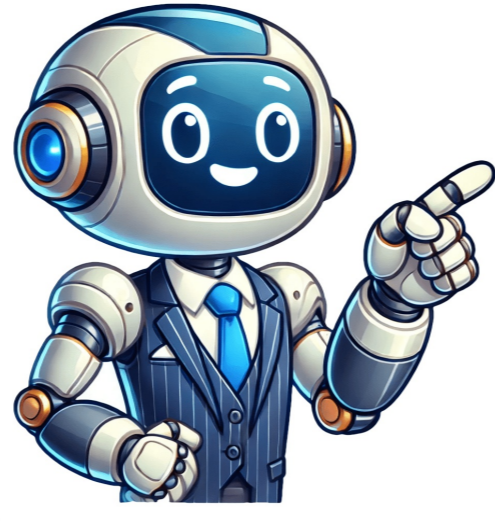


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How to train your dragon book 1 download

How to Train Your Dragon Book Series Inspires Movie Franchise with Millions Sold Worldwide Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, a quiet Viking son, passes the initiation test of his clan by catching and training a dragon in the book that started it all. Can he succeed without being torn apart? Join Hiccup's adventures as he finds a new way to train dragons and becomes a hero. Cressida Cowell is the globally bestselling author and illustrator of the How to Train Your Dragon series, which has sold over 8 million books worldwide in 42 languages. Her next series, The Wizards of Once, was an international bestseller. Cressida is also known for her Emily Brown picture books and the Which Way series. The series has been adapted into a hit movie franchise and has won numerous awards, including the Gold Award in the Nestle Children's Book Prize and Philosophy Now' magazine's 2015 Award for Contributions in the Fight Against Stupidity. Cressida was the Waterstones Children's Laureate from 2019 to 2022. She grew up in London and on a small island off Scotland's west coast, now living with her husband, three children, and dog Pigeon in Hammersmith. Book series details: - Titles available for download through eRead Kids and Overdrive apps. - Various titles in the How to Train Your Dragon series by Cressida Cowell, performed by David Tennant. - Durations range from 2:41 to 5:02 minutes. When I was a young boy, there were these enormous sky-dragons that inhabited the cliff tops like giant birds of prey. Then there were the little brown dragon creatures that hunted down rodents in packs, and the enormous Sea Dragons which could reach sizes twenty times bigger than the Blue Whale. Unfortunately, they're all disappearing rapidly, leaving behind nothing for future generations to remember them by. I'm sharing this true story from my childhood because I don't want these incredible creatures to be forgotten. Now, as a young Viking named Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, I wasn't exactly the natural-born Hero type. In fact, becoming a Hero was something I had to work hard for, and it didn't come easily. This story takes place in the wild isle of Berk, where Hiccup lives with his tribe, the Hooligans. Ten boys, including Hiccup, were vying to become full members by passing the Dragon Initiation Program. On this bleak island, a heavy snow was falling as they stood on a small beach. Their instructor, Gobber the Belch, was a giant of a man with a mad glint in his eye and a fiery personality to match. He screamed at them to pay attention and announced that Hiccup would be leading their team for the day's mission: "FIRST CATCH YOUR DRAGON!" The other boys groaned at this news, knowing that Hiccup was not exactly the best candidate for leadership. Gobber explained that it wasn't about being the best, but rather a tradition of the Hooligan Tribe. However, his words only seemed to make things worse, as Hiccup felt even more useless in front of his peers. Little did he know what challenges awaited him and his team on this fateful day. Bellowed Gobber, "Lesser humans train hawks to hunt for them, horses to carry them. It is only the VIKING HEROES who dare to tame the wildest, most dangerous creatures on Earth." Gobber spat solemnly into the snow. "There are three parts to the Dragon Initiation Test. The first and most dangerous part is a test of your courage and skill at burglary. If you wish to enter the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, you must first catch your dragon. And that is WHY," continued Gobber, at full volume, "I have brought you to this scenic spot. Take a look at Wild Dragon Cliff itself." The ten boys tipped their heads backward. The cliff loomed dizzily high above them, black and sinister. In summer you could barely even see the cliff as dragons of all shapes and sizes swarmed over it, snapping and biting and sending up a cacophony of noise that could be heard all over Berk. But in winter the dragons were hibernating and the cliff fell silent, except for the ominous, low rumble of their snores. Hiccup could feel the vibrations through his sandals. "Now," said Gobber, "do you notice those four caves about halfway up the cliff, grouped roughly in the shape of a skull?" The boys nodded. "Inside the cave that would be the right eye of the skull is the Dragon Nursery, where there are, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, three thousand young dragons having their last few weeks of winter sleep." "OOOOOH," muttered the boys excitedly. 