

# GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

The background of the cover features a dramatic illustration of Ned Stark and Robb Stark. Ned Stark, on the left, is dressed in dark, fur-lined clothing and holds a long, dark staff or sword. Robb Stark, on the right, wears a brown cloak and looks upwards. They are standing on a dark, rocky cliff. In the background, a large wooden structure, possibly a ship's mast or a fortification, is visible against a cloudy sky. A white wolf's head is partially visible on the left side of the cliff.

# A GAME OF THRONES

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT • ISSUE #7



THE CRAB HAD ARRIVED FROM RAMMATHON ONLY THAT MORNING, SACRED IN A BARREL OF BAUM, AND THEY WERE SUCCESSION.

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU MUST LEAVE US SO SOON?

PART CERTAIN MY BROTHER JAMES MAY DECIDE THAT YOU HAVE CONVINCED ME TO TAKE THE BLACK.



YOU'RE A CUNNING MAN, TYSON. WE HAVE NEED OF MEN OF YOUR SORT ON THE WALL.

THEN I SHALL SCOUR THE SEVEN KINGDOMS FOR DWARVES AND SEND THEM ALL TO YOU, LORD MORMONT.



LANCASTER MOCKS US.

ONLY YOU, SER ALLIBER.



YOU HAVE A BOLD THOUGHT, SER ALLIBER, WHO IS LESS THAN HALF A MAN. PERHAPS YOU AND I SHOULD VISIT THE YARD, MAKE YOUR JAMES WITH STEEL IN YOUR HAND.



I HAVE STEEL IN MY HAND, SER ALLIBER, ALTHOUGH IT APPEARS TO BE A CRAB FORK.

SHALL WE DUELT?





OH, I THINK  
THAT LORD  
TYRION IS  
QUITE A LARGE  
MAN.



I THINK  
HE IS A SHANT  
COME AMONG  
US, HERE AT THE  
END OF THE  
WORLD.



I'VE BEEN CALLED  
MANY THINGS,  
MASTER AEMON,  
BUT SHANT IS  
SELDOM AMONG  
THEM.



NONETHELESS,  
I THINK IT IS  
TRUE.



AND FOR ONCE,  
TYRION LANNISTER  
SOUND MANNER IS AT  
A LOSS FOR WORDS.



MUCH LATER WHEN THE DOUBT BEGINS TO EAT HIS MIND AND THE OTHERS HAD LEFT, MORDENAY CRAWLED TOWARD A CHAIR BY THE FIRE AND A GLIP OF ALLIED SPIRITS SO STRONG THEY COULD LIGHT THEM TO HIS EYES.



I HOPE I CAN REPAY YOUR KINDNESS, LORD COMMANDER.

YOU CAN, YOUR SISTER SITS BESIDE THE KING. YOUR BROTHER IS A GREAT KNIGHT, AND YOUR FATHER THE MOST POWERFUL LORD IN THE SEVEN KINGDOMS.

TELL THEM OF OUR NEED HERE.



THE NIGHT'S WATCH IS DYING. SHOULD AN ATTACK COME, I HAVE THREE MEN TO DEFEND EACH MILE OF WALL.

I SENT BENJEN STARK TO SEARCH AFTER YOUNG ROYCE'S SON, LEFT ON HIS FIRST RANGING. WHO AM I TO SEND SEARCHING AFTER HIM?

I AM TOO OLD AND TOO WEARY FOR THE SURREN I BEAR. YET SO I SET IT DOWN. WHO WILL PICK IT UP? ALLISTER THORNEY, BOWEN MARSH?

I WOULD HAVE TO BE AS BLIND AS MARSHED ARACH NOT TO SEE WHAT THEY ARE. THE NIGHT'S WATCH WAS BECOME AN ARMY OF SLENN BOYS AND TIRED OLD MEN.

APART FROM THE MEN AT MY TABLE TONIGHT, I WAGE PERHAPS TWENTY WHO CAN BRAD, AND EVEN FEWER WHO CAN THINK, OR LEAD.

ONCE THE WATCH SPENT ITS SUMMERS BUILDING, NOW IT IS ALL WE CAN DO TO STAY ALIVE.



I PROMISE  
THE KING WILL  
HEAR OF YOUR NEED.  
I WILL SPEAK TO MY  
FATHER AND MY  
BROTHER JAIME  
AS WELL.

