

## SAMPLE IMAGINATIVE COMPOSITIONS.

### 1. Write a story beginning with the following statement:

*It was dawn and the birds were singing their usual morning songs and here I was wondering....*

It was dawn and the birds were singing their usual morning songs and here I was wondering whether to rise up from the bed or continue to relish the overwhelming comfort of my bed. I had only acquired it the previous week and I had entertained the notion of endlessly lying in it.

I stretched my feet until they touched the tip of the bed and I inhaled the intoxicating newness of the fine linen with my arms spread wide. That is when the tips of the fingers of my right hand touched something cold and I instinctively recoiled. What was it?

In the darkness, I frantically groped for the bedside switch and flicked it on and stared at the face of my alarm clock in horror. It was six o'clock! I was late! The contraption had not chimed yet I had set it for five o'clock!

I was a pilot with Kenya Airways and I was expected to fly the latest and newest airbus, a sleek state of the art acquisition, to Amsterdam at eight o'clock that morning. I had barely two hours to prepare. What could I do?

I sat bolt upright in bed, flung off the bed-spread, sprang up like a maniac and crashed into bathroom. As I switched on the hot shower and the pleasantly warm water covered my entire being in seconds, I heard my mobile phone ringing in the bedroom.

Blindly wiping water from my wet face, I fumbled for the door knob and lumbered into the bedroom. Upon reaching the dressing table, I grabbed the phone and barked into it. The voice that burst from the earpiece sent a tremor down my spine. It was my boss. He wanted to know why I was shouting at him instead of being at my work station going through my flight plans. The phone fell from my nerveless fingers and split into pieces on the tiled floor.

The next thing I knew, I was frantically dressing in my pilot's attire, picked my travelling bag next to the bed and headed for the front door. When I stepped on the neatly kept lawn, I discovered to my utter consternation that I had no shoes. I cursed!

I dropped the bag on the doorstep and rushed headlong into the bedroom, grabbed a pair of shoes which I had placed under my armpit and dashed out again. I headed for the garage and quickly reversed my sports car out of it. I was about to drive out of the gate which was thankfully held open by the guard when I noticed through the side mirror, my travelling bag still lying on the doorstep. I flung the driver's door open and sprinted to the house's entrance only to find the bag missing!

On turning, I saw my guard standing by the open door of my car with the travelling bag tagged under his arm grinning sheepishly. The fool!

When I finally gunned the car out of the gate, I did not bother to check for on-coming traffic on the main road. I swung the car into the left lane and sped towards the city.

That is when I saw them. A group of six traffic policemen were waving me to stop and two of them were literally standing in the middle of the road. I did the unthinkable! I accelerated towards them with my full lights on and leaning hard on the car horn. They must have imagined I was suicidal. The last thing I saw was the sudden diving of the policemen into pools of dirty water next to the road. I was in the clear!

I saw the airport gate from a distance. I sighed with relief. I must have involuntarily accelerated instead of slowing down because the next thing I heard was the heavy impact of the car wheels on something hard and the car soared into the air like a giant ship riding on the heavy swells on the ocean. The bumps! I had completely forgotten about them!

When I finally landed on firm ground again, the car lay astride the road facing nowhere in particular with me trapped behind the wheel in a daze. The engine was off. I tried to switch it on in vain. It had stalled! I lay my head on the wheel and wept bitterly.

**2. Write an interesting composition ending with the following words:**

*“...when I finally heard the gunshot, I instinctively closed my eyes and waited for the impact.”*

My boss walked into my office that chilly Thursday morning unannounced and saw the open briefcase of bank notes lying on my mahogany desk. His lower lip dropped in shock and he visibly shook with suppressed anger. When his gaze finally settled on my cringing pathetic figure, he barked out:

“I want that money out of here this very moment! Do you hear? No excuses! How you do it is your damn business!”

“Yes-s-s, sir.” I blurted out. “Right away, sir!”

He glared at me one last time and strode out violently banging the door behind him. I was left in a daze, not bothering to move. I was supposed to bank the money the previous day but forgot about it after my colleague bought me a sumptuous lunch and took the better part of the afternoon. By the time I knew it, it was late and all the banks had closed.

