THE MYTHMAKERS

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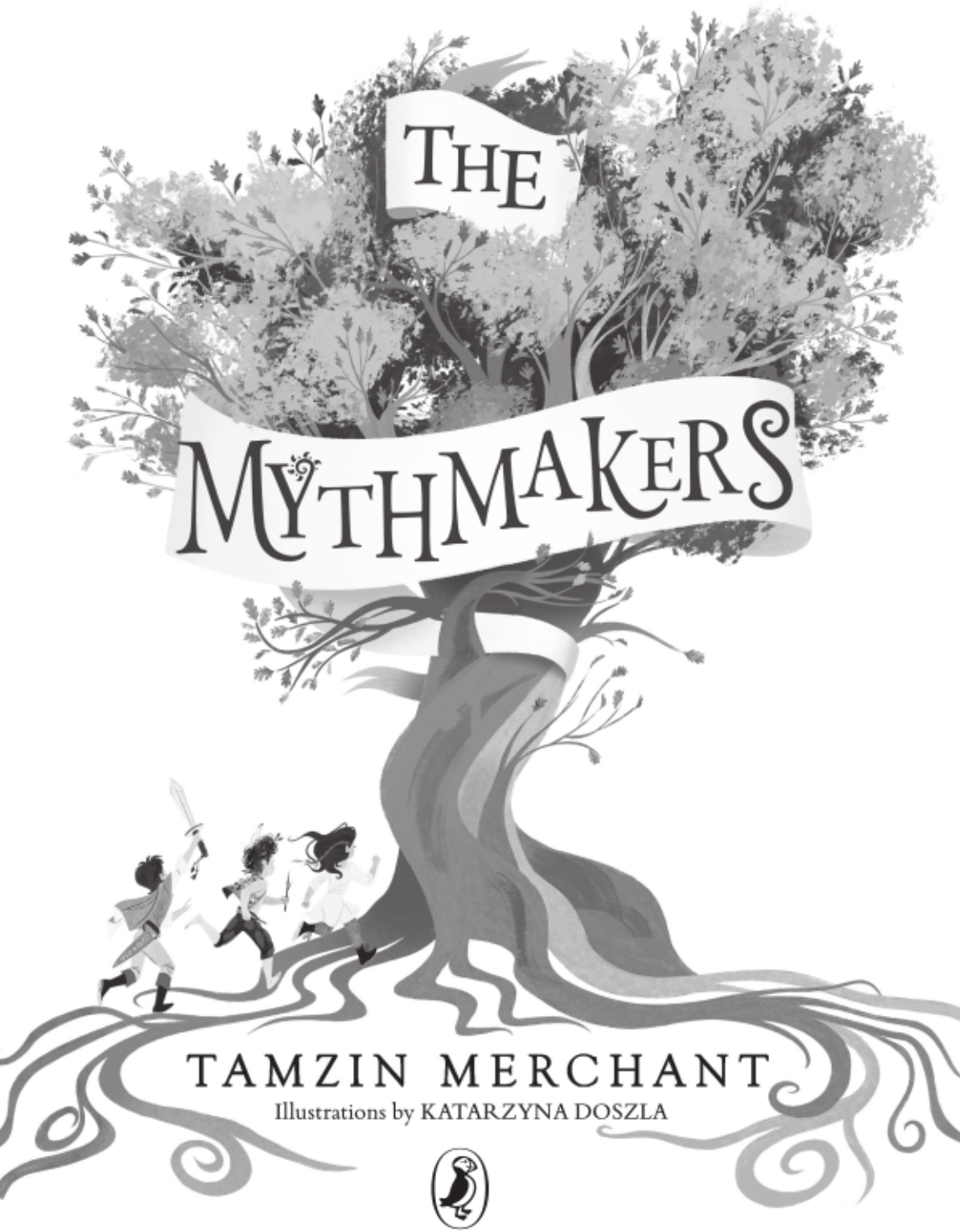
THE HATMAKERS

THE MAPMAKERS

THE TROUBLEMAKERS

THE MYTHMAKERS

THE MYTHMAKERS



TAMZIN MERCHANT

Illustrations by KATARZYNA DOSZLA

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For Barney



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The Romans first invaded Britannia in AD 43. They stayed for nearly four hundred years.

