Bad Air and Good Broth

By Vaidenon of Hustan, Warden of the Inkhorn Fellowship

the sicknesses of Hârn, what is said of their causes and what helps, and the other ways the world wears a body out: cold, heat, hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, drink, venoms and moulds

> "Every physician on Hârn will tell you the cause of a fever. No two will tell you the same one. Ask instead what cured it, and you will find they mostly agree."
>
> — Milniq of Ardras, guildmaster of the Society of Physicians, Cherafir, in a letter to the author

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I am no physician. I have bled no one and lanced nothing, and I faint, I am told, rather gracefully. But I have sat up with the sick in Hustan and in Melderyn, I have buried a pupil of the flux, and I have read what the physicians, the Peonian sisters and the herbalists have written down. There is no useless learning, only learning that has not yet been introduced to its use, and I can think of no learning more useful than how a man comes to be ill and how he stops. What follows is what I could find: the sicknesses that have names on Hârn, what they do, where they have struck, what is said of their causes, and what helps. After them I set down the other ways the world wears a body out. My friends of the Fellowship have reckoned all of it into numbers a Game Master can use, and those I have bound apart, in the Game Master's Kit, so that a reader who wants only the story need not wade through them.

Credits

Writer: Vaidenon of Hustan

Set down by Lesli of Bifel and his homunculus, Claudin

The Fellowship's own additions are marked (Inkhorn); what Lesli tells of Terra is marked as his. See Sources and Additions.

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How a Sickness Is Reckoned

The physicians speak of two things in any sickness, and I have found the distinction useful.

How readily it is caught. Some sicknesses leap from a cough across a crowded hall. Others pass only by long nursing or a shared bed. The physicians grade this from the worst, which almost no one escapes, to the mildest, which almost no one catches. A strong constitution helps; so does a full belly and a clean house. A man who is hungry, or who sleeps among his animals in a hovel, catches what his neighbour shrugs off.

How hard it bites. Once caught, some sicknesses are a week abed and a sore throat. Others kill most of those who take them. A sick man's course is reckoned day by day: each day he is a little better, a little worse, or no different, until he is well or dead. The physicians grade the bite from the plague, which takes most, to the grippe, which takes almost none who are nursed.

A sickness that was both easily caught and hard-biting would empty a kingdom. The Red Death came near it. Mercifully, most sicknesses are one or the other.

Nearly every sickness costs the body something while it runs: the fever, the cough, the gripe in the belly, the swelling. The stronger sicknesses leave a man good for nothing until they pass. And no sickness, the physicians say, leaves a wound: when it is gone it is gone, unless it has scarred the face or the mind.

The Sindarin do not take our sicknesses at all, nor do their wounds fester. The half-elven are not so lucky. The Khuzdul, I am told, take them only rarely, and the gargun of Yzug have a sickness all their own, of which more below.

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The Sicknesses of Hârn

The great pestilences

The Red Death, or spotted fever. The worst sickness in living memory, though there are few now alive who remember it. It came in 559 and burned through every kingdom of Hârn into 561. It begins with fever and headache, and on the third or fourth day a red rash of spots spreads from the belly over the whole body. In Tharda nearly two in every ten died. In Chybisa more than a third died, King Lonatar among them. Rethem buried thousands. The north-west of Lythia lost nearly a third of its people at about the same time, and the Shield of Belsirasin was founded there in answer to it. At Taelda the epidemic of 560 was stemmed by the physician Alwynn, though how, the accounts do not agree. It passes readily, and it bites very hard.

The plague. The physicians' measure of the worst: when they want to say a sickness is deadly, they say it is "nearly the plague". It brings swellings in the groin and armpit, black and hard, and fever. Most who take it die. There is a worse form that goes to the lungs and is spread by coughing, and of that form nobody survives who is not saved by the gods. The alchemists who make Elmithra class the plague with the pox rather than with the fluxes, for reasons of their own.

The pox. Fever, then a rash that turns to blisters over face and body. It is caught very easily, and those who live through it often carry its marks on their faces for the rest of their lives. Milkmaids are said not to take it, and I have met no milkmaid who would tell me otherwise.

