

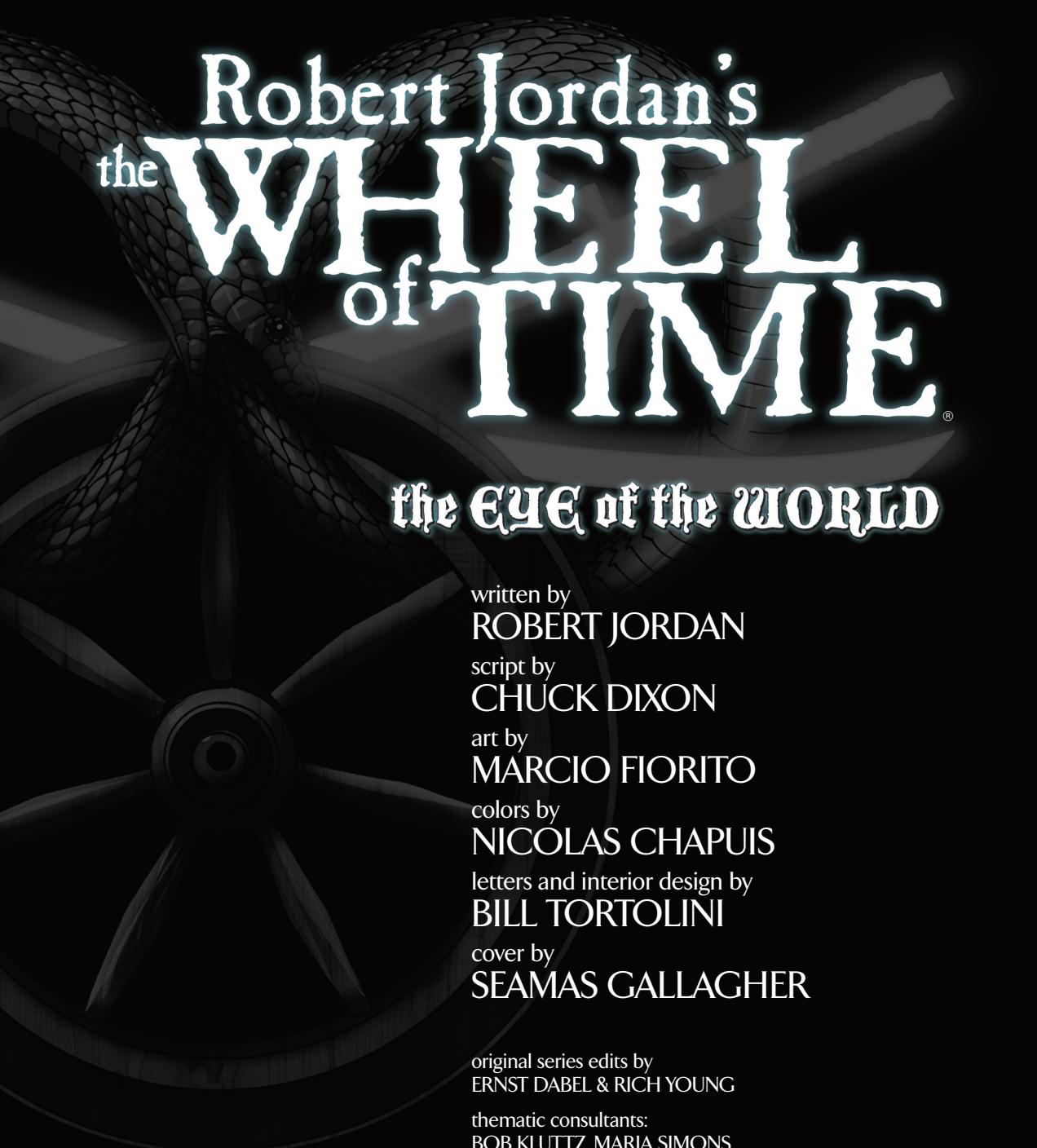
DYNAMITE
16

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®

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Perrin had awoken in a small strand of evergreens, far past sunrise. In a rush, the events of the night before came back to him, and he was on the move.

His eyes followed the strong flow of the Arinelle downriver. He was a stronger swimmer than Egwene. If she had made it across... no, not *if*. The place where she *had* made it across would be downriver, and he wasted no time in setting off in search.

Perrin covered several miles, taking what cover he could in the sparse trees clumped together on this side of the river, until suddenly, something he saw caused him to stop dead.

A hoof print.

And while *some* Trollocs had hooves, Perrin doubted if any of them wore *horseshoes*.

Forgetting possible eyes on the other side of the river, Perrin cast about for more tracks. The dead grass did not take impressions well, but he found them anyway.

The scanty trail lead him straight away from the river to a dense strand of trees.



Still grinning, Perrin pushed his way through the thick, interwoven branches, not caring how much noise he made.

Abruptly, he stepped into a little clearing under the hemlock. And--

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE CALLED OUT.

I THOUGHT YOU HAD DROWNED! OH, YOUR CLOTHES ARE STILL WET. HERE, COME SIT BY THE FIRE.



