

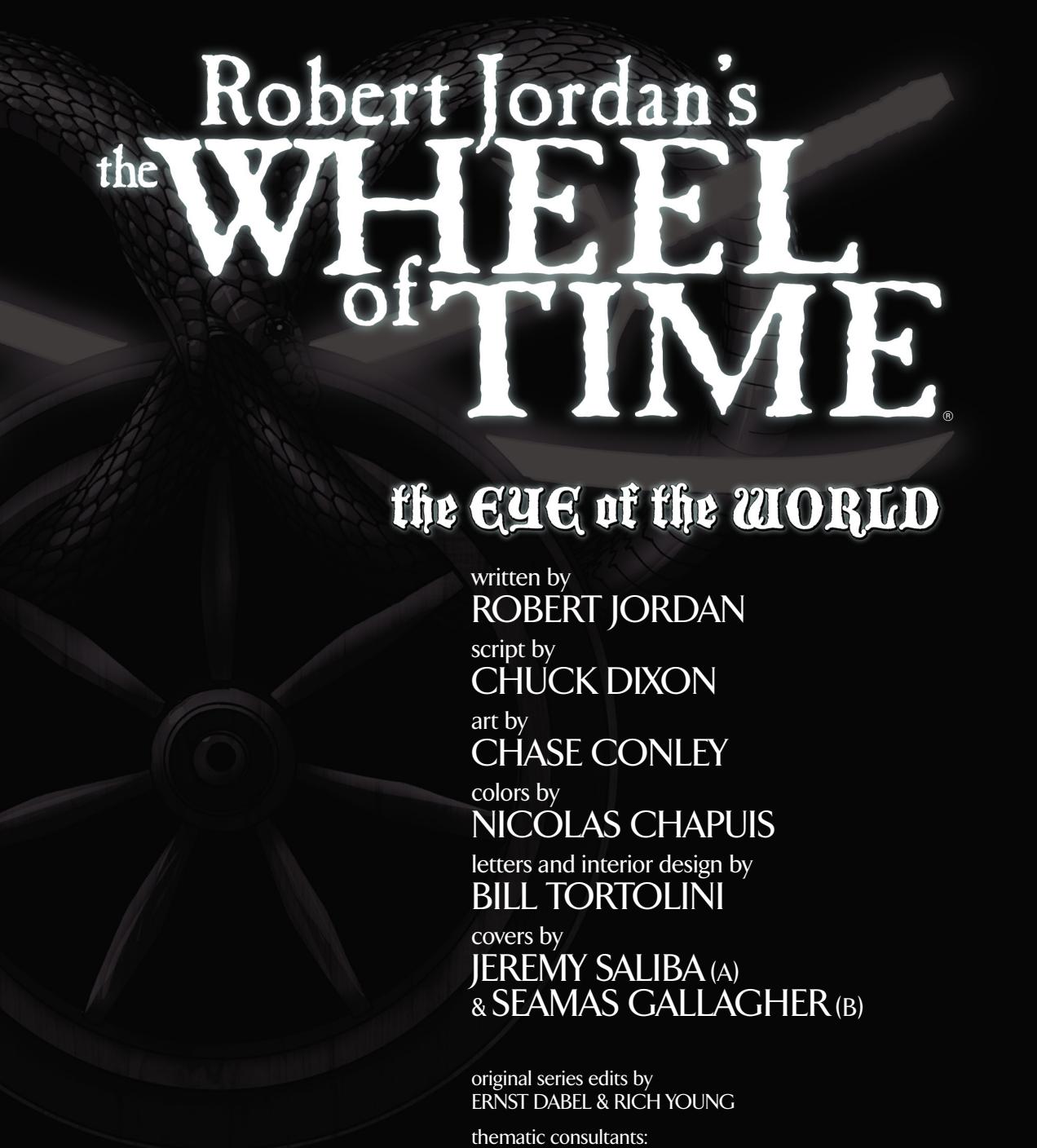
Robert Jordan's  
the WHEEL  
of TIME®

DYNAMITE  
4



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

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Gray first light came while Rand still trudged through the forest.

