

WE SHOULD START BACK.

BUT SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT TONIGHT.

NINE DAYS THEY HAD BEEN RIDING, NORTH AND NORTHWEST AND THEN NORTH AGAIN, HARD ON THE TRACK OF A BAND OF WILDLING RAIDERS.

WILL HAD THOUGHT THE ENDLESS, DARK WILDERNESS THAT THE SOUTHRON CALLED THE HAUNTED FOREST HAD NO MORE TERRORS FOR HIM.

EACH DAY HAD BEEN WORSE THAN THE ONE THAT CAME BEFORE IT, AND TODAY WAS THE WORST OF ALL.



I SAID WE SHOULD START BACK. THE WILDLINGS ARE DEAD.

WHAT PROOF HAVE WE?

WILL SAW THEM. THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH.



WILL HAD BEEN FOUR YEARS ON THE WALL, AND VETERAN OF A HUNDRED RANGINGS. GARED HAD SPENT FORTY.

MORMONT SAID AS WE SHOULD TRACK THEM, AND WE DID. BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS WEATHER.

WILL WANTED NOTHING SO MUCH AS TO RIDE HELLBENT FOR THE SAFETY OF THE WALL, BUT THAT WASN'T SOMETHING TO SHARE WITH YOUR COMMANDER.



SER WAYMAR HAD BEEN A SWORN BROTHER FOR HALF A YEAR, AND THIS RANGING WAS HIS FIRST.

IT WAS HARD TO TAKE ORDERS FROM A MAN YOU LAUGHED AT IN YOUR CLIPS.

TELL ME AGAIN WHAT YOU SAW, WILL. LEAVE NOTHING OUT.



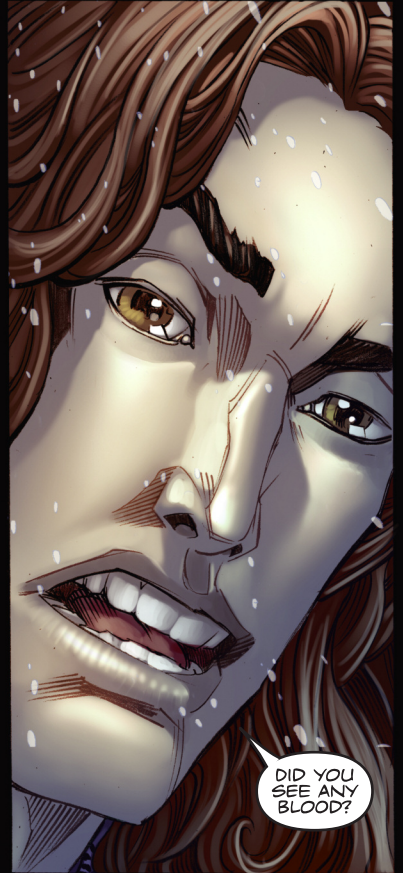
CAMP'S
A BIT FARTHER
ON, OVER THAT
RIDGE. I GOT AS
CLOSE AS I
DARED.



THERE'S
EIGHT OF
THEM, MEN
AND WOMEN
BOTH.

NO FIRE
BURNING;
THE SNOW'S
PRETTY WELL
COVERED IT.

NO ONE
MOVING.
I WATCHED
A LONG
TIME.



DID YOU
SEE ANY
BLOOD?



WELL, NO.
BUT NO LIVING
MEN EVER LAY
SO STILL.



GARED,
STAY HERE AND
GUARD THE
HORSES.

WILL, LEAD
ME THERE.
I WOULD SEE
THESE DEAD
MEN FOR
MYSELF.

THERE WAS NOTHING
TO BE DONE FOR IT.
THE ORDER HAD BEEN
GIVEN, AND HONOR
BOUND HIM TO OBEY.



YOUR DEAD MEN SEEM TO HAVE MOVED CAMP, WILL.

I AM NOT GOING BACK TO CASTLE BLACK A FAILURE ON MY FIRST RANGING WE WILL FIND THESE MEN.



UP THE TREE, WILL. LOOK FOR A FIRE.



THERE WAS NO USE TO ARGUE. FEAR FILLED HIS GUT LIKE A MEAL HE COULD NOT DIGEST, AND ONLY THE TASTE OF COLD IRON IN HIS MOUTH GAVE HIM COMFORT.

THE WILDLINGS HAD BEEN DEAD. HE'D SWEAR IT.



WHY IS IT SO COLD?

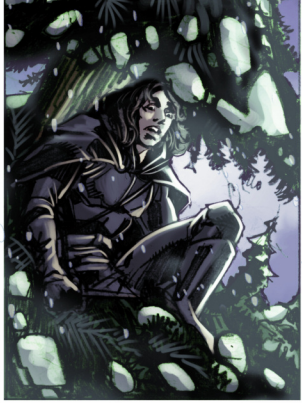


WHO GOES THERE?

WILL? CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING? ANSWER ME!



FROM WHERE HE HID, WILL SAW THEM EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS, ALL TWINS TO THE FIRST.



IT WAS HIS DUTY TO CALL OUT TO WARN SER WAYMAR ROYCE.



IT WAS DEATH IF HE DID.

WHEN THE BLADES MET, THERE WAS NO SOUND OF METAL ON METAL.



ONLY A HIGH SOUND AT THE EDGE OF HEARING, LIKE AN ANIMAL SCREAMING IN PAIN.



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를 보게
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