Sansa could never understand how two sisters born only two years apart could be so different.

You better put on something pretty. We're traveling in the Queen's Wheelhouse with Princess Myrcella today.

I'm not Mysa. And I am going to the Ford to look for Rubies.

Rubies? What Rubies?

Rhaegar's Rubies. This is where King Robert killed him and won the Crown.

You can't look for Rubies. The Princess is expecting us. The Queen invited us both.

The Queen invited us both.

I don't care. I don't like the Queen. She won't let me bring Nymeria. And the Wheelhouse doesn't even have windows.
I hate riding. All it does is get you soiled and dirty and sore. Anyway, you're not supposed to leave the column. Father said so.

Come back here! Bad wolf!

I don't care what you say. I'm going riding!

I'll go by myself, then. Lady and I will eat all the lemon cakes and have just the best time without you.

They won't let you bring Lady either.
The council does us much honor, my good lords.

What's happening?
The council sent riders, an honor guard for the king.

The king is gone hunting, but I know he will be pleased to see you when he returns.

A terror as overwhelming as anything Sansa Stark had ever felt filled her suddenly. She stepped backward.

You are shaking, girl... do I frighten you so much?
AND THEN HE WAS THERE, HER TROUBLED HER PRINCE.

A WOLF!

SEVEN HELLS, WHAT'S A DIREWOLF DOING IN CAMP?

LEAVE HER ALONE! PUT YOUR SWORDS AWAY, ALL OF YOU.

AND YOU DOG AWAY WITH YOU, YOU'RE SCARING MY BETROTHED.

IT WAS NOT HIM, SWEET PRINCE. IT WAS THE OTHER ONE.

OFTTIMES, SER ILYN FRIGHTENS ME AS WELL, SWEET LADY. HE HAS A FEARSOME ASPECT.

IF THE WICKED DO NOT FEAR THE KING'S HEADSMAN, YOU HAVE PUT THE WRONG MAN IN THE OFFICE.

THEN SURELY YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE RIGHT ONE, YOUR GRACE.
WELL SPOKEN, CHILD. AS BELTS A DAUGHTER OF EDDARD STARK. I AM SER BARRISTAN SELMY.

THE LORD COMMANDER OF THE NIGHTHOLD.

BARRISTAN THE OLD, YOU MEAN. AND IF YOU CAN PUT A NAME TO ME, THEN I MUST CONCEDE THAT YOU ARE TRULY OUR HAND'S DAUGHTER.

EVEN IN THE NORTH, THE SINGERS PRAISE THE DEEDS OF BARRISTAN THE BOLD.

THE STAG IS THE SIGIL OF THE ROYAL HOUSE, AND KING ROBERT HAS TWO BROTHERS. BY YOUR EXTREME YOUTH, YOU CAN ONLY BE RENLY BARATHEON, LORD OF STORM'S END AND COUNCILOR TO THE KING.

AND I AM SORRY IF I OFFENDED YOU, SER ILYN.
DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG? WHY WILL HE NOT SPEAK TO ME?

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, AERYS TARGARYEN HAD HIS TONGUE RIPPED OUT WITH HOT PINDERS.

HE SPEAKS MOST ELOQUENTLY WITH HIS SWORD, HOWEVER. SANSA, I FEAR WE MUST POSTPONE YOUR DAY WITH MYRELLA. JOFFREY! PERHAPS YOU WOULD ENTERTAIN OUR GUEST TODAY.

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, MOTHER. WE COULD GO RIDING...

BUT YOUR WOLF IS LIABLE TO FRIGHTEN THE HORSES.

I SUPPOSE I COULD TIE LADY UP...

YOU WILL HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR WOLF, LADY. I WILL PROTECT YOU. ALL I NEED IS THIS.

OH, I LOVE RIDING!

I CALL IT LION'S TOOTH.
IT WAS A GLORIOUS DAY. A MAGICAL DAY. THE AIR WAS WARM AND HEAVY WITH THE SCENT OF FLOWERS. JOFFREY RODE WITH SUCH RECKLESS ABANDON THAT SHE WAS HARD-PRESSED TO KEEP UP.

THEY EXPLORED THE WOODS AND THE RIVER BANK AND TRACKED A SHADOWCAT TO ITS LAIR.

WHEN THEY GREW HUNGRY, JOFFREY FOUND A HOLLOW STEM AND TOLD THEM TO FETCH FOOD AND WINE FOR THEIR PRINCE AND HIS LADY.

MY BETROTHED CAN DRINK AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS, HE SAID.

SHOULDN’T WE BE STARTING BACK?

