



DYNAMITE  
20

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

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

ROBERT JORDAN, CHUCK DIXON & ANDIE TONG





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

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

written by  
**ROBERT JORDAN**

script by  
**CHUCK DIXON**

art by  
**ANDIE TONG**

colors by  
**NICOLAS CHAPUIS**

letters and interior design by  
**BILL TORTOLINI**

cover by  
**ANDIE TONG**

original series edits by  
**ERNST DABEL & RICH YOUNG**

thematic consultants:  
**BOB KLUTTZ, MARIA SIMONS  
& ALAN ROMANCZUK**

consultation:  
**ERNST DABEL & LES DABEL**

special thanks to:  
**HARRIET MCDUGAL, NAT SOBEL,  
ADIA WRIGHT, TOM DOHERTY,  
MELISSA ANN SINGER & STEVEN PADNICK**

**DYNAMITE®**  
ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI	• PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO	• CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT	• EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON	• CREATIVE DIRECTOR
RICH YOUNG	• DIR. BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
JASON ULLMEYER	• SENIOR DESIGNER
JOSH GREEN	• TRAFFIC COORDINATOR
CHRIS CANIANO	• PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

ROBERT JORDAN'S WHEEL OF TIME®: THE EYE OF THE WORLD #20. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Rummage, NJ 08078. Copyright © Robert Jordan. THE WHEEL OF TIME and all characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related are trademarks of Robert Jordan. All rights reserved. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment and the Dynamite Entertainment colophon are ® and © 2012 DEI. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

For information regarding media rights, foreign rights, promotions, licensing, and advertising please e-mail: [marketing@dynamite.net](mailto:marketing@dynamite.net)



Elyas pushed for speed as if trying to make up for the time spent with the Traveling People, setting a pace southward that had even Bela grateful to stop when twilight deepened.

Despite his desire for haste, though, he took precautions he had not taken before.



At night they had a fire only if there was dead wood already on the ground. He would not let them take so much as a twig off of a standing tree.

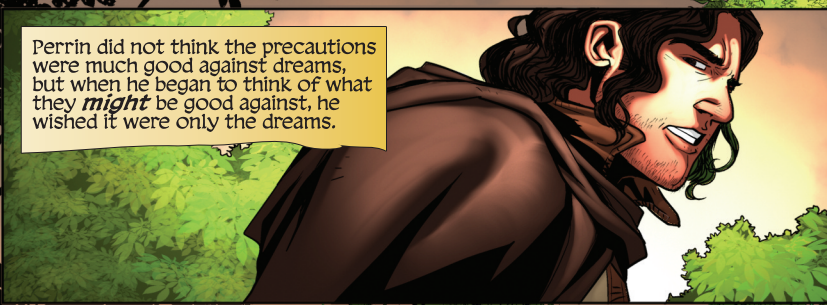


Before they set out again in the gray false dawn, Elyas went over the campsite inch by inch to make sure there was no sign that anyone had ever been there.

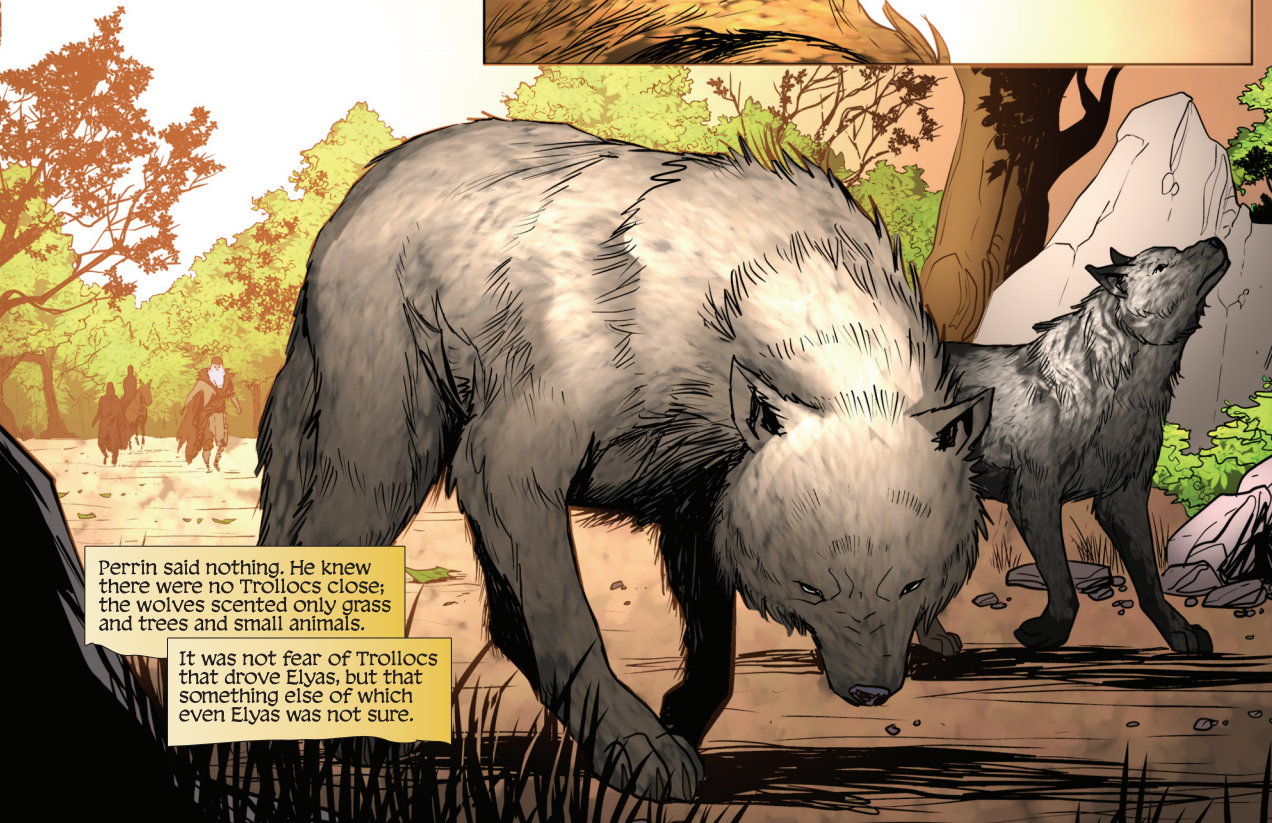
He even righted overturned rocks and straightened bent-down weeds. He did it quickly, never taking more than a few minutes, but they did not leave until he was satisfied.







