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**14**

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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & MARCIO FIORITO



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

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

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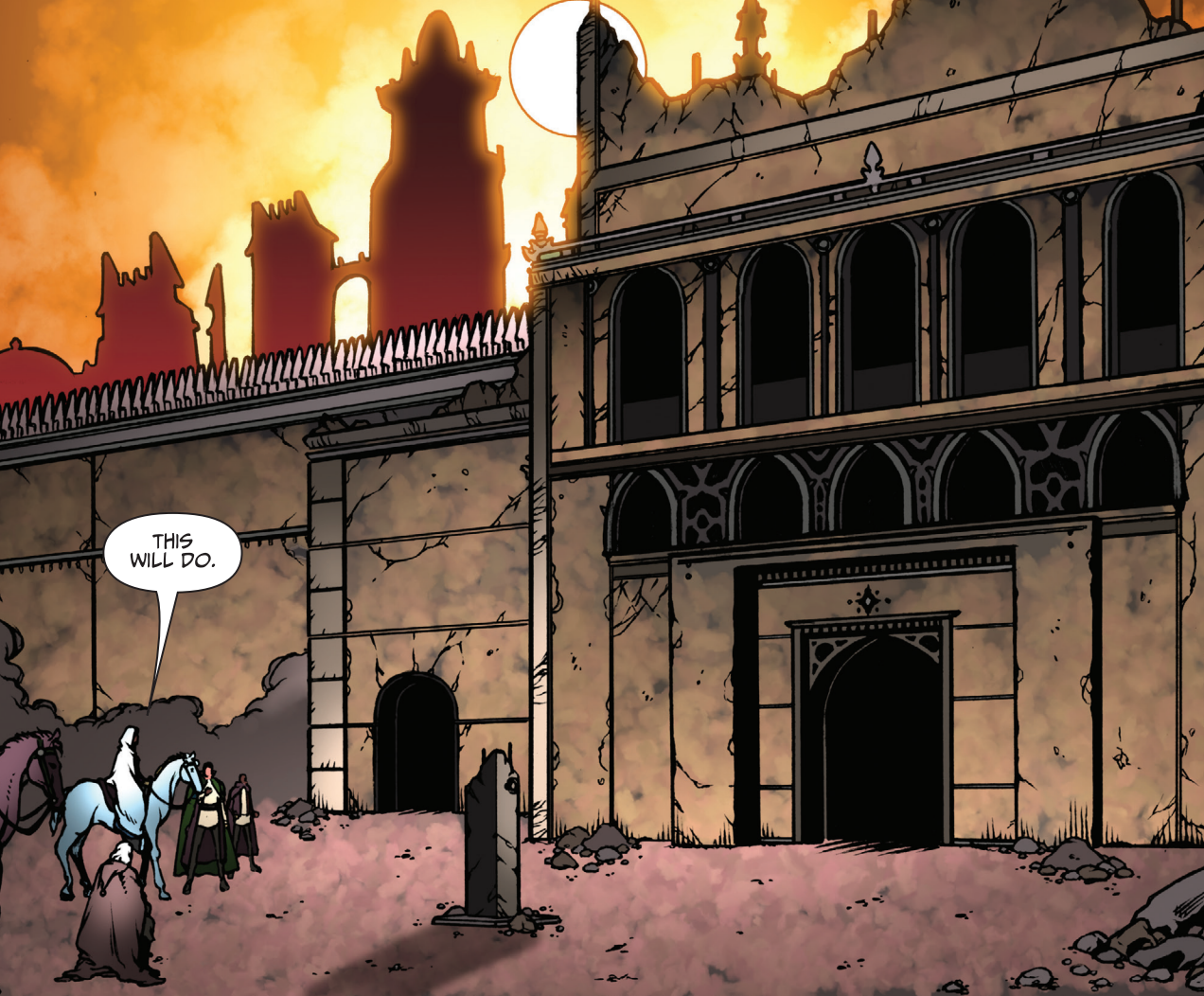
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THIS  
WILL DO.



BRING THE  
HORSES INSIDE.  
FIND A ROOM IN  
THE BACK TO USE  
AS A STABLE.



MOVE,  
FARMBOYS. THIS  
ISN'T THE VILLAGE  
GREEN.



Inside.

MAT, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSE? NOBODY IS GOING TO DO IT FOR YOU.

WHAT?  
OH I - I  
WAS JUST  
THINKING.

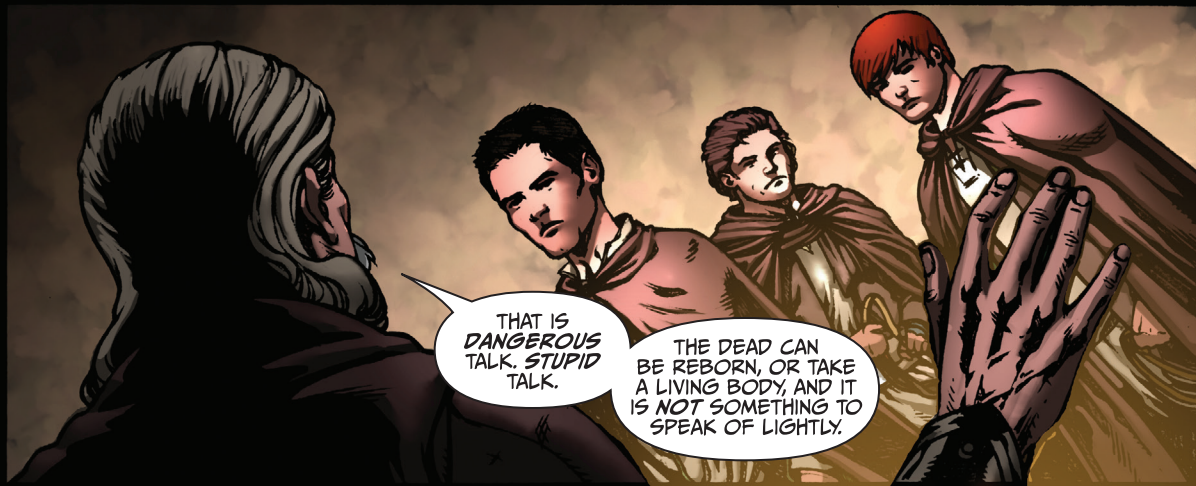
THINKING  
ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED BACK  
THERE. ABOUT THOSE  
WORDS I...

