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## Fire by kristin cashore pdf download pdf free online

You lead the way.' SHE HEADED TOWARD the same mound of rock she'd climbed earlier, because it would bring her closer to the sky and because she sensed it would also bring her guard closer to the insomniac they weren't supposed to be guarding. 'And you?' Brigán said. 'He's a good one to have on our side.' Fire plucked the strings of the fiddle. Musa looked in through the flap. A kingdom, suddenly, that could change. The commander vouches for him, but says we're to ask your impressions before we let him near you. In the hearing of them all she played whatever music it pleased her to play. 'It's hard to wake from a nightmare when the nightmare is real,' he said, his mind giving her nothing, still, of what he was feeling; but in his voice and his words she heard a thing that felt like sympathy. 'The black mare? 'Yes.' 'Mine is named Big.' And now Fire was smiling. He leaned there for a moment, gaze tilted upward, and Fire wondered if this was to be the extent of their conversation. 'Is he all right?' 'There's a gala in the king's palace every January,' Brocker said. 'You can't sleep?' He turned his face away from her, laughed shortly. Brigán heard word of it and was ready for them and killed all four—" All four by himself? Fire asked, distressed and confused, sitting down hard in an armchair. 'You seem to do a lot of nighttime rambling.' 'I have bad dreams.' 'Dreams of pretend terrors?' LURCHED INTO WAKEFULNESS again by the same tired dreams, Fire kicked her blankets away. 'We all know the story of what you did at Queen Roen's fortress months back, Lady. She had been dazzlingly well-informed. Its tone was sharp, strident - it was no master's instrument. Your horse is named Small,' he said finally, startling her with the randomness of it. Or things that are true? 'True,' she said, 'always. Her body could be a powerful communicator sometimes, when her mind was trying to ignore a particular truth. It was her father's dying eyes that never let her sleep. She found a high, flat rock to sit on. She reached the mound of boulders and climbed. Strode across the plain of soldiers toward a rise of rock that she could see some distance away. She decided to change the subject. She wished she could go out to Small without being seen. He was among those boulders somewhere, and the rise was broad enough that they could share it without meeting. You saved the life of our commander.' 'Well,' Fire said, because he seemed to expect her to say something. Apparently Cansrel hired four men to corner Brigán and cut his throat. 'Lady,' Musa said, 'the soldiers in this army would follow the commander off a cliff if he asked it.' Fire was beginning to feel irritable. 'How old are you, Musa?' 'Thirty-one.' 'Then the commander should be a child to you.' 'And you an infant, Lady.' Musa said dryly, surprising a smile onto Fire's face. 'I'm afraid you have the misfortune of guarding an insomniac.' Musa laughed. 'Well, I've seen what your horse is capable of. 'But is he badly hurt?' 'He'll live, though the surgeons worried at first. But the face that sat above his tree trunk was quiet and thoughtful and mild. At eighteen the boy Brigán, the absurdly young commander, was said to be strong-minded, level, forceful, persuasive, and angry, the only person of influence in all King's City who was not influenced by Cansrel. But she knew better than to suggest it. 'Fewer guards tonight', she added, but Musa ignored this and woke as many as she'd woken the night before. 'You're very generous,' she said, 'but I don't like to take it from you.' The man's voice was so deep it sounded like it came from the earth. People there survived injuries people died of elsewhere. It would be an honourable use of her power, a practical one. Fire held onto the tent opening to counter the vertigo she felt when she looked up at that sky. Some weeks later Fire had received the news that Cansrel was going to live. Fire was sorry for being such a boring charge. 'Lord Prince,' she said, quietly. 'Prince Brigán is injured.' Brocker announced one winter day when she came to visit. Her guard scattered themselves around her. Exhausted and sick, Fire had understood her body's message: it was time to reconsider the question of just how far her power over Cansrel could reach. Worries.' Cansrel used to lull her to sleep sometimes, on sleepless nights. The commander wanders at night too, and he won't consent to a guard, even when the king orders it. He's just outside, Lady.' 'Yes.' Fire said, surprised, finding the strange man among her guard. 'And besides, you're the better fiddler.' Fire watched the man lumber away, touched, immensely comforted by his voice, by the huge gentle feeling of him. Is she very big?' 'Not to my eyes,' Brigán said, 'but I did not name her.' Fire remembered the source of Small's name. 'An animal smuggler gave Small his name. She closed her eyes and let the night wash over her, hoping that after this she'd be weary enough for sleep. He lowered his eyes before her and held the fiddle out to her. Then, in that same year, Nax had drugged himself to death. She'd run to her room again. She sat down and tucked the fiddle under her chin. It had relieved her, to know there was nothing she could do, because it meant no one could ever expect it of her. As the contours of power had shifted and resettled, Fire had seen what Brocker saw, and Archer, and Roen: a kingdom that stood on the verge of several permutations of possibility. He rubbed the back of his head. 'Sometimes at night my head spins.' 