

Looking at *Game of Thrones* (#Boffo)

by

Tim Hatch

“For the record, I write the following with 100% love in my heart”

— *Me*

“Why would anyone spend this much time writing
something that can’t possibly find a home?”

— *Also Me*

Raven Bran and Stabbity Jane Copyright © FOREVER,
because those names are hysterical.

Season One

There's a family of goodhearted idiots who live in the snow and the patriarch, whose name you honestly don't need to commit to memory (so we'll just call him "snow idiot"), is best friends with another idiot from the south, who also happens to be king. King idiot drinks too much wine and is somewhere between Emotionally Broken and Sadistic Asshole, on the spectrum of How Much Time Do I Want to Spend with This Guy? King idiot has a handful of children who aren't really his, because his wife, Queenmom, who rightly hates him, sleeps with her twin brother, Uncle Dad, because she's all over both ends of that spectrum (which is impossible, but she makes it work), and *he* – Uncle Dad – is their real father. King idiot asks snow idiot to come live in a more reasonable climate, and to bring his whole family with him, and snow idiot says, "k," even though EVERYONE knows that EVERYTHING in Kingtown is terrible and that all the worst parts of humanity live there.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, there's a massive tribe of rapey, stabby hill people, who spend the majority of their time raping and stabbing. Their leader purchases a 14-year-old bride from her brother, Turd McRedshirt, and both of them are the children of the guy who *used* to be king, before king idiot led a rebellion and became the current king.

King idiot wants both the girl, and her brother / pimp dead, because their dad was a dick, and that might be the most sound thinking he displays before his wife, Queenmom, has him murdered with a mixture of wild-boar attack and subpar wine. This puts snow idiot in a real bind, because he's found out that king idiot's son is really Inbred Jed, but before he can do anything about it, Inbred Jed has him thrown in the dungeon and eventually cuts his head off, because Inbred Jed – and this will come as a surprise to no one – is also an idiot.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, the leader of the rapey, stabby hill people has fathered a child with the bride he purchased, but before he can put together some kind of navy to transport all of them and their horses (I guess they're *really* fond of their horses) across the sea to kill king idiot (who's already dead), he dies because HE GOT A SMALL CUT ON HIS PECTORAL MUSCLE BUT HE AND HIS PEOPLE DON'T BELIEVE IN FUCKING MEDICINE, and so he's dead, and his child bride loses their baby in some magicky attempt to bring him back to life, so she takes three dragon eggs and sets herself on fire, but instead of dying, she's alive and naked and covered in baby dragons, and the few people still hanging out with her fall to their knees and become founding members of the Magic Dragon Jesus Lady cult.

Takeaways from this season: EVERYONE is a redneck. Everyone. Civilization is a bald-faced lie, held together by spider webs and dumb luck.

#GoT #EveryoneIsARedneck #JustPutSomeWaterOnItDumbAss

Season Two

Snow idiot is still dead, because dead is serious business in this show. Stupidity seems to run through a lot of the family, especially on the male side. He has four sons and two daughters. The youngest daughter, Stabbity Jane, has her head out of her ass and she's like, ten, so right there you really have to wonder if she's really related to the rest. There's a guy whose name you just know isn't worth committing to memory, and he knows her, cuts her hair off, tells her to pose as a boy, and promises to take her home to Snowtown. Along the way, he insults and steals from the King's guard, which always works out well for everyone, and you're a little smug about not having learned his name. So he's dead and she's in custody of the grandpa of the new king, Inbred Jed (#ugh). Gramps immediately figures out that she's not a boy, and is slowly figuring out that she's not a waitress, but she escapes his custody with the help of a male model who talks

about himself in the third person. The male model gives her a coin, and makes her memorize a password, and tells her to let him know if she ever wants to learn how to be a ninja. Then he changes his face and you're like, "This guy isn't a model!"

Her older sister, Lady No More Tears, is trapped in Kingtown, and still engaged to Inbred Jed. She refuses two offers to be taken back to Snowtown and cries a lot.

Their half-brother, Broody Goth Boy, has taken an oath to live on a wall and die a virgin. This sounds terrible, but between Snowtown and Kingtown, you kinda see yourself making a similar choice. Broody and a bunch of other Goths go north of the wall to find out what's going on with the wildy people, who apparently just steal shit and vote libertarian. Broody winds up getting separated from his peeps, and is taken prisoner by the wildy people, who have gathered in enormous numbers.

The oldest brother, the newly crowned king of the snow, is a goddamn idiot, but he's kicking ass all over the place, and has captured Inbred Jed's uncle, who is also Inbred Jed's father, which is why Jed's inbred. There's a guy named Theon who'd be really easy to feel sorry for if he wasn't such a dickhead. Theon is the son of a guy who openly rebelled against the dead snow idiot from season one. The king of the snow decides to send Theon home to his father to ask for a favor. What could go wrong?

THEN, in the middle of all the momentum he's built up on the battlefield, the king of the snow decides to go to the nearest pharmacy with this hot nurse he just met. While he's gone his mother decides to let their prisoner, Uncle Dad, be taken back to Kingtown, in the hope that Inbred Jed will say, "Thanks," and send her daughters back to Snowtown, EXACTLY LIKE EVERY HOSTAGE EXCHANGE EVER. The king of the snow gets back from the nearby pharmacy, has his mom locked up, and gets married to the hot nurse, even though he promised to

marry another girl in exchange for a bridge (I swear to god I'm not making that up). WHAT COULD GO WRONG????

Theon goes home, asks his dad to help the king of the snow, his dad tells him he's an idiot, and tells him to take a ship and go raid some fishing villages. Instead, he takes the ship and goes and takes over Snowtown, which is easy because the king of the snow is off having a war he's ignoring. This all ends with the two youngest sons of the dead snow idiot from season one barely escaping with the help of Hodor, WHO IS THE BEST PERSON IN THIS ENTIRE GODFORSAKEN WORLD, and a wildy girl.

MEANWHILE, in Kingtown, there's just a fuck ton of posturing and shit talk going on, and the people are starving because of the 100% unnecessary war started by Inbred Jed and Queenmom. ALSO, there are two people who want the throne, both of them the brothers of the dead king idiot, Jed's fake father. There's the older brother, Grumpyants, and the younger brother who's name you just know you aren't gonna need to remember because you're starting to get pretty good at watching this show. So Grumpyants has a smoky shadow baby with a witch and the smoky shadow baby kills the younger brother and then stops existing, which means Grumpyants doesn't even have to put him through college (#ParentingWin). THEN, Grumpyants attacks Kingtown with his navy, but half of them die in a horrifying green fire, and the other half die in a failed beach assault.

The reason Grumpyants gets his ass kicked is because of Tyrion the dwarf, who is Inbred Jed's actual uncle. In season one Tyrion mostly makes jokes about penises, but in season two, he shows a formidable intelligence, great depth of character, and genuine skill in leadership. None of this matters, because he's short, and Kingtown is the worst city on this earth. He literally saves the city from being overrun by Grumpyants and his men, and almost no one will

know, and none of the few who do know will ever acknowledge it. This feels way, way too much like the world we live in.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is having trouble getting the Magic Dragon Jesus Lady cult off the ground. Most cults need to brainwash / convert the impressionable children of rich white people if they want any chance of lasting longer than a summer, but Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is stuck in the desert and her people still don't believe in medicine so, you know, no great thinkers in the crowd. They find themselves at the gates of Sandtown, and one of The 13 (the governing body of Sandtown) decides to vouch for Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and her peeps (presumably because Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is objectively hot as fuck and he wants to take her to #Bonetown), and they're allowed in the city. There's a wizard in the city who wishes he was Riff Raff from *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and he steals her dragons with the help of the guy who vouched for her. This goes poorly, and the dragons set the wizard on fire. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and her peeps go back to the house of the guy who vouched for her, throw him in his giant vault, and steal all his shit. The Magic Dragon Jesus Lady cult gets to exist past the summer.

The season ends with a parade of #IceZombies.

Takeaways from this season: Everyone is still a redneck. Civilization is still a lie, but maybe it's a lie worth fighting for. Honor is not a lie, but having it is possibly the most dangerous thing in the world, and talking about it makes you sound like a high school virgin who won't stop talking about all the sex he's having. There's a moment where Old Lady Stark is talking to Jaime Lannister, a guy who sleeps with his sister, a guy whose nickname is The Kingslayer, a guy who pushed one of her sons out of a window, crippling him for life, and

knowing all of this, she says to him, “You have no honor,” because she’s also the Empress of the Painfully Obvious. It’s just embarrassing.

#GoT #ParentingWin #Bonetown #IceZombies

Season Three

After stealing everything that wasn’t nailed down from a rich jerk, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and her cult have some money to spend. Her most trusted advisor, Sir Lusty Pants, wants her to buy a ship and cross the ocean where all the people will welcome her as their rightful ruler. This would be adorable if he was nineteen, but he’s pushing sixty and it’s just embarrassing. His squinty eyes and leathery skin both say, “I’ve spent too much time in the sun,” but the glazy-eyed, schoolboy gaze that constantly drools out of his skull every time she’s in the room says, “deer in the headlights.” This, too, would be adorbs but he’s still pushing sixty, so #ick. Anyway, she’s got her head out of her ass and understands that the people across the ocean don’t even know who she is. She’s fifteen by the way. Sir Lusty Pants is pushing sixty. She’s fifteen. He’s pushing sixty. She’s fifteen. This can’t be overstated.

ANYWAY, she’s got her head out of her ass, and wants to buy an army, so she finds an army of slaves who don’t mind if you cut their nipples off. Really, they’re okay with it. She finds slavery to be repulsive, so way to be on #TheRightSideOfHistory Khaleesi. Instead of buying the slaves, she trades one of her dragons for them, and then tells the dragon to burn the slavers, and tells her new army to kill anyone with nipples. This is awesome, and turns out to be a much faster way of funding a cult than selling flowers in airports. From a distance, she’s still just setting people on fire and stealing from them, which are the tricks she learned in Sandtown in season two. She’s doing it to slavers, so fuck those guys, but still (NOTE: MONTHS

LATER, I NOW REALIZE THESE WORDS WILL COME BACK TO HAUNT ME IN TERRIBLE WAYS #Foreshadowing).

