The eager, determined grizzly bear dementedly scampered out of the depot, racing along the confined street and then along the main path of the bitterly- ice cold town, Lyra pacing behind him and energetic Pantalamion above her as a charcoal- grey eagle with a crimson pink beak, and stout legs, vivid yellow and scaly, directing her exactly where to follow.

 The inquisitive child ambled her skinny legs as much as possible; her goose feather boots crunching and champing upon the insipid white snow each and every millisecond, and the leftovers of her adrenaline flowing up and down heavily as it shook, from the very far depths of her petite body. Before long they had past the Sysellman’s residence on the side of the lengthy lane, Iorek keenly working his elevated furry legs, Lyra barely receiving energy to catch up, and Pantalamion never speeding his pace, just staying at the very identical swiftness as the half- wild girl, only peering his glossy eyes forward to track the pale polar bear. Outside the classy, expensive like dwelling, a gloomy coloured green flag waved carefree as the powerful north wind blew, with a sentry alongside it marching rigidly up and down, down the sheer hill past the very end of the mini Witch- Consul’s wooden cottage. By now the really temperamental sentry unfortunately had realised what was the fishy chasing all about, therefore he was promptly pulling himself up to make a dash for it, although was pretty unsuccessful in doing so as Polar bear Byrnison seemed to already be rotating straight into the right- angle corner leading to the harbour, with Lyra and her dependable demon following behind, the utterly exhausted girl panting and coughing with glory, with her pure heart racing ever swifter than the speediest snow leopard that existed.

Many people stood in deep interest to watch the scene. The untainted, white bear being chased by a short, slender girl waving fiercely in the wind, along with a charcoal-grey eagle above her continuously glancing down, murmuring something untranslatable.