

Name:			

MF: Punctuation

## Use the text below to help you with adding in the punctuation

Bravely, Hiccup creeped through the tunnel. He took extra special care not to trip over any loose rocks, the noise might be enough to wake the entire dragon population if he were to misplace his footing and fall.

All of the time, the young Viking kept his eyes squinted forward, eager to discover the infamous cavern where the dragons lived. Slowly but surely, the group moved onwards nearing the heart of the cliff – luckily Hiccup wasn't afraid of the dark. Whilst Hiccup didn't have a strong dislike for training dragons, he knew from his research that they had a tendency for misbehaviour before being fully trained. They were cunning characters that tended to disobey even the most straight-forward of orders, especially the pug-ugly Gronckle.

Trying to compose himself, little Hiccup took a deep breath it was going to take concentration and no mistakes to catch a worthwhile dragon. Every so often, he could feel a cold, eerie draft flowing through the tunnel. The dragons were getting close, he could feel it in his small Viking bones the thought of several hundred dragons around any possible corner brought an air of discomfort and he could feel his small hands begin to tremble. If Hiccup had the misfortune of bumping into any dragons, he'd better be ready...



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