They tried to conquer the rebellious spirit of the land and its people.

They tried to shut out the wild, building a great wall in the north, stretching from sea to sea.

They tried to capture the magic that thrummed in every pebble and tree and creature – for, in that time, Britannia was a magical place.

They searched for the source of this magic, from coast to coast, but in four hundred years no Roman general could ever find it. And so, when they could not capture it, they tried to stamp it out.

But the people of the land – the wise and wild ones – knew

that the magic was as close as a whisper in the wind. It was in the air and under their feet.

To try to stamp it out might actually be to awaken it.



The world will always offer a sign of hope to those looking for it: a flower growing between stones; a tight-scrolled bud on a bare winter branch. It has been this way for thousands of years. If you look to the world, hoping for hope, nature will open her palms.

On the day this tale begins, Gwyn Greenwood was looking for such a sign.

She was doing it while leaning out of the highest window in Tintagel Castle. In fact, it was hardly a window: it was a thin arrow slit, notched like a frown line in the stone face of the tallest tower. Dizzyingly far below, the sea crashed on rocks with a sound like a giant crushing human skulls in its fists.

Beside the window, a green tendril of ivy clung in a determined fashion to the salt-blasted stones of the castle.

'Ivy!' Gwyn cried. 'That's it!'

Surely ivy was a sign of hope: the way it grew wild and strong even in the most unfriendly places. Gwyn traced the green vein all the way down the wall to the distant clifftop at the castle's base.

'Yes,' she whispered.

In this way, she would make her escape.

Technically, it was her third escape so far today. She had been caught twice already – once trying to smuggle herself out of the kitchens in a barrel of turnips (she had almost ended up in the soup), and the second time disguised as a knight. But the armour had fallen off before she reached the drawbridge, revealing the eleven-year-old girl inside the shining silver. She had been pulled from the clanking pile of metal by her father, carried upstairs (protesting) and locked in the tower.

'But *this* time,' she said, 'it'll work.'

She cast a regretful glance at her old roaming clothes, now burning in the fire. A maid with strong arms had chucked them into the flames, saying they weren't fit for a lady, before wrestling Gwyn into a tub and setting about her with a sea sponge. After that, Gwyn had endured the indignity of being laced into a dress, all fuss and frills, and being pronounced 'adorable'.

Now that the maid was gone and she was alone, Gwyn tried to pull the dress off – it would be much easier to climb

down in the light nettle-silk tunic she wore underneath. But the maid had pulled the laces tight and tied them in double knots. Gwyn would have to roll up the silly sleeves and make the best of it.

'When I get to the forest, I'll find an imp to gnaw through the laces,' she promised herself, before adding with relish, '*Then* I'll get a dragon to roast the dress completely to ashes!'

She poked one leg out of the arrow slit and into the empty air.

This made her realize quite how big a distance there was between her and the earth. Her mouth went a little dry, but she cast her gaze to the forest beyond the rocky beach that was further up the rugged coast.

It was May. The trees were greening. This was no time to be trapped in a dark prison of a castle and forced to learn the dreary art of tapestry weaving.

Silly, silly, a passing wind sprite hissed, dancing her hair around her face. *Humans aren't made for being high up in the sky – ungainly flesh-bodies.*

'Stop distracting me!' Gwyn replied.

The wind sprite swaggered just beyond her toes, revelling in the air, trailing its wispy indigo fingers. Gwyn wavered on the sill, trying not to look down nor think about the violent uprush of earth if she lost her grip and slipped. She grasped the ivy clinging to the wall.

'You'll hold me up, won't you, ivy?'

The ivy made a slightly uncertain noise.

Gwyn thought again of the fate awaiting her in the cold innards of the castle. She looked to the forest and chose freedom.

She squeezed herself out of the arrow slit. For a moment, she was a girl clenched between stone and sky, clinging to the ivy. It was going to work!

But the dress was heavy. The ivy tried, but even its most determined clinging wasn't enough to hold Gwyn to the sheer castle wall. Slowly, helplessly, the ivy began to unpeel, its thousand small fingers coming unstuck.

The wind sprite had been right: humans *aren't* made for being high up in the sky.

Bones like stones, the wind sprite fretted.

