


JON PUT SPURS TO
HORSEFLESH. FOR A
MOMENT, SAMWELL
TARLY STOOD HIS
GROUND.


THEN HE JUMPED
ASIDE, AS JON HAD
KNOWN HE WOULD.



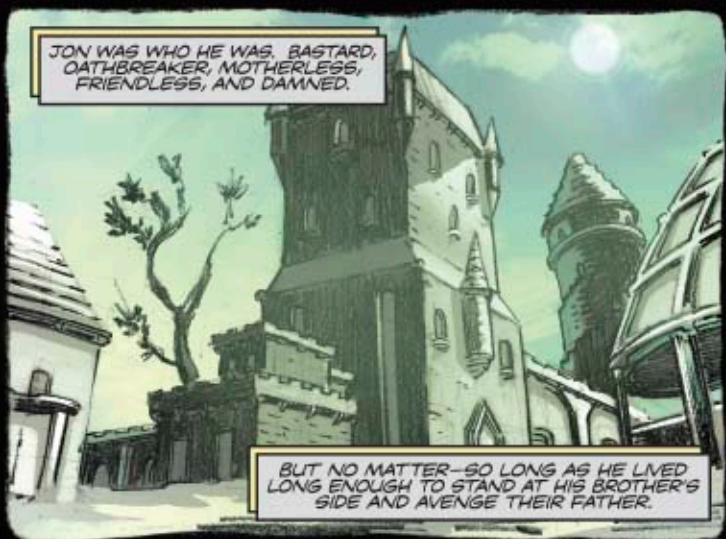


HE NEEDED TO GET AS FAR FROM THE WALL AS HE COULD BEFORE THEY REALIZED HE WAS GONE. ON THE MORROW, HE WOULD STRIKE OUT OVERLAND TO THROW OFF PURSUIT, BUT SPEED WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN DECEPTION.

THEY WOULD KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING.




EVEN NOW, HE DID NOT KNOW IF HE WAS DOING THE HONORABLE THING. SOUTHRONS HAD THEIR SEPTONS TO HELP SORT OUT RIGHT FROM WRONG.



JON WAS WHO HE WAS. BASTARD, OATHBREAKER, MOTHERLESS, FRIENDLESS, AND DAMNED.


BUT THE STARKS WORSHIPPED THE OLD GODS, AND IF THE HEART TREES HEARD, THEY DID NOT SPEAK.

BUT NO MATTER—SO LONG AS HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO STAND AT HIS BROTHER'S SIDE AND AVENGE THEIR FATHER.




HE TRIED TO IMAGINE ROBB'S GREETING, BUT HE COULD NOT. INSTEAD, HE FOUND HIMSELF THINKING OF THE DESERTER HIS FATHER HAD BEHEADED.

HE WONDERED WHAT LORD EDDARD MIGHT HAVE DONE IF THE DESERTER HAD BEEN HIS BROTHER BENJEN INSTEAD OF A STRANGER.



SURELY ROBB WOULD WELCOME HIM. OR ELSE...



HE RACED AS IF TO OUTFRIN HIS DOUBTS. GHOST KEPT CLOSE FOR HALF A MILE, THEN VANISHED BEHIND.

HE WOULD FOLLOW AT HIS OWN PACE.

SCATTERED LIGHTS
FLICKERED THROUGH
THE TREES ON BOTH
SIDES OF THE ROAD.
MOLE TOWN.



MOST OF THE VILLAGE WAS
UNDER GROUND, WARM
CELLARS CONNECTED BY
TUNNELS. ON THE SURFACE,
ALL WAS STILL.

STILL HE DID NOT PAUSE TO
REST UNTIL HE WAS WELL PAST
IT. FOR HALF AN HOUR, HE WALKED
HIS MARE DOWN SIDE PATHS
BESIDE THE MAIN ROAD, BUT IT
BROUGHT HIM LITTLE PEACE.



I AM DOING THE RIGHT
THING, HE TOLD HIMSELF. SO
WHY DO I FEEL SO BAD?

IT HAD BEEN HARD TO ABANDON
LONGCLAW, BUT JON WAS NOT
SO LOST TO HONOR AS TO TAKE
THE SWORD WITH HIM.



CHAK

GHOST?



NO, NOT
GHOST.

RIDERS, FROM
THE NORTH.



—CERTAIN HE CAME THIS WAY?

