“Roose has no feelings, you see. Those leeches that he loves so well sucked all the passions out of him years ago. He does not love, he does not hate, he does not grieve. This is a game to him, mildly diverting. Some men hunt, some men hawk, some tumble dice. Roose plays with men. You and me, these Freys, Lord Manderly, his plump new wife, even his bastard, we are but his playthings.”
-Lady Barbrey Dustin



Black-Background
Red- Manipulation, Deception
Blue-FSIQ, Intelligence
Purple-Thinking, Reasoning
Orange- Tactics, Strategy, Planning
Green-Foresight (Anticipation, Prediction, Traps Evasion, Setting Traps)
Pink-EQ, SQ, AC
Brown-STP (Cold Reading, Hot Reading, Mind Reading)

Introduction

This doc was created in order to shed light on the feats of such an unknown and underestimated character for the entire SCD community as Roose Bolton. He, like all in his verse, is very much underestimated by the number of smart characters who can compete with many other mid tier characters like Mello, Near, Light and other more famous characters.
If you have any questions about the dock, then write to me in discord (@karl_evreyskiy)

Chapter I: The Prologue

Until the time of Robert Baratheon's Rebellion, Winterfell was ruled by Lord Rickard Stark, who, like all Starks, was suspicious of the house Bolton because they were their blood nemesis. However, despite all his suspicions, Rickard did not know what was going on in the lands where Roose Bolton ruled. He used the tradition of the Right of the First Night, which had long been banned in Westeros (this is when the ruler of the lands on which a certain family marries has the right to spend the night with the bride before her husband does so). As you know from the plot, Roose did this quite often, but never once did he let even the slightest rumor spread and reach the Starks. As an example, let's take the well-known story about Ramsay Snow's mother.

"Smitten?" Bolton laughed. "Did he use that word? Why, the boy has a singer's soul … though if you believe that song, you may well be dimmer than the first Reek. Even the riding part is wrong. I was hunting a fox along the Weeping Water when I chanced upon a mill and saw a young woman washing clothes in the stream. The old miller had gotten himself a new young wife, a girl not half his age. She was a tall, willowy creature, very *healthy*-looking. Long legs and small firm breasts, like two ripe plums. Pretty, in a common sort of way. The moment that I set eyes on her I wanted her. Such was my due. The maesters will tell you that King Jaehaerys abolished the lord's right to the first night to appease his shrewish queen, but where the old gods rule, old customs linger. The Umbers keep the first night too, deny it as they may. Certain of the mountain clans as well, and on Skagos … well, only heart trees ever see half of what they do on Skagos.

"This miller's marriage had been performed without my leave or knowledge. The man had cheated me. So I had him hanged, and claimed my rights beneath the tree where he was swaying. If truth be told, the wench was hardly worth the rope. The fox escaped as well, and on our way back to the Dreadfort my favorite courser came up lame, so all in all it was a dismal day.

"A year later this same wench had the impudence to turn up at the Dreadfort with a squalling, red-faced monster that she claimed was my own get. I should've had the mother whipped and thrown her child down a well … but the babe *did* have my eyes. She told me that when her dead husband's brother saw those eyes, he beat her bloody and drove her from the mill. That annoyed me, so I gave her the mill and had the brother's tongue cut out, to make certain he did not go running to Winterfell with tales that might disturb Lord Rickard. Each year I sent the woman some piglets and chickens and a bag of stars, on the understanding that she was never to tell the boy who had fathered him. A peaceful land, a quiet people, that has always been my rule."

In this particular situation, Roose understood and perceived Ramsey's mother's emotions in order to understand how she thinks. In fact, after she was kicked out of the mill, she became homeless without any means of livelihood, she was ready to do anything to survive. Roose understood this and provided her with all the necessary amenities for a comfortable life, realizing that otherwise she could head to Winterfell to Lord Rickard. As it is, Ramsay's mother will see Roose as a savior and will be grateful to him. In this situation, based on the emotions of Ramsey's mother, he came to the conclusion that she would do and what needed to be done to avoid unpleasant consequences.
(Concealment, Indirect Manipulation, White Knight manipulation, Emotional Understanding, Emotional Perception, Emotional Facilitation, Psychoanalysis, Prediction, Anticipation, Inductive reasoning, Convergent thinking, Interpersonal Intelligence, FRI, Cold Reading)

A few years later, his own son, Domeric Bolton, who had previously been a pupil of Lord Redfort in the Valley, died of "intestinal colic" after visiting the mill where Ramsey and his mother lived. Ruse immediately realized that his son had been poisoned. Although we do not know the course of his reasoning,
However, if he immediately rejected the official version of natural death with such confidence, then he must have had evidence to confirm this.
While we cannot say for sure what kind of premises Roose used in order to deduce Ramsay's participation in Domeric's death, we can roughly estimate it looked something like this.

P1: Domeric died of sickness of the bowels (seemingly, according to the said symptoms, it should be Inflammatory Bowel Disease (IBD) shortly after visiting the windmill, held by Ramsay's mother and Ramsay himself.
P2: IBD isn't infectious and its causes vary from genetics to environmental triggers.
P3: Domeric didn't suffer from any of the symptoms before his visit to the said windmill, and Roose, as his father, himself didn't have IBD, which eliminates the possibility of Domeric's disease being natural.
C1: Domeric was killed. But by whom?

P4: Obviously, Domeric was killed in order for Ramsey to get rid of his brother so he could have become Roose's successor.
P5: As said in the previous section, Ramsay's mother was in great debt to Roose, he himself regularly supported her financially for her not to tell Ramsay of his father's origins so he wouldn't desire to take Domeric's place as a future lord of Dreadfort, so Roose has no reason to doubt her loyalty to him.
C2: Ramsay's mother wasn't behind/didn't participate in Domeric's demise.

