



ASoIaF vs. GoT, Third: Who Cut Off Jaime's Hand?



CITATIONS COMPILED BY ALYSON MIERS



What is all this?

This document is linked from a blog post at www.alysonmiers.com in which I compare the A Song of Ice and Fire books to the Game of Thrones TV show, focusing on the events surrounding Jaime Lannister's loss of his right hand. I want to explore which details in the text are left out of the show, and with those differences in mind, I want to ask, ultimately: who deserves the blame for Jaime losing his hand? Here is where I compile most of my citations from the text. Each chapter in this ebook corresponds to a section of my essay on the subject.

There are a lot of them. I tend to err on the side of thoroughness, and there eventually comes a point at which a blog post is already too long.

Basically everything after this point is copied and pasted from George R. R. Martin's writing as displayed on my Kindle app, and cited accordingly. The italics are from the original, while I add the occasional bolding. I'm also a novelist, but there's no original content in here from me.



Where was Jaime kept?

"Tell me the Kingslayer was retaken."

"Yes, though not easily. Jaime got hold of a sword, slew Poul Pempford and Ser Desmond's squire Myles, and wounded Delp so badly that Maester Vyman fears he'll soon die as well. It was a bloody mess. At the sound of steel, some of the other red cloaks rushed to join him, barehand or no. I hanged those beside the four who freed him, and threw the rest in the dungeons. Jaime too. We'll have no more escapes from that one. **He's down in the dark this time, chained hand and foot and bolted to the wall.**"

"And Cleos Frey?"

"He swears he knew naught of the plot. Who can say? The man is half Lannister, half Frey, and all liar. I put him in Jaime's old tower cell."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 425). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Catelyn shouldered aside the heavy wood-and-iron door and stepped into foul darkness. This was the bowels of Riverrun, and smelled the part. Old straw crackled underfoot. The walls were discolored with patches of nitre. Through the stone, she could hear the faint rush of the Tumblestone. The lamplight revealed a pail overflowing with feces in one corner and a huddled shape in another. The flagon of wine stood beside the door, untouched. *So much for that ploy. I ought to be thankful that the gaoler did not drink it himself, I suppose.*

Jaime raised his hands to cover his face, the chains around his wrists clanking. “Lady Stark,” he said, in a voice hoarse with disuse. “I fear I am in no condition to receive you.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (pp. 593-594). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

He was fettered at wrist and ankle, each cuff chained to the others, so he could neither stand nor lie comfortably. The ankle chains were bolted to the wall. “Are my bracelets heavy enough for you, or did you come to add a few more? I’ll rattle them prettily if you like.”

“You brought this on yourself,” she reminded him. “We granted you the comfort of a tower cell befitting your birth and station. You repaid us by trying to escape.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 594). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Why did Catelyn decide to free him?

"My lady, what is it? Is it some news of your sons?"

Such a simple question that was; would that the answer could be as simple. When Catelyn tried to speak, the words caught in her throat. "I have no sons but Robb." She managed those terrible words without a sob, and for that much she was glad.

Brienne looked at her with horror. "My lady?"

"Bran and Rickon tried to escape, but were taken at a mill on the Acorn Water. Theon Greyjoy has mounted their heads on the walls of Winterfell. Theon Greyjoy, who ate at my table since he was a boy of ten." *I have said it, gods forgive me. I have said it and made it true.*

Brienne's face was a watery blur. She reached across the table, but her fingers stopped short of Catelyn's, as if the touch might be unwelcome. "I ... there are no words, my lady. My good lady. Your sons, they ... they're with the gods now."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 590). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"I want them all dead, Brienne. Theon Greyjoy first, then Jaime Lannister and Cersei and the Imp, every one, every one. But my girls ... my girls will ..."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 591). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

They'd all done a deal of vowing back in that cell, Jaime most of all. That was Lady Catelyn's price for loosing him. She had laid the point of the big wench's sword against his heart and said, "Swear that you will never again take up arms against Stark nor Tully. Swear that you will compel your brother to honor his pledge to return my daughters safe and unharmed. Swear on your honor as a knight, on your honor as a Lannister, on your honor as a Sworn Brother of the Kingsguard. Swear it by your sister's life, and your father's, and your son's, by the old gods and the new, and I'll send you back to your sister. Refuse, and I will have your blood." He remembered the prick of the steel through his rags as she twisted the point of the sword.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 20). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"We could save a deal of traveling if you delivered me to my father instead of my brother," he pointed out.

"Lady Catelyn's daughters are in King's Landing. I will return with the girls or not at all."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 23). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Jaime had decided that he *would* return Sansa, and the younger girl as well if she could be found. It was not like to win him back his lost honor, but the notion of keeping faith when they all expected betrayal amused him more than he could say.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 287). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

He stared at the meat and realized there was no way to cut it, one-handed. *I am worth less than a girl now*, he thought. *The goat's evened the trade, though I doubt Lady Cate-*

lyn will thank him when Cersei returns her whelps in like condition. The thought made him grimace. I will get the blame for that as well, I'll wager.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 513). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"Provided Lady Catelyn's daughters are delivered safe and whole as well," said the wench. "My lord, your man Walton's protection is welcome, but the girls are *my* charge."

