The priest’s house was dark and damp with minuscule pieces of mould on t-he wall. There was not a single dim light in the house yet there was unexplained, rapid movement coming from the middle room. Lyra felt a horrific, spine-chilling feeling flowing through her body. Iorek still felt useless, unwanted and exposed even though he was so close to his armour.

Sooty spider webs hung from the jet-black ceiling as spiders hastened over the broken, wooden floor. The panic- stricken priest walked over to where Lyra, Iorek and pan was standing and gave them a little death stare. “What do you want in my stunning mansion? You minor little child. I have nothing here that you need so come on now shoo shoo. Get out of my house! Stupid” Declared the foul priest.

“Well actually you have my friend’s armour and we want it back. We need to go and retrieve something but he can’t do that if you have his armour!” explained Lyra.

Pan had a worried look on his face. Where is his (the priests) daemon? Gone. Then out of nowhere, the priest showed them a well-lit room which was where Iorek’s sky iron armour was standing in a clear glass cabinet. As soon as he saw it memories flushed completely his head all the battles all the blood that had gushed onto the armour and what it was like to have victory. In the room where the armour was kept, the ceiling looked recently painted and there was not a single cobweb or dust in sight. The floor was blue and pink tiles which surprisely neatly polished. The blinding priest was wearing a black shirt with a pocket with his name sown into it with purple thread a white blazer with button cuff; the inside of the blazer was red velvet and was amazingly, silky smooth as a bunny’s ear.

“Don’t worry it always does that it is just because the windows are open or my house is just randomly haunted.”

“The ghost ain’t true otherwise we will be scared out of our pants. It was very chilly outside and in the corridor!” uttered pantalaimon

Lyra began to think whether this man is nice or is he in fact working for Mrs Coulter; but then Lyra thought that, that is really silly. Priest aren’t supposed to kidnap children they are supposed to help. Isn’t it? Is he really a priest? During all of this, Iorek still wanted sweet sweet revenge the fire in his eyes desired to tear the stupid no good priest to his death. Then all of a sudden out of nowhere Iorek lifted up the priest and…