

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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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?



HERE, TOO.  
HERE, TOO. WE MAY  
HAVE BEEN LUCKIER  
THAN ANYONE HAS A  
RIGHT TO BE, IF YOU  
CAN CREDIT IT.



HE NEEDS  
THE WISDOM.  
NOW WHERE THE  
LIGHT IS SHE?

EGWENE!



WHAT?  
I - OH, NO,  
RAND, NOT YOUR  
FATHER?

COME.  
I'LL TAKE YOU TO  
NYNAEVE.



ALL THE  
STORIES ARE  
REAL.

SO IT  
SEEMS, LAD. SO  
IT SEEMS.

COME  
ON, THEN.



WAIT  
HERE.

THAT'S  
ABELL CAUTION'S  
HOUSE.

MAT!  
IS HE...



HE'S ALIVE.  
I SAW HIM A  
LITTLE WHILE  
AGO.

IT'S A  
WONDER ANY  
OF US ARE  
ALIVE.

THE WAY THEY  
CAME AFTER MY  
HOUSE, AND THE  
FORGE, YOU'D  
THINK I HAD GOLD  
AND JEWELS IN  
THERE.

ALSBET TOOK  
ONE LOOK AT THE FORGE  
THIS MORNING AND SET OFF  
A HUNTING WITH THE BIGGEST  
HAMMER SHE COULD FIND. I  
COULD ALMOST PITY THE  
THING IF SHE FINDS  
ONE.

MISTRESS  
CALDER, AND A FEW  
OTHERS, TOOK IN SOME  
OF THOSE WHO WERE  
HURT AND HAD NO HOME  
OF THEIR OWN LEFT  
STANDING.

AFTER THE WISDOM  
SEES TAM, WE'LL FIND  
HIM A BED. THE INN, MAYBE.  
THE MAYOR OFFERED IT ALREADY,  
BUT NYNAEVE SAID THE SICK  
WOULD HEAL FASTER IF THEY  
WEREN'T SO MANY OF THEM  
TOGETHER.



WHAT IF  
THEY COME  
BACK?



THE WHEEL WEAVES AS THE WHEEL WILLS. IF THEY COME BACK...

WELL, THEY'RE GONE NOW. SO WE'LL PICK UP THE PIECES, AND REBUILD WHAT'S BEEN TORN DOWN. DON'T SUPPOSE TODAY WILL BE MUCH OF A *BEL* TIME, BUT WE'LL MAKE IT THROUGH.

