

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

**DYNAMITE**  
**19**



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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & ANDIE TONG





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

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

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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 HALF MEN AFTER YOU, AND AES SEDAI FOR FRIENDS.

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





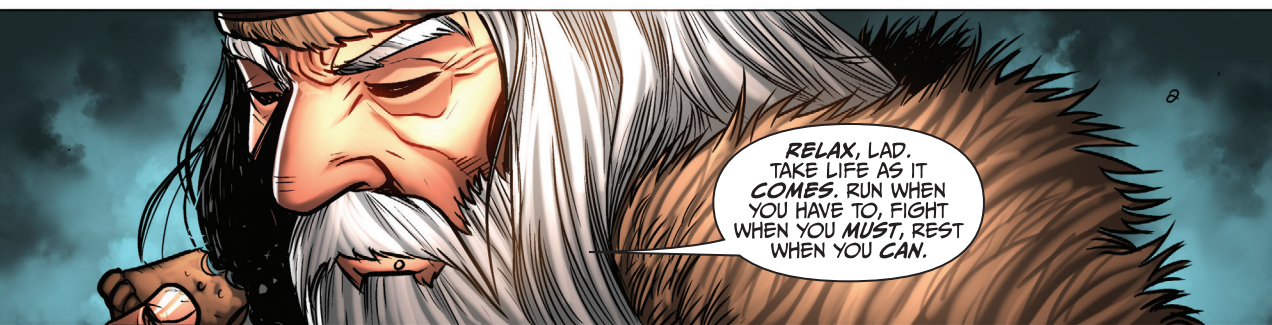
WHAT IF THE **FADES** FIND US? WHAT'S TO KEEP THEM FROM IT IF WE JUST SIT HERE, **WAITING?**

THREE WOLVES CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF, AND THE TRAVELING PEOPLE WON'T BE ANY HELP. THEY WON'T EVEN DEFEND THEMSELVES.

THE **TROLLOCS** WILL **BUTCHER** THEM, AND IT WILL BE **OUR** FAULT. ANYWAY, WE HAVE TO LEAVE THEM SOONER OR LATER. IT MIGHT AS WELL BE **SOONER.**

**SOMETHING!** WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SOMETHING TELLS ME TO WAIT. JUST A FEW DAYS.



RELAX, LAD. TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES. RUN WHEN YOU HAVE TO, FIGHT WHEN YOU **MUST**, REST WHEN YOU CAN.



HERE, HAVE SOME OF THIS PIE. ILA DOESN'T LIKE ME, BUT SHE SURELY FEEDS ME WELL WHEN I VISIT. **ALWAYS** GOOD FOOD IN THE PEOPLE'S CAMPS.

NO. WHAT SOMETHING? IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING YOU AREN'T TELLING THE REST OF US...



SOMETHING.

SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S **IMPORTANT** TO WAIT A FEW MORE DAYS. I DON'T GET FEELINGS LIKE THIS OFTEN, BUT WHEN I DO, I'VE LEARNED TO **TRUST** THEM. THEY'VE SAVED MY LIFE IN THE PAST.

IT'S **DIFFERENT** THIS TIME, SOMEHOW, BUT IT'S **IMPORTANT**. THAT'S **CLEAR**. YOU WANT TO RUN ON, THEN RUN ON. NOT ME.





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...

ENJOYING YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU?

WHY *SHOULDN'T* I? WE DON'T ALL HAVE TO WORK AT BEING *MISERABLE*, THE WAY YOU DO.

DON'T WE DESERVE A LITTLE CHANCE TO *ENJOY* OURSELVES?

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GET TO TAR VALON. YOU WON'T LEARN TO BE AN AES SEDAI *HERE*.

AND I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE ME WANTING TO BECOME AN AES SEDAI.


BLOOD AND ASHES, DO YOU BELIEVE WE'RE SAFE *HERE*? ARE THESE PEOPLE SAFE WITH US *HERE*? A FADE COULD FIND US *ANYTIME*.

WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN *WILL* HAPPEN WHETHER WE LEAVE TODAY OR NEXT WEEK. THAT'S WHAT I BELIEVE NOW.


*ENJOY YOURSELF*, PERRIN. IT MAY BE THE LAST CHANCE WE HAVE.








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...



IS THIS  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
TO PROTECT  
YOU?

