Obligatory disclaimer: I don't own ASOIAF; that honour goes to GRRM.

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5th Day of the 5th Moon

Myrcella Baratheon

The princess knew she had to marry but did not expect the wedding to come so soon and so suddenly. Back in the south, the knights and lordlings of all ages from every corner of Westeros had attempted to court her, but the king and the queen were quick to not only dismiss but forbid it. One of the rare few things they both seemed to agree on with ease. Her uncles' heavy glares and sharp tongues were quick to dissuade and chase away any errant attempts as well.

Oh, Myrcella knew well enough that she would probably wed someone important, but she had always thought that Joffrey would be the one to wed a Stark, not her. Not that she minded, but the suddenness had caught her flat-footed. Although it seemed that she was not the only one surprised. Her royal father had probably been heavy-handed about this, as her future family were just as surprised as she was, although Robb Stark had been hard to read.

Winterfell was a grand keep, easily bigger than the Red Keep itself, built in solid granite instead of pale red stone. The smell of privy was absent, replaced with clean, fresh air, slightly scented with pine and sweet smoke. There wasn't any excess luxury on display, and the northerners seemed quite practical, but her future family did not seem to lack wealth. The insides of the Great Hall, Great Keep, and Guest Hall seemed to be more oriented towards the practical display of martial prowess, as there were plenty of hunting trophies and carefully-woven tapestries depicting victories and heroic feats of old lined plenty of walls. And in the Great Hall alone, she managed to see more ironwood than ever before in her life.

All of the Starks wore silks and velvet with ease, aside from Lady Stark and her younger daughter, who seemed to prefer plainer clothing. Her future good family was far different from what she expected. Sure, they lacked the usual pomp and annoying sycophantic flattery, but that was not all. It took Myrcella a few days to finally put her finger on the difference - they had something that had been missing direly in the interactions of both House Baratheon and Lannister.

Warmth.

There was no love lost between her Baratheon side of the family. Stannis was gruff, always scowling and grinding his teeth. Her cousin Shireen was a small, sad thing marked by greyscale and was almost always stuck on Dragonstone, out of sight and mind of the royal court. Renly might have always had a smile on

his face, but it was a distant, frivolous thing, just like the rest of him. The Lannisters… were cold and quite reserved, even to each other. Her Grandfather seemed incapable of smiling, let alone joy and happiness, and the rest of his House seemed to follow his example one way or another.

While the Starks… were warm like the rays of the midday sun, despite, or maybe because, they ruled the vast lands of ice and snow. It was a subtle thing that was not easy to notice, but if you looked closer at the subtle gestures, Lord and Lady Stark loved each other dearly. Even the First Ranger Benjen, Lord Stark's brother, seemed well-loved by his kin. Her future good brother and sisters seemed so different from each other as the night and day, yet there was so much familial affection and warmth in their interactions.

All things considered, Myrcella did not mind being wedded to the Stark heir. But there was a problem - her betrothed was hard to read. To her chagrin, unlike the others his age in the royal court, Robb did not seem smitten with her beauty, and she could feel a trace of hesitation under his impassive face. Myrcella did not want a cold, distant marriage like her parents, full of hateful quarrels and indignity.

She had tried to pry out some details from her future good-sister Sansa as they did their stitches together with the Septa the day before, yet the red-haired girl had only provided a few polite, cautious words revealing nothing of import. Her options of knowing more before the hunting party returned were rather limited, so she decided that a visit to her uncle was due. Despite his short stature, his eyes and mind were sharp, and he always knew all sorts of interesting things and provided sound advice.

Thus, after breaking her fast in her quarters, Myrcella headed to her Uncle Tyrion’s room on the floor below, shadowed by the ever-silent Ser Arys. Her mother would throw a fit as she did every time Myrcella visited her uncle, but what Cersei didn’t know wouldn’t hurt her.

As she entered the lower hallway, a small, short figure almost crashed into her. Under her stunned gaze, a familiar young red-haired boy, scarcely reaching above her waist, barely managed to stop half a yard away from her. The boy was clad in a dark cotton tunic and grey pants and had a small, ermine mantle behind him.

“Hullo!” Rickon Stark breathlessly beamed at her with his bright blue eyes. Behind him trailed a shaggy, pitch-black wolf with a wagging tail, lolled-out tongue and green eyes, along with an exasperated burly Stark guardsman who bowed respectfully. The boy urged the wolf forward and declared proudly: “This is Shaggydog!”

