

Written and Illustrated by
Hugo Rodriguez

Table of Contents

- 1...first fits
- 2...the schoolboy phase
- 3...changing up the house
- 4...settling in
- 5...freshman swagger
- 6...my summer works
- 7...the varsity look
- 8...the way my heart dresses
- 9...registration
- 10...Rolling loud rager
- 11...the bender fits
- 12...the modern me

CHAPTER 1

My first fits consisted of a lot of denim and sweat suits.

I guess my parents figured this would be the best clothing they could dress me in, as I'm told I was a major busy body. But for the most part though I was dressed well.

My denim would consist of Tommy Hilfiger denim, a couple bucket hats, a lot of baby Jordan's. If I wasn't in denim overalls, I was in the little baby champion sweatsuits with more baby Jordan's.

I was an only child. I guess being spoiled was the given. Living in Sunnyside, Queens, then living in Manhattan was not so expensive.

I had it all being an only child, the accessories were abundant, from toy themed watches to the shades my father would put on me when the sun was out beaming. I always kept a short cut, or to say my father would. I don't remember having long hair when I was a kid.



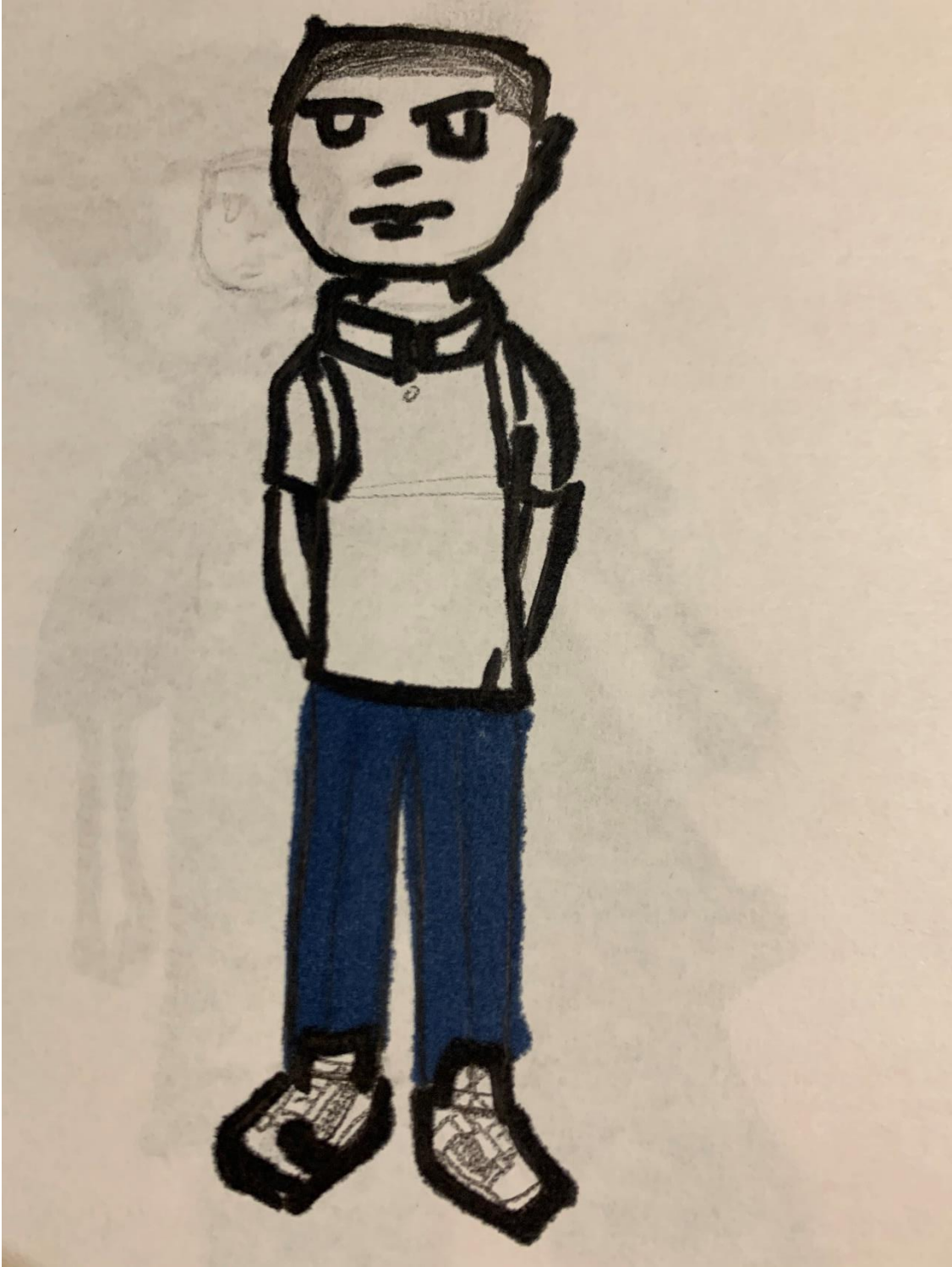
CHAPTER 2

The schoolboy phase was a simpler time!

One where I did not worry about what to wear the next day. I really took that for granted. school uniform blended into my life outside of school as I wouldn't get home until my mother picked me up from the sitter after she finished cosmetology class.

My uniform never really differed. I wore white polo's and navy-blue slacks. But I did always keep a good pair of sneakers. What wasn't spent on uniform, I spent on sneakers.

I didn't really wear much in accessories, I started moving at this age, so my parents were cautious of me wearing or carrying things on me. I still kept a short haircut, but I did add some length to it.



CHAPTER 3

At this point of my life I started moving around a lot, I didn't stay in one home for more than 2 years. We also welcomed my little sister to the family, which meant the budget got tighter.

Everything around me was changing, my mother was now working as well as in school. I barely saw my father from all the hours of work he was putting in. I made friends but never stayed in touch because it was hard when you live far away, at this point the only person I knew that could drive was my father.

I still wore my uniform, but I got into tv more and was watching things such as wrestling, and other sports. Which heavily influenced my fashion for the time. I was also growing so that meant that we shopped for what I would grow into and not what I fit in. Since times were toughing up. I would shop at the local Walmart's George rack for school uniform and their tees section for stuff I could wear outside of school. VIM clearance shelves gave me my selection of shoes. My denims came from Walmart as well, they don't have a bad selection, baggy wranglers are in style now. I grew my hair out a lot during this time, I discovered that I had curly hair, mainly cause my cousins hair was growing down, mine was growing up.