I quickly stuffed the suitcase in a black paper bag and dashed out of the office block through a back door and headed for the city in my red Volvo saloon car. All I thought about for a while was the aftermath of my behavior. My boss was that temperamental type that went exploding and sometimes making irrational decisions. What will I face this time round? The more I thought of it the more I shuddered with fear. Then I saw it! A black saloon car that sat on my tail like an extension of my own car.

I had to be sure! I maneuvered in and out of traffic and even thought for a while that I had lost it. But no! The driver of the other car matched every move I made. Then I gave myself up by breaking all the traffic rules. Above the hooting and curses of the exasperated motorists, I heard a police siren at a distance. Within minutes, there were sirens all over the place as if police cars were converging on that spot where we were. The other driver gave up the chase and peeled off my tail and vanished into a side street thus alerting the hawk-eyed police officers.

After a harrowing moment, I found myself at a cull-de-sac, albeit an artificial one, when right ahead, I saw a police van blocking the entire street. About a dozen guns were aimed at my car as I came to an abrupt halt. Then we all heard it! Another car had just rounded the opposite corner and banged hard into the parked police van. I was no longer the center of attraction as all the guns suddenly swung towards the new intrusion.

I slowly crawled out of the driver’s seat clutching my briefcase and lay flat on my belly underneath the police van. Then from the corner of my eye, I saw a nearby police car with an officer in the driver’s seat. In the confusion that ensued, as the occupants of the black car were getting arrested, I inched towards the police car, gently opened the back door and sneaked in the behind the driver.

How could I get him to drive? An idea occurred to me! I removed my spectacles and suddenly pressed them hard against the back of his neck, and whispered viciously into his ear:

“Drive right now if you value your life. I saw, now!”

He stiffened for a while then powered the engine. I pressed some more and menacingly gestured towards the opposed direction from the commotion.

“Drive you fool or I will blow off your head!” I hissed.

The driver did not need any more prompting. He swung the car around slowly and carefully drove off. I kept barking instructions as we made good our escape. Then I heard him laugh hysterically and he turned for a while to look at me.

“Spectacles! I’ve been threatened with spectacles! Wait until the guys at the station come to hear of this!”

That is when I realized he had noticed what was pressed against his neck through the driver’s mirror. How foolish had I been! This was getting worse. Then I had a revelation. I slowly removed the briefcase from the paper bag and opened it, revealing its contents as the car came to a halt.

The door was yanked open and the policeman saw the wads of bank notes and exclaimed loudly.

“Jesus Christ! This is a bloody bank!”

Then he ordered me out of the car. I was staring at the ugly barrel of a gun and I saw the man’s fore-finger inching deliberately towards the trigger. It was so close! I dropped my head in submission until my chin touched my chest. When I finally heard the gunshot, I instinctively closed my eyes and waited for the impact.

**#THE END#**

## SAMPLE IMAGINATIVE COMPOSITIONS

1. Write a story that begins with the following sentence:

**When I left home that bright Sunday afternoon, I did not realize that the events of the next few days would completely change my life.**

### ALONE

When I left home that bright Sunday afternoon, I did not realize that the events of the next few days would completely change my life. Arrogance is bestowed to all in the teenager age. That's what makes teenagers: one isn't a child anymore but is still far from being an adult.

Crater Lake was the venue and the feeling of going there with my friends could fill the lake. With all my excitement, I had packed my clothes, bought all I needed and saved enough money for the stay. All was set except of course for the parent consent form, which today, being the day before departure was supposed to be handed in.

Why hadn't I done the last task that would have assured my once in a lifetime experience that I had yearned for so much? Well, three sternly spoken words did. What were they again? Yes, I remember, "I think not!" What was there for my father to think about? I had passed my exams. I had waited till my results had come out to ask for permission and I had ever paid for the trip myself. I was not about to live an 'obedience is better than sacrifice' sort of life any more. Ever since my mother died, my father always thought it was his right to bully me. Making me go wherever he wanted, eat whatever he cooked even setting the time for me to take a bath. Time had come to cut a niche for myself.

As the teacher took my consent form, she had this expression of suspicion. I couldn't blame her as I was the last one to hand it in. That Saturday evening I was alone in my room, planning how after work in church I would go for the trip.

It was successful. My plan had worked and my eminent shouting and yelling in the bus was a means of boasting of how clever I was. Though for the first few hours I had a single thought in my mind; why hadn't I answered the phone? The phone call that rang just before I left the house was haunting me and was starting to seem so important.

