

ASoIaF vs. GoT, Ninth: How Do You Hope to Die?

A Storm of Swords

“Why did you take the oath?” [Brienne] demanded. “Why don the white cloak if you meant to betray all it stood for?”

Why? What could he say that she might possibly understand? “I was a boy. Fifteen. It was a great honor for one so young.”

“That is no answer,” she said scornfully.

You would not like the truth. He had joined the Kingsguard for love, of course.

Their father had summoned Cersei to court when she was twelve, hoping to make her a royal marriage. He refused every offer for her hand, preferring to keep her with him in the Tower of the Hand while she grew older and more womanly and ever more beautiful. No doubt he was waiting for Prince Viserys to mature, or perhaps for Rhaegar’s wife to die in childbirth. Elia of Dorne was never the healthiest of women.

Jaime, meantime, had spent four years as squire to Ser Sumner Crakehall and earned his spurs against the Kingswood Brotherhood. But when he made a brief call at King’s Landing on his way back to Casterly Rock, chiefly to see his sister, Cersei took him aside and whispered that Lord Tywin meant to marry him to Lysa Tully, had gone so far as to invite Lord Hoster to the city to discuss dower. But if Jaime took the white, he could be near her always. Old Ser Harlan Grandison had died in his sleep, as was only appropriate for one whose sigil was a sleeping lion. Aerys would want a young man to take his place, so why not a roaring lion in place of a sleepy one?

“Father will never consent,” Jaime objected.

“The king won’t ask him. And once it’s done, Father can’t object, not openly. Aerys had Ser Ilyn Payne’s tongue torn out just for boasting that it was the Hand who truly ruled the Seven Kingdoms. The captain of the Hand’s guard, and yet Father dared not try and stop it! He won’t stop this, either.”

“But,” Jaime said, “there’s Casterly Rock ...”

“Is it a rock you want? Or me?”

He remembered that night as if it were yesterday. They spent it in an old inn on Eel Alley, well away from watchful eyes. Cersei had come to him dressed as a simple serving wench, which somehow excited him all the more. Jaime had never seen her more passionate. Every

time he went to sleep, she woke him again. By morning Casterly Rock seemed a small price to pay to be near her always.

He gave his consent, and Cersei promised to do the rest. A moon's turn later, a royal raven arrived at Casterly Rock to inform him that he had been chosen for the Kingsguard. He was commanded to present himself to the king during the great tourney at Harrenhal to say his vows and don his cloak.

Jaime's investiture freed him from Lysa Tully. Elsewise, nothing went as planned. His father had never been more furious. He could not object openly— Cersei had judged that correctly— but he resigned the Handship on some thin pretext and returned to Casterly Rock, taking his daughter with him. Instead of being together, Cersei and Jaime just changed places, and he found himself alone at court, guarding a mad king while four lesser men took their turns dancing on knives in his father's ill-fitting shoes.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 156-157). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

He was curiously calm. Men were supposed to go mad with grief when their children died, he knew. They were supposed to tear their hair out by the roots, to curse the gods and swear red vengeance. So why was it that he felt so little? *The boy lived and died believing Robert Baratheon his sire.* Jaime had seen him born, that was true, though more for Cersei than the child. But he had never held him. "How would it look?" his sister warned him when the women finally left them. "Bad enough Joff looks like you without you mooning over him." Jaime yielded with hardly a fight. The boy had been a squalling pink thing who demanded too much of Cersei's time, Cersei's love, and Cersei's breasts. Robert was welcome to him.

And now he's dead. He pictured Joff lying still and cold with a face black from poison, and still felt nothing. Perhaps he was the monster they claimed. If the Father Above came down to offer him back his son or his hand, Jaime knew which he would choose. He had a second son, after all, and seed enough for many more. *If Cersei wants another child I'll give her one ... and this time I'll hold him, and the Others take those who do not like it.* Robert was rotting in his grave, and Jaime was sick of lies.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 843-844). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Stubbornly, [Brienne] persisted. "Joffrey was your ..."

"My king. Leave it at that."

"You say Sansa killed him. Why protect her?"

Because Joff was no more to me than a squirt of seed in Cersei's cunt. And because he deserved to die. "I have made kings and unmade them. Sansa Stark is my last chance for honor." Jaime smiled thinly. "Besides, kingslayers should band together. Are you ever going to go?"

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

A Feast for Crows:

"Be my Hand," [Cersei] pleaded, "and we'll rule the Seven Kingdoms together, like a king and his queen."

"You were Robert's queen. And yet you won't be mine."

"I would, if I dared. But our son—"

"Tommen is no son of mine, no more than Joffrey was." His voice was hard. "You made them Robert's too."

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4)* (p. 141). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

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. *My place is with my king. With my son.* Would Tommen want to know that? The truth could cost the boy his throne. *Would you sooner have a father or a chair, lad?* Jaime wished he knew the answer. *He does like stamping papers with his seal.* The boy might not even believe him, to be sure. Cersei would say it was a lie. *My sweet sister, the deceiver.* He would need to find some way to winkle Tommen from her clutches before the boy became another Joffrey. And whilst at that, he should find the lad a new small council too. *If Cersei can be put aside, Ser Kevan may agree to serve as Tommen's Hand.*

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). *A Feast for Crows (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4)* (pp. 756-757). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

A Dance With Dragons

"Does that mean m'lord won't be taking me home with him, to pray with his little wife?" Laughing, Hildy gave Jaime a brazen look. "Do you have a little wife, ser?"

No, I have a sister. “What color is my cloak?”

“White,” she said, “but your hand is solid gold. I like that in a man. And what is it you like in a woman, m’lord?”

“Innocence.”

“In a woman, I said. Not a daughter.”

He thought of Myrcella. *I will need to tell her too.* The Dornishmen might not like that. Doran Martell had betrothed her to his son in the belief that she was Robert’s blood. *Knots and tangles*, Jaime thought, wishing he could cut through all of it with one swift stroke of his sword. “I have sworn a vow,” he told Hildy wearily.

Martin, George R.R. (2011-07-12). *A Dance with Dragons* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 5) (pp. 695-696). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

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