

TO BECOME JOWIKAGE

My story is but one of the 1.6 billion singular stories in Africa. It already served its purpose in the past but we have a future to build. So I won't speak of it on the launch day because that day we speak about our common belief and our shared destiny. A better Africa.

I live quite a simple life, one full of fun, happiness, struggles and ambitions. At age five I lost my mum. It was Saturday before noon I was watching Ben 10 when my brother yelled from my mum's bedroom and ordered me to call a neighbour. I had just graduated from pre-unit and I was waiting to join class one. My two younger siblings had to school for tuition. My then teacher skipped me from baby to pre-unit. I was still young so I never understood a thing of what was happening so I continued watching as my mum was carried away to the hospital. She was already sick but that day accidentally while trying to plug in a charger she suffered an electric shock because apparently some tea had spilled over the extension. That was the last time I saw her. I never saw my dad who had earlier on passed away so I know nothing at all about him since he never took photos. Too bad I even forgot my mother's face but I know she had a black dot on her back I used to touch while she carried me to school or her workplace. She was a successful tailor who employed three more tailors. Being the last born when she was almost stable she gifted me a red Great Wall TV and cream white baby bed next to her master bed. My grandma always says that such a baby bed was a treasure back in the 2000s for low income families. So I always treasure that memory.

After funeral on the third day I never saw any of my siblings and the compound was almost empty. It was the first time I cried not because I knew my mum was dead but because my siblings were missing. My younger siblings had already told me mum was okay. I remember playing when one of my friends asked if my mum died while doing wedding so I went to take a look too. Yeah I was stupid. She had just begun building our village home when she left. I recall my younger sisters and I suggesting she should build 'nyumba ya ghorofa' with stairs. I was surprised to find half-built mud house. On that same third day was the time I met my aunt who promised to buy me a bicycle if I went to stay with her. My two younger sisters had been taken in by different families. Later that night I was also taken away. I didn't know who was carrying me so I assumed it was my grandma. When I woke up things were different I was with different new faces again. They became my first family where I lived with them for two years, before my grandma came for me.

My aunt who I call grandma or mother depending on occasion played a bigger role in the person I am today from discipline, character, faith and education including high school scholarship. My headteacher Mr Akoko and other teachers under instruction of my grandma were always on my back. Like that wasn't enough she would surprise the teachers with thick milk tea and chapatis for breakfast. I always maintained my position at top 3 until class eight. One time in a zonal competition exam in class seven I failed. I was around number 27 in the zonal ranking and number 9 in our class. The school had failed and we were position three instead of position one. Like most public schools beating was a common language then we had to get our parents. When my turn to face the panel arrived I went in with my grandma.

My performance was reviewed and at the end of it my grandma made a promise to me. She said if I could get 370 in KCPE she would find me scholarship and take me to the best school. I had to promise too just to escape the tension in the room. When I graduated from primary school I got 377 an A- second best in the constituency perhaps. To be honest I never believed in getting a scholarship as promised but at least I did my part. Just as she promised, she began looking for scholarships. With help of my headteacher she tried Equity scholarship which almost succeeded but it failed at the end. She didn't give up. Elections had just been concluded so elected members were offering scholarships. The then MCA had just rolled out a scholarship program. She tried to get me a chance. When I finally got the chance unexpected events happened. Some villagers complained to the MCA that I was an outsider and it would be best if my chance was given to another person from the village.

My headteacher once again stepped in but it was too late my grandma had let go. So she began seeking a chance at a nearby secondary school called 'Got Rateng' since she could not afford paying for Mbita National School. Two weeks before school admission she received a message. It was at night we were just eating supper. My grandma is old but educated at least she did her studies to form two. She read the message and then gave it to me. It was a congratulatory message for being one of the stars in the constituency scholarship program. To be honest I never knew she had applied another scholarship. The scholarship covered my four-year high school. She also had to change my high school from Mbita School to Agoro Sare since that was the school she always had in mind all those years. We would receive some pocket money and visit luxury hotels as we interact with other leaders and socialites. I graduated from Agoro Sare with B+ of 73 points missing a single point to retain my A- from primary.

On the other side I also have blood-related siblings who now support my university education where they can, since they are not employed except for my elder sister. I have made happy memories with both families. Travelling from one side to another changing environments and exceeding the limitations of a village mindset. But to be honest existing between two families is not an easy life. Because at the end of the day every side has a version of you and what they expect you to be. You get caught in the middle playing neutral at times. Every decision you make can positively or negatively affect your interaction with any side or both. Over time depending on decision you made. Everyone's perception of you changes. For Good or for bad.

