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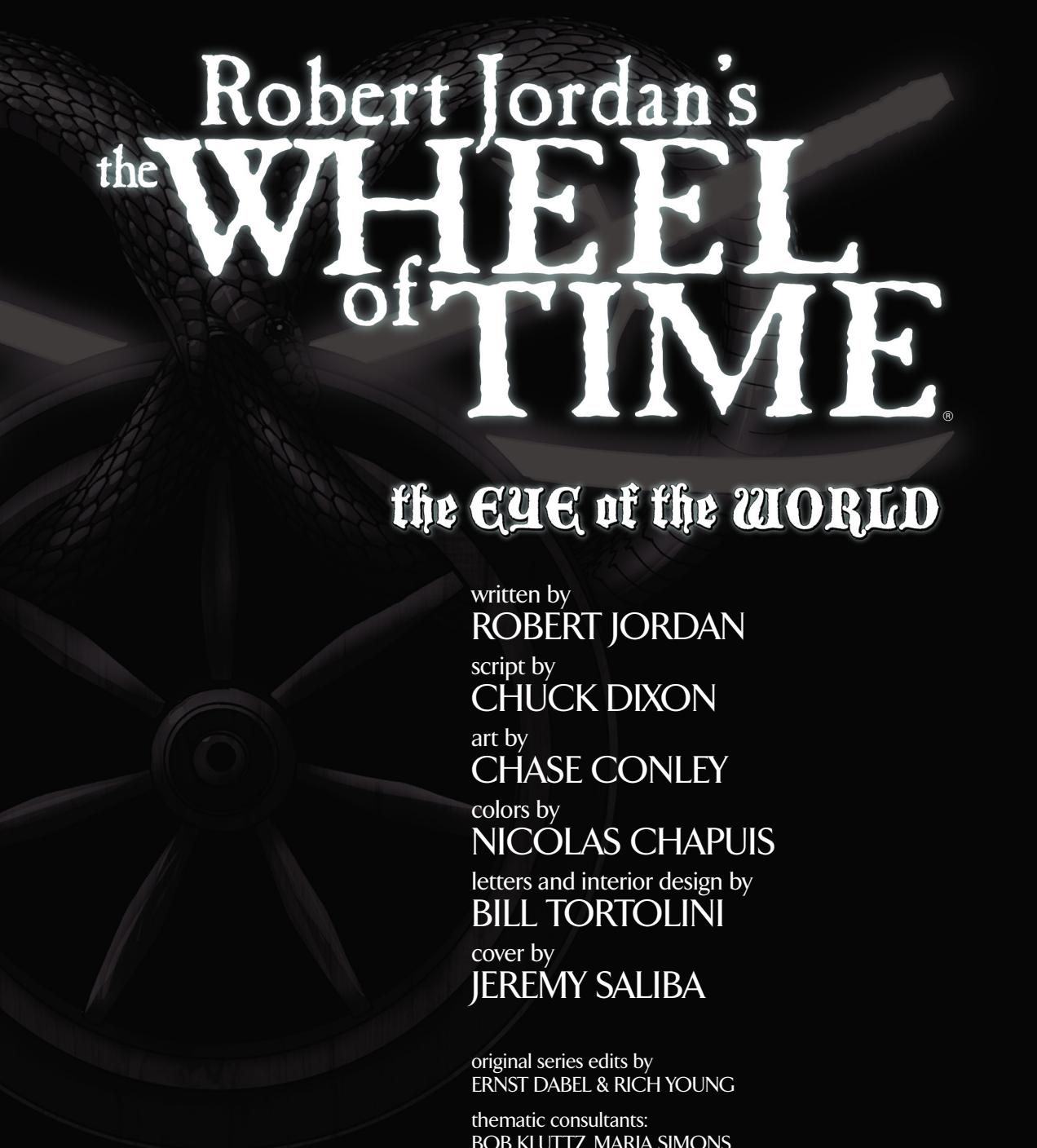
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Robert Jordan's  
the WHEEL  
of TIME®