P6: A few years after Ramsay's birth, his mother came to Dreadfort and asked Roose to give his son a servant, as he was growing wild and cruel. Roose entertained her request and gave her a servant named Reek.
P7: Since Ramsay's mother was loyal to Roose and wouldn't try hurting Domeric, it leaves only one person, besides Ramsay, who could've assisted him: his servant - Reek.
P8: Reek (and, probably, Ramsay's mother), both told Ramsay of his father's position as the lord of Dreadfort and seemed to treat him as a potential successor of his father's title.
C3: It was, most likely, Reek and Ramsay himself, who poisoned Domeric's food and orchestrated his death.

Combining C1 + C2 + C3, he got a general conclusion:
Ramsay, nurtured by his guardians as a potential lord of Dreadfort, despite him being Roose's illegitimate child, indirectly killed Domeric by poisoning him with slow-acting poison so his death from "sickness of the bowels" seemed natural in order to free the spot for Ramsay as a new successor of Dreadfort as Roose's only remaining son.

"For the moment. I had another, once. Domeric. A quiet boy, but most accomplished. He served four years as Lady Dustin's page, and three in the Vale as a squire to Lord Redfort. He played the high harp, read histories, and rode like the wind. Horses … the boy was mad for horses, Lady Dustin will tell you. Not even Lord Rickard's daughter could outrace him, and that one was half a horse herself. Redfort said he showed great promise in the lists. A great jouster must be a great horseman first."

"Yes, m'lord. Domeric. I … I have heard his name …"

"Ramsay killed him. A sickness of the bowels, Maester Uthor says, but I say poison. In the Vale, Domeric had enjoyed the company of Redfort's sons. He wanted a brother by his side, so he rode up the Weeping Water to seek my bastard out. I forbade it, but Domeric was a man grown and thought that he knew better than his father. Now his bones lie beneath the Dreadfort with the bones of his brothers, who died still in the cradle, and I am left with Ramsay. Tell me, my lord … if the kinslayer is accursed, what is a father to do when one son slays another?"

The question frightened him. Once he had heard Skinner say that the Bastard had killed his trueborn brother, but he had never dared to believe it. *He could be wrong. Brothers die sometimes, it does not mean that they were killed. My brothers died, and I never killed them.* "My lord has a new wife to give him sons."

"And won't my bastard love that? Lady Walda *is* a Frey, and she has a fertile feel to her. I have become oddly fond of my fat little wife. The two before her never made a sound in bed, but this one squeals and shudders. I find that quite endearing. If she pops out sons the way she pops in tarts, the Dreadfort will soon be overrun with Boltons. Ramsay will kill them all, of course. That's for the best. I will not live long enough to see new sons to manhood, and boy lords are the bane of any House. Walda will grieve to see them die, though."

windows. "I knew the first Reek. He stank, though not for want of washing. I have never known a cleaner creature, truth be told. He bathed thrice a day and wore flowers in his hair as if he were a maiden. Once, when my second wife was still alive, he was caught stealing scent from her bedchamber. I had him whipped for that, a dozen lashes. Even his blood smelled wrong. The next year he tried it again. This time he drank the perfume and almost died of it. It made no matter. The smell was something he was born with. A curse, the smallfolk said. The gods had made him stink so that men would know his soul was rotting. My old maester insisted it was a sign of sickness, yet the boy was otherwise as strong as a young bull. No one could stand to be near him, so he slept with the pigs … until the day that Ramsay's mother appeared at my gates to demand that I provide a servant for my bastard, who was growing up wild and unruly. I gave her Reek. It was meant to be amusing, but he and Ramsay became inseparable. I do wonder, though … was it Ramsay who corrupted Reek, or Reek Ramsay?" His lordship glanced at the new Reek with eyes as pale and strange as two white moons. "What was he whispering whilst he unchained you?"

"He … he said …" *He said to tell you nothing*. The words caught in his throat, and he began to cough and choke.

Also, Roose immediately foresaw Ramsey's possible actions regarding the murder of his future sons. He did this based on his emotions, which, unlike most other Game of Thrones characters, are much more complex and complex, largely due to his unpredictability and absolute psychopathy. It is also hinted (and implied) in this

passage that Roose psychoanalyzed Ramsey, anticipating his reaction to certain events.
(Abductive reasoning, Inductive reasoning, Intuition, Emotional Understanding, Psychoanalysis, Emotional Perception, Prediction, FRI)

Chapter II: The Battle of the Green Fork and the beginning of the Young Wolf's Campaign

In 299 of A.C., Lord Robb Stark marched with his army from the Twins, dividing his army into two lesser groups: he led the cavalry towards Riverrun to remove the siege from it, and sent the infantry led by Roose Bolton towards the Green Fork, where he was supposed to fight Tywin Lannister's army. Roose understood that due to the lack of knight cavalry, an open battle was unprofitable for him. Therefore, he decided on a forced night march to try to take the enemy by surprise and attack him at dawn. However, the guard notices northerners and the Lannisters manage to leave the camp and form up in a pre-planned battle formation.
Lord Tywin's plan was as follows. The center of the army was made up of infantry and archers, reinforced by three hundred heavy cavalry, under the command of Kevan Lannister. His subordinates were also: Lord Leo Lefford, Lord Serrett and Lord Lewis Lidden. On the right flank stood four thousand heavily armed horsemen, under the command of Addam Marbrand (three quarters of the Western knights), among them were Syr Flement Brax and representatives of the houses of Crakehall and Swift. The left flank adjacent to the river, under the command of Gregor Clegane, was initially sacrificed. It consisted of the weakest and most ill-disciplined units - militias, mercenaries, free riders, three hundred highlanders of Tyrion Lannister. The only real force here was Ser Grigor's own squad. A quarter of the entire army—five thousand men -- was being withdrawn to the reserve, commanded by Lord Tywin himself. It was assumed that the left flank would be defeated by the Northerners, then the young and impulsive Robb Stark would throw all his forces into developing a breakthrough. At this moment, the reserve will counterattack and stop the enemy, and the spearmen of the center will move sideways, crowding the northerners. By this time, the right flank will have defeated those opposing it. As a result, most of the northern army will be surrounded and pressed against the river, and then destroyed.
Roose, in turn, understood Lord Tywin's plan just by looking at Lannister Army's formation (while being sleep deprived for 24 hours), at highball that would mean that he, while not sleeping for <24 hours, was able to instantly realize goal of Tywin's strategy and counter it just by looking at his battle formation. Truly CPI moment of time. . Practically he understood and countered the plan of one of the best strategists of Westeros just by looking at him, using some crazy abduction and Logical Reasoning. And he avoided this trap by sending only a small number of soldiers to attack the left flank, which led to the fact that only a small part of his soldiers were surrounded and defeated. Thanks to this maneuver, the Lannister Knights were met by the Northern infantry frontally, which thwarted the Lannister plan for a quick victory and allowed the Northerners to retreat in an organized manner.
Regarding a process of a feat, I see it like that:

