


WHEEL OF TIME: DRAGONMOUNT


RAVEN



This far below Emond's Field, halfway to the Waterwood, trees lined the banks of the Winespring Water.

Bel Tine was past and summer not far off, and the time of shearing was here again.

All across the Two Rivers, herds from all about were brought and their wool gathered.



Egwene was not here to play.

At nine, she was carrying water for the first time.



Ravens sometimes bothered the sheep.

Egwene heard people say that ravens were the Dark One's eyes.

This one was watching.



Watching more than sheep.



It was a silly idea.

What would the Dark One want to see in Two Rivers?

Nothing ever happened in the Two Rivers.

Widow Aynal's Meadow stood empty most of the year. But now it held a good many more sheep than people.

Farmers came from all around Emond's Field for the shearing, and village folk came to help their relatives.

There were only a few other times a year when everyone gathered from all corners like this.

Though it was work to gather the sheep and clean the wool once gathered, the event took on the atmosphere of a festival.

