



ARYA



YOREN AND HIS CHARGES TRAVELED DOWN TO DUSK, PAST WOODS AND ORCHARDS AND NEATLY TENDED FIELDS, THROUGH SMALL VILLAGES, CROWDED MARKET TOWNS, AND STOUT HOLDFASTS.

COME DARK, THEY WOULD MAKE CAMP AND EAT BY THE LIGHT OF THE RED SWORD.

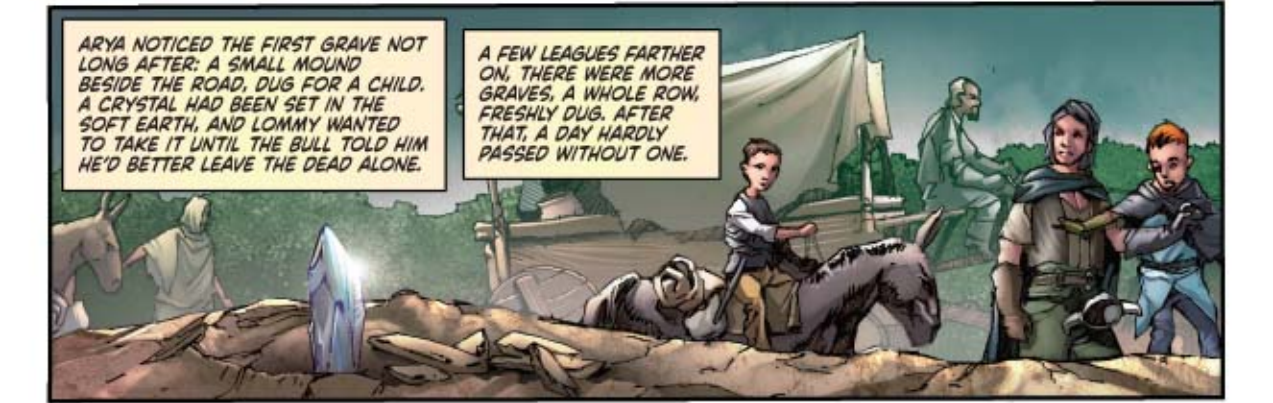
THERE SEEMED TO BE MORE TRAFFIC ON THE KING'S ROAD EVERY DAY.



MORN, NOON AND NIGHT THEY CAME. SOME DROVE FARM WAGONS OR BUMPED ALONG IN THE BACK OF OX CARTS. MORE RODE.

BUT MOST CAME ON FOOT, WITH THEIR GOODS ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND WEARY, WARY LOOKS UPON THEIR FACES. THEY WALKED SOUTH, TOWARD THE CITY, TOWARD KING'S LANDING.

ONLY ONE IN A HUNDRED SPARED SO MUCH AS A WORD FOR YOREN AND HIS CHARGES, AND ARYA WONDERED WHY NO ONE ELSE WAS GOING THE SAME WAY AS THEM.



ARYA NOTICED THE FIRST GRAVE NOT LONG AFTER: A SMALL MOUND BESIDE THE ROAD, DUG FOR A CHILD. A CRYSTAL HAD BEEN SET IN THE SOFT EARTH, AND LOMMY WANTED TO TAKE IT UNTIL THE BULL TOLD HIM HE'D BETTER LEAVE THE DEAD ALONE.

A FEW LEAGUES FARTHER ON, THERE WERE MORE GRAVES, A WHOLE ROW, FRESHLY DUG. AFTER THAT, A DAY HARDLY PASSED WITHOUT ONE.



THERE'S NO GOING NORTH. HALF THE FIELDS ARE BURN'T, AND WHAT FOLKS ARE LEFT ARE WALLED UP INSIDE THEIR HOLDFASTS. ONE BUNCH RIDES OFF AT DAWN AND ANOTHER ONE SHOWS UP BY DUSK.



THAT'S NOTHING TO US. TULLY OR LANNISTER, MAKES NO PART. THE WATCH TAKES NO PART.

THERE'S WILD MEN DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, TRY TELLING *THEM* YOU TAKE NO PART. AND THE STARKS ARE IN IT TOO. THE YOUNG LORD'S COME DOWN, THE DEAD HAND'S SON...



DID HE MEAN ROBB?



I HEARD THE BOY RIDES TO BATTLE ON A WOLF! THE MAN I HEARD IT FROM, HE SAW IT HIMSELF. A WOLF BIG AS A HORSE, HE SWORE.

THAT'S FOOLS TALK.



