

THE JOURNEY WITHIN

Chapter 1: Early Life and Family Roots

My name is Victor Njenga Ngigi, and my story begins on the 16th of October, 2002, in the beautiful and calm county of Nyandarua, Kenya. I was born into a loving family that would become the anchor and foundation of everything I am today. Although my early life began in Nyandarua, I did not spend much time there. Shortly after my birth, my family moved to Eldoret, a lively town filled with vibrant people and a welcoming environment. However, the peace we had was disrupted in 2007 during the post-election clashes that shook Kenya to its core. Like many families during that time, we were displaced and forced to leave our home in Eldoret. This experience, although traumatic, became one of the earliest events that shaped my understanding of resilience, family unity, and hope in the face of chaos.

We settled in Kerugoya for a while before finally moving to Ruiru in 2010. It was there that I spent most of my formative years and attended my primary school. Towards the end of 2016, we moved once more, this time to Juja, where my family continues to live. I grew up in a family of five my father, my mother, my younger brother who is just over a year younger than me, and my younger sister who is six years my junior. Our family was not perfect, but it was filled with love, laughter, and the kind of togetherness that makes even the toughest times bearable.

My father was, and still is, a teacher an incredible man whose profession became a blessing to our family in more ways than one. Through him, I learned that education is not just a path to success, but a foundation for character, discipline, and lifelong growth. He lived by three guiding principles: God, Education, and Family, and he passed those same values down to us. His words and actions constantly reminded me that no matter where life leads, these three pillars must remain unshaken. His role as both a father and an educator gave me structure, direction, and a sense of purpose that continues to guide my choices today. He was firm but fair, and he believed that learning should never end. From him, I inherited a deep respect for knowledge and an understanding that discipline is the key to achieving anything worthwhile.

My mother, on the other hand, was a strong disciplinarian, a woman of immense strength and compassion. From her, I learned the importance of kindness, love, and hard work. She was the heart of our home, nurturing us with love but also ensuring that we understood the value of responsibility and respect. Her balance of firmness and tenderness created a sense of moral clarity that shaped my understanding of right and wrong. She worked tirelessly to make sure our home was filled with warmth and purpose. She often reminded us that no matter how difficult life gets, we must always treat others with love and humility. Together, my parents created an environment that valued education, faith, and family bonds above all else.

Faith played a major role in our upbringing. My parents made it a family tradition to attend church every Sunday without fail. Those mornings became sacred moments of unity and reflection. We would all prepare together, dress in our Sunday best, and walk or take a matatu to church as a family. My parents would attend the main service while my siblings and I joined the Sunday school. It was there that we were introduced to the fascinating stories of the Bible stories of courage, faith, and redemption. I remember reciting verses, learning new songs, and even acting out Bible stories with other children. These experiences made church not only a spiritual home but also a social one. Sunday school became an exciting part of my growth, helping me to make friends, interact with others, and develop confidence in expressing myself. It taught me to see faith as something joyful and alive, not just a boring ritual.

Those Sundays instilled in me a lifelong belief that faith is the compass that guides our actions and shapes our purpose. My parents wanted us to understand that faith was not just about religion but about living a life grounded in integrity, gratitude, and compassion. Church was more than a routine it was where we recharged our hearts and strengthened our bond as a family.

Growing up in Ruiru was a special chapter of my childhood. Back then, it was a quiet but lively town filled with children running across dusty roads, laughter echoing between apartment, and people running their small businesses to make ends meet. Life there felt simple and pure. To a child like me, Ruiru was an endless playground where every corner held adventure and every day brought something new. We would spend hours playing football on rough patches of grass with handmade balls, chasing each other around the estate, or racing handmade wire cars. To

me, the world seemed small, safe, and full of joy. I had little sense of the challenges my parents faced; all I knew was that life was about friends, fun, and play.

Sometimes, after a full day of play, my brother and I would walk back home with dusty feet and tired bodies, but hearts filled with joy and fulfillment. As we made our way through the small streets of Ruiru, we would watch the sun disappear across the horizon, painting the sky in orange and purple shades. In those moments, I felt a quiet sense of happiness and belonging. It was only later in life that I realized how simple those childhood days in Ruiru were filled with laughter, faith, and family were silently shaping me into who I would become. They taught me that joy is not about having everything, but about appreciating what you already have. Those early years built the foundation of who I am today: a person grounded in faith, moulded by discipline, and inspired by the love and strength of my family.

Chapter 2: Adventures of Childhood

My childhood was filled with imagination and wonder. I was never the loudest child in the room; in fact, I was quite the opposite a quiet observer. I loved watching the world around me, learning from the people I met, and creating stories in my mind. Yet, with my friends and my brother, I came alive. Together, we built imaginary worlds, making castles and buildings out of clay, carefully shaping towers, walls, and entire kingdoms with our small hands using clay and mud. We went on “hunting sprees” with our dogs, running through fields and exploring new neighbourhoods, with the hope of finding something to hunt. It was during those adventures that my love for dogs first grew they were our loyal companions, our partners in adventure, and our source of endless joy. Those games were our escape, our way of finding happiness in simplicity, and our first lessons in creativity, teamwork, and perseverance.

