

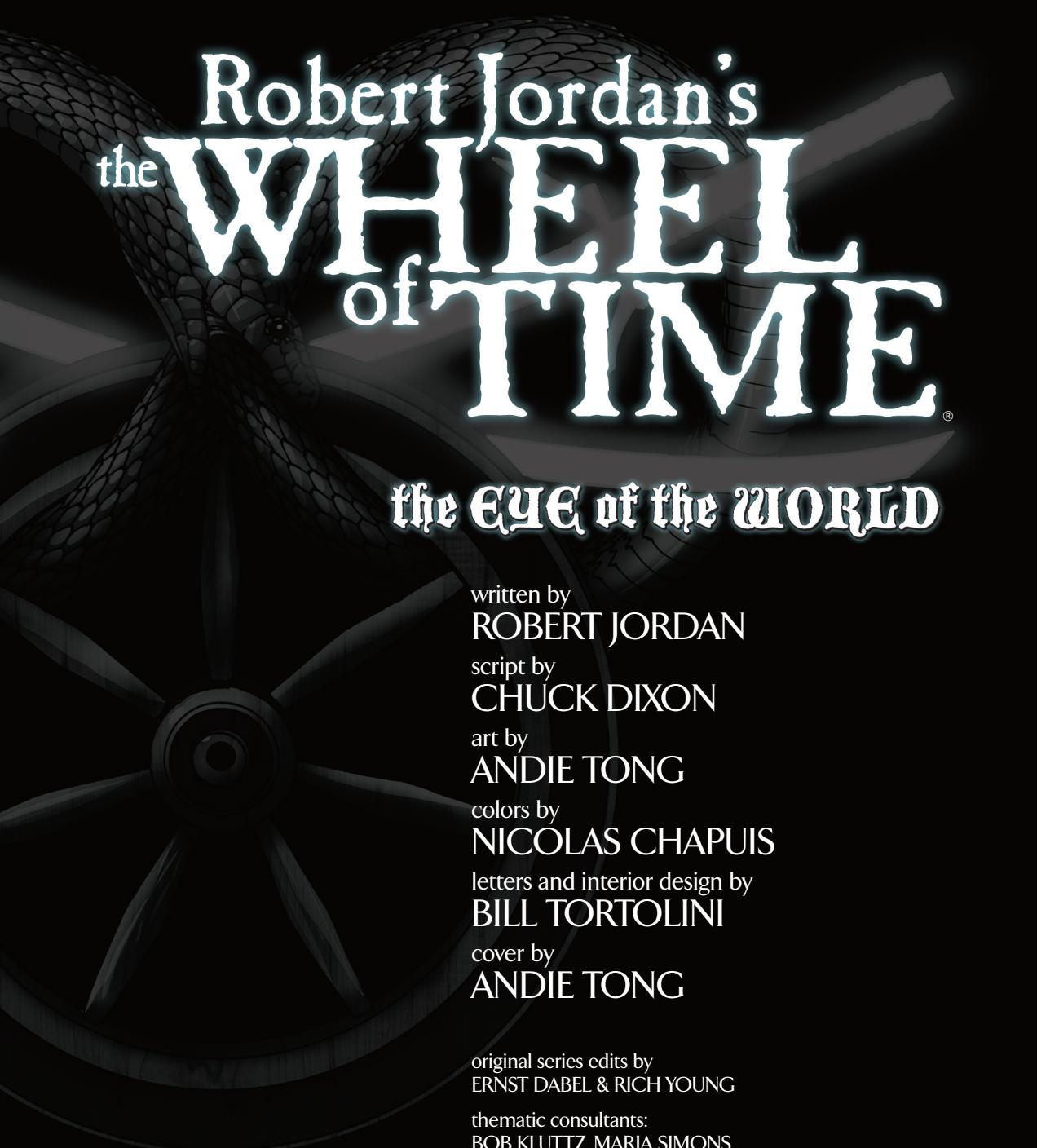
Robert Jordan's
the WHEEL of TIME®

DYNAMITE
19



the EYE of the WORLD

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Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®

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Perrin fretted over the days spent with the Tuatha'an, traveling south and east in a leisurely fashion.

