

# ARYA

THE ROAD WAS LITTLE MORE THAN TWO RUTS THROUGH THE WEEDS. THE HUMAN FLOOD THAT HAD FLOWED DOWN THE KINGSROAD WAS ONLY A TRICKLE HERE.

THE GOOD PART WAS, THERE'D BE NO ONE TO POINT THE FINGER AND SAY WHICH WAY THEY'D GONE.

THE BAD PART WAS, THE PATH WAS SO NARROW AND CROOKED THAT THEIR PACE HAD DROPPED TO A CRAWL.



AS FARMLAND GAVE WAY TO FOREST, THE VILLAGES AND HOLDFASTS WERE SMALLER AND FARTHER APART. FOOD GREW HARDER TO COME BY.

IN THE CITY, YOREN HAD LOADED UP THE WAGONS WITH SALT FISH, HARD BREAD, LARD, TURNIPS, SACKS OF BEANS AND BARLEY AND WHEELS OF YELLOW CHEESE, BUT EVERY BITE OF IT HAD BEEN EATEN.



ONE DAY, ARYA CAME ACROSS A FAT RABBIT WITH LONG EARS AND A TWITCHY NOSE. RABBITS RAN FASTER THAN CATS, BUT THEY COULDN'T CLIMB TREES HALF SO WELL.

SHE WHACKED IT WITH HER STICK, AND YOREN STEWED IT WITH SOME MUSHROOMS AND WILD ONIONS.

ARYA WAS GIVEN A WHOLE LEG, SINCE IT WAS HER RABBIT. SHE SHARED IT WITH GENDRY.



THE REST EACH GOT A SPOONFUL, EVEN THE THREE IN MANACLES. JAGEN H'GHAR THANKED HER POLITELY, BUT RORGE ONLY LAUGHED.

THERE'S A HUNTER NOW. LUMPYFACE LUMPYHEAD RABBITKILLER.

AS THE DAYS PASSED, ARYA  
COULD NOT HELP LOOKING  
OVER HER SHOULDER,  
WONDERING WHEN THE GOLD  
CLOAKS WOULD CATCH THEM.

AT NIGHT, SHE WOKE AT  
EVERY NOISE TO GRAB  
FOR NEEDLE'S HILT, AND  
THEY NEVER MADE CAMP  
WITHOUT PUTTING OUT  
SENTRIES.



LOMMY AND THE OTHERS  
ALL TREATED THE BULL LIKE  
SOMEONE SPECIAL NOW,  
BECAUSE THE QUEEN  
WANTED HIS HEAD, THOUGH  
HE WOULD HAVE NONE OF IT.

I NEVER DID  
NOTHING TO NO QUEEN.  
I DID MY WORK, IS ALL.  
I WAS S'POSED TO BE AN  
ARMORER, AND ONE DAY  
MASTER MOTT SAYS I  
GOT TO JOIN THE  
NIGHT'S WATCH.

THAT'S ALL  
I KNOW.



THEN HE'D GO OFF TO  
POLISH HIS HELM. IT  
WAS A BEAUTIFUL HELM,  
YET HE NEVER ACTUALLY  
PUT IT ON HIS HEAD.



I BET HE'S  
THAT TRAITOR'S  
BASTARD, THE  
WOLF LORD, THE  
ONE THEY NICKED  
ON BAEOR'S  
STEPS.



HE IS  
NOT!

HER FATHER  
ONLY HAD ONE  
BASTARD, AND  
THAT WAS JON.



ONE DAY, THEY SPIED  
A RED GLOW AGAINST  
THE EVENING SKY.



AS THE WORLD DARKENED, THE FIRE  
SEEMED TO GROW BRIGHTER AND  
BRIGHTER, UNTIL IT LOOKED AS THOUGH  
THE WHOLE NORTH WAS ABLAZE.



IT WAS MIDDAY WHEN  
THEY ARRIVED AT THE  
PLACE WHERE THE  
VILLAGE HAD BEEN.



THE CARCASSES LAY UNDER  
LIVING BLANKETS OF CARRION  
CROWS THAT ROSE, CAWING  
FURIOUSLY, WHEN DISTURBED.



THE TIMBER PALISADE  
LOOKED STRONG  
FROM AFAR, BUT HAD  
NOT PROVED STRONG  
ENOUGH.





WHEN YOREN FINALLY RETURNED, HE HAD A LITTLE GIRL IN HIS ARMS.

SHE CRIED ALL THE TIME, A WHIMPERY SOUND, LIKE SOMETHING WAS STUCK IN HER THROAT.

EITHER SHE COULDN'T TALK YET OR SHE HAD FORGOTTEN HOW.



MURCH AND CUTJACK WERE CARRYING A WOMAN. HER EYES DIDN'T SEEM TO SEE ANYTHING, EVEN WHEN SHE WAS LOOKING RIGHT AT IT.

PLEASE.  
PLEASE. PLEASE.



PLEASE.

LET'S BE QUICK ABOUT IT. COME DARK, THERE'LL BE WOLVES HERE, AND WORSE.



I'M SCARED.

ME TOO.



PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEASE.