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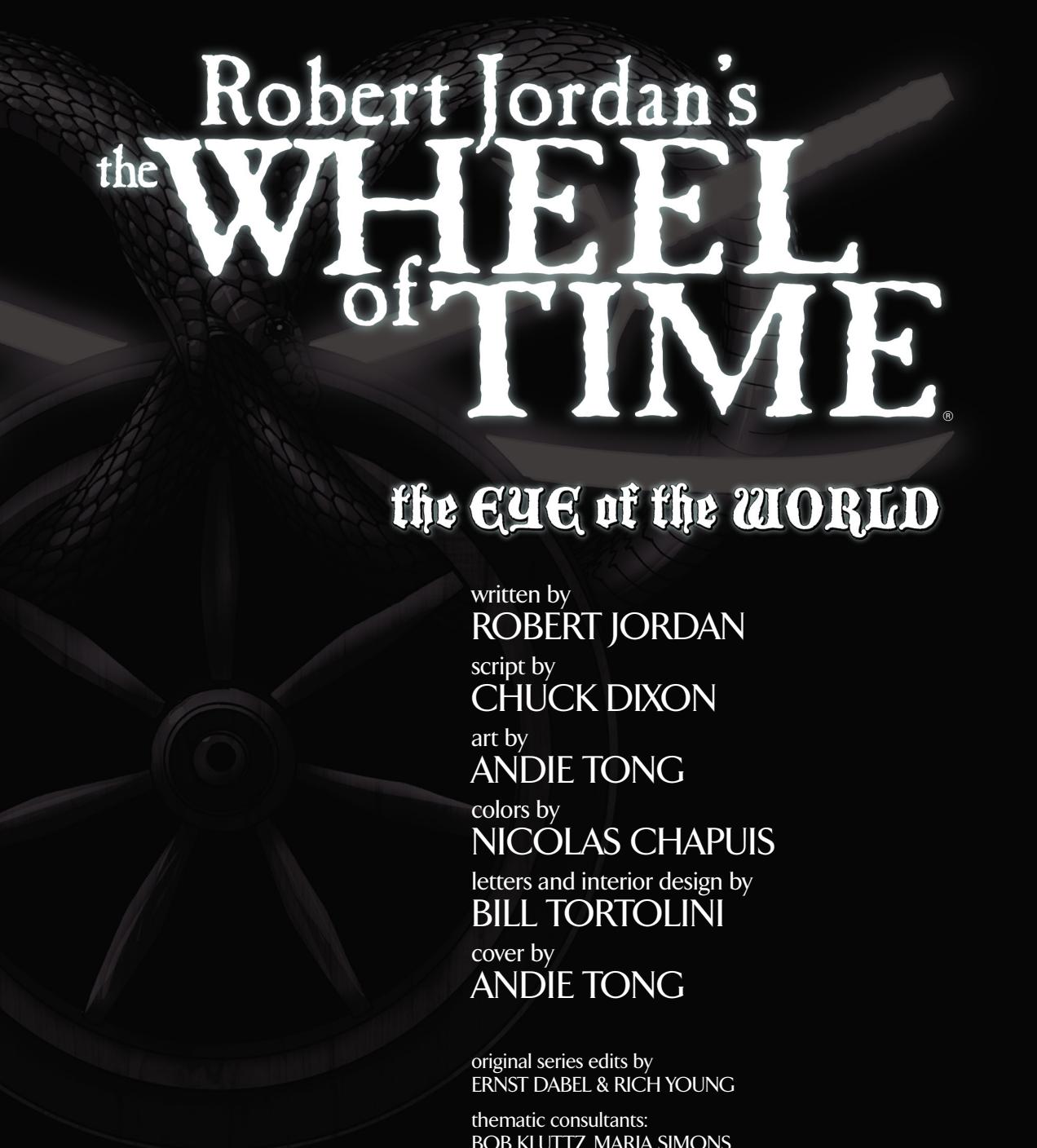
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# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & ANDIE TONG