P1: Tywin's army largely surpasses Roose's in the amount of troops involved
P2: Tywin's army's left flank is very weak
P3: Tywin has very strong reserve and his right flank and center is very strong
P4: Roose's only chance to win is surprise attack in order to shock Lannisters.
P5: Tywin isn't aware of Roose being in charge of the army instead of Robb Stark
P6: Robb stark is young and brave boy who lacks experience
P7: Tywin knows that
P8: If Roose attacks and will succeed in breaking Tywin's left flank, he will be stopped by his reserve
P9: If Roose will concentrate his army in order to try and break through the reserve, the center and right flank of the army, which consists of big amount of heavy cavaliers will try to flank that
P10: In that occasion Roose won't have enough troops to reinforce their soldiers to stop Lannister's cavalry and they will flank him
P11: If Tywin's cavalry breaks through Roose's troops, Roose's entire army will be pressed against the Green Fork (the name of the river), surrounded and destroyed
Conclusion: Tywin weakened his left flank of purpose, making that a trap. He thought that Robb was in charge of Northern Army and he knew that he would try and break through that left flank so Tywin could attack the rest of his army, corner them and press against the river, creating a big encirclement for the entire army, where northerners would be crushed.

Lord Tywin drained his cup, his face expressionless. "I put the least disciplined men on

the left, yes. I anticipated that they would break. Robb Stark is a green boy, more like to be brave than wise. I'd hoped that if he saw our left collapse, he might plunge into the gap, eager for a rout. Once he was fully committed, Ser Kevan's pikes would wheel and take him in the flank, driving him into the river while I brought up the reserve."

"And you thought it best to place me in the midst of this carnage, yet keep me ignorant of your plans."

"A feigned rout is less convincing," his father said, "and I am not inclined to trust my plans to a man who consorts with sellswords and savages."

"A pity my savages ruined your dance." Tyrion pulled off his steel gauntlet and let it fall to the ground, wincing at the pain that stabbed up his arm.

"The Stark boy proved more cautious than I expected for one of his years," Lord Tywin admitted, "but a victory is a victory. You appear to be wounded."

Roose Bolton had re-formed the battered remnants of their other host at the mouth of the causeway. Ser Helman Tallhart and Walder Frey still held the Twins. Lord Tywin's army had crossed the Trident, and was making for Harrenhal. And there were two kings in the realm. Two kings, and no agreement.

(Leadership, Cognitive Discipline, Mental Fortitude, Traps evasion, Prediction, Anticipation, Deductive Reasoning, Inductive Reasoning, Logical Reasoning, Convergent Thinking, Holistic Thinking, Analytical Thinking Tactics, FRI, Fluid Intelligence, CPI (PSI+WMI))

When Tywin Lannister and his army left Harrenhal Castle, Roose received an order from Edmure Tully to occupy this castle. However, it wasn't as easy as it seemed at first glance. Harrenhal was a well-fortified castle with huge walls and a large number of defenders. However, Roose was able to take the castle after realizing that the commander of the Mercenaries (who formed part of the garrison) was inclined to desert. He promised the mercenary commander, Vargo Hoat, the title of lord (which he really wanted, which shows that Roose made inquiries about him and understood what to put pressure on). He formed a plan according to which Hoath's group would lead a group of northerners to the castle, whom they had "captured", having defeated Bolton's vanguard before that. After leading them into the castle, the mercenaries, along with the northerners, cut out the garrison of the castle and opened the gates to Roose with the main army. In order to prevent the garrison's countermeasures, a legend was invented according to which the northerners were prisoners, and Howth's detachment was their escort.

"What's all this, Hoat?" Ser Amory demanded, frowning.

"Captiths. Rooth Bolton thought to croth the river, but my Brafe Companions cut his van to pieceth. Killed many, and thent Bolton running. Thith ith their lord commander, Glover, and the one behind ith Ther Aenyth Frey."

Ser Amory Lorch stared down at the roped captives with his little pig eyes. Arya did not think he was pleased. Everyone in the castle knew that he and Vargo Hoat hated each other. "Very well," he said. "Ser Cadwyn, take these men to the dungeons."

The lord with the mailed fist on his surcoat raised his eyes. "We were promised honorable treatment—" he began.

"*Silenth!*" Vargo Hoat screamed at him, spraying spittle.

Ser Amory addressed the captives. "What Hoat promised you is nothing to me. Lord Tywin made *me* the castellan of Harrenhal, and I shall do with you as I please." He gestured to his guards. "The great cell under the Widow's Tower ought to hold them all. Any who do not care to go are free to die here."

As his men herded off the captives at spear-point, Arya saw Pinkeye emerge from the stairwell, blinking at the torchlight. If he found her missing, he would shout and threaten to whip the bloody hide off her, but she was not afraid. He was no Weese. He was forever threatening to whip the bloody hide off this one or that one, but Arya never actually knew him

returned, he told them that Harrenhal had been taken. “Them Bloody Mummers killed some of Ser Amory’s lot in their beds, and the rest at table after they were good and drunk. The new lord will be here before the day’s out, with his whole host. He’s from the wild north up where that Wall is, and they say he’s a hard one. This lord or that lord, there’s still work to be done. Any foolery and I’ll whip the skin off your back.” He looked at Arya when he said that, but never said a word to her about where she had been the night before.

