

DYNAMITE

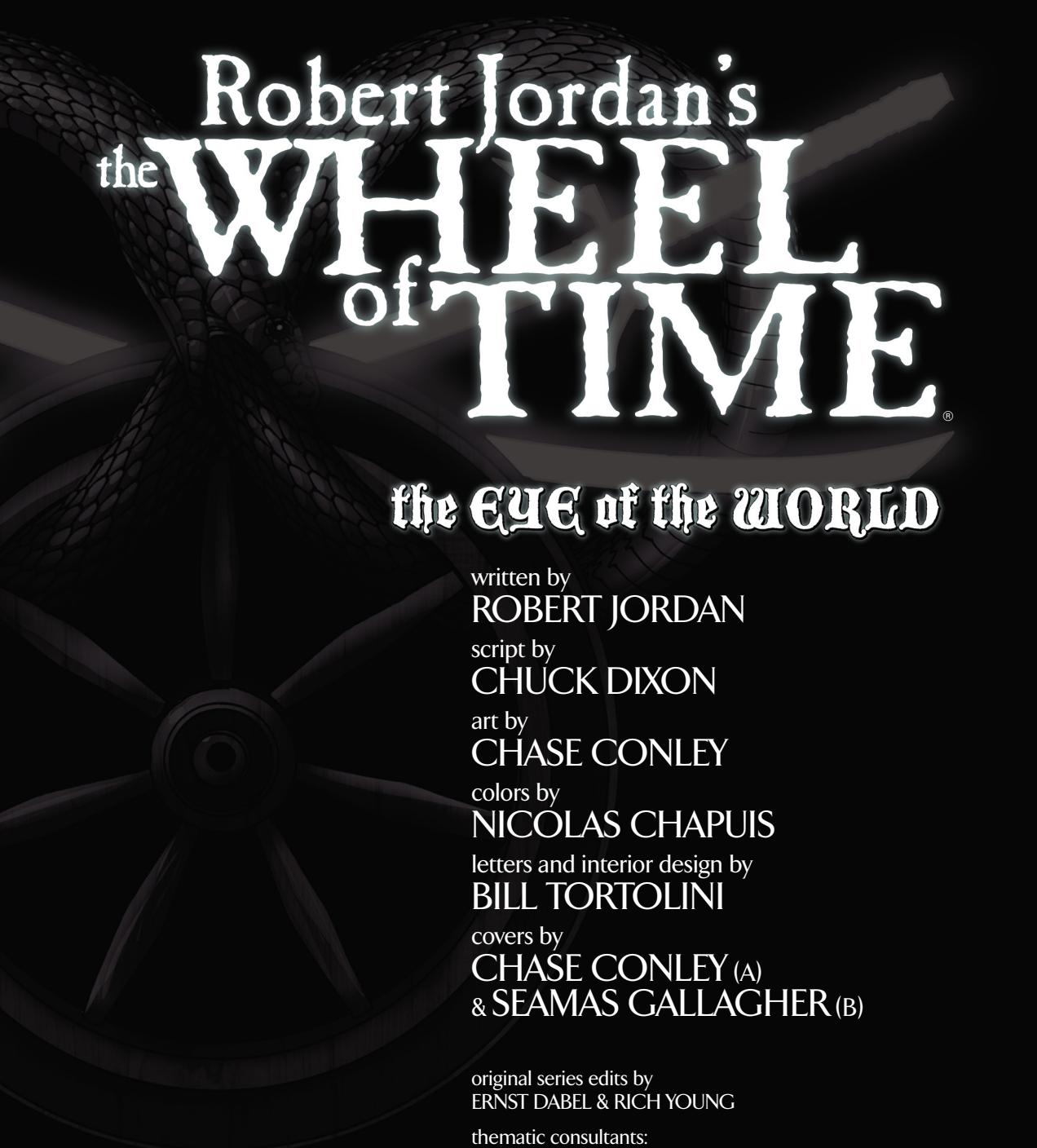
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Robert Jordan's  
the WHEEL of TIME®



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

## the EYE of the WORLD

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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.



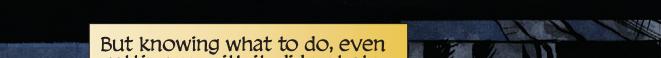


Trollocs. Creatures out of a gleeman's tale, coming out of the night to bash in the door.



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...