BELA GOT ME ACROSS. SHE HEADED AWAY FROM THE TROLLOCS AND JUST TOWED ME ALONG.

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE ELSE.

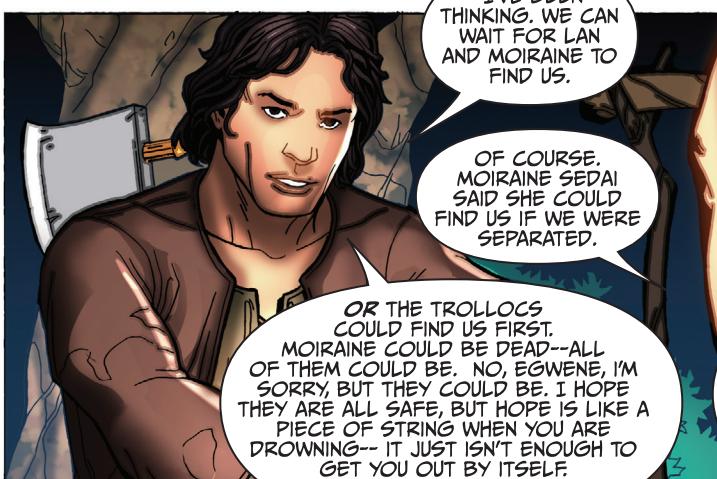
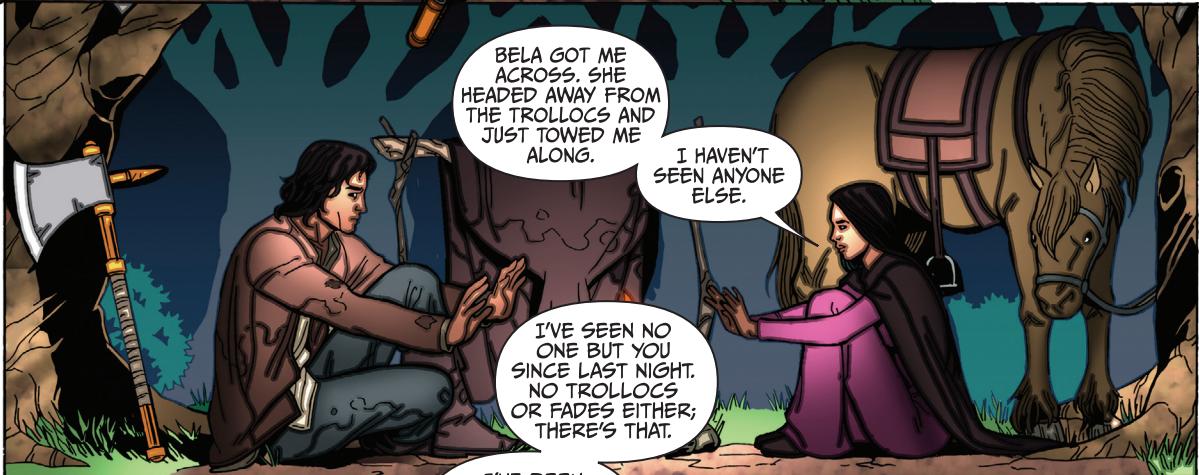
I'VE SEEN NO ONE BUT YOU SINCE LAST NIGHT. NO TROLLOCS OR FADES EITHER; THERE'S THAT.

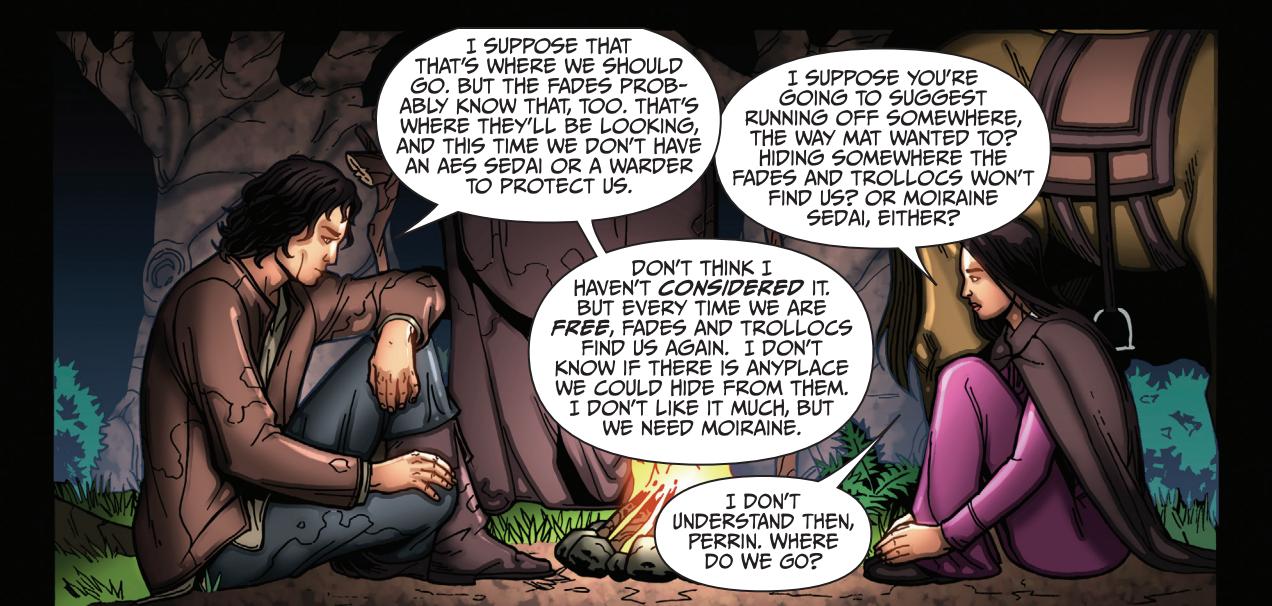
I'VE BEEN THINKING. WE CAN WAIT FOR LAN AND MOIRANE TO FIND US.