MEANWHILE, across the ocean in Kingtown, Lady No More Tears is no longer engaged to Inbred Jed. She's thrilled with this news for about five seconds before someone points out that just because they aren't getting married, it doesn't mean he's not gonna keep her around for emotional torture and rape. This sounds horribly dark, yes, but hey, have you heard about this show called *Game of Thrones*? Despite this, she turns down her third offer of escape from the city, and THIS IS WHY COLLEGE IS IMPORTANT!!! (#StayInSchoolLadies)

Before Inbred Jed can do anything terrible, his grandfather decides that Lady No More Tears is going to get married to Tyrion the dwarf. Neither Tyrion nor Lady Tears want to get married, but this absolutely doesn't matter, which is why #MarxHadaPoint. So they get married, but Tyrion refuses to consummate the marriage because he's not a pedophile. Lady No More Tears is fourteen. He's pushing thirty. She's fourteen. He's pushing thirty. But he's not a pedophile, which at this point in the show, ISN'T something you can just assume about people. Anyway, they're married now, and Tyrion spends most of his time trying to make up for this to the prostitute he's actually in love with. He also gets super concerned with the economy, and he drinks a lot.

MEANWHILE, the king of the snow is still a goddamn idiot. He hasn't even fought a battle since early in season two, and Uncle Dad is still missing. He's constantly marching around with his army, but 90% of his time is spent making goo goo eyes and doing a spot-on Anakin Skywalker impression for his new wife. One of his best advisors tells him he's lost this war, and he lost it as soon as he met his wife. The king of the snow ignores all kinds of good advice and loses half his army. His only choice is to ask for more men from Sir Filch, the guy

whose daughter he was supposed to marry in exchange for a bride. Sir Filch says all is forgiven as long as he can still marry off his daughter to the king of the snow's uncle. Both families gather at Sir Filch's crib, but instead of giving him more men, Sir Filch gives him about fifty crossbow bolts in the face, kills his pregnant wife, AND his mother. Sir Filch *really* wanted that wedding.

As all this is happening, Theon is tortured a lot and gets his dick cut off.

MEANWHILE, Stabbity Jane gets caught up with a group of men called The Brotherhood Without Banners. They believe that the wholly unnecessary war between the various noble lords is going to kill all the poor people unlucky enough to be in the middle of everything. They believe this because they've been paying attention, and you're like, "How is it they have no internet and they're still better informed than most Americans?" So anyway they have Stabbity in their custody, and they give her a firsthand lesson in reconciling ideals with the real-world hassles of having to pay for things. She gets fed up with their apparent hypocrisy, and bails, but gets caught by a burn victim named Dogman Sandy. He takes her to the wedding where he knows her older brother, the king of the snow will be. He's doing this for money, not because he's a good guy. By the time they get there though, the party's already become a MASSIVE DISAPPOINTMENT. When she hears some soldiers making fun of her dead family, she stabs one of them into oblivion, and Dogman kills the rest.

MEANWHILE, her half-brother, Broody Goth Boy is hanging out in the snow as a prisoner of the wildy people. The wildy people turn out to not be the terrible people everyone thinks they are, but they do have a fairly liberal policy regarding murder. Apparently it's cool to shove a knife in someone's face as long as the hand holding it is the invisible hand of the free market.

Broody falls in love with a wildy girl whose name you just know you aren't going to need to remember, because after that wedding, names are becoming a seriously low priority. The two of them hang out with some other wildy peeps for a few days, but as soon as he's able, he hops on a horse to go back to the wall where he's supposed to spend his life freezing to death and not having sex. He does this AFTER he's had sex with the wildy girl, and you're like, "That must've been pretty terrible sex, I wonder if she just punched him in the throat for twenty minutes," because THERE'S NO WAY HE'D CHOOSE NO SEX OVER SEX. Anyway he jumps on his horse, and wildy girl is pretty hurt by this so she shoots him with three arrows, which lends a little credibility to the punching him in the throat theory.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady takes her army without nipples to Slavetown, which is the biggest of the cities she's been to so far. There's an army of mercenaries ready to fight her, but she meets with the three mercenary leaders. They leave after one of them excessively insults her. Later, the prettiest of them comes back and he's cut off the heads of the other two. He does this because he "only fights for beauty," which sounds like something a thirteen-year-old, chronically-addicted gamer would say, but she's still objectively hot as fuck, so it kinda flies. He and Sir Lusty Pants and some others sneak into the city and kill all the guards. The next day Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and her peeps are outside the city gates, and all the slaves come out to join her. She tells them they're free, and they call her mommy.

The season ends with Magic Dragon Jesus Lady crowd surfing on the shoulders of people who were just slaves two minutes ago.

Takeaways from this season: Everyone is still a redneck, but the wildy people, who should be the most rednecky, are actually the least. The nobility, who should be the least rednecky are actually the most, AND they fuck within their own families. Civilization is still a

lie, but it's a lie that the working class are totally happy supporting and maintaining. The random whims of nobility are the greatest threat to the lie. The Brotherhood Without Banners have shit figured out. Honor is still an enormously dangerous thing to embrace, but if you embrace it, AND have the ability to not let it kill you, you're genuinely a hero. This might be something all heroes have in common, I'm not sure, I'll have to think on it. Also, what exactly is a hero?

#GoT #WhatMakesaHero #PorkSausage # StayInSchoolLadies

Season Four

Oh man, where to start? I guess with Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, who's moved on to yet another, larger town of slavery and corruption. This town also falls to her and her cult. Then she decides to stay in town and rule as their new queen, because...I guess she wants some practice being queen? So she starts dealing with the minutiae of governance, WHICH IS EVERY BIT AS ENTERTAINING AS IT SOUNDS. While this is going on, her dragons are causing all kinds of trouble, because it turns out dragons make terrible pets, like Bengal Tigers, only so, so much worse. When one of them burns a three-year-old girl to a crisp and then goes missing, she locks the other two in the dungeon, because they've been bad dragons, very bad dragons, bad, bad!

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, in Kingtown, Inbred Jed gets married, and his behavior gets ever more childish, but it really doesn't matter, because halfway through his own wedding he dies a hideous death, from drinking subpar wine, much like his dead, idiot father (who isn't really his father, but he doesn't know that, and it doesn't matter now because his stupid ass is dead, dead, DEAD AHAHAHAHA). Blood is streaming from his mouth and nose, and just as he dies, tears of blood stream from his eyes, and this is where the show really starts to get

interesting, because even though Jed was a heinous piece of shit, AND was well on his way to next-level Caligula shit, *no one deserves to die this way*, but you're watching this happen and you're screaming so loud, with so much joy, your neighbors can hear it. This show sometimes reveals things about yourself that really aren't flattering.

So Jed's dead, and his mother, Queenmom, pins the murder on Tyrion the dwarf. This results in a trial that's so full of shit it could double as a congressional hearing for a Supreme Court nominee. This whole process is so infuriating that you're thinking, "Damn, everyone in this castle needs to die," and just as you're thinking that, Tyrion actually says it. He then gives a speech that's so fucking great you can't believe it. And, seriously, if you're at all prone to word-induced orgasms, you might want to grab a towel. Anyway, Tyrion calls bullshit on the whole thing, and demands his right to trial by combat. Unfortunately, this means he has to fight Mountain Greg, the biggest redneck in the seven kingdoms. Tyrion is totally hosed.

UNTIL an old enemy of the family, Inigo Montoya, volunteers to fight on his behalf. Inigo has Mountain Greg practically beat, he's dealt a killing blow, but then he gets cocky and says, "Hello! My name is Ini—" and then Mountain Greg grabs him AND MAKES AN ABSOLUTE MESS OF HIS FACE. Tyrion is totally hosed.

UNTIL his brother, Uncle Dad, breaks him out of the dungeons and tells him to get out of town. On his way out of the castle, he stops for a quick bit of murder, killing the prostitute he's in love with, and his father, who's taking a dump.

MEANWHILE, Lady No More Tears barely gets out of Kingtown with her life, and even then, she has to be forced to leave because she's kind of dim.

Her little brother, Raven Bran, has been traipsing around the snow with the help of Hodor, the best person in the world, and his new friends, the Red Shirt Siblings. Raven Bran and

his peeps have been trying to find a massive tree, and they finally find it, but as they approach it, a bunch of skeletons pop up out of the ground, and they're apparently well rested because all of them are Bruce Lee. The Red Shirt Brother dies, but the rest get inside the tree, where they meet an old man who says Raven Bran is gonna learn to fly, so...I guess he lives in a tree.

MEANWHILE, Broody Goth Boy is recovering from his wounds where the wildy girl shot him. He's still totally in love with her because no one learns how to be loved in a healthy way on this show. The situation is pretty grim. There are a hundred thousand wildy people, and about a hundred freezing crow people. The wildy people are gonna attack the crow people any day now, and the crow people are increasingly pissy with each other because they never have sex. Broody has been broody for three seasons, but when the wildy people attack, holy shit balls, it's like Captain America and Legolas had a little goth baby, and at this moment you're just looking at him like, "Who the fuck are you?" and he's like, "I'm John Fuckin' Snow man," and you're like, "Let me have your babies," and he's like, "HOLD THE GATES," and you do, but while you're killing giants for him you're also composing poetry in your head, because *woof*. This show really has a way of revealing things about yourself. ANYWAY, he just stomps all over everyone's ass and the wildy people are repelled. The next morning he goes out to kill their leader but before he's able to, a massive army shows up under the command of Lord Grumpypants, who we haven't heard much of since season two, when Tyrion the dwarf set his navy on fire. Lord Grumpypants still wants to be king because he's an idiot.

