



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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & ANDIE TONG



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

the EYE of the WORLD

written by
ROBERT JORDAN

script by
CHUCK DIXON

art by
ANDIE TONG

colors by
NICOLAS CHAPUIS

letters and interior design by
BILL TORTOLINI

cover by
ANDIE TONG

original series edits by
ERNST DABEL & RICH YOUNG

thematic consultants:
**BOB KLUTTZ, MARIA SIMONS
& ALAN ROMANCZUK**

consultation:
ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL

special thanks to:
**HARRIET MCDUGAL, NAT SOBEL,
ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,
MELISSA ANN SINGER & STEVEN PADNICK**

DYNAMITE®
ENTERTAINMENT

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

ROBERT JORDAN'S WHEEL OF TIME®: THE EYE OF THE WORLD #8. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Rummage, NJ 08078. Copyright © Robert Jordan. THE WHEEL OF TIME and all characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related are trademarks of Robert Jordan. All rights reserved. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment and the Dynamite Entertainment colophon are ® and © 2011 DEI. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

For information regarding media rights, foreign rights, promotions, licensing, and advertising please e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com



SKRAAW

A large group of people on horseback are navigating a narrow, rocky path through a dense forest. The scene is dimly lit, with sunlight filtering through the trees. In the center, a woman in a blue robe and white hood (Merrilin) is leading the group. To her right, a man in a brown cloak (Baerlon) is also prominent. Other riders are visible in the background, some looking back over their shoulders.

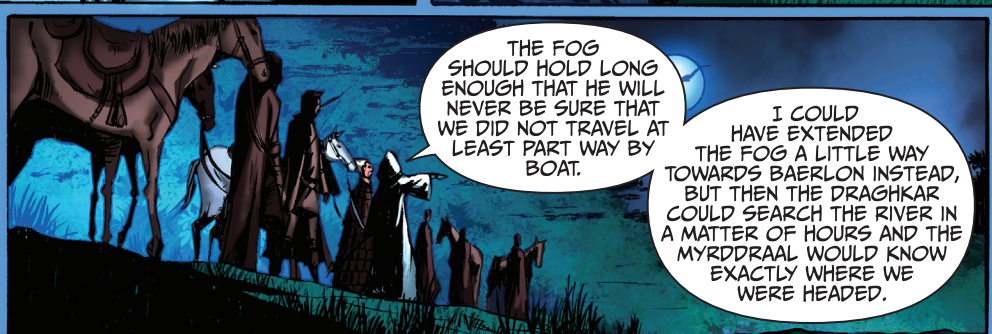
IT FOLLOWS
THE RIVER AS IF
DRAWN WITH
A PEN.

THERE ARE
NOT *TEN WOMEN*
IN TAR VALON WHO
COULD DO THAT
UNAIDED. NOT TO
MENTION FROM A
GALLOPING
HORSE.

I DON'T MEAN TO
COMPLAIN, MOIRANE
SEDAI, BUT WOULD IT
NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER
TO COVER US A LITTLE
FURTHER? SAY TO BAERLON?
IF THAT DRAGHKAR LOOKS
ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER
WE'LL LOSE EVERYTHING
WE HAVE GAINED.

DRAGHKAR ARE NOT
VERY *SMART*, MASTER
MERRILIN. IT WILL TELL
THE MYRDDRAAL THAT THIS
SIDE OF THE RIVER IS CLEAR,
BUT THE RIVER ITSELF IS
CLOAKED FOR MILES IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS.

THE MYRDDRAAL
WILL KNOW THE
EXTRA EFFORT THIS
COST ME. HE WILL HAVE TO
CONSIDER THAT WE MAY
BE ESCAPING DOWN THE
RIVER, AND THAT WILL
SLOW HIM. HE WILL HAVE
TO DIVIDE HIS
EFFORTS.

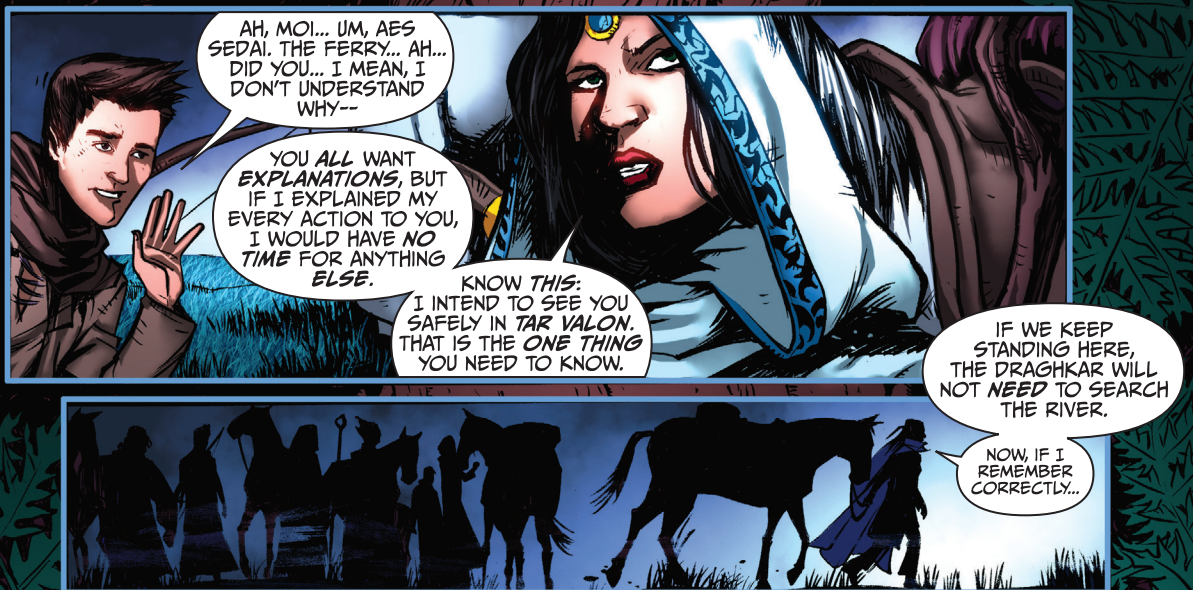
A group of people on horseback are standing on a grassy bank, looking out over a wide river. The air is thick with fog, obscuring the far bank. The scene is dimly lit, with a blueish tint.

