

DYNAMITE
COMICS

12

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



the EYE of the WORLD

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & RONILSON FREIRE

Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

the EYE of the WORLD

written by

ROBERT JORDAN

script by

CHUCK DIXON

art by

RONILSON FREIRE

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 ROMANZUK**

consultation:

ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL

special thanks to:

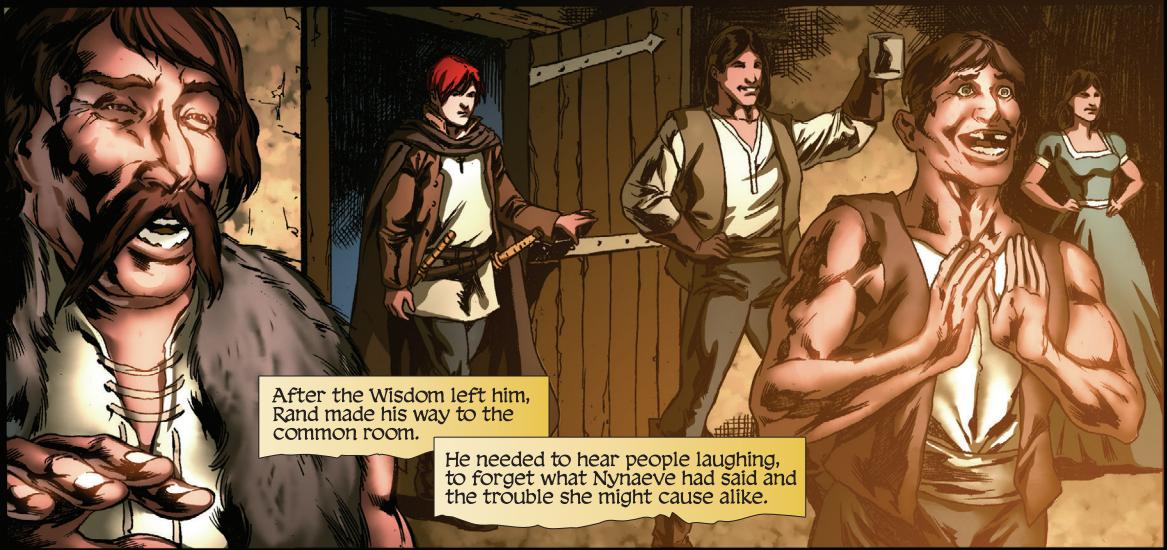
**HARRIET MCDOUGAL, NAT SOBEL,
ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,
MELISSA ANN SINGER & STEVEN PADNICK**



NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
RICH YOUNG • DIR. BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
JASON ULLMEYER • SENIOR DESIGNER
ZOSH GREEN • TRAFFIC COORDINATOR
CHRIS CANIANO • PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

ROBERT JORDAN'S WHEEL OF TIME®: THE EYE OF THE WORLD #12. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, 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 DFI. 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@dynamite.net





Two men joined Thom then, and they began to play 'The Wind That Shakes The Willow.'

Rand clapped along with the first few notes, and he wasn't alone. Apparently the song, a favorite in the Two Rivers, was also one in Baerlon as well.

Here and there voices took up the words, not so off-key as for anyone to hush them.

MY LOVE IS
GONE, CARRIED
AWAY BY THE WIND
THAT SHAKES THE
WILLOW...

AND ALL THE
LAND IS BEATEN
HARD BY THE WIND
THAT SHAKES THE
WILLOW...

BUT I WILL
HOLD HER CLOSE
TO ME IN HEART
AND DEAREST
MEMORY...

AND WITH
HER STRENGTH TO
STEEL MY SOUL, HER
LOVE TO WARM MY
HEART-STRINGS, I
WILL STAND WHERE
WE ONCE SANG...

THOUGH
COULD WIND
SHAKES THE
WILLOW!



Thom's second song was not so sad. In fact, 'Only One Bucket of Water' seemed even more merry than usual by comparison -- which might have been the gleeman's intent.



People rushed to clear tables from the floor for dancing, and began kicking up their heels until the walls shook from the stomping and whirling.

