

“Lyra and her daemon moved through the darkening hall, taking care to keep to one side, out of sight of the kitchen. The three great tables that ran the length of the hall were laid already, the silver and the glass catching what little light there was, and the long benches were pulled out ready for the guests. Portraits of former Masters hung high up in the gloom along the walls. Lyra reached the dais and looked back at the open kitchen door, and, seeing no one, stepped up beside the high table. The places here were laid with gold, not silver, and the fourteen seats were not oak benches but mahogany chairs with velvet cushions. Lyra stopped beside the Master's chair and flicked the biggest glass gently with a fingernail. The sound rang clearly through the hall” (4)

On the other hand, the sounds indicate the need to do a force, or for her to be in a powerful or a strong position (male/adult) position. She realizes that she is wrong but shortly she ignores the dangers that is being discover. Her daemon Pantalaimon (Pan) mediates:

“You’re not taking this seriously,” whispered her daemon. “Behave yourself.”

Her daemon's name was Pantalaimon, and he was currently in the form of a moth, a dark brown one so as not to show up in the darkness of the hall.

“They’re making too much noise to hear from the kitchen,” Lyra whispered back. “And the Steward doesn’t come in till the first bell. Stop fussing.”

But she put her palm over the ringing crystal anyway, and Pantalaimon fluttered ahead and through the slightly open door of the Retiring Room at the other end of the dais. After a moment he appeared again.

"There's no one there," he whispered. "But we must be quick."

Pantalaimon settled on her shoulder.

“Don't be silly! I want to look around!” (4)

“You're a coward, Pan.”

"I didn't have anything in mind, and well you know it," she snapped

quietly. "But now I've seen what the Master did, I haven't got any choice. You're supposed to know about conscience, aren't you? How can I just go and sit in the library or somewhere and twiddle my thumbs, knowing what's going to happen? I don't intend to do that, I promise you." (7).

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Lyra's thinking that adult's strengths are on a mission is supporting by Pantalaimon's voice, that sound is reprimand from previous warnings in following Lyra's apparent actions. Lyra is sincerely rejects adult's authority and tests her own limits of power through her exploration – Lyra enters the adult world unhurriedly.

There is a change of tone directly when the threats it finds increasingly visible. Instead of open rejection and a reluctance to acknowledge her adventures, Lyra secretly avoids the detection when the Master and his servant enter the room:

“Behind the chair—quick!” whispered Pantalaimon, and in a flash Lyra was out of the armchair and crouching behind it. It wasn't the best one for hiding behind: she'd chosen one in the very center of the room, and unless she kept very quiet...

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his legs, in their dark green trousers and shiny black shoes. It was a servant. Then a deep voice said, “Has Lord Asriel arrived yet?” (4).

Here the threat of detection alters Lyra's comfort in the room. Before the Master enters the room Lyra seats herself in the center of the room in a chair reserved for scholars. At this moment she visualizes what it might be like to live a more powerful subject-position. When the room is reclaimed by the Master of Jordan, an adult male presence, she is jailed to her hiding place,

“The Butler bowed slightly and turned to leave, his daemon trotting obediently after him. From her Not-much-of-a-hiding place Lyra watched as the Master went to a large oak wardrobe in the corner of the room, took his gown from a hanger, and pulled it laboriously on. The Master had been a powerful man, but he was well over seventy now, and his movements were stiff and slow. The Master's daemon had the form of a raven, and as soon as his robe was on, she jumped down from the wardrobe and settled in her accustomed place on his right shoulder.” (5)

While the Master waits in the room the extent of Lyra's power is limited, but her aim (to investigate, or to achieve knowledge) still the same. Similarly, it is her aim which brings her into a space where conflict is potential – while Lyra does not necessarily need conflict she is aware that conflict is a possible result of her aims. In both cases, whether acting out when an adult presence is not readily monitoring her actions, or avoiding notice by an adult presence, the adolescent is limited either in variance or magnitude of available actions. In the case that Lyra's action is severely limited, as it is when the Master enters the room, her intent becomes nearly deviate. She stops stirring and investigating in order to cover and thus the qualitative aspects of her investigation are limited by the quantitative

“You're not coming, child. Put it out of your head; the times are too dangerous. Do as you're told and go to bed, and if you're a good girl, I'll bring you back a walrus tusk with some Eskimo carving on it. Don't argue anymore or I shall be angry.”

And his daemon growled with a deep savage rumble that made Lyra suddenly aware of what it would be like to have teeth meeting in her throat. She compressed her lips and frowned hard at her uncle. He was pumping the air from the vacuum flask, and took no notice; it was as if he'd already forgotten her. Without a word, but with lips tight and eyes narrowed, the girl and her daemon left and went to bed. (20)

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Despite Lyra's immature behavior and selfish acts, the pranks and naughtiness that Lyra contributes in at Jordan College are a part of her way of enjoying life. As much as she likes spending her time at the college with a lot of fun and cheats people as shown in this quotation:

“That was Lyra's world and her delight. She was a coarse and greedy little savage, for the most part. But she always had a dim sense Had a dim sense that it wasn't her whole world...and that somewhere in her life there was a connection with the high world of politics represented by Lord Asriel. All she did with that knowledge was to give her airs and lord it over the other urchins. It had never occurred to her to find out more.” (24)

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eyes of the authorial narrator, one may regard this as a fact within the opus reality.