And Gwyn was falling in a flap-panic, the wind sprite agitating around her, trying to bear her upwards in its gossamer fingers. She tumbled in a stomach-swooping loop, a chaos of sea-sky-cliff swirling up to meet her.

Then something wrapped round her ankle, and she jerked to an upside-down dangle-stop. The clouds seemed to float below her, and the earth was a mantle above, ready to fall on her head.

A voice boomed from somewhere near her feet.

'Caught for the third time today, Gwynivere.'



The tapestry stretched from floor to ceiling across three walls of the Great Hall. It had been started two hundred years ago by some ancient king's wife. It majestically depicted all the kings from the last several centuries engaged in various acts of valour and slaughter, and it smelled faintly of goat.

It was not finished; it would never be finished. It would go on and on, as the kings and their wives went on and on: the kings out doing impressive deeds, while their wives sat at home, painstakingly sewing them into immortality with needle and thread.

Gwyn stood in the middle of the Great Hall, staring up at the tapestry resentfully. Her father's hands weighed heavy on her shoulders. There was a bit of ivy stuck in her hair.

She was in disgrace; that much had been agreed.



The tapestry stretched from floor to ceiling across three walls of the Great Hall.

Lady Igraine peered down at her, pale as a frog that had spent all its life stuck under a rock.

'Do you not wish to learn the ladylike art of tapestry weaving, child?' Lady Igraine croaked.

'Of course she does, my lady,' Gwyn's father answered for her. 'She's going to be a good girl and sit quietly and learn to do neat stitches.'

None of *this* had been agreed.

'I am *not*!' Gwyn declared, twisting to glare at him. 'You never said you were bringing me here to *leave* me, Father! You said we were visiting your old friend King Uther. You never said anything about abandoning me to a lifetime of SEWING!'

All the dead kings' embroidered eyebrows frowned down at her, cross-stitched.

Gwyn wanted desperately to go back to the forests with her father, sleeping in trees and drinking from streams, travelling across the land as they pleased. For as long as she could remember, they had rolled along the old roads in their donkey cart, selling their small handmade treasures in muddy villages and stone castles, and even to Romans in their pristine villas.

There was so much she hadn't yet seen: the giants from the north who slept like hills in the day and wrenched themselves from the bedrock to go roaming over the land by night; the sharp-toothed mermaids from the rivers; the tricksy imps

that lived in marshes and tripped you into the mud to steal the coins from your pockets; and the flame-tongued dragons that scorched the rolling hills.

As they had trundled towards King Uther and Lady Igraine's castle, Gwyn had not known that her roving days were about to end with the same blunt finality as a portcullis crashing down.

Yet late yesterday evening in the Great Hall, as Gwyn and her father bowed to King Uther and his entire gleaming court, the king himself had asked, 'So, Herne Greenwood, your half-wild daughter is to live under my roof and be made into a lady?'

Gwyn had turned in horror to her father, who avoided her eyes as he gave the briefest of nods.

That is how Gwyn had discovered that, instead of adventuring, she was expected to spend her life sewing. A lifetime stuck within these cold, dim walls, all so that a man could sit at a banquet and admire a picture of himself assassinating a perfectly innocent dragon.

Gwyn had done what any half-wild creature would do in the face of a grinning king and a hundred gawking courtiers: she ran.

Her father gave chase. She was quick, but he was quicker. He caught up with her in the courtyard.

'The wilds aren't safe, Gwyn!' He had cut short her protests, gripping her shoulders painfully tight. 'There are warlords

and hunters, not to mention Romans pillaging the lands. I need you to be somewhere they cannot hurt you.'

Gwyn had furiously wriggled in her father's grip and even considered biting his fingers.

'I won't stay here!' she fumed.

His face closed like a prison door.

'You will,' he said in a stone-hard voice she had never heard before.



Gwyn had spent a sleepless night in the hayloft, then crept out at dawn and smuggled herself into the turnips.

Now, after three failed escape attempts, Gwyn stood in front of Lady Igraine, twisting resentfully in her heavy dress, her chin jutting defiantly and her fists clenched.

The wind outside howled, as if in protest too. At the very roots of the cliff, the sea grumbled.

Her father crouched in front of her.

'It's time you learned to become a lady.' He was using his coaxing voice, the one that worked on small animals. But it would not work on her.

