Stoick the Vast sang the Viking Song at the storm. But the storm took no notice. A great wave came up and soaked him.

One mighty wave picked up that whole Viking ship as if it was a matchstick and threw it fifty miles to the south. And one mighty blast from that gale picked up the whole Viking ship as if it were a piece of seaweed and threw it fifty miles to the west.

And a terrible black wind went shrieking all over the lonely ocean and turned that Viking ship upside down and inside out and went shivering down every single Viking’s spine.
“We’re lost,” said Stoick the Not-So-Vast-After-All. And a funny thing happened. His face began to turn a greenish hue, and he thought of the thirty-seven largish haddock he had had for breakfast… and his stomach began to heave.

And then all the Vikings turned a pretty green colour and all their stomachs heaved and with an almighty rush they ran to the side.
“Well, well,” said Hiccup. “It appears that Vikings DO get seasick.” And immediately he began to feel better. “This direction!” shouted.

But the Vikings were too seasick to begin to steer the boat. So Hiccup began to take charge and a funny thing happened. The more he steered the better he felt.
As he headed for home that stormy wind filled the sails, and the boat skimmed over the ocean at one thousand miles an hour.

Out of the depths of the sea came shoals of flying fish, and leaping dolphins, and strange whales with horns like unicorns. There were eels that lit up like lightbulbs, and nameless things with enormous eyes that no one had ever seen before – all following Hiccup the Viking as he steered that ship at tremendous speed towards home.

“Nice breezy day,” hummed Hiccup as he steered into the harbour.
“So tell me,” said Old Wrinkly – and his great whelk eyes might have been twinkling – “Do Vikings ever get frightened?”
“Sometimes they do,” said Stoick the Vast.
“But they get over it,” said Hiccup the Viking. “That’s what makes them so BRAVE.”