His minder groaned while she could hear Ser Arys snicker silently behind her. Yet, looking at his wide, genuine smile, Myrcella was not offended by the lack of decorum at all; when Tommen was younger, he was much the same. In fact, faced with the adorable sight, she barely resisted pinching his little red cheeks.

Myrcella settled for tussling his wild auburn hair with a smile, “Where are you headed in such a rush, little wolf?”

“I’m not little,” the boy protested weakly for a short moment. “I’m going to see Tommen. I promised to show him the Godswood yesterday!” A moment later, Rickon mumbled abashedly with a slightly bowed head, “Princess.”

"Oh, none of that. We're going to be family soon; you can call me Myrcella when we're not in public," she reassured the boy, who smiled happily at her. Her gaze moved to the black wolf, now calmly sitting beside the boy. "Your companion is very well-behaved."

If Myrcella was to believe her mother's words, the direwolves were nothing more than uncontrollable savage beasts good only for their pelts. But looking at the black wolf in front of her, which was scarcely larger than an ordinary hound, there was no trace of feral savagery.

"Robb and Sansa helped me train him," Rickon proudly stated, puffing up his chest adorably.

Indeed, a wondrously close-knit family, Myrcella couldn't imagine Joffrey helping Tommen with anything other than trying to terrify him with cruel jibes or derisive words. Nor her mother getting along with her uncle Tyrion. And it would be a cold day in the seven hells if Stannis and Renly could stand each other. But Rickon's words gave her an idea.

“Oh, what can you tell me about your brother?” Myrcella asked slyly. “He seemed a bit too quiet.”

“Robb’s just sad!”

“Sad?” she echoed curiously.

“Aye!” Rickon bobbed his head adorably. “Ever since our two brothers are gone, he’s been sad.”

Myrcella knew about Bran Stark's untimely death, but Eddard Stark had three sons, not four, according to her studies. But, well, that would explain why her betrothed was still wary. Grief was a powerful thing.

“Your brothers are gone?”

"Uh-huh," the boy's countenance saddened. "Bran fell from one of the walls and is now sleeping in the crypt, and they say he won't wake. Jon fell sick and disappeared afterwards. Ever since, nobody would play with me but Shaggy!"

Who was this Jon? Perhaps a friend or even a bastard? Something to be investigated later on.

“Go, run along now, Tommen would love to play with you,” the princess urged, and the cheer returned in Rickon’s blue eyes as he rushed towards her youngest brother’s room, followed by the eager black wolf and the burly guard. Tommen was in dire need of proper companions, and, despite being more than a year younger, the youngest Stark son seemed suitable.

Hopefully, he’d manage to bring her brother out of his shell.

A minute later, she arrived in front of her uncle's room. Hopefully, Tyrion would be here and awake. She hesitantly knocked a few times.

"Who is it?" her uncle's muffled voice through the wooden door.

"It's me, Myrcella."

"My favourite niece!" the door swung open, showing a drowsy Tyrion below, garbed in his usual red doublet stitched with gilded lions. His visage was horrifying to behold, as always, but it meant nothing; the so-called imp was always kind and generous to her, much to Cersei's chagrin.

"I'm your only niece, uncle," she dryly pointed out.

"Doesn't make my words any less true, little Cella," he tutted as he looked up at her face. Her uncle didn't reach her elbows in height. "Ah, it was only yesterday when you were a wee little thing, shorter than your poor uncle. Yet here you stand now, tall, grown, and about to be a woman wed. How can your short uncle be of service to the future Lady Stark?"

"You might be short of stature, but your mind is sharper than any other," she snorted at Tyrion's penchant for theatrics and lowered her voice to a whisper, "Do you mind if we talk inside?"

He nodded and led her into his quarters. The room wasn't particularly big, and the only thing that stood out was the messy bed and the heavy desk laden with candlesticks and piles of books, accompanied by a silver goblet and a pitcher of wine. Ser Arys dutifully stood guard outside the door.

Tyrion sat on one of the small chairs and turned to her, "So, Cella, what troubles you?"

"Well… I am unsure how to feel about Robb Stark," she admitted. "He is charming and courteous on the outside, but there's some distance. Everyone has only good things to say about him, yet it's his family or servants speaking."

