

# Breaking Barriers: My Journey of Growth and Perseverance by Marvin Isaac

It was a crisp autumn morning when I first step into the bustling hallways of Riverside elementary clutching my mother's hand with a mix of trepidation and excitement the vibrant chaos of children laughing and teachers calling out greetings felt like a world unto itself, far removed from the quiet tree-lined street where I spent my first six years. That day marked the beginning of my formal education and in many ways they start of my journey towards self Discovery

In the pages that follow, I will take you through the various chapters of my life, from my early childhood in a small Midwestern town marked by innocent adventures and anticipated challenges, through the trials and Triumphs of adolescence to the unexpected paths my career has taken. Along the way you will meet the people who have significantly influenced me - family members, friends, mentors, and even adversaries each leaving an indelible mark on my journey. You will visit the places that became my havens and the experiences that taught me resilience and Grace from the serene countryside of my youth to the bustling cities where i forged my professional path

My story is not just a Chronicle of events but a testament to the lessons learned, the dreams pursued and the unwavering belief that every twist and turn has its purpose. From the moments of joyous celebration to the times of profound struggle, each experience has contributed to the person I am today. As I share my journey with you, I hope to offer a glimpse into the Moments that define me and the insights that might resonate with your own lives journey.

This paper aims to connect with you on a deeper level perhaps reminding you of your own experiences and the universal themes of growth resilience and the pursuit of happiness through my story I hope to illustrate that no matter where we start , the paths we take, or the obstacles we face, there is always a way forward - a way to find meaning and purpose in our lives

So, join me as i look back on a life filled with unexpected twists, cherished memories, and hard - won wisdom. Together, we will explore the narrative of a journey that, like all of us, is continually evolving, shaping, and redefining itself with every new experience.

I was born on a serene Sunday afternoon at Nairobi Hospital, located in the bustling Nairobi West district. Unlike the usual hustle and bustle of the city, the roads were unusually quiet that day, as if the city itself was taking a moment to welcome me into the world. Nairobi hospital with its pristine white walls and nurturing atmosphere became the backdrop for the first moments of my life.

My parents often reminisced about that day describing how the sunshine brightly casting a warm golden glow over the city. The air was crisp and filled with the sounds of birds chirping a tranquil contrast to the typical symphony of car horns and the hum of City Life. This peaceful beginning in a city known for its vibrant energy seem to set the tone for my childhood.

I grew up in an estate called Ngara situated in the heart of Nairobi. Ngara was a lively neighborhood, a mosaic of cultures and communities that painted a vivid picture of urban life in Kenya's capital. Our estate was a close knit community where everyone knew each other. The sounds of children playing in the streets, the aroma of diverse food rafting from kitchen windows, and the vibrant chatter of Neighbors created a Symphony of daily life that was both comforting and invigorating.

Our home in Ngara was a modest apartment in a multi-story building, surrounded by similar structures. The buildings, though simple, were painted in bright, cheerfull colors that brought life to the concrete Jungle. Our apartment had a small balcony where my mother grew potted plants

adding a touch of green to our urban environment. From the balcony, I had a view of the bustling streets below, a constant reminder of the city's ceaseless energy.

The estate was dotted with small shops known as kiosks where we could buy everything from fresh produce to household essentials there was also a local market nearby busting with activity and color where vendors sold fruits vegetables and an array of goods this market was the heart of the community a place where people gather not just to shop but to catch up on the latest news and enjoyed each other's company

Our neighborhood Park was a haven for the children of Ngara. It was a modest green space with a few swings, a slide and ample open space for playing football and other games. This Park was where I first kick a football, where I made lifelong friends and we countless hours of my childhood were spent in joyous abandon. One of the most memorable landmarks was the big garage located on the banks of the Nairobi River. The garage, a sprawling, industrial space sat adjacent to Michuki park, where the river meandered through the heart of the city. The garage was not just a place for fixing cars, it was a bustling hub of activity reflecting the vibrance of the Spirit of Nairobi. The constant hum of activity filled the air as mechanics worked tirelessly on vehicles of all kinds from buttered old matatus to sleek modern cars. Tools clang, engines Roared to life and the distincts smell of oil and grease permeated the surroundings.

Just outside the garage, the Nairobi River flowed gently by, its waters reflecting the sunlight and the greenery of michuki Park. The park a serene Oasis amidst the Urban hustle provided as stark contrast to the industrial atmosphere. Footpaths meandered through the lush vegetation inviting locals to take leisure strolls and enjoy moments of Tranquility. The presence of the river added a refreshing touch to the otherwise gritty environment of the garage, creating a unique blend of nature and Industry.