7 Hiccup swallowed hard. He happened to know considerably more about dragons than anybody else there. Ever since he was a small boy, he'd been fascinated by the creatures. He'd spent hour after long hour dragon watching in secret. And what Hiccup had learned about dragons told him that walking into a cave with three thousand dragons in it was an act of madness. No one else seemed too concerned, however. "In a few minutes I want you to take one of these baskets and start climbing the cliff," commanded Gobber the Belch. "Once you are at the cave entrance, you are on your own. I am too large to squeeze my way into the tunnels that lead to the Dragon Nursery. You will enter the cave QUIETLY-- and that means you too, Warthog, unless you want to become the first spring meal for three thousand hungry dragons, HA HA HA HA!" Gobber laughed heartily at his little joke, then continued. "Dragons this size are normally fairly harmless to man, but in these numbers they will set upon you like piranhas. There'd be nothing left of even a fatso like you, Warthog -- just a pile of bones & your helmet. HA HA HA HA! So . . . you will walk QUIETLY through the cave and each boy will steal ONE sleeping dragon. Lift the dragon GENTLY from the rock and place it in your basket. Any questions so far?" Nobody had any questions. "In the unlikely event that you DO wake the dragons - and you would have to be IDIOTICALLY STUPID to do so -- run like thunder for the entrance to the cave. Dragons do not like cold weather and the snow will probably stop them in their tracks." 9 Later on, when you're an old Warrior of the Tribe, but for now, choose the biggest creature that will fit in your basket without lingering too long in there - especially not in a cave full of three thousand sleeping dragons! Gobber continued cheerfully, "Return without a dragon and you'll be put into immediate exile. The Hairy Hooligan Tribe has no use for failures. Only the strong can belong." Unhappily, Hiccup gazed out at the distant horizon, seeing nothing but snow and sea as far as the eye could see. Exile didn't look too promising either. RIGHT! Each boy got a basket to put their dragon in and they set off. The boys rushed to get their baskets, chattering excitedly. Snotlout boasted about getting one of those Monstrous Nightmare dragons with extra-extendable claws. Speedifist disagreed, saying only the son of a chief could have one. Hiccup's father was Stoick the Vest, the fearsome chief of the Hairy Hooligan tribe. "HIC-CUP?" sneered Snotlout. "If he's as useless at this as he is at Bashyball, we'll be lucky if he even gets one of the Basic Browns." The Basic Brown was the most common type of dragon, a serviceable beast but without much glamour. The boys scrambled into line, baskets on their backs, and stood to attention. Gobber walked along the line, lighting each boy's torch from the great flare in his hand. "In half an hour, you'll be a Viking Warrior with your faithful serpent at your side..." Snotlout, a rough-looking boy with tattoos and a small moustache, took charge as they approached the cave. Hiccup, on the other hand, was unremarkable, skinny, and freckled, easy to overlook in a crowd. As Snotlout pushed him aside, Dogsbreath, his sidekick, stepped forward with a menacing grin. "Okay, listen up," Snotlout whispered. "I'm in charge, not the Useless." He gave Hiccup a shove that sent him tumbling into the snow. The boys paid attention as Snotlout instructed them to rope themselves together, with Dogsbreath taking pleasure in pushing Fishlegs down to join Hiccup in the snow. As they began their perilous climb up the slippery rocks, Hiccup nervously led the way after putting his lighted torch between his teeth. The ascent was treacherous, with overexcited boys making it far too hasty, but they eventually reached the mouth of the cave. Snotlout ordered them to untie their ropes as he gazed at the sea below with excitement coursing through his veins... Hiccup ventures into the cave, driven by his status as the son of the Chief. His bravery is called into question by those around him, but Hiccup's determination to catch a dragon proves that he's not afraid. As they navigate through the tunnel, the group faces numerous challenges, including steep inclines and claustrophobic passages. The air grows thick with the stench of dragons, and the sound of snoring grows louder. The cavern is teeming