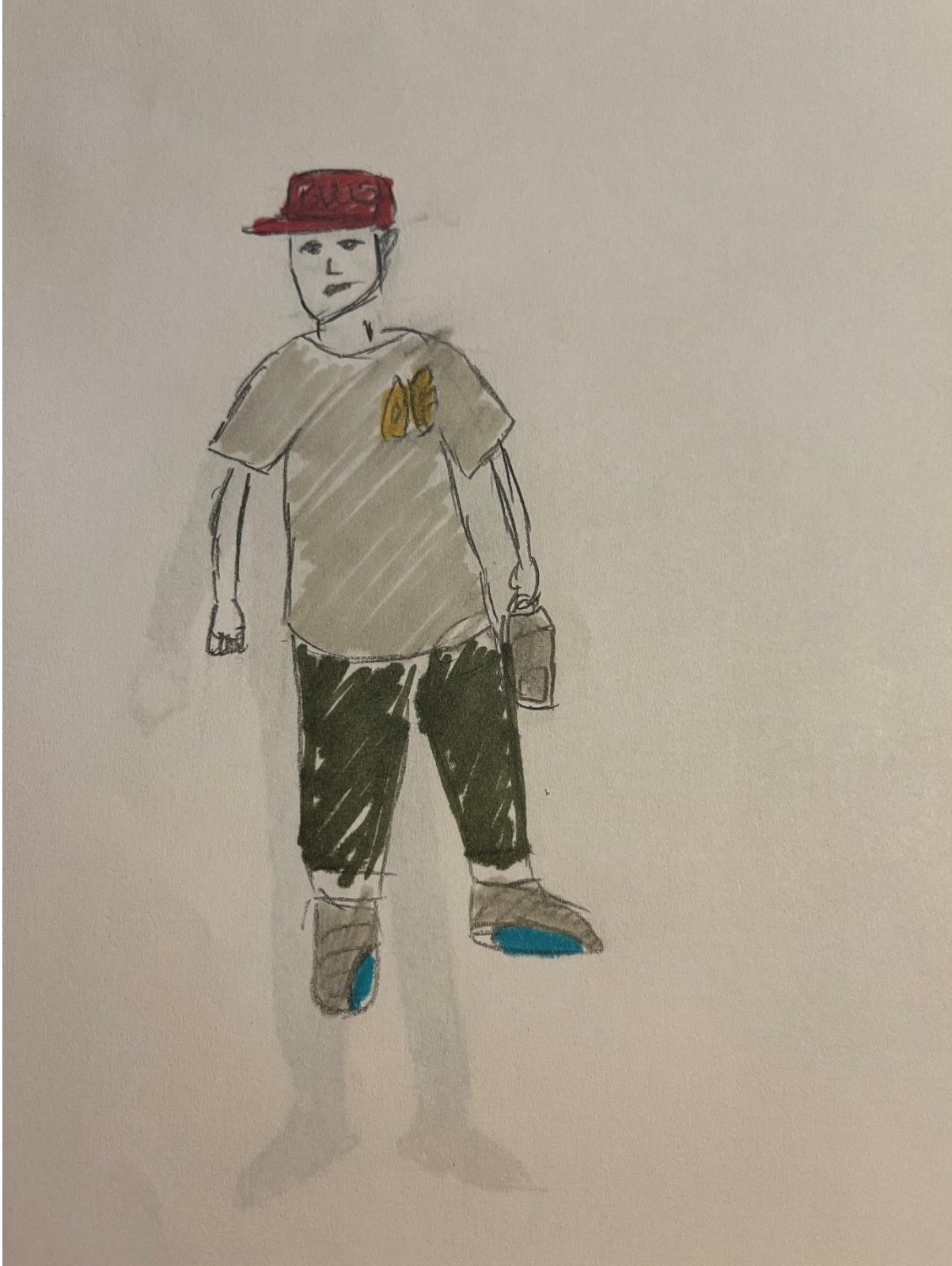


Chapter 4

After moving around from Queens to Brooklyn, and back to Queens. We finally settled in Queens Village.

We moved to this house in 109th avenue, right off Springfield boulevard. This would be the last time that we move. I finally started exploring more on what things I liked and did not. There are other Hispanics in my neighborhood now, but back when we moved in, I was pretty much the only Hispanic kid in the neighborhood and pretty much at school. I live in a black and West Indian community, so fitting in was a bit hard cause everyone knew about things that I did not.

Around this time I dove into the cult like beginnings of street and skate wear. my friend Kalington, had gave me some insight on that scene and I let it influence what I wore. I still wore big shirts and pants. But they had more style to it. Brands like Odd future, Thrasher and Huf were apart of my wardrobe. I also got more into the sneaker scene and started to buy more Nikes and Jordans. My first pairs being Bred 11's and French 12's. Snapbacks being in trend also caught my curiosity. I still have a decent collection of them. But back then I wore vintage snapbacks and fitteds.

