

JON





THIS VAULT IS A TREASURE, JON. I FOUND WORKS THAT EVEN THE CITADEL DOESN'T HAVE! SCROLLS FROM OLD VALYRIA, COUNTS OF THE SEASONS WRITTEN BY MAESTERS DEAD A THOUSAND YEARS...

THE BOOKS WILL STILL BE HERE WHEN WE RETURN.



IF WE RETURN...



THE OLD BEAR IS TAKING TWO HUNDRED SEASONED MEN. QHORIN HALFHAND WILL BE BRINGING ANOTHER HUNDRED FROM THE SHADOW TOWER.

YOU'LL BE AS SAFE AS IF YOU WERE BACK IN YOUR LORD FATHER'S CASTLE AT HORN HILL.

I WAS NEVER VERY SAFE IN MY FATHER'S CASTLE EITHER.



WE NEED YOU FOR THE RAVENS, SAM. AND SOMEONE HAS TO HELP ME KEEP GRENN HUMBLE.

YOU COULD CARE FOR THE RAVENS, OR GRENN, OR ANYONE! I COULD SHOW YOU HOW...



I'M THE OLD BEAR'S STEWARD. I WON'T HAVE TIME TO WATCH OVER BIRDS AS WELL. SAM, YOU'RE A BROTHER OF THE NIGHT'S WATCH NOW.

A BROTHER OF THE NIGHT'S WATCH SHOULDN'T BE SO SCARED.



WE'RE ALL SCARED. WE'D BE FOOLS IF WE WEREN'T.

MY FATHER TOLD ME, WHAT MATTERS IS HOW WE FACE IT. COME, LORD MORMONT AWAITS US.



THE COMET'S SO BRIGHT YOU CAN SEE IT BY DAY NOW.

NEVER MIND ABOUT COMETS. IT'S MAPS THE OLD BEAR WANTS.



OUTSIDE THE ARMORY, SER ENDREW TARTH WAS WORKING WITH SOME RAW RECRUITS WHO'D COME IN LAST NIGHT.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM, SNOW?



THE ARMORER WAS A WELCOME SIGHT. DONAL NOYE HAD PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD FRIEND.

THEY SMELL OF SUMMER.

WITH SUCH DO WE DEFEND THE REALMS OF MEN. YOU'VE HEARD THE TIDINGS OF YOUR BROTHER?

LAST NIGHT, ROBB WILL MAKE A GOOD KING.



I HOPE THAT'S SO, BOY. ONCE I MIGHT HAVE SAID THE SAME OF ROBERT.

THEY SAY YOU FORGED HIS WARHAMMER...

AYE, I WAS SMITH AND ARMORER AT STORM'S END UNTIL I LOST THE ARM.



I TELL YOU THIS—ROBERT WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER HE PUT ON THAT CROWN.

SOME MEN ARE LIKE SWORDS, MADE FOR FIGHTING. HANG THEM UP, AND THEY GO TO RUST.

AND HIS BROTHERS?



"ROBERT WAS THE TRUE STEEL."

"STANNIS IS PURE IRON—BLACK AND HARD AND STRONG, YES, BUT BRITTLE. HE'LL BREAK BEFORE HE BENDS."

"AND RENLY? HE'S COPPER. BRIGHT AND SHINY, PRETTY TO LOOK AT, BUT NOT WORTH ALL THAT MUCH AT THE END OF THE DAY."



"AND WHAT METAL IS ROBB?" JON DID NOT ASK.

MAY THE GODS GO WITH YOU ON THE MORROW, SNOW. YOU BRING BACK THAT UNCLE OF YOURS, YOU HEAR?

WE WILL.

