

TYRION

"MORE WINE?"

JANOS SLYNT WAS A BUTCHER'S SON, AND HE LAUGHED LIKE A MAN CHOPPING MEAT.

I SHOULD NOT OBJECT. THAT'S A FINE RED. FROM THE ARBOR?

DORNISH. QUITE THE FIND. DORNISH WINES ARE NOT OFTEN SO RICH.

RICH...THE VERY WORD I WAS SEARCHING FOR. YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR WORDS, LORD TYRION.

I'M PLEASED YOU THINK SO...BUT I'M NOT A LORD, AS YOU ARE. A SIMPLE TYRION WILL SUFFICE.

YOU'RE A BOLD MAN, TO TAKE HARRENHAL FOR YOUR SEAT. SUCH A GRIM PLACE, AND COSTLY TO MAINTAIN. AND SOME SAY CURSED AS WELL.

SHOULD I FEAR A PILE OF STONE? A BOLD MAN, YOU SAID. YOU MUST BE BOLD, TO RISE AS I HAVE.



TRULY. I HAVE BEEN GLANCING OVER THE NAMES YOU PUT FORWARD TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AS COMMANDER OF THE CITY WATCH.

ANY OF THE SIX WILL DO, BUT I'D CHOOSE ALLAR DEEM. MY RIGHT ARM. GOOD MAN. LOYAL.



I HAD BEEN CONSIDERING SER JACELYN BYWATER. HE'S BEEN CAPTAIN ON THE MUD GATE FOR THREE YEARS, AND YET HIS NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON YOUR LIST.



BYWATER. WELL. BRAVE MAN, TO BE SURE, YET THE MEN DON'T LIKE HIM. A CRIPPLE TOO. LOST HIS HAND AT PYKE DURING GREYJOY'S REBELLION; THAT'S WHAT GOT HIM KNIGHTED. A POOR TRADE, IF YOU ASK ME.

NO, SER JACELYN THINKS OVERMUCH OF HIMSELF AND HIS HONOR. ALLAR DEEM'S THE MAN FOR YOU.



YET DEEM IS LITTLE LOVED IN THE STREETS. WHAT WAS IT I HEARD OF HIM? SOME TROUBLE IN A BROTHEL?

NOT HIS FAULT, MY LO— TYRION. HE NEVER MEANT TO KILL THE WOMAN. HE WARNED HER TO STAND ASIDE AND LET HIM DO HIS DUTY.



STILL, HE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THE MOTHER WOULD TRY TO SAVE HER BABE. HAVE SOME OF THIS CHEESE, IT GOES SPLENDIDLY WITH THE WINE. TELL ME, WHY DID YOU CHOOSE DEEM FOR THAT UNHAPPY TASK?

A HARD MAN FOR A HARD JOB, IS DEEM. DOES AS HE'S TOLD, AND NEVER A WORD AFTERWARD.



SO WHO SENT YOU AFTER THE WHORE'S BASTARD?

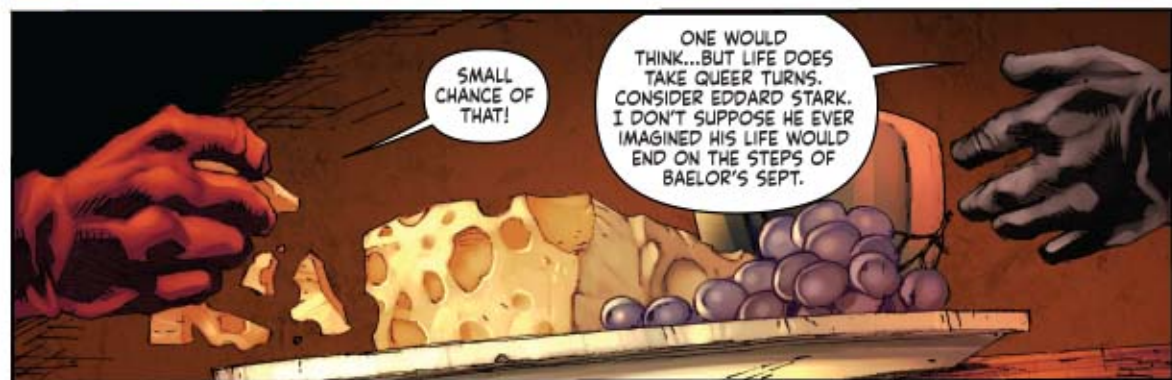
IT TAKES MORE THAN WINE AND CHEESE TO MAKE JANOS SLYNT TELL MORE THAN HE SHOULD.