Money was not in plenty for fancy toys and gadgets, but rather than allowing that to define us, we learned to create our own happiness. My brother and I found magic in ordinary things. We’d make toys out of sticks, turn bottle tops into tires for our cars made from bottles and containers, and craft playing gadgets from whatever we could find around the neighbourhood. Every object had a purpose and every corner of our neighbourhood became a stage for new adventures. We dreamed of a future where we could build real inventions, create amazing things, and maybe

even change lives. Perhaps that was the first spark of what would later become my love for technology a fascination with the idea that ideas could be transformed into reality.

As a child, I had big dreams, though they were often influenced by the world around me. At first, I told myself I wanted to be a doctor, mostly because that was what others admired and expected it felt like the “right” choice. People around me praised doctors and spoke of their importance, and for a while, I wanted to fit that image. But deep down, I realized that wasn’t truly my passion. I didn’t feel the spark, the excitement, the curiosity that made my heart race. My interests leaned toward creating and building, exploring how things worked, and using my hands and mind to make something tangible. Slowly, I shifted my dream to becoming an engineer, a path that resonated more closely with my curiosity and love for solving problems.

Then, as I grew older, I discovered computers, and something inside me shifted again. The screens, the designs, the endless possibilities of what technology could create it all fascinated me. I began imagining myself as the person behind the computer making the actual solutions and beautiful designs. I started telling myself, “One day, I want to be a computer expert.” I didn’t have access to fancy gadgets, but curiosity became my greatest tool. I would watch people in movies using computers and fancy tech gadgets, ask questions, and imagine myself creating useful and modern tools one day. Those small sparks of curiosity, nurtured by my imagination and my love for building, were shaping the person I would eventually become.

My parents’ values also deeply influenced me. From my mother, I learned kindness and the beauty of compassion. She showed me how to care for others, how to share, and how to celebrate even the smallest moments. From my father, I learned the importance of education and hard work. Watching him face challenges without complaint, staying focused and persistent, taught me that effort and consistency mattered more than shortcuts or luck. Together, their lessons formed the foundation of my character to be humble, grateful, and focused even when life gets hard.

Looking back now, I see how every part of my childhood moulded me into who I am today. My compassion, my sharing spirit, my observation nature, and my mentality all came from those years of learning to find joy in simplicity. Life taught me early that happiness is not about having everything; it’s about appreciating the small moments and using what you have to create something beautiful. From clay castles to hunting adventures with dogs, from imagined kingdoms to digital dreams, each experience shaped my imagination, my resilience, and my drive to pursue a path that truly excites me. And in that journey from wanting to be a doctor

out of expectation, to becoming an aspiring engineer, to finally embracing my love for computers, I learned the most important lesson of all that following your passion is the key to a life filled with curiosity, joy, and purpose.

Chapter 3: School Days and Discovery

When I think about my school days, I remember them as a time of both discovery and quiet growth. Education was not just about books and grades it was where I began to understand myself, to recognize my strengths, and to see glimpses of the person I wanted to become.

My academic journey began at Eagles Academy in Eldoret, where I spent my early years in pre-primary education. I was still very young, but even then, I found joy in learning new things. I loved how every day brought something different new letters, numbers, songs, and lessons about the world. Though waking up early for school was not always the most fun, I learned discipline and the value of showing up, even when it was challenging. After my family moved, I joined Effort Junior School, where I studied up to Class 2. Later, I transferred to Thome Primary School in Ruiru, the place where I spent the majority of my primary education and where most of my formative school memories were made.

School for me was more than just a routine. It was a world of opportunity a place that challenged me, pushed me, and helped me discover my potential. I particularly loved Mathematics, English, and Christian Religious Education (CRE). Mathematics gave me the thrill of solving problems and I was quite good at it, English helped me express myself better and included really nice stories and poems that I really loved and enjoyed reading, and CRE reminded me to stay grounded in faith and values. Sometimes, completing homework felt like a chore, and there were days when I forgot assignments or made small mistakes. Being punished for incomplete homework or mischief was never pleasant, but in the long-run, those moments taught me responsibility, accountability, and the importance of paying attention to details.

Some teachers left a lasting mark on my journey, especially Mrs. Jessie, a kind and compassionate woman who taught us with love and patience. She was my class teacher from class six up to when I finished my primary education. She made learning enjoyable, and her gentle nature made me believe that kindness could coexist with strength. She was more than just a teacher she was a mentor who planted confidence in my classmates and me when we

needed it most. Her encouragement often gave me the courage to try harder, even when challenges felt overwhelming.