WELL,  
I HAVE  
FACED THIS  
BEFORE.








MANY  
TIMES  
BEFORE.

GRRRRRR

GRRRRRR





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--







--NNNGH!  
≥HH≤  
≥HH≤  
≥HH≤

There was no pain. No blood. It had been a dream. But Perrin could remember the pain, the stabbing agony.

Beyond the trees where the wagons lay, the wolves were howling, and he shared their sensations...

Fire. Pain. Fire. Hate. **Hate! Kill!**



GET UP, BOY... IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO.

While Perrin was still bundling his blanketroll, Raen came out of his wagon, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

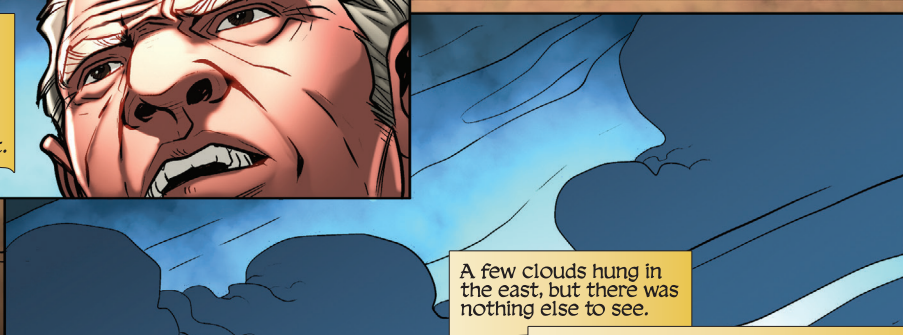
The Seeker glanced at the sky and froze halfway down the steps.



Only his eyes moved as he studied the sky intently, though Perrin could not understand what he was looking at.

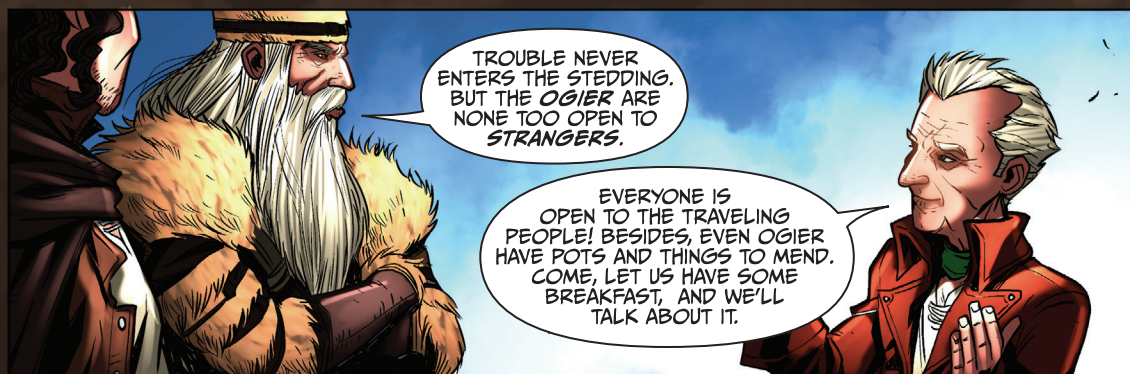


A few clouds hung in the east, but there was nothing else to see.



Raen seemed to listen, as well, and smell the air, but there was no sound except the wind in the trees and no smell but the faint smoky remnant of last night's campfires.









NO TIME. WE  
MOVE ON TODAY,  
TOO. AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE.

IT'S A  
DAY FOR MOVING,  
IT SEEMS.

ARE YOU  
SURE? A LITTLE FOOD  
AND CONVERSATION  
NOW WILL MAKE  
LATER TRAVEL  
EASIER...

THERE IS  
NO TIME.



ALL RIGHT.  
I DON'T KNOW  
THAT I HAVE **EVER**  
LET A VISITOR LEAVE  
THIS CAMP WITHOUT  
A FAREWELL  
FEAST, BUT...

WELL, WE  
NEED AN EARLY  
START OURSELVES, I  
THINK. PERHAPS WE WILL  
EAT AS WE JOURNEY.  
BUT AT LEAST LET  
EVERYONE SAY  
GOODBYE.



YAWN

WHY IS THE  
SEEKER MAKING  
SUCH A RACKET  
SO EARLY?

HE'S ROUSING  
EVERYONE TO SAY  
GOODBYE.