IT'S BEEN A BAD YEAR FOR WOLVES. AROUND THE GODS EYE, THE PACKS HAVE GROWN BOLDER'N ANYONE CAN REMEMBER. THEY GOT NO FEAR OF MEN.



I HEARD THE SAME THING FROM MY COUSIN. SHE SAYS THERE'S THIS GREAT PACK, HUNDREDS OF THEM, MANKILLERS. THE ONE THAT LEADS THEM IS A SHE-WOLF, A BITCH FROM THE SEVENTH HELL.



WAS THE GODS EYE NEAR THE TRIDENT? IT WAS NEAR THE TRIDENT THAT ARYA HAD LEFT NYMERIA.

SHE HADN'T WANTED TO, BUT JORY SAID THEY HAD NO CHOICE, THAT THE WOLF WOULD BE KILLED FOR BITING JOFFREY, EVEN IF HE DESERVED IT.

THEY'D HAD TO SHOUT AND SCREAM AND THROW STONES UNTIL THE DIREWOLF FINALLY STOPPED FOLLOWING THEM.



I HEARD HOW THIS HELLBITCH WALKED INTO A VILLAGE ONE DAY...A MARKET DAY, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND TEARS A BABY FROM HIS MOTHER'S ARMS, BOLD AS YOU PLEASE.

THAT'S JUST A STORY! WOLVES DON'T EAT BABIES!



AND WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, LAD?



THE BOY'S GREENSICK ON BEER, THAT'S ALL.

NO I'M NOT. THEY DON'T EAT BABIES...



OUTSIDE,
BOY... SEE THAT
THE STABLEBOY HAS
WATERED OUR HORSES.
AND STAY THERE UNTIL
YOU LEARN TO SHUT
YOUR MOUTH WHEN
MEN ARE TALKING.



THEY
DON'T.



BOY.



LOVELY
BOY.



A MAN COULD
USE ANOTHER TASTE
OF BEER. A MAN HAS
A THIRST, WEARING
THESE HEAVY
BRACELETS.

A BOY
COULD MAKE
A FRIEND.

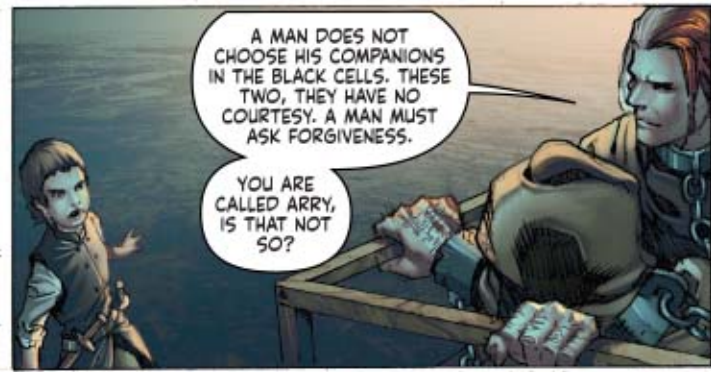
I HAVE
FRIENDS.

NONE I
CAN SEE.



HSSS!

STOP
THAT!



A MAN DOES NOT
CHOOSE HIS COMPANIONS
IN THE BLACK CELLS. THESE
TWO, THEY HAVE NO
COURTESY. A MAN MUST
ASK FORGIVENESS.

YOU ARE
CALLED ARRY,
IS THAT NOT
SO?



LUMPYHEAD.
LUMPYHEAD.
LUMPYFACE
STICKBOY.

HAVE A
CARE, LORATH,
HE'LL HIT YOU
WITH HIS
STICK.



THIS MAN HAS THE HONOR TO BE JAGEN H'GHAR, ONCE OF THE FREE CITY OF LORATH. WOULD THAT HE WERE HOME.

THIS MAN'S ILL-BRED COMPANIONS IN CAPTIVITY ARE NAMED RORGE AND BITER.

HSSS...

BITER CANNOT SPEAK AND BITER CANNOT WRITE, YET HIS TEETH ARE VERY SHARP, SO A MAN CALLS HIM BITER. ARE YOU CHARMED?



NO.

YOU GET US SOME BEER, PIMPLE. NOW!

ARYA TRIED TO THINK WHAT SYRIO WOULD HAVE DONE. SHE DREW HER WOODEN PRACTICE SWORD.



ARYA MADE HERSELF APPROACH THE WAGON. EACH STEP WAS HARDER THAN THE ONE BEFORE.



FEAR CUTS DEEPER THAN SWORDS.



FIERCE AS A WOLVERINE, CALM AS STILL WATER.