Tam had fallen silent some time before, but Rand didn't dare stop to check on him. If he stopped, he would **never** be able to force himself to start again.

Whatever Tam's condition, Rand was doing all he could. His only hope lay ahead, in the village.

Vaguely, he caught the smell of woodsmoke. He must be almost there if he could smell the village chimneys...



Wait.

The smoke was **too** heavy in the air.

**Too strong**, even if every chimney in the village was ablaze.



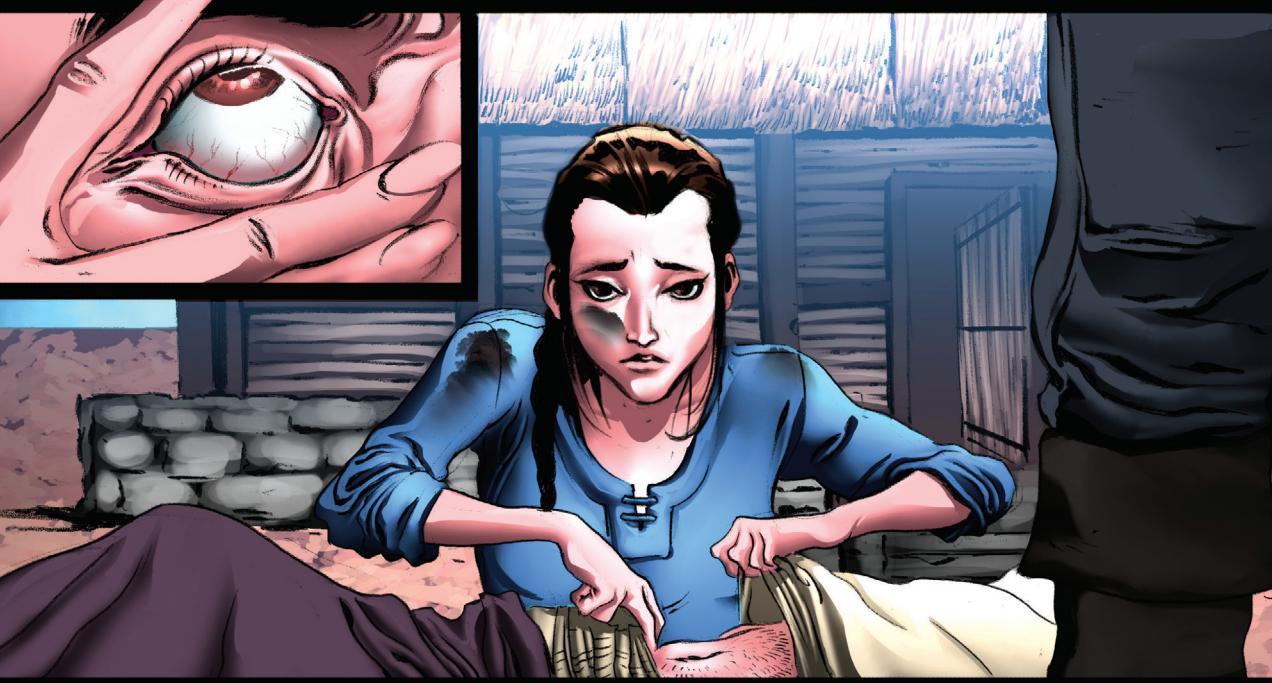


TROLLOCS,  
BOY?













I... I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, EGWENE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT, BUT I CAN'T JUST LET HIM...



EGWENE!

EGWENE, I NEED YOU! AND WASH YOUR HANDS AGAIN!



SHE NEEDS MY HELP, RAND.



EGWENE!



THE MAYOR...

"...THE MAYOR  
WILL KNOW WHAT  
TO DO."

GOING  
INSIDE? OF  
COURSE, OF  
COURSE.



DON'T YOU  
WORRY, BOY. YOUR  
WISDOM WILL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM. I'VE WATCHED HER  
WORK, SINCE LAST NIGHT,  
AND SHE HAS A DEFT  
TOUCH AND SURE  
SKILL.

COULD BE  
A LOT WORSE. SOME  
DIED LAST NIGHT. NOT  
MANY, PERHAPS, BUT  
ANY AT ALL ARE TOO  
MANY FOR ME.

