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# Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME®



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## 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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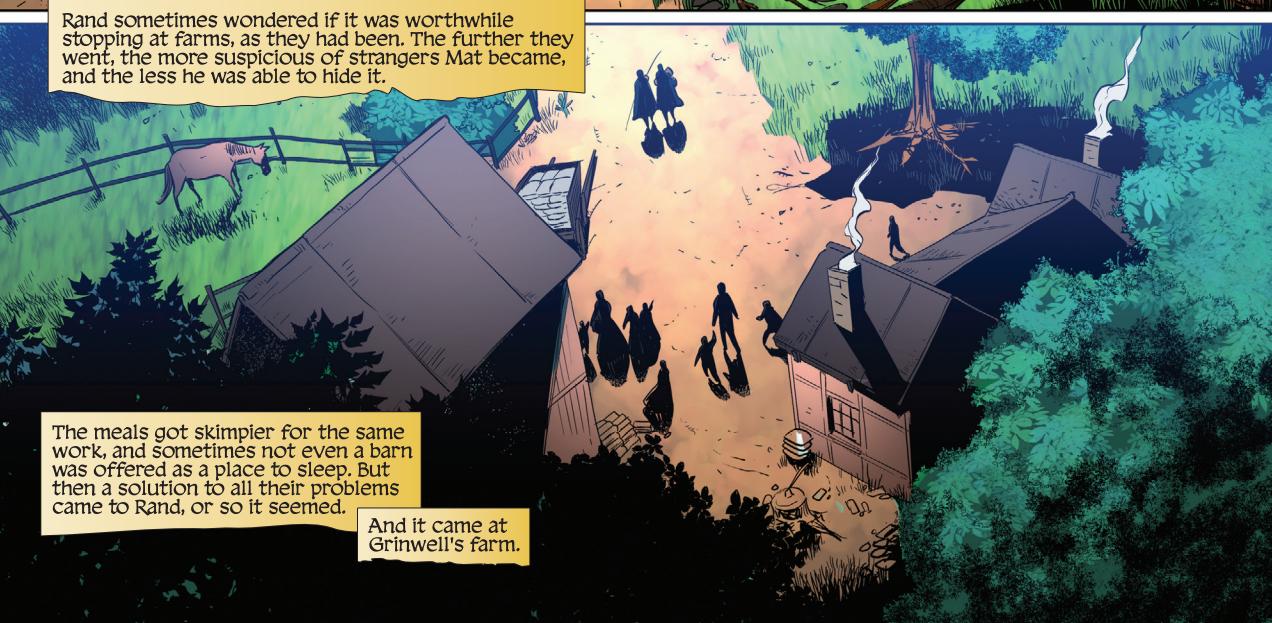
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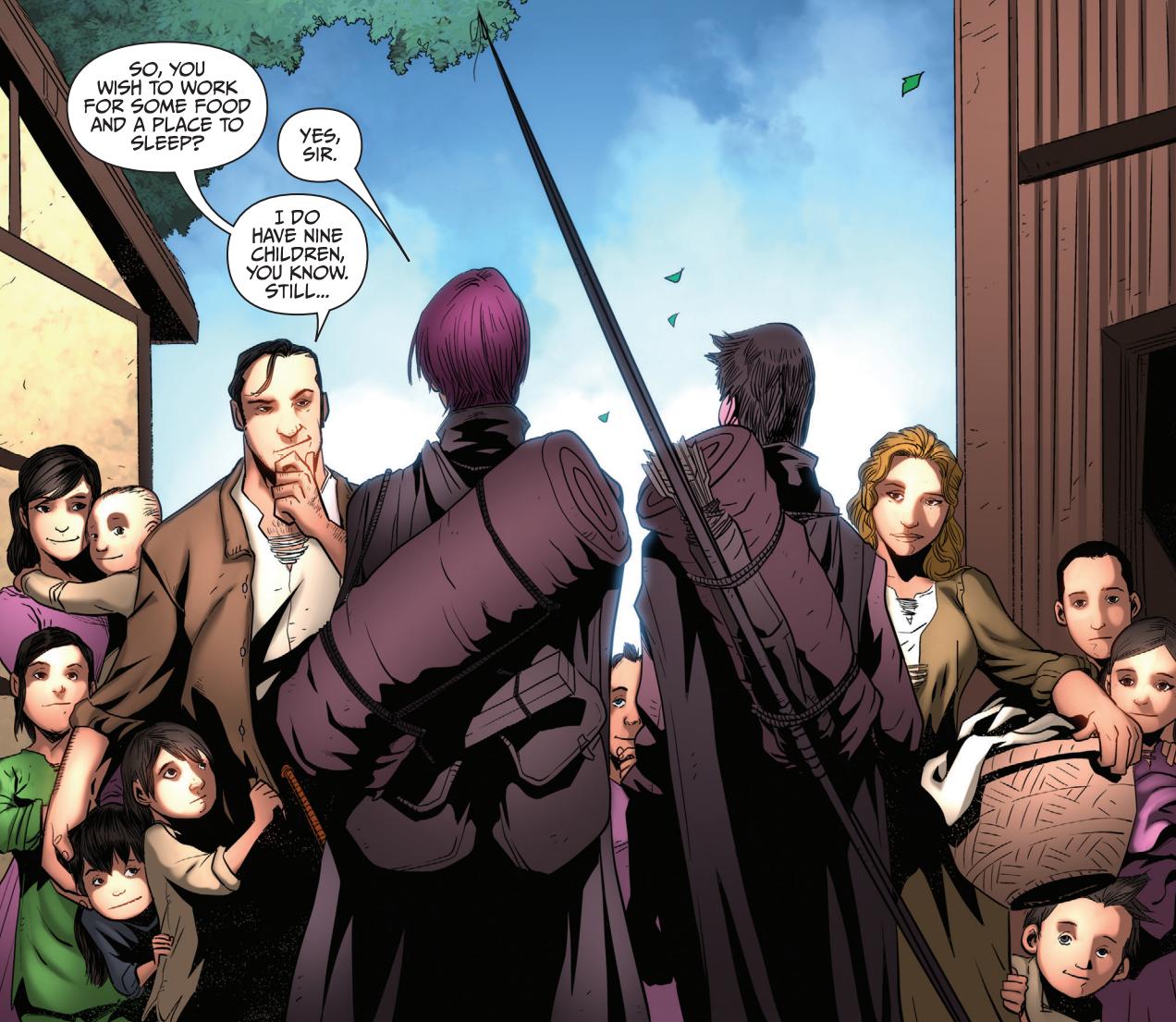


