

1: "Happy Days" A Mind of His Own (TV Episode) - IMDb

Definition of have a mind of its own in the Idioms Dictionary. have a mind of its own phrase. What does have a mind of its own expression mean? Definitions by the largest Idiom Dictionary.

Now nearly a man grown he has returned to Winterfell, changed. Robb is no great swordsman or commander, nor even particularly charming. Rather he is a critical, bookish young man with a lot on his mind. How will he fare in the Game of Thrones? The Tyrells would have to send their levies home in shame and defeat before they could breach the Neck. Robb watched them both from his stool near the fireplace. He had wondered aloud how the North would fare against the Reach, fanned the discussion with a few points of his own before volunteering to tend the fire. Jon and Dornic had taken over from there. He liked to listen to their animated discussions; they gave him new perspectives on old musings. Indeed, discussion and debate were favorite pastimes of the Heir of Winterfell and it was not often that Jon or Dornic were willing to humor him. Few people were, if he was honest with himself. Brandon the Builder, legendary founder of an eight thousand year old dynasty and their seat, was not remembered for his life, but for the few deeds he had wrought that survived into modern times. If one were to ask most men they would say that Bran did two - perhaps three - great things; he raised Winterfell, he raised the Wall and, most importantly, he fucked some nameless woman and sired the first link in the great chain that was the House Stark. Robb shook his head, suddenly acutely aware of the sour expression that had crossed his face. Dornic was leaning as far across the table as he could and was using a number of wooden dice as armies to support his point of view. It was times like these that made Robb forget how quiet Dornic normally was. Dornic lacked the cold cunning Robb had come to associate with Lord Roose over the course of the eight years he had been fostered by the man and his household. He wondered if they would have befriended each other as they had if Dornic had been more like his father. Lord Roose was nothing if not courteous and he had done right by Robb, but he was no father figure to him as Jon Arryn was to his father. Robb smiled to himself then, feeling suddenly a pleasant warmth spread from his core to his toes and fingertips. It was hard to believe that he could once again call Winterfell his home. It had hardly been two moons since Lord Roose had put a firm hand on his shoulder, wished him a safe ride to Winterfell and sent him on his way. The North will not stand for trespassers. His men will starve. Robb had only seen Jon on rare occasions the past eight years, but their friendship had borne the burden amiably and the two half-brothers remained close. The two had skirted around each other for some time, but ended up making an uneasy truth that blossomed into a friendship over the years. They seemed an unlikely duo at first glance, but both of them were at the same time welcome and unwelcome at Winterfell, Jon as a baseborn son and Theon as a ward taken in defeat from Balon Greyjoy, self-styled Ninth Iron King of His Name. He himself had felt the bite of homesickness as only a child could feel it and his then growing friendship with Dornic had been a welcome support. Jon was still not completely relaxed around the Dreadfort Heir, something Robb had tried and would continue to try and remedy. Jon got the short end of the stick in many things, but not in good and loyal friends if Robb had anything to say about it. The young Bolton shot a dark look at his companion, but thankfully quieted down, sighing as he leaned back into his chair. For a time the only sound between them was the lazy crackling of the fire and Robb felt the weight of the day on his mind. It seemed that the thought had struck the other two as well, and soon they were on their way to their respective chambers. Dornic did; the young Bolton seemed to have been born in the saddle as masterfully as he steered his black palfrey through the thick underbrush of the Wolfswood. Jon and Theon rode as men trained in riding do and even Bran - overly excited as he was to be out of Winterfell with his father and his brothers for the first time since arriving from Karhold - did not falter once on the old gelding he rode on. Robb watched Theon and Jon share a quiet jape and hated at once the former for his damnable charisma and the latter for having all the typical Stark traits that Robb lacked. Gods how he hated riding. Horses did not take to him as well as they did most others and Robb had come to mirror their distrust. The animals obeyed him, albeit hesitantly, and that was enough for Robb. He would never be a renowned jousting or win a great many races, but that did not bother Robb as much as it once had. The pangs of jealousy he felt were unwarranted, he knew, even unbecoming, but it was one

