

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

**DYNAMITE**  
**21**



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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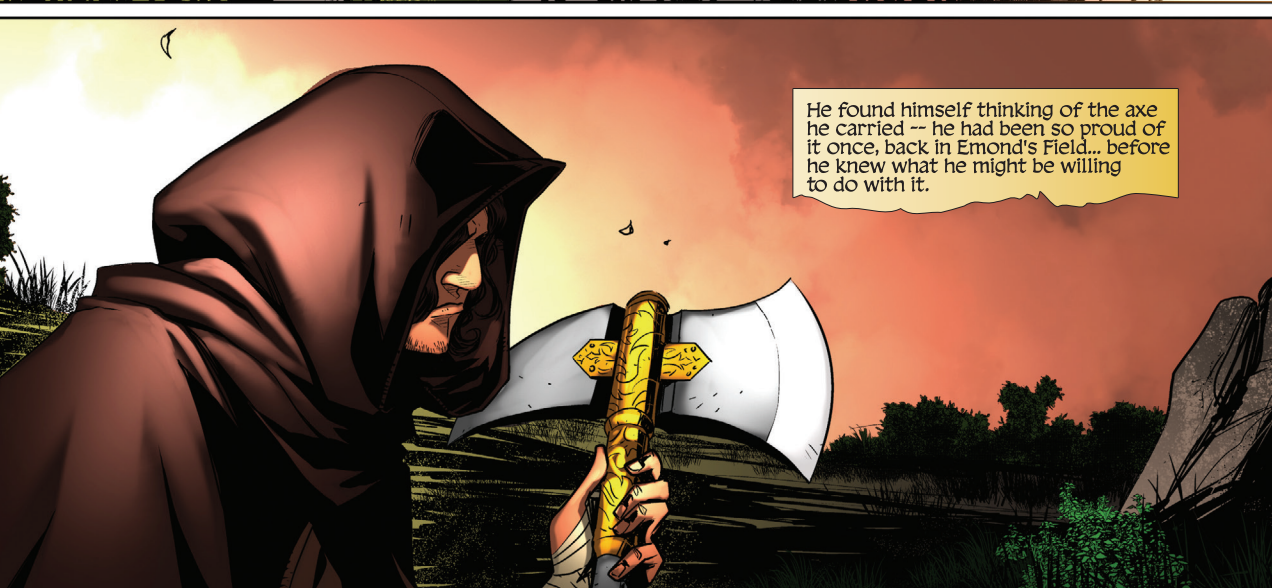
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As Egwene sat by the fire with her tea, staring up at the fragment of the statue of Artur Hawkwing, Perrin went down to the pool to be alone.



He found himself thinking of the axe he carried -- he had been so proud of it once, back in Emond's Field... before he knew what he might be willing to do with it.



YOU  
HATE HER THAT  
MUCH?





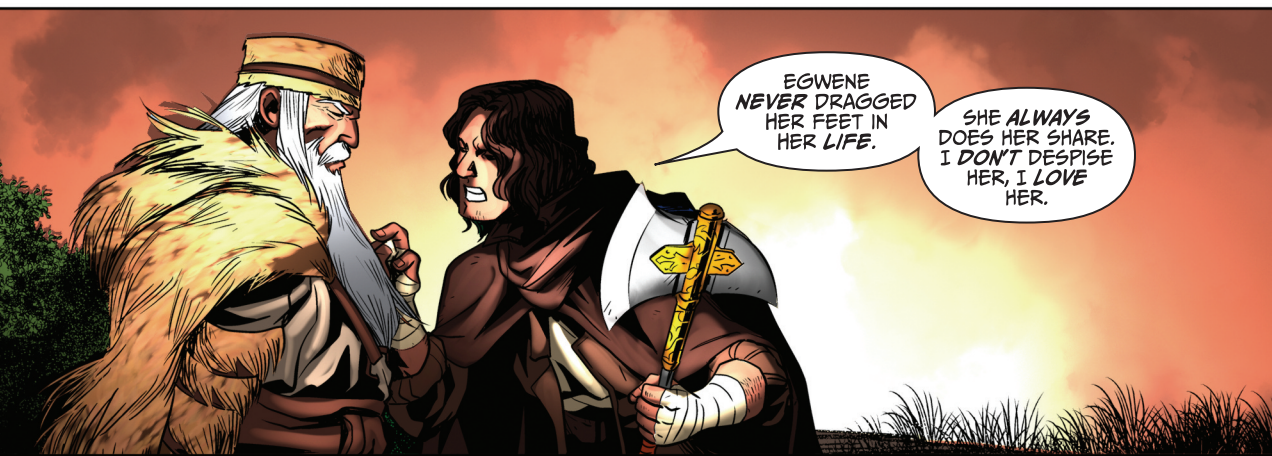
CAN... CAN YOU READ MY MIND, TOO? LIKE THE WOLVES?

A BLIND MAN COULD READ YOUR FACE, BOY.



WELL, SPEAK UP. DO YOU HATE THE GIRL? DESPISE HER?

THAT'S IT. YOU WERE READY TO KILL HER BECAUSE YOU DESPISE HER, ALWAYS DRAGGING HER FEET, HOLDING YOU BACK WITH HER WOMANISH WAYS.



EGWENE NEVER DRAGGED HER FEET IN HER LIFE.

SHE ALWAYS DOES HER SHARE. I DON'T DESPISE HER, I LOVE HER.



NOT LIKE THAT. I MEAN, SHE ISN'T LIKE A SISTER, BUT SHE AND RAND... BLOOD AND ASHES! IF THE RAVENS CAUGHT US... IF... I DON'T KNOW.





YES YOU DO.  
IF SHE HAD TO  
CHOOSE HER WAY OF  
DYING, WHICH DO YOU THINK  
SHE'D PICK? ONE CLEAN  
BLOW OF YOUR AXE,  
OR THE WAY THE  
ANIMALS WE SAW  
TODAY DIED?

I KNOW  
WHICH I'D  
TAKE.

I DON'T  
HAVE *ANY RIGHT*  
TO CHOOSE FOR  
HER. YOU WON'T TELL  
HER, WILL YOU?  
ABOUT...

I *HATE*  
THIS BLOODY  
THING.