One of my proudest moments in school came in Class 6, when I topped the entire school. It was a surreal feeling not because of the praise, but because it proved that hard work truly pays off. I remember the pride in my parents' eyes and the joy that filled our home that day. That moment strengthened my belief that success comes from consistency and quiet effort, not from loud competition. Yet, alongside personal achievements, I learned the value of healthy competition. Whether in academics or class activities, competing with friends motivated me to improve and brought out the best in all of us.

Socially, I was well-known but not particularly outgoing. I had friends, yes, but only a small circle that I truly connected with. I wasn't the life of the party; I preferred being the one observing, thinking, and reflecting. That didn't mean I was distant it just meant I found comfort in a few genuine friendships rather than many superficial ones. I remember small moments of laughter in class, shared snacks with my friends during break time, and the joy of working together on assignments. I especially loved waiting for breaks, counting down the minutes until we could run out to play together. Those moments running across the schoolyard, chasing one another, laughing until our bellies ached were some of the happiest times of my days.

Outside the classroom, I tried to explore new experiences. I even joined the netball team a fun and unexpected chapter of my school life. Competing in matches and traveling for tournaments taught me teamwork and the importance of persistence. Though I wasn't the most athletic, I loved the spirit of competition and the sense of belonging that came with representing my school. Even small victories, like scoring a point or encouraging a teammate, became meaningful lessons in collaboration, resilience, and sportsmanship.

Looking back, my primary school years built the foundation for who I am today disciplined, curious, and quietly ambitious. They were filled with early mornings, playful mischief, laughter with friends, waiting eagerly for breaks to run and play, moments of pride, lessons from punishment, and the joy of healthy competition. I learned that education isn't just about passing exams; it's about learning to think, to question, and to grow. Those lessons stayed with me long after I left Thome Primary School for High school and continue to shape the person I am today.

Chapter 4: Teenage Reflections

Becoming a teenager marked the beginning of a new chapter in my life one filled with self-discovery, reflection, and subtle transformation. My teenage years were calm on the surface, but beneath that calmness was a quiet storm of change, ideas, and dreams taking shape.

I joined Mary Mother of Grace Boys High School, where I spent some of the most transformative years of my life. At first, the transition was challenging. Moving to a boarding school that was quite far from home was a huge shift. I had never lived away from my family before, and the sudden change affected me more than I expected. During my first years, I found myself falling back academically. It wasn't for lack of ability, but the adjustment to new routines, responsibilities, and the distance from home made it hard to focus. I missed the familiar comforts of my family, the easy rhythm of life back home, and even the simple routines I had grown used to.

At home, during holidays, I cherished simple pleasures that recharged me. I enjoyed watching movies, losing myself in stories and characters that made me laugh, and think. I also took walks to different places, exploring my surroundings, reflecting on my life, and imagining the future. These quiet moments of observation and contemplation were as important as classroom learning; they taught me patience, curiosity, and the value of appreciating small joys.

An interesting and unexpected chapter in my teenage life came in 2020, when the COVID-19 pandemic forced schools to close. I stayed at home for nine months, a period that was both challenging and eye-opening. While I missed my friends and the structure of school, the experience taught me independence, self-discipline, and adaptability. I found ways to continue learning on my own, explored hobbies, and spent more time with family. Those months also gave me time to reflect on my goals and priorities in ways I would never have imagined.

High school, despite the initial academic struggles, became a place of immense growth. I began to thrive as I adjusted to boarding life and discovered new passions. Around Form 3, my interest in Information Technology (IT) started to grow. My cousin, who worked in the tech field, often shared stories about coding, design, and problem-solving. His experiences fascinated me. I started imagining myself in that world creating software, designing solutions, and using technology to make life easier for others. That vision gave me direction. I didn't just want to study for the sake of grades anymore; I wanted to learn so I could create, innovate, and contribute.

High school also offered opportunities to explore subjects I had never studied in depth before. I discovered a fascination for Agriculture, Physics, and other sciences, which opened my mind to how things work in the natural and physical world. These new subjects sparked curiosity and helped me realize that learning could be exciting and practical at the same time.

I also got involved in extracurricular activities that shaped my character and created some of my most memorable moments. I joined the Scouts Club, where I learned valuable skills in leadership, teamwork, and resilience. The camps and activities were some of the most fun and impactful experiences of my teenage years building shelters, learning survival skills, and participating in competitions taught me perseverance and the joy of accomplishment. In addition, I was part of the Science Club, where we worked on projects aimed at solving real-world problems. From experimenting with small inventions to brainstorming solutions for practical challenges, the club allowed me to apply knowledge in creative ways, making learning both fun and meaningful.