HE LEFT THE REST UNBARD.  
TWO THE KING WOULD  
GODS WILL LONG TOWN  
WOULD ASK IF TOWN TAKEN  
SAY OF THE GODS AND  
JAIME WOULD ONLY LAUGH.



WHEN I WAS A BOY, IT  
WAS SAID THAT A LONG  
SUMMER ALWAYS MEANT  
A LONG WINTER TO COME.  
THE SUMMER HAS LASTED  
NINE YEARS, ALREADY.  
THE DAYS GROW  
SHORTER.

THE MOUNTAIN  
PEOPLE ARE MOVING  
SOUTH IN NUMBERS  
GREATER THAN EVER  
BEFORE. THEY'RE  
DUNNING, BUT  
FROM WHAT?



THE FISHERFOLK  
NEAR EASTWATCH HAVE  
SEEN WHITE WALKERS  
ON THE REEDS. TELL  
THE KING WHAT I SAY,  
I PRAY YOU.

WHEN THE LONG NIGHT FALLS,  
ONLY THE NIGHT'S WATCH WILL  
STAND BETWEEN THE REALM  
AND THE DARKNESS. THE  
WEEPER FROM THE NORTH  
AND THE GODS HELP  
US ALL IF WE ARE  
NOT READY.



THE GODS HELP ME IF I  
DO NOT GET SOME SLEEP  
TONIGHT. YORREN IS  
DETERMINED TO RIDE AT  
FIRST LIGHT. I THANK YOU  
AGAIN FOR ALL THE  
COURTESY YOU HAVE  
DONE ME.

MAKE THEM  
BELIEVE, THAT  
IS ALL THE  
THINGS I  
NEED.

JAIME SAYS  
GODS WILL



THE WALL OF ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE

THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE

THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE

THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE  
AND THE TOWER OF  
ICE



HE ENTERED THE IRON CAGE  
AND PULLED ON THE RING.  
SOME THREE QUICK PULLS.

HE HAD TO WAIT AN  
ETERNITY, LONG ENOUGH  
TO ASKIN TO HIMSELF WHY  
HE WAS DOING THIS. HE  
HAD ALMOST DECIDED TO  
FORGET HIS WHIM WHEN  
THE CAGE GAVE A TOLK  
AND BEGAN TO ASCEND.

HE MOVED UP SLOWLY BY  
PITS AND STARTS, AND THEN  
ACROSS SMOOTHLY. THE  
GROUND FELL AWAY AND THE  
CAGE BECAME. HE COULD  
FEEL THE COLD OF THE  
METAL THROUGH HIS GLOVES.



SEVEN.  
HELLA, IT'S  
THE DWARF.

AND WHAT  
WILL YOU BE  
WANTING AT  
THIS TIME OF  
NIGHT?

A LAST  
LOOK.



LOOK ALL YOU WANT. JUST  
HAVE A CARE YOU DON'T FALL  
OFF. THE OLD BEAR WOULD  
HAVE OUR HIDES.



WHO  
GOES THERE?  
HALT!

IF I HALT  
FOR TOO LONG,  
I'LL FREEZE IN  
PLACE, YON.





LANNISTER  
THIS WAS THE  
LAST PLACE I  
EXPECTED TO  
SEE YOU

IT WAS THE  
LAST PLACE  
I EXPECTED TO  
BE SEEN.

HELLO,  
SHADY.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP  
HERE TONIGHT, BESIDES  
FREEZING YOUR  
MANHOOD OFF?

I'VE DRAWN  
NIGHT BLADE  
AGAIN. GER ALLISTER  
HAS KINDLY ADVANSED  
THE WATCH MASTER  
TO TAKE SPECIAL  
INTEREST IN ME



AND HAS  
SHOUST LEARNED  
TO JUGGLE  
YET?

NO, BUT GRENN HELD HIS OWN  
AGAINST THREE MORGUINS  
AND PYR DOESN'T DROP HIS  
SWORD GUITE SO OFTEN.

I HAVE  
A MILE OF WALL  
TO GUARD. WALK  
WITH ME?



