



GEORGE R.R. MARTIN'S

# The SWORN SWORD

The Hedge Knight II



A GAME OF THRONES  
PREQUEL GRAPHIC NOVEL

MARTIN

AVERY

MILLER





# The Hedge Knight II

## SWORN SWORD



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## The Story Thus Far

In *"The Hedge Knight,"* we met Dunk, the young squire of a roaming Westeros hedge knight. Following the death of his master, Dunk picked up the knight's sword and shield and, naming himself *"Ser Duncan the Tall,"* entered into a tourney at Ashford Meadow, featuring the finest knights in the Seven Kingdoms. Unfortunately, while chivalrously protecting an innocent and beautiful puppeteer, Dunk drew the blood—and ire—of the cruel and vain Prince Aegon. Dunk was saved from the Prince's immediate wrath through the intervention of Dunk's own squire, *"Egg"* (unbeknownst to Dunk, Aegon's youngest brother, Aegon). However, spilling royal blood is no mean thing, and Dunk was forced to answer for his crime in the Trial of Seven...



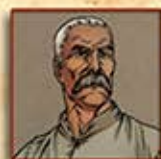
DUNK



EGG



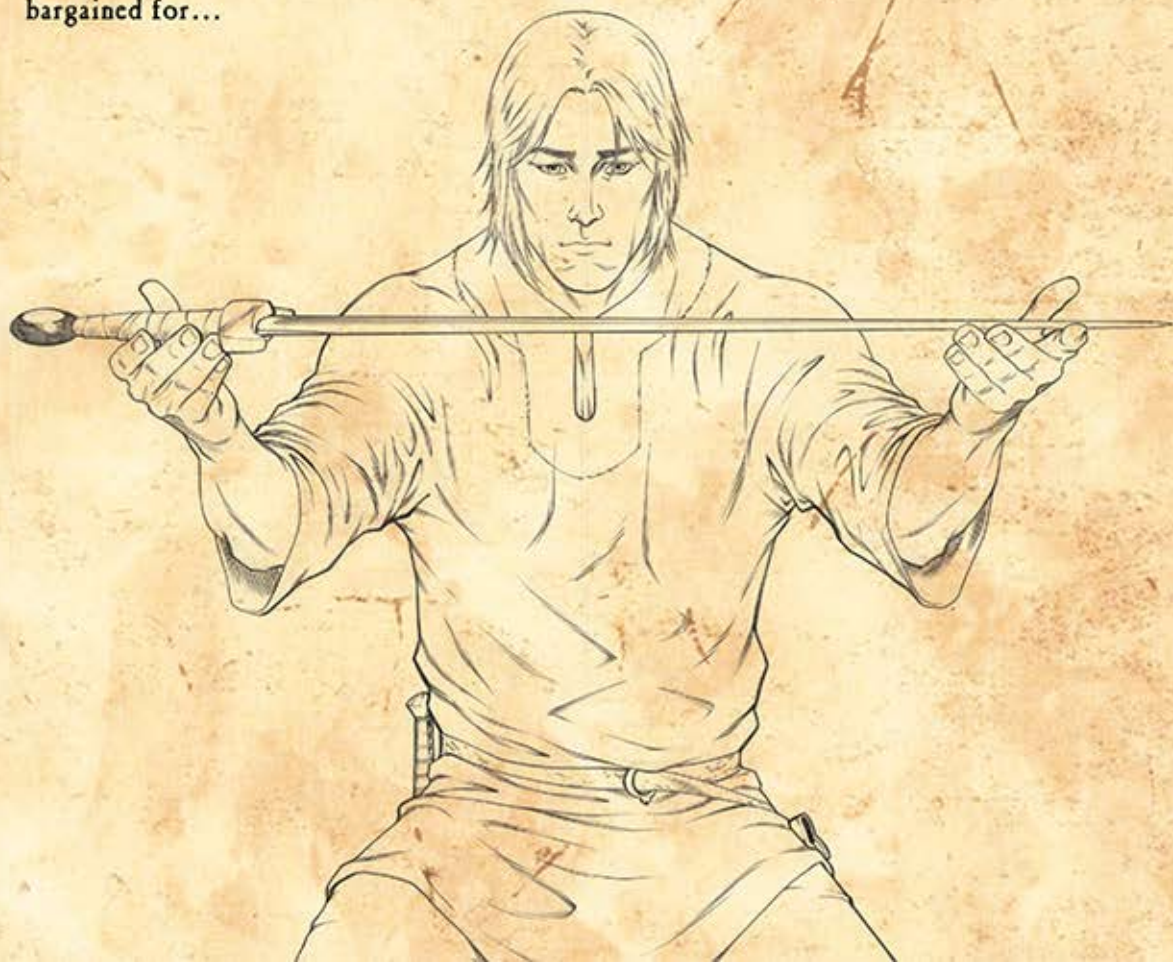
SER  
BENNIS



SER  
EUSTACE

### *Two years later...*

Ser Duncan the Tall and his squire, Egg, have continued to roam Westeros as hedge knights, offering their services for meat, mead, and occasional lodgings. As our tale begins, they find themselves in the service of Ser Eustace, an aged knight whose glory survives only in the memory of deeds long past. Ser Eustace's fiefdom is ravaged by drought, and matters turn serious as Dunk discovers that the unbearable heat may bring him more trouble than he bargained for...





ISSUE 1

COVER A

MIKE S. MILLER





ISSUE 1

COVER B

LEINIL YU







When I squired for Ser Arlan, he used to say that no hedge knight need ever go thirsty. "Not so long as he has a helm to catch the rain in. Best drink there is!"

The old man never saw a summer like this.

And he was gone now. I had my own squire.



Egg had served me for a good year and a half, though some days it seemed like twenty.

Egg had kept my horse groomed, my longsword sharp, my mail free of rust.



He was ten. Of late he had been sprouting fast. He looked just like the stable boy he wasn't, and not at all like who he *really* was.



We had slept in stables, inns, and ditches, broken bread with holy brothers, whores, and mummers, and chased down a hundred puppet shows.



He had been as good a companion as any man could wish for.