MEANWHILE, Stabbity Jane is hanging out with Dogman. The two of them develop a really unhealthy father / daughter dynamic, built on curse words and murder. They argue about which people to kill, and Dogman's plan to ransom her keeps getting foiled until finally he gets his ass kicked in a fight with Brienne (who I've never mentioned before, because

#SoManyFuckingCharacters), and he falls off a cliff. Stabbity finds a ship sailing for Ninjatown, and she gives the captain the coin she was given by the male model assassin from season two. She says the password, and the captain says, “Whoa,” and gives her a cabin.

The season ends with Stabbity on the deck of the ship, staring at the water as she makes her way to Ninjatown, to learn how to be a ninja.

Takeaways from this season: there are far too few genuinely good people in the world, and most of them can't protect themselves. If you're one of the good guys, AND you can protect yourself, you have a moral obligation to stay alive. Dying for the sake of making a point is just stupid. If you're dead, you're not helping people. If you're alive and you're not helping people, you might as well be dead. Civilization is still a lie, honor is still dangerous, the world is still indifferent. Don't die. Unless you're a bad guy, in which case, die screaming, that's perfectly fine.

#GoT #WordInducedOrgasms #StayAlive #JohnFuckinSnow #SoManyFuckingCharacters

Season Five

This season is like a tuna melt if the tuna was made with mayonnaise that was left out in the sun. Let's start with Raven Bran. Raven Bran isn't in this season.

His older sister, Lady No More Tears, gets used as a political bargaining chip by her new uncle, Lord Cheesedick. She's basically given to the bastard son of the turd who murdered her brother, the king of the snow. She's forced to marry the bastard because it gives his family political legitimacy in the north. She's also forced to marry him because she was raised by a family that wholly buys into the patriarchy, so her only worth is her beauty and her ability to have children, and her only marketable skills are sewing and cooking, and THIS IS WHY IT'S IMPORTANT TO GO TO FUCKING COLLEGE. They get married and on her wedding night,

she's brutally raped by her new husband. This scene is disturbing as fuck and even though it isn't even a little graphic, it's terrible, and you seriously get the impression that the writers and/or director and/or editor and/or all of them are a bunch of fucking creeps who secretly watch snuff films on the internet. It's so terrible that suddenly I feel guilty calling her Lady No More Tears, so from here forward, I'll be calling her Sansa. Anyway the raping continues on a nightly basis, but eventually her husband, the bastard, gets distracted by a bit of war, and she jumps off a battlement into the snow, holding hands with Theon (the guy who cut off Theon's junk is Sansa's new husband, the miserable bastard), who helps her escape.

Her little sister, Stabbity Jane, has sailed to Ninjatown to learn how to be a ninja. It turns out ninjas aren't good hosts, and they hit you a lot, and call you a liar. There's a lot of talking that makes you feel like you've been in an insurance seminar all day, but it's really only been ten minutes, and then Stabbity uses her new ninja powers to murder one of the people who helped kill her father. You want to enjoy the justice being served to this dirt bag, but two things get in the way: First, this show has succeeded in destroying any credible notion of justice at this point, and second, watching a twelve-year-old girl dispassionately murder a man with skill and aplomb, is a tad upsetting. Afterward, the male model ninja guy is dispassionately upset with her, so he renders her blind, because...reasons.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is governing, but at least she's having to deal with a cult of murderers who wear cool masks, so it's not just local access city council meetings. Let's put a pin in that for just a second.

ALSO across the ocean, Tyrion the dwarf has just arrived from Kingtown after killing his father. He's accompanied by Spymaster Baldy, who fled Kingtown with him after realizing he was an accomplice to murder. Baldy is an interesting guy. He's spent decades in Kingtown,

witnessed the truly disgusting levels of corruption and depravity, has acted in defense of the crown, whoever the crown was at the time, has plotted against the crown, and all of it in the best interest of maintaining public order and the rule of law. In other words, he's motivated by ideology, which is one of the most dangerous qualities a person can have in this world, AND he's alive, due in no small part to his skill at taking the weather in any situation such as realizing when helping someone escape prison turns into helping someone commit murder, and deciding that now might be a good time to leave everything behind and sail to a new place across the ocean. (Somehow his ideology can't seem to evolve to the idea that the entire concept of royalty is fucked in the head.) Okay, so Spymaster Baldy and Tyrion are on the other side of the ocean and Baldy thinks Tyrion needs to go to work for Magic Dragon Jesus Lady as an advisor, because Tyrion actually displayed great skill at running Kingtown back in season two.

Let's take a quick pause to acknowledge something. Tyrion is a murderer. He murdered the prostitute he was in love with for sleeping with his father, and he murdered his father. Baldy, too, is a murderer, having directly killed at least one person that we know of, and having facilitated the murder of god knows how many people. Both of them have killed, both of them have no connection to any legitimate power structure on this side of the ocean, both of them have no apparent source of money, and somehow, both of them are sitting on cushions, drinking wine, and are on their way for a job interview with a queen. #WhitePrivilegeIsReal. Alright, back to the story.

Tyrion decides to go to a brothel, and is spotted by Sir Lusty Pants, who used to work for Magic Dragon Jesus Lady. She banished him when she found out he was spying on her for Spymaster Baldy, way back when he first met her. Sir Lusty Pants stopped spying on her when he saw her naked and covered in baby dragons, which would be a genuinely spiritual experience

for just about anyone, but Magic Dragon Jesus Lady was still pissed, so he's fired. Recognizing Tyrion, Sir Lusty Pants decides to kidnap him and bring him to Magic Dragon Jesus Lady as a gift to get back in her good graces. It doesn't work, but now Tyrion can interview for the job, and he gets the job.

Magic Dragon Jesus Lady attends a massive gladiator UFC match, and the winner is...Sir Lusty Pants, who at this point, should probably be renamed Sir Stalker Pants, but let's be nice. The murder cult with the cool masks attacks, and they come close to killing Magic Dragon Jesus Lady but then the dragon she wasn't able to lock away in the dungeons for being a bad, *bad* dragon, just magically shows up, like some sort of ghost in some kind of machine. She gets on the dragon and they fly far away. She wonders where they are and goes for a short walk, and is suddenly surrounded by a massive group of the rapey, stabby hill people she used to hang with in season one. Back at the palace, Sir Lusty Pants and Dario, the pretty mercenary who fights for love (...) decide to go look for Magic Dragon Jesus Lady while Tyrion hangs back and runs the city as the newly-appointed Minister of White Privilege. As Tyrion is looking out over the city, Spymaster Baldy just magically walks up from behind him because palace security is apparently a shambles. Baldy says, "Hey," and Tyrion says, "Hey."

MEANWHILE, Lord Grumpyants, who saved the crow people at the end of the last season, decides it's time to march with his army on Snowtown. The weather is against them, most of his army is just mercenaries, and a bunch of their food and supplies are set on fire by Sansa's husband, the bastard. Grumpyants has a witch working for him, and she says they need all the good luck they can get, so the best way to get some luck is to set his daughter on fire, as a sacrifice to the god of light. Grumpyants agrees, this is a good idea. To set his daughter on fire. So he can realize his political ambitions. GRUMPYPANTS IS THE BIGGEST PIECE OF

SHIT IN THIS ENTIRE STORY, and that is a *significant* achievement. So they set his daughter on fire. The next morning, half of his men have taken all of the remaining horses, and have left during the night, because it turns out setting your own child on fire doesn't inspire confidence in your employees. The witch takes the last horse and runs away before Grumpypants can set her on fire. Grumpypants, widely considered one of the finest military leaders in the seven kingdoms, decides to take his tiny remaining army, and march on Snowtown, where they get their asses kicked – to death. What a brilliant strategist. He's dead. Which is great. Fuck him. FUCK HIM. Fuck him in his stupid. Dead. Fucking. Face. Fuck him.

(I have to step out of the summary for just a moment. This show sometimes goes way too far out of its way to display the hideous cruelty people are capable of. It's one of the themes of the show, and presumably the books. WE DON'T NEED TO HEAR LITTLE GIRLS SCREAMING IN AGONY AND BEGGING FOR THEIR PARENTS SAVE THEM AS THEY BURN TO DEATH. This scene isn't even a little graphic, and it is, without question, the worst thing I've ever seen on a television show. I've never been the sort of person who thinks the entertainment industry is responsible for the state of the world or that it ought to be held accountable for anything, and I'm still not, but this scene went way too far, the producers were irresponsible for filming it, and HBO was irresponsible for broadcasting it. Please feel free to disagree with me, but please also feel free to direct your disagreement in the direction of your fucking toilet. I am inflexible on this. Fuck this scene. Alright back to the story.)

Down in Kingtown, Queenmom is pissy with her daughter in law so she finances and legitimizes a cult of religious fanatics and sets them to the task of persecuting her, because she's apparently the sort of person who sprays for ants by setting fire to the house. In the course of this silliness, the cult turns on her, and throws her in jail for being #icky with her brother. They

eventually allow her to go home to await trial, but not before shaving her head and making her walk naked through the city while people spit on her and call her the C word, and once again, you seriously have to wonder if the writers and/or director and/or editor and/or all of them are a bunch of fucking creeps who secretly watch snuff films on the internet. When she finally gets home, she's picked up and carried inside by Frankenmountain, who used to be Mountain Greg, who was almost killed by Inigo Montoya, and then just barely brought back from death, so he's now basically just a trained zombie. Queenmom is traumatized and pissed, BUT I'M SURE SHE'LL DEAL WITH IT IN A HEALTHY WAY.

MEANWHILE, John Fuckin' Snow is hanging out on the wall with the crow people. There's an election where the crow people vote for a candidate by stacking a specific geometrically shaped chip on a dowel, and you're like, "Hey look, it's an electoral process that can't be hacked by Russians," and after they count the chips, John is the new leader of the crow people. He knows that an army of ice zombies isn't going to concern itself with the political concerns of the living, so he decides to ask the wildy people to help them fight. This upsets the crow people, which is stupid, because there's only like fifty crow people left, but they're always cranky because of their vows to never have sex. All the wildy people who weren't at the last battle are hanging at a place called Hardhome, which should tell you a lot about both the area and the people who live there.