WELL, YOU  
HEARD WHAT  
MOIRAINÉ SAID. IT'S  
AS IF SOME DEAD  
MAN WAS SPEAKING  
WITH MY MOUTH. I  
DON'T LIKE IT.

HA! MAYBE  
YOU'RE AEMON COME  
BACK AGAIN. THE WAY  
YOU GO ON ABOUT HOW  
DULL EMOND'S FIELD IS,  
I'D THINK YOU WOULD LIKE  
THAT --BEING A KING  
AND HERO REBORN.

DON'T  
SAY THAT!





THAT IS  
DANGEROUS  
TALK. STUPID  
TALK.

THE DEAD CAN  
BE REBORN, OR TAKE  
A LIVING BODY, AND IT  
IS *NOT* SOMETHING TO  
SPEAK OF LIGHTLY.



THE OLD *BLOOD*, SHE SAID.  
THE BLOOD, NOT A *DEAD MAN*.  
I'VE HEARD THAT IT CAN  
HAPPEN SOMETIMES. *HEARD*,  
THOUGH I NEVER REALLY  
THOUGHT...



IT WAS YOUR  
ROOTS, BOY. A LINE  
RUNNING FROM YOU TO  
YOUR FATHER TO YOUR  
GRANDFATHER, RIGHT ON  
BACK TO *MANETHEREN*,  
AND MAYBE  
BEYOND.



WELL, NOW YOU  
KNOW YOUR FAMILY  
IS OLD. YOU OUGHT  
TO LET IT GO AT  
THAT AND BE  
GLAD.

I SUPPOSE  
I SHOULD.  
ONLY...

DO YOU THINK  
IT HAS ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH WHAT'S  
HAPPENING TO US? THE  
TROLLOCS AND ALL?  
I MEAN... OH, I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN.



I THINK  
YOU OUGHT TO  
*FORGET* ABOUT IT  
AND CONCENTRATE  
ON GETTING  
OUT OF HERE  
SAFELY.

AND I THINK  
I AM GOING  
TO HAVE A  
*SMOKE*.





WE ARE  
ALL IN THIS  
TOGETHER, MAT,  
NOT JUST ONE  
OF US.

HEH. RIGHT. WELL.  
SPEAKING OF BEING  
IN THINGS TOGETHER,  
NOW THAT WE'RE  
DONE WITH THE  
HORSES...

...WHY DON'T  
WE GO SEE A LITTLE  
MORE OF THIS CITY?  
A REAL CITY, AND NO  
CROWDS TO JOSTLE  
YOUR ELBOW OR  
POKE YOU IN  
THE RIBS.



THERE'S STILL  
AN HOUR, MAYBE  
TWO, OF  
DAYLIGHT  
LEFT.

AREN'T YOU  
FORGETTING THE  
TROLLOCS?

LAN SAID THEY  
WOULDN'T COME IN  
HERE, REMEMBER?  
YOU NEED TO  
LISTEN TO WHAT  
PEOPLE SAY.



I REMEMBER.  
AND I DO LISTEN. THIS  
CITY -- ARIDHOL? --  
WAS AN ALLY OF  
MANETHEREN.  
SEE?



ARIDHOL  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
THE GREATEST CITY IN  
THE TROLLOC WARS  
FOR THE TROLLOCS  
TO STILL BE AFRAID  
OF IT.









Mat grew impatient when they found nothing but dust, or rubble, or colorless rags of wall hangings that crumbled at a touch.

Grand as the buildings were, finally, even Mat tired, and remembered that he had only had an hour's sleep the night before.

Everyone began to remember.



SLEEP.  
THAT'S ALL I  
WANT.

YOU CAN  
SLEEP ANYTIME.  
LOOK AT WHERE WE  
ARE. A RUINED CITY.  
**TREASURE!**

THERE ISN'T  
ANY **TREASURE**  
HERE. THERE ISN'T  
ANYTHING BUT  
DUST.