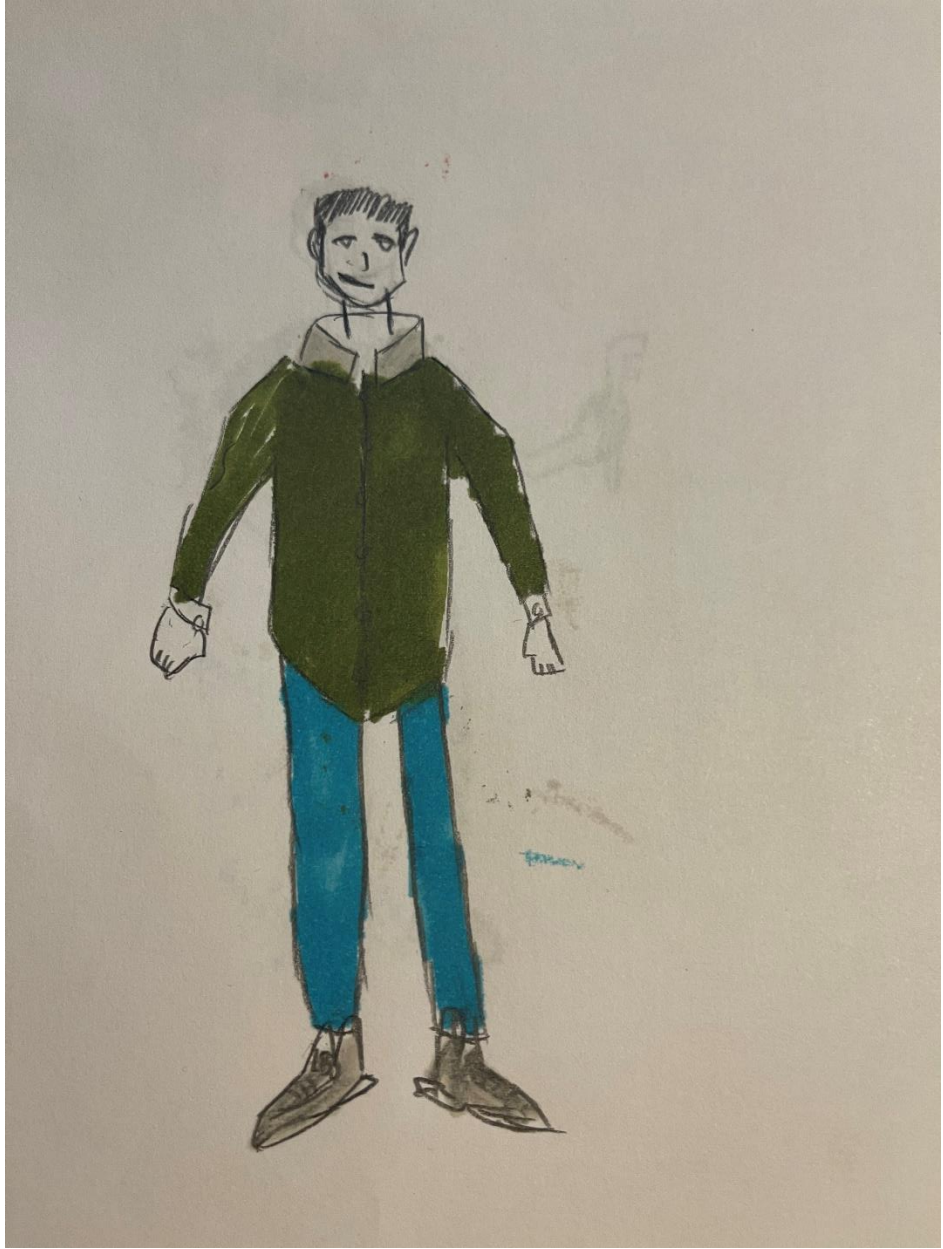


Chapter 5

My freshman year of high school I had to wear uniform. I went to a first-year high school called Veritas Academy. The crazy part is. It is not a high school in its own building. The high school is using a small hallway in Flushing high school. Being in flushing you could see a lot of the foreign fashion that you would see in places like Japan and China.

I took some inspiration of it so on my time away from school I would wear slimmer jeans and button-down shirts. That what was in style in 2013, somewhat. I wore cargos and t shirts as well. But the button-down look was something that stuck with me. I had plain shirts, and shirts with designs on it.

My sneaker game grew bigger to. I did not have the money to buy a pair each Saturday. But what I saved I would put towards a new pair. I would go to marshals and check the clearance rack. Sometimes MGM shoes. These places used to have gems every now and then. I had a couple Lebrons, some Kobes, and I picked up some Ultraboosts, one of, if not, the most comfortable sneaker I ever wore.



Chapter 6

After my first year of high school. I realized I did want to get more in tune with fashion, I started reading more magazines and watching more shows. But a high schooler could only dream of acquiring that high fashion. I was able to upgrade my wardrobe though. I got a job in the summer.

