

Composition

Simba

Esther Kanyangi

15/08/2003

WHEN THE ROAD GETS TOUGH...

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It was one chilly day in April 2003, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kisumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. I was a street child in the streets of Kisumu. I had been deserted by my mother. She said I was an outcast and beat me whenever she felt like.

Being unable to put up with the situation, I decided to run away from home. That was how I ended up in the streets. Adapting to life there was a task and a half. I was not used to the environment there and found it very hard to cope.

I went around begging for money and food. It was conditional, sometimes I would get lucky but at other times end up with nothing. I thought of going back home although we used to live from hand to mouth. The terror of sleeping outside and being beaten mercilessly filled my mind.

I had flashbacks of my sorrowful days and changed my mind. I would stay in the streets even if it meant dying there. I longed for school but knew very well that I could not go. I had no hopes and I knew a dark, miserable future awaited me.

After many months, I became an invalid. This worried me so much because I knew I could not support myself. I still tried

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8 simba

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15/05/2008

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After many months, I became an invalid. This worried me so much because I knew I could not support myself. I still tried

to beg for food but my health was deteriorating rapidly. One evening, I could not go on and gave up. I lied down helplessly.

In the morning, I woke up to find two beautiful faces looking at me. At first I was afraid but after the assurance that I would not be hurt, I relaxed. They introduced themselves and I too did the same, explaining my situation.

After sympathizing with me, they decided to adopt me, which they did successfully. They took me to school and I promised to work hard and that, I did. I brought home good grades, Mr and Mrs Brown were very glad they saved a brilliant brain.

I got used to them and soon forgot about my mother. Truly out of sight and out of mind. I thanked God numerous times for sending them to me. I considered them heaven sent. I passed my examinations in secondary (I had finished primary).

They took me to a university abroad. got a scholarship because of my good grades. This lessened the fee burden on my guardians. I studied hard and got a degree after graduating. I got a luxurious, good paying job there.

Tragically, the Browns died in an accident. Truly, calamity rings no bell. I felt so bad as part of me was missing. I cried my heart out and prayed for their souls. They were the source of my prosperity. Although I had to accept the reality, I vowed never to forget them. To date, I still think they were angels - sent from heaven!

From my life experience, I learnt an important lesson: where there is a will, there is a way. I also learnt that determination pays and no matter what the situation, you should never give up. Uphold your dignity and self-esteem, you will succeed.

I am very prosperous now very sure I will never again be a destitute. NO matter what, never give up!

Gandra Arieno

Pamba, 2008

Comparison

15.8.08

HARD WORK PAYS

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It was one chilly day in April 2003, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kisumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. I was so glad to have a change in my life. Sparks of joy were glittering on my face as I became very anxious to see my new home with different people and atmosphere.

The journey was not all that long and my desire to see the home had not faded away. Finally, we arrived and the warm-welcome I received gave me joy. As soon as I alighted from the vehicle, the sooner some little-aged children ran and gave me a hug. Inside the house looked like paradise.

Immediately I sat on my seat, I was served with a palatable meal and you could see that from the sweet aroma. I gobbled down the sumptuous meal like a greedy hyena.

"Come, let me show you your room," a sweet and appealing voice said. I had to obey and go. I gave my ragged bed good-bye. Immediately I stepped inside the room. I was shocked beyond my roots and stood still as if glued to the ground when I was told so. "My dreams for the future have finally come true," I hurred to myself.

The D-day had come. I was to go to school. The golden opportunity that I had never had. I vowed upon our village medicine man (Ajunga) that I will ^{would} work hard in school and one day make my 'parents' happy.

It was the end of the term when I first made a move. I became top in my

8/10/2008

Composition

15.8.08

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Othmanbo Collins

8 Simba

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31st July 2008

"WAS HE A TRUE PAL?"

It was a golden morning in Freetown as birds sang melodious tunes with their plumes high. Moreover there was a persistent drip/drip of the rains. I was quickly aroused by the smell of a luscious food if not aromatic this were pizzas. My younger sibling was the one cooking for she thought that she was a chief chef.

After brushing my ~~teeth~~ teeth I went to take ~~the~~ breakfast. It looked sumptuous. Within a shake of a larab's tail I had prepared myself to leave the solitude house. I was going to visit my best pal a-ka Nyash. He was generous and kind.