All morning she watched the Bloody Mummers strip the dead of their valuables and drag the corpses to the Flowstone Yard, where a pyre was laid to dispose of them. Shagwell the Fool hacked the heads off two dead knights and pranced about the castle swinging them by the hair and making them talk. “What did you die of?” one head asked. “Hot weasel soup,” replied the second.

Arya was set to mopping up dried blood. No one said a word to her beyond the usual, but every so often she would notice people looking at her strangely. Robett Glover and the other men they’d freed must have talked about what had happened down in the dungeon, and then Shagwell and his stupid talking heads started in about the weasel soup. She would have told him to shut up, but she was scared to. The fool was half-mad, and she’d heard that he’d once killed a man for not laughing at one of his japes. *He better shut his mouth or I’ll put him on my list with the rest*, she thought as she scrubbed at a reddish-brown stain. It was almost evenfall when the new master of Harrenhal arrived. He had a plain face, beardless and ordinary, notable only for his queer pale eyes. Neither plump, thin, nor muscular, he wore black ringmail and a spotted pink cloak. The sigil on his banner looked like a man dipped in blood. “On your knees for the Lord of the Dreadfort!” shouted his squire, a boy no older than Arya, and Harrenhal knelt.

Vargo Hoat came forward. “My lord, Harrenhal ith yourth.”

The lord gave answer, but too softly for Arya to hear. Robett Glover and Ser Aenys Frey, freshly bathed and clad in clean new doublets and cloaks, came up to join them. After some brief talk, Ser Aenys led them over to Rorge and Biter. Arya was surprised to see them still here; somehow she would have expected them to vanish when Jaqen did. Arya heard the harsh sound of Rorge’s voice, but not what he was saying. Then Shagwell pounced on her,

(Info gathering, Hot Reading, Emotional Perception, Emotional Understanding, Emotional Facilitation, Direct Manipulation, Deductive Reasoning, Problem Solving, Convergent Thinking, FRI, tactics, Strategy, Prediction, Anticipation, Setting Traps, Interpersonal Intelligence, Persuasion, Negotiation, Social Skills, Concealment, Fabrication, Verbal Deception)

Chapter III: Preparation for the Red Wedding

After Roose received news of the Lannister victory in the Battle of Blackwater, he realized that the war was lost and decided to side with the winner. The first victims of his betrayal was an army of Robett Glover and Helman Tallhart. He, having fabricated a decree from the King of the North, Robb Stark, ordered them to raid and plunder the city of Duskendale. However, Roose already knew and planned their elimination, because he knew about Randyll Tarly's army that guarded these places. It was much superior to the army of the Northerners. He also knew and probably planned that after the defeat of the Northerners by Randyll Tarly's troops, Gregor Clegane's elite cavalry detachment would intercept the retreating Northerners and completely defeat them. Roose's calculations were justified and the Northerners' detachment was defeated, which led to a strong weakening of Robb Stark in the Riverlands and transferred Lord Walder Frey to the side of the Lannisters. Roose stated to Robb Stark himself that the idea of going to Duskendale belonged to Robett Glover himself, because he was angry about the loss of his castle in the North.

"To Ser Helman Tallhart."

A rider from Ser Helman had come two days past. Tallhart men had taken the castle of the Darrys, accepting the surrender of its Lannister garrison after a brief siege.

"Tell him to put the captives to the sword and the castle to the torch, by command of the king. Then he is to join forces with Robett Glover and strike east toward Duskendale. Those are rich lands, and hardly touched by the fighting. It is time they had a taste. Glover has lost a castle, and Tallhart a son. Let them take their vengeance on Duskendale."

"I shall prepare the message for your seal, my lord."

Arya was glad to hear that the castle of the Darrys would be burned. That was where they'd brought her when she'd been caught after her fight with Joffrey, and where the queen had made her father kill Sansa's wolf. *It deserves to burn.* She wished that Robett Glover and Ser Helman Tallhart would come back to Harrenhal, though; they had marched too quickly, before she'd been able to decide whether to trust them with her secret.

(Fabrication, Concealment, Indirect Manipulation, Verbal Deception, Non-verbal deception, NVI, Planning, Prediction, Anticipation, Scapegoating, Logical Manipulation, Misdirection, risk calculation, Abductive Reasoning, Convergent Thinking)

Soon Robb Stark called Bolton to him in order to unite the army of the Northerners and recapture the Moat of Cailin from the Ironborn. Roose and his army obediently went north, but along the way he specifically got rid of people loyal to Robb Stark — when crossing the Trident River, Bolton exposed his rearguard to the attack of Ser Grigor Clegane's detachment, and then left soldiers loyal to the Starks to hold the fords, where they were killed. Thus, Roose reached Twins only with the Bolton and Karstark people.
(Strategy, tactics, planning, setting traps, Convergent Thinking)

