



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



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

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

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

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...AND THEN I, I...



...I HAD BETTER MAKE SURE SOME FARMER DOESN'T STEAL MY CLOAK TO KEEP HIS COW WARM.

AT LEAST I CAN HAVE MY PIPE OUT THERE.



I DO NOT LIKE THAT MAN.

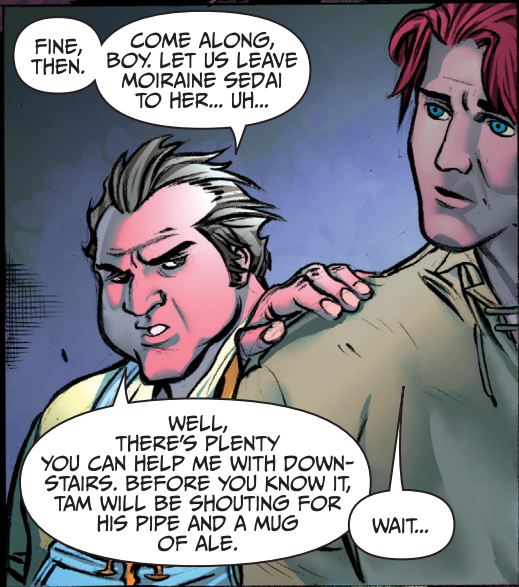
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM I DO NOT TRUST. I DID NOT SEE A HAIR OF HIM LAST NIGHT.



HE WAS THERE.
MUST HAVE BEEN.
HIS CLOAK DID
NOT GET SINGED
IN FRONT OF A
FIREPLACE.

MY
FATHER?

YES. LEAVE
ME WITH HIM, MASTER
AL'VERE. THERE IS
NOTHING YOU CAN DO
NOW EXCEPT GET IN
MY WAY.



FINE,
THEN.
COME ALONG,
BOY. LET US LEAVE
MOIRRAINE SEDAI
TO HER... UH...

WELL,
THERE'S PLENTY
YOU CAN HELP ME WITH DOWN-
STAIRS. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,
TAM WILL BE SHOUTING FOR
HIS PIPE AND A MUG
OF ALE.

WAIT...



CAN I STAY?
I'LL KEEP OUT
OF YOUR--


YES,
YES.



SIT OVER
THERE. YOU
TOO, LAN.

YOU MAY
TALK IF YOU
WISH, BUT DO IT
QUIETLY.

YOU GO,
MASTER AL'VERE. THIS
IS A SICK ROOM, NOT
A GATHERING HALL.
SEE THAT I AM NOT
DISTURBED.



THAT'S A FINE WEAPON YOU WEAR. IS THERE BY ANY CHANCE A HERON ON THE BLADE AS WELL?

YES, THERE IS. WHAT IS SHE DOING?

HM. I'D NOT HAVE THOUGHT TO FIND A HERON-MARK SWORD IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.

IT BELONGS TO MY FATHER. HE BOUGHT IT SOME TIME AGO.

STRANGE THING FOR A SHEEPHERDER TO BUY.

THAT BLADE MUST HAVE TRAVELED A STRANGE ROAD TO END UP IN THE TWO RIVERS.

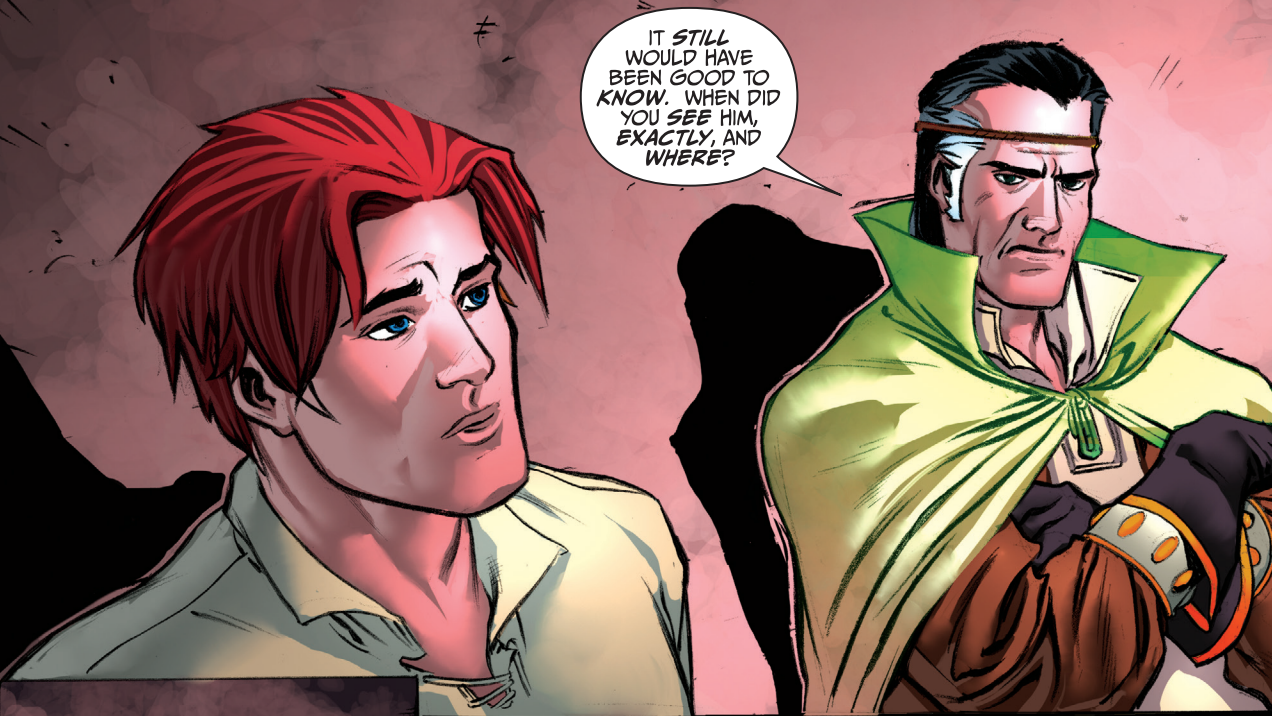
THE MAYOR SAID THE ONLY REASON THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF THE VILLAGE IS BECAUSE OF YOU AND HER.

