

It's just a flesh wound.

Me zisosh disse.

Have you seen my horse?

Hash yer ray tih hrazef anni?

Have you seen my lady's dragon?

Hash yer ray tih zhavors chiorisi anni?

Are these hearts edible?

Hash me laz adakha jin zhoris?

Are these hearts from pasture-raised, sustainably-farmed horses?

Hash jin zhoris ray efesash hrazefoon fini nem dranesh she ram ma fini nem azhish vigoverat?

Can you recommend an artisanal hair-braider?

Hash yer laz azhi hakees vekhikhi fin laz affiezoe noreth chek?

So, where are we heading today, then?

Majin, finnaan kisha dothraki asshekh?

~~Sorry not sorry.~~

Is this water drinkable?

Hash me laz indee jin eveth?

Can you repair my arakhs?

Hash yer laz arrissi arakh yeri?

Which way to the Mother of Mountains?

Kifinosi me dothrae Maisaan Krazaaji?

Have fun storming the castle!

Anha zalak meme vallayafa yera, jin athvashar okrenegwini!

I love the smell of molten gold in the morning ... Smells like victory.

Me allayafa anna, jin achrakh hoshori ivisa kash aena... Me achrae athnajaharoon.

Say hello to my little friend.

Astas "M'athchomaroon" okeosaan naqisa anni.

Ride or die.

Che dothras che drivos.

Go walk with your mother. (This has been translated elsewhere as a common insult—" Ifas maisi yeri"—but I'd love to confirm that's the proper wording.)

Ifas maisi yeri.

Type faster, ~~George.~~