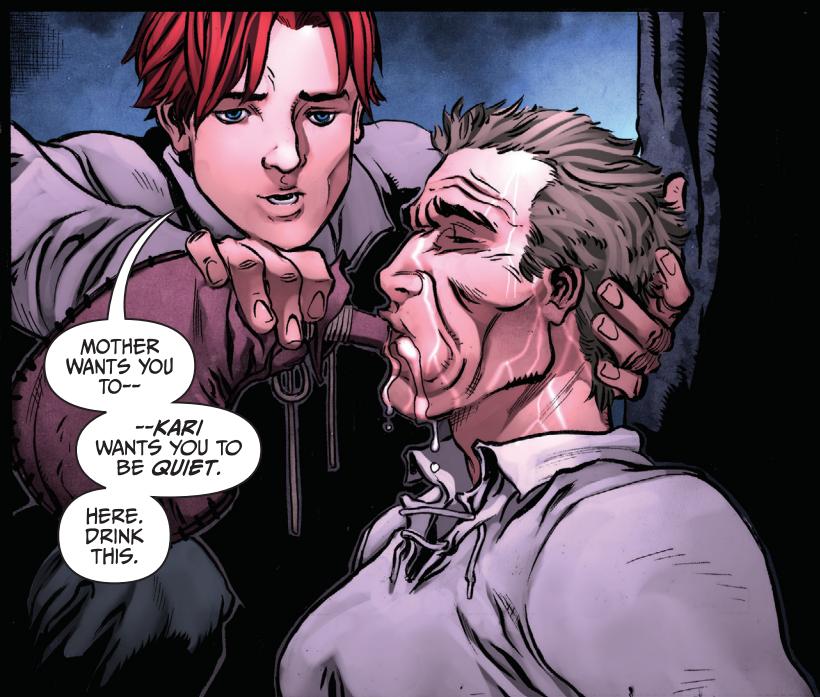
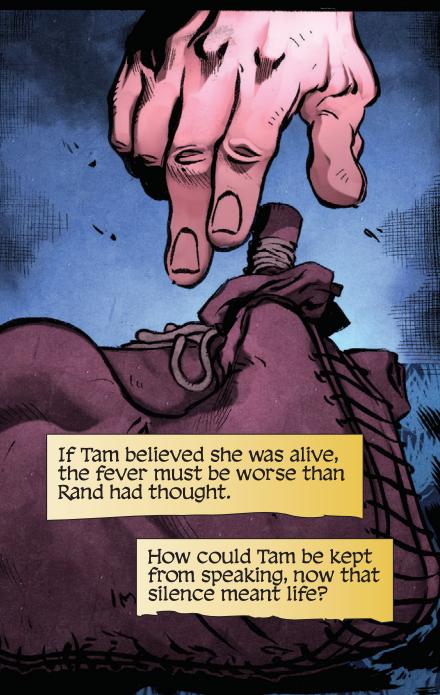


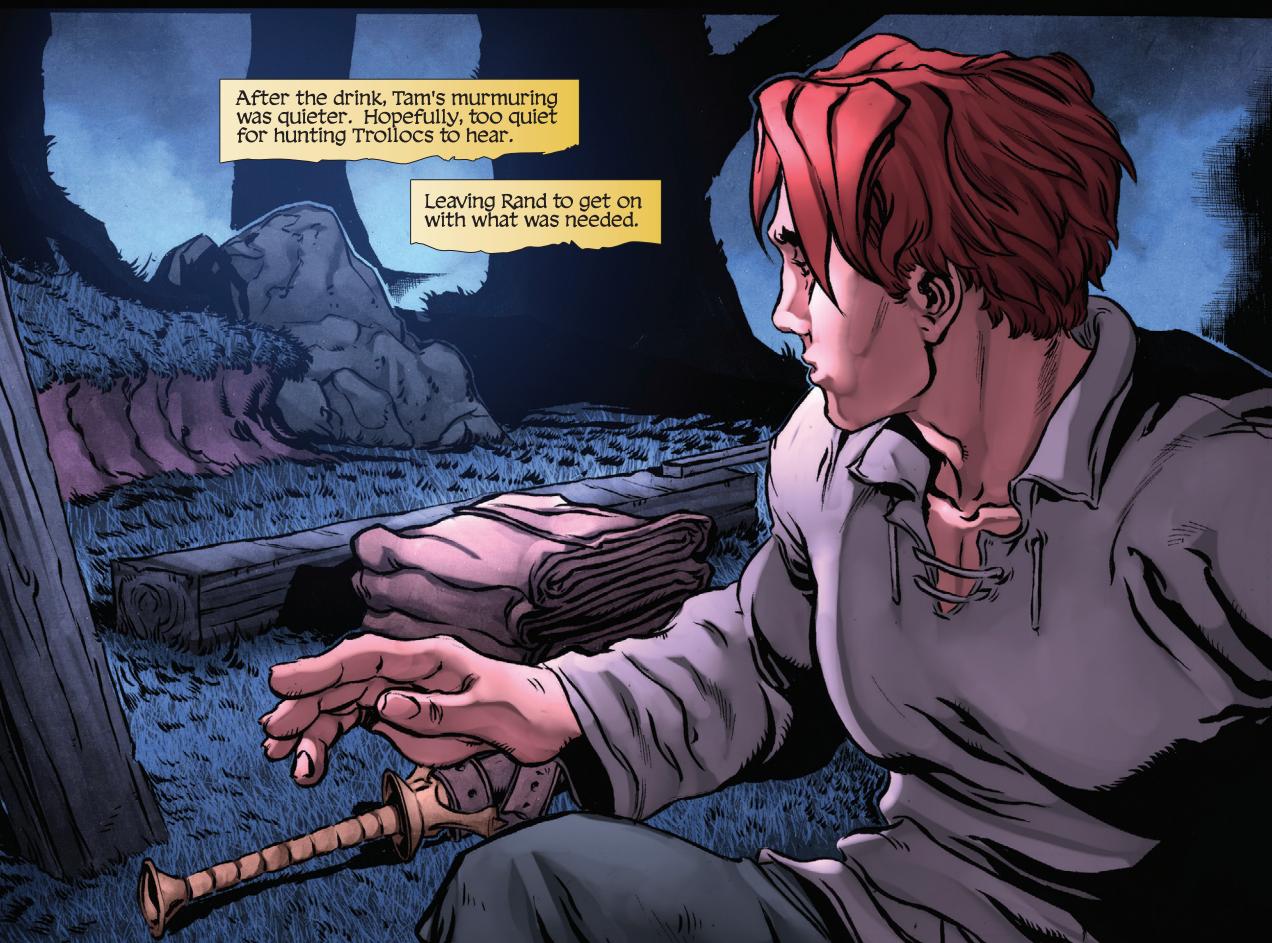
But knowing what to do, even getting on with it, did not stop him from being afraid.