My father is a construction worker. And in my opinion the best construction worker I know. There is a saying that a jack of all trades is a master of none. But I think my father has over come that saying. By far all my knowledge that I got from construction, I acquired from him. I can appreciate that now. When I was 15 I got a job working with my father at this company called Rocon. I did a lot and had to earn my respect. But with the ability to ask my father how and when, was the best advantage I ever had.

During the summers I wore the company shirt. A navy blue Gildan t shirt. Wrangler jeans. And a pair of boots my father had that he didn't want to use because they were heavy for his feet. This was pretty much the norm for me. I worked three days a week. And got paid cash. Something I appreciated since all my friends got paid through a check. But with this money I went on shopping sprees a lot. Going to Roosevelt field mall and buying things from Nike, Adidas, Pacsun, and footlocker. I really dove into fashion when I was working. And that desire to have the best closet pushed me harder.

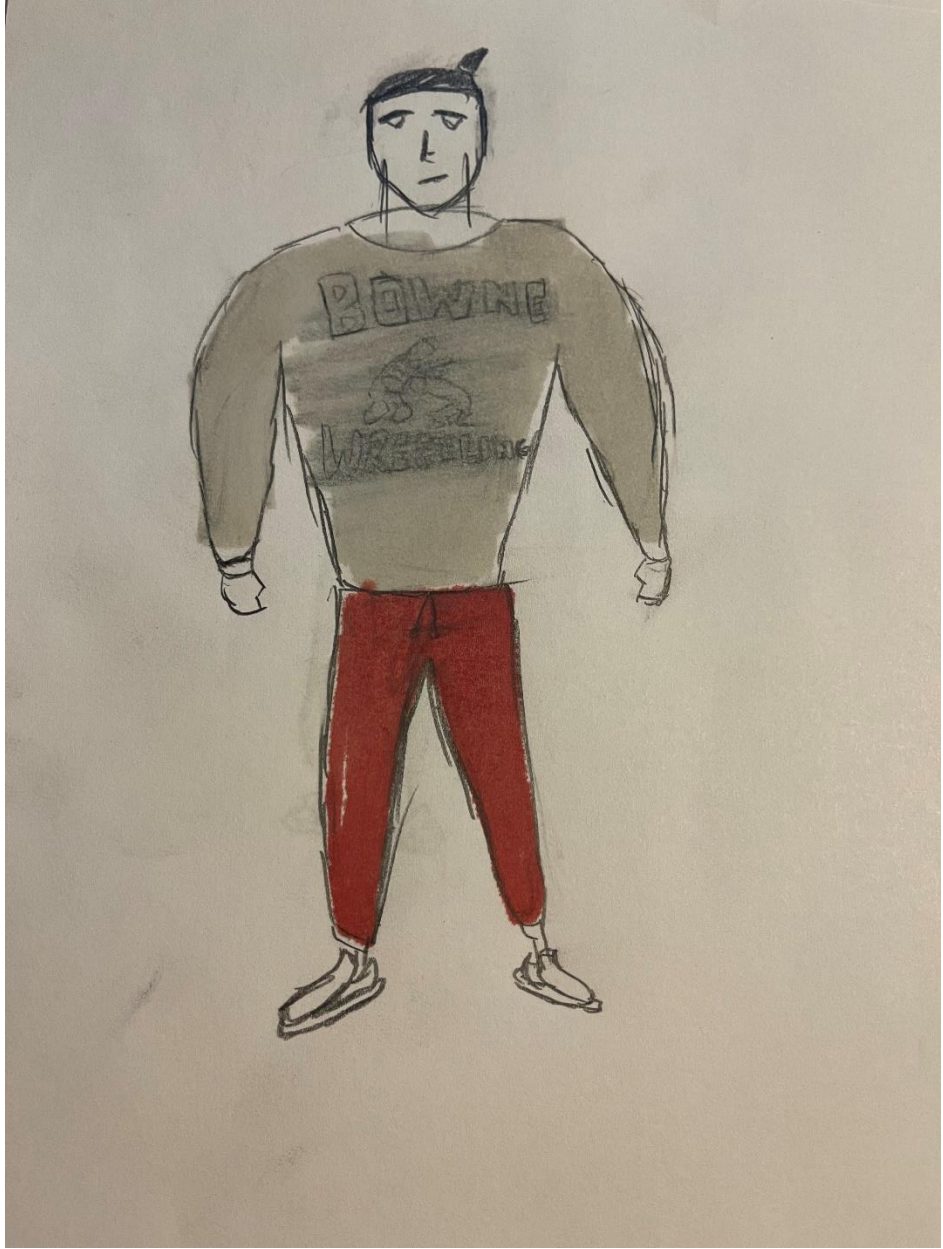


Chapter 7