Thom played a few notes of the next song, 'Wild Geese On The Wing', and then paused for people to take their places for the reel.



The next woman to dance into his arms was **Nynaeve**.



Rand **stumbled** through the steps, almost tripping over his own feet and nearly stepping on hers.

Nynaeve danced gracefully enough to make up for Rand's clumsiness, smiling all the while.



I ALWAYS
THOUGHT YOU
WERE A BETTER
DANCER!



She laughed, and then it was time to change partners.

Rand had only a moment to gather himself before he turned his attention to his new partner--



--Moiraine.

If Rand had thought he was stumble-footed with the Wisdom, it was nothing to how he felt with the Aes Sedai.

Moiraine glided across the floor smoothly, her gown swirling around her.

Rand almost fell twice.



He was glad enough to return to the bench when the reel was done.

The music for another dance, a jig, began while Rand was sitting down. Mat hurried to join in, and Perrin slid on the bench as he was leaving.



DID YOU SEE HER? DID YOU?

WHICH ONE? THE WISDOM, OR MISTRESS ALYS? I DANCED WITH BOTH OF THEM.

THE AE-- MISTRESS ALYS, TOO?

I DANCED WITH NYNAEVE. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE DANCED. SHE NEVER DOES AT ANY OF THE DANCES BACK HOME.



I WONDER WHAT THE WOMEN'S CIRCLE WOULD SAY ABOUT THE WISDOM DANCING? MAYBE THAT'S WHY.

And then the music and the clapping were too loud for any further talk.

Moiraine had left toward midnight, and Egwene had hurried after her. The Wisdom watched them leave and deliberately joined in another dance before she left, too.

Soon Thom was putting his flute in its case and arguing good-naturedly with those who wanted him to stay longer... until Lan scared the stragglers away.

WE HAVE TO MAKE AN EARLY START, AND WE WILL NEED ALL THE REST WE CAN GET.

THERE'S A FELLOW BEEN STARING AT ME. A MAN WITH A SCAR ACROSS HIS FACE.

YOU DON'T THINK HE COULD BE ONE OF THE... FRIENDS YOU WARNED US ABOUT?

ACCORDING TO MASTER FITCH, HE'S A SPY FOR THE WHITECLOAKS. HE'S NO WORRY TO US.

I SAW THE MAN.

A SPY?

HOW EARLY ARE WE LEAVING?

Their jollity subdued, the others quickly followed the Warder up the stairs, leaving Rand in the hall alone.

After having so many people around, it was lonely indeed.

AT FIRST LIGHT.

AND REMEMBER, WE LEAVE WHETHER YOU ARE AWAKE ENOUGH TO SIT ON YOUR SADDLE OR HAVE TO BE TIED ON.





Rand hurried to the kitchen where a scullery maid was still on duty. She poured a mug of milk for him.

As he came out of the kitchen, a shape in dull black started toward him from down the hall.



YOU ARE ONE OF THEM, BOY.



PTUNK



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? I KNOW THEY ARE HERE.

SPEAK, BOY, AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE.





SPEAK,
I SAY,
OR--

THRUMP BUMP THRUMP BUMP



From above came a clatter of boots, from the stairs up the hall, and the Myrddraal cut off, whirling. The pounding of boots grew louder, and the Fade spun back to Rand in an almost boneless movement.



The black blade rose, and Rand knew he was going to die. Midnight steel flashed at his head, and...



YOU BELONG
TO THE GREAT
LORD OF THE
DARK.



YOU
ARE HIS.



Later...

YOU MUST TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE TROUBLE HERE BY MORNING. DARKFRIENDS, PERHAPS; PERHAPS WORSE.

WHEN IT COMES, QUICKLY MAKE IT CLEAR THAT WE ARE GONE. OFFER NO RESISTANCE, JUST LET WHOEVER IT IS KNOW THAT WE LEFT IN THE NIGHT, AND THEY SHOULD BOTHER YOU NO FURTHER. IT IS US THAT THEY ARE AFTER.

