**The Armour**

Iorek growled and dropped on all his four ferry paws.

“I owe you a debt for this, Lyra,” he said. Then he turned and scampered off at a great speed. Lyra, not just because she was wearing boots, couldn’t keep up but she ran after him anyway. The gap between Lyra and Iorek was widening at an extreme speed; soon Pantalaimon had to guide her as a seagull.

Iorek sped past the smart Sysselman’s residence and skidded round the corner. The fat, drowsy evening sentry was so surprised he jumped back and wacked his head on the brick wall. After he had recovered, he sprinted round the corner after the bear and managed to trip over his own feet.

As Lyra caught up with the sentry, ­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­she saw him grab the priest house door and rip it off its hinges and chuck it to the ground with a huge clattering bang. He strode inside, frightening a maid so much she let out one scream and fainted. The sentry waited outside the house; he wouldn’t go in. Iorek found the cellar stairs and leapt down. The room stunk of candles and sacrifices.

As Iorek stepped forward, the priest grabbed a sword, shuffled forwards and mumbled something. The bear took another step and the priest raised the sword, waggling it at the bear. Iorek grabbed the sword and tied it up in a knot, then picked up the priest and chucked him up the stairs and out onto the street. Soon after, the sword came flying out and nearly hit the sentry, who yelped in fright.

Back inside, Iorek was turning the basement upside down. Statures, paintings and even animal heads where flying everywhere. Finally he found it. Glistening a pale blue colour, his armour lay hidden in the chandelier-which was now split in three and lying on the flour.

Iorek swung the heavy sky metal on like it was a cloak. The fury bear that had been terrifying, was now petrifying. He had a strong sense of power around him and could make brave men run like cowardly children.

He hopped out of the seller and marched out into a hail of gunfire that fell at his feet. The sentry was aiming for another shot but before he could pull the trigger, Iorek ripped the gun from his grasp and was about to impale him on the on his nail when Lyra screamed, “Stop!”

She ran forwards toward the berserk bear.

“You said you owe me a debt,” said Lyra. “Well, I’m going to use that debt now. Don’t kill the man and come down to the docks with me.”

Iorek slowly stepped away from the sentry, who was watching the byplay in awe of the young girl. He turned and padded off towards the sea with Lyra and Pantalaimon beside him.

When they reached the port Iorek took off his armour and dumped it in a pile. Then he walked to the edge of the wooden platform and dived in. He disappeared beneath the waves.

After what felt like years, he appeared again and clambered up onto the platform. He brought with him a seal, which he now split open. He took out the blubber and rubbed it on his armour for some reason Lyra didn’t know. Then he downed the armour again. He had his armour again.