In high school, I felt like I wanted to be a part of something. I had just transferred to a new school. Still in flushing but just a ways up on main street. I went to John Bowne High School now. And I only knew my then at the time girlfriend and a couple of people who happened to go there from my middle school.

I joined the wrestling team after not making the basketball team. And I'm glad that my life went like that. I can't ask for a better group of friends today. I enjoyed the fun that came from it. By far the most competitive sport I ever had the joy of partaking in. I learned discipline and patience. I made top 4 of the Queens borough twice in my two years as well as going to cities twice.

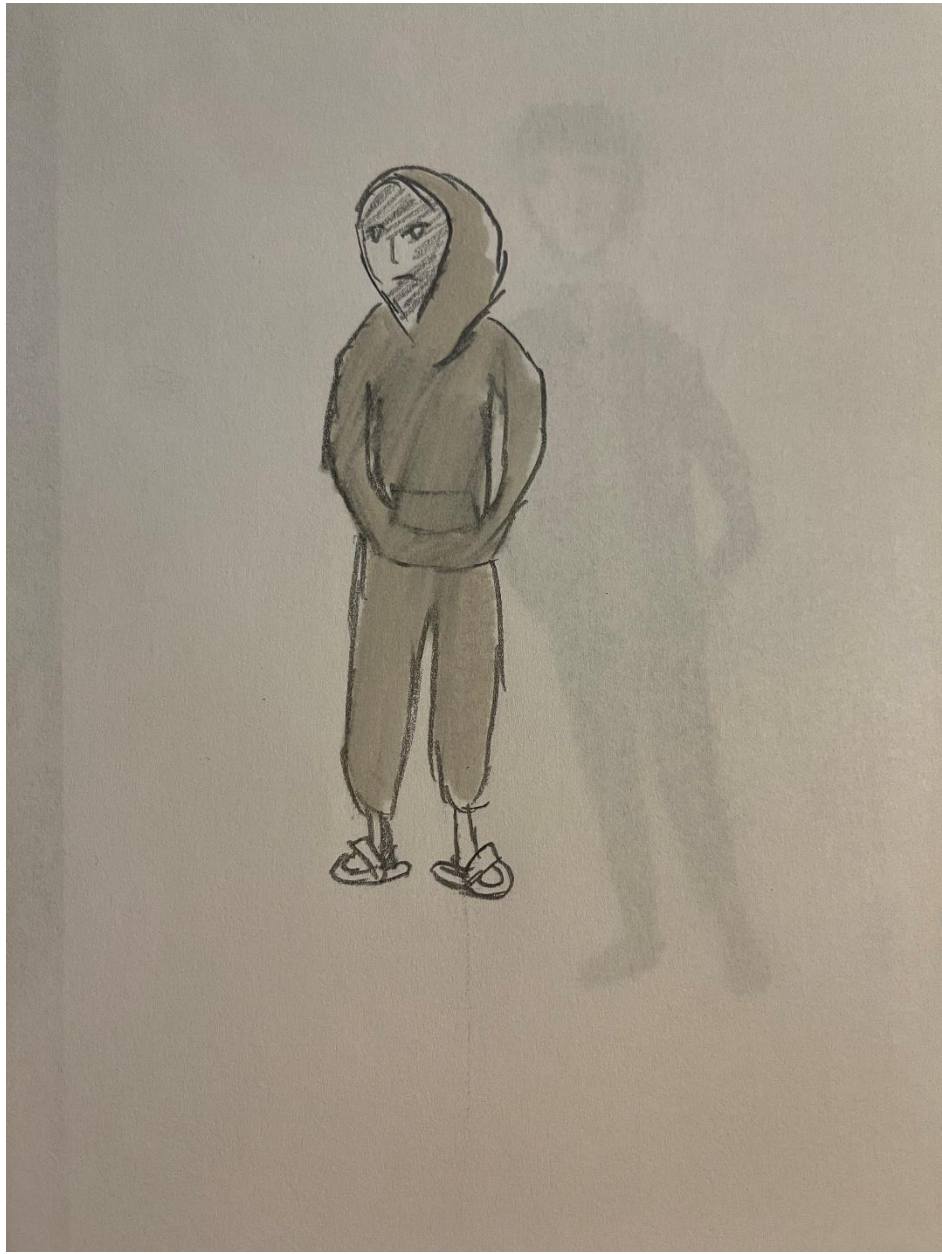
Being in wrestling helped get in shape. I gained mass and lost fat. Which is a great formula to fit into the clothes you want and not the clothes you can get. I wore slim tapered jeans and cult t-shirts such as movie graphic tees. Skateboard brands. Artist and music shirts. I also wore more athleisure wear. For wrestling we were able to make our own shirts and got new singlets. Even though I was told to bring it back I kept mine.



