



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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



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## the EYE of the WORLD

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A comic book panel showing a large crowd of people at night. Many are holding lit torches, creating a fiery glow. They are all looking towards a central point where a figure in a blue robe stands inside a wooden cage or window frame. The scene is dark, with the primary light sources being the torches and the figure in the cage. The crowd is diverse in age and appearance, with some individuals looking angry or determined.

LEAVE  
EMOND'S  
FIELD!

YOU  
BROUGHT THOSE  
MONSTERS!

YEAH, IT'S *YOUR*  
FAULT - THOSE  
THINGS, THOSE...  
*TROLLOCS* DIDN'T  
APPEAR UNTIL  
YOU CAME!

GET OUT  
OR WE'LL *BURN*  
YOU OUT!

HEY!





DID  
SOMEONE  
SUGGEST  
BURNING MY  
INN?



NO. NOT THAT.  
WE NEVER MEANT  
THAT, BRAN--

ER,  
MAYOR.



THEN PERHAPS  
I HEARD YOU  
THREATENING TO  
HARM GUESTS IN  
MY INN?

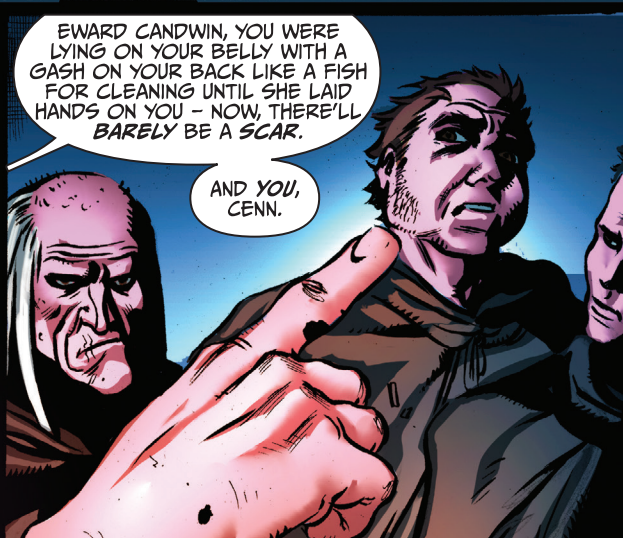


SHE'S AN  
AES SEDAI!

I'M  
SURPRISED AT  
YOU PEOPLE!



PAET AL'CAAR,  
YOUR BOY'S LEG  
WAS BROKEN LAST  
NIGHT, BUT I SAW  
HIM WALKING ON IT  
TODAY - BECAUSE  
OF HER.



EWARD CANDWIN, YOU WERE  
LYING ON YOUR BELLY WITH A  
GASH ON YOUR BACK LIKE A FISH  
FOR CLEANING UNTIL SHE LAID  
HANDS ON YOU - NOW, THERE'LL  
BARELY BE A SCAR.

AND YOU,  
CENN.





...I'D BE SHOCKED TO SEE ANY MEMBER OF THE VILLAGE COUNCIL HERE, BUT YOU MOST OF ALL. YOUR ARM WOULD STILL BE HANGING AT YOUR SIDE, A USELESS MASS OF BURNS AND BRUISES IF NOT FOR HER.

IF YOU HAVE NO *GRATITUDE*, HAVE YOU NO *SHAME*?



I CANNOT DENY WHAT SHE DID. SHE HELPED ME AND OTHERS.

BUT SHE'S AN *AES SEDAI*, BRAN. IF THOSE TROLLOCS DIDN'T COME BECAUSE OF HER, WHY DID THEY COME? WE WANT NO PART OF *AES SEDAI* IN TWO RIVERS. LET THEM KEEP THEIR TROUBLES AWAY FROM US.




WE WANT NO *AES SEDAI* TROUBLES!

SEND HER AWAY!

NOW, LOOK--



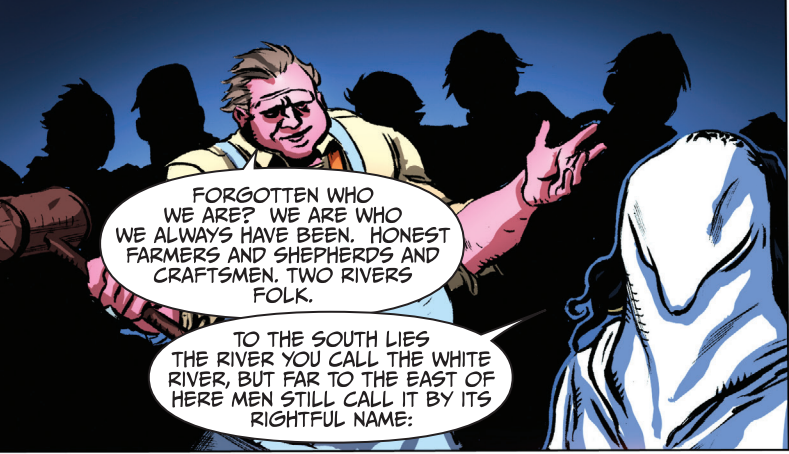


IS THIS WHAT  
AEMON'S BLOOD  
HAS COME TO?! LITTLE  
PEOPLE SQUABBLING  
FOR THE RIGHT TO HIDE  
LIKE RABBITS?

YOU HAVE  
FORGOTTEN WHO  
YOU WERE. **WHAT**  
YOU WERE.

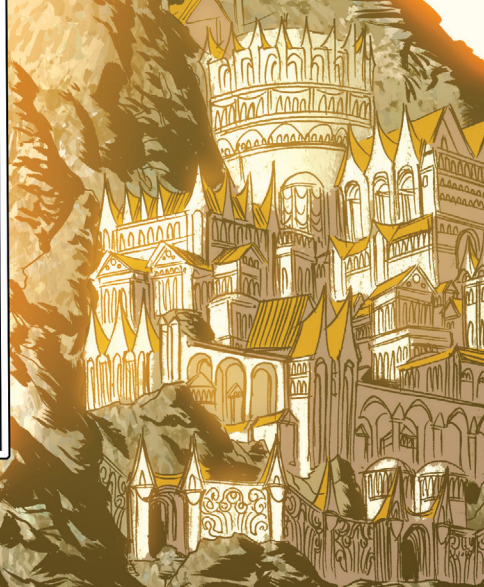
BUT I HAD HOPED  
SOME SMALL PART WAS  
LEFT, SOME MEMORY IN  
BLOOD AND BONE, SOME  
**SHRED** TO STEEL YOU  
FOR THE LONG NIGHT  
COMING.





FORGOTTEN WHO WE ARE? WE ARE WHO WE ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. HONEST FARMERS AND SHEPHERDS AND CRAFTSMEN. TWO RIVERS FOLK.

TO THE SOUTH LIES THE RIVER YOU CALL THE WHITE RIVER, BUT FAR TO THE EAST OF HERE MEN STILL CALL IT BY ITS RIGHTFUL NAME:



MANETHERENDRELLE.

"TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO MANETHERENDRELLE FLOWED BY THE WALLS OF A MOUNTAIN CITY SO LOVELY TO BEHOLD THAT OGIER STONEMASONS CAME TO STARE IN WONDER."

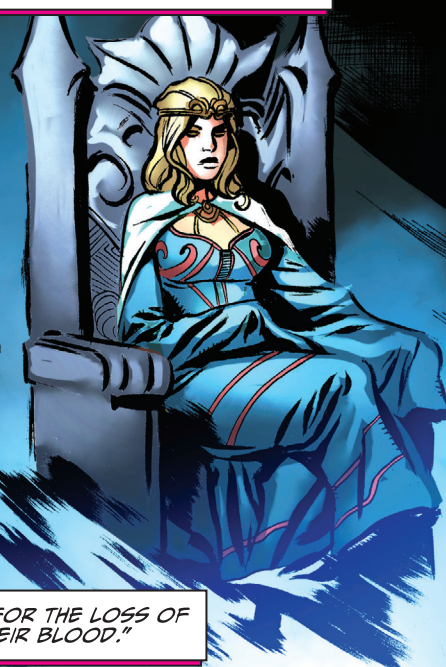
"FARMS AND VILLAGES COVERED THIS REGION, AND WHAT YOU NOW CALL THE FOREST OF SHADOWS, AND BEYOND. BUT ALL OF THOSE FOLK THOUGHT OF THEMSELVES AS THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAIN HOME, THE PEOPLE OF MANETHEREN."

