

“A wildling,” Bran told him. “She said they should keep me alive so they could take me to Mance Rayder.”

“Do you have a name?” Robb asked her.

“Osha, as it please the lord,” she muttered sourly.

Maester Luwin stood. “We might do well to question her.”

Bran could see the relief on his brother’s face. “As you say, Maester. Wayn, bind her hands. She’ll come back to Winterfell with us... and live or die by the truths she gives us.”