Socially, I made some meaningful friendships that have lasted to this day. Being an introvert, I still preferred small circles of close friends, but I cherished the bonds we built late-night study sessions, shared jokes, and conversations about dreams and fears.

My teenage years were also a time of personal reflection. I realized that I was an introvert, someone who found energy in solitude rather than crowds. This self-awareness helped me understand that being quiet wasn't a weakness; it was a strength. It allowed me to observe, think deeply, and plan my future with intention.

I found inspiration in figures like Ben Carson, whose books *Gifted Hands* and *Think Big* taught me that perseverance, faith, and excellence could transform a life. His story reminded me that greatness doesn't come from where you start, but from what you believe in and how hard you're willing to work. That seed of ambition planted a desire to dream beyond my circumstances and pursue excellence with faith.

The year 2019 became a major turning point in my life. I decided that it was time to take my life seriously to stop waiting for the "right moment" and start building toward my goals. That year, something in me shifted. I became more intentional, more driven, and more aware of my purpose. I stopped doubting myself and began trusting my abilities.

High school ultimately taught me discipline, focus, and faith. It showed me that growth often happens quietly not in big moments, but in the small, consistent choices we make every day. It

taught me resilience through early struggles, the joy of learning new things, and the value of genuine friendships. Those teenage years shaped my character and prepared me for the journey ahead one that would lead me into higher education, independence, and the pursuit of my dreams.

Chapter 5: The University Chapter - Growth, and New Beginnings

Joining Dedan Kimathi University of Technology was a major milestone one that felt like stepping into a whole new world. I still remember the day I received my admission letter. It felt like a door had opened, a door to new opportunities, new lessons, and experiences that would shape not only my education but the person I was becoming.

I had just completed my studies at Mary Mother of Grace Boys High School, and while I was proud of my achievements there, I knew the real journey was just beginning. University life was different it demanded independence, discipline, and a strong sense of direction. It was no longer about being told what to do; it was about making my own choices and taking responsibility for them. I was both nervous and excited, nervous because I didn't know what awaited me, but excited because I was finally stepping closer to the dream I had carried since high school: to work in the field of Information Technology.

Choosing IT was an easy decision. From the very first moment I interacted with a computer, I was fascinated by how technology could be used to create, communicate, and solve real-world problems. The idea that one could build systems that matter, systems that make people's lives easier, deeply inspired me. IT, to me, wasn't just a course, it is an endless chance of opportunity.

My first year at university was filled with discovery, challenge, and growth. I remember long nights spent in front of my laptop, trying to understand programming concepts that sometimes felt impossible. There were times when my code would refuse to run, no matter how many times I reviewed it. The frustration was real but so was the joy when it finally worked. Each assignment completed felt like a small personal victory. Slowly, I began to build confidence, realizing that every error was just a lesson waiting to be understood.

Beyond academics, one of the biggest challenges I faced was managing money. For the first time, I had to handle finances entirely on my own, deciding what to spend, what to save, and

what to sacrifice. There were moments when I had to make tough choices, like skipping an outing with friends to save for my meals or cutting back on something fun to make sure I had enough for the basics. It wasn't always easy, but it taught me balance how to find a middle ground between enjoying life and staying responsible. Learning how to budget, prioritize, and stretch every shilling became a life skill I'll carry with me forever.

Amid those lessons, I also discovered more about myself that I was more passionate about the world of design. I realized I had a natural inclination toward creativity, blending colours, shaping layouts, and telling stories visually. What began as a hobby slowly turned into a real passion. I started creating posters, flyers, and logos for clubs, classmates, and small businesses. With every design, I improved learning to communicate ideas through visuals and exploring how art and technology could come together.

Eventually, what started as a pastime evolved into a side hustle. I began finding freelance gigs in graphic design, sometimes through referrals or through friends. Those small jobs helped me get by financially paying for essentials, paying for my meals, or even contributing to my upkeep. It wasn't just about the money, though; it was the satisfaction of earning through my skills, of turning passion into opportunity. Each project, no matter how small, gave me a sense of independence and pride.

University life also brought countless moments of learning outside the classroom. I participated in tech meetups, workshops, and group projects that exposed me to new ideas and collaborations. One of my proudest achievements was when my team and I participated in a hackathon and won second place. That victory meant more than any prize it was a reminder that my ideas had value, that I could innovate and compete among the best. It showed me that perseverance, teamwork, and creativity could open doors to unexpected opportunities.

Through all the ups and downs, I realized that finding myself as a young adult was just as important as academic success. University wasn't only teaching me programming or theory it was teaching me who I was and what kind of person I wanted to become. I learned about independence, resilience, and self-discipline. I learned how to manage my emotions, how to make decisions under pressure, and how to trust my instincts. It was during this period that I began shaping my identity not just as a student, but as a designer, a creator, and an emerging professional.

