

The Dreamer and the Raven - Extra Fanfics

Zusatztexte zum Game of Thrones Dojinshi "The Dreamer and the Raven"

Von elf

King Renly

Jojen is sitting on the ground, singing quietly and playing.

Next to them Jaqen waits impatiently as well. Jojen's mentor has agreed to lend some of his seer training time for the meeting with the king.

Bran is certain Jaqen knows everything about him, his reasons, knows he is desperately trying to help his friend. He is the only other one in the castle who is aware Bran exists, and like Jojen, he never asks questions either. There has to be a reason why he trusts Bran, why those eyes who could stare a man to death look gently upon him.

"There you are."

The fairy smiles and hugs Bran, then pats Jojen's head. "Are you the prince? Bran has told me a lot about you."

"You are very pretty." Jojen answers. Sansa beams in delight.

"Oh my. You have grown so much! How could you become any more adorable?"

She leads them to the entrance of the magical realm, chatting happily all the while, encouraging them to talk about any troubles with the king. The path is a long, dark flight of stairs, the trodded earth full of large roots. There is only dim light coming from above.

Bran has pictured the magical realm as a place high above, surrounded by clouds and light. At their destination however, the fairy kingdom is eerie and clandestine instead. The sky and ground are a hazy grey and the trees seem to grow everywhere, gleaming green and blue like lightning with delicate twigs.

The king is sprawled on a throne made of wood branches, twirled and woven with roots. He does not have wings like the other fairies. Instead, he has the back legs and hooves of a stag, and a pair of antlers on his head. Under the fluorescent twilight on

the throne he might have been frightening, were it not for his antlers being decorated with little yellow roses.

"Welcome, boys."

Jojen smiles back. Though considerably younger, King Renly is dark haired and serene just like his father. They are likely to get along well.

They sit down in front of him, Sansa and Jaen at some distance from the throne. No one mentions a word about Jaen, like he is invisible to the hosts. Even Sansa sitting right next to him, doesn't at all seem to be aware of him.

"You must be prince Jojen. Very pleased to make your acquaintance," the king says. "But who are you?"

"I'm Bran." he answers, not having expected to introduce himself. "Sansa found me in the woods and told me I could bring Jojen here."

"Just Bran?"

"I'm a wolf."

"A wolf? That sounds very exciting! Can you show me what you look like?"

"I-I can't. I'm stuck like this until... for a while."

King Renly seems to think. *Please don't tell Jojen I have to serve the same witch that cursed him*, Bran chants silently.

Of course he has tried to change his form by himself, and never succeeded. He isn't even getting any better at it. He knows exactly how it feels, when the witch turns him, from raven to human, from wolf to raven. And he can't do it. None of the books he reads when sneaking away to the library are helping. He seems to have no talent at all for magic.

"Bran is magical," Jojen pipes up and takes his hand. "Just like me. Only that he gets to be a wolf. And sometimes a raven."

"You are certainly both very interesting," King Renly says. "So you can see the future, Jojen?"

"I have dreams that come true, yes. I try to warn everyone, but it doesn't work. Sometimes I see what is going to happen exactly, when and where. But most of the time, I see only weird images and we have to find out what they mean. If I guess wrong, I can't be of any help." He seems suddenly very lonely and miserable.

"You want me to help you guess better?" asks the King.

"Yes!" Jojen says, his head leaping up.

For some reason, the King isn't sharing his enthusiasm. Bran isn't sure himself if helping to guess the dreams more accurately is the reason they are here, but he is alright with anything that will make Jojen happy.

"I can do that." the king finally says. "Jojen, I've also heard you've been feeling sick."

"It's nothing." Jojen says. But he seems to notice at that moment that his sister is not present. His hand still in Bran's, he looks nervously over his shoulder. "My family looks after me."

The king sighs. "Would you believe if I told you I was the one responsible for your wellbeing? How many times have I talked to my subordinates about this!"

His hand reaches to the ground, scruffing into something that is apparently not an arrangement of yellow flowers. A sleepy fairy raises its curly blonde head from lying at the base of the throne, and lazily spreads a pair of clear blue wings.

"But do they listen? The first and most important thing you need to do is bless kids with good health," the king rants.

"Well, we can't cover everything," the blonde fairy shrugs. "We choose what we're good at."

"It's basic knowledge, Loras. Beauty this, bravery that! Best lover of all kingdoms! I'm not even starting with Shae. It's boring, she says, good health doesn't impress anyone. You're not there to impress people."

"It didn't go as planned. We lost one wish because of Lysa."

"You can't leave it to Gilly to do the important stuff at the very end." King Renly says. "See, Gilly is not just 'good at' anything really. She is great, because she sees what's the best that can be done."

The king's hand rests on a blue orb, nestled inside a trunk. He stands up and lifts the trunk, carrying it over to Jojen, then sits in front of them, legs crossed.

"I have to apologize for this," the fairy king tells the boys. "Certainly I will train you, Jojen."

"Thank you, King Renly."

"Have you ever tried to have a vision while you are awake?"

"No, I wouldn't want that."

"I suppose it must hurt you a lot."

"Well, uh..." Jojen looks up at Bran, who is more clueless than him. "A little, yes. But I

can use the dreams to help people. That's what you do too, right? You too can see the future."

"Oh, yes, I do," King Renly says. "I can already tell you are going to be a great king. Probably better than me, if that's possible. Helping people however, is a complex matter."

"That's what Jaen says too, sometimes." Jojen said, looking into the orb.

The king nodded. "I take it he is a seer too, and I don't believe he suffers as much as you do."

Jojen shrugs. His hand reaches out to disperse the fumes surrounding the orb.

"He has more practice."

"There are things than can get worse with practice," King Renly smiles. "Helping people is one of them. The more people you help, the more you think you can help. It's not true."

"I don't understand."

"See, that's what makes the curse of the witch so wicked. When she wanted to curse your sister, she just attacked her without thinking. She expected a helpless little girl, and threatened someone with a spindle who knows their way perfectly around sharp things. At your nameday, the witch had learned. She listened to what the other fairies blessed you with, and then she took advantage of your kindness, turned it against you. Your kindness is a perfect part of you, you're not even aware of ways to live differently. Jojen, you need to fight back."

"But I'm not like my sister."

"That only means you can't fight back like she did. But you can do it differently. You've accepted being a seer, and you believe that means accepting the curse. But the curse is not part of your nature. It's the same with Bran as well. Would you be friends with Bran, regardless of what he is?"

"Of course I would!"

Bran is terrified for a moment, but the king does not reveal his secret; and he doesn't quite understand why that question is asked. Unless it was meant for him. Because he knows Jojen's answer before he says it, he only doesn't believe. Jojen does not know who Bran is. He might think different, given a few years, he might judge the deal with the witch differently once he is not a child anymore.

"Is there a time when you feel good about your dreams?"

"When... when I can compare them with each other and see what they mean. And when I talk about them with Jaen, and when I tell the Council about them."

"Do you see that all of these things are what you choose to do? You are doing something with your visions. And more important: All these times you choose to share your visions with someone. You share your responsibility. It means you are not the only one responsible for helping the people in your kingdom. Your father is too, the Council as well, and Jaen is responsible for helping you. All of those people are good at what they do. It is not the curse that makes you good or helpful. You choose to be good and helpful, with or without it. What belongs to you is the kindness in you, your love for your family, your friendship with Bran, your wish to become a good king. Now, if I told the crown prince and future king of Greywater that there is a little boy who is suffering somewhere in your land, wouldn't you do anything you could to help him?"

"Yes. Who is he? I haven't seen him in my visions. How do I find him?"

"Look no further, Joen, that boy is you."