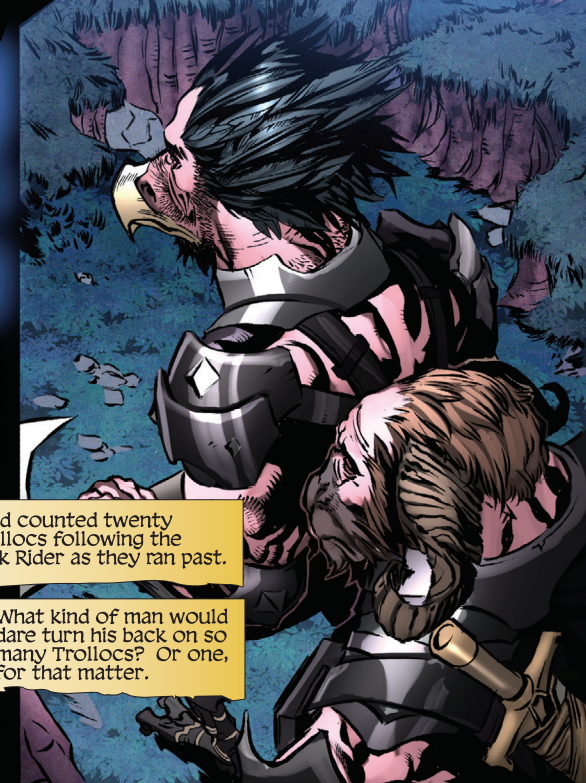
Rand never even considered that they might be villagers coming to help.

He knew what was coming. He could feel it, even before they were close enough for the moonlight to reveal them.



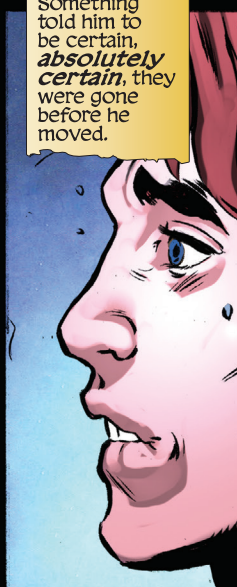
Rand counted twenty Trollocs following the Dark Rider as they ran past.

What kind of man would dare turn his back on so many Trollocs? Or one, for that matter.



The trotting column disappeared westward, but Rand remained where he was - not moving a muscle except to breathe.

Something told him to be certain, *absolutely certain*, they were gone before he moved.







This time, the horse  
made no sound at all.





In eerie silence the dark rider returned, his shadowy mount stopping every few steps.



The rider peered into the forest, and despite the cold wind, sweat beaded on Rand's face.



The horse moved on down the road, a few silent steps and stop.

Rand did not take his eyes off the rider for a second.



Abruptly, the shadowy mount rushed back, passing Rand in a silent gallop.

The rider looked only ahead as he rushed westward, towards the Mountains of Mist. Towards the *farm*.





AVENDESORA



IT'S SAID IT  
MAKES NO SEED,  
BUT THEY BROUGHT  
A CUTTING TO  
CAIRHIEN, A  
SAPLING.

A ROYAL  
GIFT OF WONDER  
FOR THE KING.



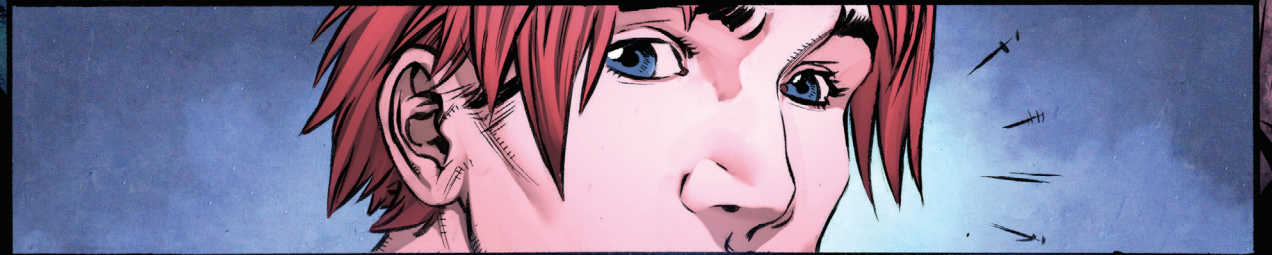
THEY  
NEVER MAKE  
PEACE.

NEVER.


BUT THEY  
BROUGHT A SAPLING,  
AS A SIGN OF PEACE. FIVE  
HUNDRED YEARS IT GREW.  
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF  
PEACE WITH THOSE WHO  
MAKE NO PEACE WITH  
STRANGERS.

WHY DID HE  
CUT IT DOWN? WHY?  
BLOOD WAS THE PRICE  
FOR AVENDORALDERA.  
BLOOD THE PRICE FOR  
LAMAN'S PRIDE.










THEIR WOMEN  
FIGHT ALONGSIDE  
THE MEN, SOMETIMES,  
BUT WHY THEY HAD  
LET HER COME, I  
DON'T...

...GAVE BIRTH  
THERE, ALONE,  
BEFORE SHE  
DIED OF HER  
WOUNDS.

COVERED THE  
CHILD WITH HER  
CLOAK, BUT THE  
WIND BLEW THE  
CLOAK AWAY.




HE SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN DEAD,  
TOO. I COULDN'T  
LEAVE A CHILD.

NO CHILDREN  
OF OUR OWN... I  
KNEW YOU'D TAKE  
HIM INTO YOUR  
HEART, KARI.

YES, LASS.  
RAND IS A GOOD  
NAME.

A GOOD  
NAME.



NO, YOU -  
YOU ARE MY  
FATHER, YOU... IT'S  
JUST A FEVER  
DREAM... I...



LIGHT,  
WHO AM  
I?

To be continued...





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