"Well, by all accounts, they aren't lying," Tyrion smirked. "Distance is normal; the upcoming marriage seemed to surprise him as much as it did you. Your husband-to-be is squeaky clean. He treats his lessers well, there isn't a single cruel bone in his body, and he isn't lusty or greedy. According to the whores in Winter Town, he visited only twice for all the times he was in town, both times dragged by the Greyjoy boy. He hasn't bedded any of the maids or servants either. Well, there's always that with him chopping heads off. Though, the lad doesn't seem to revel in the butchery either, according to a drunk guard I overheard. Ah, if my father could see such a well-raised heir, he would go green with envy!"

She couldn't help but imagine the sight, and a giggle escaped her lips.

"Mayhaps you have a point," Myrcella agreed after a few moments, "I just… don't want to end up angry and bitter like Mother."

“Never,” her uncle vehemently shook his head. “You’re the sweetest girl, and Robb Stark would be a fool not to treat you like the treasure you are. Alas, I know little of happy marriages, so if you want advice on that particular topic, you should look for Lady Stark. After all, she’s the one happily wed to the Starks despite her own sudden marriage.”

She bobbed her head in agreement; as usual, her uncle was sharp and to the point and gave insightful advice. Just as Myrcella was about to leave, she remembered Rickon's words.

“Does Lord Stark have bastard sons?”

“Well,” Tyrion hummed and thoughtfully scratched his jutted forehead, “he was rumoured to have sired a bastard, Jon Snow, if my memory is correct. Supposedly the boy was raised here in Winterfell along with his trueborn siblings.”

Myrcella couldn’t help but wonder how Lady Stark managed to be so agreeable with her husband after he brought his bastard to live in his own keep. Even the honourable Eddard Stark had a moment of weakness in his youth, yet for some reason, that did not make him any lesser.

“I met Rickon in the hallway,” she hesitantly began, “he said his brother ‘Jon’ fell sick and disappeared after Bran fell.”

"You think he died?" her uncle squinted his mismatched eyes. "Well, it could be a thousand things, niece. Rushing to conclusions like that is not wise, as young children are not exactly known for their sharp wit or concise speech. You can always ask your betrothed about his bastard brother. He would probably start courting you when he returns from the hunt."

“What if-” the words choked into her throat.

“What if your husband-to-be brings his own bastard home to be raised?” Tyrion finished for her. “I don’t think you need to worry, niece. Supposedly Jon Snow was the fruit of Eddard Stark’s first flame, Ashara Dayne, who died birthing him. And, while charming, Robb Stark has not found himself a paramour just yet. Besides, House Tully is not powerful; half their bannermen are stronger than the trout. Yet in Westeros, there’s nothing mightier than the union of the Lion and the Stag right now.”

Her mother was not in her quarters, and after nearly an hour of searching through the stone maze that was Winterfell, Myrcella finally managed to find Cersei.

Apparently, she was exploring a squat and round drum tower that looked ancient and, according to the pair of sentries outside, was named the First Keep. An old seat that had gone out of use centuries ago, evident by the disrepair. Even the gargoyles decorating the ramparts above looked quite worn.

After a short hesitation, Myrcella ordered Ser Arys to remain at the old keep's entrance. After all, neither her mother nor uncle would harm her, and Winterfell was swarming with guards. Even the elusive King Beyond the Wall met his end while trying to sneak here.

Myrcella climbed a flight of stairs, and when she neared the top, the voices of Cersei and Jaime echoed.

Curious, she suppressed her desire to announce her arrival and carefully approached, minding her step so she was not overheard. Myrcella stopped as soon as she was able to make out their words.

“- too many guards everywhere. We can’t, Jaime,” Cersei’s voice was uncharacteristically soothing.

“Well, they did catch that deserter-gone-king along with a few petty thieves,” her uncle jested as usual.

“That’s not a laughing matter; even this old, abandoned keep is well-guarded. I would say Stark was planning treason, but I don’t think the wolf has it in him,” her mother’s derisive tone returned, making Myrcella sigh inwardly.

“It’s good. If nothing else, Myrcella will be well-protected here,” Jaime Lannister’s voice grew serious.

“Damn Robert!” Cersei’s sudden screech made the girl wince. “Damn him for taking my daughter away!”