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## the EYE of the WORLD

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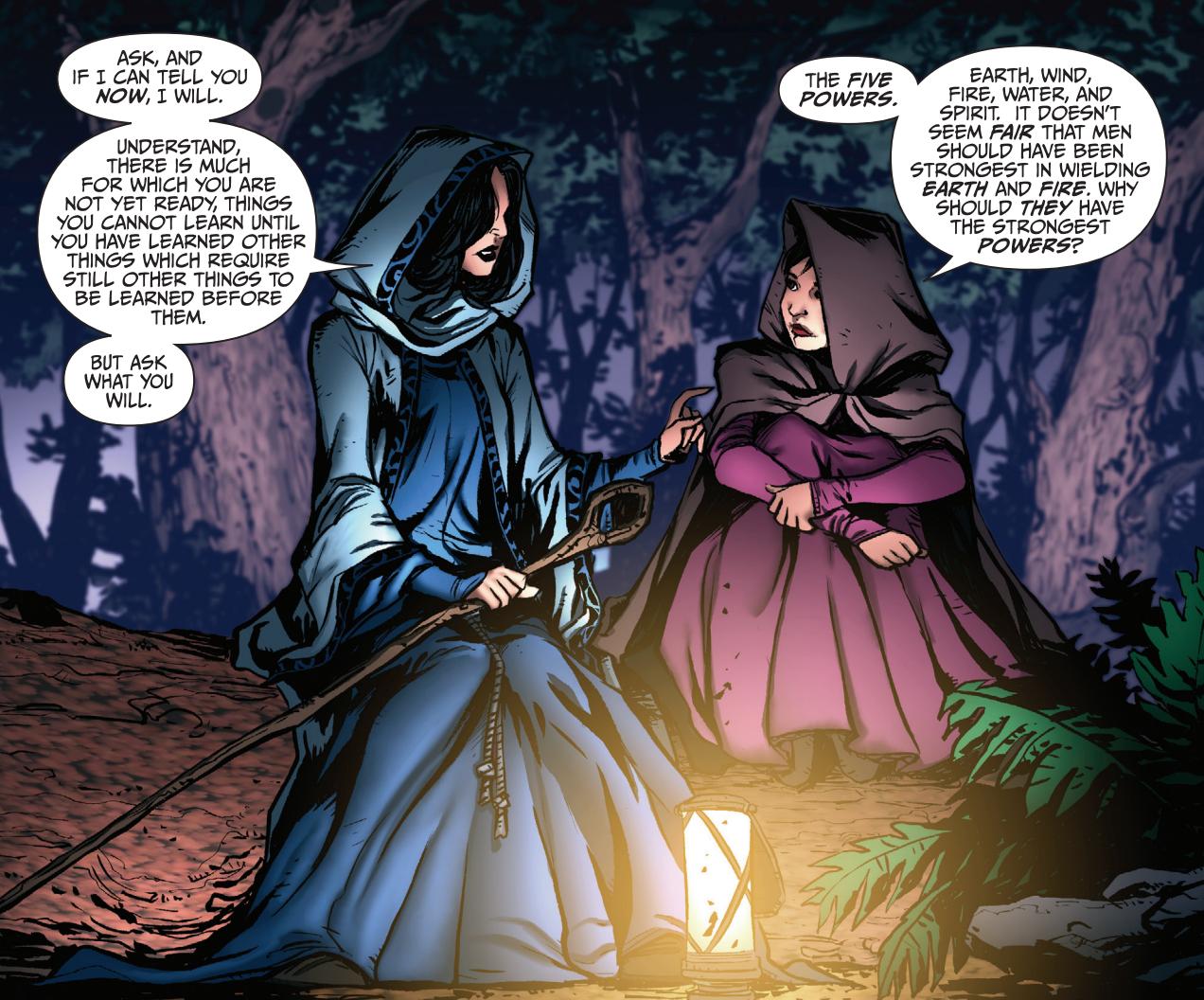
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The nightly talks between Egwene and the Aes Sedai were a sore point for Rand.





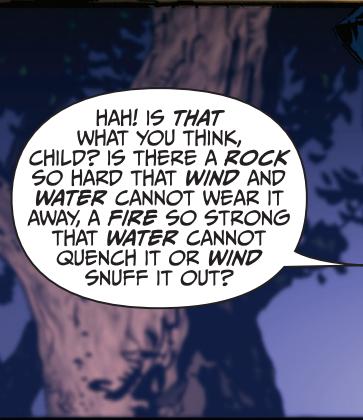
ASK, AND  
IF I CAN TELL YOU  
NOW, I WILL.

UNDERSTAND,  
THERE IS MUCH  
FOR WHICH YOU ARE  
NOT YET READY. THINGS  
YOU CANNOT LEARN UNTIL  
YOU HAVE LEARNED OTHER  
THINGS WHICH REQUIRE  
STILL OTHER THINGS TO  
BE LEARNED BEFORE  
THEM.

