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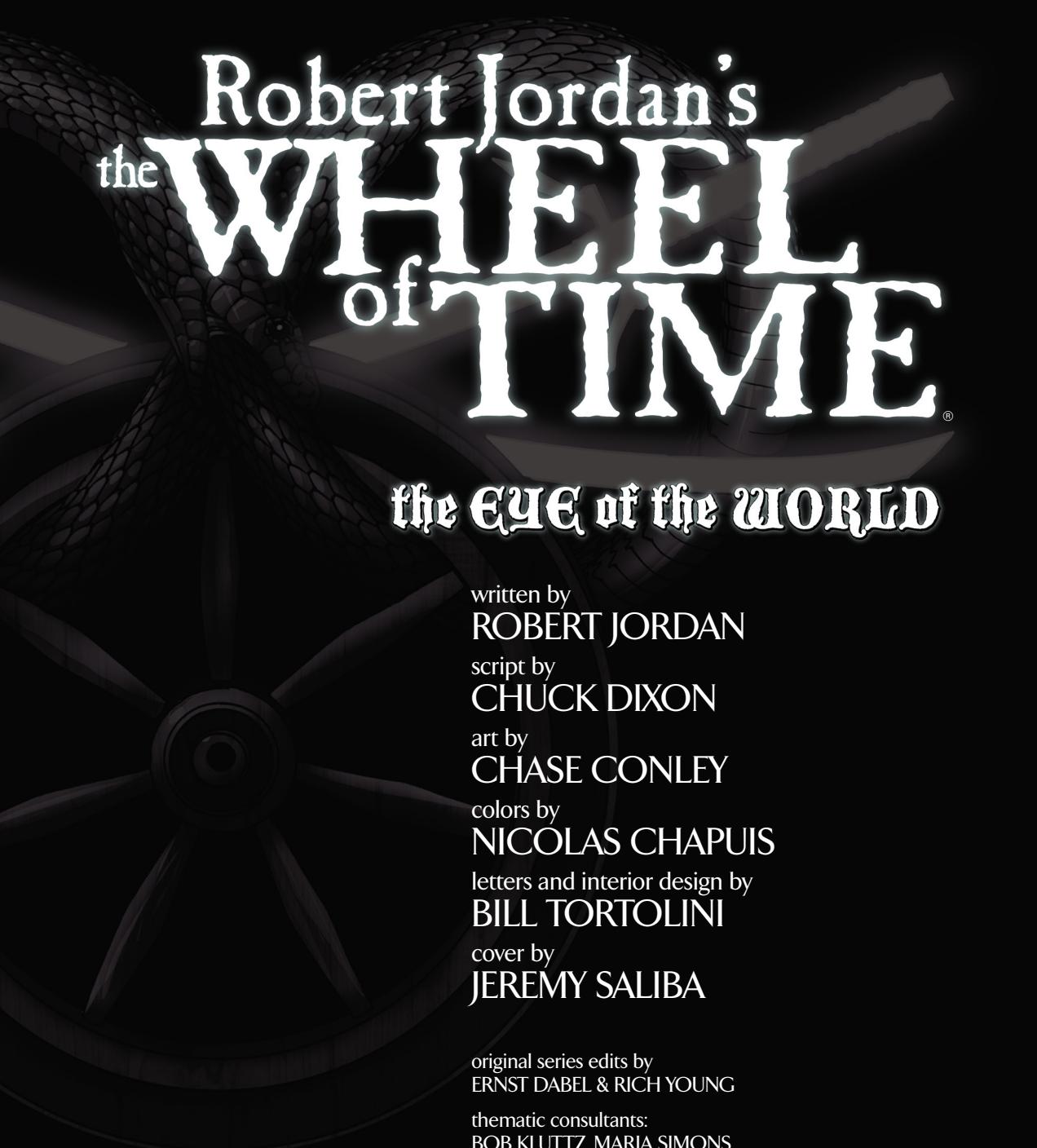
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Robert Jordan's
the WHEEL
of TIME®



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & CHASE CONLEY



Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

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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.



