



## **BROTHER FRANK CHAPPELL INFORMAL SCHOOL**



**Standing: Julius, Livingstone, Steven, Boaz, Leonidah, Mary, Cynthia and Gloria**

**Squatting: James, Franklin, Jackline, Evaline, Angeline and Teacher Daniel**

## **STUDENTS' STORIES 2017**

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## **Introduction**

Br. Frank Chappell informal school students are taken through the normal 8-4-4 education curriculum. They attend classes like any other student even though this is done in an informal setting. In our school timetable, we have introduced a number of activities; apart from studying subjects like Mathematics, English Kiswahili, Biology, Chemistry, Geography, History and Government, Christian Religious Education, Business Studies, Life Skills and Computer Studies, our students participate in community service on every Wednesday and Friday, we also have general knowledge class which is normally guided by Br. Russell Peters (WKWKRT Board Chairman) assisted by Daniel Rang'ondi. General knowledge program is all about sharing life experiences and stories about Kibera and the people of Kibera slum. In this particular class, the students write and share their own sacred stories. Our students got inspired to write their stories particularly after reading stories of Kibera's youth in a book titled 'I am because we are'. They share their stories because they want the world to know who they are, where they come from and what their ambitions are. One main thing that is standing out from these stories is that the stories are full of compelling insights, honesty and courage.

**Daniel Rang'ondi**

**Teacher in Charge, Chappell School June 2017**



**Angeline Mbiwa Mwende**

I was born on 28<sup>th</sup> of August, 2002 in the upcountry. I am the last born in the family of three siblings. I was brought up by my two parents but as days went by, I could not tell what happened to my father but I just found myself without my father. I have never seen my father, and I don't know where he went. I lived in an extended family that included my aunts, uncles, grandparents and cousins.

My mother used to do farming and sell the farm produce for us to get money for basic needs like food, shelter, clothing and education. Although she struggled, she was not able to fulfill all our needs. I used to go to Sunday school together with my elder brother in the neighboring church near our home named Nazarene church. I was named after my grandmother from my mother's side.

My mother tells me that at the age of two years, when crawling, I used to collect any small animal that I came across and start eating it. My grandmother also tells me that despite the fact that I was kind and honest, I was very greedy. At the age of three years, when I started walking, I used to go grazing with my elder brother. At the age of four years, my mother decided to take me to school because I seemed to be sharp.

My school was just across the fence, so, I needed no escort. One evening when I came back from school, I found that my mother was not around. When my brother came back from school, he took my sister and I, and our clothes to my grandmother from my mother's side.

Although my brother knew that my mother had gone to work, he could not tell me because I was a small child and he was certain that I would cry. Later, my uncle and aunts held a meeting and contributed some money to take my siblings and me to school.

Joining pre-school was the happiest moment in my life. When I came back from school, I used to help my brother and grandmother to wash utensils and clean the house. I would also arrange the house neatly. I was five years when I started going to school. My mother tells me that she wanted to take me to school when I was six but I pressurized her by crying when I used to see my brother and sister going to school, and so, she took me to school at the age of five.

I liked school very much because we used to be given biscuits by our teacher every morning. I also liked school because my mother used to cook and pack a nice meal for me. In school, we were only pinched whenever we made mistakes. We used to have one teacher in pre-school. I liked our teacher because she used to greet me every time she came to class.

It did not take long before I was transferred to another school where I joined class one. I liked most of the teachers in that school because they were friendly, loving and caring. I did not like those ones who were tough on me because they used to cane me whenever I made a small mistake. I used to walk a distance of approximately four kilometres. This made me grow tired but I had no choice but to put up with it.

In a very short time, I had many friends; they were kind, generous and supportive. My friends and I used to play many games. Back at home, my grandparents loved me because I used to help them in household chores. I was also close to my aunt because I used to take care of her small child. She used to leave me with her child whenever she went to the shop.

At the age of ten, I joined class five, and life became worse because my grandmother started hating me. I became stressed because I was not living with my mother. I remember one evening when I came back from school, my grandmother was not happy. When I tried talking to her, she told me that she was tired of me and she told me to leave her home. I recall that that night, I spent my night outside her house. My grandfather felt pity on me and he decided to take back to the house but my grandmother was not happy at all. I did not know the reason why she hated me. She could do anything to make me leave her home. Life was really hard to a point of giving up and running away, but I never gave up, I worked very hard in school for a better future.

Back in school, I was always the best pupil. I used to lead in all examinations we did. I did not have a bag to carry my books; I used to carry my books using a small old sack and this made my classmates to laugh at me. They even nicknamed me 'the clever sack carrier'. It was when my

grandmother discovered that I was working very hard in school that she began loving me again. I made sure I made her happy.

At the age of eleven, I was in class six, I was the only child left with my grandparents in the village because all my other siblings had joined my mother in Nairobi. By the time I got home from school, I find my grandmother has washed the utensils, clothes and cleaned our house. My work was to fetch water, collect firewood and prepare dinner.

I used to work very hard in school because I was always the best pupil in my class. At the age of twelve, I was promoted to class seven. At this level, life in school became complicated. After the first exams, I did not understand how I took position seven out of thirty two pupils. I had to work extra harder, even though class seven was the most difficult class for me, but then my attitude had changed, I started disliking all subjects and teachers because I understood nothing in class.

Back at home, I used to visit my neighbours so that we can study together. We shared and exchanged notes because we were from different schools. We formed a study group, where we could help each other wherever we were weak. We spent most of our free time in playing games like football and netball.

When we sat for our end year exam in class seven, I was able to score the marks that were required to be promoted to class eight. Life in class eight was somehow good because my work was just to study. We only got out of our class when going for breaks and lunch. I began to love learning and studying hard. My best subjects were languages, that is, English and Kiswahili, Social Studies, Christian Religious Education and Mathematics.

I began to score high marks and there was no time I scored less than 350 marks out of the possible 500 marks. In second term, I had set a target of scoring more than 350 marks. This was the same target for my national exams. I used to wake up at 3:30 am in the morning to study, and I used to go to sleep at 11pm to make sure that I performed well. I don't think I ever missed a class that whole year.

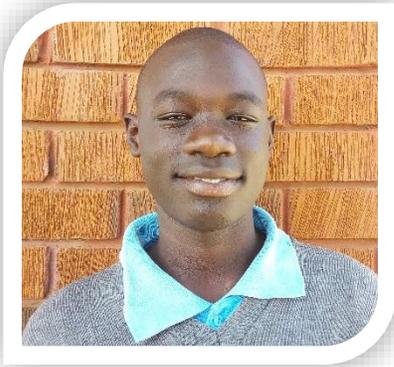
Two weeks to the national exams, were spiritual weeks. I never missed any church service. Whenever our pastor asked if there was anyone who needed special prayers, I was always the first one to raise my hand. I then sat for my exams, and I scored 341 marks. I was shocked because this was not my expectation. I was aiming higher than that, but I thank God for rewarding my efforts.

After receiving my results, I joined my siblings and mother in Nairobi. My mother was struggling because she was financially unstable and so, I did not know how I could go on with my studies. To my luck, my grandmother who lives in Kibera told my mother that she knew a place I could get help. My mother did not hesitate, she brought me to Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya, and after an interview, I was given a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school, and now I was sure of continuing with my education.

Joining Br. Frank Chappell informal school is golden opportunity and has ever since made good memories and I am always happy because I attend classes like any other student. The only disadvantage I find at the informal school is that we have a small playing ground but above all, through Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya, I have got a chance to have a bright future and achieve my life dreams.

2017 is my defining year. I have plans of coming to school every day. I request God to give me good health and peace of mind, despite the day to day challenges, to continue working hard as I prepare to join secondary school of my choice come next year. For the time I have been in this beautiful, friendly and clean environment, I have seen a lot of transformation in my life. I have gained hope and desire to be in such a place in future.

In the year 2018-2021, I believe that I will be working hard in school so that I can score the best grades to enable me to join university and study gynecology in the field of medicine. At the age of thirty, I will be working. I want to have a very good career that will me proud. I believe that I will be a peaceful and comfortable person. One thing I believe is that dreams are valid. It only require one to believe in him or herself, stay focused and work hard.



### **Boaz Mulinge Luwala**

My name is Boaz Mulinge Luwala. I was named Boaz after a rich man in the Bible called Boaz who Ruth's second husband. I was born on 18<sup>th</sup> March, 2002 and raised in Kibera which is the largest slum in the world. I am the eighth born in a family of nine siblings; four boys and five girls. I am blessed to have all my parents alive, they are loving, caring and responsible. My father is a carpenter, and my mother is a green grocer who sells traditional vegetables from door to door. My grandparents passed away long before I was born.

