Iorek’s Armour

Lyra stared at the colossal, furry bear. She tried to imagine him complete in his powerful armour, all shiny and muscular, but they had ripped and hid it away from him leaving him with nothing but shame and defeat. His eyes were alight with fury, glowing like red hot fire. “I know where your armour is” said Lyra, hesitating before she spoke. He looked terrifying. The bear stopped tearing up the rusty metal, he stood staring at her standing in the carpet of dust and debris.

 “Where?!” he demanded, hoping that he would finally get his precious armour back.

 “Follow me” she replied, as she scuttled of into the distance. The walked for a long while through the lush green grass of the countryside. The sun was rising waving good morning to the world. Its rays shot Lyra right in the eye blinding for a few seconds. The scene was beautiful making the world seem like a happy place again.

 People were screaming as Iorek (the bear) stomped fiercely down the cobbled street and crunched through the thick layer of snow. He would do anything to get his armour back; he would kill every human being on earth if that was the only way. As they came nearer and nearer, a small wooden house caught sight of them. “Over there!” exclaimed Lyra, running down the slippery slope with the bear. The sun had rolled away, waving a goodbye quickly after it came, leaving dark snow clouds in its place.

 Iorek smashed down the door of the house and barged his way in making the servant run away screaming. He would use force to get revenge. The creaking of the floorboards echoed through the house, loud enough to be heard. Lyra listened carefully and heard the priest sleeping upstairs. “Where is the cellar?” boomed Iorek,

 “Over there,” replied Lyra, pointing to a deep trail of stairs which led to the murky cellar.

 Down in the cellar, a thick, damp carpet covered the entire floor. Portraits of famous people stared through there gold frames at Lyra and Iorek as they made their approach to the glass box where the armour lay. He smashed the box, his eyes blazing in fury, tiny shards of glass scattered the floor. “Come on!” commanded Iorek, scampering up the stairs. The priest had woken up from all the racket they had been making. Iorek picked him up and threw him at the wooden wall “Serves you right” Iorek muttered under his breath. He then he started to wreck and terrorize the house.

 “Come back here!” The priest shouted after them as they sprinted across the glimmering snow.

 When they had come back, Iorek was know where to be seen, where was he? That was when he emerged from the freezing, murky water clutching a silky seal and started to rip the blubber of it, next he rubbed into onto his rusty armour, polishing it. When he put it on he shimmered and shined like he was king of the world. “Thank you for helping to get my armour back” Iorek said kindly.

 “No problem” responded Lyra, shivering in the damp, tense weather.