Before you notice it, you are struggling to fit in both sides. So I kinda chose a solitude life. Just living my life on my own terms even if I have to cross everyone many times. Solving my own problems and accepting what can't be solved. I take risks. If I fail it's on me. If I succeed everybody wins. I never seek validation. It's a quiet life. Rare calls of about 6 in a good year, less chats and so forth. I never saw a reason in owning a phone so I don't own any. I make use of Michael's phone when I need to withdraw from mPesa or call someone. But hey spending time in solitude is not loneliness. It only feels lonely when you have something to share but have no one to share it and if there is, they won't understand it as you expected. Luckily I had two friends who understood me. Mostly I would just write on my diary to get things off my head.

In my quiet existence I found the true meaning of life through daily challenges I faced. Everyday I did not just wake because it's a normal day, I woke up to survive another day. The desire to change my living standard drove my curiosity and curiosity pushed me past my limits to learn, explore and innovate. I have one best friend called Michael who has supported me since first year semester one. Be it financially, basic needs, food or place to live when I was locked out of my house. To be honest without him as my main backup while at school I would have dropped out as early as year two semester one due to lack of basic needs, rent and food. He is not rich but at least he had something he could share. He too experienced hardships a while back so he understands the feeling. He is an indoor guy just like me so we would spend most of the time together since we share almost 95% of interests and habits. From drawing, watching anime, dongua, animations, historicals like c-dramas and Bahubali, vibing to rhumba, ohangla, rnbs, anime or cdrama theme songs. I personally prefer watching something that doesn't limit my imagination. When we are together, we get more 'childish' which makes every moment feel like it's a party.

Before you know my good side I do also have my other side that might make me a villain in another person's story be it enemy if there is one, stranger, friend, family or relative. I am not a follower, thus I don't do blind obedience not because I decided to, but because it comes naturally. I do like holding my ground when I know I am right, I respect everyone but it is earned. I don't entertain anyone who uses their age or money as a golden ticket to do whatever they want and escape accountability when challenged. I know when to care about my reputation and when not to. I stopped faking life to survive. I remember back in high

school i had rich kid friends both in class and dormitory. Their stories were like honey to my ears, but it did not last long as i struggled to fit over time. One day the topic was about trips on aeroplane . When i was asked ,i also said i had boarded one which i regretted as my 'kienyeji' was detailed and the lie exposed. I tried defending myself but you can't defend what you don't know.

The situation in class and dorm was almost crushing me. I had a cousin in another stream who at times boarded aeroplane to Kisumu then taking a 'matatu' to school. So went and told him my situation in class and dorm is unbearable and if he could just lie to my friends that iwe lived together at times and i have boarded an aeroplane so they stop looking down on me. To make it real i took Kenya Airways tags and sticker on his luggage .If the tag was empty i added my details. Of course i lie can't become the truth as having tag doesn't prove it. During the holiday i told my grandma that my situation in school is messed up as many kids a rich kids. She asked me a question and the answer was bitter truth. She asked me if everybody in the school was a rich kid. That's when i decided to adopt the art of not giving a fuck.

This is part that holds me together so you will never find me falling into depression or abusing drugs as a solution. I find happiness in watching anime ,it might seem silly to some people but to me and other people like me its like a rare antidote. It's the peak of raw happiness. I journal a lot since i have a small circle to text .This side of me picked a few general lessons already known but just to mention a few.

That when you have no generational inheritance or powerful surname you have to move like an anomaly to make something for yourself. You can't afford to live a normal life .Where a graduate can dies with dreams while an illiterate dies with memories. Where one normal person believes he has to study hard to board an aeroplane while another normal person can easily board an aeroplane without studying. Where one normal person trades time for money while another normal person trades money for time. Where one normal person has to work hard to get a career while another normal person only needs fame to get the same career without required qualifications. Where the same bottled water costs less in local shop and more in a hotel. Where boy a child die of depression because of toxic standards and societal neglect. Where a girl child die while seeking greener pastures and unhealthy surgeries because of body shaming. Where some friends, relatives or family would rather construct new house and host mega funeral than to help out before death came knocking. Where congregants can buy an eight million car for pastor's transport and fail to raise medical bill for cancer treatment abroad when a fellow congregant is in need. I am a strong christian and Jesus is my saviour but i don't support manipulative faith.