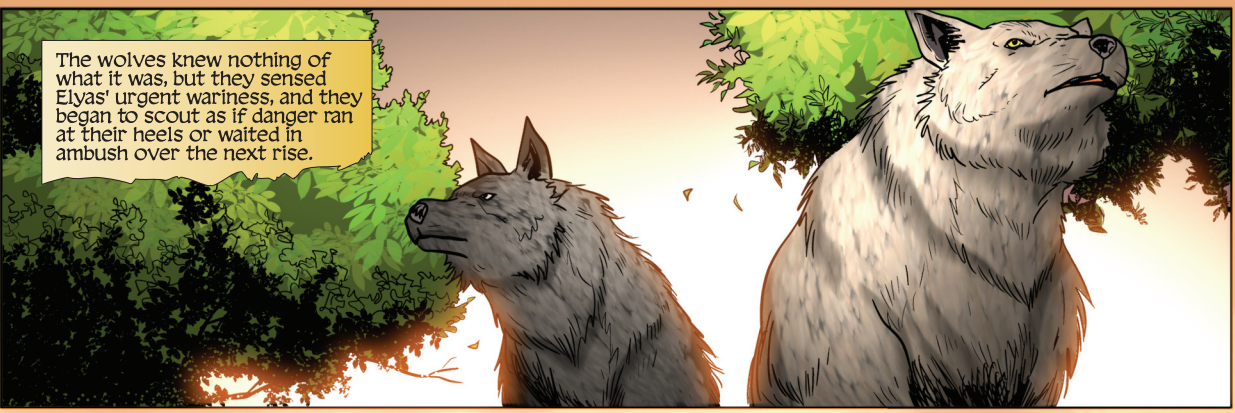
Perrin did not think the precautions were much good against dreams, but when he began to think of what they *might* be good against, he wished it were only the dreams.



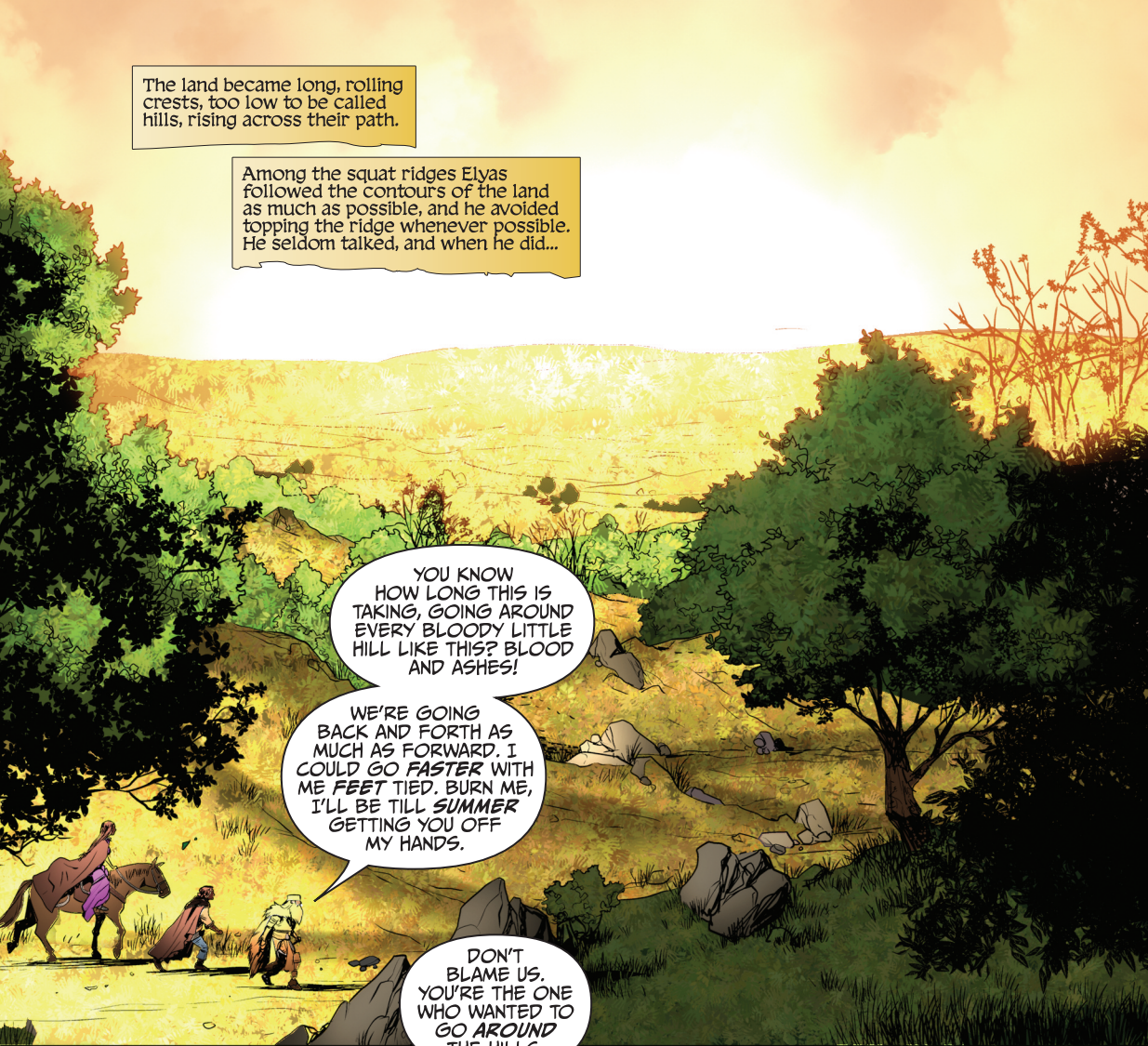
Perrin said nothing. He knew there were no Trollocs close; the wolves scented only grass and trees and small animals.

It was not fear of Trollocs that drove Elyas, but that something else of which even Elyas was not sure.



A close-up of two wolves in a forest. The wolf on the left is grey and looking towards the right. The wolf on the right is white with yellow eyes and is looking upwards. They are surrounded by green foliage.

The wolves knew nothing of what it was, but they sensed Elyas' urgent wariness, and they began to scout as if danger ran at their heels or waited in ambush over the next rise.