I LEAVE  
TOMORROW.  
I PLAN TO STOP AT  
WINTERFELL ON THE  
WAY SOUTH. IF YOU  
HAVE ANY MESSAGES  
YOU WOULD LIKE ME  
TO DELIVER...



TELL BOBBE I'M GOING TO  
COMMAND THE NIGHT'S WATCH  
AND KEEP HIM SAFE SO HE  
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE UP  
NEEDLEWORK WITH THE  
GELS.

TRY TO  
EXPLAIN TO BODDIN  
WHERE I'VE GONE.  
TELL HER HE CAN  
HAVE ALL MY THINGS  
WHILE I'M AWAY.

AND  
BRAN--



I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
MESSAGE TO  
SEND BRAN.

HELP HIM,  
TYRION. YOU  
SAVE ME  
HELP WHEN I  
NEEDED IT.



HER FATHER HAD BEEN FIGHTING WITH THE SMALL COUNCIL AGAIN. ANYA COULD SEE IT ON HIS FACE WHEN HE CAME TO THE TABLE FATE ASKING AS HE HAD BEEN SO OFTEN.

MY LORD.

BE SEATED.

THE TALK IN THE YARD IS THAT WE SHALL HAVE A TOURNEY. MY LORD. KNIGHTS FROM ALL OVER THE REALM ARE COMING IN HONOR OF YOUR APPOINTMENT AS HAND.

DO THEY ALSO SAY IT'S THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD I WOULD HAVE WANTED?

A TOURNEY?

WILL WE BE PERMITTED TO GO, FATHER?

I MUST ARRANGE ROBERT'S GAMES AND PRETEND TO BE HONORED FOR HIS SAKE. THAT DOES NOT MEAN I MUST SURRENDER MY DAUGHTERS TO THIS FOLLY.

OH PLEASE, I WANT TO SEE.

PRINCESS MYRCELLA WILL BE THERE, MY LORD, AND SHE IS EVEN YOUNGER THAN GANSA.

IT WOULD LOOK GLORIOUS IF YOUR FAMILY DID NOT ATTEND.



I SUPPOSE  
SO. I SHALL  
ARRANGE A  
PLACE FOR YOU  
GANDSA.

FOR BOTH  
OF YOU.



I DON'T  
CARE ABOUT  
THEIR STUPID  
TOURNAMENT.

IT WILL BE  
A SPECTACULAR  
EVENT. YOU  
SHAN'T BE  
WANTED.



ENOUGH!

I AM WEARY  
UNTO DEATH  
OF THIS ENDLESS  
WAR. YOU ARE  
SISTERS. I EXPECT  
YOU TO BEHAVE  
LIKE SISTERS!



PRAY  
EXCUSE ME.  
I FIND I HAVE A  
SMALL APPETITE  
TONIGHT.

BACK AT WINTERFELL, ARYA  
HAD LOVED NOTHING BETTER  
THAN TO SIT AT HER  
FATHER'S TABLE AND LISTEN  
TO HIM TALK. EVERY DAY A  
DIFFERENT MAN WOULD BE  
ASKED TO JOIN THEM.



NO ONE TALKED TO HER HERE.  
SHE DIDN'T CARE. SHE LIVED  
IT. THAT WAY, SHE HATED THE  
SOUNDS OF THEIR VOICES,  
THE WAY THEY LAUGHED, THE  
STORIES THEY TOLD.

THEY'D LET THE QUEEN  
KILL LAST. THEY'VE LET  
THE HOUND KILL MYCAH.  
NO ONE HAD RAISED A  
VOICE OR DRAWN A BLADE.





IF ONLY SHE COULD CLIMB LIKE BRAN, SHE WOULD GO OUT THE WINDOW AND DOWN THE TOWER.

SHE WOULD RUN AWAY FROM THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, AWAY FROM SANSA AND SEPTA MONDAGNE AND PRINCE TOFFREY, ALL OF THEM.



STEAL SOME FOOD FROM THE KITCHEN, TAKE NEEDLE AND HER GOOD BOOTH AND A WARM COAT. SHE COULD FIND HONNED AND TOGETHER THEY'D RETURN TO WINTERFELL, OR RUN TO JON ON THE WALL.

OH, SHE'D NEED THE ROOM. SHE'D NEED TO RUN.



MAY I COME IN?

YES.

