

another kind of identity – bolder, stronger – only I still feel just like me. Every time I see a rabbit I get this chill on the back of my neck.

It's worse because they don't seem afraid of us. Not really. They're curious, friendly even. They've forgotten what people can do.

"Can I hold the GPS, Ju?" Bear pipes up.

I shake my head.

"That's not fair! You get to do all the good stuff. I won't break it, I promise, Ju." He makes his eyes all big and tugs at my hand.

"I know that."

"Then?"

"It has to be high, to get the best signal. So it finds the best route to the satellite. Remember? Like Erienne said. And I'm taller."

Bear moans, but he kind of accepts it. My lie.

Am I worried he'll break it? Maybe. But it's more than that. I need it next to me, right up against my chest, this thing, this device that's going to lead us to Ennerdale.

Bear's ahead of me, picking up sticks, ignoring me when I say it's too early in the day to be collecting firewood.

There was this old jack-in-the-box in the Emporium. You wind the handle on the tin box and a monkey pops out at you on a spring. That's what Bear's like. In the city, his lid was closed and he was shut up in the dark. All this

light and space, he's sprung right back out. He's wired.

It should make me happy and it does, but I'm worried I've lost control of him. He could spring right away from me.

I'm calling him back – we don't know the land yet, it's not safe – when I notice we're being watched.

It's the yellow eyes I see first. I think it's a fox, a big one, but it's not.

"Bear," I whisper urgently.

It's a cat. Sort of brown or golden with black spots, leopard-like, and black tufts on the tops of its ears. Its paws are big and furry, like it's wearing boots, and its neck is furry too – collared like a ruff, like long-ago queens.

"What is it, Ju?" Bear asks, stopping. "I don't recognize it."

"I don't know, Bear. Just come backwards to me. And don't turn away from it."

Never turn from a predator and run. They can't help it, you can't even blame them. It's their instinct to give chase.

Bear's still like a statue so I move instead, forwards, towards him.

I should be more scared. The cat's not taking its eyes off us. Though it could have pounced on Bear already, if it wanted to. It's not quite as tall as he is, but it's strong, you can see that. I grab a stick and hold it up like a warning – get my brother and I'll come for you.

The tufts on the cat's ears are up and there's a flick of