A wide landscape of rolling hills under a warm, orange sky. The hills are covered in green trees and grass. In the distance, a path leads through the hills. In the foreground, three figures are walking away from the viewer: a man on a horse, a woman in a purple cloak, and a man in a white cloak.

The land became long, rolling crests, too low to be called hills, rising across their path.

Among the squat ridges Elyas followed the contours of the land as much as possible, and he avoided topping the ridge whenever possible. He seldom talked, and when he did...

YOU KNOW HOW LONG THIS IS TAKING, GOING AROUND EVERY BLOODY LITTLE HILL LIKE THIS? BLOOD AND ASHES!

WE'RE GOING BACK AND FORTH AS MUCH AS FORWARD. I COULD GO FASTER WITH ME FEET TIED. BURN ME, I'LL BE TILL **SUMMER** GETTING YOU OFF MY HANDS.

DON'T BLAME US, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO GO AROUND THE HILLS.







RRRR...

DO YOU  
HAVE ANY IDEA HOW  
FAR IT IS THAT YOUR  
VOICE CARRIES WHEN  
YOU SPEAK LIKE  
THAT?

NOW SHUT  
YOUR FOOL MOUTH  
BEFORE YOU ATTRACT  
ATTENTION FOR MILES  
AROUND.

Sometimes, a longer ridge than usual  
lay across their path, stretching  
miles to the east and west.

Even Elyas had to agree that going  
around those would take them too far  
out of their way. He did not let them  
simply cross over, though. Not ever.

As Elyas crept up the latest  
ridge, Perrin's mind wandered...


The wolves will warn if  
there's danger... so what is  
Elyas looking for? *What?*

I...

I'M  
COMING,  
TOO.

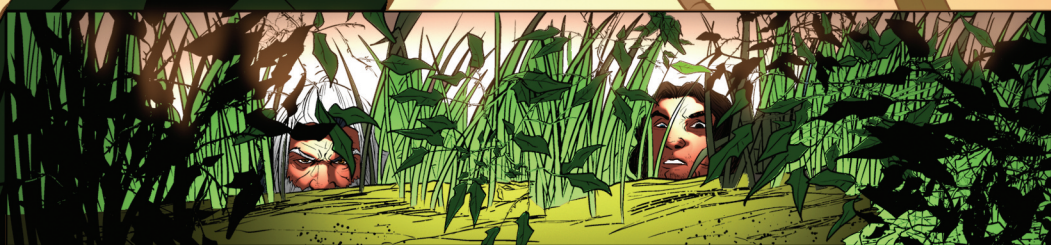
KEEP  
LOW.





Well short of the crest  
Elyas flattened himself on  
the ground, wriggling forward  
the last few yards.

KEEP  
LOW.



Peering through a clump of  
thorny weeds, Perrin saw only  
the same rolling plain that lay  
behind them.

The downslope was bare, though a  
clump of trees a hundred paces  
grew in the hollow, perhaps a half mile  
south from the ridge. The wolves had  
already been through it, smelling no  
trace of Trollocs or Myrddraal.


East and west the land was the same as  
far as Perrin could see, rolling grassland  
and wide-scattered thickets. Nothing  
moved. The wolves were more than a  
mile ahead now; they had seen nothing  
when they covered this ground.

What was Elyas  
looking for?



WE'RE  
WASTING TIME.  
I'M--






And then, as Perrin started to stand, a flock of ravens burst into the sky from the trees below. Fifty, a hundred black birds spiraling into the sky.



THE DARK  
ONE'S EYES.  
DID THEY *SEE*  
ME?



As if one thought had suddenly sparked in a hundred tiny minds, every raven broke sharply in the same direction: south. To the east another thicket disgorged more ravens. The black mass wheeled twice, and joined the first flock, heading south.



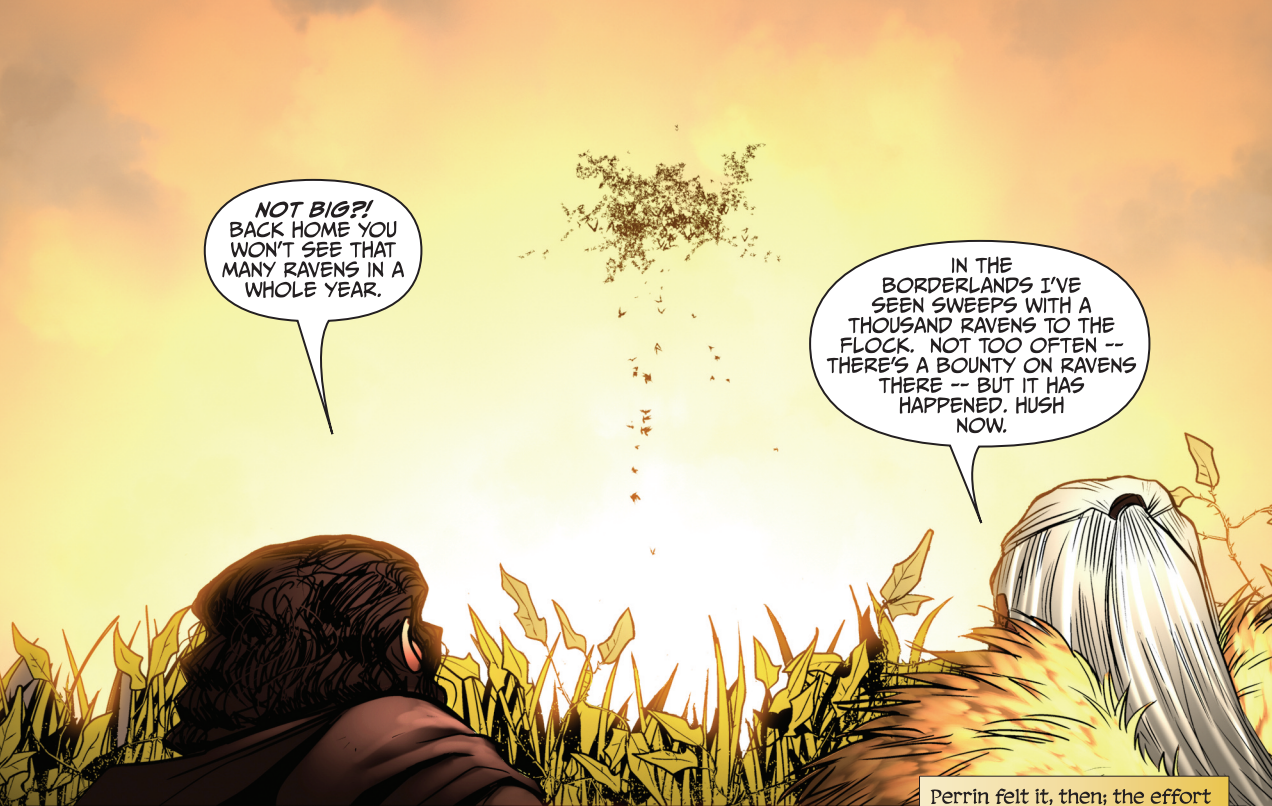


WAS THAT WHAT YOU WERE AFRAID OF? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? WHY DIDN'T THE WOLVES SEE THEM?