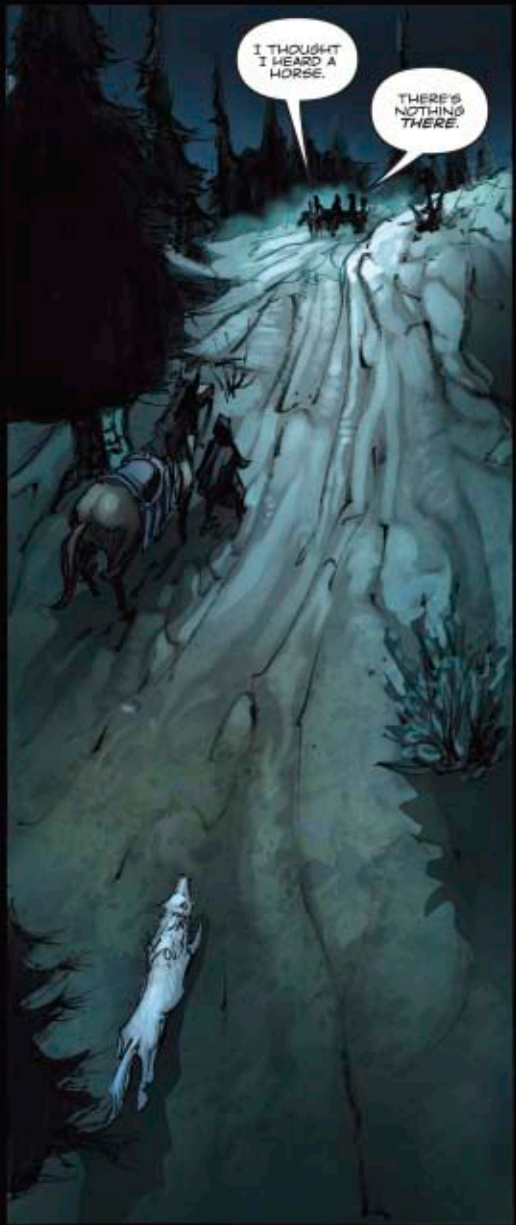
HE COULD HAVE RIDDEN EAST, OR CUT THROUGH THE WOODS.



IN THE DARK? IF YOU DIDN'T FALL OFF YOUR HORSE, YOU'D GET LOST.

I WOULD NOT GET LOST. YOU CAN TELL SOUTH BY THE STARS.

KEEP QUIET! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.



I THOUGHT I HEARD A HORSE.

THERE'S NOTHING THERE.



HINNIE

THERE!



I HEARD IT TOO!

JON!



STOP!
YOU CAN'T
OUTRUN
US!

GET BACK!
I DON'T WISH
TO HURT YOU,
BUT I WILL IF
I MUST.



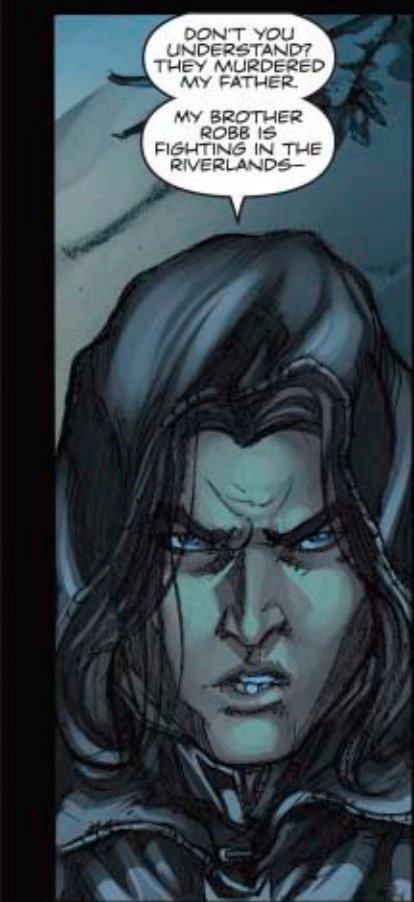
ONE
AGAINST
FOUR?

WHAT
DO YOU WANT
FROM ME?



WE WANT TO
TAKE YOU BACK
WHERE YOU
BELONG.

THEY'LL
CUT OFF YOUR
HEAD IF THEY
CATCH YOU.



DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?
THEY MURDERED
MY FATHER.

MY BROTHER
ROBB IS
FIGHTING IN THE
RIVERLANDS—



WE'RE
SORRY ABOUT
YOUR FATHER,
BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER. ONCE
YOU SAY THE
WORDS, YOU
CAN'T LEAVE,
NO MATTER
WHAT.

AND YOU
SAID THE
WORDS.



NOW MY
WATCH BEGINS.
IT SHALL NOT
END UNTIL MY
DEATH.

I SHALL
LIVE AND
DIE AT MY
POST.