

Across the garden, Tyrion Lannister got to his feet. “Not this little man,” he said. “This little man is going down in the turnip hoist, thank you very much.”

“You presume-” Lysa began.

“I presume that House Arryn remembers its own words,” the Imp said. “As High as Honor. “

“You promised I could make him fly,” the Lord of the Eyrie screamed at his mother. He began to shake.

Lady Lysa’s face was flushed with fury. “The gods have seen fit to proclaim him innocent, child. We have no choice but to free him.” She lifted her voice. “Guards. Take my lord of Lannister and his... creature here out of my sight. Escort them to the Bloody Gate and set them free. See that they have horses and supplies sufficient to reach the Trident, and make certain all their goods and weapons are returned to them. They shall need them on the high road.”

“The high road,” Tyrion Lannister said. Lysa allowed herself a faint, satisfied smile. It was another sort of death sentence, Catelyn realized. Tyrion Lannister must know that as well. Yet the dwarf favored Lady Arryn with a mocking bow. “As you command, my lady,” he said. “I believe we know the way.”