WOLVES DON'T LOOK UP IN TREES MUCH.

AND NO, I WASN'T LOOKING FOR THIS. BUT THANK THE LIGHT, AT LEAST IT ISN'T A BIG HUNT. THEY DON'T KNOW. EVEN AFTER...



NOT BIG?! BACK HOME YOU WON'T SEE THAT MANY RAVENS IN A WHOLE YEAR.

IN THE BORDERLANDS I'VE SEEN SWEEPS WITH A THOUSAND RAVENS TO THE FLOCK. NOT TOO OFTEN -- THERE'S A BOUNTY ON RAVENS THERE -- BUT IT HAS HAPPENED. HUSH NOW.

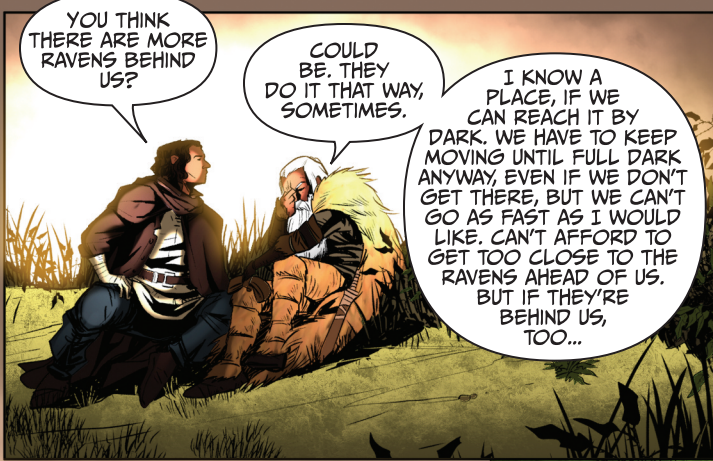


Perrin felt it, then; the effort of reaching out to the distant wolves. Elyas wanted Dapple and her companions to quit scouting ahead, to hurry back and check their backtrail.

The wolves were so far away Perrin could not even feel them, but he caught a faint reply far to the south.

*We come.*





YOU THINK THERE ARE MORE RAVENS BEHIND US?

COULD BE. THEY DO IT THAT WAY, SOMETIMES.

I KNOW A PLACE, IF WE CAN REACH IT BY DARK. WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING UNTIL FULL DARK ANYWAY, EVEN IF WE DON'T GET THERE, BUT WE CAN'T GO AS FAST AS I WOULD LIKE. CAN'T AFFORD TO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE RAVENS AHEAD OF US. BUT IF THEY'RE BEHIND US, TOO...



WHY DARK?

WHAT PLACE? SOMEWHERE SAFE FROM THE RAVENS?



SAFE FROM RAVENS, BUT TOO MANY PEOPLE KNOW...

RAVENS ROOST FOR THE NIGHT. WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM FINDING US IN THE DARK. THE LIGHT SEND RAVENS ARE ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEN.



BUT DARK IS A LONG WAY OFF. WE HAVE TO GET MOVING.



MOVE, BURN YOU!





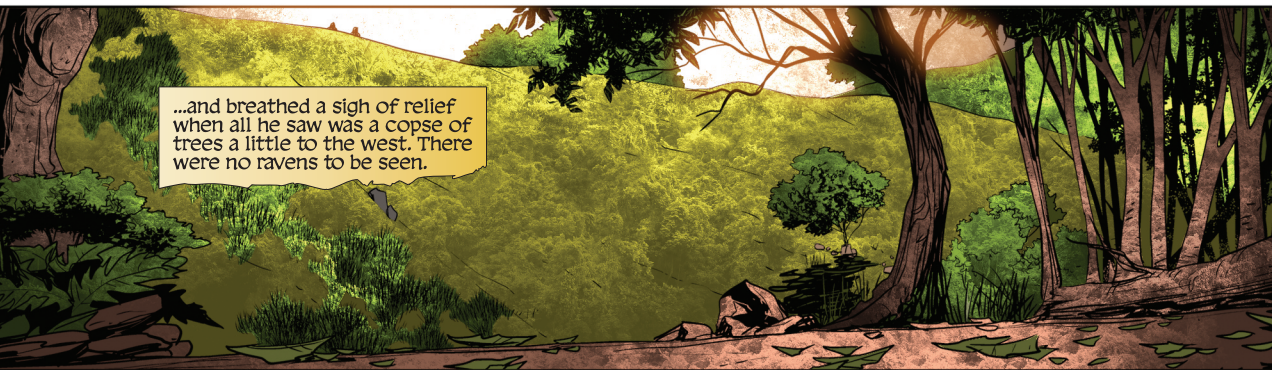
Perrin explained the ravens and Elyas' safe place to Egwene as they continued on. She asked questions for which, as often as not, he had no answers. The questions kept on until they reached the next ridge.

Ordinarily they would have gone around this one rather than over, but Elyas insisted on scouting anyway.



Perrin found himself wondering if the ravens ever doubled back as Elyas climbed up to the crest of the ridge.

When he reached the top he inched his head up until he could just see...



...and breathed a sigh of relief when all he saw was a copse of trees a little to the west. There were no ravens to be seen.



Abruptly, a fox burst out of the trees...

...and ravens poured from the branches after it.





The beat of their wings almost drowned out the desperate whining from the fox.

The fox's jaws snapped at the ravens, but they darted in, and darted away untouched, their black beaks glistening wetly.



The fox turned back towards the trees, seeking the safety of its den. It ran awkwardly now, and the ravens flapped around it, more and more of them at once.