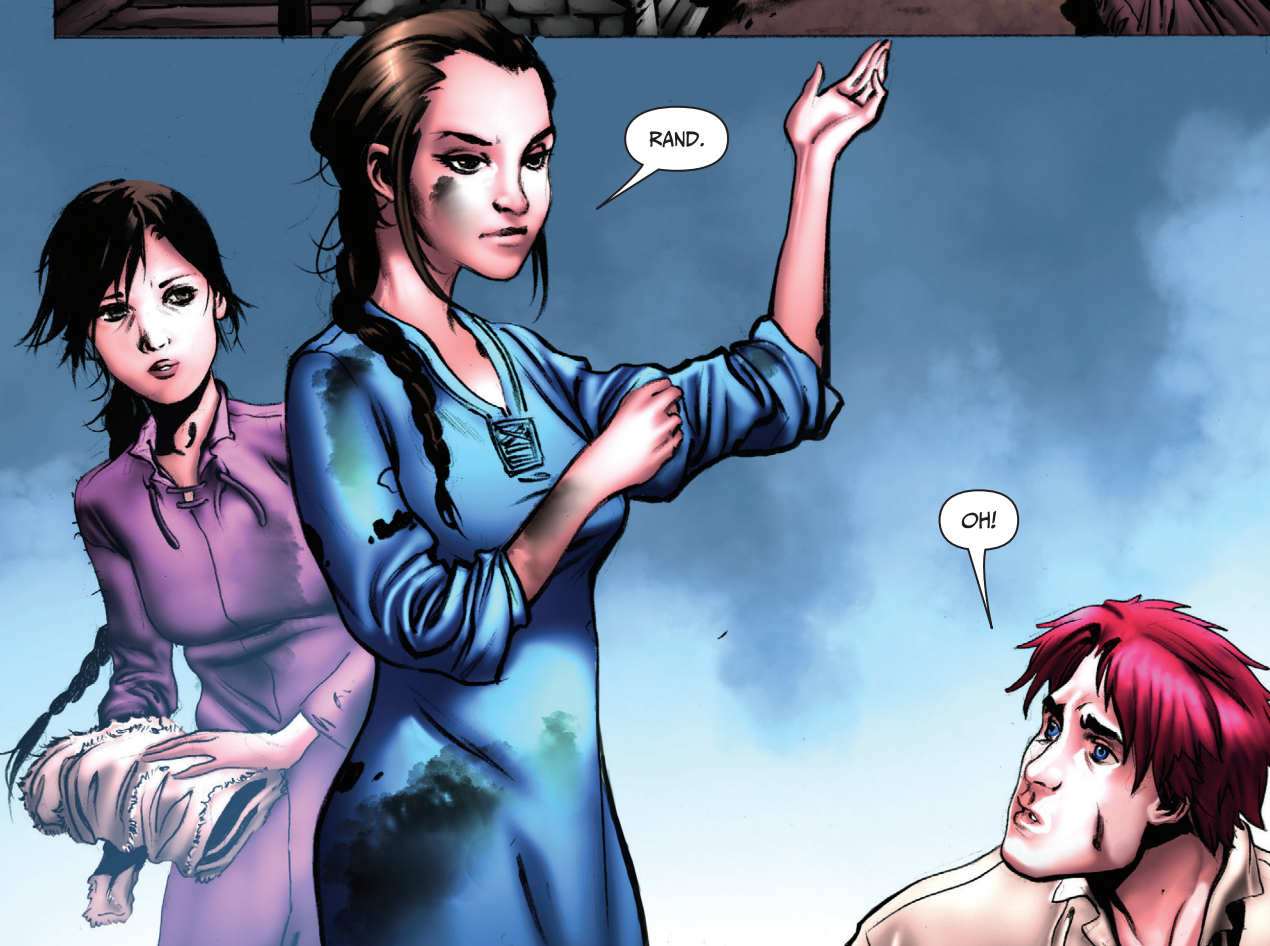
WE ALWAYS HAVE.



WELL, THERE'S WORK WAITING FOR ME. DON'T YOU WORRY, LAD. THE WISDOM WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, AND THE *LIGHT* WILL TAKE CARE OF US ALL.



AND IF THE *LIGHT* *DOESN'T*, WELL, WE'LL JUST TAKE CARE OF *OURSELVES*. REMEMBER, WE'RE TWO RIVERS FOLK.