The Traveling People saw no need to hurry; they never did. The colorful wagons did not roll out of a morning until the sun was well above the horizon, and they stopped as early as midafternoon if they came across a congenial spot.

Dogs - and children - trotted easily alongside the wagons. They had no difficulty keeping up. The pace was bothering Perrin.

YOU KNOW,
WE COULD
BE GOING
FASTER...

AH, BUT
WOULD YOU MAKE
THE POOR HORSES
WORK SO
HARD?

=SIGH=



Perrin was surprised that Elyas did not share his feelings. The strange bearded man was so different from the gentle Tuatha'an.

Elyas was no more comfortable with their Way of the Leaf than they were with him. He looked as though he would rather be elsewhere than where he was, almost anywhere else, but he never suggested leaving or pressing on ahead.

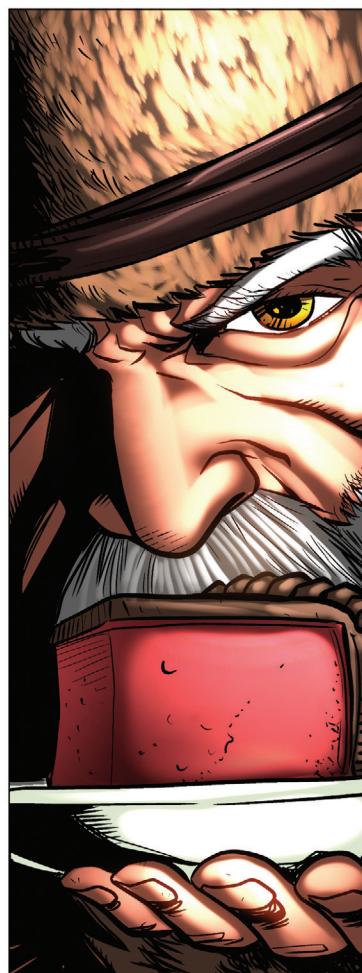
And whenever Perrin brought up leaving...



YOU HAD HARD DAYS BEFORE YOU MET ME, AND YOU'LL HAVE HARDER STILL AHEAD, WITH TROLLOCS AND HALFMEN AFTER YOU, AND AES SEDAI FOR FRIENDS.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A BLOODY HURRY TO PUT YOURSELF IN AES SEDAI HANDS.





DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
KNOW WHEN IT'S
TIME TO GO.

HAVE
SOME PIE, LAD.
DON'T LATHER
YOURSELF.

RELAX.

But Perrin couldn't make himself relax.

He wandered among the rainbow wagons worrying, as much because no one else seemed to see anything to worry about as for any other reason.



Perrin watched the Traveling People dancing and playing - and living- as though they didn't have a care in the world, and itched to get away.



He could understand wanting to dance to the People's songs. They were hypnotic; they made his blood pound in rhythm to the drums...

...But he didn't like the idea of repaying their kindness and hospitality by putting them in danger.



Egwene didn't quite seem to see it the same way.



Several dances later...



The dream began more pleasantly than most Perrin had had of late.

He was at Alsbet Luhhan's kitchen table, sharpening his axe with a stone.

Mistress Luhhan never allowed forge work, or anything that smacked of it, to be brought into the house. Master Luhhan even had to take her knives outside to sharpen them.

But she tended her cooking and never said a word about the axe.

She didn't even mention it when a wolf entered from deeper in the house and curled up between Perrin and the door to the yard.

Perrin just went on sharpening his axe; it would be time to use it, soon.

Abruptly, the wolf rose...

GRRRRRR

IS THIS
WHAT YOU HAVE
TO PROTECT
YOU?

WELL,
I HAVE
FACED THIS
BEFORE.

MANY
TIMES
BEFORE.

GRRRRRR

Garage 2000



The stench of burning meat and hair filled the kitchen, and Alsbet Luhhan simply went on with her cooking.

Perrin dropped the axe and leapt towards the wolf, trying to beat out the flames with his bare hands...