The fluttering mass thickened until it hid the fox completely.

And then...



...as suddenly as they had descended the ravens rose, wheeled, and vanished over the next rise to the south.

A misshapen lump of torn fur marked what had been the fox.

From where he sat, Perrin swallowed hard. A hundred ravens could also do that... to them.





As Elyas urged them on, Perrin noticed a lone raven had winged out of the copse, tilted toward them, screamed, and spun its way south.

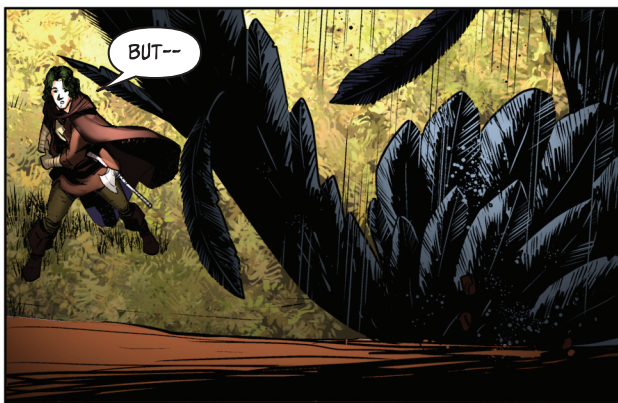


Knowing he was already too late, Perrin fumbled his sling from around his waist.



Perrin was still trying to get a stone from his pocket to the sling when the raven abruptly folded up in mid-air and plummeted to the ground.





DON'T STAND  
THERE COUNTING  
YOUR TOES--  
MOVE!

DO YOU  
THINK THEY  
SAW US? THEY  
COULDN'T SEE US  
AT THAT DISTANCE,  
COULD THEY?  
NOT THAT FAR  
OFF.

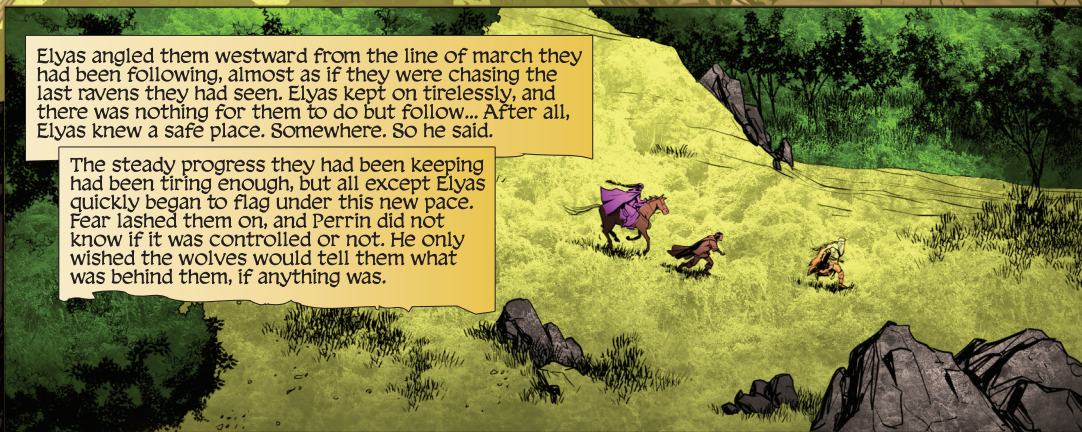
WE SAW  
THEM AT THAT  
DISTANCE.

OH, RELAX.  
IF THEY HAD SEEN  
US, THEY'D HAVE BEEN DOWN  
ON US LIKE THAT FOX. THINK  
IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE.  
FEAR WILL KILL YOU  
IF YOU DON'T  
CONTROL  
IT.

THEY'RE GONE  
NOW, AND WE SHOULD  
BE TOO. KEEP THOSE  
SLINGS HANDY. MIGHT  
BE USEFUL AGAIN.









Elyas angled them westward from the line of march they had been following, almost as if they were chasing the last ravens they had seen. Elyas kept on tirelessly, and there was nothing for them to do but follow... After all, Elyas knew a safe place. Somewhere. So he said.


The steady progress they had been keeping had been tiring enough, but all except Elyas quickly began to flag under this new pace. Fear lashed them on, and Perrin did not know if it was controlled or not. He only wished the wolves would tell them what was behind them, if anything was.



Ahead were more ravens than Perrin ever hoped to see again. To the left and right the black birds billowed up, and to the south.



A dozen times they reached the hiding place of a grove or a scant shelter of a slope only moments before ravens swept the sky. Sweat rolled down Perrin's face despite the wind, until the last black shape dwindled to a dot and vanished.



Perrin saw more than enough evidence lying in the path the ravens had covered to justify his fear. He had stared with queasy fascination at a rabbit that had been torn to pieces. Birds, too, stabbed to shapeless masses of feathers. And two more foxes.

He remembered something Lan had said: all the Dark One's creatures delight in killing. The Dark One's power is death.





Suddenly, images began to flash into Perrin's head: the wolves had found ravens to the north. Screaming birds dove and whirled and dove again, beaks drawing blood with every swoop.

Again and again, Perrin tasted feathers and the foul taste of fluttering ravens crushed alive, felt the pain of oozing gashes all over his body, knew with a despair that never touched on giving up that all his effort was not enough.

Suddenly the ravens broke away, wheeling overhead for one last shriek of rage at the wolves.

Wolves did not die as easily as foxes, and they had a mission. A flap of black wings, and they were gone, a few black feathers drifting down on their dead.

Wind licked at a puncture on his left foreleg. There was something wrong with one of Hopper's eyes. Ignoring her own hurts, Dapple gathered them and they settled into a painful lope in the direction the ravens had gone.

*We Come. Danger Comes Before Us.*





RAVENS...  
BEHIND US.

HE WAS  
RIGHT. YOU  
CAN TALK TO  
THEM.



EGWENE,  
I--



GET MOVING,  
BURN YOU! THINK  
YOU'LL DO ANY BETTER  
THAN THAT FOX DID, IF  
THEY CATCH US? THE ONE  
WITH ITS *INSIDES* PILED  
ON ITS HEAD?



I KNEW YOU'D  
REMEMBER.



JUST KEEP  
GOING A LITTLE  
MORE. THAT'S ALL.  
JUST A LITTLE  
MORE.