SOON, THE BATTLEGROUND IS RIGHT AHEAD. THAT WAS WHERE MY FATHER KILLED RHAESAAR TARGARYEN.

HE SMASHED HIS CHEST IN. CRUNCH RIGHT THROUGH THE ARMOR. THEN MY UNCLE JAIME KILLED OLD AERYS, AND...

TAH, TAH, TAH.

WHAT’S THAT SOUND?
TAK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GO AWAY!

AND WHO ARE YOU, BOY?

ARYA?

MYCAH, THE BUTCHER'S BOY.
MLORD.

PICK UP YOUR SWORD, BUTCHER'S BOY. OR DO YOU ONLY FIGHT LITTLE GIRLS?

STOP IT!
AAAHH!

GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF!

She didn't hurt you... much.

Oh, my poor prince. Don't be afraid. I'll ride to the Holdfast. I'll get help.

Then go.

And don't touch me.
“King’s Landing, My Lady, as you did command, and never has a ship made swifter or surer passage. Will you be needing assistance carrying your things to the castle?”

We shall not be going to the castle. Perhaps you can suggest an inn, clean and comfortable and near the river.

As you say, my lady.
I have not been the most valiant of protectors. I had not expected the ship's motion to leave me so ill.

We are here, and safely. That's all that truly matters.

Aron Santagar is a vain man, but an honest one. But there are... others in court who will know you on sight.

Lord Petyr Baelish, the one they call Littlefinger...

He was my father's ward, and his feelings for me were... more than brotherly.

Now we must reach the king's master-at-arms and pray he can be trusted.

“When I announced I was to wed Brandon Stark, Petyr challenged for the right to my hand. He was fifteen, Brandon was twenty. It was madness.”

He sits on the small council now. You must not enter the castle.

Rest here, and I will bring Ser Aron to you.
She was tired. The voyage had been long and tiring, and she was no longer as young as she'd once been.

She had watched Ser Rorik through the window as he set off. And then she had slept.

BAM BAM BAM

Open in the name of the King!

No need for that, Milady. We're to escort you to the castle.

By whose authority?

Petyr.
Cat.

Why have I been brought here in this fashion?

You were not mistreated, I trust? I gave firm instructions. But your hand...

I am not accustomed to being summoned like a serving wench.

I've angered you, my lady. That was never my intent.

How did you know I was in the city? The king's spider?

I wouldn't call him that. But yes, Lord Varys knows everything... except why you're here.

Why are you here?

A wife is allowed to yearn for her husband, a mother for her daughters.

Very good, my lady, but don't expect me to believe that. I know you too well.
What are the Tully words again?

Family, duty, honor.

All of which required you to remain in Winterfell. Something has happened. Let me help.

Lady Stark!

To see you after so many years is such a joy, and your poor hand. Fingers are so delicate...

My thanks, Lord Varys. Maester Luwin has already seen to my hurts.

I was grievously sad to hear about your son, and him so young. The gods are cruel.

They are, Lord Baelish tells me. I have you to thank for bringing me here.

Oh yes, I suppose I am guilty. I hope you forgive me, kind lady. Now then.

I wonder if we might see the dagger.
What have you done to Ser Rodrik?

I feel rather like the knight who arrives at the battle without his lance. What dagger are we talking about, and who is Ser Rodrik?

Ser Rodrik Cassel is master-at-arms of Winterfell. He called upon Ser Aron to speak of a certain dagger.

They are now drinking in that dreadful hovel waiting for Lady Stark's return, or so my little birds tell me.

Then perhaps your little birds will whisper the name of the man this belongs to.
CAREFUL. IT'S SHARP.

Nothing holds an edge like Valyrian steel and such sweet balance.

There is only one knife like this in King's Landing.

IT'S MINE.

YOURS?

Well, until the tourney on Prince Joffrey's naming day.

I backed Ser Jaime in the joust. When Ser Loras Tyrell unhorsed him, many of us became a trifle poorer.

WHO?

The Imp.

Ser Jaime lost a hundred golden dragons. The Queen lost an emerald pendant, and I lost my knife.

Her Grace got the emerald back, but the winner kept the rest.

Tyrion Lannister.
THEY'VE FOUND ARYA, MY LORD.

OUR MEN OR LANNISTER'S?

OURS, MY LORD, BUT THE MEN AT THE GATE WERE LANNISTER. THE QUEEN INSISTED...

FOR THREE DAYS, EDDARD HAD LED THE SEARCHES HIMSELF. HE HAD HARDLY SLEPT SINCE ARYA DISAPPEARED.

BRING SANS. HER VOICE MAY BE NEEDED.

DAMN THAT WOMAN!