thing to know that and quite another to truly feel it. Theon, Jon - and Robb to a lesser degree - had bickered and bantered, with Dmeric occasionally offering a perceptive comment. Greyjoy and Snow were warming up to the newest addition to their group, but it was a work in progress. Theon often would lead the talk to women, clearly hoping to bond with Dmeric over their extra years relative to Jon and Robb, never knowing that it only served to alienate him to the Dreadfort Heir. The route made sense to Robb; it was close enough to the Kingsroad that one might follow it, but not so close that the man would risk discovery by the travelers there. Descriptions of deserters from the Watch were sent south from the Wall, but men were hard to find in the North. To say that it was bad luck for the oathbreaker was an understatement. They traveled at a leisurely pace; the outrider and two other guards had been sent to detain the man already. It means his life is forfeit. Do you understand, Bran? The younger Stark was a child still and he had not yet experienced death first hand. Their father was an honorable man, a just man Robb knew, but justice was not always just and in Westeros it was bloody more often than not. It was good to see tangible proof that the cold climate of Karhold and the Karstarks there had not unduly hardened his younger brother, but as Lord Rickard had undoubtedly told Bran there were things in life that mercy would not solve. Ten thousand swords served the Watch in those days, but no longer. The Watch had become little more than a convenient place that unruly lords and criminals could be exiled to. The Crow lacked the most of both ears and had more scars than Robb could count on both hands. He looked old, perhaps fifty, yet haunted beyond his years. Lord Stark had tried to speak to the man, but nothing came of it. The only words the deserter would share were panicked warnings about a creeping evil, an unstoppable wickedness descending upon the realm of men from the frozen wastes that were the Lands of Always Winter. More than that he would not share, and perhaps it was for the best; words would not buy him his life. The beheading was swift and clean. Theon held the wolf-pelt scabbard Ice usually rested in while the Lord Stark passed the sentence and swung the sword. Robb heard Jon advise Bran to look closely while his father fulfilled his duty as the lord of the land. It was a struggle Robb remembered having himself when he was scarcely older than Bran. Lord Roose had punished lawbreakers with an iron fist, but no amount of executions had hardened Robb as they did most others. Instead he had only become more critical and contemplative in the face of such bloody business as the years passed. Wyl, one of the younger swords sworn to House Stark, was the first to catch sight of it during his forward scouting. He came riding back in a gallop and led the party to the carcass. He insisted the animal was the biggest he had ever seen of its kind; he had counted near fifty points on its antlers and that was with a large section of the left horn missing. Robb privately doubted that any creature of even the Wolfswood could fell a stag like that, even large packs of wolves would pick their prey with care. A stag was hardly worth the fight, lest it was near their den. When he caught sight of the animal, however, the young Stark immediately regretted his disbelief. The stag was spread across the forest path, partially disemboweled as it was. From the look of the pool of clotted blood around it Robb guessed it had lain there for perhaps half a day. Dmeric, quiet as he had been throughout the morning, dismounted his black palfrey and went to examine the stag up close. He knelt before the animal and removed a glove to run his hand over its bristling skin. A wolf like that would undoubtedly attract a large pack and roam the Wolfswood for prey. If the creature was as large as Dmeric implied it could even grow bold enough to lead its pack against the large flocks of sheep that found grazing land on the plains east of the forest. Snow had rebelled against it at first, but with some help from the more courteous Theon he had come to accept that unless he was amongst friends, and friends only, he was expected not to be too familiar with his own father. It was a status quo that made Robb more cross than even riding. His father led the group to Jon and Theon, ordering two men to stay with the horses. The beast was magnificent, larger than any wolf Robb had ever laid eyes on, but it was not nearly as interesting as the bundle of writhing fur Jon was kneeling beside. The direwolf was the sigil of House Stark, surely something could be done. Before he could voice his concerns, however, Jon spoke. The direwolf is the sigil of your House. As a baseborn child Jon had little and less to look forward to, even as a son of the Warden of the North, yet he had selflessly excluded himself from the count without hesitation. Robb hardly heard his father acquiesce, nor the stern warning about responsibility he gave to Bran and him. It was only when Theon went to help Jon get the pups back to the horses that he was shaken from his train of thoughts. The rest of the group was already making their way up

