

# DODO'S JOURNEY

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. The exhilarating lightning of hideous agitation was like molten diamonds falling from the sky. Only, these were the diamonds that could burn your hands. A maelstrom of hidden fear engulfed me like swirling blankets, suffocating me in agonising trepidation. My rickety boat's mouth opened and it desperately tried to say 'I can't keep up'. Hellish tourmaline splashed into the boat and turned me into a helpless, dying dog. I was at wit's ends when the terrifying ocean of perpetual apprehension opened its snarling mouth and engulfed me into a mass of lapis lazuli. The azure mouth of the boat could no longer keep the water out. Aromas of sea salt drowned me in my guilty resourcefulness. The agonising 'splashes' of the azure waves flogged my ears in dreading agony. I could no longer bear this. If only I had listened. If only I was humble. If only I knew... I wouldn't have been here in this terrible mess.

There was no sandy oasis nearby. No people nearby. I was deserted in my own bombsite of chipped pieces of glass, rusty pieces of metal and my boat's snapped wood. At least, the storm had calmed. Molten yellow diamonds from the sky gave me new hope. But, I was livid at myself. I was still stuck at sea. I could not help myself. Slowly, I began taking the damp and rotten oars and began pushing. But, pushing to where. Pushing to an azure abyss of lost hope. Yet, if I didn't push I would be stuck. Stuck in my own mess. In my own problems. What would I do? Grandfather's voice echoed in my head. "Keep going, for there if you don't, you're deserting yourself". And I kept rowing. But, what if I die? What if my family weeps for me. I didn't know what'll happen. Sweat was dripping down my forehead like a gushing river. My dry skin was a cactus's prickles that uncovered a lake of molten carnelian. My shirt was the ragged linen of centuries-old outfits, engulfing me in agony. My heart was an athlete's legs, pouncing over the ruby organ. I couldn't bear this. But, I had to go forward.

"Push", I thought. That was the evenly beat of the metronome my heart produced. I was livid at myself for bringing myself out here. Livid for trying to prove my family wrong. But, I did it. You could not reverse your sins. I went out to the edge of the boat. I tried to look for a speck of sandy saffron, but I was left with a kaleidoscope of shimmering azure, dull aquamarine and shining lapis lazuli. No hope. Yet. I stared into the water. Nothing. Wait. A glassy texture, almost like a bottle. Parchment. Amber hope. A letter. In a bottle. My heart was beating. I lifted it up. Grandfather was right. I should have continued. The soaked cork was tightly secured. I took it off and unravelled the letter. And then... tears of joyful hope flowed down my dry skin. I was saved. Fifty metres down south and forty metres east, and land. "In other words", I thought, "A few paddles and then joy".

“Push, push, push”. And there it was. Land. And there was a man standing there too. His arms were like a ruby heart, his mouth was full of loving joy and his eyes were at me. *Grandpa*. He had come all the way here for me. “DODO!”, he shouted. That was a shout of vivid joy, a shout of desperate hope. I had come back. I was in Grandpa’s arms. His arms were the rope of loving euphoria. His cochineal lips were the smile of blissful happiness. He had unwavering love in times like this. And, I was his grandson. I was his loving grandson of loving rapture. We were together again.

Note:

Wow! Caleb, this is fantastic! You have truly gone beyond and above this time. I really admire how well-written your narrative is. There were no indications of misspellings or grammatical errors here. I really love your careful use of evocative words. I felt like I was in the tale while reading it! Furthermore, the narrative and characters are all adequately developed. That is excellent work. Caleb, you must continue to impress me. Excellent work!

Mark 50/50

Scholarly