DON'T  
COME  
BACK, YOU  
HEAR?









The work was hard,  
but satisfying.

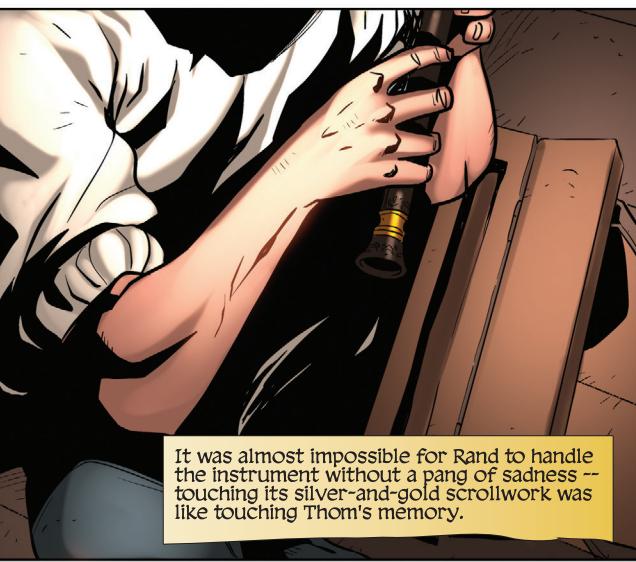
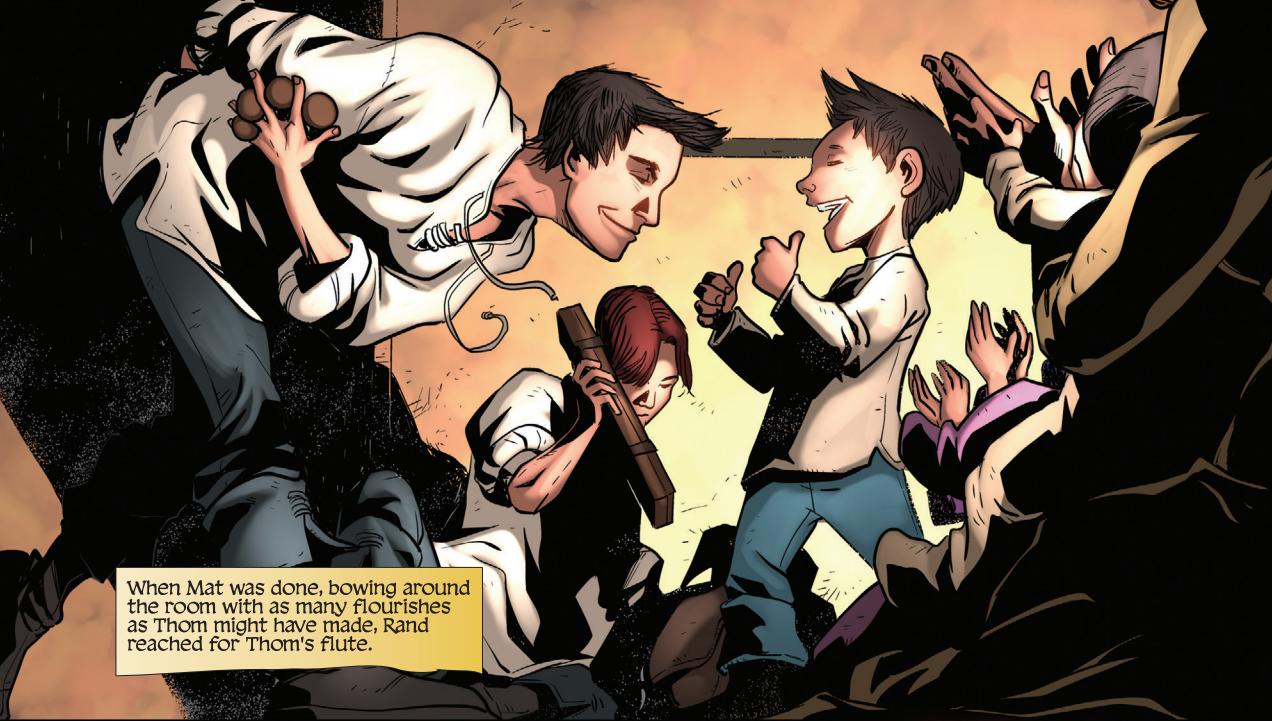
And the presence of young children  
was a blessing; Mat's wariness always  
eased a little when there were  
children around.



After supper, they all settled in  
front of the fireplace. Mat dug  
out Thom's colored balls and  
began to juggle -- he never did  
that unless there were children.

The whole family laughed  
and clapped for Mat's tricks --  
fountains, figure-eights, pretending  
to drop balls... and then pretending  
he was only pretending when he  
almost did drop them.





Several songs and quite some time later...

WELL, THIS HAS BEEN RARE FUN, BUT IT'S WAY PAST OUR BEDTIME.

YOU TRAVELING LADS MAY MAKE YOUR OWN HOURS, BUT MORNING COMES EARLY ON A FARM.



I'LL TELL YOU LADS, I HAVE PAID GOOD MONEY AT AN INN FOR NO BETTER ENTERTAINMENT THAN I'VE HAD THIS NIGHT.

LIGHT, I'VE PAID FOR WORSE.

