The dark quadrangle was still full of the chill night air. Overhead, the last stars were still visible, but the light from the east was gradually soaking into the sky above the Hall. Lyra ran into the Library Garden, and stood for a moment in the immense hush, looking up at the stone pinnacles of the Chapel, the pearl-green cupola of the Sheldon Building, the white-painted lantern of the Library. Now she was going to leave these sights, she wondered how much she’d miss them.

Something stirred in the study window and a glow of light shone out for a moment. She remembered what she had to do and tapped on the glass door. It opened almost at once.

*Extract from ‘Northern Lights’ by Philip Pullman*