OF COURSE, MOIRANE SEDAI SAID SHE COULD FIND US IF WE WERE SEPARATED.

OR THE TROLLOCS COULD FIND US FIRST. MOIRANE COULD BE DEAD--ALL OF THEM COULD BE. NO, EGWENE, I'M SORRY, BUT THEY COULD BE. I HOPE THEY ARE ALL SAFE, BUT HOPE IS LIKE A PIECE OF STRING WHEN YOU ARE DROWNING-- IT JUST ISN'T ENOUGH TO GET YOU OUT BY ITSELF.

YOU WANT TO GO DOWNRIVER TO WHITEBRIDGE? IF MOIRANE SEDAI DOESN'T FIND US HERE, THAT'S WHERE SHE WILL LOOK NEXT.





I SUPPOSE THAT THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD GO. BUT THE FADES PROBABLY KNOW THAT, TOO. THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL BE LOOKING, AND THIS TIME WE DON'T HAVE AN AES SEDAI OR A WARDER TO PROTECT US.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SUGGEST RUNNING OFF SOMEWHERE, THE WAY MAT WANTED TO? HIDING SOMEWHERE THE FADES AND TROLLOCS WON'T FIND US? OR MOIRANE SEDAI, EITHER?

DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T CONSIDERED IT. BUT EVERY TIME WE ARE FREE, FADES AND TROLLOCS FIND US AGAIN. I DON'T KNOW IF THERE IS ANYPLACE WE COULD HIDE FROM THEM. I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH, BUT WE NEED MOIRANE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEN, PERRIN. WHERE DO WE GO?

CAEMLYN.

CAEMLYN?

AWAY FROM THE RIVER AND STRAIGHT ACROSS. NOBODY WOULD EXPECT THAT. WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM IN CAEMLYN.

WHAT WORRIES ME IS WHAT WE DO IF THE AES SEDAI DOESN'T FIND US THERE. LIGHT, WHO'D EVER HAVE THOUGHT I'D WORRY ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT?



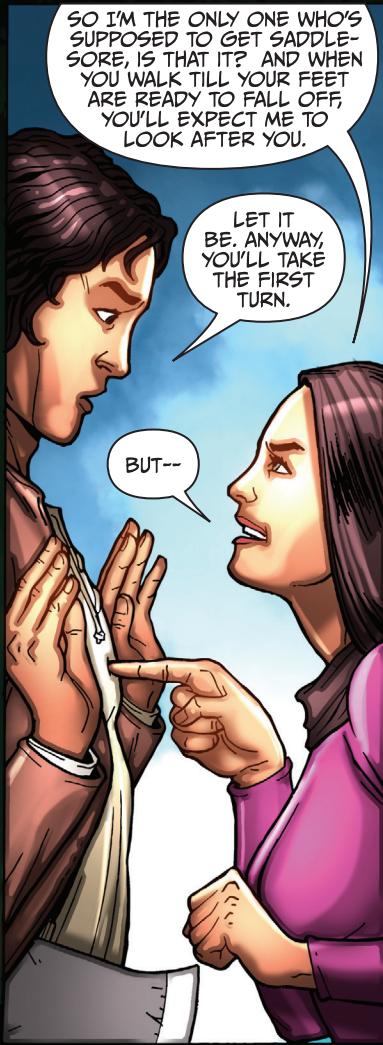
MOIRANE SEDAI SAID SHE COULD FIND US. IF SHE CAN FIND US HERE, SHE CAN FIND US IN CAEMLYN.

IF YOU SAY SO, BUT IF SHE DOESN'T APPEAR IN CAEMLYN IN A FEW DAYS, WE GO TO TAR VALON AND PUT OUR CASE BEFORE THE AMYRLIN SEAT.

IN ANY CASE, WE MAY AS WELL START NOW.

BUT YOU'RE STILL WET!

I'LL WALK MYSELF DRY.



There were only short rations of bread and cheese to begin with, and what there was gave out by the end of the first day.

Perrin set snares along rabbit runs - they looked old, but it was worth a chance - while Egwene began laying a fire. When he was done, he decided to try his hand with his sling before the light failed altogether.

To his surprise, he jumped a scrawny rabbit almost at once. He was so surprised, it almost got away.

When he returned to the camp with the rabbit...

EGWENE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU CAN'T WISH A FIRE...

