

The Making of Emil Gordon

I first learned to run in the concrete jungle of Watahouse , Kingston 6, where life was loud, fast, and never waited for anyone. The bridge down the road became my first finish line, my older cousins was my first competitors. The sound of my bare feet pounding asphalt along with the laughter of my cousins I discovered early that nothing felt as real as the rush of adrenaline that came with speed.

But life shifted when I moved to the countryside with my mother. The open fields and quiet nights were supposed to offer peace, yet they came with something I didn't expect . No running outside , No daily adventures. The rush faded, and slowly, so did my voice. I spoke less ,Laughed less. And the restless energy inside me twisted into trouble. Soon, I was the child teachers whispered about, the "juvenile delinquent".

Then came 2019 the year that changed everything.

One afternoon at my old high school, a track coach noticed me. Not the trouble. Not the attitude. What he saw was the potential tall as my stature. The coach looked at me like he already knew the ending to a story I haven't even started.

"You ever think about track?" the coach asked.

I shrugged because wasn't thinking about that again.

"Come to practice," the coach said. "Just try."

That first day back on the track, when I started running, something inside me reignited something I hadn't felt since racing to the bridge back in Watahouse . The rush came back, almost like it had been waiting for me. Discipline and hard work followed . The late evenings and early mornings. Every drop of sweat rewrote the story i thought I was stuck in.

And then, the impossible happened a scholarship to the University of Technology.

College had never been in the books for me. Not in dreams. Not in the conversations. But suddenly it was real, and it carried the weight of every sacrifice my mother had ever made. I wasn't just running for myself anymore I was running to honor the woman who raised me, moved mountains for me, and never stopped believing I could outrun his circumstances.