the hill, Bran with one of the pups now safely tucked into his chest. Robb suppressed the sad smile that tugged at his lips. Jon was a good man, but a man nonetheless. Snow or not, you have friends who know your worth. He turned to berate his friend, but instead found himself staring into a pair of blood red eyes. He opened his mouth to question Dmeric, but the runt licked his face before he could. He would have to thank Dmeric for this later. White as Snow, indeed. Your review has been posted.

2: A Mind of His Own Chapter 3, an a song of ice and fire fanfic | FanFiction

While his itinerant tutors whetted Tony's appetite for the life of the mind, his mother stoked his interest in art. When she gave up painting for sculpting, she passed her Windsor and Newton oils to her ten-year-old son and set him up in the shower.

Now nearly a man grown he has returned to Winterfell, changed. Robb is no great swordsman or commander, nor even particularly charming. Rather he is a critical, bookish young man with a lot on his mind. How will he fare in the Game of Thrones? Robb did not much care for the maze-like web of etiquette and tradition that his mother had been obliged to navigate, but even he could appreciate the result. Banners of white, gold and crimson covered the walls and roaring fires illuminated the direwolf, the stag and the lion all. The high nobles entered the great hall in a long procession; Lord Stark entered first with the Queen on his arm and King Robert followed with Lady Stark on his. The long-winded entrance did not much bother Robb, but he wished he had gotten a good look at the Lannister brothers who followed behind them in the procession. As much as he hated the thought of appearing toady Robb could not deny a deep-seated interest in the two. The Kingslayer and the Imp, the former who slew the last Targaryen monarch, to whom he had sworn his sword, and the latter a dwarf son of one of the great houses of Westeros. Very little was said until every high lord and lady had been seated and it was only after his father and King Robert had exchanged the customary toasts, thanks and greetings that the feast began in earnest. Your assigned seat reflected your social standing, among many other things. Moving your seat was simply not done; it reflected a flippant disrespect for the established order. Had Robb not known enough about King Robert to be certain that the man could care less he would not have dared. Contend to put off his stunt until at least a few guests were in their cups Robb settled down to enjoy some honeyed chicken and roasted potatoes while listening to the low murmur of a hundred, soon to be drunken, conversations. King Robert did not take long to oblige him. After his initial disappointment Robb had decided to withhold judgement on his namesake until he had gotten a chance to speak with the man. The more he observed the good King Robert the less he saw Viserys I; instead he saw a new Aegon the Unworthy, perhaps less corrupted, but equally disinterested in the good of the land. Not for the first time that night Robb wished that his direwolf was allowed in the hall. Of the litter of pups only Ghost was to be found inside, but Robb was only too keenly aware of the reasoning behind that to envy Jon his small victory. His discontent must have unwittingly shown on his face as Lord Stark saw fit to put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. You look a little green. A polite white lie was better than just a white lie. Robert harrumphed, sounding both annoyed and amused. Yet the North was the North, not the South. Parents like Eddard Stark and Catelyn Tully did not send off their sons as fosterling for the sake of it. The Conqueror had forged out of seven warring kingdoms a throne by Targaryens for Targaryens. Now everything was up for grabs. That was why Lord Stark had sent his sons to be fostered by his sworn vassals. Perhaps if there had been no whispers, if he had been born with grey eyes and dark hair during a blizzard there would have been no need. To quell their grumblings Lord Stark had made concessions. Those promises had brought Robb a friend like Domic, but they had also reduced his family and ancestral home to a minimal part of his life for the better part of ten years. Her smooth voice snapped him back to the present. How uncommon for a boy so young. Had he been Jon he might have insisted that he was not a boy, thank you, but a man grown. Robb, however, had enough foresight to know that a barrage of patronizing looks would follow an outburst like that. He wondered briefly who had told the Queen about his conversation with Joffrey, but then decided that it did not matter. If he could fill such a prestigious post then, me having a few ideas about governing does not seem so far fetched, does it? The realization should have angered him, but instead he felt what he recognized as a boyish crush on the Lioness stir. She was sharp, she was beautiful. Why King Robert did not seem to appreciate his Queen mystified him. Robb once again found his gaze seeking downwards and this time the Queen craned her neck just an inch in a discreet, but deliberate motion that exposed enough of her pearly white skin to make the young Stark heir blush scarlet. Oh yes, the Queen was undoubtedly playing with him. His father must have thought him embarrassed, for he quickly spoke up in his defense. Ideas come to him like size to an Umber. The Kingslayer makes a good point