THE FOG
SHOULD HOLD LONG
ENOUGH THAT HE WILL
NEVER BE SURE THAT
WE DID NOT TRAVEL AT
LEAST PART WAY BY
BOAT.

I COULD
HAVE EXTENDED
THE FOG A LITTLE WAY
TOWARDS BAERLON INSTEAD,
BUT THEN THE DRAGHKAR
COULD SEARCH THE RIVER IN
A MATTER OF HOURS AND THE
MYRDDRAAL WOULD KNOW
EXACTLY WHERE WE
WERE HEADED.



I *APOLOGIZE*,
AES SEDAI. I
HOPE I DID NOT
OFFEND.



AH, MOI... UM, AES SEDAI. THE FERRY... AH... DID YOU... I MEAN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY--

YOU ALL WANT EXPLANATIONS, BUT IF I EXPLAINED MY EVERY ACTION TO YOU, I WOULD HAVE NO TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

KNOW THIS: I INTEND TO SEE YOU SAFELY IN TAR VALON. THAT IS THE ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW.

IF WE KEEP STANDING HERE, THE DRAGHKAR WILL NOT NEED TO SEARCH THE RIVER.

NOW, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY...



I DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD REST A BIT?

WE DO NEED TO REST, MOIRAINÉ SEDAI. AFTER ALL, WE HAVE RIDDEN ALL NIGHT.

THEN I SUGGEST WE SEE WHAT LAN HAS FOR US.

COME.



NO UNWELCOME VISITORS.

AND THE WOOD I LEFT IS STILL DRY, SO I STARTED A SMALL FIRE. WE WILL REST WARM.



YOU EXPECTED US TO STOP HERE?



IT SEEMED LIKE A LIKELY PLACE. I LIKE TO BE PREPARED, JUST IN CASE.

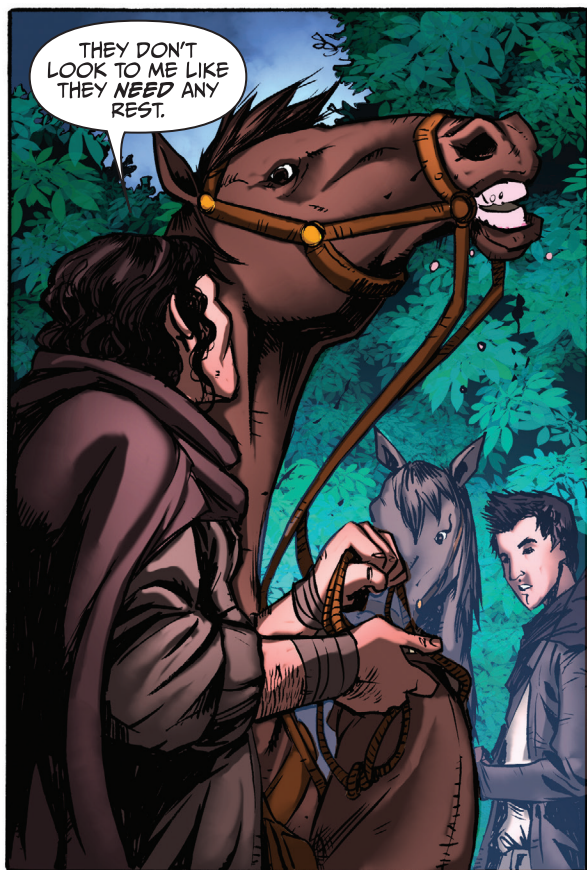
WILL YOU SEE TO THE HORSES, LAN? WHEN YOU ARE DONE, I WILL DO WHAT I CAN ABOUT EVERYONE'S TIREDNESS.

RIGHT NOW, I WANT TO TALK TO EGWENE.



GET THE FEEDBAGS OUT OF THE SUPPLIES, BUT DON'T UNSADDLE YOUR MOUNTS.

THEY WOULD REST EASIER WITHOUT THE SADDLES, BUT IF WE MUST LEAVE QUICKLY, THERE MAY BE NO TIME TO REPLACE THEM.




THEY DON'T LOOK TO ME LIKE THEY NEED ANY REST.



THEY DO. OH, THEY CAN STILL RUN. THEY WILL RUN THEIR FASTEST, IF WE LET THEM, RIGHT UP TO THE SECOND THEY DROP DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION THEY NEVER EVEN FELT.

I WOULD RATHER MOIRAIANE SEDAI HAD NOT HAD TO DO WHAT SHE DID, BUT IT WAS NECESSARY.






THE ONE
POWER COMES
FROM THE TRUE SOURCE,
THE DRIVING FORCE OF
CREATION, THE FORCE
THE CREATOR MADE
TO TURN THE WHEEL
OF TIME.



SAIDIN,
THE MALE HALF
OF THE TRUE
SOURCE--

--AND SAIDAR,
THE FEMALE HALF,
WORK AGAINST EACH
OTHER AND AT THE
SAME TIME TOGETHER
TO PROVIDE THE
FORCE.

