Another day, another incident where fourteen-year-old Hiccup has screwed up, another berating from his father. This time things go too far and Stoick, intentionally or not, banishes him from Berk. Over the next five years, Stoick accepts that his only son has likely perished, whilst at the edge of the world Hiccup discovers the kindness of dragons, the ferocity of women, and the destruction of war.

As he founds the Dragon Riders he vows to keep his new family, human or dragon, safe, at any cost and by any means.

Word reaches Berk of the Dragon Master, a dark creature more demon than man, with a sword made of fire, and a Night Fury at his side few believe the rumours to be true and none suspect him their heir.

But one day they will meet again.

There's not so much a plan for this as a I have a vague idea of where it's going and I'll take each page as it comes. I'm trying to go for a whole adventure saga vibe. Not too different from the films/tv show but without the support from Berk. I wanted to keep Astrid involved so she has a very different history. Anyway let me know what you think and as I said the plot isn't set in stone so I'm happy to take any suggestion for improvements or divergences.

I'm also hoping to include lots of nods to Norse mythology which seemed like a much simpler idea before i began my research on that, if I mess any of that up please let me know.
The world was still and silent when their ships docked on Viggo’s shores.

It roared and burned before they set down to feast.

The girl’s screams ripped from her drowning cage, black wings beat in the sky overhead.

Demons walked the earth that night and the Norn’s brought back his son.

The world ended and began anew.

And by daylight; they would all be dead.

*Five years Earlier*

Stoick ‘s heart pounded as his feet under him carried him to the cliff’s edge, the sun was just beginning to tint the seas pink, that empty still sea. No boat lingered in its waters, and no boat would sail swiftly enough to catch the one which had made sail in last nights storm. No wreckage littered their shorelines, but no child rested in his bed. His breath gasped out of him and another, and another and he fell to his knees a sob ripping from his chest.

“What have I done?”

Last evenings argument raged through his mind, he’d been so angry, said things he never meant to say. It was always arguments between them, Himself yelling, Hiccup trying to explain. No explanation had ever led Stoick to understand Hiccups strange ever moving mind. The boy had entire worlds inside of his head, worlds and dreams and ideas that on paper seemed impossible. He had never been able to focus on the things in front of him, such simple tasks seemed insurmountable for Hiccup and would always lead him to some convoluted alternative that he would then have to be dragged away from. A few years ago Stoick had thought to occupy the boy with simple heavy tasks, that would require little intelligence or skill and would build his strength, and so he had handed him over to Gobber to complete whatever basic tasks the forge required, hammer this, sharpen that, whilst leaving the complicated crafting of weaponry, tools and ships to the more skilled blacksmith’s. It hadn’t worked as planned. Nothing with Hiccup ever did. At first they had been pleased, Hiccup had been eager to learn and seemed to pick up far more than Gobber taught, but it had quickly spiralled out of control, rather than taking this new knowledge and creating swords and maces for their armoury, Hiccup had discovered a new way for his peculiar mind to get out and suddenly the forge was filled with strange complex creations that no one could use and would randomly when handled explode letting loose ropes or arrows on unsuspecting victims. Some creations sat idle with no apparent purpose, even under heavy questioning Hiccups explanations for these devices would be akin to that of some magic box able to do things that if functioning would break the rules of all known science.
Chaos and destruction followed the boy and despite his insistence that he wished to learn, any attempt at training him to fight with fist or sword merely led to distraction and more creation and more destruction. At 14 years old and no apparent talents Stoick had despaired over the boy, heir to a people who despised him. If his own people thought he was a joke, so would their enemies. Under Hiccup’s rule their land would fall to whoever got there first. He had said as much to Hiccup. Telling him in a fit of anger over some minor chaos that had achieved nothing but to burn a new scar onto his seemingly uncaring son, that he would not submit his people to such a rule, that he was unwelcome, useless. At this point his words got blurred in his anger, and the exact phrasing of whether he would be an unwelcome Chief or was unwelcome in Berk, of whether he was a useless leader or a useless son, if there would be relief if he would succeed at something tomorrow or relief if he were to leave by tomorrow, became very unclear. It became much clearer at Dawn when the anger and ale had passed, and Hiccup’s bed lay empty and cold. In a single night, he had banished his only child straight into the arms of an unyielding storm who had no doubt taken him to Ran’s watery home.

The rain lashed into Hiccup’s face leaving him gasping, he curled tighter around the base of the mast and the ship lurched to the side almost throwing him over the wet wood and overboard. The ship was tiny, unmissable and suitable enough for a one-person crew, but hiccup wasn’t a one crew sailor, and he had been woefully unprepared for the rough waves he set out into or the maelstrom it quickly became. The ship was built for light sailing and fishing close to the shore. There were many ships in their fleet so finely crafted that they could withstand war and storm and dragon alike, this was not one of them. The sail was ripping in the wind and the whole thing was shifting away from the wind. Once against the wind the ship would tip and break, the already splintering wood would shatter and Hiccup would fall into the freezing waters below. He knew that as surely as he knew that he had not the strength nor the experience to pull the sails in the right direction, that if he let go of the mast he would be launched overboard anyway. So he held on and prayed to Aegir.

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