**Iorek’s Armour**

Iorek raced down the cobbled street; people scuttled out of his careering way. Pantalaimon soared overhead, pointing Lyra in the right direction as she tried to keep up with Iorek’s increasing pace. His grubby paws slid on the icy ground as he dashed through the now deserted road. He arrived at a stunning mahogany door painted in a vibrant scarlet. Iorek jumped violently onto it, crashing it onto the snow-covered ground.

The Priest’s house was full of beautiful hand-stitched tapestries that hung from thin copper bars. Iorek growled loudly before he charged through the furniture and down into the cellar. She retreated into a corner at the side of the street, making sure that no-one saw her. Pantalaimon took the form of a mighty snow leopard and stood in front of Lyra pouncing at anyone who came near. She clung to the wall, held the alethiometer tightly to her chest and breathed heavily.

Down-beneath the streets in the cellar there was not a person to be seen; Iorek had chased them away until nobody was left. It was dark and murky. The faint glow of a candle was the only light source. Iorek stared; round. He walked over to an ancient wooden chest clung together with a rusty metal padlock. He lashed at it with his jagged claws and tore it open. Inside lay his once gleaming armour, now corroded and grubby. Iorek snatched it in his pearl white teeth and dragged it up the rickety stairs.

 Suddenly, Lyra heard a thunderous crash. Iorek came storming out of the wrecked house ,with his armour clenched in his teeth. Lyra sprinted towards him, but instead of going to greet her, he jumped of the harbour and dived into the icy water without a splash. Guards were now surrounding the street. They held there pistols in front of them, ready to shoot the first sign of movement. Lyra stood still like a frozen statue -her hands numb in the minus ten degree cold. Her heart beating rapidly as she waited…

A few minutes later, Iorek emerged from the water with a dead seal clenched between his jaws. The guards aimed their guns. Iorek took no notice and ripped open the animal, rubbing its blubber over his armour. He put it on and growled fiercely at the guards. They scampered away, dropping their guns as they sprinted round the corner of the street. Lyra hurried over to where Iorek was standing. She smiled gently at him before throwing herself onto his back. Lyra calmly stroked his soft, silk like fur as they bolted off into the horizon.