**How to train a dragon.**

**Opening – Introduces main character.**

A long time ago in the depth of history, the Vikings were feared throughout the land for their: furious battle skills, violent natures and unusual customs.

Our story takes place in a faraway land where dragons rule and torment the villagers. Sat high above a glassy, mirror like lake is the village of Scarrsgaurd. The ruler of this village is Chief Erik, who is a fierce warrior. However, his son – Hiccup – does not share his father’s reputation or beliefs. Many of the villagers think of him as a waste of space and a disappointment for his father because of his timid and reserved manner.

**Build up – The main character is treated badly.**

All of the village children were out training to become lethal warriors. They were learning how to fight and capture their most fierce- some nemesis: dragons! During a break in the training, whilst the children were meant to be resting and catching their breath, they all huddled around Hiccup, who had been useless and had dropped his sword and lost it in the mud.

“You’re pathetic, weak and useless. You bring shame on your father and this village!” Freda whispered menacingly.

“Yeah, you’re feeble and a sorry excuse for a Viking.” Thor announced.

Laughing loudly, they all turned their backs on Hiccup and walked away to return back to their training. With tears streaming down his face, Hiccup scurried away and out of sight to his secret hiding place, where he kept all of his most treasured possessions: books and inventions.

**Problem - Main character faces his difficulties.**

Later that evening, all the village was gathered within Chief Erik’s mighty mead- hall. Feasting, rejoicing and celebrating loudly as they had conquered the neighbouring village. When all of a sudden, a thunderous roar pierced the night sky. Terror descended and fear spread like wild fire amongst the gathered villagers. The Chief declared that all fighting warriors were to gather arms and weapons and head out to face the oncoming danger. Picking up his silver sword, Hiccup began to head towards the door with the rest of the warriors.

“Where do you think you are going? You’re not a fighter and I cannot have anyone out there who may bring more danger upon us.” Chief Erik shouted from his dais.

“But, but…. I must go, I’m a warrior too. I can help too.” Hiccup pleaded with his Dad.

All around, all of the other warriors were smirking and sneering at Hiccup. His cheeks flushed red; tears welled in his eyes, through embarrassment.

“You must go with the babies and hide in the cellar. I don’t have time for this.” Chief Erik called crossly as he slammed the door behind him.

**Resolution – Main character overcomes the difficulties.**

Unknown to his father, he had been secretly working on a new invention which he hoped would turn the tide of this never ending battle. Ducking into a shadowy corner, Hiccup waited until the mead – hall was empty. Cautiously poking his head out, he checked to see if the coast was clear. Dashing towards his secret hideout, he opened the worn ancient oak doorway. Retrieving his equipment, he quickly assembled his invention and dragged it outside. On the outside he looked calm (Inside he was praying it would work). Exhaustedly, he finally arrived at the edge of the cliff. Peering over the edge of the cliff, terror bubbled uncontrollable up inside of him. All around his was mayhem. A piercing shriek echoed around the cliff top and everything fell silent; not even a breath of wind could be heard. The Nightfury was upon them; it was the most feared of all dragons! With shaking hands, Hiccup lined up his catapult and waited. With baited breath he paused for the perfect moment, ready to unleash his trap. Firing wildly, the net shot into the distance and disappeared.

**Ending – achieves recognition.**

All was quiet, the battle won. The victorious warriors arrived back and gathered once more in the mead – hall. Chief Erik was dashing here and there, desperately searching for Hiccup for there was no sign of him. The doors of the mead – hall suddenly flung open and everyone stopped. Turing in anticipation, they could not believe their eyes. Proud and defiant, Hiccup rode in on his prize. He was sat on the back of the deadliest dragon of all time – Nightfury. Rushing towards him, with arms out stretched, the villagers all cheered. They all raised a toast to the bravest of warriors, Hiccup.