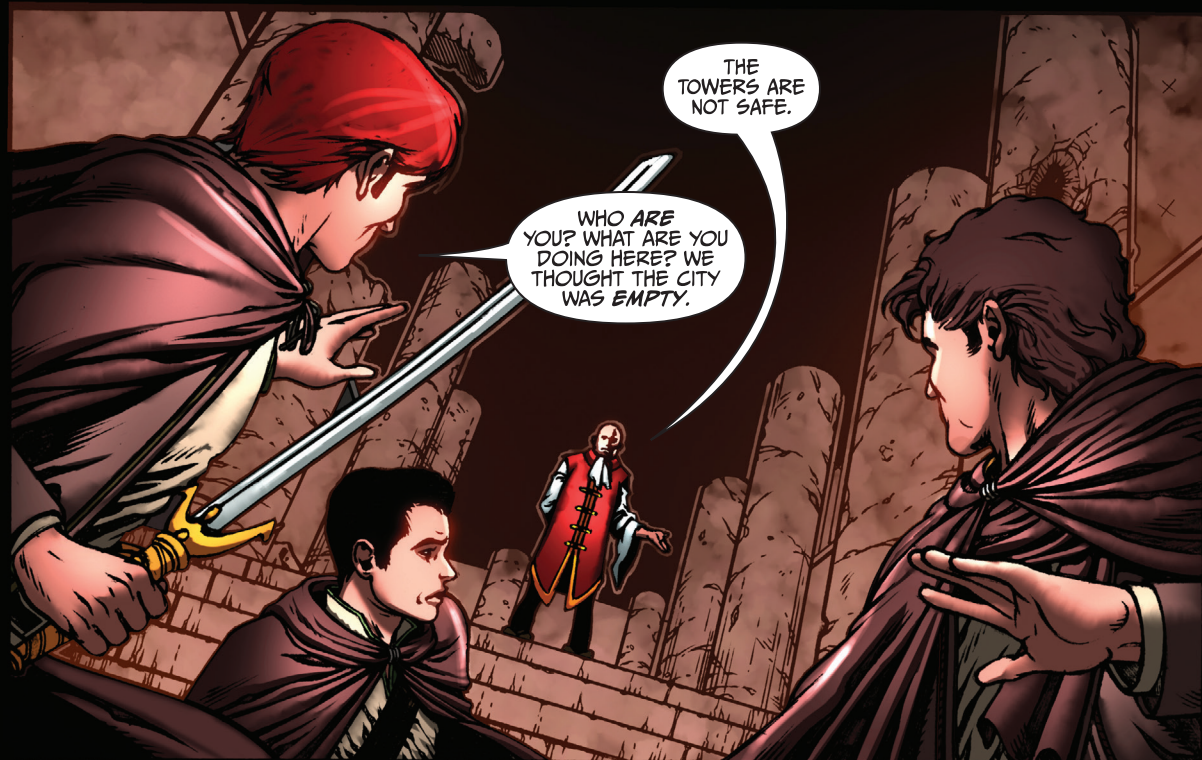
IT'S  
GETTING  
LATE, MAT. IT'LL  
BE DARK  
SOON.

THERE COULD  
BE TREASURE.  
ANYWAY, I WANT  
TO CLIMB ONE OF  
THE TOWERS.



LOOK AT THAT  
ONE OVER THERE.  
IT'S **WHOLE**. I'LL BET  
YOU COULD SEE FOR  
**MILES** FROM UP  
THERE. WHAT DO  
YOU SAY?





THE  
TOWERS ARE  
NOT SAFE.

WHO ARE  
YOU? WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE? WE  
THOUGHT THE CITY  
WAS EMPTY.

I AM  
MORDETH.

AND I COULD  
ASK THE SAME  
QUESTIONS OF YOU.  
THERE HAS BEEN NO  
ONE IN ARIDHOL FOR A  
LONG TIME, A LONG,  
LONG TIME.

I WOULD  
NOT HAVE THOUGHT  
TO FIND *THREE* YOUNG  
MEN WANDERING ITS  
STREETS.

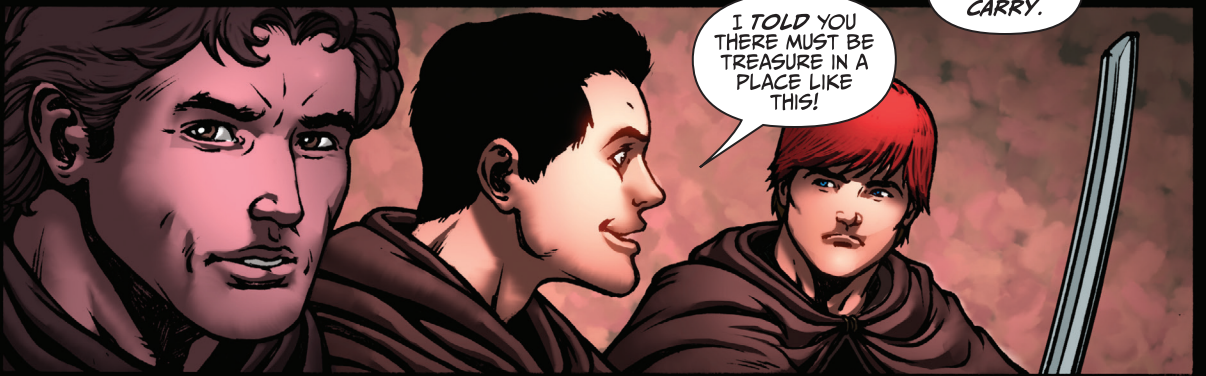


WE'RE ON OUR  
WAY TO CAEMLYN.  
WE STOPPED TO  
TAKE SHELTER FOR  
THE NIGHT.



SHELTER  
FOR THE NIGHT,  
YOU SAY? PERHAPS  
YOU WILL JOIN  
ME.