After putting on my apparels I took to my heels at a high velocity. I was as happy as a dumb person who had been given the ability to talk.

After walking for about half an hour I was exhausted by the walk. I needed a bottle of quencherries (water) to slake my thirst. For there was no water to drink I started trouting murder to reach my ally's place and take a glass of water.

The sun's rays were also scorching me to death. They were burning me as if Jesus had returned.

about two hours ^{working} and ^{ragging} for
my friend's home. My ^{finally} reached
or yellow sweat. In fact ^{ampit} was full
coloured. it was multi

Rat-a-tat! there was a knock
on the door. When my buddy came
to open he found me half-dead.
I needed water to quench my thirst.
He took my hands and pulled me
down until we reached his bedroom.

Nyash told his younger
brother Gash to bring water. After
giving me the frigid water I woke
up from my nightmare. ✓

"Collins my friend you should
not have come today. We have visitors.
Can you please go back home?" he
asked in a husky voice.

I could not believe what he
was trying to tell me. I was in a
trauma. My friend Nyash did not
keep his promise he sent me away
like a dog which is being shooed.
He did not remember that a promise
is a debt.

Tears then started stream-
ing down my cheeks as if hell had
broken loose. I remembered how I had
persevered upto there and opened the
door with a mountain of regrets weigh-
heavily over my shoulders. I strolled back
home.

ANTY SILVER PLATE
P. SIMBA
COMPOSITION

15.08.22

NOTHING COMES ON A SILVER PLATE

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It was one chilly day in April 2022, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kiwumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. My state then was simply described as pathetic. My skin was dry, my hair was straggly and I was also a possible habitat for lice and fleas.

I was asked to enter their car, a new Mercedes Benz. To tell the truth, I had never ever entered a Benz. The only private car I had entered was a Peugeot pick-up my father once owned.

My plight to go to the big city was decided on so abruptly. Let me explain how. He had been living peacefully in our small stone house. My sister went in a good school and my father was a hardworking farmer. He was prosperous in everything he did and he always believed that nothing came on a silver plate.

Then one day, a woman came storming into our house. From her facial expression you could see that she was burning up with rage. I was in my room and being only ten years old, I knew very little. The woman whom I usually called 'auntie' was accusing my father of bribing her so as to take her daughter as a second wife.

My mother left the following day and since then I never saw her again. As for my father, he made us drop-out of school so that we could look after the homestead. It was shameful. The home which had once served as an example to the villagers was now the village gossip story. My father started drinking and coming home late. When he would come home in the evening, he would

could me for not unlocking the door fast enough when he knocked. To my sister, she suffered the kicks and blows. Mostly, she would be beaten for not preparing supper. But surely, where did he expect us to get it if he spent the money on liquor?

Finally, I decided that enough was enough. That night, I crept out of the house and ran toward the Town Centre. There, I got into one of the lorries that usually went to Kirumu transport vegetables. I sat on one of the corks and wept bitterly.

I was woken up when the lorry came to halt in the city market. The huge buildings, and noisy market booming with music attracted me. Suddenly, I just wanted to go everywhere.

The night fell, I slept on one of the veranda for I had nowhere to go. I missed my sister mostly, and the warmth of my soft bed. Days turned to weeks and weeks to months. Time flew past and years past.

I gradually got adapted to street life and to survive the hard way. It was a matter of survival for the pitted. For me, I might describe myself as a lucky one.

I have been raised by the white couple who have grown to respect as my own parents. They educated me and gave me all the basic needs of life one can need.

As I sit in my house now and ponder over the trials of life I have faced, I simply thank God. For without him, I would never have made it. Surely, I have...

Amundi rick 22
Composition 1000000

30/50

21st July 2007

"WAS IT MY DAY?"

Having finished my chores I had nothing to do so being a fidgety I made up my mind to go for a walk. I did not want to be a bore so I informed my elder brother about my plans. He warned me not to get out of the compound but I did not listen to the rubbish that he was saying.

I took my Walkman and I listening to my favourite song as I was walking at a low velocity towards my buddies house. I was walking biggadiocally when promptly I came across to vast men. Being the son of a celebrated member of parliament they recognised me very quickly and then murmured to each other something. "Hello are you the son of Mr. Nkomo the member of parliament? Your father has sent you to come and take you back home because he has a surprise for you." When I heard that I did not equander any time but jumped in the Mercedes Benz parked by the road.