BUT ASK  
WHAT YOU  
WILL.

THE FIVE  
POWERS.

EARTH, WIND,  
FIRE, WATER, AND  
SPIRIT. IT DOESN'T  
SEEM FAIR THAT MEN  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
STRONGEST IN WELDING  
EARTH AND FIRE. WHY  
SHOULD THEY HAVE  
THE STRONGEST  
POWERS?



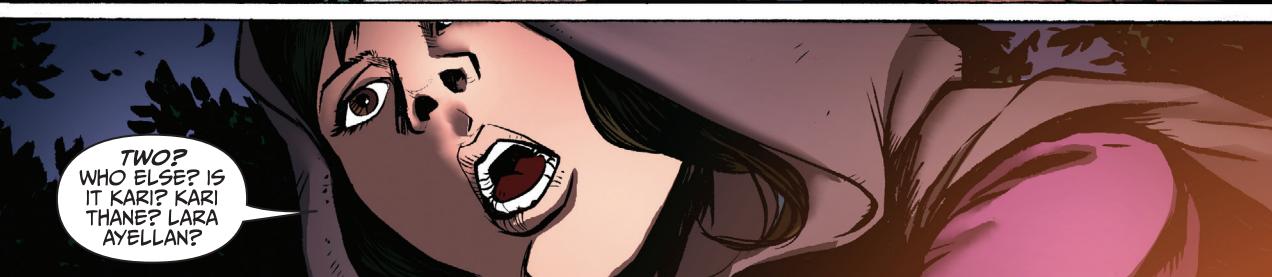
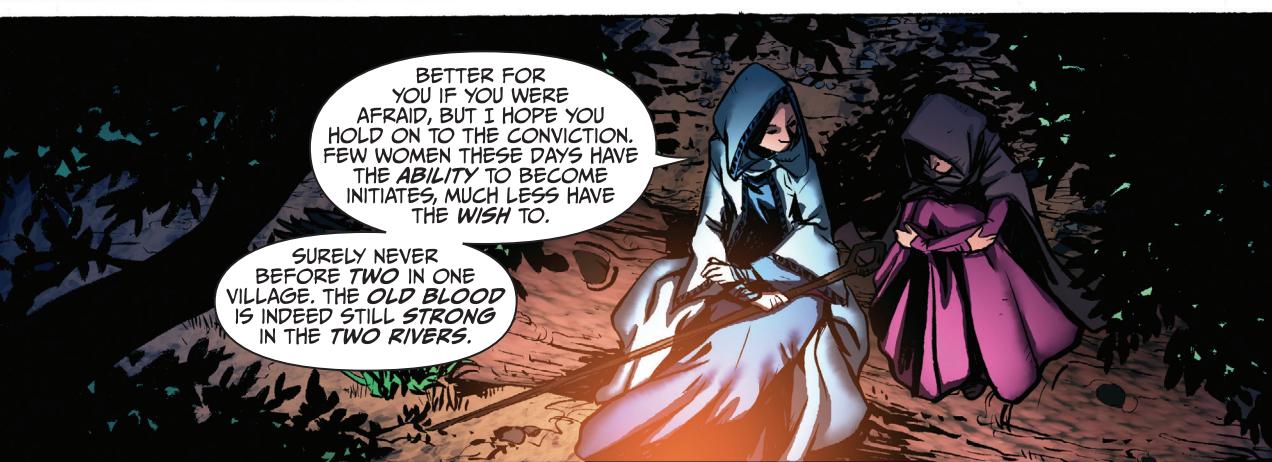
HAH! IS THAT  
WHAT YOU THINK,  
CHILD? IS THERE A ROCK  
SO HARD THAT WIND AND  
WATER CANNOT WEAR IT  
AWAY, A FIRE SO STRONG  
THAT WATER CANNOT  
QUENCH IT OR WIND  
SNUFF IT OUT?



THEY... THEY  
WERE THE ONES WHO  
TRIED TO FREE THE DARK  
ONE AND THE FORSAKEN,  
WEREN'T THEY? THE MALE  
AES SEDAI?



THE WOMEN  
WERE NOT PART OF IT.  
IT WAS THE MEN WHO  
WENT MAD AND BROKE  
THE WORLD.