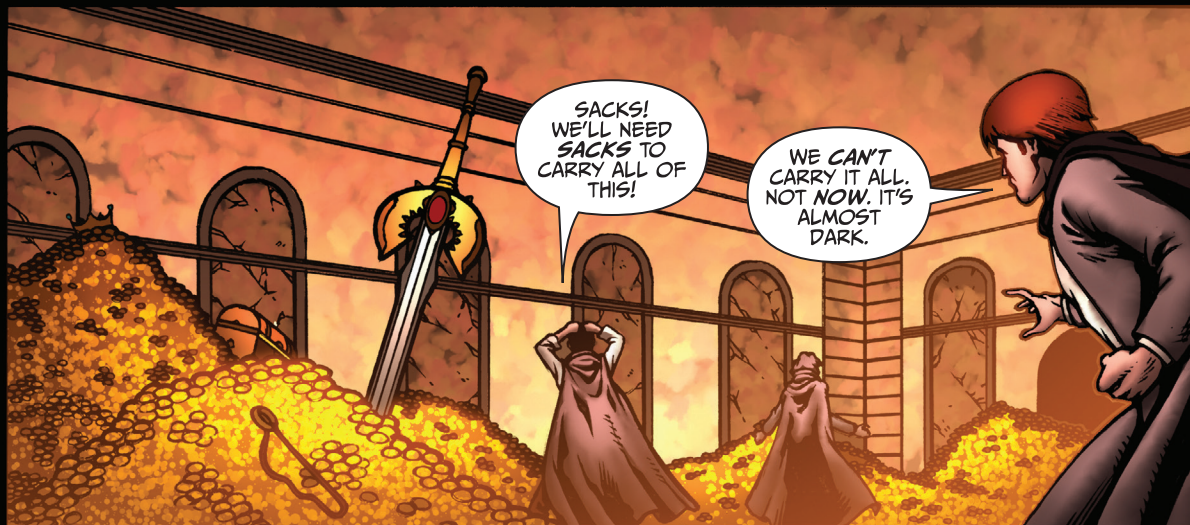












SACKS!  
WE'LL NEED  
SACKS TO  
CARRY ALL OF  
THIS!

WE CAN'T  
CARRY IT ALL.  
NOT NOW. IT'S  
ALMOST  
DARK.



TOMORROW,  
THEN. MOIRAINE  
AND LAN WILL  
UNDERSTAND WHEN  
WE SHOW THEM  
THIS.



YOU  
ARE NOT  
ALONE?

WHO  
ELSE  
IS WITH  
YOU?



MOIRAINE AND  
LAN. AND THEN  
THERE'S NYNAEVE,  
AND EGWENE, AND  
THOM. HE'S A  
GLEEMAN. WE'RE  
GOING TO TAR  
VALON.



TAR VALON!  
TAR VALON! YOU  
SAID YOU WERE  
GOING TO THIS...  
THIS... CAEMLYN!  
YOU LIED TO  
ME!









...YOU  
DON'T HAVE A  
SHADOW.



SO. IT IS  
DECIDED.



Like a balloon Mordeth swelled,  
distorted, head pressed against  
the ceiling, filling the room,  
cutting off escape.

He reached out with  
hands big enough to  
engulf a man's head.



With a yell, Rand leaped back.  
His feet tangled in a gold chain  
and he crashed to the floor,  
the wind knocked out of him.

Suddenly, an agonizing scream  
shivered in Rand's ears...

EEYAAARGH





Almost sobbing, Rand managed to inhale at last, just as he got the sword out of its sheath. Cautiously, he got to his feet, wondering which of his friends had given that scream.

The giant was gone.



They saw something move in the shadows left by the torches.

It was *Mordeth*, huddled as deep into the furthest corner as he could get.



HE TRICKED US! IT WAS SOME KIND OF TRICK!



YOU ARE ALL DEAD!





ALL DEAD!



YOU ARE ALL DEAD!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

BUT THE TREASURE--!

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING OF HIS.



All of the shadows on the way back to the white stone building had looked like Mordeth, reaching for them. Thousands of staring eyes seemed to watch them as they worked their way down the middle of the street.

And when they did finally reach the encampment, they had Nynaeve to deal with.

YOU WOOL-HEADED WITLINGS! WHY UNDER THE LIGHT DID YOU RUN OFF LIKE THAT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HAVE YOU NO SENSE AT ALL?

LAN IS OUT LOOKING FOR YOU NOW, AND YOU'LL BE LUCKIER THAN YOU DESERVE IF HE DOES NOT POUND SOME SENSE INTO THE LOT OF YOU WHEN HE GETS BACK!



YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE WHAT YOU DID.

WE WILL SPEAK OF IT LATER. SOMETHING HAPPENED OUT THERE, OR YOU WOULD NOT BE FALLING ALL OVER ONE ANOTHER LIKE THIS. TELL ME.



YOU SAID IT WAS SAFE! YOU SAID ARIDHOL WAS AN ALLY OF MANETHEREN, AND TROLLOCS WOULDN'T COME INTO THE CITY, AND--

TROLLOCS? DID YOU SEE TROLLOCS INSIDE THE WALLS?

NOT TROLLOCS...



...All three began talking  
exhilarantly at the same time, each  
beginning at a different place.

Mat started with finding the treasure,  
almost as if he had done it alone, while  
Perrin explained why they had gone off  
alone without telling anyone.

Rand jumped right to what he  
thought was most important;  
meeting the stranger among  
the columns... but they were  
all so excited that nobody  
told anything in the order  
it happened.

It made the whole tale  
close to incoherent, but  
their fear came through.

Moiraine's eyes showed  
concern, but not an  
undue amount. Until...

**MORDETH!** ARE  
YOU SURE OF THAT  
NAME? BE VERY  
SURE, ALL OF YOU.  
**MORDETH?**

YES.

DID HE **TOUCH**  
YOU? DID HE **GIVE** YOU  
ANYTHING, OR DID YOU  
**DO** ANYTHING FOR HIM?  
I **MUST** KNOW.

NO. NONE  
OF US. NONE  
OF THOSE  
THINGS.

ALL HE DID  
WAS TRY TO **KILL**  
US. ISN'T THAT  
ENOUGH?

**SAFE** YOU  
SAID! ALL THAT TALK  
ABOUT TROLLOCS NOT  
COMING HERE -- WHAT  
WERE WE **SUPPOSED**  
TO THINK?





APPARENTLY YOU DID NOT *THINK* AT ALL. ANYONE WHO THINKS SHOULD BE *WARY* OF A PLACE THAT *TROLLOCS* ARE AFRAID TO ENTER.

