

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea.

The oily obsidian dark murky waves swirled around the skittish boat laughing in disdain at the god-forsaken boat. The moon stared at the boat ominously, before disappearing behind a torrent of dark clouds. The seething mass of a storm rode towards the boat, laughing **manically** like Lucifer. It commanded down flashing lightning bolts like a split viper's tongue to strike at the water, booming thunder like a war drum. Dodo, felt horrible. He didn't know what it was. Dodo felt like a worm was crawling in his stomach and making him throw up. It was fear. In all of Dodo's short life, he had never felt fear. He faced every challenge and laughed as he easily beat them. **If was** because of his pride and arrogance he found himself at sea. Despite his name, he was absolutely fearless. One of his friends dared him to travel across the sea from Australia to New Zealand on a Yacht. Now he found himself, alone feeling what it was like to feel fear.

'So this is fear. No wonder all of my friends hate it so much,' thought Dodo.

Dodo looked at the monstrosity of a storm in front of him glaring down at him, daring him to continue. He wished with all his might that he could turn back but his pride of being fearless and never holding back against a challenge fought back. He had to push onwards. If he didn't go, he would no longer be the fearless Dodo. However, he knew, even the fearless Dodo might not be able to beat the storm.

What should he do?

He was torn with indecision. If he went forwards and survived, he would be famous. Travelling from Australia to New Zealand on a Yacht by himself! He would be sponsored by Red Bull for extreme sports and He would become rich and famous. Every young man's dream. However, if he didn't survive the storm... he would be nothing. His parents would never know why their son never came back. He would be forgotten...

Dodo was a person who never gave up. But this time it was too much for him. He steered his yacht around back to Australia. That day, he had matured by ten years. Dodo was not invincible. Sometimes, when it's just **to** hard, you just have to give up.

Note:

Your story has a very nice meaning! I love that. However, I did not see any extended metaphor in your piece. To give a short refresher. Metaphors are strong tools for unleashing our creativity, exposing our inner worlds, and standing out in our writing and speech. This is a figure of speech in which a term or phrase is used to refer to an item or action that it does not actually refer to. Metaphors allow us to build new connections and so express more meaning without the need of comparative terms such as like or as. They are a popular figure of speech that can help the audience grasp a concept more effectively. Metaphors can also teach us that something is a sign for something else. Example, "My thoughts are stars I cannot fathom into constellations." —The Fault In Our Stars, John Green. Please use this literary device next time.

Mark: 48/50