"THEIR KING WAS AEMON AL CAAR AL THORIN, AND ELDRENE WAS HIS QUEEN."

"AEMON, A MAN SO FEARLESS THAT THE GREATEST COMPLIMENT FOR COURAGE ANY COULD GIVE, EVEN HIS ENEMIES, WAS TO SAY A MAN HAD AEMON'S HEART."

"ELDRENE, SO BEAUTIFUL IT IS SAID THE FLOWERS BLOOMED TO MAKE HER SMILE."

"BRAVERY AND BEAUTY AND WISDOM AND A LOVE THAT DEATH COULD NOT SUNDER. WEEP, IF YOU HAVE A HEART, FOR THE LOSS OF THEM, FOR THE LOSS OF EVEN THEIR MEMORY."



"WEEP FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR BLOOD."



"FOR NEARLY TWO CENTURIES THE TROLLOC  
WARS HAD RAVAGED THE LENGTH AND  
BREADTH OF THE WORLD, AND WHEREVER  
BATTLES RAGED, THE RED EAGLE BANNER OF  
MANETHEREN WAS IN THE FOREFRONT."


"THE MEN OF MANETHEREN WERE A  
THORN TO THE DARK ONE'S FOOT AND  
A BRAMBLE TO HIS HAND."

"SING OF MANETHEREN, THAT WOULD  
NEVER BEND KNEE TO THE SHADOW."

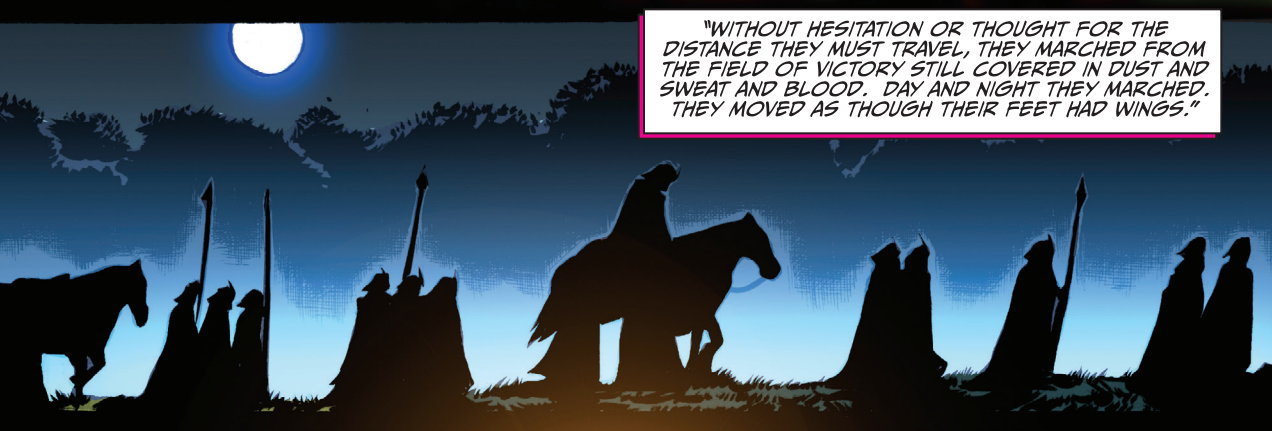
"SING OF MANETHEREN, THE SWORD  
THAT COULD NOT BE BROKEN."







"THEY WERE FAR AWAY, THE MEN OF  
MANETHEREN, WHEN WORD CAME  
THAT A TROLLOC ARMY WAS  
MARCHING AGAINST THEIR HOME."




"WITHOUT HESITATION OR THOUGHT FOR THE  
DISTANCE THEY MUST TRAVEL, THEY MARCHED FROM  
THE FIELD OF VICTORY STILL COVERED IN DUST AND  
SWEAT AND BLOOD. DAY AND NIGHT THEY MARCHED.  
THEY MOVED AS THOUGH THEIR FEET HAD WINGS."



"AND WHEN THE DARK ONE'S ARMIES  
SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE LAND OF  
MANETHEREN..."





"...THE MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN  
HOME STOOD BEFORE IT,  
WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE  
TARENDRELE."

"THE HOST THAT FACED THE MEN  
OF MANTHEREN WAS ENOUGH  
TO DAUNT THE BRAVEST HEART."

"RAVENS BLACKENED THE SKY; TROLLOCS  
AND THEIR HUMAN ALLIES BLACKENED THE  
LAND. TROLLOCS AND DARKFRIENDS IN THE  
TENS OF TENS OF THOUSANDS, AND  
DREADLORDS TO COMMAND."

"AT NIGHT, THEIR COOKFIRES  
OUTNUMBERED THE STARS..."

"...AND DAWN REVEALED THE  
BANNER OF BA'ALZAMON AT  
THEIR HEAD."

"BA'ALZAMON, HEART OF THE DARK.  
AN ANCIENT NAME FOR THE FATHER  
OF LIES, IT SENT A CHILL INTO THE  
SOULS OF THE MEN WHO FACED IT."





"YET THEY KNOW  
WHAT THEY MUST DO."

"THEY MUST KEEP THAT HOST FROM  
THE MOUNTAIN HOME. AEMON HAD  
SENT OUT MESSENGERS, AND AID  
WAS PROMISED IF THEY COULD  
HOLD FOR BUT THREE DAYS AT  
THE TARENDRELLE."

"HOLD FOR THREE DAYS  
AGAINST ODDS THAT SHOULD  
OVERWHELM THEM IN THE  
FIRST HOUR."

"YET SOMEHOW, THROUGH  
BLOODY ASSAULT AND  
DESPERATE DEFENSE, THEY  
HELD THROUGH AN HOUR."

"AND THE  
SECOND HOUR."

"AND THE THIRD."

"FOR THREE DAYS THEY FOUGHT,  
AND THOUGH THE LAND BECAME A  
BUTCHER'S YARD, NO CROSSING OF  
THE TARENDRELLE DID THEY YIELD."

"BY THE THIRD NIGHT, NO HELP HAD  
COME, AND NO MESSENGERS, AND  
THEY FOUGHT ON ALONE, FOR SIX  
DAYS, FOR NINE."

"AND ON THE TENTH DAY,  
AEMON KNEW THE BITTER  
TASTE OF BETRAYAL."

"NO HELP WAS COMING, AND  
THEY COULD HOLD THE RIVER  
CROSSINGS NO MORE."





WHAT  
HAPPENED  
THEN?

AEMON CROSSED  
THE TARENDRELLEV, DESTROYING  
THE BRIDGES BEHIND HIM AND  
SENDING WORD FOR HIS PEOPLE TO  
FLEE. ELDBRENE ORGANIZED THIS  
FLIGHT TO THE DEEPEST FORESTS  
AND THE FASTNESS OF THE  
MOUNTAINS.

BUT  
SOME DID NOT  
FLEE.