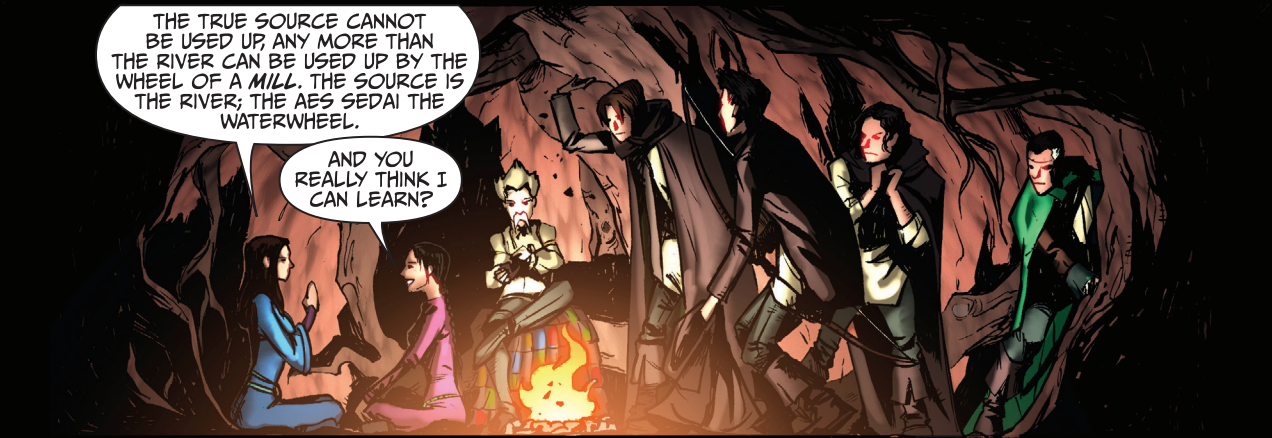


SAIDIN IS FOULED BY THE TOUCH OF THE DARK ONE, LIKE WATER WITH A THIN SLICK OF RANCID OIL FLOATING ON TOP. THE WATER IS STILL PURE, BUT CANNOT BE TOUCHED WITHOUT TOUCHING THE FOULNESS.

ONLY SAIDAR IS SAFE TO BE USED.

WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR, RAND? LIGHT, I WANT TO BE NEAR THAT FIRE!

SORRY.



THE TRUE SOURCE CANNOT BE USED UP, ANY MORE THAN THE RIVER CAN BE USED UP BY THE WHEEL OF A MILL. THE SOURCE IS THE RIVER; THE AES SEDAI THE WATERWHEEL.

AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN LEARN?



I CAN BECOME AN AES SEDAI?



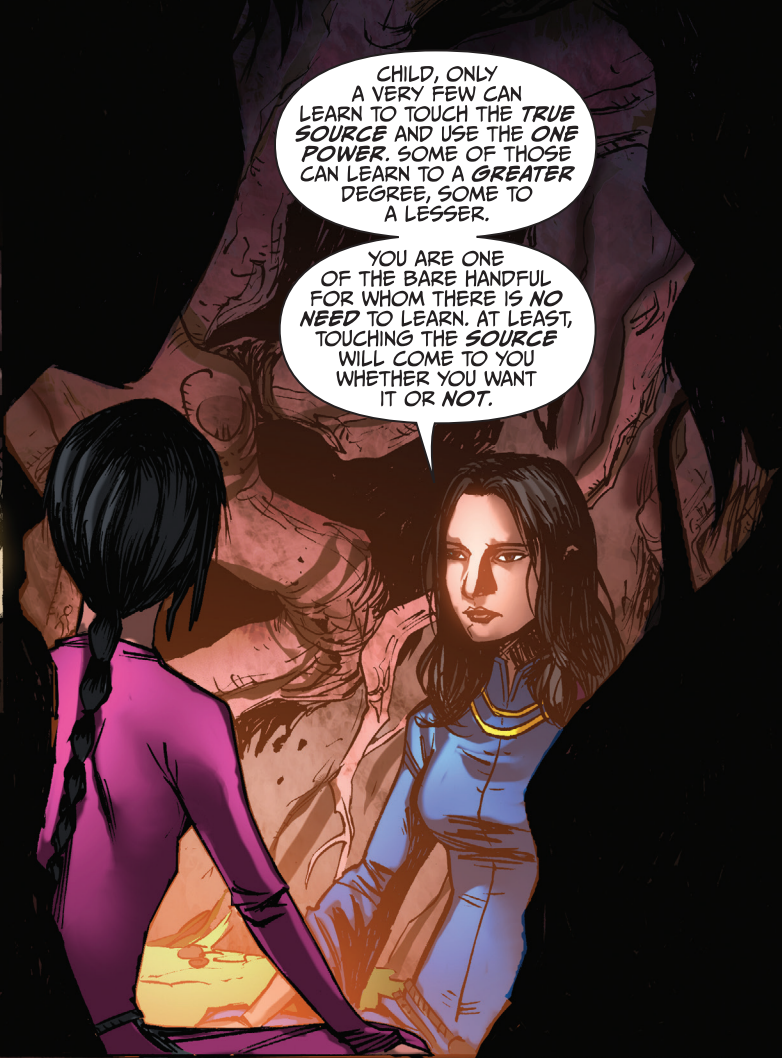
WHAT--?

WHUMP

OW!



DON'T
BE A FOOL.
IT'S BEYOND
YOU NOW,
BOY.



