

WHITE WALKER DEFENSE KIT: BECAUSE THE NIGHT IS DARK AND FULL OF TERRORS

Westeros is at war. Kings and lords and commoners alike are dropping like flies all over the Seven Kingdoms. No one is safe. It is a bloody and treacherous time. And winter is coming.

Bad seed King Joffrey has been poisoned, thank the gods. His simpering, ineffectual little brother is also dead, by his own hand, following the mass execution of all her local enemies by Cersei — the mother of all queen mothers — who is now de facto queen ruler of King's Landing. Lord of Light help us all...

In the East, with the Imp at her side, Daenerys Targaryen — the Unburnt, Breaker of Chains, Mother of Dragons — commands an army of Unsullied and Second Sons — three fully grown, fiercely loyal, and just plain fierce dragons at her back — her big blue eyes set firmly on the Iron Throne.

In the North, the bastard of Winterfell, Jon Snow, has been betrayed, murdered, and subsequently brought back to life (phew!) by the Red Woman and her blood magic. He commands a mishmash army of Wildlings and the remnants of some of the other Northern houses — all of them neck deep in preparations for the inevitable approach of the *real* threat to the Realm, the dreaded White Walkers.

Beyond the wall, the Night King, leader of the White Walkers, commands an army of undead numbering in the tens of thousands, all hell-bent on nothing less than the total annihilation of humankind. This is not good for anybody.

Everything is coming to a head, as all the disparate enemies point their armies at each other, and their eventual meeting in the middle promises to be more explosive than a hot barrel of Wildfire. The multi-army battle of all multi-army battles is brewing, threatening to boil over at any second. Things look bleak for Westeros.

But not for you. Not any longer, now that you have access to my White Walker Defense Kit. And you won't need a seat on the small council, or a royal decree, or even a raven scroll invitation to get your hands on one. Just an internet connection. I swear it, by the old gods and the new.

The weapons in my White Walker Defense Kit

First in your arsenal is a white and ivory twist candle. Hand-rolled by our own famed artisans — who are known throughout all Seven Kingdoms as the best in the land — with obsidian (dragon glass!) chip stones, these candles create the ultimate protection flame. Light one on your altar and watch with glee as the White Walkers' hideous facial features fill with fear, and they turn zombie tail, mount their horrible, undead half-horses, and ride as fast as they can back to the godforsaken frozen tundra from whence they came.

Next is a 10 ml roller bottle of my aptly named Dragonfire perfume. A girl who is in league with the many-faced god may have no name,

but my perfume does indeed have one. And it is a killer. Dragonfire. With notes of myrrh, anise, and black cumin, and infused with an obsidian (dragon glass!) chip stone, Dragonfire is like aromatic kryptonite for the White Walkers. It will keep them at bay, while simultaneously attracting only the most righteous and honorable lords and ladies to your court. In addition, my Dragonfire perfume will also banish all kinds of regular, day to day evil and negativity from your life. After all, even if all White Walkers are bad people, not all bad people are White Walkers. Let's face it, there's plenty of other creeps and crazies around who need dealing with too. And how.

Next, since no White Walker Defense Kit would be complete without an appropriately effective and dangerous weapon, you will also receive a 4-5" golden sheen obsidian blade. Golden sheen obsidian, AKA golden dragon glass, is the ONLY element, with the exception of a Valyrian steel sword, that can kill a White Walker dead in his frozen zombie tracks.

Finally in this very special kit, for one last dose of protective magic, is a 2-3" wild septarian dragon egg. I can't recommend placing it in a fire in anticipation of it hatching like Dany did with hers, but nonetheless, this egg will provide the ultimate protection of your very own world-beating dragon.

What is dead may never die, dear ones, unless you're a frozen, murderous, sword-wielding, human-hating, baby-eating, blue-eyed ice zombie. Protect yourself, my friends. The night is dark and full of terrors. Terrors that are thankfully rendered as harmless as an unpoisoned pigeon pie, as long as you have the right protection. I pledge to you, my White Walker Defense Kit. From this day, until my last day.

May the Lord of Light guide your way.

Long may you reign,

JAG