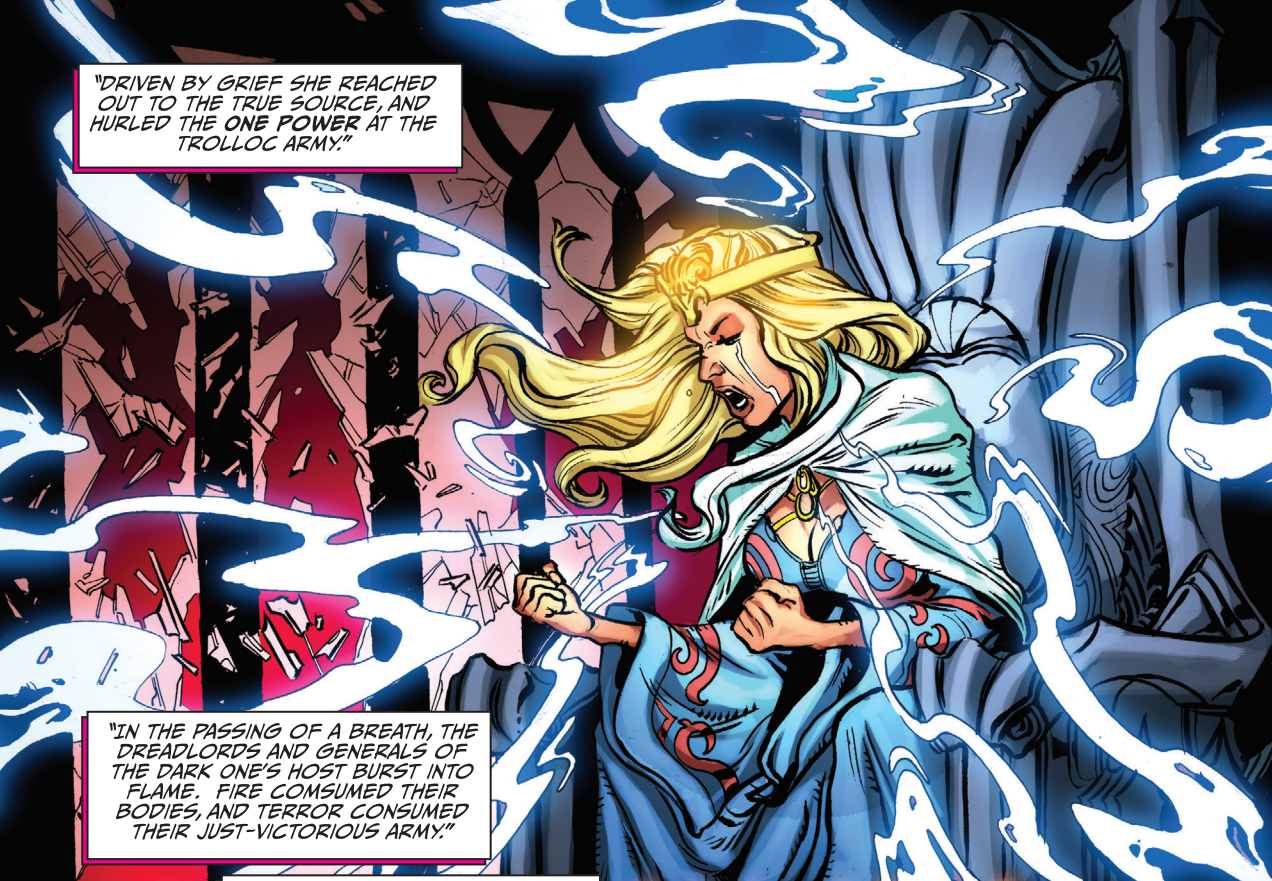
"FIRST A TRICKLE, THEN A RIVER, THEN A  
FLOOD, MEN WENT... NOT TO SAFETY, BUT  
TO JOIN THE ARMY FIGHTING FOR THEIR  
LAND. WOMEN WENT TOO, SHOULDERING  
WHAT WEAPONS THEY COULD."

"NO ONE MADE THAT JOURNEY WHO DIDN'T  
KNOW THEY WOULD NEVER RETURN - BUT IT  
WAS THEIR LAND. IT HAD BEEN THEIR  
FATHERS', AND IT WOULD BE THEIR CHILDREN'S,  
AND THEY WENT TO PAY THE PRICE FOR IT."

"NOT A STEP OF GROUND WAS GIVEN  
UNTIL IT WAS SOAKED IN BLOOD, BUT AT  
LAST THE MANETHEREN ARMY WAS DRIVEN  
BACK, BACK TO THIS PLACE YOU NOW  
CALL EMBON'S FIELD. AND HERE THE  
TROLLOC HORDES SURROUNDED THEM."

"IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MIST,  
ALONE IN THE EMPTIED CITY OF  
MANETHEREN, ELDBRENE FELT AEMON  
DIE, AND HER HEART DIED WITH HIM."

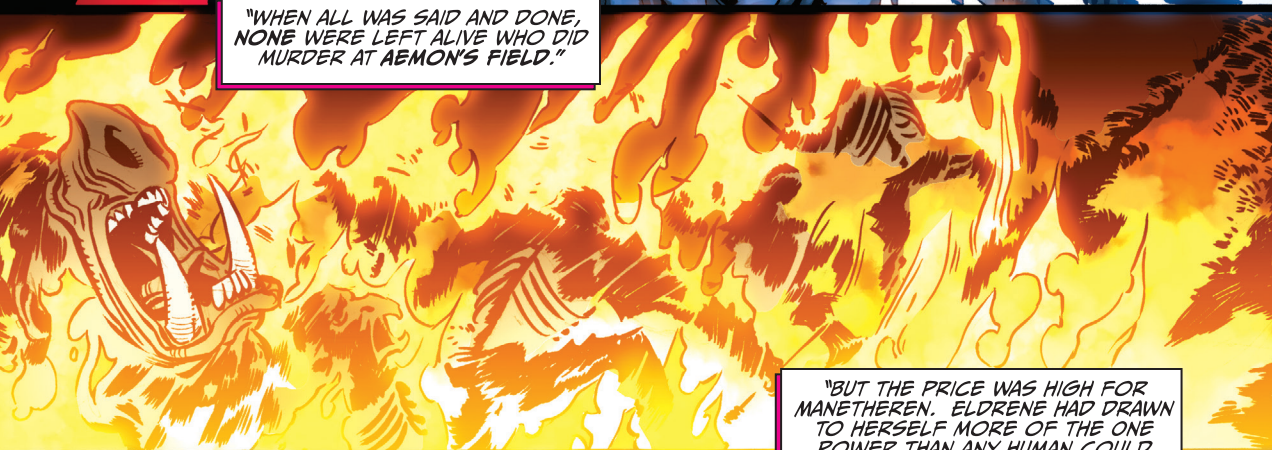




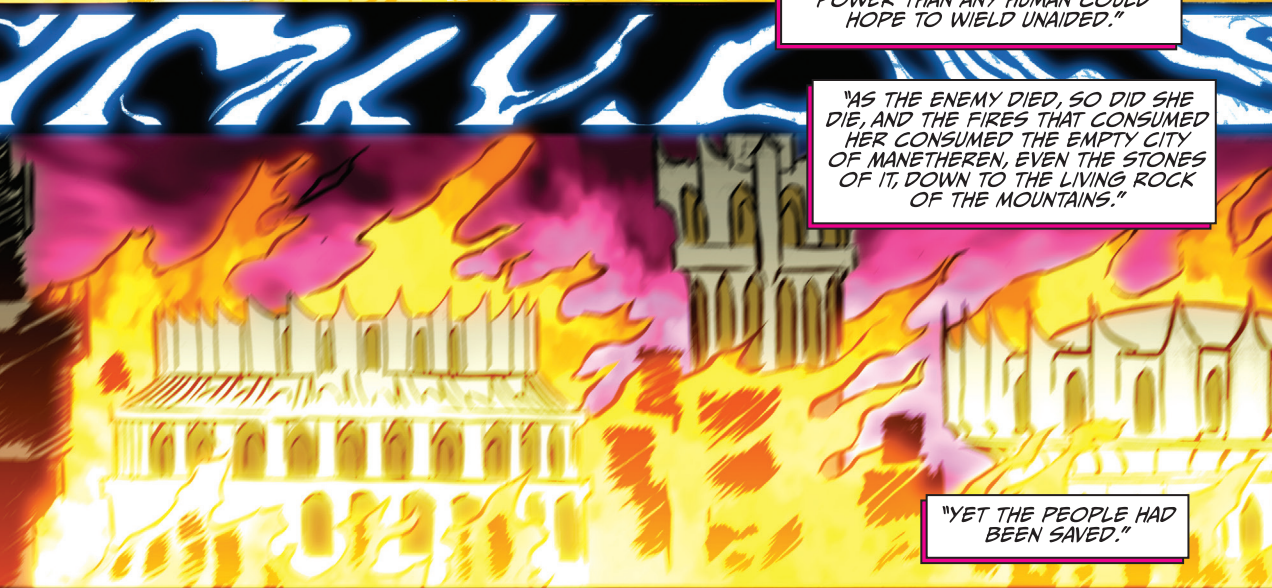
"DRIVEN BY GRIEF SHE REACHED  
OUT TO THE TRUE SOURCE, AND  
HURLED THE ONE POWER AT THE  
TROLLOC ARMY."