with life, and Hiccup is both fascinated and terrified by the sheer scale of it all. Hiccup's focus is on avoiding detection, while his companions are drawn to the thrill of the hunt. Snotlout seeks to claim a fearsome Monstrous Nightmare for himself, reveling in the attention and admiration of others. The group's antics are fueled by their desire for excitement, even if it means ignoring the dangers that lurk within the cave. As they move deeper into the cavern, Hiccup must summon every ounce of courage to keep his wits about him. Tribe. And an unsettling Chief, as Snotlout intended, required a formidable dragon. Warthog and Dogsbreath quarrelled in hushed tones over a Gronckle, a heavily-armored brute with fangs like kitchen knives protruding. Dogsbreath won, then accidentally dropped it while trying to stash it in his basket. The beast's weaponry clattered loudly as it hit the cavern floor. The Gronckle opened its beady eyes. Everyone held their breath. It stared ahead, expressionless. Hiccup was paralyzed with suspense, noting that the gossamer-thin third eyelid remained down. For a few heart-stopping moments, it stayed that way until... It slowly closed its upper lids again. Miraculously, none of the other dragons stirred, though some groggily opened their eyes before settling back into their stupor. Hiccup exhaled, wondering if these dragons were too comatose to wake up. Fishlegs was resolute to get himself a cool dragon, but his determination put everyone in danger. Hiccup tried to wake him, begging him not to do it. However, Fishlegs refused to listen and picked up one of the dragons from the pile, which led to chaos as the entire collection came crashing down. The boys were horrified by the commotion, while most of the Nadders snapped at each other before settling back to sleep. One of them, however, started to awaken, and Hiccup was relieved that its third eyelid was still in place. They waited for it to close its eyes, but instead, it let out four massive sneezes, causing the dragon's head to whip around towards Fishlegs. The Nadder's eyes snapped into focus on Fishlegs, and it unfolded its wings before advancing stealthily. Hiccup shouted a warning and grabbed Fishlegs's arm, dragging him away as they both ran for the exit tunnel in the dark. They had two minutes' start on the dragons, but they could hear them roaring and flapping behind them. As they ran, Fishlegs kept insisting that he didn't have a dragon, which frustrated Hiccup even more. In a desperate move, Hiccup handed his basket to Fishlegs and told him to keep it, before turning back toward the narrow tunnel to distract the dragons. Fishlegs was left confused and worried, repeating his earlier statement about not having a dragon. Hiccup eventually returned with a rock to fend off a pursuing dragon's nose, and they both managed to reach the end of the final tunnel, where they could see light from outside. Hiccup was getting ready to follow a dragon when another pounced on him instead. He managed to crawl towards some light just in time. Then, a dragon bit his leg and Hiccup dragged the animal with him. As soon as he got to safety, Gobber pulled him out, with dragons chasing after them. "JUMP!" Gobber yelled, then hit another dragon with an axe blow. "What do you mean? No time to climb down," he added. Hiccup leaped off the cliff and landed safely in water. When he got there, he was surprised to be alive, but it didn't feel like being underwater because of how fast he had fallen. He surfaced and saw Gobber landing a nearby, sending waves everywhere. Shrieking, dragons attacked them again, but they soon flew away due to the cold. Hiccup watched as they left, then waited for his friends to be pulled out of the water. They were rescued just in time because the cold was starting to put him to sleep. Gobber grabbed Hiccup and threw him onto the rocks, almost drowning him again, but he was at least alive Gobber stood with his legs wide apart, brandishing his massive double-headed axe as he let out a blood-curdling yell that echoed through the gorge and sent shivers down Hiccup's spine. Dragons tend to prioritize self-preservation, but they're more fearless when hunting in packs. Sensing their numbers advantage, they didn't falter for an instant, instead, they kept charging forward. Hiccup released his grip on the axe as it soared into the air, hitting the largest dragon and instantly killing it before burying itself in a snowbank hundreds of feet away. This unexpected turn of events made the remaining dragons