



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



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & MARCIO FIORITO



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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.

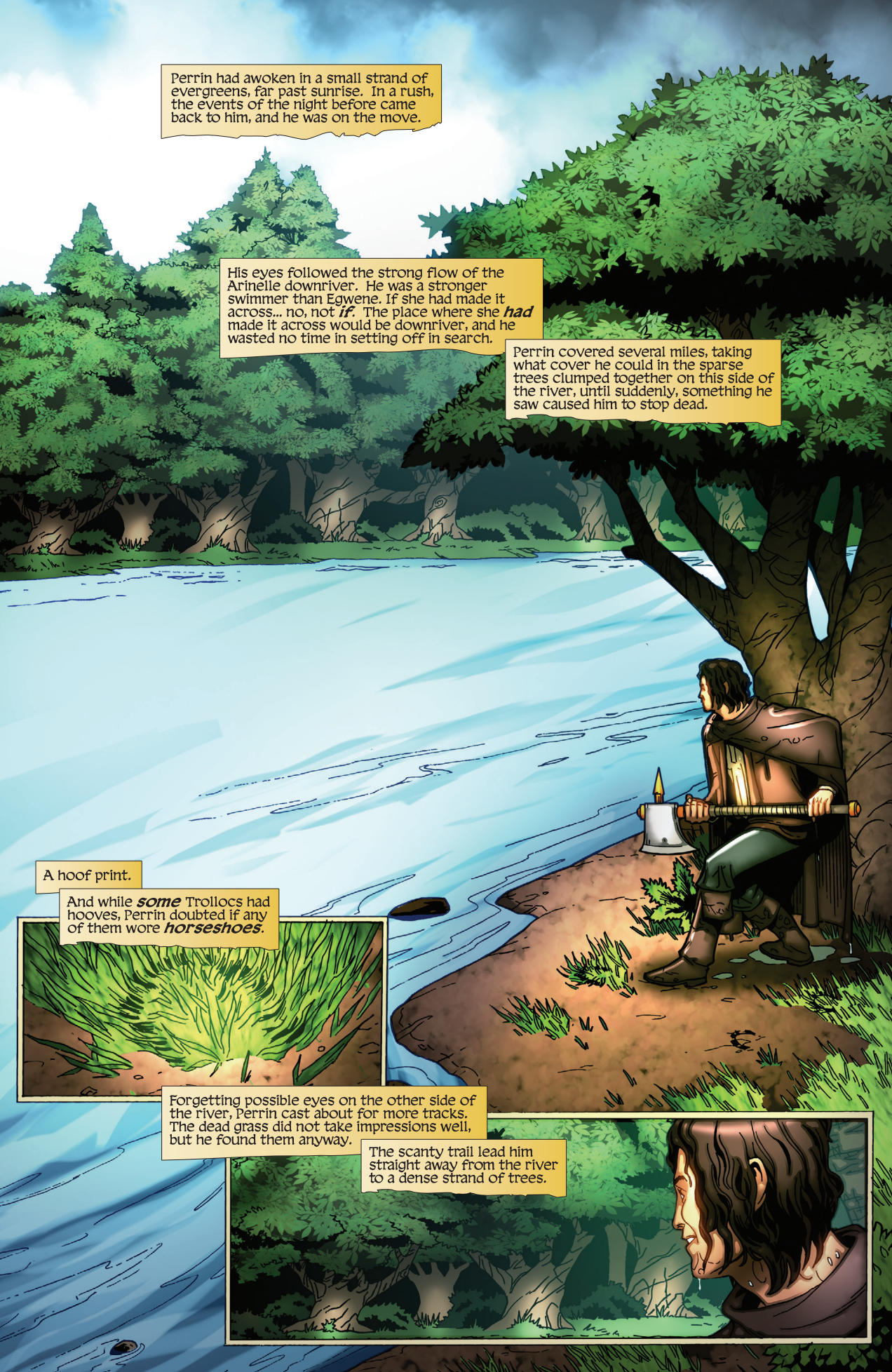
Perrin covered several miles, taking what cover he could in the sparse trees clumped together on this side of the river, until suddenly, something he saw caused him to stop dead.

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--

**SWOOSH**

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 MOIRAINÉ TO FIND US.

OF COURSE. MOIRAINÉ SEDAÍ SAID SHE COULD FIND US IF WE WERE SEPARATED.

OR THE TROLLOCS COULD FIND US FIRST. MOIRAINÉ 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 MOIRAINÉ SEDAÍ 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 MOIRAIN 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 MOIRAIN.


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?