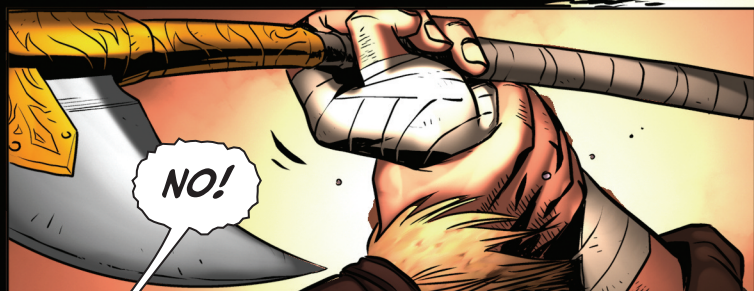
I COULDN'T  
HAVE DONE IT,  
YOU KNOW. WHEN IT  
WAS ALL PRETEND  
AND MAYBE, I COULD  
SWAGGER, AND  
PLAY AS IF I...

IT'S  
*DIFFERENT*  
NOW. I DON'T  
EVER WANT TO  
USE IT AGAIN.

YOU'LL  
USE IT.



BETTER  
IF I NEVER  
LOOK AT THIS  
BLOODY THING  
AGAIN--!



NO!



YOU WILL USE IT, BOY, AND AS LONG AS YOU HATE USING IT, YOU WILL USE IT **MORE WISELY** THAN MOST MEN WOULD. **WAIT.**

IF EVER YOU **DON'T** HATE IT ANY LONGER, THEN WILL BE THE TIME TO THROW IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN AND RUN THE OTHER WAY.

Again, Perrin stared at the axe in his hand and wondered... what if he waited, but then couldn't throw it away? What then?

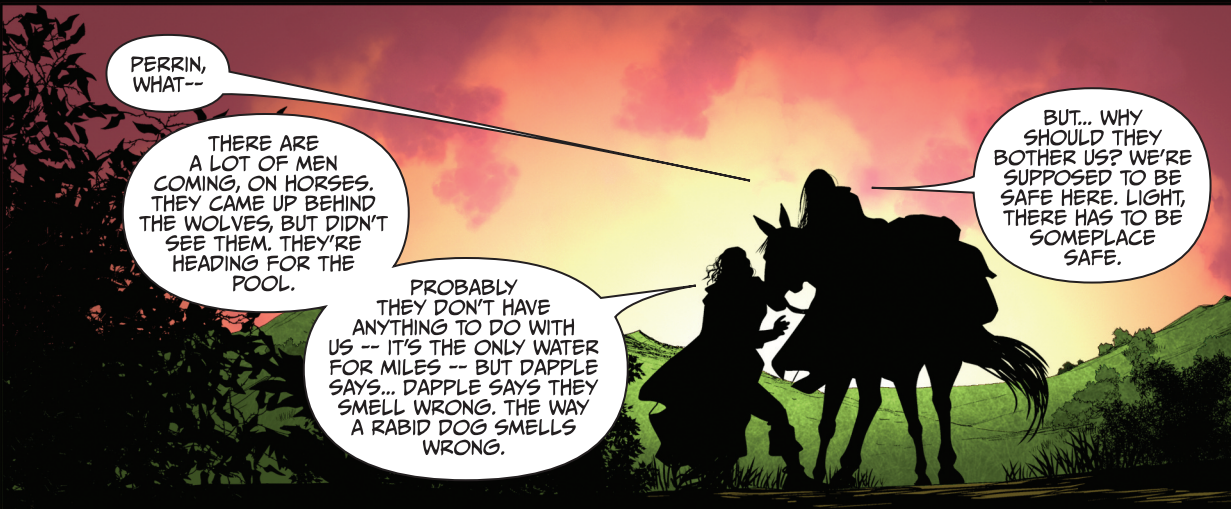
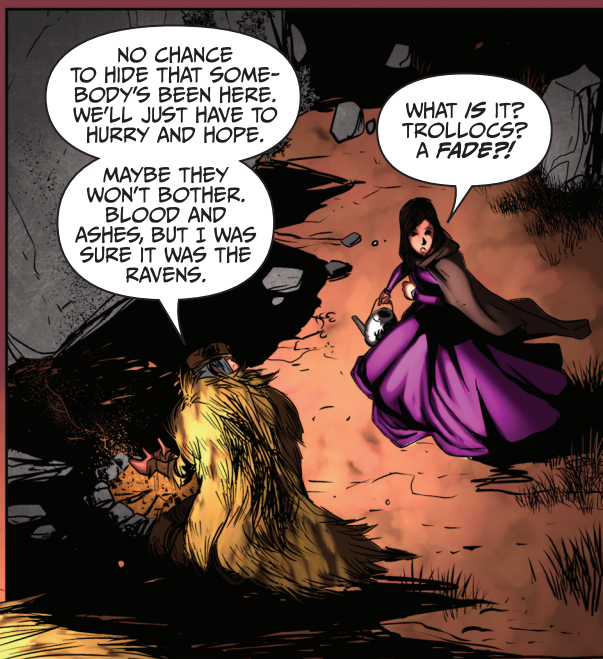
Perrin opened his mouth to ask Elyas that very question, but no words came out. A sending from the wolves, so urgent that his eyes glazed over, interrupted his train of thought to the point that for an instant he forgot what he was going to say, forgot he had been going to say anything, forgot even how to speak.

Elyas' face sagged too, and his eyes seemed to peer inward and far away.

...and then it was gone, as quickly as it had come. As soon as the veil lifted from his eyes, Elyas did not pause -- he sped toward the fire without any hesitation.

**DOUSE THE FIRE!**







They looked for somewhere to hide, but the twilight was thickening. Soon it would be too dark to travel, and they were far too near to the pool as it was.

There had to be somewhere to go...

WAIT --  
THIS WAY.

Perrin trotted toward the hill, glancing over his shoulder for any sign of the men who were coming. There was nothing -- yet -- though more than once he had to stop and wait for Bela to stumble after him, picking her way carefully over the uneven ground.

The closer the mare came, the more Perrin thought that Egwene and the horse both must be more tired than he had believed.

Which meant that this had better be a good hiding place, because they were in no condition to hunt for another.