Inside there were two men wearing black suits and doves. I saw the car go the wrong direction and at a very high speed. The driver was a ace driver and within a fraction of a minute we were in a desolate area though the windows were tinted all I could see were old houses and cars. I knew I was danger and this guy played tricks on me. Being kidnapped was the thing I have never imagined in my

to life. I was now shivering like a leaf
blade against the wind whist. My heart was
~~threatening~~ ^{threatening} to break out of my rib cage and
run for its life.

Suddenly the car came to an halt and
one of the men who was as ruthless as
a tiger pulled me out and I was frog-
marched to a cubicle. Inside there I found
my father foe Mr. Tamaa. He has
always wanted to be the member of parlia-
ment for Ija constituency but his efforts
were neither ripe nor now ^{ripe} fruits. I was not
flabbergasted when I knew he was all
behind this. He slowly removed something
from his well ~~packed~~ ^{polished} suitcase and to
my surprise it was an automatic 38 silen-
cer pistol. He gave it to me and told me to
aim at the ~~head~~ ^{head} a statue that was in
there. I ~~obediently~~ ^{obediently} obeyed and tried. Several
shots but I did not hit the statue.

I was given another chance and this
time I did it. I shot on the head at differ-
ent points. Though I managed to do what
I was told I was still wondering why
I was being taught fighting skills. I ap-
peared to God to give me just a clue.
"Tomorrow you will help us assassinate
your father," Mr. Tamaa said in a spe-
cial voice. I could not imagine what they
wanted me to do before the end of the
day then I would be free to go home.
I formulated a plan to try to save

life and my father life. I would shot
them that was my plan. I did exactly
what I had planned to do and I did
it perfectly well. I was sorry for myself
and with a mountain of regrets weigh-
ing heavily on my shoulders, I strolled
back home.

COMPOSITION & SIMBA

MATUNDURA THEOPHILLUS

"A GHASTLY EXPERIENCE"

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Just then, the clouds began to threaten. The well attended occasion had to stop. The political rally came to a halt. The whole thing was a fiasco. My enthusiasm died down for this was an important day of my life. I knew that without this rally my career would come to an end. I got out of the stage and got into one of the tents. As soon as I got out of the most important place of the rally chairs were flying as if they had wings. My supporters were angered due to the rain. I had a legacy to fulfill as an M.P. but I couldn't do it without informing my supporters about my views. I called my agent and informed him that I was getting out of that place.

Even before you could say the complete alphabet, one luxurious limousine with an unfamiliar chauffeur arrived. I got in as quickly as I could and the car slithered its way along a narrow path. "Sir, I think you should take a look outside," the ^{driver} said in a kind voice. I opened the window and instead of receiving rotten eggs I heard chants and cheers which put my heart at rest. My morale shot up like a thermometer in red hot lava. Soon I knew that I was on the right track and I had a seventy percent chance of winning that election which was in fifteen days time.

I heard something like a click and the vehicle sped off in a supersonic speed that would certainly make an ace driver green with envy. In the middle of nowhere the car stopped and the force of inertia made me to hit my head on the chair. No I understood the importance of seat-belts. But I could ask the driver what was wrong. Two men confronted me. One gave me a hefty jab on my chin which made me have a severe concussion. For the first time in my life I saw stars right above my forehead.

"Remember me?" the driver said. I did not bother to look at him closely. I was thinking I got his name, he was a student of the same school I learnt in. He applied for the same course I applied for and too was an aspirant of Ojui constituency. He was Jackson. My arch rival in politics. Years ago I had defeated him in the elections and he claimed the results as forged. "I captured you to retaliate for vengeance is sweet," he said. He winked an eye at me and they started harrasing me. They beat me up, not just any beating, the like that of a snake.

I was sobbing hysterically when my boss said "kill him," they removed out a knife and wanted to pierce me. Suddenly sirens of police were heard. They surrendered and they arrested. Since that day I get goosebumps when I think of that nerve-jarring ordeal.

MARGUER NYADEO

S. Simba

COMPOSITION

"BEAUTY IS JUST A SKIN

DEEP-V ✓

33
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It was one morning when the sun was rising painting the endless skies pink. I was alighting from the slumber land by this time I payed a visit to the frogs kingdom. The water was as cold as a corpse and I came out shivering and gnashing my teeth like a crocs pincers.