there, lad. Men who know each other can speak more freely. Solve problems together peacefully. The man had said very little since they had been seated. Joffrey aped the gesture. Eight thousand years in the Land of Always Winter will do that to a people, Robb thought, but saying such things would only make everyone think him naive, if they did not so already. Yet we are simply men, just as you. If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? The same blood flows in our veins, Dornish or Northman. We even speak the same language. How can we not speak together? Robb grimaced instead, but kept his silence in favor of brooding. How could the King just dismiss him like that? Beyond corresponding with his family most of the ravens he had sent for Winterfell were requests for heavy volumes and tomes to be sent to him. He was willing to bet an arm and a leg that Robert had not even seen a drawing of the Wall, much less looked at or walked upon the real thing. Robb looked at the man who was supposed to be the Protector of the Realm and felt bitterly disappointed. If it was all bad he would be near an Other by now. Lord Stark and his heir disagreed about almost everything under the sun, but they were still father and son. Humor did not come easily to Eddard Stark, and Robb appreciated the effort. Some lines you simply do not cross. The noise level in the great hall gradually rose as Southrons and Northmen all drank their fill and struck up friendly games as well as conversation. Jon and Theon had somehow cleared a space on one of the longtables where Jon was making Ghost do tricks and feeding him scraps of chicken as a reward, to the delight of many drunken spectators. The high table was relatively quiet by comparison. Only King Robert stood out; his voice growing louder and his cheeks redder with every goblet of wine he emptied. He was talking to a decidedly more sober Eddard about some adventure of their youth. Robb paid the duo no mind, opting instead to stealthily watch the Queen under the guise of studying the hearth behind her. Not the most convincing act, he knew, but after having a few cups of ale himself Robb found he cared very little about such things. Only Sansa was allowed to remain and she was even invited to sit at the high table by the King himself. He first ordered a seat to be pulled up between the Crown Prince and Ser Jaime, but then had a change of heart and simply ordered the man back on duty, thus freeing up his seat. The picture of his embarrassed sister seated beside a, by then, barely civil Prince Joffrey was what spurred Robb to act on his words. Thus, after downing the contents of his mug in search of some liquid courage he quickly stood up, picked up his chair and made his way to the other side of the curved longtable. He passed behind his father and King Robert on the way, earning himself a silent, but unquestionably disapproving look from Lord Stark. King Robert, deep in his cups as he was, hardly seemed to notice him. She was obviously not impressed with him, that much was obvious from their talk earlier that evening, but Robb hoped that his mother not being present would allow him to seem confident and courteous to mother and son both. Catelyn Tully was a loving mother who doted on her children, but to her Robb was still a bubbling child days out of his swaddle. If he wanted to play the part of the next Warden of the North he had to play it alone. My father and his Grace are reconnecting, and Lord Tyrion excused himself some time ago. He had, however, matched the King nearly drink for drink and then excused himself soon after the the final course had been taken away by the servants. The Queen raised a perfect, questioning eyebrow at him as she had done once before. Yet even so she still managed to mumble a polite courtesy as Robb took his seat. How curious," the Queen mused aloud before Robb had the chance to thank them. Still, it was refreshing to see that, beneath the polite exterior and the angry shell underneath it, the Crown Prince was just a boy trying to spread his wings. Robb could relate to that struggle. He needs loyal subjects more than anything else. Will you be one such, I wonder? Robb understood why she would question his motives. There were a great many knights and lordlings in the Seven Kingdoms who would give an arm and a leg to enjoy royal patronage, or to court royal goodwill. A prince who could be a friend in need was a powerful friend indeed. I meant what I said before. I know that I am nothing like my own. We are our own, Joffrey, and I think we need friends in this life. Revealing that you thought yourself nothing like your sire was fairly personal information. It was talk ill-suited for a formal setting.