At the base of the hill Perrin studied the massive, flat rock outlined against the sky, jutting out the slope almost at the crest. There was an odd familiarity to the way the top of the huge slab seemed to form irregular steps.



Despite the weathering of the centuries, when Perrin touched the stone he could still feel four jointed columns. Fingers. These were fingers.

They would find shelter in Artur Hawking's hand. Maybe some of his justice would be left there...



OKAY, FOLLOW ME -- WE CAN'T AFFORD TO...

PERRIN.

COME ON, EGWENE, WE CAN TALK WHEN WE GET SETTLED. NOW FOLLOW ME.

IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE, PERRIN.



HOW CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

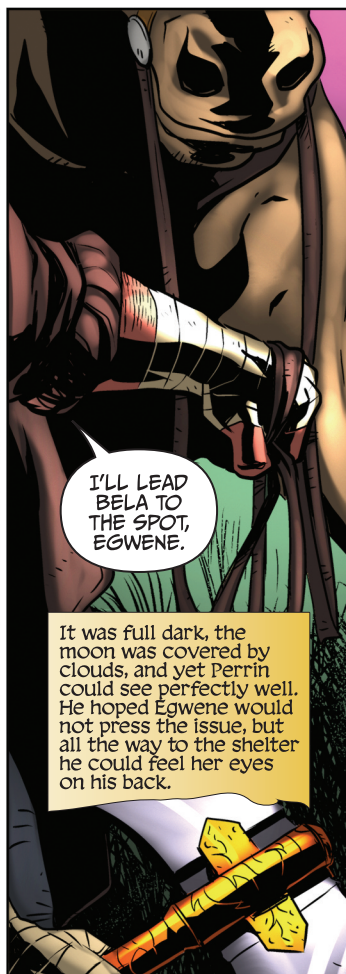
ER, I--

I FELT THE ROCK. THAT'S WHAT IT HAS TO BE. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PICK US OUT AGAINST THE SHADOW EVEN IF THEY DO COME OUT THIS FAR.



I'LL LEAD BELA TO THE SPOT, EGWENE.

It was full dark, the moon was covered by clouds, and yet Perrin could see perfectly well. He hoped Egwene would not press the issue, but all the way to the shelter he could feel her eyes on his back.





As he helped Egwene down from the saddle, the night broke out in shouts back toward the pool. The men were too far off to understand what they were shouting, but Perrin knew what was happening. The wolves knew.

THE  
MEN SAW  
WIND.

THEY'RE  
BREAKING UP INTO  
PARTIES TO *SEARCH*.  
SO MANY OF THEM, AND  
THE WOLVES ARE  
ALL HURT...

...BUT *DAPPLE*  
AND THE OTHERS  
SHOULD BE ABLE TO  
KEEP OUT OF THEIR WAY,  
EVEN INJURED, AND THEY  
DON'T EXPECT US. PEOPLE  
DON'T SEE WHAT THEY  
DON'T EXPECT. THEY'LL  
GIVE UP SOON ENOUGH  
AND MAKE CAMP.

WE'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT,  
PERRIN.

PERRIN...

I--

And then,  
Perrin *saw*.

Groups of torch-carrying men now  
rode through the hills, bunches of  
ten or twelve. Perrin could not tell  
how many there were.

They continued to shout to each  
other, and sometimes there were  
screams in the night, the screams  
of horses, the screams of men.

Perrin saw it all from more than one  
vantage, crouched on the hill with  
Egwene as his mind ran in the night  
with Dapple, and Wind, and Hopper.  
And Elyas was out there, too.







Abruptly, Perrin realized the riders were following a pattern, and that they were getting closer and closer to the hiding place he shared with Egwene and Bela.

He considered running -- surely it was dark enough to hide, if they kept running? -- but the decision was taken from him.

LOOK,  
THERE IS  
SOMETHING  
UP THERE!



YOU UP  
THERE! IF YOU  
CAN UNDERSTAND  
HUMAN SPEECH, COME  
DOWN AND **SURRENDER**.  
YOU'LL NOT BE HARMED  
IF YOU WALK IN  
THE LIGHT.

IF YOU **DON'T**  
**SURRENDER**, YOU  
WILL ALL BE **KILLED**.  
YOU HAVE **ONE**  
**MINUTE**.



Elyas and the wolves were still free. A distant, bubbling scream marked a Whitecloak who had hunted Dapple too closely.

Why are the Whitecloaks so persistent, as if they hate wolves with a passion? Why do they smell wrong? Why?



PERRIN,  
WE **CAN'T**  
OUTRUN THEM.  
IF WE DON'T GIVE  
UP, THEY'LL  
**KILL US**.

...PERRIN?





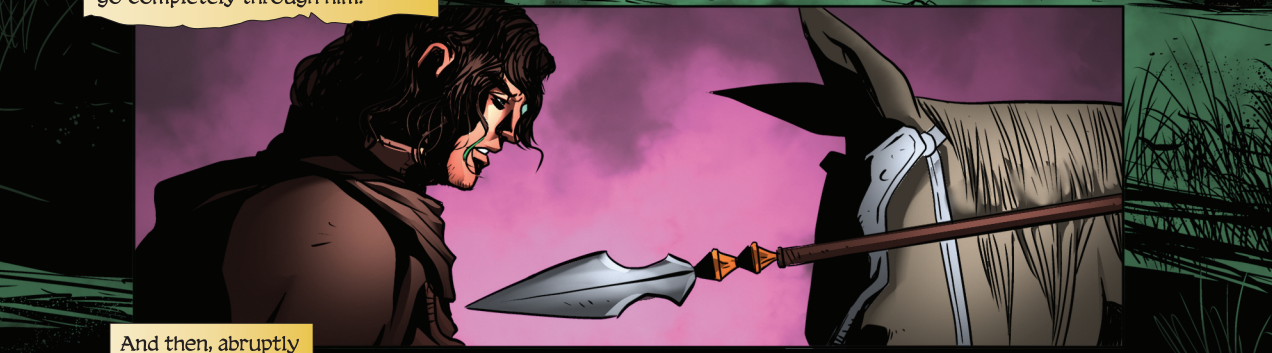
HERE  
THEY  
COME!

DROP  
THAT AXE!



DROP IT,  
BUMPKIN!

