





Kastrir: Hen Valyrio Ezīmilliot Ūbryro bē Vestriarzir. Maestro Mikkellio.

Valyrio Ezīmillio Vējes perzomy ōrbrosā geltiton hyngirion jāhon gieriōn hūndetas. Gierior oktiot, jāhys pāstyssy, pōjyz jaehossa, pōjon raqnon, buqnon, kempēgrion, ōdrōn űuqrio munnō embār qrimbughetas. Konīr daorys uglaestas, se pōntoma vestriarja morghūltis. Tyriā Tembyrlion, elēdrio rōvājor rhēdessiarzājōr gūrēntio jāelion, pryjatak. Tembī, tembyrī, sōluttīsi űuqrot sīdis. Yn rūniro vējose prattosy, tolvyn qrīdropatoksy daor. Esso tegalbār tolio ālŷti pōjo lentoti henumīdēmari zaldrīzāeksia ulis. Mirrossa hae jurneroti se mirrossa Valyrio ondori ozudlitis lī qilōnagon aerēptis. Yn īlot brōzi mastas lŷs tolŷs Qohorīho guēsīnoti rhēdessiarzī ūbryri, parma, kasta ŷlā ibardugon aerēptas. Jaehaelor Mataerion, hen siűot dāez ōrejos se hen botennot raqnōt gevurlŷti āeksio, nektollī derēbiles, sepār tegon ōhotas se jēdar melīntas. Tubŷti rŷ udra haerēptis, se Jaehaelro lenton, lentor, gieriōn pryjatak gūrēntas. Lo tolije zaldrīzāeksio istos zijosy gīmirose daor, maghilloma Jaehaelor űāqoso vējōűjo Dāero Oktiot, Valyrio ēlio talot Volantiot, sōvetas. Lo vestriarjir drējor iksos, konīr va mōriot glaestas, se konīr zŷho gevurlŷti bē rūntas lī tolvyni hae zŷho gierio drāűŷ dōrenkro geralbroti űellŷndo tembī bōsī bardutas.

Shrubbery, Being a History on the Flora of the Valyrian Freehold, by Maester Mikkellion

The Doom of the Valyrian Freehold saw a peninsula and its people consumed by fire and smoke. An entire civilization, its inhabitants and their gods, their loves, grudges, guilts, and pain all drowned in a sea of ash and sorrow.

None who dwelt there survived, nor did their histories. The Library of Tyria, the largest and most renowned repository of knowledge of its day, was destroyed. Books, scrolls, and tomes turned to cinder. But while the fate of memory seemed sealed, not all was lost.

Elsewhere on the continent of Essos were dragonlords, spending time away from their homelands. Some were on patrols, and some to exact punishment upon anyone who dared deny the power of Valyria. Yet one other, whose name has come down to us, was away to take stock of the foliage, plants, and teal mosses known throughout the resplendent forests of Qohor.

Jaehaelor Mataeryon, a freeborn landowner and gardener by trade and passion, was at work collecting samples when the earth shook and the sky turned red. As the days passed and news travelled, it became clear that Jaehaelor's home, family, and people had been destroyed.

Not knowing if he were the last of the dragonriders, Jaehaelor packed his bags and flew to the southeastern most of the free cities, Valyria's first daughter in Volantis. It was there, if tales can be believed, where he spent the remainder of his life scratching everything he could remember of his gardens on sheets of parchment so long they rivaled the broad stone highways of his people.

(Jaehaelor's dragon died in captivity not three years later. Unable or forbidden to ride her, who can truly say, her leathern wings are said to have shriveled after refusing sheep, goat, dog,

and horse. Jaehalor himself did not long outlive his dragon, passing from this mortal coil at the age of five and fifty while traversing the Long Bridge. It was there he saw two masters exacting punishment against their slaves. Tearfully, the gardener flung himself between the victims and the whip, collapsing after being lashed for nigh on an hour. That is a tale for another time, however, and beyond our current purview.)

Bound in twine and stored expertly within the Black Walls, Jaehaelor's writings were gifted to the Citadel on this, the fourth day of the fourth moon of 36 AC. It has now passed to me to cement his memories into the bold minds of those who pass through this, the greatest repository of knowledge in the known world.