John takes some crow people and some wildy people to Hardhome to ask the wildy people there to fight in exchange for a safer place to live. Some say yes, and some say no, but they all say yes after a shit ton of ice zombies attack. What follows is easily the greatest zombie action sequence ever filmed, especially when we learn how dead people deal with descending a sheer cliff face (#ZombieWaterfall). A bunch of wildy people escape with their lives, but just as

many, or more, are killed. As John and the other survivors, are floating away on a boat (the dead don't swim (#buoyancy)), Ice King walks to the edge of the docks, raises his arms, and all the dead wildy people stand up, newly recruited ice zombies. Ice King now has the largest army anyone's ever heard of.

Back at the wall, where the crow people live, the crow people are #horngry, which is kinda like #hangry, but worse. A bunch of them can't get past their political differences with the wildy people, and they can't accept an alliance with them, and they decide the best way to express their frustration is to murder John.

The season ends with the camera looking down at the corpse of John Fuckin' Snow.

Takeaways from this season: Cruelty is like mayonnaise; a little goes a long way. Civilization is still a bald-faced lie, held together by spider webs and dumb luck, but the greatest threat to civilization is easily the ruling class, who probably have an unconscious understanding that society is better without them, which explains a lot of their shit behavior. The world needs leaders, not kings. Honor is still dangerous, and the world is still indifferent. Also, the creative process is difficult and sometimes it's easy to get lost in it, which is why your collaborators need to be people who can occasionally take a step back and say, "Hey is this right? Is this how we want to do this?" It's really easy to go too far. Also, PARENTS SHOULDN'T SET THEIR CHILDREN ON FIRE.

#GoT #LazyWriting #ParentingFailure #FuckRapeScenes #FuckStanis #FuckTheGodOfLight
#HardhomeMassacre #TheDeadDontSwim # WhitePrivilegeIsReal #horngry

Season Six

(Starting with a brief aside, after the clusterfuck of the season five finale, I was honestly done with this show, but my wife wasn't, and when she started watching the season six premiere,

I didn't stomp off to the office and sulk because I'm half a century old, and stomping hurts my brittle feet. I'm glad I didn't because this season recovers nicely and even offers a heartfelt apology in the form of the best battle sequence ever filmed. Anyway, let's get on with it.)

Stabbity Jane is hanging out in Ninjatown, blind, because...honestly, I defy you to care or remember why. So the ninjas are an organization of two: Male Model Assassin guy, and Angry Ninja Girl. Stabbity is begging on the streets because she's blind now, and the Ninjatown bureaucracy doesn't believe in a social safety net. Her begging is interrupted when Angry Ninja Girl shows up to beat the shit out of her with a stick. This goes on for a few days and then Male Model Assassin guy shows up and takes her back to their HQ, the Facebook Candle Shrine, which is exactly as creepy as it sounds. Stabbity is given her eyesight back, and she's told she has to kill a nice lady actor, and not to fuck it up.

It turns out that if you go to Ninjatown to learn how to become a ninja, you might be asked to kill someone who doesn't suck. Stabbity has a real problem with this, because she's more of a revenge-driven murderer, and less of an assassin. She fucks it up and Male Model Assassin guy tells Angry Ninja Girl to kill her but also to not let her suffer, which is a lot more polite than you'd expect from the leader of the Facebook murder cult. Angry Ninja Girl beats the shit out of Stabbity, but Stabbity winds up killing her in a pitch black room (Angry Ninja Girl never spent any time without her vision apparently). Stabbity cuts off her face, registers her for Facebook, and tells Male Model Assassin guy she's leaving, and he's like, "k."

She sails back across the ocean, finds Sir Filch, who killed her older brother, the idiot king of the snow, and she murders his sons, bakes them into a meat pie, and feeds them to Sir Filch before slitting his throat (and for about two seconds, you kinda want Gordon Ramsey to come in yelling at her about this not being how kitchens are run, because that'd be the last

episode of Hell's Kitchen ever filmed, but anyway). See, poisoning a nice actor lady would be wrong, but tricking an old man into eating his own children, that's totally fine because he was mean once. #RevengeMakesItCool.

MEANWHILE, there's really no one left in Kingtown we give a shit about, but we're gonna talk about Kingtown anyway. Oh, yes we are. The cult of religious fanatics that were bankrolled and legitimized by Queenmom have successfully infiltrated the government because they've converted the king to their cause. This is because the king is twelve, and children are shit at detecting manipulation. Queenmom still has a trial coming up, for having #icky sex with her cousin, and her brother, Uncle Dad. At first she's not so worried about it, because she's gonna invoke her right to trial by combat, and have Frankenmountain fight on her behalf. Her son, the king, is manipulated into outlawing trial by combat, which leaves her with one viable option to maintain her freedom.

On the day of the trial, everyone gathers in the church of the sacred d-holes, except for her and her son, the king. She has Frankenmountain block the king from leaving his room, in the castle. She also stays in her room, and some adorable street urchins set fire to the metric ton of wildfire that's been stockpiled under the church. Wildfire is basically if napalm and guacamole had a baby. The entire church, and everyone inside blows up in a massive green explosion. The queen was also inside, and when the king sees the explosion, he takes off his crown, and jumps off his balcony to his death. If Queenmom had also died, the show honestly could've ended there, and everyone (me) would've been satisfied, because everyone in Kingtown is human garbage (NOTE: MONTHS LATER, I NOW REALIZE THESE WORDS WILL COME BACK TO HAUNT ME IN TERRIBLE WAYS #MoreForeshadowing).

MEANWHILE, Raven Bran has been living in a tree, learning how to use his magic powers to travel across time and space. He travels mentally, not physically, which means what he's really doing is napping a lot, which isn't very entertaining for any of the people hanging with him. In one of his trips, he sees Ice King, but worse, Ice King sees him and touches him, which means Raven Bran can't live in the tree anymore (#BadTouch). Instead of everyone running immediately, Treeman takes Raven Bran back to the past, but then the ice zombies show up, and everyone has to escape while carrying him, because he can't walk.

Raven Bran is mentally back in the past, and sees young Hodor. In the present, old Hodor is being screamed at to hold the door. Raven Bran hears this, and unintentionally broadcasts it to Hodor back in the past. Young Hodor is momentarily linked psychically to older Hodor, and he sees himself torn apart by ice zombies via the psychic link. This traumatizes young Hodor, and permanently breaks his ability to say anything other than, "Hodor." #HodorKnew he was going to die, and he sticks around with Raven Bran anyway because HODOR IS THE SINGLE BEST PERSON IN THE WORLD.

Anyway, Raven Bran and Red Shirt Sister escape, thanks to Hodor, but ice zombies never get tired, and they catch up to the two of them pretty quickly, but they're saved by Uncle Ben, who's not really dead, but also not what you'd call healthy. Uncle Ben gets them to safety, and Raven Bran celebrates by time napping back to when his father was young. He sees his father talking to his aunt, who gives him a baby, who turns out to be John Fuckin' Snow. Turns out John isn't Bran's bastard half-brother, he's Bran's cousin. That seems like a weird revelation to end Raven Bran's story on for the season, but his is the more talky part of the show.

MEANWHILE, his older sister, Sansa, survives her fall into the snow, which is surprising to no one, and she gets up to the wall where the crow people live. Let's put a pin in that.

John Fuckin' Snow is still dead. His four most loyal friends, and his wolf, are locked in a room with his corpse. The d-holes who killed John are threatening to break the door down and kill them all, when the wildy people show up, kick everyone's ass, and save John's friends. One of John's friends asks the witch who sets little girls on fire to please bring John back from the dead and she's like, "I suck," and he's like, "Totally, but do it anyway," and she's like, "k." And then she brings him back to life by cutting his hair and giving him a man bun.

He goes outside, and everyone's like, "Holy shit, you're alive," and he's like, "Bummer," and they're like, "Well, you're not eating anyone, so whatever, you're still our boss. What should we do now?" and he's like, "I quit," and they're like, "Dude what?" and he's like, "You fuckers killed me," and they're like, "...k." Then they hang the dicks who did the actual killing. Also, John's vow to be one of the #horny crow people was a vow for life, but having died already, he's probably thinking there's a better way to live, with occasional trips to #Bonetown.

ANYWAY, Sansa gets to the wall, and she and John are reunited, and then they have to decide what to do about Sansa's d-hole husband. They decide to go to war with him, and given Sansa's terrible wedding night, it's not an overreaction. John gets a few people to fight for him, most of them wildy people, and they go war. The night before the battle, Davos is talking to Tormund (neither of whom I've mentioned before because #SoManyFuckingCharacters), and at one point he says, "Maybe our mistake was putting our faith in kings," and you're like, "YES! YES, YES, YES, YES, MAYBE THAT'S A HUGE MISTAKE, MAYBE EVERYONE NEEDS TO KNOCK THAT SHIT OFF, MAYBE THE WHOLE IDEA OF KINGS IS

FUNDAMENTALLY FUCKED IN THE HEAD. BUT I'M INTERRUPTING, SORRY, KEEP PREACHING," but he doesn't because life is unfair. Anyway, the battle almost doesn't work out very well, but Sansa secretly asks her uncle, Lord Cheesedick, for help, and he shows up with a massive cavalry, and they wind up stomping the shit out of her husband's army.

(I have to step away from the summary for a moment to acknowledge the Battle of the Bastards, which is the title of the episode, and presumably, the name given to the battle by the kind of idiots who romanticize war. When Return of the King came out in 2003, the battle in the second act, outside Minas Tirith, was the craziest shit I'd ever seen, and I was positive that sword and sorcery, as a film genre, had seen its absolute best, and that while technology might improve, there's no way anyone could ever improve on that battle sequence. What never occurred to me was the possibility that anyone might make a television show in that same genre that was anything other than the cheap-ass Hercules and Xena bullshit we had to settle for (or just ignore) in the past.

