**Iorek’s Rampage**

Iorek thundered down the damp, quiet street, taking no notice to the stares he was receiving from the astounded locals. Lyra struggled to keep up with the white giant as he sloshed through the murky puddles. Silence hung in the air. Pan, in wildcat form, scampered to Lyra, she quickly stroked his scruffy, dirt-ridden fur, before he disappeared into the long, swaying grass. Iorek’s freshly cut claws glinted in the sunlight, or at least what was left of it; Lyra was fidgeting with her fingers, as the atmosphere became tenser, Pan, too, was nervous as he was chasing anything he could find the to distract himself, well t anything smaller than him. Nobody had uttered a single word since they left and it was bothering Lyra as she tried to make conversation: “Iorek,” she enquired, “Are we-” she was going to say are we nearly there but one glance from Iorek’s sea-blue eyes told her not to ask. She looked at Iorek’s eyes again and could see that he, too, was nervous.

“We’re here.” said Iorek, his low voice piercing the silence. He pointed a single claw towards a grand house. Lyra couldn’t help but let out a gasp; the house was amazing: the windows were vivid and eye-catching, the steeple towering and everything immaculate.

Iorek’s breathing grew louder and heavier as his mind filed with rage and a thirst for vengeance. Lyra bit here lip as the bear started to walk slowly towards the vicar’s grand house, she hoped he would just calmly and politely walk up to the house, knock, and ask for his armour. But no. Iorek charged at the house and with one mighty paw he knocked down the mahogany door. Pan edged closer to Lyra as she became increasingly scared.

Shards of wood fell to the ground as a maid, and her hen dǣmon, ran out and started desperately screaming for help. Lyra didn’t want this. Iorek was attracting attention, the opposite of what he was supposed to do. So she quickly and quietly clamped a grubby hand over the maid’s mouth. A crowd was beginning to gather as a deafening roar filled the air; a worried sentry ran into the house firing aimlessly at the giant of a bear, Iorek. Moments later Iorek came out of the rubble, the crowd let out a collective gasp as they saw Iorek in his amazing armour on his massive figure. Lyra’s attention was elsewhere though as in Iorek’s gigantic white paw was a worried sentry; Iorek began to slowly squeeze the life out of him, his face was turning blue as he tried to breathe. “Stop, stop!” screamed Lyra, almost in tears, Iorek, as he had promised did what she said. He lowered the almost-unconscious sentry on to the sodden ground, the sentry, still finding it had to breathe, managed to retreat to a safe distance.

Iorek suddenly took off his armour and dived into the freezing lake, Lyra ran over and watched the bubbles come the surface. Lyra was worried, where had he gone? What would Farder Coram say? Lyra’s questions were answered though as Iorek reappeared with a seal carcass and sat down on a ledge to clean his armour with it. Lyra sat down next to him and let out a long, relieved sigh. Once he had cleaned it he beckoned Lyra and they walked off, with Pan, now an eagle, soaring high above them.