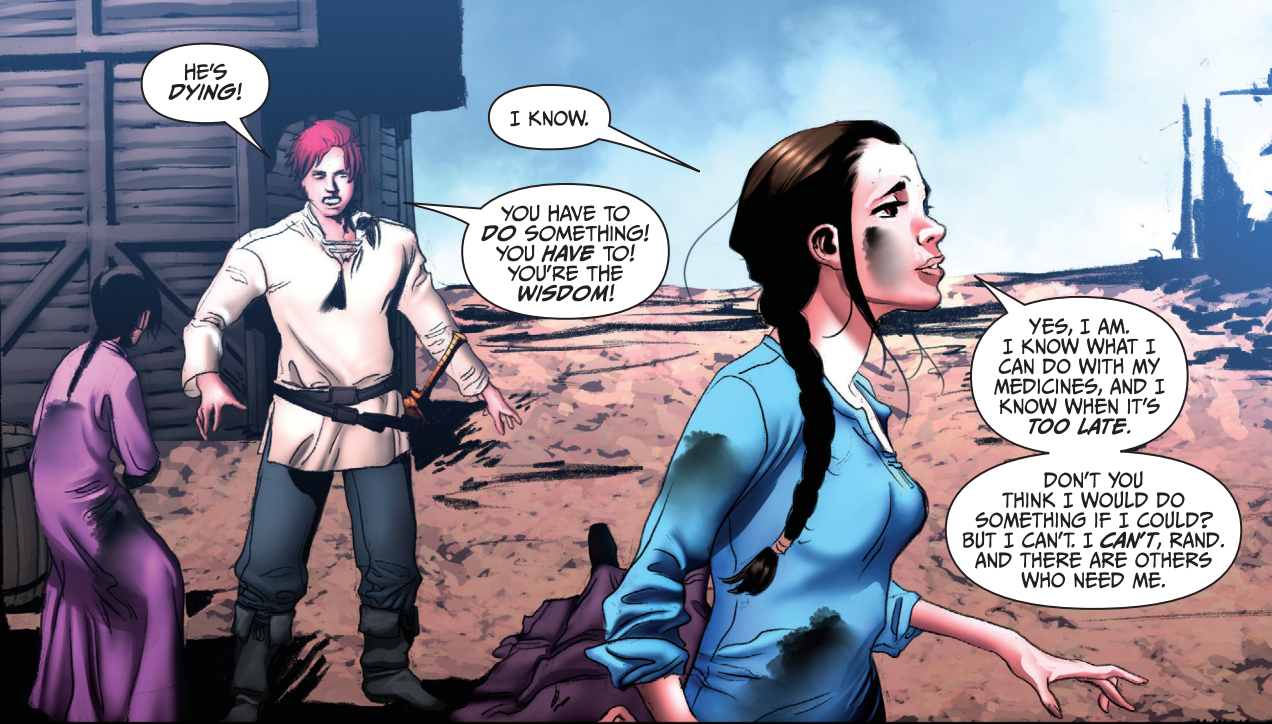
RAND.

OH!



THERE'S  
NOTHING I  
CAN DO.

I'M  
SORRY,  
RAND.



HE'S DYING!

I KNOW.

YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!  
YOU HAVE TO!  
YOU'RE THE WISDOM!

YES, I AM.  
I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO WITH MY MEDICINES, AND I KNOW WHEN IT'S TOO LATE.

DON'T YOU THINK I WOULD DO SOMETHING IF I COULD? BUT I CAN'T. I CAN'T, RAND. AND THERE ARE OTHERS WHO NEED ME.



PEOPLE I CAN HELP.



I BROUGHT HIM TO YOU AS QUICKLY AS I COULD...

I KNOW YOU DID. IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT. YOU DID THE BEST ANYONE COULD.

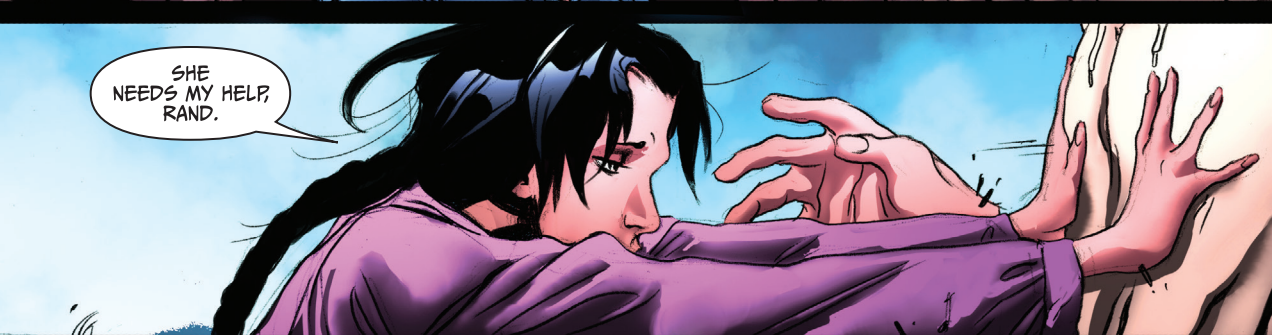
I AM SORRY, RAND, BUT I HAVE OTHERS TO TEND TO.