IF YOU HAD BEEN TOLD ABOUT A MAN IN THE WOODS... A MAN WHO COULD MAKE PEOPLE AFRAID JUST BY LOOKING AT HIM... A MAN WHOSE HORSE MADE NO SOUND, AND THE WIND WOULDN'T TOUCH HIS CLOAK...

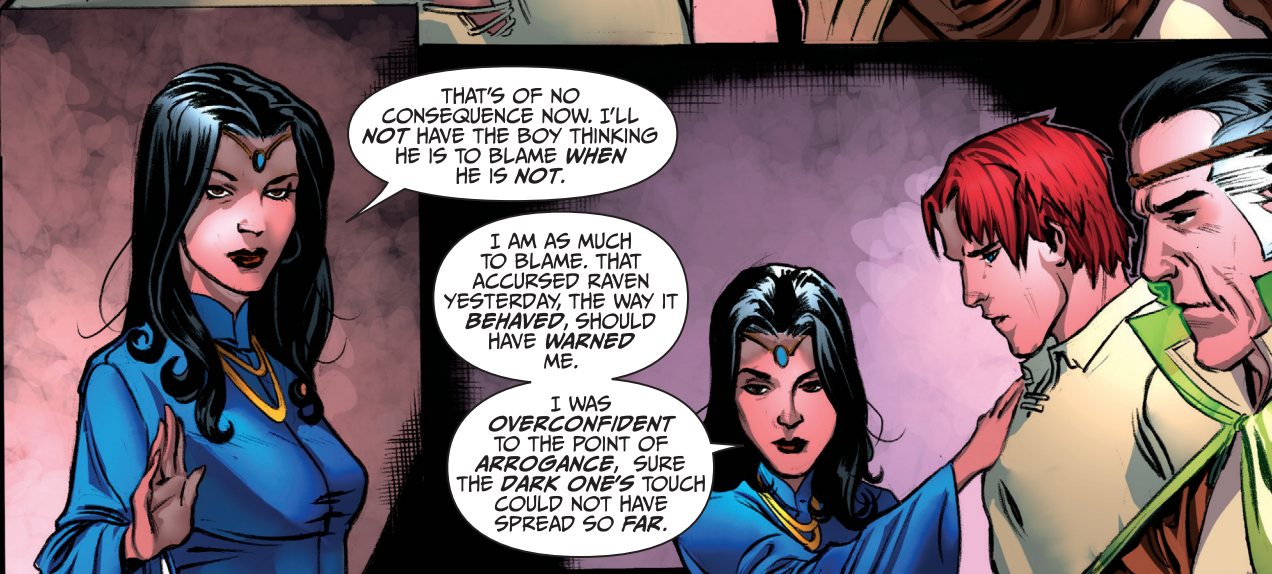
...COULD YOU AND MOIRAINÉ SEDAI HAVE STOPPED THIS IF YOU'D KNOWN ABOUT HIM? IF YOU'D BEEN WARNED?

...NOT WITHOUT A DOZEN OF MY SISTERS.

HAD I KNOWN WHEN I LEFT TAR VALON THAT I WOULD HAVE FOUND TROLLOCS AND MYRDDRAAL HERE... THERE IS ONLY SO MUCH ONE PERSON CAN DO, EVEN WHEN CALLING ON THE ONE POWER.



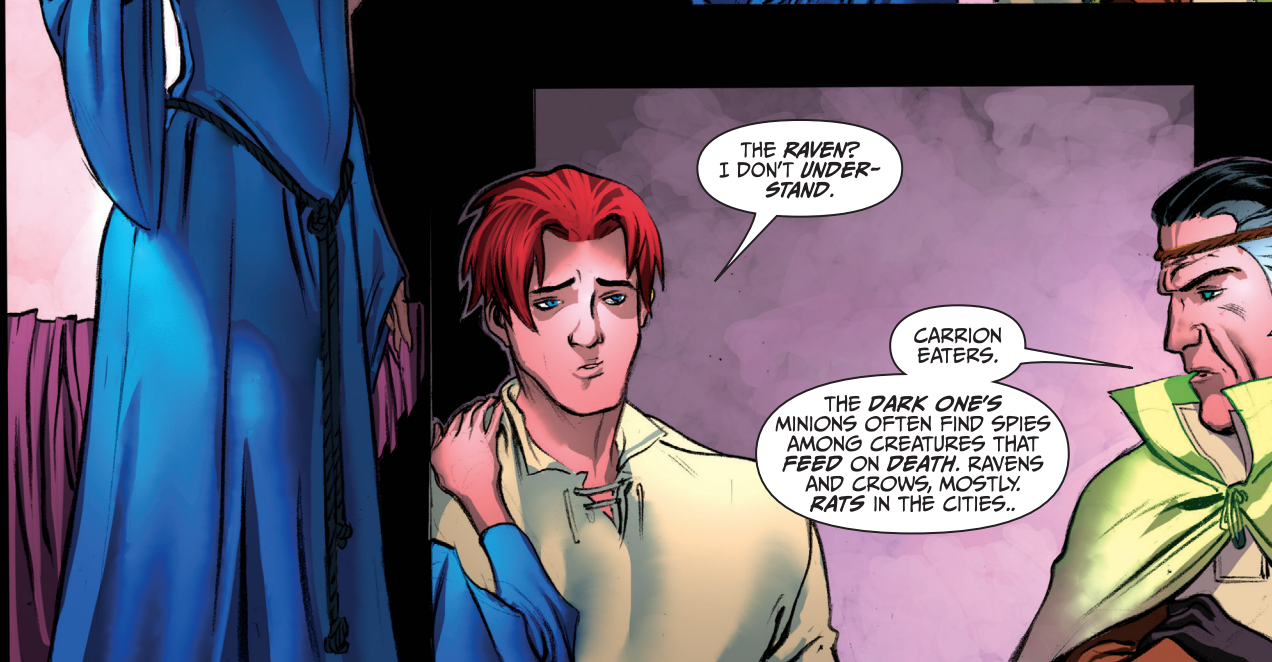
IT STILL
WOULD HAVE
BEEN GOOD TO
KNOW. WHEN DID
YOU SEE HIM,
EXACTLY, AND
WHERE?



