

The Left Flank

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The Left Flank

by [Roccolinde](#)

Summary

He finds her in the war council's room, moving figures around the left flank.

A tiny missing scene from 8x02.

Notes

The [JB Monthly Trope for May](#) is Missing Scenes, and my brain insisted upon this very, very short scene from 8x02, post battle plotting and pre-knighting. I thought it would be longer than THIS at least, but here we are.

He finds her in the war council's room, moving figures around the left flank. The last dull light of day turns the room grey, casting shadows.

"Ser Jaime," she says, not looking up from the table.

"Lady Brienne."

She moves slightly, so there is space for him beside her. Her long fingers caress the figure in her hand, then places it down.

"Swords," she says, pointing to one of the markers. "Pikes and halberds."

She moves them around; he glances towards her and her brow is furrowed. She moves them again. A third time. She is trying to find the right formation, not that it will make a difference--the best they can hope is to stay alive to defend those inside Winterfell as long as they can. He does not say so; it does not need to be said.

"Where will you stand?" he asks instead, not seeing a clear commander amongst the figures.

She taps one of the swords, front and centre. His mouth is dry.

"A commander--"

"I know," she says. "But it's different. There is no strategy, no reason in the enemy. I won't lead them places I will not go myself." He would follow her anywhere, including into the jaws of death. It is a terrifying thought. "And you?"

He is the most experienced commander on the flank, they both know it. Know where he ought to stand. He reaches out, his fingers brushing against hers as he takes the sword she holds. Places it to the commander's left. It is an exposing action, and when she turns just enough to see him from the corner of her eye, he wonders whether she knows this too, what she will say.

She nods once, and together they study the map until the daylight has faded entirely.

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