*MAT'S* DOING. HE'S ALWAYS TALKING SOME MISCHIEF OR ANOTHER, AND THE OTHERS LOSE WHAT LITTLE *WITS* THEY WERE BORN WITH WHEN THEY'RE AROUND HIM.



LATE IN THE TROLLOC WARS, AN ARMY CAMPED WITHIN THESE RUINS.

TROLLOCS, DARKFRIENDS, MYRDDRAAL, DREADLORDS. THOUSANDS IN ALL.



"WHEN THEY DID NOT COME OUT, SCOUTS WERE SENT INSIDE THE WALLS."

"THE SCOUTS FOUND WEAPONS, BITS OF ARMOR, AND BLOOD SPLATTERED EVERYWHERE."

"AND MESSAGES SCRATCHED ON WALLS IN THE TROLLOC TONGUE, CALLING ON THE DARK ONE TO AID THEM IN THEIR LAST HOUR."



MEN WHO CAME LATER FOUND NO TRACE OF THE BLOOD OR THE MESSAGES. THEY HAD BEEN SCoured AWAY.

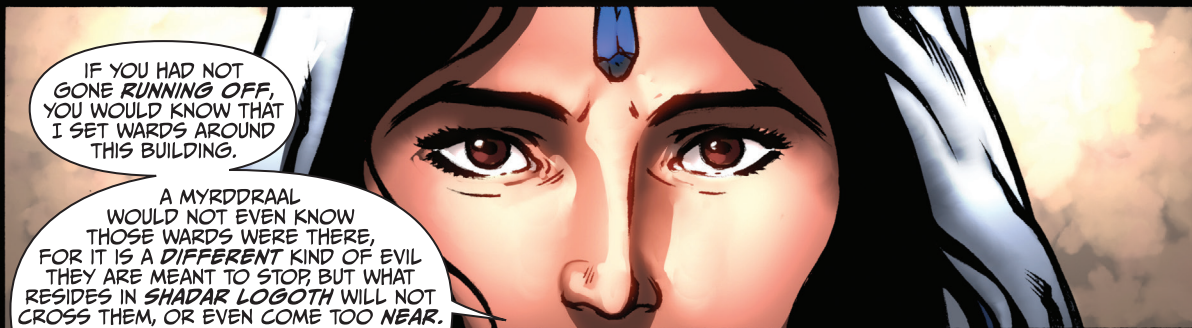
HALFMEN AND TROLLOCS REMEMBER STILL. THAT IS WHAT KEEPS THEM OUTSIDE THIS PLACE.



AND *THIS* IS WHERE YOU PICKED FOR US TO HIDE?

WE'D BE SAFER OUT *THERE* TRYING TO OUTRUN THEM.





IF YOU HAD NOT GONE *RUNNING OFF*, YOU WOULD KNOW THAT I SET WARDS AROUND THIS BUILDING.

A MYRDDRAAL WOULD NOT EVEN KNOW THOSE WARDS WERE THERE, FOR IT IS A *DIFFERENT* KIND OF EVIL THEY ARE MEANT TO STOP, BUT WHAT RESIDES IN *SHADAR LOGOTH* WILL NOT CROSS THEM, OR EVEN COME TOO NEAR.



IN THE MORNING IT WILL BE SAFE FOR US TO GO; THESE THINGS CANNOT STAND THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

*SHADAR LOGOTH*? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS CITY WAS CALLED *ARIDHOL*.



ONCE IT *WAS* CALLED *ARIDHOL*.

IN THE DAYS WHEN THORIN AL TOREN AL BAN WAS KING OF MANETHEREN, THE KING OF *ARIDHOL* WAS BALWEN MAYEL, BALWEN IRONHAND.

IN A TWILIGHT OF DESPAIR DURING THE TROLLOC WARS, WHEN IT SEEMED THE FATHER OF LIES MUST SURELY CONQUER, THE MAN CALLED MORDETH CAME TO BALWEN'S COURT.



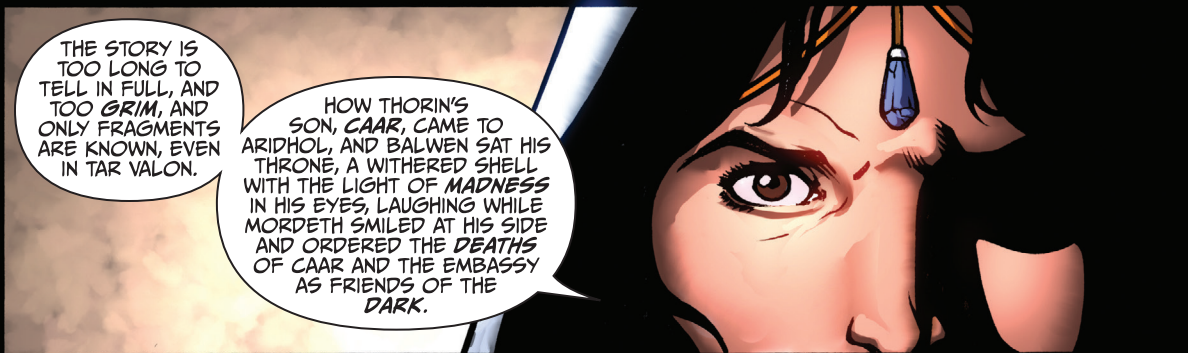
THE *SAME MAN*? IT COULDN'T BE!