For a moment, Perrin stared at the lancehead, enough sharp steel to go completely through him.



And then, abruptly  
he shouted:



NO!

It was *not* at  
the horseman  
he shouted.



Out of the night Hopper came and left the ground in a leap, soaring like the eagles. The Whitecloaks had only a moment to begin cursing before Hopper's jaws closed around the throat of the man with his lance leveled at Perrin.

The wolf's momentum carried both of them off the other side of the horse, and Perrin felt the man's throat crushing, tasted the blood.

Hopper landed lightly, already apart from the man he had killed. His good eye met Perrin's for just a second, and a thought passed from wolf to man:

*Run, brother!*

The Whitecloaks set upon Hopper then, pinning him to the earth with their lances. Perrin could feel the wolf's pain, it *filled* him, and he screamed.

Without thinking, Perrin leaped forward, still screaming. All thought was gone. The horsemen had bunched too much to be able to use their lances, and the axe was a feather in his hands, one huge wolf's tooth of steel.

And then something crashed into his head, and, as he fell, he did not know if it was Hopper or himself who died.





PERRIN?  
OH, THANK THE  
LIGHT--



--I WAS  
AFRAID THEY  
HAD KILLED  
YOU.

As his head cleared, Perrin tried to get up from the floor. Sharp pain stabbing along his arms and legs turned the movement into a flop. For the first time he realized he as tied, hand and foot.

Egwene as well.

That they were tied was shock enough, but they wore enough ropes to hold horses. What did they think he and Egwene *were*?

MY LORD  
CAPTAIN.







BE AT  
EASE, CHILD  
BYAR.

YOU HAVE  
TALLIED OUR  
COSTS FOR THIS...  
ENCOUNTER?

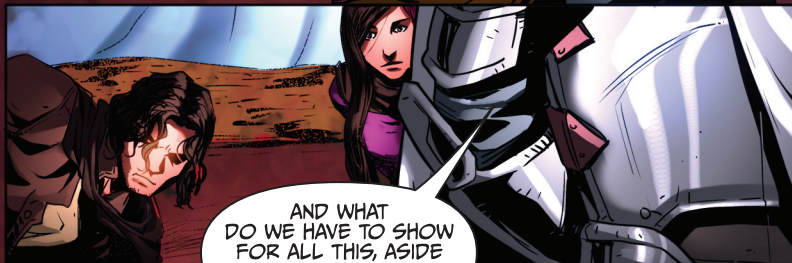
NINE MEN  
DEAD, MY LORD  
CAPTAIN, AND TWENTY-  
THREE INJURED, SEVEN  
SERIOUSLY. ALL CAN  
RIDE, THOUGH.

THIRTY  
HORSES HAD  
TO BE PUT DOWN.  
THEY WERE  
HAMSTRUNG!

MANY OF THE  
REMOUNTS ARE  
SCATTERED. WE MAY FIND  
SOME AT DAYBREAK, MY LORD  
CAPTAIN, BUT WITH WOLVES TO  
SEND THEM ON THEIR WAY,  
IT WILL TAKE DAYS TO  
GATHER THEM ALL.

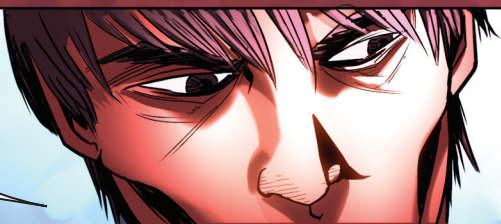


WE DO NOT  
HAVE DAYS, CHILD  
BYAR. WE RIDE AT  
DAWN. NOTHING CAN  
CHANGE THAT. WE  
MUST BE IN CAEMLYN  
IN TIME, YES?



AND WHAT  
DO WE HAVE TO SHOW  
FOR ALL THIS, ASIDE  
FROM THESE TWO  
YOUNGLINGS?

I HAVE HAD  
THE WOLF THAT WAS  
WITH THIS LOT *SKINNED*,  
MY LORD CAPTAIN. THE HIDE  
SHOULD MAKE A FINE RUG  
FOR MY LORD CAPTAIN'S  
TENT.







Hopper!

GRRR...

Not even realizing what he was doing, Perrin growled and struggled against his bonds. The ropes dug into his skin, but they did not give.

His mouth curled into a tight smile at the thought of his teeth meeting in Byar's throat -- and the thought shocked him. His smile faded, and he shook himself. He was a *man*, not a *wolf*.



I DO NOT CARE ABOUT WOLF-HIDE RUGS, CHILD BYAR.

YOU WERE REPORTING ON WHAT WE ACHIEVED THIS NIGHT, NO? IF WE ACHIEVED ANYTHING.

I WOULD ESTIMATE THE PACK THAT ATTACKED US AT FIFTY BEASTS OR MORE, MY LORD CAPTAIN. OF THAT, WE KILLED AT LEAST TWENTY, PERHAPS THIRTY.



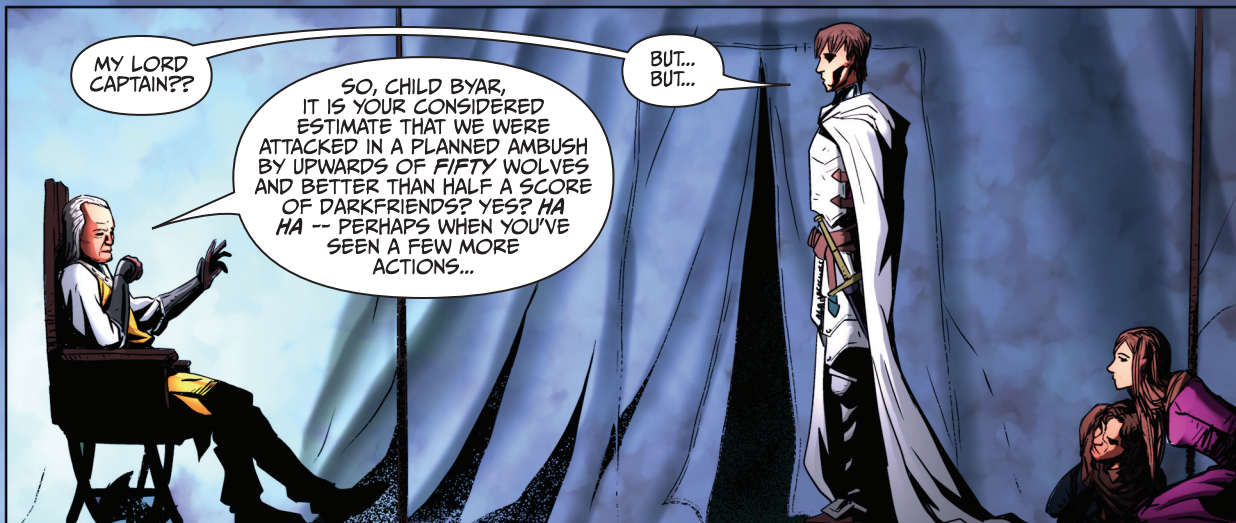
BESIDES THESE TWO, THERE WERE AT LEAST A DOZEN OTHER MEN. I BELIEVE WE DISPOSED OF FOUR OR FIVE, BUT IT IS UNLIKELY WE WILL FIND ANY BODIES, GIVEN THE DARKFRIENDS' PROPENSITY FOR CARRYING AWAY THEIR DEAD.

