

# TYRION





THE COUNCIL EXISTS TO ADVISE THE KING, MAESTER.

JUST SO, AND THE KING—

—IS A BOY OF THIRTEEN. I SPEAK WITH HIS VOICE.



SO YOU DO. INDEED. THE KING'S OWN HAND. YET... YOUR MOST GRACIOUS SISTER, OUR QUEEN REGENT, SHE...



...BEARS A GREAT WEIGHT UPON THOSE LOVELY WHITE SHOULDERS OF HERS. I HAVE NO WISH TO ADD TO HER BURDENS. DO YOU?



AH. DOUBTLESS YOU HAVE THE RIGHT OF IT, MY LORD. IT IS MOST CONSIDERATE OF YOU TO... SPARE HER THIS... BURDEN.



THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF FELLOW I AM. I THANK YOU FOR THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUR TABLE, BUT A LONG DAY AWAITS.

BE SO GOOD AS TO INFORM ME AT ONCE SHOULD WE RECEIVE A REPLY FROM DORNE?

AS YOU SAY, MY LORD.



AND ONLY ME?

AH... TO BE SURE.



ONE, TYRION THOUGHT TO HIMSELF.



HOW MANY SUPPLICANTS DO WE HAVE TODAY?

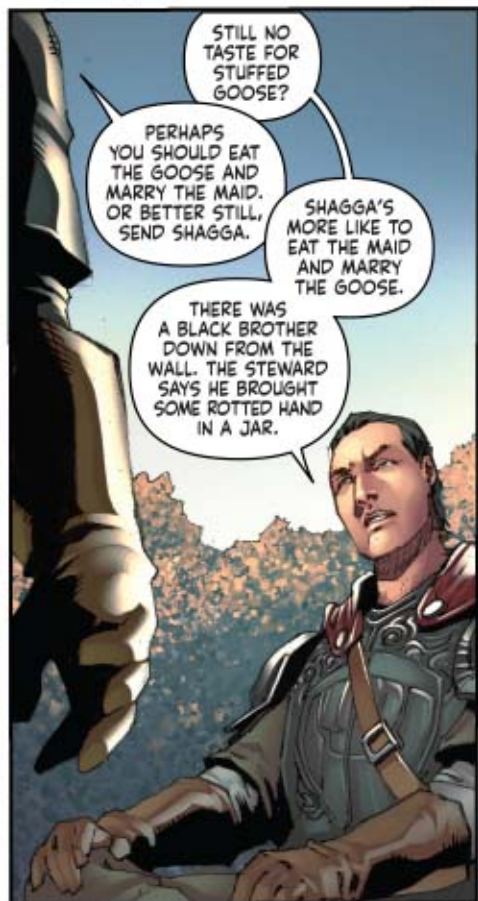
THIRTY ODD. MOST WITH COMPLAINTS, OR WANTING SOMETHING, AS EVER. YOUR PET WAS BACK.

SINCE THE HOUR HE HAD ARRIVED IN THE RED KEEP, LADY TANDA HAD BEEN STALKING HIM, ARMED WITH A NEVER-ENDING ARSENAL OF LAMPREY PIES, WILD BOARS, AND SAVORY CREAM STEWS.



SOMEHOW SHE HAD GOTTEN THE NOTION THAT A DWARF LORDLING WOULD BE THE PERFECT CONSORT FOR HER DAUGHTER LOLLYS—A LARGE, SOFT, DIM-WITTED GIRL WHO RUMOR SAID WAS STILL A MAID AT THIRTY-AND-THREE.

LADY TANDA? SEND HER MY REGRETS.



STILL NO TASTE FOR STUFFED GOOSE?

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD EAT THE GOOSE AND MARRY THE MAID. OR BETTER STILL, SEND SHAGGA.

SHAGGA'S MORE LIKE TO EAT THE MAID AND MARRY THE GOOSE.

THERE WAS A BLACK BROTHER DOWN FROM THE WALL. THE STEWARD SAYS HE BROUGHT SOME ROTTED HAND IN A JAR.



I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO SEE HIM. IT'S NOT YOREN, PERCHANCE?

NO. SOME KNIGHT. THORNE.

SER ALLISER THORNE?



OF ALL THE BLACK BROTHERS HE'D MET ON THE WALL, TYRION LANNISTER HAD LIKED SER ALLISER THORNE THE LEAST.

COME TO THINK ON IT, I DON'T BELIEVE I CARE TO SEE SER ALLISER JUST NOW. FIND HIM A SNUG CELL WHERE NO ONE HAS CHANGED THE RUSHES IN A YEAR, AND LET HIS HAND ROT A LITTLE MORE.





NOT AT HIS PRESENT LEISURELY PACE.

HE FEASTS EVERY NIGHT IN A DIFFERENT CASTLE, AND HOLDS COURT AT EVERY CROSSROAD HE PASSES.

AND EVERY DAY MORE MEN RALLY TO HIS BANNERS. HE HAS THE POWER OF STORM'S END AND HIGHGARDEN BEHIND HIM.



RENLY HAS OTHER CONCERNS BESIDES US. OUR FATHER AT HARRENHAL, ROBB STARK AT RIVERRUN...

WERE I HE, I WOULD DO MUCH AS HE IS DOING. MAKE MY PROGRESS, FLAUNT MY POWER FOR THE REALM TO SEE. LET MY RIVALRY CONTEND WHILE I BIDE MY OWN SWEET TIME.



IN TRUTH, RENLY BARATHEON DID NOT FRIGHTEN TYRION HALF SO MUCH AS HIS BROTHER STANNIS DID.

WHERE IT WILL SERVE NO PURPOSE BUT TO MAKE YOU FEEL SAFE, TYRION THOUGHT.

I WANT YOU TO MAKE FATHER BRING HIS ARMY TO KING'S LANDING.

WHEN HAVE I EVER BEEN ABLE TO MAKE FATHER DO ANYTHING?

RENLY WAS BELOVED OF THE COMMONS, BUT HE HAD NEVER BEFORE LED MEN IN WAR. STANNIS WAS OTHERWISE: HARD, COLD, INEXORABLE.

AND WHEN DO YOU PLAN TO FREE JAIME? HE'S WORTH A HUNDRED OF YOU.

DON'T TELL LADY STARK, I BEG YOU. WE DON'T HAVE A HUNDRED OF ME TO TRADE.



IF ONLY THEY HAD SOME WAY OF KNOWING WHAT WAS HAPPENING ON DRAGONSTONE...

FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN MAD TO SEND YOU. YOU'RE WORSE THAN USELESS.

IF STANNIS ATTACKED BY SEA WHILE HIS BROTHER RENLY STORMED THE GATES, THEY'D SOON BE MOUNTING JOFFREY'S HEAD ON A SPIKE.



WORSE, TYRION THOUGHT, MINE WILL BE BESIDE HIM.