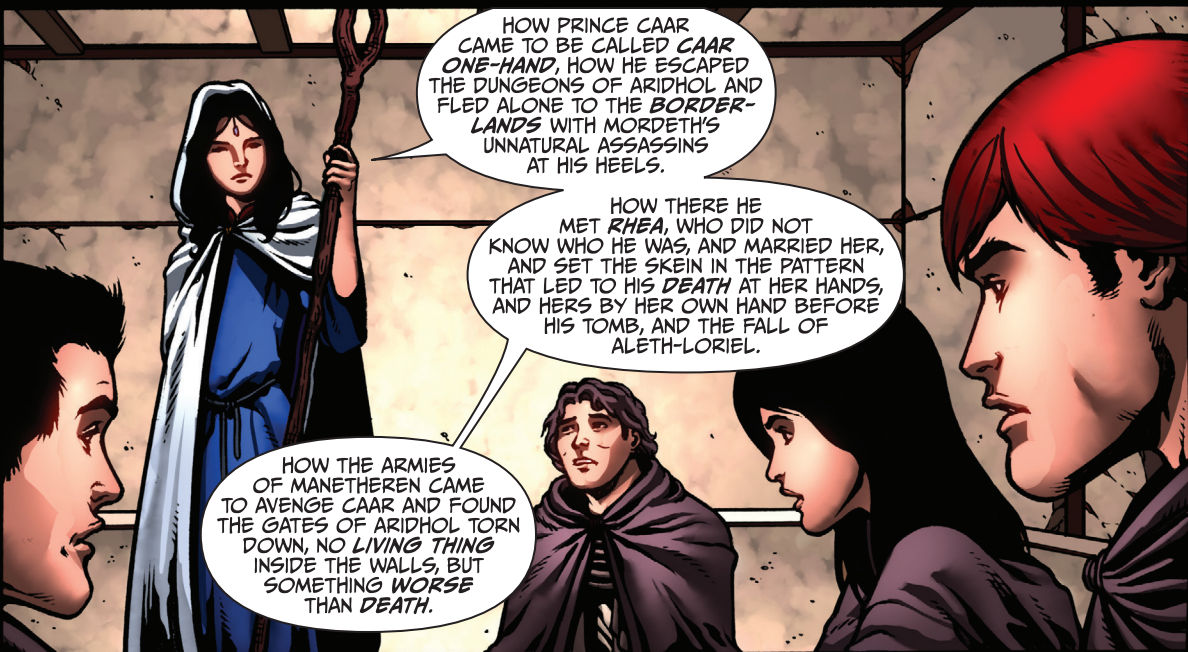


"BEFORE MORDETH HAD BEEN LONG IN THE CITY HE HAD BALWEN'S EAR, AND ARIDHOL BEGAN TO CHANGE."



THE STORY IS TOO LONG TO TELL IN FULL, AND TOO GRIM, AND ONLY FRAGMENTS ARE KNOWN, EVEN IN TAR VALON.

HOW THORIN'S SON, CAAR, CAME TO ARIDHOL, AND BALWEN SAT HIS THRONE, A WITHERED SHELL WITH THE LIGHT OF MADNESS IN HIS EYES, LAUGHING WHILE MORDETH SMILED AT HIS SIDE AND ORDERED THE DEATHS OF CAAR AND THE EMBASSY AS FRIENDS OF THE DARK.



HOW PRINCE CAAR CAME TO BE CALLED CAAR ONE-HAND, HOW HE ESCAPED THE DUNGEONS OF ARIDHOL AND FLED ALONE TO THE BORDERLANDS WITH MORDETH'S UNNATURAL ASSASSINS AT HIS HEELS.

HOW THERE HE MET RHEA, WHO DID NOT KNOW WHO HE WAS, AND MARRIED HER, AND SET THE SKEIN IN THE PATTERN THAT LED TO HIS DEATH AT HER HANDS, AND HERS BY HER OWN HAND BEFORE HIS TOMB, AND THE FALL OF ALETH-LORIEL.

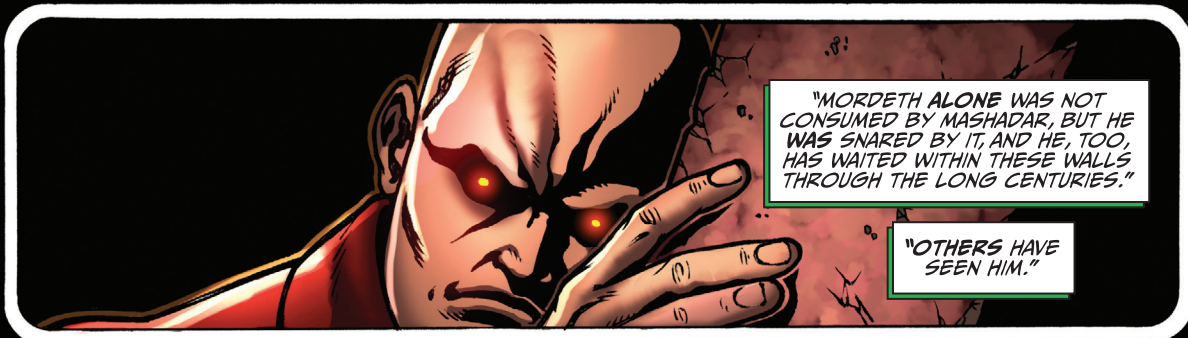
HOW THE ARMIES OF MANETHEREN CAME TO AVENGE CAAR AND FOUND THE GATES OF ARIDHOL TORN DOWN, NO LIVING THING INSIDE THE WALLS, BUT SOMETHING WORSE THAN DEATH.