The bus Stage a vital transportation hub that connected various parts of Nairobi was a hive of activities with matatus and buses constantly arriving and departing ferrying passengers to and from different corners of the city. Conductors shouted out destinations urging people to board quickly while vendors weaved through the crowd selling everything from snacks to newspapers

the cacophony of the bus stage was a symphony of urban life. Horns honked, engines revved and the chatter of computers created a lively soundtrack to the scene.

As a child growing up in Ngara, the big garage by Nairobi River and the adjacent bus stage were constants in my daily life. These bustling landmarks were not just physical spaces; they were symbols of resilience, ingenuity, and the vibrant spirit of Nairobi. They embodied the hustle and bustle of urban life, where the rhythm of the city was felt in every clang of metal, every roar of an engine, and every shout of a conductor.

Living in Ngara meant being part of a vibrant, diverse community that celebrated various cultural festivals with great enthusiasm. From the colorful processions of Diwali to the joyous carols of Christmas and the communal feasts of Eid, every celebration was a shared experience that brought our community even closer together.

Growing up in Ngara, amidst the rich tapestry of Nairobi's urban life, instilled in me a deep appreciation for diversity, community, and the simple joys of everyday life. These early experiences, framed by the unique blend of tranquility and vibrancy that characterized my birth and upbringing, shaped the foundations of who I am today

One of my fondest childhood memories is when I played football for the first time. It was a sunny afternoon and the neighborhood kids had gathered at the small park near our house. I was about 6 years old and until that day I had always watched from the sidelines fascinated by the speed and energy of the game but too shy to join in. That day however was different. One of the older kids Dan, noticed me standing alone and called out "hey wanna join", his invitation was met with a mix of excitement and nervousness but I nodded eagerly. As I stepped onto the grassy field I felt a rush of adrenaline. The other kids quickly explained the rules and handed me the ball. My first kick was clumsy sending the ball in an unintended direction but everyone cheered me on with each pass and run I felt more confident and exhilarated. That afternoon I discovered the joy of playing football and the camaraderie it brought

Marvin isaac Wanyoike was the name given to me by my parents. My grandmother always said that I will be a child of laughter and so I was named Isaac which according to the Bible meant laughter. Marvin however I got from my Grandmother's boss "Paresh" a Pakistani woman Whom I knew for her strong sense of family value her resilience and strong character her intelligence hard work and education to her family she was also independent and self-sufficient and very hospitable so she named me for in me she saw a dream inside a child's consciousness .indeed i was born for greatness. Wanyoike however according to legend one of the world's fastest runners. While still a child he was already being groomed to join an elite corps of athletes in a country that is known for producing more world-class middle-distance runners over the last twenty years than any other country on earth. He excelled at the 5,000 and 10,000-meter distances

My father came from a long line of the Wanyoike regim and it is from him that i bear my sir name. My father comes from a place called igiyo and is part of the Angari clan to which his parents Henry Wanyoike and Lucy Waithera hail from. My father Jeff Wanyoike is a successful businessman with a cunning and ambitious mind, known for his innovative strategies and resilience in the face of challenges. Despite his tough exterior and unyielding ambition, he is a devoted father who prioritizes his family's needs above all else. His success is not just measured in wealth, but in the love and care he provides for his family. He may not be overly emotional, but his actions demonstrate his deep love and dedication. Jeff is a survivor, a man of means, and most importantly, a father who takes care of his family, making him a figure of admiration and respect.

Jeff is a survivor, a man who has weathered many storms, yet has never faltered in his resolve. His strength is not just physical, but mental and emotional as well. He faces challenges head-on, armed with an indomitable spirit and an unwavering belief in his abilities. He may not wear his emotions on his sleeve, but his actions speak volumes about his love and dedication. He is a provider, ensuring that his family wants for nothing. His toughness does not stem from insensitivity, but from a deep-seated desire to shield his loved ones from the harsh realities of the world. His life exemplifies that true success extends beyond financial achievements; it encompasses the ability to enrich the lives of those around you through compassion and dedication. His journey is a testament of the profound impact of leading with both heart and strength, making him a figure of admiration and respect.

My mother, Antonine Ngache, is a woman of remarkable presence and grace. Hailing from the esteemed Mukhongo clan, she carries with her a rich heritage and a profound sense of identity. Her father, Mukhongo the Third, served as a chief in Webuye, cementing the family's prominent status in the region. This legacy of leadership and respect is a cornerstone of my mother's character, shaping her into the cultured and principled woman she is today.