I have three uncles and seven aunts. One of my uncle died last year from a disease that is not understandable, so now, I have two uncles. I am a Christian, but not baptized.

At the age of one, my mother used to leave me at home under the care of my elder sister whom I hate so much because she used to cane for every mistake I made. I used to wake up very early in the morning when my elder brothers and sisters were preparing to go to school and stood beside the road to admire pupils who were going to school.

At that time, I didn't know the reason why people were going to school, so, I was so eager to go to school and find out by myself why people were going to school. At the age of three, my brother decided to take me to their school only on one condition, if I gave him a doughnut. So, I gave him a doughnut, and he took me to his school.

I found it hard because I never used to stay away from my parents. As time went by, I started getting used to school and started enjoying school life, but sometimes I refused to go to school whenever I had no breakfast.

After one month in school, I started making friends, and during break time, we used to play around a big tree which was in the middle of our school compound. I liked school because we were given toys to play with during lunch time.

At the age of five, I was already in pre-school. I liked school because the school used to give us porridge at break time, and rice and beans for lunch. The meal was nice, enjoyable and to our satisfaction. Sometimes I used to dislike school because we were given a lot of assignments and if I did not complete the assignments, the teachers used to punish me.

At the age of six, I became cheeky. I remember the day when my friend and I had not complete our assignment that was given out the day before. We decided not to attend class lesson because the teacher could punish us for not finishing the assignment in time. We did not know where to hide ourselves, but luckily enough, we hid under a container that was near our teachers' washrooms. The space was so small, but we squeezed ourselves. There was a bad smell that was coming from the washrooms, but we covered our noses and started telling each other stories.

After a short moment, one of our teachers came to relieve herself. She chose the toilet that was near the container where we were hiding. She heard us talking, and she decided to check who were talking near the teachers' washrooms. To her surprise, it was us, she told us to come out of that place. She wanted to know why we were hiding under a container and why we were not in class because it was class time. We did not answer her because we had no answer, and we knew that if we told her that we had not finished our assignment in time, she could be angrier at us. She decided to take us to our class teacher, we receive a beating of the year, and finally, we were told to write apology letters. This is when I started hating female teachers.

Our school was five kilometres. I used to like one teacher because she used to tell us Bible stories and whenever it was Christian Religious Education and social studies, she was the best teacher.

At home, I used to do nothing, mine was to eat, take a shower and play. I had so many elder brothers and sisters who used to do all household chores.

At the age of seven, I was in class two, life started becoming hard because my father, the only breadwinner, lost his job. We all turned to our mother to provide for us, but she could not afford everything that we wanted. Driving a nail into an injury, one day when I was in class, my brother came for me, he told me that our house was on fire. We didn't take even a second, we carried our

bags and ran home. We found a lot of people from our community helping to put out fire from our house. My brother and I helped in taking out all important items, but the fire was consuming our house so fast, so we couldn't collect all our properties, but we managed to pick a few of our clothes and utensils.

After some time, fire was put out. My dusty feet were resting in a black open shoes and yet again dusty khaki shorts bore witness to the pacing I had done all day. After all these, we did not know where to go, and where we could stay, without knowing who was to help us to repair our house, but through God's grace, a church volunteer decided to give us a place to stay and keep our properties. Our aunts donated us clothes. After a few days, our area councilor donated some timbers, and the then member of parliament, the Right Hon. Raila Amollo Odinga, donated some iron sheets and nails towards the repair of our house. It took us a week to repair our house and started our normal life again.

At the age of eleven, I was in class five, and life continued being so hard because my brother and sister who had already completed their class eight wanted to join secondary school, were still at home because there was no money to take them to school. They continued looking for help, and by God's grace, my brother got sponsored by Muli Children School. He was to study in this school for free. A few days later, Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya decided to sponsor my sister and took her to secondary school.

After my brother and sister joined secondary schools, I started helping in household chores like fetching water using a small jerry can, sometimes I could be sent to buy a few items from the shop, and I also washed utensils.

In school, I liked three subjects; Mathematics, Science and English. I used to wake up at 4:30 am and go to sleep at 11pm because my Mathematics and Social Studies teachers used to give us a lot of assignments; fifty questions every day. I did not like this but I had no choice, and I knew they wanted me to be a good person in future. I always tried my best to finish and submit my assignments in good time and understood the concept.

In class eight, I used to like my English and Social Studies teachers because they taught us very well, and they helped us understand these two subjects. They used to encourage us to work hard when we did not do well in their exams, they did not punish us.

There were no signs of a simple life, it rather worsened; when my mother was unwell, we could sometimes sleep hungry. We used to depend on her for all we wanted, sometimes we could take a cup of coloured water, with insufficient sugar, and this was enough for supper.

I remember one day, when I was at home for holiday, my mother fell sick for a whole month, and because we knew that we were going to sleep hungry until she recovered, my brothers and I decided to hawk vegetables door to door just to raise money for our mother's medication and for us to buy food. We used to wake up very early to go to the market to buy the vegetables. The market was very far, almost 20 kilometres away from home. We used to buy a sack of vegetables, we could then pack the kales in small nylons so that we could move round the slum selling them. On a lucky day, we could make a Kshs 150 profit, though this was insufficient, but we had hopes of having supper in our house.

At the age thirteen years, I was a candidate. This was my last year in primary school. I had to work very hard. I sat for my national exam. It was a nice exam. I scored 290 marks out of the possible 500 marks. On one hand I was very happy that I had finished my primary education, but on the other hand I was worried of which school I could go and who was to pay for my education. After one week, I applied to join Muli School where my brother was schooling but I did not succeed. I stayed at home for three and half weeks with no signs of me joining secondary school. My sister decided to look for help at Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya, and after interview, I got a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. I would like to join a school of my choice and by 2021, I will be finishing my secondary school studies and prepare to join a good university. I would like to study and be a teacher.

Apart from being a teacher, I would like to start and run my own business. At the age of 30, I hope to have settled down, married and started my own family, and I plan to have two kids that I will be able to raise and cater for.

I also intend to start a guidance and counseling and rescue centre in Kibera to help child who have been sexually abused, those who have been affected by drug and substance abuse.



### **Cynthia Achieng Odhiambo**

I was born on 28<sup>th</sup> October, 2002. I am the second born in a family of four siblings. I was born in a happy family that would support me in everything I needed. I am blessed with a loving and caring mother by the name Mercyline. I had a supporting father by the name Fred Odhiambo, but unfortunately, I lost him when I was approaching four years.

After my father's death, my mother moved with us to Nairobi where we settled in the outcasts of Southlands estate. It is a small slum, near the estate. My dad was the breadwinner, after his death, my mother had to look for a job so as to feed us. It didn't take long before she got her first job, even though she earned very little to sustain us.

I have both parents from my mother's side, but unfortunately, lost my father's parents long before I was born. I love my grandmother so much because she used to give me sweet bananas whenever I visited her.

I am so lucky to have aunts and uncles who live in Nairobi. My aunts and uncles usually gave a hand in the time of need, and they love me very much. They treat like their own child, and supports me in everything I do. Moreover, I have cousins who are usually playful and would sometimes assist me in needy times.

I was baptized in the New Apostle church and raised up by Christian parents. I am so lucky to have both parents coming from Luo tribe.

Being a small child was so interesting. I can remember my mother telling me that by the time I could move, I was so stubborn. I would cry every time whenever I saw anyone eating something that I didn't have. I still recall those days and moments I spent with my family. We used to attend

shows every Saturday. We used to enjoy ourselves. I have a wonderful mother, and I thank God for such a precious gift He has given me.

At the age of four, I started learning how to do small house chores, like washing my cup and plate after using them. It was so interesting washing cups because I used to play with water and wet my clothes.

I started going to school at the age of four. I really enjoyed being in a school uniform and I loved school very much, though other kids feared school. I found it interesting to be in school because it was a nice place to study. My mother used to wake me up very early in the morning. She would prepare me to go to school. I used to do my homework by myself, and I could ask for help only when the assignment was challenging. To date, I still have that phobia.

At the age of six, I was already in pre-school. I really enjoyed being in a new school uniform. My mother used to prepare me for school very early in the morning. School was different from home, because it was in a conducive environment for learning. I enjoyed spending time with my mother, I used to help in washing utensils and cleaning our house. My mother used to tell me stories, and I think that is why I love stories. She told me that I liked dancing when I was young, that I could leave whatever I was doing and start dancing whenever I heard music.

At school, we used to share everything that we had, for example, textbooks, and writing materials. This brought a lot of harmony and peace in school. Our teachers used to punish us whenever we made mistakes but most of the time, I made sure that I did everything right.