ALL IN ALL, THIS SEEMS TO BE A COORDINATED AMBUSH, BUT THAT RAISES THE QUESTION OF--



BYAH-HAH-HAH-HA!

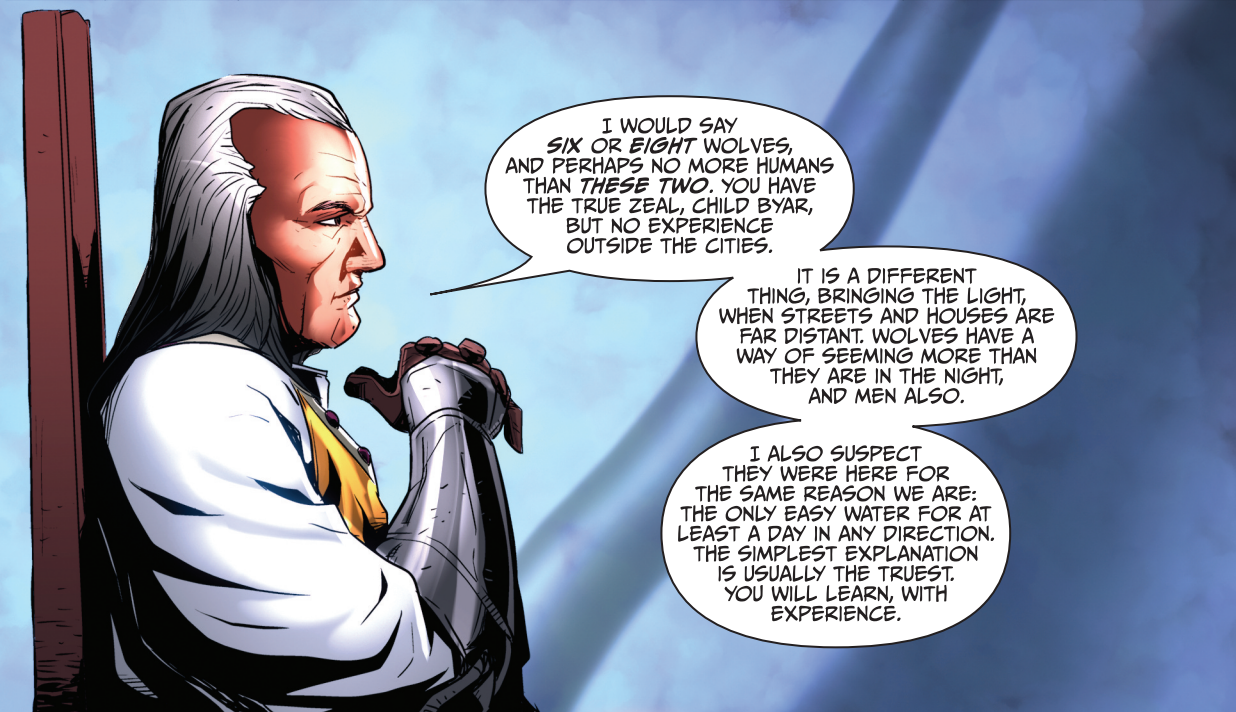




MY LORD  
CAPTAIN??

SO, CHILD BYAR,  
IT IS YOUR CONSIDERED  
ESTIMATE THAT WE WERE  
ATTACKED IN A PLANNED AMBUSH  
BY UPWARDS OF FIFTY WOLVES  
AND BETTER THAN HALF A SCORE  
OF DARKFRIENDS? YES? HA  
HA -- PERHAPS WHEN YOU'VE  
SEEN A FEW MORE  
ACTIONS...

BUT...  
BUT...



I WOULD SAY  
SIX OR EIGHT WOLVES,  
AND PERHAPS NO MORE HUMANS  
THAN *THESE TWO*. YOU HAVE  
THE TRUE ZEAL, CHILD BYAR,  
BUT NO EXPERIENCE  
OUTSIDE THE CITIES.

IT IS A DIFFERENT  
THING, BRINGING THE LIGHT,  
WHEN STREETS AND HOUSES ARE  
FAR DISTANT. WOLVES HAVE A  
WAY OF SEEMING MORE THAN  
THEY ARE IN THE NIGHT,  
AND MEN ALSO.

I ALSO SUSPECT  
THEY WERE HERE FOR  
THE SAME REASON WE ARE:  
THE ONLY EASY WATER FOR AT  
LEAST A DAY IN ANY DIRECTION.  
THE SIMPLEST EXPLANATION  
IS USUALLY THE TRUEST.  
YOU WILL LEARN, WITH  
EXPERIENCE.

While the old man was talking, Perrin cautiously reached out and felt for Elyas, for the wolves... and found *nothing*. It was as if he had never been able to feel a wolf's mind.