I walked majestically back to my room where I dressed to kill. I went into the kitchen and prepared a tantalizing breakfast of chicken noodles and ice tea. The meal was as delicious as a forbidden fruit. Later on took the car keys and made for my ride which was a brand new BMW Convertable imported from Berlin - Germany.

I put my foot down, the gate keeper opened the gate and I left of a shake of a lamb's tail. I was heading to work. I was a detective working for a top Secret Company abbreviated as CTS. My first job was to spy on a world wanted criminal, working under Osama bin Laden of the Alkhairida.

My work was full of taking risks and at a times I received unforgettable tortures and torments. My first pick stop was at the offices situated next to the American Embassy. Once I was in, I load ed my revolver and put it in a holster then I kept it on the driver's

seat and set off. I came to my first bend and smiled with a charming lady. She smiled exposing a set of pearl white teeth. She had a bewitching gap, fit to be propped by the Kayamba Fresta band. I offered her a lift. She told me she was heading for Karen the same place I was going. Was it a coincidence? I still up to now do not know, but it is just beyond chance.

She seemed to be very bashful because she bore down her head. Then I saw a tattoo on her wrist it was the same as the one on Ahmud's forehead (the villain I was spying on). I went dumb and blood froze in the veins. I wanted to throw her out of the car when the men in blue flagged down the car.

Presently cross fire was the only option. My car received a barrage of shot and I was shot on the left arm. Out of ammo and grieving with pain I reached for my walkie talkie with my last breath. I called the offices and I was sent a back-up; the S.W.A.T. team. At the end of it I started counting my losses. Even though the lady whom I gave a band name was arrested was apprehended my car was a scrap and I had to start

The others had escaped clearly knowing that I was a secret agent. My life was in danger. I had now seen the real meaning of the adage beauty is a skin deep. On the other hand, I had also be warned and forwarned is forarmed. I was released to go back home with a mountain of regrets weighing heavily over my shoulder, I strolled back home.

Jeremy Owiti

THE GOLDEN CHANCE

26
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It was one chilly day in April 2003, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kisumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. I just found myself roaming about I did not know who had placed me there and why I was there. All were just like nonsense to me. My parents were not even around with me. I did not know where to find them. Even to find the road leading to our home, I could not trace it well.

The white really asked me questions that some I was even unable to answer. I even wondered why she was asking me those questions that made my blood freeze in my vein. I even thought that she might know my parents that is why she was asking me those unbelievable questions. Later she told me that she would like to stay with me during the rest of my life here on earth. I agreed to stay with her because she could help me in very many ways.

She took me to a hot where I was given very good care. I was given water to bath and even I was given new clothes to wear. From that one only I

noticed that the white was going to take good care of me. That one proved to me the way I was going to stay a life of a very high class. Indeed I liked the type of welcome.

Then after a few days, she told me that she had booked for me a plane to take me to where she lived. I had got a very good experience. That is where I said I would get good job and send my parents nice things if I found them. The white woman was also happy to find someone to stay with.

When the day to travel came, I was fully prepared to go. It found when still I did not know our home. So I went when I had a lot of stress. But after I had stayed there for some period of time, I had known the lifestyle. So I only worked hard. The white removed me from zero to Here. That one was a very fancy experience.

Sana Aurora MDCP

Composition

15.8.2023

MONEY SPEAKS

32
50 It was one chilly day in April the year two thousand and three, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kibera where I had been wondering about without proper food and shelter. I remember that fateful day with nostalgia. My life was not worth living and as a matter of fact, I presented myself dead to the man. I had got this steel horn with sharp edges piercing me whenever I went astray. I do not know. But it was in the care of gods to tell. Did the whiter men not say, there heals all wounds? I guess this had worked for me.

The previous day, sudden whacks and cracks of rain had fallen. Thus, this day was cool. My entire body, after smelling yuck had been offered a free bath. I was now as cool as a cucumber. A black limousine stopped by me. The chauffeur wanted me to hop. This was going to be my lucky day. Luck had been before me so, I grabbed it.