Battle of the Bastards is episode nine of season six, which means we've had six years of investing ourselves in these characters. Characters who didn't start out as super badasses, or even competent. Characters who weren't even necessarily likable, apart from not being the hideously redneck-y dicks that so many other characters were. Six years. And we've had three years to build up full-on, justifiable hatred for Ramsey (Sansa's d-hole husband). Even if you're binge watching the show, as I am this second time through, the Battle of the Bastards is the 59th episode of the series. 59 hours of your life have been invested into this show. The emotional stakes at the start of this battle are higher than any movie, of any length, could possibly attain. If John and Sansa win, they still have to fight a massive army of dead people. If Ramsey wins, Sansa is going to be raped and tortured until she gives him a son, and then she'll

be murdered. And John just came back from the dead, there's no way they'd kill him off again in the same season, except his family used to be twice as large, so...maybe they would?

What I'm saying is this battle surpasses anything even remotely like it. It's so good that I'm not even bothering to talk about all the crazy shit that happens in it, no summary would do it justice. I'm not mentioning Ramsey's final insult of killing Rickon, or John's rebirth after almost being smothered, or any of the rest of it. The Battle of the Pelennor Fields will always be great, but it will also always be surpassed by the Battle of the Bastards.)

ANYWAY, Lord Cheesedick's cavalry saves the day, and John Fuckin' Snow chases Sansa's d-hole husband back into the courtyard of Snowtown, and proceeds to beat the absolute shit out him, so hard, for so long, and you're screaming in joy, so loud, and this show really has a way of revealing things about yourself. John stops when he sees Sansa, because he realizes what they do with her husband is really her choice. And she chooses to have him eaten by his own dogs, and they start by eating his face, and it's great, and she walks away as he's screaming, and she smiles a little, and you smile a lot, because #PartOfYouIsGross. After everything settles down, it's discovered that the witch who sets children on fire set Lord Grumpypants' daughter on fire, and John Fuckin' Snow tells her to fuck off south and never come back. Everyone in the north gets together, and after a bunch of talk, they all declare John the new king of the snow, which is cool but then you remember how that worked out for his brother.

One of the nicer surprises of this season is learning that Dogman Sandy is still alive. He's hanging out with a group of good, hardworking religious folks who are building a church so, automatically you just kinda know they're all dead. Dogman has a couple great conversations with the leader of the group, whose name you just know you aren't going to need to remember. He goes out to chop some wood, and when he comes back, everyone's dead,

because they were good, hardworking people of faith in a world full of shit heels, monsters, and high-born nobility who commodify everyone who isn't them.

MEANWHILE, across the ocean, Tyrion the dwarf is busy running the city while Sir Lusty Pants and Dario are off looking for Magic Dragon Jesus Lady. Tyrion tries to compromise with the slave masters by asking them to slowly phase out slavery and they agree, but then turn around and attack the city. At the same time, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is hanging out with a massive tribe of the rapey, stabby hill people she married into back in season one. After her husband died, she was supposed to go to the capital and live in a massive hut with all the other widows, but she blew that off because founding a cult is way more entertaining. So now the rapey, stabby hill people are pissed but she deals with them by setting everything on fire. When she emerges from the burning building naked and unburnt, all the rapey, stabby hill people drop to their knees, and immediately join her cult. Then, just to be on the safe side, she goes and gets her dragon, and they get on their knees again. When she gets back to the city, she's pissed, and she has her dragons burn the slavers and their navy, and it's awesome, because none of them are children. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is done fucking around with slavers, and she tells Dario that he needs to stay behind and rule in her place. He's bummed, but he knows if he argues she can just set the building on fire and walk out, the only one alive.

The season ends with Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, Tyrion, Spymaster Baldy, her army of mercenaries, and her army of rapey, stabby hill people, and their horses, all on a shit ton of ships, heading across the ocean to set fire to Kingtown, and take the throne away from Queenmom.

Takeaways from this season: Once membership is large enough, a cult stops being a cult, and becomes a movement. A movement with a large enough army is really just a walled city away from being a kingdom / nation. Makes you think. Civilization is still a lie, the ruling class

is still the worst, honor is still dangerous, the world is still indifferent. Leaders are invaluable. Kings are useless.

#GoT #BattleOfTheBastards #MeatPie #FuckKings #HodorKnew #NinjasLikeToKill #Alpo

Season Seven

I guess let's start with Raven Bran, whose middle name appears to be "Aloof." Raven is now back home in Snowtown, and he spends most of his time sitting alone / time napping back to the past, and all over the present, in other parts of the world. Every so often one of his siblings will try to talk with him, and he throws out a line of dialogue meant to indicate that, as he becomes more comfortable being Raven-y, his ties to humanity / his family grow weaker, but honestly it just makes him sound like the lead character in my new series of children's books, *The Saddest Little Vampire*. Raven Bran ends his arc this season with an incredibly important line of dialogue that we'll get to later. Mostly he's just aloof. And wan (#MaybeTinder).

Also hanging out in Snowtown are John Fuckin' Snow, Stabbity Jane, Sansa, and Sansa's uncle, Lord Cheesedick. Lord Cheesedick really wants to take Sansa to #Bonetown, and even though he's her uncle, it's only by marriage and in this show, that irrelevant distinction is all you need to make it sound like something other than repulsive, BECAUSE SO MANY OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS SHOW ARE ICKY THAT WAY (#icky). So Lord Cheesedick wants to have #IckyLove with Sansa, but he also wants to manipulate her into assuming control of the north, and then marry her so he'll have de facto control of the north when he succeeds in his plans to sit on the throne in Kingtown. It's actually a pretty great plan, except for the part where a complete sack of shit winds up on the throne. Although, how that's different from the usual set of affairs...fuck it, it's a pretty great plan that wouldn't change a goddamn thing.

ANYWAY John Fuckin' Snow has just been proclaimed king of the snow, but he gets summoned to go pay Magic Dragon Jesus Lady a visit, and despite EVERYONE saying, "This might be a bad idea," he goes anyway, because he's as bad at listening to advice as his father and his brother, both of whom no longer own a skull. So, with John Fuckin' Snow out of the way, Lord Cheesedick begins working on manipulating Sansa and Stabby against each other, which isn't very hard because they were never close when they were younger, and because Stabby has survived multiple traumas by becoming a bit of a dick. His motivation for wanting Stabby out of the way is a bit vague other than she's clearly a wild card he doesn't really understand.

He plants evidence for Stabby to find in the form of a note that Sansa was manipulated into writing at the time of her idiot father's death. This prompts a snarky little exchange between her and Sansa that almost comes off like an episode of *Real Wives of Snowtown*, and just when you think Sansa's going to fall for Lord Cheesedick's bullshit, it turns out she's been paying attention to everything that's happened to her which, in a way, is *kind* of like a college education. If college involved repeated rape and years of emotional torture. A bachelor's degree is probably easier (#JustSayin).

But whatever, she's been paying attention to all the shit that's happened to her is the point, and she summons Lord Cheesedick to the VIP room in Snowtown, where the important rednecks gather and decide which rednecks are cool and which ones are dicks, and she points out to him, in front of the assembled rednecks, that he's an utter failure of a human, and a traitorous, conniving sack of shit, and when he realizes everyone there hates him and finally sees him for what he is, he falls to his knees and starts crying, which might be awkward, but we're spared from too much of it because Stabby steps in and relieves him of all his blood. And you're

screaming in joy because blah blah blah, this show really has a way of revealing things about yourself. It's a REALLY good moment.

MEANWHILE, down in Kingtown, Queenmom is in charge of everything now, all her children are dead, she has Frankenmountain for a body guard, and she's openly fucking her twin brother, Uncle Dad, because who's left for anyone to complain to? Kingtown is the worst place on earth, and the leadership now openly reflects that. It feels a little Caligulaesque, but with a lot more #GrrrlPower, which is...progressive?

MEANWHILE, across the oc...sorry, no, everyone's on the same continent now. I HOPE ALL THE FREED SLAVES ACROSS THE OCEAN AREN'T GETTING FUCKED OVER BY THE NEW POWER STRUCTURE THERE, BUT WHATEVER. Anyway, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady has arrived at her ancestral home with her massive armies, a navy, three dragons, Sir Lusty Pants, Spymaster Baldy, and Tyrion the Dwarf. And she's promptly talked out of burning Kingtown to a cinder, and you're like I WANT KINGTOWN TO BE BURNED TO A CINDER (NOTE: I WILL REGRET SAYING THIS #EvenMoreForeshadowing), but no one gives a shit what you think, because you're the sort of person who yells at televisions. She calls for John Fuckin' Snow to drop by for a visit so he can acknowledge her right to the throne, which, whatever, and he shows up.

One of the reasons he shows up is because he's super careless about what happens to his head, but another reason is because her castle is sitting on giant mountain of dragon glass, which is like bug spray for ice zombies (#ZombieOff), and he's fairly concerned about the massive army of ice zombies marching south. He wants to mine the #ZombieOff and make weapons out of it, which is a solid plan, but first, he has to get into a pissing contest with Magic Dragon Jesus Lady. She wants him to bend the knee, and he's like, "no," and she's like, "yes," and he's like,

“no,” and it’s as tedious as it sounds, but it doesn’t last very long. While they’re dicking around with their honor, one of her armies assaults Queenmom’s childhood home, but it’s been abandoned, and now that army has to basically hang out there because the navy that took them there gets destroyed by a clever island redneck with a better navy. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is a bit vexed, so she decides to take her army of rapey, stabby hill people, and one of her dragons out for a for a murder spree.