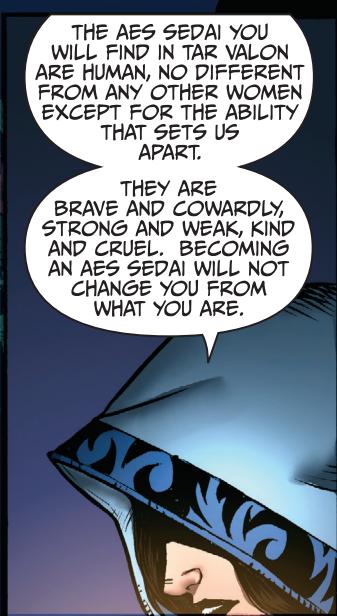


BE THAT AS IT MAY, BUT YOU STILL WANT REASSURANCE, AND I CANNOT GIVE IT TO YOU. NOT IN THE WAY THAT YOU WANT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU WANT TO KNOW THAT THE AES SEDAI ARE GOOD AND PURE, THAT IT WAS THE WICKED MEN OF THE LEGENDS WHO CAUSED THE BREAKING OF THE WORLD, NOT THE WOMEN.

WELL, IT WAS THE MEN, BUT THEY WERE NO MORE WICKED THAN ANY MEN. THEY WERE INSANE, NOT EVIL.



THE AES SEDAI YOU WILL FIND IN TAR VALON ARE HUMAN, NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER WOMEN EXCEPT FOR THE ABILITY THAT SETS US APART.

THEY ARE BRAVE AND COWARDLY, STRONG AND WEAK, KIND AND CRUEL. BECOMING AN AES SEDAI WILL NOT CHANGE YOU FROM WHAT YOU ARE.



SUPPOSE I WAS AFRAID OF THAT, AFRAID I'D BE CHANGED BY THE POWER. THAT AND THE TROLLS, AND THE FADE. AND--

--MOIRANE SEDAI, IN THE NAME OF THE LIGHT, WHY DID TROLLS COME TO EMOND'S FIELD?

The Aes Sedai's head swung, and she looked **straight** at Rand's hiding place.

Rand's breath seized in his throat; Moiraine's eyes were as hard as when she had made her threat to the boys, and he had the feeling her gaze could penetrate the leatherleaf's thick branches.



LIGHT, WHAT WILL I DO IF SHE FINDS ME LISTENING...?



When Rand tried to melt back into the deeper shadows, a root snagged his foot and he barely caught himself from tumbling into dead brush that would have noisily given him away.

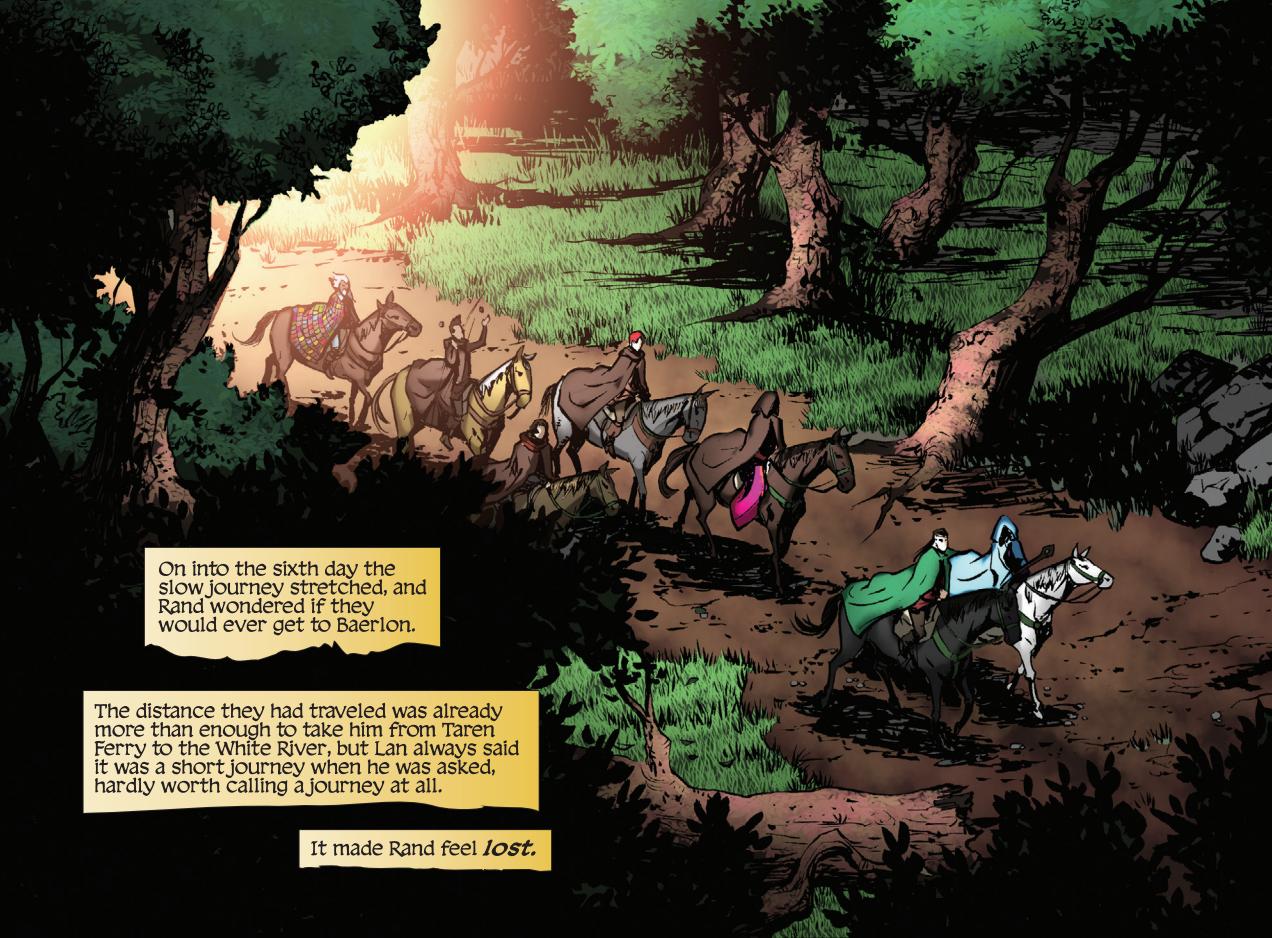
Panting, he scrambled away on all fours, keeping silent as much by luck as by anything he did. His heart pounded so hard, he thought that might give him away itself.