"IN THE PASSING OF A BREATH, THE  
DREADLORDS AND GENERALS OF  
THE DARK ONE'S HOST BURST INTO  
FLAME. FIRE CONSUMED THEIR  
BODIES, AND TERROR CONSUMED  
THEIR JUST-VICTORIOUS ARMY."

"WHEN ALL WAS SAID AND DONE,  
NONE WERE LEFT ALIVE WHO DID  
MURDER AT AEMON'S FIELD."



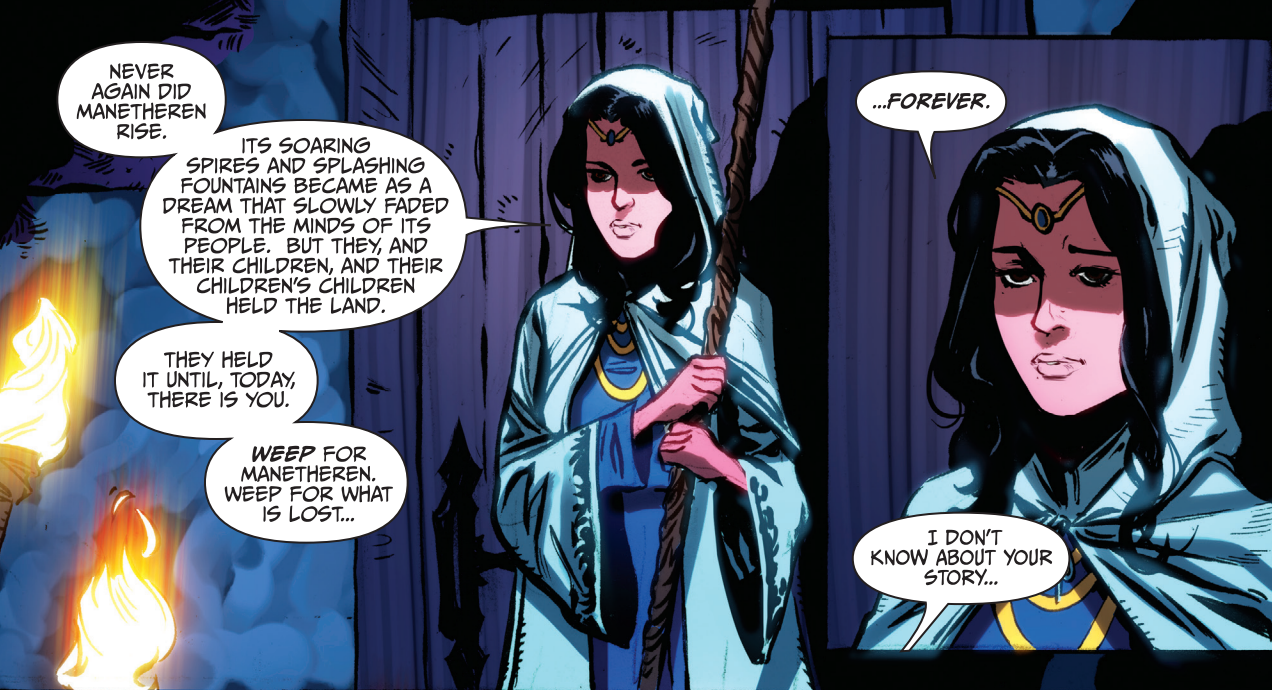
"BUT THE PRICE WAS HIGH FOR  
MANETHEREN. ELDTRENE HAD DRAWN  
TO HERSELF MORE OF THE ONE  
POWER THAN ANY HUMAN COULD  
HOPE TO WIELD UNAIDED."



"AS THE ENEMY DIED, SO DID SHE  
DIE, AND THE FIRES THAT CONSUMED  
HER CONSUMED THE EMPTY CITY  
OF MANETHEREN, EVEN THE STONES  
OF IT, DOWN TO THE LIVING ROCK  
OF THE MOUNTAINS."

"YET THE PEOPLE HAD  
BEEN SAVED."





NEVER  
AGAIN DID  
MANETHEREN  
RISE.

ITS SOARING  
SPIRES AND SPLASHING  
FOUNTAINS BECAME AS A  
DREAM THAT SLOWLY FADED  
FROM THE MINDS OF ITS  
PEOPLE. BUT THEY, AND  
THEIR CHILDREN, AND THEIR  
CHILDREN'S CHILDREN  
HELD THE LAND.

THEY HELD  
IT UNTIL, TODAY,  
THERE IS YOU.

WEEP FOR  
MANETHEREN.  
WEEP FOR WHAT  
IS LOST...

...FOREVER.

I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT YOUR  
STORY...



...I'M NO THORN  
TO THE DARK  
ONE'S FOOT, NOR  
EVER LIKELY TO  
BE, NEITHER.

BUT MY WIL IS  
WALKING BECAUSE  
OF YOU, AND FOR  
THAT, I AM ASHAMED  
TO BE HERE.



I DON'T KNOW  
IF YOU CAN  
FORGIVE ME, BUT  
WHETHER YOU  
WILL OR NO I'LL  
BE GOING.

AND FOR ME,  
YOU CAN STAY IN  
EMOND'S FIELD  
AS LONG AS YOU  
LIKE.



Later...

DID YOU LOOK  
THE WAY I TOLD  
YOU TO, BLACK-  
SMITH?

I LOOKED.  
THERE'S NOBODY  
HERE BUT US. WHY  
WOULD ANYBODY  
HIDE--

CARE AND  
A LONG LIFE GO  
TOGETHER,  
BLACKSMITH.



HURRY,  
SHE SAYS.  
THERE'S NO  
TIME!

HEY, WHAT  
DO YOU HAVE  
THERE?

