

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. The troglodytic storm ravaged the crystallised ocean, cackling demonically as it swirled in a cyclone of disorientation. His rickety ship seemed to be conducted in a symphony of destruction and manipulation, bowing under the storm's thunderous conducting, groaning in the agony of being wrenched underwater. Like the abrupt stroking of an artist's brush, a topaz streak of thunder resonated in the ebony auditorium of the storm-congested sky. That's when the seriousness of the situation manifested in front of his eyes. His last memory was ~~of celebrating Christmas with his mother, circling around the parcels under the pine.~~ It was beautiful, emerald needles threading themselves amongst the skinny figure of the tree.

But that was it. Nothing else. The rods of mercury that were previously a fixture of his serrated fishing boat had been sent away by the ravenous dominion of the storm, where talons of Siberian chill clung against Dodo's emaciated body in a grasp of final desperation. Amongst the acerbic air, he clung to the remains of the Skinner IV, where life mattered more than his father's lost memories. Another vociferous tirade of thunder struck the blanket of sapphire-blue, startling frail ravens in search of warmth. What could've happened to him? Dodo looked around for any search for land, though the water remained a barren landscape that choked him with hopelessness.

[Try rephrasing this to make it better: He stared with his bloodshot eyes into the clouds..](#)
~~He stared into the bloodshot eyes of the clouds,~~ who were crazed by their power as they whipped him with chains of despair. Dodo never expected this to happen. One moment he was celebrating Christmas with his only parent, and the next he was stranded emaciated and haggard from fatigue.

As he drifted off into a state of absorption, the world unfazed for him. He was stranded in his ocean of troubles, where the toll of his father's death struck him with thunder and ravens scattered the attention to his mother's indifference. But there was no escape than to face it himself. He banished all the wisps of anguish for his father and abandoned it into a place where he could remember the good memories, but the waves kept on pushing him down, but perseverance made the retaliation of his problems futile. He had faced his problems and that was all that mattered. Freedom, he though, didn't come from hiding, but facing it directly.

Great work! I can see that you have fully understood the topic well, and all the metaphors, personification, as well as high-impact emotions were used descriptively in this narrative. There are only little errors in your work, just keep an eye out for them.

Mark (50/50)