He was a *fool* for trying to eavesdrop on an Aes Sedai!



None did. When Rand opened his eyes again, Moiraine was *gone*.





On into the sixth day the slow journey stretched, and Rand wondered if they would ever get to Baerlon.

The distance they had traveled was already more than enough to take him from Taren Ferry to the White River, but Lan always said it was a short journey when he was asked, hardly worth calling a journey at all.

It made Rand feel *lost*.



The horses' slow walk allowed Mat to practice juggling under Thom Merrilin's watchful eye. The gleeman gave lessons each night too, as well as Lan.

HEY  
RAND! I  
CAN JUGGLE  
FOUR!

MM.

I TOLD  
YOU I'D GET TO  
FOUR BEFORE  
YOU! I--

LOOK!



HOW  
CAN SO  
MANY PEOPLE  
LIVE IN ONE  
PLACE?

SO  
THAT'S A  
CITY.

AND YOU, RAND? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR FIRST SIGHT OF BAERLON?

I THINK... IT'S A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

YOU HAVE FURTHER TO GO YET, MUCH FURTHER. BUT THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE OTHER THAN TO RUN AND HIDE AND RUN AGAIN, FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES.

AND SHORT LIVES THEY WOULD BE. YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT, WHEN THE JOURNEY BECOMES HARD.

THE DANGER BEGINS AGAIN HERE. WATCH WHAT YOU SAY WITHIN THOSE WALLS. DO NOT MENTION TROLLOCS OR HALF MEN, AND DO NOT EVEN THINK OF THE DARK ONE.

THERE ARE THOSE IN BAERLON WHO HAVE EVEN LESS LOVE FOR AES SEDAI THAN DO THE PEOPLE OF EMOND'S FIELD, AND THERE MAY EVEN BE DARKFRIENDS.

WE MUST ATTRACT AS LITTLE ATTENTION AS POSSIBLE, AND WE DO NOT GO BY OUR OWN NAMES HERE. HERE, I AM KNOWN AS ALYS AND LAN IS ANDRA. REMEMBER THAT.

GOOD. NOW LET US BE WITHIN THE WALLS BEFORE NIGHT CATCHES US. THE GATES OF BAERLON ARE CLOSED FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

HAH!



Lan led the way down the hill and through the woods to the log wall.

The road passed half a dozen farms - none lay close, and none of the people finishing their chores seemed to notice the travelers - before ending at heavy wooden gates bound with wide strips of black iron.

