

Part 1

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. He found himself helpless, in the middle of a raging storm. His boat was but a tiny insignificant lifeless object in the endless expanse of the ocean, being thrashed around helplessly by the merciless waves around him. The heavens opened up in a tantrum of flashing lights, erupting the sky with a fiery display of anger and power. He felt all alone, the only other signs of life were a flock of birds in the distance, also trying to escape this reign of terror. He could taste the salt from the crashing waves around him, as his mind was enveloped by darkness and fear.

Where am I, thought Dodo to himself. He looked around, unaware of his surroundings. Before he fell asleep, Dodo could only remember how he was fishing in calm waves.

Suddenly, a roar came from the ocean, taking away Dodo's train of thought. Thunderous booms erupted overhead and deafened his ears, reminding him of his fragile presence on Earth. He turned his head, as a giant wave lunged at him and wrestled him overboard. His life flashed before him, as he began his descent into the dark, murky water, swirling around him as it sucked him in. He was falling deeper and deeper under the water. He thrashed around helplessly, trying to get out of this raging mass of water, but to no avail. Eventually, his energy drained from his soul and his limbs gradually became limp and lifeless, as he blacked out.

Dodo woke up on a hard surface. His brain was slow to realise that he wasn't dead. Surprisingly, the only pain he felt ~~were~~ **was** a few aches here and there. He tried to stand up, but a coarse hand held him down. "Get some rest" a croaky voice said. "You'll need it". It was his grandpa. Dodo had just remembered him going fishing with him, talking about the good old days. Dodo wanted to ask a thousand questions but he couldn't because, above him, a storm still raged.

Waves that were metres tall crashed onto the ship. However, Dodo and his grandfather were expertly controlling the ship, dodging all of them. Dodo could see the sun peeking through the clouds. They were almost there. One final tug of the ropes, and they were through. After all the hardships Dodo had faced, they had made it out.

Dodo slept while his grandpa steered the ship. They took turns doing this until finally, Dodo could see land. Days had passed since he left just to go for a little fishing trip. He looked into his telescope and could see a grave with his name on it. They had all thought he was gone. He was about to show them how wrong they all were.

You did fantastic with the narrative, it would be best if you start with illustrating the picture. You must paint a vivid scene by utilising the five senses technique.

You did well with the emotions but you have to infuse extended metaphors and other literary devices to make the narrative juicier.

Hope you find this feedback helpful, keep up the hard work!

44/50