As a beauty lecturer at Eldoret University, Antonine Ngache combines her professional expertise with a deep passion for education. She is not only an educator but also a mentor to many, imparting knowledge and skills with a nurturing hand. Her commitment to her students' growth and success reflects her dedication to making a positive impact on those around her. In the classroom, she is known for her patience, elegance, and the ability to inspire confidence in her students.

Cultural values are at the heart of my mother's life. She holds steadfastly to the traditions and principles of the Mukhongo clan, which guide her actions and decisions. This adherence to her cultural roots manifests in her everyday interactions and the way she carries herself. Whether it is through storytelling, participating in cultural ceremonies, or simply the wisdom she imparts, Antonine Ngache ensures that the heritage of the Mukhongo clan remains alive and vibrant.

Her cultural fidelity does not mean she is inflexible; rather, it demonstrates her deep respect for her origins and the importance she places on maintaining a connection to her past. This blend of tradition and modernity makes her a unique and respected figure in her community and

profession. She effortlessly bridges the gap between the old and the new, embodying the values of her ancestors while embracing the advancements of contemporary life.

My mother, Antonine Ngache, is a testament to the strength and dignity that come from a deep connection to one's roots and the commitment to uplifting others through education. Her life as a beauty lecturer, a cultured woman, and a member of the prominent Mukhongo clan speaks volumes about her character. She is a beacon of resilience and love, making a lasting impact on everyone she meets. Her legacy is one of integrity, dedication, and an unwavering commitment to her values, making her a figure to be admired and respected.

i have three siblings two girls and one boy. their names are victoria, carol and victor. Victoria, at just seven years old, is a whirlwind of energy and enthusiasm. Vibrant and full of life, she has a personality that lights up any room she enters. Her dreams are as varied and expansive as her imagination, ranging from becoming a ballet dancer to a doctor, and sometimes a nurse. This array of aspirations reflects her boundless curiosity and the vast potential she possesses.

Victoria's talkative nature is one of her most defining traits. She has a knack for conversation that belies her young age, often surprising adults with her articulate and expressive speech. Her ability to engage with people of all ages makes her a fascinating and delightful companion. It's no wonder that everyone wants to spend time with her, as her lively spirit and infectious enthusiasm create an atmosphere of joy and excitement wherever she goes.

Her interests are as dynamic as her personality. Whether she's twirling around the room, mimicking the graceful moves of a ballet dancer, or role-playing as a doctor, Victoria approaches everything with passion and zest. Her dreams might change from day to day, but her commitment to exploring new ideas and experiences remains constant.

Victor, my younger brother, is a quiet and reserved individual who prefers to keep to himself. Unlike his energetic sister, Victoria, Victor is more introspective, often absorbed in his own world. He doesn't talk much and is always focused on his business, whether it's schoolwork or his hobbies. One of his main passions is playing PC games, where he immerses himself in virtual adventures and challenges. His dedication to gaming is matched only by his unwavering loyalty to Manchester United, making him a die-hard fan who never misses a match.

Despite his quiet demeanor, Victor harbors a deep ambition to make a name for himself in sports, following in my footsteps. His dreams may not always be vocalized, but they are as strong and determined as any. As a junior high schooler, he navigates the challenges of adolescence with a calm and composed attitude, always managing to stay focused on his goals.

My father often comments that Victor is weak, perhaps due to his quiet nature and preference for solitary activities. However, I firmly believe that Victor possesses a unique strength that isn't immediately apparent. His resilience, patience, and ability to remain composed under pressure are qualities that make him one of the strongest members of our family. His inner strength lies in his quiet determination and steadfastness, traits that will undoubtedly serve him well in his future endeavors.

Carol, my other sister, is a delightful blend of charm and complexity. She has a deep love for dancing, often losing herself in the rhythm and movements that bring her immense joy. Her religious devotion is another significant aspect of her life, a trait she likely inherited from our mother. Carol's singing talent adds another layer to her artistic inclinations, as she often fills our home with beautiful melodies.

Carol is a person who evokes strong reactions from those around her. She is very easy to love, with her sweetness and kindness drawing people to her effortlessly. However, her cunning nature can sometimes make her a polarizing figure. Despite not always having many plans or ambitions on her sleeve, she possesses a unique blend of niceness and slyness that makes her both endearing and occasionally frustrating.

Carol is a multifaceted individual, characterized by a blend of sweetness, religiosity, and artistic talent. Her love for dancing is a central part of her identity, often seen in the way she gracefully moves through life with a dancer's poise. Her religious devotion, likely influenced by her mother, provides a strong moral foundation that guides her actions and decisions. Carol's singing ability is another remarkable trait, with her melodious voice often bringing joy to those around her.