We had two female teachers, they were so nice, and I loved them. They took good care of us. After sometime, one was replaced with a male teacher. I started hating male teachers because they used to punish pupils whenever they made any mistakes, but female teachers used to advise us before even punishing us.

Our school was not far from home, so, I used to walk to school. I had so many friends in school, both boys and girls. They were all kind, generous and always ready to help. I really loved them because of they were kind hearted.

My mother used to be and she is my closest friend because she was always there for me and she used to support me in everything I needed. Moreover, my mother used to share stories with me. This made us become close friends. I love my mother so much.

At the age of eleven, I was in class five and I found life more challenging. I used to stay in the village with my grandmother. Every evening after school, I used to fetch water, clean utensils and do other household chores. I did not enjoy doing this, but I came to realize that by doing all these, my grandmother was training me how to handle household chores.

In school, things were never easy. At the age of thirteen, I was in class seven. I started hating my Kiswahili teacher because she used to come to class with her textbook and start reading it like a novel. Our teachers hated our class because we became naughty and cheeky.

At the age of fourteen, I was in class eight. I found this class so unique from other classes. This was my last class in primary and I had to work hard to better my grades. I used to burn the midnight candle so that I can make ambitions and future dreams come true. I can remember when it was one week to the national exam, most students became fearful but our teachers used to encourage us, to give us hope.

After sitting for my national exams, I came to Nairobi to stay with my mother. Actually, I remember when the results for the national exams were released by the cabinet secretary for education. I did not believe what I had scored because it was never my expectation. It was time for me to join secondary school but my mother had no money, I almost lost hope. My mother heard that there was an organization that could help me join secondary school. I came for an interview, and I was as happy as a barren woman who had given birth to a set of twins when I was told that I had a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. I now knew that while in the informal school, it will be possible for me to join secondary school.

At our school, there are advantages and disadvantages. Some of the advantages are; conducive environment for learning, good security, friendly teachers, and good food. The only disadvantage is the small playing ground.

In 2017-2021, I will work tooth and nail so that I do well in school and at the end enable me realize my dreams. I want to be a lawyer, and at the age of 30, I want to have started practicing law. I want to make lots of savings so that I can help as many kids as possible. I want them to live a

decent and a dignified life. I have been helped, and I will like to help others. By the time I'm 50 years, I want to live in a conducive environment, stress free and at peace. I want by this time to have accomplished most of my goals.



### **Evaline Awino Owino**

My name is Evaline Awino. I was born on 12<sup>th</sup> September, 2002. I am the third born in a family of four siblings; three girls and one boy. My mother's name is Jenipha, while my father's name is Daniel. I was born in the upcountry, in Siaya County, where I lived with my family consisting of my grandparents, my parents' parents, and my siblings.

Being a little child, I had loving and supportive parents. When I was three months, my mother left me with my grandmother to take care of me. She left to go to look for a job to support our family basic needs like food and clothing. Her first job could earn her very little that could not sustain us. My grandmother played a very important role in my life. She used to tell me all the mischiefs that I did.

My mother's mother is alive but my father's mother passed away when I was in class six. My father's mother is also alive but my father's father passed away long before I was born. Both my grandparents still love me as if I am their own child. Growing up I had a number of uncles, aunts and cousins who some live near Nairobi and others live in the upcountry. I have four uncles and five aunts.

At the age of five, I enjoyed being with my parents. I was raised by the Legion church of Mission where I was baptized, and named Evaline, which means, life. Both my parents and relatives are Luos and so I. When I was growing up, I used to cry when I saw my sister and brother going to school. I could follow them to school. It is at this age when I started learning how to carry out house chores. I could wake in the morning to sweep our house, and when I was done cleaning, my cousin could teach me vowel sounds with the help of a vowel chart.

I started going to school at the age of five. My grandmother used to prepare me very early in the morning. I feared my teacher and classmates because I was the smallest pre-school child. I used to come back home at 12 O'clock.

I used to help my grandmother to do household chores like washing utensils. When I was in pre-school, I liked school because I used to spend my time in playing with my classmates. I got used to school punishment, and I was always caned because of using my mother tongue in communication. In lower primary, we used to communicate using Kiswahili, and in the upper primary, pupils were supposed to communicate using English. At the age of six, I didn't know how to speak in Kiswahili because we used to communicate in mother tongue in our house and that was the only language I knew.

In school, I used to hate teachers who used to beat me even when I did not make a mistake; they could punish you for making a small joke in class. I liked my class teacher, Mr. Obiero. He used to tell us stories whenever he came to class, and we could laugh together. I enjoyed making fellow pupils to laugh by the little jokes I used to make.

When I was in primary school, I used to wake up very early in the morning to go to school. The distance from our home to school was approximately five kilometres. I was ten years when I was in class five, and I had friends that we used to play together, and everything we did, we did it as a group. I used to love them because of the respect they had for me and other people both in school and at home.

In those years, I kept on wondering what was happening to my cousins because I used to see them at home, but I came to know that they were being sent home by their teachers to ask their parents to pay their school fees. My uncle who used to pay for them started taking alcohol. This happened to us, but we left everything to the Almighty God to take control. I love my grandmother because she likes my mother from her childhood until now. When I was in pre-school, I remember when my mother had nothing, she had no job, and my grandmother could give me something to eat. She is such a loving grandmother.

In 2013, at the age of eleven, I was in class five. I thank God because my parents are alive. School was sometimes good and sometimes bad. I used to go to school to play with my friends and

classmates. Sometimes playing a lot made me forget all the challenges that I used to go through at home. I sometimes slept hungry.

My teachers used to punish me for not finishing their assignments in good time. Sometimes, whenever I was late for school, I could cross the fence and get into class, and pretend that I was not late. My neighbours were rich but they could not help anyone, instead they used to use abusive words towards others. All my cousins had dropped out of school because of lack of fees, and my neighbours could laugh at us because we were poor, and that we could not afford school fees.

At the age of thirteen, I was in class eight. Life was good and sweet. A few days to the national examinations, our teachers told us how the exams were like, and they encouraged that not to fear when sitting for the examinations. I worked very hard and revised well for the exams.

I liked my Kiswahili and science teachers because they were kind, and whenever I was in a mistake, they used to advise me. I disliked my English and mathematics teachers because they liked reporting pupils to their parents whenever they made any mistake. I used to hate some pupils because of their bad behaviours. I had a lot of friends, but I liked two girls because we used to study together. Back in the village I had one friend known as Elizabeth, I liked her because of her advice.

After the national exams results were released, I was not happy with what I scored because the marks were below my expectations, but I thank God for giving me 297 marks out of the possible 500 marks. My parents could not afford to take me to secondary school, I almost lost the hope continuing with my studies. I decided to visit my aunt who live in Kibera. She brought me to Wanawake Kwa Wanawake to request for help. I got a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell Informal School. I am very happy because I now know that I will go to school come next year.

In this year, I have been attending classes in the informal school, I have learnt a lot from my teachers, and I hope to continue coming till December, 2017, because I have no other place to go.

By the year 2021, I would be done with my secondary school studies, and God willing, I will a good university to do a degree of my choice.

At the age of thirty, I will be off university with a good job. I want to live a joyful and peaceful life, with no stress.



**Franklin Odhiambo Omondi**

I was born on 14<sup>th</sup> August 2004. I am the first born in a family of two boys. My mother's name is Eunice Adhiambo, while my father's name is Norbert Omondi. Both of them are alive. When I was a small child, my parents were not financially stable.

My mother's mother is alive, while her father died in 2015. My father's parents are still alive and they come from Nyanza. I have uncles and aunts, even though some have passed on.

I was raised in a Catholic family. I was baptized in the Catholic Church and given the name Maximillian, which means, greatest, at Langata Barracks Catholic church. I live with my father in the outcast of southlands estate. My father is a Luo, and my mother is a Luyha.

When I was a small kid, I was a funny boy, I could wake up very early in the morning to watch TV, and afterwards start looking for cups, sugar from all corners of our house, it is only God who knew what could happen to the sugar.

When I was two years old, I used to eat a lot. I used to steal cooked chapattis at night. I didn't like taking shower whenever I was watching an interesting TV show.

I also liked loitering from house to the road and back, to the field and back, to the toilet and back, until my parents decided to take me to school, but I didn't like school. I used to make my clothes dirty, but my mother could always beat me up.

When I was six years, my mother gave birth to a new born baby and this was the happiest moment in our family, and this was in 2009. In 2010, I was seven years, was transferred to Ngei primary. I

was supposed to join class one, but my teachers decided to take me to class two because I was big enough.

When I joined school, I was so afraid because there were many pupils in primary school than in pre-school. I liked my friends, but I didn't like the food, teachers and school structures. I didn't like the food because it was just maize every day. Whenever I ate it, I used to have stomachache. I used to be punished at school because I was a distractor and naughty, and I never completed my home assignment.