Chapter IV: The Red Wedding

Roose was one of the main organizers of the Red Wedding along with Walder Frey. At the Red Wedding, all of Roose's strategies and plans played out, because it was only thanks to them that Robb's opponents now had a numerical advantage (3,500 Northerners against 8,500 people of Boltons and Freys). Roose and Walder positioned crossbowmen in positions from which it would be best to fire at the Northerners in the main hall, which means at least that Roose and Walder (who organized the massacre) had to visualize the area of the entire dining hall in order to find places from which the Northerners would be best exposed for their arrows. Everything was calculated perfectly, Grey Wind (Robb's direwolf) was sent to the stables, where he was shot with crossbows. The beginning of the massacre occurred at a time when all the main soldiers of the northerners were drunk and unarmed, which allowed them to be dealt with almost without loss. At the moment when Robb Stark's personal guards were able to organize themselves and try to leave the hall through the main entrance, Frey's pre-prepared men-at-arms with axes entered there. After the murder of Catelyn and Robb Stark, the massacre continued this time towards ordinary northern

warriors, who also could not organize any resistance. As a result, in one day, the army of the North under the command of Robb Stark was completely destroyed, and Robb himself and his mother Catelyn were killed.
It is worth emphasizing that it was the planned actions of Roose and Walder to lull the vigilance of the Northerners that played a big role in their inability to defend themselves. So, one of Robb's strongest warriors, GreatJohn Umber, was drunk to such an extent during the massacre that he did not even have time to arm himself and was quickly stunned.
Also, his unpredictability played a big role in the implementation of this plan, because according to the laws of Westeros, there were so-called "Laws of Hospitality", which stated that anyone who ate or drank anything under the roof of another person (in this case, a lord) automatically received protection from him. The Starks simply did not expect that Roose and Walder would simply ignore such fundamental laws for Westeros.
It is worth noting that before the Red Wedding, Ruse blackmailed Walder in every possible way to help him, mentioning that his grandchildren are Big and Small Walder Frey (originality at its finest, isn't it?) They are in his homeland as "Pupils".
(VSI, spatial intelligence, Emotional Understanding, Indirect Manipulation, Mass Manipulation, Concealment, Blackmail, Crystallised Intelligence, Interpersonal Intelligence, Planning, tactics, Risk Calculation, Logical Manipulation, Divergent Thinking, Setting Traps)

So, based on this information let's analyse Roose's Backstabbing Plan/Strategy step by step.
Roose's plan starts in Harrenhall, when he gets the news about Lannister's victory in the Battle of Blackwater. Understanding that Lannisters will eventually win, Roose's goal now is betraying Starks and Northern Kingdom to succeed the position of Warden of the North, which he was going to get by betraying Robb Stark.
Roose's first step is to weaken Robb's troops in order to get rid of Stark supporters who wouldn't be willing to acknowledge the Bolton family as new Wardens of the North.

1. ***He fabricates order from Robb Stark to a big contingent of Stark supporters led by Robett Glover and Hellman Tallhart to invade the rich city of Duskendale in Kingslands, knowing and foreseeing that they will face big army of Lannister's allies—Reach warriors led by Randyll Tarly. Predicting their loss, he also calculates and foresees that a big cavalry regiment, led by Gregor Clegane will ambush Northerners right after their battle against Tarly's army, resulting in their defeat.***
2. ***He blackmails Walder Frey by threatening to his grand grandchildren, who he took to his domain earlier to make him betray Robb and join the conspiracy. Everything during the Red Wedding is most likely his exploit***
3. ***He also predicts that Robb is going to leave Riverlands with his army in order to recapture northern castles, captured by Ironborns. During their retreat, he leaves most loyal to Stark family people to cover the retreat of the main Roose's army on the Trident river, which consisted of people loyal to Stark family and himself. He planned that they were going to be crushed by***

Lannister's head troops later, so he would stay only with his men alone, who were ready to betray Stark family later during The Red Wedding.

4. *During the Red Wedding, he makes Lannister's participation in it absolutely obvious, saving himself and Freys and disrupting Tywin's original strategy to discard both Boltons and Freys as traitors after the Red Wedding. That way, he officially presents himself as people who originally worked with Tywin and house Lannister, which would force them to acknowledge their new titles (Freys becoming High Lords of Riverlands and Boltons becoming Wardens of the North), making them legitimate rulers of said lands as per King's decree.*

Chapter V: The Northern Campaign

After Robb Stark's death, Roose was appointed the new Grand Lord of the North. Although many disliked the Boltons because of their treachery, at that time they were the only ones with a large and efficient army and the support of the Iron Throne. However, the situation in the North changed when the pretender to the royal throne, Stannis Baratheon, arrived there with his army. After defeating the army of Wildlings on the Wall, they moved south. Roose knew this, so he gathered troops. Knowing his nature, he foresaw that Stannis would want to attack his domain—Dreadfort Castle, where he had prepared a trap for him. A long march through the snow-covered territories would have exhausted Stannis's forces, and Roose's guerilla tactics would have deprived him of provisions. Left in the icy desert without supplies, Stannis's army would have been defeated. Roose's calculation was correct, but he could not take into account that Stannis would be persuaded from the idea of going to the Dreadfort by the lord commander of the Night Watch, Jon Snow. Also, to encourage Stannis to attack the Dreadfort, Roose spread a rumor that there were almost no defenders there.

“I know all about your vows. Spare me your rectitude, Lord Snow, I have strength enough without you. I have a mind to march against the Dreadfort.” When he saw the shock on Jon’s face, he smiled. “Does that surprise you? Good. What surprises one Snow may yet surprise another. The Bastard of Bolton has gone south, taking Hother Umber with him. On that Mors Umber and Arnolf Karstark are agreed. That can only mean a strike at Moat Cailin, to open the way for his lord father to return to the north. The bastard must think I am too busy with the wildlings to trouble him. Well and good. The boy has shown me his throat. I mean to rip it out. Roose Bolton may regain the north, but when he does he will find that his castle, herds, and harvest all belong to me. If I take the Dreadfort unawares—”

“You won’t,” Jon blurted.

It was as if he whacked a wasps’ nest with a stick. One of the queen’s men laughed, one spat, one muttered a curse, and the rest all tried to talk at once. “The boy has milkwater in his veins,” said Ser Godry the Giant-slayer. And Lord Sweet huffed, “The craven sees an outlaw behind every blade of grass.”

Stannis raised a hand for silence. “Explain your meaning.”