GOODBYE?




WE PART  
WAYS WITH THE  
TRAVELING PEOPLE TODAY.  
IF YOU'RE COMING  
WITH US, COLLECT  
YOUR THINGS.

Perrin prepared himself, waiting for Egwene to say she wanted to stay with the Tuatha'an... instead, she simply nodded and hurried back into the wagon to get her things.






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.

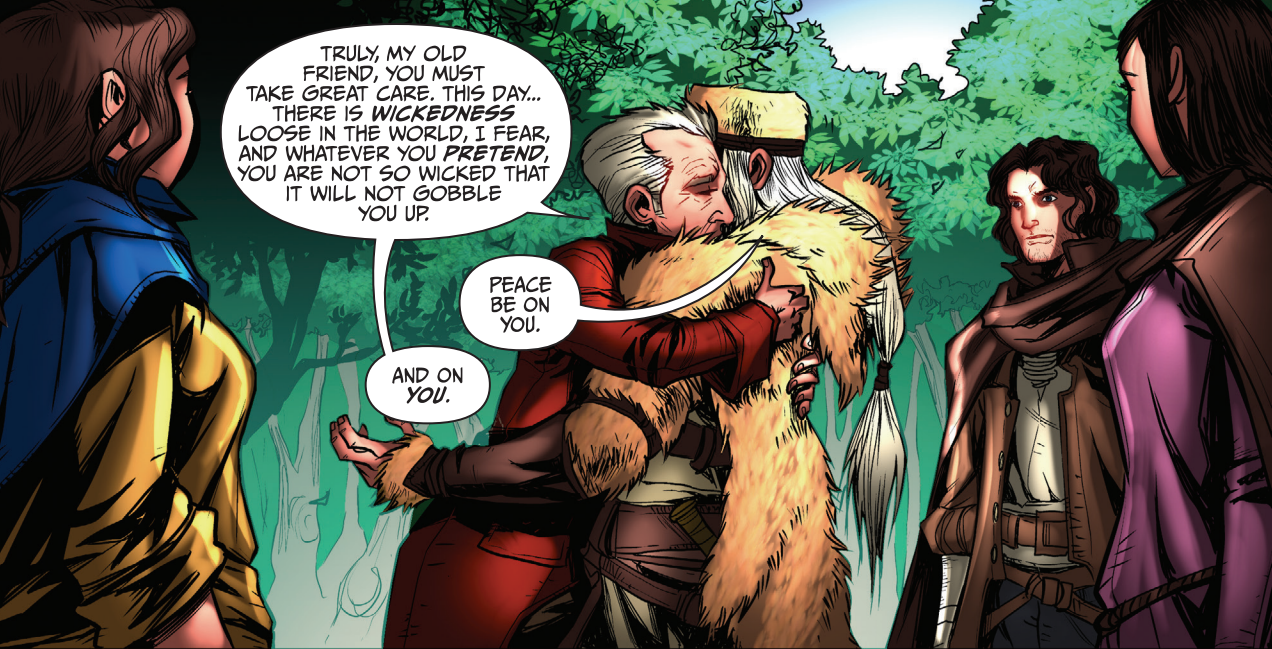


AS IT ONCE WAS, SO SHALL IT BE AGAIN, WORLD WITHOUT END.



WORLD WITHOUT END. WORLD AND TIME WITHOUT END.





TRULY, MY OLD FRIEND, YOU MUST TAKE GREAT CARE. THIS DAY... THERE IS **WICKEDNESS** LOOSE IN THE WORLD, I FEAR, AND WHATEVER YOU **PRETEND**, YOU ARE NOT SO WICKED THAT IT WILL NOT GOBBLE YOU UP.

PEACE BE ON YOU.

AND ON YOU.



SO I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEIR FOOL SONG. NO NEED TO MAKE THEM FEEL BAD BY MESSING UP THEIR CEREMONY, WAS THERE?

I TOLD YOU THEY SET A STORE BY CEREMONY SOMETIMES.

OF COURSE.

NO NEED AT ALL.