There is a teacher I will never forget, and I loved her most of all. Her name is Mrs. Kabila. She was my class teacher when I was in class three. I was eight years old. She was funny and slow to anger. I loved all other teachers except one, whose name is Mrs. Nyaga. She is a Kikuyu, and she loved money and used to punish pupils a lot.

The distance from home to school was a five minutes' walk. I had so many friends, of which some of them made me naughty because we used to roam and walk for long distances from home to the city centre and back. We used to fight in town and when we were defeated, we used to run away. My brother and I were stubborn and we could be punished by our parents, and this was at the age of ten. I started being responsible because I knew that was the only way my parents would stop punishing me.

At the age of 11, I learned how to cook and wash utensils. At this age, I was in class six. I had both good and bad moments in school. The good moments were when I was able to make friendships with both male and female, and the bad moments were when our school head teacher used to punish us when our parents were sometimes failed to pay school fees in time. We used to play, and one day we kicked a ball into our school neighbour's compound, and by bad luck the ball went directly into the kitchen and fell into a cooking pot. The owner of the house got annoyed and decided to burn the ball. We started throwing stones towards his house, telling him to buy us a new ball. Some of my friends jumped the school fence, little did they know that the man had bull dogs. They started attacking them and the owner did nothing. The boys started crying for help but no one was there to help them. They tried to jump back to school, but by lack one of my friends was bitten. We laughed at him.

Back at home, I used to beat my neighbour's kids whenever they tried to distract me. With time, my family had to become peaceful. My mother and younger brother decided to go to live in the upcountry.

I liked my class teacher because she could listen to me, but the rest of the teachers were harsh, and they could punish me whenever I was involved in a mistake. They never gave us a chance to explain ourselves before being punishing them.

In 2016, I sat for my national exams. It was a bit tricky for me because we had not covered the whole syllabus, and so, we did not know where the exam will be set from. I did my best and scored 267 marks out of the possible 500. I received a letter to join secondary school, but then, my parents had no money to take me to school. Jeremiah Mumo, former employee of Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya, told me to apply for help at the organization. I applied with an intention of joining secondary school in this year. I was later told that I was to come to the centre for one whole year. I found this hard, but I had to accept it because I had no other option available for me.

2017 is my self-defining year, and I want to stay focused so that by the end of this year, I will be ready to join secondary school of my choice come next year, 2018.

In the next ten years, I hope to have finished my studies and be an aeronautical engineer. After actualizing my dream career, I intend to start a farm to grow several types of food stuffs. I also want to help other needy kids like me to go to school.



### **Gloria Adhiambo Odhiambo**

I was born on 15<sup>th</sup> March 2003 in Kisumu County. My parents neglected and left me when I was a little kid, for reasons that I don't know, and no one knows where they are. I am the only child. My aunt who lived nearby our house, decided to take care of me as if I was her own child. I call her mom, and I thank God for her.

When I was two years, my aunt who used to live in Kisumu, took me to stay with her because she had given birth to only boys, and one was physically challenged. Most people think that I was born in this family because I am the youngest, and people believe that I am the last born. I call my aunt, mum, and my uncle, dad, because they gave me the love of parents.

I used to fall sick, and sometimes, my aunt could take me to the hospital in the middle of the night. Sometimes, I could spend time alone in the hospital because my aunt used to be very busy trying to raise money for my hospital bills. They could spend part of whatever they earned on my medical expenses, and the rest on food, education and other basics.

I have one grandmother, a mother to my father, she is very old. She used to take care of me in the upcountry when my aunt came to the Nairobi city to look for work. I could stay with her for a long time before my aunt comes back. My aunt used to tell me that I was so selfish, and that no one could dare take or touch anything that was mine, and if anyone did touch or take anything from me, I could scream and cry.

I have uncles and aunts some of whom are jobless, they can't afford even the basic needs. I am a Christian, who was once a Catholic, and I was baptized in the Catholic Church, and I was named

Teresa, which means, harvester. I no longer use the name Teresa because my grandmother wanted me to use the name I was given after birth.

When I was a small child, I used to cry a lot when my aunt was not around. I used to throw away anything I found on my way. My aunt told me that I was so stubborn; whenever I could see people eating, I could taste everyone's food because I believed that theirs was sweeter than mine. When I was questioned about it, I could cry very loudly. I used to be the topic in the house each and every time.

I come from a loving and caring family, even though there is too much poverty, people value education so much.

At the age of three, I started falling sick, and hair fell off my head. My head developed a very large wound that was smelly, and nobody wanted to be closer to me. I used to play alone. During this time, my cousins used to go to school, and so I used to remain alone at home, I felt lonely for a very long time because of the illness. I recovered, and hair started growing again, and my head became normal. I thank God for everything.

I was taught how to wash utensils at age four. I used to wash cups and plates after breakfast. I joined pre-school when I was three and half years old. I liked school because my aunt used to pack my favourite food; fried potatoes. Whenever I missed food, I could not go to school, unless dragged to school. I used to cry a lot when my aunt left me in school. I used to eat my food in class, and so, my teachers reported it to my aunt and asked not to be giving me food to carry to school.

In school, the official language of communication was English, but it was hard for me, and so, I used to communicate using Kiswahili, and I was always punished for using Kiswahili. School was interesting because I had many friends whom I used to play with.

When I was promoted to upper primary, I became the most notorious noise maker. I was always punished for making noise in class. My teachers were tired and thought that promoting me to a more busy class I could stop making noise, but it became worse. I was actually addicted to this habit.

I liked my mathematics teacher because whenever he came to class; all pupils could keep quiet and pay attention while he was teaching. He made our class jovial and nobody could make noise.

I disliked my Kiswahili teacher because she used to give a lot of assignments. She never cared if we would ever complete the assignments. She was rude and impolite to pupils.

I used to walk one kilometre from home to school and back home. It was fun because I sometimes used to be the first one to arrive in our class. I had so many friends, but I had some few chosen ones with whom we were so close. I had a happy family but death kept on reducing our number day by day.

I was so close to my aunt who takes care of me since I was a toddler. I never saw my parents this is so challenging. Although my aunt loves me so much, I really miss my real parents' love.

At the age of eleven, I was in class six. I was and I have been a blessing in my family. The family was happy to have me. School was fun, and I had many friends and I loved my teachers because they used to tell us stories and cracked jokes. School was sometimes boring because we had tough teachers who used to punish us for every simple mistakes. When I was in class six, I was very lazy but the best performer in class. My mathematics teacher knew that I was lazy, and this is why he was hard on me. With time, I changed and started working hard, finishing my assignments in good time.

One morning, my mathematics teacher, came to class with the intention of punishing me if I did not complete my assignment. He quickly picked my exercise book, and started checking if I had finished my assignment. He was shocked to discover that I had all the questions well answered. He did not believe that I had done all that. He even asked my classmates to confirm if I had truly finished my assignments, and from that day, I vowed not to lazy around. Where I live, our neighbours don't mind of any my family members.

I sat for my national examinations in 2016, I got the results but I wasn't happy with it because I did not expect. One thing that kept worrying me was how I could join secondary school. My aunt was struggling to feed us, and asking her to take me to school was like putting a pinch of salt on a wound. She had heard of Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya that supports needy children from the slum to go to school. She visited the organization to request for help, and after a short interview, I was given a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. I was very happy because I saw an opportunity of joining secondary school. I really want to go to school because education is the

only tool that can get my family and me out of poverty. I want to live a decent and dignified life, and I can get this through quality education.

I have very high hopes of finishing my secondary school by the end of the year 2021. I would like to go to university to pursue a degree in medicine, I want to be a doctor. By the time I'm 30 years, I hope to have been employed, and above that, I want to support other needy kids like me to go to school. I want to help my family to get out of poverty. I hope to live a happy and peaceful life. I want to be a role model to many.



**Jackline Nzivi Isisi**

I was born on 15<sup>th</sup> March 2002. I was named Nzivi after my grandmother from my father's side. I am the firstborn in a family of six siblings; three boys and three girls. My mother's name is Elizabeth Wanjira, she was born in 1981 in Meru County. My father's name is James Isisi, he was born in 1979 in Kitui County.

When I born, my parents had some little money to provide me with basic needs like food and clothes. They cared for me so much because I was the only child they had. My grandmother loved me so much. My mother told me that I was very noisy when I was very little. Our house was close to my grandmother's, and so, we shared a compound. I used to stay in an extended family, and was very happy. They loved me so much.

