THE KENYA NATIONAL JUNIOR EXAMINATIONS AND ASSESSMENT SERIES

JULY-AUGUST 2025

701/2: ENGLISH (*Composition and Literary Analysis*)

MARKING SCHEME

SECTION A: COMPOSITION (15 MARKS)

TASK 1: COMPOSITION

(Write a composition ending with: ...As I looked back at the small, dusty road, I knew this was just the beginning of my great adventure.)

The sun beat down relentlessly on my small village, drying up the last puddles from yesterday's brief shower. I clutched the worn leather bag my grandmother had given me, its contents—a few clothes, a map, and a half-eaten piece of bread—feeling strangely heavy. Today was the day. The day I would finally leave home and venture into the unknown, a journey I had dreamed of since I was a small child listening to tales of brave explorers.

My parents stood by the door of our mud-walled hut, their faces a mix of pride and worry. My mother's eyes were glistening, and my father, usually so stern, managed a small, encouraging smile. "Remember what we taught you," he said, his voice gruff but kind. "Be brave, be wise, and always remember where you came from." My siblings waved enthusiastically, too young to truly understand the weight of the moment. I hugged them all tightly, a lump forming in my throat. The familiar scent of woodsmoke and freshly baked bread clung to me, a comforting reminder of the home I was leaving behind.

The village path, usually bustling with goats and children, seemed quieter than usual. My best friend, Juma, walked with me to the edge of the village, his hands tucked into his pockets. "Don't forget us," he said, his voice soft. "Write to me about everything you see." I promised I would, my heart swelling with emotion. We shook hands, a solemn vow between two friends whose paths were about to diverge.

I took a deep breath, the dry air filling my lungs. The world beyond our village was vast and full of stories waiting to be discovered. I imagined towering mountains, shimmering lakes, and cities filled with wonders I could barely conceive. The challenges would be many, I knew, but so would the lessons and the discoveries. My grandmother's old map, unfolded and creased, showed paths leading far beyond the familiar fields and forests. My feet, though tired from the walk to the village edge, felt light with anticipation. **As I looked back at the small, dusty road, I knew this was just the beginning of my great adventure.**