OH! I--
YOU STARTLED ME.

I WAS LUCKY,
GET YOUR FLINT
AND STEEL. WE
EAT WELL
TONIGHT, AT
LEAST.

I DON'T HAVE
A FLINT. I LOST IT
IN THE RIVER.

BUT WHEN
I FOUND YOU,
YOU HAD A FIRE
GOING--
HOW--?

IT WAS SO
EASY BACK THERE ON
THE RIVERBANK, PERRIN.
JUST THE WAY MOIRANE
SEDAI SHOWED ME. I
JUST REACHED OUT,
AND...

...I
CAN'T FIND
IT, NOW.



Several days later.

They were making good time, as Perrin saw it, but as they got farther and farther from the Arinelle without seeing a village, or even a farmhouse where they could ask directions, his doubts about his own plan grew.

He was walking at Bela's head, wondering if they would find anything to eat that evening when he first caught the smell.



THAT'S SMOKE! A COOKFIRE! SOMEBODY IS ROASTING DINNER. MMM--RABBIT.

MAYBE.



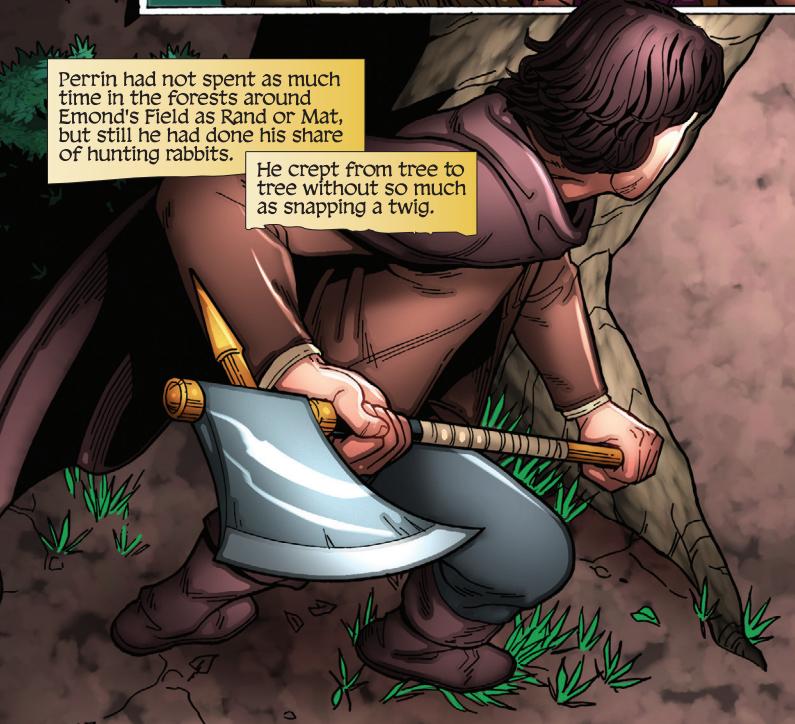
WAIT HERE.

AND BE QUIET! WE DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS, YET.

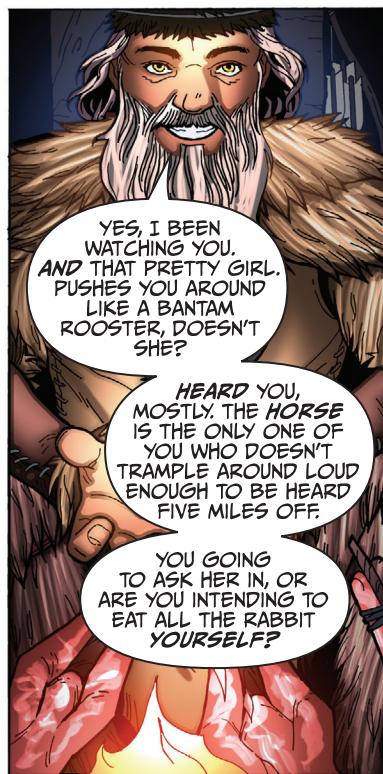
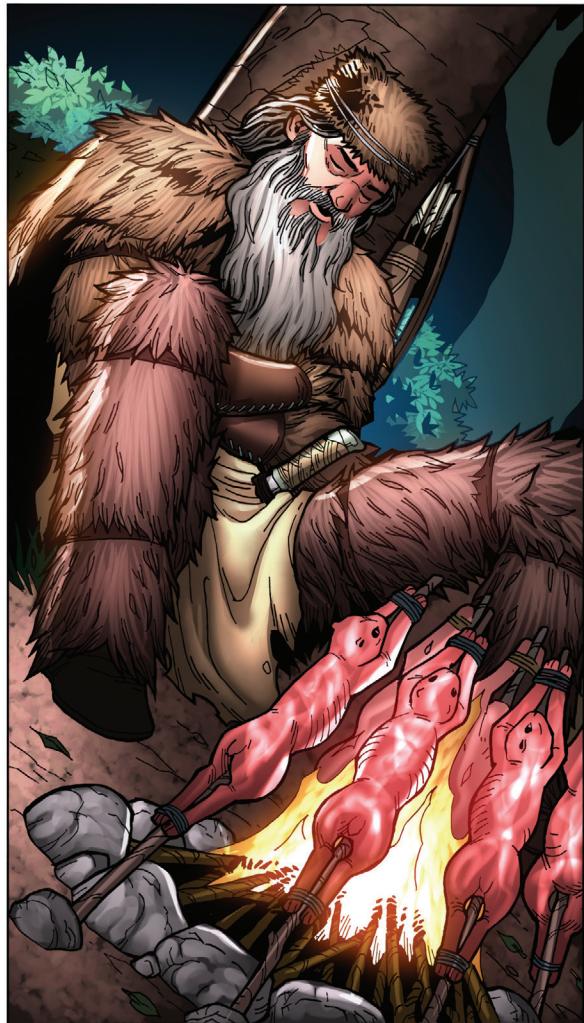