NEVER YOU WORRY ABOUT TROUBLE. IF ANY COME AROUND MY INN TRYING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR MY GUESTS... WELL, THEY'LL GET THE SHORT SHIRT FROM THE LADS AND I.

AND THEY'LL HEAR NOT A WORD ABOUT WHERE YOU'VE GONE, OR WHEN. NOT A WORD!

BUT--

MISTRESS ALYS, I REALLY MUST SEE TO YOUR HORSES IF YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE IN GOOD ORDER.

MUTCH! STIR YOUR BONES!

YOU THINK TROLLOCS MAY COME HUNTING FOR US?

OF COURSE NOT! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TO FEAR, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS HOW WE WERE FOUND.

MASTER FITCH TAKES DARKFRIENDS TOO LIGHTLY. HE THINKS OF THEM AS WRETCHES HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, BUT THEY CAN BE FOUND IN THE SHOPS AND STREETS OF EVERY CITY - AND IN THE HIGHEST COUNCILS, TOO.

THE MYRDDRAAL MAY SEND THEM TO SEE IF HE CAN LEARN OF OUR PLANS.







WHAT KIND OF
PEOPLE WANT TO
LEAVE TOWN WALLS IN
THE NIGHT DURING TIMES LIKE
THESE? WITH WOLVES STALKING
THE DARKNESS AND THE
DARK ONE'S OWN HANDIWORK
SEEN FLYING OVER
THE TOWN?

TRAVELERS,
OF NO INTEREST
TO YOU OR
YOURS.

EVERYONE
IS OF INTEREST
TO THE CHILDREN
OF THE LIGHT.

Rand tried to make himself smaller, but his movement only served to draw the Whitecloak's attention.

AH!

CLEARLY,
WATCHMAN, I HAVE
SAVED YOU FROM GREAT
DISASTER. THESE ARE
DARKFRIENDS YOU WERE
ABOUT TO HELP ESCAPE
FROM THE LIGHT.

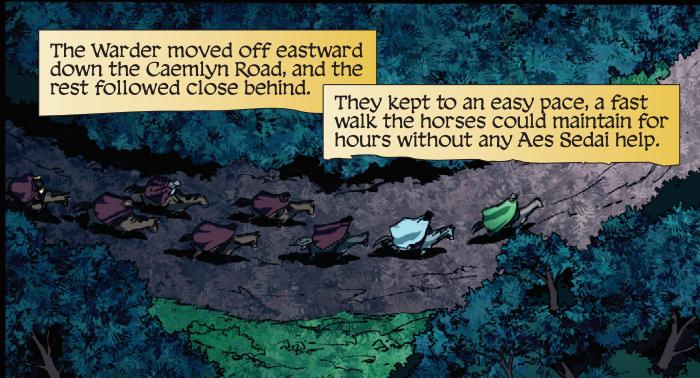
INSTEAD I
WILL TAKE THESE
RUFFIANS TO OUR CAMP,
THAT THEY MAY BE
QUESTIONED IN THE
LIGHT!

WHAT HAVE WE
HERE, SOMEONE
WHO DOES NOT
WISH TO BE
SEEN?

Moiraine's voice came suddenly from every direction at once.

YOU WILL
TAKE ME TO YOUR
CAMP, WHITE-
CLOAK?









The Caemlyn Road was not very different from the North Road through the Two Rivers... the land itself it was different, though, for by midday the road entered low hills.

From time to time, Lan had them dismount atop one of the hills where he could get a good view of the road both ahead and behind, and the surrounding countryside as well.

Though they couldn't be seen yet, Lan knew they were being followed. Followed by Fades and Trollocs, who knew they were on the Caemlyn Road.

IF THEY
KNOW WE'RE ON
THE ROAD, WHY
DON'T WE JUST GO
STRAIGHT ACROSS TO
WHITEBRIDGE?

EVEN LAN
CANNOT TRAVEL
AS FAST CROSS
COUNTRY AS BY ROAD.
ESPECIALLY NOT
THROUGH THE HILLS
OF ABSHER.

