IOREK’S REVENGE

Iorek paced down the damp street, taking no notice of the many curious eyes watching him. Lyra was sitting on his back, clinging on to his white, downy fur for her dear life. A large crowd had gathered outside to watch what was about to happen, holding their breath in anticipation.

 Suddenly Iorek spotted the grand house of the priest and with one mighty paw, he ripped down the mahogany door. It cut like butter and sent thousands of pieces of wood in all directions. Lyra held her breath as she cautiously entered the building. Pan became a wildcat and glanced nervously around. Iorek’s hard feet made a sound louder than any earthquake as he stomped down the stairs to the cellar. It seemed as if the whole world had just shook.

There, hung on a wall was the bear’s mighty armour. Iorek let out a roar of anger as he barged past the many guards in front of him. By then, Lyra had hastily climbed off his back and was standing timidly in the corner of the room, trying to stay out of sight. The polar bear swung his head about, not caring what it hit, whether it was a Japanese vase or a glass cabinet he didn’t mind. All he wanted was his precious armour and he wasn’t going to return home empty handed. Hastily, he tore off the ropes that was holding it to the wall. Then, in a flash, he had positioned his shining armour on his back and was throwing terrified people all over the room. Soon the guards and even the priest were lying on the floor and they were all badly injured.

He had his prize safely back, but after all those years on a dusty wall, it had become rusty and old and needed a good polish. So, once out the wreck they had just been in, Iorek leapt into the chilly lake and did not return for ten minutes. At this point Lyra had become extremely worried about her newly found friend. Was he dead? But to her great relief, he suddenly emerged out of the still and glistening water with the blubber of a seal in his jaws. He then sat on the muddy bank, quietly polishing his armour that he had worked so hard to get back, a wide smile spreading on his face by the second.