

The feral storm sneered diabolically as it commanded the clouds to loom into a hellish black mass. I could feel its torment wrenching the waves into oblivion, swirling in a vortex of disorder. My heart trembled to the spasm of the ocean as the rickety boat groaned in despair. I knew I shouldn't have come out. If only I had listened.

It all began when mum, Ava (my sister) and I went to the solicitor to elicit my **father's** will. I didn't really expect to get anything as I always sensed that my father favoured Ava over me. I never intended to go with them because I didn't want to let myself down as I would walk out of the bank empty-handed whilst mum and Ava would come out with loads of cash but my optimistic heart yearned for me to come along so I did. I haven't seen mum since the funeral but as soon as I saw her I knew she was still mourning dad's loss. The smile she put on her face when she saw me was strained, pretending, not real.

Once we were in the office the solicitor brought out the will. My stomach knotted into twists as my wrists wore a watch of anxiousness. My head was feeling dizzy and it worsened after my brain told itself to pound my head in despair. Though I was still wary enough to follow **on-with** what the solicitor said. Mum got the house and half of dad's money, **and** Ava got the other half as well as all of dad's cars. Then I got a ship.

When I came to pick it up by the bay the next morning I was **in** no **surprised** to see a timbered, rickety ship that's mast was stained yellow in an unordered fashion. It was true dad truly loved Ava over me Ava sneered at me and giggled in an arrogant manner. I could feel the atmosphere of humiliation suffocate me. Even mum smiled a little bit. It hurt. Knowing that my own mother and sister don't acknowledge my feelings strained me in despair. The sight of seeing both my mum and sister overlook at laugh at me like I'm nobody **antagonises** my eyes as I felt **its** grief. Floods of tears

streamed down my cheeks from then on I would never ever talk to my mum and sister again.

After what happened I decided to embrace the ship and voyage the world on it. I told my friends and aunties and my aunties told my mum and Ava. The day had come **where when** I would finally leave, I was just about to let go of the anchor when Ava and mum sprinted up to me. I expected an apology but instead, I got a “don’t go you’ll never survive out there, you’re gonna die”.

I rebelled against them. I couldn’t bear to let them put me down and looked where it ended up. **Me I was** stranded at sea as howling winds torture my **the** rickety timbered boat. Black masses of clouds overshadow me as the rickety, old-timbered boat bellowed in pain and distress. The stained mast starts to rip, **and** the wood starts to shed, sinking, drowning dead.

Apologies for it being **a** bit rushed, I had a lot of activities going on this week *

You did well with the narrative description but you need to work on this piece in terms of painting the scene as per the picture given. Use descriptive words, and explain the whole picture utilising the 5 senses technique. You must paint a vivid picture utilising high-impact complex words. Add these tiny details to paint the whole picture utilising visual imagery/ five senses. For instance, you may mention the clouds, their colour, or the bolt of lightning in the sky.

This piece lacks emotions, you must add the emotional state of the protagonist to humanise the story. Utilise high-energy verbs, high-impact adjectives, extended metaphors/ personification and other literary techniques.

Utilise advanced words to add more impact. You have to pay attention to the narrative that is infused with emotions and describes the character traits/ emotions/ visual imagery of the scene so that the reader can see it through their inner eye.

Watch out for the grammatical errors highlighted above.

Hope you find this feedback constructive, keep up the hard work!

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