Her relationships reflect this complexity. Carol is deeply caring and nurturing, making her easy to love. However, her cunning streak means she can also be perceived as manipulative, which



can create tension and misunderstandings. Despite these contradictions, Carol remains a beloved figure in her family and social circles, admired for her talents and cherished for her unique personality.

My education background began back then in Nairobi. I used to go to a simple elementary school called Riverside, it was still located at Ngara but was a distance from where we used to live. My elementary school years were a blend of joy, laughter, and a cool nonchalance that seemed to draw others towards me. I was the kind of kid who attracted friends effortlessly, perhaps because of my easygoing personality. Despite my laid-back demeanor, I was genuinely happy and jovial, always finding ways to enjoy the moments..

Sports were a significant part of my life. I dominated both football and track, becoming known for my athletic prowess. Whether it was scoring goals on the football field or crossing the finish line first on the track, my enthusiasm and skill in sports were evident. These activities not only kept me physically active but also provided a platform to channel my energy and competitiveness.

My mom ensured that every birthday was a special celebration, filled with joy and memories that I cherish to this day. Her efforts made me feel valued and loved, and these celebrations were highlights of my elementary school years. She supported me all my life whether it was the happy moments or the sad too since my mother was very strict with me. Punishments were being given to me every time but I believe this was to shape my personality and behaviour.

Academically, I was quite bright, consistently achieving high grades. There was, however, a friendly competition with a girl in my class who matched my academic abilities. She was the only girl who ever truly impressed me with her intellect and determination, and our rivalry pushed me to strive for excellence.

One of the more dramatic experiences of my elementary school years was learning how to swim. This came about after a near-drowning incident in the baby pool, where I ended up drinking a lot

of water. The experience was frightening, but it also served as a crucial turning point, motivating me to learn how to swim properly. Overcoming that challenge gave me a sense of accomplishment and resilience.

Looking back, my elementary school years were filled with a mix of fun, learning, and personal growth. From excelling in sports and academics to celebrating special occasions and overcoming fears, these experiences shaped me into the person I am today. My journey was marked by moments of joy, competition, and valuable life lessons, all of which contributed to a memorable and formative period in my life. Although i dont really remember much about my elementary school life i view it as a very crucial moment in my life since believe it or not it had an impact to who i am today.

My primary school days were moments to reckon i think some of the most important memories were built here i went to a couple of primary schools. My primary school days were truly moments to reckon, where some of the most important memories of my life were built. I attended a couple of primary schools during this period, as we moved around a lot, especially after my mom's divorce. Being too young to fully grasp the implications of the divorce, I journeyed on, adapting to the changes with a resilient spirit.

It was during these formative years that my passion for medicine began to take root. Although I never pursued this passion further, the interest and curiosity about the field started here. This early fascination with medicine has always been a part of my personal history, even if it didn't become my career path.i was very interested in science lessons that involved the human body i think this is why i was very successful in biology when i joined high school.

During this time, my family dynamics changed as well. I had a stepdad and a stepsister named Diana. Diana and I were very close, sharing many moments and dreams. She aspired to become a very successful businesswoman, and even though it has been years since we last talked, the memories of our close bond remain strong. She was older though and therefore had my back

against bullies and everyone that disturbed my peace that is why until this moment i still cherish her even though it has been years since we saw each other.

Before moving to Vihiga, I lived in the ghetto streets of Eldoret. This was where I experienced ghetto life firsthand, interacting with a wide variety of people. It was here that I learned the importance of being a hardcore ambitious person. I witnessed people transform their lives, going from nothing to something through sheer determination and effort.

One of the fondest memories from this period was visiting our local PlayStation joint, which served as our chill base where we bonded as boys. My mom never approved of it, and it wasn't exactly good for me if she found out, but those moments were priceless. It was also during this time that I matured hormonally and started pursuing girls, a phase I appreciate as part of my growth. I would actually credit my improvement skills on this for just like playstation all my life i've started small and ended up big. Even when it came to football or school i began small and eventually built my way up.

In the later years of my primary education, I joined a boarding school called Kaimosi Friends Primary School, located in Vihiga. This experience was pivotal for me, as it provided a broader view of the outside world and helped shape my independence and resilience. Boarding school life taught me many valuable lessons and exposed me to diverse perspectives. At Kaimosi Friends Primary School, I sat for my Kenya Certificate of Primary Education (KCPE) exams and passed with flying colors, achieving a score of 377 marks. This achievement was a testament to my hard work and determination, and it marked a significant milestone in my academic journey.