...But the wolf crumpled to black ash between his palms.



LEAVE ME ALONE!



YOU
CANNOT RUN
FROM ME. YOU
CANNOT HIDE
FROM ME.



IF YOU
ARE THE ONE,
YOU ARE
MINE.



The heat from the fires of Ba'alzamon's face forced Perrin back until he was nearly to the wall. Mistress Luhhan still made no comment, opening the oven to check her bread.

THE EYE
OF THE WORLD
WILL CONSUME
YOU.



I MARK
YOU MINE!

YAAARR--

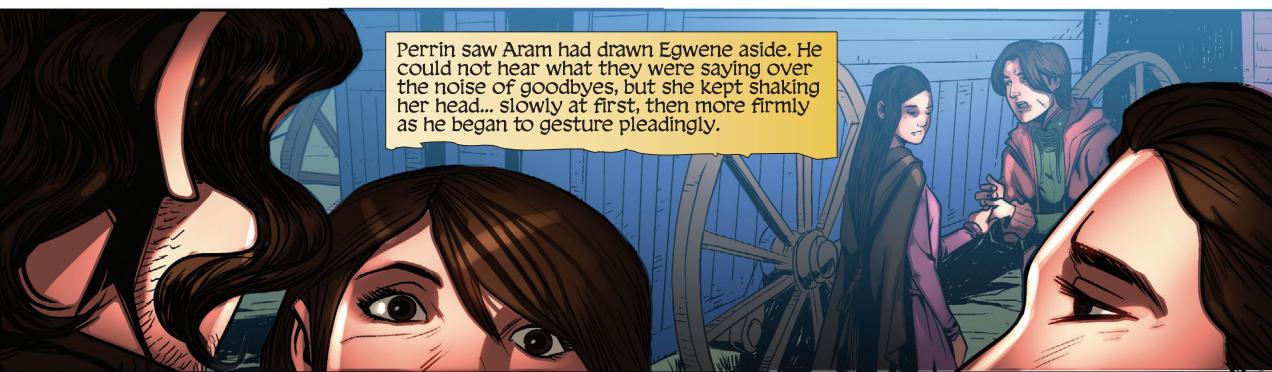








By the time a Tinker came, leading Bela, the whole camp had turned out in their finest and brightest, a mass of color that made Raen and Ila's red-and-yellow wagon seem almost plain.



Perrin saw Aram had drawn Egwene aside. He could not hear what they were saying over the noise of goodbyes, but she kept shaking her head... slowly at first, then more firmly as he began to gesture pleadingly.



His face shifted from pleading to arguing, but Egwene continued to shake her head stubbornly until Ila rescued her with a few sharp words to her grandson.



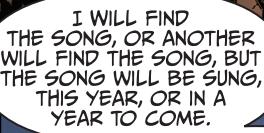
Scowling, Aram abandoned the rest of the farewell. Ila watched him go, hesitating on the point of calling him back, and perhaps relieved he didn't want to leave with Egwene.



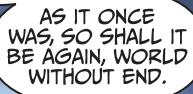
YOU CAME IN PEACE, DEPART NOW IN PEACE. ALWAYS WILL OUR FIRES WELCOME YOU, IN PEACE. THE WAY OF THE LEAF IS PEACE.



PEACE BE ON YOU ALWAYS, AND ON ALL THE PEOPLE.