Where to begin? Jon moved to the map. Candles had been placed at its corners to keep the hide from rolling up. A finger of warm wax was puddling out across the Bay of Seals, slow as a glacier. “To reach the Dreadfort, Your Grace must travel down the kingsroad past the Last River, turn south by east and cross the Lonely Hills.” He pointed. “Those are Umber lands, where they know every tree and every rock. The kingsroad runs along their western marches for a hundred leagues. Mors will cut your host to pieces unless you meet his terms and win him to your cause.”

“Very well. Let us say I do that.”

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“That will bring you to the Dreadfort,” said Jon, “but unless your host can outmarch a raven or a line of beacon fires, the castle will know of your approach. It will be an easy thing for Ramsay Bolton to cut off your retreat and leave you far from the Wall, without food or refuge, surrounded by your foes.”

“Only if he abandons his siege of Moat Cailin.”

“Moat Cailin will fall before you ever reach the Dreadfort. Once Lord Roose has joined his strength to Ramsay’s, they will have you outnumbered five to one.”

(Emotional Understanding, Emotional Facilitation, Prediction, tactics, Indirect manipulation, Logical Manipulation, misdirection, concealment, fabrication,)

Roose Bolton shrugged. “Lord Wyman’s litter moves at a snail’s pace … and of course his lordship’s health and girth do not permit him to travel more than a few hours a day, with frequent stops for meals. The Freys were anxious to reach Barrowton and be reunited with their kin. Can you blame them for riding on ahead?”

“If that’s what they did. Do you believe Manderly?”

His father’s pale eyes glittered. “Did I give you that impression? Still. His lordship is most distraught.”

“Not so distraught that he can’t eat. Lord Pig must have brought half the food in White Harbor with him.”

“Forty wayns full of foodstuffs. Casks of wine and hippocras, barrels of fresh-caught lampreys, a herd of goats, a hundred pigs, crates of crabs and oysters, a monstrous codfish … Lord Wyman likes to eat. You may have noticed.”

“What I noticed was that he brought no hostages.”

“I noticed that as well.”

“What do you mean to do about it?”

“It is a quandary.” Lord Roose found an empty cup, wiped it out on the tablecloth, and filled it from a flagon. “Manderly is not alone in throwing feasts, it would seem.”

“It should have been you who threw the feast, to welcome me back,” Ramsay complained, “and it should have been in Barrow Hall, not this pisspot of a castle.”

“Barrow Hall and its kitchens are not mine to dispose of,” his father said mildly. “I am only a guest there. The castle and the town belong to Lady Dustin, and she cannot abide you.”

Ramsay’s face darkened. “If I cut off her teats and feed them to my girls, will she abide me then? Will she abide me if I strip off her skin to make myself a pair of boots?”

“Unlikely. And those boots would come dear. They would cost us Barrowton, House Dustin, and the Ryswells.” Roose Bolton seated himself across the table from his son. “Barbrey Dustin is my second wife’s younger sister, Rodrik Ryswell’s daughter, sister to Roger, Rickard, and mine own namesake, Roose, cousin to the other Ryswells. She was fond of my late son and suspects you of having some part in his demise. Lady Barbrey is a woman who knows how to nurse a grievance. Be grateful for that. Barrowton is staunch for Bolton largely because she still holds Ned Stark to blame for her husband’s death.”

“Staunch?” Ramsay seethed. “All she does is spit on me. The day will come when I’ll set her precious wooden town afire. Let her spit on that, see if it puts out the flames.”

Roose made a face, as if the ale he was sipping had suddenly gone

sour. “There are times you make me wonder if you truly are my seed. My forebears were many things, but never fools. No, be quiet now, I have heard enough. We appear strong for the moment, yes. We have powerful friends in the Lannisters and Freys, and the grudging support of much of the north … but what do you imagine is going to happen when one of Ned Stark’s sons turns up?”

Ned Stark’s sons are all dead, Reek thought. *Robb was murdered at the Twins, and Bran and Rickon … we dipped the heads in tar …* His own head was pounding. He did not want to think about anything that had happened before he knew his name. There were things too hurtful to remember, thoughts almost as painful as Ramsay’s flaying knife …

“Stark’s little wolflings are dead,” said Ramsay, sloshing some more ale into his cup, “and they’ll stay dead. Let them show their ugly faces, and my girls will rip those wolves of theirs to pieces. The sooner they turn up, the sooner I kill them again.”

The elder Bolton sighed. “*Again?* Surely you misspeak. You never slew Lord Eddard’s sons, those two sweet boys we loved so well. That was Theon Turncloak’s work, remember? How many of our grudging friends do you imagine we’d retain if the truth were known? Only Lady Barbrey, whom you would turn into a pair of boots … *inferior* boots. Human skin is not as tough as cowhide and will not wear as well. By the king’s decree you are now a Bolton. Try and act like one. Tales are told of you, Ramsay. I hear them everywhere. People fear you.”

“Good.”

“You are mistaken. It is not good. No tales were ever told of me. Do you think I would be sitting here if it were otherwise? Your amusements are your own, I will not chide you on that count, but you must be more discreet. A peaceful land, a quiet people. That has always been my rule. Make it yours.”

“Is this why you left Lady Dustin and your fat pig wife? So you could come down here and tell me to be *quiet*?”

“Not at all. There are tidings that you need to hear. Lord Stannis has finally left the Wall.”

That got Ramsay halfway to his feet, a smile glistening on his wide, wet lips. “Is he marching on the Dreadfort?”

“He is not, alas. Arnolf does not understand it. He swears that he did all he could to bait the trap.”

“I wonder. Scratch a Karstark and you’ll find a Stark.”

“After the scratch the Young Wolf gave Lord Rickard, that may be somewhat less true than formerly. Be that as it may. Lord Stannis has taken Deepwood Motte from the ironmen and restored it to House Glover. Worse, the mountain clans have joined him, Wull and Norrey and Liddle and the rest. His strength is growing.”

"Ours is greater."

"Now it is."

"Now is the time to smash him. Let me march on Deepwood."

"After you are wed."