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



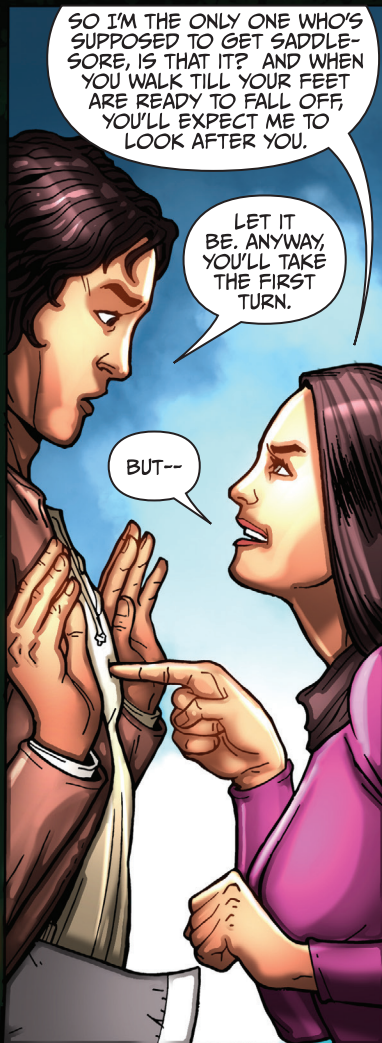
IF YOU SAY SO, BUT IF SHE DOESN'T APPEAR IN CAEMLYN IN A FEW DAYS, WE GO TO TAR VALON AND PUT OUR CASE BEFORE THE AMYRLIN SEAT.

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.

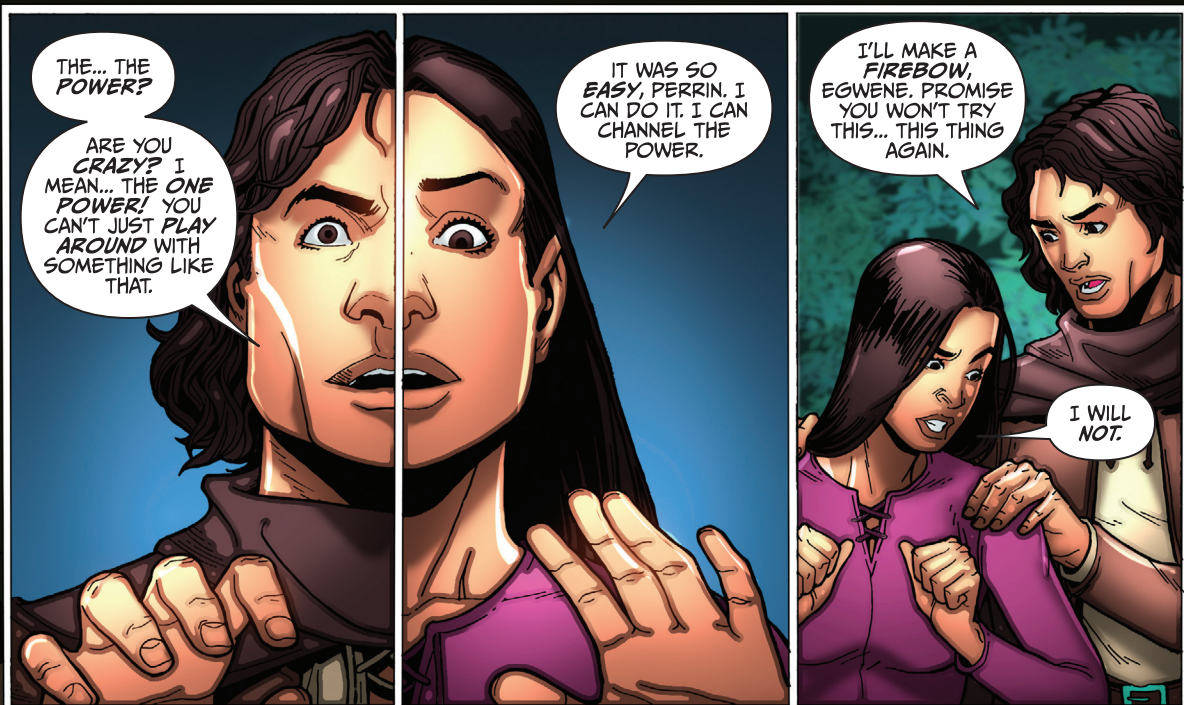
I DON'T HAVE A FLINT. I LOST IT IN THE RIVER.

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

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

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





THE... THE  
POWER?

ARE YOU  
CRAZY? I  
MEAN... THE ONE  
POWER! YOU  
CAN'T JUST PLAY  
AROUND WITH  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT.

IT WAS SO  
EASY, PERRIN. I  
CAN DO IT. I CAN  
CHANNEL THE  
POWER.

I'LL MAKE A  
FIREBOW,  
EGWENE. PROMISE  
YOU WON'T TRY  
THIS... THIS THING  
AGAIN.