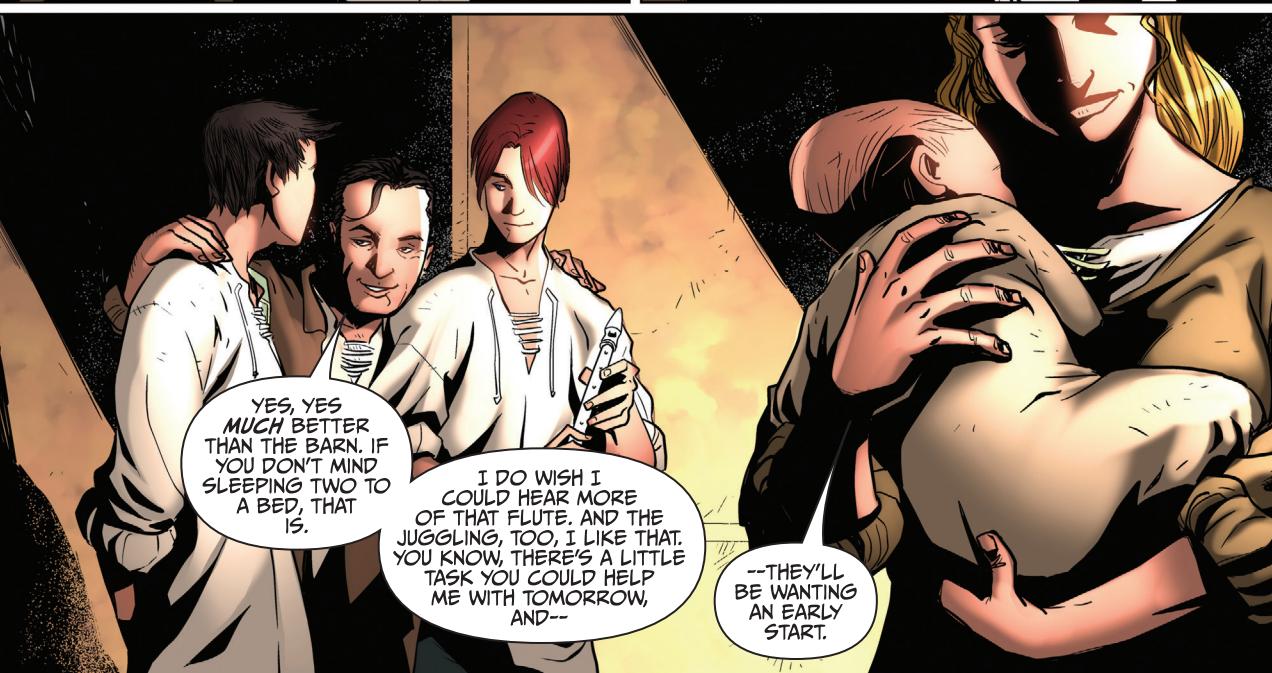


YOU PLAY SO BEAUTIFULLY.

I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL.

YOU KNOW, I THINK THEY DESERVE A REWARD.





...And it worked. When Rand and Mat made their way to the next town, Arien, they spoke to an Innkeeper -- Rand played some music, Mat did some juggling, and that night they had a hot meal and slept in a bed beneath a roof.

Rand slept better than he had since leaving Whitebridge.

And that became the way of things. With a little luck, and a ride or two, they would reach the next village on the road by dark and play for their supper. Rand began to think their problems were over until they reached Caemlyn.

...But then they came to Four Kings.



I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT  
THIS PLACE. MAYBE  
WE'D BETTER GO  
ON THIS TIME.

AND SLEEP  
UNDER A HEDGE  
TONIGHT? WHEN IT  
LOOKS LIKE A STORM IS  
COMING? NOT A CHANCE.  
I'M USED TO A BED  
AGAIN.

I DON'T  
HEAR ANY MUSIC  
COMING OUT OF  
"THE DANCING  
CARTMAN." LET'S  
TRY THERE.

