

The Storm

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. Merciless waves crashed on the seagoing ship with a gurgling delight after each colossal hit. The chipped wood squeaked and groaned with an ear-splitting sound. Meteoric lightning bolts lit up the caliginous sky, taunting Dodo with cackling laughter. A hyperborean zephyr wafted across the atramentous sea, trying to slap Dodo's face. He kept the words of his father in his head. Never leave your boat. Suddenly, the silky rope slipped from his cracked hands. He lurched back, scarlet blood dripping down into the deck. The drenched rope flew into the air, the only thing holding the wooden pole from falling, slamming onto Dodo's head. Then, the world went white in pain.

Dodo woke up with his head throbbing. He lay on the warm sand and saw the remains of his boat everywhere. "NO!" Dodo shouted in despair. It was over. The beloved boat of his father was broken. He would never be able to come back. Even if he had a ship, he couldn't face his father with the boat in this state he had been building for years. In the distance, he heard voices of people chanting a bone-chilling song. It sang, "Where are the Hoomans we like to eat? We can catch them in their sleep. Even if they run or hide, we will catch them fried!" Then Dodo shuddered to realise where he was at. A cannibal island.

Dodo suddenly heard noisy footsteps of tens of people coming to the boiling hot beach. He hid in a gargantuan tree and climbed up into the thorny branches. The blood-hungry cannibals were here. He saw them examining his broken ship pieces. They shouted in delight. "A hooman arrived on our island. We have food! Search the island," They were going to get him. Dodo's back was filled with cold sweat. Then, Dodo thought of a clever idea. He snapped a branch of the tree and threw it in the opposite direction of where he was at. It cracked as it hit a bulls-eye on the stone against the long grass. All the cannibals went in that direction, running like

feral animals. Dodo climbed down, his heartbeat slowing. He was safe for now. He lay on the ground for a few minutes, catching his breath as if it was sucked out of him when suddenly, a massive club made from wood smashed him in the stomach. Everything went black.

Dodo woke up with his head scabbed from the wound. All he remembered was him in a tree. Then, realisation struck. The cannibals had caught him, and he was tied to a tree. He saw them on the beach, chanting that cursed song again around a flickering fire. He wiggled his fingers out and got the razor-sharp knife in his pocket. He was cutting the iron-tight bonds around his waist. He was so close, and his fingers were frantically trying to break the knot when a shadow loomed over him. Then, he knew it was over.

This piece contains some exceptional narrative descriptions and paints a vivid image. But there is room to grow..

You must paint the picture completely utilising some descriptive words, including the boat and how it was frolicking like a pendulum at the complete mercy of furious waves.

This piece lacks emotions and extended metaphors and personification mean utilising different literary techniques throughout the text.

Utilise high-impact emotions to humanise the scene so that the audience can relate to the protagonist.

Overall you did simply amazing but you can spice up the writing by utilising some exaggerated adjectives and high-energy verbs.

Hope you find this feedback constructive! Keep up the good work!

45/50