“A daughter was always going to be married off unless you planned for Cella to become an unwed old maid.”

“Maybe she should!”

The princess found it odd, for a moment, that her mother was so reluctant to give her away when scarcely showing a sliver of affection for years. But she quickly realised that it was not out of love for her daughter but rather possessiveness more than anything else. Myrcella knew better than anyone that there was not a single shred of love in the cold heart of Cersei Lannister.

"There's nothing you can do," there was a hint of warning in Jaime's voice. "Stark has at least four swords for every blade the royal retinue brought, all of which would answer to Robert Baratheon anyway. Once the king has made up his mind, there's no changing it. And Robb Stark is a respectable match for Myrcella. Just accept it; there are worse things than this."

“I can write Father!” Cersei’s words petulant words made Myrcella wince again.

"And he would laugh at your face, dear sister," Jaime snorted. "Who would be a worthy match for the Realm's Delight? The Martell second son that would inherit no lands? Edmure Tully, who is almost twice her age with his troublesome vassals and small castle? Robin Arryn, a sickly boy of six? Or maybe that crippled steward Willas Tyrell?"

The silence was deafening, as apparently, her mother had no answer.

“The Starks are little more than savages, Jaime,” Cersei finally found her voice again. “They don’t even employ a proper headsman!”

“There’s nothing wrong with doling out justice by your own hand,” Jaime’s voice grew steely. “Myrcella’s blood would rule half the kingdom now.”

“What about that ridiculous dowry Robert agreed to? He’s out of his mind!”

“Well, she deserves at least this much!”

The princess had had enough of the silly arguing and continued climbing as loudly as possible to announce her presence. The voices immediately ceased.

Myrcella entered an old, abandoned hallway and saw the Queen and her brother tensely looking at her. Jaime’s hand was coiled on his sword’s hilt but quickly eased.

“Mother, Uncle,” she curtsied.

“What are you doing here, sweetling?” Cersei’s smile was a tad forced.

"Looking for you," Myrcella replied. "The Baratheon maiden cloak would not arrive on time for the wedding. Lady Catelyn and Sansa generously offered their assistance in making a new one, along with the best choice of black and gold fabrics Winterfell has to offer. Do you wish to aid us?"

The Queen’s face twisted and reminded Myrcella of curdled milk.

"I shall," her mother nodded through gritted teeth, much to the princess' amusement; Cersei looked like Uncle Stannis for a short moment. "Let's go find Lady Stark."

They quickly made their way down the stairway and were joined by Ser Arys as they left the First Keep., Finding the Lady of Winterfell turned out far easier than expected. She was waiting in a courtyard facing the northern gate, followed by Arya Stark and two scores of Stark guardsmen. The sight reminded Myrcella of the ugly young duckling wobbling after her swan mother.

“Your Grace, Princess,” Catelyn Stark curtsied, followed by her younger daughter, who looked rather stiff in her courtesies.

At that moment, a large party rode through the gate, explaining why the Lady of Winterfell was waiting there. For a short heartbeat, Myrcella thought that her royal father returned from the hunt early, but none of the banners were familiar. Buckets, knives, trees, cones; a motley heraldry cobbled in white, blue, green, brown, and a rare smidgeon of yellow.

The men were burly and rugged, with plenty of weathered, shaggy faces. All of them were clad in boiled leather, mail, or even hauberk, all armed to the teeth. Warhammers, spears, axes, shields, and swords were aplenty. It was akin to a river of steel, beards, hardened leather, and muscle flooding through the

gates. The last to enter was a large wooden two-wheeled cart drawn by four horses. They looked to be more than a hundred riders, quite a formidable force of mounted men.

The men at the front quickly dismounted and headed towards Lady Stark with smiles on their faces. Myrcella saw her uncle Jaime tense as two of the men approached. One, as tall as her father but wiry and no less dangerous, had a surcoat depicting three pine cones, one white and green, while the other, half a head shorter, had broad shoulders and a belly bigger than the one her royal father sported bore three buckets on dark blue as his heraldry. The second man's hands were as large as hams and looked like fleshy hammers.

“Lady Stark!” Both bowed deeply in front of Myrcella’s future good mother, not paying a single whit of attention to the Queen.

It made for an odd sight, as even the shorter, stout man was a head taller than the Lady of Winterfell and thrice as wide. Even odder was how a lady commanded so much genuine respect that even her royal mother lacked.