The Lord of the Dreadfort gave her an uninterested glance. "The girls need not concern you any further, my lady. The Lady Sansa is the dwarf's wife, only the gods can part them now."

"His wife?" Brienne said, appalled. "The Imp? But ... he swore, before the whole court, in sight of gods and men ..."

She is such an innocent.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 516). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Who left with him?

"Who are these men you've hanged?"

Edmure glanced up uncomfortably. "They came with Ser Cleos when he brought the queen's answer to our peace offer."

Catelyn was shocked. "You've killed envoys?"

"False envoys," Edmure declared. "They pledged me their peace and surrendered their weapons, so I allowed them freedom of the castle, and for three nights they ate my meat and drank my mead whilst I talked with Ser Cleos. On the fourth night, they tried to free the Kingslayer." He pointed up. "That big brute killed two guards with naught but those ham hands of his, caught them by the throats and smashed their skulls together while that skinny lad beside him was opening Lannister's cell with a bit of wire, gods curse him. The one on the end was some sort of damned mummer. He used my own voice to command that the River Gate be opened. The guardsmen swear to it, Enger and Delp and Long Lew, all three. If you ask me, the man sounded nothing like me, and yet the oafs were raising the portcullis all the same."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (pp. 424-425). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The Lannister blood runs thin in this one. Cleos was his Aunt Genna's son by that dullard Emmon Frey, who had lived in terror of Lord Tywin Lannister since the day he wed his sister. When Lord Walder Frey had brought the Twins into the war on the side of Riverrun, Ser Emmon had chosen his wife's allegiance over his fa-

ther's. *Casterly Rock got the worst of that bargain*, Jaime reflected. Ser Cleos looked like a weasel, fought like a goose, and had the courage of an especially brave ewe. Lady Stark had promised him release if he delivered her message to Tyrion, and Ser Cleos had solemnly vowed to do so.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 19-20). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“She’s rude as well, isn’t she, coz?” Jaime asked Ser Cleos. “Though she has steel in her spine, I’ll grant you. Not many men dare name me monster to my face.”
Though behind my back they speak freely enough, I have no doubt.

Ser Cleos coughed nervously. “Lady Brienne had those lies from Catelyn Stark, no doubt. The Starks cannot hope to defeat you with swords, ser, so now they make war with poisoned words.”

They did defeat me with swords, you chinless cretin. Jaime smiled knowingly. Men will read all sorts of things into a knowing smile, if you let them. *Has cousin Cleos truly swallowed this kettle of dung, or is he striving to ingratiate himself? What do we have here, an honest muttonhead or a lickspittle?*

Ser Cleos prattled blithely on. “Any man who’d believe that a Sworn Brother of the Kingsguard would harm a child does not know the meaning of honor.”

Lickspittle. If truth be told, Jaime had come to rue heaving Brandon Stark out that window.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 22). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



How did they make the journey?

Even after rowing half the night, [Brienne] showed no signs of tiring, which was more than could be said for his cousin Ser Cleos, laboring on the other oar. *A big strong peasant wench to look at her, yet she speaks like one highborn and wears longsword and dagger. Ah, but can she use them?* Jaime meant to find out, as soon as he rid himself of these fetters.

He wore iron manacles on his wrists and a matching pair about his ankles, joined by a length of heavy chain no more than a foot long. “You’d think my word as a Lannister was not good enough,” he’d japed as they bound him. He’d been very drunk by then, thanks to Catelyn Stark.

Of their escape from Riverrun, he recalled only bits and pieces. There had been some trouble with the gaoler, but the big wench had overcome him. After that they had climbed an endless stair, around and around. His legs were weak as grass, and he’d stumbled twice or thrice, until the wench lent him an arm to lean on. At some point he was bundled into a traveler’s cloak and shoved into the bottom of a skiff. He remembered listening to Lady Catelyn command someone to raise the portcullis on the Water Gate. She was sending Ser Cleos Frey back to King’s Landing with new terms for the queen, she’d declared in a tone that brooked no argument.

He must have drifted off then. The wine had made him sleepy, and it felt good to stretch, a luxury his chains had not permitted him in the cell. Jaime had long ago learned to snatch sleep in the saddle during a march. This was no harder. *Tyrion is going to laugh himself sick when he hears how I slept through my own escape.*

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 18-19). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Jaime turned to Ser Cleos. “Cousin, lend me your knife.”

“No.” The woman tensed. “I will not have you armed.” Her voice was as unyielding as stone.

She fears me, even in irons. “Cleos, it seems I must ask you to shave me. Leave the beard, but take the hair off my head.”

“You’d be shaved bald?” asked Cleos Frey.

