

Sinking

HW by: Claire Wang

Dodo opened his eyes, he was out at sea. Raging fulgurating streaks danced eerie pale anemic light across the ashen, cimmerian sky that whipped hiemal, diabolical lashes of arduous, irate wind creating a zephyr of savage tendrils that clawed at the flashing sky. Rain plummeted down from the enflamed clouds. Lighting danced, thunder banged in clangorous clatter as the ballistic sea thrashed and pounced, entwined around the hull, squeezing like a herculean monster. Salty tears of affliction and angriness licked the deck, swirling in a vortex of disorder. Murderous hands reached and snapped dangerously, a big sea against a small ship. An easy win.

Dodo stared around, a raging sea was swirling in indignant anger, livid eyes bulging with vexation that flashed cerise crimson and valencia orange. He scrambled to his feet, only to be knocked off balance by crashing waves appearing in all directions like snakes being released, hissing in rancour and peevishness. Rain lashed out at his face, spewing wrathful torments that scraped and lacerated. The boat rocked chancily towards formidable, towering rocks as the sea ejected streams of water that leapt at him. Their target. Anxious worry clouded Dodo's vision as his hands curled instinctively around the rusted bars on the ship. If only he had listened, if only he hadn't been so stubborn and been blinded to find it. If only he had stayed.

The mast blew in haphazard directions as the wind battled on, making a piercing whistling ring. "HELP!" The words were immediately swallowed by the flagellation of the pummeling sea as the boat rocked closer...closer...closer. Water emanated onto the deck and Dodo hurried, dumping buckets of water back into the daunting sea, only to be captured. A gargantuan fist enclosed around him, water forced down his throat, struggling in a robust grip. Left dangling.

Agonsing pain shot through him as Dodo was thrown against a jagged, aciculate. Blood streamed out as the boat lumbered closer. With hands clasped firmly, barbed rock pierced through the flesh and he hung for dear life. The sea slammed against the rocks, clawing with menace and perseverance as the wind pressed. Drenched, water impinged against the side. Dodo's grasp faltered, his fingers covered in crimson blood, grip releasing, life going 3,2, going...going... An impregnable typhoon blasted forward knocking Dodo off the ledge, wind screeched, howling victory as the sea leapt up, enclosing around its prey. Knocking the wind out of his lungs. Sinking. Sinking. Gone.