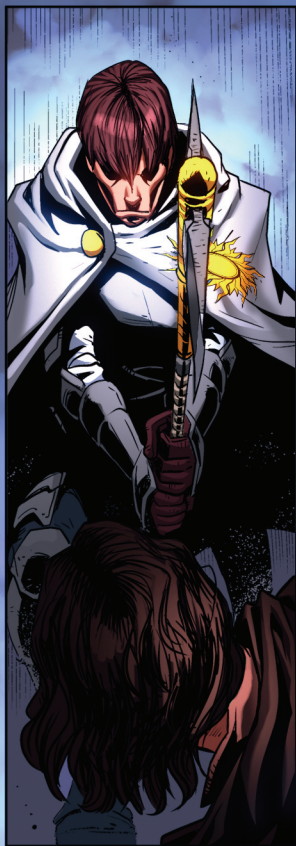
Either they were  
dead or they had  
abandoned him.

The glint of firelight on the blade of the half-moon axe caught Perrin's attention, and brought it back to the discussion between Bornhald and Byar.

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF  
THIS?







EXCELLENTLY  
BALANCED, MY LORD  
CAPTAIN. PLAINLY MADE,  
BUT BY A VERY GOOD  
WEAPONSMITH -- PERHAPS  
EVEN A MASTER.







NOT A VILLAGER'S WEAPON, MY LORD CAPTAIN. NOR A FARMER'S.

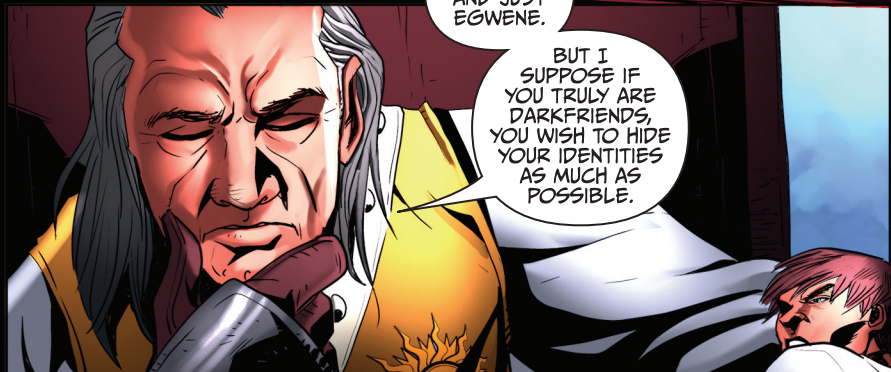
NO...

UHH...

MY NAME IS GEOFRAM BORNHALD. YOU ARE PERRIN, I UNDERSTAND. BUT YOU, YOUNG WOMAN, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

I AM EGWENE.

JUST PERRIN AND JUST EGWENE.



BUT I SUPPOSE IF YOU TRULY ARE DARKFRIENDS, YOU WISH TO HIDE YOUR IDENTITIES AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.



WE AREN'T DARKFRIENDS--!

THWACK

YOU WILL KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE WHEN SPEAKING TO AN ANOINTED OF THE LIGHT, OR YOU WILL HAVE NO TONGUE.

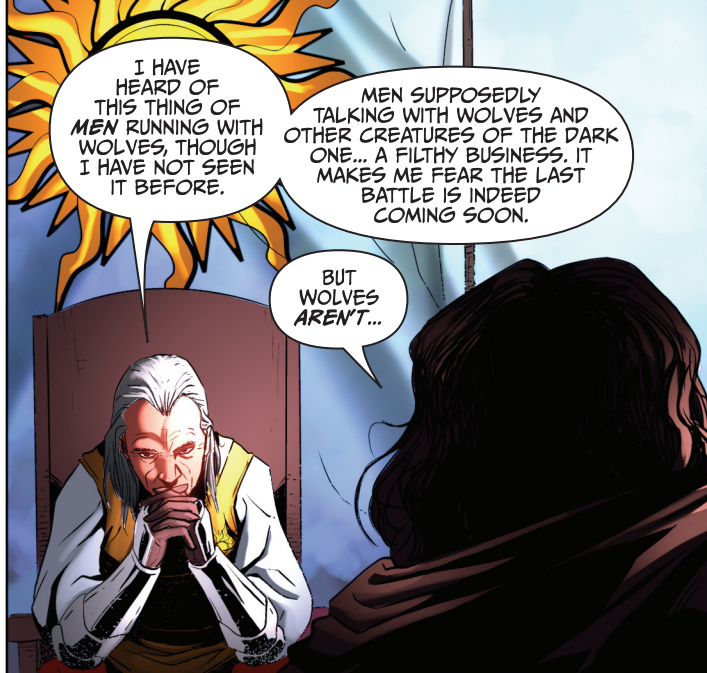




GO  
EASY,  
CHILD  
BYAR.

I EXPECT  
THESE TWO DO  
NOT KNOW MUCH OF  
THE **ANointed**, OR ABOUT  
LORD'S CAPTAIN OF  
THE CHILDREN OF  
THE LIGHT.

PLEASE, FOR  
CHILD BYAR'S SAKE,  
AT LEAST, TRY NOT TO  
ARGUE OR SHOUT, YES? I  
WANT NO MORE THAN THAT  
YOU SHOULD WALK IN THE  
LIGHT, AND LETTING ANGER  
GET THE BETTER OF  
YOU WON'T HELP  
ANY OF US.



I HAVE  
HEARD OF  
THIS THING OF  
**MEN** RUNNING WITH  
WOLVES, THOUGH  
I HAVE NOT SEEN  
IT BEFORE.

MEN SUPPOSEDLY  
TALKING WITH WOLVES AND  
OTHER CREATURES OF THE DARK  
ONE... A FILTHY BUSINESS. IT  
MAKES ME FEAR THE LAST  
BATTLE IS INDEED  
COMING SOON.

BUT  
WOLVES  
**AREN'T...**



ER, THAT IS,  
WOLVES **AREN'T**  
CREATURES OF THE DARK  
ONE -- AT LEAST, THEY  
HATE TROLLOCS  
AND FADES.



AND  
WHO TOLD  
YOU THAT?




A WARDER.  
HE SAID WOLVES  
HATE TROLLOCS  
AND TROLLOCS  
ARE AFRAID OF  
WOLVES.






A **WARDER**.  
A CREATURE  
OF TAR VALON  
WITCHES.