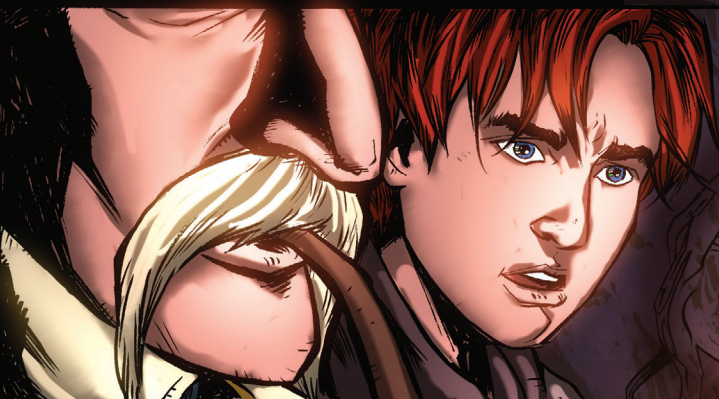
CHILD, ONLY
A VERY FEW CAN
LEARN TO TOUCH THE *TRUE*
SOURCE AND USE THE *ONE*
POWER. SOME OF THOSE
CAN LEARN TO A *GREATER*
DEGREE, SOME TO
A LESSER.

YOU ARE ONE
OF THE BARE HANDFUL
FOR WHOM THERE IS *NO*
NEED TO LEARN. AT LEAST,
TOUCHING THE *SOURCE*
WILL COME TO YOU
WHETHER YOU WANT
IT OR NOT.



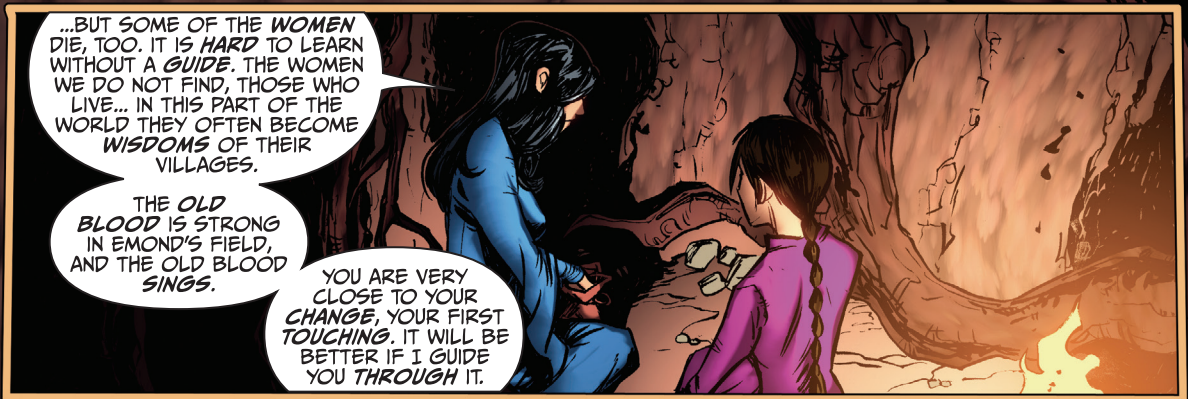
WITHOUT THE
TEACHING YOU CAN
RECEIVE IN TAR VALON,
THOUGH, YOU WILL *NEVER*
LEARN TO CHANNEL IT
FULLY, AND YOU MAY
NOT *SURVIVE*.

MEN WHO HAVE
THE ABILITY TO TOUCH
SAIDIN BORN IN THEM
DIE, OF COURSE, IF THE
RED AJAH DOES NOT
FIND THEM AND
GENTLE THEM...



Rand shifted uncomfortably. Men like those of whom the Aes Sedai spoke were rare, but the damage they did before the Aes Sedai found them was always bad enough for the news to carry, like news of *wars*, or *earthquakes* that destroyed cities.

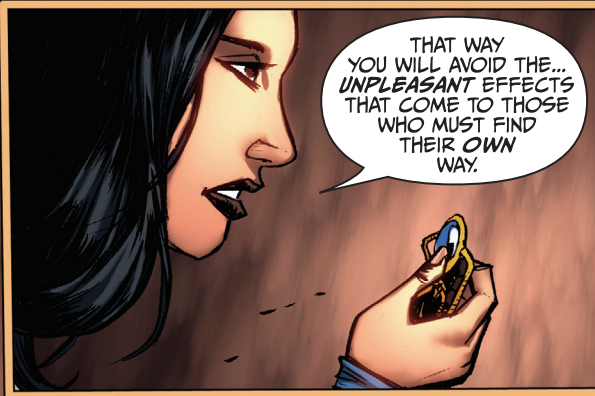
And for all that Rand did not understand about the Ajahs, the stories were clear on one point: the *Red Ajah* held its prime duty to be the prevention of another *Breaking of the World*, and they did it by hunting down every man who even *dreamed* of wielding the *One Power*.



...BUT SOME OF THE *WOMEN* DIE, TOO. IT IS *HARD* TO LEARN WITHOUT A *GUIDE*. THE *WOMEN* WE DO NOT FIND, THOSE WHO LIVE... IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD THEY OFTEN BECOME *WISDOMS* OF THEIR VILLAGES.

THE *OLD BLOOD* IS STRONG IN *EMOND'S FIELD*, AND THE *OLD BLOOD SINGS*.

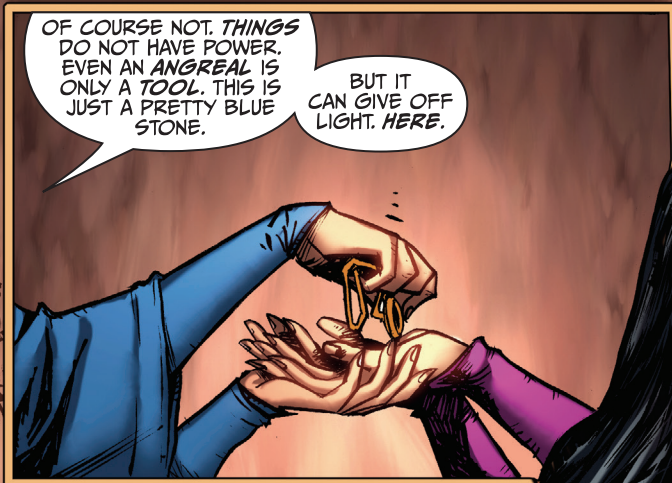
YOU ARE VERY CLOSE TO YOUR *CHANGE*, YOUR FIRST *TOUCHING*. IT WILL BE BETTER IF I GUIDE YOU *THROUGH* IT.