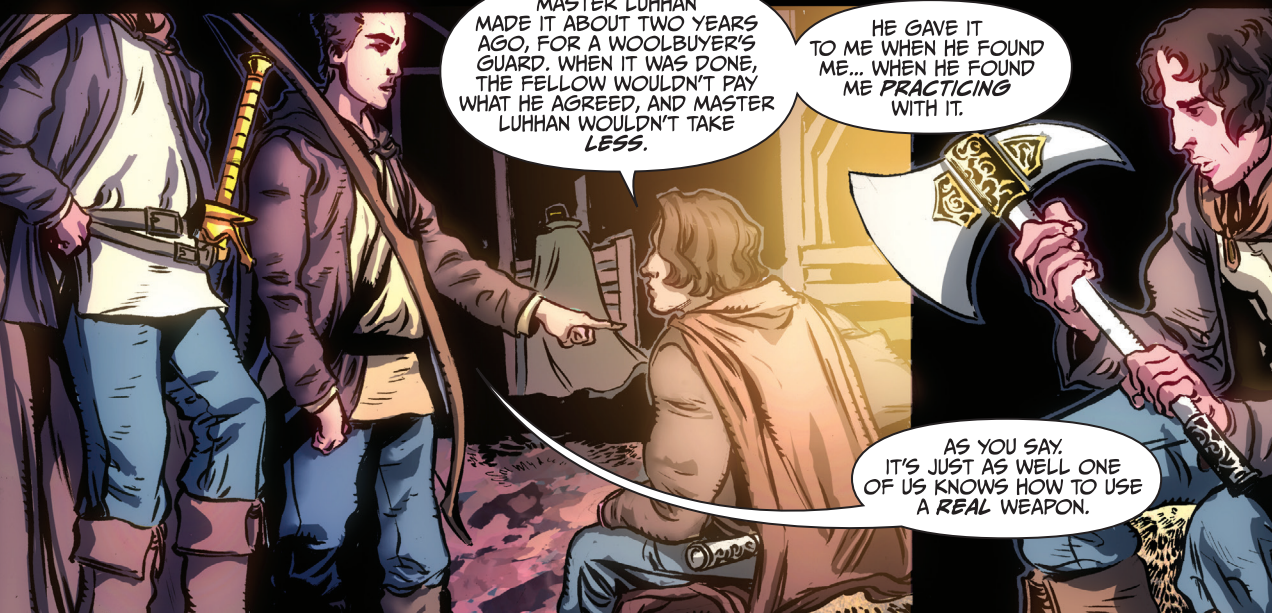
I--



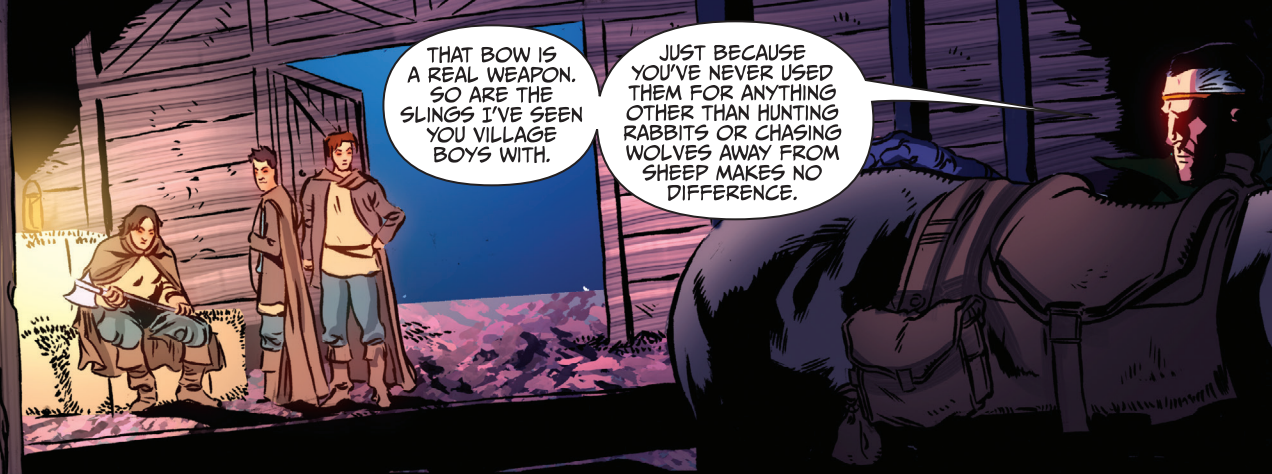
MASTER LUHHAN  
MADE IT ABOUT TWO YEARS  
AGO, FOR A WOOLBUYER'S  
GUARD. WHEN IT WAS DONE,  
THE FELLOW WOULDN'T PAY  
WHAT HE AGREED, AND MASTER  
LUHHAN WOULDN'T TAKE  
LESS.

HE GAVE IT  
TO ME WHEN HE FOUND  
ME... WHEN HE FOUND  
ME **PRACTICING**  
WITH IT.

AS YOU SAY,  
IT'S JUST AS WELL ONE  
OF US KNOWS HOW TO USE  
A **REAL** WEAPON.





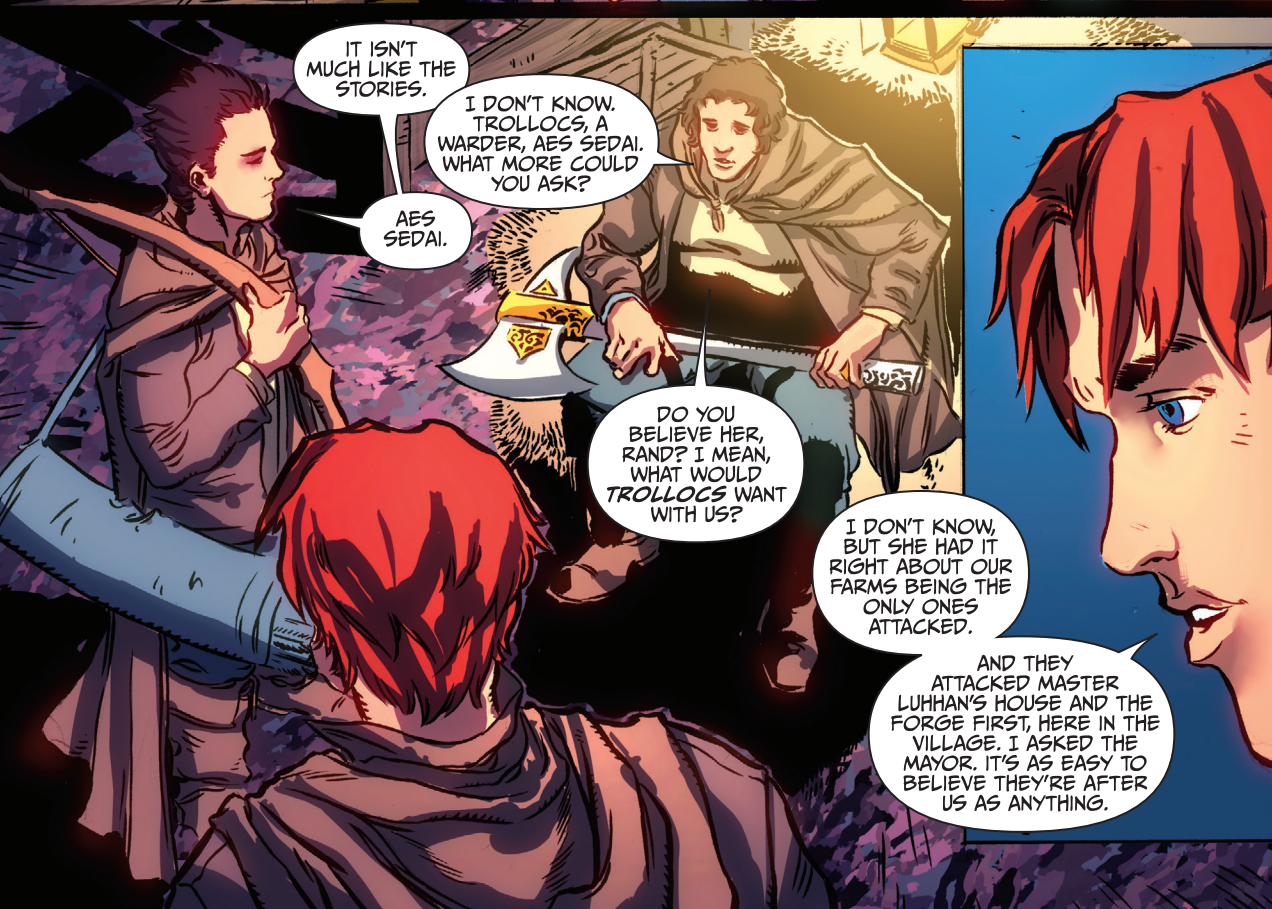


THAT BOW IS  
A REAL WEAPON.  
SO ARE THE  
SLINGS I'VE SEEN  
YOU VILLAGE  
BOYS WITH.

JUST BECAUSE  
YOU'VE NEVER USED  
THEM FOR ANYTHING  
OTHER THAN HUNTING  
RABBITS OR CHASING  
WOLVES AWAY FROM  
SHEEP MAKES NO  
DIFFERENCE.



ANYTHING CAN  
BE A WEAPON, IF THE  
MAN OR WOMAN WHO  
HOLDS IT HAS THE NERVE  
AND WILL TO MAKE IT SO.  
TROLLOCS ASIDE, YOU HAD  
BETTER HAVE THAT CLEAR  
IN YOUR MINDS BEFORE WE  
LEAVE IF YOU WANT TO  
REACH TAR VALON  
ALIVE.



IT ISN'T  
MUCH LIKE THE  
STORIES.

I DON'T KNOW.  
TROLLOCS, A  
WARDER, AES SEDAI.  
WHAT MORE COULD  
YOU ASK?