'I do *not want* to become a lady,' Gwyn replied loudly. (Lady Igraine flinched.) 'I want to live in the forests with you! And I want my sword back!'

That was another thing that rankled. Her father had taken

her sword. It was only wooden, but it gave her a certain swagger when she kept it in her belt. However, according to Lady Igraine, *ladies do not swagger; they glide like swans.* (It had been the gliding-like-swans conversation that had led directly to Gwyn's second escape attempt.)

'There's nothing you need to fight in this castle,' her father told her.

Gwyn looked sideways at Lady Igraine and strongly disagreed. But, as she opened her mouth to argue, the doors swung open and several men swaggered in: King Uther and his knights.

Gwyn noted, bitterly, that *they* were allowed to swagger.

'Herne Greenwood!' the king boomed. 'And his rebellious daughter!'

Gwyn's father strode towards the king and bowed deeply. He received a jovial clap on the back in return.

'There's a whole battalion of Roman soldiers glinting on the cliff, but don't be alarmed,' King Uther announced. 'General Ferox isn't here to attack Tintagel. He wants to trade.'

Lady Igraine leaned across and poked Gwyn hard in the ribs. 'Arrange yourself in a ladylike way,' she hissed. 'Be an *ornament*.'

Gwyn had no intention of standing around trying to look pretty. She folded her arms and growled as the king's squire – he was little more than a boy pretending to be a man – strutted towards her.

'So, this is the girl who'll one day sew a scene of me slaying a dragon!' the boy declared, tossing his mane of hair like a prize pony.

Gwyn sized up the squire.

'I might stitch you wrestling an imp,' she said. 'That's about all you look capable of.'

Her remark drew a roar of laughter from the knights and a quiet groan from Gwyn's father.

The squire bristled. 'Shut up!' he spluttered at her, blushing. 'And you should curtsey to me!'

Gwyn raised her eyebrows. 'I don't curtsey,' she answered, observing his flushed cheeks. 'And, also, I don't think there's enough pink thread in the world for the colour your face has gone.'

As Gwyn's father muttered apologies, King Uther, who wore his royalty round his shoulders like the pelt of a slain bear, strode across the Great Hall to inspect Gwyn. She inspected him back. Man and girl scrutinized one another, each with their own ferocity.

'You've got your work cut out, Igraine,' said King Uther. 'This one's untamed.'

'Really, I can't be trusted indoors,' Gwyn told him seriously. 'I'll chew up all the furniture.'

'Ha! She'll make a match for you one day, boy,' King Uther said to the squire, chuckling.

Gwyn wrinkled her nose. *One* day!

'I'd be more than a match for him now if you'd give me my sword back!' she retorted. 'I could fight him with my eyes shut and still win!'

The squire's mouth fell open. The king gave a shout of laughter and slapped him so hard on the back that the boy stumbled into a table.

Gwyn snorted.

'Ladies don't snort,' Lady Igraine whispered.



Gwyn was left alone in the Great Hall, stitching a tiny new section of the tapestry: a patch of grass under King Uther's boot. Having been called away to fetch mead for the Roman general, Lady Igraine had given her strict instructions to sew 'stitches no longer than a mouse's eyelash'. So far, they looked more like a walrus's whiskers.

Her father had gone outside with the king to watch the Romans approaching, and Gwyn felt another flash of anger towards him. *She* would have liked to see the Romans. Rumour was spreading that the Roman army would be leaving Britannia soon. This might be the last chance Gwyn would ever get to see them. But here she was, stuck in the shadow of this wretched tapestry.

'I won't waste my life with this silliness!' she growled. 'I just *won't*!'

She stabbed her needle into King Uther's neatly sewn toe.

'Very wise!' the tapestry agreed.

Gwyn jumped.

A pair of moss-green eyes blinked in an embroidered shrub right beside her, and a particularly knotty section of stitches suddenly unfurled. For a dizzying moment, Gwyn thought she had accidentally cut a thread and undone a thousand hours of Lady Igraine's careful work.

But no! A creature with the wind-blown hair of a swamp ghast, the quick fingers of an imp and the bared teeth of particularly ferocious hawthorn guardian was crouching, disguised against the wool.

It sprang up.

