**MY NORTHEN LIGHTS NARRITIVE.**

*By Aldous Young*

*Class6*

The giant bear bounded down the narrow street, crashing through everything, or person in his way. The terrifying twenty foot beast struck fear into the hearts of anyone stupid enough to have angered him when he was imprisoned. He slowed down when he got to the gates of the priest’s home. The Panserbjørn lifted one giant paw and smashed them effortlessly into the ground. The guard tried to stop the raging beast but was tossed away by his attacker and sent flying into the pond in a fountain near-by. Then he advanced (slowly but steadily, like a tank).

The priest’s house was made out of thick glistening marble; it looked like the beast was going to have to give up. However he simply punched a hole in the wall and it almost completely fell over (the wall was large so even a bear of his size could walk through). The priest’s servants came shrieking out each being trampled and killed by the beast in his anger.

The rooms in the priest’s house were beautiful they were all laced with gold and had a large number of pictures and artefacts; the vexatious animal took no notice of this and smashed them to pieces. When he did reach the cellar where his amour lay there was a clear hole from the outside world to his current where-abouts inside the cellar.

There was suddenly a roar of triumph from Ioreck to tell his captors and friends that he was complete again.

When the Panserbjørn arose from the rubble (what was left of the priests dwelling) he was completely and utterly terrifying. The amour was made out of thick sheets of rusted metal; his helmet was huge with slits for eyes but his mouth was left for biting and crushing.

The guard, who was drenched because of the pool he had been tossed into, came charging on horse-back with an army (fifty strong) of police men with sabres and small wooden pistols, the priest was cowering behind them with his dog dæmon.

The guard was the first to charge but he was taken of his horse by the bear and pooped into the beast’s mouth like he was a cherry. It was clear he was going to die.

The police slowly backed away with the hope they would be able to cut him off somewhere else. But just an the beast was about to crush his head like an egg a little girl with a wolf skin coat screamed at him to stop; reluctantly the beast dropped the man, who was now covered in blood and saliva. His dog dæmon flew to his master to tell him he was relieved that he was alive.

The bear walked down the cobbled street that lead to the water; when he reached it he took off his amour and dived into the green sea and headed towards an ice-burg with a fat, grey and black seal on it. The police cam riding to him now. They aimed their guns at where they thought he would arise from.

An hour later most of the police had left due to boredom and although they wouldn’t admit it because of fear of the giant beast called a Panserbjørn they had heard fragments of legends about. When he did arise from the vast green desert filled with mountains of ice; he was carrying the black and grey seal they had seen him swim towards an hour ago.

He ignored the police to the right of him as he knew there weapons and horses were no match for him. He tore of a piece blubber and rubbed it against his red-from-rust amour so-as-to make it shine again.

It looked beautiful and opposing when it was done (the metal he called sky metal appeared to be encrusted with diamonds). Then he boomed the words “let me go in peace; I will not set foot on your island again nor will I trouble you again” he paused to think “if you do not grant me this I will take you as an enemy and kill you and everybody else in this town; I have no mercy”.

The guards easily agreed to this but said if he ever came into the town again he would be made a slave again.

Then under the light of the aurora the bear went (with his now shining armour) on the boat of the Gyptions never to trouble the people of that town again. J