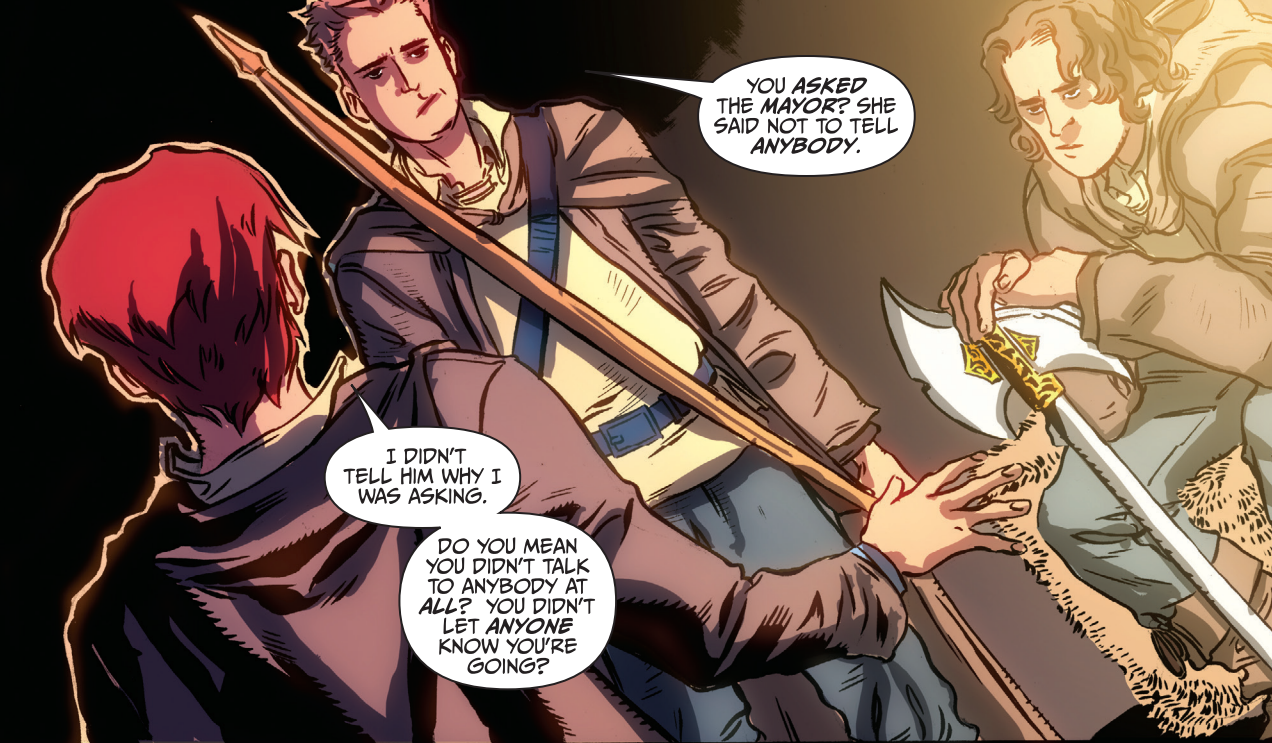
AES  
SEDAI.

DO YOU  
BELIEVE HER,  
RAND? I MEAN,  
WHAT WOULD  
TROLLOCS WANT  
WITH US?

I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT SHE HAD IT  
RIGHT ABOUT OUR  
FARMS BEING THE  
ONLY ONES  
ATTACKED.

AND THEY  
ATTACKED MASTER  
LUHHAN'S HOUSE AND THE  
FORGE FIRST, HERE IN THE  
VILLAGE. I ASKED THE  
MAYOR. IT'S AS EASY TO  
BELIEVE THEY'RE AFTER  
US AS ANYTHING.





YOU ASKED  
THE MAYOR? SHE  
SAID NOT TO TELL  
ANYBODY.

I DIDN'T  
TELL HIM WHY I  
WAS ASKING.

DO YOU MEAN  
YOU DIDN'T TALK  
TO ANYBODY AT  
ALL? YOU DIDN'T  
LET ANYONE  
KNOW YOU'RE  
GOING?



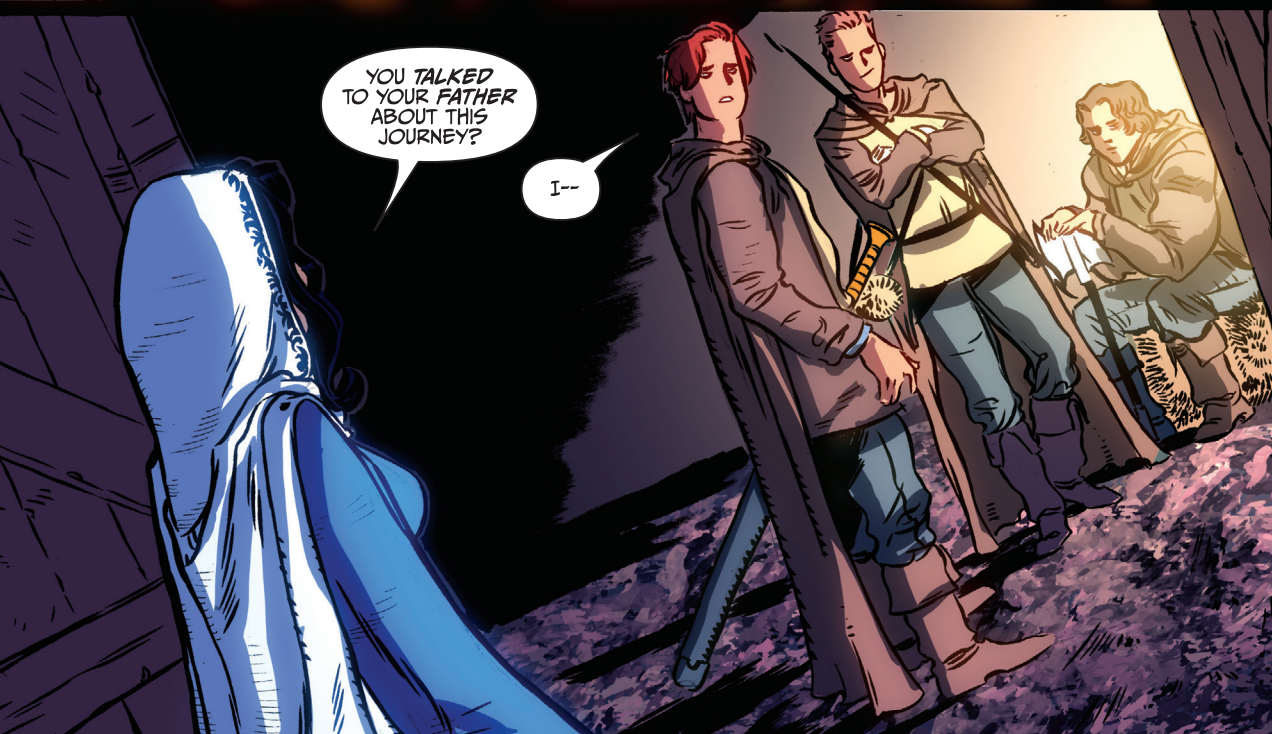
BURN ME, RAND,  
THE TROLLOCS  
WERE *REALLY* HERE.  
SHE SAID NOT TO  
TELL ANYBODY.

IF AN AES  
SEDAI DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS, WHO  
DOES?



I DON'T  
KNOW.

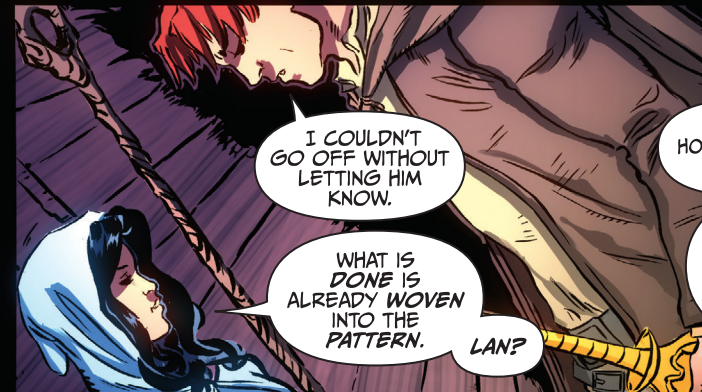
MY FATHER  
BELIEVES HER. AT  
LEAST, HE AGREED  
THAT WE HAVE  
TO GO.



