

The best composition KCPE 2005

The following is the beginning of a story. Write and complete the story. Make your story as interesting as you can.

LAUGHER HAS NO BOUNDARIES
I had never been told such a funny story before. I laughed until tears came to my eyes. This is the story . . .

Priscilla a young girl was very cheeky and naughty. Her parents knew that but they could not do anything. Her sisters suffered because of her but all she could do was laugh at them. It was her habit as the saying goes habit is second nature.

She usually went to school very late and when her teacher asked, she said that their alarm clock wasn't working. The teacher got used to her excuses and was tired that she could not ask her why she was late.

One day, she told her parents that her sisters were bullying her but it was not the truth. Her sisters tried to defend themselves but only got themselves into hot water. The following week, all of them were sent to boarding schools.

She saw that she had accomplished her dreams as the whole bedroom was left to her alone. She was the lord and had everything she asked for.

Priscilla grew up and when she was in standard seven, adolescence caught up with her. She disobeyed teachers and was cruel to her other classmates without keeping in mind that one who laughs last laughs best. Her homeworks were always left undone. Her teachers couldn't cope with the situation at hand as it was getting out of control everyday.

One Saturday morning, she was sent to the market by her mother. She went with her friend Delilah who was also very rude and impolite. She went first to Mr. Kamau's shop and there she found other customers waiting in a queue. She pushed her way through and talked to Mr. Kamau while he was still attending to a pregnant woman.

Mr. Kamau was shocked beyond words as he gawked

at her realizing her misbehaviour. He tried to correct her but his advice fell on deaf ears. He told her to say the items she wanted and she did without any politeness. She was given everything she bought and soon they were out of the stall.

She moved her way through the crowd of people who had gathered around the stalls. She held her nose up high like Pharaoh's wife as she thought that the people there were poor and beggars.

She was thirsty and soon she spotted an orange tree. She persuaded her friend Belilah to catch the fruits while she threw them down. She put her basket down and climbed the tree agilely.

Priscilla found a branch where the oranges were ripe and juicy not knowing that forbidden fruit tastes sweetest. Her parents had warned her against stealing but she was ignorant and arrogant.

She threw down the oranges as Belilah caught them in mid-air. "Hey! little rascal, what are you doing with my tree?" Priscilla started trembling like a doctor operating on a pneumatic drill. Her heart missed a beat if not two as she turned around to see who was shouting. Belilah showed a clean pair of heels leaving dust behind her.

The man was gigantic and had a protuberant nose matched with deep vulpine eyes under bushy eyebrows. Priscilla's heart slid into her boots as fear surged through her leaving a deep cavity. She climbed down quickly as her heart pounded exuberantly in her small ribcage threatening to escape.

Within a velocity of a bullet she was down and started running but the man was too swift for her and finally she was caught. She asked for forgiveness as crocodile tears cascaded down her chubby cheeks making them as red as cherubs.

The man was infuriated by her act and could not let

her go. So he told her to dig his farm every weekends. "You see, sir," she tried explaining, "see what young lady? I can't see anything," the man bellowed, "It's that were poor as churchmouses and we were cursed, I mean our whole family that's why I stole from you. I have demons in me," she said trembling like a chameleon on a pebble twig.

"What? Demons? You mean you have demons? That's a good one young lady," the man said as he fell with laughter. His anger melted and Priscilla could see him laughing until tears rolled down his ruddy visage. He was not angry anymore. Surely laughter is the best medicine.

This is an almost excellent composition. The plot is well managed and the story interesting and funny. The narrative even includes direct speech that is properly negotiated. Apart from one or two slips and awkward expressions '*gawked at*' and '*operating on pneumatic drill*', the composition communicates superbly. In fact it has an edge over the compositions in this category for being original and more authentic and having a more personal touch.

(Mark awarded: 37)