Chapter 8

I would be cliché if I said I didn't have luck with love. But after having terrible exes. I don't think I'm wrong. I had two girlfriends. One in high school. And one after. And both ended the same way. I think they believe me to be the worst ever. But I disagree. Especially since I'm still a topic of conversation even though I haven't seen either of them in years.

But even though I'm over it now. Heartbreak hurts and my apparel reflected my moods. I wore sweats and slides. I barely went out. I tried to just build myself together. I needed my own time and didn't want to rely on my friends. I hit the gym which helped me out a lot. and wearing sweats already meant I didn't have to figure out what I had to wear. I started attending the UFC gym in New Hyde Park. I still have my membership and know some of the guys that religiously go there today.



Chapter 9

Getting into college was a great moment in my life. I am the first in my family to pursue higher education. And I got accepted into the program I wanted to get into. I knew fashion is what I wanted to do, and college was a new foot in the door. I got accepted to the New York City College of Technology

I wore more stylish pieces. I acquired some pieces that last a lifetime. I wore more jewelry, and my shoe game was more than just sneakers. I had shoes. I picked up a couple pieces of formal wear. I was ready to tackle this new chapter in my life. I was happy on where I was headed. I didn't know what the future held for me. I just knew I was ready to grab it by the horns.



Chapter 10

These apparels aren't special by any means. But to me they are part of a whole different being outside of the normal day to day me. The rager in me started in high school. I used to listen to a few artist before they blew up. But I didn't know they had a significant following. Until I met my friend Juan who thought it was cool that we both listened to the same artist. On a senior trip we some how got the dj to play some songs and he told me that we needed to mosh. I never let loose like that so after experiencing a mosh pit, I knew that it would be something I would enjoy doing no matter what the concert was.

