**Text extract Year 4 – The girl who speaks bear**

Guided by Mousetrap on my shoulder, I lead the way attempting to clear a path for Yuri, who keeps getting tangled in knotted shoots and thorny briars. Though my muscles are working hard, I'm ice-cold. The forest here feels hostile, like it's trying to block our path. Finally, despite the wind pushing us back, yellow light glows through a snarl of spiky branches ahead. I squeeze between two gnarled old tree trunks, which seem to move closer together to shut us out, and see a clearing and the corner of a cabin.

"Stop." Mousetrap grabs my ear and his sharp claws pierce my skin.

"What?" I snap. "It's one of Anatoly's cabins."

"No, it's not."

"Of course it is." I try to brush Mousetrap's paw from my ear without knocking him to the ground. "Only Anatoly has cabins in the forest."

"I smell bones." Mousetrap sniffs the air.

"So? You said you smelled cooking before, remember?"

Mousetrap's claws dig deeper into my ear. "You don’t understand. I smell human bones."