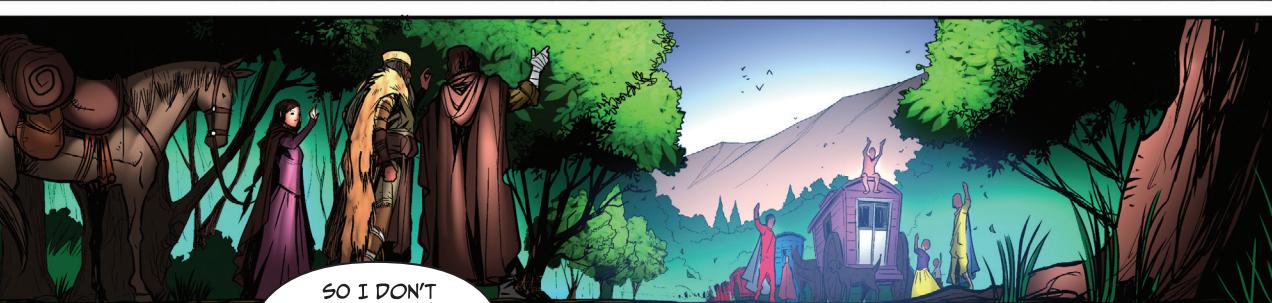
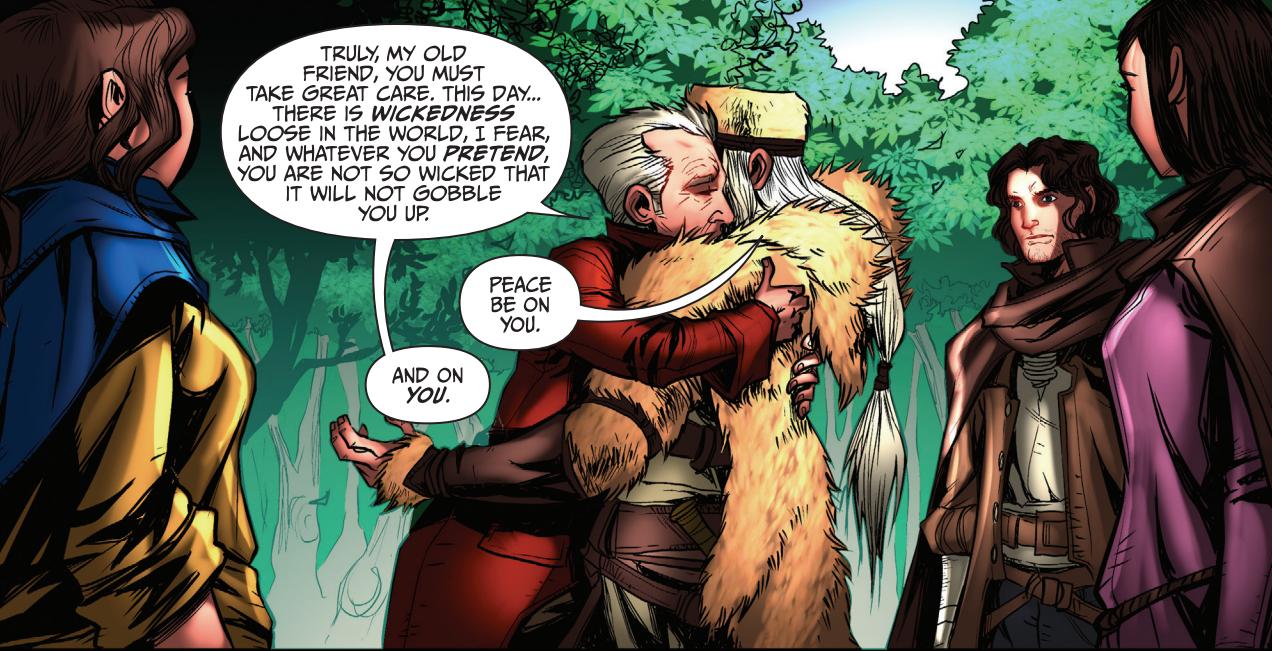


I WILL FIND THE SONG, OR ANOTHER WILL FIND THE SONG, BUT THE SONG WILL BE SUNG, THIS YEAR, OR IN A YEAR TO COME.



AS IT ONCE WAS, SO SHALL IT BE AGAIN, WORLD WITHOUT END.





Perrin did not want to think about the dream. He had thought that the wolves made him safe.

NOT COMPLETE.

ACCEPT.

FULL HEART.
FULL MIND.



Even in dreams?

Perrin was not sure if that thought was his... or theirs.

Nynaeve stared in wonder at what lay ahead down the river, the White Bridge gleaming in the sun with a milky glow.