THAT'S OF NO
CONSEQUENCE NOW. I'LL
NOT HAVE THE BOY THINKING
HE IS TO BLAME WHEN
HE IS NOT.

I AM AS MUCH
TO BLAME. THAT
ACCURSED RAVEN
YESTERDAY, THE WAY IT
BEHAVED, SHOULD
HAVE WARNED
ME.

I WAS
OVERCONFIDENT
TO THE POINT OF
ARROGANCE, SURE
THE DARK ONE'S TOUCH
COULD NOT HAVE
SPREAD SO FAR.



THE RAVEN?
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND.

CARRION
EATERS.

THE DARK ONE'S
MINIONS OFTEN FIND SPIES
AMONG CREATURES THAT
FEED ON DEATH. RAVENS
AND CROWS, MOSTLY.
RATS IN THE CITIES..

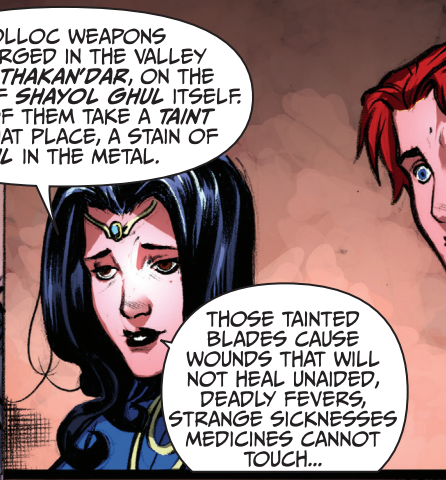


NOT
YET.

TROLLOC WEAPONS
ARE FORGED IN THE VALLEY
CALLED *THAKAN'DAR*, ON THE
SLOPES OF *SHAYOL GHUL* ITSELF.
SOME OF THEM TAKE A *TAINT*
FROM THAT PLACE, A STAIN OF
EVIL IN THE METAL.

NNNNMM...

YOU'VE
DONE IT!



THOSE TAINTED
BLADES CAUSE
WOUNDS THAT WILL
NOT HEAL UNAIDED,
DEADLY FEVERS,
STRANGE SICKNESSES
MEDICINES CANNOT
TOUCH...



I HAVE SOOTHED YOUR
FATHER'S PAIN, BUT THE
TAINT IS STILL IN HIM.
LEFT ALONE, IT WILL
GROW AGAIN AND
CONSUME HIM.

BUT YOU
WON'T
LEAVE IT
ALONE.

I WILL
NOT.



I *AM* VERY
TIRED, RAND, AND
I HAVE HAD NO
CHANCE TO REST
SINCE LAST
NIGHT.

ORDINARILY
IT WOULD NOT
MATTER, BUT FOR
THIS KIND OF
HURT...




THIS IS AN
ANGREAL.

SO FEW REMAIN,
THE *AMYRLIN SEAT*
ALMOST DID NOT ALLOW ME
TO TAKE THIS ONE. IT IS WELL
FOR *EMOND'S FIELD*, AND
YOUR FATHER, THAT SHE DID
GIVE HER PERMISSION...
BUT YOU MUST *NOT* HOPE
TOO MUCH.

YOU CAN
HELP HIM. I *KNOW*
YOU CAN.


WE SHALL
SEE.



THAT *RIDER* YOU SPOKE OF. THE ONE WHO MADE YOU AFRAID. THAT WAS SURELY A MYRDDRAAL.

A MYRDDRAAL?!? BUT FADES ARE TWENTY FEET TALL!

SOMETIMES, SHEEPHERDER, STORIES MAKE THINGS *LARGER* THAN *TRUTH*. BUT THE *TRUTH* IS LARGE ENOUGH WITH A *HALFMAN*.



HALFMEN, FADES, LURKS... THEY ARE ALL MYRDDRAAL. AND THEY HAVE POWERS OF A KIND, THE SORT THAT STEM FROM THE *DARK ONE*.

ONLY THE WEAKEST AES SEDAI WOULD FAIL TO BE A MATCH FOR A FADE ONE AGAINST ONE, BUT MANY A GOOD MAN AND TRUE HAS FALLEN AGAINST THEM.

HE SCARED ME. HE JUST LOOKED AT ME, AND...

NO NEED FOR *SHAME*, SHEEPHERDER. THEY SCARE *ME*, TOO. IN THE NORTH, THERE'S A SAYING: THE LOOK OF THE *EYELESS* IS FEAR.



THE *EYELESS*?

MYRDDRAAL SEE LIKE EAGLES IN DARKNESS OR IN LIGHT, BUT THEY HAVE NO EYES. I CAN THINK OF *FEW* THINGS MORE DANGEROUS THAN FACING ONE.

MOIRAIN SEDAI AND I BOTH TRIED TO KILL THE MYRDDRAAL THAT WAS HERE LAST NIGHT, BUT WE BOTH FAILED; HALFMEN HAVE THE *DARK ONE'S* OWN LUCK...

A... A TROLLOC SAID THE MYRDDRAAL WANTED TO *TALK* TO ME. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THAT *MEANT*.



YOU TALKED TO A TROLLOC?!

N-NOT EXACTLY. IT TALKED TO *ME*. IT SAID IT WOULDN'T HURT ME, THAT THE *MYRDDRAAL* WANTED TO TALK TO ME.

...THEN IT TRIED TO *KILL* ME. I KILLED IT INSTEAD. BY *ACCIDENT*, REALLY. IT JUMPED AT ME, AND I HAD THE *SWORD* IN MY HAND...

EVEN SO, THAT IS SOMETHING TO SPEAK OF, SHEEPHERDER. UNTIL LAST NIGHT THERE WERE FEW MEN SOUTH OF THE BORDERLANDS WHO COULD SAY THEY HAD *SEEN* A TROLLOC, MUCH LESS KILLED ONE.



AND FEWER STILL WHO HAVE SLAIN A TROLLOC ALONE AND UNAIDED.

IT IS *DONE*, RAND. LAN, HELP ME UP.

HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW?