Fortunately for us, the majority of Jaehaelor's accounts detail his passion for plant, leaf, moss, and tree. Further is an exhaustive description of his glass orb greenhouse, which is said to have been built into the topless tower of the Matareyons, held in place by no less than thirty-three stone Sphinxes, with eyes of garnet.

Let us so begin with the base of all things—soil. It must be emphasized that the volcanic soils of Old Valyria were much different than those found in Westeros, save for Dragonstone, that small island sitting at the mouth of Blackwater Bay. It is from this soil that our first plant springs: the silk grasses of Valyria. Blossoming and stretching their glossy fingers up, as if alive, these tendrils are written to have braided and folded themselves apart and together again like coils of rope. If Jaehaelor can be believed, these grasses also laid the foundation for almost every meal on the Valyrian Peninsula, as garnishment. Though it must be noted that while this variety of vegetation was enjoyed by dragonlords and their kin, it was forbidden to slaves.

In a sad turn of events, Jaehaelor himself describes his own misfortune of having walked in on a bed slave, Narha, nibbling on this particular fruit of his precious soil. Forced to slit her wrists with his Valyrian steel blade, he notes having bottled her blood and using it to nourish his Ruby Ferns, which he then describes as having grown to extraordinary heights.

Let us now turn to the fruits of Jaehaelor's gardens, most notable of which is described as a purple mango with crawling vines. In his writings, the fruit is described as so dense and yet so nourishing that it could fuel a soldier on long journeys. Available to nobles alone, it is written that only those pure of heart could ingest it.

In formal trial or in familial disputes, the fruit was often said to be invoked as judgement. Jaehaelor's own mother, it pains me to note, ingested it and passed from this world after a bloody stool and terrible cramping in the gut. I would be remiss here to note, however, that there are known poisons that bring its victims to similar ends. Most notably the Tears of Lys. Yet as Jaehaelor mentions having no wife or female siblings, this notion can most certainly be discarded as poison is known to be a woman's weapon.

Let us here turn to an examination of the White Tree of Flames. Known in the Freehold for the coppery sheen of its leaves, its pungent roots are said to have grown above ground, twisting around its own trunk like the walls of some great keep. According to his writings, and of course the unreliability of memory cannot be gainsaid, Jaehaelor claims only one such tree existed, and that in his own orb of glass, high atop a tower overlooking a city distorted through ripples of heat.

If so, and if Jaehaelor's claims are true, what might that mean? Where did this tree come from? From whence came its seed? Could it be that the ancient gods of Valyria were of some

distant relation to the children of the forest? There is no mention of a face carved into its bark, but Jaehaelor does describe it with a certain reverence, as if a living wood, as powerful as fire.

Such a notion I will leave for the time being and turn instead to the most peculiar of Jaehaelor's obsessions—a grunting shrub that is described as having the power to uproot itself and walk across the gardens, but only at nightfall. Our source himself for near a year thought himself mad, writing: *I must surely start taking note of where his grunts start and stop, for twice now I've arisen to find this plant growing from the ceiling and then the floor.*

I will leave this curious mystery for the nonce and reflect on the sorceries of Old Valyria. Blood and fire are the words come down to us, and while Jaehaelor attributes the queer events in his gardens to magic, how much of that can be believed is a question I, as an honest historian, cannot hope to answer. For the nonce let us say that our Gardener of Mataryon had a grumbling shrub that he periodically misplaced.

Let us finally turn our gaze to the jeweled mosses of Valyria. Twinkling, like beacons guiding ships to harbor, the spores of these flowerless green plants are described as having erupted from stalked capsules, and would cover the glass windows of the gardens if not pruned once every moon. Along with its impressive growth came a scent Jaehaelor describes as the akin to fruit of Meraxes's Scepter. Though known to us as the she-dragon of the late Queen Rhaenys, Meraxes was named after one of the many Old Gods of Valyria. That this god had a scent *is* new to us, however, and Jaehaelor gives us no other clue than to say: *the stench is so sour it inflames the stinging hairs of my nettles.*