YOU TALKED  
TO YOUR FATHER  
ABOUT THIS  
JOURNEY?

I--





I COULDN'T GO OFF WITHOUT LETTING HIM KNOW.

WHAT IS *DONE* IS ALREADY WOVEN INTO THE PATTERN.

LAN?

THE HORSES ARE READY.

WE HAVE ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO REACH BAERLON WITH SOME TO SPARE. WE CAN LEAVE AT ANY TIME. I SUGGEST NOW.

NOT WITHOUT ME!



I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED HERE, INCLUDING FOOD, AND I WILL NOT BE LEFT BEHIND.

I'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE TWO RIVERS.



HOW DID YOU FIND OUT WE WERE LEAVING?



ANYWAY, YOU CAN'T GO WITH US. WE AREN'T LEAVING FOR THE FUN OF IT. THE TROLLOCS ARE AFTER US.

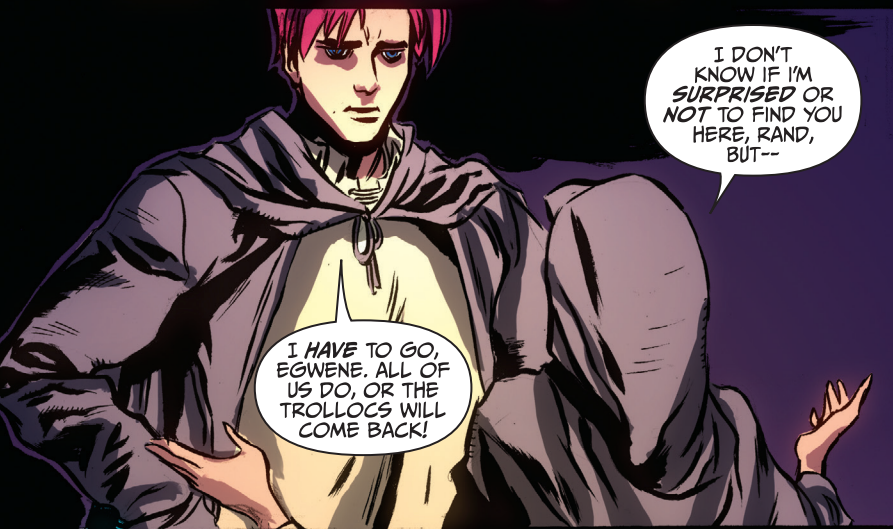




FIRST I SAW  
MAT CREEPING ABOUT,  
TRYING **HARD** NOT TO BE  
NOTICED. THEN I SAW  
PERRIN TRYING TO HIDE  
THAT ABSURD GREAT  
**AXE** UNDER HIS  
CLOAK.

I KNEW LAN  
HAD BOUGHT A HORSE,  
AND IT SUDDENLY OCCURRED  
TO ME TO WONDER **WHY** HE  
NEEDED **ANOTHER**. AND IF  
HE COULD BUY **ONE**, HE  
COULD BUY **OTHERS**.

PUTTING THAT WITH  
MAT AND PERRIN SNEAKING  
AROUND LIKE **BULL CALVES**  
PRETENDING TO BE **FOXES**,  
WELL, I COULD SEE ONLY  
ONE ANSWER.

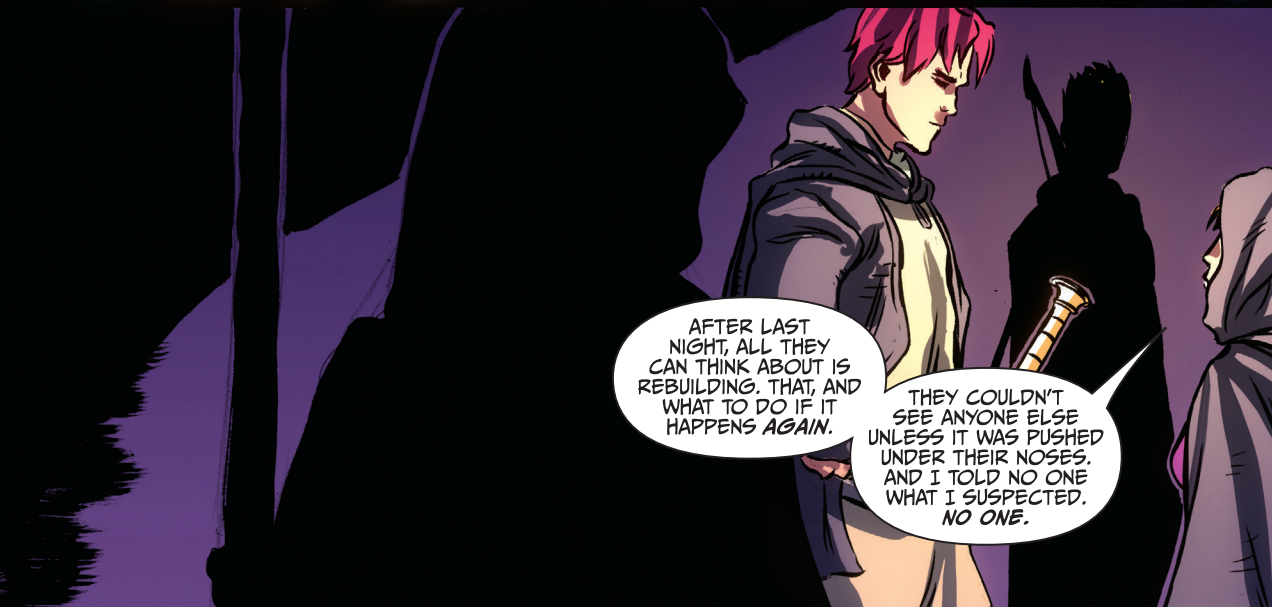


I DON'T  
KNOW IF I'M  
**SURPRISED** OR  
**NOT** TO FIND YOU  
HERE, RAND,  
BUT--

I **HAVE** TO GO,  
EGWENE. ALL OF  
US DO, OR THE  
TROLLOCS WILL  
COME BACK!



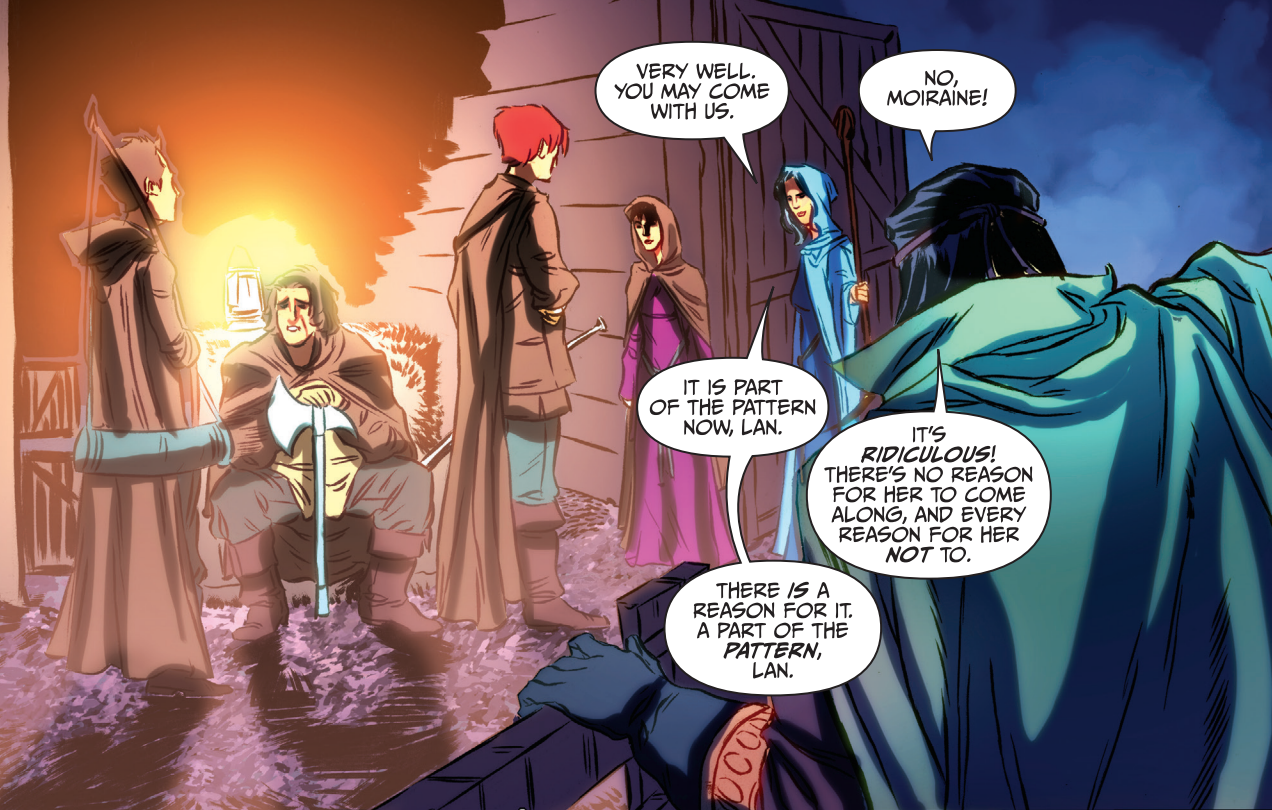
DID  
**ANYONE ELSE**  
NOTICE ALL  
OF THIS?