WHAT DO  
YOU TWO WANT?  
WELL? SPEAK UP, BUY A  
DRINK, OR GET OUT! DO  
I LOOK LIKE A RAREE  
SHOW?



I PLAY THE FLUTE, AND MY FRIEND JUGGLES, AND YOU'LL NOT SEE TWO BETTER IN A YEAR. FOR A GOOD ROOM AND A GOOD MEAL, WE'LL FILL THIS COMMON ROOM OF YOURS.



I'VE GOT A MAN PLAYS THE DULCIMER.

YOU HAVE A DRUNK, SAM'L HAKE, MOST TIMES HE CAN'T SEE WELL ENOUGH TO FIND THE COMMON ROOM.

HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN HIM IN TWO DAYS--



YOU'RE DOCKED FOR THE WINE AND BREAKAGE. GET 'EM FRESH DRINKS. AND HURRY -- MEN DON'T PAY TO WAIT WHILE YOU LAZE AROUND.



TELL YOU WHAT.  
YOU CAN HAVE A COUPLE  
OF PALLETS IN AN EMPTY  
STOREROOM, AND YOU CAN EAT  
WHEN EVERYBODY'S GONE...  
THERE SHOULD BE SOME  
FOOD LEFT.



THE PALLETS  
WILL DO IF THEY'RE  
CLEAN, AND THERE ARE  
ENOUGH CLEAN BLANKETS...  
BUT WE EAT TWO HOURS  
AFTER FULL DARK, NO  
LATER, AND THE BEST  
YOU HAVE.



FINE, EAT  
WHEN YOU WANT.  
BUT IF YOU DON'T  
BRING THE CROWD IN...



...I'LL HAVE  
JAK AND STROM  
THROW YOU OUT  
IN THE STREET.



THAT  
SHOULD BE  
FINE...



...AS LONG  
AS WE GET  
WHAT'S AGREED  
UPON.



WHAT I  
SAID, ISN'T IT?  
WELL, GET STARTED.  
YOU WON'T BRING  
ANYBODY IN JUST  
STANDING THERE.



At the first note of 'Cock o' the North,' the patrons in the common room lifted their heads from their wine. Even the bouncers sat forward a little.



Outside, the sky muttered again, promising a thunder-storm, but still word spread.



By the time it was dark outside, the inn was packed full of men laughing and talking so loud he could barely hear what he was playing. Only the thunder overpowered the noise in the common room.

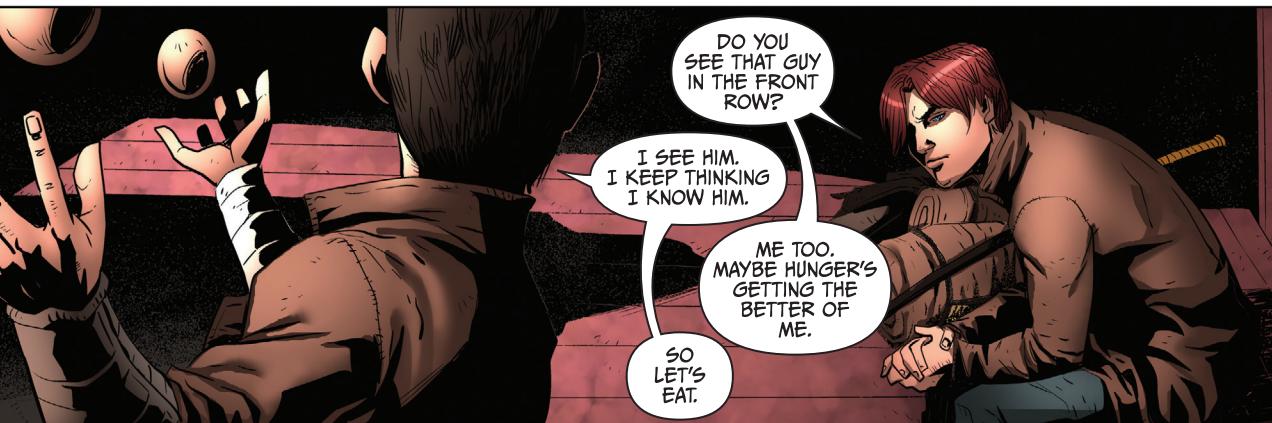
It was full, and getting fuller.