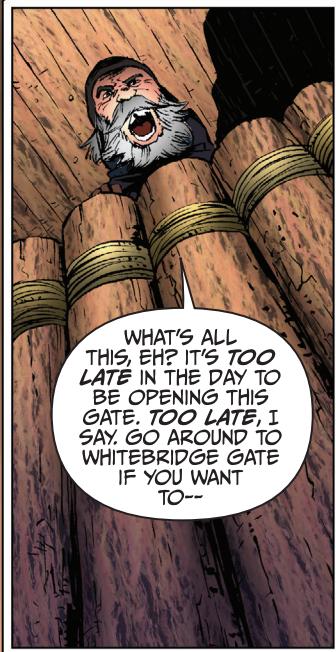


The gates were closed **tight**, even though the sun was not down yet, so Lan rode close, to announce their presence.



WHAT'S ALL THIS, EH? IT'S TOO LATE IN THE DAY TO BE OPENING THIS GATE. TOO LATE, I SAY. GO AROUND TO WHITEBRIDGE GATE IF YOU WANT TO--

OH, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, MISTRESS. WAIT. I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. JUST WAIT. I'M COMING. I'M COMING...







I HAD HEARD THAT AES SEDAI WERE GOING TO GHEALDAN.



AND THAT'S WHAT STARTED THIS BATTLE, OR SO I HEAR. THEY SAY SOME OF THOSE AES SEDAI ARE DEAD. MAYBE ALL OF THEM.



SOME SAY - NOT THE WHITECLOAKS, MIND, AND NOT ME - THAT THIS FELLOW REALLY IS THE DRAGON REBORN. HE CAN DO THINGS, I HEAR. USE THE ONE POWER. THERE'S THOUSANDS FOLLOWING HIM.

DON'T BE A FOOL.



JUST SAYING WHAT I HEARD, MASTER ANDRA. SOME SAY THAT HE'S MOVING HIS ARMY EAST AND SOUTH, TOWARDS TEAR. THEY SAY HE'S NAMED THEM THE PEOPLE OF THE DRAGON.



NAMES MEAN LITTLE. YOU COULD CALL YOUR MULE PEOPLE OF THE DRAGON IF YOU WANTED.



NOT LIKELY, MISTRESS. NOT WITH THE WHITECLOAKS AROUND, FOR SURE.



NO DOUBT A WISE DECISION.

AND NOW WE MUST BE OFF.



AND DON'T YOU WORRY, MISTRESS, I AIN'T SEEN NOBODY. IN FACT, THIS GATE AIN'T BEEN OPEN IN DAYS.

THOM, WHAT  
WAS ALL THAT ABOUT  
TEAR AND THE PEOPLE  
OF THE DRAGON? TEAR  
IS A CITY ALL THE WAY  
DOWN ON THE SEA OF  
STORMS, ISN'T IT?

THE  
KARAETHON  
CYCLE.

NO ONE TELLS...  
THOSE STORIES IN  
EMOND'S FIELD. THE  
WISDOM WOULD SKIN  
THEM ALIVE IF  
THEY DID.

I SUPPOSE  
SHE WOULD,  
AT THAT.

TEAR IS THE  
GREATEST PORT ON  
THE SEA OF STORMS,  
AND THE STONE OF  
TEAR IS THE  
FORTRESS THAT  
GUARDS IT.

THE STONE IS  
SAID TO BE THE FIRST  
FORTRESS BUILT AFTER  
THE BREAKING OF THE  
WORLD, AND IN ALL THIS  
TIME IT HAS NEVER FALLEN,  
THOUGH MORE THAN ONE  
ARMY HAS TRIED.

ONE OF THE  
PROPHECIES SAYS  
THAT THE STONE OF  
TEAR WILL NEVER FALL  
UNTIL THE PEOPLE OF  
THE DRAGON COME  
TO THE STONE.

ANOTHER SAYS  
THAT THE STONE WON'T  
FALL UNTIL THE SWORD  
THAT CANNOT BE  
TOUCHED IS WIELDED  
BY THE DRAGON'S  
HAND.

THE FALL OF THE  
STONE WILL BE ONE  
OF THE MAJOR PROOFS  
THAT THE DRAGON HAS  
BEEN REBORN. MAY THE  
STONE STAND TILL  
I AM DUST.

THE SWORD  
THAT CANNOT BE  
TOUCHED?