Four days after I had turned my back on that call, I came to learn that it was my father on the other end. While I was on the Mombasa highway off to Nakuru from Mombasa, my father lay in a car wreck. It dawned on me later on that he must have tried countless times before his body finally gave in to the loss of blood. The mobile phone he had used showed that he had only tried calling me. A day after he had been admitted, the house number had again been called. Who was there to pick the phone? Who else was to but the imaginary me who hadn't gone for the trip?

The blood bank had only three pints of the blood of the blood group O-negative The donor lived in Nyandarua. Here was a forty-seven-year old widower with only one son who was not there to save his life. Three days later the doctor could do nothing as he needed blood and they couldn't make blood. So at 7 am, he passed on...

I arrived at 3:00 am with a feeling of emptiness and fear in my heart. Surely my father was going to have my hind for this sort of defiance. At home there was Uncle Dodi, Aunt Emelda, my grandparents and very many relatives. All were wearing facial expressions of trying to hold back tears.

That feeling of fear did not leave me. It held on to my chest, but differently. It choked me and it was fear I had never felt before. When the truth was revealed to me, a void engulfed my whole being. I was in deed alone... all alone.

## **2. Write a story that ends:**

**It then dawned on me that perhaps this is why I had been born.**

### LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

I had just arrived from work and was preparing my supper in my exotic basement kitchen. I was exhausted and all I wanted was a royal nap. I carried the pieces of sandwich to my sitting room and embarked on watching the evening news.

A girl, six years old had gone missing and the last time she was seen she was next to the mysterious church neighbouring my storey building. I was intrigued and determined to unearth the mystery behind her missing. Something inside me told me there was something fishy about the 'church'. I thus decided

to keep it under constant surveillance hoping to use it as a start to probe the girl's unexplained disappearance.

I was a detective about to retire and I had a pistol given to me as a retirement present. I loaded it and headed for the church. From a far I could see a fleet of posh cars in the compound and wondered why only those who seemed rich were the only ones gaining entry and why at night?

The gateman stopped me and asked me to identify myself. The spiky club in his hand sent uncontrollable tremors down my spine. I wondered what to say but finally, I produced my work permit and told him I was on official duty and he let me in. I stuck my gun under my jacket and whispered a prayer to my Maker.

When I gained entry into the building, it was nearly full and I did not want to attract undue attention. I thought of taking a seat and that seemed to be an extremely hilarious idea. I sat next to an elderly woman who did not seem to notice that I was beside her. I was not surprised.

Everybody was busy praying I was perplexed and only opened my eyes wide to make sure nothing passed unnoticed. Suddenly, the man at the dais who was clad in a royal blue suit ordered everybody quiet and announced that the long awaited moment had arrive. Their 'god' would feel extremely blessed to have such a congregation. I did not decipher the meaning and I only watched as he walked across the platform with his walking stick which to me was not to aid him in walking but rather a statement of fashion; a declaration of his own superiority.

He announced that they were very blessed that year and felt obliged to give thanks to their maker. He surely deserved an outstanding sacrifice. At that juncture, two heavily built men emerged from a swinging door with a relatively huge parcel and placed it on the altar. I was amazed at the church's organization.

"This is our harvest this year and we are glad to appreciate what 'god' has given us. As usual we are going to have one member split it into pieces so that everybody can have his or her own piece to offer to his or her lord. Ladies and gentlemen, can we have a volunteer."

A crowd scrambled from their seats towards the altar and the lady next to me almost toppled over. The 'preacher' chose one lady whom to me seemed very petite and I was amazed by her elegance and gait. I was instantly smitten and my mind was boggled with innumerable thoughts. I was dying with anxiety.

“Now, can you do our lord the honour?” She was just about to lower a shiny sword she held sky high when a shrill cry tore through the building. I did not quite comprehend from which direction but it occurred to me the cry was from the parcel. My heart banged against my ribs and beads of sweat formed on my forehead. I stood on impulse and ordered the lady, “Wait!”

The silence that ensued was speaking volumes. Fear crept into me and my bowels felt loose. My legs gave way. Everybody turned my direction as I headed towards the altar. Upon reaching, I took a brief glance at the parcel and extended my hand to undo it. The preacher slapped me straight in the face blurring my vision. All sorts of objects were hurled at me at an instant. I then knew that trouble was just about to shoot.