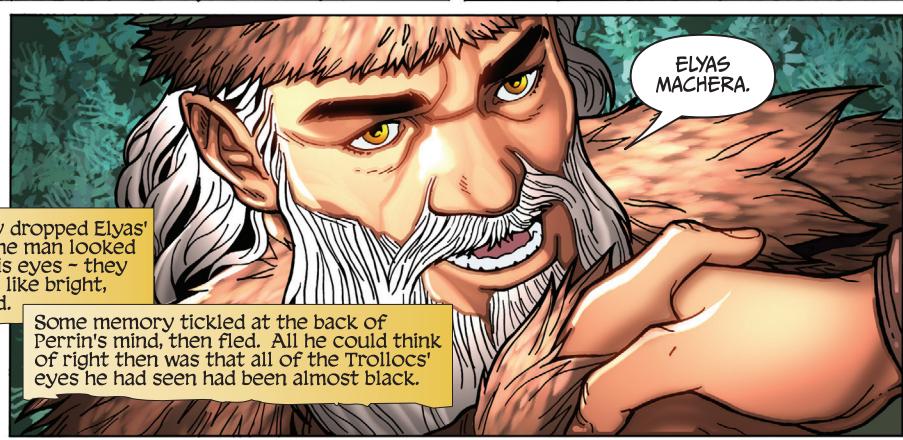
Perrin had not spent as much time in the forests around Emond's Field as Rand or Mat, but still he had done his share of hunting rabbits.

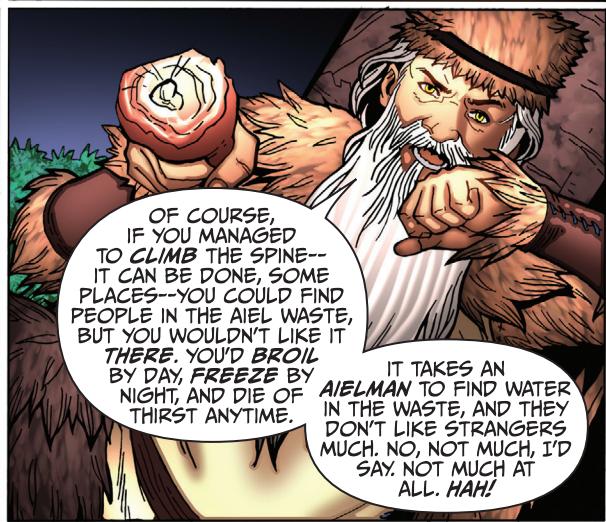
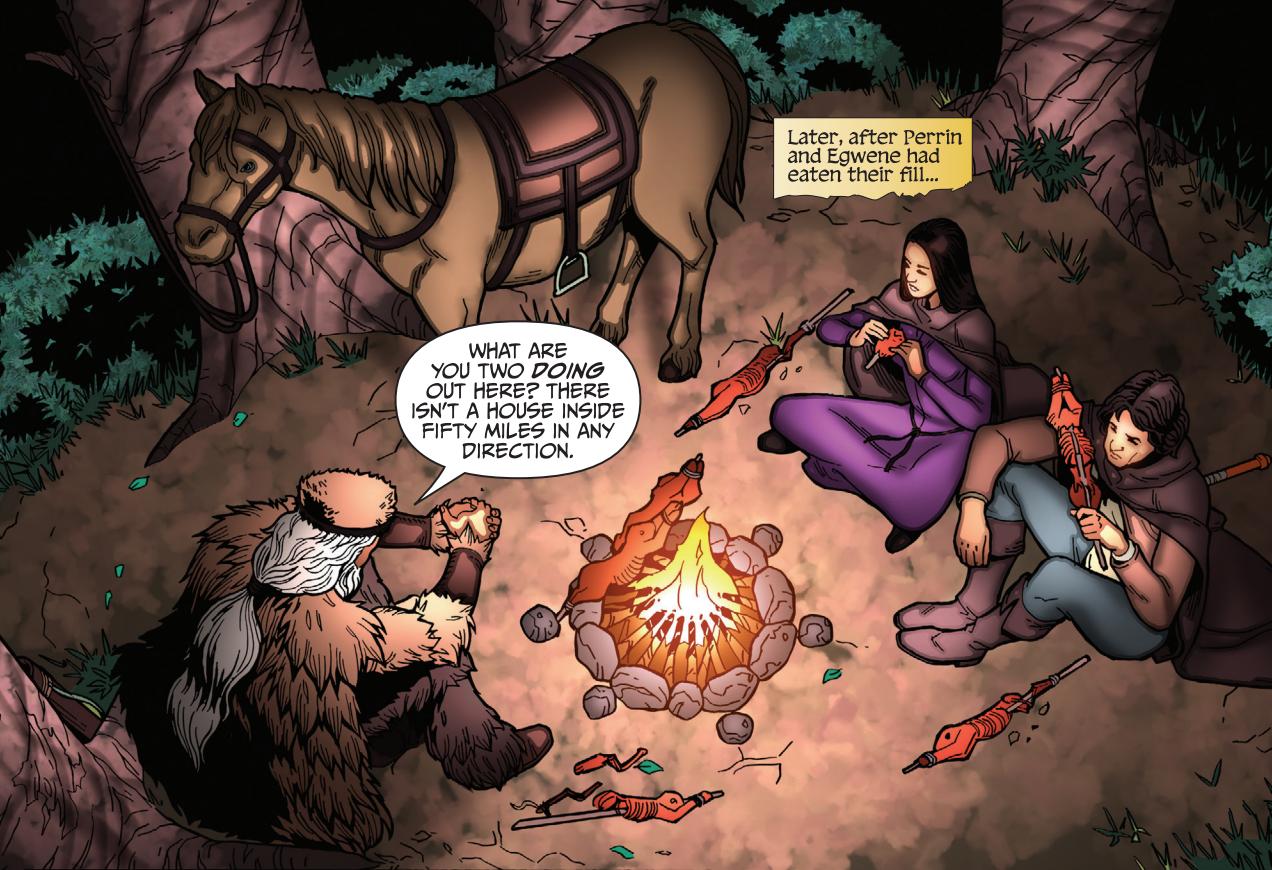
He crept from tree to tree without so much as snapping a twig.



