

# **ECHOES OF THE ESCARPMENT: An Autobiography**

# **CHAPTER 1: THE THIN AIR OF BEGINNINGS (2003–2005)**

## **1.1 The Geography of Birth**

The geography of one's birth often dictates the geometry of their worldview. I was born into altitude. Iten, perched on the edge of the Elgeyo Escarpment, exists at 2,400 meters above sea level. The air here is not merely a medium for breathing; it is a resource, thin and demanding, forcing the lungs to expand and the blood to thicken. I entered this scenic environment on April 22, 2003, at a time when the region was cementing its reputation as the global capital of distance running.

However, for a newborn, global reputations mean nothing. My universe was circumscribed by the fence line of a modest homestead that overlooked the Great Rift Valley. To the east, the land dropped away into the vast, hazy floor of the valley; to the west, the road wound towards Eldoret. This juxtaposition between the grounding reality of the farm and the dizzying potential of the cliff edge would become the primary tension of my life.

My arrival into the Kemboi household was a quiet affair. My parents, Vincent and Monicah Kemboi, were young, yet they possessed a gravity that seemed to predate their years. They were anchored by two things: the red soil of our farm and the rigid structure of their faith. In our household, noise was not a sign of life; productivity was.

## **1.2 The Silent Authority**

My father, Vincent Kemboi, was a study in stillness. In a region where men often asserted dominance through volume, he commanded the room through silence. I have distinct early memories of him sitting by the wooden table in our main room, repairing a tool or reading a newspaper. He did not need to shout to enforce discipline. A shifted glance or a prolonged pause was usually enough to bring order to the chaos created by a growing family.

This silence was not empty; it was calculating. He was a man who measured his words very carefully. From him, I learned that authority does not require performance. It requires presence.

My mother, Monicah Kemboi, provided the counter-rhythm. If my father was the stillness, she was the kinetic energy. She was the economic engine of the house, a woman capable of incredible financial elasticity. I watched her negotiate prices at the market, stretch a single packet of unga to feed a crowd, and manage the intricate logistics of a rural household. She did not deal in complaints. She dealt in solutions. Her philosophy was practical: if something was broken, you fixed it; if it was dirty, you cleaned it; if it was empty, you filled it.

### **1.3 The Soundtrack of Iten**

I was not the first child to be born in the bloodline. My sister, Sonia Cheruto, had already established her place in the hierarchy. By the time I was a toddler, she was already acting as a deputy parent, a role she assumed with a seriousness that bordered on professional. The house would later fill with the boisterous energy of my younger brother, Brian Kiptoo, and the eventual baby of the family, Stacy Jepkemoi, but my earliest memories are fragmented, sensory snapshots of a quieter time.

I remember the smell of woodsmoke. In Iten, the mornings are cold a piercing chill that seeps into the bones. The scent of cypress wood burning in the kitchen stove was the signal that the day had begun. I remember the tactile scratchiness of heavy wool sweaters, essential armor against the morning mist. But most vividly, I remember the sound.

Before I understood what the Olympics were, and before I knew that my hometown was famous, I knew the sound of the runners. It was a rhythmic, collective thumping on the dirt roads outside our gate. It happened every morning at dawn. To a child's ear, it sounded like a mini-earthquake moving across the land.

I would stand by the gate, peering through the slats, watching the packs of men and women glide past. They were lean, focused, and moved with a fluidity that made the act of running look effortless. I did not know then that I was watching world record holders, Boston Marathon winners, and Olympic gold medalists. To me, they were simply towns folks doing morning exercises.

### **1.4 Normalizing the Extraordinary**

In most parts of the world, an Olympic athlete is a celebrity, a figure seen only on television screens. In Iten, they were the people buying sugar at the local kiosk. Growing up in this environment rewired my understanding of human potential. I never grew up thinking that greatness was a distant, abstract concept reserved for "other people." Greatness was sweating on the road next to my house. It was tangible. It was achievable through repetition and pain.

This subconscious education served a different purpose. It taught me that elite performance is not an accident. It is the result of a mundane, daily grind. The runners didn't run only when they felt like it, they ran because it was 6:00 AM. This distinction between motivation and discipline was the first academic lesson I absorbed, long before I ever stepped foot in a classroom at Hill School.

## **CHAPTER 2: THE LONG COMMUTE & A SUDDEN VACANCY (2006–2017)**

### **2.1 The Geometry of the 8-4-4 Grind**

In 2006, the intimate world of Iten gave way to the structured, bustling demands of Eldoret. My primary education began at Hill School, a prestigious institution in the "big town." This required a radical restructuring of our morning routine.

