

## The Best Composition KCPE 2008

When we arrived in school at 3 o'clock from the standard eight educational tour, we were surprised to find the other pupils on parade...

with their faces shining brightly like broken pieces of mirror exposed to light. They were all smiles as they cheered. This sent a good sign to us all. We knew that something nice was going on. Hope glowed in my heart like huge flames resisting the strongest wind. At last, the news reached our ears.

We were to perform in an international drama festival. Cheers rent the air as the headmaster explained the main aim of the festival. I couldn't believe my ears when she said that many international figures were going to attend the festival. "Everybody go to your classes for the attires!" she shouted as we quickly followed her orders. It was like a dream come true, fast a tour, followed by a festival. What a day!

The whole week we worked tooth and nail to polish up our dancing and singing talents. Sisal skirts were in plenty, as we ran up and down looking for every part of our attires. It was a flurry of activities for an international function which needed extra-commitment. Teachers worked body and soul to train pupils in whatever part they participated.

Finally the big day reached. We packed our attires and as quick as lightning, headed for the venue. My eyes almost popped out of their sockets when I saw a huge mammoth of a crowd anxiously waiting to witness the event. We all felt as happy as larks as we went to change our clothings. A short speech was said as we anticipated behind the curtains. "We are going to welcome Bidii Primary School!" suddenly a golden voice exclaimed.

Radiants of joy filled our hearts as the curtains were being drawn. It was our turn. Many people from all walks of the world had gathered at the stadium ready to witness,



as they firmly believed that seeing is believing. Our hearts melted with joy as we walked to the podium, all smiles. It was a moment to be recalled and engraved in our minds.

Immediately, the beats were heard and without dilly-dallying we were shaking our waists like never before. It was a chance of lifetime and we had to spend it to the fullest. Everybody cheered thunderously with heavy claps accompanied. Schools which had performed earlier were left mouth agape in astonishment. We made our last routines as we majestically walked out of the podium.

We changed our clothes and came back for the results. Eerie silence loomed the area as we waited to hear the winners in the competition. I felt my heart beat erratically as if it wanted to get out of my ribcage. First were the drums then the announcement: "Bidii! You took the cup! Congratulations!" a voice shouted. We heaved a sigh of relief as we headed towards the cup-shaped trophy.

It was a brilliant experience which left others with their mouths wide open though it was our first attempt. We felt as superheroes who had come to save the world. Our journey back to school brought our exciting day to an end. As the old saying goes 'all that has a beginning has an end,' we finally had to return back.

What a marvellous day crowned with surprises! This day will linger in my mind like a crucifix on an Archbishop's neck.

This is one of the pieces that merits the highest honours in this year's composition writing. It is well conceived and well executed. The take off from the given sentence is superb. It involves the reader from the beginning to the end, and one can feel and share the enthusiasm of the candidate and feel that they are present at the venue of the action described. The language is good and apt. In fact such vagueness as in "radiants of joy" is likely to be missed because of the involvement of the reader!

Marks awarded

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