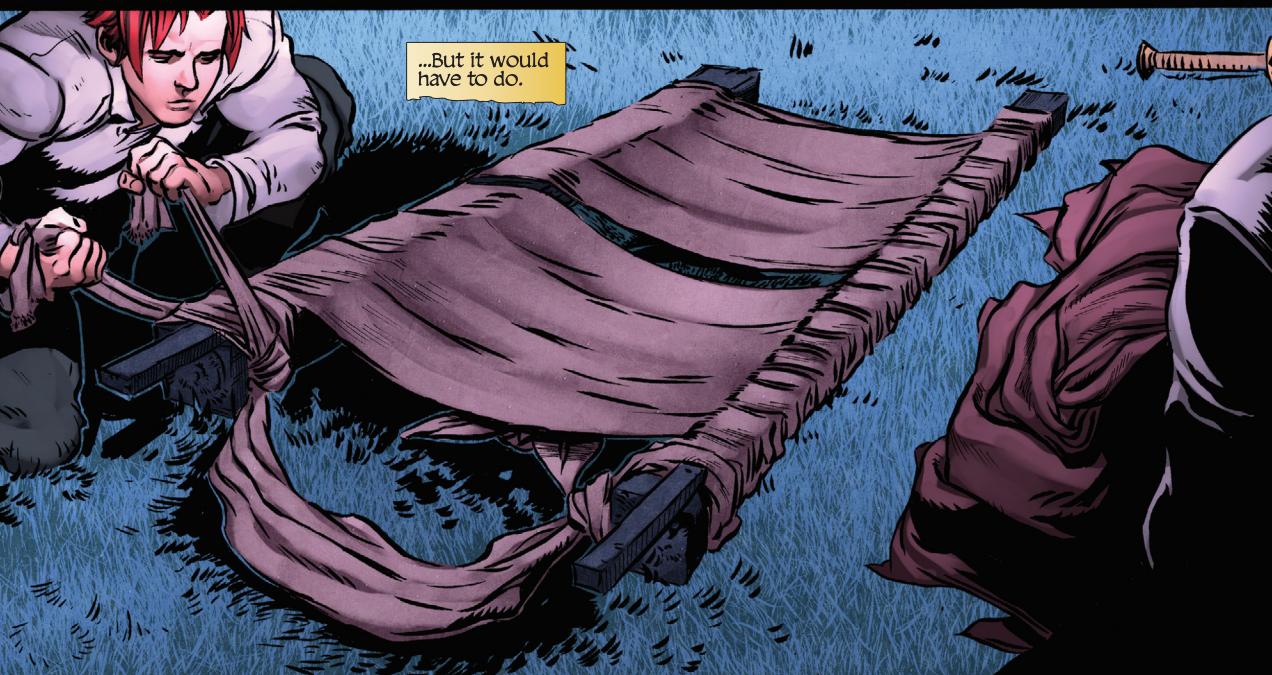


When the Trollocs came back, they would surely begin searching the forest for **some** trace of the people who had escaped them.















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



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.

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...



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 SWEEPED ASIDE  
LIKE RUBBISH.

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



**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*.







To be continued...

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