OUR TROUBLES ARE JUST BEGINNING, I'M AFRAID...



I'M SO SORRY, RAND! LIGHT, I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO...



"...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.

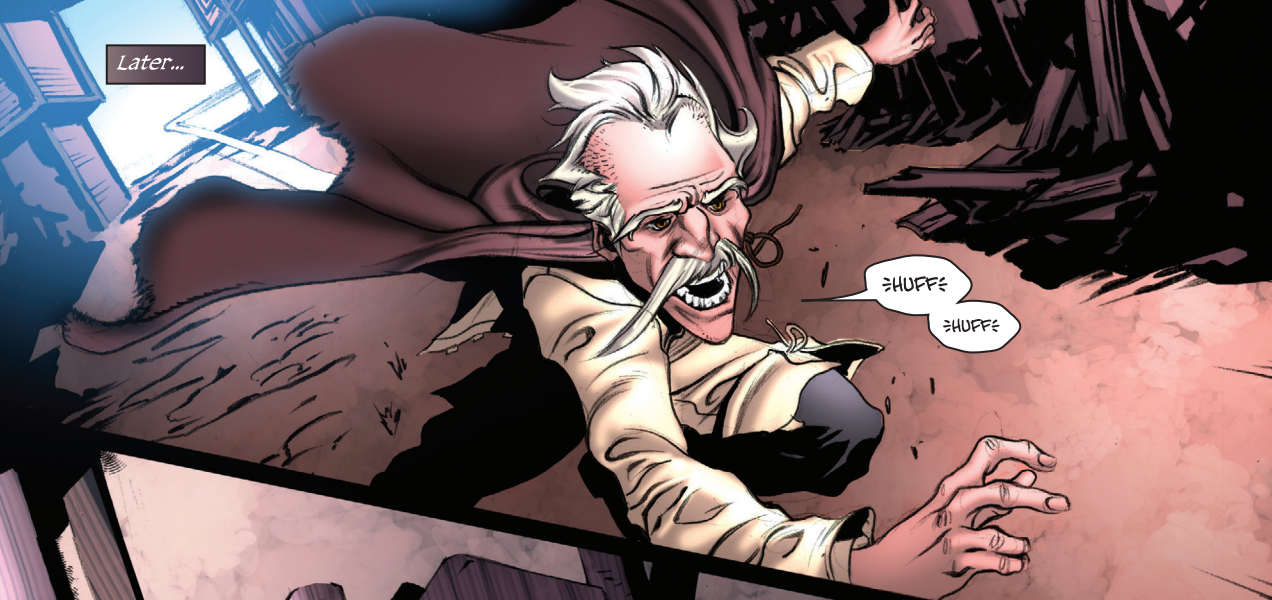
YOU SHOULD  
THANK THE LIGHT  
YOUR FATHER'S STILL  
HERE AND ALIVE  
FOR THE WISDOM  
TO HEAL.

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."





MOIRAIN?

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

HIS  
SWORD?

"THE MAN HIMSELF  
WAS A WEAPON."



IT'S STILL  
ALMOST TOO  
MUCH TO  
BELIEVE.

AN AES SEDAI  
IN EMOND'S FIELD.  
AND MASTER LAN  
IS A WARDER.