For every man who left or was thrown out by Jak and Strom, two came in from the street. They shouted for the juggling or for a particular tune, but mostly they were interested in drinking and fondling the serving maids.



One man was different, though. He stood out in every way from the rest of the crowd at the Dancing Cartman. In fact, the other patrons seemed almost afraid of him.

He paid them no mind, however. He sat as if there were no one else in the room but him -- and Rand and Mat.



I THINK WE OUGHT TO GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE.

AFTER WE EAT IS SOON ENOUGH.

HAVE YOU SEEN HOW THE INNKEEPER WAS LOOKING AT THOM'S FLUTE? AT MY SWORD? I THINK--

I THINK HE PLANS TO ROB US.

SO WE BAR OUR DOOR TONIGHT.

AND WHAT ABOUT THAT MAN THAT WAS STARING AT US?

WHAT ABOUT HIM?

I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE.

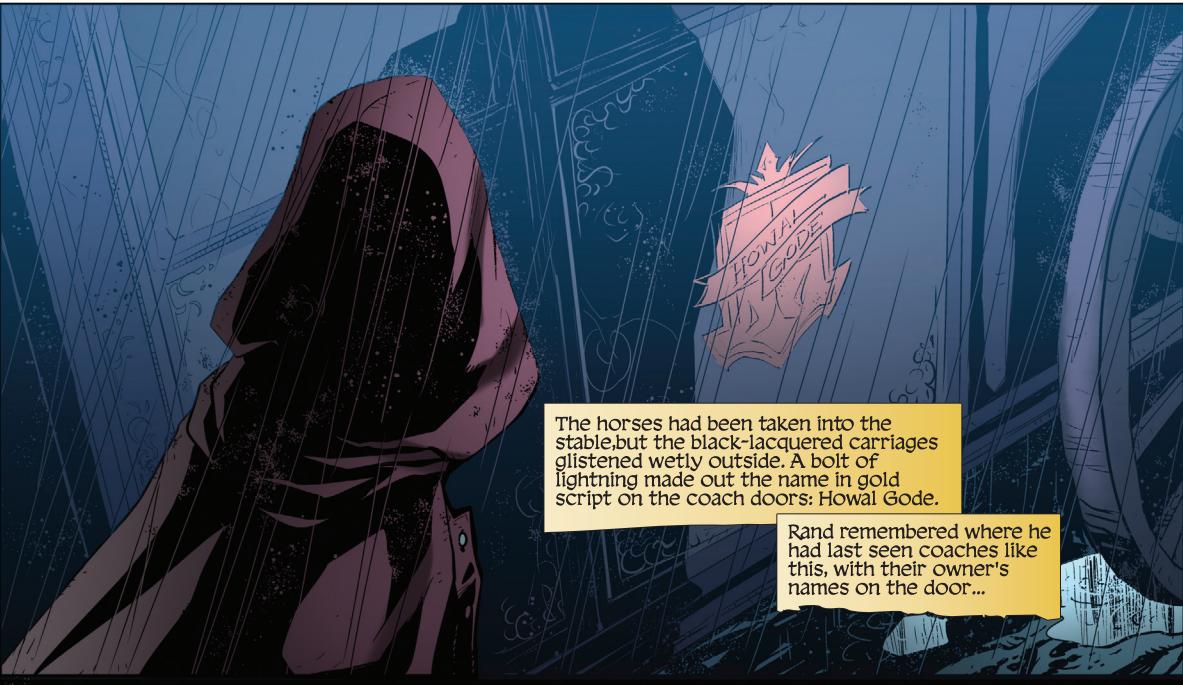




Though the rain was bucketing down, the lightning provided enough light for Rand to quickly find what he was hunting.