“Wull, Liddle,” Catelyn Stark’s voice was a bit strained as she turned to Cersei, “This is Her Grace, Queen Cersei Lannister.” They all bowed their heads, but Myrcella noticed it was not nearly as deep or respectful as the one Lady Stark received. Her mother noticed it as well, judging by her thinning lips. “What brings nearly half of the Clan heads here? Is there some issue?”

Ah, so that’s why the heraldry was unfamiliar, the northern clansmen were mentioned in her studies, but as they were not considered nobility, they were little more than a few cursory lines.

“We’re here to speak with the Stark and to attend the young Stark's wedding, of course!” Wull’s voice boomed across the courtyard as he slapped his bulging stomach, and then he looked at his tall companion, gaze heavy with envy. “The rest of the chieftains are on their way too, a few days behind us! And well, old Liddle here has a special gift for the Stark.”

“My lord husband is on a hunt in the Wolfswood with His Grace the King,” Catelyn explained, then signalled to a servant who brought trays with bread and salt. The chieftains were quick to accept guest right with a wide smile. “If I might be so bold to inquire, what gift would Lord Liddle have personally for my husband?”

“Ah,” the Liddle chieftain coughed uncertainly as everyone in the courtyard gazed at him. Most of the clansmen’s gazes alternated between envy and admiration.

“C’mon, old pinecone, shadowcat got your tongue?” Wull clicked his tongue as he shook his head.

“Damn it, Big Bucket,” Liddle muttered and waved to the back, “Morgan, bring it.”

Four strong men removed the shroud from the carriage and lifted an enormous furry white wrap.

“What is this,” Lady Stark asked with apprehension.

“Ah well, it’s easier to show than explain,” the tall chieftain coughed, looking mighty uncomfortable. The so-called Big Bucket slapped his shoulder with a wide grin. “Need some large and clean place.”

“To the Great Hall then,” Catelyn said with a sigh while she tiredly rubbed her brow.

Myrcella was not the only one that eyed the enormous white fur roll that took four people to carry. Arya, Ser Rodrik Cassel, and even her uncle gazed at it with undisguised interest.

Sometime later, they finally arrived at the Great Hall.

Everyone watched on with interest as the long tables and chairs were pulled towards the wall, clearing a wide berth of space in the middle.

Then, the four burly men placed the wrap there and carefully unfurled it. An impossibly enormous, perfect snow bear pelt revealed itself. It was… pristine; there was not a single tear on it! It was easily long as tall as three grown men and half as wide. Easily a priceless gift, as Myrcella hadn’t heard, let alone seen, anything approaching it in size or quality.

The silence was interrupted as someone whistled, impressed. Even her mother was eyeing the fur with interest.

“This,” Catelyn struggled to find her words as she cautiously eyed the enormous pelt, “This is the gift?”

“Aye, for the Ned!” Liddle proudly declared.

“You honour us with such a priceless gift, Chief Liddle,” she bowed her head. “I’ll be sure to place it on display for all to see.”

“Alas, I cannot claim credit for such a gift, for it is not I who slew the beast,” the Northman bowed his head, and the clansmen erupted in cheers. “The Ned’s son slew it alone, saving my daughter Lysara from certain death!”

“Gods, Lord Stark has been holding out on us,” Jaime snorted.

“Ned’s son?” Catelyn’s voice was faint, and her face had grown pale.

“Aye, the Jon!” The clansmen erupted into cheers, and Myrcella noticed that Arya Stark leapt with joy while Lady Stark looked as if she was about to faint. Gods, were they speaking about Lord Stark’s bastard? “He even refused reward or spoils for his deed. But I’m no cur to repay grace with ingratitude and keep such a magnificent skin that I had no hand in the slaying. The Jon reluctantly accepted it, only to send the pelt as a gift to his father!”

Craster's Keep

Duncan Liddle

"Mance Rayder?" Craster spat on the mud. "What do the free folk want with kings? Much I can tell you o' Mance Rayder and his doings if I had a mind for it. But why would I? You're not even crows, I have a good deal with the crows. You Southrons don't belong here in the True North. Begone now."

At that moment, the old burly wildling froze, and his cruel smile filled with rotten brown teeth was replaced with horror as he gazed behind them. The pigs began to squeal in terror from the pigsty to the left, the sheep went wild, while all of Craster's dogs began to whimper.