“The realm knows Jaime Lannister as a beardless knight with long golden hair. A bald man with a filthy yellow beard may pass unnoticed. I’d sooner not be recognized while I’m in irons.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 23). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The Red Fork was wide and slow, a meandering river of loops and bends dotted with tiny wooded islets and frequently choked by sandbars and snags that lurked just below the water’s surface. Brienne seemed to have a keen eye for the dangers, though, and always seemed to find the channel. When Jaime complimented her on her knowledge of the river, she looked at him suspiciously and said, “I do not know the river. Tarth is an island. I learned to manage oars and sail before I ever sat a horse.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 25). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The lower limbs of the oak were big enough for her to stand upon once she’d gotten up the trunk. She walked amongst the leaves, dagger in hand, cutting down

the corpses. Flies swarmed around the bodies as they fell, and the stench grew worse with each one she dropped.

“This is a deal of trouble to take for whores,” Ser Cleos complained. “What are we supposed to dig with? We have no spades, and I will not use my sword, I ___”

Brienne gave a shout. She jumped down rather than climbing. “To the boat. Be quick. There’s a sail.”

They made what haste they could, though Jaime could hardly run, and had to be pulled back up into the skiff by his cousin. Brienne shoved off with an oar and raised sail hurriedly. “Ser Cleos, I’ll need you to row as well.”

He did as she bid. The skiff began to cut the water a bit faster; current, wind, and oars all worked for them. Jaime sat chained, peering upriver. Only the top of the other sail was visible. With the way the Red Fork looped, it looked to be across the fields, moving north behind a screen of trees while they moved south, but he knew that was deceptive. He lifted both hands to shade his eyes. “Mud red and watery blue,” he announced.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 27). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The skiff rocked. He heard a soft splash, and when he glanced around, Brienne was gone. A moment later he spied her again, pulling herself from the water at the base of the bluff. She waded through a shallow pool, scrambled over some rocks, and began to climb. Ser Cleos goggled, mouth open. *Fool*, thought Jaime.

“Ignore the wench,” he snapped at his cousin. “Steer.” They could see the sail moving behind the trees. The river galley came into full view at the top of the cut-off, twenty-five yards behind. Her bow swung hard as she came around, and a half-dozen arrows took flight, but all went well wide. The motion of the two boats was giving the archers difficulty, but Jaime knew they’d soon enough learn to compensate.

Brienne was halfway up the cliff face, pulling herself from handhold to handhold. *Ryger's sure to see her, and once he does he'll have those bowmen bring her down.* Jaime decided to see if the old man's pride would make him stupid. "Ser Robin," he shouted, "*hear me for a moment.*"

Ser Robin raised a hand, and his archers lowered their bows. "*Say what you will, Kingslayer, but say it quickly.*"

The skiff swung through a litter of broken stones as Jaime called out, "*I know a better way to settle this— single combat. You and I.*"

"*I was not born this morning, Lannister.*"

"*No, but you're like to die this afternoon.*" Jaime raised his hands so the other could see the manacles. "*I'll fight you in chains. What could you fear?*"

"*Not you, ser. If the choice were mine, I'd like nothing better, but I am commanded to bring you back alive if possible. Bowmen.*" He signaled them on. "*Notch. Draw. Loo—*"

The range was less than twenty yards. The archers could scarcely have missed, but as they pulled on their longbows a rain of pebbles cascaded down around them. Small stones rattled on their deck, bounced off their helms, and made splashes on both sides of the bow. Those who had wits enough to understand raised their eyes just as a boulder the size of a cow detached itself from the top of the bluff. Ser Robin shouted in dismay. The stone tumbled through the air, struck the face of the cliff, cracked in two, and smashed down on them. The larger piece snapped the mast, tore through the sail, sent two of the archers flying into the river, and crushed the leg of a rower as he bent over his oar. The rapidity with which the galley began to fill with water suggested that the smaller fragment had punched right through her hull. The oarsman's screams echoed off the bluff while the archers flailed wildly in the current. From the way they were splashing, neither man could swim. Jaime laughed.

By the time they emerged from the cutoff, the galley was foundering amongst pools, eddies, and snags, and Jaime Lannister had decided that the gods were good. Ser Robin and his thrice -damned archers would have a long wet walk back

to Riverrun, and he was rid of the big homely wench as well. *I could not have planned it better myself. Once I'm free of these irons ...*

Ser Cleos raised a shout. When Jaime looked up, Brienne was lumbering along the clifftop well ahead of them, having cut across a finger of land while they were following the bend in the river. She threw herself off the rock, and looked almost graceful as she folded into a dive. It would have been ungracious to hope that she would smash her head on a stone. Ser Cleos turned the skiff toward her. Thankfully, Jaime still had his oar. *One good swing when she comes paddling up and I'll be free of her.*

Instead he found himself stretching the oar out over the water. Brienne grabbed hold, and Jaime pulled her in.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 31-32). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

She took the plow horse for herself and assigned the palfrey to Ser Cleos. As threatened, Jaime drew the one-eyed gelding, which put an end to any thoughts he might have had of giving his horse a kick and leaving the wench in his dust.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 153). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

They were riding past a trampled wheatfield and a low stone wall when Jaime heard a soft thrum from behind, as if a dozen birds had taken flight at once. “Down!” he shouted, throwing himself against the neck of his horse. The gelding screamed and reared as an arrow took him in the rump. Other shafts went hissing past. Jaime saw Ser Cleos lurch from the saddle, twisting as his foot caught in the stirrup. His palfrey bolted, and Frey was dragged past shouting, head bouncing against the ground.