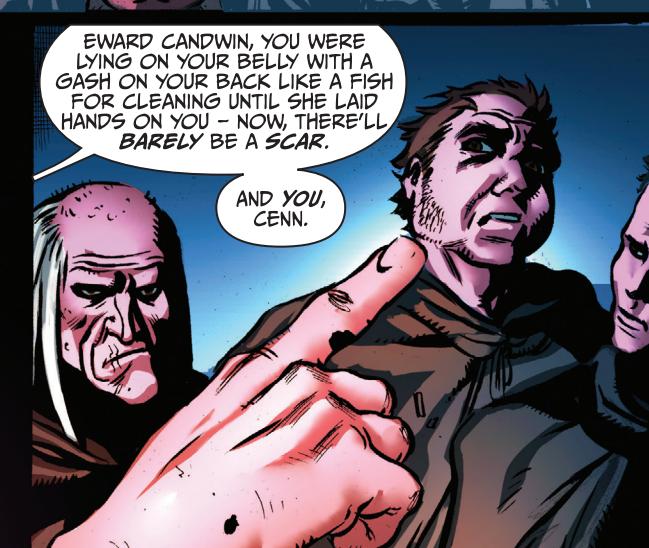
THEN PERHAPS
I HEARD YOU
THREATENING TO
HARM GUESTS IN
MY INN?



SHE'S AN
AES SEDAI!
I'M
SURPRISED AT
YOU PEOPLE!



EDWARD GANDWIN, 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.

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





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.

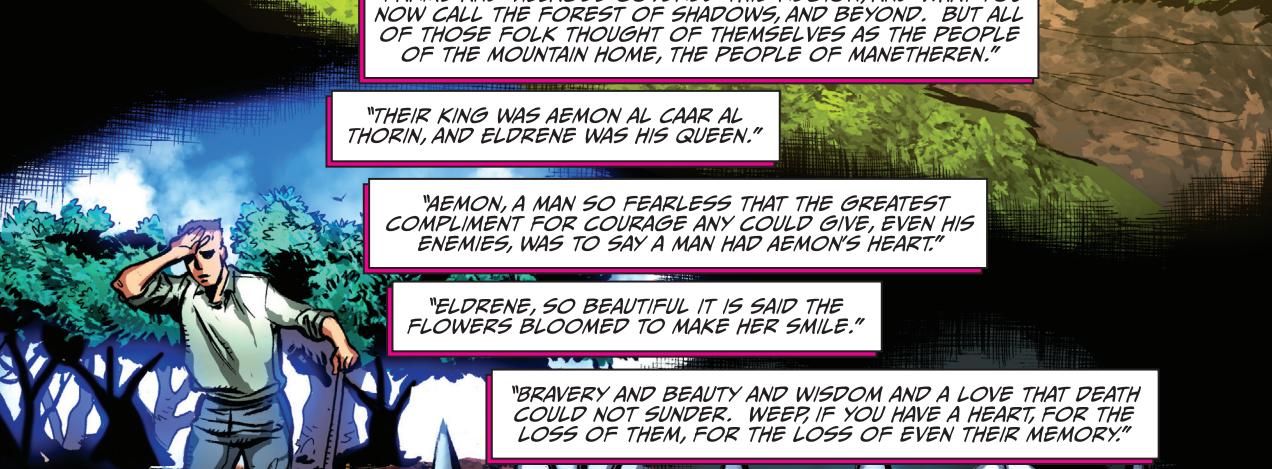
TO THE SOUTH LIES THE RIVER YOU CALL THE WHITE RIVER, BUT FAR TO THE EAST OF HERE MEN STILL CALL IT BY ITS RIGHTFUL NAME:



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."

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



"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."

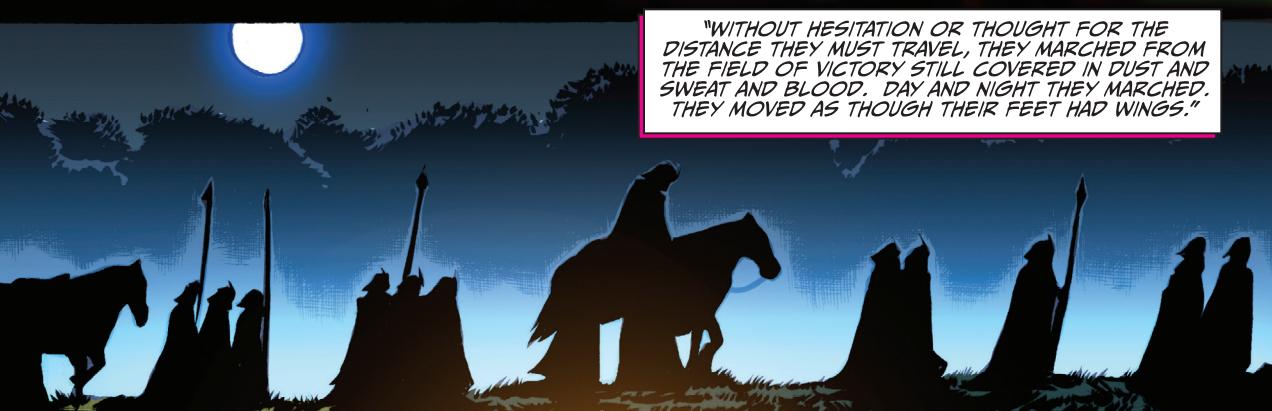
"THE MEN OF MANETHEREN WERE A THORN TO THE DARK ONE'S FOOT AND A BRAMBLE TO HIS HAND."

"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 TARENDRILLE."

"THE HOST THAT FACED THE MEN OF MANHEREN 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 TARENDRILLE."

"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 TARENDRILLE DID THEY YIELD."

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

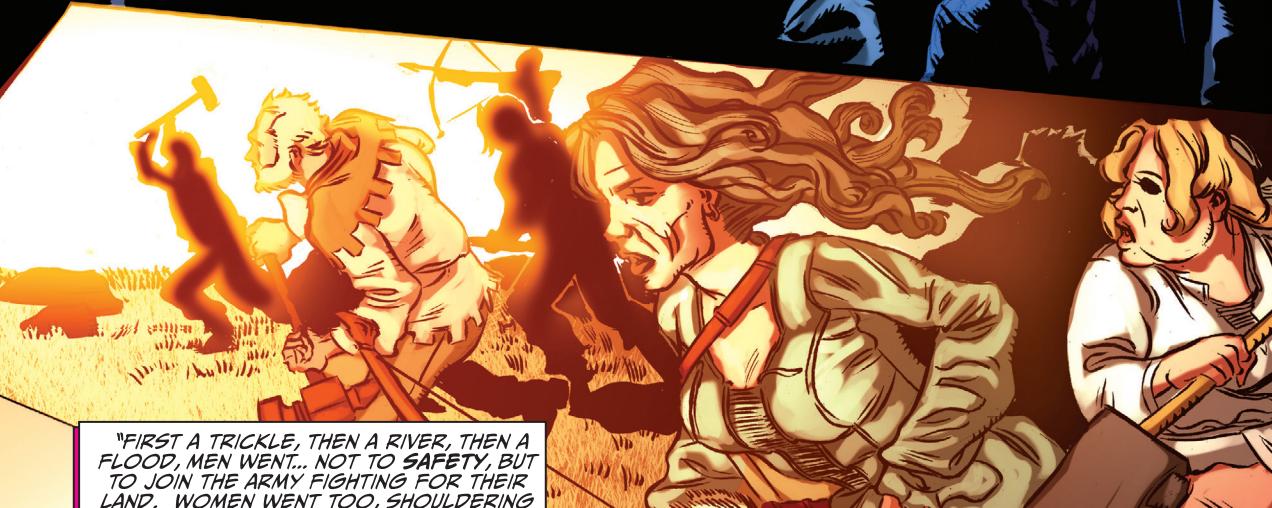
"AND ON THE TENTH DAY, AEMON KNEW THE BITTER TASTE OF BETRAYAL."

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

WHAT
HAPPENED
THEN?

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

BUT
SOME DID NOT
FLEE.