WITH *REST*, YES. HE WILL BE AS GOOD AS EVER. THE TAINT IS *GONE*.



I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU. BUT ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT HURT THE VILLAGE OR MY FRIENDS, I *WILL*.

IF YOU THINK IT *NECESSARY*. I WOULD LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU ANYWAY... YOU WILL NO DOUBT LEAVE AT THE SAME TIME *WE* DO, AND WE CAN SPEAK AT LENGTH THEN.



LEAVE!?



IS IT REALLY THAT *BAD*? EVERYONE LOOKED READY TO START *REBUILDING*. WE'RE PRETTY SETTLED FOLK IN THE TWO RIVERS - NO ONE EVER LEAVES.

AND WHERE WOULD WE GO? PADAN FAIN SAID THE WEATHER IS JUST AS BAD EVERYWHERE ELSE. THE BEST I CAN SEE IS TO STAY RIGHT HERE WHERE WE BELONG. WHO STARTED THIS TALK OF LEAVING? ONE OF THE COPLINS, I'D BET, BUT WHOEVER--

SHEEPHERDER.

YOU TALK WHEN YOU SHOULD BE LISTENING.



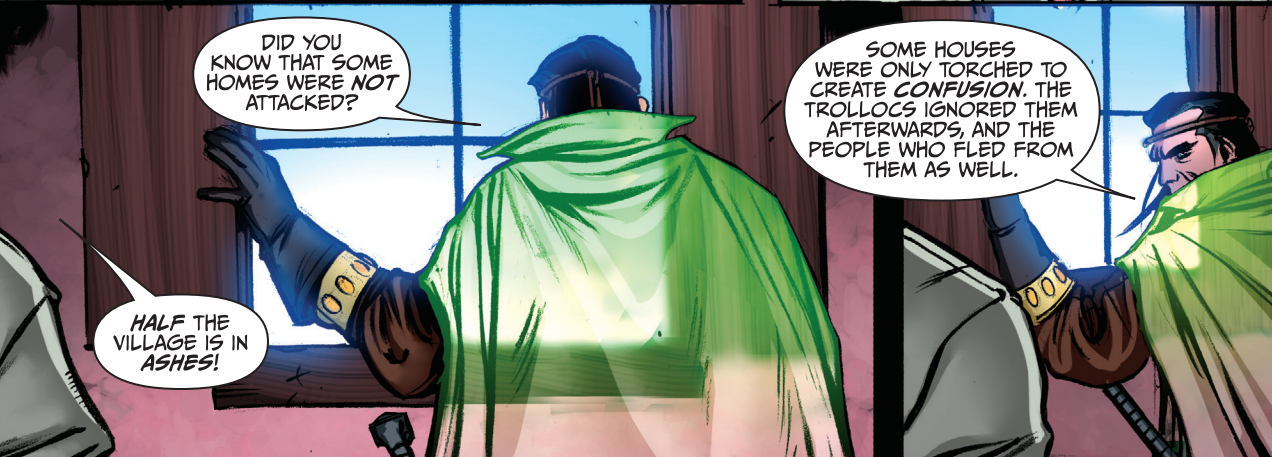
I HAVE HANDLED THIS BADLY, I SEE. I SHOULD HAVE RESTED *FIRST*, I SUPPOSE.

IT IS *YOU* WHO WILL BE LEAVING, RAND. YOU WHO *MUST* LEAVE, FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR VILLAGE.



ME?
ME?

WHY? I DON'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE!



DID YOU KNOW THAT SOME HOMES WERE *NOT* ATTACKED?

HALF THE VILLAGE IS IN ASHES!

SOME HOUSES WERE ONLY TORCHED TO CREATE *CONFUSION*. THE TROLLOCS IGNORED THEM AFTERWARDS, AND THE PEOPLE WHO FLED FROM THEM AS WELL.




TWO FARMS
WERE ATTACKED:
YOURS, AND THE
AYBARA FARM.


HERE IN EMOND'S
FIELD, THEY STRUCK
FIRST AT THE FORGE,
AND THE BLACKSMITH'S
HOUSE, AND MASTER
CAUTION'S HOUSE.



THAT -
THAT'S
CRAZY.



NOT CRAZY,
RAND. *PURPOSEFUL*.
THE TROLLOCS DID NOT
COME TO EMOND'S
FIELD BY HAPPEN-
STANCE.



THEY KNEW
EXACTLY WHAT -
OR, RATHER, *WHO*
- THEY WERE
AFTER.

THE TROLLOCS
CAME TO KILL OR
CAPTURE *YOUNG MEN*
OF A *CERTAIN AGE* WHO
LIVE NEAR EMOND'S
FIELD.




MY AGE?
LIGHT!
MAT.

WHAT ABOUT
PERRIN?

ALIVE AND
WELL, IF A TRIFLE
SOOTY.

BAN
CRAWE AND LEM
THANE?

WERE NEVER
IN ANY DANGER. AT
LEAST NO MORE
THAN ANYONE
ELSE.



BUT THEY SAW
THE RIDER, TOO, THE
FADE, AND THEY'RE
THE SAME AGE I AM!
THEY--



BAN IS TEN MONTHS OLDER THAN YOU, AND LEM IS EIGHT MONTHS *YOUNGER*. I SAID YOUNG MEN OF A *CERTAIN* AGE.

YOU AND YOUR TWO FRIENDS ARE WITHIN *WEEKS* OF EACH OTHER...

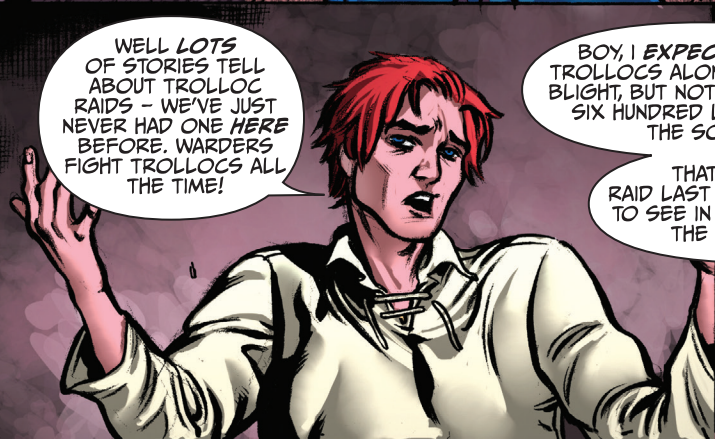


...IT WAS *YOU THREE* THE MYRDDRAAL SOUGHT, AND NONE OTHER.

