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Chapters 1 – 4

Chapter 1:

As the first-born child back in the early 2000's, I remember many memories of how my life was while being an only child. My mom used to dress me up in many colorful outfits that were sometimes sent from my relatives in Bangladesh and UK. They would send clothes and other gifts for me to my mom since she was alone in New York City raising me, and they wanted to help out any way they could. My grandma would sometimes send us handmade clothes and quilts as well. I still remember the patches and patterns that were decorated on them.

A dress my grandmother sent to my mom was a three-piece outfit that consisted of a white hat with light pink flowers and pink border, a white dress with the same pink flower designs and pink border on it, and with light pink stockings. I was one year old at a picnic outing with my parents in September of 2000. We used to go to many picnics back then with other family friends of my parents. The stockings I wore were *fitted* and the dress was *wrapped* around me in a loose-*fitted* manner. The sleeves of the dress on top were puffy compared to the rest of the dress and had a pink strap tie in the middle.

The hat I wore covered my hair. It was a little too big for me at that age, but my mom still put it on me since she thought the outfit was incomplete without it. My mom had *brushed* my teeth that morning and *moisturized* my *skin* before leaving the house. She also *brushed* my hair and didn't need to tie it since my hair wasn't long enough at the time.

There are pictures of me from that day wearing this outfit. Some are of me chasing some ducks into a pond. Other pictures show me and my mom holding hands in front of the pond. And another picture is of me sitting on the picnic table and eating a cookie while the hat is covering my forehead.

Chapter 2:

Since my family and I lived in Greenpoint, Brooklyn which was the border of Queens and Brooklyn, we would mostly be in Queens from time to time. We would walk cross the Pulaski bridge or take the bus across the bridge to go to Long Island City piers and have a nice family outing. It was September 2001 during the fall time when we went one day as I was two years old, still being an only child.

I wore a dark green dress that had black colored designs and had white lace trimmings. I wore the dress with white sandals. My mom dressed me in this outfit for that day at the piers. The dress wrapped around my body loosely. My mom was gifted this dress by her sister in Bangladesh.

My mom had *brushed* my teeth that morning and *combed* my hair. She also *tied* my hair into two pony tails that would stand up since my hair was not long enough. She also *clipped* and *painted* my nails in a light pink color.

There is one picture I still have from this day at the Long Island City Piers. My mom is carrying me in her arms, and I look as if I don't want my picture taken. This dress was worn many times after that which I remember, and my mom would always donate my clothes to other family members after I outgrew them.

Chapter 3:

My family and I moved many times in my life. The first three times we moved, it was all in Greenpoint, Brooklyn and the apartments were all across the street or 1 block away. I don't recall the apartment I was born in since I was only a few months old. The first apartment that I remember we lived in was a huge apartment that had pink walls. We lived there until I turned four years old. Most of the time, when my family and I don't go outside we just stay indoors, eat food and have people over instead. I remember the fall of 2002 in October. There were recent relatives that came to visit us from Manchester, and they lived with us for a couple of weeks. I

remember what I wore one day when my family wanted to take new pictures of me. I wanted to choose an outfit and I told my mom to dress me in overalls.

My mom dressed me in navy blue overalls that had pink and purple colored flowers in the middle and a white border underneath and on the lining of the pockets, along with a white short-sleeve with dark pink flowers on it. The overalls *wrapped* around me nicely. It *fitted* me perfectly and the shirt I wore underneath was *fitted* nicely as well.

That day my mom *brushed* my teeth and *brushed* my hair. She *tied* my hair into two pony tails that would stand up because it was too short. She *clipped* my nails and *filed* them as well.

I have one picture of me from that day. I was sitting on top of my mom's dresser and smiling really hard while holding a tele-tubby toy in my hand because it was my favorite back then. I remember how much I loved those overalls and I would wear them often especially during the autumn season.

Chapter 4:

Being raised in a Bengali family, it was common for my parents to love gardening, and visiting farms for fresh fruits and vegetables. Around the end of summer and beginning of fall, my family and I would go to pumpkin patches and apple gardens to pick fruits for the season. I remember in September 2003, my family and I, and my parents' friends with their kids drove to upstate New York one day to go apple picking. I remember my mom telling me she has a special outfit planned for this day.

I wore a navy-blue dress that came down above my knees. It had red cherry designs on them with a matching hat. The hat was navy blue and had red cherries on them as well with a red border outlining the hat. The dress was short sleeved and *wrapped* around my body slightly loosely on the bottom because it was somewhat flowy. I wore black t-strap shoes that complimented the dress and completed the outfit.

My mom had *brushed* my hair that day and left it untied because I was wearing a hat. My hair was much longer by then and reached down to my shoulders. My nails were *clipped* and *filed* by my mom the night before and she also *painted* them red to match my outfit.

There is a picture of me from this day wearing this outfit. I was in the fields and smiling but also squinting since the sun was in my face. My dress was flowing, and my hat was as well. I still love this outfit and I remember telling my mom to save it for my future siblings.

Sketches:

