Wondering where Sheemie was during all this?

Poor, addled-brained lad had just gone out to take a piss, is all.

Wrecked with guilt, he is, that his absence has left Susan unprotected.

'Course, had he been there, 'twould all turn out the same, 'cept he'd be dead, like as not. As it is...

Nature's well-timed call leaves him free to follow Susan and Clay, for all the good it will do.
Meanwhile, all unawares of Susan's troubles, Roland and his Ka-tet stood and just outside the Bad Grass, ready to spring their trap...

They're coming again. Are you sure, Alain?

Aye. All of them. I sense it, like a nicker of pink lightning.

Much of this is on you, Bert. And on your slingshot.

I know.

How much have you got in the armory?

Almost four dozen steel balls. Should be enough.

We will be tested this day, Roland. Prove or die. That's what it comes down to.

Yes. That's what it always comes down to in the end.
“In the end.”

Roland speaks true.

But as Jonas and his men approach, even Roland don’t ken just how close the end is, in so many ways.
Now keep your eyes open, all of ya.

Jonas said those damned brats might be hiding anywhere.

Unhhh!!!

And I wouldn’t put it past them to lie in ambush to... 

“what the hell?”

Beautiful. He’s under attack, and what does he do? Stops in his tracks. I should send him a nice gift for simplifying my life.

Perhaps I should send it to his widow instead.
“Three gone without a fuss,” Roland mutters.

As he rides up alongside as if it's the most natural thing in the world, he must know it can't continue to be this easy. But he can dream, can't he?

No more stealth.

...Alain hurls his dagger at the nearest rider.

Now it's a matter of raw killing.

No more stealth.