Iorek’s Armour

“But I know where your armour is!” shouted Lyra.

“How? Who told you?” asked Iorek in surprise.

“The Alethiometer told me so.” Lyra said.

Two minutes later Lyra found herself walking through the town next to Iorek. Iorek paced down the narrow streets not noticing the crowds gathering on the roadsides to gape. He made his way through the crowds until he reached the priest’s house where he stopped. He stood up on his hind legs and roared. The blood curdling noise echoed through the whole of Trollsund and pan turned into a lion. All the police pointed their guns up to the lion and aimed.

With one swish of his mighty paw, Iorek swiped down the door and it splintered into thousands of pieces. A woman ran out shrieking as her hen for a dǽmon followed her, making useless flaps of his short, stubby wings. Iorek bounded in. “Down in the cellar!” Lyra shouted. The priest came out in his robes holding a bible to his chest. His goose dǽmon waddled out after him and flapped to his side.

In the house, Iorek crawled on all fours through the corridor .It was dimly lit by the end of a candle and the ceiling was much too low for him. At the end of the corridor was a door to pitch darkness. Iorek made his way down the stairs into a dank room that smelt of dead rats. He reached around until his claw scraped against a piece of metal. His armour.

Back in the hall, Iorek lovingly put it on. The armour had rusted and was not well oiled but it was still his armour. He crawled back to the door where a police man stood. They had a gun in their hand which was aimed right at him. The man pulled the trigger. Lyra gasped as the bullet sailed through the air and hit his armour. It harmlessly bounced off. Iorek leapt out of the door and roared.

He picked up the man by his leg and tossed into the air and caught him by the head. The other policemen backed away as he took a step nearer. They all shot. Bullets rained down on Iorek but he shrugged them off. Iorek hit the nearest two and sent them sprawling on the ice.

Pan was rapidly changing shapes and running around in circles. Lyra could see exactly what would happen. Iorek would kill the man in his mouth and then would follow a terrible fight with more deaths. In the end Iorek was sure to win and leave Trollsund in a devastating mess. “Iorek,” she shouted over the yell of the crowd, “you said you wold repay me for showing you where your armour was. You can do that by walking away; follow me and walk away.” Iorek paused and grunted. Then spat out the man, turned on his heels and walked away.