

The best composition KCPE 2006

We had come to the end of another term. There was a long holiday before us. My friends and I decided to try something new ...

Most holidays, we either stayed cooped up in one of our rooms or went swimming. We had been together for as long as anyone could remember. At first, we had planned to do the usual until the night we were huddled up in my room.

We had been discussing about the upcoming days when Andrea asked, "Why doesn't your mother allow us into your attic?" The question was directed to me but the truth was I did not have a single clue. I looked into my two bestfriends' faces and wondered, "Why doesn't she?" It was really odd. My mother was very easy-going but she would always get vexed if anyone talked about the attic.

Before I could control myself, I said the thing that had been gnawing at all our three heads. "Why don't we go see?" Uncertainty was evident on our face but we soon agreed upon that notion. It was late at night and everyone else was dead asleep. We crept up the creaking stairs each of us praying that no one found us.

It was a relief to find ourselves at the top of the flight of stairs without an interference. We stood there for a moment looking confused, anxious and scared. I glanced at my friends and knew it was up to me, to make the first move. I swallowed my fear and summoned as much courage as I could before opening the old Victorian door.

Darkness, murky stretches, cobwebs and dust seemed like the only present things. "It looks empty. Let's go. This place gives me the creeps," Phillipa said as she made for the door.

"Wait a minute," I said removing the torch I had carried. I knew there was something valuable in there. Something priceless. I brushed away the cobwebs and in the heart of it all was a chest.

motioned for the others to follow me. They did so, though reluctantly and the "three of us" found ourselves kneeling around an old, dusty chest.

My heart began beating without a reason. Different things began formulating due to my overactive imagination but I brushed them off mentally. I reached out slowly and opened it. At first, it looked empty. But when I looked closely, I saw letters. Dozens of them. We were all rendered speechless. What on earth would letters be doing in an attic?

Dazed, I reached for a letter. 'TO THE READER' It read in capital. Excitement had all ready began building in me but I removed the fragile material from the aged envelope and unfolded it with gentile expertise.

'Dear reader,

You must be a descendant of mine to get your hands on this. By finding this chest, you have discovered unfathomable greatness in a field that many take - for granted...

I paused and glanced at Andrea and Phillipa. Their eyes glistened with interest. I knew it was something very important. They knew it too.

'This is the key to your future. I was handed this information by my grandmother. Guard it well.

You now have the power given to every Jedi warrior. Things shall happen. Unexplainable things. But it is your duty to face them. Be strong,

Yours truly,

Tynila.

The door swung open and we turned around

in fright. A figure was clearly silhouetted in the dark. It stepped and we found ourselves face to face with my mother. Only this time, she was not angry. She stretched her hands towards us. "Come, you have a lot to learn."

An excellent composition. It is not only captivating to read but it displays mastery of language use and impeccable grammar and sentence construction.

The topic is well conceived and the plot quite unexpected and properly executed. This is a candidate who has read widely and does not just throw around phrases and expressions that have not been internalized. The candidate is fully in charge of both the situation and the language use. The vocabulary and phraseology arise naturally from the context. The account reads well – one would think they are reading “H. G. Wells”, “*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*”. That is how advanced the candidate has come. I am sure there are few people who can conceive of a topic and produce such quality work within the confines and pressures of the examination.

There are few errors that do not detract from the account. The candidate writes: “*discussing about*” which is redundant, misspells ‘*valuable*’ and ‘*already*’ and has a clumsy. “*I looked into my two best friends’ faces ---*”

Mark awarded 38