I WILL  
NOT.

WOULD YOU  
GIVE UP THAT AXE  
OF YOURS, PERRIN  
AYBARA? WOULD YOU  
WALK AROUND WITH  
ONE HAND TIED BEHIND  
YOUR BACK? I  
WON'T DO IT!

I MADE  
THE FIREBOW.  
AT LEAST DON'T  
TRY IT AGAIN  
TONIGHT?  
PLEASE?

Egwene acquiesced grudgingly, but even after the rabbit was roasting on a spit over the flames, she felt she could have done it better. She would not give up trying, either.

Every night she tried again, though the best she ever did was a trickle of smoke that vanished almost immediately.

Her eyes dared him to say a word, and he wisely kept his mouth shut.



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.

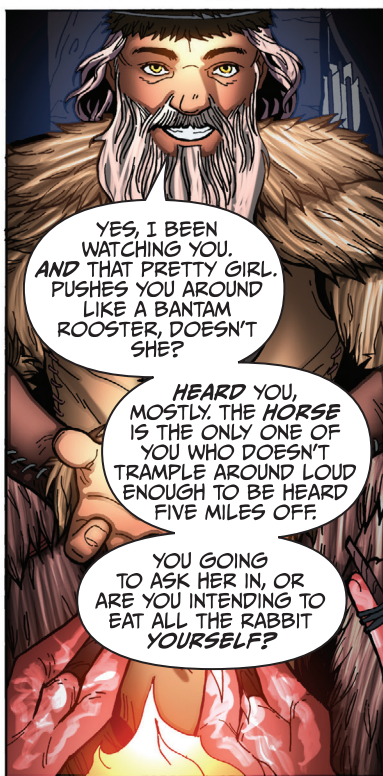
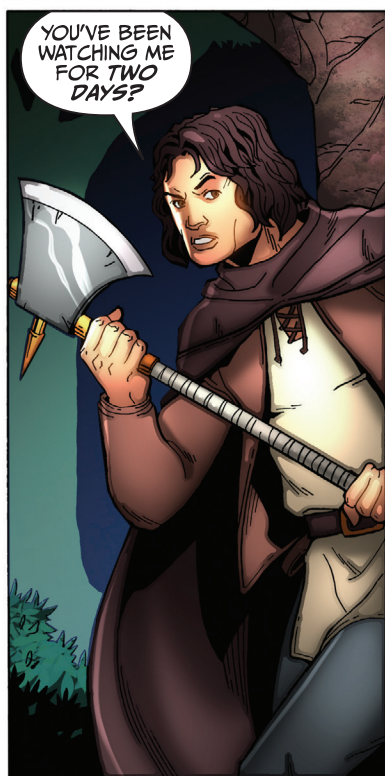
AND BE QUIET! WE DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS, YET.

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.







