**THE ARMOUR CHASE**

Iorek raced down the cobbled street; people scuttled out of his careering way. Pantalaimon, a seagull, soared overhead, pointing Lyra in the right direction as she tried to keep up with Iorek’s quickening pace. His muddy paws were creating large marks in the icy ground. He was on fire, wanting to get revenge on that ghastly priest, who stole his armour. Lyra was struggling to keep up with this gigantic bear.

He was shredding up Trollsund; smashing everything in his path. The humongous bear was raging and steam was coming out of his red hot ears. He wanted this piece of armour so badly he would kill every human being on earth looking for it. This piece of armour was like a soul to him and he would get it back with his life. His armour was his dæmon and he would try and protect it no matter what. Nothing in the world could stop him...

They marched through the shimmering snow which laid in the ahead and behind him. This place was filled which snow.

Finally they got to the annoying priest’s house, Lyra out of breath and terrified. Iorek looked determined as ever, while Lyra was panic-stricken and freezing Iorek stormed through the house, searching everywhere. The house was stunning, four floors high and gold was the walls. Shrieks for forgiveness and despair shook the house Iorek barged through it.

Iorek forced cracks in the walls, smashed vases and to out the wooden floor which creaked horribly if you stepped on them. He raided the house looking for it, it seemed like he was trying to break the house instead of getting his armour back. He wasn’t looking for the armour he was looking for the priest. He stomped up all four stairs in search of the priest. He eventually found him on the fourth floor huddled in the corner of his bedroom, sniffling. He walked over to him flicking every valuable thing in the priest’s room.

“NOOOOOO!” screamed the priest as he saw the colossal bear yanked of his leg making him pay for taking his armour away from him and making him work. He held the ripped of leg him his jaw agonising the poor helpless priest who wobbled over and fell every time he tried to stand up. The maid came running into the room screaming while holding a sharp knife in her right hand.

“What have you done to my master” complained the young lady while standing hopelessly on the edge of the staircase. All it took for Iorek to knock her of was a tiny shove and that sent her flying through the air.

Eventually, after terrorising and wrecking up the house, Iorek went down the broken stairs and slowly walked down into the cellar. The cellar was old and crooked unlike the rest of the house which was grand and beautiful. Cobwebs were hung in the corners and the light didn’t work. Soot filled the room and it looked like you were stuck up a chimney. Then he saw a little shiny box in the far corner of the spooky room. He flung himself at it and opened the box with great ease although it was made out of metal.

Eventually, after terrorising the whole entire house, Iorek came out grandly showing of his armour to Lyra. Her mouth was wide open gobsmacked at what she just seen. Suddenly she felt concerned about the terrifying, giant bear which now stood handsomely over her. Would he just kill her? Would he even fight against the Gobblers? Would he repay her like he said he would?

The bear quickly swiped his hand round, was this it for Lyra, his hand as forming into a slap, “don’t kill me,” begged Lyra, slowly his hand came towards her body and then shook her hand. “Thank you for getting my armour back” he said generously, Lyra was so surprised. This bear had the power to kill twenty men with one strike of his bloodthirsty fist, and he was here shaking her hand and thanking her. Pan curled round her neck, he was a snake, whispering words into her ear. “Bears are loyal and they respect whoever helps them.”

Iorek marched pompously down the street, crushing lampposts as he went. A little man with silky black hair ran up to them and screamed” OI! THAT’S OUR BEAR!”

“WHAT!? He doesn’t belong to you, he is a bear that is destined to get revenge on the army that threw him out.”

In a split second Iorek charged at the man, held him up with his left hand and with the other he got his nail and stuck it down his throat instantly killing him. Blood came steaming through his mouth like a red waterfall.

A few seconds after that a gangway formed out of the busy street letting the two walk through. A horrible scraping sound screeching through the streets of the village. People covered their ears because of the horrific and ear splitting sound.

As soon as they got back to the lake Iorek ripped of his armour and dived into the freezing water. He came out of the water with a dead seal caught in his mouth.

By Lucas

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