

Part 1:

I opened his eyes. I was out at sea. 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 the rickety boat groaned in despair. I knew I shouldn't have come out. If only I had listened to my father, who had warned me about going to sea on a cloudy day... I wouldn't be in the middle of the ocean, fearing that I will die with no one to commemorate my death at sea.

Clouds whipped around me as the wind roared cacophonously, lightning crackled as I shuddered at the resounding noise thunder could make. The sun had started to rise, but it was still nearly ebony black. I would have to wait for another hour or so before the sun would fully rise and cover me in its rays of warmth. Birds flocked around me as they flew in circles around me.

I suddenly had an idea. Birds always fly to land. I could follow the birds and go home safely! If the birds knew where I wanted to go. They flew southward, and even though that was not the direction of my homeland, I decided to follow them anyway. Wind smashed onto my little, rickety boat as I rowed the boat onwards. Waves burst out, surprising me with their vicious coldness as I struggled. The wind lashed out furiously as I squinted at the birds in the distance.

A cave loomed, bigger and bigger, as the birds and I got even closer. There was a gaping mouth, sparkly and shiny, but there was also an unknown threat that I could feel there, lurking in the darkness. A big something, one with fiery golden eyes and sharp, silvery gills glittering in the darkness. I had known one what kind of something? Be more specific beast like this, feared across the island, rumoured to live in a cave, like this one. The Lochy.

Lochy was known for killing all people and birds that tried to get past him and steal his treasure. Then why did the birds lead me here? To my death? Then I saw something. A lever. A lever on 'on'. Why would a lever be here? Is this how all the people died? Because a lever was turned on and was made to... kill people? Then I heard something else. Someone else, actually. Someone was at the mouth of the cave. I had to hide.

"Ahoy, yar need to clean this goblet better," rasped a familiar voice. The River Pirate! What was he doing here?

"Arr, boss, righty ho! Arr we raiding again to-night?" growled a also-familiar voice. The Water Pirate, the River Pirate's co-mate! Were they trying to steal the treasure of the Lochy?

“No, yar stupid thin, we are tradin’ tonight! Hurry up and grab the treasure!” roared the River Pirate.

“Very well, boss, righty ho! Righty, ho! Wait a sec... does anyone smell bird?” demanded the Water Pirate.

“Yes, ya dumb co-mate, hurry up, or ya will be as dead as a dead bird!” snarled the River Pirate.

“No,” cried the Water Pirate, “REAL BIRDS! YAAR NEED TO KNOW THERE ARR REAL BIRDS!”

“Ya need to hurry up!” hissed the River Pirate, “And be quiet! Someone might hear. Don’t forget to turn the lever to ‘off’! I had guessed correctly, and while they stood arguing, I stole their map, and headed off home to tell the island about my discovery.

This is a creatively written writing work! You have also met the 400 word count requirement. However, I do think that your ending was a bit rushed and too hanging. You could have added more ideas and MORE descriptive words as well because I have noticed that as the story progresses, the descriptive words have become lesser and lesser, so it's better to attain much consistency in writing. Other than that, you must also be more specific with your thought of ideas just like the one i have highlighted.

Mark (46/50)