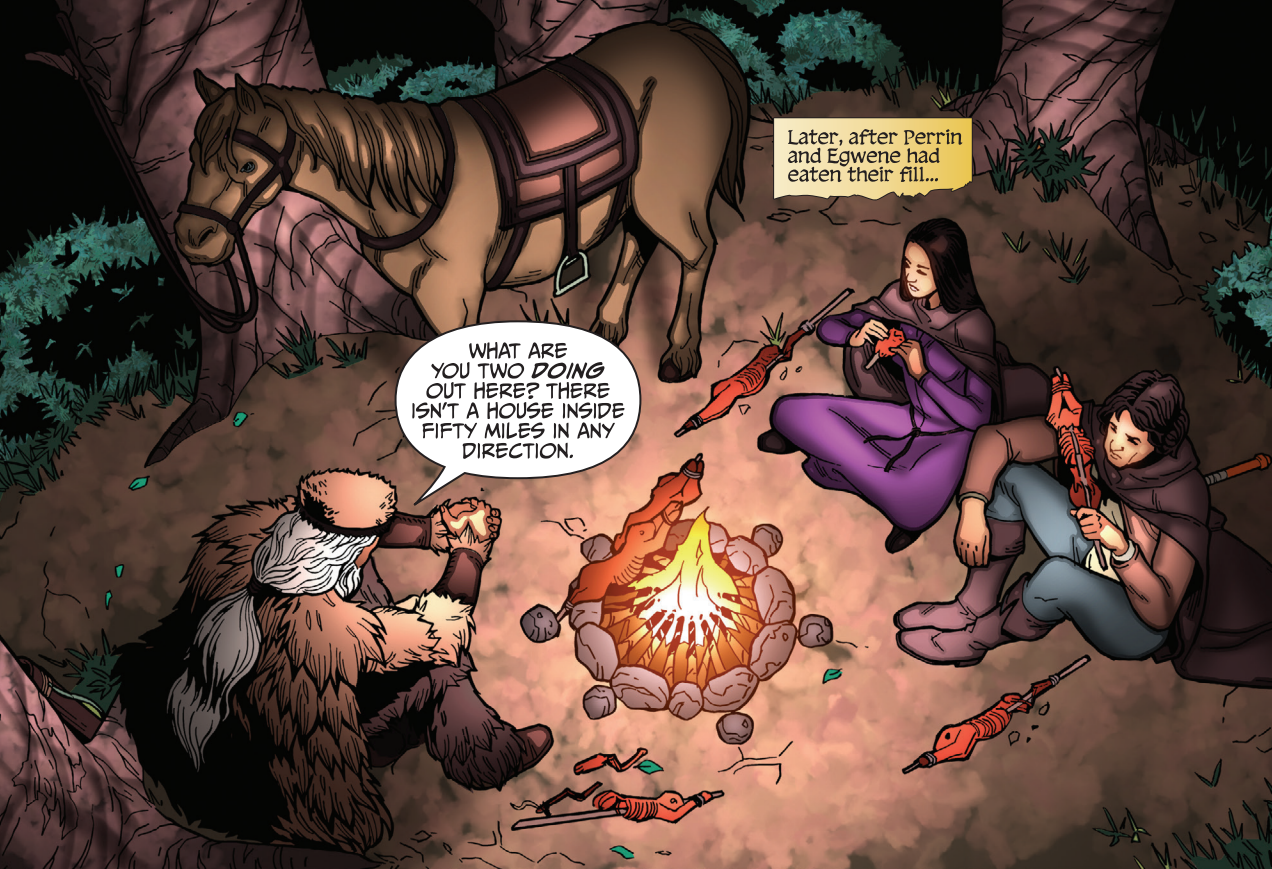


Perrin nearly dropped Elyas' hand when the man looked up at him. His eyes - they were yellow, like bright, polished gold.

Some memory tickled at the back of Perrin's mind, then fled. All he could think of right then was that all of the Trollocs' eyes he had seen had been almost black.







Later, after Perrin and Egwene had eaten their fill...

WHAT ARE YOU TWO **DOING** OUT HERE? THERE ISN'T A HOUSE INSIDE FIFTY MILES IN ANY DIRECTION.



WE'RE GOING TO CAEMLYN, PERHAPS YOU COULD--

HAH, HA, HA, HA, HAAA!



CAEMLYN? THE PATH **YOU'RE** FOLLOWING, THE LINE YOU'VE TAKEN THE LAST TWO DAYS, YOU'LL PASS A **HUNDRED** MILES OR MORE NORTH OF CAEMLYN!



WE WERE GOING TO ASK DIRECTIONS. WE JUST HAVEN'T FOUND ANY FARMS OR VILLAGES YET.

AND NONE YOU WILL. THE WAY YOU'RE GOING, YOU CAN TRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO THE SPINE OF THE WORLD WITHOUT SEEING ANOTHER HUMAN.



OF COURSE, IF YOU MANAGED TO **CLIMB** THE SPINE-- IT CAN BE DONE, SOME PLACES--YOU COULD FIND PEOPLE IN THE AIEL WASTE, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT **THERE**. YOU'D **BROIL** BY DAY, **FREEZE** BY NIGHT, AND DIE OF THIRST ANYTIME.

IT TAKES AN **AIELMAN** TO FIND WATER IN THE WASTE, AND THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS MUCH. NO, NOT MUCH, I'D SAY. NOT MUCH AT ALL. **HAH!**





PERHAPS YOU COULD SHOW US THE WAY. YOU SEEM TO KNOW A GOOD DEAL MORE ABOUT WHERE PLACES ARE THAN WE DO.

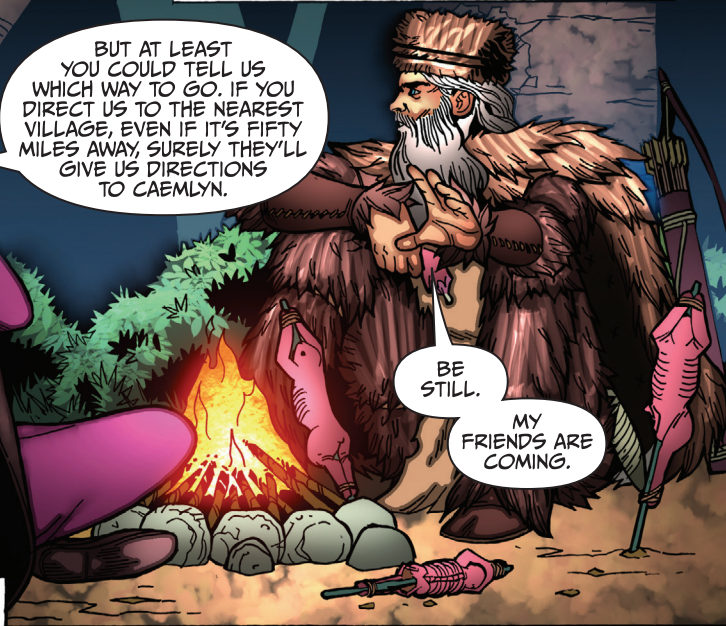


I DON'T MUCH LIKE PEOPLE. CITIES ARE FULL OF PEOPLE.