(Stepping out of the summary for a bit of commentary. Season five gave us the Hardhome Massacre, season six gave us the Battle of the Bastards, and season seven gives us the Loot Train Attack. Each sequence is gorgeous, I’m sure each of them have won a shit ton of awards, and each one surpasses the previous one. The emotional stakes of each of these sequences is so high because at this point in the show, so many characters have been killed off that you’re practically related to the surviving ones. You genuinely feel like you’ve been through everything with them, and the prospect of losing one of them – which HAS to happen – is genuinely upsetting. Except for Cersei, who’s a terrible piece of shit. And seriously one of the best TV villains of all time. Anyway, the Loot Train Attack is the craziest shit ever. We’ve been hearing for over six years about how terrifying an army of Dothraki horse riders are, and now we get to see exactly why that is. We’ve known for a while now how terrifying dragons are, but for the first time we get to actually see what that means, and we learn that dragons are weapons of mass destruction. The Loot Train Attack is just bananas, and summarizing it would be an insult to its greatness, so I’ll content myself with calling it a “murder spree.”)

ANYWAY, when she gets back from her murder spree, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and John Fuckin’ Snow get over their schoolyard pissing contest, and decide to work together. While trying to convince her that the war with Queenmom needs to take a backseat to the

looming ice zombie problem, Tyrion points out that Queenmom won't ever believe him that #IceZombiesAreReal. Sir Lusty Pants says he'll go get one and bring it back to show Queenmom to shut her up, and John Fuckin' Snow says he'll go too, because he's the only one with any experience fighting them. So, John Fuckin' Snow leads a group of people comprised of, among others, Sir Lusty Pants, Dogman Sandy, and the Brotherhood Without Banners, north of the wall. They're quickly outnumbered by ice zombies, which, #duh, and they almost get their asses handed to them, when Magic Dragon Jesus Lady shows up with her dragons and saves the day. Unfortunately, in the process of being a badass, one of her dragons is killed by Ice King, but still, they all get away and they have an ice zombie all tied up to take to Kingtown to show Queenmom what's up. Equally important, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady has now seen, firsthand, the genuine threat posed by the massive-ass army of skellies and wights. Later, the ice zombies fish the dead dragon out of the lake it fell into when it died. Ice King walks up to it, touches its face, and the dragon's eye opens, all blue and scary. Ice King now has a weapon of mass destruction too (#TheLivingAreSoFucked).

Back in Kingtown, everyone assembles for a massive meeting. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, John Fuckin' Snow, and Queenmom are the three remaining monarchs. The people who are gathered here haven't seen each other in forever, and some of them hate each other, and some of them don't, but they still tried to kill each other the last time they were together, and the mood and tone of the gathering is heavier than a contract negotiation with the teamsters union. Despite a brief hiccup where John Fuckin' Snow almost screws the whole thing over because his ideals prevent him from being able to tell a lie to someone who'd happily murder him (WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOUR FATHER JOHN?!?!?!), the meeting ends with Queenmom duly horrified by the ice zombie they brought for show and tell, and she agrees that their individual

squabbles can wait until after they've dealt with the real enemy, and they all part ways with a temporary truce in effect. Queenmom was lying of course, because she's a heinous piece of shit, but also because story structure. She fully plans to betray everyone, kill them, and deal with the ice zombies later. This is her plan because – and this cannot be overstated – she's a fucking idiot, like everyone else who's sat on the throne in Kingtown.

On their way back north Magic Dragon Jesus Lady and John Fuckin' Snow decide they're just too objectively hot to put off sex any longer. Also, they're traveling north by boat, and there's no internet, so...#Bonetown.

MEANWHILE, back in Snowtown John's friend Sam, from his time serving on the wall with the #horny crow people, shows up and has a conversation with Raven Bran. Raven says that John needs to know that he's not actually snow idiot's bastard son, he's actually the illegitimate son of snow idiot's sister, Lyanna, and Rhaegar Targaryen, who is the older brother of Magic Dragon Jesus Lady. Apparently John Fuckin' Snow's real name is Aegon Targaryen, and that's when Same says no, he's not their illegitimate son, they were legit married and John is actually the legitimate heir to the throne in Kingtown. And more importantly, he's currently having #BoinkyTime with his auntie, which again, in this show, kind of not even a thing at this point. At least it's consensual.

The season ends with the army of the dead destroying a section of the wall, while Ice King takes his new pet dragon for a test drive (#TheLivingAreSoFucked).

Takeaways from this season: Thank god dragons aren't real. Also, why is it always the wrong people who end up in legit seats of power? Also, tell a fucking lie John! Good lord, it's totally fine to lie to a sociopathic queen, it won't render all words meaningless, #ugh.

Civilization is still a lie, the ruling class is still the worst, honor is still dangerous, the world is still indifferent. Leaders are still invaluable. Kings and queens are still useless.

#GoT #LootTrainAttack #FuckKings #GrrrlPower #ZombieOff #IckyLove

Season Eight

(Well, shit. I've finished the series, and it's been sitting in my head for a few weeks, and I'm honestly not very happy with how it ended. I'm also not filled with internet snark or internet rage, because I've worked hard to have a full life that relies very little on the quality of my entertainment. I have to say, I liked most of season eight, but when this season misses the mark, it misses hard, just like season five. But we'll get to that.)

The season opens in Snowtown with Stabby Jane running around the streets to get a look at the parade of soldiers arriving to fight the ice zombies. The soldiers are part of the massive army commanded by Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, who's also part of the parade, riding a horse next to her new #boytoy, John Fuckin' Snow. I think this opening is supposed to make us shit our pants, because parallelism, but it's just soldiers marching. Anyway, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, John Fuckin' Snow, Tyrion the Dwarf, Spymaster Baldy, Sir Lusty Pants, Dogman...you know what, fuck it, EVERYONE who isn't already in Snowtown, or down in Kingtown, comes riding into the main courtyard in Snowtown, and (OH MY GOD IT'S JUST LIKE THE FIRST EPISODE OF THE SHOW, THE PARALLELISM IS STRIKING— *explosion*) Sansa welcomes everyone, but gives a ton of side eye to Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, and you can already hear Celebrity Gossip Twitter cracking its knuckles and coming up with silly hashtags, like #QueenFeud or some shit, but before you can start to get too annoyed, John Fuckin' Snow sees Raven Bran and he's overjoyed, and then you realize they haven't seen each other since the second or third episode of the series and John says, "You're a man now," and Raven Bran says,

“I’m a wan man,” and then “All We Ever Wanted Was Everything” by Bauhaus starts playing and you’re super confused, but so is everyone else, and then someone says, “We’re standing in the snow,” and they all go inside, and that’s the opening of the first episode of the final season.

Oh god, this is going to take for fucking ever.

ANYWAY, there’s a big meeting, and everyone agrees that ice zombies are coming, and that’s scary, and then John Fuckin’ Snow and Magic Dragon Jesus Lady go hang with the dragons, making kissy face at each other, and then she says, “Let’s go for a ride,” which is absolutely an appropriate attitude toward a nuclear warhead, and John says, “k,” and hops on the other dragon, and for approximately 10-15 seconds *Game of Thrones* seriously looks like it’s gonna turn into a deleted scene from the first *Harry Potter* movie, complete with John screaming, “WhooooooooaaaAAAAOOOOooooooooaaaaahhhhh,” but then it stops, and you and EVERYONE ELSE WATCHING is like, “What just happened?” And then they land in #Bonetown, which...ick.

Later, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady tries to make friends with Sansa, and Sansa’s like, “Yeah, you’re great and everything, but every time outsiders come to the north, terrible things happen. What’s going to happen to the north?” And this is 100% the correct question to be asking, because she’s A) pointing out a valid historical pattern, and B) showing genuine concern for her constituency, and you’re like, “Shit, maybe she should end up on the throne.”

MEANWHILE, up at the wall, some people we’re glad aren’t dead have to deal with THE WORST PERFORMANCE ART PIECE IN HISTORY, which was left there as a huge middle finger by the ice zombies. #DickMove ice zombies.

Back in Snowtown John Fuckin’ Snow’s best friend, Sam, sees him and says, “Hey this is awkward, but everything you’ve ever believed about yourself is a lie, and you’re fucking your

auntie. Just sayin’.” Outwardly, John seems to take the news as well as can be expected, but the look on his face is kinda like, “Could this have maybe waited until after the frozen apocalypse that’ll be here tomorrow?” But he’s too polite to actually say anything, even though he’s 100% justified in feeling that way.

MEANWHILE, Uncle Dad bailed on Queenmom after she revealed her plans to betray the living, and he shows up in the courtyard of Snowtown, and there’s Raven Bran, staring him down, but staring is pretty much all Raven Bran does these days, apart from time napping. Everyone gathers and throws a lot of snark (#HouseSnark) back and forth about whether or not to kill Uncle Dad, a guaranteed enemy. They decide to let him fight because...I guess one person there likes him. Well, two if you count Tyrion. So Uncle Dad gets to live long enough to fight the army of the dead, which will definitely be here in a handful of hours, so...yay?

There is a LOT of talking.

(Stepping out of the summary for a second, the second episode of this season is, without question, my favorite of the series. If you read that and feel incredulous, let’s just agree that we probably watch the show for different reasons. So many wonderful moments precede the ice zombie apocalypse, but Brienne getting knighted is a highlight of the show. There are few genuinely good people in this series, and she’s one of them, and seeing her get something she’s wanted so bad for so long that she’s never even admitted it to herself is one of the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen, and I, without any shame, happily admit to crying (#UglyCrying #FuckYou).)

Like, a lot of talking. Tyrion hosts a game of Let’s Drink Everything In Snowtown, Sansa and Theon have a short reunion where they silently reflect on the mountain of trauma they’ve both been through, and Stabbity Jane runs into Dogman Sandy and he’s like, “Remember

the time I abducted you and tried to sell you back to your family but they kept dying?” and she’s like, “Yeah.” Then she leaves to find a nice young man to accompany her to #Bonetown and you’re like, “AHHHH NO STOP, JESUS CHRIST SHE’S A CHILD,” and your wife is like, “You realize she’s an adult now right?” and you’re like, “...yeah.” And about thirty years later you get over it and realize it’s actually a beautiful moment between two consenting adults, who genuinely care about each other, and who are very likely about to die.