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

## the EYE of the WORLD

written by

**ROBERT JORDAN**

script by

**CHUCK DIXON**

art by

**CHASE CONLEY**

colors by

**NICOLAS CHAPUIS**

letters and interior design by

**BILL TORTOLINI**

cover by

**JEREMY SALIBA**

original series edits by

**ERNST DABEL & RICH YOUNG**

thematic consultants:

**BOB KLUTTZ, MARIA SIMONS  
& ALAN ROMANZUK**

consultation:

**ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL**

special thanks to:

**HARRIET MCDUGAL, NAT SOBEL,**

**ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,**

**MELISSA ANN SINGER & STEVEN PADNICK**

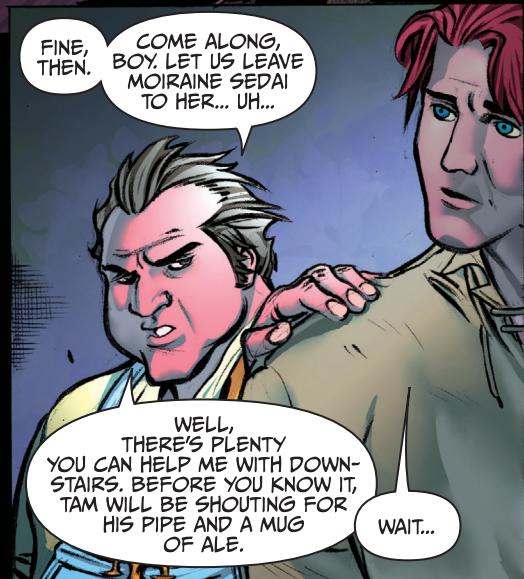
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**JUAN COLLADO** • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER  
**JOSEPH RYBANDT** • EDITOR  
**JOSH JOHNSON** • CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
**RICH YOUNG** • DIR. BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT  
**JASON ULLMEYER** • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

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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  
MOIRANE 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 MYRDRAL  
HERE... THERE IS ONLY SO  
MUCH ONE PERSON CAN DO,  
EVEN WHEN CALLING ON  
THE ONE POWER.

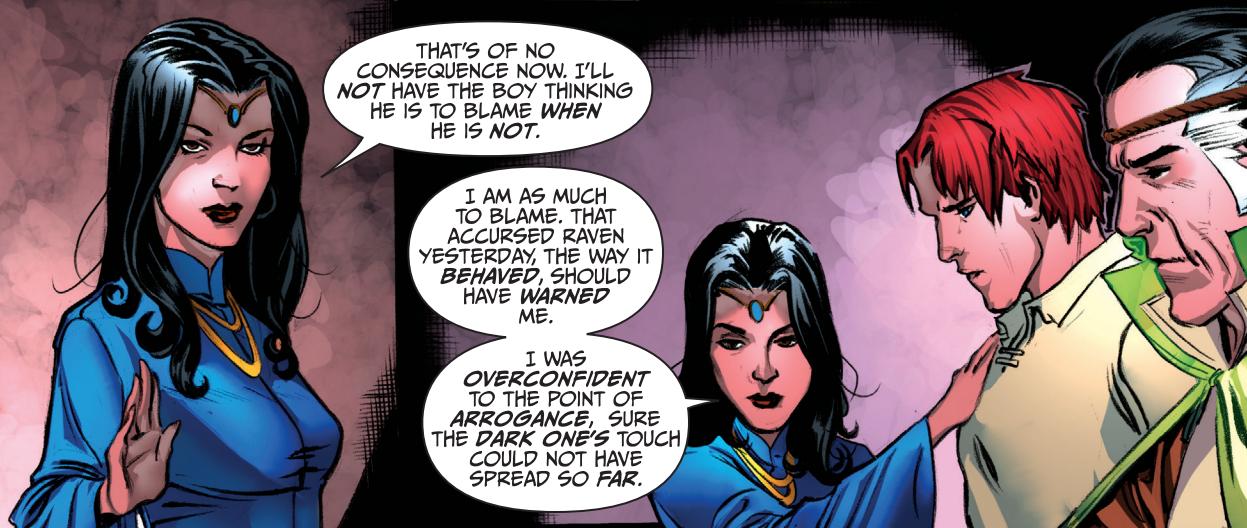
IT STILL  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN GOOD TO  
KNOW. WHEN DID  
YOU SEE HIM,  
EXACTLY, AND  
WHERE?