OLD FAIN JUST  
DISAPPEARED, AND  
THAT'S THE WORST OF  
ALL. TROLLOCS WILL  
EAT ANYTHING.

YOU SHOULD  
THANK THE LIGHT  
YOUR FATHER'S STILL  
HERE AND ALIVE  
FOR THE WISDOM  
TO HEAL.

AHEM -  
THE  
DOOR?

OH!



Later...







"WHY, SHE CALLED BALL  
LIGHTNING OUT OF THE  
CLEAR NIGHT SKY. SENT IT  
DARTING STRAIGHT AT THE  
TROLLOCS."

"YOU'VE SEEN TREES  
SHATTERED BY IT.  
THE TROLLOCS  
FARED NO BETTER."



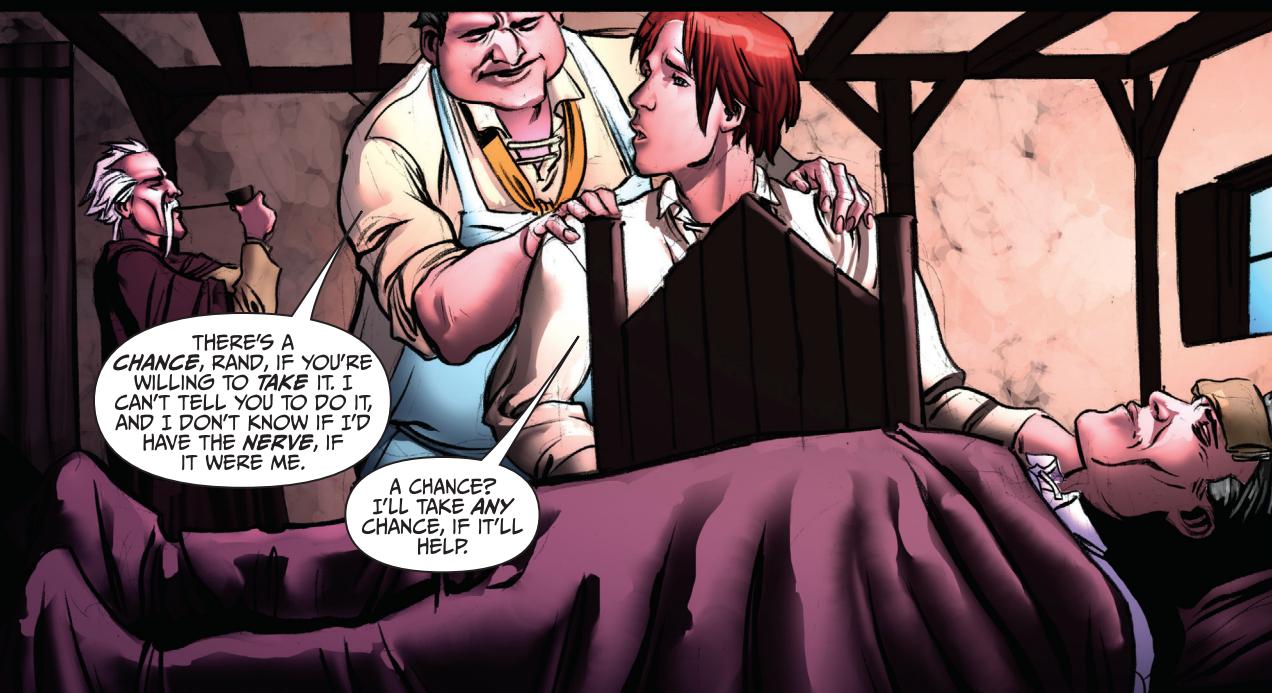


MOIRANE?

MISTRESS MOIRANE, AND  
MASTER LAN WAS A WHIRLWIND WITH  
THAT SWORD OF HIS.

HIS  
SWORD?

"THE MAN HIMSELF  
WAS A WEAPON."



AES SEDAI  
CAN HEAL, RAND.  
BURN ME, LAD, YOU'VE  
HEARD THE STORIES.  
THEY CAN CURE WHERE  
MEDICINES FAIL.