Someone at the back reduced the limited window to low. "We would like to adopt you as our child," said a persuasive voice. I was busy as an ant staring at my nose on the window. Then, "say what?" I said in my usual conato - life is hard voice. The man smiled and gave me thirty naira. Smoothly, the car drove away at top speed. I kept recalling the face. A well-shaven moustache with a broad smile - that was it.

From then on, I ate fresh vegetables. I felt like. This made me a usual face at the village, Warren's corners. Four days later, the car

stopped by me. I could tell that the tyres had been changed. This time the streetboys flooded the vicinity. You would think it were a fresh would packed to capacity with flies. The chaffer, whose name I learnt was Austine Chaichu, dispersed the desperate crowd.

Austine took me by the hand roughly to the car. I gave no objection since I understood that life of milk and honey eagerly awaited me. The drive had not been as fast as it had been before. This gave me the opportunity to look around. We passed the dingy slums and were now in one of a kind of estates. It was Greenville. Only those who swam in money would live in it. What seemed as ordinary to them was spectacular to me.

"Goodness gracious!" I sighed. Could it be that God loved others more? This would be right in a somewhat way. The bungalow had green lawn which had recently been mowed. The watchman opened the gate dutifully as though he had made a legend for all his lifetime. A thin air made me suspicious of this mansion.

As we entered, a man who was holding a gun stood transfixed to the ground. The couple also seemed to be bemused. I thought this was part of security which was offered to them. I was entangled in a complex wave of confusion. Aha! This was one of the men in blue. Something had gone amiss somewhere. He brandished the gun at the couple.

not the type

I stood in confusion. My legs would not support my weight. The couple carried their hands in the air. Was I to emulate the same. I blamed myself for this misfortune that had befallen me. Blood curdled in my veins. I swore by my mother's grave never to fall in for such. It was all money and physical lust that made me fall into this enchanting trap. Oh no! For sure in all circumstances I give credence to the dictum, MONEY SPEAKS!

Ochreng Gecorrey Ochwotho 27/50.
ESimba

A MISTAKE I VOWED NEVER TO DO AGAIN

It was during the end of year celebrations. All the schools were closed in the neighbourhood. Parents and ^{guardians} ~~guidance~~ were on a leave. They had plenty of time to spend with their children who have been in the boarding school. I was not ^{bored} ~~bored~~ and lonely again because most of my friends who have been learning in the boarding schools were back.

According to me we had all the time on earth to do or go anywhere whenever we want. To finish my primary education was like finishing education to me. My friends and I felt on top of the world although the results were not yet out. To me the national exam was very easy and I convinced my parents that I would make them proud by being the top pupil only not knowing that there are other pupils all over the country who have been preparing for the same exam.

All that I could do at home was just to sit and relax while my younger siblings were assisting in the house chores. All day long I would spend my time visiting my friends, sleeping or watching the television. I believed that finishing my primary education made me an adult and I could now take care of myself. All that I was told by my

The same time, I did not only disobey my parents but my elders too. I did this thinking that I was on the right track. All the neighbours ~~complained~~ ^{complained} to my parents about my behaviour. They tried to persuade me but it was too late. I had engaged in drug abuse after being convinced with some of my friends.

This made me to become one of them and start doing the unpleasant things. I started by stealing my parents' money and using it to buy drugs. I could not stop the behaviour because I was already an addict. Everyday, I could at least take some snuff to feel better or else I would be emotionally disturbed that day. While I was doing this, my parents ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} know anything about it. ~~Finally~~ ^{Finally} the long wanted day had reached. It was the D-day. The results of the national exam was to be released. Everyone was eager to know about their results that day. As for me, I have always been the top student in our class the whole year. I was sure that I was going to lead. Nobody in our class could challenge me, I said to myself. Afterwards, I walked majestically to our school. On reaching the school, I found a big crowd of my classmates celebrating. When I looked at the results everyone had achieved his or her goals apart from me. This was a big disappointment to me. With a mountain of regrets weighing heavily over my shoulder, I strolled back home.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

~~31~~ ³¹
~~50~~ ⁵⁰

It was one chilly day in April 2008, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kirumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. Neither did I know them nor their whereabouts. At first, I was a little bit reluctant for I feared that they were going to take me to an uncanny place but no. How was I wrong to repudiate.