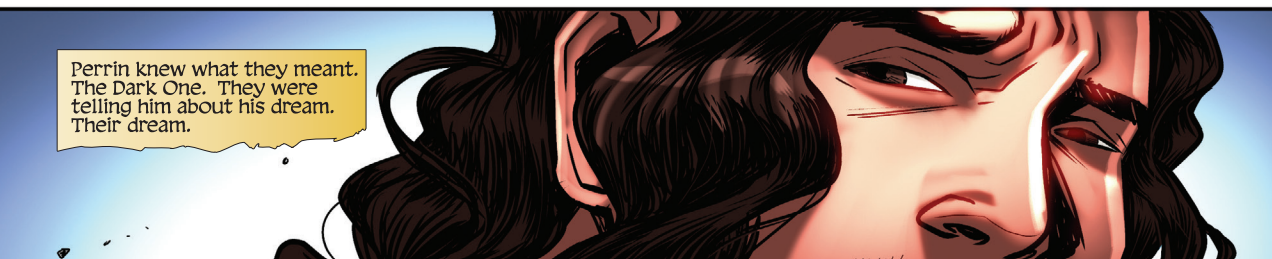


Dapple, Wind, and Hopper came to greet Elyas, not frolicking as the dogs had done, but a dignified meeting of equals. Perrin caught what passed between them:

Fire Eyes. Pain. Heartfang. Death. Heartfang.



Perrin knew what they meant. The Dark One. They were telling him about his dream. Their dream.





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.

You Still Struggle.  
Only Complete  
When You Accept.

He forced the wolves out of his head, and blinked in surprise. He had not known he could do that. He determined not to let them back in again.

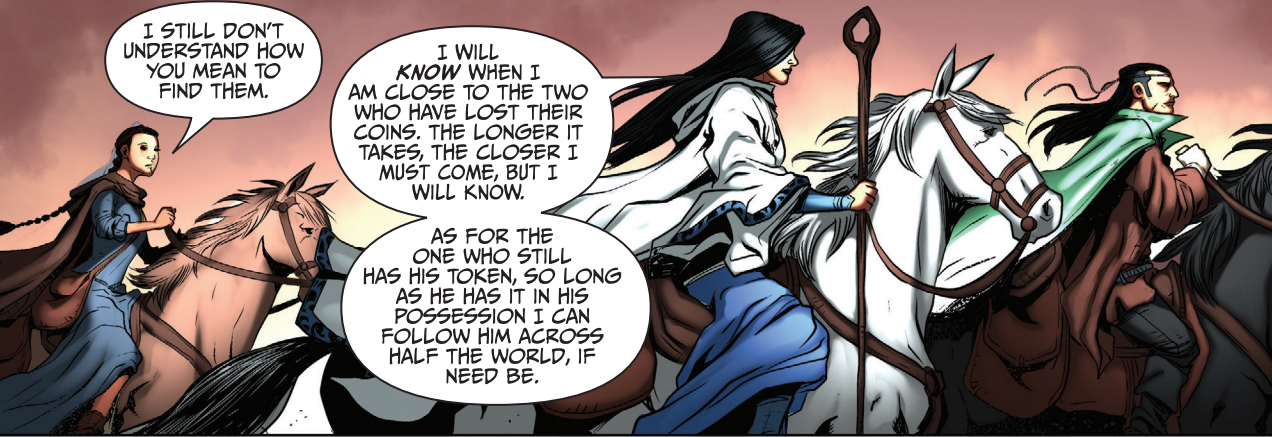
Even in dreams?

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.

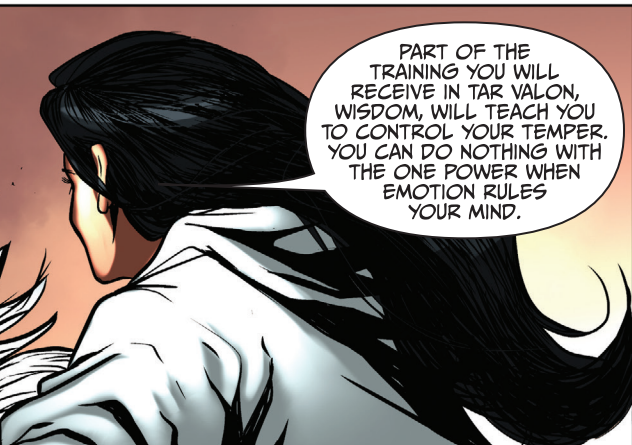
AS FOR THE ONE WHO STILL HAS HIS TOKEN, SO LONG AS HE HAS IT IN HIS POSSESSION I CAN FOLLOW HIM ACROSS HALF THE WORLD, IF NEED BE.