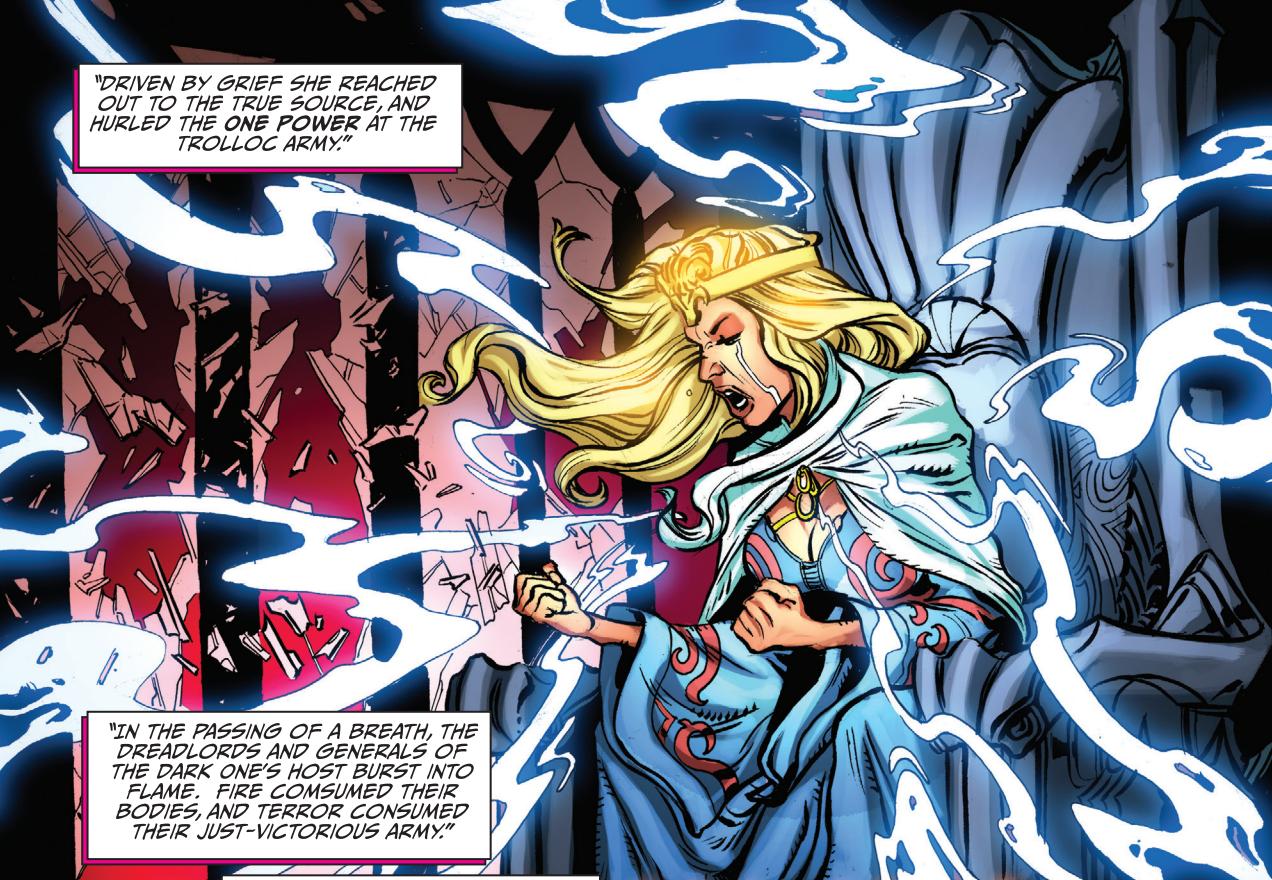
"FIRST A TRICKLE, THEN A RIVER, THEN A FLOOD, MEN WENT.. NOT TO SAFETY, BUT TO JOIN THE ARMY FIGHTING FOR THEIR LAND. WOMEN WENT TOO, SHOULDERING WHAT WEAPONS THEY COULD."

"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 EMOND'S FIELD. AND HERE THE TROLLOC HORDES SURROUNDED THEM."