Jaime's gelding lumbered off ponderously, blowing and snorting in pain. He craned around to look for Brienne. She was still a horse, an arrow lodged in her

back and another in her leg, but she seemed not to feel them. He saw her pull her sword and wheel in a circle, searching for the bowmen. “*Behind the wall,*” Jaime called, fighting to turn his half-blind mount back toward the fight. The reins were tangled in his damned chains, and the air was full of arrows again. “*At them!*” he shouted, kicking to show her how it was done. The old sorry horse found a burst of speed from somewhere. Suddenly they were racing across the wheatfield, throwing up clouds of chaff. Jaime had just enough time to think, *The wench had better follow before they realize they’re being charged by an unarmed man in chains.*

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 287-288). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Conflict with Robb and Edmure

"I can't release the Kingslayer, not even if I wanted to. My lords would never abide it."

"Your lords made you their king."

"And can unmake me just as easy."

"If your crown is the price we must pay to have Arya and Sansa returned safe, we should pay it willingly. Half your lords would like to murder Lannister in his cell. If he should die while he's your prisoner, men will say---"

"--- that he well deserved it," Robb finished.

"And your sisters?" Catelyn asked sharply. "Will they deserve their deaths as well? I promise you, if any harm comes to her brother, Cersei will pay us back blood for blood---"

"Lannister won't die," Robb said. "No one so much as speaks to him without my warrant. He has food, water, clean straw, more comfort than he has any right to. But I won't free him, not even for Arya and Sansa."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 86). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"I'm almost a man grown, and a king--- your king, ser. And I don't fear Jaime Lannister. I defeated him once, I'll defeat him again if I must, only ..." He pushed a fall of hair out of his eyes and gave a shake of the head. "I might have been able to trade the Kingslayer for Father, but ..."

"... but not for the girls?" Her voice was icy quiet. "Girls are not important enough, are they?"

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 86). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

She waited until evening before going to pay her call upon Ser Cleos Frey, reasoning that the longer she delayed, the drunker he was likely to be. As she entered the tower cell, Ser Cleos stumbled to his knees.

"My lady, I knew naught of any escape. The Imp said a Lannister must needs have a Lannister escort, on my oath as a knight---"

"Arise, ser." Catelyn seated herself. "I know no grandson of Walder Frey would be an oathbreaker." *Unless it served his purpose.* "You brought peace terms, my brother said."

"I did." Ser Cleos lurched to his feet. She was pleased to see how unsteady he was.

"Tell me," she commanded, and he did. When he was done, Catelyn sat frowning. Edmure had been right, these were no terms at all, except ... "Lannister will exchange Arya and Sansa for his brother?"

"Yes. He sat on the Iron Throne and swore it."

"Before witnesses?"

"Before all the court, my lady. And the gods as well. I said as much to Ser Edmure, but he told me it was not possible, that His Grace Robb would never consent."

"He told you true." She could not even say that Robb was wrong. Arya and Sansa were children. The Kingslayer, alive and free, was as dangerous as any man in the realm. That road led nowhere. "Did you see my girls? Are they treated well?"

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (pp. 494-495). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Jaime drank some more wine. "What's a brother's life when honor is at stake, eh?" Another sip. "Tyrion is clever enough to realize that your son will never consent to ransom me."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-01-01). *A Clash of Kings* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 2) (p. 598). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Edmure was blind to her distress. "Jaime was my charge, and I mean to have him back. I've sent ravens---"

"Ravens to whom? How many?"

"Three," he said, "so the message will be certain to reach Lord Bolton. By river or road, the way from Riverrun to King's Landing must needs take them close by Harrenhal."

"Harrenhal." The very word seemed to darken the room. Horror thickened her voice as she said, "Edmure, do you know what you have done?"

"Have no fear, I left your part out. **I wrote that Jaime had escaped, and offered a thousand dragons for his recapture.**"

Worse and worse, Catelyn thought in despair. *My brother is a fool*. Unbidden, unwanted, tears filled her eyes. "If this was an escape," she said softly, "and not an exchange of hostages, why should the Lannisters give my daughters to Brienne?"

"It will never come to that. The Kingslayer will be returned to us, I have made certain of it."

"All you have made certain is that I shall never see my daughters again. Brienne might have gotten him to King's Landing safely ... *so long as no one was hunting for them*. But now ..." Catelyn could not go on.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 42). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



How were they discovered?

They found Cleos still tangled in his stirrup. He had an arrow through his right arm and a second in his chest, but it was the ground that had done for him. The top of his head was matted with blood and mushy to the touch, pieces of broken bone moving under the skin beneath the pressure of Jaime's hand.

Brienne knelt and held his hand. "He's still warm."

"He'll cool soon enough. I want his horse and his clothes. I'm weary of rags and fleas."