The fevers and fluxes of the seasons

These are the sicknesses that empty the cradles and the old men's benches, year in and year out. No chronicle records them, because they are always with us.

The grippe comes in the cold months: fever, aching bones, a cough. It is caught almost as easily as the pox, but it seldom kills a nursed man in his strength. It kills the old, the very young, and the hungry.

The common cold. Caught by everyone; killing almost no one. A hungry household, the household surveys warn, can die even of a cold.

The flux, the bloody flux, is the sickness of summer, of armies, of ships and of bad water: gripes in the belly and a bloody looseness that drains a man away. With its cousin below, it kills more seamen than the sea does.

Typhoid, a slow, burning fever with a pale rash, a dull mind and a loose belly. A summer and autumn sickness, of crowded places and fouled wells.

Marsh fever, the ague, is the shaking fever of low, wet country in summer: chills, then a burning, then sweat, coming and going every other or every third day. It is caught by living by a marsh, not from another sufferer. Fenmen, I am told, say the ague comes "on the evening air".

The bad meal follows meat kept a day too long, fish left in the sun, or shellfish taken in summer. It is a hard night and a weak day, seldom more.

> *You want to know why the flux takes the Shambles every summer and passes over the hill? I'll tell you for nothing. The hill's privies drain to the Shambles. Write that down beside your bad airs, master.*
>
> — Jalerin of Carusien, night-soil man of Cherafir

The long sicknesses

Leprosy is caught only by long and close keeping with a sufferer; it is the least catching sickness I know of. But it does not end. It numbs the hands and feet, thickens the face and eats the fingers, over years. The Peonians keep houses for lepers: the Irreproachable Order's leper hospital at Heredyn by Thay, the abbey and hospice of Clord on Anak Island (since 705), Poynter in Bromeleon, and Erone Abbey. The highborn are not spared: the Baron of Moque and Senator Mynos Horla of Tharda are named among its sufferers. The prayers of the Peonians can stop it, but they cannot unmake what it has done.

Consumption, the wasting cough, is a slow sickness of the lungs that thins a man over months and years until he coughs blood. It goes from one member of a household to the next, slowly.

Sardura's Sting is the great bed-sickness, named by the Haleans for the handmaiden who punishes those who break faith with the goddess. Every people blames its neighbours for it: in the east it is the Shiran sickness, and in the Republic the eastern canker. *(Inkhorn, the*

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names) It is caught in bed. A sore, a rash, and then quiet for years, and then, in some, madness and death. It is said to have no cure, though the alchemists claim one for Elmithra. Its lesser cousin, **the burning**, is a burning at water and a discharge; it seldom kills, but a woman who suffers it untreated for a season may be left barren. *(Inkhorn)* I have written more of both in An Invitation to Tea. The Sting is not to be confused with Sadura's Rash, the swift curse the Halean priestesses send, of which more below.

The wasting sickness is a name the physicians give to any slow decline they cannot otherwise account for. It is the only sickness in my reading that a lord has shut a town against: an "unusual wasting disease" at Jough and Dalgesh in Tharda has been put under quarantine. I do not know whether it is one sickness or many.

The sicknesses of places

Yellow Wrack is a painful sickness found only in the Anoth delta. It comes from the larvae of a fly that lays its eggs on uthwyll leaves; those who chew the leaf unwashed take it.

The Molkuran fevers are a dozen or more strange sicknesses of the hot south of Lythia. The people there are more or less proof against them; strangers, and invading armies above all, are not.

The Yzug cough is a sickness of the gargun of Yzug: fits of coughing that will not stop, bloody spittle, and swelling of the throat and nose. Some six in ten of those who take it die. More than five hundred have died, and two or three hundred have fled. It has not, so far, spread to any other hold, and men take it only rarely, if at all.

Ratters' Yellows is a fever of those who handle rats or drink water the rats have fouled: the skin and eyes go yellow, with a high fever, a rash and a loose belly. It works on the liver and the kidneys. The ratters, who ought to know, say it comes from rat water, not rat bites.