NO ENEMY HAD COME TO ARIDHOL BUT ARIDHOL. SUSPICION AND HATE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO SOMETHING THAT FED ON THAT WHICH HAD CREATED IT, SOMETHING LOCKED IN THE BEDROCK ON WHICH THE CITY STOOD.

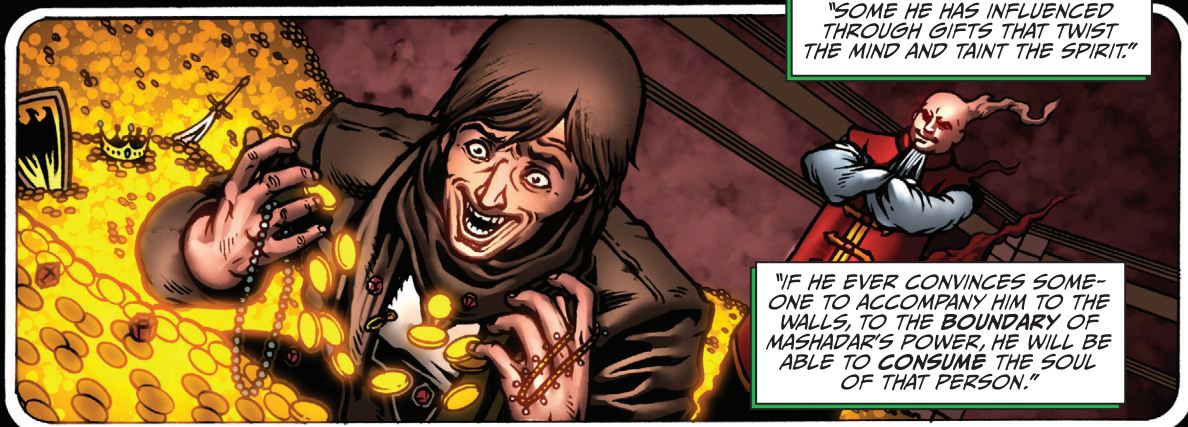
MASHADAR WAITS STILL, HUNGERING. MEN SPOKE OF ARIDHOL NO MORE. THEY NAMED IT SHADAR LOBOTH, THE PLACE WHERE THE SHADOW WAITS.





"MORDETH ALONE WAS NOT CONSUMED BY MASHADAR, BUT HE WAS SNARED BY IT, AND HE, TOO, HAS WAITED WITHIN THESE WALLS THROUGH THE LONG CENTURIES."

"OTHERS HAVE SEEN HIM."



"SOME HE HAS INFLUENCED THROUGH GIFTS THAT TWIST THE MIND AND TAINT THE SPIRIT."

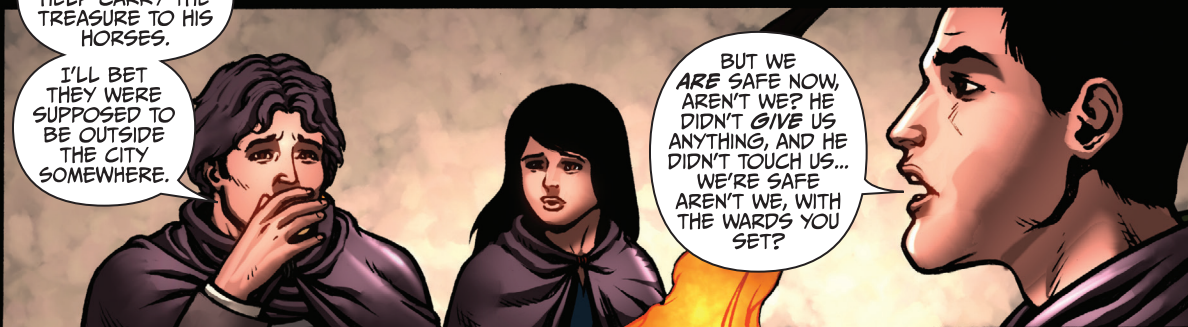
"IF HE EVER CONVINCES SOMEONE TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE WALLS, TO THE BOUNDARY OF MASHADAR'S POWER, HE WILL BE ABLE TO CONSUME THE SOUL OF THAT PERSON."



MORDETH WILL LEAVE, WEARING THE BODY OF THE ONE HE WORSE THAN KILLED, TO WREAK HIS EVIL ON THE WORLD AGAIN.

THE TREASURE... HE WANTED US TO HELP CARRY THE TREASURE TO HIS HORSES.

I'LL BET THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE OUTSIDE THE CITY SOMEWHERE.



BUT WE ARE SAFE NOW, AREN'T WE? HE DIDN'T GIVE US ANYTHING, AND HE DIDN'T TOUCH US... WE'RE SAFE AREN'T WE, WITH THE WARDS YOU SET?



WE ARE SAFE. HE CANNOT CROSS THE WARD LINES, NOR CAN ANY OTHER DENIZEN OF THIS PLACE. AND THEY MUST HIDE FROM SUNLIGHT, SO WE CAN LEAVE SAFELY ONCE IT IS DAY.

NOW, TRY TO SLEEP. THE WARDS WILL PROTECT US UNTIL LAN RETURNS.



Later.

Everyone but Rand was still asleep, though not all soundly.

And there was no sign of Lan.

Suddenly, the Warder trotted silently out of the darkness into the room.

Moiraine came awake and sat up as if he had rung a bell.

THERE ARE TROLLOCS INSIDE THE WALLS. THEY WILL BE HERE IN LITTLE MORE THAN AN HOUR.

HOW MANY? DO THEY KNOW WE ARE HERE?

I DON'T THINK THEY DO. THERE ARE WELL OVER A HUNDRED, FRIGHTENED ENOUGH TO KILL *ANYTHING* THAT MOVES, INCLUDING EACH OTHER.