There are a lot of people argue that the young girl must have fear at a high level and with high intensity and that this is not quite match with described as hero. Nevertheless, one should not be sure to say that Lyra is not necessarily always afraid for herself. At the beginning of the novel, for instance, the girl is anxious for Lord Asriel (Pullman 9), while later on, her main fear is directed towards her friend Roger who is disappeared (Pullman 60). Despite this moment of full fear, however, Lyra do whatever is needed in order to accomplish her heroic ambitions, this act is a hassle to take control of her panic.

3.2.1 Lyra is an optimist girl in completing her heroic mission to the Bolvangar and Svalbard

As Cawelti said in the chapter two that the hero must complete his problem in the heroic mission, then starting from this passage this study will show that Lyra can be supposed to this character stereotype of a hero. Firstly, although all the difficulties Lyra meets during her heroic journey Lyra is portrayed as a really optimistic little girl. This fact rejects the perception that say hero is abnormal because in the previous definition of Lyra's character, Lyra was described as a normal child with her innocence and curiosity but in the progress of the story Lyra is enthusiastic for information and attracted in things which actually are none of her concern. Although her curiosity does not concern the things, the Jordan

It wasn't Lyra's way to brood; she was a sanguine and practical child, and besides, she wasn't imaginative. No one with much imagination would have thought seriously that it was possible to come all this way and rescue her friend Roger; or, having thought it, an imaginative child would immediately have come up with several ways in which it was impossible. Being a practiced liar doesn't mean you have a powerful imagination. Many good liars have no imagination at all; it's that which gives their lies such wide-eyed conviction. So now that she was in the hands of the Oblation Board, Lyra didn't fret herself into terror about what had happened to the gyptians. They were all good fighters, and even though Pantalaimon said he'd seen John Faa shot, he might have been mistaken; or if he wasn't mistaken, John Faa might not have been seriously hurt. It had been bad luck that she'd fallen into the hands of the Samoyeds, but the gyptians would be along soon to rescue her, and if they couldn't manage it, nothing would stop Iorek Byrnison from getting her out; and then they'd fly to Svalbard and rescue Lord Asriel. (247)

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fidgeting. Quiz her about it next time and she'll have completely forgotten." (Pullman 21).

In the course of new experiences, Lyra continues her age maturity process. She raise imaginative skills to get her out of dangerous conditions as stated in the following quotation,

With every second that went past, with every sentence she spoke, she felt a little strength flowing back. And now that she was doing something difficult and familiar and never quite predictable, namely lying, she felt a sort of mastery again, the same sense of complexity and control that the alethiometer gave her. She had to be careful not to say anything obviously impossible; she had to be vague in some places and invent plausible details in others; she had to be an artist, in short. (Pullman 171)

From beginning to end her journeys in *The Golden Compass*, Lyra becomes experienced at this originality of constructing stories. By constructing stories, Lyra becomes deliberately educated of the risks that she is revealed to on her journeys. This can be compared to Lyra's past while attending Jordan College where she still act a prank behavior to get out of danger rather than create stories to help her to stay alive.

Conforming that, Lyra's role as rescuer of the world and hero of the story is supported by John Faa's and Iorek's honor of her bravery, for her ability to speak influentially as seen in this quotation:

“Belacqua? No. You are Lyra Silvertongue,” he said. “To fight him is all I want. Come, little daemon.”

In fulfillment with the previous passage, when reading *The Golden Compass* novel, it directly hits that there are, in fact, no weak characters available: The male characters are all strong in their own way, but – more unexpectedly perhaps – so are also the female characters, especially Lyra as a hero in this novel. The men in *The Golden Compass* novel tend to inhabit traditionally male spaces: The scholars at Jordan College spoil in their scientific work and all the wisdom and spirit of investigate involved in such activities; Lord Asriel, too, has his scientific mission and goes on journeys to the far north, and John Faa is the leader of his clan. In spite of the fact, there is unhappily no means of knowing how much of Lyra's character has actually been shaped by Lyra's fictional atmosphere and how much of it is natural. However, one can answered these questions by taking a closer look at Lyra's personal view of gender, if there are any signs of this kind to be found within the text and at how Lyra as a young heroine has been constructed with regard to gender.

There is, in fact, only one way in which Lyra can be said to have ever tried to seek male authorization: she wants to be loved and accepted by her father Lord Asriel as soon as she finds out who this man really is. While she did not waste any second thoughts on disappointing one of scholars at Jordan College, she greatly admires Lord Asriel (Pullman192) and dreams of a future in which they build the bridge to the stars together and are “the first across” (192). Lyra is consumed with an illusion, an ideal image of her father and their future relationship until she finally meets him in the north and realises his true nature (Pullman 367-399). This disappointment brings about a change of mind in Lyra: she tells her father how

By freeing herself from the wish of being loved by him, she metaphorically also frees herself from the desire for male acceptance, even if this feeling has never been very pronounced in Lyra. Interestingly enough, this step helps her to gain a voice and at least an ounce of respect on the part of Lord Asriel. By being unconsciously involved in high politics, by having a high degree of influence on men (she rules over her friend Roger, for instance, who is described as “her devoted slave” (45), by her choice of past time activities, by breaking the norms of patriarchal society and by saving males from danger or distress (think of her saving Tony Makarios, Roger, Iorek and of her attempt to save attempt to save Lord Asriel), Lyra manages to enter the masculine area. She also does so through her ability to read the alethiometer, which is ironic considering that a young girl, of all people, is able to right of entry all the old awareness actually reserved for men.

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