

530/ 400 words. Nicely done!

## Stranded At Sea

Dodo opened his eyes. He was at sea. Flash-backs came surging through his battered head. The fathomless ocean was enclosing him like the odious relic coming back. Simile. This is good.

The rain was splintering and lashing the window pain like an agitated whip. The wind oscillated the dilapidated and abandoned ships. The trauma of losing his father in the hysteria of devils triggered Dodo's unthinkable action. The shattering froth smirked and mocked Dodo as he rowed the Jon boat to the daunting and bloodcurdling ocean, it was as if they were chorusing the phrase, "He will be submerged in the sea's dastard." And they were right...

Now Dodo was sprawled on a final remnant of the Jon boat. Scars smothered Dodo's skin like a hundred knife slits. Good Dodo's finger seared and yelped when he skimmed the serene water. There were no gushing waves hurtling his pinky or any tremorous shark gnawing at his hand, it was just a mere droplet devouring the remaining crumbs of comfort left in Dodo. The rest had left Dodo's heart barren and desperate. Thoughts raced through his head just like how a criminal felt when they were questioned outside the police station, "Did you truly commit this hideous scandal?" It was a stampede of strain.

It was his fathers snuggles. It was his fathers scolding when steering the vessel. It was his fathers echoing of saying good night for the last time to Dodo that compelled him to go home. So he could make that good night only just the beginning of his prized fathers enduring affection.

The delicious burden laid upon Dodo was swept off as he caressed the water, moving inch by inch. After agonising hours of labouring the fear of losing his father, a tip of a leaf appeared, then it was a crevice and soon, it was an entire frond of a palm tree!

The sand crept into the gaps of Dodo's toes, but instead of feeling like unwelcoming snakes, every grain of sand felt like pinpoints of hope. Then he saw it, the fisherman's workshop. It was where his father perspired brooks while cleaning and sanding fishing lines. Dodo had ventured across the entire bay. Then out of the blue, quite literally, Gary, the store owner in his fishing trunks and sun kissed hair said that Dodo's father had gone home to find him. Dodo was anticipating with utter horror about paddling across the treacherous bay and facing glacial waters and the condescending sun again. Dodo pondered about staying in town for the night and wait for his father to pick him up in his hefty vessel tomorrow but his father didn't have a shift the following day so that proposition had been dashed like all hopes.

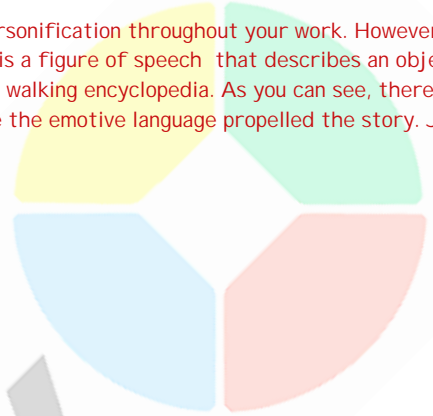
But like the tenderhearted and genuine Gary, he offered Dodo oversized dungarees and a chequered shirt. After that, Dodo was whisked off to the dock to catch the ferry. Cotton clouds with etched wings leisurely strolled across the boundless plains, they placed hope in Dodo to find

his father. Soon, the clouds would be rewarded with content and warmth when Dodo reunited with his father just like a quivering puppy and exhilarated owner.

Note:

This is good continuation of the story! I particularly like that you have used extended similes and personification throughout your work. However, you also need to write sentences using metaphors. Let me give you a short recap about it. Okay, so metaphor is a figure of speech that describes an object or action in a way that isn't literally true, but helps explain an idea or make a comparison. For example, Elvial is a walking encyclopedia. As you can see, there's a comparison there, but, without the use of the words "like" and "as". Still, this is a good work because the emotive language propelled the story. Just write metaphors next time, alrighty?

Mark 48/50



Scholarly