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.



BUT AT LEAST YOU COULD TELL US WHICH WAY TO GO. IF YOU DIRECT US TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE, EVEN IF IT'S FIFTY MILES AWAY, SURELY THEY'LL GIVE US DIRECTIONS TO CAEMLYN.



BE STILL.

MY FRIENDS ARE COMING.



QUIET THE MARE. THEY WON'T HURT HER. OR YOU, IF YOU'RE STILL.



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.

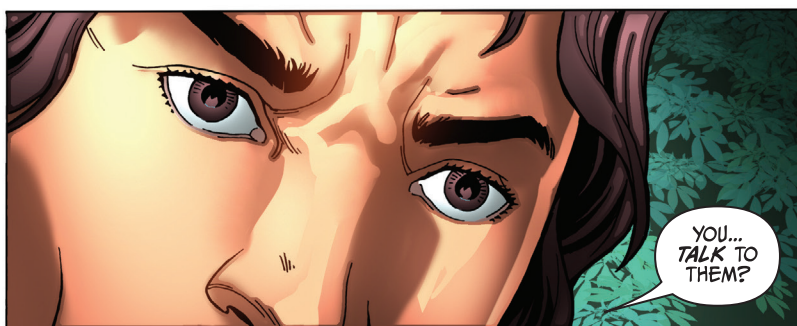
As if the people were not there they walked up to the fire and lay down between the humans.

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.

I WOULD NOT DO THAT.









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  
REMEMBER THINGS  
DIFFERENTLY  
FROM THE WAY  
PEOPLE DO.

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?



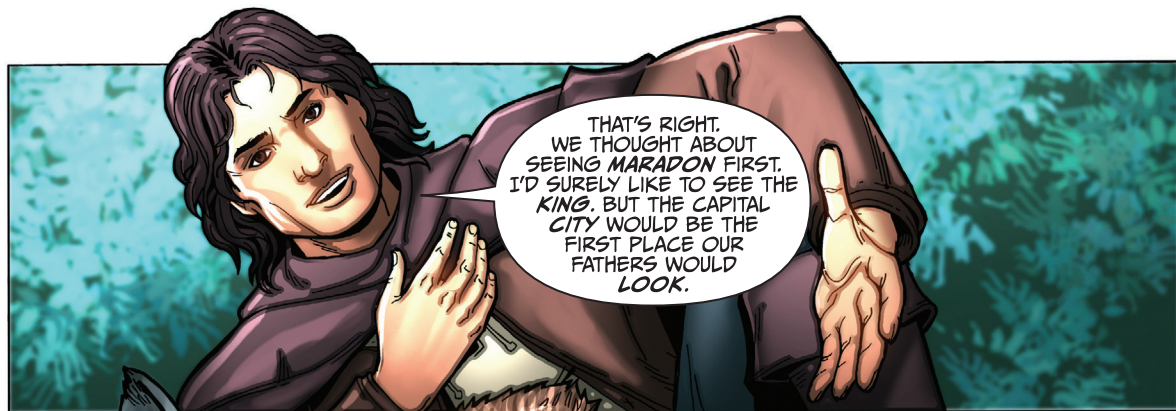
IT  
CAN'T BE  
TAUGHT

SOME  
CAN DO IT,  
SOME  
CAN'T.











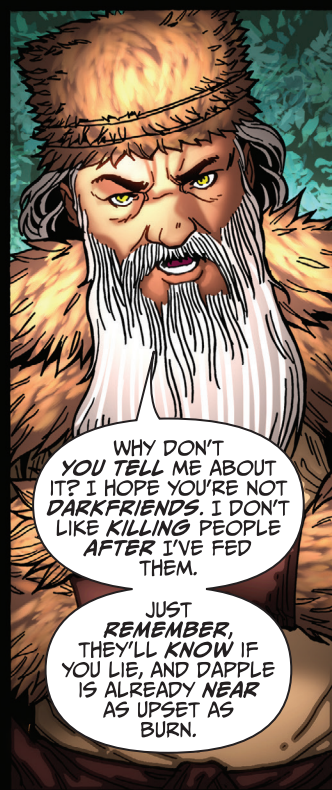


DAPPLE SAYS SHE SMELLED HALFMEN AND TROLLOCS IN YOUR MINDS WHILE YOU WERE TELLING THAT FOOL STORY. THEY ALL DID.