GLEEMAN,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
REMEMBERED BETTER  
THAN I. GLEEMEN'S  
TALES ARE FULL OF THE  
AES SEDAI. WHY DIDN'T  
YOU SPEAK UP?

I'M A STRANGER  
HERE, AND GOODMAN  
COPLIN ISN'T THE ONLY  
ONE WHO WANTS  
NOTHING TO DO WITH  
AES SEDAI.

BEST  
THE IDEA CAME  
FROM YOU.

AN AES  
SEDAI...

IT'S THE ONLY  
CHANCE I CAN SEE,  
BUT IT'S STILL NO  
SMALL DECISION. I  
CANNOT MAKE IT  
FOR YOU.

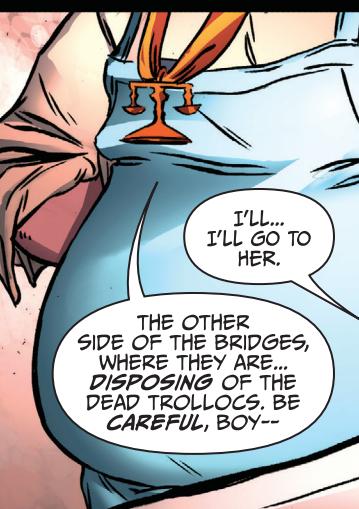
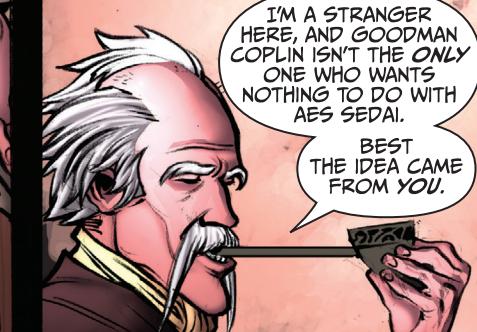
BUT I HAVE  
SEEN ONLY GOOD  
FROM MISTRESS  
MOIRANE - MOIRANE  
SEDAI, I SHOULD  
CALL HER.

SOME OF  
THE STORIES ARE  
EXAGGERATED IN A  
WAY. SOME OF THEM.  
BESIDES, BOY, WHAT  
CHOICE DO YOU  
HAVE?

NONE.

I'LL...  
I'LL GO TO  
HER.

THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE BRIDGES,  
WHERE THEY ARE...  
DISPOSING OF THE  
DEAD TROLLOCS. BE  
CAREFUL, BOY--



"..AES SEDAI DO WHAT THEY DO FOR REASONS OF THEIR OWN, AND THEY AREN'T ALWAYS THE REASONS OTHERS THINK."





THERE'S  
NOTHING WRONG  
WITH MY-- IT'S  
MY FATHER.

HE'S HURT.  
IT'S NOT MUCH MORE  
THAN A SCRATCH, BUT  
THE FEVER IS BURNING  
HIM UP. THE WISDOM  
WON'T HELP. SHE SAYS  
SHE CAN'T. BUT THE  
STORIES--

I, AH, IT'S  
SAID AES SEDAI CAN  
HEAL. IF YOU CAN HELP  
HIM... ANYTHING YOU  
CAN DO FOR HIM...  
WHATEVER THE COST,  
I MEAN...

I'LL PAY  
ANY PRICE IN MY  
POWER IF YOU HELP  
HIM. ANYTHING.

ANY  
PRICE.

WE WILL  
SPEAK OF PRICES  
LATER, RAND, IF AT  
ALL. I CAN MAKE NO  
PROMISES. I WILL DO  
WHAT I CAN, BUT IT IS  
BEYOND MY POWER TO  
STOP THE WHEEL  
FROM TURNING.

DEATH COMES  
SOONER OR LATER  
TO EVERYONE UNLESS  
THEY SERVE THE DARK  
ONE... AND ONLY FOOLS  
ARE WILLING TO PAY  
THAT PRICE.

DO NOT BE SO  
GLOOMY LAN. WE  
HAVE SOME REASON  
TO CELEBRATE. A  
SMALL ONE, BUT  
A REASON.



To be continued...

**DYNAMITE**  
COMICS

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