**The Missing Armour**

Iorek galloped eagerly out of the depot and jumped over the dusty gate. “No mercy. Only vengeance.” he said clenching his fist. “They better not get in the way otherwise death will come upon them.” shouted Iorek. Iorek started raging and was fierce as ever.

Iorek started searching for his outstanding armour. He started making everybody scared and they didn’t even want to talk to him. Lyra was terrified, she couldn’t imagine what was going through Iorek. The adrenalin was pumping through Iorek. He was becoming a nightmare. It was tense and harzoudous. As it got dark, Iorek was outside in the pitch black night and all you could here was the echo of the panting Iorek looking for his priceless possession. Many people started questioning why Iorek was doing thus for just a small piece of armour that you could get new ones. The hatred inside of Iorek was dangerous and he wouldn’t rest for one day but he didn’t, he travelled hidden in the dark streets. But there was a reason why Iorek was looking for this particular piece of armour because that armour was one of a kind, it held a lot of power.

Iorek hunted the place like a wild animal searching for its prey. His eyes as red as fiery autumn leaves. He walked down the street, which was dangerous, and knocked on the priest door. The door opened and Iorek walked in accompanied by the priest. The house was colossal. It was very grand with priceless antiques, polished mahogany floors and inconspicuous secret doors. Iorek said, “Where is my armour you lazy worm?” looking deeply into the priest eyes. Iorek was fully motivated; he looked focused. Many things were rushing through his hard headed head.

It was really tense and awkward. Iorek stomped his feet firmly on the floor waiting for a response. The priest was speechless and nervous as sweat rushed down his face. Anger was sketched across Iorek’s face. The priest was scared and responded saying “I don’t know where your armour is” he said shivering as cold as Antarctica. Iorek left the priest and started searching the grand house. Iorek could smell the guilt that the priest was feeling and that made Iorek suspicious. The priest was crying inside knew that Iorek would soon find out that he has his armour. Iorek started feeling the dusty books to trigger one of the priest secret doors that the priest keeps all of his gold and priceless possessions. As was walking he noticed a small latch with a button next to it. The door was locked but Iorek thought why he would lock that door when he is the only one living in the house.

The priest started looking away. Iorek started using all his strength to open the door. The door was made out of the same metal as Iorek’s armour and that meant that it was unbreakable. Iorek demanded the door was opened by the priest. The priest knew that he had lost the battle and gave up. The priest slowly walked over to the door and got out his keys, which were gold, and opened the door. It revealed Iorek’s armour and gold scattered around. Iorek wasn’t interested in the gold but the joy of seeing his armour again. He left the house as happy as a daisy saying “I’ll deal with you later.” Iorek went to a nearby lake and admired his fluorescent armour. Everybody was pleased to see Iorek happy again after he went through the stress of finding his armour. Iorek started rejoicing. The sun was up and Iorek took the chance to have a little swim. Iorek took of his cloathes and jumped into the lake reappearing with his armour by his side. Iorek felt pleased that he got his vengeance on the Priest.