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. Mycah and I are going to the Ford to look for 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.

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.
Anyway, you're not supposed to leave the column. Father said so.

I hate riding. All it does is get you soiled and dirty and sore.

Sansa couldn't help but smile. The kennel master once told her that an animal takes after its master.

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.

THE KING IS SOME HUNTING, BUT I KNOW HE WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU WHEN HE RETURNS.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE COUNCIL SENT RIDERS, AN HONOR GUARD FOR THE KING.

A TERROR AS OVERWHELMING AS ANYTHING Bansa Stark Had Ever Felt Filled Her Suddenly. She Stepped Backward.

YOU ARE SHAKING, GIRL. DO I FRIGHTEN YOU SO MUCH?
A WOLF!

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

AND THEN HE WAS THERE, HER JOFFREY, HER PRINCE!

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!

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

PAYNE?

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 BEFITS A DAUGHTER OF EDDARD STARK. I AM SER BARRISTAN SELMY.

THE LORD COMMANDER OF THE KINGSSGUARD.

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

BARRISTAN, THE OLD, YOU MEAN.

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.

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

THE LORD COMMANDER OF THE KINGSSGUARD.
I'd say something wrong? Why will he not speak to me?

Fourteen years ago, Aegys Targaryen had his tongue ripped out with hot fingers.

He speaks most eloquently with his sword, however. Sansa, I fear we must postpone your day with Myrcella, 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. I call it Lion's Tooth.

Oh, I love riding!
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 RIVERBANK AND TRACKED A SHADOWCAT TO ITS LAIR.

WHEN THEY GREW HUNGRY, JOFFREY FOUND A HOLIDAY BY ITS SMOKE 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 BATTLEFIELD IS RIGHT AHEAD. THAT WAS WHERE MY FATHER KILLED RAEBAR TARGARYEN.

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

TAH, TAHTAK, TAH!

WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
ARYA?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GO AWAY!
AND WHO ARE YOU, BOY?

MYCAH, THE BUTCHER’S BOY,
MLORD.

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

STOP IT!
I WON'T HURT HIM... MUCH...

ARYA! NO!

STOP IT, BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE SPOILING 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 holdefast. I'll get help.

Then do. And don't touch me.
"King's Landing, my lady, as you did command, and never has a ship made world or super 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 SAFE. THAT’S ALL THAT TRULY MATTERS.

NOW WE MUST REACH THE KING’S MASTER-AT-ARMS AND PRAY HE CAN BE TRUSTED.

SER ARON SANTAGAR IS A VAIR MAN, BUT AN HONEST ONE. BUT THERE ARE... OTHERS IN COURT WHO WILL KNOW YOU ON SIGHT.

LORD PETRYR BAELISH, THE ONE THEY CALL LITTLEFINGER...

HE WAS MY FATHER’S WARD AND HIS FEELINGS FOR ME WERE... MORE THAN BROTHERLY.

"WHEN I ANNOUNCED I WAS TO WED BRANDON STARK, PETRYR 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 Rodrik 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 VARIS KNOWS
EVERYTHING… EXCEPT WHY YOU’RE HERE.

A MOTHER IS ALLOWED TO YEARN FOR HER HUSBAND, A
DAUGHTER FOR HER DAUGHTERS.

VERY GOOD, MY LADY. BUT I DON’T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE
THAT. I KNOW YOU TOO WELL.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?
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 GRIEVIOUS SAD TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR SON, AND HIM SO YOUNG. THE GODS ARE CRUEL.

THEY ARE, LORD BALEISH 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.
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.
I backed Ser Jaime in the tourney on Prince Joffrey's naming day, when Ser Loras Tyrell unhorsed him. Many of us became a trifle poorer.

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.

Well, until the tourney on Price Joffrey's naming day.
Ours, my lord, but the men at the gate were Lannister. The queen insisted...

Damn that woman!

For three days Eddard had led the searches himself. He had hardly slept since Arya disappeared.

Bring Sansa. Her voice may be needed.

The royal party had made themselves guests of Sir Raymun. Garry who had fought beneath Rhaegar’s banner at the Trident.

With king’s men, Garry’s men Lannisters and Starks all crammed in too small a castle. Tensions burned hot and heavy.
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY WAS I NOT TOLD MY DAUGHTER WAS FOUND?

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

I KNOW. ARE YOU HURT?

NO. HUNGRY SOME...

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO YOUR KING IN THAT MANNER?

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

And what business is that?

That's not how it was.

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

Yes, it is! They attacked me and threw Lion's Tooth in the River.

Liar!

Shut up!

They weren't the only ones present. Sansa came here tell us what happened.

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

YOU ROTTEN LIAR!

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

THE GIRL IS WILD AS HER FILTHY ANIMAL, AND JOFF WILL BEAR THOSE SCARS FOR LIFE. I WANT HER PUNISHED.

SEVEN HELL'S 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?

THE KING I MARRIED WOULD HAVE LAID A WOLFSKIN ACROSS MY BED BEFORE THE SUN WENT DOWN.

THEY FOUND NO TRACE OF IT.

THAT'D BE A FINE TRICK WITHOUT A WOLF.

BUT WE HAVE A WOLF.
“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?

ARF YOU REALLY FALLING?

IT'S JUST A DREAM.

IS IT?

I'LL WAKE UP WHEN I HIT THE GROUND.

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

YOU HAVE WINGS.

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WINGS.

THE THINGS I DID 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 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 bite. His mother sat alone at a table, looking at a bloodstained knife.

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

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

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

He looked past the endless forests cloaked in snow.

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

And then beyond that curtain.

He looked deep into the heart of winter.

And then he looked past.
THAT'S THE ONLY TIME A MAN CAN BE BRAVE!

NOW BRAN, CHOOSE: FLY OR DIE.

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?

IT'S 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