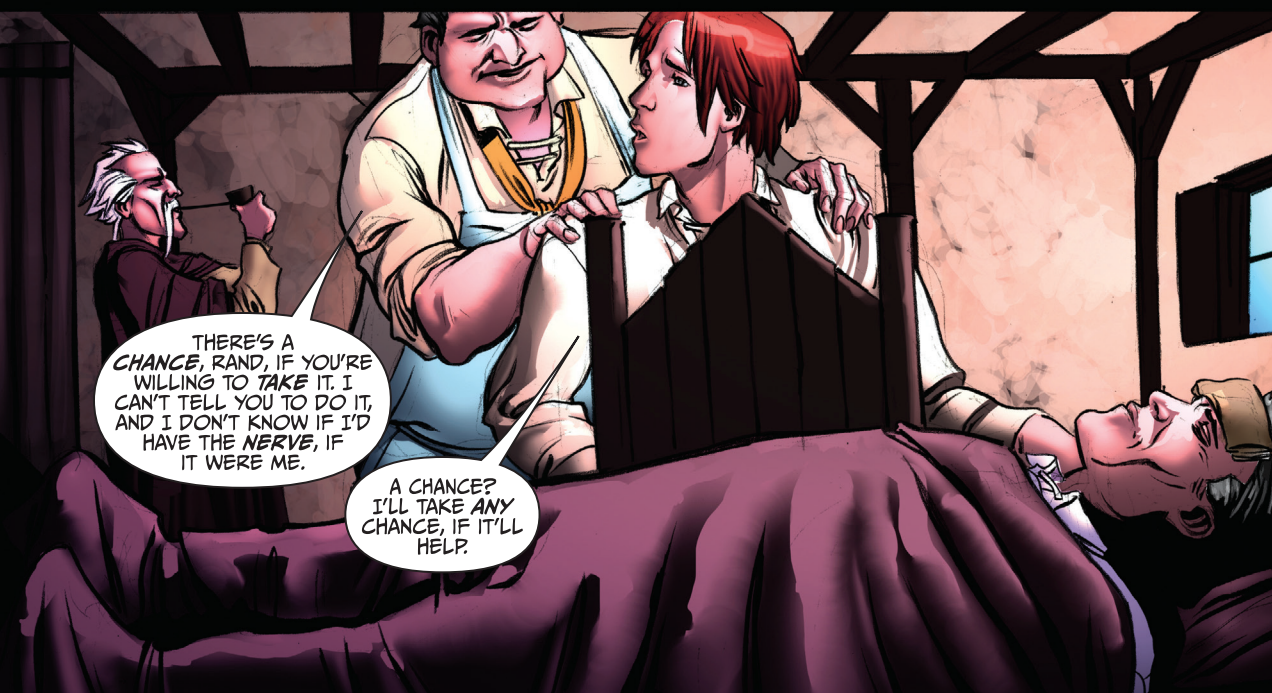
AN AES SEDAI?  
SHE CAN'T BE. I  
TALKED TO HER.  
SHE ISN'T... SHE  
DOESN'T...



DID YOU  
THINK THEY WORE  
SIGNS? 'AES SEDAI'  
PAINTED ACROSS  
THEIR BACKS, AND  
MAYBE, DANGER,  
STAY AWAY?

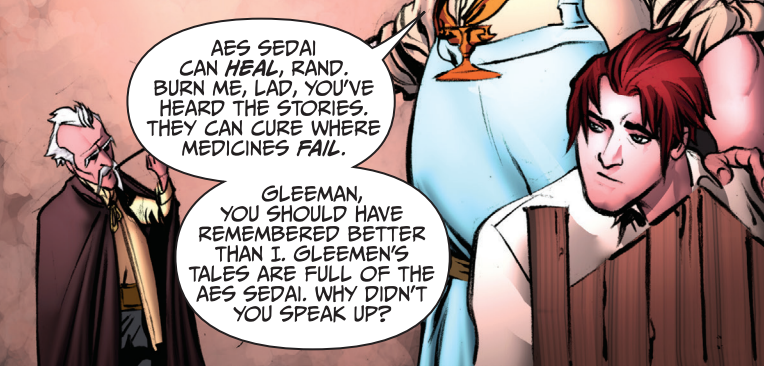
I--

AES SEDAI!  
I'M AN OLD FOOL,  
AND LOSING MY  
WITS!