That experience is grouped in three and age is just a variable. Where a seven year old living in a war zone has practical experience with 75% chance of survival before luck, a talented war zone gamer has virtual experience with 50% chance of survival in a real war zone before luck and that a sixty year old with theoretical experience in war zone has 25% chance of survival in a real war zone. An additional 25% chance of survival across the classes depends on luck. Which proves practical experience is important than theoretical experience and that experience doesn't depend on age. That racial discrimination is just a bug in mankind evolution since what really matters has the same color, functions and location. That money, rules and power coexist in a loop where none can fully dominate the others permanently. That many Africans party supporters lack limits in politics ,they end up exchanging their life and worth for a casket donated for burial after a political clash between rivals while the two aspirants never physically occupied each others compound as a show of unity. Real kings always lead their troops to the battlefield and every soldier also know when to use strategic retreat. Politics is sweet and development is even sweeter. One has a limit while the other has no limits.

Like many others, I am no favourite of fate, and that is why i have to push past my limits .Like my life depends on it ,even if i have to yell it to the whole world that the only thing impossible is one that does not exist. I learned many personal lessons that i can't share ,but i can comment that there is no point in dying slowly inside trying to get on everyone's best side . Because this creates a pain i rank number two. The pain from trying to tell the truth but it's not needed since your side of the story doesn't matter anyway . People will assume or rephrase your struggles even if it almost killed you and entertain their perception from what they heard and not what they really saw. If you don't know the kind of person i am and i don't know the kind of person you are, a pattern that others made may prevail. I ranked it second after the imagined pain i felt when a sixty-year old old guy had to run onto a train, after discovering he was just a stranger his family of six and he was going to be last of his bloodline.

I can assure you that nobody associates with failure .I learned this the hard way from a close person about my age. Like it was not enough he also mocked jowih despite being a learned person. This was after i tried borrowing five hundred to buy clothes so i could attend a Jowih presentation meeting at school . But hey that did not break me because i stand to lose nothing, and even if Jowih did fail ,it can't fail completely as failure is part of the journey to success. In life it does not matter who suffered the most, what really matters is who got over it. The failure or success of Jowih can only be determined by the 1.6bn people in Africa and diaspora because Jowih is not about me. It is about our shared destiny.

The girlfriend department was a blessing in disguise as it helped me tolerate rejection and failure. The bible taught me humanity. Naruto anime taught me how to handle emotions and interactions, Black clover taught me the need to push past my limits and AOT taught me the need to survive against all odds, leadership, critical thinking and quick decision making. Ghibli studio animes showed me that there is still a beautiful and happy world to live. Above all Naruto and Black Clover taught about believing and chasing dreams. So my dream is to become my own Jowikage.

Since joining high school and now university my budget was always ninety percent less after school fees, but at least i had hardened in high school. I am grateful for the support i always received i would be evil if i ain't. I spent like two years repeating the same four t-shirts, six sweatpants and clogs. Thank goodness i am in Kisii people really don't take dressing extra miles , so i easily blended in. Due to wash and wear they lost color i remember one time my homie told me i should try and go back home when i am presentable. We both laughed but the reasons i guess were different. At times i would go without food like three days if Michael too was broke as my last hope. Over time i had to stop attending classes and if i did attend, i would exit the lectures quickly and head back to my room. Honestly i missed making friends. I opted self-study in my room so i don't need to worry on what to wear. My classmates can attest to my class attendance .I was able to achieve a lot in my solitude during self study like building games, websites for sale in my first year and cross-platform apps after joining second year. To make money while at school i would help first years design websites. That was the first time i earned over eight thousand so i kinda upgraded my room since i am always indoors. I am kinda lucky since mostly i can remember to veriest tiny visual detail, location and even exact words or sound of a memory. If your brain can access information in tiny dedicated threads then you can easily remember a lot without struggling ,in my case i can remember even tiniest visual details to back when i around four except for my mum's face.

I understood how first hand hardships feels like ,so when i had money i would take a portion and visit street families just to drop something in the bowls. There are these three street boys around Mashauri they would interact with me and i would treat them to some snacks and juice. At times i would randomly be approached by a comrade or old grandpa claiming they haven't eaten for like three days .I know the feeling of going without like three days. You begin losing your vision as your head spins ,the body shakes and your stomach hurts such that you stay in one position.