THAT'S WHAT  
IT SAYS. I DON'T  
KNOW WHETHER IT IS A  
SWORD, BUT WHATEVER  
IT IS, IT LIES INSIDE THE  
HEART OF STONE, THE  
CENTRAL CITADEL OF  
THE FORTRESS.

THE STONE  
CANNOT FALL UNTIL  
THE DRAGON WIELDS THE  
SWORD, BUT HOW CAN HE,  
UNLESS THE STONE HAS  
ALREADY FALLEN? HOW  
CAN THE PROPHECY  
BE FULFILLED?

YOU ASK AN  
AWFUL LOT OF  
QUESTIONS, BOY. A  
PROPHECY THAT WAS  
EASILY FULFILLED  
WOULD NOT BE WORTH  
MUCH, NOW WOULD  
IT?

AH, LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE HERE.  
WHEREVER  
HERE IS.





NEED  
ANYTHING ELSE?  
MORE TOWELS?  
MORE HOT  
WATER?



NOTHING.  
GO AND ENJOY THE  
EVENING. AT A LATER TIME, I  
WILL SEE THAT YOU RECEIVE  
MORE THAN ADEQUATE  
RECOMPENSE FOR  
YOUR SERVICES.



IS - IS THERE TROUBLE DOWN COUNTRY, TOO? IN THE RIVERS, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT?

THE, TWO. RIVERS. IT'S THE TWO RIVERS.

AS FOR TROUBLE--

--WHAT DO YOU MEAN "TWO"? IS THERE SOME KIND OF TROUBLE HERE?

HERE? TROUBLE? MINERS HAVING FISTFIGHTS IN THE DARK OF THE MORNING AREN'T TROUBLE. OR...

I MEANT THE GHEALDAN KIND OF TROUBLE. BUT I SUPPOSE NOT. NOTHING BUT SHEEP DOWNCOUNTRY, IS THERE? NO OFFENSE.

I HEARD THERE WERE TROLLOCS UP IN SALDAEA. BUT THAT'S THE BORDERLANDS THEN, ISN'T IT?

TROLLOCS? YOU JUST LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT TROLLOCS...

WHY DON'T YOU NOT? I AM A LITTLE TIRED OF HEARING MY OWN STORIES BACK FROM YOU.

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE--

AH!

NOW THIS  
IS WHAT I HAVE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR!

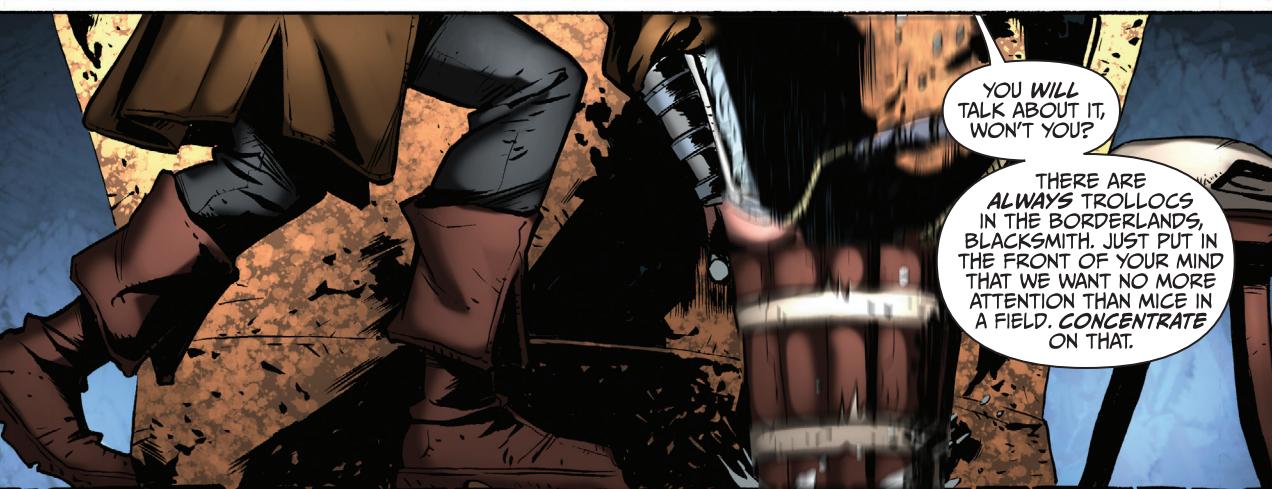
SHALL  
I--

NO, I WILL  
SEE TO MYSELF.  
GO AND ENJOY  
YOUR EVENING.