When I was one year old, my parents and I came to stay here in Nairobi. My father took the opportunity of staying in Nairobi to start looking for a job to help him to provide for us. After sometime, my mother and I went back to the village, we left my father in Nairobi. It is at the age of three when my sister was born. I was very happy because I was no longer alone because I had a sister to play with.

When I was four years, my family moved to my grandmother's village, we stayed a short distance from her home. My mother's father; my grandfather died before I was born. I have never seen even his photos, so, I don't know how he looked like. My mother tells me that I liked eating a lot. At this time, my two grandmothers were alive, my mother's mother was called Christine Muthoni; my sister was named after her. My father's mother was called Agnes Nzivi. I have one grandfather; from my father's, his name is Mbuvi, he was never baptized.

At the age of five, I joined nursery school in the year 2007. In our school, there was neither baby class nor pre-unit, so, I joined class one after my nursery school. I enjoyed school very much because it was my first year and I liked playing a lot with my classmates. I used to cry when going to school, but when I get to school gate, I wipe away my tears and pretend that I was not crying and get into class. In this same age, I started learning how to wash utensils, clean our house, and fetch water and firewood. I used to be sent to the shop by my mother. She used to write me a list of the items she wanted me to buy, and so, I could run. I used to play with my sister at home.

I liked my nursery teacher because she was very kind. She liked us so much. She knew how to handle little kids like us. She taught my aunt when she was young, she taught me, and she is still teaching in the pre-school.

Our school was not far from our house; we used to pass by going to Sunday school.

At the age of six, I joined class one. I remember after sitting for a class one exam in first term, I took position seven. The second term exam, I took position eight. I decided to work hard because I did not like those positions. In my third term exams, I took position five, I was happy because I had started improving.

My sister joined pre-school when I was in class three; she was eight years. Our school changed its program, and made it compulsory for pre-school kids to take two years in nursery before being promoted to class one. My mother used to prepare my sister and me, very early in the morning. My sister used to walk slowly, and sometimes we could arrive late in school, and I could be punished, but my sister was always told to go class without being punished because she was still a toddler.

In 2011, I was in class four. I was very happy because I used to go home in the evening unlike when I was in lower primary where pupils go home with their books at lunch time. At noon time, it was normally very hot, I did not have shoes, and so, I could be burned by the hot sun. I used to have many friends and we were so generous to each other. We did not like anyone who was stubborn. In upper primary, we used to clean our school, but it was divided into two sections, one for lower primary and the other for upper primary. Class eight pupils were never involved in any school activity, they were given all the time to prepare for their national exams. At the age of ten, I joined class five, and enjoyed learning.

When I was eleven years, I joined class six. I started working hard. We used to have morning and evening prep classes. I used to arrive in school at six, study until eight, time for assembly, and from assembly back to class for normal classes until 3:10pm. We used to go for games for one hour and twenty minutes, then at 4:30pm, we used to clean our classes and then back to class for evening prep until 6pm. The school was always enjoyable and I liked being in school. I enjoyed being with my classmates, we used to study together, share stories and play together. We did almost everything together.

I worked very hard in the last years of my primary school. I was always among the top best three students. I liked my class six English teacher. He used to be so nice to us. He was so friendly to pupils and he used to play with us during break time. I liked my deputy head teacher because he was my grandfather, a brother to my mother's father. I did not like the head teacher because he was so rough on pupils. He used to send us home to ask our parents to clear fees, and if we came back with no money, he used to tell us to carry our books and go home until we pay the arrears.

In class eight, I worked so hard for good results. I had a target of 350 marks and above in my national exams. I scored 335 marks out of the possible 500 marks. I thank God for that.

I had no one to take me to school. My mother has no job. I came to Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya to look for help. I was given a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school, and in this year, I have decided to work very hard as I wait to join secondary school next year.

In the years 2017-2021, I believe that I will be working very hard in school and it is my hope that I will score good grades to take me to the university to study medicine because I want to be a doctor.

At the age of 30, I plan to have actualized my career, and as a doctor, I want to treat people. I also want to move out of Kibera to a clean and conducive environment.



### **James Okila Makomele**

I was born on 2<sup>nd</sup> of September, 2002. I am the second born in a blessed family of all parents, with brothers and sisters. I was born in a family of loving and supportive parents. My family consisted of my grandparents except my father's father who died on my birth day. His name was James Makomele. I can only see his photos. I thank God for all my uncles, aunts and cousins, and giving me a chance to be with them. When I was born, my parents didn't have enough money to feed us.

When I was the age of three, I started learning how to fetch water, collect firewood and cleaning the compound, and feed my grandmother's cattle. I could cut little grass and give to the cows. One when my parents were not at home, I started playing around my grandmother's bull without knowing that it could hit me. In a flash of a second, I found myself laying on the ground, and bleeding uncontrollably, but through God's help, my neighbour who was watching from a distance came to my rescue and took me to the hospital which was near our village.

My parents took me to the church when I was one year old, and I was baptized and named James, which means, a follower. I am a Christian and I attend church services at the Pentecostal Assemblies of God (P.A.G) church. I come from Emmunwa village, from the western part of our country, Kenya. My parents are the Luyha tribe and so I am.

At the age of four, I had a stomach problem which lasted for seven months before it was cured. At the age of five, I was so stubborn. I used to defecate in my clothes. I used to break anything I came across. I used to hit other people with stones, and one day I hit our local pastor. I could steal food from our house that was kept for the next day, but one day, I decided to change from such bad

behaviours, to be a good boy, and this made people in the village to be very happy, and sometimes they could buy me doughnuts.

At the age of six, I was already in nursery school, but before I could get to school, I used to admire other pupils as they departed to school and sometimes I could follow them to their school. My parents used to prepare me very early in the morning to go to school, and by 7 O'clock, I was set to go to school. Sometimes on my way to school, I used to meet with my friends and we start playing forgetting that we were supposed to go to school. My parents used to punish me for this.

At the age of eight, I was in class two. I used to be stubborn. I used to play a lot and even break window panes with the ball. I sometimes could beat other students and eat their parked lunch.

Our school was one kilometre away, and so, I used to walk to school. My friends were Enoch and Werazone. We used to play together and sometimes get into our neighbours farm and steal sugar cane, and guavas.

At the age of ten, I became more stubborn, and sometimes I could deliberately miss going to class, and sometimes I could avoid attending mathematics and English classes because the teachers used to punish me whenever I missed finishing their assignments in time.

One day, I had a reflection of my life, and sometimes I could question myself on the life I wanted to lead in future, I decided to change and started working very hard to ensure that I recovered all the time I had wasted. When I was promoted to class four, I became a professional noise maker, I could not miss in the list of noise makers. I used to disturb everyone in our class. I was naughty, but no one could correct me whenever I made mistakes.

At the age of eleven, life seemed smooth and nice to me because I used to get anything I wanted from my parents. We were forty pupils in my class. My mathematics used to punish me because I used to fail mathematics, until one day I decided to love mathematics and make it my friend. I started performing well because I started becoming among the best performing pupils.

At the age of twelve, I was in class seven, I used to hate English because the teacher who used to teach us was so harsh to us. At this level, I dropped and started performing poorly because I spent most of my time in making noise, and teasing other students.

At the age of thirteen, I was promoted to class eight, and I started working hard to improve on the subjects that I was weak. I stopped loitering, and I came friendlier with books because I knew that that was the only way I could well in my exams to make my parents proud, and also to realize my future dreams.

I became more serious with my studies and books became my closest friends. I became a lustrous boy in my class. I loved my mathematics teacher, his name was Japheth Ombima. He used to encourage me. My friends were Werazone, and Enoch. We used to study together. I did not give up until the day I sat for my national examinations. When the results were out on early December. I scored 295 marks. I did not accept that but I thank God for the little He gave me.

After getting my results I came to Nairobi, to have a walk in Kibera and to know more about it. I had little information about this organization that support children. My father decided to bring me here. Through God's grace I got a chance to join the organization, and I learnt that everything is possible. A good life is about how you strive to get what you want. In the year 2017-2021 I will work hard in my studies to attain good marks in my K.C.S.E.

When I got the opportunity to be at the Chappell high I was very happy because my hope of going to secondary school was awaken. Being at the Chappell is good to me because here I get a chance to breath fresh air, clean environment, healthy food and I learnt how to live together with other students as well as self-discipline. The challenge we have at Chappell high is that the playing field is small.

At the age of 30 I would like to have a good job which will enable me to help the needy children as well as my parents.



### **Julius Ongama Mahati**

I was born on 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 2000 in Kibera. The day I was born my parents didn't have enough money to take care of me. My father used to wake up very early in the morning to look for a job. My mother used to wash other people's clothes in the estates in order to raise money to feed us. We didn't have descent clothes, we used to put on rag. I used to walk in a t-shirt, which was so big, it could cover me from neck to feet.