Another legend, Nynaeve thought, looking to Lan and Moiraine, and they don't even seem to notice.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MEAN TO FIND THEM.

I WILL KNOW WHEN I AM CLOSE TO THE TWO WHO HAVE LOST THEIR COINS. THE LONGER IT TAKES, THE CLOSER I MUST COME, BUT I WILL KNOW.

AS FOR THE ONE WHO STILL HAS HIS TOKEN, SO LONG AS HE HAS IT IN HIS POSSESSION I CAN FOLLOW HIM ACROSS HALF THE WORLD, IF NEED BE.

AND THEN? WHAT DO YOU PLAN WHEN YOU'VE FOUND THEM, AES SEDAI?

TAR VALON, WISDOM.

TAR VALON, TAR VALON. THAT'S ALL YOU EVER SAY, AND I AM BECOMING--

PART OF THE TRAINING YOU WILL RECEIVE IN TAR VALON, WISDOM, WILL TEACH YOU TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER. YOU CAN DO NOTHING WITH THE ONE POWER WHEN EMOTION RULES YOUR MIND.

EMOTION RULES MY MIND? BETTER THAN PRETENDING TO SERENITY THAT DOESN'T EXIST! YOU TWO HAVE BEEN WOUND LIKE CLOCKSPRINGS TO THEIR BREAKING POINT SINCE WE LOST THE OTHERS, AND--

PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD GO BACK
TO THE TWO RIVERS WHEN
WE REACH WHITEBRIDGE,
AND THE CAEMLYN ROAD.
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS
HERE.

NOTHING WILL
TRY TO STOP YOU
GOING BACK,
THOUGH.

SHE IS
PART OF THE
PATTERN NOW,
LAN.

WHAT YOU
NOTICE IS THE DARK
ONE, NYNAEVE. THE STORM
HAS LEFT US... FOR A TIME,
AT LEAST, BUT HE IS STILL
WATCHING, AND HIS GAZE
IS STRONGER.

NOT ON US,
BUT ON THE WORLD.
HOW MUCH LONGER
BEFORE HE IS STRONG
ENOUGH TO...

Moiraine's voice trailed off, and Nynaeve felt a shiver; she could almost feel someone staring at her back. The explanation was one she would just as soon the Aes Sedai had not given.

With a start, Nynaeve pulled out of such thoughts. They were at the foot of the White Bridge.

The pale arch shone in the sunlight, a milky spiderweb too delicate to stand, sweeping across the Arinelle. The weight of a man would bring it crashing down, much less that of a horse.

Surely it would collapse under its own weight any minute.

Lan and Moiraine rode unconcernedly ahead and onto the bridge, hooves ringing - not like steel on glass, but like steel on steel.

Nynaeve made herself follow, but from the first step she half waited for the entire structure to shatter under them.

It was not until they were almost all the way across that she smelled the tarry smell of char thickening the air. In a moment, she saw.

Around the square at the foot of the White Bridge piles of blackened timbers, still leaking smoky threads, replaced half a dozen buildings.

Men in poorly fitting red uniforms and tarnished armor patrolled the streets, but they marched quickly, as if afraid of finding anything.

Lan looked grim - even for him - and people walked wide of the three of them. Even the soldiers.

Moiraine dismounted and began speaking to the townsfolk. She did not ask questions; she gave sympathy, and to Nynaeve's surprise, it seemed genuine.

Under Moiraine's clear gaze and soothing voice, the peoples' tongues loosened... they still lied, though. Most of them. There were almost as many stories as there were people.

IT WAS AN OVERTURNED LAMP, STARTED A FIRE AND SPREAD WITH THE WIND BEFORE ANYTHING COULD BE DONE.

IT HAD TO BE A MAN MEDDLING WITH THE ONE POWER.

IT WAS BANDITS! AN ATTACK BY BANDITS!

PAST TIME TO HAVE THE AES SEDAI HERE, I SAY. LET THE RED AJAH SETTLE THINGS.

IT WAS DARKFRIENDS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE!

I HEARD THERE WAS A GLEEMAN FROM A BOAT. HE NEVER DID PERFORM...