YOU'RE MIXED UP WITH TROLLOCS, SOMEHOW, AND THE EYELESS. WOLVES HATE TROLLOCS AND HALFMEN WORSE THAN WILDFIRE, WORSE THAN ANYTHING. AND SO DO I.



BURN WANTS TO BE DONE WITH YOU. IT WAS TROLLOCS GAVE HIM THAT MARK WHEN HE WAS A YEARLING. HE SAYS GAME IS SCARCE, AND YOU'RE FATTER THAN ANY DEER HE'S SEEN IN MONTHS. BUT BURN IS ALWAYS IMPATIENT.



WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT? I HOPE YOU'RE NOT DARKFRIENDS. I DON'T LIKE KILLING PEOPLE AFTER I'VE FED THEM.

JUST REMEMBER, THEY'LL KNOW IF YOU LIE, AND DAPPLE IS ALREADY NEAR AS UPSET AS BURN.

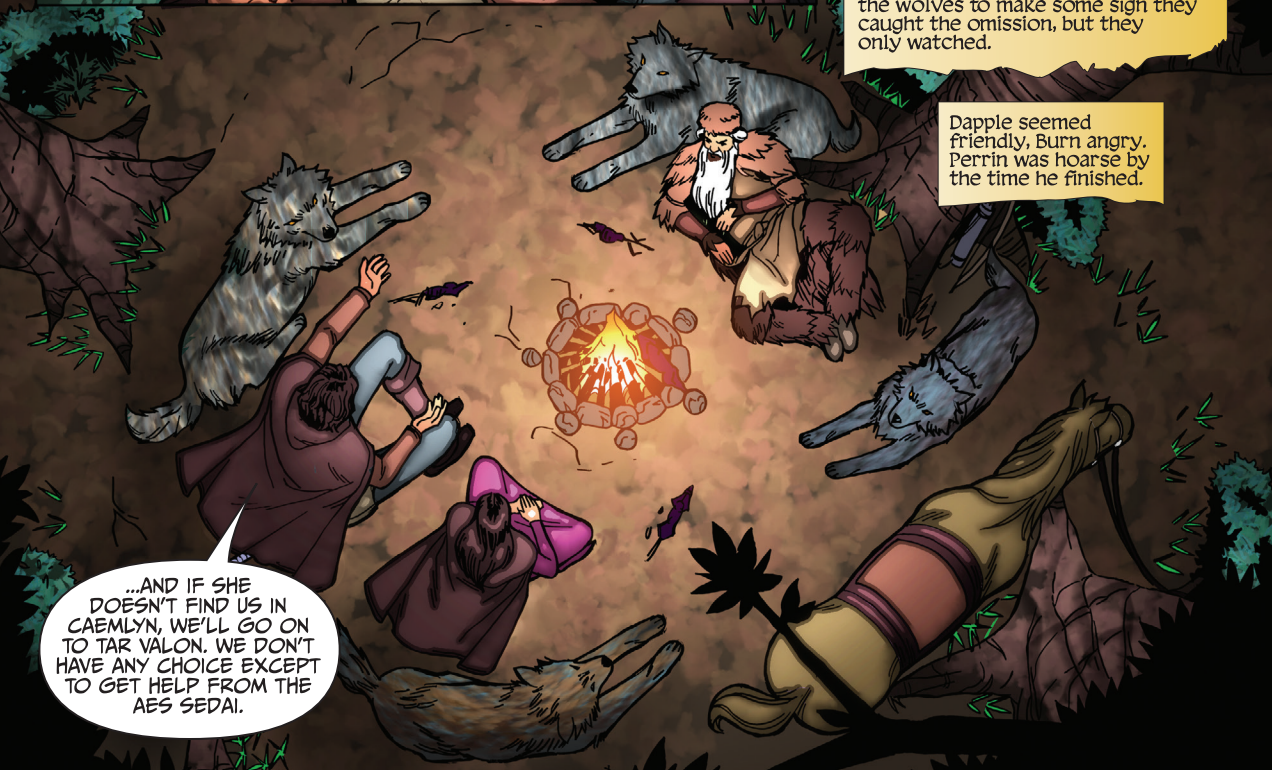


ALL RIGHT... I... ALL RIGHT.

IT ALL STARTED A FEW DAYS BEFORE WINTERNIGHT, WHEN OUR FRIEND MAT SAW A MAN IN A BLACK CLOAK...

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 Baerlon, 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.

...AND IF SHE DOESN'T FIND US IN CAEMLYN, WE'LL GO ON TO TAR VALON. WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE EXCEPT TO GET HELP FROM THE AES SEDAI.