I had to fight for my survival. Everybody was on me with fists, blows and slaps. I made up my mind not to spare anyone or else I would die with my little parcel. I fired furiously all round me. Blood was oozing like a river and wails filled the building. Those who were fearful ran out of the ‘church’ and I was left alone with the wounded lot. I shakingly opened the parcel. The girl!

I rang the police and asked for an ambulance with immediate effect. As the police worked with zealous determination on the wailing maniacs, I smiled at the girl. She smiled back – a smile filled with warmth and appreciation. I had saved her life.

“Uncle, it is like a bad dream come to an end. A new day has dawned on me and with it a new lease of life. I know there is light even at the end of the darkest tunnel” she told me. It then dawned on me that perhaps this is why I had been born.

### **3. Write a story illustrating the saying:**

**“As you make your bed, so my you lie on it.”**

#### **AS YOU MAKE YOUR BED, SO MUST YOU LIE ON IT**

I gazed in the far off Eastern horizon as the sun descended leisurely, maybe oblivious of how man was now destroying what he had made in the last forty years since independence. I then sighed with relief and thanked the Almighty once more that I was safe and sound. Hell had broken loose and everybody was on his heels scrambling for safety.

It all began as a joke. Though I could not imagine my mother country falling back to ashes, it was beyond my control to reverse the inevitable. The politicians had also been warned on many occasions not to break the racial spleen between the citizens. Due to their malice and high affinity for higher posts in the government, they had all given deaf ears to their advisors and sowed seeds of discord among the communities.

With the shreds of tenderness broken between different communities, there were tribal clashes. As if a premonition for the bigger match, a national crisis broke immediately the disputed presidential results were announced. Nationwide, members of different ethnic groups began falling for each others throats. Youth erected barriers on the highways and railway lines were dismantled to paralyze transportation. Everything was in a mess as the police who came in to aid the victims exchanged fire with the rioters.

We had to run with my dear brothers and sisters. Run to the distant lands for cover. But was it as swift as it seems? No sooner had my siblings packed up some pieces of clothing than a marauding gang of youth attacked us. Despite the family ties that bound us together, I had to say everybody for himself and God for us all.

My being a girl could not deter me from this once a lifetime opportunity. I had to take off like the retired renowned Kenyan athlete, Kipchoge Keino. At last I had made away. Lucky enough I bumped into a parade of soldiers. I knew I was safe and safe indeed. As I write I don't know if my family was carried away by the cloud of violence. I only appreciate that I am an I.D.P despite the problems that we go through.

Keeping in mind that, the problem at hand came about due to some people's malice, then, the ball is in their court to find the solution. The politicians who fuelled the tribal clashes as well as loss of lives and property should be advocated against. They have to lie on the beds they made, don't they?

**4. Write a story illustrating the saying:**

**“A good name is better than riches.”**

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN RICHES

Every Tom, Dick and Harry in the village knew John Medusa. He was the renowned businessman who owned about a half of the village so to speak. However, this was not what he was most known for. His unscrupulous and mean character took this credit. The mere mention of his name would make any villager's face contort with disgust.

Adding to his mean character, he had a habit of laying off workers without any notice. His many servants thus lived in perpetual fear knowing that a summon to his expansive office was all that was needed to bring one's life crashing down with the force of a meteorite.

The morning was bright as the birds chirped and fluttered boisterously in the garden just adjacent to John's office. The door to the office flung open and out walked James Murati. A mere look at his visage would have told anyone all that had transpired. Murati, one of John's workers, had just been fired without notice. To add insult to injury, John had withheld his two- months' pay which until now he had not received.

Murati's life took a nosedive and from that day he had to struggle to get the bare essentials. Many times he found himself rummaging through dustbins for leftovers. But one character in him that distinguished him from any man was his determination and high moral standards. Though poor, he never succumbed to crime which many of his poor friends saw as a gateway to riches. Everyone in the village knew this and respected him for it.

The elections drew nigh and with them an aura of sheer excitement. It was in one of the election rallies that someone suggested, jokingly, that Murati should vie in the oncoming elections. Murati at first dismissed the suggestion knowing he was too poor to finance the campaigns needed. But deep within, he wanted to help his people who lived in abject poverty. Little by little he came to make the decision that would forever change his life. He would vie for the seat come what may.

And so with only his word to give, he began his campaign. His competitors at first brushed aside the challenger with contempt but soon the smiles on their countenances curved given that everyone knew

his character and most people would have trusted him with their very lives. Needless to say, he was elected with a landslide victory that saw him wave goodbye to his life of poverty.

