

Hanna Alfredsson

Dr. Eberle

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An Introduction

I wanted to write my fanfiction based on the walk scene between Darcy and Elizabeth after Bingley and Jane's engagement, but with a twist. *Game of Thrones*, a cultural phenomena is on its last season, and with its end came the idea for my project. Jaime and Brienne are to extremely different characters of vastly different circumstance, and whose journey reminds me so much of Elizabeth and Darcy's.

In Episode two of Season Eight, Brienne and Jaime reunite before the Long Night, when both of them could likely die. They have a moment when Jaime essentially confesses he came to the North to keep his promise to fight for Winterfell, and wants to be with Brienne, fighting by her side after giving up Cersei and King's Landing. Both Jaime and Darcy are forced to confront their mistakes and faults because of Brienne and Elizabeth, and because I have not found a single *Game of Thrones / Pride and Prejudice* that is to my liking, I decided to give this a go.

I took this scene, expanded on it, and reworked it so that it follows a similar style of action and confession that the scene in *Pride and Prejudice* has while keeping it in the *Game of Thrones* universe. I was also heavily influenced by the 1995 BBC adaptation use of added scenes and the way they filmed their walk in particular while writing this piece. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I have writing it.

A Song of Pride and Prejudice

Sansa and Tyrion walked slightly ahead, a playful familiarity in their conversation, while Brienne and Jamie remained five paces behind. It had been a morning of reunion. Old faces meeting once again, yet changed from what they once were. Sansa and Tyrion held that same regard that united them in King's Landing all those years ago, but the years had transformed them.

The northern winter was bitterly cold, the air sharpening with every breeze, cutting into their cheeks and the corners of their eyes. Winter had come, and now the Long Night was upon them. The threat of death seemed to have made a home at their heels. Jaime's journey had been long, but he could not sit by while Cersei let the North fall after she promised her help. He'd realised he could not and did not want to be that kind of person, that kind of man anymore.

"Can't say the North has grown on me at all," Jaime muttered. "I hate the fucking North." "I don't suppose lions were made for the cold," He surmised, glancing briefly at the woman by his side.

"No I suppose not," Brienne replied. "Lions are not wolves. Though your brother seems to be doing better than you." Tyrion smirked at something Sansa said, or perhaps something Tyrion had said. He always thought himself clever.

"You are right, they most certainly are not." Jaime responded.

They walked along the pathways of Winterfell in awkward silence, their eyes searching for anything that could be of temporary interest, hands itching at the wrists they held behind their backs. Around them the clatter of war fare rang a hollow tune. Dragon glass chimed against the barrels, steel blades screaming against their competitors.

“I’ve heard you are to command the left flank,” he commented.

“Yes. The ground position is of a great advantage, and should we be able to keep a tight formation, we just might be able to push them back,” She relayed, keeping her voice steady.

“I’m sure you will do great -”

“What are you doing?” Brienne demanded, her eyes narrowing on him as she halted her step.

“Doing what?” He responded in similar hostility.

“You know exactly what you’re doing.” She replied.

“I assure you I do not,” He said with confusion marking the arch of his brows.

“You have not insulted me once during this entire conversation!”

“Do you want me to insult you?”

“No!”

“Good!” They resumed their walk, avoiding each other's gaze.

“Brienne I-” Jaime began, before an abrupt pause, the weight of conflicting emotions perched upon his shoulders. Brienne looked at him and stopped at the seriousness of his gaze. Sansa and Tyrion had stopped as well, Sansa conferring with Sir Davos on the progress of their armour.

“I left King’s Landing for a reason,” he started again, Brienne’s gaze focused on him, while he stared into the stone walls.

“I have lived my life plagued by my choice to kill King Aerys. *The Kingslayer*. The breaker of oaths, regardless of whether or not it was the right thing to do. I may have been pardoned by Robert Baratheon, but I knew I would never be pardoned in the eyes of everyone

else, so I wore my crime like armour. I let myself become the man people so desperately wanted me to be, believed me to be.”

Jaime turned to look at Brienne.

“And then, I met a woman. She was fierce, brave and kicked my ass more times than I’d be willing to admit. She taught me I did not have to be the man I had been pretending to be. That I was capable of love and honor.”

Brienne’s cheeks began to warm and nervousness ticked at her jaw as she lowered her eyes.

“*Oathkeeper*. That was what you named the sword I gave you.” His eyes briefly flickered to the sheathed blade at her waste. “That is the man you made me want to be.”

Brienne looked up at Jaime then, unable to fully comprehend the various emotions that filled her lungs in rapid succession. Her armour could not hide the effect of his speech

“I left King’s Landing because,” he stuttered, “because I want to be the kind of man that is worthy of you, Brienne. A man of honour, an *oathkeeper*. I’m not the fighter I used to be, but I would be honored to fight for you, if you’ll have me that is.”

Brienne face was subdued with shock, her head swimming with the gravity of his confessions. He had left his home, his family. He had left *Cersei* for her. Brienne thought back to their first dance of swords and insults. She remembered the man she believed to be a fool, a dishonorable knight. How wrong she had been. Underneath the veil of her prejudice, she could not see the worthy man at his core. Now he had given everything up, just to keep his promise. For *her*.

Brienne straightened herself, and fixed her gaze upon the man she had come to love.

“If that is your choice, then I would be glad to fight with you by my side, Jaime.” She said, her happiness cracking between her words.

“It is,” Jaime replied.

Brienne smiled softly.

“There is a good chance we may die soon,” he continued, “and I’ve always thought the best way to die would be,” he paused, looking at Brienne with determined intensity.

“I have always thought that the best way to die would be to die honorably, in the arms of the woman I love.”

Brienne smirked at Jaime.

“Well lucky for you, the woman you love is a far superior fighter, so your chances of living may be a bit higher than the average man with her on your side.”

“I’ve just told you I love you and your response is to brag that you’re a better fighter than me?” Jaime laughed.

“It isn’t as if it isn’t true.”

“I would just like to remind you *I* saved *you* in the bear pit,” he torted.

“Doesn’t change the fact I can still kick your ass ten times over,” she laughed, turning to continue down the cobbled path, Jaime jogging behind her to catch up.

They saw Tyrion and Sansa in the distance as they walked on, talking with various men and women, and were suddenly reminded of their reality. The courtyard was swarming with armour and the armoured. Soldiers marched across the stone, clad in iron. The worried looks of children clinging to the thick furs of their mothers, the worried looks of mothers thinking of their children. The leather and cloaks could not hide the fear that slithered through the castle walls at the night to come. Their chances of survival were small at best.

Brienne and Jaime turned to each other, seeing the anxiety fills their eyes. Jaime grabbed Brienne's hand and held it to his lips, Brienne closing her eyes.

"I will be by your side until the end," He promised.

"Until the end." She replied.