HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON SCHOOL

Doom of the Darkwing

written and illustrated by

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HODDER

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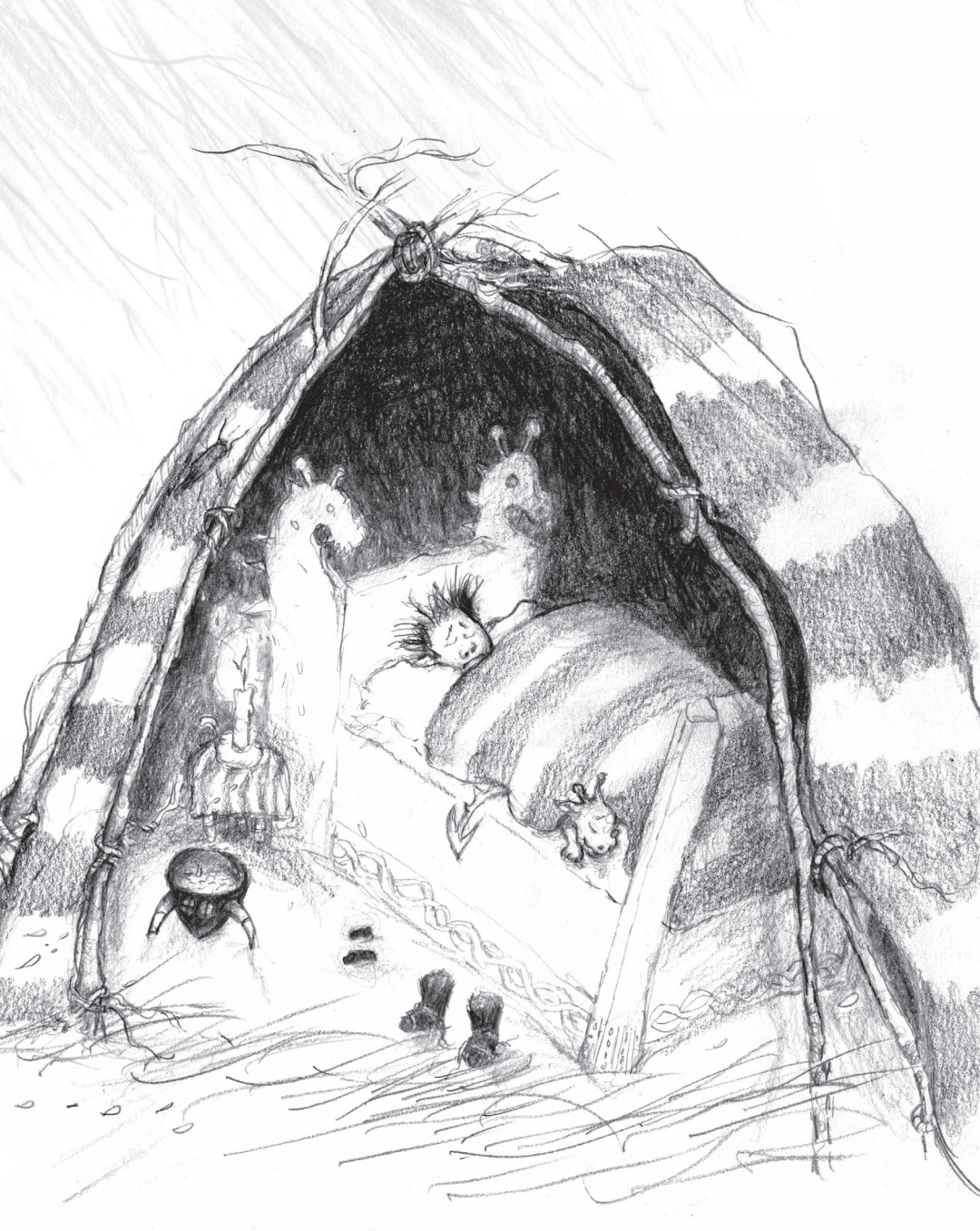
1. SOMETIMES IT MIGHT BE BETTER FOR A HERO *NOT* TO GET OUT OF BED

Meanwhile on the Isle of Berk, it rained and it rained and it rained.

It rained so hard that the little Hooligan village had grown tired of waiting for the gods to stop crying, for Thor's sake, and the rain to end.

Two nights before April Fule's Day, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third had the most terrible nightmares.

Hiccup was the only son and Heir of Stoick the Vast, O Hear His Name and Tremble, Ugh,



Ugh, Chief of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe. He was a skinny, ordinary-looking boy and a most unlikely Viking Hero.

Hiccup dreamt he was out in the Open Ocean in a boat that was sinking… and he couldn't find his friend Camicazi, however hard he shouted, 'Camicazi! Camicazi? *Where are you?*'

But when he awoke, sweating, it was all just a dream.