BURN YOU, I  
THOUGHT FARM  
YOUNGSTERS HAD  
*ENDURANCE*. WORK ALL  
DAY AND DANCE ALL NIGHT.  
SLEEP ALL DAY AND SLEEP  
ALL NIGHT LOOKS  
LIKE TO ME.

MOVE  
YOUR BLOODY  
FEET!



They began coming down from the hills as soon as the last raven vanished over the next one, then when the last trailers still flapped over the hilltop.

One bird looking back while they hurried across the open spaces, one bird is all it would take.

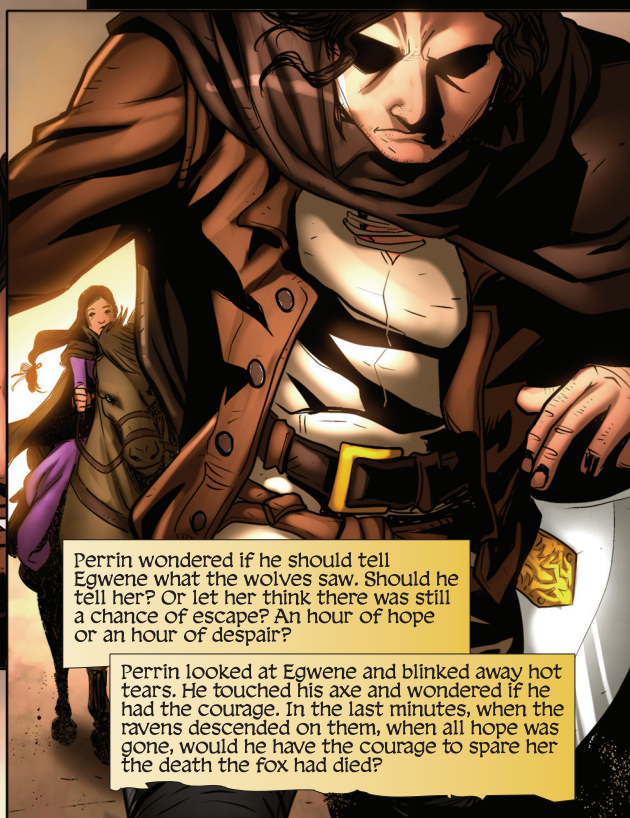
Seeing what the wolves saw, Perrin pieced together the position of the ravens that were behind. The birds would be on them in an hour, maybe two.

They could die with the setting sun. Slaughtered like the fox.



IT'S YOUR TURN TO RIDE, PERRIN.

IN A BIT. I'M GOOD FOR MILES, YET.



Perrin wondered if he should tell Egwene what the wolves saw. Should he tell her? Or let her think there was still a chance of escape? An hour of hope or an hour of despair?

Perrin looked at Egwene and blinked away hot tears. He touched his axe and wondered if he had the courage. In the last minutes, when the ravens descended on them, when all hope was gone, would he have the courage to spare her the death the fox had died?

But then...

...the ravens ahead of them suddenly seemed to vanish. Perrin could still make out dark, misty clouds far to the east and west, but ahead... nothing.

Where did they go?





Abruptly, a chill ran through Perrin, one cold, clean tingle as if he had jumped into the Winespring Water in midwinter. It rippled through him and seemed to carry away some of his fatigue, a little of the ache in his legs and the burning of his lungs.

It left behind... something. He could not say what, only he felt different. He stumbled to a halt and looked around, afraid.

Elyas watched with a gleam behind his eyes. He knew what was going on, but said nothing.

IT'S...  
STRANGE. I FEEL  
AS IF I LOST  
SOMETHING.

WHAT...  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

HAH! SAFETY,  
THAT'S WHAT. WE MADE  
IT, YOU BLOODY FOOLS.  
NO RAVEN WILL CROSS  
THAT LINE... NOT ONE  
THAT CARRIES THE  
DARK ONE'S EYES,  
ANYWAYS.

A TROLLOC  
WOULD HAVE TO  
BE DRIVEN ACROSS,  
AND THERE'D NEED TO  
BE SOMETHING FIERCE  
PUSHING THE  
MYRDDRAAL TO DO  
THE DRIVING.

NO AES SEDAI, EITHER.  
THE ONE POWER WON'T  
WORK HERE; THEY CAN'T  
TOUCH THE TRUE SOURCE.  
CAN'T EVEN FEEL THE  
SOURCE, LIKE IT  
VANISHED.

MAKES THEM  
ITCH INSIDE,  
THAT DOES. GIVES  
THEM THE SHAKES  
LIKE A SEVEN-DAY  
DRUNK. IT'S  
SAFETY.

WHAT IS  
IT? WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE? I  
DON'T THINK I  
LIKE IT...

A STEDDING.  
YOU NEVER  
LISTEN TO THE  
OLD STORIES?  
OF COURSE,  
THERE HASN'T  
BEEN AN OGIER  
HERE IN THREE  
THOUSAND  
YEARS, NOT  
SINCE THE  
BREAKING OF  
THE WORLD,  
BUT IT'S THE  
STEDDING THAT  
MAKES THE  
OGIER, NOT  
THE OGIER  
MAKE THE  
STEDDING.

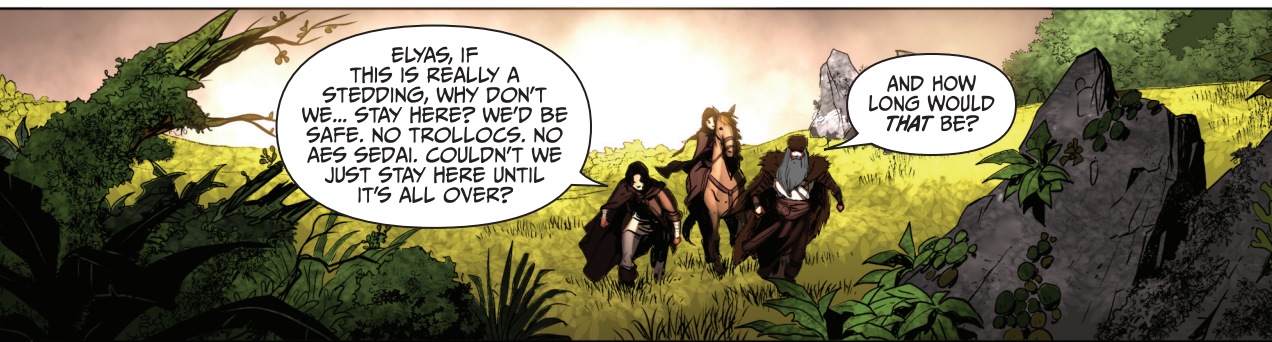




JUST A LEGEND...  
A, A PLACE WHERE THE  
HEROES WOULD HIDE  
FROM THE FATHER OF  
LIES OR...