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



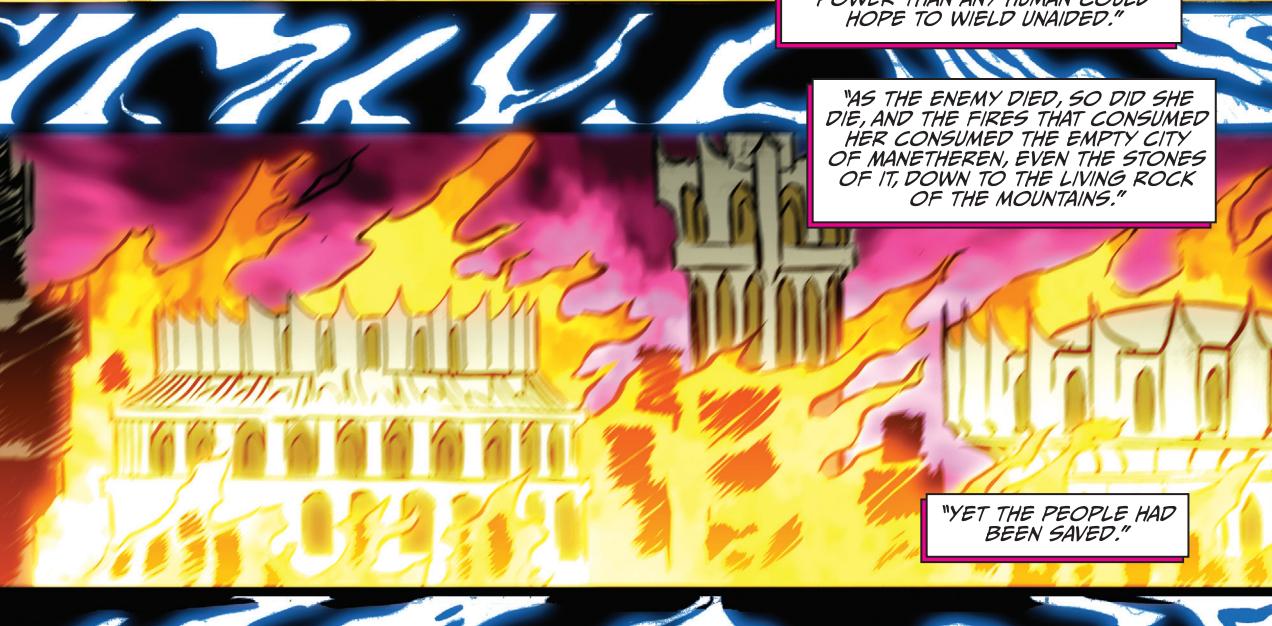
"DRIVEN BY GRIEF SHE REACHED OUT TO THE TRUE SOURCE, AND HURLED THE ONE POWER AT THE TROLLC ARMY."

"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. ELDRENE 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...