3: Have A Mind Of One's Own | Definition of Have A Mind Of One's Own by Merriam-Webster

Cash spoke his mind, but he also wasn't afraid to change his opinions. It is hard to imagine a contemporary musician

stepping out from behind the polish of their brand and encouraging people to think for themselves the way Cash did.

4: Happy Days - Season 4, Episode 4: A Mind of His Own - www.enganchecubano.com

mind of (one's) own The propensity or ability to think, act, or form opinions without outside influence. It is often used (humorously) to describe an inanimate object that.

5: A Mind of His Own | Happy Days Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

have a mind of its own definition: A machine or other object can be said to have a mind of its own if it seems to be controlling the way it behaves or moves, independently of the person using it. Learn more.

6: Love That Max : A mind of his own

"A Mind of His Own" (also titled "A Mind of Their Own") is the fourth episode of the fourth season of Happy Days, the 67th overall episode in the series. Written by Jack Winter, the episode, which was directed by Jerry Paris, premiered on ABC-TV on October 5,

7: What's the word for something that has a mind of its own? - English Language & Usage Stack Exchange

This item: A Mind of One's Own: A Psychoanalytic View of Self and Object (The New Library of Psychoanalysis) by Robert A. Caper Paperback \$ In Stock. Ships from and sold by www.enganchecubano.com

8: The Boy With A Mind Of His Own Poem by David Lewis Paget - Poem Hunter

A psychologist's unusual recommendation to help the Fonz control his compulsion to street-fight turns out to be strictly for the birds.

9: A Mind of His Own Chapter 1, an a song of ice and fire fanfic | FanFiction

Anki Cozmo - The Robot Has a Mind of His Own, The Cozmo is a small, personal robot. Although this character has taken some time, the first update of the Cozmo Hotel when it was announced means that within a few minutes, a new app update means you can learn what it is like for interactive toys.

Blood roses Francesca Lia Block Life and pontificate of Leo the Tenth The lovers astrology cookbook Hobbit books Eleanor Roosevelt: changing fictions in the life of an individual. Star Trek: Mirror Universe: Shards and Shadows (Star Trek: Mirror Universe) Things to Do (Samhain Romantic Suspense) Famous orchestral composers Figurative language worksheets 3rd grade Princess In The Outback Approaches to Syllabus Design for Foreign Language Teaching (Language in Education) Knowledge and civilization UX Is Still Young The flag of greece The forgotten kingdom American Foundations Making the Pictorial Websters Europe through the backdoor Turbo engine vs normal engine Why do English language learners struggle with reading? Shigley mechanical engineering design The Dynasty Of Theodosius The The The The The The The The A The The The The The V. 8]. Earth patrol People Almanac 1999 Baums textbook of pulmonary diseases. Maida Heatters New book of great desserts Radiation Oncology Physics 2001 How to Save the Planet (How to) Steve and Celestia Tracys viewpoint How Germany makes war Little Exercise for Young Theologians (Bible Christian Living) Cabelas Worlds Foremost Outfitter Prologue : A Connecticut Yankee at an ancient Indian mound Thirst no 1 christopher pike The Curious Gardeners Six Elements of Garden Design Chiltons repair and tune-up guide, Toyota, 1970-77 Hacking chinese a practical guide to learning mandarin Worcester to Hereford including the branches to Leominster and Gloucester. The Future of the European Judicial System in a Comparative Perspective