One of the most defining experiences came when I began working on my final year project a voting app for the visually impaired. The system allows users to vote hands-free using their

voice, giving them independence and dignity in participating in elections. To me, this project is more than just an academic requirement; it's a reflection of everything I believe in that technology should serve people, not exclude them. It's about breaking barriers, solving real problems, and using creativity for good.

Looking back, every moment the sleepless nights, the budget struggles, the coding frustrations, the thrill of design projects has played a role in shaping who I am today. University life has been a mixture of growth, learning, and self-discovery. It has taught me that success isn't just about grades or titles; it's about the courage to explore, the discipline to keep going, and the willingness to evolve.

Now, as I approach the end of this chapter, I'm still learning, still dreaming, still building. I'm more aware of who I am, a young adult navigating life with curiosity, purpose, and hope. Every experience has prepared me not just for a career, but for life itself and I'm excited for what comes next.

Chapter 6: Building Dreams

Even as a student, I never believed that education alone could define me. I always wanted to do more, to create, to explore, and to grow beyond the classroom. That's how my journey into graphics design and videography began.

At first, it was just curiosity. I wanted to understand how people made posters, banners, and creative digital art. One day, my mother asked me to design a poster for an event she was organizing. She told me, *"People do it, so can you."* That moment gave me the push I needed. I tried, and though it was my first attempt, it turned out surprisingly well. Seeing her appreciation and realizing I could actually create something from scratch lit a spark in me. From then on, I kept designing experimenting, improving, and slowly discovering that this was more than just a hobby; it was a passion.

What began as a simple curiosity soon became a deeper journey of learning and self-discovery. I started downloading design software, watching tutorials, and experimenting with different styles. Each new design taught me something about patience, creativity, and the importance of visual storytelling. I learned that design wasn't just about colours and shapes, it was about communication, about telling stories without words, about connecting emotion with vision.

As I improved, people began to notice my work. Friends and classmates started asking me to design posters for their events, logos for their projects, and even simple website layouts. Slowly, what began as practice turned into a side hustle, my first real way of earning an income. The feeling of being paid for something I loved doing was indescribable. It gave me independence, confidence, and the motivation to keep growing.

Over time, I began to take my craft more seriously. I invested in myself, spending countless hours refining my work, learning design principles, and exploring tools that could make my projects stand out. I also learned about branding, user experience, and the psychology behind good design. Each project became an opportunity to push my limits and express myself more clearly.

A big part of my growth has also come from collaboration. I have a creative partner, someone who helps me brainstorm new ideas, challenges my perspective, and helps polish my designs. We often work together on projects, give each other feedback, and push one another to get better. Having that partnership has taught me the value of teamwork, that creativity grows best when shared.

At some point, I also ventured into videography, working as a videographer for a friend who was an influencer. I learned how to capture moments, edit footage, and tell stories through motion. The camera became another creative outlet, a way for me to see and share the world from a new angle. Every shoot taught me something about composition, lighting, and patience.

Through all this, I've realized how important it is to step out of your comfort zone. I'll admit, I still struggle with that sometimes, whether it's putting my work out there, meeting new clients, or trying something completely new. But I've learned that growth only happens when you dare to take that step, even when it's uncomfortable. And every time I do, I come out stronger and more confident.

What I'm most proud of in this creative journey isn't just the skills I've gained, but the initiative I took to start, with nothing more than curiosity and determination. I didn't wait for the perfect time, equipment, or opportunities; I simply began where I was, with what I had, and grew from there.

Through design and videography, I've also learned lessons about leadership, discipline, and communication. Managing clients, meeting deadlines, and balancing school with creative work taught me that success doesn't come from talent alone, it comes from consistency and heart.

Today, I continue to design not just for money, but because it brings me joy. Every poster, logo, or video I create feels like a piece of me, a small reflection of my creativity shared with the world.

This journey has taught me that passion is powerful. It can turn challenges into growth, ideas into reality, and dreams into purpose. And though I'm still learning, I know I'm building something meaningful, a foundation for the creative and purposeful life I want to lead.

Chapter 7: Values, Passions, and Relationships

Life has a rhythm, a gentle beat that shapes who we are. For me, that rhythm has always been guided by the things I love and the people I hold close. My passions, my values, and my relationships form the foundation of who I've become.

I've always been a person of quiet observation. I find peace in stillness, meaning in silence, and comfort in solitude. I'm not the loudest in the room, I don't need to be. I listen, I watch, and I think deeply. Being an introvert doesn't mean I'm withdrawn; it means I connect differently. I build bonds that run deep, that thrive on understanding rather than noise. My small circle is sacred, it's where I feel seen, safe, and understood.

Among all those I hold dear, my family will always be my safe space, my shelter in every storm. They are my constant, the people I can always turn to when life feels uncertain. Their love has been my grounding force, a reminder that no matter how far I go or how much changes, I'll always have a place where I belong. In moments of trouble, they're my comfort; in moments of joy, they're my biggest cheerleaders.