By that time, my parents were still alive and I was glad to have seen them. My father used to take alcohol but not too much, because one could not tell whether he was drunk or not. He was such a great dad, and I loved him so much. My grandparents were still alive and they used to advise me, and tell me good stories. My uncles, aunts and cousins helped me a lot with good clothes and they could take me to the hospital whenever I wasn't feeling well.

At the age of three, I was not yet baptized. I used to take porridge which gave a lot of energy. I never used to eat any other food. I was satisfied with porridge. My parents could sometimes sleep hungry but they had to ensure that I had something to eat before going to sleep. My parents were responsible.

At the age five, I fell sick and I was taken to the hospital. I had hurt my limb after jumping from a tree. My parents were worried.

I used to go to school with no uniform, I had a small bag that my mother gave me that I used to carry my books in. My classmates had many books which had many pages, but I had a few books which fewer pages, and most pupils in our school could laugh at me.

I remember very well when my mother was cooking in the kitchen, I was seated right next to the jiko. My father had not arrived home. Something tragic happened. The sufuria full of hot water slipped from the jiko and poured water on me. I was badly burnt. My parents took me to the hospital for treatment.

The house we were staying in was had holes all over on the roof. It used to rain on us whenever it rained heavily.

At the age of six, my father passed away, this left me in a lot of pain and sorrow, wondering whether my mother will be able to take care of us alone, but I had to trust in God, and I knew my mother will be well. My mother started to teach me some house chores, especially, washing utensils and taking care of my young of my little sisters, such as playing with them.

I started going to school when I was five years old. I didn't have books and uniforms but I didn't give up. I tried my best in my studies, in fact I was the best pupil in my class. Due to the fact that I come from a poor background, I got motivated to work very hard in school because I knew that education is key to success, and without education, life would be hard and challenging which will lead one to join thuggery and theft.

I liked my mathematics and science teachers because they were the only teachers who understand my background and where I was coming from. They really pity me, and cared for me. It seemed like I was their son. Sometimes when I missed lunch at home, they used to buy me some food to eat. They were understanding and caring.

I hated teachers who were so strict because they expected us to do everything they wanted without being questioned. One day, I failed to finish my homework because we had no kerosene for our lamp. These teachers didn't have time to listen to my reason why I didn't complete my assignment. I had a rough day.

The distance between school and home was one kilometre, and so, I used to walk to school every day. It was hard for me to go wake up very early in the morning and go to school on an empty stomach. Sometimes I could feel the cold penetrating my tinny skin because I had neither sweater nor a pullover, sometimes it could rain on me on my way to school. Despite all these challenges, I never gave up. I had so many friends who used to help a lot, whenever I had a problem, they were ready to assist me.

During these years my mother had nothing to support my education, because the little she raised was spent mostly on basic needs, and sometimes was not enough. My aunts hated my mother, so, my mother had to struggle alone after my father's death. Life was very difficult for me but I had to go to school to realize my dream.

We used to live in a round and grass thatched house; water used to pass through the grass whenever it rained heavily. Sometimes we could cover ourselves from cold when it rained. My mother never gave up, she never left us, and she was there for us whenever we needed her. We kept on praying to God to bless our family and I believe that one day, all these problems will come to an end.

When I was 11 years old, I faced so many challenges. My family was not able to help, my father had passed on, we lacked food, and I was also suffering from marasmus and kwashiorkor. It was a sad moment in my family. My mother tried to raise some money from washing other people's clothes but this was not enough. I thank God I recovered and I was able to go to school. I never had a pullover or sweater to keep myself warm. I never had a bag to carry my books in, I only had a polythene paper for carrying my books which could sometimes be rained on.

I used to wake up very early in the morning to prepare myself to go to school. I liked the school because the teachers were friendly to me. My mother kept on encouraging me to work hard in school in order to help her in future, and this is what I want to do when I get to school next year.

Our neighbours did not like us because we were poor. They kept on talking ill about us. Even fellow village men and women did not like us, but I thank God for one of our neighbours who helped us a lot. People used to fight us but this one neighbour together with the chief came to our rescue. I come from a village where most people abuse drugs like alcohol and cannabis sativa.

I had so many friends in school who were very helpful. They really loved and cared for me. They were like my real brothers because they were always there when I needed them. We used to be given meals in school, a mixture of maize and beans for lunch. It was mandatory for all parents to clear school fees so that their kids could be allowed to eat lunch in school, and since my mother could not pay, we used to either go home for lunch even though there was nothing to eat, or just remain in class as the rest went for lunch.

I was prepared for the national examination. I had confidence to sit for the exam. The exam was good. I knew that I would perform well and so, I expected good results. When the results were

released, I was very happy because I had done well. I scored 333 marks out of the possible 500 marks. My mother was worried because she did not know what to do next because she had no money and knew no one who could pay for me to go to secondary school. I liked one of my teachers because he used to encourage me.

I started looking for a way to join secondary school. One morning, my brother who is sponsored by Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya told me to apply to ask for help. I was very lucky because after the interview, I got a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school, and I now have hopes of going to school next year. 2017 has been an easy year for me because I have been coming to school to learn and I also get breakfast and lunch. The school has a good compound, clean and orderly, and nice teachers.

At the age of 30, I would have finished my studies, and God willing to have secured a good job. My prayer is to be a successful person.



### **Leonidah Naliaka Wanjala**

I am Leonidah Naliaka from Tans-Nzoia County. I was born on 27<sup>th</sup> October, 2001. My mother's name is Jane Nasimiyu, and my father's name is Francis Wanjala. My father was a mechanic but some years later he quit from job. I am the sixth born in a family of seven siblings.

I was born in an extended family which consisted of uncles, aunts, grandparents and parents. I have lost all my grandparents from the two sides, my last grandmother died two years ago. Surely, it is so painful to lose both of my grandparents but after all I still had to move on with life since I had no power to get them back to life. They were so loving and every time I visited them, they just wanted me to stay with them for a while, but this was hard because I had to go to school. The only time I had was during holidays but my parents had a lot of work to be done, and so, they didn't allow more visits.

I have a lot of aunts and uncles who are so loving and caring. They treat me as if I am their own child. Whenever I visited or met them, especially my aunts, they are courageous and brave. They don't entertain nonsense, but they really like to give advice whenever they found anyone who have lost hope in life.

I was raised by Seventh Day Adventist parents. I liked going to church whenever it was a Saturday, and I didn't want to miss any church service because our teacher used to give us sweets whenever we answered her questions. My parents are from the Luyha tribe and so I am.

At the age of five, life was good. At this stage, I was so stubborn whether in school or at home. I used to mess up at home, but I could pretend as if I wasn't the one who messed up. I did not like

school at all, and so, I was always forced to go to school, and sometimes my parents could cane me, and even after being caned, I had to be dragged to school.

In school, I had difficult time with my teacher because she used to hate me. She used to cane me because I used to sneak out of school before it was time to go home. This made me hate her so much and whenever I saw her, or when she came to class, I frowned my face as if I had seen something terrible, but this came to an end a few months later after I got used to her. I sometimes sit and contrast my life when I was young, I start to laugh.

At my primary level my attitude towards school changed. Schooling was so interesting, I helped in small activities like collecting rubbish around the compound in school. At home I helped my mother to wash the utensil and other small chores. In school I disliked some of the teachers because of punishing me in some small lazy mistakes I did. On the hand, there are also some teachers especially my class teacher whom I liked most because of being good and loving to me.

The habit of being late for school made me to be punished almost every day by my class teacher. Coming late to school was intentional because my mother prepared for me everything I needed for school. My work was just putting on my uniform and taking breakfast, playing and lazing around that made me to report late to school.

My class teacher was so horrible because he used to cane us thoroughly. Though I used to report late to school, I used to be among the best pupils who performed well in the examinations. I used to receive lots of gifts which motivated me to work very hard so as to receive more gifts because of my academic excellence.

At the age of eight, our school received a new head teacher, and a new class teacher. This time round things seemed nice to me, because the new head teacher and my new class teacher used to work together, and they were also generous and kind to us. Our school's performance improved because of team work that was championed by the head teacher.

Some years later, I lost my grandfather from my mother's side. This was so painful and horrible because he was like a father to me. He was so kind and generous. He used to share stories whenever I visited him. Though he died, and left a gap in our family, we thank God for everything. I have uncles and aunts who were close to me, they loved and supported me in everything I needed.

At the age of eleven, I was a big girl. I used to help my mother in doing household chores, for example, washing my younger sister's clothes together with mine. It was a bit hard for me for the first time, but I got used to it. All our clothes were washed by either my mother or my elder sister. Mine was to play and sometimes help in washing utensils.

