Armour Reunited

Powerful sounds shook the earth as the bear with half a soul approached the priest’s majestic house. He stood there with no mercy in his eyes. The mighty bear’s ferocious breathing gushed past Lyra’s soft hair, brushing her rough cheeks. It was like Iorek’s breath had a mind of its own. Trying to push her down to the ground in vain. With on mighty paw, Iorek ripped down the priest’s ruby-coloured, painted door and it splintered into a thousand pieces. The smell of the lurid paint on the broken door was so strong that tears leaked from Lyra’s eyes, which puddled and swelled on her face.

Iorek carelessly kicked the pieces of mahogany door out of the way of the entrance. In front of them, was a pitch black room. Without any concern, Iorek strode into the house for he said that he was the lucky one with great eyesight. For Lyra however, she couldn’t see a thing. She felt like she was dead, letting the darkness swallow her in one go. As soon as Pantalaimon noticed this, he transformed into a graceful white owl and turned on the light switch next to him. When he was back, Lyra’s mouth was wide open.

Being careful not to trip on anything, Iorek went below the priest’s house to the eerie cellar. The room felt like winter had just come. As he walked across the cellar stone floor, his footsteps were muted by the clumps of dirt on the floor. His nose wrinkled as a reek fragrance walked past hm. While he explored the rest of the cellar, he banged against the craggy oak table. It didn’t hurt him, instead it buried inside his fur. On top of the table was his shiny, silver armour. At last Iorek felt joy in his heart for it was part of his soul. Gently, Iorek put on all of armour and headed back to entrance, where Lyra was.

Lyra gazed across the room, finally shutting her mouth. She felt like she was in a dream. There was a diamond chandelier, which was brighter than any star. Then, Lyra sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. It was claret velvet with claret velvet cushions. The wallpaper was rose patterned. The thick air smelt like vanilla and flowers. After taking the sight of the room in, Lyra fell asleep with Pantalaimon resting on her shoulder in the form of a dormouse.

All of a sudden, Lyra woke from the sound of gun-shooting so rose up alarmed. Before her eyes, was Iorek fighting the sentry. Missing all of the gun bullets. “Keep cover!” stated Iorek so Lyra hid behind one of the chairs whilst Pantalaimon’s eyes were alight in panic. Iorek charged to one of the sentry and with on blow with a mighty fist on the head, the sentry fell with blood dripping from his head. Iorek had gone out of control thought Lyra but stayed put behind the chair. Once they were all dead or had fled, they left the house.

“I owe you Lyra,” said Iorek, “So I’ll keep my promise and go with you to Farder Comram and Lord Faa, in order to continue your journey to the North and save the children for with my armour, I am ready for everything.