TA-R0000



KEEP THEM MOVING, MOIRANE SEDAI. I WILL RETURN AS SOON AS I AM ABLE.



YOU WILL KNOW IF I FAIL.



The horns called and answered once more behind them.

They were closer this time; eight miles, maybe seven.

TA-ROOOOO

CAN'T WE GO ANY FASTER?
THOSE HORMS ARE GETTING CLOSER.

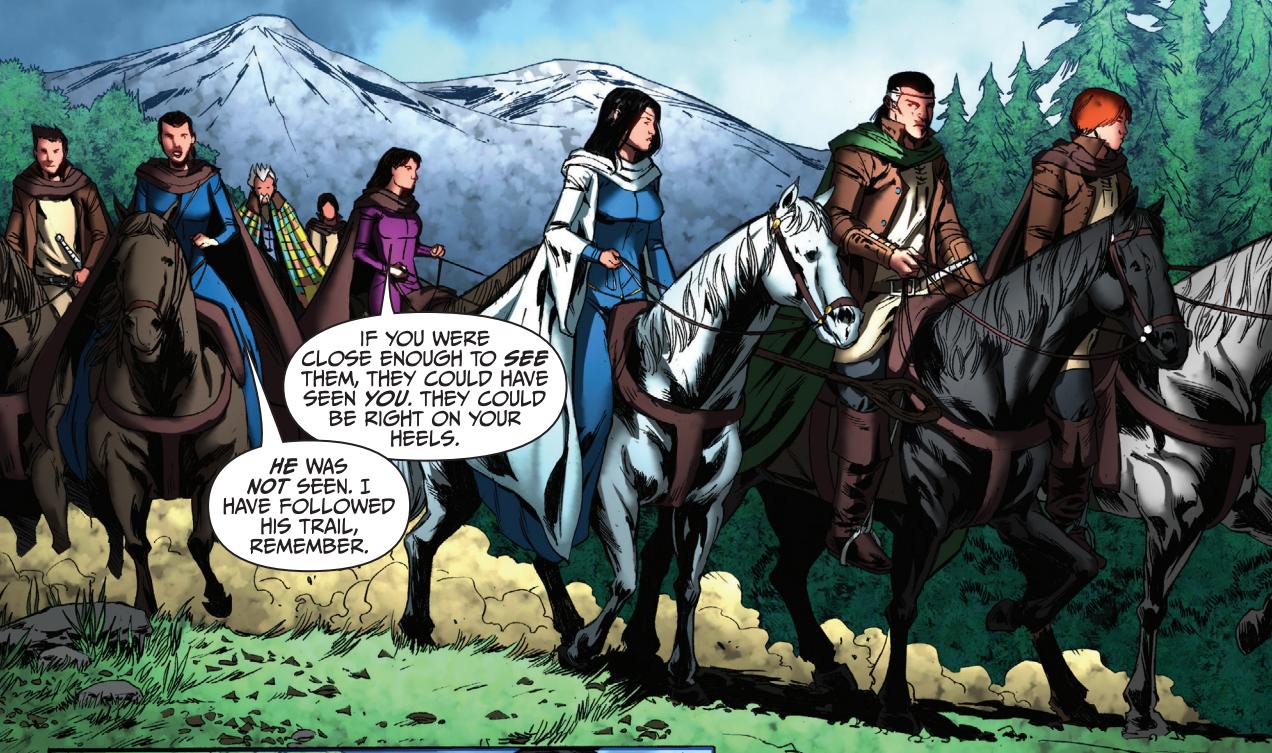
AND WHY DO
THEY LET US KNOW
THEY ARE THERE?
PERHAPS SO WE WILL
HURRY ON WITHOUT
THINKING OF WHAT
MIGHT BE AHEAD.

They kept on the same steady pace. At intervals, the horns gave cry behind them, and each time the sound was closer.

Rand was anxiously guessing the range at five miles now, when Lan suddenly burst onto the road behind them at a gallop.

AT LEAST
THREE FISTS
OF TROLLOCS,
EACH LED BY A
HALFMAN.

MAYBE
FIVE.





To be continued...