

Dodo opened his eyes. He was out at sea. He couldn't remember anything, where he was, how he got here, and why he was in the middle of **nowhere**, floating in the ocean in an old, rickety boat. Then it came. First the booming voice of thunder and the mute cries of despair belonging to lightning. Then the ferocious breath of wind and the menacing sound of wild horses emerging from the waves. Dodo frantically tried to escape the demonical wrath of the raging sky but it did him no use. Nothing was more powerful than the diabolic demon of the air. Then suddenly, like a bull who has seen red, a burst of illuminated light hit the ancient sailing boat. It splinters into several different pieces.

A cold **Siberian** chill sweeps over Dodo as he furiously tries to hold on to one of the last remains of his defaced boat. After what seemed like an eternity of torture, he finally managed to clamber onto the miniature raft with success. But his moment of relief didn't last for long. Soon after the first stroke of lightning, a second one came, barely missing his shoulder though it singed a small tuft of his hair. Dodo knew that his makeshift raft wasn't durable and would easily snap the moment a large enough wave hit it. He looked around for a sign of land but the merciless landscape remained barren and empty.

Dodo wished that he could just end it now. That a bolt of lightning would just hit him in the heart so that he wouldn't have to suffer any longer. But he knew that that wouldn't happen, that the devil was too savage to let it happen and that he would make Dodo suffer until it ended.

He was stranded in the middle of nowhere, he was on the very edge of death but the devil still wouldn't let him die and his boat was broken. What could possibly get worse? Everything. The biggest wave that Dodo had ever seen plunged **down redundant** onto him and his makeshift raft. Suddenly he realised what he was supposed to do. He couldn't get out of this alive so he wouldn't. Dodo slowly walked into the water but never re-

emerged. Finally, he was free, free from all his worries. People said to him that you must work hard to be truly free, but it's as simple as just handing yourself over to the other side.

This narrative is well crafted and has all the crucial characteristics to write a short story. You may work on a few elements to make it even better, you must add a narrative description of this picture and the atmosphere being created. 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!

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