

"What about my Jungle?"

"Bear, you can't..." I start, but his face is breaking up. We can't leave the Jungle behind. Bear needs his toys, they're part of him. "Maybe you could bring a few," I say. "Your favourites. Lion and Tiger and Giraffe."

"And Brown Bear," he says, taking the animal down from the shelf.

"Yeah, of course. We can't leave Brown Bear, can we?"

Barney gave me that one just in time for Bear's third birthday. His namesake. The bear's the best of all the animals. The most lifelike. It's made by this old German toymaker that used to do all kinds of animals and paint them by hand.

He moves the bear along the map that's spread out on his bed, over the pale blue lines that coil round the paper like snakes.

"Bears can swim you know," he says.

"He'll love all the lakes then, see." I point to the top left of the map, where Ennerdale is. I look at the names of the blue pools now. The lagoons, the lochs, the lakes. Windermere and Elterwater and Grasmere and Wastwater. I read them out.

"Mere?" Bear asks. "Does that mean water?"

"Yes," I say. "Like the sea." It's a story word. An underwater girl who made a pact with an evil sea witch because she had fallen in love with a human boy and

wanted a human soul and legs to dance with. Though I always imagined I'd do the opposite – wish for a fish tail and an ocean to swim away in.

"Was our dad a ReWilder, Ju?"

"He can't be that old, Bear! The ReWild was almost fifty years ago."

"Maybe his dad was a ReWilder then?"

I smile. "Yeah. Or his mum. Or his grandmother. I guess we'll find out all about him, when we get there."

"I bet he's a hero, Ju. Like Robin Hood. I bet everyone knows him, except us. I can't believe you forgot him."

I shrug. Bear's right, I did forget him. Just sometimes in a dream, right in the middle of it, there is someone. Someone tall with a head full of curly hair, just like Bear's, and I have to climb my way to the top of him to touch it. But if I freeze-frame or focus in on the face then he vanishes, like he was never there at all.

"What if they're not there, Ju?" Bear asks as though he's reading my mind.

"Then we'd know," I say fast.

Bear nods. The brown bear's floating down the rivers, galloping over the hills, like it's that easy.

Our parents have got to be at Ennerdale. If anything happened, Mum promised someone would send word to Annie Rose. Even if she couldn't come herself, someone would. And we've never heard anything, so they must still