AS WITH DEEM. YOU MAKE HIM YOUR COMMANDER WHEN I'M OFF TO HARRENHAL, AND YOU WON'T REGRET IT.



WHOEVER THE KING NAMES WILL NOT HAVE AN EASY TIME STEPPING INTO YOUR ARMOR, I CAN TELL.

LORD MORMONT FACES THE SAME PROBLEM. THE WATCH GETS SO FEW GOOD MEN THESE DAYS. HE'D SLEEP EASIER IF HE HAD A MAN LIKE YOU, I IMAGINE. OR THE VALIANT ALLAR DEEM.



SMALL CHANCE OF THAT!

ONE WOULD THINK...BUT LIFE DOES TAKE QUEER TURNS. CONSIDER EDDARD STARK. I DON'T SUPPOSE HE EVER IMAGINED HIS LIFE WOULD END ON THE STEPS OF BAELOS'S SEPT.



YES. AS TO THAT, WELL...THE KING COMMANDED IT, M'LORD.

THE KING IS THIRTEEN.

STILL, HE IS THE KING. THE LORD OF THE SEVEN KINGDOMS.



WELL, ONE OR TWO OF THEM, AT LEAST. TELL ME, MY LORD, DID YOU DRIVE THE SPEAR INTO THE MAN'S BACK YOURSELF, OR DID YOU ONLY GIVE THE COMMAND?

I GAVE THE COMMAND, AND I'D GIVE IT AGAIN! LORD STARK WAS A TRAITOR. THE MAN TRIED TO BUY ME.

LITTLE DREAMING THAT YOU HAD ALREADY BEEN SOLD.



ARE YOU DRUNK? IF YOU THINK I WILL SIT HERE AND HAVE MY HONOR QUESTIONED—



WHAT HONOR? I ADMIT, YOU MADE A BETTER BARGAIN THAN SER JACELYN. A LORDSHIP AND A CASTLE FOR A SPEAR THRUST IN THE BACK, AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO THRUST THE SPEAR.

I MISLIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, MY LO—IMP. I AM THE LORD OF HARRENHAL AND A MEMBER OF THE KING'S COUNCIL. WHO ARE YOU TO CHASTISE ME LIKE THIS?



I THINK YOU KNOW QUITE WELL WHO I AM. AND SOMEDAY, IF YOU HAVE THE SENSE THE GODS GAVE A SEA SLUG, YOU WILL DROP TO YOUR KNEES IN THANKS THAT IT WAS ME YOU HAD TO DEAL WITH, AND NOT MY LORD FATHER.

NOW...



JANOS.



LORD SLYNT, I BELIEVE YOU KNOW SER JACELYN BYWATER, OUR NEW COMMANDER OF THE CITY WATCH.

WE HAVE A LITTER WAITING FOR YOU, MY LORD. THE DOCKS ARE DARK AND DISTANT, AND THE STREETS ARE NOT SAFE BY NIGHT.



WH—WHAT...WHAT DO YOU...?

MEAN TO DO WITH YOU? THE CARRACK *SUMMER'S DREAM* SAILS ON THE MORNING TIDE. WHEN YOU SEE LORD COMMANDER MORMONT, GIVE HIM MY FOND REGARDS, AND TELL HIM THAT I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE NEEDS OF THE NIGHT'S WATCH.

I WISH YOU LONG LIFE AND GOOD SERVICE, MY LORD.



IT'S A LONG VOYAGE, AND LORD SLYNT WILL WANT FOR COMPANY. SEE THAT THESE SIX JOIN HIM ON THE *SUMMER'S DREAM*.

I'M TOLD THOSE NORTHERN WATERS ARE VERY STORMY, MY LORD.

THERE'S ONE... DEEM. TELL THE CAPTAIN IT WOULD NOT BE TAKEN AMISS IF THAT ONE SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE SWEEPED OVERBOARD BEFORE THEY REACH EASTWATCH-BY-THE-SEA.



OH, SWEETLY DONE, MY GOOD LORD.



THEN WHY DO I HAVE THIS BITTER TASTE IN MY MOUTH?

I TOLD THEM TO THROW ALLAR DEEM INTO THE SEA. I AM SORELY TEMPTED TO DO THE SAME WITH YOU.



YOU MIGHT BE DISAPPOINTED BY THE RESULT. THE STORMS COME AND GO, AND I KEEP ON PADDLING. MIGHT I TROUBLE YOU FOR A TASTE OF THE WINE THAT LORD SLYNT ENJOYED SO MUCH?