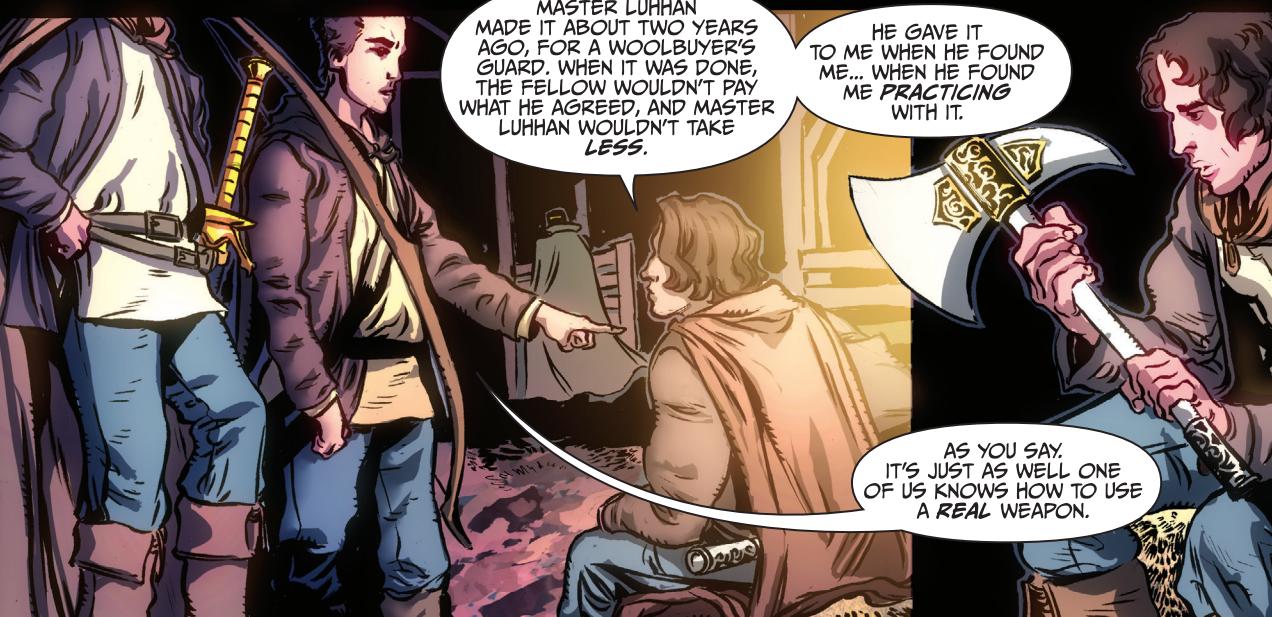
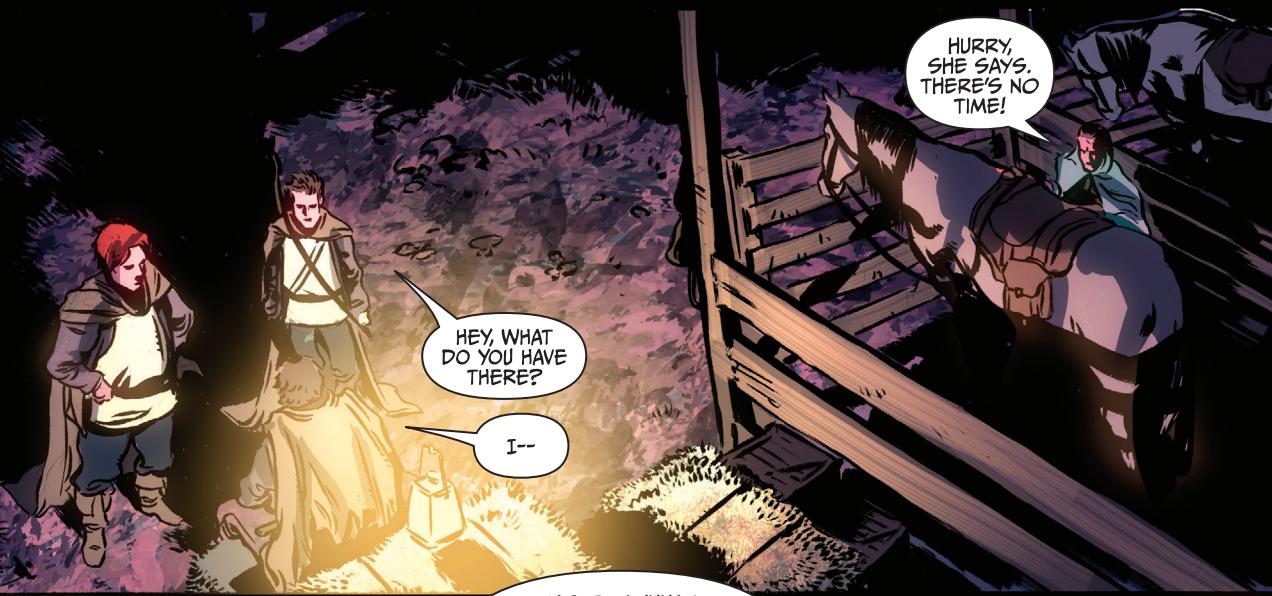
...I'M NO THORN TO THE DARK ONE'S FOOT, NOR EVER LIKELY TO BE, NEITHER.

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...



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.

