**THE SOUL OF A BEAR**

**Iorek gazed into the distance at the priest’s grand old house, whilst growling softly under his breath. Lyra could see his eyes alight with blood-thirsty anger and fixated on the place where his soul was lying waiting for him. The power was unstoppable. It was tugging the furious bear closer by the second.**

**Every minute, the cannibal’s growling grew louder and now Lyra could smell the strong stench of his foul-smelling breath so clearly, her eyes started to water. Although Iorek could have once been an almighty, domineering bear, without his armour he was a wild outcast. Was he really even still what they call an armoured bear? “Please don’t try to get revenge if they don’t do anything wrong.” Lyra begged. “OK” Iorek agreed –after quite a long time of consideration- “only if they fight they will die!” With those last few words, he started to race down the dank, gloomy street with a slightly taken aback Lyra stumbling after him. Pan (Lyra’s dæmon/soul) flew ahead in form of an eagle, sailing the grey, unforgiving skies.**

**Thump! Iorek came to a sudden halt in a silent, eerie and almost pitch black lane, where at the end stood the luminously lit house (more like a mansion) of the priest. Lyra jumped off the back of Iorek and perched on a derelict apple stall. “Leave it to me,” ordered Iorek, “wait for me at the door of the house!” “Yes!” said Lyra, “But please keep your word!”**

**As silent as a mouse, Iorek crept up to the towering, elaborate house. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash and splintered, crystal glass flew like a hurricane all down the empty street. A flurry of violent noises echoed through the sleeping town and bleary-eyed, bewildered people rushed into the street, aghast at the sight that met their eyes. The almost priceless house was in ruins. Smashed. Crumbling to pieces.**

**Meanwhile, Iorek raided the now ramshackled house whilst raging and cursing loudly. After seventeen minutes, he had examined the whole house but with no luck. The armour was gone. Forever. (Or so Iorek thought)**

**Suddenly, he had a brainwave. What better place to hide something precious than the basement! He pounded down the winding stairs into the dusty basement. The room was a mixture of dust, rotting wood and ancient furniture. Then, all of a sudden, the most tearfully brilliant sight beseeched the lonely bear. His armour, grey and dusty lay on the floor, almost smiling! With a sudden rush of excitement, he lifted up the armour and let the power of it run through him as he placed it over his head. A tiny trickle of blood ran down his leg, where he had been jagged by a piece of glass, but he didn’t care. In fact, he grinned a wicked smile and let out an enormous roar (which Lyra found out after was a laugh for a bear). Iorek at last was reunited with his long lost soul.**