Duncan turned and saw Ghost standing behind them, silent as a shadow. For the dozen days he had not seen the direwolf, he had grown enormous, almost as tall as Jarod. But the towering beast was not alone; aside from the four hounds, there were two slightly smaller grey direwolves, one on his left and the other on his right, and at least a score of smaller grey wolves behind him, all eerily gazing at Craster in silence.

"Now, now," Jon Snow's voice was as smooth as silk as he picked a sharp yet heavy woodsman axe from their supplies from one of the saddles. "There's no need to be so brash and rude. Tell us what we want to know, and we'll be out of your hair. In return, I'll gift you this nice axe, the finest northern make."

The young Snow *moved,* and with a loud ***thunk***, the axehead effortlessly sank into a thick tree stump next to him. The strike was so powerful that the stump itself cracked.

If he was afraid before, Caster was terrified out of his mind now.

"Ah, I'll tell you-"

"Why didn't we just kill the bloody kinslayer," Duncan groaned as they camped three leagues away from Craster. "You were right, no boys at all, and he beds his daughters. And one of the girls fearfully said that their sons are given to the cold gods while he was showing you on the map."

"One of his wives' is heavy with child," Jon said while he effortlessly carved a straight wooden branch with Dark Sister. "I'd rather wait for it to be born. If it's a boy, we can strike down more Others; Craster can meet his gods in death afterwards."

"And if it's a girl?" Jarod asked.

"He dies regardless."

It was an amazing thing to see Jon effortlessly shape simple arrow shafts so quickly with only a sword. Sure, they were a tad crude, but far better than anything they could make here otherwise. Even the leafcloaks seemed impressed with Jon's work. Duncan couldn't help but wonder how many their leader

had made to get so good at it. Gods, he was scarcely six and ten and was unnaturally skilled and knowledgeable at many things, including fighting.

The battle at the small village would be forever seared into Duncan's mind as he witnessed a struggle belonging straight to the tales of olde. But it was a good thing; it was a great honour to follow such a formidable man who daringly led at the front, even more so if the Stark blood ran through his veins.

“I’m no midwife to know of pregnancies and birthing babes, but can we afford to wait for moons for the child to be born?” His uncle sighed as he was checking the arrow fletchings. “What if the wildlings move away?”

“Well,” Leaf chimed in, “I have some knowledge in that field. The woman will give birth in less than a moon if there are no surprises. A fortnight most likely, so we won’t wait too long.”

“Is there anything you don’t know?” Jarod looked curiously at the Singer.

“Plenty,” she snorted. “But if you live as long as me, you’re bound to pick some things here and there along the way.”

Duncan still had trouble wrapping his mind around the fact that the little deer-like being could live more than five times a human could. The small clearing grew silent as Jon gazed at the campfire, lost in thought.

“According to Craster, Mance Raider’s people have begun to gather at one of the Milkwater’s western sleeves,” the young man slowly began to draw in the soft mud with a stick. “We’re about sixty leagues away from there, give or take a few. But they will take quite some time to gather, and tens of thousands of men are not so quick to move, so we can afford to wait for Craster’s child to be born.”

The mud map was odd, but if you squinted enough, it looked accurate with what he remembered about the Lands beyond the Wall back in Little Hall.

“What shall we do while we wait?” Duncan straightened up as he continued to slowly knap the piece of obsidian in his hand into a crude arrowhead. The Singers were far quicker and better than him at shaping dragonglass, but he didn’t want to feel useless. “Sooner or later, the daughterfucker will spot us if we linger around.”

"What can the old wildling do?" Jarod snorted. "Ten years ago, the man might have been formidable, but he's older than me, and his strength is waning with every next moon."

“We shall head to this deposit of obsidian Leaf mentioned near the lake to restock. It’s the closest, less than sixty miles away,” Jon decided as he looked at the lines drawn in the mud and stabbed his stick into the nameless lake, which flowed into the shivering sea through a river. “Leaf, pick out a handful of suitable Singers to watch on Craster without being noticed.”

Author's Endnote:

We see what Myrcella is up to, and certain people get really close to an aneurysm. The Liddles finally arrive, but they're not alone; Ned's vague warnings and requests have roused the otherwise reclusive Mountain Clans.

And Jon and Co finally arrive in Craster's Keep.