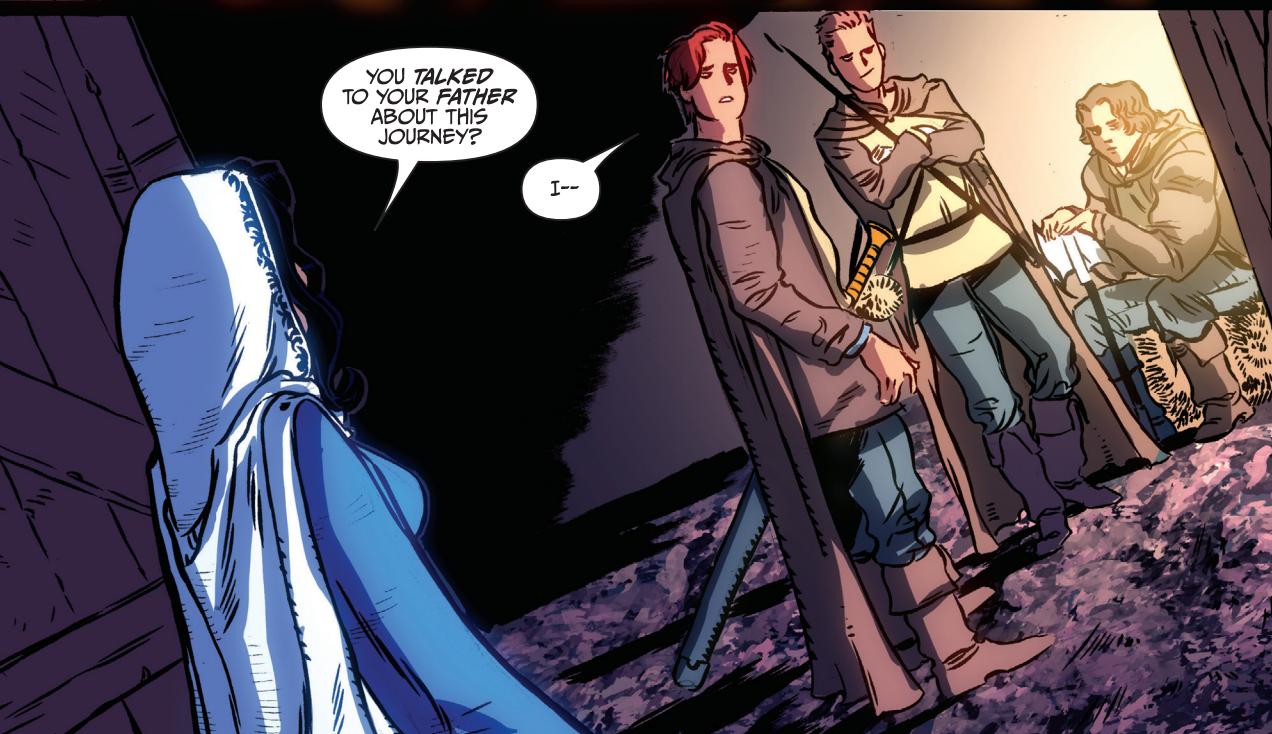
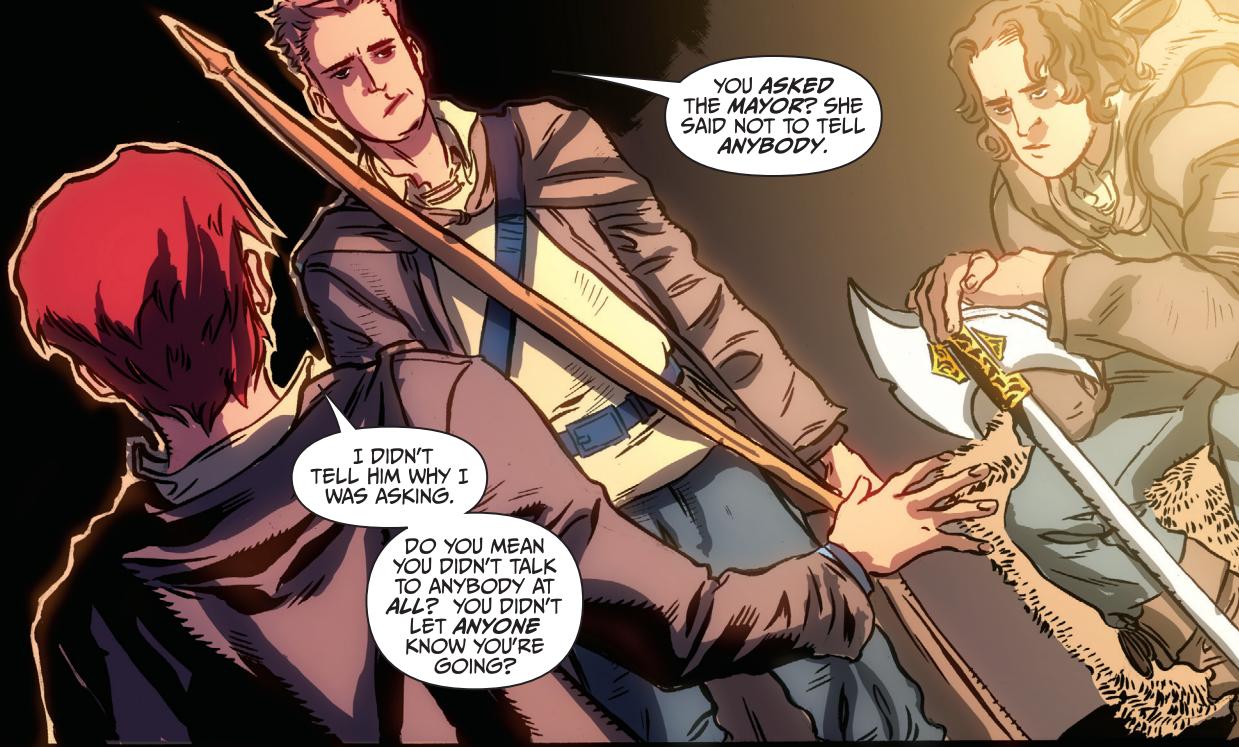
I DON'T KNOW. TROLLOCS, A WARDER, AES SEDAI. WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK?