It was not long before he was peering around the bole of a tall oak at the source of the cookfire.









I DON'T GO NEAR VILLAGES, OR EVEN FARMS VERY OFTEN. VILLAGERS, FARMERS, THEY DON'T LIKE MY FRIENDS. I WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE HELPED YOU IF YOU HADN'T BEEN STUMBLING AROUND AS HELPLESS AND INNOCENT AS NEWBORN CUBS.





Before Egwene could even form the question 'who are your friends,' they came.

Four wolves stepped into the firelight. Shaggy waist-high forms with jaws that could break a man's leg.



The firelight reflected off the eyes of the wolves. The yellow eyes...

Yellow eyes. Like Elyas' eyes. That was what Perrin had been trying to remember.





IT ISN'T EXACTLY TALKING. THE WORDS DON'T MATTER, AND THEY AREN'T EXACTLY RIGHT, EITHER.

HER NAME ISN'T DAPPLE. IT'S SOMETHING THAT MEANS THE WAY SHADOWS PLAY ON A FOREST POOL AT MIDWINTER DAWN, WITH THE BREEZE RIPPLING THE SURFACE, AND THE TANG OF ICE WHEN THE WATER TOUCHES THE TONGUE, AND A HINT OF SNOW BEFORE NIGHTFALL IN THE AIR.

BUT THAT ISN'T QUITE IT, EITHER. YOU CAN'T SAY IT IN WORDS. IT'S MORE OF A FEELING. THAT'S THE WAY WOLVES TALK.

THE OTHERS ARE BURN, HOPPER, AND WIND.

HOW... HOW DID YOU LEARN TO TALK TO WOLVES, ELYAS?

THEY FOUND OUT. I DIDN'T. NOT AT FIRST. THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY OF IT, I UNDERSTAND. THE WOLVES FIND YOU, NOT YOU THEM.

SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT ME TOUCHED BY THE DARK ONE, BECAUSE WOLVES STARTED APPEARING WHEREVER I WENT. I SUPPOSE I THOUGHT SO TOO, SOMETIMES.

MOST DECENT FOLK BEGAN TO AVOID ME, AND THE ONES WHO SOUGHT ME OUT WEREN'T THE KIND I WANTED TO KNOW ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. THEN I NOTICED THERE WERE TIMES WHEN THE WOLVES SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING, TO RESPOND TO WHAT WAS IN MY HEAD. THAT WAS THE REAL BEGINNING.

THEY WERE CURIOUS ABOUT ME. WOLVES CAN SENSE PEOPLE, USUALLY, BUT NOT LIKE THIS. THEY WERE GLAD TO FIND ME. THEY SAY IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THEY'VE HUNTED WITH MEN, AND WHEN THEY SAY A LONG TIME, THE FEELING I GET IS LIKE A COLD WIND HOWLING ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM THE FIRST DAY.

I NEVER HEARD OF MEN HUNTING WITH WOLVES.



WOLVES
REMEMBERS THE
HISTORY OF ALL
WOLVES, OR AT LEAST
THE SHAPE OF IT. LIKE I
SAID, IT CAN'T BE PUT
INTO WORDS VERY
WELL.