"He was your cousin." The wench was shocked.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 288). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"You can stand a watch without weapons." She rose.

"Chained to a tree? Perhaps I could. Or perhaps I could make my own bargain with the next lot of outlaws and let them slit that thick neck of yours, wench."

"I will not arm you. And my name is—"

"— Brienne, I know. I'll swear an oath not to harm you, if that will ease your girlish fears."

"Your oaths are worthless. You swore an oath to Aerys."

“You haven’t cooked anyone in their armor so far as I know. And we both want me safe and whole in King’s Landing, don’t we?” He squatted beside Cleos and began to undo his swordbelt.

“Step away from him. Now. Stop that.”

Jaime was tired. Tired of her suspicions, tired of her insults, tired of her crooked teeth and her broad spotty face and that limp thin hair of hers. Ignoring her protests, he grasped the hilt of his cousin’s longsword with both hands, held the corpse down with his foot, and pulled. As the blade slid from the scabbard, he was already pivoting, bringing the sword around and up in a swift deadly arc. Steel met steel with a ringing, bone-jarring *clang*. Somehow Brienne had gotten her own blade out in time. Jaime laughed. “Very good, wench.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 289). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“Come on, come on, my sweetling, the music’s still playing. Might I have this dance, my lady?”

Grunting, she came at him, blade whirling, and suddenly it was Jaime struggling to keep steel from skin. One of her slashes raked across his brow, and blood ran down into his right eye. *The Others take her, and Riverrun as well!* His skills had gone to rust and rot in that bloody dungeon, and the chains were no great help either. His eye closed, his shoulders were going numb from the jarring they’d taken, and his wrists ached from the weight of chains, manacles, and sword. His longsword grew heavier with every blow, and Jaime knew he was not swinging it as quickly as he’d done earlier, nor raising it as high. *She is stronger than I am.*

The realization chilled him.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 290-291). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"And break your oath?" he snarled. "Like me?"

She let him go, and he went down with a splash.

And the woods rang with coarse laughter.

Brienne lurched to her feet. She was all mud and blood below the waist, her clothing askew, her face red. *She looks as if they caught us fucking instead of fighting.* Jaime crawled over the rocks to shallow water, wiping the blood from his eye with his chained hands. Armed men lined both sides of the brook. *Small wonder, we were making enough noise to wake a dragon.* "Well met, friends," he called to them amiably. "My pardons if I disturbed you. You caught me chastising my wife."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 291-292). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"I hope you're pleased, wench," Jaime whispered at Brienne. He coughed, and spat out a mouthful of blood. "If you'd armed me, we'd never have been taken." She made no answer. *There's a pig-stubborn bitch,* he thought. *But brave, yes.* He could not take that from her.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 294). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Who took them captive?

"Seemed to me she was doing the *chastising*." The man who spoke was thick and powerful, and the nasal bar of his iron halfhelm did not wholly conceal his lack of a nose.

These were not the outlaws who had killed Ser Cleos, Jaime realized suddenly. The scum of the earth surrounded them: swarthy Dornishmen and blond Lyseni, Dothraki with bells in their braids, hairy Ibbenese, coal-black Summer Islanders in feathered cloaks. He knew them.

The Brave Companions.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 291-292). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Urswyck's chuckle was papery dry.

Something is very wrong here. Jaime gave no sign of his discomfiture, but only smiled. "Did I say something amusing?"

Noseless grinned. "You're the funniest thing I seen since Biter chewed that septa's teats off."

"You and your father lost too many battles," offered the Dornishman. "We had to trade our lion pelts for wolfskins."

Urswyck spread his hands. "What Timeon means to say is that the Brave Companions are no longer in the hire of House Lannister. We now serve Lord Bolton, and the King in the North."

Jaime gave him a cold, contemptuous smile. "And men say *I* have shit for honor?"

Urswyck was unhappy with that comment. At his signal, two of the Mummies grasped Jaime by the arms and Rorge drove a mailed fist into his stomach.

As he doubled over grunting, he heard the wench protesting, "Stop, he's not to be harmed! Lady Catelyn sent us, an exchange of captives, he's under my protection ..."

Rorge hit him again, driving the air from his lungs. Brienne dove for her sword beneath the waters of the brook, but the Mummies were on her before she could lay hands on it. Strong as she was, it took four of them to beat her into submission.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 293). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"When we make camp for the night, you'll be raped, and more than once," he warned her. "You'd be wise not to resist. If you fight them, you'll lose more than a few teeth."

He felt Brienne's back stiffen against his. "Is that what you would do, if you were a woman?"

If I were a woman I'd be Cersei. "If I were a woman, I'd make them kill me. But I'm not." Jaime kicked their horse to a trot. "Urswyck! A word!"

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 294). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The day was almost done by the time they found Vargo Hoat, sacking a small sept with another dozen of his Brave Companions. The leaded windows had been smashed, the carved wooden gods dragged out into the sunlight. The fattest Dorthraki Jaime had ever seen was sitting on the Mother's chest when they rode up, prying out her chalcedony eyes with the point of his knife.