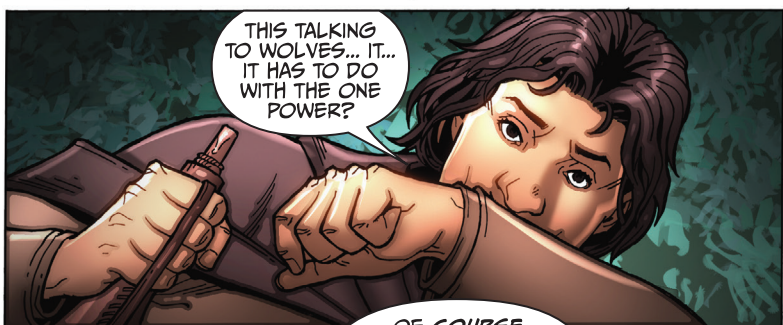


TROLLOCS  
AND HALFMEN  
THIS FAR SOUTH...  
NOW THAT'S  
SOMETHING TO  
CONSIDER.



I DON'T HOLD WITH AES SEDAI. THE  
RED AJAH, THOSE THAT LIKE HUNTING  
FOR MEN WHO MESS WITH THE **ONE**  
POWER, THEY WANTED TO GENTLE  
ME, ONCE. I TOLD THEM TO THEIR  
FACES THEY SERVED THE  
DARK ONE.

THEY DIDN'T  
LIKE **THAT** AT ALL.  
THEY COULDN'T CATCH  
ME, THOUGH, ONCE I  
GOT INTO THE FOREST,  
THOUGH THEY  
DID TRY.



THIS TALKING  
TO WOLVES... IT...  
IT HAS TO DO  
WITH THE **ONE**  
POWER?



OF **COURSE**  
NOT. WOULDN'T HAVE  
WORKED ON ME,  
GENTLING, BUT IT MADE  
ME MAD THEM WANTING  
TO TRY.

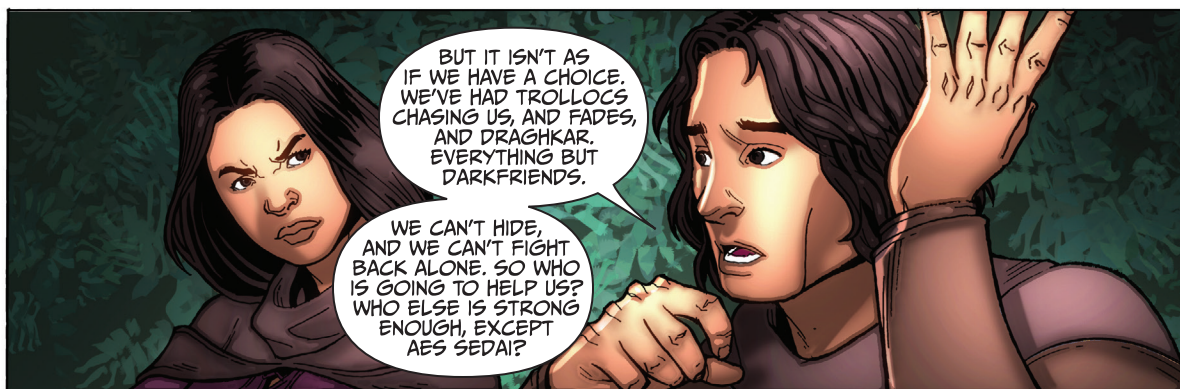
THIS IS AN OLD  
THING, BOY. OLDER THAN  
AES SEDAI. OLDER THAN ANYBODY  
USING THE **ONE** POWER. OLD AS  
HUMANKIND, OLD AS WOLVES. THEY  
DON'T LIKE **THAT** EITHER, AES SEDAI,  
OLD THINGS COMING AGAIN. MAKES  
THEM NERVOUS. THEY'RE AFRAID  
ANCIENT BARRIERS ARE WEAKENING,  
AND THE DARK ONE WILL  
GET LOOSE.

I KEEP  
CLEAR OF AES  
SEDAI MOSTLY, AND  
THEIR FRIENDS.  
YOU WILL TOO, IF  
YOU'RE SMART.



I'D LIKE  
**NOTHING**  
BETTER THAN TO  
STAY AWAY FROM  
AES SEDAI.





