WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE

Iorek jumped eagerly onto his hind legs and bounded out of the depot. ”If they interfere, let pain and sorrow envelope their souls.” “Who do they think they are?!”

Lyra tried to catch up but she tripped up on an icicle and scraped her knee. Pan tried to help her up but he wasn’t strong enough. “Iorek! Iorek!” Pan called urgently for help but it was no use. They lay on the floor, Lyra in pain and Pan looking for ways to help her, the bear cursing under his breathe.

Pantalaimon finally got Lyra up and they were soon running again, catching up with the ferocious bear

The sky was getting darker as night began to fall; Lyra felt a cold chill down her spine as the wind began to flow west.

Iorek barged through the door knocking most of the house down. Lyra got a glance of the interior; it was a beautiful dwelling and was a warm and cosy place to be, whilst in the company of all the beautiful happy paintings of people smiling and laughing.

 But Iorek didn’t care; he ripped down the walls, making the pictures fly and land in the water. Lyra felt sorry for the priest but it wasn’t until she saw Iorek in his armour that she no longer felt sorry for the man. The bear’s armour shone in the great moonlight.

 He walked out of the house, showcased his armour and then walked purposefully into the deep water. There was a quiet murmur before Iorek emerged out of the river again.

 He was holding the blubber of the seal on his chest, rubbing vigorously to create a more impressive sheen and glow to his beloved yet dilapidated armour.

Ready to pounce...