THAT WAY YOU WILL AVOID THE... *UNPLEASANT EFFECTS* THAT COME TO THOSE WHO MUST FIND THEIR *OWN WAY*.



IS... DOES THAT HAVE THE *POWER*?



OF COURSE NOT. *THINGS* DO NOT HAVE *POWER*. EVEN AN *ANGREAL* IS ONLY A *TOOL*. THIS IS JUST A PRETTY *BLUE STONE*.

BUT IT CAN GIVE OFF LIGHT. *HERE*.



LOOK AT THE *STONE*. CLEAR YOUR MIND OF *EVERYTHING* BUT THE *STONE*. CLEAR YOUR MIND AND LET YOURSELF *DRIFT*.

DRIFT, AND I WILL *GUIDE* YOU. NO *THOUGHTS*. *DRIFT*.



Rand's fingers dug into his knees - he wanted egwene to fail.

Despite his wishes, light bloomed from the stone. A flash of blue and gone.

But another flash came, and another, until the azure light pulsed like the beating of a heart. Then it faded. One last, feeble flicker and the stone was merely a bauble again.



I THOUGHT I FELT... *SOMETHING*, BUT... PERHAPS YOU'RE MISTAKEN ABOUT ME. I AM SORRY I WASTED YOUR TIME.

I HAVE WASTED *NOTHING*, CHILD. THAT *LAST LIGHT* WAS *YOURS ALONE*.

IT WAS? BUT IT WAS *BARELY THERE* AT ALL.



NOW YOU ARE BEHAVING LIKE A FOOLISH VILLAGE GIRL. *MOST* WHO COME TO TAR VALON MUST STUDY FOR *MONTHS* BEFORE THEY CAN DO WHAT YOU JUST DID.

YOU MAY GO *FAR*, PERHAPS EVEN THE *AMYRLIN SEAT* ONE DAY, IF YOU STUDY HARD AND WORK HARD.



YOU MEAN...

RAND!
DID YOU HEAR?
I'M GOING TO BE AN *AES SEDAI*!

Later, before they went to sleep, Moiraine knelt by each in turn and laid her hands on their heads.

Lan grumbled that he had no need and she should not waste her strength, but he did not try to stop her.

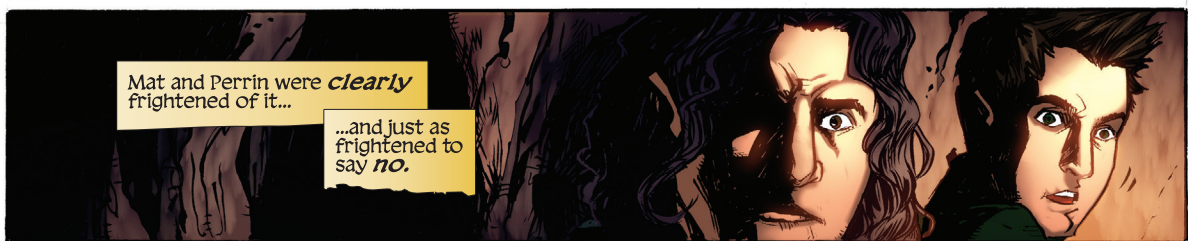


Egwene was *eager* for the experience.



Mat and Perrin were *clearly* frightened of it...

...and just as frightened to say *no*.



Thom scowled through the entire thing, and Rand simply watched and hoped Moiraine would forget about him.



Moiraine did not forget him, though, and Rand flinched at the coolness of her fingers...

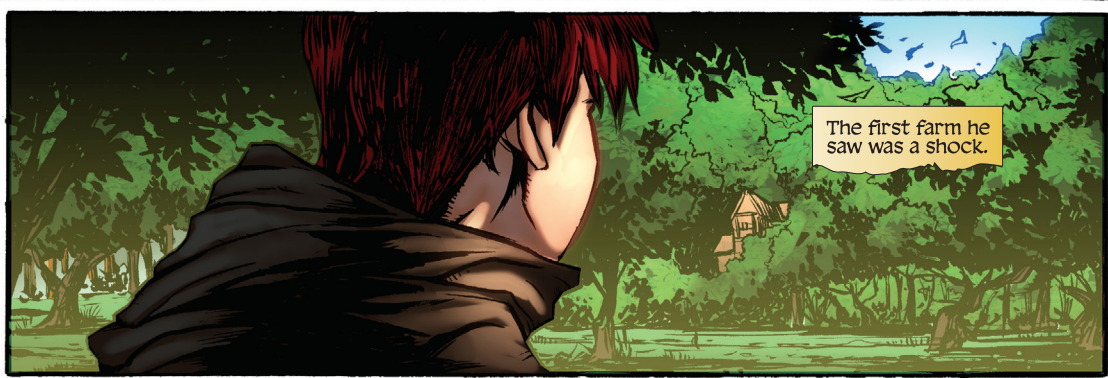
I DON'T--

...as *tiredness* drained out of him.

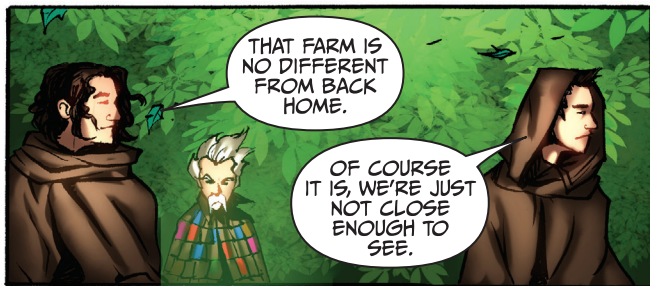


There was nothing leisurely about the slow pace Lan enforced.