WELL WE'D  
BETTER GET  
DEEPER INTO THIS  
LEGEND.

THE RAVENS  
CAN'T FOLLOW, BUT  
THEY CAN STILL SEE US  
THIS CLOSE TO THE EDGE,  
AND THERE COULD BE  
ENOUGH OF THEM TO  
WATCH THE WHOLE BORDER  
OF IT. LET THEM KEEP  
HUNTING RIGHT ON  
BY IT.



ELYAS, IF  
THIS IS REALLY A  
STEDDING, WHY DON'T  
WE... STAY HERE? WE'D BE  
SAFE. NO TROLLOCS. NO  
AES SEDAI. COULDN'T WE  
JUST STAY HERE UNTIL  
IT'S ALL OVER?

AND HOW  
LONG WOULD  
THAT BE?



BESIDES,  
THERE'S OTHERS THAT  
KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE,  
AND NOTHING KEEPS MEN  
OUT, NOT THE WORST  
OF THEM.

COME NOW,  
JUST ANOTHER  
MILE OR  
TWO.







When he reached the pool, Perrin plunged his head in, an instant later sputtering from the cold of the water that had welled up from the depths of the earth.

He shook his head, his long hair spraying a rain of drops. Egwene grinned and splashed back.



And then Perrin's eyes grew sober. Egwene frowned, but before she could say anything, Perrin stuck his face back in the water.

A small voice taunted Perrin...

YOU WOULD HAVE DONE IT, WOULDN'T YOU? NOT QUITE AN HOUR TILL DARK. IF NOT FOR THE STEDDING, ALL OF YOU WOULD BE DEAD NOW... AND WOULD YOU HAVE SAVED HER? CUT HER DOWN LIKE SO MANY BUSHES? BUT BUSHES DON'T BLEED OR SCREAM AND LOOK YOU IN THE EYES AND ASK WHY...

Perrin drew in on himself more. He could feel something laughing at him, deep in the back of his mind. Something cruel. Not the Dark One. He almost wished it was. Not the Dark One; himself.

ALL RIGHT. ANYBODY WANTS TO EAT, I WANT SOME HELP.





For once, Elyas had broken his rules about fires. There were no trees, but he had snapped dead branches from the brush and built his fire against a huge chunk of rock sticking out of the hillside. From the layers of soot staining the stone, Perrin thought the site must have been used by generations of travelers.

YOU KNOW, THAT...

...LOOKS LIKE AN EYE.

IT IS. ARTUR HAWKWING'S EYE. THE EYE OF THE HIGH KING HIMSELF.

THIS IS WHAT HIS POWER AND GLORY CAME TO, IN THE END.

ARTUR HAWKWING! YOU'RE JOKING WITH ME! WHY WOULD SOMEBODY CARVE ARTUR HAWKWING'S EYE ON A ROCK OUT HERE?

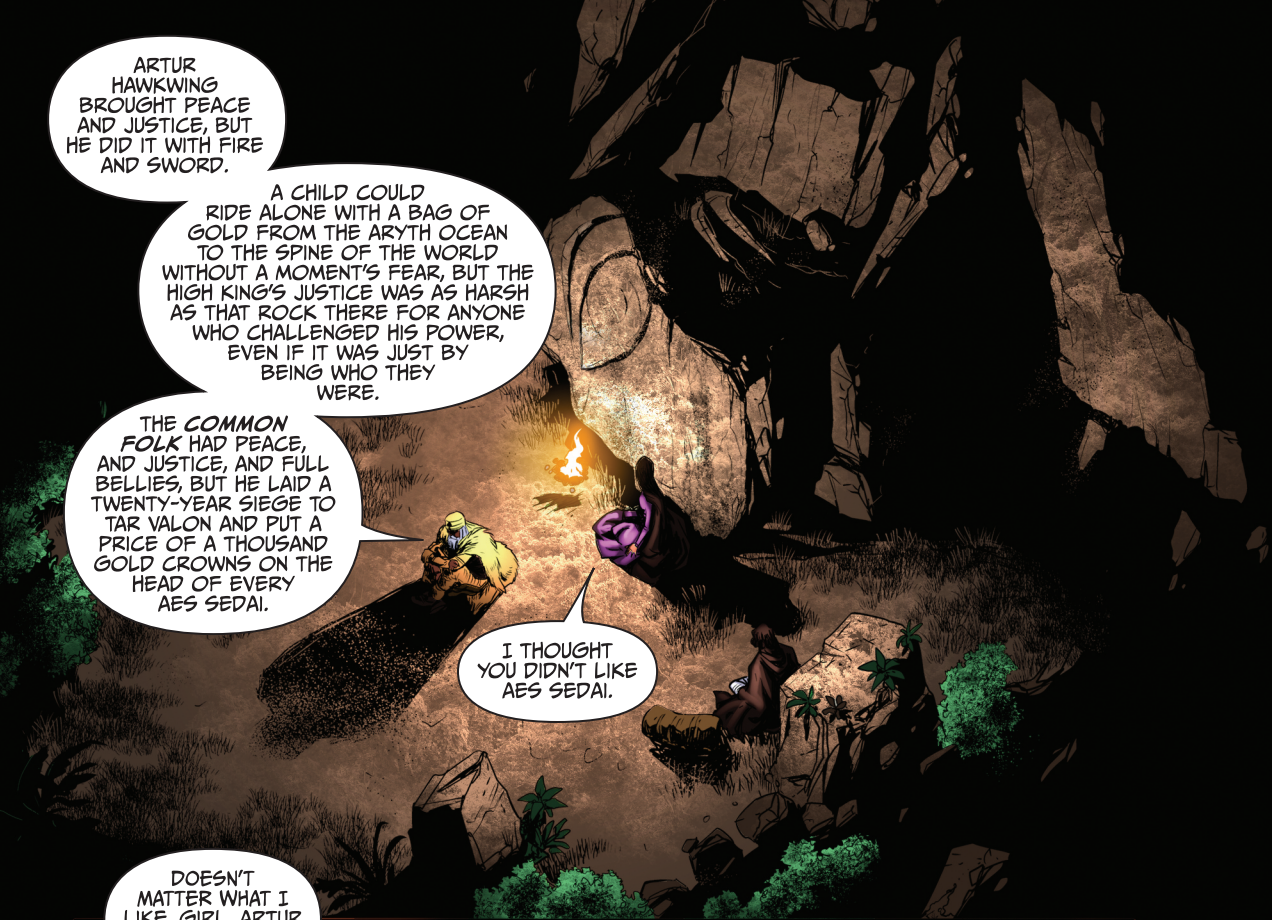
WHAT DO THEY TEACH YOU VILLAGE WHELPS? ARTUR HAWKWING, THE HIGH KING, UNITED ALL LANDS FROM THE GREAT BLIGHT TO THE SEA OF STORMS, FROM THE ARYTH OCEAN TO THE AIEL WASTE, AND EVEN SOME BEYOND THE WASTE.