WHAT WOULD THEY WANT WITH US? WE'RE JUST FARMERS. *SHEPHERDS*.

THAT IS A QUESTION THAT HAS NO ANSWER IN THE TWO RIVERS...

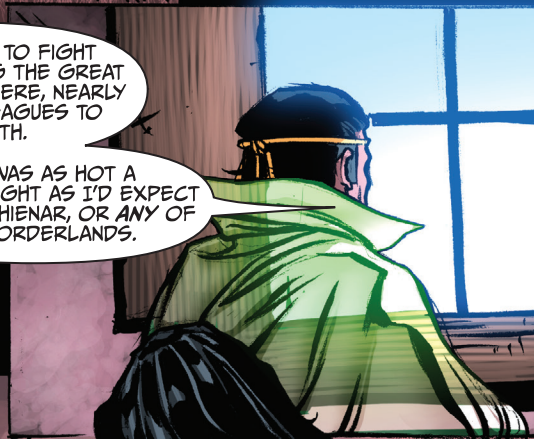
...BUT THE ANSWER *IS* IMPORTANT. TROLLOCS IN PLACES THEY HAVE NOT BEEN SEEN IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS TELLS US THAT MUCH.



WELL *LOTS* OF STORIES TELL ABOUT TROLLOC RAIDS - WE'VE JUST NEVER HAD ONE *HERE* BEFORE. WARDERS FIGHT TROLLOCS ALL THE TIME!

BOY, I *EXPECT* TO FIGHT TROLLOCS ALONG THE GREAT BLIGHT, BUT NOT HERE, NEARLY SIX HUNDRED LEAGUES TO THE SOUTH.

THAT WAS AS HOT A RAID LAST NIGHT AS I'D EXPECT TO SEE IN SHIENAR, OR ANY OF THE BORDERLANDS.



IN ONE OF YOU, OR ALL THREE, THERE IS SOMETHING THE DARK ONE FEARS.

THAT... THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*. I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED, THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*. I'M A *SHEPHERD*. THE DARK ONE CAN'T BE INTERESTED IN *ME*.



IT TOOK A HUGE EFFORT TO BRING SO MANY TROLLOCS SO FAR WITHOUT RAISING A CRY. I WISH I KNEW HOW THEY DID IT.

DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY WENT TO ALL THAT TROUBLE JUST TO BURN A FEW HOUSES?

AND THEY WILL BE BACK.



THAT'S WHY I - WHY WE HAVE TO LEAVE, ISN'T IT? THE TROLLOCS WON'T COME BACK IF WE'RE NOT HERE.

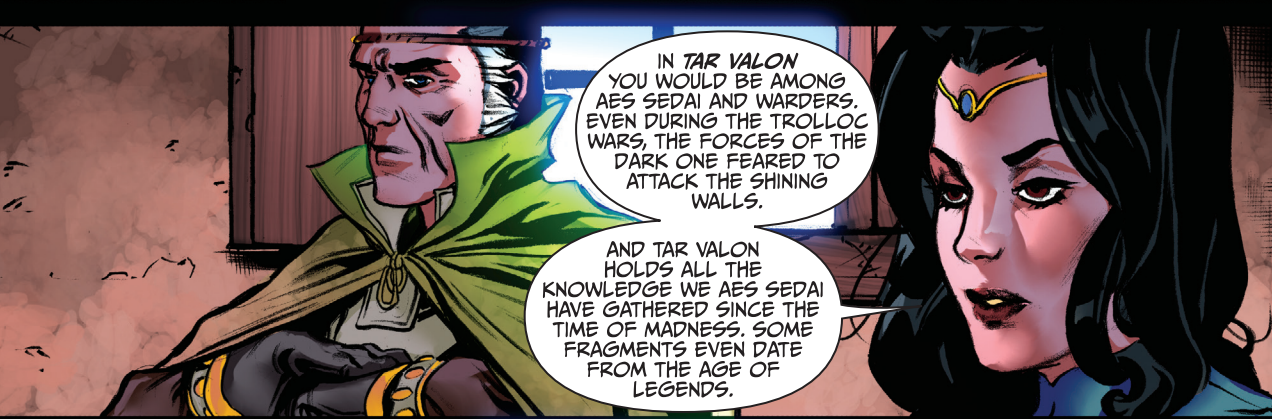
WE COULD GO TO BAERLON, I SUPPOSE. OR EVEN CAEMLYN. I'VE HEARD THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE IN CAEMLYN THAN IN THE WHOLE TWO RIVERS. WE'D BE SAFE THERE.

I USED TO DAYDREAM ABOUT SEEING CAEMLYN, BUT NEVER LIKE THIS.



I WOULD NOT COUNT ON CAEMLYN FOR SAFETY. IF THE MYRDDRAAL WANT YOU BADLY ENOUGH, THEY WILL FIND A WAY. WALLS ARE A POOR BAR TO A HALFMAN.

THERE IS A PLACE OF SAFETY...



