

An unlikely hero essays examples

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On August 7 1998, people started the day as normal. The weather had been calm as usual. Everybody went about their businesses unaware of the evil antics that had been laid to plan. Al Qaeda had planned an attack on the US Embassy scheduled for that day. With massive preparations and loads of information, the terrorists were ready to launch the attack. Local people were not forewarned. The target location was an obvious busy place being within the Central Business District of the country's capital. People packed to capacity, the villains yearned for the worst possible damage. Heartless as they are, the bomb was detonated.

There was panic everywhere; the sound itself had shocked many. Others did not know what was happening. In an environment characterized with screams, cries and smoke everywhere, you could only imagine the worst. The country had been attacked. So sudden was the attack that no one could have thought of it. The attackers must have been patting themselves on the shoulders for the 'good work'. "Everything has worked out to plan," they must have told themselves.

Debris lay everywhere. Lives lost, people wounded, the sight of it is just traumatizing. One could not help but think of the agony of the affected. It was unfathomable. The damage was incalculable. The enemy had hit hard. Emergency response was paramount. Bleeding characterized the people who had been directly. News then spread like wild fire. The citizens now had a clue of what was happening. Those nearby tried the best they could to console the dying souls. It is obvious that heartless people exist, but one could never think they could be this heartless. Rejoicing in deeds that had seen lives lost. Others lives would be changed forever. Some crippled by the

debris falling in them, others blinded by the millions of shattered glass landed in their eyes.

In some small town, 20 km south of the capital, as people were loaded with confusion and disbelief, Morgan Mwema made it his sole mission to get to the place and offer whatever assistance he could. Leaving behind all he had been doing, he was determined to give a hand in rescuing his fellow countrymen. Being African, he was driven by this fearless trait, he had seen with the males surrounding him as he grew up. Patriotism enacted in him the urge to act fast and do something for his country in response to the occasion made him world. Transportation had been halted. Commuters had changes plans and were no longer willing to get to the 'land of death'. PSV operators had to call it a day off as tension spread everywhere. No one was ready to take risk. Suddenly, the people business place and source of livelihood had become tragedy infested.

Morgan rode his motorbike to the gas station. The only thing on his mind was his mission. He had no intention of failing himself. After leaving the gas station, he rode like hell was right behind him, chasing after his soul. His speedometer was characterized by digits above 100 km/h, obviously dangerous on a motorbike. That was the least of his worries. He got into the capital in no time. With his yellow life saver bike jacket, he could be easily identified as one of the rescuers, he thought. The police, National Youth Service, firefighters and medical personnel offering first aid were in full action. Crowds formed at the background. Many were still in awe after what had happened.

His plans worked out just fine. He was recognized as a rescuer and thus had

access to the victims. Having been in a similar situation, though of lesser intensity, he knew right how desperate one longs for rescue. He could identify some victims. Some were friends, others were partial strangers. That did not matter at the moment. He got hold of whom he came across and took them to the platform where first aiding was being done. He lifted the rabble off anyone it lay on. The massive teamwork saw to it that the process was efficient and pretty swift. Cameras started characterizing the scene as news personnel flocked in to have a glimpse of the aftermath. The rescue was captured live. The rescuers paced to and fro the field of view with the victims. Morris came across a long lost friend in the process of the rescue. Together they did great work that was even documented. They had carried the day, two unauthorized men handling conducting rescues with a passion to save. His pal, Mutuma Nick was a newspaper vendor in a nearby street. He too having heard of the tragedy had devoted his time to rescue the victims. The video of the two went viral some hours later. Viewers could not help but hail the two heroes. They had portrayed what many could not have in such a time. They were a duo many would emulate. Despite the times of hardship and tension, they risked their lives. In a environment characterized by the risk of secondary explosions, falling rubble and all that, they had taken heart despite the amateur rescuer skills. They had given it their best. The next day's paper had a caption of the duo in action. They had turned out heroic for their heart-filled deeds.