Nearby, a skinny balding septon hung upside down from the limb of a spreading chestnut tree. Three of the Brave Companions were using his corpse for an archery butt. One of them must have been good; the dead man had arrows through both of his eyes.

When the sellswords spied Urswyck and the captives, a cry went up in half a dozen tongues. The goat was seated by a cookfire eating a half-cooked bird off a skewer, grease and blood running down his fingers into his long stringy beard. He wiped his hands on his tunic and rose. "Kingthlayer," he slobbered. "You are my captifh."

"My lord, I am Brienne of Tarth," the wench called out. "Lady Catelyn Stark commanded me to deliver Ser Jaime to his brother at King's Landing."

The goat gave her a disinterested glance. "Thilence her."

"Hear me," Brienne entreated as Rorge cut the ropes that bound her to Jaime, "in the name of the King in the North, the king you serve, please, listen---"

Rorge dragged her off the horse and began to kick her.

"See that you don't break any bones," Urswyck called out to him. "The horse-faced bitch is worth her weight in sapphires."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 295-296). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Why did they cut off his hand?

"Thith ith a thweet day," Vargo Hoat said. Around his neck hung a chain of linked coins, coins of every shape and size, cast and hammered, bearing the likenesses of kings, wizards, gods and demons, and all manner of fanciful beasts.

Coins from every land where he has fought, Jaime remembered. Greed was the key to this man. If he was turned once, he can be turned again.

"Lord Vargo, you were foolish to leave my father's service, but it is not too late to make amends. He will pay well for me, you know it."

"Oh yeth," said Vargo Hoat. "**Half the gold in Catherly Rock, I thall have. But firth I mutht thend him a methage.**" He said something in his slithery goatish tongue.

Urswyck shoved him in the back, and a jester in green and pink motley kicked his legs out from under him. When he hit the ground one of the archers grabbed the chain between Jaime's wrists and used it to yank his arms out in front of him. The fat Dothraki put aside his knife to unsheathe a huge curved *arakh*, the wickedly sharp scythe-sword the horselords loved.

They mean to scare me. The fool hopped on Jaime's back, giggling, as the Dothraki swaggered toward him. *The goat wants me to piss my breeches and beg his mercy, but he'll never have that pleasure.* He was a Lannister of Casterly Rock, Lord Commander of the Kingsguard; no sellsword would make him scream.

Sunlight ran silver along the edge of the *arakh* as it came shivering down, almost too fast to see. And Jaime screamed.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 296-297). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Roose Bolton reached down, snapped the cord, and flung the hand at Hoat. "Take this away. The sight of it offends me."

"I will thend it to hith lord father. I will tell him he muth pay one hundred thouthand dragonth, or we thall return the Kingthlayer to him pieth by pieth. And when we hath hith gold, we thall deliver Ther Jaime to Karthark, and collect a maiden too!" A roar of laughter went up from the Brave Companions.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 421). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

He turned his pale eyes on Jaime. "Do you know why Hoat cut off your hand?"

"He enjoys cutting off hands." The linen that covered Jaime's stump was spotted with blood and wine. "He enjoys cutting off feet as well. He doesn't seem to need a reason."

"Nonetheless, he had one. Hoat is more cunning than he appears. No man commands a company such as the Brave Companions for long unless he has some wits about him." Bolton stabbed a chunk of meat with the point of his dagger, put it in his mouth, chewed thoughtfully, swallowed. "Lord Vargo abandoned House Lannister because I offered him Harrenhal, a reward a thousand times greater than any he could hope to have from Lord Tywin. As a stranger to Westeros, he did not know the prize was poisoned."

"The curse of Harren the Black?" mocked Jaime.

"The curse of Tywin Lannister." Bolton held out his goblet and Elmar refilled it silently. "Our goat should have consulted the Tarbecks or the Reynes. They might have warned him how your lord father deals with betrayal."

"There are no Tarbecks or Reynes," said Jaime.

"My point precisely. Lord Vargo doubtless hoped that Lord Stannis would triumph at King's Landing, and thence confirm him in his possession of this castle in gratitude for his small part in the downfall of House Lannister." He gave a dry chuckle. "He knows little of Stannis Baratheon either, I fear. That one might have given him Harrenhal for his service ... but he would have given him a noose for his crimes as well."

"A noose is kinder than what he'll get from my father."

"By now he has come to the same realization. With Stannis broken and Renly dead, only a Stark victory can save him from Lord Tywin's vengeance, but the chances of that grow perishingly slim."

"King Robb has won every battle," Brienne said stoutly, as stubbornly loyal of speech as she was of deed.

"Won every battle, while losing the Freys, the Karstarks, Winterfell, and the north. A pity the wolf is so young. Boys of sixteen always believe they are immortal and invincible. An older man would bend the knee, I'd think. After a war there is always a peace, and with peace there are pardons ... for the Robb Starks, at least. Not for the likes of Vargo Hoat." Bolton gave him a small smile. "Both sides have made use of him, but neither will shed a tear at his passing. The Brave Companions did not fight in the Battle of the Blackwater, yet they died there all the same."