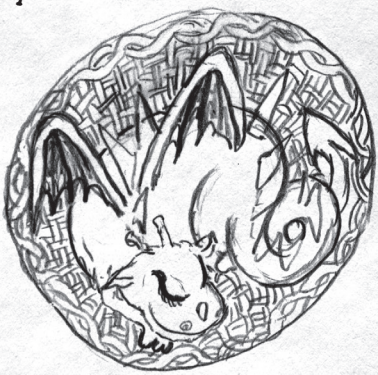
The wind was howling hard outside, yet he was warm in his snug bed of furs, his dragon Toothless asleep at his feet.

For a while Hiccup wallowed in the lovely warm feeling of being safe after all. But he could not rid himself of a nagging worry. It felt like one of those days when it really would be better not to get out of bed.

And as soon as Hiccup put a shivering foot out of the nice warm snuggly furs and down on to the cold earth floor… he stepped straight on to something wet

The Common-Or-Garden or Basic Brown

These are the easiest dragons to train, but should never be left alone with young children. Toothless looks very like a Common-or-Garden Dragon with a spot on the end of his nose, but he thinks he is his own special breed of dragon that he calls a 'Toothless Daydream'.



~ STATISTICS ~

COLOURS: Green and yellow, all shades of brown.
ARMED WITH: Basic teeth and claws.
FEAR FACTOR:.....3
ATTACK:.....3
SPEED:.....4
SIZE:.....4
DISOBEDIENCE:.....1

and squidgy and perfectly revolting.

'Oh *yucky*!' he groaned, trying to wipe it off, and he threw back the covers where Toothless, his little green hunting-dragon, was snoring contentedly, toasty warm and comfy, bluey-grey smoke huffing out of his little green nostrils.

Toothless was the smallest, cutest, most wriggly, Common-or-Garden hunting-dragon that anybody had ever seen.

He was also the naughtiest.

'Toothless!
Wake up!'

scolded Hiccup in Dragonese, which is the language that dragons speak to one another.

For Hiccup was a Dragon-whisperer.

Learning to Speak Dragonese

Hiccup: Issa dis yow cack-cack, Toothless?
Is this your poo, Toothless?

Toothless (shaking head): O na na na na na... Sna Toothless, sna Toothless snotever...
O no no no no no no… Not Toothless… not Toothless at all…

Hiccup: Squiffington na yow... squonsequently hooby wozzit?
If it wasn't you… then who was it?

PAUSE

Toothless: Woz YOW.
It was YOU.

Hiccup (slightly hysterical): Est yow gabba mi, mi cack-cack on mi wone runnerbox-support, makka dis OOBLIGOSH squidlibumps ald-circliwash di zuzz-spot, wi-opps squeeven COGGAGREATING sa???
Are you telling me I pooed on my OWN floor, making this TERRIBLE mess all over the bedroom, without even REALISING it???

Toothless: O yessee, yessee, das oopla correcto... Ipps yow zip di peepers.
O yes, yes, that's right… In your sleep.

He was one of the only Vikings who could speak and understand this fascinating language.

Toothless opened his eyes, yawned twice, saw his Master's red, cross face and said quickly, 'T-T-Toothless not done it.'