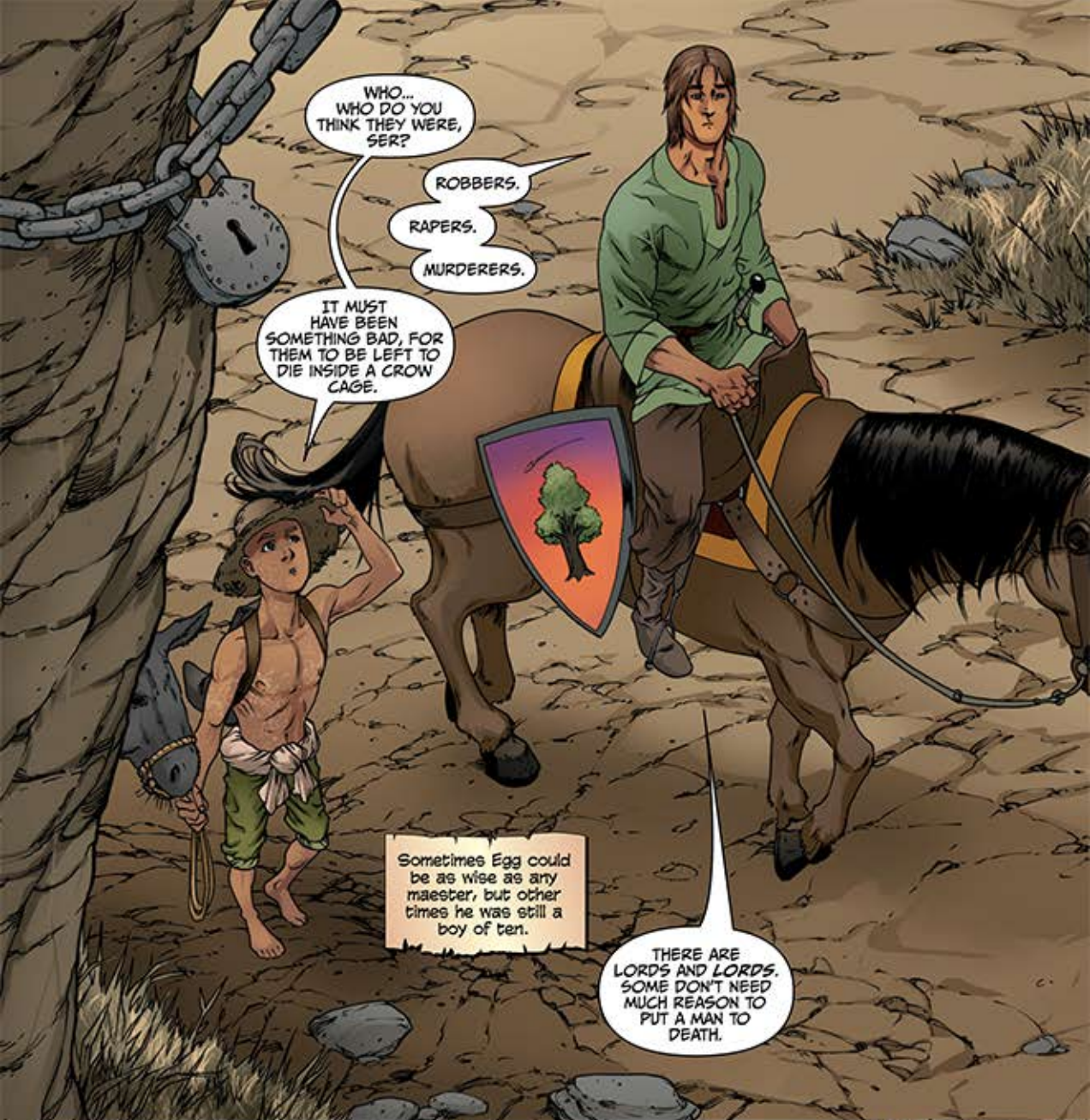


EGG,  
ARE YOU--

SER!

LOOK!





WHO...  
WHO DO YOU  
THINK THEY WERE,  
SER?

ROBBERS.

RAPERS.

MURDERERS.

IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
SOMETHING BAD, FOR  
THEM TO BE LEFT TO  
DIE INSIDE A CROW  
CAGE.

Sometimes Egg could  
be as wise as any  
maester, but other  
times he was still a  
boy of ten.

THERE ARE  
LORDS AND LORDS.  
SOME DON'T NEED  