hesitate, with some frantically trying to escape while others froze, emitting defiant screams but maintaining a safe distance. Gobber grumbled, "Waste of a good axe," as he urged his team to press on, warning them that the dragons might return. Hiccup needed no encouragement and sprinted out of the gorge onto the marshy terrain behind it. Some time later, when Gobber deemed they were far enough away from Wild Dragon Cliff, he instructed the boys to stop and counted heads to ensure none had been left behind. Gobber had spent a harrowing ten minutes in front of the dragons' cave, worrying about what he would say to Stoick if Hiccup was lost. Eventually, he came up with a tactless but honest apology: "Hiccup copped it. SORRY." Though secretly relieved, his mood wasn't improved by this development. Upon recovering his breath, Gobber unleashed a tirade against the boys, "NEVER...in FOURTEEN YEARS .. have I come across such a load of HOPELESS BARNACLES as you lot. WHICH OF YOU USELESS MOLLUSKS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR WAKING UP THE DRAGONS?????" Hiccup replied, "I was," which wasn't entirely accurate. Gobber's outburst continued with him praising Hiccup's leadership skills, despite the young boy's best efforts to sabotage himself and his comrades. Snotlout snickered at this, but Gobber's warning tone soon silenced him. As a result of Hiccup's actions, everyone was put on rations for three weeks. Snotlout sneered at Hiccup, saying he couldn't wait to see the young boy in action on the battlefield. Gobber cut Snotlout short, bellowing "SILENCE!" and reminding them that this was their initiation, not a leisure trip. The boys reluctantly fell silent as Gobber continued. "Now, although that was an absolute mess, it wasn't a total disaster. I PRESUME you all do have a dragon now...?" They chorused in agreement. Fishlegs gave Hiccup a sideways glance as he stared straight ahead. Lucky for you, Gobber said ominously. So, you have all passed the first part of the Dragon Test. But there's still two more parts to complete before becoming a full member of the Tribe. Your next task is to train this dragon yourself. This will be a test of your personality and willpower. You'll need to assert control over this wild creature and show it who's master. The dragon will expect simple commands like "go" and "stay," and it will hunt fish for you, just like the dragons have done for the Sons of Thor. Gobber looked pleased with himself as he told them about a book called "How to Train Your Dragon" by Professor Yobbish. He said he stole it from the library and even bragged about it. But then Warthog asked what happens if they can't read, and Gobber scolded him for boasting. The dragons are in hibernation during this time, so you'll need to put them in a warm place until they wake up in a few weeks. The boys were told they have four months to prepare for Initiation Day and the final part of their Test. If they can prove that their dragon is trained to Gobber's satisfaction, they can become a Hooligan of Berk. The boys stood tall, trying to look like proper Hooligans as Gobber yelled "HEROES OR EXILE!" Eight boys joined in, and Fishlegs looked worried about being exiled. Hiccup reluctantly accepted another dragon from Fishlegs' basket, despite having no intention of keeping it. "You can have this back if you want," Fishlegs said miserably. "They're filthy heavy when wet and angry." Gobber would be furious when he found out Hiccup didn't have a dragon. But Hiccup insisted he already had one in his basket. Fishlegs was stunned, claiming he knew the dragon belonged to him. Hiccup explained he'd gotten it from a tunnel while running away from another dragon, and somehow sensed its presence. Fishlegs was amazed, saying how he could have known something so specific about such a dark place. Hiccup found this small dragon on his mother's side. He told Hiccup he had seen into the future and that Hiccup was destined for greatness. This surprising dragon could be Hiccup's path to becoming a Hero! Hiccup took off the basket and checked if it was alive. "It's very still," said Fishlegs, who was now unsure about the Fate theory. "Is it really alive?" "It's just asleep," said Hiccup. He felt that the gods were on his side when he opened the basket. With trembling hands, Hiccup looked inside and joined Fishlegs. Things weren't looking good anymore. There, curled up asleep in the basket, lay a very ordinary Common dragon. 