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.

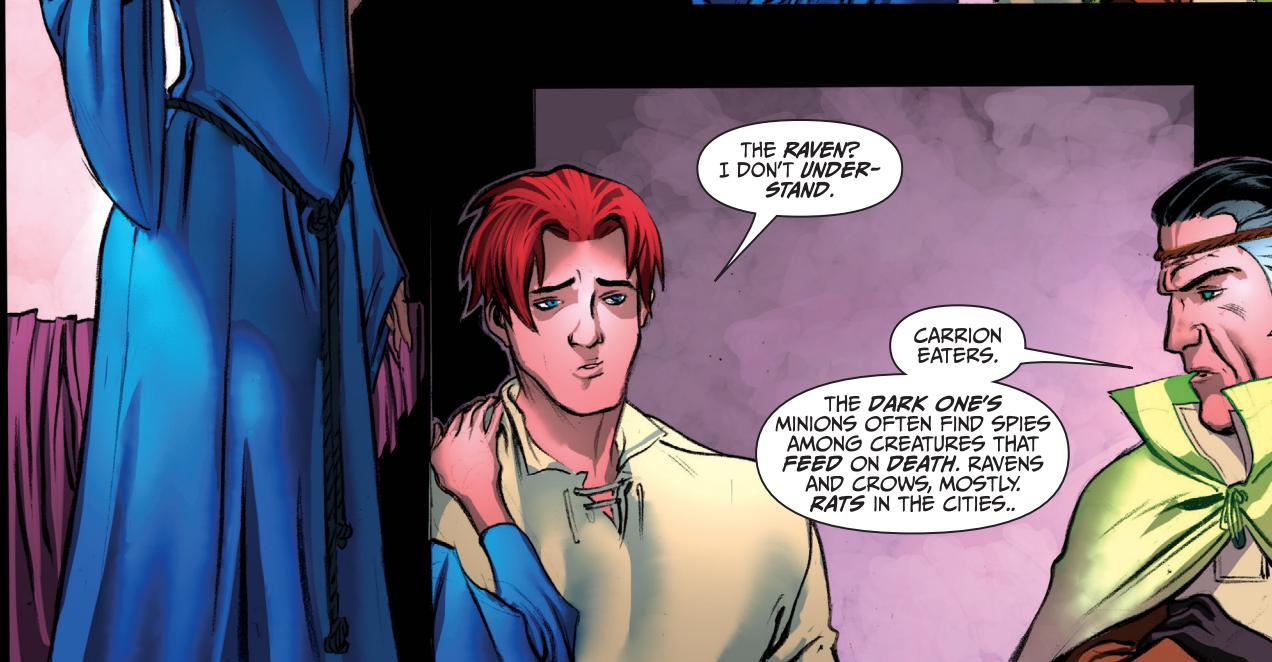
I WAS  
OVERCONFIDENT  
TO THE POINT OF  
ARROGANCE, SURE  
THE DARK ONE'S TOUCH  
COULD NOT HAVE  
SPREAD SO FAR.



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..





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  
HALFMEN.

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.

MOIRANE 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...