Gwyn leaped away, reaching instinctively for her sword but instead grasping a useless dress frill where it used to be. She seized the only weapon to hand – the tapestry needle – and thrust it menacingly towards the creature.

'Stay back!' she yelled.

A bird burst out of its hair in a flurry of alarm song and feathers, but the creature itself gave a delighted cry.

'You found your sword!'

Its voice was full of forest. Then Gwyn realized the creature was a boy.

He shone with the colours of the woods: he wore a jerkin made of living moss, and lichen grew on his elbows. A mushroom sprouted jauntily from the top of one of his

ears, and his leggings appeared to be half mud, half tree bark.

The deep, rich scent of soil curled around him, like perfume on a king.

He wasn't an ordinary boy: he was a wild boy.



Wild boy and untamed girl stared at each other.

'You've got ivy in your hair,' the boy observed. 'That'll come in handy.'

Gwyn realized she was still brandishing the tapestry needle like a tiny toothless threat.

'This isn't my sword,' she muttered, slapping the needle on to the table. 'If I had my sword, you'd be pinned to the wall.'

The boy cocked his head, bright-eyed as a bird.

'You look different,' he said.

'Different to what?' Gwyn asked.

'Different to how you looked in the woods,' the boy answered. 'You have a hemmed-in temper about you here that doesn't suit you.'

Gwyn tugged at her stiff dress.

'Well, I keep trying to escape,' she told him, 'but I . . . Wait! You saw me in the woods?'

The boy nodded. 'I've been following you and the hunter for days.'

'My father's not a hunter!'

'Then why do they have you captured and chained?'

The boy squinted at Gwyn's neck, where a fine silver chain gleamed with a single red rosehip dangling from it.

'My father made it himself,' she explained. 'It's a *necklace*.'

'No, it isn't!' the boy scoffed. '*This* is a necklace!'

He proudly tugged at a string of seaweed that curled round his shoulders. It was bobbly and green, and smelled like it had recently been fished out of a tide pool.

The bird that had burst from the boy's hair interrupted from the window with an urgent shrill. The boy moved like light across a forest floor – quick and flitting – to peer outside.

'There's not much time!' he exclaimed. 'The Roman general is here! You heard that big bossy man –'

'King Uther?'

'He said the general's coming to trade!' Then the boy whirled round and demanded, 'Where's the moonhare?'

'What moonhare?'

The boy hurtled to the far end of the tapestry. The bird swooped after him and landed on his head.

'The moonhare! Like this one here. Where is she?'

Gwyn ran – stumbling over her dress – to catch up.

He was pointing at the oldest, most faded part of the tapestry. Though the wool was frail and pale, Gwyn saw that the very first royal wife had sewn the ghostly figure of a silver hare crouching beneath a gnarled oak tree that had been depicted in now-faded gold thread.

It sent a whispering shiver up her neck.

'Your father captured a hare exactly like this a few nights ago, under the full moon,' the boy said urgently. 'I've been following you ever since, trying to rescue her, but that iron cage is impossible.'

Gwyn shook her head. 'My father avoids magical things at all costs. He says they bring nothing but trouble,' she began. 'And he's not a hunter. He'd never have caught a silver hare –'

'The hare won't be silver now,' he interrupted. 'Not bright silver, at least. She'll fade, a bit more every night. The moonlight keeps her.'

'I promise you I haven't seen any hares!'

The boy's eyes narrowed, and his nostrils flared.

'I'm telling you the truth!' Gwyn insisted.

'I know you are.' He sighed. 'I can tell by your smell.'

Gwyn had never heard of truth having a scent, but she was confident that she smelled scrupulously honest. 'My father would *never* bring wild magical creatures inside and make them stay somewhere they hated.'

'He did it to you,' the boy pointed out.

That was enough to strike Gwyn silent. It was true. This castle and the tapestry, even her new ladies' clothing, had closed around her like a trap.

Her heart suddenly fluttered like a bird in a cage. For a terrible moment, she thought she might cry – here, in front of this strange boy from the wild woods. But, to her surprise, a tear was sliding down the boy's cheek.

'She's my – my moonhare,' he whispered, sadness cracking his voice. 'I need her back. *Please*. You've got to help me rescue her. She's my – my pet.'