"Come on, young man. We do not want to harm you," said the man whose chin was crowned with none other than a scanty beard. "Yes! We have come to pick you up just to help you. Now would you please accompany us?" implored the woman who had athen eyes, white teeth and seemed to be a walking advertisement due to the benefits of unhealth eating.

These words abruptly touched my heart and began to see the sense of what the white couples were saying. My mind did a whirlwind and my instincts told me to follow these people without dilly-dallying. I padded the hooves lackadaisically to the couple's vehicle which was just a stone thro from where I was. The vehicle was a ~~fire~~ ^{push} one and on its back was written, "Sony Wagon 8 350".

Inside the car, a great feeling of ecstacy gripped me like a tight iron rod. As I was bus looking at the valuable things contained in the car, a sudden thought of my life bombarded my mind in a haphazard way. I recall how I had been born ten years ago to Mr and Mrs. Gimmara. My parents and I lived in great elation. I was greatly loved and cared for like a lion caring for

his exit.

I used to go to a school at Ottawa preparatory before moving to the senior school. All was well and good, until one day something tragic changed my life. My parents were involved in an accident and luck was not on their side as they cooked their goose. From then on, I left school due to lack of fees and smirter enough. hoodlums invaded our abode, burnt it after making away with numerous belongings. I ran to the streets of the suburbs of Ottawa and it is where I used to reside.

In a nick of time, we arrived at a certain place and the car was stopped. I peeped through the window and what I saw made me black. My ~~purple~~ blue eyes almost got out of their sockets. I saw a house which was as large as I could ever imagine.

"Get out and follow us," said the couple.

I briskly got out of the car and trod in a speed that could make a mail champion, closely following the couple. They welcomed me to the house like the prodigal son and I was told to feel at home. The man told me to accompany him and I did so. He showed me through the house, elaborating about various things.

When he had finished, we sat on the ^{seat} and the woman brought some fruit juice. As I was very ravenous, I drank it with much pace and velocity. "We are proud to tell you that you are our own and you will be staying here," the couple said. I felt exhilarated for I knew my life would never be a chain of ups and downs.

STEPHANIE AKINDI
3 SIMBA
COMPOSITION

THANKS TO GOD:

28
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It was one chilly day in April 2003, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kisumu where I had been wondering about proper shelter. I was as happy as a sandboy and thankful to my God. They gave me clothings and everything that a human being needs. They adopted me and I was now part of their family. Infact, their child. I was taken to a good school and I said to myself I have to make good use of that chance. I worked very hard in school and anywhere else and they were so happy with me.

One day, they called me to sit down that they wanted to talk to me. They asked me about my family and I did not know what to say. I had not met my family and I was so sad about that. They told me they ^{would} look on that matter and see what they can do. I asked them to please look about onto the nearby village and see anybody who has lost a child.

Everyday I was asking them about any new news but they did not have. They were still searching. I had many hopes ~~of~~ that they would find them. They advised me not to concentrate much on other things ~~but~~ ^{but} concentrate on my learning. I followed their advice without hesitation of what and why. I reduced my rate of asking them about my parents. I was asking them rarely. On weekends I could go to the villoge with them and coming back with

nothing.

They told me not to worry they will find them soon. I did my Kenya primary certificate of education and passed well. I went to a boarding school which people did not return home until they finished their secndary education. They usually came to visit me and they still did not tell me what they had found. "There are millions of people out there and it is not as easy as ABC to find one person in that village," they usually said. I was losing my hopes of them finding them.

In school, I had only two good true friends and I completely trusted ~~at~~ them. They were helping me and I was helping them. Years passed and I was also finishing my education. I just continued well in school until I finished. I did my exams but still I did not know my results. When I went back home, I was told that they had a surprise for me. The surprise was that they had found one member of my family and it was my mother. I asked my mother many questions and it was really sad.

Starting from that day my mother was going to live with us. My K.C.S.E. exams were released and I was the second best student in the country. I got a job easily and I was to be a manager of a bank. I built a house for me and my mother in the white Coupler homestead and we were relating very well. We lived happily ever after.

vehicle they got inside the "Whackamot" name and started telling the driver to leave. The police were ordered to make the people give up. I could not believe my eyes I tried to push myself so as to come out of the cold but children, not adults, was spared by the police. People were seriously injured. Some women became unconscious. Some were arrested by the police but not including their P's and Q's. Children had to run back to the field for safety.