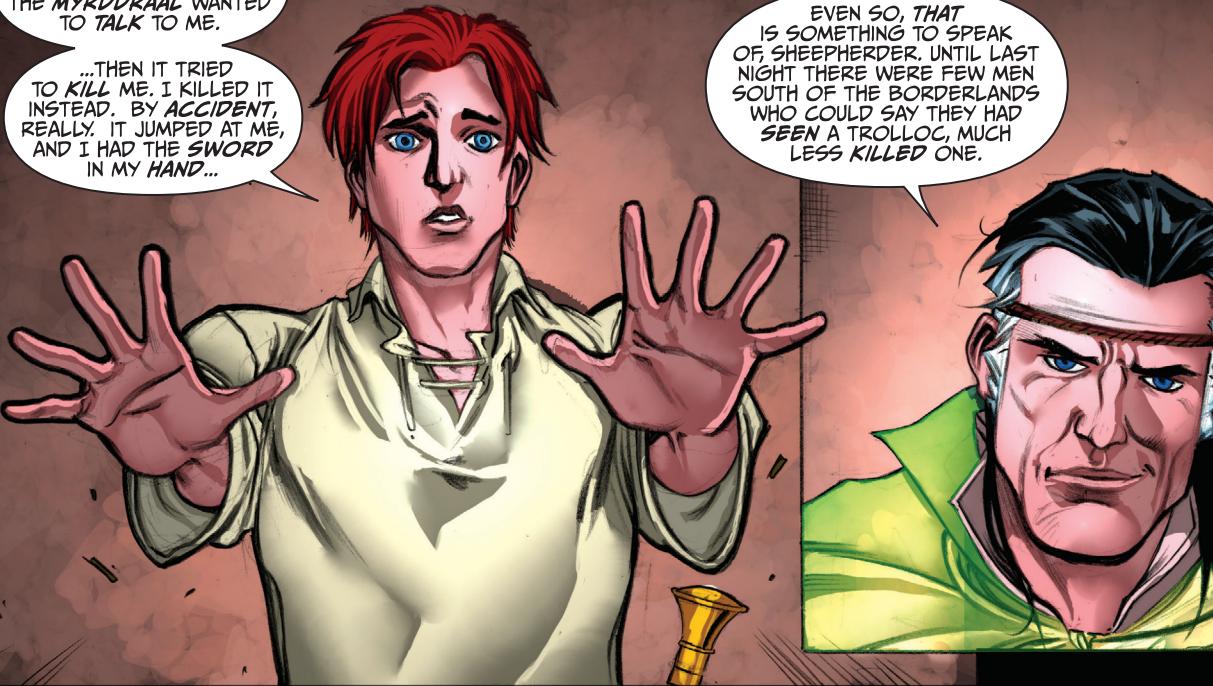
A... A TROLLOC  
SAID THE MYRDDRAAL  
WANTED TO TALK TO ME.  
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT  
THAT MEANT.

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.



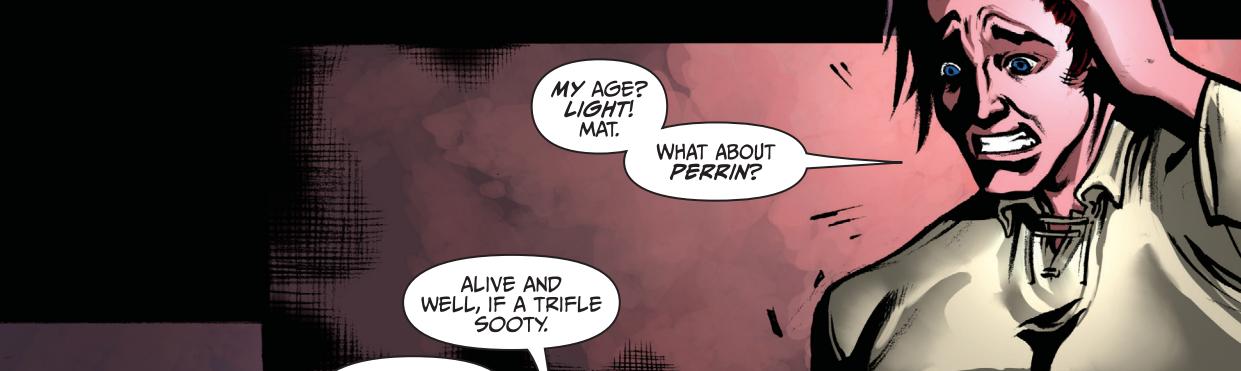
I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU. BUT ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT HURT THE VILLAGE OR MY FRIENDS, I WILL.

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!?









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.