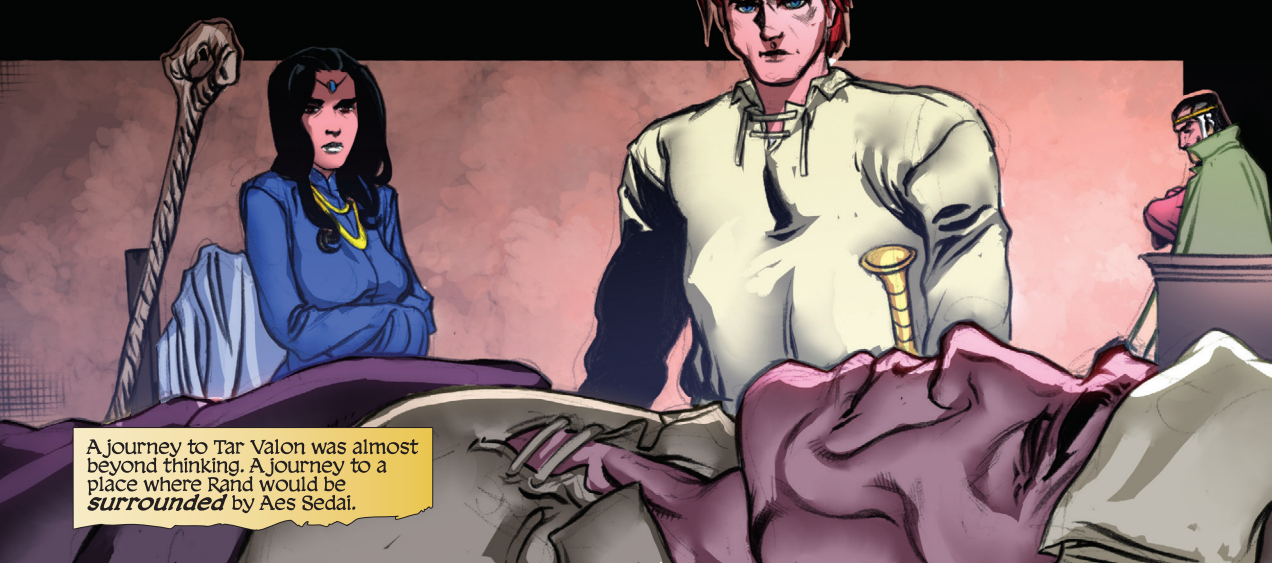
IN TAR VALON YOU WOULD BE AMONG AES SEDAI AND WARDERS. EVEN DURING THE TROLLOC WARS, THE FORCES OF THE DARK ONE FEARED TO ATTACK THE SHINING WALLS.

AND TAR VALON HOLDS ALL THE KNOWLEDGE WE AES SEDAI HAVE GATHERED SINCE THE TIME OF MADNESS. SOME FRAGMENTS EVEN DATE FROM THE AGE OF LEGENDS.



IN TAR VALON, IF ANYWHERE, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN WHY THE MYRDDRAAL WANT YOU. WHY THE FATHER OF LIES WANTS YOU.

THAT I CAN PROMISE.



A journey to Tar Valon was almost beyond thinking. A journey to a place where Rand would be *surrounded* by Aes Sedai.



Of course, Moiraine had healed Tam - or it looked as if she had, at least - but there were all those stories. It was uncomfortable enough to be in a room with one Aes Sedai, but a city full of them...

...And she still had not demanded her price. There was *always* a price, the stories said.



HOW LONG WILL MY FATHER SLEEP? I...

I HAVE TO TELL HIM. HE SHOULDN'T JUST WAKE AND FIND ME GONE.




IT IS UNLIKELY HE WILL AWAKE BEFORE WE DEPART... I MEAN TO GO SOON AFTER FULL DARK.

EVEN A SINGLE DAY OF DELAY MAY BE FATAL. IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU LEAVE HIM A NOTE.

IN THE NIGHT? I - IN THAT CASE, I'D BETTER GO FIND MAT AND PERRIN...

I WILL ATTEND TO THAT.

I WILL HAVE MISTRESS AL'VERE BRING YOU SOMETHING TO EAT, AND THEN YOU NEED TO SLEEP. THIS WILL BE A HARD JOURNEY, EVEN IF YOU ARE RESTED.



Rand's heart
pounded as he ran.

He looked over his shoulder
often, but he could not see his
pursuers... only desolate hills
and jagged black mountains, and
lands that spring had never
touched.

If he could not *see* his
hunters, though, he could *hear*
them, guttural voices howling
with the joy of blood to come.

Trollocs.

Coming closer.

And his strength was
almost gone.



SHUFFE

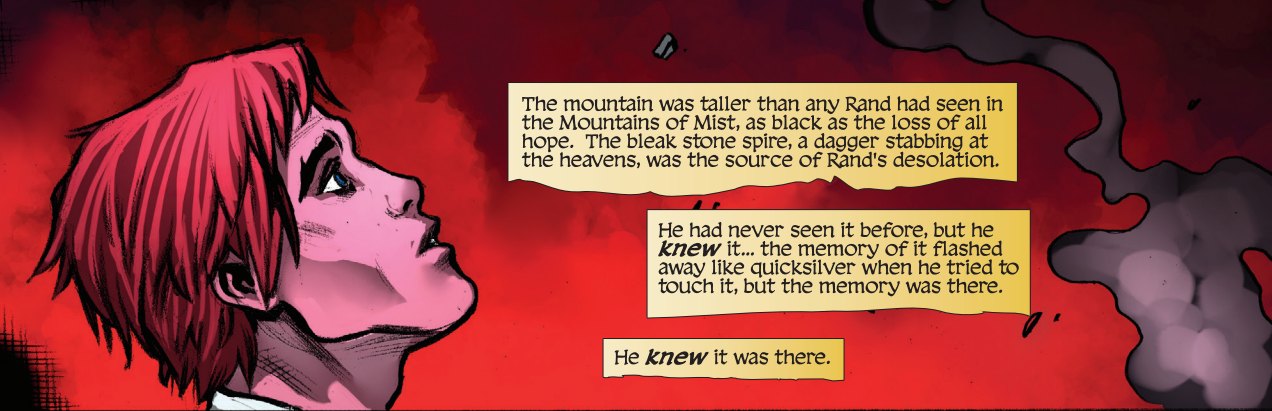
SHUFFE

SHUFFE

SHUFFE

SHUFFE





The mountain was taller than any Rand had seen in the Mountains of Mist, as black as the loss of all hope. The bleak stone spire, a dagger stabbing at the heavens, was the source of Rand's desolation.

He had never seen it before, but he *knew* it... the memory of it flashed away like quicksilver when he tried to touch it, but the memory was there.

He *knew* it was there.