Ramsay slammed down his cup, and the dregs of his ale erupted across the tablecloth. "I'm sick of waiting. We have a girl, we have a tree, and we have lords enough to witness. I'll wed her on the morrow, plant a son between her legs, and march before her maiden's blood has dried."

She'll pray for you to march, Reek thought, *and she'll pray that you never come back to her bed.*

"You will plant a son in her," Roose Bolton said, "but not here. I've decided you shall wed the girl at Winterfell."

That prospect did not appear to please Lord Ramsay. "I laid waste to Winterfell, or had you forgotten?"

"No, but it appears you have … the *ironmen* laid waste to Winterfell, and butchered all its people. Theon Turncloak."

Ramsay gave Reek a suspicious glance. "Aye, so he did, but still … a wedding in that ruin?"

"Even ruined and broken, Winterfell remains Lady Arya's home. What better place to wed her, bed her, and stake your claim? That is only half of it, however. We would be fools to march on Stannis. Let Stannis march on us. He is too cautious to come to Barrowton … but he *must* come to Winterfell. His clansmen will not abandon the daughter of their precious Ned to such as you. Stannis must march or lose them … and being the careful commander that he is, he will summon all his friends and allies when he marches. He will summon Arnolf Karstark."

Ramsay licked his chapped lips. "And we'll have him."

"If the gods will it." Roose rose to his feet. "You'll wed at Winterfell. I shall inform the lords that we march in three days and invite them to accompany us."

"You are the Warden of the North. Command them."

"An invitation will accomplish the same thing. Power tastes best when sweetened by courtesy. You had best learn that if you ever hope to rule." The Lord of the Dreadfort glanced at Reek. "Oh, and unchain your pet. I am taking him."

"Taking him? Where? He's mine. You cannot have him."

Roose seemed amused by that. "All you have I gave you. You would do well to remember that, bastard. As for this … Reek … if you have not ruined him beyond redemption, he may yet be of some use to us. Get the keys and remove those chains from him, before you make me rue the day I raped your mother."

Reek saw the way Ramsay's mouth twisted, the spittle glistening

A few thinking scans, him understanding the true motivations of house of Manderly, having enough social awareness to understand the importance of support of house Dustin and Ryswell, choosing to wed Ramsey with "Arya Stark" in Winterfell. This would serve him two reasons.

1. *To legitimate Ramsey's (and, in future, his offspring's) claims for Winterfell.*
2. *To calm down some of the possible Stark loyalists among the northern nobles, because since Ramsey's wed to a "Stark", this would make his children (future lords of Winterfell) "Starks" as well.*
3. *To lure Stannis' united host of his southern knights and remaining Stark loyalists to Winterfell to prevent this wedding from happening, freeing the last (officially alive) daughter of house Stark. This is what he waits for, as Roose already gathered his forces in Winterfell, preparing for a battle.*

(Convergent, Divergent, Critical Thinking)

Misdirection by Carstarks

One of the first to swear allegiance to Stannis Baratheon was the castellan of the Karstark castle—Karhold, Arnolf Karstark. However, this was a trap from the very beginning — Arnolf sided with Stannis only in the hope that the Lannisters, upon learning that Karhold supported the rebel Stannis, would execute the legitimate lord Harrion Karstark, who was in captivity, and then Arnolf's son Kregan, who married Harrion's sister Alice (incest moment), would become the new lord. Arnolf conspired with Roose Bolton and promised to betray Stannis for gold, pardon and Harrion's head as soon as it came to a battle to lure Stannis into a trap. Initially, it was Arnolf who expressed the idea of marching to the Dreadfort, where the Bolton troops were waiting for Stannis, and when Stannis turned west to get the support of the Mountain Clans, taking the Darkwood, Stannis went to Winterfell, where the wedding of "Arya Stark" (Robb's sister, although it was not her, but another girl, disguised and giving away herself for her). Roose knew Stannis's character and knew that he would not allow the wedding to take place and thus forced him to immediately perform at Winterfell Arnolf Karstark near the castle joined him. With him, the northerner brought his son, three grandchildren, four hundred spearmen, four dozen archers, a dozen horsemen, a maester with a cage of ravens ... but he captured provisions only for himself and his people, which further demoralized Stannis's army, at that time starving and suffering from cold spells, frostbite, hunger and problems with discipline. The idea that the Northerners had provided only themselves with provisions was supposed to sow discord between Stannis's army and the rest because of the idea that the Northerners only cared about themselves. Later, during the battle, Roose planned the betrayal of the Karstarks so that they would attack Stannis's army from the rear.

"When a man takes the black he puts his feuds behind him. The Night's Watch has no quarrel with Karhold, nor with you."

"Good. I was afraid … I begged my father to leave one of my brothers as castellan, but none of them wished to miss the glory and ransoms to be won in the south. Now Torr and Edd are dead. Harry was a prisoner at Maidenpool when last we heard, but that was almost a year ago. He may be dead as well. I did not know where else to turn but to the last son of Eddard Stark."

"Why not the king? Karhold declared for Stannis."

"My *uncle* declared for Stannis, in hopes it might provoke the Lannisters to take poor Harry's head. Should my brother die, Karhold should pass to me, but my uncles want my birthright for their own. Once Cregan gets a child by me they won't need me anymore. He's buried two wives already." She rubbed away a tear angrily, the way Arya might have done it. "Will you help me?"

"Marriages and inheritance are matters for the king, my lady. I will write to Stannis on your behalf, but—"

Alys Karstark laughed, but it was the laughter of despair. "Write, but do not look for a reply. Stannis will be dead before he gets your message. My uncle will see to that."

"What do you mean?"

"Arnolf is rushing to Winterfell, 'tis true, but only so he might put his dagger in your king's back. He cast his lot with Roose Bolton long ago … for gold, the promise of a pardon, and poor Harry's head. Lord Stannis is marching to a slaughter. So he cannot help me, and would not even if he could." Alys knelt before him, clutching the black cloak. "You are my only hope, Lord Snow. In your father's name, I beg you. Protect me."