WHOSE SWORD IS THAT?

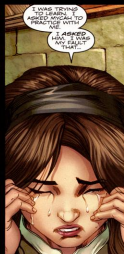
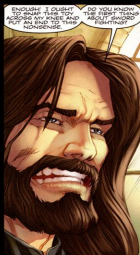


MINE.

GIVE IT TO ME.



A BRAVOR'S BLADE. I KNOW THIS MARCHER MARK. THIS IS MORDEN'S WORK. THE HAND OF THE KING IS EXPECTED TO RULE THE SEVEN KINGDOMS, YET MY DAUGHTER IS ARMED FROM MY OWN FORGE WHILE I KNOW NOTHING OF IT.





NO, SWEET  
ONE, YOU DIDN'T  
KILL THE BUTCHER'S  
BOY. THAT MURDERER  
LIES AT THE HOUND'S  
DOOR. HIM AND THE  
CRAZY WOMAN HE  
SERVES.



I HATE THEM.  
I HATE THEM.  
ALL JOFFREY  
LIED. IT WASN'T  
THE WAY HE  
SAID.

I HATE GANDY  
TOO. SHE DID  
REMEMBER. SHE  
JUST LIED SO  
JOFFREY WOULD  
LIKE HER.

WE ALL LIE. OR  
DID YOU THINK I'D  
BELIEVE THAT NYMERIA  
RAN OFF THAT  
WOLF WOULD NEVER  
HAVE LEFT YOU  
WILLINGLY.



"THERE WERE OTHER WOLVES FOR HER  
TO PLAY WITH. WE HEARD THEM  
HOWLING. I TOLD HER TO RUN, TO BE  
SAFE. THAT I DIDN'T WANT HER  
ANYMORE. ONLY SHE KEPT FOLLOWING  
AND I HAD TO THROW ROCKS."



I FELT SO  
SHAMED, BUT  
IT WAS RIGHT.  
WASN'T IT? THE  
QUEEN WOULD  
HAVE KILLED  
HER.



IT WAS  
RIGHT. AND  
EVEN THE LIE  
WAS NOT  
WITHOUT  
HONOR.

ARYA,  
SIT DOWN.  
I NEED TO TELL  
YOU SOME  
THINGS  
TO YOU.







THE NEXT MORNING, SHE APOLOGIZED TO SEPTA MORDANE AND ASKED FOR HER PARDON.

THREE DAYS AFTER, HER FATHER'S STRWARD SENT HER TO THE SMALL HALL.

YOU'RE LATE, BOY.



TOMORROW YOU WILL BE HERE AT NOON.

HE HAD AN ACCENT. THE LIT OF THE FREE CITIZEN. BRAVOS OR MYR.



WHO ARE YOU?

YOUR DANCING MASTER.



TOMORROW, YOU WILL CATCH IT.

THIS IS NOT A GREATSWORD THAT IS NEEDING TWO HANDS. YOU WILL TAKE THE BLADE IN ONE HAND ONLY.

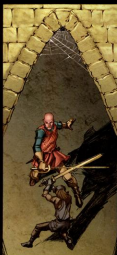


LEFT IS GOOD. ALL IS REVERSED. IT WILL MAKE YOUR ENEMIES MOVE AWKWARD. DO NOT SQUEEZE SO TIGHT.

CAN YOU DROP PART OF YOUR ARM?

WHAT IF I DROP IT?

NINE YEARS SYRIO FOREL WAS FIRST SAVED TO THE SEALORD OF BRAVOS. LISTEN TO HIM, BOY.





IN THE YARD BELOW,  
ROCKY RAN WITH THE  
WOLVES. BRIAN COULD  
HEAR HIS BROTHER'S  
BREATHLESS LAUGHTER  
HE WANTED TO BE DOWN  
THERE TOO, LAUGHING  
AND RUNNING.

HIS EYES STUNG  
AT THE THOUGHT,  
AND HE AVOIDED  
AWAY THE TEARS  
BEFORE THEY  
COULD COME.



THE CROW OF HIS  
DREAM HAD HAD HE  
COULD FLY, HE  
COULDN'T EVEN RUN.

IT WAS  
A LIE.

CROWS  
ARE ALL  
LIARS.

I KNOW  
A STORY  
ABOUT A  
CROW.