WHAT **ELSE**  
WOULD THAT SORT  
TELL YOU, WHEN HE IS A  
DARKFRIEND HIMSELF, AND  
A SERVANT OF DARKFRIENDS?  
DO YOU NOT KNOW TROLLOCS  
HAVE WOLVES' MUZZLES  
AND TEETH, AND  
WOLVES' FUR?



NOT ALL OF  
THEM. SOME OF  
THEM HAVE HORNS LIKE  
RAMS OR GOATS, OR  
HAWKS' BEAKS OR...  
OR... ALL SORTS  
OF THINGS.




I GIVE  
YOU **EVERY** CHANCE,  
AND YOU DIG YOUR-  
SELF DEEPER WITH  
EVERY WORD.




YOU RUN  
WITH WOLVES,  
CREATURES OF  
THE DARK  
ONE.

YOU ADMIT TO  
BEING ACQUAINTED  
WITH A **WARDER**,  
ANOTHER CREATURE OF  
THE DARK ONE. I DOUBT  
HE WOULD HAVE TOLD  
YOU WHAT HE DID  
IN PASSING.




YOU, BOY,  
CARRY A TAR VALON  
MARK IN YOUR POCKET.  
MOST MEN OUTSIDE TAR  
VALON GET RID OF THESE AS  
FAST AS THEY CAN, UNLESS  
THEY SERVE THE TAR  
VALON WITCHES.






YOU CARRY A FIGHTING MAN'S WEAPON WHILE YOU DRESS LIKE A FARMBOY.



YOU KNOW T ROLLOCS AND A MYRDDRAAL. THIS FAR SOUTH, ONLY A FEW SCHOLARS AND THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELED IN THE BORDERLANDS BELIEVE THEY ARE ANYTHING BUT STORIES. NOW...




WHY DO YOU NOT TELL ME THE TRUTH OF HOW YOU CAME TO BE RUNNING IN THE NIGHT WITH WOLVES?

And then, Perrin surprised Egwene with a story that would have done Thom Merrill proud.

He told of a young man and woman, bored of life in the Two Rivers, who left to see Caemlyn. On the way, they had heard of the ruins of a great city, but when they found Shadar Logoth, there were Trollocs there.

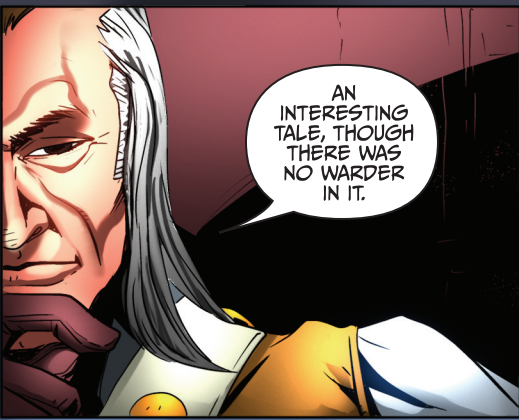
They managed to escape across the River Arinelle, but they were so completely lost... eventually they fell in with a man who offered to guide them to Caemlyn, and he told them his name was none of their business.

The first they had seen of wolves was after the Children of the Light had appeared - and at that time, all they were trying to do was hide so as not to be eaten by the wolves or killed by the men on horseback. Perrin told the Lord Captain all that, humbly and in a respectful tone so as not to incite Byar, and ended his story with:

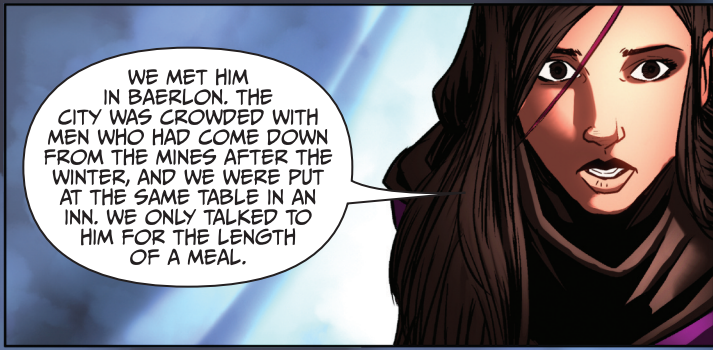


...IF WE'D KNOWN YOU WERE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT, WE'D HAVE COME TO YOU FOR HELP.

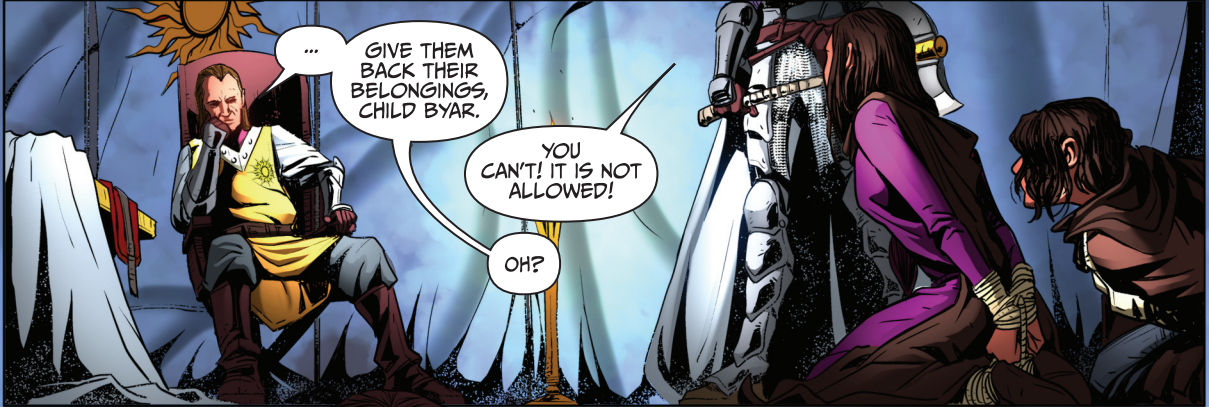




AN INTERESTING TALE, THOUGH THERE WAS NO WARDER IN IT.