EVERY WOLF
REMEMBERS THE
HISTORY OF ALL
WOLVES, OR AT LEAST
THE SHAPE OF IT. LIKE I
SAID, IT CAN'T BE PUT
INTO WORDS VERY
WELL.



THEY REMEMBER RUNNING
DOWN PREY SIDE-BY-SIDE
WITH MEN, BUT IT WAS SO
LONG AGO THAT IT'S MORE
LIKE A SHADOW OF A SHADOW
THAN A MEMORY.



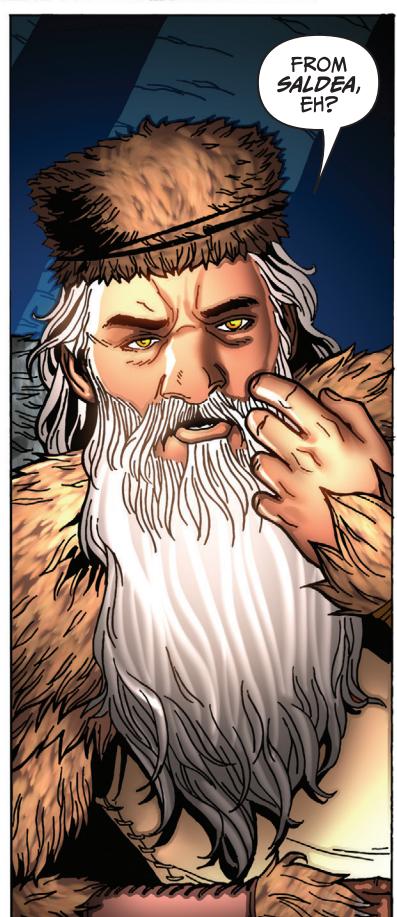
THAT'S VERY
INTERESTING. NO,
I MEAN IT.
IT IS.

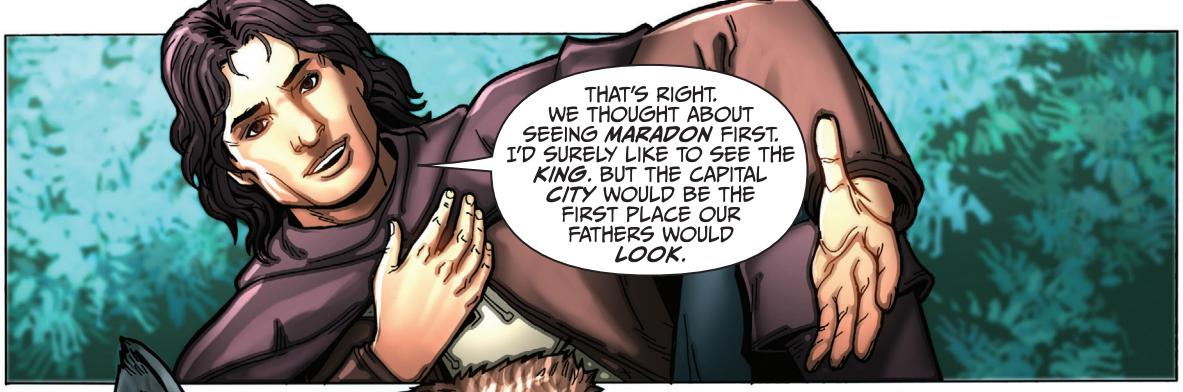
COULD, AH...
COULD YOU TEACH
US TO TALK TO
THEM?



IT
CAN'T BE
TAUGHT

SOME
CAN DO IT,
SOME CAN'T.





THAT'S RIGHT.
WE THOUGHT ABOUT
SEEING MARADON FIRST.
I'D SURELY LIKE TO SEE THE
KING. BUT THE CAPITAL
CITY WOULD BE THE
FIRST PLACE OUR
FATHERS WOULD
LOOK.



QUITE A
STORY. THE THING
IS, DAPPLE SAYS
IT'S ALL A LUMP
OF LIES.

EVERY LAST
WORD.

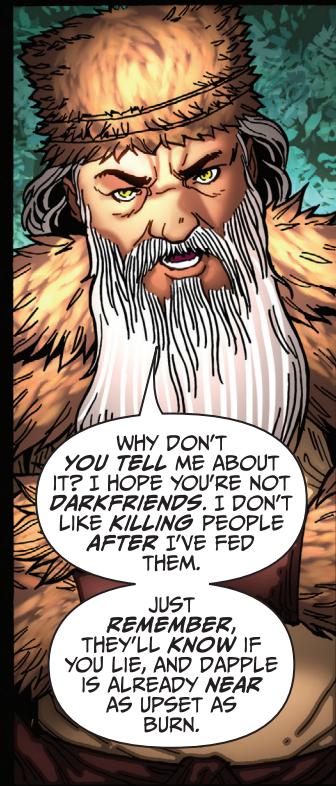


LIES!
WHY WOULD
WE LIE?

IF YOU THINK
WE ARE LYING, THEN
YOU'LL PROBABLY
PREFER THAT WE MAKE
OUR OWN CAMP FOR
THE NIGHT, AWAY FROM
YOURS.



