

Thoughts of Deceased Kings

King Robert Baratheon

As I laid on my death bed, a result of my own drunkenness and pride, I realized I had to come to terms with a few things. My so called son Joffrey was far too young and immature to take the throne. There is only one person I would trust to take his place. Ned. Ned I could always count on. Honorable Ned was my only hope for a successor. Not only is Joffrey much too young for the throne but he has been turned to a spoiled brat by his mother. Cersei has ruined one child hopefully my honorable trustworthy Ned can straighten this out before Joffrey is old enough to take his claim of the Iron Throne. The Lords know I cannot entrust Cersei to rule in his place. She is the reason our children have a chance at failing as the rulers of the Seven Kingdoms. I must have Ned come to me. He must have my written request to have in rule until Joffrey is of age. Then I can fall into the warm welcoming hands of death.

Eddard Stark

I was promised exile, to the wall. The wall where I could live honorably. The wall where I could take and keep an oath, honorably. So I would never see my children or wife again? I had left them with enough. Six children that had knowledge enough to all take care of each other. All to marry and have wonderful kids. My wife could stay in Winterfell, she does obtain the knowledge of the Queen's betrayal, and she could use that as a bargaining piece to keep her home. The wall would not be so bad and perhaps I could even see my bastard son Jon Snow. But this was all before what I just heard, the prince Joffrey ordering for my death. Beheaded I shall be. But it will be with honor. I will die an honorable man and I suppose that's what matters. No matter if I die by this sword here or in forty years old and cold on the wall, it will be honorably. Besides, I will leave either way with my wife knowing how to play the Game of Thrones.

Robb Stark

It happened so quickly, one minute we were all participating in wedding festivities and the next my whole family was being slaughtered. I didn't know who to think of or what to do. My mother, my direwolf, Greywind. They had Greywind. I could feel our connection severed as they slid the knife across my throat. I heard my mother's scream. Despair is all I could feel. I was the

King of the North, now I will be the King that lost the North. Dad is dead, they will kill mom, Jon is on the wall, Bran is a cripple and Rickon is too young to survive without parents and carry on the Stark name. Sansa has been married to a dwarf Lannister and Arya has been missing for some time. This is it. This is the end of the Stark's. I will be known as the King who lost the North and eradicated the Stark name. I will never be able to rest in peace knowing what I have done.

Renly Baratheon

Sorcery and treachery go hand in hand. From my own brother, though? We may have not been on great terms, but blood is blood and he has now spilt mine. But I suppose I must relieve him of some blame. This was a war of five Kings and now it is down to three. Of course his woman of sorcery may not have even told him she sent a shadow to kill me. He could be innocent in this I suppose, but I will still blame him for being involved with that woman. He knows what she is and what she is capable of. That is why he is obsessed with her. She tells him he is destined for greatness so he follows. She has tempted him away from his wife. Look what a crown has done to us. Brother murdering brother. I know it to be true that this is not the first cold blooded murder over this damned throne and it will not be the last.

King Joffrey Baratheon

Poison. It was poison I could tell. Poison was the weapon of women and cowards. The only person that would kill me would be a coward. Someone scared of my greatness. Someone intimidated by me. I will leave this world hating all the foolish people I am surrounded by that let this happen to me. I am their king and they could not pay enough attention to make sure I wasn't murdered at my own wedding feast! Fools. I hate them all. I was going to be the best damn King these people could ever hope for. I hate these fools for letting me, a king, die by the weapon of cowards, a poison. How did this happen. I am far too young and great to be passing now. My stupid mother will just be ruling in the place of my stupid brother. These fools have done this to themselves. They have doomed themselves by getting rid of the greatest thing to happen to the Seven Kingdoms.