

Hiccup's Diary

Thursday 12th December 785AD

What a day! Where do I begin? Today I completed the first step in becoming a full member of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe. It was completely nerve-wracking. I've read a lot about dragons and I knew just how dangerous it was to get this close to so many of them. I didn't understand why the other boys seemed so excited.

I felt so apprehensive about the whole thing. As the son of the chief of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, the pressure was on to prove myself to be a confident Viking hero but Fishlegs and I have never felt much like heroes. Gobber the Belch was shouting instructions at us in his unnecessarily loud, bellowing voice. I did my best to ignore Snotlout's rude comments but inside I felt incensed, particularly when he got his sidekick, Dogsbreath, to shove us into the snow.

Anyway, after a terrifying climb, we reached the entrance to the Dragon Nursery. Of course Snotlout made me go in first to check it was safe. I think that was a pretty courageous thing to do. Naturally, Snotlout and the other boys went straight for the fiercest dragons they could find. I picked up a Common or Garden and was just relieved to have one at all.

Just as we were about to leave, Fishlegs let out the most almighty sneeze. (He has always suffered from a nasty reptile allergy.) Next thing I knew we were running for our lives but all Fishlegs cared about was the fact that he didn't have a dragon. Out of frustration, I gave him mine and rushed back inside the cave just in time to grab another one. Thank goodness Gobber was there to fight off the dragons as we swam and ran to safety.

The biggest disappointment of the day came when I nervously opened my dragon basket to reveal what must have been the world's smallest dragon! Old Wrinkly says I'm meant to be destined for great things but, with that miniature dragon, I'm just going to look utterly ridiculous!