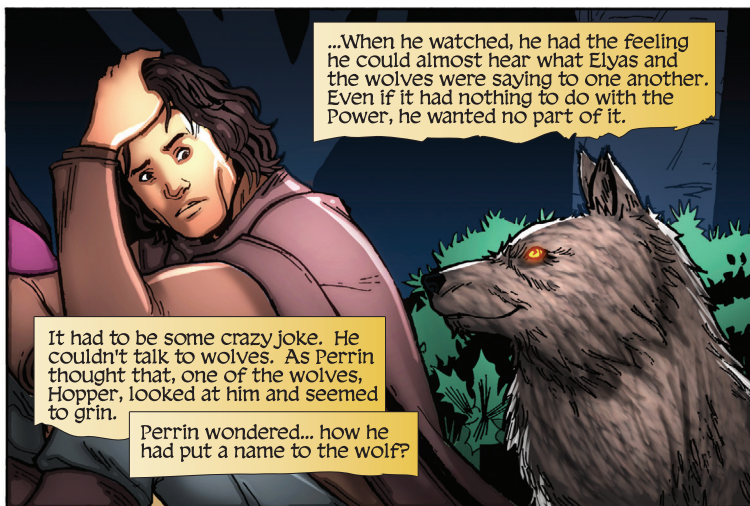
BUT IT ISN'T AS IF WE HAVE A CHOICE. WE'VE HAD TROLLOCS CHASING US, AND FADES, AND DRAGHKAR. EVERYTHING BUT DARKFRIENDS.

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...

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



...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.

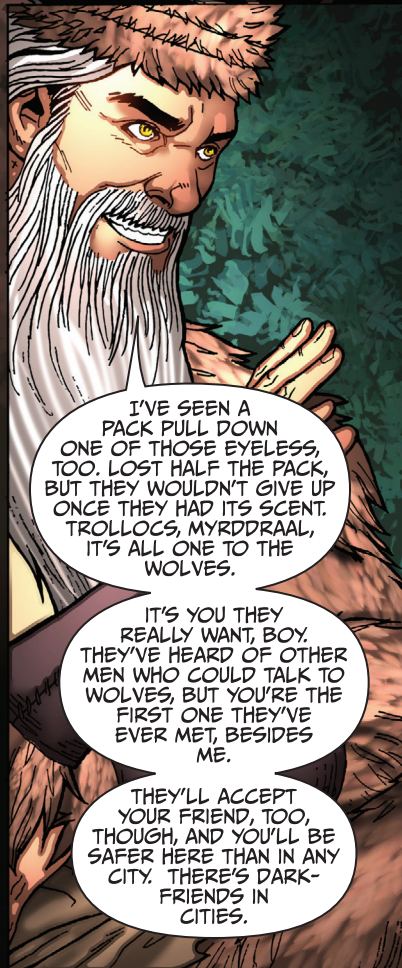






WELL WHAT  
COULD BE **SAFER?**  
TROLLOCS WILL TAKE ANY  
CHANCE TO KILL A WOLF BY ITSELF,  
BUT THEY'LL GO MILES OUT OF  
THEIR WAY TO AVOID A PACK. AND  
YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT  
AES SEDAI, EITHER. THEY  
DON'T OFTEN COME INTO  
THESE WOODS.

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



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.



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.



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?





DAPPLE SAYS THAT'S WHAT YOU'D DECIDE. SHE SAID THE GIRL'S PLANTED FIRMLY IN THE *HUMAN* WORLD, WHILE YOU STAND HALFWAY IN *BETWEEN*.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER GO SOUTH WITH YOU. OTHERWISE, YOU'LL PROBABLY *STARVE* TO DEATH, OR GET *LOST*, OR--

GRRRNT



DAPPLE RUNS THIS PACK. SOME OF THE MALES COULD BEST HER, IF THEY CHALLENGED, BUT SHE'S *SMARTER* THAN ANY OF THEM, AND THEY KNOW IT. SHE'S SAVED THE PACK *MORE* THAN ONCE.

BUT BURN THINKS THE PACK IS WASTING TIME WITH YOU. HATING TROLLOCS IS ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO HIM, AND IF THERE ARE TROLLOCS THIS FAR SOUTH, HE WANTS TO BE OFF *KILLING* THEM.



WE QUITE UNDERSTAND. WE *REALLY CAN* FIND OUR OWN WAY... WITH SOME DIRECTIONS, OF COURSE, IF YOU'LL GIVE THEM...



I SAID DAPPLE LEADS THIS PACK, DIDN'T I? IN THE MORNING, I'LL START SOUTH WITH YOU.

AND SO WILL THEY.

Perrin heard Egwene sigh--traveling with Elyas was obviously not what she wanted --but he was distracted.

He could feel Burn leaving. Burn, and a dozen other wolves--all young males--that had been hiding in the shadows past the firelight. He wanted to believe it was all his *imagination*, but he could not.

And just before the departing wolves faded from his mind, he felt a thought he knew came from Burn, as *sharp* and *clear* as if it were his own thought. *Hatred*. Hatred, and the taste of *blood*.

To be continued...