'Dreams?' 'I don't get close enough to sleep for that. She'd closed herself in her room and sobbed, not even knowing, for sure, what she was sobbing about, but unable to stop. Fire took a moment to swallow her gratitude, all out of proportion, she knew, because she was lonesome. She covered her hair, found boots and weapons, and crept past Margo and Mila. She'd crawled onto her bed, utterly numb. 'I've just received word from Roen.' 'What happened?' Fire asked, startled. Some among the clear-headed talked as if they expected Brigán to be the difference between a continuation of the current lawless and depraved state of things, and change. Mila and Margo had followed her into the tent, of course, and sat nearby, hands on swords. On one side she'd received Cansrel's confidences; on the other she'd known all that Brocker learned from his and Roen's spies. Outside, most of the army slept under canvas roofs, but her guard lay in the open, arranged again around her tent. 'Hundreds of guests and dancing and a great deal of wine and nonsense, and a thousand dark corridors for people to sneak around in. Silent, alert, and bored. A vessel had burst in her eye, a blood bruise forming at the edge of her pupil. I've always had dreams of horrible things that are true.' He was quiet. Fire shook her head. A brutish man called Cutter. Musa laughed. The consciousnesses of five thousand men pressed in on her. No. Cansrel's mind was strong as a bear and hard as the steel of a trap, and every time she left it, it slammed back into place behind her. ' 'Ah. Cutter,' Brigán said, as if he knew the man; which, after all, should not be surprising, as Cansrel and Nax had probably shared suppliers. 'It's orders,' Musa said, as the men sat up bleakly and strapped on their weapons. He was looking at the stars. If we're out with you we have an excuse to look at him.' 'I see,' Fire said, perhaps a bit sardonically. Her guard scrambled to follow her and surround her; the eyes of soldiers attached themselves to her as she passed. Fire ducked inside her tent for her bow and came out again. She wished she could bring Small into the tent. A soldier has come from the scout units to lend you his fiddle. She'd pressed her face against a pillow so that no one could hear. There were no permanent alterations to Cansrel's mind. Indeed, she could never forget the man Cansrel had abused for her sake. 'Is it another climb tonight, Lady?' 'Yes, with my apologies.' 'We're glad for it, Lady.' 'I expect you're saying that to ease my guilt.' 'No, truly, Lady. 'I believe he's harmless.' Harmless and huge, Fire saw when she emerged from her tent. But it was a tool with which she could make music. Under the vast sky, magnificent with stars, Musa and three others played cards in the light of a candle, as they had the night before. 'Nonetheless.' 'The men cannot stop talking about it,' he continued, bowing, then pushing the fiddle into her small hands with his enormous ones. He was stabbed in the leg in a place that bled terribly.' Brocker moved his chair to the fireplace and threw Roen's letter onto the crackling flames. CHAPTER TWELVE IF ONLY FIRE could talk her sleeping self into the same courage. She didn't move at the sense of Brigán's approach, but at the retreat of her guard she opened her eyes. With all weak men, the sight of her was a drug to their minds. Pardon me, Lady. If Brigán would ever let her, if he would ever in a million years, she could ease his worries for him; she could help the commander of the King's Army fall asleep. His fiddle was like a toy in his hands; this man's sword must look like a butter knife when he swung it. She knew that Nash was stronger than Nax had been, strong enough sometimes to frustrate Cansrel, but a game to Cansrel still, compared with the younger brother, the prince. 'Young Brigán is good with a sword.' Brocker said grimly. 'And if the commander doesn't follow the king's orders, why should you follow the commander's?' Her question generated more than one set of raised eyebrows. It was in good tune. Of course, King's City was known for its healers, for its advances in medicine and surgery. He thought any horse that didn't respond well to flogging was small-minded. The answer to Brocker's question in her fourteenth year, the question about whether she could alter Cansrel's mind lastingly, had been simple, once she'd allowed herself to consider it. Especially people with the power to command an entire hospital's attention. As the numbness had worn off something sour had risen in her stomach and she'd begun to vomit. Obviously he's not small-minded.' It was a dirty trick, his continued kindness to her horse. 'Now I understand how our scout units can tear up parties of bandits twice their size,' she said aloud. There was no changing who he was. What man could use hate or love well when he was drugged? At the start of her fifteenth year - on her fourteenth birthday, in fact - Fire had word from King's City that her father was injured and likely to die. 'We're ready. A monster drew out all that was vile, especially a female monster, because of the desire, and the endless perverted channels for the expression of malice. 'Lady,' he said in greeting. 'What can we do for you?' 'Musa,' Fire said. He'd propped himself against a rock several paces from her. 'Lady Fire.' Musa said. And a declaration. 'It was very nearly the end of the boy, Fire, and I don't doubt that Cansrel will try again.' That summer at Nash's court, an arrow from the bow of one of Brigán's most trusted captains had struck Cansrel in the back.

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