

419/400. Good work!

I like how you creatively crafted this personification.

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 ^{Good} the rickety boat groaned in despair. I knew I shouldn't have come out. If only, I had listened....

The truth had come. The snicker of lightning, the roar of thunder, the crashing of waves into the thin barrier that separated me from death. I felt the hull of the boat creaking as each wave smashed into it, water seeping through gaps in the framework of the boat. I grabbed a bucket on board and started throwing as much water overboard as physically possible. If this boat wouldn't make it, nor would I. I had no time to think. Just to do.

It finally happened. The lightning struck within 15 metres of the boat. I had been awoken from my daze and delirium and immediately thought of a plan. I assessed my surroundings. The wind was blowing eastward, roughly perpendicular to the direction I was sailing in. Thus, most of the waves were coming from that side. To not be capsized, my only method of survival was to dart in front of the barrage of incoming waves and behind them. I was also ^{Nice} being attacked by the crashing of waves from lightning strikes, as well as the high possibility of being electrocuted from the water.

It was like war. I was fighting a grand war of attrition. I was stuck in the trenches (My boat) and the lightning was confined within their natural boundaries. I had a small supply of bread and onions, as well as water. He didn't have or need them. That was it.

The infinite boundaries they had, and the meagre boat I was confined to, gave him a huge advantage. My plan was to just stay down low. Regretful thoughts raced through my mind. Was this it? No. It couldn't be. It couldn't/ Land was less than 25 km away, I would make it one way or the other. Wave after wave crashed into the boat. The sound of chaos erupted around me. I couldn't take it.

The thoughts I had pushed away minutes earlier raced through my mind.

I was scared.

I was frightened.

I was traumatised.

The final chance of hope came. The gap between heaven and hell. I aimed to reach for it, but was a millisecond late. I perished ^{Wow. This is so good!}

Note:

This is a very good narrative! Your word choice here is impeccable! Your usage of personification is great, too. However, I did not see any metaphor here. You need to write a sentence that falls to this type of figure of speech. Metaphors have a useful role apart just adding color and picture to language; they may explain complicated subjects that we may not be familiar with, help us connect with one another, and even alter our mental processes. They assist us in better comprehending our surroundings. An example of such from J.K. Rowling is "Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors." Rowling compares Petunia Dursley to a crane, an elegant yet strong bird, in this metaphor. Longtime fans of the series will recognise this image when her narrative with Harry concludes: she is powerful and fierce, but she still has elegance. Just add some bits of it next time.