

## Tyrion chapter

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# Tyrion chapter

"Who admitted you to my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>?"

"Your tower? This is my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb - Past Tense</sup> royal castle."

"So they tell me." Tyrion was not \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup>. Crawn would be even less so; his \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> had the guard today. "I was about to come to you, as it happens."

"Were you?"

He \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb - Past Tense</sup> the door shut behind him. "You doubt me?"

"Always, and with good reason."

"I'm \_\_\_\_\_<sup>emotion</sup>." Tyrion waddled to the sideboard for a cup of \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>. He knew no surer way to work up a thirst than talking with Cersei. "If I've given you offense, I would know how."

"What a disgusting little \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> you are. Myrcella is my only \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>. Did you truly imagine that i would allow you to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb</sup> her like a bag of oats?"

Myrcella, he thought. Well, that egg has \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb - Past Participle</sup>. Let's see what color the chick is. "Hardly a bag of oats. Myrcella is a princess. Some would say this is what she was born for. Or did you plan to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb</sup> her to Tommen?"