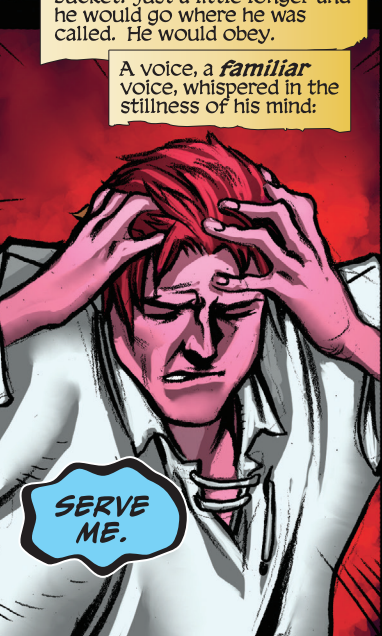
Unseen fingers touched him, pulled at his arms and legs, trying to draw him to the mountain.

Ghostly strings entwined around his heart, pulling him, calling him to the spire mountain.

Rand felt his will draining away like water out of a holed bucket. Just a little longer and he would go where he was called. He would obey.

A voice, a *familiar* voice, whispered in the stillness of his mind:

Abruptly, he discovered *another* emotion... *anger*.



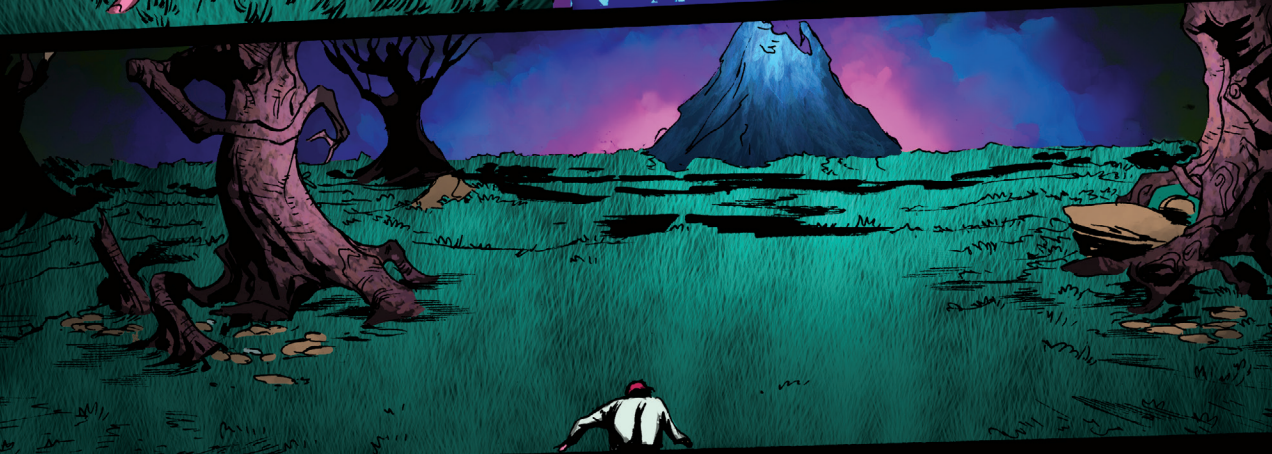
SERVE ME.

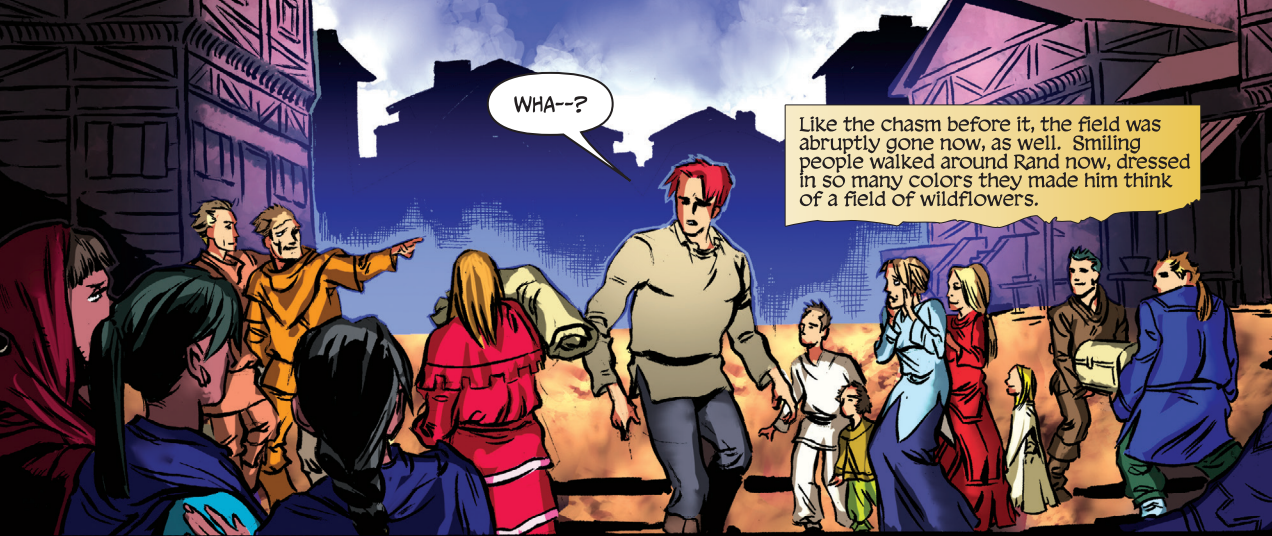


SERVE ME!

THE LIGHT CONSUME YOU, SHAI'TAN!