Gwyn offered an enormous lacy sleeve for the boy to wipe his nose. Grateful, he took it. At least the dress had some use.

'Where did you last see her?' Gwyn asked.

'On a hillside covered with wild strawberries, a long way east of here,' the boy replied. 'Your father caught her with an iron net, so I ran after him and tried to bite him, then he tried to catch me, but I was too quick and I hid.'

Gwyn frowned. Her father did not own an iron net.

'I sneaked after your father, back to the cart,' the boy went on. 'He put my moonhare in the cage, under the seat. I tried to get into it while you were both sleeping, but it was locked.'

Gwyn shook her head again. 'There's no cage under the seat of our cart. I think you must have followed the wrong one,' she said. 'Got the wrong hunter.'

The boy's eyes widened in dismay.

'I can't have!' he cried. 'I followed you all the way for three days and nights, and when I got here, I hid to listen out for where my moonhare's being kept, but I didn't hear anything useful. Just something about swans.'

'Gliding like swans,' Gwyn said bitterly.

The bird on the boy's head cheeped suddenly and lurched into the tangled thicket of his hair. The boy put his nose up, sniffing, then dived into the narrow gap between the wall and the tapestry. A moment later, his hand emerged and yanked Gwyn into the dark chasm too. Gwyn felt the boy's fingers around hers, pulling her along the wall.

'What are we do–'

'Shhh!' he whispered.

She stumbled, dragged between the cold stones and the heavy hanging cloth, and felt herself being pushed into a narrow alcove in the wall. Then the boy's face emerged from the dark, sketched in silver from a handful of glowing stardust he had pulled from his pocket.

'What are we doing in here?' Gwyn asked in a hushed voice.

The boy put a finger to his lips, then clenched his fist over the starlight, plunging them back into darkness.

A moment later, Gwyn heard the hall doors creak open and the sound of people – important people who trod heavily, so that everyone heard them coming – marching into the room. There were voices: the boom of the king's, the lilt of her

father's and an unfamiliar voice: strong and cold, with an edge to it like steel.

Gwyn tried not to sneeze as two hundred years' worth of tapestry dust got up her nose.

'Emperor Honorius is proud of all parts of his empire,' the steel-edged voice was saying.

'His empire's getting smaller by the day,' King Uther said, chuckling, 'so he'll have less to be proud of.'

'When do you leave Britannia, General Ferox?' Gwyn's father asked.

'The sooner the better,' the steel voice – General Ferox – answered. 'Legions from across the land are gathering in Londinium and our galleys will set sail at the New Moon.'

Gwyn shifted in the dark, pressing her back against the cold wall so she would not make a telltale bump in the tapestry. How long would it be until someone noticed she was missing?

'So at the New Moon the Roman empire will withdraw from our shores.' King Uther's voice had a triumphant snarl in it. 'Like a poisonous tide finally receding.'

'Leaving behind straight roads, gold coins, architecture and technology that you savage people could never have dreamed of.' General Ferox's reply was sharp. 'When the Romans arrived here nearly four hundred years ago, we found you living in mud huts and worshipping shape-shifting women-gods.'

'Goddesses,' Gwyn's father corrected him coolly. 'And a mud hut's better than a slave-built palace.'

Gwyn felt herself bristle with fiery pride.

The Roman gave a short, stabbing laugh. 'We also created order in this chaotic land of mud and magic,' he went on. 'But once we leave, have no doubt: the warlords will tear it apart. King Uther, I hear your rival Bludbad is gathering a horde of dangerous warriors. How strong are your defences?'

'That's precisely why I'm trading with you, Ferox,' King Uther grunted. 'Your gold will pay for more knights and walls and weapons –'

'Where's my daughter?' Gwyn's father's voice suddenly interrupted the king's.

There was a silence.

Gwyn held her breath. She felt carefully through the dark to catch the boy's hand and hold it tight. He squeezed her fingers, and she felt a bit braver.

'She must have gone to fetch more thread,' Lady Igraine's voice quavered.

'Or she's trying to fly off the ramparts on the back of a wind sprite,' Gwyn's father replied grimly.

'Go and look for her, boy,' King Uther ordered.

'Why me?' the shrill voice of the young squire piped up.

'Because you need to learn the subtle and important art of governing women,' the king told him. 'Lady Igraine – fetch us more mead.'