While all that’s going on, John Fuckin’ Snow has a chat with Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, and discovers that kissing her is #IckyNow. He tells her the truth about who he is, and she shoots him a look saying, “This shit couldn’t wait until after the ice zombie apocalypse?” and he shoots one back saying, “Yeah, you know what? That’s what I thought.” And her reaction to this news only gets worse.

ANYWAY, the ice zombies show up and there’s a big fight.

(Stepping back out of the summary again. There are two cinematic sequences in this season that will win awards and be discussed for a long time. The Battle of Winterfell is one of them (we’ll get to the other in a bit). People will argue that the Dothraki got cheated. People will argue that it’s too dark. I will argue that it’s perfect. I won’t even attempt to fully and fairly summarize it (I don’t have the time, and I’m not getting paid for this, and I do not have the fucking time...it’s an entire episode for fuck’s sake), apart from a few important moments. Where were we?)

During the fight Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is thrown off her dragon, and without a dragon underneath her, she’s a bit crap at combat. Just then, Sir Lusty Pants rushes to her rescue, and dies, saving her from the ice zombies. She takes it really hard, and boy oh boy, I SURE HOPE SHE DOESN’T LOSE ANYMORE FRIENDS. Meanwhile, the big plan to protect

everyone in Snowtown who can't defend themselves was to have them all hide down in the crypts (the fact that Snowtown is sitting on top of a pile of dead people is only one of the reasons I never want to visit). This turns out to be a terrible idea because Ice King has this trick he does where he raises his arms like he's Jesus on the cross, and then ALL OF THE DEAD PEOPLE COME TO LIFE (#AHHHHHHH), which is something we've already seen him do in the Battle of Hardhome, and at this point you remember all the times that John Fuckin' Snow has pointed out to everyone that he's the #IceZombieExpert, and you're like, "Goddammit John." So now all the people in the crypt are getting slaughtered. #Boffo.

MEANWHILE, outside, Theon is defending Raven Bran from a quorum of White Walkers (White Walkers are basically middle management on the ice zombie organizational chart (#MiddleManagement)), and then Ice King shows up and you're like, "Theon is so fucked," and then he dies, and you're like, "Ohhh shit, Raven Bran is so fucked," and then Stabby Jane, fresh from playing the WORST GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK IN RECORDED HISTORY shows up out of nowhere, and stabs Ice King with Mr. Pointy, her #SpecialDagger, and then Ice King explodes, and then all the White Walkers explode, and then all the ice zombies who work in cubicles explode, and then all the zombies in the crypts explode, and then your brain explodes and you're like, "Holy shit!" and then Stabby looks right at the camera and she's like, "Right?!?" and the battle is over. The dead lose. And that's it, the show ends after an insanely short, but ultimately satisfying eighth season.

...

Haha. Okay no, there's three more episodes, and Queenmom is like, one of the most heinous villains in TV history, and we're still waiting for justice to come to her, so clearly the

show has some work left to do BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY IT'LL LET US DOWN,
RIGHT?

So everyone in Snowtown gathers all the dead and sets them on fire. Then it's time to celebrate, and everyone gathers in the main hall, and all the soldiers are screaming about what a badass hero John Fuckin' Snow is, and Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is throwing everyone looks like, "Seriously?" but no one is paying attention to her because she isn't John Fuckin' Snow, and also because #Patriarchy man. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady begs John not to tell anyone the truth about who he is. If he does, she insists, it'll destroy their arrangement, but he's like, "I have to tell my family," and you remember last season when he couldn't lie to Queenmom, and you just roll your eyes and shake your head, because at this point, you've accepted the fact that John, awesome as he is, is a fucking idiot.

So John tells Sansa, Stabbity, and Raven Bran (who already knew), and then says, "Okay I have to go fight Queenmom now, bye," and they're like "bye," and then Sansa tells Tyrion that John is really a Targaryen and the rightful heir to the throne, because GENETICS-BASED LEADERSHIP IS CLEARLY A GOOD IDEA, and Tyrion is like, "k, thanks" and then he tells Spymaster Baldy, and then he tells two friends, and then they tell two friends, and so on, and so on, and so on, but instead of turning into a commercial for Faberge Organics Shampoo (#HeatherLocklear), a conspiracy to assassinate Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is born. And honestly, at this point, something starts to feel uncomfortable in the back of your head, and you're like, "Man, all that shit with the ice zombies, and we're back to dicking around with politics? Really?" And Politics is like, "That's right motherfucker, I always win," and you're like, "Wait, you talk?"

...

Dogman Sandy is on his way down to Kingtown and he's joined right outside the gates of Snowtown by Stabbity Jane. He's like, "Hey girl, you don't wanna join me, I'm going to Kingtown," and she's like, "Me too," and he's like, "Yeah, but I don't plan on coming back," and she's like, "Me either," and it's so horridly dysfunctional and somehow also a really sweet moment between two friends (who started off as hostage and captor...).

On the way to Kingtown, one of Magic Dragon Jesus Lady's dragons is killed by a shit ton of ships, armed with ballistae with silly names, like scorpions or something, and she takes off with her only surviving dragon, and without her to protect them, her navy gets its ass handed to it, and one of her best friends and advisors is taken hostage. Later, outside the city gates of Kingtown (and if that seems like a quick transition, I AGREE) Magic Dragon Jesus Lady sends Tyrion to negotiate for the life of her best friend and advisor, but Queenmom isn't hearing it, and has her friend's head removed. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is not happy and boy oh boy, I HOPE SHE DOESN'T DO SOMETHING RASH. But, for reasons that will never make sense to me, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady doesn't attack. Instead, she goes back to her castle, and locks herself in her room, which is exactly what you'd think she'd do if she was a completely different person.

ANYWAY, there's a lot of talking and intrigue, and Spymaster Baldy tells Tyrion that Magic Dragon Jesus Lady needs to go, and that John Fuckin' Snow needs to be on the throne. Tyrion reports this to Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, and shortly afterward, Spymaster Baldy is on fire. Later, she has a conversation with John Fuckin' Snow in which she whines that everyone loves him and that makes her feel jealous because they only fear her. Then she tries to make out with him and you're not sure which is more off-putting: her willingness for #IncestuousBoinkyTime with her nephew, or her childish need to be loved, which seems to have sprung up out of nowhere. When John won't make out with her, she says, "Let it be fear then,"

and you're like, "Is this an MTV show?" and she's like, "No, it's still HBO, why?" and you're like, "Just...it seems...I don't...never mind." So then she decides it's time to march everyone back to Kingtown and take the throne, and I can't imagine how fed up her army must be with all this marching bullshit.

As Kingtown is getting ready to defend itself, Uncle Dad is sneaking back into the city to try to rescue Queenmom, who he's certain is going to lose the battle. Also sneaking back into the city are Stabbity Jane and Dogman Sandy. Stabbity wants to kill Queenmom for killing her idiot father, and Dogman wants to kill his brother, Frankenmountain, because Frankenmountain is a dick. Tyrion has done everything he can possibly think of to prevent Magic Dragon Jesus Lady from murdering all the innocent civilians in Kingtown, including betraying her command, and he knows that this final betrayal is going to cost him his life, so even if they win, he's done for.

Then Magic Dragon Jesus Lady swoops in on her dragon, and destroys the Kingtown navy in about five seconds. And then, five seconds later, she destroys all the remaining military defenses, half the Kingtown military forces, and the gate to the city. They've effectively won the day. And this is when Magic Dragon Jesus Lady decides to murder thousands, maybe tens of thousands of civilians; men, women, and children alike. And that's when Magic Dragon Jesus Lady's forces decide to help her. For the rest of the episode, we see people dressed in bad guy armor acting – and dying – like heroes, and we see people in good guy armor raping, pillaging, and murdering their way through burning city streets. And it's fucking horrible.

(Stepping away from the summary yet again, I've been saying for eight years that I can't wait for Daenerys to sail across the ocean and burn King's Landing to the ground, and I finally got my wish, and it turns out I really, really, really, really, REALLY did not want to see this.

Because violence, it turns out, is bullshit. And lazy. And childish. And weak. Unfortunately it's also very human, and humans are all of those things too, so it's not going anywhere, but I think I'm done rooting for it, even in my entertainment.

Watching this episode was really hard and really uncomfortable, and I think the reason for that is because inside of me there's a 13-year-old nerd, who can't get enough Conan novels, and in being forced to watch the atrocity of the burning of King's Landing, that 13 year old was forced into seeing what a foolish little child he was. He was forced into seeing that he was wrong about nearly everything. He was forced to grow up in the space of a half hour. This episode is the other sequence that's going to win awards and be talked about for years to come, and honestly, it should be. If Saving Private Ryan is to be lauded for destroying the myths of war, this episode deserves at least that much. I honestly can't remember seeing anything even remotely like it, ever, and I'm not talking about the dragon.

Also, a quick note about Daenerys: This atrocity? The murder of thousands of innocents, including children? It is 100% in character. The problem with this episode isn't this episode, it's the half assed unraveling of her character in the previous episodes that seemingly came out of nowhere (I guess if you were paying closer attention to Daenerys than I was, then it didn't come out of nowhere (we'll get to that), but they still half assed her character development). The problem with her character isn't that she became a villain, it's that the showrunners, apparently, were exhausted and (this is entirely speculation) possibly under some pressure, either from HBO or themselves, to wrap it up, and rather than taking us on the journey of Daenerys' devolution from savior to genocidal tyrant, they decided to turn the clocks back a century, and roll out the Hysterical Woman cliché. And it's a shame. You're seriously trying to tell me she murdered families because she lost two friends? Bullshit. She's stronger than that.

If they'd put as much time and energy into the storytelling as they put into the cinematics, the show would have been a legend. Sadly, now, it's just going to be hotly debated on "Jump the Shark" threads on whatever shitty discussion boards. Moving on.)