When the rude boys saw their friends being arrested they could not help it, but to look for way to free them whether it was by peaceful or violent demonstration was not known until they did it in action. Surely actions speak louder than words. They took stones and started throwing towards the landrover. You could think they were insane. Few minutes ago they were in good terms with the candidate. After a few minutes they had turned against him. What a world we live in.

After he had gone the police were to deal with them. For some it was a lesson to learn and for some it was time to show their strength. The police got tired of talking and decided to act. That day many died in mortuaries some died in hospital while some in jail. After about five o'clock the rain stopped raining and some sunshine could be seen. Surely, it was a campaign gone sour.

Anne christabel Agaa

Composition

3 simba

15-8-2008

FREE AT LAST.

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It was one chilly day in April 2003, when a white couple picked me from a street in Kisumu where I had been wandering about without proper food and shelter. They looked very sympathetic and at the same time they looked like wonderful people. I did not hesitate when they asked me to go with them.

We got into their car and drove away. After a while, we reached their house. I quickly asked for a towel and was given one. The lady showed me the bathroom and I quickly took a bath. "At least I will look much presentable after bathing," I told myself. After that, I was given some clothes. They fitted me perfectly. I was given something to eat while I was eating, the couple looked at me very sympathetically.

"Have you been in the streets for a very long time?" the man asked. I looked at him for a while and smiled. "Not that long. Ever since my uncle abandoned me," I answered in a calm voice. They looked at me and wondered whether I was telling the truth. I could tell this because they looked at each other and whispered to themselves.

It was then that they told me that they were Mr. and Mrs. Reyer. I also told them that I was Cindy but did not bother to tell them my last name. After that, we talked for a while and got to know each other. I learnt that they were very rich also. After a few weeks, they grew fond of me and adopted me. They became

my parents. They provided me with everything I needed. I was taken to school and I learnt many things. One day, they told me that they were planning to go to America. They also decided to take me along. They made me prepare for the long journey. One fine Saturday morning, we left the house and headed to the airport. We quickly boarded the plane and the journey began. After some time, we reached the American airport. I was very delighted to be there. I stood near Mr. and Mrs. Reyes while I was still admiring the place. He took a taxi and headed for Mr. and Mrs. Reyes' home in America.

The place was very beautiful and lovely. My househelp Grace, was very happy to see me at home. "Grace said in a sweet voice. I was there with Mr. and Mrs. Reyes for a very long time until one day everything turned up and down. I was forced to work in a very big plantation. Apart from ^{that} this, I did many other things. The thought of how Mr. and Mrs. Reyes treated me before made me feel unhappy. "Did they adopt me just to do this to me?" I asked myself as many questions criss-crossed my mind. Mrs. Reyes became very ruthless with me. She did not like me anymore. She did not make me feel as if I was worth something. I stopped going to school and doing the things I used to do. I tried reporting this to the police station but they did not believe me. Then one day, I met a man who looked willing to help me. I told him everything about my situation. To my surprise, he informed the police.

Nothing
1m

me. Maybe it was because he was older than was, I thought. While the police were still dealing with the couple's case I was still staying with them. When they found out that I pressed charges against them, I was beaten properly and made to do more heavier and unbearable tasks.

I wished that I was still in the streets when I informed the man what they had done to me, he came to the Reyes premises accompanied by the men in blue. Mr. and Mrs. Reyes were arrested and charged with child exploitation well as child abuse. I was happy to see them behind bars but then my hopes were dashed. Who would look after me? Would I continue with school? Or would I return to the streets and live the old way of life? I asked myself and questions criss-crossed my mind like swords in a clash.

I was happy when I learnt that the man who helped me would take care of me. I continued with my schooling and I was provided with everything I needed. At least he did not turn out to be bad, I thought.

Sandra Akomp

MUNIA DISTRICT HOOR

English Composition
END TERM 2

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A REGRETABLE DAY

"Phew!" I breathed a sigh of relief after the last day of the end term exams. We had done a chain of examinations for the last three weeks. I was a very happy person because of the holiday that was before.

As I was walking out of the exam room that afternoon, I had made up my mind to go home and have a rest away from my books. When I arrived home, I found my mother in the kitchen cooking a very delicious meal for supper. The nice aroma could tell it all.