MUCH REASON TO  
PUT A MAN TO  
DEATH.



WHOEVER THEY  
WERE, THEY LOOK  
HALF-STARVED.

MIGHT BE THEY  
STOLE SOME BREAD,  
OR POACHED A DEER  
IN SOME LORD'S  
WOOD.

With the drought entering  
its second year, most  
lords had become less  
tolerant of poaching, and  
they hadn't been very  
tolerant to begin with.



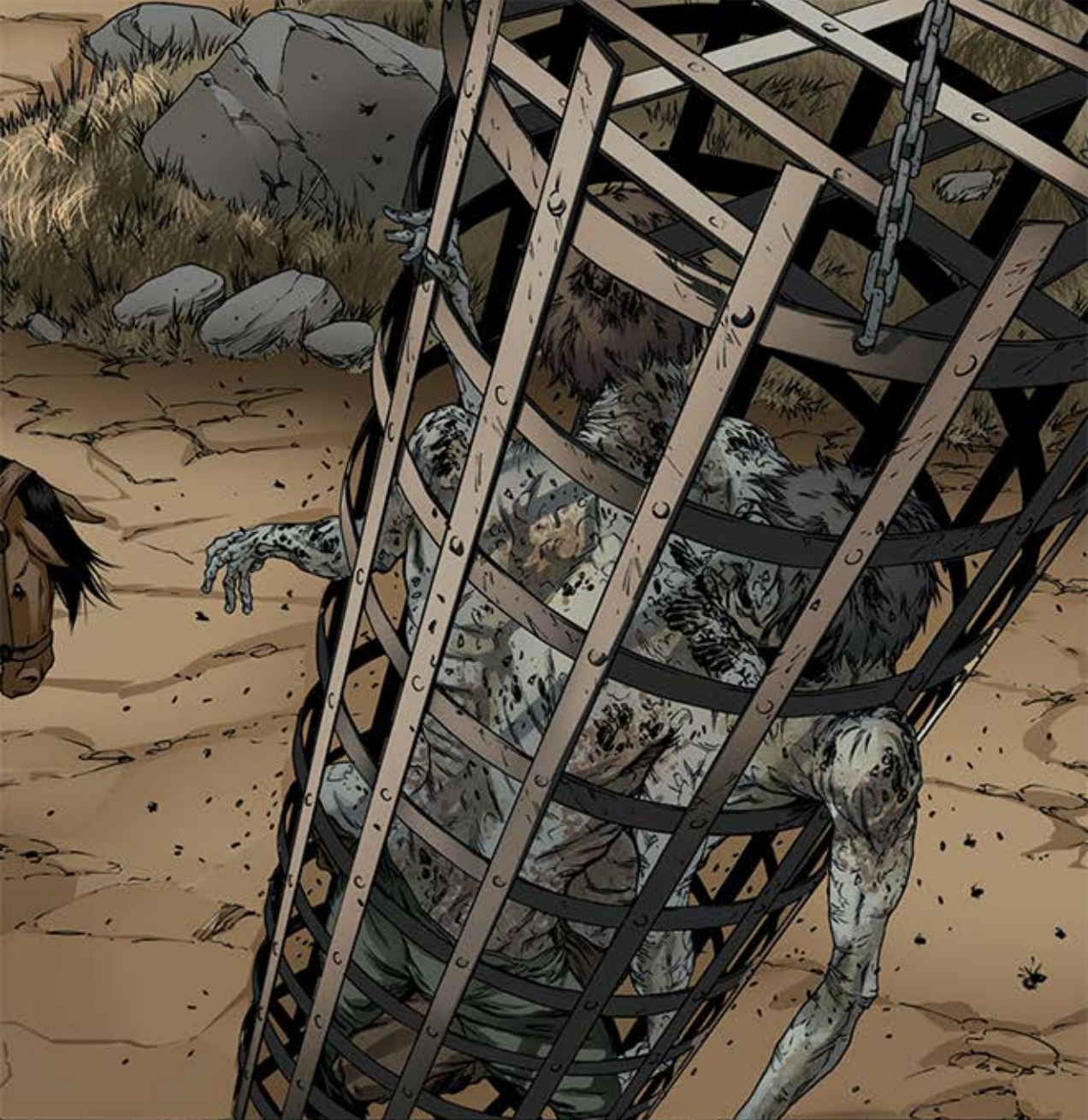
COULD BE  
THEY WERE IN  
SOME OUTLAW  
BAND.