THERE'S A  
CHANCE, RAND, IF YOU'RE  
WILLING TO TAKE IT. I  
CAN'T TELL YOU TO DO IT,  
AND I DON'T KNOW IF I'D  
HAVE THE NERVE, IF  
IT WERE ME.

A CHANCE?  
I'LL TAKE ANY  
CHANCE, IF IT'LL  
HELP.



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.

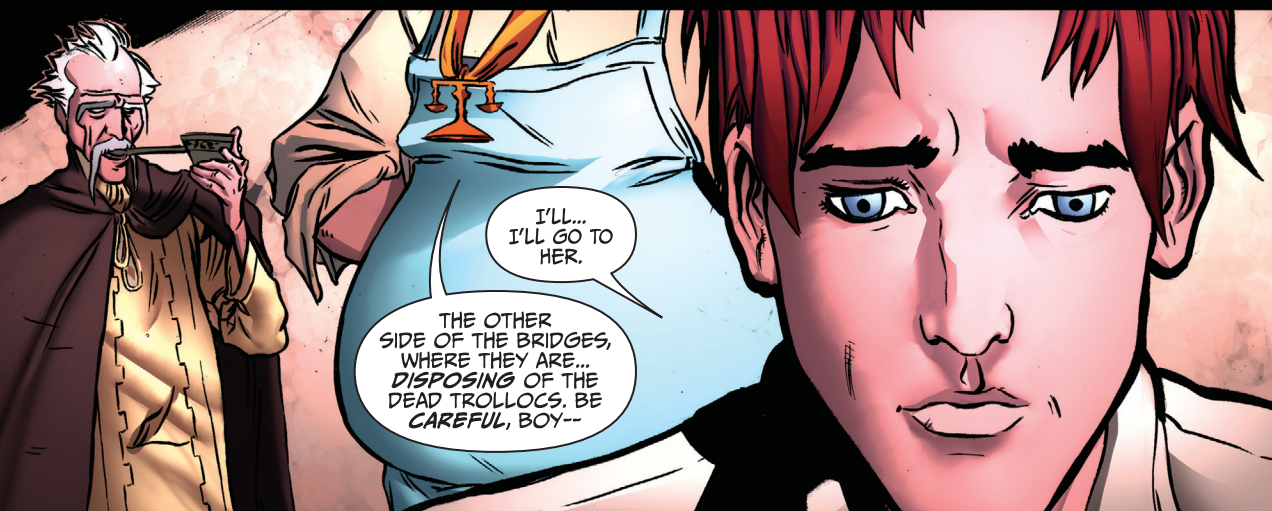
BUT I HAVE  
SEEN ONLY **GOOD**  
FROM MISTRESS  
MOIRAINÉ - MOIRAINÉ  
SEDAI, I SHOULD  
CALL HER.



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



NONE.



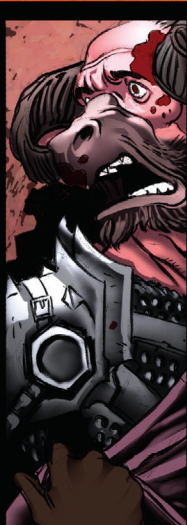
I'LL...  
I'LL GO TO  
HER.

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."



KO'BAL.

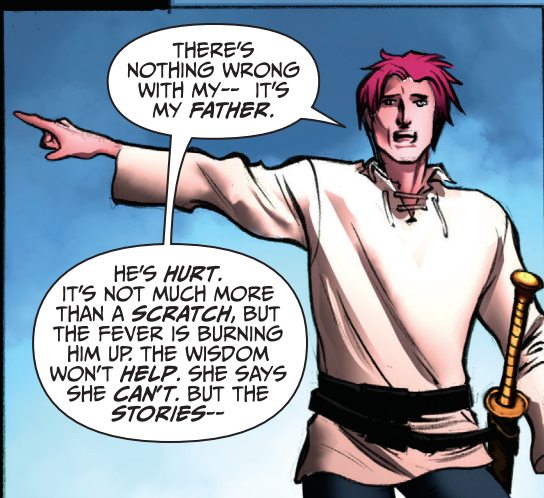


THAT MAKES SEVEN BANDS, SO FAR.