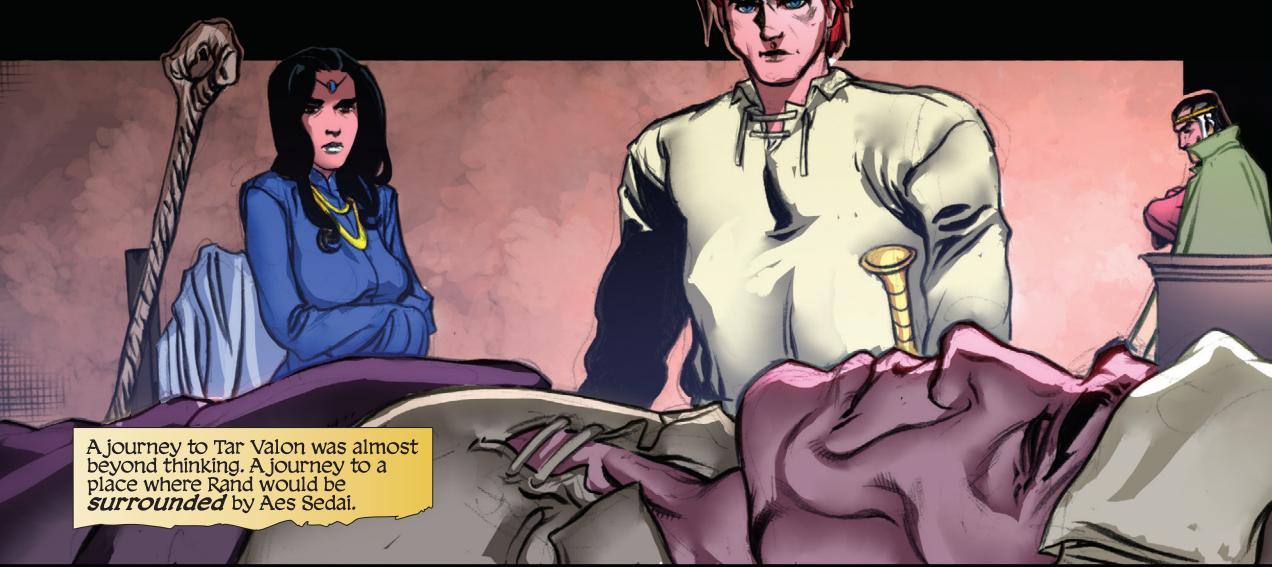
THERE IS  
A PLACE OF  
SAFETY...

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.

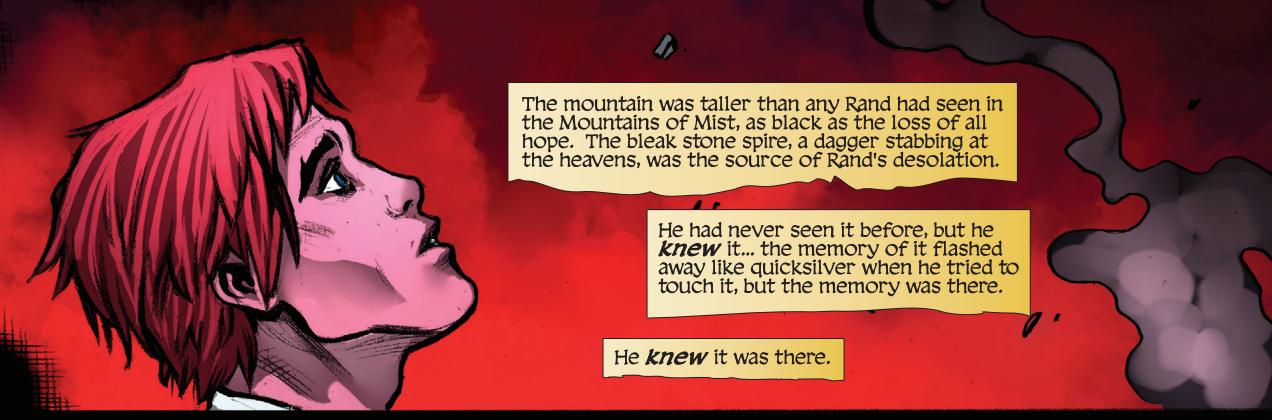
Trollocs.

Coming closer.

And his strength was almost gone.







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**.