In class six, we received new teachers, and since we were not used to them, it was hard for us to bond with them. The subjects we learned were not hard but a bit different from the ones we studied in previous classes.

When my father lost his job, life became hard for us because we could not afford the basic needs. My mother had to try hard in whatever way to raise money to feed us. She used to wake up very early to go to the market to sell vegetables. This was difficult for her because she had first to go to the next village to buy those vegetables and then take them to the market for reselling.

I became more focused on my studies when I was promoted to class eight. I loved my English teacher because she was jovial and taught us without isolating any of the pupils. I disliked teachers who never attended their class lessons and those who used to cane us when we did not do well in their subjects.

I had a lot of friends and most of them were caring and loving. We played together and besides that, we also helped each other in studies. We were more focused because we had dreams and so, we had to work towards realizing them.

Our teachers used to give test exams every week just to prepare us and help us revise for the national examinations. I used to wake up very early to revise on my own before going to class. I had a target of scoring 350 marks in the Kenya national examinations, but to my surprise, when the results were released by the cabinet secretary for education, I scored 310 marks. I was not happy with the results because I did not score what I wanted. On the other hand, my neighbours were very happy and congratulated me for performing well in the national exams.

I had no idea if I was to continue with my studies because looking back at my family, we had nothing. My aunt came for me from upcountry. She told my mother that she wanted to take me to school in Nairobi. Schools opened but I did not see any plans of being taken to school. On one fateful morning, my aunt brought me to Wanawake Kwa Wanawake to see if I could be taken to school. This did not happen but I was offered a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell.

I intend to spend the rest this years' time coming to Br. Frank Chappell to study as I wait to join a formal secondary school next year, and by 2021, I hope to have finished my form four, and waiting to join a good university.

At the age of thirty, I would like to have a good job, and live in a clean environment. I also want to help other needy and vulnerable children and help my family to get out of poverty.



### **Livingstone Okiya Akhonya**

My name is Livingstone Okiya, and I was born on 29<sup>th</sup> March, 2003. I am the lastborn in a family of nine siblings; three boys and six girls. I was born in a blessed family of one father and two mothers. My step mother departed because of my father's financial status back then. My mother's name is Cochi while my father's name Akhonya.

In my childhood, my parents loved and supported me, especially my mother would replace my nappies for me after I pee. My parents told me that I was so cheeky and mischievous. They also told me that I used to be intelligent. I was so quiet and could not always accept strangers. I am glad that I still have both parents alive. My father by then used to be a carpenter, while my mother worked as a house help for an Ethiopian family in Westlands, Nairobi. We never used to miss food.

My grandmother from my mother's side is still alive, but unfortunately, my mother's father died when he was in standard seven, and so, he had to grow the toughest life ever because his father died far much earlier while my father's father when he was in standard two.

Growing up, I had all uncles and aunts from both sides but started bidding us bye heading to the world of no end until I remained with only a few of them. I was raised by Pentecostal parents and also went to a Pentecostal Sunday school. My parents are both Luyha and so I am.

I could not do any house chores because I had many sisters and brothers who did everything. I loved them and I still love them because they were loving and caring to me.

At the age of five, I did not do any household work because my sisters and brother used to do everything. I started going to school at the age of four. I joined Kibera Blessed Academy. I loved

school a lot. At school we used to play so many games with my friends. I met new friends both in school and at home.

My mother used to take me to school in the morning, and either my elder brother or father could come for me after classes. When going to school, my mother used to prepare cakes for me to eat while in school and she could sometimes cook rice for lunch. One thing I did not like about school was the punishment our teachers used to give us. They used to cane us a lot, and it was so painful.

I loved my English teacher, who was also my class teacher. She encouraged me to work hard and she could sometimes cane me whenever I was not serious with my studies. This made me to focus on my studies because I did not want to be caned. I also loved my mathematics teacher Mr. Lawrence, because he used to tell us stories and all his stories were either to help us take caution in whatever we did. They were very good stories. I miss them so much.

The school was not far from home. It was a few metres away. I used to walk to school and back home. In school, I one friend who I trusted so much, he used to remind me so many things, for example, he used to remind me about my timetable. His name is Kennedy. We used to revise together.

At home, everything was good. My parents supported me a lot because by then they were financially stable. My father could afford a television, sofa sets and wall unit. At the age of ten, my family moved to upcountry in Kakamega.

At the age of eleven, I had become a big boy. I started helping in household chores like sweeping the house. By this time, my elder brothers had married, and also my elder sisters had left. I had to start working hard in school. As I grew up, I got used to doing all household chores because my elder siblings had gotten married. I did not like doing all the work, and I decided to coming back home late. I used to get something small to eat when I got home.

Our area chief started a junior football team and I decided to join the team. I used to meet with my team members every evening and we used to do some trainings. This made me busy all evenings and weekends. We used to play friendly matches and football tournaments. There was also a village cleaning day, and everyone was supposed to clean the compound and slash and clear all the bushy areas along the roads. I stayed with my parents up until I sat for my national examinations.

When I was promoted to class eight, my parents decided to excuse me from some household chores so that I can have enough time to study and prepare for my national exams. My father used to tell me to work hard because the results were to determine if I have a future or not. He also encouraged me to take be at ease, and focus on my academics. Two weeks to the national exams, I had begun to tense. I was worried because I did not know what would happen if I did not do well in the exams. Some of my village mates wished me well while the rest did not care.

I loved my Kiswahili teacher, Mr. Amboka thought I did not like Kiswahili. I also liked my Science teacher. They always encouraged me to work hard and they were always ready to help me. I disliked a few teachers because they never encouraged me, they always acted like they did not care. They were very ready to punish me whenever I made a slight mistake.

When the results were released, I was not aware, and so, some of my friends told me that they had received their results. On the same day, in the evening, my father came home with the results. I had scored 379 marks out of the possible 500 marks. I expected 425 marks but I did not make it, I thank God for the ones He gave me.

My father started looking for help to get me to secondary school but his efforts were unfruitful. This is the time I came to Nairobi, in Kibera and heard about this organization called Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya. I came with my mother during the interview, and after a few days, I got call from the organization and they told me that I had a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. I have been attending classes and I intend to continue attending classes until the end of this year. I look forward to joining secondary school come next year.

In 2021, I hope to have finished my secondary school education, to go to university to pursue a course in piloting.

At the age of 30, I hope to have finished school so that I can help my parents, to buy them a good house. I also hope to have married and have my own family.



**Mary Lukalia Wanza**

I was born on 2<sup>nd</sup> January, 2002 in Kibera. My parents told me that we moved from where we were staying to Katwekera, where we are currently staying. I am the lastborn in a family of three siblings; one boy and two girls. My elder siblings used to take care of me when my mother was not around. My mother told me that my brother died at birth. I have both my parents, and I thank God for that, because they take good care of me. My mother is so caring and loving, but my father doesn't take care of us.

When I was a little kid, I used to enjoy life because my mother was able to provide me with whatever I wanted. When I was growing up, my father decided to marry a second wife and moved with her to a different place far from our house. Life started becoming difficult for my mother because she had to start providing for us. She had to look for a job to help her raise money so that she could buy us food and clothes. There were no more fun in our house because we could sometimes sleep hungry because my father used to take everything to his second wife.

My father started misbehaving at work, and he lost his job, he suddenly started taking alcohol and smoking, and so, he could spend all the little money he had on alcohol.

I was raised by both Catholic parents and also went to a Catholic church. I was baptized in the Catholic Church at St. Michael's Catholic Church, and I was given the name Mary, which means bitter. I never saw my grandparents both from my mother's and my father's side. They died long before I was born; when my parents were still going to school.

Growing up, I had uncles, aunts and cousins who are many. I have never seen all of them, but they know me, and they used to bring me a lot of gifts every time they visited us. My parents are from two different tribes; my mother is a Kamba and my father is a Luyha, and so, I follow my father's tribe.

I used to see my brother and sister going to school, and I used to cry because they left me alone. At the age of four, I started going to school, but I used to cry a lot, rubbing myself in the mud, and beating up myself. My mother had a lot of work to do, she had to clean me, and wash my clothes, and sometimes, she had to drag me to school.

At the age of five, my father was arrested by the police because of misbehaving. At this time, my elder brother had an injury on his arm, and so, this was the most painful moment in my life.

I joined my pre-school in the year 2008. I was taken directly to pre-unit, I did not start from nursery because I was very clever, and there was no need to start from nursery. I was four years when I joined pre-unit. When I was young, I did not do any work because my other siblings used to all household work. I sometimes used to complain why I was not given some work to do but my mother told me that the work my elder siblings were doing was hard for me because I was still a little kid.