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.









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 HAVENO OBJECTIONS AT ALL TO TRAVELING IN COMPANY.



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

IS THIS PART OF THE PATTERN TOO, MORaine 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, 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.

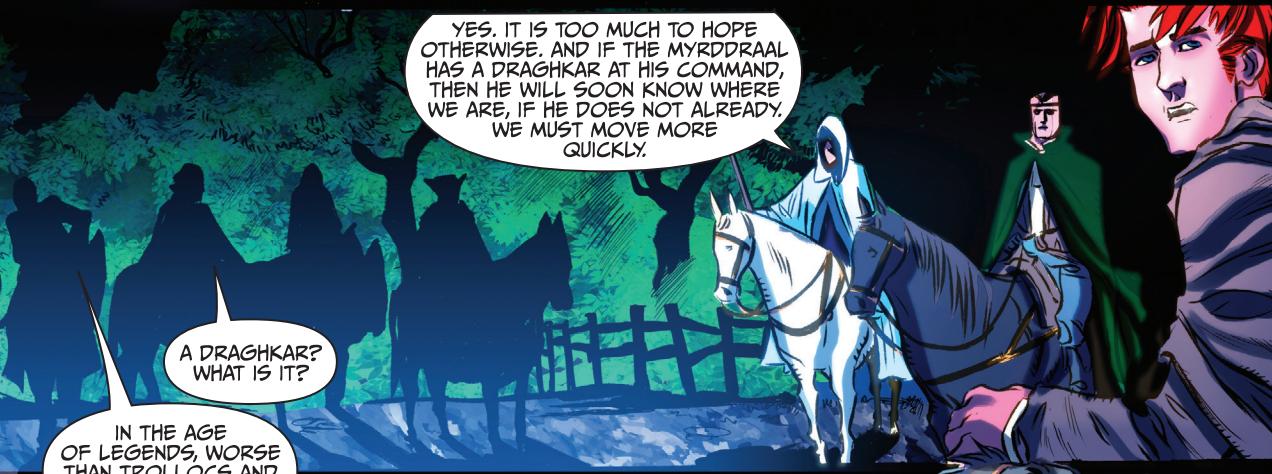


A bat, he thought, though he knew it was not. The body of it had to be as large as a man...



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

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



To be continued...