And, outside of the road they were on, Rand saw no evidence that men had ever been in these woods.

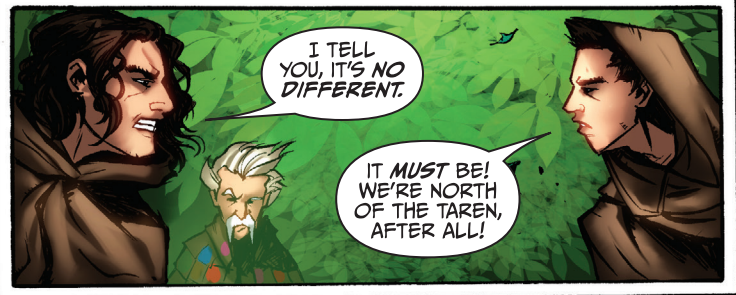


The first farm he saw was a shock.



THAT FARM IS NO DIFFERENT FROM BACK HOME.

OF COURSE IT IS, WE'RE JUST NOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE.



I TELL YOU, IT'S NO DIFFERENT.

IT *MUST* BE! WE'RE NORTH OF THE TAREN, AFTER ALL!

QUIET, YOU TWO. WE DON'T WANT TO BE *SEEN*, REMEMBER?

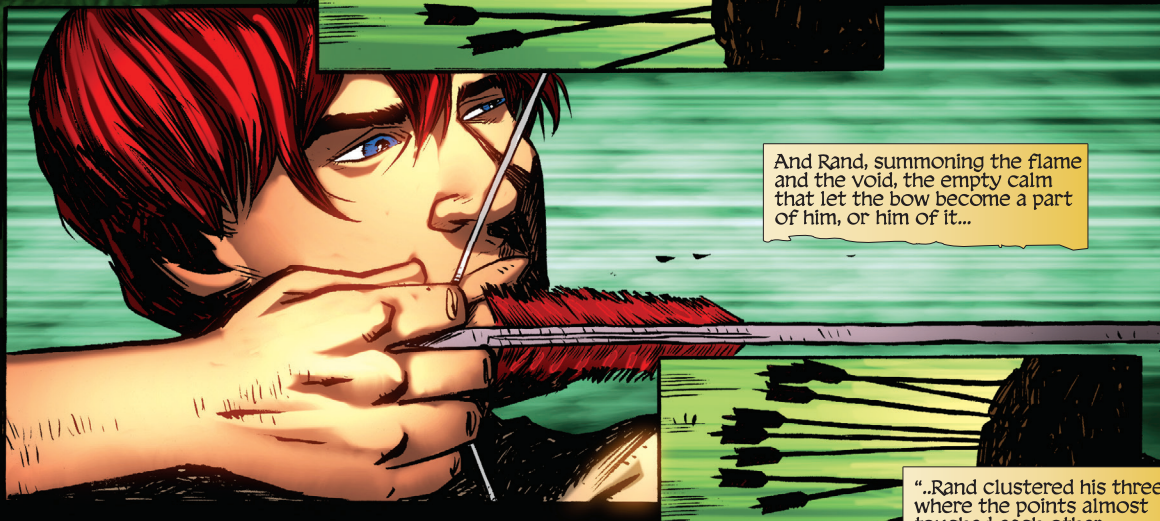


At their first stop, before the sun sank, Lan began teaching the boys what to do with the weapons they carried.

After watching Mat put three arrows into a knot the size of a man's head on the fissured trunk of a dead leather-leaf at a hundred paces, he told the others to take their turns.

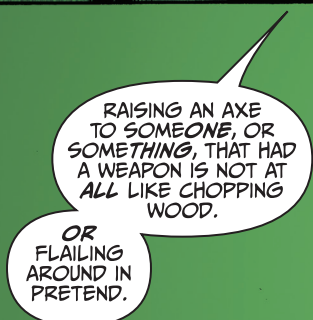


Perrin duplicated Mat's feat.



And Rand, summoning the flame and the void, the empty calm that let the bow become a part of him, or him of it...

"..Rand clustered his three where the points almost touched each other.



Lan set the big apprentice blacksmith to a series of exercises -- block, parry, and strike -- and he did the same for Rand and his sword.

Not the wild leaping about and slashing that Rand had in mind whenever he thought about using it, but *smooth* motions, one flowing into another, almost like a *dance*.

MOVING THE BLADE IS *NOT* ENOUGH, THOUGH SOME THINK IT IS. THE MIND IS PART OF IT, *MOST* OF IT. BLANK YOUR MIND, SHEEPHERDER.

EMPTY IT OF HATE, OF FEAR, OF *EVERYTHING*. BURN THEM AWAY.

YOU OTHERS LISTEN TO THIS, TOO. YOU CAN USE IT WITH THE AXE OR THE BOW, WITH A SPEAR OR A QUARTERSTAFF, OR EVEN YOUR *BARE HANDS*.



THE FLAME AND THE VOID.