I DON'T  
WANT ANY  
MORE  
STORIES. I HATE  
YOUR STUPID  
STORIES.

MY STORIES? NO, MY LITTLE LORD, NOT MINE. THE STORIES ARE BEFORE AND AFTER ME, BEFORE YOU TOO.

NO ONE KNEW HOW OLD SHE WAS, BUT HIS FATHER SAID SHE WAS CALLED OLD NANA, EVEN WHEN HE WAS A BOY. HER SON AND DAUGHTERS HAD LEFT OR DIED, AND ALL THAT REMAINED OF HER BLOOD WAS AROUND THE SIMPLEMINDED GIANT WHO WORKED THE STABLES.

I DON'T CARE WHOSE STORIES THEY ARE, I HATE THEM.

I KNOW A STORY ABOUT A BOY WHO HATED STORIES.

OR I COULD TELL YOU THE STORY ABOUT BRANDON THE BUILDER, THAT WAS ALWAYS YOUR FAVORITE.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, BRANDON THE BUILDER HAD RAISED UP WINTERFELL, AND AROUND THE WALL, THE STORY HAD NEVER BEEN HIS FAVORITE, BUT ALWAYS ONE OF THE OTHER BRANDONS HAD LIKED IT.

SOMETIMES SHE SPOKE AS IF HE WERE THE BRANDON WHO HAD BEEN BROTHER TO HIS GRANDFATHER, LORD RICKARD, OR HIS UNCLE BRANDON, KILLED BY THE MAD KING. ALL THE BRANDON STARKS HAD BECOME ONE PERSON IN HER HEAD.

THAT'S NOT MY FAVORITE. MY FAVORITES ARE THE SCARY ONES.

OH, MY SWEET SUMMER CHILD. WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF FEAR?

FEAR IS FOR THE WINTER, FOR THE LONG NIGHT, WHEN THE SUN HIDES ITS FACE FOR YEARS AT A TIME, AND LITTLE CHILDREN ARE BORN AND LIVE AND DIE ALL IN DARKNESS WHILE THE WHITE WALKERS MOVE THROUGH THE WOODS.

YOU MEAN THE OTHERS?

THE OTHERS, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, A WINTER FELL THAT WAS COLD AND HARD AND ENDLESS BEYOND ALL MEMORY, AND THERE CAME A NIGHT THAT LASTED A GENERATION.

KINGS SHIVERED AND DIED IN THEIR CASTLES, SWYNNERDERS IN THEIR HOVELS, WOMEN SMOOTHED CHILDREN RATHER THAN SEE THEM STARVE AND FELT THE TEARS FREEZE ON THEIR CHEEKS.

"IN THAT DARKNESS, THE OTHERS  
CAME FOR THE FIRST TIME. THEY  
WERE COLD THINGS, DEAD  
THINGS THAT HAD NO HEAT AND  
FIRE AND THE TOUCH OF THE  
SUN. AND EVERY CREATURE WITH  
HOT BLOOD IN ITS VEINS."



"THEY SWIFT OVER HOLDFASTS  
AND CITIES AND KINGDOMS  
LEAVING HOSTS OF THE SLAIN.  
THEY HUNTED THE MAIDS  
THROUGH THE FOREST  
FORGETS AND FED THEIR DEAD  
SERVANTS ON THE FLESH OF  
HUMAN CHILDREN."

"NOW THERE WERE THE DAIS  
BEFORE THE ANGELS CAME.  
THE KINGDOMS THEN WERE  
THE KINGDOMS OF THE FIRST  
MEN WHO HAD TAKEN THE  
LANDS FROM THE CHILDREN  
OF THE FOREST. YET HERE  
AND THERE THE CHILDREN  
STILL LIVED IN THEIR WOODEN  
CITIES AND HOLLOW HILLS."



"AND THE FACES  
IN THE TREES  
KEPT WATCH."



"AS COLD AND DEATH FILLED THE  
EARTH, THE LAST HERO SET OUT  
TO SEEK THE CHILDREN IN HOPE  
THAT ANCIENT NAMES COULD  
WIN WHAT THE POWER OF MEN  
HAD LOST. HE SET OUT INTO THE  
DEAD LANDS WITH A SWORD, A  
HORSE, A DOG, AND A DOZEN  
COMPANIONS."