ANYWAY, Magic Dragon Jesus Lady goes on another one of her increasingly regular murder sprees, and while this is happening, Stabbity Jane and Dogman Sandy enter the palace in search of revenge, and Dogman stops and grabs Stabbity, and says, "Hey girl, you don't really want revenge, you should go home," and she's like, "k, thanks," and then she leaves, and you're like, "What?" But honestly, you don't have time to ponder much because Dogman finds Frankenmountain and they have a fight and it's ugly and horrible in all the glorious, comic book-y ways you'd want it to be, and not in any of the ugly and horrible ways that are currently going on at the street level. Frankenmountain is apparently a full-on zombie at this point, which, by the way? #ZombieFatigue. It's a thing. So Dogman charges him, pushes him through a brick wall and they both fall to a fiery death.

Back on the street, Stabbity Jane runs a lot, and you're like, "What the fuck? Did she just come to Kingtown for some cardio?" but she's too busy running to answer, and she gets her ass out of the city.

(Sorry, another brief aside here: WHY WAS ARYA IN KING'S LANDING AT ALL? It sure as fuck wasn't to accomplish anything. Best I can tell, she was there to serve as a story device, which, fuck that. #AryaGotCheated.)

MEANWHILE Queenmom is quietly losing her shit because she's about to die, and out of nowhere, Uncle Dad, her twin brother, shows up and gives her a nice hug. She's scared, but he tells her to calm down and to look him in the eyes because the two of them are all that matter,

and they share a nice moment of genuine love between them before the palace collapses on them. It's very touching.

And then you remember when Inbred Jed died and how satisfying that was because they'd spent three years establishing what a piece of crap he was, and then you remember when Sansa's d-hole husband died and how satisfying it was because they'd spent three years establishing what a piece of crap he was, and then you remember when Lord Cheesedick died and how satisfying it was because they'd spent seven years establishing what a piece of crap he was, and then you remember how the show spent eight years establishing what a piece of crap Queenmom was, and you measure her last moments of comfort in the arms of the person she loves most in the world against the deaths of those other pieces of crap, and you're like, "WHAT THE INFINITE FUCK *GAME OF THRONES*?" but the show doesn't respond, it's just standing in a corner of the set, trying to look super busy, intently studying a script its holding upside down, and I guess you can just go fuck yourself.

ANYWAY, in the aftermath of the massacre, not a single prisoner is left alive, and Magic Dragon Jesus Lady stands before her assembled forces, watched by Stabbity, John, and Tyrion, and she gives an inspirational victory speech where she says the battle is won, and the throne is hers, which is the only goal she's ever had so of course it makes perfect sense when she continues her speech with, "...but the war isn't over. We've liberated the people of Kingtown, and we're not gonna stop until we've liberated the people of Snowtown, Sandtown, Ninjatown, Poland, Russia...what could possibly go wrong?"

Tyrion is taken into custody as a traitor, and John Fuckin' Snow goes to visit him and says, "Hey man, that was horrible, but at least the war is over, yeah?" Tyrion points out that

John is an idiot, and John responds with a bunch of moral equivocation and half-hearted justification because that's who he is.

Tyrion then points out that Magic Dragon Jesus Lady murdered the slavers she stole her army from, and we cheered as we watched. He points out that she crucified the nobles of Slavetown, and we cheered as we watched. He points out that she burned the leadership of the rapey, stabby hill people alive, and we cheered as we watched. He says all this and you feel utterly put in your place.

(Stepping away from the summary one last time, at the end of the fifth episode, this show lost me. Hard. If it wasn't the second to last episode, I'd have stopped watching. I said to multiple people over the week that followed that I couldn't imagine what the show could possibly do to win me back. Having Tyrion deliver a speech that points out my hypocrisy – that reveals several of the reasons I'd been so uncomfortable watching the massacre in the episode before? This goes a long way toward winning me back. It didn't win me back completely, but they accomplished a LOT with three minutes of dialogue, and they deserve some credit for that. Because here's the thing:

Daenerys is a monster, and she always has been. Yes, slavers and the nobility who live off the hard work of slaves are also monsters, but burning people alive is not how you deal with them. Crucifixion? Seriously? Not how you deal with them. Because if you can crucify someone for human trafficking, it's a five-minute walk to crucifying them for possession of narcotics. Monsters who kills other monsters are still monsters. And I've been cheering for a monster for eight years. Let me ask you a serious question: What if Saddam Hussein was a hot white woman? Alright, let's wrap this shit up.)

ANYWAY, Tyrion says he loves Magic Dragon Jesus Lady too. He says love is more powerful than reason. He says Magic Dragon Jesus Lady is a growing nightmare and a menace to everyone alive, especially the rightful heir to the stupid goddamn throne, and he says that John is the only person alive who has the ability to do anything to prevent the atrocity that's absolutely going to follow. John goes to the throne room, which is now more of a solarium, where he finds Magic Dragon Jesus Lady making kissy face with the throne. He's like, "You know there are dead children all over the place right?" and she's like, "Yeah well," so he stabs her and she dies.

Her dragon immediately knows what's up and flies to the throne room, sees his dead mom, and gets so pissed off he melts the throne, which is something you've totally been wanting to see since season three. He also knows Magic Dragon Jesus Lady was turning into a bit of a mess, so he looks at John Fuckin' Snow and decides to give him a pass. He grabs Magic Dragon Jesus Lady, and flies off into the horizon with her lifeless body. And that's it, the show ends with John facing an uncertain future, and while order isn't restored, at least the utter chaos of all these warring families competing for a fucking symbol is finally put to an end.

...

Haha. Okay, no, that doesn't happen, that would've been great. No, instead several weeks have passed, and Tyrion has grown a beard so bushy, so unkempt, that every hipster in Silver Lake will just give up and shave once they see it. He's summoned to the dragon pit, where the last gathering of noble dickheads took place, and, no surprise, where the current gathering of noble dickheads is happening. There have been two enormous, costly battles, with thousands dead, and the remaining lords and ladies immediately reveal themselves to be a bunch of squabbling children. Magic Dragon Jesus Lady's followers want Tyrion and John Fuckin'

Snow dead, and everyone else wants John alive. Tyrion points out that it's for the king or queen to decide and that, as the most powerful people on the continent, maybe they should quit acting like children and choose one.

This is when John's best friend, Sam, suggests the idea of democracy, literally uttering the words (verbatim), "Maybe the decision about what's best for everyone should be left to, well, everyone." The assembled lords and ladies respond with stunned silence followed by uproarious laughter. Literally. All. Of. Them. They respond with (verbatim), "Maybe we should give the dogs a vote as well," and, "I'll ask my horse." Because of course if you aren't born into a noble house, then your opinion – and your life – is as valuable as a dog or a horse. All of them laugh. Even Sansa. Even Stabby. Because the one percent – even OUR one percent – are hot fucking garbage. All of them. Except Sam. #EatTheRich #FuckMonarchy #TheDeadShouldHaveWon

They're also #FuckingUseless, and they ask Tyrion who he thinks should be king (because that's how these things are done, you ask the guy who's been in a dungeon for two weeks to pick the king). Tyrion says that he's had nothing to do over the last few weeks but think about their bloody history and all the mistakes they've made, and instead of coming to the conclusion that monarchy is a fucking sham, he decides that Raven Bran should be king. He asks Raven Bran if he's willing to take the job and Raven Bran responds with, "Why do you think I came all this way?" and no one slaps him for it. Raven's first act as king is to make Tyrion his hand, and his second act, in an attempt to appease Magic Dragon Jesus Lady's followers, is to banish John Fuckin' Snow back to the wall, where he'll spend the rest of his life living as one of the #horny crow people.

John, Sansa, Stabby, and Raven all gather one last time. Stabby tells everyone she's going off to have adventures, and she's never coming back. Sansa apologizes to John for

betraying his trust in her (by telling Tyrion the truth of his birthright), and he's like, "It's cool," and they all hug and he leaves. There's a brief moment where we see the surviving peeps begin the task of rebuilding Kingtown, and they have a "humorous" conversation about brothels, because HAHA PEOPLE FUCK SOMETIMES (#ugh).

The series ends with a montage of John, Sansa, and Stabby engaged in various activities: Stabby boards a ship and sets sail for whatever is west of Westeros; Sansa is dressed in what is quite possibly the most beautiful dress ever made, and is crowned Queen of the Snow; and John arrives at the wall, assumes command of the wall, and then blows off the wall to go live north of the wall with the wildy people, which, for the record, is the only group of people on the entire fucking continent to embrace the idea of equality between all people, but somehow they're the uncivilized, barbaric horde who can't be trusted. The. Fucking. End.

Takeaways from the series: Thank god dragons aren't real. Also, EVERYONE is a redneck. Everyone. Except for the rednecks, who are somehow uncivilized, yet don't prey on their own, as a way of life. Civilization is a bald-faced lie, held together by spider webs and dumb luck. Maybe it's a lie worth fighting for, but probably not. Honor is not a lie, but it's also for children. So is the idea of heroes. Dying for the sake of making a point is just stupid. Dying while trying to prevent tens, possibly hundreds of thousands of people from dying is not stupid, but it still sucks. The greatest threat to civilization is easily the one percent, who should all be baked into a massive strudel. When a cult of matriarch-worshipping weirdos gets large enough, we call them "a country." The world is in desperate need of leaders and not kings. The creative process is difficult and sometimes it's easy to get lost in it and make mistakes. Shit happens.

#GoT #CivilizationIsaLie # WhitePrivilegeIsReal #DieForaGoodReason #FuckTheOnePercent
#CountriesAreJustLargeCults #FuckKings #TheCreativeProcessIsHard

#TheDeadShouldHaveWon #QueenFeud #HouseSnark #IceZombieExperts #ZombieFatigue

#IncestuousBoinkyTime #SpecialDagger #ugh #horngry #hashtags