AFTER LAST  
NIGHT, ALL THEY  
CAN THINK ABOUT IS  
REBUILDING. THAT, AND  
WHAT TO DO IF IT  
HAPPENS **AGAIN**.

THEY COULDN'T  
SEE **ANYONE ELSE**  
UNLESS IT WAS PUSHED  
UNDER THEIR NOSES.  
AND I TOLD NO ONE  
WHAT I SUSPECTED.  
**NO ONE.**





VERY WELL.  
YOU MAY COME  
WITH US.

NO,  
MOIRRAINE!

IT IS PART  
OF THE PATTERN  
NOW, LAN.

IT'S  
**RIDICULOUS!**  
THERE'S NO REASON  
FOR HER TO COME  
ALONG, AND EVERY  
REASON FOR HER  
**NOT** TO.

THERE *IS* A  
REASON FOR IT.  
A PART OF THE  
**PATTERN**,  
LAN.



BUT EGWENE,  
THE TROLLOCS WILL BE  
CHASING US. WE WON'T  
BE SAFE UNTIL WE GET  
TO TAR VALON.

DON'T TRY TO  
FRIGHTEN ME OFF.  
I AM GOING.

IF YOU THINK  
BEING CHASED BY  
TROLLOCS WILL  
BE FUN...



WE HAVE **NO**  
**TIME** FOR THIS.  
WE MUST BE AS  
FAR AWAY AS  
POSSIBLE BY  
DAYBREAK.


IF SHE IS LEFT  
BEHIND, RAND, SHE  
COULD ROUSE THE  
VILLAGE BEFORE WE HAVE  
EVEN GONE A MILE, AND  
THAT WOULD SURELY WARN  
THE MYRDDRAAL.



SHE CAN  
RIDE THE GLEEMAN'S  
HORSE. I'LL LEAVE  
HIM ENOUGH TO BUY  
ANOTHER.

THAT  
WILL **NOT** BE  
POSSIBLE.





THIS VILLAGE HAS NO USE FOR ME NOW, WHILE ON THE OTHER HAND, I HAVE NEVER PERFORMED IN TAR VALON.

AND, THOUGH I *USUALLY* JOURNEY ALONE, AFTER LAST NIGHT I HAVEN'T OBJECTED AT ALL TO TRAVELING IN COMPANY.

I, AH, DIDN'T THINK TO LOOK IN THE LOFT.

IS *THIS* PART OF THE PATTERN TOO, MORAINÉ SEDAI?

EVERYTHING IS PART OF THE PATTERN, MY OLD FRIEND. WE CANNOT PICK AND CHOOSE, BUT WE SHALL SEE.

NOW, WHAT HORSE FOR EGWENE?

WHAT ABOUT BELA? SHE MAY NOT BE AS FAST AS THE OTHERS, BUT SHE'S STRONG. I RIDE HER SOMETIMES. SHE CAN KEEP UP.

SHE MIGHT BE A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE OTHERS.

THEN SHE WILL HAVE TO DO. RAND, FIND A SADDLE FOR BELA. QUICKLY, NOW! WE HAVE TARRIED TOO LONG ALREADY.





An owl hooted in the night outside, and the village people jumped before they realized what it was. They laughed nervously.

Lan did not comfort them with his reaction.

BETTER  
IF IT HAD BEEN  
WOLVES.



WOLVES!!


WOLVES  
DON'T LIKE TROL-  
LOCS, BLACKSMITH.  
AND TROLLOCS  
DON'T LIKE WOLVES  
- OR DOGS -  
EITHER.



IF I HEARD  
WOLVES, I WOULD  
BE SURE THERE  
WERE NO TROLLOCS  
WAITING OUT THERE  
FOR US.


KEEP A  
SHARP EYE OUT,  
ALL OF YOU.



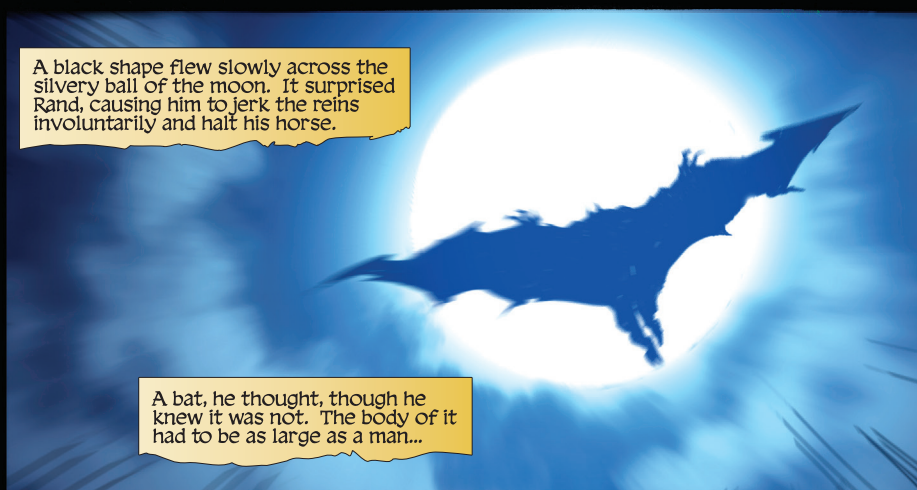


They passed beyond the last farmhouses on the outskirts of the village, paralleling the North Road that led to Taren Ferry.

Rand thought surely no night sky elsewhere could be as beautiful as the Two Rivers sky. The clear black seemed to reach forever, with so many stars... and the moon appeared close enough to touch.



A black shape flew slowly across the silvery ball of the moon. It surprised Rand, causing him to jerk the reins involuntarily and halt his horse.



A bat, he thought, though he knew it was not. The body of it had to be as large as a man...



WHAT ARE YOU SITTING HERE AND STARING AT, BOY? WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.

I - I SAW... AGAINST THE MOON...





DRAGHKAR.



YES. IT IS TOO MUCH TO HOPE OTHERWISE. AND IF THE MYRDDRAAL HAS A DRAGHKAR AT HIS COMMAND, THEN HE WILL SOON KNOW WHERE WE ARE, IF HE DOES NOT ALREADY. WE MUST MOVE MORE QUICKLY.

A DRAGHKAR?  
WHAT IS IT?

IN THE AGE OF LEGENDS, WORSE THAN TROLLOCS AND HALFMEN WERE CREATED.



WE TAKE TO THE NORTH ROAD, NOW. FOR YOUR LIVES, FOLLOW MY LEAD. KEEP UP, AND KEEP TOGETHER!

To be continued...