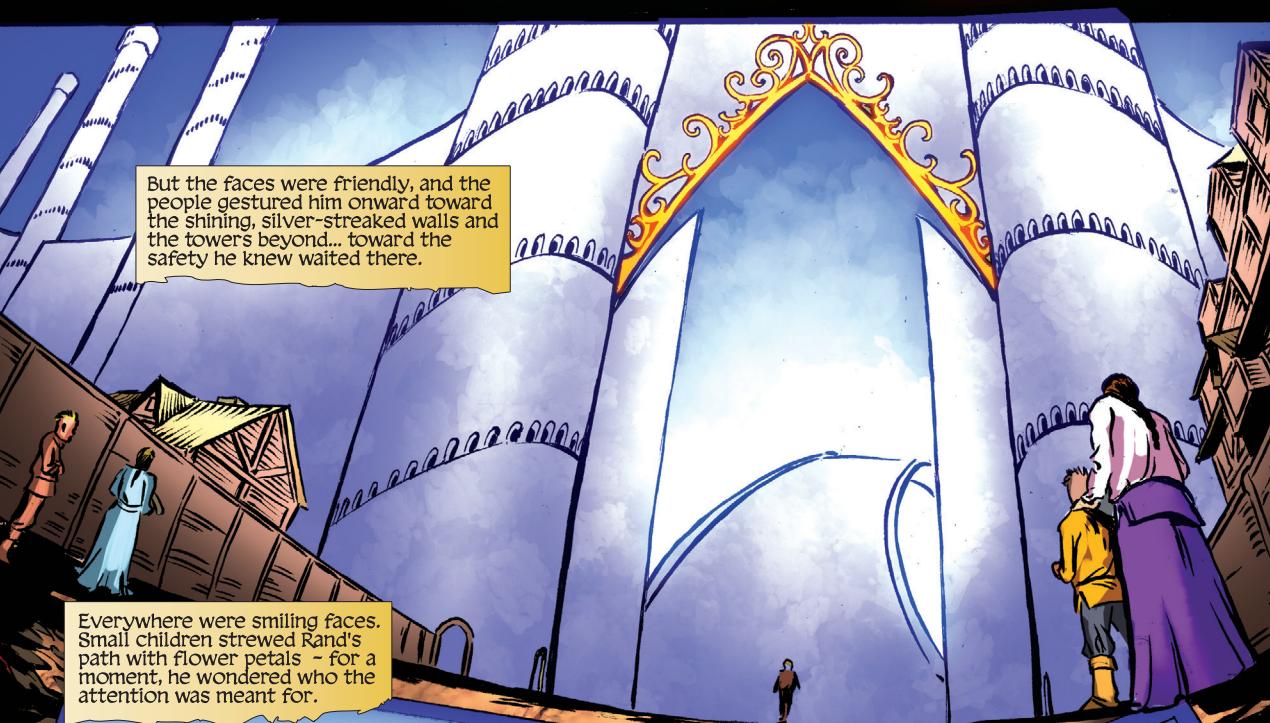
WHA-?

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*.”

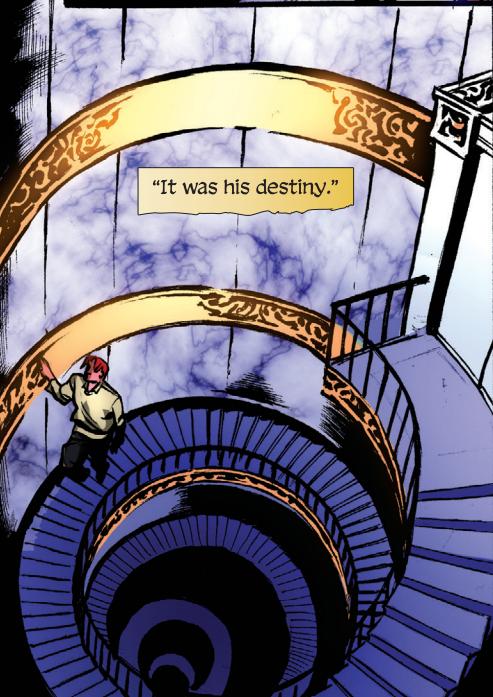


**GREEEEAK**



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

“It was his destiny.”



WHA--?

**SLAM**

RAND AL'THOR...





To be continued...