Fortune once again smiled on Murati when he was appointed Justice and Legal Affairs Minister. Without any delay, he began to crack down on people involved in corruption and defrauding the government. The crack-down had many victims one of whom Murati knew very well. John the village tycoon, soon swapped the comfort of a paneled office for a squalid cell. He had been convicted of multiple charges of fraud and tax evasion. Surely, a good name is better than riches.

**5. Write a story that ends:**

**I have never been so happy in my life.**

KIDNAPPED

Robinson Chunga, the director of the State Investigations Bureau tapped off the dish of his glowing cigarette and looked blankly, thoughtfully into space. He was a tall dry man with a pair of protruding eyes that seemed to warn. Many people shrank even at the mention of his name while some said that he had undergone a mysterious operation at Neta. He carried himself with an air of secrecy and immense intelligence.

My sister and I were in his office. My father, the Minister of State for Internal Affairs, had gone missing. My mum had travelled abroad. The telephone rang. Mr. Chunga hesitated but reluctantly picked it up. “State Investigations Center?”. “Yes, please, Chunga speaking. May I help you?” “We, have him! I mean. The Minister....He is not being co-operative anyway, and we might resort to killing him....yes, his wife, we need her, she sentenced us to life imprisonment....but....we managed to escape so that was our price....the high Court Judge! Be fast man, make a deal and you will soon have your Minister back!...”

Mr. Robinson banged the phone and began pacing in the room. The telephone had been on a loud alert and we had heard it for ourselves. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Something, somewhere was definitely not right. Here was an individual demanding for my mum’s blood, to release my dad. Deep inside my heart, I knew that these were my last days on earth. Probably, I was wrong, may be, I was right. Robinson Chunga reached his phone. He knew exactly what to do. He requested us to remain calm as

he sorted matters out. “May I speak to the Chief Justice, please... Yes, I have just received a shocking revelation connected to the disappearance of the honorable Minister... I have confirmed that he was kidnapped! ... No ... No ... traced the location. The caller put his price for the release of the honorable Minister to be your highness, Judge Candian the wife to the Minister... of course because of her ruling! Must be one of those who escaped.... yes, please tell her to remain abroad. Beef up the security, we are going to take stern steps to take their locations I’ll brief you if I make successful steps,” He suddenly hung up and looked relieved.

Security heightened! Checks along the highway were beefed up. There was tension in the city for three days consecutively. Rumours flew around that Minister’s body had been found in Rothschild forest. It was confirmed not to be true. Somewhere in the city, people and wailing citizens became apprehensive and they demanded to know what was going on in the country.

Having served as a magistrate for seven years, my mother had been appointed a high court Judge by the President. She had dealt with many cases and had often complained of a security threat to her life. Never before did I consider this to be true. It dawned on me that indeed, even at my own tender age I was in danger.

I never thought that his particular evening was going to make me a happy boy. The evening news flash carried in its headlines the revelation. My dad had been found in some thick tsetse fly infested area and his captors had been arrested. The telephone rang. Its sharp sonorous tone almost made me deaf. “Hi, Jim this is Mummy. I will be flying back to the country tomorrow. Say hi, to Penina. Goodnight.” I thought I was in a trance when my sister came and hugged me. I felt extremely jovial. As if proof by some unseen force, we ran to the car and drove off to the media centre. I have never been so happy in my life.

**6. Write a story ending with the following sentence:**

**I have never been so happy in my life.**

THE FATE OF A SEPARATED FAMILY

The sun drew closer and there was another daybreak. My mind was subdued by an impending attack from our neighbouring tribe, the Musilano. Rumours spread that the Musilano tribe had threatened to

clear out our tribe, the Gusilano. Reason, they wanted back their land which they claimed our tribe had settled on. I was by then twelve years old and understood everything that went on. Every night I and my other younger siblings who were four in total huddled beside my mother while my father, like the other men, patrolled at the valley watching out for anything unusual.

The most dreadful night somehow came to be. We were woken up by wild screams, which came directly from the valley. We had not time to pack any of our belonging. Everything was topsy turvy and the village was in turmoil. Women and children were running in all directions. My mother told us not to leave her side no matter what happened. The only place we could think of hiding was the banana plantation which was approximately half a kilometre away. My mother encouraged us on.