"FOR YEARS HE SEARCHED UNTIL HE DESPAIRED OF FINDING THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY IN THEIR BRACKISH CITIES."

"ONE BY ONE HIS FRIENDS DIED AND HIS HORSE, AND FINALLY EVEN HIS DOG."



"HIS SWORD PROBE SO HARD, THE BLADE SNAPPED WHEN HE TRIED TO USE IT."

"THE OTHERS SMELLED THE HOT BLOOD IN HIM."



"THEY CAME SILENT ON HIS TAIL, STALKING HIM WITH PACKS OF PALE WHITE SPIDERS AS BIG AS HOUNDS—"



BANG

HODOR:

"WE HAVE VISITORS AND YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED. BRAN, TYRION, LANNISTER AND SOME MEN OF THE NIGHT'S WATCH."



"I'M LISTENING TO A STORY."

"STORIES. WAIT, ANY LITTLE LORD, VIRTUOS ARE NOT SO PATIENT, AND OFTTIMES THEY REBORN STORIES OF THEIR OWN."









YOU LANDJESTERS  
HAD BEST  
REMEMBER  
THAT.

HOOOR,  
BEING MY  
BROTHER  
HERE.



YOU SAID  
YOU HAD  
BUSINESS WITH  
BRAN. WELL,  
HERE HE IS,  
LANDJESTER.

I'M TOLD  
YOU WERE QUITE  
THE CLIMBER.

TELL ME,  
HOW IS IT  
YOU HAPPENED  
TO FALL THAT  
DAY?



THE CHILD DOES NOT  
REMEMBER ANYTHING  
OF THE FALL OR THE  
CLIMB THAT CAME  
BEFORE IT.

INTERESTING.



MY BROTHER  
IS NOT HERE TO  
ANSWER YOUR  
QUESTIONS.

DO YOUR  
BUSINESS  
AND BE ON  
YOUR WAY.

I NEVER.



I HAVE  
A GIFT FOR  
YOU.  
DO YOU  
LIKE TO RIDE,  
BOY?



MY LORD,  
THE CHILD HAS  
LOST THE USE  
OF HIS LEGS.  
HE CANNOT SIT  
A HORSE.

NONSENSE  
WITH THE RIGHT  
HORSE AND THE  
RIGHT SADDLE,  
EVEN A CRIPPLE  
CAN RIDE.



I'M NOT  
A CRIPPLE!



THEN I'M  
NOT A DWARF.  
MY FATHERS WILL  
REJOICE TO  
HEAR IT.

START WITH  
AN UNBROKEN  
YEARLING WITH NO  
OLD TRAINING TO BE  
UNLEARNED. GIVE  
THIS TO YOUR  
SADDLER.



YOU DRAW  
NICELY, MY  
LORD. YES,  
THIS OUGHT  
TO WORK.

I SHOULD  
HAVE THOUGHT  
OF IT MYSELF.





IN HIS DREAMS THAT NIGHT, ISSAN WAS CLIMBING AGAIN, PULLING HIMSELF UP AN ANCIENT, WINDOWLESS TOWER.

WHEN HE PAUSED TO LOOK DOWN, THE EARTH WAS A THOUSAND MILES BELOW HIM AND HE COULD NOT FLY.

THE GARGOYLES WERE WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER IN SOFT, STONE VOICES.

HE MUST NOT LISTEN. SO LONG AS HE DID NOT HEAR THEM, HE WAS SAFE.

I DIDN'T  
HEAR I DIDN'T...

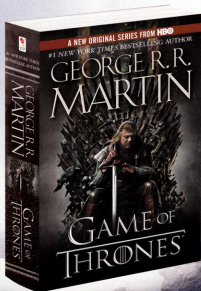
I DIDN'T  
HEAR!



TO BE  
CONTINUED

FROM #1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR

GEORGE R. R. MARTIN



# GAME OF THRONES

INTRIGUE. SEDUCTION.  
BETRAYAL. SEVEN FAMILIES.  
ONE THRONE.

Read the epic novel that inspired the **HBO** series.

A Song of Ice and Fire:  
Look for the boxed set.



Also available as  
an eBook.



HBO® and related service marks are property of Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. **HBO**