> *There are those in my order who will tell you the rat carries more than fleas. I have stopped arguing with them. I tell the sisters to wash their hands before they eat, whatever the reason.*
>
> — Fryda of Gevrael, Pelnala of the Balm of Joy at Cherafir

The sicknesses of bites and wounds

The Wreaker's Madness comes from the bite of a mad dog, fox, wolf or bat; perhaps one bat in a hundred carries it. It waits for weeks, then brings fever, a horror of water, frothing, and madness; once it shows, death follows in a few days. A bite washed out at once is less likely to take. The Peonians keep a cauterising rod called Saint Kuvan's Key for such bites.

Lycanthropy passes by the bite of a were-beast, and very readily. There is no known cure short of the gods. It is less a sickness than a curse, and I have set it down here only because it is caught as sicknesses are.

Grave-rot is a festering fever that takes a man within hours of the touch of a grave-wight.

Gangrene and lockjaw are not caught from anyone. They come to a wound gone bad: gangrene to a festering wound that blackens and stinks, lockjaw to a deep puncture that stiffens the jaw and then the whole body. Both kill more often than not.

The Scratch of Dekejis. I found the name in the alchemists' list and nowhere else. The Fellowship takes it to be the fever and swollen glands that sometimes follow a cat's scratch. *(Inkhorn)*

The sickness of bad bread

Rye-fire is what the millers and the country folk of the rye lands call it, and I set it down because the thing itself is surely here, though no Hârnic book I have read names it. *(Inkhorn)* After a wet harvest, a black spur grows on the rye, which is the bread of the north and the hills far more than of the wheat country, and of the poor there most of all, and those who eat bread of it sicken: their hands and feet burn and then go cold and dead, some fall into fits, and some see things that are not there. It is not caught from anyone; a whole household takes it from the same loaf. I wonder how many of the visions, the dancing fits and the witches cried out in a wet year were only bad rye. I wonder, too, how much of Tharda's Gray Blight of 602 the famine took, and how much the bread. Lesli of Bifel told me what to look for: his Terra knew the same sickness well. *(Terran sources, by Lesli of Bifel)*

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The sickness of ships

Scurvy is not caught at all. It comes to men who go a month or more without fresh food: their gums swell and bleed, their teeth loosen, old wounds open, and they grow too weak to work. Unless they reach fresh food in time, they die within a few months.

> *Sickness comes aboard in port and shows itself three days out. The flux and the slow fever take more of my seamen than storms do. And a crew that has eaten nothing green for a month is a crew that cannot haul a line.*
>
> — Targat of Haclean, Pilot of Cherafir and its harbourmaster

Sicknesses sent

The priests of several gods are said to be able to send sickness as well as heal it, and some Shek-Pvar claim the same. Halea's priests are said to know a rash that worsens day by day. A Peleahnic working is said to raise a fever that climbs until it burns a man out. The Agrikans and the followers of Gozyda are said to know ways to rot an open wound. Of these I know only report, and I would rather keep it so.

The sicknesses of beasts

The ostlers say the cause of most horse sicknesses is unknown, and they are honest to say so. They name **farcy**, which passes very readily from horse to horse; **strangles**, passed by contact; **damplung**; **mud fever** of the legs, for which they make a balm of vinegar, garlic, onion and cow bile; **sleeping sickness**, of which they know neither cause nor cure; **lockjaw**, **colic**, **founder**, **tying-up**, **worms**, and the madness of the mad dog, which runs faster in beasts than in men. Sheep are prone to every sickness going. Donkeys are proof against nearly all of them. A **murrain** may take half the beasts of one kind in a village; Henwe in Rethem lost its sheep to one in 709. The usual remedy is to kill and burn the herd before it spreads.

Plants sicken too. The Gray Blight of 602 took Tharda's grain, and some twelve thousand Thardans died of the famine that followed. More died of the fever that rode behind the famine, as it always does.

The Great Sicknesses Remembered

When (TR)	Where	What
Before c. 800 BT	Glenoth Island, Melderyn	"The plague from the stones" drove the Jarin away.
551–559	The Corani Empire	A series of plagues and famines that fed the Balshan Jihad.
559–561	All Hârn; north-west Lythia	The Red Death.
602	Tharda	The Gray Blight: about 12,000 dead of famine.
675–678	Burzyn, Chybisa	Plague in the siege; Karis died of fever in 678.
691–692	Urelt and Lake Arain, Azadmere	Sickness after the floods; the village was abandoned.
704	Sarkum	A plague the folk call Agrik's revenge.
709	Henwe, Rethem	Sheep murrain.
Now	Yzug	The gargun cough.
Now	Jough and Dalgesh, Tharda	A wasting sickness under quarantine.
Long ago	Hohnam, Kelesa and Rylosin, Rethem	Settlements "fallen to long-ago plagues and blights".