For the first four years of my life at Hill School, my father, Vincent, was the anchor of this commute. He worked in Eldoret, and his schedule meant that my school journey became a shared ritual. I woke up at **5:30 AM**, the darkness still thick and the air biting cold. By **6:30 AM**, I was seated on the school bus, or sometimes, depending on my father's work logistics, in a matatu.

The ride was a blur of hazy morning light, winding down the escarpment and into the urban sprawl. The bus was filled with the stiff, uniformed bodies of children half-asleep, their ambition already measured out in the weight of their schoolbags. This commute was my first lesson in discipline: showing up, ready to perform, regardless of how tired or cold you were. It was a rigorous introduction to the 8-4-4 system a curriculum designed not just to educate, but to harden.

Hill School itself was a sprawling campus, defined by colonial-era stone buildings with red corrugated roofs, standing in stark contrast to the small, wooden structures of Iten. Wearing that uniform carried a specific, visible weight it signaled proximity to opportunity and a certain level of expectation. I learned to read, solve equations, and, perhaps more critically, to navigate the unwritten rules of social hierarchy within the playground.

### **2.2 A Profile in Paradoxes**

My academic identity quickly crystallized around the core sciences. I was bright, eager to please my parents, and initially, compliant.

However, I harbored significant academic vulnerabilities that chipped away at my confidence. My **handwriting** was poor a scrawl that was often illegible, a source of constant frustration for my teachers. My English teacher, Ms. Jane, often commented, with a sigh, that my ideas were sharp but my penmanship betrayed them. She saw a disconnect between the quickness of my mind and the sluggishness of my hand.

This struggle lasted until Class 7, when a new mathematics teacher, Mr. Kiprop, arrived. He was not just a teacher; he was a problem solver who taught us that math wasn't about numbers; it was about systems. His enthusiasm was contagious, and his methods were clear. He transformed my latent

ability into a genuine passion, reinforcing my focus on the sciences and confirming that my academic strength lay in analytical fields. This clarity allowed me, eventually, to drop the subjects that dragged my overall performance, affirming the focus on the science of Information Technology later in my academic life.

### **2.3 The Pivot: Boarding and the KCPE Pressure**

The shift to boarding school in **Class 4** was my first taste of true independence. The daily commute ended, but the rigor intensified. Boarding life was a lesson in self-reliance, laundry skills, and communal living. It stripped away the last remnants of childhood dependence and prepared me for the solitary pressure cooker of the final primary years.

By 2017, I was in **Class 8**, standing on the threshold of the **Kenya Certificate of Primary Education (KCPE)** the determinant of my entire future trajectory. The pressure was immense. Every lesson was weighted, every mock exam was a test of willpower. I was focused, pulling high grades in the sciences, managing respectable scores in English, and compensating for my earlier weaknesses. The trajectory was perfect.

### **2.4 The Vacuum: A Sudden Vacancy (2017)**

Life, however, rarely honors perfect trajectories. It was the latter half of 2017, the most critical period of my academic life, when the foundations of our home suddenly gave way.

My father, Vincent, who had been the quiet authority, the anchor of our commute, and the ultimate reason for our academic striving, passed away on a road accident on his way home to iten after he had come to visit me in school.

The world did not just stop; it became hollow. The quiet presence that had defined our discipline was gone, replaced by a deafening, financial, and emotional vacuum. For my mother, the immense task of sustaining the family emotionally and economically fell solely to her. For me, the loss was paralyzing.

I remember coming home from the funeral and seeing his tools the *jembe* he favored, the hammer he had used all resting where he left them. I felt a tremendous, crushing weight. The exam, the crucial gatekeeper to my future, was looming. How could I focus on the exams and revision when the very bedrock of my motivation had been shattered?

### **2.5 Prevailing Through the Silence**

The pressure became less about grades and more about duty. My father's death did not grant me the luxury of grief; it demanded immediate maturity. I understood, with sudden, painful clarity, that my

success was no longer just a personal achievement; it was the financial security and the emotional vindication for my mother and siblings.

I returned to school with a singular focus. The grief was channeled not into sadness, but into frantic, dedicated study. I treated the KCPE preparation as a debt that had to be paid a final, silent tribute to the man who had always measured his words but whose expectations were always understood.

When the results were finally released, they confirmed my position. The performance was not flawless my overall score still showed the strain but my aggregate score was high enough to secure the most coveted admission in the region: a spot at the legendary St. Patrick's High School, Iten.

I had entered the year as Vincent's son; I exited it as the family's first line of defense. The adversity had not broken my academic performance; it had forged my resolve. I left primary school not just with a good grade, but with the painful, non-negotiable understanding of responsibility.