Life at Kaimosi Friends Primary School was a rigorous test of endurance and adaptation, far removed from the comfort and familiarity of home. The transition to boarding school life was jarring. At home, food was plentiful, and I could eat to my fill without a second thought. In Kaimosi, however, meals were strictly rationed, and hunger became a constant companion. The simple pleasure of enjoying a hearty meal was replaced by a nagging reminder of the harshness of my new environment.

Responsibility hit me like a wave. Back home, many tasks were either done for me or shared among family members. But at Kaimosi, I had to do everything myself. I had to take care of my

own chores, ensuring my living space was tidy and my clothes were clean. Managing my pocket money was another challenge, as I had to make it last through the term, a skill I had to learn quickly. I remember meticulously budgeting my small allowance, stretching every shilling to cover essentials and occasional treats.

One of the most arduous tasks was carrying timber from a nearby forest. The forest was close to the boys' dormitory, and we were often called upon to transport the heavy logs back to school. This physically demanding task was a stark reminder of the toughness required to survive in this environment. The weight of the timber on my shoulders mirrored the weight of responsibility I was learning to bear.

Waking up at 4 am was another daily ordeal. The shrill sound of the morning bell would pierce through the early morning silence, dragging me out of bed. The struggle to stay awake and alert in those early hours was a daily battle I often lost, stumbling bleary-eyed through the first part of the day. The cold, predawn air stung my skin as I made my way to the communal bathroom, a cavernous hall capable of fitting close to 50 boys at a time. The lack of privacy was jarring; seeing fellow students naked became a norm, stripping away any sense of modesty and adding to the discomfort of boarding school life.

The daily schedule was relentless. After our early morning routines, we would proceed to the dining hall for a meager breakfast, often consisting of thin porridge or a small portion of ugali. Classes began immediately after, and the day would be filled with back-to-back lessons, punctuated by short breaks. Lunchtime brought little relief, with the food again being rationed and often unappetizing. The afternoons were spent in more classes or completing assigned chores, such as cleaning the dormitories or maintaining the school grounds.

Sadness became a frequent visitor. The constant grind, the strict routines, and the isolation from the comforts of home made being sad a normal part of life. Little did I know that these feelings were part of a larger test, teaching me perseverance and resilience. I learned to push through the difficult days, finding small moments of joy where I could.

Extracurricular activities were limited but provided a much-needed escape from the daily grind. Football matches on the rough, dusty field were fiercely competitive and offered a rare opportunity to bond with my peers. We also had occasional debates and drama sessions, where we could express ourselves creatively. These activities, though few and far between, were bright spots in an otherwise monotonous routine.

Visiting days were the highlight of each term. They occurred only once per term, but the anticipation of seeing my mom and receiving home-cooked food kept me going. The taste of familiar, delicious meals contrasted sharply with the bland and unappetizing food served in the school cafeteria. My mom's visits were a comforting reminder of home and a much-needed morale booster. I would savor every bite of the food she brought, sharing some with my closest friends who also longed for a taste of home.

In our quest for better food, my friends and I would occasionally sneak into the teachers' kitchen. The thrill of sneaking around and the reward of finding good food made these escapades a memorable part of my time at Kaimosi. We would strategize our raids meticulously, timing them when the staff were least likely to notice. The adrenaline rush of sneaking around and the joy of savoring better food were unparalleled. It was a huge test of our ingenuity and courage, and it brought a sense of adventure to the otherwise monotonous routine.

Despite the hardships, Kaimosi Friends Primary School taught me valuable life lessons. It was a place where I learned self-reliance, the importance of perseverance, and how to find strength in adversity. The experience fostered a sense of camaraderie among us students, as we navigated the challenges together. These experiences, though tough, were instrumental in shaping my character and preparing me for the challenges ahead. The friendships I forged, the lessons I learned, and the resilience I built during my time at Kaimosi have remained with me, influencing the person I have become today.

Reflecting on my primary school years, I see a period filled with movement, growth, and unforgettable memories. From adapting to new schools and developing a passion for medicine to forming close bonds with family and excelling academically, these experiences have significantly shaped who I am today. My journey through primary school was marked by resilience, curiosity, and a drive to succeed, laying a strong foundation for my future endeavors.