Every chronicle also has its unnamed fevers: Mejenes in 465, Karis at Burzyn in 678, the Lady Baldyn in 716, and many more. A chronicler writes "fever" as he writes "died", and moves on.

What the Healers Say Causes It

I put this question to everyone who would answer it, and I give the answers without taking sides.

- **The physicians** of the guild blame evil spirits or bad air: the miasma of marshes, privies and graveyards. They burn sweet herbs against it and bleed the sick to let the corruption out.
- **The Irreproachable Order** of Peoni teaches that much illness comes of assaults on the soul by ethereal things, and that prayer and purity guard against it.

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- **The Order of the Balm of Joy** has theories connecting rats to the spread of sickness, and its sisters wash.
- **Agrik** is called the Breeder of Plague, Squalor and Decay, and there are rumours of an Order of the Lord of Plagues among his followers. Sarkum blamed him in 704.
- **The common folk** blame bad meat, weasel flesh (which is said to breed sickness), the evening air, the wrath of the gods, and strangers. A dejekra cat caught in a village is taken to foretell plague.
- **The alchemists** who make Elmithra sort sicknesses into two kinds, using words of their own for each, and say their potion guards better against the one kind than the other. They put the fluxes, the wasting cough, the gangrene and Sardura's Sting in one kind, and the plague and the pox in the other.

Lesli of Bifel tells me that on Terra the wisest physicians came, very late, to think that many sicknesses are carried by creatures too small to see, in water, in breath and in the bites of fleas. He offers this as a curiosity, not a doctrine. I note only that the night-soil man, the sisters of the Balm of Joy and the ratters would not find it strange. *(Terran sources, by Lesli of Bifel)*

Remedies

Nursing. Of everything I learned, this is the plainest: the sick who are kept warm, given water and broth, and washed, live where the abandoned die. A sick man nursed at home by his own family does better than one left alone; one nursed by Peonian sisters or a good physician does better still. One sister can keep perhaps ten sick folk alive at once, and no more. *(Inkhorn)*

Herbs and potions.

- **Elmithra**, from quessel pollen, is rare and costly (some 360 pence). Taken before a sickness, it guards against it for half a year and more; taken after, it gives the sick a second chance to throw it off. The alchemists say it cures the bed-sicknesses outright.
- **Heal-All**, from yulpris root (some 480 pence), helps every wound and every sickness, once a day. More than once a day is a gamble that may help or may throw the patient into a swoon.
- **Raw yulpris root** is said to help a body defeat a festering wound.
- **Kithyl root**, as a paste and in bandages, keeps wounds from festering. **Berilik Balm** halves the danger of it.
- **Eye-of-Elf** mends eyes that a sickness has damaged.
- **Khalmet's Theriac** (some 72 pence) is for snake venom, not for sickness, whatever the pedlar says.

Prayer. The Peonian prayers are the best known. Their priests can strengthen a sick man against his sickness, hasten his healing, ease the lepers and the incurable, and, in the highest circles, pull a dying man back from the edge. Halea's and Siem's priests have prayers against sickness too, and Halea's have one against the bed-sicknesses in particular. The tribal peoples have their own cures and banishings of sickness-spirits. I am told, too, that a rare gift of the mind for healing can mend any sickness at all, and I believe it as much as I believe anything I have not seen.

Quarantine. I found it only once: at Jough and Dalgesh. Lesli tells me that on Terra, port cities learned to hold ships off for forty days before they could land their goods and men. *(Terran sources, by Lesli of Bifel)* A town that shuts its gates against a sickness does slow it on the roads, though the merchants howl at the cost, and prices inside climb while the gates stay shut. *(Inkhorn)* I commend the idea to the harbourmasters of Hârn, and I expect them to ignore it.

