ARMOUR

An ear-bursting roar pierced through the chilly air, almost snowing with fog. Iorek Byrinson burst into the costly brick house and out of the spine-chilling night. Screams pierced through the grand house, mostly heading from maids and servants but the priest was also terrified of this thundering roar. He started to charge towards the 10ft high Panserbjørn down the crooked, old steps, which were shaped in a spiral and thought to be everlasting. Finally, they got to the bottom of the creaky, dusty staircase.

There were two doors, he burst into the first the door he could possibly see. He rummaged through the cellar. Spider webs were hanging down from the olden style ceiling. This cellar appeared to be a wine cellar. Smashing bottles, running around everywhere, he still couldn’t find his armour. He ran into the already damaged door, fuming with pure anger. He sprinted into the other wooden door, leading to a very large cellar, wondering if his magical armour would be there. As it was much larger, there was more space to hide his armour. But he wouldn’t stop. It was like he was in a life or death situation and to live he had to find his armour… and if he didn’t… death.

Tension was in the air as Iorek Byrinson swiftly ran around the cellar, almost like he couldn’t stop. The maids and servants were screeching as they all ran out, shivering into the darkness of the night. Safety was nowhere to be found. Iorek Byrinson roared once again. The house shook. Windows were shattering into the night. Chairs and tables were being flipped over, all just from one roar.

After a long period of time, there it was. After all those years, there it was, in a glass case. He lifted up the glass case and took out the armour with his very own hands for the first time in more than six years. He put the helmet on first and then he had to take a breath. He said it was magical, re-uniting with his armour. Step by step, he put on his armour. It looked dirty and old. And he couldn’t believe he was back with his armour. After years of waiting and trying and trying and trying again he got his armour back from that evil priest that stole his armour in the first place. If he didn’t do that in the first place, none of this would have even happened. He would have been safe and he would have had a fresh as new house with absolutely no damage done to it. What a silly man.

He walked up the crooked old steps with his armour on and he felt proud. He ripped out the blubber of a seal and he proudly rubbed it against his armour to clean all of the dirt and dust which has been collected from all these years in that dirty, manky cellar and the old glass case. He also cleaned his armour because he wanted to make sure that there was none of the Priest’s hand prints were all over the armour. He described it and said that nothing could change how he felt. Re-uniting with his freshly cleaned, by the repulsive blubber of a seal, armour. In the spine-chilling night, Iorek walked proud with his had held up high. He deeply hoped that that was the end of that awful priest again.