The horses had been taken into the stable, but the black-lacquered carriages glistened wetly outside. A bolt of lightning made out the name in gold script on the coach doors: Howal Gode.

Rand remembered where he had last seen coaches like this, with their owner's names on the door...



HE'S FROM WHITEBRIDGE.

AFTER US...?





MAYBE.  
I DON'T KNOW.  
DO YOU THINK WE  
CAN GET PAST  
HIM?



ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
EAT ALL  
NIGHT?

I DIDN'T  
FEED YOU SO YOU  
COULD LIE AROUND  
IN HERE! BACK  
TO WORK!



To Rand, the rest of the night seemed to last a year. All those eyes looking at him: Hake and Jak and Strom like vultures watching a sheep, caught in a bog, Gode waiting like something even worse.

Eventually the need to be up with the dawn began to pull men reluctantly out into the dark. A farmer had only himself to answer to, but merchants were notoriously unfeeling about hangovers when they were paying drivers' wages.

Gode was the last patron. He gave Mat and Rand a knowing smile as he left the common room.



YOU TWO.  
YOUR PALLETS  
ARE THIS  
WAY.

YOU NEED  
THOSE TWO TO  
SHOW US OUR  
BEDS?

I'M A MAN  
OF PROPERTY,  
AND MEN OF  
PROPERTY CAN'T BE  
TOO CAREFUL.

DO YOU  
WANT TO SEE  
YOUR BEDS OR  
NOT?

LEAD THE  
WAY. I DON'T LIKE  
HAVING ANYBODY  
BEHIND ME.

The innkeeper led them down a hall as black as pitch. Only the lamp he carried gave Rand the courage to keep on -- if Jak and Strom turned, he would know it.

HERE  
IT IS.

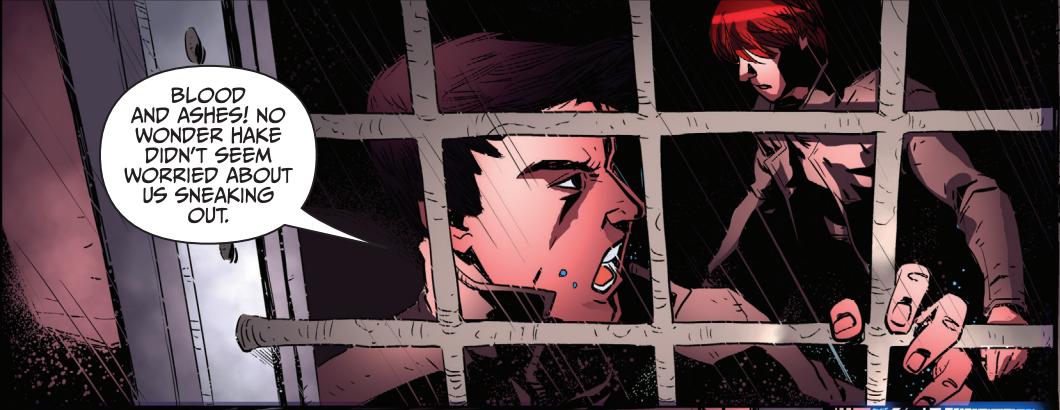
THIS'LL  
DO. LEAVE  
THE LAMP.



I THOUGHT  
THEY WERE GOING  
TO GO FOR US IN  
THE HALLWAY. WHAT  
ARE THEY WAITING  
FOR?

FOR US TO  
GO TO SLEEP. WE  
NEED TO GET OUT  
OF HERE -- THE  
WINDOW!

**SCRITCH SCRITCH**



BLOOD  
AND ASHES! NO  
WONDER HAKE  
DIDN'T SEEM  
WORRIED ABOUT  
US SNEAKING  
OUT.



TRY THIS--  
I'LL JAM THE  
DOOR, AND  
BE QUIET.



NGH!  
NO GOOD...



