

Average Composition KCPE 2003

A RED-LETTER DAY.
I wondered what was going on but I had no thoughts that could explain the noises. It was my birthday party and as usual I was as eager as a bridegroom to celebrate it with my relatives. As I came closer I felt an uneasy feeling of looming danger. I got into the room and what I so made my whole body numb.

There were three men wearing masks and were armed to the teeth. One of them held me just as I was about to run. They dragged me mercilessly and led my friend and I to a black car. We were forced into the car and so as not to scream they gagged us with a cloth dipped in a chemical that reaked of alcohol. I tried to resist but my efforts were futile.

My friend Carol was now trembling with fear. Her beautiful snow-white eyes were now as red as can be. Her face became as pale as death. As we continued with our journey, fear built up in me slicing through me like a hot knife on butter. The thought of never seeing my parents sent tears of sorrow trickling down my pink cheeks.

All of a sudden we came to a screeching halt. We were hurled out of the car and into a cabin that looked as old as the hills. The three men unmasked themselves and together they started to laugh. I wondered what was so funny but only they could tell. They picked up the phone and one of them dialed a number that I could not really see.

As he continued, the other two began to come closer and closer. They had ugly black faces that made patterns of bruises and scars. The sight of their eyes was even worse. Their clothes were baggy and loose. They

had shiny guns and just under their belts was a penknife. Fear occupied the better part of me as I set my eyes on these monsters.

Carol and I were locked in the cabin and the men left. I tried to imagine what was the phone-call about but it was futile. Carol began to fidget unusually and did not stop. I tried my best cut my ropes but did not work. Because of the movements, her ropes loosened and finally she was as free as a bird.

She untied me and together we began to look for ways of escaping. We jumped out the window and into the forest we went. Hardly had we gone far than we came to a river. We looked around for a log or something but it was useless. I could not wait any longer. I jumped into the river and swam across with Carol close behind.

No sooner had we crossed than we heard the three men after us. My heart beat erratically against my muscular ribcage as if asking for permission to escape. We continued knowing quite well that our enemies were closely behind. Carol and I ran as fast as our tiny legs could carry us. All of a sudden I heard Carol let out a blood-curdling scream. I could not believe it my best-friend had been shot I tried to help her but she was DEAD!

I continued alone not knowing which direction to follow. My heart had just been broken on losing my best friend Carol.

To my utter surprise, I found myself in a market I could not notice any single person I noticed but it was a bit safe. When I went to the exit gate it was written "Sokomoko." It was then that I noticed the market. The market was near Sokomoko police station and that was the place I was to

get some help. I bulged into the station and at once asked for assistance. I narrated the story to the policemen and at once they went to the forest.

I was dropped home safe and sound but a little exhausted. I was overjoyed to see my parents but what hurt me was the painful death of my one and only best friend Carol.

When her body was recovered we gave her a decent burial that was the most painful one of my whole tender life. The gangsters were arrested and imprisoned for life because of kidnap and murder.

As long as diamonds remain priceless and the oceans wet I will never forget this red-letter day.

The candidate communicates fully, even in startling ways. There is good plot development and the account is definite and sustained although one is left with a feeling that the candidate has incorporated few chunks of memorized passages. The candidate misspells simple words, such as, 'saw', 'cheeks', 'screeching', *erratically, a bit*. Figures of speech are misused. For example 'white as snow eyes', 'my pink cheeks', 'red-letter day'. Words are misused, such as, 'hurled' for 'hailed', 'loosing' for 'losing'. Grammatical errors are also found, for instance the use of 'them' instead of 'they'. These tended to mar an otherwise good effort.

Mark awarded 26