THE HALFMEN ARE HAVING TO DRIVE THEM -- FOUR JUST TO HANDLE ONE FIST -- AND EVEN THE MYRDDRAAL SEEM TO WANT OUT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. IF THEY WERE NOT HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US, I'D SAY WE HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE?

ONLY THIS: THE MYRDDRAAL FORCED THE TROLLOCS INTO THE CITY.

WHAT FORCED THE MYRDDRAAL?

THE DARK ONE?



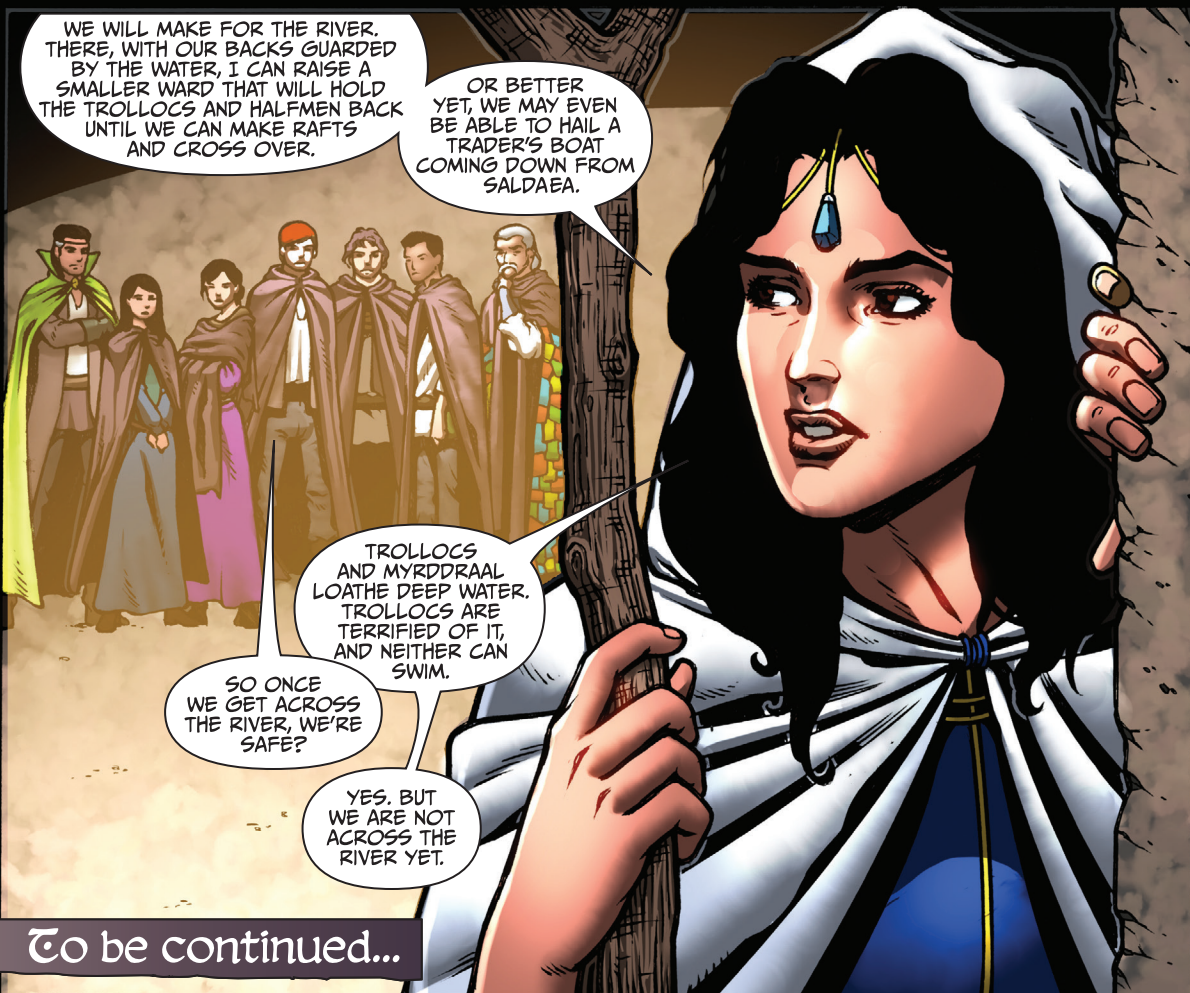


DON'T BE A FOOL, GIRL. THE DARK ONE IS BOUND IN SHAYOL GHUL BY THE CREATOR.

FOR THE TIME BEING, AT LEAST. NO, THE FATHER OF LIES IS NOT OUT THERE, BUT WE MUST LEAVE IN ANY CASE, OR STAY HERE AND FACE THE TROLLOCS.



WHAT IF THERE ARE MORE TROLLOCS OUTSIDE THE WALLS? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



WE WILL MAKE FOR THE RIVER. THERE, WITH OUR BACKS GUARDED BY THE WATER, I CAN RAISE A SMALLER WARD THAT WILL HOLD THE TROLLOCS AND HALFMEN BACK UNTIL WE CAN MAKE RAFTS AND CROSS OVER.

OR BETTER YET, WE MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO HAIL A TRADER'S BOAT COMING DOWN FROM SALDAEA.

TROLLOCS AND MYRDDRAAL LOATHE DEEP WATER. TROLLOCS ARE TERRIFIED OF IT, AND NEITHER CAN SWIM.

SO ONCE WE GET ACROSS THE RIVER, WE'RE SAFE?

YES. BUT WE ARE NOT ACROSS THE RIVER YET.

To be continued...