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--

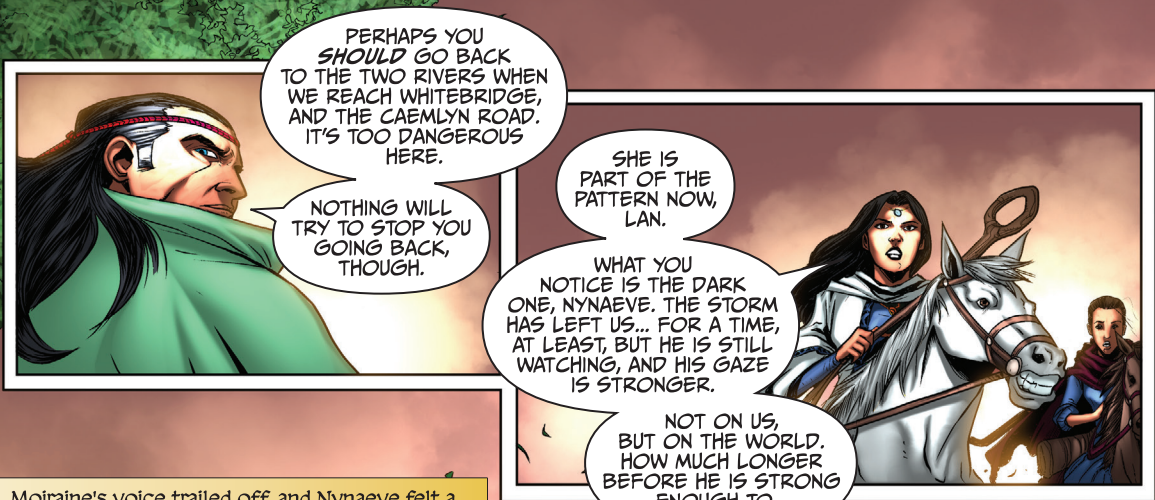


PART OF THE TRAINING YOU WILL RECEIVE IN TAR VALON, WISDOM, WILL TEACH YOU TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER. YOU CAN DO NOTHING WITH THE ONE POWER WHEN EMOTION RULES YOUR MIND.



EMOTION RULES **MY** MIND? BETTER THAN PRETENDING TO SERENITY THAT DOESN'T EXIST! YOU TWO HAVE BEEN WOUND LIKE CLOCKSPPRINGS 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.