We were amongst the lucky few who were able to make it to the banana plantation. We could still hear screams of distress and pain from a distance. The blood gashing moment lasted for about an hour then everything went dead silent. We moved deep into the plantation far from where we could easily be spotted. We could not risk cooking as smoke could attract the attackers. By good luck the bananas were ripening and so at least we could have something to keep us going.

One day after the incident my mother sought to go and find what had taken place. It was soon dusk and no one had returned. Imagining my life without my mother was the last thing I could ever fathom. At day break I decided to move on with our journey since the attackers might have killed our mother and were coming for us. It was the most terrifying moment in my life. I was duty bound to take care of my siblings just like my mother did. Though it took us one week, we were able to clear through the banana plantation and to the border of our country. The United Nations who were evacuating people and also deploying peace keepers came across us and saved us from the blade of a sword.

At the refugee camp life was not that easy. It was cold at night, diseases were rampant and my siblings were always nagging with questions where our mother and father were. The only answer I had was that they were coming soon. The United Nations sought to relocate families that were separated. I registered our names and our parents' names. After about a month, when almost all our hopes had faded, the officials had found our parents. It was disbelief that all these were happening. I was thankful to God for his protection and for bringing back our parents alive. Sincerely, I have never been so happy in my life.

7. **Write a story beginning:**

**When I left home that bright Sunday afternoon, I did not realize that the events of the next few days would completely change my life.**

AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE

When I left home that bright Sunday afternoon, I did not realize that the events of the next few days would completely change my life. I headed to my friend's home. I had always known Kim since primary school and our lives contained a series of events that made us very close friends. We used to play truant together, steal fruits from our neighbours and even spent one day in a police cell together.

When I reached Kim's place, I was welcomed cordially and I went straight to his room. We shared several stories and jokes before I decided to go back home. Before I left, Kim asked me, "Do you think you will win tomorrow's lottery?" I left without giving him any answer because I was afraid of altering fate.

I was awoken at seven o'clock by some commotion outside our gate. Apparently, no one else had heard it so I decided to go and find out what was happening. As I opened the gate, I was temporarily blinded by bright flashes. It was a startling experience to me only before I realized I had won the lottery and all these people before me were journalists and reporters for the celebrated dailies and television stations.

My face was strewn on all newspapers and television stations the following day . Kim called and congratulated me and asked me to always remember him. "What shall I do with four million shillings?" I thought to myself. I went and picked the cash from the organizers of the lottery. I was so elated that I forgot to ensure my own safety and that of the money. As I drove home in my dilapidated car with the money by my side, I was flagged down by policemen. Before I realized it, the policemen were in my car and a gun was pressed against my skull. "Do as we say and you will live!" came the commandeering voice. I did not want to aggravate the already volatile situation so I followed every instruction I was given.

I was forced to drive to a remote depot where armed guards secured the place. I was so frightened that my heart almost skipped a mighty beat. I was locked up in a cage where I could see all that the "policemen" were up to. It was an immutable fact that I would face my death since I had seen the faces of the culprits. I had no option but to remain calm and resign to destiny.

I must have been so enervated that I fell asleep without knowing. It still surprises me how I could have slept on a cold bare floor. I was woken up by shrill sirens. After a short while, a policeman opened my cage and assured me that everything was alright. How could I trust him after my ordeal the previous night?" "Stupid policeman!" I muttered to myself. It was not long before I realized that I had actually been saved by genuine policemen.

My parents were called to the depot and they hugged me fondly. They had been so worried about my whereabouts. One policeman identified me as the winner of the lottery after he had read a newspaper that bore the previous day's date. He then ordered the money recovered to be handed over to me. I was unaware that the culprits' money had also been given to me since there was no time for counting. This depot was where the culprits, who had been apprehended, hid their stolen money. On arriving home, I noticed the error and began to call the police headquarters only for my father to stop me. He told me, "Son, you deserve all this money for the inconveniences. Besides, you could give me the extra money if you don't want it!"

I started a new life in two ways. Firstly, I became very wealthy. Secondly, I began viewing my father as a whole new being. The respect I had for him had vanished completely. These events will forever linger in my mind.