THE STORIES SAY HE RULED THE WORLD, BUT WHAT HE REALLY DID RULE WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN OUTSIDE OF A STORY. AND HE BROUGHT PEACE AND JUSTICE TO THE LAND.

ALL STOOD EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW, AND NO MAN RAISED HIS HAND AGAINST ANOTHER.

SO YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES, AT LEAST.





ARTUR  
HAWKWING  
BROUGHT PEACE  
AND JUSTICE, BUT  
HE DID IT WITH FIRE  
AND SWORD.

A CHILD COULD  
RIDE ALONE WITH A BAG OF  
GOLD FROM THE ARYTH OCEAN  
TO THE SPINE OF THE WORLD  
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S FEAR, BUT THE  
HIGH KING'S JUSTICE WAS AS HARSH  
AS THAT ROCK THERE FOR ANYONE  
WHO CHALLENGED HIS POWER,  
EVEN IF IT WAS JUST BY  
BEING WHO THEY  
WERE.

THE *COMMON*  
FOLK HAD PEACE,  
AND JUSTICE, AND FULL  
BELLIES, BUT HE LAID A  
TWENTY-YEAR SIEGE TO  
TAR VALON AND PUT A  
PRICE OF A THOUSAND  
GOLD CROWNS ON THE  
HEAD OF EVERY  
AES SEDAI.

I THOUGHT  
YOU DIDN'T LIKE  
AES SEDAI.

DOESN'T  
MATTER WHAT I  
LIKE, GIRL. ARTUR  
HAWKWING WAS A  
PROUD FOOL.

AN AES SEDAI  
HEALER COULD HAVE SAVED  
HIM WHEN HE TOOK SICK--OR WAS  
POISONED, AS SOME SAY--BUT EVEN  
IF HE DIDN'T HAVE THEM TRAPPED  
BEHIND THEIR OWN WALLS BY HIS  
ARMY HE'D NEVER HAVE LET ONE  
NEAR HIM. HE HATED AES SEDAI  
AS MUCH AS HE HATED THE  
DARK ONE.

WHAT DOES  
ALL THAT HAVE TO  
DO WITH WHETHER  
THAT'S ARTUR  
HAWKWING'S  
EYE?

JUST THIS, GIRL.  
THE KING DECIDED IT WAS  
TIME TO BUILD HIMSELF A CAPITAL--  
A NEW CITY, NOT CONNECTED IN ANY  
MAN'S MIND WITH ANY OLD CAUSE  
OR FACTION OR RIVALRY.

HERE, HE'D BUILD  
IT, AT THE VERY CENTER  
OF THE LAND BORDERED BY  
THE SEAS AND THE WASTE AND  
THE BLIGHT, WHERE NO AES  
SEDAI WOULD EVER COME  
WILLING OR COULD USE  
THE POWER IF  
THEY DID.

WHEN THEY  
HEARD THE PROCLAMATION,  
THE COMMON PEOPLE  
SUBSCRIBED ENOUGH MONEY  
TO BUILD A MONUMENT  
TO HIM.

MOST OF THEM  
LOOKED ON HIM AS  
ONLY A STEP BELOW THE  
CREATOR--A *SHORT*  
*STEP*.

IT TOOK FIVE  
YEARS TO CARVE AND  
BUILD. A STATUE OF HAWKWING,  
HIMSELF, A HUNDRED TIMES  
BIGGER THAN THE MAN. THEY  
RAISED IT RIGHT HERE,  
AND THE CITY WAS TO  
RISE AROUND IT.





THERE WAS NEVER ANY CITY HERE. THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE SOMETHING LEFT IF THERE WAS. *SOMETHING.*



INDEED THERE WAS NOT. ARTUR HAWKWING DIED THE VERY DAY THE STATUE WAS FINISHED, AND HIS SONS AND THE REST OF HIS BLOOD FOUGHT OVER WHO WOULD SIT ON HIS THRONE.

THE STATUE STOOD ALONE IN THE MIDST OF THESE HILLS WHILE THE SONS AND NEPHEWS AND COUSINS DIED, AND THE LAST OF HAWKWING'S BLOOD VANISHED FROM THE EARTH.

IN THE END, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT THE STORIES, AND MOST OF THEM WRONG. THAT'S WHAT HIS GLORY CAME TO.

THE FIGHTING DIDN'T STOP, OF COURSE, JUST BECAUSE HAWKWING AND HIS KIN WERE DEAD. THERE WAS STILL A THRONE TO BE WON, AND EVERY LORD AND LADY WHO COULD MUSTER FIGHTING MEN WANTED IT.

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR OF THE HUNDRED YEARS, AND SOMETIME DURING THOSE YEARS THE STATUE WAS PULLED DOWN. MAYBE THEY COULDN'T STAND MEASURING THEMSELVES AGAINST IT ANY LONGER.



FIRST YOU SOUND AS IF YOU DESPISE HIM, AND NOW YOU SOUND AS IF YOU ADMIRE HIM.

HEH.

GET SOME MORE TEA NOW, IF YOU WANT ANY. I WANT THE FIRE OUT BEFORE DARK.

While Egwene brewed a final cup of tea, Perrin stared at the eye. He could make it out clearly now, despite the falling light. It was bigger than a man's head, and the shadows falling across it made it seem like a raven's eye, hard and black and without pity.

He wished they were sleeping somewhere else.

To be continued...