One evening i would meet a random mama fua on the road. She would say she did not find any laundry job and she has three kids at home. So in case i had thirty bob it could help her. At times comrades who are hawkers or on field work would stop by my room. It's blazing hot outside, I would look at them struggling trying to convince me to buy a product after being turned down across the whole rental. I would buy the cheapest product just to give them something to report on. My neighbours would make jokes that i really can't turn anyone down and that if i ever dated i would need a no nonsense lady. I have been a sales agent at NCBA loop and i know how rough managers and group leaders get when you don't meet the target or report a nil.

I am not claiming to good or kind that depends on our interactions but i shared a common struggle with them, that is poverty. Honestly i usually survive on debt, Michael's help and help from my two families when i call back home.

To be honest at a personal level i am not very ambitious, a little disconnected and i don't know if i have any interests since i rarely think about it except for the part my grandma is getting old and i need to get rich in her lifetime God willing. Outside that its just me and my mission. Maybe if there is reincarnation, in the next life by Gods' will i would like to know how it feels to call someone mum or dad, i would still prefer being an introvert and less informed on world matters though still an African in a First World era. I just want a stable life, become the the best dad i never had and if i get rich in the process then i would try to uplift others too. My grandma operates like a charity foundation. Growing up watching my grandma helping others and many more it also became like part of my DNA and not helping a person always lives me disturbed even if i was not in a position to help. So since form two i always desired to build a world class orphanage to help bright students which became the beginning of the now GAG initiative.

During the first long holiday after first year at the university, i left my grandma and lived with my other aunt in Kendu bay. Her son has many construction job contracts. So i joined in as second hand man. Since it was my first time doing 'mjengo' i had to call my grandma and beg to go back home, but she never listened to me. She instead told me to stop thinking about being tired and start thinking of the good life i would have back at school with that money. It really worked when i began seeing imagining myself inside Kendu supermarket every Friday instead. We travelled many towns from Kendu, to Homabay to Kisumu doing mjengo. I had to let go the fear of what my friends might think of me in case we met since we had to where dirty clothes while crossing the streets.

In one of the jobs, i got inspired to think beyond my country when i was working at a neighbourhood site. The owners were both retired teachers. They really made us feel at home that i almost forgot it was a mjengo site. Both of them got really close to me when they learned i was a first year university student. During shared mealtimes we would exchange stories and they would tell me how their two sons are always competing in life. One was already working at United Nations and the other was just graduating at Tel Aviv with masters. Since i was doing same course as their first son-Computer Science back in the university, they promised to hook me up with their first son if i graduated with second class upper. On the second last day of us finishing the job. I was sitting on a heap of groundnuts since we helped with that during our free time. She was making a call to her son who on a flight from abroad, informing him that phase 1 was almost done but materials were depleted. The call was on loud speaker and there i heard a line that inspired me up to this day. Her son told her and i quote "Pesa sio shida" sending both of them laughing out loud. That one sentence and their promise ignited the fire in me to think even broader on how i want approach destiny. At the end of the construction job they gave me a television and beautiful TV stand as a personal gift to keep me entertained back in campus.

Because of financial constraints i had to differ my studies twice in third year. I would have graduated this December 2026. I always believe that my future is too big and it has many paths leading to it. So i decided to diversify paths to my destiny. When i deferred for the first time in 2024 December. I continued to stay at my rented place and focused on looking for scholarships where i came to settle on a Japanese government scholarship called MEXT. It needed no connection to apply. I decided on doing bio-robotics since that is what i always wanted. For five months, i locked in and studied japanese language to level N4, part of chinese language too to understand kwanji better, advanced physics, biology, english and maths. I had earlier emailed Japan embassy when they called me instead. To summarize the call, i was informed getting undergraduate is very difficult since our education system is very different from global standards and i should try to graduate to try masters which is much easier. I never gave up anyway since it had always been my desire to do masters in Japan even before the scholarship came to my mind.

While revising some past papers, indeed the standard of the exam was different for a typical high school graduate in Kenya i don't know about the rest of Africa, but i had learned some concepts at university so i could tackle some of them. After five months i needed to travel to Nairobi but i never had the transport money so i had to wait for my sisters' salary. I arrived at the Japanese Embassy in Nairobi five days before deadline. It was my second time being in Nairobi and the scenery in Upper Hill made me feel like i was in a different country unlike my village setting. Typically i am 'kienyeji' but it doesn't matter anyway.

