Iorek’s Revenge

By Ella McBrien

Lyra looked towards the massive bear. He might of once of been an intimidating bear but they had stripped away all his power and glory and left him with nothing but shame. As she looked into his eyes she saw that they were alight with fire, they were full of blood-thirsty revenge. She felt Pan brush against her legs and she looked down to see him staring right into the eyes of Iorek Byrnison.

“Iorek,” Lyra called from her treetop perch, “Iorek I needed to tell you something!”

Iorek plodded towards her and grumpily said, “What do you want?”

“I want you to pledge to me that you will take no vengeance when you get your armour back.”

“Fine but if they get in the way they die. Understood!”

“Understood.” Lyra timidly repeated, she was beginning to have doubts about Iorek, he was always drinking and he always talked about killing the person who stole his armour.

By the time Lyra turned her gaze back to the huge bear, he had already disappeared off down the main road. Lyra chased after him, knowing that she couldn’t catch up with him but hoping to get there in time before he did anything irrational.

Iorek ran down the slope slipping and sliding as he went. He had almost reached the priest’s ramshackle home as the sun was beginning to rise. He knew he would just about make it for dawn. He skidded to a halt outside the priest’s doorway and thoughtfully walked up the steps before barging through the door, making the lock buckle in on its self. He roared. A roar so loud, so menacing that people from miles away could hear it. The maid, who had moments before been dusting a china plate, was running out the house screaming. Lyra couldn’t let this happen. She leapt ferociously onto the maid pulling her down to ground, so she wouldn’t make a noise. Iorek shrugged not knowing what the maid’s problem was. He knew exactly where to go; Lyra had shown him the redprints of the house before he’d left and headed towards the kitchen (if you didn’t know bears had very impressive memories) which was in the east wing of the house. Luckily, for Iorek there was no-one there. He headed down to the cellar, the stairs creaking beneath him, barely strong enough to hold his weight. He looked around the room with half amazement and half disgust, there were heads of every living animal Iorek knew and he didn’t ever thought existed. But there all on its own chained to the wall was his armour. Something about that fuelled his anger and he shredded the chains to pieces...