

420/400 words. Good job!

Nice personification!

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. The savage winds whipped through his brittle hair as he stood up on the threadbare deck. Tenebrific clouds loomed above his small ragged sailboat, sneering at it with malice. Rain emanated from the murky sky, pounding onto the pulverised boat, tearing at the flimsy wooden boards with barbaric intent. The raging sea tossed the boat from one side to another. Lightning whipped across the sky as thunder chased after it, tirelessly. Dodo crouched down in the corner of the boat, terrified and confused about what was happening. Then ^{comma} memories crashed down upon him and he realised this was all his fault.

He remembered ignoring his father's words as he sailed away on a boat. He remembered thinking what a fine day it would be. Little did he know that just as he sailed out into the sea, a storm started. The last thing he remembered was banging his head against the deck as the vicious winds lifted his boat further out to sea. The lightning lit up the sky once again, a crimson aura spread out from the dagger of white light. Crashing waves rammed into his boat, filled with anger and peevishness. ^{Personification} A cliff tottered into view just ahead of him and he only just manage to turn the ship so that it only got lightly scraped. However, the sickening sound of wood against stone echoed in his mind. His sail was in tatters and the mast no longer stood straight. For a brief moment, Dodo imagined that the mast would crush him, it would be a rather embarrassing way to die. He was brought back to reality when the boat slammed into a piece of coral he hadn't noticed. Dodo yelped as he was sent flying. He just managed to get a grip on the mast and pulled himself in. There was a gaping hole in the starboard side of his boat's hull. There was no use trying to swim in this kind of water, he would just be thrown around like a rag doll.

This is a powerful figure of speech. Carry on!

He was going to sink, along with his boat, down into the unfathomable depths of the ocean. But then he saw something. At the bottom of the cliff there was a crevice, a small opening, probably leading to a cave. At the last moment he jumped, his fingers catching onto the rough rock and he pulled himself into the crack. There, he watched, completely drenched, as his boat sank silently into the howling waves.

Note:

This is an excellent narrative. I particularly like that you have used specific word choice in this story because they are fitting and makes the plot moves forward with emotion and thrill. Moreover, good job on using such extended personification. They make the story more interesting. However, I did not see any metaphor in your writing. Let me give you a short refresher about this one. So, a metaphor is a figure of speech that depicts an item or activity in a way that isn't technically accurate but aids in explaining a concept or drawing a contrast. Here are some examples of metaphors from me and the novel "Wonder" by R.J. Palacio:

"The Mayor glared with eyes of ice."

"My classmate is a dragon."

"August is the Sun. Me and Mom and Dad are planets orbiting the Sun. The rest of our family and friends are asteroids and comets floating around the planets orbiting the Sun. The only celestial body that doesn't orbit August the Sun is Daisy the dog, and that's only because to her little doggy eyes, August's face doesn't look very different from any other human's face. To Daisy, all our faces look alike, as flat and pale as the moon."

A metaphor says that one thing "is" another thing. Metaphors do not use the words "like" or "as" in their comparisons.

That's all there is for now, John. Please heed to the above suggestions, and you will be ready to go! Let's go!

Mark 46/50