At the Japan Embassy, i felt like a part of my soul was waiting for me in Japan. I love the principle of kaizen in their culture, the cherry blossom trees, how cleanness and respect comes naturally like swimming in fish. In order to make sure my application was complete, i had to wait until noon to speak to an agent. Sadly, everything fell apart when i was informed that i missing all transcripts from high school although i had my KCSE certificate. The agent advised me that i had good university transcripts and that being in third year i should just keep the effort so i graduate with first class or second class upper, then i can apply for masters. On my way back home it was raining so i quickly boarded a bus. I later noticed i was less by fifty since there was an increase in bus fare from upper hill to CBD. I really panicked given an earlier incident where a passenger was accidentally thrown out of a moving bus for not paying thirty bob.

Luckily a woman next seat saw me making desperate unsuccessful calls and she handed me fifty shillings saying and i quote "Naelewa". I guess God did not abandon me after all i am always thankful. Just like that i had to keep my failure to myself since failure can't be shared. I lied about status of my application to both families. Everyday i would look at my application papers. I had attached a mega orphanage project i would build in Kenya once i became successful. The schools were almost resuming and i had no job or money yet again. I began thinking of ways to make money and to make my dream come true even without visiting a first world country.

That's when i got my first idea. To build an offline app with chat, marketplace and entertainment to allow communication around and inside Kisii university to help students who don't have internet. The idea was great. Later the idea evolved and i felt like it needed to be in every university. Using mesh network and local servers, i was limited in scaling and financially. So i thought of using bluetooth technology but i did not know if it could work not until two weeks later, my social media's algorithm showed me a post about a Bluetooth chatting app coming soon. It did not have a name by then. Months later i saw it called BitChat by Jack Dorsey.

But my idea had greatly evolved so i went online, which began the creation of new thing. I decided maybe i could use technology to solve most of our problems. I would wake up and visit Ananas mall in Makongeni. I would visit nearby local markets. I would walk around Tvets, universities, factories and estates collecting general data. When i moved to Kayole Nyama Villa to work with Climate Works i continued doing the same after work. I never had a laptop so i could only write and draw

flowcharts on my project book. After doing additional online researches i was exposed to countless problems in Africa .That was how the idea crossed borders to researching African problems, watching TED talks on Africa, watching documentaries of Africa,China ,Singapore ,Japan and South Korea where i learned companies can help boost GDP same to the US companies.I had to know the economies of some first world countries and i paid attention to global geopolitics.I had to learn basic macroeconomics, bond and stock market,do research on multinational giant corporations.I had to understand the financial crisis in 2008.I had to master the finite and infinite thinking model.I had to learn why Japans' economy almost collapsed back then.I had to understand the difference in aid Europe received to that of Africa.I had to browse on different non-profits organizations where i found that FIFA was the closest Non-profit Organization with member states same as my idea showing everything is legal and the structures exist.I understood that Africa uses capitalism so i used the very structures of capitalism to design everything.

I had to learn the basic of drafting a legal constitution and support documents. I would type my ideas in separate documents after fully researching, then i would use power of Ai to compile and merge them without hallucinating my ideas.I had to learn different wealth & governance structures under capitalism.I had to have a little knowledge on laws governing international organizations and agreements with governments.I had to learn about everything about currency and the lower segment of broken fx market so i could design jowih credits and private partnership within the law as a bridge utility and not a crypto currency.I had to have a deep understanding on building a complex super app so i could design and code the MVP of Asta super app and make it easy for future developers to plug in.

My idea was too complex. Different programming languages per module, different databases, all on paper. Even my lecturer said it wasn't feasible. But I never gave up. I simplified the system into micro-services and modules. I created PRSD files, SRS files, task files, architecture files, module-interaction files, integration-testing files, the master planning file and countless more as the project expanded to over five thousand modules.

I am not a guru. I couldn't build such a complex system alone. So I spent time learning professional vite coding skills to supplement my coding skills. I started paying for subscriptions to use coding tools and other software. It was not cheap. I had no financial support. I had to hustle. I took debts. My landlord understood my situation and let me stay without asking for rent. I began coding and partly vite coding the super app for a working MVP to showcase. The real product will be built by hired Jowih developers and community after the GAG initiative launch. You might argue about using AI. But I can comment that the day AI can wake up and think of solving African problems strategically and practically on its own , then we should be worried. I balanced coding and the GAG initiative from 7am to past midnight every day. Solving complex bugs drained me. But I kept going. Because the vision wouldn't let me stop.