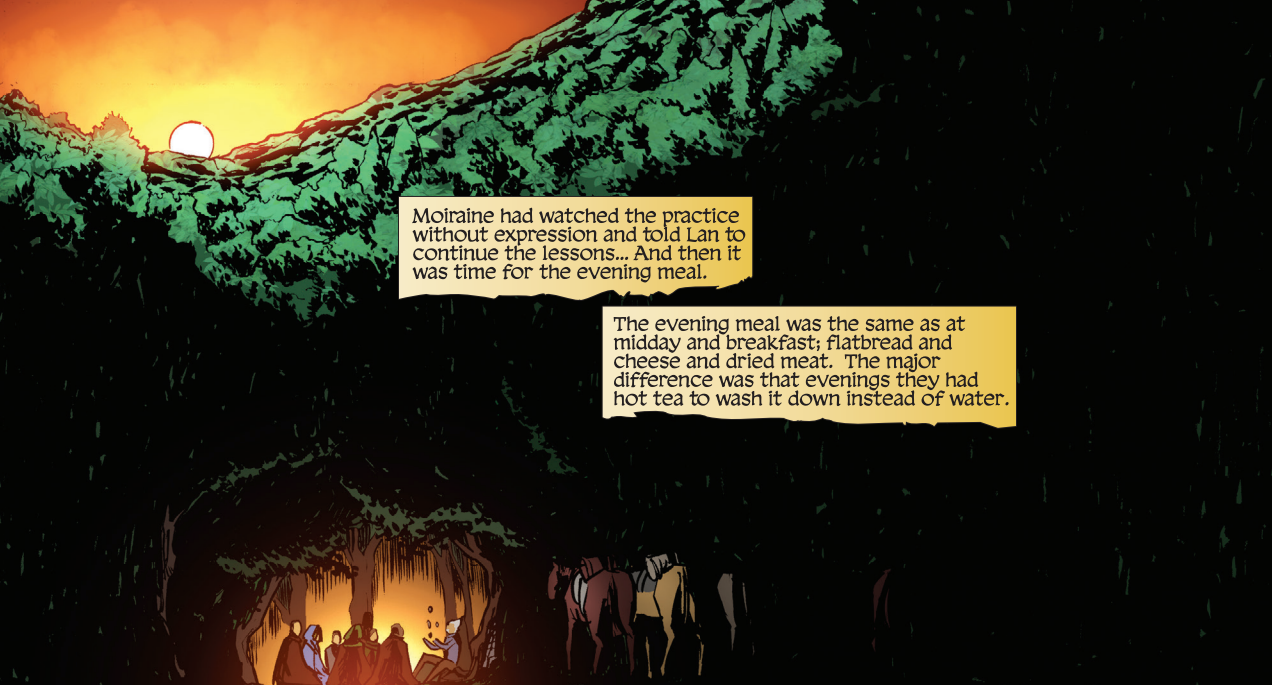
THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, ISN'T IT? MY FATHER TAUGHT ME ABOUT THAT.



HOLD THE SWORD AS I *SHOWED* YOU, SHEEPHERDER.

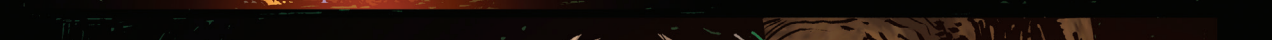
I CANNOT MAKE A MUDFOOTED VILLAGER INTO A BLADEMASTER IN AN HOUR, BUT PERHAPS I CAN KEEP YOU FROM *SLICING* OFF YOUR OWN FOOT.





Moiraine had watched the practice without expression and told Lan to continue the lessons... And then it was time for the evening meal.


The evening meal was the same as at midday and breakfast; flatbread and cheese and dried meat. The major difference was that evenings they had hot tea to wash it down instead of water.




Thom entertained them, evenings. Lan would not let the gleeman play harp or flute - no need to rouse the countryside, the Warder said - but Thom juggled and told stories.

"Mara and the Three Foolish Kings," or one of the hundreds about Anla the "Wise Counselor," or something filled with glory and adventure like the "Great Hunt of the Horn..."

...but always with a happy ending and a joyous *homecoming*.