My brother, especially, stands out as my closest companion. We're so close in age that he's been part of almost every experience and event in my life. If it was school, he was just a class behind me, always following closely, always present. From childhood adventures, building clay castles, racing through fields, and playing many games, to our teenage years of growth and discovery, we've shared it all. We've walked side by side through every phase of life, learning, laughing, and leaning on each other when times got tough. He's been my playmate, confidant,

and motivator. Our bond is something words can barely capture, built on shared experiences, mutual respect, and unspoken understanding.

Beyond family, I keep a tight circle of friends, a small group of people who truly get me. I don't need many, just a few who feel like home. They're the kind who bring laughter when I'm down and offer honesty when I need it most. With them, I can be completely myself, no masks, no expectations, just genuine connection.

My values guide how I move through life. I value friendship, compassion, honesty, and faith. I believe in treating others with kindness, even when it isn't always returned. I've learned that being good to people, even quietly, has its own reward. I believe in helping when I can, sharing even when I have little, and listening when someone needs an ear.

Faith, to me, isn't just about religion it's about grounding. It's what keeps me steady when life feels uncertain. Growing up, church events were a big part of my teenage years. From Sunday school lessons to youth fellowships and outreach programs, they shaped my character and taught me humility, discipline, and gratitude. They helped me understand the importance of community of giving back, staying humble, and trusting in something greater than myself.

When I'm not studying or working, I find joy in my creative and relaxing hobbies. Music and art speak to my soul they let me express what words sometimes cannot. Designing, for me, is more than a skill; it's therapy. I can spend hours lost in creativity, experimenting with colours, layouts, and ideas, letting my thoughts flow into visuals. Sometimes, I create just for fun other times, for friends, clients, or personal projects that challenge me to think differently.

I also enjoy the simple moments unwinding by playing pool, hanging out with friends, or sharing stories over laughter. These small moments remind me that joy doesn't always come from big achievements; sometimes, it's found in the quiet, ordinary things that make life warm and human.

My life philosophy is simple: *"If it makes you feel good, just do it."* Not recklessly, but meaningfully because life is too short to live under fear, pressure, or regret. I believe in following what feels right, in doing what brings peace to the heart and meaning to the soul.

Over time, I've come to understand that true happiness isn't about wealth or recognition. It's about balance, living in alignment with your values, doing what you love, and surrounding yourself with people who remind you of who you are.

In the quiet moments of reflection, I often think about how far I've come, from a little boy running around school, waiting eagerly for break time to play with friends, to a young man designing his own path in the world. My passions, my values, and my relationships have been my compass, guiding me through every season, every challenge, every success.

And through it all, one truth remains constant: family will always be home. No matter how far I go or what I achieve, they'll always be my heart's resting place, my comfort in trouble, my peace in chaos, and the rhythm that keeps my life in tune.

Chapter 8: Trials and Triumphs

No story is complete without challenges, those moments that test our strength, patience, and faith. My journey hasn't been easy, but every struggle has taught me something valuable, shaping me into the person I am today.

One of the biggest challenges I've faced is financial difficulty. There were times when money was tight, when needs were many but resources were few. At first, it felt heavy, like an obstacle I couldn't control. But as time went on, I began to see it differently. It became a teacher.

I learned how to be creative with what I had, to make something out of very little, to find joy in simple things, and to focus on what truly mattered. Instead of letting hardship discourage me, I let it strengthen my determination. I realized that even when you don't have everything, you can still build something meaningful if you have purpose and persistence.

Another challenge I continue to face is stepping out of my comfort zone. Sometimes I get too comfortable, too used to routine, to what feels safe and familiar. There are moments when I hesitate to take risks or put myself out there, even when I know it's necessary for growth. But I've come to understand that progress doesn't happen in comfort. Every time I push myself a little further, to speak up, to try something new, to take on a project that scares me, I grow stronger and more confident. It's not always easy, but I keep trying because I know the greatest rewards often lie just beyond the edge of fear.

I've also struggled with appreciating the little successes. Sometimes I get so focused on where I want to be that I forget how far I've already come. There are days when I find myself complaining that I'm not yet where I'm supposed to be, not realizing that, in many ways, I'm already living in an answered prayer. What I once wished for, the opportunities, the

experiences, the growth, are things I now have. I'm learning that gratitude and ambition can coexist; that it's okay to celebrate small wins even as you fight for the big one.

There were days when I questioned whether I was moving fast enough, whether I was achieving enough, or whether I was even on the right path. But every time those doubts crept in, I reminded myself that life isn't a race, it's a journey. Everyone's path unfolds differently, and mine is about progress, not perfection. Growth doesn't always happen in leaps; sometimes it's in the quiet, consistent steps we take every day.