One set of footsteps shuffled reluctantly from the Great Hall. The other set glided out, so swan-like and quiet that Gwyn barely heard her go.

When the doors shut again, the men's voices turned to business.

'I could stay to trade more insults with you, Uther, but I must be in Aquae Sulis in three days and it's a long march,' General Ferox announced. 'So let's discuss what I've come here for.'

'Very well, Ferox,' King Uther boomed. 'As your message requested, I have found a very rare and magical creature for you: a moonhare.'

This word caught like a thorn in Gwyn. Beside her, the boy made a small, sharp sound, and his fingers clenched around her hand.

Beyond the dark, she heard her father's voice flare like a flame.

'Your Majesty, I did not bring you that creature so you could sell it to the Romans! You –'

'You *sold* me the creature for a price.' King Uther spoke over him. 'And now it is mine to sell on as I choose.'

'This is wrong,' Gwyn's father muttered. 'I never should have –'

'Don't bore me with empty moralizing now, Herne,' the king interrupted, 'or I will throw you in the dungeons.'

There was a tense silence. Gwyn could hear her own heart beating. Her father *had* captured a moonhare.

'What is it you plan to do with it, General Ferox?' Gwyn's father asked quietly.

'Nothing that concerns you,' came the reply. 'Rest assured, no harm will come to the beast.'

Gwyn heard the boy sniff beside her. 'He's lying!' he whispered.

There was a pause, and then came the sound of approaching footsteps on stone. Gwyn knew her father had the instincts of a hunting owl. Had he heard the wild boy? Perceived the tiniest movement behind the hanging cloth?

The footsteps stopped in front of their hiding place, just on the other side of the tapestry. Gwyn could hear a man's breath. If it wasn't for the tapestry, they would be standing almost nose to nose.

'There *is* something else I'm interested in buying.' It was General Ferox, his voice close enough to tickle Gwyn's eyebrows. 'The magical tree that grows at the heart of this land.'

'The Oakheart, you mean?' King Uther said brusquely.

'Yes,' Ferox replied. 'The gold I'd pay in exchange for the Oakheart would be enough for you to make this gods-forsaken castle the jewel of the land and defeat every savage who challenged you.'

'That tree's nothing more than a myth,' Gwyn's father put in quickly.

The tapestry in front of Gwyn's face shook as it was tapped from the other side.

'Then why is it sewn here, in golden thread?' General Ferox challenged. 'Legend says that this tree, the Oakheart, is the beating heart of Britannia's magic. Roman generals have searched for it for four hundred years.'

Gwyn remembered the vast oak tree in the oldest panel of the tapestry, gleaming in tarnished gold like a half-forgotten secret.

'One of you must know where it is,' General Ferox said, 'or at least have a map.'

'That knowledge is long lost,' King Uther boomed. 'But perhaps I'll raise my asking price for the moonhare: all the old tales say a moonhare is the key to the Oakheart.'

'Is that so?' Ferox's voice glinted with interest.

'*Old tales* is what they are,' Gwyn's father said loudly. 'And you'll never find the Oakheart because it cannot be found.'

There was a sly smile in General Ferox's voice.

'You say it cannot be found, not it does not exist,' he pointed out.

'And it will never be bought or sold!' Gwyn's father added fiercely.

'Now, now – everything has a price.' King Uther's voice was low. 'Even the Oakheart . . . Even *you*, Herne.'

A quiet, full of unsaid things, seemed to stretch the air. But Gwyn's thoughts crowded in on her, clamouring. Her father really *had* captured a moonhare. Did he have an iron net too? Was there also a secret cage in their cart?

'Your daughter's keep will be expensive,' uttered King Uther, his voice breaking into her thoughts. 'Perhaps a moonhare isn't enough to buy her safety after all.'

'We had a deal,' Gwyn's father growled.

'You forget your place,' the king replied, his voice a muted threat. 'I am your king; you are my hunter. Or have the ten years you've spent wandering the wilds made you forget how the world of men works?'

What might have been said next, Gwyn would never know.

The tapping of the tapestry had shaken loose more dust. She felt an urgent burn in her nose. Her eyes stung. She screwed up her face, tight and desperate.

But she couldn't stop it.

She sneezed.