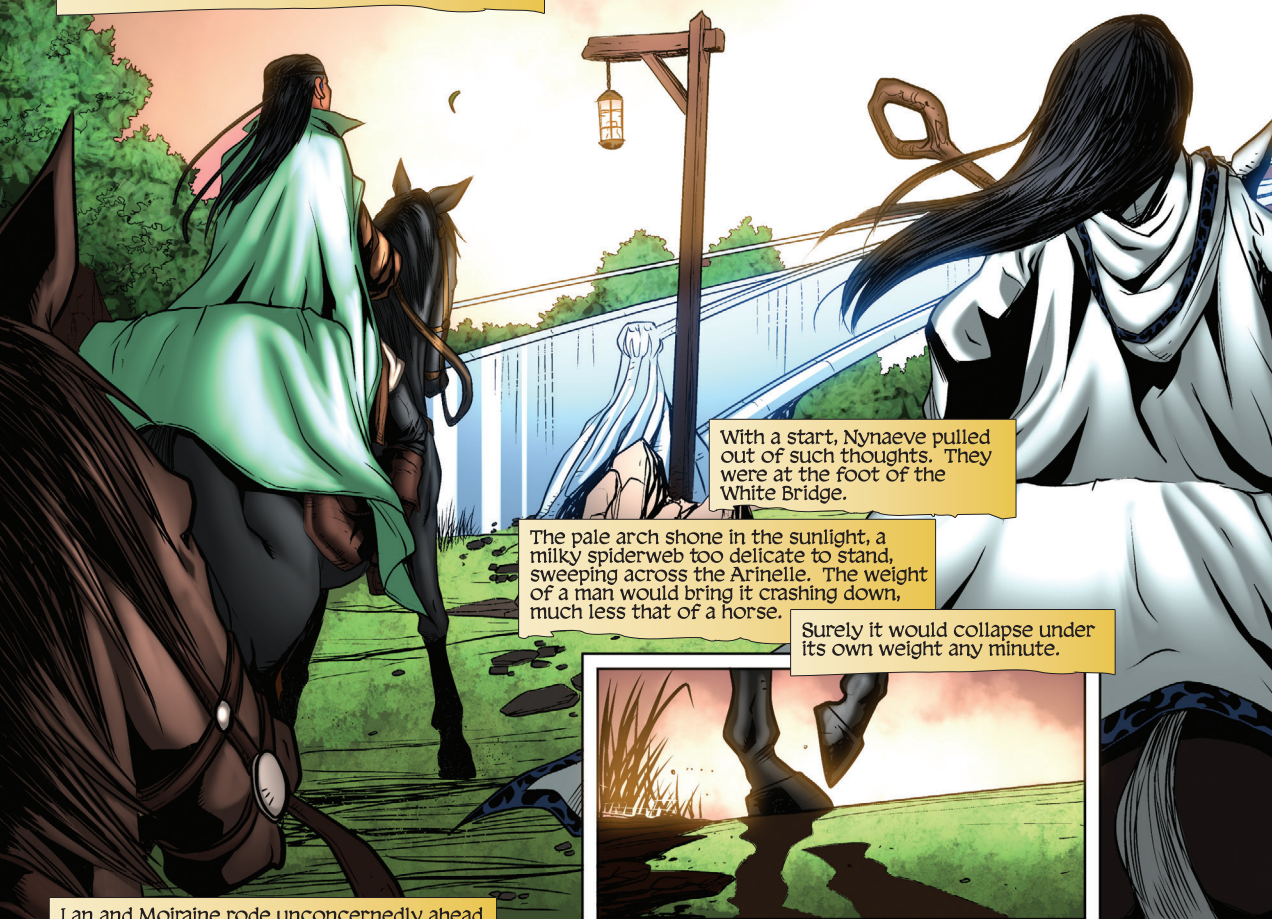
NOTHING WILL TRY TO STOP YOU GOING BACK, THOUGH.

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.



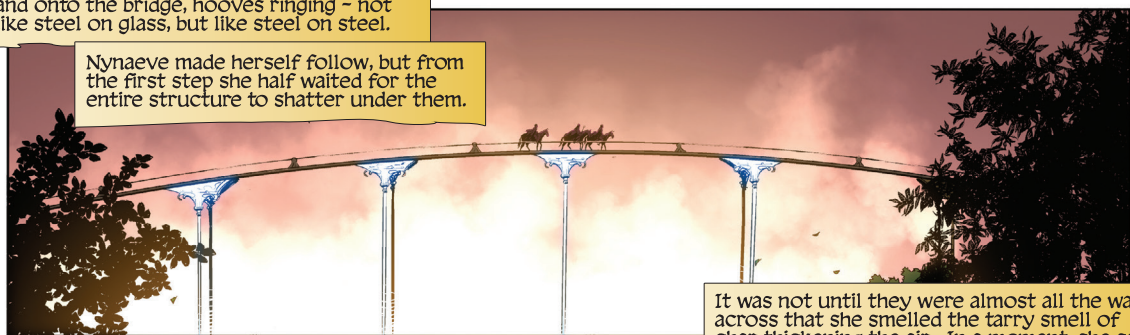
With a start, Nynaeve pulled out of such thoughts. They were at the foot of the White Bridge.

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.

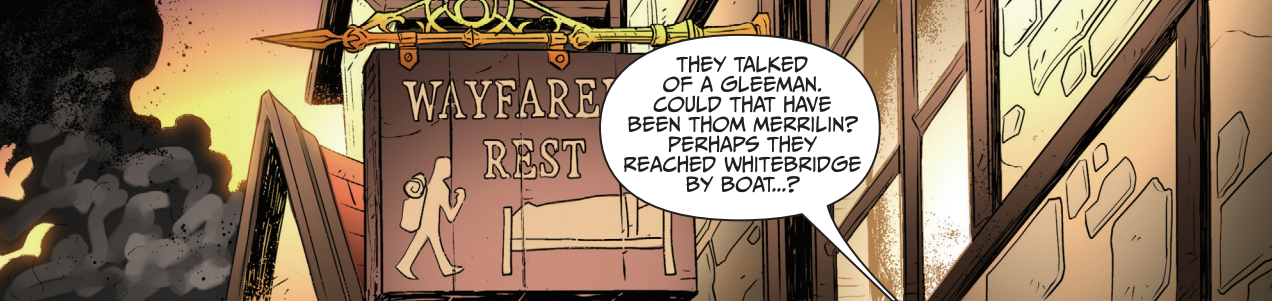
PAST TIME TO HAVE THE AES SEDAI HERE, I SAY. LET THE RED AJAH SETTLE THINGS.