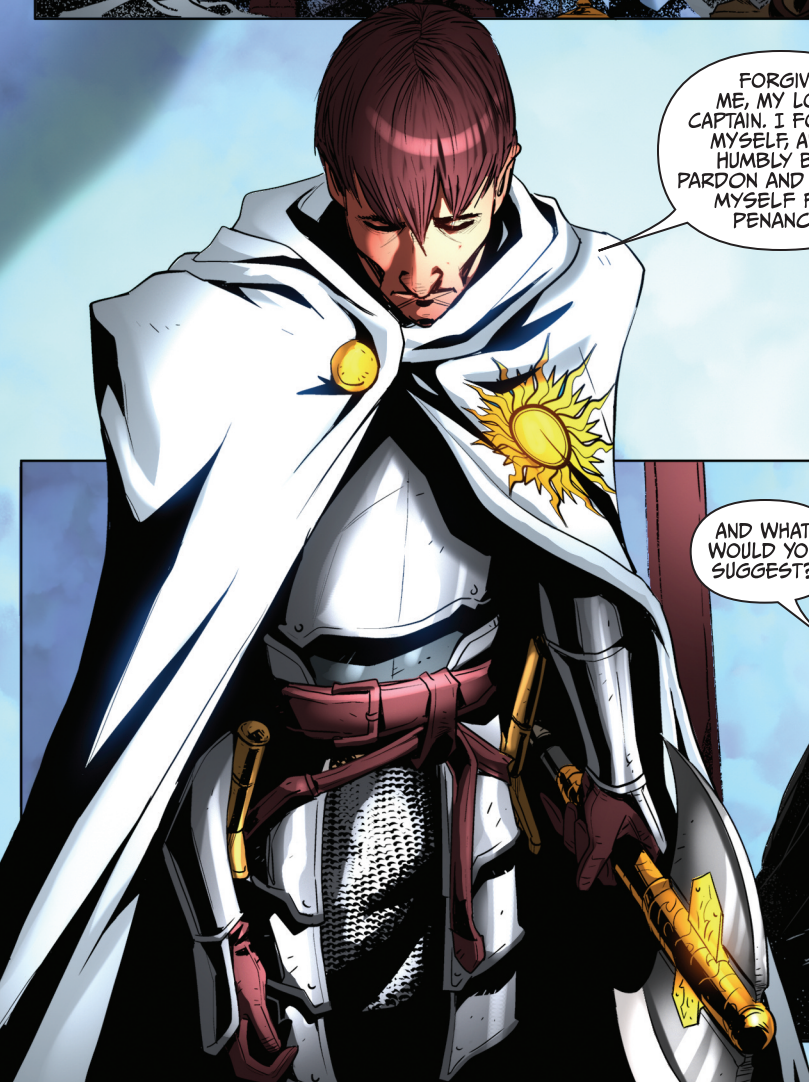
WE MET HIM IN BAERLON. THE CITY WAS CROWDED WITH MEN WHO HAD COME DOWN FROM THE MINES AFTER THE WINTER, AND WE WERE PUT AT THE SAME TABLE IN AN INN. WE ONLY TALKED TO HIM FOR THE LENGTH OF A MEAL.



...  
GIVE THEM BACK THEIR BELONGINGS, CHILD BYAR.

YOU CAN'T! IT IS NOT ALLOWED!

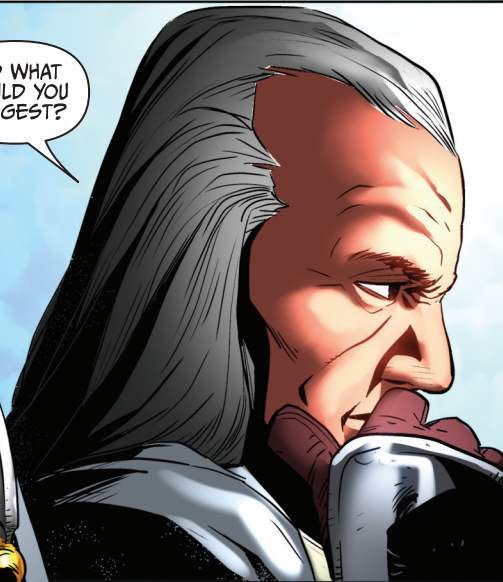
OH?




FORGIVE ME, MY LORD CAPTAIN. I FORGOT MYSELF, AND I HUMBLBY BEG PARDON AND SUBMIT MYSELF FOR PENANCE.

BUT AS MY LORD CAPTAIN POINTED OUT, WE MUST REACH CAEMLYN IN TIME, AND WITH MOST OF OUR REMOUNTS GONE, WE WILL BE HARD PRESSED ENOUGH WITHOUT CARRYING PRISONERS ALONG.


AND WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?








THE PENALTY  
FOR DARKFRIENDS  
IS DEATH. THERE IS NO  
TRUCE WITH THE SHADOW.  
THERE IS NO MERCY  
FOR DARKFRIENDS.




ZEAL IS TO  
BE APPLAUDED,  
BUT OVERZEALOUSNESS  
CAN BE A GRIEVOUS  
FAULT. REMEMBER THAT  
THE TENETS ALSO SAY  
'NO MAN IS SO LOST HE  
CANNOT BE BROUGHT  
TO THE LIGHT.'




THESE TWO  
ARE YOUNG. THEY  
CANNOT YET BE DEEP IN  
THE SHADOW. THEY CAN BE  
LED TO THE LIGHT. WE  
MUST GIVE THEM  
THAT CHANCE.


YOU'RE --  
YOU'RE LETTING  
US GO?



OF COURSE NOT,  
CHILD. YOU MAY BE  
TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT  
BEING FROM THE TWO RIVERS, BUT  
SHADAR LOGOTH? THAT IS A NAME  
VERY FEW KNOW, AND MOST OF  
THEM DARKFRIENDS. I WOULD  
THINK OF A BETTER STORY  
ON THE WAY TO AMADOR,  
IF I WERE YOU.



REPENT AND  
RENOUNCE THE DARK  
ONE, COME TO THE LIGHT,  
AND TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW  
OF THIS VILENESS WITH  
WOLVES. DO THAT, AND YOU  
WILL BE SPARED A VISIT  
TO THE QUESTIONERS.  
YOU WILL WALK FREE,  
IN THE LIGHT.



BUT YOU,  
JUST PERRIN FROM  
THE TWO RIVERS, YOU  
KILLED TWO OF THE  
CHILDREN. FOR YOU,  
I FEAR, A GIBBET  
WAITS IN  
AMADOR.

To be continued...