"Good evening," I said to her. "Good evening dear," she replied. I ran to my room and got my garments on before I could go and sit at table to have the palatable meal. That night the table really complained about the weight of the food. After a short while, my stomach also said enough and so I did not have any other choice but to retire to bed.

The night was cool and peaceful and that gave room for a sound sleep. I ^{was} just woken up in the morning by the radiant rays of the sun that penetrated into my bedroom via the window. The birds were ringing their melodious songs as the monkeys jabbered from one tree to another. That was enough proof that the D-day had come.

I ran to the frog's kingdom to take a shower. As I was trying to pour water to myself, I realized it was extremely hot like that one used to remove a hen's feathers off. That is when the adaged expression that says, hurry hurry has no blessings came to my mind.

bare gold to

I had to go and get some cold water but there was not on my side. So, I ~~was~~ used it. I ~~was~~ time and tried wait for no man.

After the morning drama, I set off for school. I was too late for school and I knew I had to face the music. I tried to escape from my problems but I could not. Instead I caused more trouble. The headteacher had already seen me from far and knew my deeds. The best action she could take was to send for me from my hiding place.

When I got into her office, my feeble legs were shaking like a plate of green jelly as chills of fear ran down my neck. She came to know the people who have been spoiling the school's fence day by day. She could not withstand her anger and I received a resounding ~~slap~~ ^{hook for collection} that left me being entertained by a * of stars ^{to}. I was given a big piece of land to dig for I did not want to learn. That is what she believed. My fellow classmates were laughing at me not knowing the pain I was going through. Mercy was put in the dictionary for a wrong purpose.

The harsh rays of the sun made me more weaker and weaker. I wished the grounds could open up and swallow me but those were just dreams that could never come true. The day seemed longer and longer. I had to buy five strands of wire to replace the hole that I made on the fence. Where could I get all that money? I hired to myself. This is just too much to

but bare. As long as the oceans remain wet and
gold remains expensive, this will be a revelation
to remember with nostalgia. With a mountain
of regrets weighing heavily over my shoulders,
I strolled back home. ✓

~~PHENIX!~~ OUT OF SUFFERING.

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It was one chilly day in April 2003, a white couple picked me from a street corner where I had been wandering all day without proper food and shelter from the day my parents went back to the area. I was as happy as a sandhog and they asked me if I would go with them. I accepted quickly for sure they were kind. I was very excited because I would no longer be hated and loved by others.

"What is your name," they asked me in a soft voice. "Vigil---la---nce," I stammered, trembling like a chameleon on a tree when they asked me if I had relatives.

Tears of dependency cascaded down my ruddy face as I thought of how my father made me to suffer since my mother died. They kindly told me to enter their car and after that we set off leaving a trail of dust behind.

Inside I started thinking of how I could get proper food, shelter and clothing. I was ragged no more. I even thought on how I could get good education.

We reached at the entrance of a house where a watchman came to open the gate hurriedly without knowing that the father did not make a silly mistake when they said, "Hurry hurry for no reason."

The man slowly drove inside the car.

which had a beautiful garden. "wow! what a nice home," I said. I quickly got out of the car and was directed to a big colourful house.

Before drinking anything I was requested to go and bathe. Inside the bathroom there was warm water which was nice for me. I bathed and after that I was given clean clothes to put on.

When I finished putting on the clothes I went to the sitting room which was well arranged. I was so surprised to see a big television. I saw a rectangle, white thing. "What is that?" I asked. "Oh! it is a refrigerator," said the lady.

"Now tell us why you lived in the street," they asked. I felt as if I had a heart attack. "It's a long story," I said. Five years ago when I was in class three my parents died. My father died because of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome and later my mother followed him.

I was left in life of poverty and none of my relatives accepted to help me like you two have today. I had to stop my education and do manual work in tea plantations and factories.

The worst and painful part of it was that all my wages were being given to my aunt who did not leave me. I was not being given any food at the plantations and so I decided to run away and live in the street.

The couple could not believe what they heard. After a short while a lady brought for us a meal and drinks of three kinds we set on the table.

When my meal was served I started eating greedily without knowing that they were praying. When people opened their eyes I was half my meal. I felt ashamed of myself and asked for forgiveness.

They told me that the following day they will take me to the children adopting office so as to adopt me in the future. I was happy that day for sure the white couple were loving.