IT'S A GOOD  
THING I GOT  
BACK WHEN I DID,  
FARMBOY. DON'T  
YOU LISTEN TO  
WHAT YOU ARE  
TOLD?

I DIDN'T DO  
ANYTHING. I WAS  
JUST GOING TO  
TELL HIM ABOUT  
THE TROLLOCS,  
NOT ABOUT...

DON'T TALK  
ABOUT TROLLOCS.  
DON'T EVEN THINK  
ABOUT TROLLOCS.



Later.



Moments  
later...

THEY'RE  
GONE. WE  
CAN TALK  
SAFELY.

I KNOW YOU  
SAY NOT TO TRUST  
ANYONE, BUT IF YOU  
SUSPECT THE  
INNKEEPER, WHY  
STAY HERE?

I SUSPECT  
HIM NO MORE THAN  
ANYONE ELSE. UNTIL  
WE REACH TAR VALON,  
I SUSPECT EVERYONE.  
THERE, I'LL SUSPECT  
ONLY HALF.

WHAT DID  
YOU LEARN IN  
THE COMMON  
ROOM?

LITTLE THAT'S GOOD. THERE  
WAS A BATTLE IN GHEALDAN,  
AND LOGAIN WAS THE VICTOR.  
A DOZEN DIFFERENT STORIES  
ARE FLOATING ABOUT,  
BUT THEY ALL AGREE  
ON THAT.

BETTER  
NEWS ON OUR OWN  
CIRCUMSTANCES. NO ODD  
HAPPENINGS, NO STRANGERS  
WHO MIGHT BE MYRDDRAAL,  
CERTAINLY NO TROLLOCS.  
AND THE WHITECLOAKS ARE  
BUSY TRYING TO MAKE  
TROUBLE FOR THE  
GOVERNOR...

GOOD. THAT AGREES  
WITH WHAT THE BATH  
MAID SAID - GOSSIP  
DOES HAVE ITS  
POINTS.

NOW, WE HAVE A  
LONG JOURNEY STILL  
AHEAD OF US, BUT THE LAST  
WEEK HAS NOT BEEN EASY,  
EITHER. SO I PROPOSE TO STAY  
HERE TONIGHT AND TOMORROW  
NIGHT, AND LEAVE EARLY THE  
FOLLOWING MORNING.

...THEY WILL  
NOT NOTICE US  
UNLESS WE  
ADVERTISE  
OURSELVES.

WHAT DOES  
MASTER ANDRA  
SAY TO THAT?

WELL  
ENOUGH.

IF THEY  
REMEMBER WHAT  
I TOLD THEM, FOR  
A CHANGE...



With the crowding at the inn, there were only three rooms to be had, one for Moiraine and Egwene, and two to take the men.

Rand found himself sharing with Lan and Thom. The gleeman had stayed in the room just long enough to uncase his flute and harp before heading to the common room, and Lan went with him.



A week ago, Rand would have fallen all over himself for the chance to see a gleeman perform. But he had heard Thom tell his stories every night for a week, and the hot meal had oozed lethargy into him.

A muffled shout came from downstairs, the common room greeting Thom's arrival, but Rand was already asleep.



The stone hallway was dim and shadowy, and empty except for Rand. His head hurt, and thoughts were hard to hold on to. There had been something about... an inn? It was gone, whatever it was.

He licked his lips and wished he had something to drink. He was dry-as-dust thirsty. In the distance, he heard a dripping sound. With nothing to choose by except his thirst, he moved down the hallway, and toward it.



After a while, when he realized the dripping sound wasn't getting any closer, Rand decided to try one of the doors. It opened easily, and he stepped into a grim, stone-walled chamber.



One wall opened onto a balcony, and beyond that was a wall such as he had never seen. No one could have seen a sky like that. It could not exist.

Flames roared on the hearth like a forge-fire with bellows pumping, but gave no heat.

Strange oval stones made the fireplace; they just looked like stones, wet-slick despite the fire when he looked straight at them...

...But when he glimpsed them from the corner of his eye, they seemed to be **faces** instead, the faces of men and women, writhing in anguish, screaming silently.



A single mirror hung on the wall, but that was not ordinary at all. When Rand looked at it, he saw only a *blur* where his reflection should have been. Everything else in the room was shown true, but *not him*.



ONCE  
MORE WE  
MEET.  
FACE...



To be continued...