

ARYA



WHEN YOREN HAD DRAGGED HER INTO THAT ALLEY, ARYA HAD THOUGHT HE MEANT TO KILL HER.



I'M TAKING MEN AND BOYS FROM THE CITY.

NOW YOU HOLD STILL, 'BOY.'



LORD EDDARD GAVE ME PICK O' THE DUNGEONS, AND I DIDN'T FIND NO LITTLE LORDLINGS DOWN THERE.



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ARRY, AN ORPHAN BOY.

GATE SHOULDN'T BE HARD, BUT THE ROAD'S ANOTHER MATTER. YOU GOT A LONG WAY TO GO IN BAD COMPANY.



SO YOU KEEP TO YOURSELF AND MAKE YOUR WATER IN THE WOODS, ALONE.

THAT'LL BE THE HARDEST PART, THE PISSING.

LEAVING KING'S
LANDING WAS
EASY, JUST LIKE
YOREN HAD SAID.

THE LANNISTER
GUARDSMEN ON THE GATE
WERE STOPPING EVERYONE,
BUT YOREN CALLED ONE BY
NAME AND THEIR WAGONS
WERE WAVED THROUGH.

NO ONE SPARED ARYA A
GLANCE. THEY WERE
LOOKING FOR A HIGHBORN
GIRL, NOT A BOY WITH HIS
HAIR CHOPPED OFF.

YOREN WAS WRONG
ABOUT THE PISSING,
THOUGH; THAT WASN'T
THE HARDEST PART.

LOMMY GREENHANDS
AND HOT PIE WERE
THE HARDEST.

ORPHAN BOYS
YOREN HAD
PLUCKED FROM
THE STREETS.

LOMMY HAD BEEN A
DYER'S APPRENTICE
BEFORE HE WAS
CAUGHT STEALING.

HOT PIE'S MOTHER
HAD BEEN A BAKER,
AND HE'D PUSHED HER
CART THROUGH THE
STREETS ALL DAY,
SHOUTING
"HOT PIES! HOT PIES!".





AT WINTERFELL THEY CALLED HER "ARYA HORSEFACE" AND SHE THOUGHT NOTHING COULD BE WORSE.

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE LOMMY HAD NAMED HER "LUMPYHEAD."



LOOK AT THAT SWORD LUMPYHEAD'S GOT. WHERE'S A GUTTER RAT LIKE LUMPYHEAD GET HIM A SWORD?

MAYBE HE'S A LITTLE SQUIRE. SOME LORDY LORD'S LITTLE SQUIRE BOY.

HE AIN'T NO SQUIRE, LOOK AT HIM. I BET THAT'S NOT EVEN A REAL SWORD. I BET IT'S MADE OF TIN.



IT'S CASTLE-FORGED STEEL, AND YOU BETTER SHUT YOUR MOUTH!



WHERE'D YOU GET A BLADE LIKE THAT, LUMPYFACE?

LUMPYHEAD. HE PROB'LY STOLE IT.

I DID NOT!



GO ON, TAKE IT OFF HIM, I DARE YOU.

LUMPYFACE, YOU GIMME THAT SWORD! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT.



"YES, I DO," ARYA THOUGHT, AS SHE SLID HER WOODEN PRACTICE SWORD FROM HER BELT.

YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE INSTEAD.





YOREN HAD TAKEN BROWN MEN FROM THE DUNGEONS AS WELL, BUT THE WORST WERE THE THREE HE FOUND IN THE BLACK CELLS.

YOU COME WITH ME, BOY. NOW.



THEY MUST HAVE SCARED EVEN HIM, BECAUSE HE KEPT THEM CHAINED HAND AND FOOT.

THE FAT ONE SNAPPED HIS POINTY TEETH AND HISSED AS THEY PASSED, BUT ARYA IGNORED HIM.



NEXT TIME YOU TAKE THAT STICK TO ONE OF YOUR BROTHERS, YOU'LL GET TWICE WHAT YOU GIVE, YOU HEAR ME?



"CALM AS STILL WATER," ARYA TOLD HERSELF, THE WAY SYRIO FOREL HAD TAUGHT HER. "AND THEY'RE NOT MY BROTHERS!"

WHACK



THAT PIE BOY... IT WASN'T HIM AS KILLED YOUR FATHER, GIRL, NOR THAT THIEVING LOMMY NEITHER. HITTING THEM WON'T BRING HIM BACK.



THWACK