"You'll forgive me if I don't mourn?"

"You have no pity for our wretched doomed goat? Ah, but the gods must ... else why deliver you into his hands?" Bolton chewed another chunk of meat. "Karhold is smaller and meaner than Harrenhal, but it lies well beyond the reach of the lion's claws. Once wed to Alys Karstark, Hoat might be a lord in truth. If he could collect some gold from your father so much the better, but he would have delivered you to Lord Rickard no matter how much Lord Tywin paid. His price would be the maid, and safe refuge.

"But to sell you he must keep you, and the riverlands are full of those who would gladly steal you away. Glover and Tallhart were broken at Duskindale, but

remnants of their host are still abroad , with the Mountain slaughtering the stragglers. A thousand Karstarks prowl the lands south and east of Riverrun, hunting you. Elsewhere are Darry men left lordless and lawless, packs of four-footed wolves, and the lightning lord's outlaw bands. Dondarrion would gladly hang you and the goat together from the same tree."

The Lord of the Dreadfort sopped up some of the blood with a chunk of bread. "Harrenhal was the only place Lord Vargo could hope to hold you safe, but here his Brave Companions are much outnumbered by my own men, and by Ser Aenys and his Freys. No doubt he feared I might return you to Ser Edmure at Riverrun ... or worse, send you on to your father.

"By maiming you, he meant to remove your sword as a threat, gain himself a grisly token to send to your father, and diminish your value to me. For he is my man, as I am King Robb's man. Thus his crime is mine, or may seem so in your father's eyes. And therein lies my ... small difficulty."

He gazed at Jaime, his pale eyes unblinking, expectant, chill.

I see. "You want me to absolve you of blame. To tell my father that this stump is no work of yours." Jaime laughed. "My lord, send me to Cersei, and I'll sing as sweet a song as you could want, of how gently you treated me." Any other answer, he knew, and Bolton would give him back to the goat.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 515). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Who's to blame?

"Harrenhal was where they gave me the white cloak," he whispered back.

"Whent's great tourney. He wanted to show us all his big castle and his fine sons. I wanted to show them too. I was only fifteen, but no one could have beaten me that day. Aerys never let me joust." He laughed again. "He sent me away. But now I'm coming back."

They heard the laugh. That night it was Jaime who got the kicks and punches. He hardly felt them either, until Rorge slammed a boot into his stump, and then he fainted.

It was the next night when they finally came, three of the worst; Shagwell, noseless Rorge, and the fat Dothraki Zollo, the one who'd cut his hand off. Zollo and Rorge were arguing about who would go first as they approached; there seemed to be no question but that the fool would be going last. Shagwell suggested that they should both go first, and take her front and rear. Zollo and Rorge liked that notion, only then they began to fight about who would get the front and who the rear.

They will leave her a cripple too, but inside, where it does not show. "Wench," he whispered as Zollo and Rorge were cursing one another, "let them have the meat, and you go far away. It will be over quicker, and they'll get less pleasure from it."

"They'll get no pleasure from what I'll give them," she whispered back, defiant.

Stupid stubborn brave bitch. She was going to get herself good and killed, he knew it. *And what do I care if she does? If she hadn't been so pigheaded, I'd still have a hand.* Yet he heard himself whisper, "Let them do it, and go away inside."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 416-417). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Brienne was served first, but made no move to eat. "My lord," she said, "Ser Jaime is to be exchanged for Lady Catelyn's daughters. You must free us to continue on our way."

"The raven that came from Riverrun told of an escape, not an exchange. And if you helped this captive slip his bonds, you are guilty of treason, my lady."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 513). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"There were five of you at the wedding feast," Jaime pointed out. "How could Joffrey die? Unless you were part of it?"

Ser Loras drew himself up stiffly. "There was nothing we could have done."

"The wench says the same. She grieves for Renly as you do. I promise you, I never grieve for Aerys. Brienne's ugly, and pighead stubborn. But she lacks the wits to be a liar, and she is loyal past the point of sense. She swore an oath to bring me to King's Landing, and here I sit. **This hand I lost...well, that was my doing as much as hers.** Considering all she did to protect me, I have no doubt that she would have fought for Renly, had there been a foe to fight. But a shadow?" Jaime shook his head. "Draw your sword, Ser Loras. Show me how you'd fight a shadow. I should like to see that."

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 924). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Quill and ink he found in a drawer. Beneath the last line Ser Barristan had entered, he wrote in an awkward hand that might have done credit to a six-year-old being taught his first letters by a maester:

Defeated in the Whispering Wood by the Young Wolf Robb Stark during the War of the Five Kings. Held captive at Riverrun and ransomed for a promise unfulfilled. Captured again by the Brave Companions, and maimed at the word of Vargo Hoat their captain, losing his sword hand to the blade of Zollo the Fat. Returned safely to King's Landing by Brienne, the Maid of Tarth.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 1009-1010). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

How does Jaime deal with Edmure?

