


Part 1

Another Chance



Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. The waves rose higher and higher; thundered nearer and nearer; broke into a cacophonous roar of boiling foam and rammed into the stern of the boat like galloping foam horses. The spray from the waves was a bleeding mist in the red light of the setting sun – their thunderous roar like a wounded animal. The ominous storm sneered diabolically as it commanded the clouds to loom into a hellish black mass. An immense guillotine blade of lightning streaked across the horizon and illuminated it with a stark sapphire-whiteness. Dazzling arrows of lightning tore the night sky apart, ripping its belly and flooding the boat. A mass of churning foam rose in an arch high above the boat, threatened to bury it in its watery grave and into the inky depths.

Dodo glanced around – the raging sea was swirling with indignant anger, livid blue bulging eyes and devilish, malicious, intimidating jaws thirsty for its next prey. Exactly as Dodo felt, that very moment. Indignant. The once glimmering sun of hope was swept away by the gloomy and swirling vortexes of clouds, tendrils of zephyrs forging a whirlpool of fear around Dodo. Propelled by the terror, every ounce of darkness reappeared in his memory. His own life flashed before him; the greatest memories with his family were washed away from one infuriated day.

For the first time in his life, Dodo did the unspeakable. He rebelled against his parents. All for what? At that very moment, he didn't even know why. Was it just teenage adrenaline? Why did they have to be so overprotective? So sheltering? So restrictive? Dissolved in all of these thoughts flashing around him like a hyperactive supernova of light, he forgot to breathe. Dodo sprung up, gasping for air, when he noticed something in the ocean. From the depths of the sea, a family of whales appeared unexpectedly. They stuck together through thick and thin, despite the raging waters engulfing them.

Burning tears of remorse, regret and realisation flooded down Dodo's cheeks. He was wrong. The family of whales stuck together and didn't leave each other. Dodo did the opposite. "Why had I been so careless, so reckless? I knew I shouldn't have come out. If only I had listened." Dodo thought. He looked back at the darkness of the endless obsidian abyss of guilt and regret. But, there was another path. A calm, vivid, shimmering gold path of hope. Dodo looked at the whales. The whales looked back. Together, they fought for survival against the torrential, relentless sea until Dodo collapsed into exhaustion.

As the warm sunlight lifted his eyelids, the last image Dodo could remember was calmness and seeing the fading whale family into the shimmering waters.

He survived. The whales survived.

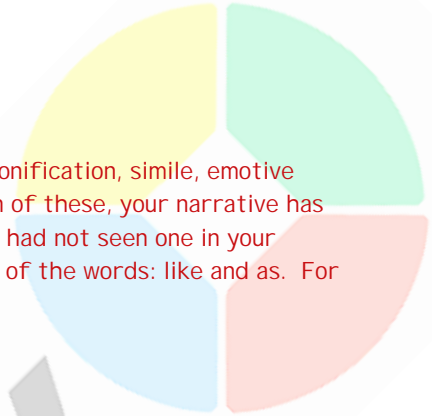
Another chance of life. Another chance to see his parents. Another chance to say;

“I’m sorry”

Note:

This is such an excellent narrative! I like that this is jam packed with personification, simile, emotive words, and several types of visual imageries. As a result of your application of these, your narrative has become spicy and flavourful. However, do not forget to write metaphors. I had not seen one in your writing. It's just a comparison of two different subjects without the usage of the words: like and as. For instance, Her eyes were diamonds. Still, good work!

Mark: 49/50



Scholarly