ORDINARILY I
WOULD, GIRL. BUT
RIGHT NOW I WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE
TROLLOCS, AND THE
HALFMEN.



As Perrin told his story, the way the wolves held their heads - he had the impression that they were *listening*.

The story was a long one, and he told almost all of it - the dream he and the others had in Baerion, though, he kept to himself. He waited for the wolves to make some sign they caught the omission, but they only watched.

Dapple seemed friendly, Burn angry. Perrin was hoarse by the time he finished.







BUT IT ISN'T AS
IF WE HAVE A CHOICE.
WE'VE HAD TROLLOCS
CHASING US, AND FADES,
AND DRAGHKAR.
EVERYTHING BUT
DARKFRIENDS.



WE CAN'T HIDE,
AND WE CAN'T FIGHT
BACK ALONE. SO WHO
IS GOING TO HELP US?
WHO ELSE IS STRONG
ENOUGH, EXCEPT
AES SEDAI?



HMM...



...When he watched, he had the feeling he could almost hear what Elyas and the wolves were saying to one another. Even if it had nothing to do with the Power, he wanted no part of it.



It had to be some crazy joke. He couldn't talk to wolves. As Perrin thought that, one of the wolves, Hopper, looked at him and seemed to grin.

Perrin wondered... how he had put a name to the wolf?



Finally, Elyas spoke up.



YOU COULD
STAY WITH ME.
WITH US.



Elyas was silent for a time, looking at the wolves, most often Dapple or Burn. Perrin shifted nervously and tried not to watch.



WELL WHAT
COULD BE SAFER?
TROLLOCS WILL TAKE ANY
CHANCE TO KILL A WOLF BY ITSELF,
BUT THEY'LL GO MILES OUT OF
THEIR WAY TO AVOID A PACK. AND
YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT
AES SEDAI, EITHER. THEY
DON'T OFTEN COME INTO
THESE WOODS.

I DON'T KNOW...
FOR ONE THING,
IT ISN'T JUST THE
TROLLOCS.

LISTEN, I
WISH YOU'D STOP
SAYING THAT...
WHAT YOU DO,
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING...

WE ARE
GOING TO
CAEMLYN. AND
THEN TO TAR
VALON.

I'VE SEEN A
PACK PULL DOWN
ONE OF THOSE EYELESS,
TOO. LOST HALF THE PACK,
BUT THEY WOULDN'T GIVE UP
ONCE THEY HAD ITS SCENT.
TROLLOCS, MYRDDRAAL,
IT'S ALL ONE TO THE
WOLVES.

IT'S YOU THEY
REALLY WANT, BOY.
THEY'VE HEARD OF OTHER
MEN WHO COULD TALK TO
WOLVES, BUT YOU'RE THE
FIRST ONE THEY'VE
EVER MET, BESIDES
ME.

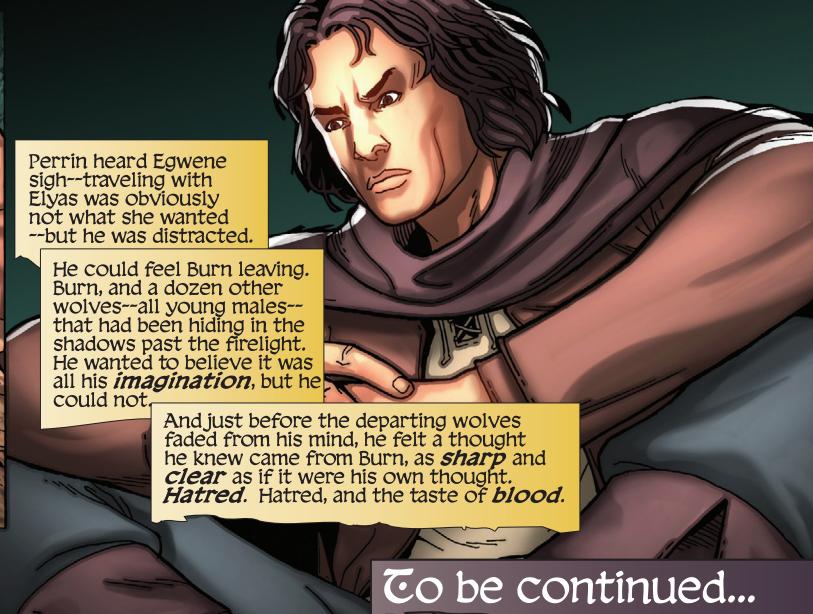
THEY'LL ACCEPT
YOUR FRIEND, TOO,
THOUGH, AND YOU'LL BE
SAFER HERE THAN IN ANY
CITY. THERE'S DARK-
FRIENDS IN
CITIES.

OH, AND WHAT
ABOUT YOU, PERRIN?
ME? WELL, LET ME
THINK. YES, YES,
I THINK I'LL
GO ON.

WELL, EGWENE,
THAT MAKES BOTH
OF US. I GUESS I'M
GOING WITH YOU AT THAT.
GOOD TO TALK THESE
THINGS OUT BEFORE
MAKING A DECISION,
ISN'T IT?



AND SO WILL THEY.



To be continued...