I was taken to a good school, which had a conducive and welcoming environment. My mother used to prepare me very early in the morning and she could take me to school. I used to take a cold shower and I used to cry a lot because of the cold water. My mother used to carry me on her back when taking me to school, I used to enjoy that. After dropping me in school, I used to cry, but I got used to that.

Our teachers used to punish us for any mistake we did. I used to go for a short call in my uniform, and I was a noise maker. During break time, our mathematics teacher used to play with us, we could recite poems or songs. I really liked her, to me, she was the best teacher.

I did not like my English teacher because she used to beat us if we communicated using Kiswahili. She used to pinch our cheeks with her two hands, especially when a pupil is seated. She used to pull our ears up and down, several times, and this was so painful. I hated her because of this.

Our school was not far from home. My mother used to carry me on her back in the morning and in the evening.

I had so many friends in school, but I had a close friend. We did everything together, and we were given a similar punishment whenever we made mistakes.

At home, my mother used to be my closest friend because she used to treat me well and she supported me in everything I needed. I respected her and followed her instructions. I still respect her and love her so much. My mother used to tell her stories, crack jokes and we could all laugh. We were very happy, I can remember all these good memories till now.

Life in school started becoming hard for me when I was in class four. I had difficult time to study and communicating with my teachers. I sometimes could not finish my assignments. I did not know what was going on in my life. We sometimes had conflicts with my parents. This habit continued until my parents had to go to school to talk to my teachers to find out what the problem was. My mother went to talk to our church pastor to seek his help. We have good neighbours because we help each other in time of need.

I used to sleep in class and my teachers started complaining because I had started becoming lazy. The teachers summoned my parents and after a talk, they decided to encourage me to work hard. By the time I sat for end year exam in class five, there was an improvement and I was promoted to class six.

At the age of eleven, I was in class six. I started working hard but then, I could not miss in the list of noise makers. I also used to pinch whoever tried to disturb me and I was so stubborn. I was always punished for not finishing mathematics assignment. Teachers used to check my book every time to ensure that I had finished the assignment.

I was promoted to class seven, and I decided to be a nice pupil. I could my assignments in time. I had good friends who used to encourage me. I liked my class teacher because she was so nice to us, and she was always ready to listen to our complaints. I did not like my science teacher because she liked gossiping about our class every time we did something good. She used to punish us every time even if it was a slight mistake. We used to hate her.

I joined class eight when I was thirteen years. I started putting more efforts towards my studies because I wanted to score good marks that would enable me to join a good secondary school. I sat for the national examinations in 2016, and I had a target of 300 marks, but I only scored 260 marks out of the possible 500 marks. I know I did not put more efforts, I should have scored over 300 marks.

After the results were released, my parents started wondering because they did not know how and where they could get money to take me to school. My mother had heard from a friend about Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya, and so, she decided to seek help from the organization. I was invited for an interview, I came with my mother, and after the interview, and I received a call from the centre telling me that I had been given a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. I was very happy because I now know that I will join secondary school come next year. I thank God everything.

I intend to continue respecting my teachers, and work very hard as I prepare to join secondary school next year.

In the years 2018-2021, I hope to have finished my secondary school studies, ready to go to university to pursue a business course because I want to be a bank manager.

At the age of 30, I hope to have settled down and started my own life.



**Steven Otieno Ouko**

I was born on 17<sup>th</sup> March, 2002 in Homa Bay County in a village called Kendu Bay. I love my parents so much because of the love they gave me when I was young. I am the last born in a family of eight siblings. I lost one brother and sister when I was still young. I come from an environment where people don't value education. I am blessed to come from a family of two mothers and one father, my mother is the second wife to my dad.

When I was three years, my father was involved in an accident and got serious injuries to his left limb. Since he was the breadwinner of the family, our started facing challenges, for example, hunger. This was the time I joined pre-school. My mother got it rough in managing the family because she had to look for a job to raise money to pay for my siblings' education, and to cater for the family needs. She used to work in the neighbourhood, but the little she earned could not support our basic needs like food and clothing.

My fathers' parents died before I was born, and my mother's mother died a few months to my birth, and her father died when I was seven years. I grew up with uncles and aunts, and some of them live near Nairobi, while the rest live in upcountry. I have always given thanks to God for the wonderful aunts, uncles and cousins that He gave me.

My parents are Luos, and so I am. I was raised by Catholic parents, and I used to attend a Catholic Sunday school. At the age of five, I really enjoyed being with my parents because they used to support and teach me house chores. Being a small child, my mother, played a very important role in my life by taking good care of me.

My mother used to prepare me and escort me to school. In the evening, after school, she used to clean my school uniform, and helped me put on clean home clothes. She used to guide me in doing my homework while preparing supper in the kitchen, but I used to follow her to the kitchen and admire her how she used to cook.

One day when she was preparing porridge for our breakfast, she went to buy doughnuts from the nearby kiosk, and left me in the kitchen. I started stirring the porridge with the cooking stick, and within no minute, the pot slipped off the cooking stones, and the hot porridge pore on my left arm, which burnt me and left me with a mark that still exist.

At the age of five, my mother started teaching how to do basic household chores, like washing utensils and cleaning our compound like picking litter during the weekend. By then, I was in pre-school, I loved going to school. I did not want to miss school even a single second. I used to have friends who used to carry food to school and we used to share it during break time, and this was my best moment when I was in pre-school.

My class had a female teacher, who was friendly, and she could defend me when I was in a mistake, for example, reporting to school late, but there was a male teacher was not kind at all. He was my enemy, because he used to punish me whenever I was in a mistake. He used to give me harsh punishment. I did not want to see him anywhere close to me.

The distance between school and home was about five kilometres, and so, I used to walk to school. Some of my classmates were my neighbours, so, we used to go to school together. We used to play on our way to school, and this made us report late to school. We used to be punished every morning because of being late to school. I hated this experience but I could not avoid my friends because we loved playing a lot.

Since my father had no job, because his left limb had been injured and so, he could move using a wheelchair. It was my mother's duty to raise money for food and other basic needs, and also pay school fees. I remember, in those days, my mother used to buy one pencil and cut it into several pieces. She could give me a piece and keep the rest, just in case I lose the one she gave me, I could go for another piece. She also cut an exercise book in two equal parts.

I was always out of school because of lack of fees, missing classes made me drop academically. My mother had to work very hard to raise some money to pay so that I can be in school, and at the same time buy food for us.

At the age of ten, I started having a negative attitude towards school, because my best teachers were transferred, and I always missed school because of lack of fees. The new teachers were always harsh to pupils.

After school hours and mostly during the weekends, I used to help my mother to work in the neighbour's farm for some money. The money was too little to manage the family, but we could just accept it. I was always grateful for the life we lived.

At the age of twelve, my attitude towards school was good because my Science, Mathematics and English teachers were loving and caring and they always came to class when they were active and ready to be asked questions. What I liked most at school was being asked questions during lessons by the teacher. Back at home, I had caring and kind neighbours who were ready to help and interact with those in needs and they always encouraged the youths.

When I was in class seven, I started increasing my efforts in studies. I went to bed late at night and woke up very early in the morning because this was the year I was now approaching my national examination. Though I was very lazy to wake up for school, I had to force myself to wake up early as possible. In the year 2016, which was the year I was going my primary course end examination, I could not show laziness anymore but I worked hard in studies. It was very industrious class since I started my primary school. One week to the national examination, I did not tense anymore because I was very holy and I prayed everything for God to help me. I sat for my national examination expecting 300 marks and above, but I scored 278 marks out of the possible 500 marks. After the results were out, I did not like them for I didn't attain what I was expecting though it was very pleasing to others, but I thank God for what He decided to give me.

After receiving my results, I found it very difficult to continue with my education because my family income was not enough to pay my school fees and my mother was struggling to feed us. My mother started walking up and down searching on how I could continue with my studies. A month later, she received a call from my sister who was living in Nairobi, who assured her that I will continue with my education with the help of Wanawake Kwa Wanawake Kenya. At that point,

I started to have some hope of making my dreams true in life. I was now able to understand my life and shared my dreams with my friends. I came to the organization and I went through an interview, and two days later, I was called and I was among the thirteen students who went through the interview and passed, and given a chance to join Br. Frank Chappell informal school. At this school life is nice compared to my former school, because we are always taught, we are given breakfast and lunch, and we are given nice school uniforms. The compound is clean and the building looks like for a formal school. Self-discipline, respect for one another, obedience, and hard work is highly considered in the school. At Br Frank Chappell informal school, we share a lot with my classmates most and my class teacher Mr. Daniel.

In the year 2018 to 2021, I believe and trust that I will have completed my secondary education and attained a good grade which will enable me to join a university. Being at Chappell high, I have one disadvantage of joining informal classes for one year.