I had to think on what to own and what to integrate so i don't disrupt the market but instead complement already existing players to a greater reach .This entirely changed what i needed to build . I nolonger just needed a super App i needed an infrastructure to enable the larger digital-physical economy. That was when i diversified from focusing on a super app to designing Jowih Continental Operating System.ASTA OS is a continental digital infrastructure and orchestration layer designed to enable interoperable digital activity among people, businesses, governments, developers, financial institutions, technology platforms, service providers and physical infrastructure.COS provides shared digital capabilities across identity, accounts, trust, credentials, payments, communication, commerce, mobility, logistics, data, location, artificial intelligence and application integration.COS is not fundamentally a consumer application.It is an infrastructure environment upon which multiple applications, services, institutions and physical systems may operate and interoperate.

I had to make the GAG more complementary to existing systems too ,the frameworks so we complement existing private market players while empowering them where they are limited. The GAG is **an infrastructure and economic coordination initiative** designed to enable sovereign nations to accelerate development more efficiently, trade more freely across borders, and develop more rapidly, without surrendering control over their own affairs. It is also meant to work hand in hand with African Union to accelerate African Union's AfCFTA framework and many more. Above all it's self-funded through Mission Fund from it's for profit entities.Finally i had to structure the organization leadership strategically so everything can work without any point of failure in case of vacancy.Above all i like a quiet life away from daily spotlight so i had to structure Steward President as a guardianto stay away from day to day operations .

Around August 2025 I was working with climate works Kayole ,Nyama Villa,where we would clean streets,cleans sewage channels and load heaps of wastes to garbage truck.I liked the job since everyone there was good at cracking jokes.They gave me a reason to laugh when i needed it most.

When schools opened i applied for resumption.My elder sister paid part of my first semester 's school fee.I cleared the rest of third year school fees with extra amount to fourth year semester one using helb fund .I paid my rent for two months.Those two months included lecturers strike in October.I was always among the top ten at the library's register in computer lab.I used those two months to clear a whole semester syllabus across all units.I did that because i knew i always have a problem from month three. My idea of The great african grid initiative also began getting more strategic .I had to think and research every article and line of the constitution,development frameworks ,support documents.About the super app,i never had laptop since the previous semester i sold it to pay rent.So i could only continue researching, refining ideas and creating SRS.md,Task.md and PRSD.md documentations per micro service as required in software development life cycle.It was never easy multitasking on two complex areas alone.I had shared my idea but majority of the people felt it was not feasible enough to support me financially so i could hire developers.I had to hustle the money i spent on software or coding assistants for the mvp.

After two months my next rent was due ,i had no basic needs. I tried making desperate calls .When it was mid month September i was back to my rough life .Less or no food meant i was weak to continue classes and library studies. Stress was almost killing me since almost everyone was broke to help.I was ordered to vacate on a Sunday.My friend Michael was already living with his brother ,so my other friend Calkeen took me in.I was kinda a burden to him since i never contributed for like a month.December rushed in so i made some calls before i could make my mind on defering again.Still everyone was broke.So i did what i do best. I had to think long term and weigh my decisions.I could not get into another long semester given my situation and exam was on January which was also the beginning of new semester.I had to weigh between believing in my vision and surviving the combined semesters without crushing.Money from helb was not going to be enough buy a laptop ,to settle bills and basic needs .

I deferred again calmly without bothering anyone and fully locked in ,on what i believed ,The Great African Grid.Of course like any caring other family issues arose but sometimes as a person you have to think individually not as a family. My two friends believed in what i was doing.So they helped me where they could and when my Helb arrived i was lucky to get a second hand core i7 laptop at 10k from a comrade which inturn enabled me to book a cheaper room . One of my sisters also texted me some naivas vouchers around 3k.I was set for two months. I locked in on my project everyday from 6am to 12 midnight. After two months i was out of basic needs,internet and rent.I had to sell some of my belongings including mattress.But this time like a miracle everything worked out differently.

My friend Michael and his brother yet again allowed me to stay at their place as i used his internet ,we would share food and basic needs.So i rarely called back home.When i texted my landlord to add me more hours before locking the door so i could leave with my clothes at night,he replied he had no problem even if i stayed. I also told him i was working on something big if i could make it ,i would reward his kindness.He never asked me for rent again, i only paid when i had money.Up to now i still owe him balances over ten thousand bu he still left me stay up to date.Schools were closed and Michael had to leave. I became extremely occupied from research,planning and coding that i missed talking to someone heart to heart so i would watch anime to laugh and feel like i was still normal or watch ancient cdrama since they really got some emotional package.

Ladies and gentlement, two families that is my summarized story.