SEVEN BANDS. THAT MANY HAVE NOT ACTED TOGETHER SINCE THE TROLLOC WARS.

BAD NEWS PILES ON BAD NEWS.





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*.

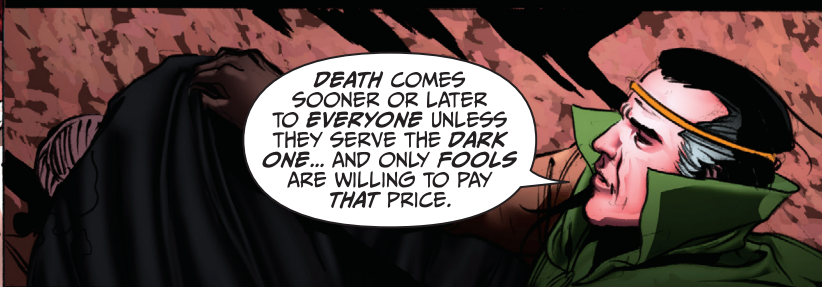


ANY PRICE.

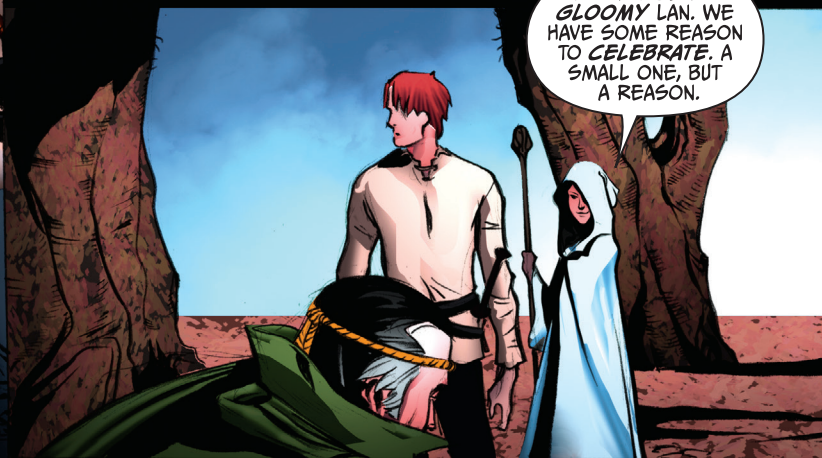
WE WILL SPEAK OF PRICES LATER, RAND, IF AT ALL. I CAN MAKE NO PROMISES. I WILL DO WHAT I *CAN*, BUT IT IS BEYOND MY POWER TO STOP THE WHEEL FROM TURNING.



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.





TAKE ME TO  
YOUR FATHER,  
RAND. I WILL HELP  
HIM AS MUCH AS I  
AM ABLE.



TOO  
MANY HERE HAVE  
REFUSED TO LET  
ME HELP AT  
ALL.



THEY  
HAVE HEARD  
THE STORIES  
TOO.



HE'S AT THE  
INN. THIS WAY.  
THANK YOU!  
THANK YOU!

AND PLEASE,  
HURRY! THE  
FEVER IS BURNING  
HIM UP!



"HURRY?"  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
SHE'S TIRED?



EVEN WITH  
AN *ANGREAL*, WHAT  
SHE DID LAST NIGHT WAS  
LIKE RUNNING AROUND  
THE VILLAGE WITH A  
SACK OF STONES ON  
HER BACK.

I DON'T  
KNOW THAT  
YOU ARE *WORTH* IT,  
SHEEPHERDER, NO  
MATTER WHAT SHE  
SAYS.

To be continued...



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