**8. Write a composition illustrating the proverb:**

**"Experience is the best teacher."**

**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER**

When I left home that bright Sunday afternoon, I did not realize that the events of the next few days would completely change my life. I vividly remember the bubbly excitement coursing through my veins as I jumped into my father's car anticipating the arrival at my destination. It was the eve of my first official day in campus-utter bliss! My father dropped me at my new hall of residence and I felt as though I had walked right into a fantasy.

Elimu law Cumpus was the institution in which I was officially a member, "I object, Your honour..." were the words that kept running through my mind ad I envisioned myself in five years to come. I settled into my new room as I awaited the arrival of my roommate-yet another cause for excitement.

That wait was not long and in a jiffy, Njeri (as she was called) and I had struck a chord. The excitement had now sobered into acceptance and I turned in early in preparation for orientation the following day.

Orientation was fun and I got to learn the names of a few of my classmates. We went for lunch together later in the day then dispersed to attend to our various activities. Somewhere at the back of my mind, I wondered where Njeri had been during orientation because she was clearly not in the lecture hall with the rest of us. For the two days Njeri was nowhere to be seen and in the spirit of being my sister's keeper, I resolved to report her absence to the relevant authorities.

“Apiyo, kindly report to the Dean's office immediately.” This was the message delivered to me by my lecturer. Humbly I walked out of class and hurried to the office in puzzlement. My bafflement was short lived and was soon replaced by terror. I was informed that Njeri's lifeless body had been found at the Arboretum after having hanged herself. From the look on the dean's face, this was true. Not one cracks such jokes with such a creased brow anyway.

They took my statement as I was the last person who saw her alive. In her suicide note, she said she had been defiled and could not live with herself any longer. I sought permission to be excused from class on that day and I went straight back to my hostel and contracted. I then went ahead to set the room back to rights the police having been there. In a wrath-driven adrenalin rush, I sat on my bed and wrote a lengthy article on the abuse of women's rights. No sooner had I put my pen down that my parents walked into the room.

My father, a sculptured figure indeed, stood debonair and controlled as ever as I wept on my mother's shoulder. After I had composed myself, my parents and I talked the matter over. Having ascertained I would be fine, my parents left. I was too shaken to notice that my article had gone missing.

The following day I received my approving glances and as I did not understand them, I proceeded with my normal routine. I was brought out of my oblivion by one of my classmates who opened a page on the local dailies and there in bold, fine print was my article. I smiled as I realized what my parents had done. They had given a voice to my opinion. Later in the day, I received a call and was informed that the United Nations had read the article on the Internet and were offering me internship. Truly, every cloud has a silver lining. In a sense, Njeri's demise changed my life for the better for I currently work for the United Nations.

**9. Write a composition ending with the statement:**

**That is when I realized it was merely a dream.**

WHAT A DREAM!

“Is there anybody among the congregation who is ready to oppose the marriage of the two?” The priest of the Holy Basilica Church intoned. The hearts within our chests pounded hysterically as the priest’s word penetrated through the ears of the attentive congregation. How much I wished that the silence would rule the church forever. But my wish was never to be. “Yes There is” A voice came from behind the church as everyone present turned to see who the person spoiling their celebration-to- be was. I was hypnotized beyond words.

With Dorah at hand, we turned systematically, a cold shiver running down my spine. I was tongue-tied and the breath inside me was almost insufficient. I could not believe my eyes when I saw Elizabeth walking majestically with Jimmy, our son, to the platform. I almost jumped out of my skin and I remembered her. The recollection of what we used to do in Nigeria came alive again. I thought of the colourful customary wedding we had together while in Nigeria and I cursed the moment my eyes met her. I wondered who on earth had briefed her that I was wedding Dorah.

Elizabeth walked straight to the altar. She confidently spurt out, “This is my husband Stephanie. We were married two years ago under a customary wedding in Nigeria before he flew back here promising to come back but he disappeared mysteriously never to surface again. A friend of mine sent an e-mail informing me of this wedding. This is our son Jimmy and here is our certificate of marriage”. As soon as she finished her painful rendition, I was wet with sweat. My fiancée Dorah was in tears and almost in a trance. She was lost for words.

“Is this true Stephanie?” the priest asked. I did not know what to say but the truth had to be told. I had followed two birds at the same time and it now seemed I was losing both. I looked around and noticed that all eyes were on me. Everybody was dying to hear what I was to say. It was so quiet that even a pin drop could be heard.

“Yes...it is true.” I got the courage to speak out.