At Dusk, we'd heard a  
harper sing "*The Day They  
Hanged Black Robin*".  
Every day since, Egg had  
been seeing gallant outlaws  
behind every bush.

None of the outlaws  
I'd known had been  
especially gallant.







OUTLAWS  
OR POACHERS,  
MAKES NO  
MATTER. DEAD  
MEN MAKE POOR  
COMPANY.

The empty  
eyes seemed to  
follow me.

And that  
empty mouth...

Crows always peck out a  
corpse's eyes first, I had  
heard, but maybe the  
tongue went second.

Or maybe a lord  
had it torn out,  
for something  
he said.

Whatever the reason, the  
dead were beyond my help.

WHICH  
WAY DID WE  
COME?

I'M TURNED  
AROUND.

STANDFAST  
IS THAT WAY,  
SER.

THAT'S FOR  
US, THEN. WE  
COULD BE BACK BY  
EVENFALL, BUT NOT IF  
WE SIT HERE ALL DAY  
COUNTING FLIES.





COME,  
MAESTER!

I was careful to keep Thunder to the higher ground between the ruts. I had twisted my own ankle the day we left Doek, walking in the black of night when it was cooler.

"A knight has to learn to live with aches and pains," Ser Arian used to say.

"Aye, lad, and with broken bones and scars. They're as much a part of knighthood as your sword and shields."

If Thunder were to break a leg, though... well, a knight without a horse was no knight at all.



The dead men soon disappeared behind us, but I found myself thinking about them all the same.

The realm was full of lawless men those days.

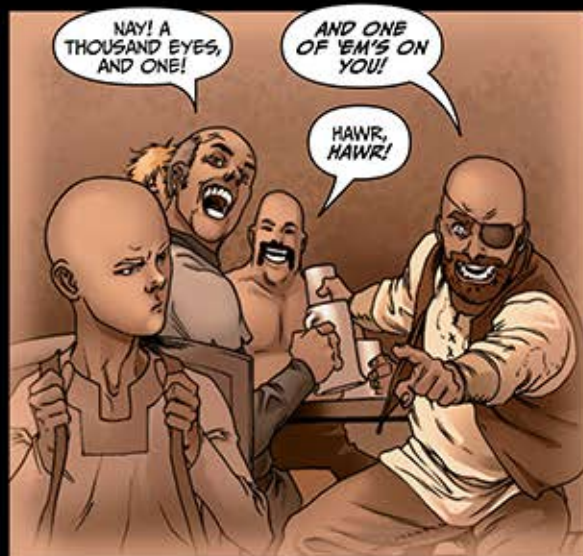
The drought showed no sign of ending. Smallfolk by the thousands were looking for some place the rains still fell.

The drought was judgement from the gods on Bloodraven and King Aerys, they said, for the Kinslayer is accursed.