Through all the obstacles, one thing that has kept me going is my dream, the dream of building a life filled with freedom, purpose, and peace. I often imagine a future where I'm not only financially stable, but emotionally and mentally balanced, where I wake up every day doing what I love, surrounded by people who bring me joy. That dream is my compass, especially during difficult times.

What motivates me most is the vision of creating a better life, not just for myself, but for my family and community. I want to reach a point where I can give back, help others who face similar struggles, and show them that even with humble beginnings, greatness is possible.

If I were to name my greatest strength, it would be my calmness under pressure. Life often throws unexpected challenges my way, but I've learned to breathe through them, to stay grounded, assess the situation, and move forward. I don't panic easily; instead, I focus on solutions. That calm demeanour has helped me in school, in design work, and in life.

Another strength I've discovered is resilience, the ability to keep going no matter how hard things get. I've fallen, failed, and faced uncertainty, but I've never stayed down. I've learned that failure isn't the opposite of success, it's part of it. Every setback carries a lesson, and every disappointment makes me stronger.

Even though I haven't faced many "dramatic" failures, I've learned from small ones, projects that didn't work, opportunities I missed, or times I doubted myself. Each experience shaped my mindset and reminded me that growth often comes disguised as struggle.

Today, when challenges come my way, I remind myself that I've been through tough times before and made it out stronger. Every test, every setback, and every delay has built me into someone who doesn't just survive, but adapts, learns, and grows.

Life isn't perfect, and it's not meant to be. It's about finding meaning in imperfection, strength in struggle, and beauty in resilience. My story is still being written, but I carry each lesson with me like a badge of honour, proof that even in difficulty, there is growth.

And above all, I've learned that even the smallest victories count, that every step forward, no matter how small, is progress. So now, I celebrate the little wins while I work toward the big ones, because both are part of becoming who I'm meant to be.

Whenever life feels heavy and challenges seem endless, I hold on to my guiding Bible verse *Romans 8:18* “*For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us.*”

That verse reminds me that every struggle has a purpose that today's pain is preparing tomorrow's greatness.

Chapter 9: The present; One Step at a Time

Today, as I stand at the threshold of completing my university journey, I often take a moment to look back and marvel at how far I've come. Life feels like a collection of small steps, some confident, some hesitant, but all leading me closer to who I am meant to be.

I am currently in my final year at Dedan Kimathi University of Technology, working on my final-year project, a voting app designed for the visually impaired, allowing them to vote hands-free using their voice. This project is more than just an academic requirement to me. It's a symbol of everything I believe in, that technology should serve people, that innovation should make life easier for everyone, regardless of their circumstances.

Every line of code I write reminds me of my “why.” It's not just about finishing school; it's about creating solutions that matter. It's about using what I've learned to bring light to others, especially those who have often been overlooked by society. The thought that something I build could help even one person feel more included, that's what keeps me motivated, even on long nights of debugging and endless revisions.

Alongside my studies, I continue to nurture my passion for graphic design. Over the years, what started as curiosity has evolved into something bigger, a creative craft that not only earns me income but also feeds my soul. I've designed posters, logos, and websites for individuals

and organizations I care about. Each design feels like a reflection of who I am, thoughtful, detailed, and intentional. It's through design that I express my creativity, discipline, and love for aesthetics.

My goal now is to grow these skills into something sustainable, to one day start my own company. Not just any company, but one that merges creativity and technology; a place that gives opportunities to others, inspires innovation, and solves real-world problems. I dream of building a space where ideas can thrive, where young minds like mine can explore, learn, and create freely. I want it to be a community that empowers others, where passion meets purpose.

As I step into this new phase of my life, I've also realized the importance of building networks and meaningful relationships. I'm learning that success isn't just about talent or hard work, it's also about connection. I've started putting myself out there more, attending events, joining online communities, and reaching out to people who inspire me. For someone naturally introverted, that hasn't always been easy, but I've come to understand that growth often begins when you step outside your comfort zone.

I'm intentional about the people I surround myself with now. I seek friendships and networks that add value to my life, that challenge me to grow, and that keep me aligned with my goals. I no longer have room for relationships that derail me, distract me, or drain my energy. Instead, I focus on those who share my vision, encourage my progress, and believe in building something meaningful together. As much as I value solitude, I'm also learning the beauty of genuine connection, the kind that lifts you higher rather than holds you back.

Through it all, I've learned to balance ambition with peace. Life can sometimes feel like a race, but I've come to realize that growth takes time. I don't have all the answers, and I don't need to. What matters is that I'm moving forward, that I'm growing, learning, and evolving every single day.

Looking at my achievements, I feel grateful. From being part of a hackathon team that won second place, to improving my design skills from scratch, to finding the courage to start new things, these milestones remind me that small beginnings can lead to big dreams.

