

said to Bowen Marsh. “Dark’s falling, and there’s something in the smell o’ the night that I mislike.”

And suddenly Ghost was back, stalking softly between two weirwoods. White fur and red eyes, Jon realized, disquieted. Like the trees...

The wolf had something in his jaws. Something black. “What’s he got there?” asked Bowen Marsh, frowning.

“To me, Ghost.” Jon knelt. “Bring it here.”

The direwolf trotted to him. Jon heard Samwell Tarly’s sharp intake of breath.

“Gods be good,” Dywen muttered. “That’s a hand.”