If they were wise, though, they did not say it loudly. As the riddle ran that Egg had heard in Oldtown:

HEY, BOY!  
HOW MANY  
EYES DOES LORD  
BLOODRAVEN  
HAVE?

I...  
HE HAS  
ONE?



NAY! A  
THOUSAND EYES,  
AND ONE!

AND ONE  
OF 'EM'S ON  
YOU!

HAWR,  
HAWR!





SER?  
ARE YOU  
UNWELL?

NO.

I'M AS HOT  
AND THIRSTY  
AS THEM.

WHAT'S A HEDGE  
KNIGHT TO DO WHEN  
EVEN THE HEDGES ARE  
BROWN AND PARCHED  
AND DYING?



Maybe when we reached the  
stream I'd have a soak.

How good that would feel...  
to jump right in and come  
up sopping wet, with water  
cascading down my cheeks,  
and through my tangled hair  
and my tunic clinging  
sodden to my skin.



Egg might want a soak  
as well, though the boy  
looked cool and dry,  
more dusty than sweaty.

He never sweats much.  
He liked the heat.

It was his dragon blood.  
Whoever heard of a  
sweaty dragon?

I would have gladly  
pulled my tunic off,  
but it would not  
have been fitting.

A hedge knight  
could ride naked if  
he chose; he had  
no one to shame  
but himself.



It was different when  
your sword was sworn.  
Ser Arian used to say:

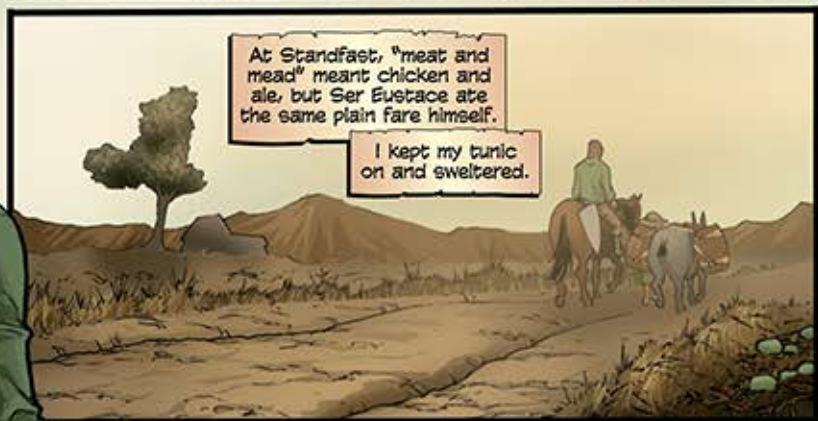
WHEN YOU  
ACCEPT A LORD'S  
MEAT AND MEAD, ALL  
YOU DO REFLECTS  
ON HIM. ALWAYS DO  
MORE THAN HE  
EXPECTS OF YOU,  
NEVER LESS.

NEVER  
FLINCH AT ANY  
TASK OR HARDSHIP,  
AND ABOVE ALL,  
NEVER SHAME THE  
LORD YOU  
SERVE.



At Standfast, "meat and  
mead" meant chicken and  
ale, but Ser Eustace ate  
the same plain fare himself.

I kept my tunic  
on and sweltered.





SO YOU  
COME BACK!

YOU WERE  
GONE SO LONG I  
THOUGHT YOU RUN  
OFF WITH THE OLD  
MAN'S SILVER!

Ser Bennis of the Brown  
Shield was waiting at the  
old plank bridge, sitting on  
his shaggy garron, chewing  
a wad of sourleaf that made  
it look as if his mouth  
were full of blood.



WE HAD TO  
GO ALL THE WAY  
TO DOSK TO FIND  
SOME WINE.

YOU SEE  
OLD PINCHBOTTOM  
PETE?

THEY TOLD US  
HE WAS DEAD. THE  
IRONMEN KILLED HIM  
WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP  
THEM FROM TAKING HIS  
DAUGHTER.

SEVEN BLOODY  
HELLS!

I SEEN THAT  
DAUGHTER ONCE. NOT  
WORTH DYING FOR,  
YOU ASK ME!

THAT FOOL  
PETE OWED ME HALF  
A SILVER...

SPURT

The Brown  
Knight looked  
just as he had  
when we left.

Worse, he  
smelled the  
same as well.

ONLY TWO  
CASKS.

SER  
USELESS  
WANTED FOUR.

