Northern Lights MARGOT

 ARMOUR

Iorek raced down the cobbled street; people scuttled out of his careering way. Pantalaimon soared overhead, pointing Lyra in the right direction as she tried to keep up with Iorek’s increasing pace. The polar bear’s paws brush the dust off the street behind him in Lyra’s pale face, causing her to cough terribly; holding her back as well as losing sight of Iorek as dashed into the distance.

Lyra continued running; Iorek was nowhere to be seen. Once again, Pantalaimon flew up to have a bird’s eye view of the town.

“He’s approaching the Priest’s house!” Pan called down, “RUN!”

Lyra did what she was told to do. She ran and ran, her Eskimo boots thudded on the stone ground. She had never run this fast before in her life! She had priorities to think about, who knew what Iorek would do to the priest.

Meanwhile, Iorek was advancing towards the house door. It was a fairly large door, but not big enough to fit a polar bear in door, made of mahogany and painted a dark crimson red with a glistening, diamond cross on the front

MARGOT

Lyra was just about at the Priest’s house, when she saw Iorek smash down the door and shatter the priceless diamond. Iorek barged into the house; Lyra trailed behind him, not daring to touch a thing, Iorek did the complete opposite, he was throwing around everything in his path. Pantalaimon was astonished at this outrageous behaviour.

Lyra, of course-being the innocent girl she is-was not pleased about Iorek doing that to priceless paintings, vases and china; seeing them cascade onto the floor and shatter into minute pieces.

A while later, Lyra, Pantalaimon and Iorek had searched the entire house, but there was only one place they hadn’t checked. The basement…

Iorek charged through the basement, tumbled down the steep stairs and crashed straight into the armour. Finally, he was reunited with his ‘daemon’.

They took the armour down to the harbour. Iorek dived in to the ice cold water and a few seconds later, he returned with a seal. He killed it and took the blubber out, then polished it with the blubber, it now looked the opposite of stolen and living in a murky basement.

Iorek put it on and was a new, reformed Polar Bear.