High school became the epitome of my life, a time filled with growth, challenges, and unforgettable experiences. Upon completing my KCPE, I was placed by the Kenya Universities and Colleges Central Placement Service (KUCCPS) to join Machakos Boys High School, a prestigious national school situated in Machakos. Given my previous experience with boarding life, I thought the transition would be smooth. Little did I know that high school would present its own set of unique challenges and adventures.

From the moment I set foot in Machakos Boys High School, I could tell it was different from my previous school. The environment was more diverse, with students from all over the country bringing with them a mix of cultures, languages, and personalities. Interacting with such a variety of people was both exciting and enlightening. It broadened my perspective and taught me valuable lessons about acceptance and understanding.

High school was a place where I encountered a wide range of characters, both good and bad. For the first time, I witnessed people doing drugs, a stark reminder of the darker sides of such a diverse environment. The school, being a national institution, had a little bit of everything, and I quickly learned to navigate this complex social landscape.

In my first year, I eagerly joined three clubs: the football team, Saint John's, and the drama club. Football was a natural choice, given my passion and skill in the sport. It was a fantastic way to bond with fellow students and showcase my abilities on the field. Saint John's, a club focused on first aid and community service, appealed to my earlier interest in medicine. It provided me with practical skills and a sense of responsibility towards others. The drama club was more of an experiment; I wasn't particularly good at acting, but I enjoyed the camaraderie and creativity it offered.

One story from my first year stands out vividly. It was during the initiation period, a time when new students were introduced to the traditions and culture of the school. One evening, we were

gathered in the school hall for what was supposed to be a casual welcome meeting. The seniors, however, had other plans. They decided to test our mettle with a series of challenges that included everything from tongue twisters to harmless but embarrassing dares.

I remember being called up for a dare that involved reciting a tongue twister perfectly. Nervous but determined, I gave it my best shot. To my surprise, I nailed it on the first try. The seniors, impressed by my quick wit and composure, gave me a round of applause and a nickname that stuck with me throughout high school: "The Twister." This experience not only broke the ice but also earned me respect and camaraderie among my peers.

As the years went by, I grew and changed in ways I couldn't have imagined. By the time I completed Form 4, I was a different person from the eager, slightly nervous Form 1 student who had first walked through the gates of Machakos Boys High School. The school had shaped me, teaching me resilience, leadership, and the importance of community.

Biology was the shining star of my academic life. It was a subject that not only fascinated me but also one where I consistently excelled. This passion was largely ignited by my biology teacher, whose enthusiasm for the subject was contagious. He would often remind us that the most important person after God was the doctor. This statement resonated with me deeply and sparked a profound interest in the study of life and the human body.

The biology lessons were captivating. We delved into the complexities of cells, the intricacies of the human anatomy, and the wonders of plant and animal life. Each class was a journey into the marvels of the natural world, and I found myself completely absorbed. The practical lessons, where we dissected specimens and conducted experiments, were the highlights. They provided a hands-on understanding that solidified my theoretical knowledge.

Languages, particularly English and Swahili, were another area where I found success and enjoyment. The study of these languages was not merely about grammar and vocabulary; it was about understanding and appreciating the rich tapestry of literature and culture they offered. The set books we studied were windows into different facets of society, and I found myself engrossed in the stories they told.

English literature introduced me to a world of diverse characters, intricate plots, and profound themes. The stories mirrored real-life situations and societal issues, offering insights into human nature and societal dynamics. Whether it was the struggles of a protagonist against societal norms or the intricate web of relationships, each story had a lesson to impart. These narratives often felt prophetic, reflecting issues that were unfolding in our society, especially those related to governance and social justice.

Swahili literature was equally enriching. The stories were closer to home, rooted in the culture and experiences of our region. They depicted everyday life, societal values, and historical events, providing a deeper connection to my heritage. The proverbs and idioms used in Swahili literature added a layer of wisdom and cultural richness that I found captivating.

The ability to analyze and interpret these stories not only improved my language skills but also enhanced my critical thinking. It was fascinating to dissect the themes, characters, and societal commentary embedded in the texts. This deep engagement with literature made English and Swahili some of my favorite subjects, second only to biology.

Mathematics, in stark contrast, was a constant source of frustration. It was a subject that I struggled with from the beginning, and my difficulties were compounded by the frequent changes in teachers. Each new teacher brought their own methodology and pace, making it hard for me to grasp the concepts and keep up with the lessons.

The abstract nature of mathematics often left me bewildered. While my classmates seemed to solve problems with ease, I found myself grappling with equations and formulas. Despite my efforts, I could never quite get a firm hold on the subject. Homework assignments and exams were daunting challenges, and my grades in mathematics reflected my ongoing struggle.