No one said a word as they walked back to the ferry, with Ser Ryman's singer trailing after them. But as they shoved off from the riverbank and made for the south side of the Tumblestone, Edmure Tully grabbed Jaime by the arm. "Why?" *A Lannister pays his debts*, he thought, *and you're the only coin that's left to me*. "Consider it a wedding gift."

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (p. 647). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

"Your uncle is an old man. Valiant, yes, but the best part of his life is done. He has no bride to grieve for him, no children to defend. A good death is all the Blackfish can hope for ... but you have years remaining, Edmure. And you are the rightful lord of House Tully, not him. Your uncle serves at your pleasure. The fate of Riverrun is in your hands." Edmure stared. "The fate of Riverrun ..." "Yield the castle and no one dies. Your smallfolk may go in peace or stay to serve Lord Emmon. Ser Brynden will be allowed to take the black, along with as many of the garrison as choose to join him. You as well, if the Wall appeals to you. **Or you may go to Casterly Rock as my captive and enjoy all the comforts and courtesy that befits a hostage of your rank. I'll send your wife to join you, if you like.** If her child is a boy, he will serve House Lannister as a page and a squire, and when he earns his knighthood we'll bestow some lands upon him. Should Roslin give you a daughter, I'll see her well dowered when she's old enough to wed. You yourself may even be granted parole, once the war is done. All you need do is yield the castle."

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (p. 648). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“You required me to surrender my castle, not my uncle. Am I to blame if your men let him slip through their siege lines?”

Jaime was not amused. “Where is he?” he said, letting his irritation show. His men had searched Riverrun thrice over, and Brynden Tully was nowhere to be found.

“He never told me where he meant to go.”

“And you never asked. How did he get out?”

“Fish swim. Even black ones.” Edmure smiled. Jaime was sorely tempted to crack him across the mouth with his golden hand. A few missing teeth would put an end to his smiles. For a man who was going to spend the rest of his life a prisoner, Edmure was entirely too pleased with himself.

“We have oubliettes beneath the Casterly Rock that fit a man as tight as a suit of armor. You can’t turn in them, or sit, or reach down to your feet when the rats start gnawing at your toes. Would you care to reconsider that answer?”

Lord Edmure’s smile went away. “You gave me your word that I would be treated honorably, as befits my rank.”

“So you shall,” said Jaime. “Nobler knights than you have died whimpering in those oubliettes, and many a high lord too. Even a king or two, if I recall my history. Your wife can have the one beside you, if you like. I would not want to part you.”

“He did swim,” said Edmure, sullenly. He had the same blue eyes as his sister Catelyn, and Jaime saw the same loathing there that he’d once seen in hers. “We raised the portcullis on the Water Gate. Not all the way, just three feet or so. Enough to leave a gap under the water, though the gate still appeared to be closed. My uncle is a strong swimmer. After dark, he pulled himself beneath the spikes.”

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (p. 747). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“Is there any more that you would care to tell me?” Jaime asked Edmure when the two of them were alone.

“This was my father’s solar,” said Tully. “He ruled the riverlands from here, wisely and well. He liked to sit beside that window. The light was good there, and whenever he looked up from his work he could see the river. When his eyes were tired he would have Cat read to him. Littlefinger and I built a castle out of wooden blocks once, there beside the door. You will never know how sick it makes me to see you in this room, Kingslayer. You will never know how much I despise you.”

He was wrong about that. “I have been despised by better men than you, Edmure.” Jaime called for a guard. “Take his lordship back to his tower and see that he’s fed.” The Lord of Riverrun went silently. On the morrow, he would start west. Ser Forley Prester would command his escort; a hundred men, including twenty knights. *Best double that.* Lord Beric may try to free Edmure before they reach the Golden Tooth. Jaime did not want to have to capture Tully for a third time.

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (pp. 748-749). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Ask Edmure how chivalrous I am, thought Jaime. *Ask him about the trebuchet.* Somehow he did not think the maesters were like to confuse him with Prince Aemon the Dragonknight when they wrote their histories. Still, he felt curiously content. The war was all but won. Dragonstone had fallen and Storm’s End would soon enough, he could not doubt, and Stannis was welcome to the Wall. The northmen would love him no more than the storm lords had. If Roose Bolton did not destroy him, winter would.

And he had done his own part here at Riverrun without actually ever taking up arms against the Starks or Tullys. Once he found the Blackfish, he would be free to return to King’s Landing, where he belonged.

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (p. 756). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Blackwood settled in a high-backed chair. “For honor’s sake I must ask about my liege lord.”

“Ser Edmure is on his way to Casterly Rock as my captive. His wife will remain at the Twins until their child is born. Then she and the babe will join him. So long as he does not attempt escape or plot rebellion, Edmure will live a long life.”

“Long and bitter. A life without honor. Until his dying day, men will say he was afraid to fight.”

Unjustly, Jaime thought. It was his child he feared for. He knew whose son I am, better than mine own aunt. “The choice was his. His uncle would have made us bleed.”

Martin, George R.R. (2011-07-12). *A Dance with Dragons* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 5) (p. 700). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

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From there, I assure you everything in here will make sense.