“All right. No vengeance afterwards, but no holding back as I take it either. If they fight they die.” And with that Iorek bounded out of the room, enlightened by his own rage, running across the depot and along the narrow cobbled streets before turning into the town square.

Iorek darted past every little wooden cabin taking no notice of what he was destroying in his path. There were screams and cries at every corner but he just didn’t care. It was chilly outside and every lope he took looked effortless. Lyra on the other hand, stumbled clumsily after Iorek, running out of breath easily.

The tiny wooden cabin came into their eyesight. Iorek had thought that it was going to be a miraculous view but it was filth to the eye. “What a dump, I thought it was going to be a magnificent golden castle.” said Lyra to Iorek. “I can’t believe he did such a horrible thing, but now he is going to pay!!” Iorek screamed as he kicked the priest’s door making the whole house shake. With an almighty thud the door fell to the ground.

They both crept in to the old, dilapidated house without a second thought. They were ready to fight. “You go down into the cellar and retrieve my armour.” Negotiated Iorek, “I’ll stay up here and stand guard.” Lyra did as she was told because she didn’t want to get on the bad side of a ten foot Panserbjørn. She swiftly ran towards the cellar. The house looked no better on the inside than it did on the outside.

 There were rodents and spiders everywhere. It was damp, cold, stunk and there was food everywhere. He was hoarding a lot of unnecessary junk. As Lyra walked along the narrow corridor she kept on tripping over bottles until she found the door to the cellar. This door didn’t quite match its surroundings. It was mahogany, painted a beautiful pearly white colour with a crystal handle and delicately carved details all over.

Lyra placed her hand on the crystal door knob making sure not to break it off, before pushing open the door. She stepped into the cellar carefully making sure not to fall down the stairs. She placed her hand on the light switch and flicked it on. She turned around and put the door on the latch. “I’ve told and heard too many stories to not put that door on a latch.” mumbled Lyra to herself. Her shadow danced with the light as it filled the room. She took a moment of admiring the door before turning back around and walking down the rotting stairs.

The cellar was dusty and dirty and despite having the light on it was still felt dark; it gave off an eerie atmosphere. It wasn’t hard for her to find Iorek’s armour. It was the only thing in the room, other than the door, that shone. Literally. It was in a beautiful box that was gold and encrusted with emeralds and rubies. She grabbed it and lifted the lid. It was as stunning as Iorek described it. Overwhelmed with radiance, she slammed shut the box and darted to Iorek.

“Here you are!” Lyra said as she led him to the box. “Thank you!” uttered Iorek in slight gratitude. And with that they left with Iorek’s armour and were washed over with sheer happiness.