Clean linen. A house where the bedding crawls takes the spotted fever and the plague more readily than its neighbour, even if both are poor, and I have yet to see a hovel whose bedding did not crawl. *(Inkhorn)* Lesli says the fleas and lice of Terra carried both, and the Peonian sisters who boil their linen would not be surprised. *(Terran sources, by Lesli of Bifel)*

Childbed and Age

Childbed. More women are lost in childbed than to any one sickness I know, and more children before their first year than after it. A good midwife makes a great

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difference, and a bad one a worse one. A woman bearing her first child, or very young, or past forty, or carrying twins, or starving, is in greater danger. The fever that may follow a birth, within a few days, is the commonest killer of new mothers. *(Inkhorn)*

Age. Every man is given a span: the poor and those who sit at desks a little shorter, the rich and those who work in the open a little longer. Women, on the whole, are given longer than men. As the span runs out, the body begins to fail: strength and wits go, the heart may seize, and some old folk take a long sickness of the kind the physicians cannot name, and are dead within a few years of it.

The Other Hardships

My friends of the Fellowship have reckoned these closely, because travellers, soldiers and the poor meet them far more often than they meet the plague. I give the sense here; the numbers are in the Kit. *(Inkhorn throughout this section, save the venoms, moulds and drowning, which follow the books.)*

Cold. What keeps a man warm is what he wears on his body, layered: linen counts for little, wool for more, a heavy cloak or a fur-lined mantle for most, and mail or plate for nothing at all. The cold he must meet depends on the weather, the wind and the rain, eased by a tent, a wall, a good fire or a blanket at night. Short of what he needs, a man is first chilled and tires quickly; then cold-struck, when even rest outdoors wears him down; then freezing, when he may fall senseless at any watch. Bare hands, feet and faces are bitten by frost in freezing weather, worse in a wind, and the frost-bitten heal as the burned do. Wet clothes keep half their warmth if they are wool, fur or leather, and none if they are linen, silk or quilt; an oiled cloak keeps the rest dry. A watch by a fire or indoors dries them.

Heat. The danger in summer is not the sun but the armour. A man labouring in the heat in quilt, mail or plate, or bundled in heavy clothes, tires half again as fast and may fall to sunstroke. He also thirsts twice as fast.

Hunger. A man misses his dinner and his supper both, and his spirit flags: hunger saps the will long before it saps the arm. Three days running of missed meals leave him malnourished; three days with nothing at all leave him starving, and then every part of him is weaker. The hungry catch sickness more readily and die of it more often. Three days of full meals set him right again.

Thirst. Thirst dulls the mind more quickly than hunger, and faster in heat or hard work. A man a full day without water is parched, and may fall in a swoon at any time until he drinks.

Sleeplessness. A man who misses a night's sleep is tired the next day; a man who misses two begins to think slowly and to lose his resolve, and each further night is worse. A full night's sleep pays back one night's debt, and no more.

Drink. Every man can carry a little ale or wine without harm, a big man more than a small one. Past that, each cup clouds his wits, his hands and his resolve, until he drops where he sits. It wears off over the watches, and the morning after he pays again until noon. I have this from long observation, chiefly of my pupils.

Hard winters kill more than the cold that bites a traveller. In a long freezing spell the old and the poor in their hovels die faster than in a mild one, even with bread in the house.

Beasts suffer as men do. A horse wears its own coat, a sheep its fleece; a blanket helps. A horse without fodder or grazing for a day travels slower, and hungry beasts sicken.

Venoms. The adders and asps of Hârn, the weever and stingray of the shallows, the jellyfish and the octopus all poison their wounds. A venom runs its course as a sickness does, but in hours or minutes rather than days. Some bring a creeping weakness, some a stopping of the breath, some a pain like fire. A poisoner's work runs the same way, faster or slower as his dose was strong or weak.

Moulds and slimes. In caves, barrows and old cellars there grow things that burn the skin, choke the breath or take root in a wound. The yellow mould sends its rot inward until it must be cut or burned out. The homura brings a deep sleep and then death, unless the victim vomits it up within minutes.

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Drowning. The physicians have little to say about it except that it happens quickly, and that a man in mail does not swim.