IT WAS BANDITS! AN ATTACK BY BANDITS!

IT WAS DARKFRIENDS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. EVERYWHERE!

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





THEY TALKED OF A GLEEMAN. COULD THAT HAVE BEEN THOM MERRILIN? PERHAPS THEY REACHED WHITEBRIDGE BY BOAT...?



PERHAPS. THEY WERE IN THIS ROOM. A DAY AGO, I WOULD SAY NO MORE THAN TWO. *AFRAID*, BUT THEY LEFT ALIVE. THE TRACE WOULD NOT HAVE LASTED WITHOUT STRONG EMOTION.

WHICH TWO? DO YOU KNOW?



I DO NOT.

BUT THEY'RE ONLY A DAY OR TWO AHEAD? ARE WE GOING AFTER THEM FIRST?

NO.

BUT--



I KNOW THEY WERE *HERE*, BUT BEYOND THAT I CANNOT SAY WHICH DIRECTION THEY HAVE GONE. I *TRUST* THEY ARE *SMART ENOUGH* TO HAVE GONE EAST, TOWARD CAEMLYN, BUT I DO NOT KNOW, AND LACKING THEIR TOKENS I WILL NOT KNOW WHERE THEY ARE UNTIL I AM PERHAPS WITHIN HALF A MILE.

IN TWO DAYS THEY COULD HAVE GONE TWENTY MILES IN ANY DIRECTION - OR FORTY, IF FEAR URGED THEM - AND THEY WERE CERTAINLY AFRAID WHEN THEY LEFT HERE.

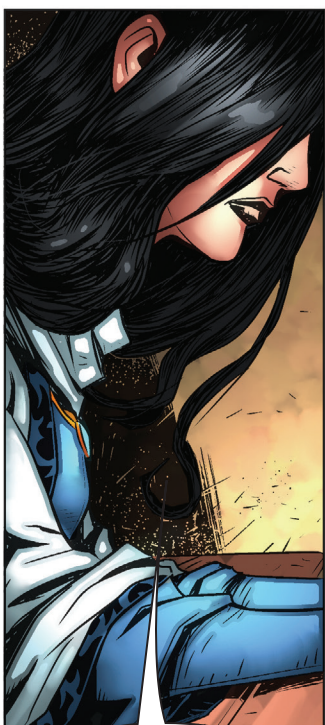
BUT HOWEVER FEARFUL THEY WERE, EVENTUALLY THEY WILL REMEMBER CAEMLYN, AND IT IS THERE I WILL FIND THEM. BUT I WILL HELP THE ONE I CAN FIND NOW, FIRST.






THEY HAD  
REASON TO BE  
AFRAID.

THERE WAS A  
HALFMAN HERE. I  
CAN SMELL HIM  
EVERYWHERE.




I WILL KEEP  
HOPE UNTIL I KNOW  
IT IS GONE. I REFUSE  
TO BELIEVE THE DARK  
ONE CAN WIN SO EASILY.  
I WILL FIND ALL THREE  
OF THEM ALIVE  
AND WELL.

I **MUST**  
BELIEVE  
IT.



Nynaeve felt a cold ball in the pit of  
her stomach, and wondered if she was  
one of those young women Moiraine  
wouldn't give up?

She would see  
about that...



I WANT TO FIND  
THE BOYS, TOO. BUT  
WHAT ABOUT *EGWENE*? YOU  
NEVER EVEN MENTION HER,  
AND YOU IGNORE ME WHEN I  
ASK. I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
GOING TO TAKE  
HER OFF TO--

I HOPE TO  
FIND EGWENE  
ALIVE AND WELL, TOO. I  
DO NOT EASILY GIVE UP  
YOUNG WOMEN WITH THAT  
MUCH ABILITY ONCE I  
HAVE FOUND THEM...

...BUT IT  
WILL BE AS  
THE WHEEL  
WEAVES.

To be continued...