43 [Image: A small dragon] 44 This dragon was truly special because of its incredible smallness. Most dragons used by Vikings for hunting were about the size of a Labrador retriever. The adolescent dragons weren't that big either, but this one was comparable to a West Highland Terrier. Hiccup couldn't understand how he had missed it when picking up the dragon in the tunnel. He thought perhaps it was because he was distracted. "That's a sign," said Hiccup, "if you like. You grab a Deadly Nadder and what do you get? A Basic Brown. I grab a dragon in the dark and what do I get? A Common or Garden." The gods were telling them they were not meant to be Heroes, Fishlegs said. But Hiccup was meant to be one, he remembered. He would be a Hero, Fishlegs said. While Fishlegs had doubts about Snotlout's abilities, Hiccup wasn't going to be in the same position as him anymore. This small dragon was going to make it difficult for Hiccup to take his place fading into the background and even harder for Snotlout to deal with. 46 Chapter 4 HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON "HA HA HA HA!" Snotlout laughed so hard he couldn't speak, showing off the dragons that he had caught. Snotlout burst out laughing when he finally caught his breath. "Oh, this is fantastic!" he exclaimed, holding up a peculiar creature in its basket. "Behold, Fireworm! What do you think, Hiccup? A brown bunny rabbit with wings? A flower fairy? A fluffy flying frog?" Speedifist sneered at Hiccup's dragon, which was busy yawning. Snotlout laughed so hard that Fishlegs had to hold him up. "Toothless!" he cried. "Hiccup has found himself the only toothless dragon in the world! This is too good." Fishlegs defended Hiccup, saying that Fireworm was rightfully his. Snotlout twisted Fishlegs's arm viciously and threatened to exile anyone with a disability like his. But when Fishlegs reminded him that Hiccup would be the next Chief of the tribe, Snotlout dropped Fishlegs's arm and advanced menacingly on Hiccup. "Oh, he is, is he?" Snotlout sneered. "So I'm not allowed that Monstrous Nightmare? Our Future Leader isn't saying anything about it, is he? Come on, Hiccup, I'm stealing your inheritance. What are you going to do about it, then?" Fishlegs suggested that Hiccup challenge Snotlout for the dragon. The boys all looked solemnly at Hiccup, who muttered under his breath. Snotlout was a formidable opponent, known for wearing bronze-tipped sandals and being able to dish out a beating with ease. But Hiccup couldn't ignore this insult without looking like a coward in front of the other boys. He decided to challenge Snotlout... Snotface Snotlout announced his challenge to Hiccup, claiming Fireworm as his right. Hiccup accepted, but Snotlout was too eager and grinned at the prospect of defeating him. The two agreed to settle things with their fists instead of axes, which would be a terrible idea. Snotlout boasted about his future victory, citing his sporting ability, Viking courage, and capacity for mindless violence. He taunted Hiccup about Toothless, saying it was only a matter of time before he'd surpass him as the Chief of the Tribe. As Snotlout left, he kicked Hiccup on the shins. Later, Fishlegs apologized to Hiccup for getting him involved in the challenge. Hiccup shrugged it off, knowing someone would've goaded him into doing something like that anyway. The two friends then headed to the Great Hall to find a book recommended by Gobber: "How to Train Your Dragon" by Professor Yobbish. The hall was chaotic with young barbarians fighting and playing Bashyball. Hiccup and Fishlegs found the book hidden away in the fireplace. As they opened it, they discovered that it was dedicated to someone's mommy, with love from their dearest you. Given article text here Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, a smallish skinny red-haired boy, is not expected to be a hero. However, he has decided to take on this role. The story begins during the first part of the dragon initiation test, where all young boys are gathered to become full members of the tribe. She's got no teeth and an attitude to match! Meanwhile Snotlout has a fire-breathing dragon named Fireworm, which sounds like its owner - a total bully. Then there's this massive seadragon just chillin' on the beach, probably eyeing everyone as lunch. The book's alright, but it does feel a bit rushed in some parts and then slows down unexpectedly when it does get into details. Don't expect it to be anything like the movie; same names, totally different story. Otherwise, it's a really good read!

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