But perhaps what I'm most proud of isn't any title, project, or certificate, it's the mindset I've built. The belief that no dream is too big, and no situation too small to start. I've learned that progress doesn't come from waiting for perfect conditions, it comes from showing up, trying, failing, and trying again.

My present life is still a work in progress, full of lessons, effort, and hope. Every morning, I wake up with a quiet determination to be a little better than yesterday, to learn something new, and to keep pushing toward the vision I see in my heart.

I know the road ahead won't always be easy, but I'm confident that with faith, consistency, and the right people around me, I'll continue building a life that reflects who I truly am, one step, one project, and one dream at a time.

Chapter 10: Visions of Tomorrow

When I think about the future, I don't just see success, I also see peace and fulfilment. I see a life built on balance: one where I'm doing work that matters, surrounded by people I love, grounded in faith and gratitude.

My dream is to build a beautiful family, rooted in love, faith, and understanding. I want to be a husband and father who provides, not just materially, but emotionally and spiritually. A man who leads with compassion, who listens, and who builds a home filled with laughter, warmth, and God's grace. I want my home to be a safe haven; a place where love is abundant, faith is alive, and every member feels valued and supported.

Professionally, I dream of owning my own company, one that combines design, innovation, and technology. I see it as a creative hub, a place where ideas turn into impactful solutions and where people find inspiration to grow. I want to mentor others, especially young people, showing them that they can turn passion into purpose, no matter where they come from. I imagine a workspace filled with collaboration, creativity, and purpose, a reflection of everything I've learned and everything I stand for.

But beyond my career, one of my biggest dreams is to give back to my parents; the two people who've sacrificed so much to make my life possible. I want to reach a point where they no longer have to work, where they can rest and enjoy the life they've so selflessly built for us. They've carried burdens in silence, made countless sacrifices, and given love without measure. My goal is to honour that, to give them the peace, comfort, and joy they truly deserve. I want them to see the fruits of their hard work and know that their dedication wasn't in vain.

I also dream of a life of freedom, not just financial freedom, but emotional and mental freedom. To me, success means waking up every day doing what I love, spending time with those who matter, and living a life that feels fulfilling. I don't need extravagance, I just need peace, purpose, and the quiet satisfaction of knowing I'm doing what I was meant to do.

Beyond personal goals, I want to make an impact in society. I want to be remembered as someone who used his gifts to serve others, someone who built solutions that helped people, and someone who gave back. I believe that when we lift others, we rise higher ourselves. My dream is to empower others, to show that greatness doesn't depend on background or privilege, but on faith, persistence, and courage.

When I close my eyes and imagine my future, I see a version of myself standing confidently in his purpose, creating, teaching, and inspiring. I see a man who has learned from his past, embraced his present, and built a future rooted in love and meaning.

I know the road won't be easy. There will be challenges, doubts, and detours. But I also know that everything I've experienced so far has prepared me for what's ahead. The lessons from my childhood, the resilience from my struggles, the discipline from my studies, all of it is shaping me for the man I'm becoming.

My dream isn't just about achieving success; it's about living a life that feels authentic and true. A life where I can look back and say, *"I gave it my all, I stayed kind, and I never stopped growing."*

That, to me, is the definition of a life well-lived, one that honours where I came from, cherishes who I love, and fulfills the purpose God placed in my heart.

Chapter 11: The Journey Within

As I reflect on my journey, from my childhood in Nyandarua to my current life as a young man chasing dreams; I realize that my story isn't just about places or events. It's about becoming.

Becoming resilient when times were hard.

Becoming creative when resources were few.

Becoming hopeful when life felt uncertain.

Every stage of my life has taught me something invaluable. Childhood taught me joy and curiosity. School taught me discipline and focus. University taught me persistence and purpose. And life itself has taught me gratitude, to appreciate not only where I'm going, but where I've been.

Looking back, I see a boy who once dreamed of being an engineer because it "sounded cool," who later discovered that his true calling was in technology and design. I see a young man who faced challenges but chose to grow from them. I see someone who never gave up, not because the path was easy, but because the dream was worth it.

I've come to understand that life isn't measured by how fast you reach your goals, but by how deeply you live along the way. Every laugh, every tear, every challenge has added texture to my story.

If there's one lesson my journey has taught me, it's this: you don't have to have everything figured out to move forward. You just have to start. Every great story begins with a single step, and I'm still taking mine, one day, one goal, one dream at a time.

In the end, I want to be remembered not just as someone who succeeded, but as someone who cared, who shared, who helped, who inspired. I want my legacy to be one of compassion, creativity, and courage.

My story is still being written, and maybe it always will be. But as I turn the pages of my life, I hold one belief close to my heart:

That every struggle has meaning.

That every dream has purpose.

And that every person, no matter where they start, has the power to become something extraordinary.

This is who I am.

This is who I'm becoming.

And this is my story.