> "Even ruined and broken, Winterfell remains Lady Arya's home. What better place to wed her, bed her, and stake your claim? That is only half of it, however. We would be fools to march on Stannis. Let Stannis march on us. He is too cautious to come to Barrowton … but he *must* come to Winterfell. His clansmen will not abandon the daughter of their precious Ned to such as you. Stannis must march or lose them … and being the careful commander that he is, he will summon all his friends and allies when he marches. He will summon Arnolf Karstark."

(Emotional Understanding, Emotional Facilitation, Emotional Perception, Indirect manipulation, persuasion, negotiation, psychological manipulation, mass manipulation, insanity inducement (non-directly), Logical Manipulation, misdirection, fabrication, scapegoating, setting traps, FRI, strategy, planning, tactics, Crystallised Intelligence, Interpersonal Intelligence, Deductive Reasoning, Holistic Thinking, Convergent Thinking).

Notes

Ruse has an extremely high level of EM, thanks to his aura and indestructible calm, but everyone knows about it through statements and narrative. Although the real features of Ruse do not contradict the narrative, still the level of EM Ruse, without taking into account the narrative and statements, becomes quite average.
Regarding the statements:

> “My lady, a question, as it please you.” Roose Bolton, Lord of the Dreadfort, had a small voice, yet when he spoke larger men quieted to listen. His eyes were curiously pale, almost without color, and his look disturbing. “It is said that you hold Lord Tywin’s
>
> some betrayal. It would amuse him. Roose has no feelings, you see. Those leeches that he loves so well sucked all the passions out of him years ago. He does not love, he does not hate, he does not grieve. This is a game to him, mildly diverting. Some men hunt, some hawk, some tumble dice. Roose plays with men. You and me, these Freys, Lord Manderly, his plump new wife, even his bastard, we are but his playthings.” A serving man was passing by. Lady Dustin held out her wine cup and let him fill it, then

(Emotional Facilitation, Aura, Impulse Control, Stress Tolerance, Mental Fortitude)

About the VCI

As we know, every castle in Westeros has its own maester, a student of the Citadel, the largest and only university in Westeros, which existed for many thousands of years and stores a huge amount of knowledge and information. Maesters are people who study at this university and “forge chains". Because every forged chain is considered a sign of knowledge in any field. We do not know how many chains and in what sciences the Dreadfort—Utor maester was versed, but according to information from the books, the larger and more influential the family owning a castle, the more prepared the maester is sent there. It is also known that the Citadel has one of the largest and oldest libraries in the whole world of Songs of Ice and Fire. And we know that the maesters are engaged in training the children of the lords, including the young Roose, which means the fact that he can scale to that VCI level as well as high-level maesters.

> “That’s *stupid*,” Jon said. He took a deep breath to gather his thoughts. “I remember once I asked Maester Luwin why he wore a chain around his throat.”
>
> Maester Aemon touched his own collar lightly, his bony, wrinkled finger stroking the heavy metal links. “Go on.”
>
> “He told me that a maester’s collar is made of chain to remind him that he is sworn to serve,” Jon said, remembering. “I asked why each link was a different metal. A silver chain would look much finer with his grey robes, I said. Maester Luwin laughed. A maester forges his chain with study, he told me. The different metals are each a different kind of learning, gold for the study of money and accounts, silver for healing, iron for warcraft. And he said there were other meanings as well. The collar is supposed to remind a maester of the realm he serves, isn’t that so? Lords are gold and knights steel, but two links can’t make a chain. You also need silver and iron and lead, tin and copper and bronze and all the rest, and those are farmers and smiths and merchants and the like. A chain needs all sorts of metals, and a land needs all sorts of people.”
>
> Maester Aemon smiled. “And so?”

(VCI, Crystallised Intelligence, Academics)

<u>Roose's cats ranked (IMO, of course).</u>

in FSIQ:

1. ***FRI***
2. ***PSI***
3. ***VCI***
4. ***VSI***
5. ***WMI***

In EI:

1. ***Emotional Management***
2. ***Emotional Facilitation***
3. ***Emotional Understanding***
4. ***Emotional Realization (tbh idk how to scale it)***
5. ***Emotional Perception***
6. ***Emotional Engagement***

In AC

1. ***Impulse Control***
2. ***Stress Tolerance***
3. ***Mental Fortitude***
4. ***Perseverance***

In SQ

1. ***Social Awareness***
2. ***Social Understanding***
3. ***Relationship Management***
4. ***Social Skills***
5. ***Charisma***

In Reasoning

1. ***Inductive***
2. ***Abductive***
3. ***Abstract***
4. ***Deductive***

In Thinking

1. ***Logical***
2. ***Convergent***
3. ***Holistic***
4. ***Divergent***
5. ***Critical***
6. ***Non-linear***

In Manipulation

1. ***Indirect***
2. ***Mass***
3. ***Logical***
4. ***Direct***
5. ***Emotional***

In Deception

1. ***Concealment***
2. ***Misdirection***
3. ***Verbal Deception***
4. ***Fabrication***
5. ***Acting Skills***
6. ***Bluffing***

In Strategy

1. ***Effectiveness***
2. ***Shielding***
3. ***Execution***
4. ***Resilience***
5. ***Foresight***
6. ***Alignment***
7. ***Adaptability***
8. ***Efficiency***
9. ***Complexity***

In Planning:

1. ***Preparation Process***
2. ***Planning Coverage***
3. ***Planning Intricacies***
4. ***Planning Versatility***
5. ***Planning Accuracy***
6. ***Planning Invincibility***
7. ***Contingencies***
8. ***Preparation speed***

In Foresight

1. ***Prediction***
2. ***Setting Traps***
3. ***Traps Evasion***
4. ***Anticipation***

Sensory

1. ***Perception***
2. ***Observation (almost featless)***

STP

1. ***Hot Reading***
2. ***Mind Reading***
3. ***Cold Reading***