

# ARYA

"FEAR CUTS  
DEEPER THAN  
SWORDS."

ARYA WOULD TELL HERSELF  
THIS, BUT THAT DID NOT  
MAKE THE FEAR GO AWAY.

SHE HAD THOUGHT SHE HAD  
KNOWN WHAT IT MEANT TO  
BE AFRAID, BUT SHE LEARNED  
BETTER IN THAT STOREHOUSE  
BESIDE THE GODS EYE.

EIGHT DAYS SHE HAD LINGERED  
THERE BEFORE THE MOUNTAIN  
GAVE THE COMMAND TO  
MARCH, AND EVERY DAY SHE  
HAD SEEN SOMEONE DIE.

THE ONES CHOSEN WERE  
QUESTIONED IN FULL VIEW  
OF THE OTHER CAPTIVES,  
SO THEY COULD SEE THE  
FATE OF REBELS AND  
TRAITORS.

A MAN THE OTHERS CALLED THE  
TICKLER ASKED THE QUESTIONS.  
HIS FACE WAS SO ORDINARY THAT  
ARYA MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HIM  
ONE OF THE VILLAGERS BEFORE  
SHE HAD SEEN HIM AT HIS WORK.

THE QUESTIONS WERE  
ALWAYS THE SAME...

WAS THERE  
GOLD HIDDEN IN  
THE VILLAGE?

SILVER, GEMS?



WAS THERE  
MORE FOOD?

WHERE WAS LORD  
BERIC DONDARRION?

WHICH OF THE VILLAGE  
FOLK HAD AIDED HIM?  
WHEN HE RODE OFF,  
WHERE DID HE GO?

HOW MANY MEN  
WERE WITH THEM?

HOW MANY KNIGHTS, HOW  
MANY BOWMEN, HOW MANY  
MEN-AT-ARMS? HOW WERE  
THEY ARMED? HOW MANY  
WERE HORSED?

HOW MANY WERE  
WOUNDED? WHAT OTHER  
ENEMY HAD THEY SEEN?

HOW MANY? WHEN? WHAT BANNERS  
DID THEY FLY? WHERE DID THEY GO?

WAS THERE  
GOLD HIDDEN IN  
THE VILLAGE?

SILVER,  
GEMS?

WHERE WAS LORD  
BERIC DONDARRION?

HOW MANY MEN  
WERE WITH HIM?



BY THE THIRD DAY, ARYA  
COULD HAVE ASKED THE  
QUESTIONS HERSELF.



BY THE TIME THEY MARCHED, ARYA KNEW SHE WAS NO WATER DANCER.

SYRIO FOREL WOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM KNOCK HIM DOWN AND TAKE HIS SWORD AWAY, NOR STOOD BY WHEN THEY KILLED LOMMY GREENHANDS.

THE LANNISTERS HAD TAKEN EVERYTHING: FATHER, FRIENDS, HOME, HOPE, COURAGE.

ONE HAD TAKEN NEEDLE, WHILE ANOTHER HAD BROKEN HER WOODEN STICK SWORD OVER HIS KNEE. THEY HAD EVEN TAKEN HER STUPID SECRET.

THE STOREHOUSE HAD BEEN BIG ENOUGH FOR HER TO CREEP OFF AND MAKE HER WATER IN SOME CORNER WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING, BUT IT WAS DIFFERENT ON THE ROAD.

HOT PIE GAPED AT HER WITH BIG MOON EYES, BUT NO ONE ELSE EVEN TROUBLED TO LOOK. SER GREGOR AND HIS MEN DID NOT CARE.

IT'S NOT JUST. WE NEVER DID NO TREASON. THE OTHERS COME IN AND TOOK WHAT THEY WANTED, SAME AS THIS BUNCH.

LORD BERIC DID US NO HURT, THOUGH. HE PAID FOR ALL THEY TOOK.

PAID? HE TOOK TWO OF MY CHICKENS AND GAVE ME A BIT OF PAPER WITH A MARK ON IT. CAN I EAT A BIT OF RAGGY OLD PAPER?


IT'S A SIN AND A SHAME. WHEN THE OLD KING WAS STILL ALIVE, HE'D NOT HAVE STOOD FOR THIS.

KING ROBERT?

KING AERYS, GODS GRACE HIM.

A GUARD CAME SAUNTERING OVER TO SHUT THEM UP. THE OLD MAN LOST BOTH HIS TEETH, AND THERE WAS NO MORE TALK THAT NIGHT.






THE NIGHT SHE WAS CAUGHT, THE LANNISTER MEN HAD BEEN NAMELESS STRANGERS WITH FACES AS ALIKE AS THEIR NASAL HELMS, BUT SHE'D COME TO KNOW THEM ALL.

YOU HAD TO LEARN THAT EVEN THOUGH THE ONE THEY CALLED SHITMOUTH HAD THE FOULEST TONGUE SHE'D EVER HEARD, HE'D GIVE YOU AN EXTRA PIECE OF BREAD IF YOU ASKED, WHILE JOLLY OLD CHISWYCK AND SOFT-SPOKEN RAFF WOULD JUST GIVE YOU THE BACK OF THEIR HAND.


ARYA WATCHED AND LISTENED AND POLISHED HER HATES THE WAY GENDRY HAD ONCE POLISHED HIS HORNED HELM. DUNSEN WORE THOSE BULL'S HORNS NOW, AND SHE HATED HIM FOR IT.

SHE HATED POLLIVER FOR TAKING NEEDLE, AND SHE HATED OLD CHISWYCK WHO THOUGHT HE WAS FUNNY.

AND RAFF THE SWEETLING, WHO'D DRIVEN HIS SPEAR THROUGH LOMMY'S THROAT, SHE HATED EVEN MORE.




SHE HATED SER AMORY LORCH FOR YOREN, AND SHE HATED SER MERYN TRANT FOR SYRIO. THE HOUND FOR KILLING THE BUTCHER'S BOY MYCAH, AND SER ILYN AND PRINCE JOFFREY AND THE QUEEN FOR THE SAKE OF HER FATHER.



EVERY NIGHT ARYA WOULD WHISPER THEIR NAMES TO HER STONE PILLOW.

SER GREGOR.

DUNSEN, POLLIVER, CHISWYCK, RAFF THE SWEETLING. THE TICKLER AND THE HOUND. SER AMORY, SER ILYN, SER MERYN, KING JOFFREY, QUEEN CERSEI.



BACK IN WINTERFELL, ARYA HAD PRAYED WITH HER MOTHER IN THE SEPT AND WITH HER FATHER IN THE GODSWOOD.



BUT THERE WERE NO GODS ON THE ROAD TO HARRENHAL, AND HER NAMES WERE THE ONLY PRAYER SHE CARED TO REMEMBER.



IT WOULD  
BE BETTER ONCE  
THEY GOT TO  
HARRENHAL, THE  
CAPTIVES TOLD  
EACH OTHER,  
BUT ARYA WAS  
NOT SO CERTAIN.

SHE REMEMBERED OLD  
NAN'S STORIES OF THE  
CASTLE BUILT ON FEAR.

HARREN THE BLACK HAD MIXED HUMAN BLOOD  
IN THE MORTAR, NAN USED TO SAY. AND AEGON'S  
DRAGONS HAD ROASTED HARREN AND ALL HIS  
SONS WITHIN THEIR GREAT WALLS OF STONE.