Dorah dropped in a heap and lost consciousness. Everything was in a mess as my friends and relatives left the church in utter disbelief. The bride had to be rushed to hospital immediately. I regretted having

gone for Elizabeth whereas I loved Dorah with all my heart. This was the time to pay for my dishonesty. Deno, Dorah's brother came to me and without a word struck me hard on the face sending me sprawling on the holy ground.

It is then that I woke up and found myself sitting on my bed in my room. I looked around to see John, my roommate, in vain. I realized I was sweating profusely. That is when I realized it was merely a dream.

**10. Write a composition ending with the following words:**

**My actions had saved her.**

THE PLANE CRASH

It was my first time. I had got a chance to fly to Cuba. I could see the clouds, they looked just like wool only it seemed as if some spell held them in the sky. My neighbour was a little girl and besides her was another teenager, much older and seriously reading a book. I could not quite tell which book it was and after all I did not care.

I lay my head back on my seat and fell asleep. I was woken by a vibrant movement on the plane and then a scream. Shocked, I opened my eyes and there I saw death move closer to me. I held tight on my seat belt. The trees passed by too fast yet I did not hear any signal from the speakers saying we were not about to land.

The hurling from the plane's engine grew louder. I could not face the reality that was about to be and I closed my eyes. I felt the little girl cry and I opened my eyes to her. She couldn't get her seat belts on and I tried to help, at all times looking out of the window and each time I got more and more scared. All I could see now were rocks and slopes and I felt the vibrating plane break its wings. I finally got the seat belt on her and lay back shaking terribly.

A warning from the cockpit, then it happened. We shook and went into the trees. Breakages followed by the sound of glass and steel crushing into wood and rock. A loud explosion followed.

I woke up. The sun was not visible to me. I looked around and only saw vague images. After sometime, I was able to see clearly. I was on my seat and so were the other two but the plane had broken into two.

The little girl was silent but her sister was not. She cried, blood oozing from her forehead. A dog appeared. My heart skipped a beat. As it moved closer, I knew it could attack but it only barked. Then two well-built men appeared. “Are you guys alright?” I could not answer. I feared for the little girl. “I think so” a sound replied. It was her. So the girl was alive and not dead! My actions had saved her.

**11. Write a composition illustrating the saying:**

**“Honesty is the best policy.”**

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

Matata was born in a family of six. Right from the cradle, his parents who were very affluent provided for all his needs until he grew into a handsome young man. Unfortunately, their son had one major weakness – he was a big time liar! Mr. and Mrs. Sumba being devoted Christians cautioned him severally against his dishonest tendencies but their advice fell on deaf ears. Apparently their son had thrown caution to the wind and therefore had no time for their advice.

When he was admitted to Excel High School, Matata’s whoolly-headed character did not take long to surface. However, teachers could not stomach his bad behaviour. As they say, good manners is the fabric that holds a community together. Both the teachers and the Sumbas combined forces to bring him on the right track but all their efforts were futile. The boy was ever cheating in examinations, stealing other students’ property and engaging in all sorts of mischief. The school administration decided to use unorthodox methods of punishment: uprooting tree stumps-all to no avail. Somehow they allowed him to go through the system thanks to the champions of children rights.

Then came the time for the national examination. Matata and his other wayward colleagues smuggled foreign material into the examination hall from which they foolishly copied. The examination body was committed to excellence and on detecting the anomaly cancelled the results of Matata and several other students who had cheated. Cheating in examinations must stop!

Matata’s parents were beside themselves with rage. They decided that this time battle lines had to be drawn. So worked up was Mr. Sumba that he told his son in no uncertain terms that unless he changed, he would have to move out of his house and fend for himself.

Once a mother, always a mother. Mrs. Sumba swallowed her pride and secured for her son a job in an enterprising insurance firm. A few coins exchanged hands and Matata found himself at the helm of the firm's management in the accounts department. Hardly had he settled that his old self resurfaced. It was soon realized that the institution was undergoing a serious financial deficit and the fault was traced to Matata. He had been secretly misappropriating the company's funds. He was immediately arrested, arraigned in court and charged with embezzlement of public funds. His academic qualification was also put to question.

When the ruling was done, Matata earned himself ten years in jail. On hearing this, he broke into tears. He tried to remember his parents' warnings and the teachers' pleas but it was too late. Suddenly, it dawned on him that dishonesty does not pay. Surely, honesty is the best policy.