WE WERE  
LUCKY TO FIND  
TWO.

THE  
DROUGHT  
REACHED THE  
ARBOR, TOO.

WE HEARD  
THE GRAPES ARE  
TURNING INTO RAISINS  
ON THE VINES, AND THE  
IRONMEN HAVE BEEN  
PIRATING--

SER?

THE  
WATER'S  
GONE!

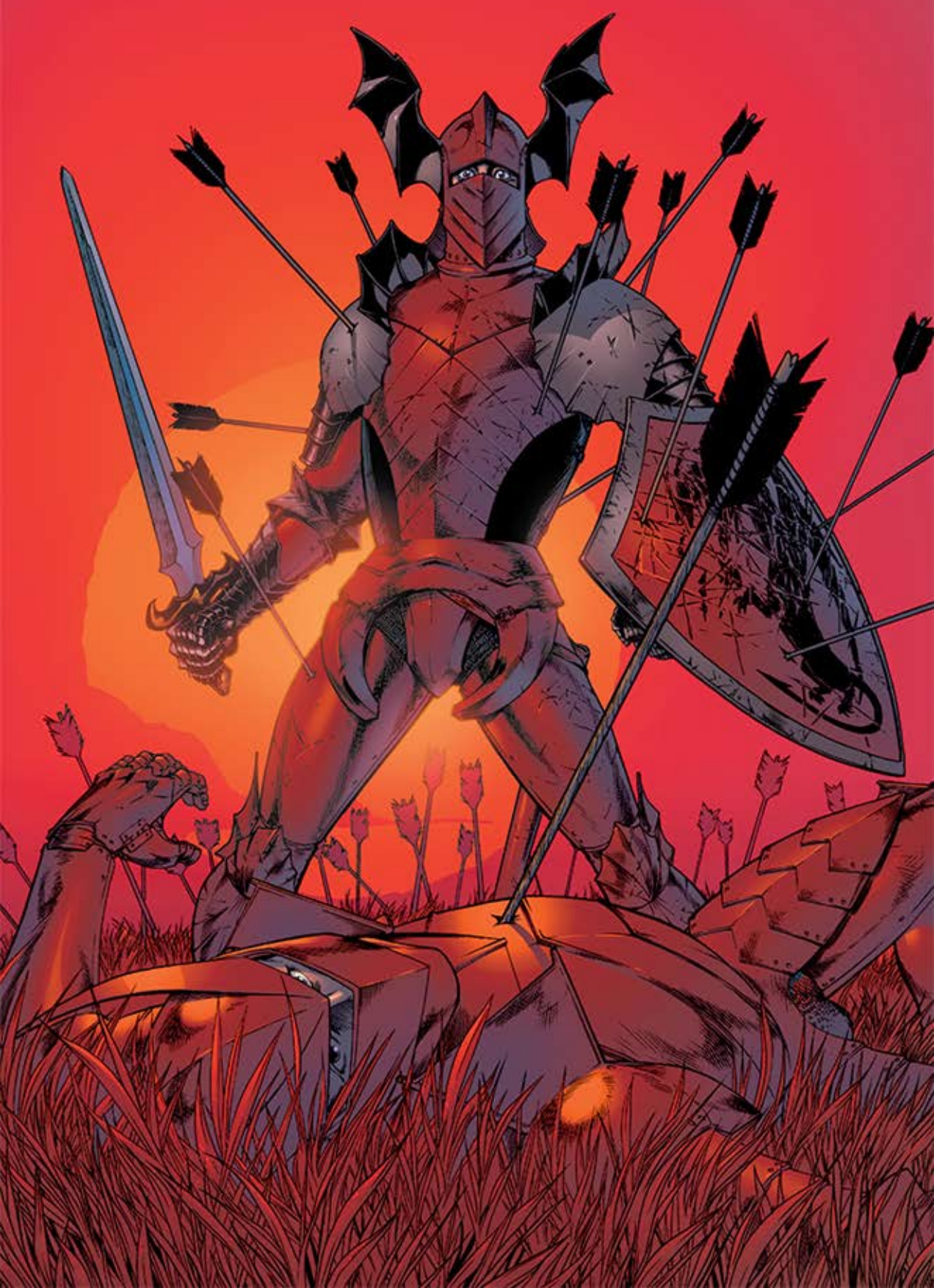


ISSUE 2  
MIKE S. MILLER





**ISSUE 3**  
MIKE S. MILLER





ISSUE 6  
MIKE S. MILLER