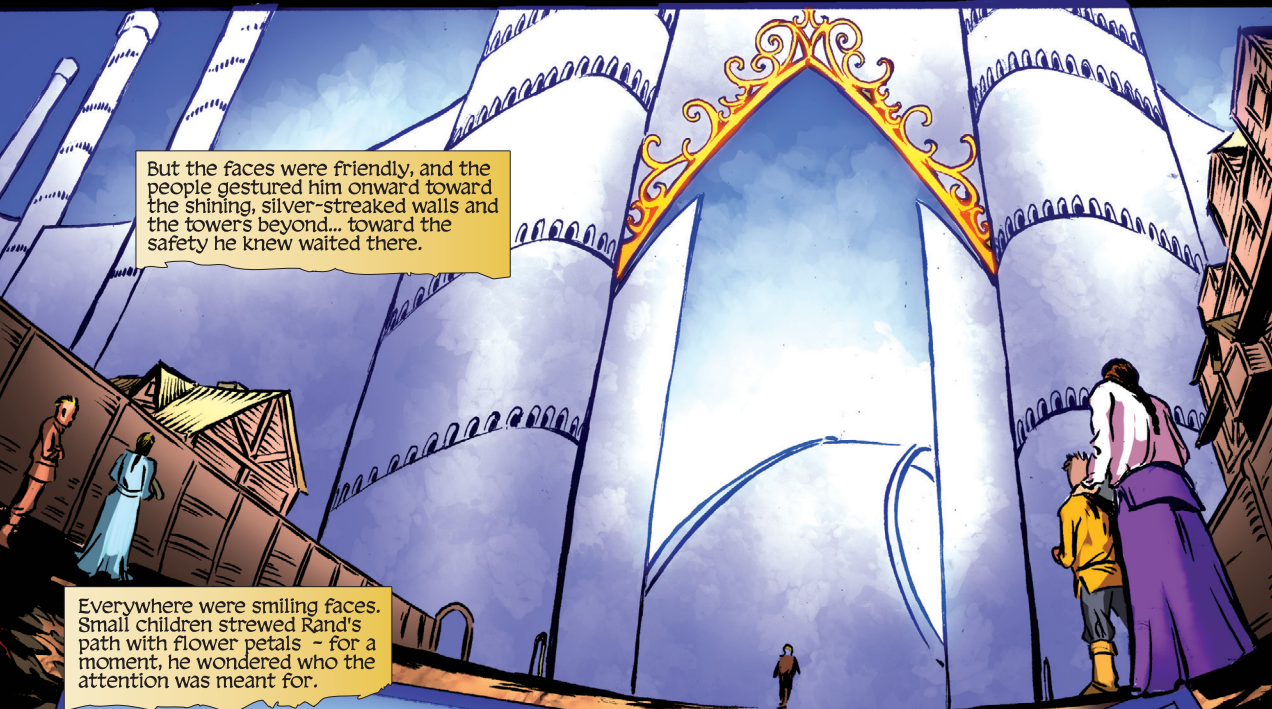


WHA--?

Like the chasm before it, the field was abruptly gone now, as well. Smiling people walked around Rand now, dressed in so many colors they made him think of a field of wildflowers.



Some of them spoke to him, but he could not understand, though the words sounded as though he should.



But the faces were friendly, and the people gestured him onward toward the shining, silver-streaked walls and the towers beyond... toward the safety he knew waited there.

Everywhere were smiling faces. Small children strewed Rand's path with flower petals - for a moment, he wondered who the attention was meant for.



But it was for him, and all was as it should be.

In the back of his mind, Rand could hear a voice. The voice said: *"It is your destiny."*



"...Your *destiny*."



GREEEAK



"Rand entered the tower without hesitation. *This* was where he *belonged*."

"It was his destiny."



WHA--?

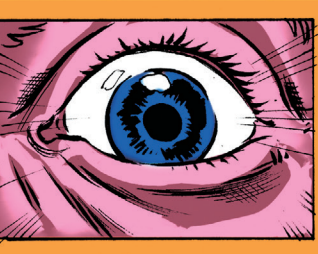
GLAM!

RAND
AL'THOR...





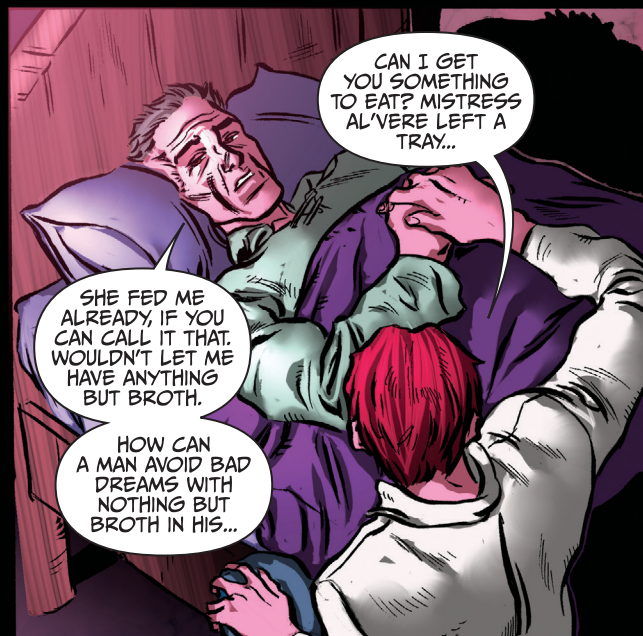
...WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU...



THERE YOU ARE, BOY. MARIN SAID YOU WERE HERE, BUT I COULDN'T EVEN SIT UP TO SEE.



NOOO!



CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT? MISTRESS AL'VERE LEFT A TRAY...

SHE FED ME ALREADY, IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT. WOULDN'T LET ME HAVE ANYTHING BUT BROTH.

HOW CAN A MAN AVOID BAD DREAMS WITH NOTHING BUT BROTH IN HIS...



SAY YOUR GOODBYES QUICKLY, SHEEPHERDER, AND COME. THERE MAY BE TROUBLE.

TROUBLE?

JUST HURRY!



GOOD-BYES?

"Over the next few minutes, Rand told his father all that he had missed in the last day."

"Tam took it all in, and finally said..."

I SHOULD BE GOING WITH YOU.

I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE A HUNDRED REASONS WHY I SHOULD NOT GO.

MAYBE NOT A HUNDRED, BUT A FEW CAME TO MIND. ONLY THEY DON'T COUNT FOR MUCH.

IF TROLLOCS ARE AFTER YOU, YOU'LL BE SAFER IN TAR VALON THAN YOU COULD EVER BE HERE. JUST BE WARY. LISTEN SHARP, THINK DEEP, AND MIND YOUR TONGUE.

SHEEPHERDER!

I WILL COME BACK. I PROMISE YOU THAT.

OF COURSE YOU WILL. I KNOW THAT. AND I'LL HAVE TWICE AS MANY SHEEP FOR YOU TO TEND WHEN YOU RETURN.

NOW GO. BEFORE THAT FELLOW DOES HIMSELF AN INJURY.

To be continued...