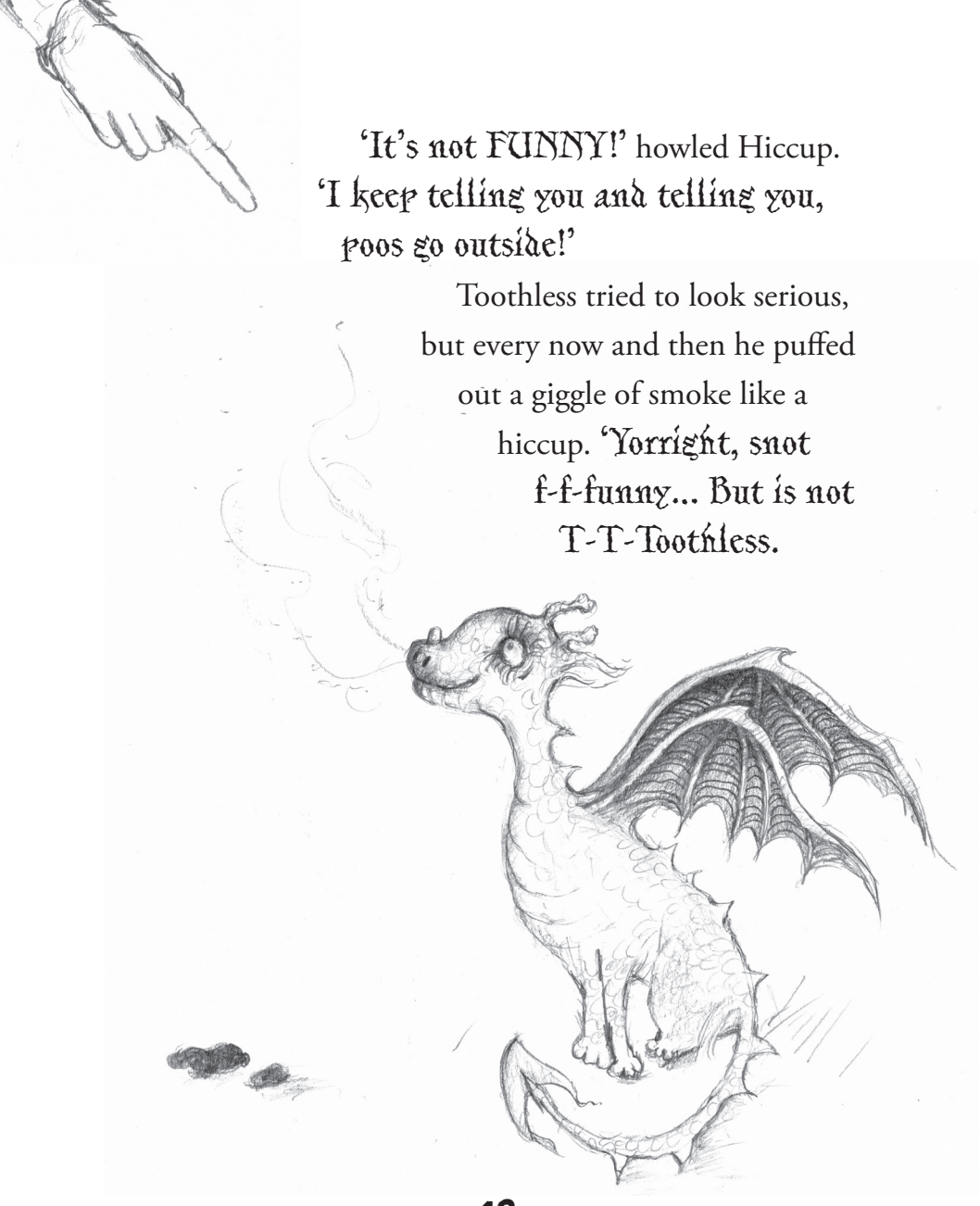
'Not done *what*, Toothless?' stormed Hiccup.

'W-W-Whatever it is,' said Toothless, opening his greengage eyes innocently. 'Toothless n-n-not there. Toothless out f-f-flying. Toothless somewhere else entirely. Issit about the c-c-cake? Cos Toothless d-d-definitely *not* eat that cake.' Toothless shook his head solemnly till his horns wobbled. 'Toothless H-H-HATES scrummi-delumptious cakes. Iss prob'ly Fiddlesticks.' (Fiddlesticks was the cat.) 'Fiddlesticks is *ever* so g-g-greedy... '

'It's not about the cake, Toothless, it's

about THIS,' said Hiccup, crossly pointing at the remains of a small brown poo on the floor and the bottom of his foot.

Toothless peered over the side of the bed and gave a start of guilt. 'Oh, that's not T-T-Toothless, not Toothless at all... Ooooh, look you've stepped in it! Iss funny!' He rolled over in such shrieks of giggles, you could hardly see him through the smoke puffing from his nostrils.



'It's not FUNNY!' howled Hiccup. 'I keep telling you and telling you, poos go outside!'

Toothless tried to look serious, but every now and then he puffed out a giggle of smoke like a hiccup. 'Yorright, snot f-f-funny... But is not T-T-Toothless.

Is not Toothless at all...'

'If it wasn't you,' asked Hiccup, 'then who was it?'

Toothless looked him straight in the eyes. 'Was Y-Y-YOU,' he said firmly.

Words failed Hiccup. 'So you're trying to tell me,' he said eventually, 'that I pooed on my OWN floor without realising it?'

'That's right.' Toothless nodded earnestly. 'In your s-s-sleep.' Toothless gave his wings a shake, and flapped up into the air and out of reach. 'T-T-Toothless f-f-forgives you,' he said kindly, from a safe point up on the ceiling.

Now, you would have thought that this whole mishap would have been a warning to Hiccup. If the first act of your day is to step in dragon poo, perhaps you should take it as a sign from the gods to go back to bed and stay there.

And, in fact, on such a cold, windy, rainy morning, Hiccup might normally have taken his porridge back into bed to eat it. But it was a little smelly in the bedroom even after Hiccup had cleaned up the poo, so he stayed at the breakfast table, shivering and listening to the wind blowing outside.