

cheer for him that way, he realized with a dull ache. He might be the lord in Winterfell while his brother and father were gone, but he was still Bran the Broken. He could not even get off his own horse, except to fall.

When the distant cheers had faded to silence and the yard was empty at last, Winterfell seemed deserted and dead. Bran looked around at the faces of those who remained, women and children and old men... and Hodor. The huge stableboy had a lost and frightened look to his face.

“Hodor?” he said sadly.

“Hodor,” Bran agreed, wondering what it meant.