

# Example of facing adversaries adventure: it is a miracle creative writing

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



The breeze is a good feeling. The day will be a good one. Today will be a happy one. Day three in the jungle of Kenya is going to be great. All these are the thoughts going on in John's mind. Since coming to Kenya for the summer vacation three days ago, nothing eventful had happened. What happened to the daring adventure with the lions? The marvels of great animals in the wild will be a good feeling. All he could see now was a tiring day filled with unnecessary riots along the streets of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. He could not blame it on anyone in particular. The riots were hitting all corners of the small country as houses burnt, and demonstrations rocked the state. It was just yesterday that his other friends from whom he could get some consolations helped him spend the day playing football along the backyards of their hotel.

He wondered whether the good feelings were going to change the day. Only time could tell as John wandered about the empty rooms feeling a mixture of hope and dread. At the lobby, a couple sits silently stroking each other and talking quietly. They seem not to have noticed the sweet day. Dry tears betray them as they smile at John in a sorrowful state. He wanted to get away from them, to run away to escape the confinement and all the sadness. He leaves the hotel room like one going for a jog. Perhaps the sight of sadness when all he wanted was joy propelled him. He ran faster, paying close attention to his heartbeat. The police at the corner must have not seen him slip by. It felt good. It is a good feeling to be free again; no more hotel confinement. The roads are fast, meandering, a bend here, a junction there, a stream of buildings and the maze continues. Soon he felt tired, and the need to drink some Coke became overwhelming. He looks around for his

favorite store but finds none. There is no sign of a Mc Donald, Starbucks, or even a Seven Eleven. Instead, a surging group emerges from around the corner. They are chanting all sorts of songs and waving placards and other paraphernalia.

He is fascinated but for a millisecond, before he sees the blades, and the guns, the logs, and blood. The shock is great as he thinks of where to run. He is a cul-de-sac as there is only one entrance here. The street is chaotic. The menace is threatening. There is no escape. His lips become dry, and his legs wobble and all he can do is look, in utter shock.

Death can be so close, yet so far. He is about to touch it. John remembers home, mom, it is a Sunday. Probably she is in church. Oh mom, I love you. Wait! The prayer! Meekly, John goes to his knees. He clasps his hands timidly, sorrowful yet fearful. He closes his eyes, and mutters, " Thank you Lord for this life"

The next day, the press had a story. The Dailies and Standard held a strange story of an American boy who saved the day; besides the peaceful shape of John on his knees is a group of rowdy crowd; running with police canons and batons at their back. How the police came, no one knows. It was awesome, it was power striking. On day five, John and his friends were on their way to Maasai Mara National Park. The American embassy had previously reported to all tourists that peace was quickly returning in major areas of the country. John was all smiles, marveling at the fortunate turn of events. It was all the fruits of one day.