

First Catch Your Dragon

Long ago, on the wild and windy isle of Berk, a smallish Viking with a longish name stood up to his ankles in snow.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the Hope and Heir to the Tribe of the Hair hooligans, had been feeling slightly sick ever since he woke up that morning.

Ten boys, including Hiccup were hoping to become full members of the Tribe by passing the Dragon Initiation Programme. They were standing on a bleak little beach at the bleakest spot on the whole bleak island. A heavy snow was falling.

“PAY ATTENTION!” screamed Gobber the Belch, the soldier in charge of the teaching initiation. ‘This will be your first military operation, and Hiccup will be commanding the team.’”

“Oh, not Hiccup,” groaned Dogsbreath the Duhbrain and most of the older boys. “You can’t put Hiccup in charge sir, he’s USELESS.’”

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the Hope and Heir to the Tribe of the Hairy Hooligans, wiped his nose miserably on his sleeve. He sank a little deeper into the snow. “ANYBODY would be better than Hiccup”, sneered Snotface Snotlout. “Even Fishlegs would be better than Hiccup.”

Fishlegs had a squint that made him as blind as a jellyfish, and an allergy to reptiles. “SILENCE!” roared Gobber the Belch. “The next boy to speak has limpets for lunch for the next THREE WEEKS!” There was absolute silence immediately. Limpets are a bit like worms and a bit like snot and a lot less tasty than either.