My name is Paul Ng’ang’a Kamau. I am the 3rd born from a family of six children and counting the parents brings to a total of 8. I am from a family of 5 brothers and one sister who is the last born. I was born in Limuru in a small village known as Ndiuni. This is a small village off the Nairobi-Nakuru Road. This has however not been our home but has been for most of my life.

I was born in the year 2002. There are a lot of stories about the day I was born especially from my late grandma. There were some also from the neighbors who were there at the time of my birth. The funny bit is that not any of them can tell you the exact day I was born. To be fair a lot of the people didn’t consider that important back then or so I assume. My mum just woke up that day and as she was on the way to take me or herself to the hospital. Unfortunately, as it turns out from way back then I have never been patient. I couldn’t wait to step into the world. Before my mum could walk a good distance before my birth could happen. They had to return her home and the birth took place there. The good news was I was a healthy baby boy.

I don’t think this is where my story starts. So, this young man who has been recently hired walks into a hotel to get a bite. He then meets the most beautiful lady he has ever seen. He decides to ask out the lady. It works out for the best and they finally decide to start a family. That is a short version of the story that my dad has shared of how he met my mum. They grew fond of each other over time and ended up having six children.

I don’t exactly remember most of the things that happened during my early years. The earliest I can remember is that I loved watching wrestling. My favorite fighter was The Big Show. At that exact period, my mum bought me an attire that was almost a replica of the costume. I would always stand near the gate of my home and shout every other time that I was the big show. I sometimes miss wearing those attires.

At the age of 2 or almost 3 the most horrific accident happened and left us scared as kids. As my mum and my dad were out of home our house caught on fire and burnt to the ground. I don’t have a good memory of the occurrence but according to my older brothers, we had just had rice that had been prepared by my mum before she left. We then opened the television to watch wrestling which would be broadcast by KBC on most weekends. Before we knew it there was a fire. The oldest brother at the time was six and hence couldn’t do much. The good part was that none of us were injured

Due to the fire incident, my family was relocated to Banana where we resided for about a year. At the moment I had not yet started school. My new youngest brother was always fun to hang out with. Whenever my mum would go to work, I would always be left behind to take care of him. My mum still tells me that we looked after each other. She would leave the two of us locked outside and give us food in the kitchen which was located outside.

In the year 2005, my dad had already reconstructed our house. It was nearly finished when we moved in I remember that we used to suffer from colds since some areas of the house were still unfinished. My younger brother was lucky since he got to sleep in the same bed with my mum, unlike the rest of us. During this whole period, my dad would not show up a lot of times since he was working in a very distant place from where we resided. However, he would come every few months and would bring the best gifts ever.

I joined nursery school in the year 2006. This was sad news for my younger brother since he now had to be alone at home the whole day. My first nursery school teacher was Tr Grace. Due to how young I was at the moment I don’t remember what she looked like. I sometimes miss her as she was friendly and was the first person who realized my potential.

As long as I can remember I have always been good at studies. From the first exam we did as nursery school children I was the first one. This would go on until the year 2014 when it all changed. My second year of nursery school was a bit strange and tough. This was because my nursery teacher had been changed to another teacher by the name of Tr Beth. She was very tough and used to punish even the slightest mistakes. By then I was already good at nearly every subject and was ready to join primary school.

A bit of a backstory, I am from a place where there are very few schools. To put some context to it, there is only one within the vicinity of my home. It is not exactly one of the best schools you would choose to take your kid to school. However, some few kilometers from my home there is a school by the name of Nyataragi. This is where I started my primary school education.

Limuru is one of the coldest places in the country. And to be more precise, in the early hours of the day it can get to as low as 10oC. This is however colder when you are a class one child who is supposed to walk 3 if not 4 kilometers to school. My older brothers were not of any help at all. They would make sure that I would feel every part of the road to school. We had to hurry up to school to make sure we never got there late. Whenever we arrived late the teacher on duty would either punish as or beat us up several strokes.

Mr. Waiganjo was an elderly teacher who joined our class in the year 2009. I can always remember the brown jacket he loved wearing and the how his head shined from one of the best haircuts ever. His eyes were a bit small or at least appeared so guess due to his age. He created one of the most competitive cultures in class. He would always gift those who did the best. He also encouraged us to read and speak English. At our early ages he would teach us to express ourselves to the fullest. Ever since he joined us, he taught me to have confidence in what I was reading. It did not matter whether I was wrong or did not know to read the specific words, all that was important was to be courageous. He also assisted me in improving my skills in mathematics. He would ensure that we learnt the best and gave time to each and every one of us.

I have never been one to stand down from any challenge. This started at an early age. Some of my classmates were very good in studies and would challenge me a lot. However, every other time I would recover and still top the class. I remember in the year 2011 I was never challenged by any of the pupils in my class and led the class in almost every subject except in writing which was challenging due to my handwriting.

From a young age my family was very religious. Ever since I knew my dad he would kneel down before going to workand pray the holy rosary. He also taught us togo to church and made us love us more. This is a reason that upto this late age in my life I still love going to church. I could always find some peace there. The people were always friendly and made me like it even themore. It was more un when I joined the alter boys and became one of them.