The lack of continuity in teaching didn't help. Each time I started to get accustomed to a teacher's style, they would be replaced, and I would have to adapt to a new approach. This constant upheaval prevented me from building a solid foundation in mathematics. It was a frustrating cycle of trying to catch up, only to fall behind again.

Despite my struggles, I didn't give up. I sought help from friends who were stronger in the subject and spent extra time on practice problems. While I never became proficient in



mathematics, the effort I put in taught me resilience and the importance of persistence, even when success seemed out of reach.

Humanities were a breath of fresh air amidst the challenges of mathematics. History and Christian Religious Education (CRE) were subjects that I genuinely enjoyed. The teachers for these subjects were particularly engaging, bringing the lessons to life with their enthusiasm and interactive teaching methods.

History lessons were like time travel. We explored different eras, significant events, and influential figures that shaped the world. The narratives of ancient civilizations, revolutions, and world wars were not just about dates and facts; they were stories of human endeavor, conflict, and progress. The engaging way our history teacher presented these lessons made them memorable and thought-provoking.

CRE, on the other hand, offered a moral and ethical dimension to our education. It provided a space to explore spiritual beliefs, ethical dilemmas, and moral values. The lessons were often interactive, with discussions and debates that encouraged us to think deeply about our beliefs and actions. The friendly and approachable nature of our CRE teacher made these sessions enjoyable and impactful.

The humanities not only expanded my knowledge but also shaped my worldview. They taught me to appreciate the complexities of human history and the importance of ethical conduct. The lessons in history and CRE were not just academic; they were lessons for life.

As part of my technical subjects, I chose to pursue French. Learning a new language was a challenging yet rewarding experience. French opened up a new cultural world and offered opportunities to attend various events and activities related to the language. The excitement of learning something completely different from my native languages and the sense of accomplishment when I could converse in French was unparalleled.

French lessons were dynamic, incorporating not just language skills but also cultural elements. We learned about French-speaking countries, their customs, and their contributions to global

culture. The events and competitions we participated in were particularly enjoyable. They allowed me to use my language skills in real-world contexts and interact with students from other schools who shared the same interest.

Learning French was not just about adding another subject to my academic record; it was about broadening my horizons and embracing a new way of thinking and communicating. The skills I acquired in French have stayed with me and continue to enrich my life in various ways.

In extra curriculum activities i decided to join the football high school team which resulted in being the best thing i ever did in high school. In 2017, at Machakos Boys High School, my prowess on the football field, particularly as a left wing, reached new heights during the regional division games. As a left wing, my role was crucial in orchestrating offensive plays, creating scoring opportunities, and providing steadfast support to both defense and midfield. My speed and agility allowed me to outmaneuver defenders with ease, often leaving them trailing as I sprinted down the sideline.

My dribbling skills were a highlight, as I deftly navigated through tight spaces and executed precise passes to my teammates. The regional division games were a true test of skill, teamwork, and endurance, and I relished every moment on the field. My ability to read the game and anticipate the movements of both teammates and opponents gave me a significant edge. I was not just a player who relied on speed; my tactical awareness and positioning were instrumental in creating goal-scoring opportunities.

One memorable match during the tournament saw me deliver a series of key assists, leading to a decisive victory for our team. My crosses from the left wing were pinpoint accurate, consistently finding our strikers in the box. The chemistry I had developed with my teammates over the season was evident as we seamlessly connected passes and executed well-coordinated attacks. My defensive contributions were equally notable; tracking back to support our defense, intercepting passes, and winning crucial tackles when needed.

The 2017 regional division games were a testament to my dedication and hard work in honing my football skills. My performance as a left wing was a blend of speed, skill, and strategic thinking, making me an invaluable asset to the team. The experience not only solidified my

reputation as a talented footballer at Machakos Boys High School but also instilled in me a sense of pride and accomplishment that I carry with me to this day.

In 2020 however a pandemic struck the country and therefore delayed my graduation from high school since the government announced a lock down and school was halted until the government could control the covid -19 virus which had caused huge panic everywhere in the country. Many sectors in the country stopped operations including the education sector. I was in form 4 then and therefore my KCSE exams were delayed till early 2021 in march where i sat for my KCSE (kenya certificate of secondary education ) exams.

I was very fortunate to have passed my KCSE exams averaging a B+ grade with 73 points. I remember the cabinet secretary of education in kenya announcing on national television that the results were to come out at noon that day. The anticipation leading up to the release of the KCSE 2021 results was like an electric current running through my veins. I could barely sleep the night before, my mind racing with thoughts of what the future held. The entire journey through high school, every sleepless night, every exam, and every moment of doubt and determination, had led to this day.