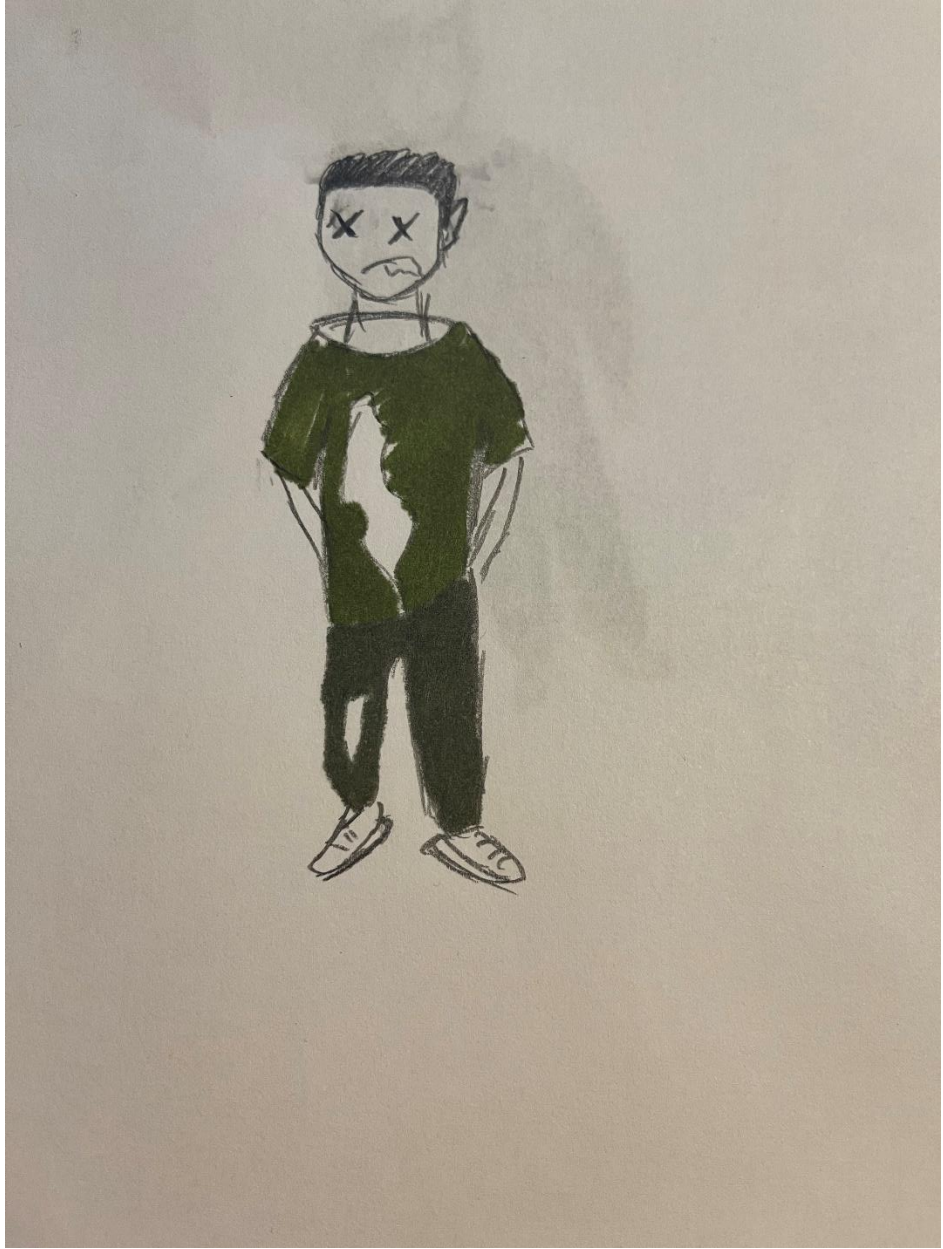
I've been to a few concerts. I even start moshes at parties without even noticing. I've been to Astroworld, Rolling Loud, A Playboi Carti concert. And a bunch of other concerts. My outfits consist of ripped jeans and a merch t shirt. I keep a bandana on me and I wear my hair out or in braids. I try to wear simple outfits because in the mosh, it's a work out to be in there. So jeans can hold my phone and wallet. And the t shirt is comfortable enough to keep on and take off when I need too. I love going into the mosh pit, so much so that my friends have me guide them into the deepest parts of it. I genuinely cant wait until these events come back.



Chapter 11

I don't usually go out drinking. In fact I don't really go out to the bar at all. I just throw a get together and a bunch of people end up showing up to drink. I keep it simple. Just some jeans and a shirt. I know that my nights of drinking tend to get rowdy after a while so I don't wear clothes that I really like because it'll get ruined.

In one instance, at my birthday party I had no time to change. I tried to keep things small and didn't want to do something big. But with alcohol I knew that the inevitable would happen. Getting hammered ended up with me ruining my clothes and just getting rid of them because cleaning them would have been a greater task than simply throwing it out.



Chapter 12

Today I choose to wear simplistic clothing. I don't try to wear eye catching shirts. I don't wear ripped jeans. I just stick with simple colors. I feel like my fashion taste has evolved so much from when I was younger to now, that I just let it come to me now. I just get pieces when I feel I need them and not when I want them. I am revamping my wardrobe again. I am still figuring out what direction I plan to go with it. But for now, I am content with my simplistic style.