For the Game Master

Everything above is reckoned in game terms in a companion, Bad Air and Good Broth: The Game Master's Kit: how a sickness is caught and run, the whole list of sicknesses with their numbers, outbreaks, childbed and age, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, sleep and drink, venoms and moulds. It is meant for the one who runs the table, and anyone may read it.

Sources and Additions

This section is set down plainly. It lists what in this account comes from Columbia Games' published materials, what comes from other fans' work, what Lesli of Bifel sent of Terra, and what the Inkhorn Fellowship adds. The Fellowship's additions are marked *(Inkhorn)* in the text.

Published sources (Columbia Games)

- *HârnMaster*, third edition: the physician's rules for disease and poison, the medical traits, ageing, and the random events of a campaign.
- *HârnManor* and *Household*: plague and murrain on the manor; the household's food and keeping.
- *Pilots' Almanac*: disease at sea, and scurvy.
- *HârnMaster Religion*: Peoni and her orders, Halea and Sardura, Siem, Agrik; the curses and cures of the priests.
- *Potions* and *Herblore*: Elmithra, Heal-All, Khalmet's Theriac; uthwyll, yulpris and kithyl.
- The *Bestiary*, *Bats*, *Ratters*, *Ostlers*, *Lycanthropes*, *Snakes*, *Z'hura*, *Gargun* and *Hârnlore*: the grave-wight, the mad beasts, the Yellows, the sicknesses of horses, the were-beasts, the venoms, the moulds and slimes, and the Yzug cough.
- The *Hârndex*, and the kingdom and city articles: *Melderyn*, *Kaldor*, *Tharda*, *Chybisa*, *Rethem*, *Kanday*, *Azadmere* and *Lythia*: the Red Death, the leper houses, the plagues and the quarantine remembered.

Fan sources

- J. Patrick McDonald, *Survival* (2003): the ground of the Fellowship's reckoning of cold, heat, hunger and thirst.

Terran sources, by Lesli of Bifel

- That sicknesses are carried by things too small to see: from Girolamo Fracastoro, *De contagione* (1546), to the germ theory of Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch in the nineteenth century.
- The forty days: Ragusa (Dubrovnik) held ships and travellers off for thirty days from 1377, and the Venetian territories for forty, whence the word quarantine.
- Fleas and lice: Paul-Louis Simond showed the flea carried plague (1898), and Charles Nicolle that the louse carried typhus, the spotted fever (1909).
- Rye-fire: the ergot of spoiled rye, and its epidemics in Europe's rye lands, which the Terran middle ages called Saint Anthony's fire.

The Fellowship's additions

- The names Sardura's Sting, the Shiran sickness and the eastern canker, and the burning.
- Rye-fire and rye country; vermin in squalor; the quarantine's effect on roads and prices; hard winters.
- The reading of the Scratch of Dekejis; the reckoning of nursing; the dangers of childbed.
- The reckoning of cold, heat, hunger, thirst, sleeplessness and drink.
- Every quotation from a correspondent, and the glossary's readings of the Hârnic words.

Glossary

The words of this account, with how they are said in the International Phonetic Alphabet, in the British vowels the Fellowship uses in every glossary; every r is sounded in the Hârnic words, whose readings are the Fellowship's guesses.

ague /ˈeɪgjuː/ Marsh fever: chills, burning and sweats that come and go every second or third day.

Balm of Joy, Order of the /bɑːm əv dʒɔɪ/ The Peonian order headquartered at Thay; its sisters nurse and wash, and some hold that rats spread sickness.

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bed-sicknesses /ˈbed ˌsɪknəsɪz/ The sicknesses caught in bed: Sardura's Sting and the burning.

Berilik Balm /ˈberɪlɪk bɑːm/ A salve that halves the chance of a wound festering. Also called the Ichor of Agrik.

bloody flux /ˈblʌdi flʌks/ Dysentery: gripes in the belly and a bloody looseness.

burning, the /ˈbɜːnɪŋ/ The lesser bed-sickness: a burning at water and a discharge; it can leave a woman barren.

consumption /kənˈsʌmpʃn/ A slow wasting sickness of the lungs; the wasting cough.

eastern canker /ˈiːstən ˈkæŋkə/ The Thardan name for Sardura's Sting.

