

499/400 words. Good work!

Out at sea

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. The seething kahunas variegated the friable balsa which was struggling to stay afloat whilst the tempests streaked at the ocean, making the saltwater broadside like a hailstorm of atomic teeth, all digging to find a way into his skin.

*This is a good personification.*

Blinding rabid scythes pierced through the sky, broadcasting the words miscue and demise carelessly and opening its arms in mockery. *Personification.* Lightning pranced in the air, blinding dodos' eyes

whilst thunder walloped its barrel of cataclysmic fate, dominating a defeating tune over the onlooker. It was a brutal battle. An infinite ocean against a feeble raft. How could he possibly claw his way to success? He suddenly *Idiom* felt his heart drop out of his chest as he realised that he was sailing right into the heart of an ever-impending tsunami, and it wasn't giving him a wave.

Dodo glared warily around in hope of finding land and failed. He shut his engorged eyes and waited for the harbinger of doom to grapnel him down into the doom-black abyss below. He was submerged into a pool of consternation, melancholy and saltwater, breathing in gulps of obscene brine with the unmitigated malodour of algae, extorting him to gag. He clinched thoughtlessly through the dominant umbra of collateral hell, beseeching for a raft, a gasp of breath, a anything that could rescue him from the seething catastrophe of seawater, then, finally, his ripped, emasculated hands caught onto a vessel. He heaved himself up to see what had been his saviour and his eyes fell onto a single, petite flagellum of wood.

As he tried to steady himself from the crazed mess below, *Personification* his hands cried from heterogeneous cuts. Crimson blood was already oozing out. His eyes blurred as the winds whipped him from every direction, an antagonising bolt of pain shot through his haemorrhage hands as it touched the salty water of the seas. Suddenly, *Simile* a bright light bathed him like a guardian angel. His pupils went wide, his thoughts were constantly repeating "I'M SAVED! HELP CAME!" like a broken audio tape. "HELP!!" he bellowed through his fatigued lung "SAVE ME!!!" when a current

thrashed him away using its knifelike hands. *His* ~~his~~ eyes fell.

Dodo's gaze darted towards a jagged crag and clawed towards it, holding on for his dear life. Holding on despite the pain of his screaming body, screaming hands and screaming heart. All screaming "I shouldn't have done this. Why did I do this" "I failed." He said aloud. "I shouldn't have ever signed up for the mission, and now the crew is dead, my spirits are dead and I am almost. I have failed... I have failed...I have..." three...two...going...going...the waves washed

me down and hauled me to the bottom of the dark, dark sea. I was so close, yet so far. I reached the bottom before I could think the last gone. Darkness engulfed me in its wings as death came to take my soul into his arms... *Woah. This is a nice ending!*

Note:

This is a splendid narrative story! This is packed with so many figures of speech such as simile, idiom, personification, and hyperbole. These literary methods that you used highlighted, enhanced, or clarified written texts. They let an audience to comprehend concepts through inferred or hinted meaning, making the story more unexpected, imaginative, and entertaining. However, there are areas that I need you to resolve. One is, start sentences with a capital letter. Second, you need to include metaphors here. I was not able to trace writing of them. To give you are short refresher, a metaphor states that one thing is another thing without the use of like and as.

For instance, Jekyll's lawyer Utterson shows his concern for his friend by thinking, "Poor Harry Jekyll . . . my mind misgives me he is in deep waters!" Jekyll is not literally drowning but in deep trouble. Overall, this is still a good work. Please continue to write in this manner and you will be better!

Mark 48/50

Scholarly