WELL, KEEP TRYING--

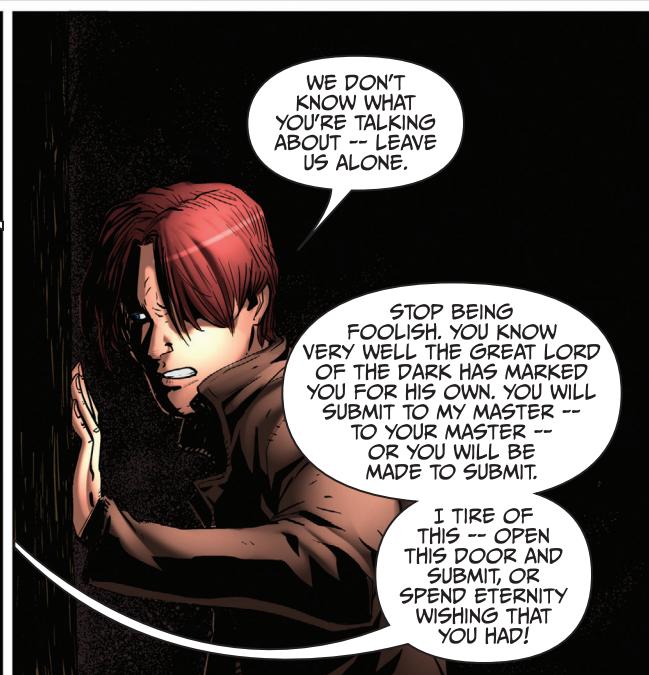
GO AWAY, HAKE. WE'RE TRYING TO SLEEP.



I FEAR YOU MISTAKE ME--  
MASTER HAKE AND HIS MINIONS WILL NOT TROUBLE US TONIGHT. NOW LET ME IN, MY YOUNG FRIENDS. WE MUST TALK.

WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT. GO AWAY.

OH, BUT OF COURSE WE DO. I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, PERHAPS BETTER THAN YOU DO. ALREADY YOU HALF BELONG TO MY MASTER -- STOP RUNNING AND ACCEPT IT.



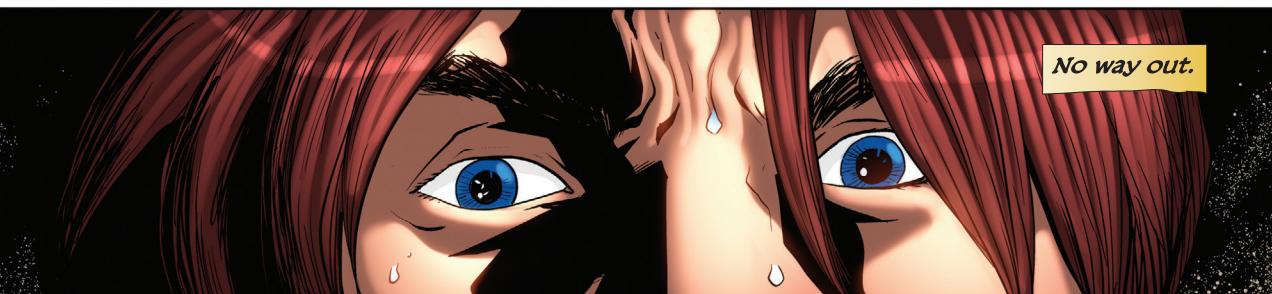
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT -- LEAVE US ALONE.

STOP BEING FOOLISH. YOU KNOW VERY WELL THE GREAT LORD OF THE DARK HAS MARKED YOU FOR HIS OWN. YOU WILL SUBMIT TO MY MASTER -- TO YOUR MASTER -- OR YOU WILL BE MADE TO SUBMIT.

I TIRE OF THIS -- OPEN THIS DOOR AND SUBMIT, OR SPEND ETERNITY WISHING THAT YOU HAD!



IF WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, WE COULD SAY YES AND GET AWAY LATER. BLOOD AND ASHES, RAND, THERE'S NO WAY OUT!



No way out.

Have to find  
a way out.

# RRUMMBLE

A way out!

To be continued...