As the time for the announcement approached, I decided to take a walk to calm my nerves. The familiar streets of my neighborhood seemed different that day, as if they too were holding their breath in anticipation. I replayed moments from the past four years in my mind—studying late into the night, the camaraderie with friends, the encouraging words from teachers, and the many small victories and setbacks along the way.

Then, it was time to check my results. With trembling hands, I accessed the results portal on my phone. Entering my index number, I took a deep breath and hit 'Submit.' The screen loaded slowly, adding to the suspense. Finally, my results appeared. I scanned the page, my eyes quickly taking in the grades.

I had done it. The grades were better than I had dared to hope. I let out a whoop of joy, my emotions bursting forth. My family erupted in cheers, hugging me and congratulating me. The

relief and happiness were overwhelming. I felt a weight lift off my shoulders, replaced by an exhilarating sense of accomplishment and pride.

As I step into the final stage of my autobiography, I find myself at the threshold of a new chapter: university life. The journey to this point has been a tapestry woven with experiences, challenges, triumphs, and growth. Each thread tells a story of resilience, ambition, and the unwavering support of those around me. Now, as I embark on this next adventure, I am filled with a sense of excitement and determination. And according to Malcomn Forbes "The purpose of education is to replace an empty mind with an open one."

Through this i have been able to learn what is really important here in campus in relation to what i should achieve and prior to educational excellence this life should transform me from a passive recipient of information into an active, critical thinker who is open to new ideas and perspectives.

.After completing my KCSE, I was placed at Dedan Kimathi University of Technology, ready to begin my campus journey on October 4th, 2021. I was incredibly excited for my first time in campus. The orientation period was memorable as we were introduced to the school fully.

Dedan Kimathi University is located in a scenic environment with lush greenery and well-maintained gardens. The campus is set against the backdrop of the beautiful Aberdare Ranges, providing a serene and inspiring atmosphere for learning. The modern buildings, clean walkways, and the peaceful ambiance made the campus feel welcoming.

The hostels in the area were quite decent, providing a comfortable living space for students. They were well-structured, with basic amenities like beds, desks, and storage spaces. The hostels were also close to the lecture halls, making it easy for us to attend classes without much hassle. There was a sense of community among the students living in the hostels, as we got to know each other and made new friends.

Orientation was packed with activities designed to help us get acquainted with the campus. We toured various departments, learned about the library and its resources, and got a glimpse of the different clubs and societies we could join. The staff and senior students were very helpful, answering our questions and making us feel at ease.

Overall, my first days at Dedan Kimathi University were filled with excitement and anticipation. The beautiful scenery, comfortable hostels, and friendly environment made it a great start to my campus life.

Ever since I began my journey at Dedan Kimathi University of Technology, it has been an incredible experience. From the very start, the campus environment and the people I met played a significant role in shaping my university life.

The campus itself is beautiful, with well-maintained gardens and a stunning view of the Aberdare Ranges. The peaceful atmosphere and the modern infrastructure made it an ideal place for learning and personal growth. The hostels provided a comfortable living space, and the proximity to the lecture halls made it convenient to attend classes.

During my time at the university, I have connected with many people, forming friendships that have enriched my life. The sense of community among students is strong, and I have found it easy to bond with others over shared experiences and interests. Whether it was group projects, club activities, or simply hanging out in the common areas, these connections have been a vital part of my campus experience.

One of the most significant aspects of my time at Dedan Kimathi University has been the opportunity for personal growth. The diverse range of activities, from academic pursuits to extracurricular engagements, has helped me develop a better mindset. I have learned to balance my studies with other interests, manage my time effectively, and set goals for my future.

Academically, the university has provided a robust education, with knowledgeable professors and a well-equipped library. The courses have been challenging but rewarding, pushing me to think critically and expand my knowledge. I have particularly enjoyed participating in seminars and workshops that offered insights into various fields and helped me discover my passions.

Extracurricular activities have also been a highlight of my campus life. I joined several clubs and societies, which allowed me to explore different interests and develop new skills. These activities not only provided a break from academic work but also gave me a platform to meet like-minded individuals and work towards common goals.

Nonetheless , my journey at Dedan Kimathi University has been a transformative experience. I have grown both academically and personally, thanks to the supportive environment and the opportunities available on campus. The connections I have made and the experiences I have had will always be a cherished part of my life. As I continue my studies, I look forward to more adventures and learning experiences that will shape my future..