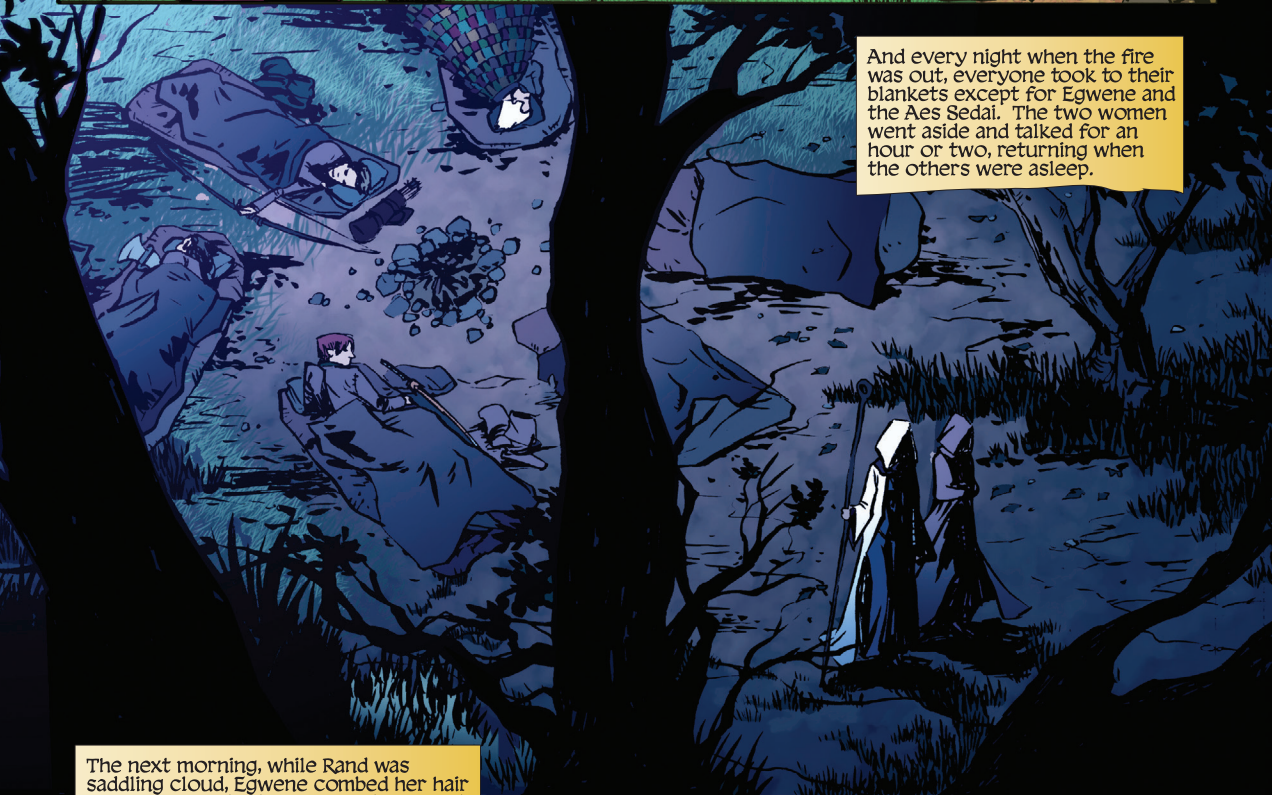


Yet if the land was peaceful around them, if no Trollocs appeared among the trees, no Draghkar among the clouds, it seemed to Rand they managed to raise their tension themselves whenever it was in danger of vanishing.





There was the morning Egwene awoke and began unbraiding her hair. Rand watched her from the corner of his eye as he made up his bedroll.



And every night when the fire was out, everyone took to their blankets except for Egwene and the Aes Sedai. The two women went aside and talked for an hour or two, returning when the others were asleep.

The next morning, while Rand was saddling cloud, Egwene combed her hair out - one hundred times, Rand counted - and pulled up the hood of her cloak. Rand couldn't stand it anymore.



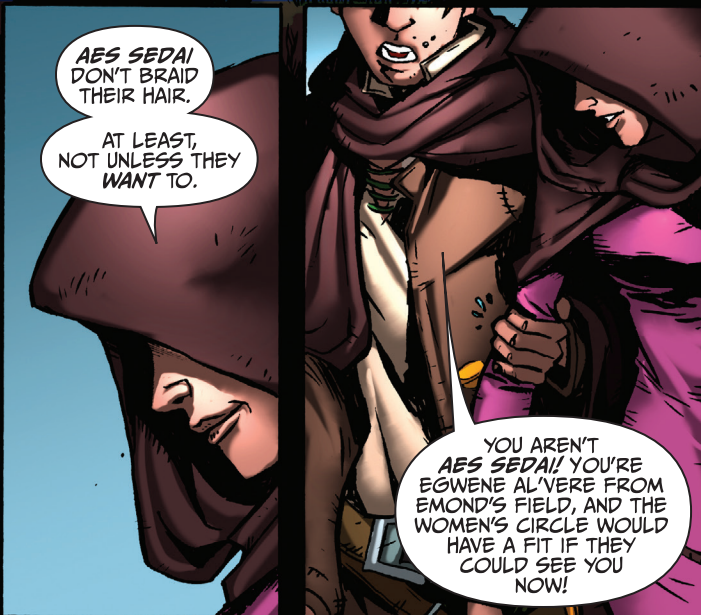
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HRM?

ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE WANTED TO WEAR YOUR HAIR IN A BRAID, AND NOW YOU'RE GIVING IT UP? WHY? BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T BRAID HERS?

AES SEDAI! DON'T BRAID THEIR HAIR.

AT LEAST, NOT UNLESS THEY WANT TO.



YOU AREN'T AES SEDAI! YOU'RE EGWENE AL'VERE FROM EMOND'S FIELD, AND THE WOMEN'S CIRCLE WOULD HAVE A FIT IF THEY COULD SEE YOU NOW!



WOMEN'S
CIRCLE BUSINESS
IS NONE OF
YOURS, RAND AL'
THOR.

AND I WILL
BE AN AES SEDAI.
JUST AS SOON
AS I REACH TAR
VALON.



AS SOON
AS YOU REACH
TAR VALON. WHY?
LIGHT, TELL ME THAT.
YOU'RE NO DARK-
FRIEND.



DO YOU THINK
MOIRAIN SEDAI
IS A DARKFRIEND?
AFTER SHE SAVED
THE VILLAGE? AFTER
SHE SAVED YOUR
FATHER?

I--



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SHE IS, BUT WHAT-
EVER SHE IS, IT DOESN'T
SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE
REST OF THEM. THE
STORIES--



GROW UP,
RAND! FORGET
THE STORIES
AND USE YOUR
EYES!



Two nights later.

Lan was off in the night, taking a last look around. Moiraine and Egwene had gone aside for one of their conversations. Thom was half dozing over his pipe, and the young men had the fire to themselves.

YOU KNOW, I THINK WE'VE LOST THEM FOR GOOD.

IF WE LOST THEM, WHY DOES LAN KEEP SCOUTING?

WE LOST THEM BACK AT TAREN FERRY.

IF THEY WERE EVEN REALLY AFTER US.

YOU THINK THAT DRAGHKAR WAS CHASING US BECAUSE IT LIKED US?

I SAY STOP WORRYING ABOUT TROLLOCS AND SUCH. WE'RE OUT WHERE THE STORIES COME FROM. WHAT DO YOU THINK A REAL CITY IS LIKE?

WE'RE GOING TO BAERLON.

BAERLON'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I'VE SEEN THAT OLD MAP MASTER AL'VERE HAS. IF WE TURN SOUTH ONCE WE REACH CAEMLYN, THE ROAD LEADS ALL THE WAY TO ILLIAN AND BEYOND.

⇒YAWN⇒

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT ILLIAN?