THE ROYAL PARTY HAD MADE THEMSELVES GUESTS OF SER RAYMUN DARYS, WHO HAD FOLIAGED BENEATH RHAEGAR'S BANNER AT THE TRIDENT.

WITH KING'S MEN, DARYS MEN, LANNISTER'S AND STARKS ALL CRAMMED IN TOO SMALL A CASTLE, TENSIONS BURNED HOT AND HEAVY.
ARYA!

I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY...

I KNOW. ARE YOU HURT?

NO, HUNGRY SOME.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY WAS I NOT TOLD MY DAUGHTER WAS FOUND?

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO YOUR KINGS IN THAT MANNER?

QUIET, WOMAN.
I'm sorry, Ned. It seemed best to get this business done quickly.

And what business is that?

Your girl and her butcher's boy attacked my son. Beat him with clubs while she set her wolf on him.

That's not how it was.

They attacked me and threw lion's tooth in the river.

Liar!

Shut up!

They weren't the only ones present. Sansa, come here. Tell us what happened.

Enough!
I...I don't know. Everything happened so fast, I didn't see.

Liar!

You rotten liar!

The girl is wild as her filthy animal. And Joff will bear those scars for life. I want her punished.

Seven Hells! Children fight. It's over. No lasting harm's done.

Ned, see your daughter's disciplined. I'll do the same with my son.

And what about the direwolf that savaged your son?

They found no trace of it.

The king I married would have laid a wolfskin across my bed before the sun went down.

That'd be a fine trick without a wolf.

But we have a wolf.
As you will have Ser Ilyn see to it.

Robert, you can't mean this.

He doesn't mean Lady does he? Lady Don't bite anybody, she's good...

A direwolf's a savage beast, Ned. set her a dog, she'll be happier for it.

Please, Robert, for the love you bear me. For the love you bore my sister...

Damn you, Cersei!

At least have the courage to do it yourself.

Call for Ser Ilyn.

No. Jory, take the girls to their rooms and bring me ice.
Choose four men and have them take her body north. Bury her at Winterfell.

All that way? The Lannister woman will never have this skin.
No sign of your daughter, Hand. But the day was not wholly wasted.
We got her little pet.

You rode him down.

He ran.

But not very fast.
IT SEEMED AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN FALLING FOR YEARS. A VOICE WHISPERED IN THE DARKNESS. 

FLY.

BUT BRAN DID NOT KNOW HOW TO FLY, SO ALL HE COULD DO WAS FALL.

THE GROUND WAS SO FAR BELOW HIM HE COULD HARDLY MAKE IT OUT. EVEN IN DREAMS, HE COULD NOT FALL FOREVER. HE WOULD WAKE UP IN THE INSTANT BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND.

AND IF YOU DON'T?

NOT CRY. FLY.

I CAN'T FLY.

HOW DO YOU KNOW? HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?
ARE YOU REALLY A CROW?

ARE YOU FALLING?

IT'S JUST A DREAM.

IS IT?

I'LL WAKE UP WHEN I HIT THE GROUND.

YOU'LL DIE TRYING. HOW HARD CAN IT BE? I'M DOING IT.

YOU HAVE WINGS. THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WINGS.

THE THINGS I DO FOR LOVE

NO! NOT THAT. FORGET THAT. PUT IT ASIDE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TEACHING YOU TO FLY, YOU'RE FLYING RIGHT NOW. LOOK DOWN.

LOOK DOWN!
He saw Winterfell as the eagles see it.

He saw Hodor, the simple giant from the stables, carrying an anvil to Mikken’s forge.

He looked east, and saw a galley racing across the waters of the bay. His mother sat alone at a table, looking at a bloodstained knife.

A storm was gathering ahead of them, but somehow they could not see it.

He looked south and saw his father pleading with the king.

He saw Sansa crying herself to sleep at night. He saw Arya holding secrets hard in her heart.

Finally, he looked north. He saw the Wall shimmering like blue crystal, and his bastard brother Jon sleeping alone in a cold bed, his skin growing pale and hard.

He looked past the endless forests cloaked in snow.

North and north he looked to the curtain of light at the end of the world.

And then beyond that curtain.

And then he looked past.
Ahh!

Now you know why you must live.

Because winter is coming.

"Can a man still be brave if he's afraid?"

"That's the only time a man can be brave."

Now bran, choose: fly or die.

I'm flying!

I've noticed.

What are you doing?

Its beak stabbed him, a sudden blinding pain in the middle of his forehead.
He's awake, he's awake, he's awake...

Bran...?

Summer, his name is Summer.

To be continued...