

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 towers of the Chapel.

Because she was going to leave these sights, she wondered how much she'd miss them.

She remembered what she had to do and tapped on the glass door.

It opened almost at once.