Elmithra /elˈmɪθrə/ A rare potion of quessel pollen that guards against sickness for half a year or more.

farcy /ˈfɑːsi/ A horse sickness that passes very readily from beast to beast.

grave-rot /ˈgreɪv rɒt/ The festering fever a grave-wight's touch brings.

grippe /grɪp/ Influenza: fever, aching bones and a cough in the cold months.

Heal-All /ˈhiːl ɔːl/ A potion of yulpris root that helps every wound and sickness, once a day.

homura /həˈmʊərə/ A deadly fungus whose spores bring a deep sleep and then death.

Irreproachable Order /ˌɪrɪˈprəʊtʃəbl̩ ˈɔːdə/ The Peonian order that keeps the leper hospital at Heredyn and teaches that much illness is an assault on the soul.

Khalmet's Theriac /ˈkælmets ˈθɪəriæk/ A remedy against snake venom, and against nothing else.

kithyl /ˈkɪθɪl/ A root whose paste and bandages keep wounds from festering.

leper house /ˈlepə haʊs/ A house for lepers; on Hârn, a Peonian hospice.

lurishi /lʊˈrɪʃi/ Yellow mould, whose spores take root in a wound or the lungs.

miasma /miˈæzmə/ The foul air of marshes, privies and graveyards that the physicians blame for sickness.

murrain /ˈmʌrɪn/ A sickness that takes a village's beasts of one kind.

Pelnala /pelˈnɑːlə/ The master of a Peonian temple.

pox, poxmarks /pɒks/, /ˈpɒksmɑːks/ Smallpox, and the scars it leaves on the face.

quarantine /ˈkwɒrənti:n/ Shutting a place against a sickness; on Hârn, known only at Jough and Dalgesh.

Ratters' Yellows /ˈrætəz ˈjeləʊz/ A jaundiced fever from rat-fouled water and food.

Red Death /red deθ/ Spotted fever; the great pestilence of 559–561.

rye country /raɪ ˈkʌntri/ Northern Hârn, the uplands and Ivinia, where the poor eat rye bread.

rye-fire /ˈraɪ faɪə/ The poisoning that wet-year rye brings: burning and dead limbs, fits and visions.

Sadura's Rash /sɑˈduːrəz ræʃ/ A Halean curse that rots the privy parts; swift, sent, and not the same as Sardura's Sting.

Saint Kuvan's Key /seɪnt ˈkuːvænz kiː/ A Peonian cauterising rod used on the bites of mad beasts.

Sardura's Sting /sɑːrˈduːrəz stɪŋ/ The great bed-sickness: a sore, a rash, quiet years, and in some, madness and death. Easterners call it the Shiran sickness; Thardans, the eastern canker.

scurvy /ˈskɜːvi/ The sickness of men a month or more without fresh food.

Shiran sickness /ˈʃiːræn ˈsɪknəs/ The eastern name for Sardura's Sting.

squalor /ˈskwɒlə/ A hovel or slum household, which takes sickness more readily than its neighbours.

strangles /ˈstræŋgl̩z/ A horse sickness passed by contact.

tenday /ˈtendeɪ/ Ten days.

theriac /ˈθɪəriæk/ Any compounded remedy against poison.

typhoid /ˈtaɪfɔɪd/ A slow fever of bad water and crowded places.

vermin /ˈvɜːmɪn/ Fleas and lice, which every hovel's bedding carries.

wasting sickness /ˈweɪstɪŋ ˈsɪknəs/ Any slow decline the physicians cannot otherwise name.

watch /wɒtʃ/ A quarter of the day or night: four hours.

Wreaker's Madness /ˈriːkəz ˈmædnəs/ Rabies.

Yellow Wrack /ˈjeləʊ ræk/ A sickness of the Anoth delta, from fly larvae on uthwyll leaves.

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yulpris /ˈjʊlprɪs/ The root of Heal-All, and a help against festering when raw.

Set down over three evenings, and finished two nights before the dark of the moon, when the inkhorn would carry no more. Lesli's last answer, on the Terran quarantine, rose on the page shorter than the rest; I gather the creature that writes for him had been busy elsewhere.

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