



Illustrated by: Nelema Cona

Bougie on a Budget !!

Prologue:

In the heart of a bustling city, where the beat of life pumps through chaotic avenues and high buildings, there was a world open to those with an eye for style and a talent for wise purchasing. This was the realm of the bougie on a budget, a tribe of trendsetters who cherished the excitement of the hunt and the gratification of discovering luxury at a fraction of the expense.

In the world of the bougie on a budget, every purchase was a carefully planned investment, and each collection was a work of resourcefulness and creativity. One enhanced their style without emptying their pockets by repurposing old treasures and creating smartly intended DIY projects.

But beyond the surface of discount designer names and hidden jewels lurked a world of obstacles and successes, with each purchase being a win and each outfit demonstrating endurance. In this world of champagne taste and limited budget, every find was a victory, and every deal was a badge of pride.

Therefore, one can be encouraged to experience the miracle of change as one plunges into the realm of the bougie on a budget, where elegance and thrift live in perfect harmony. One explores the finer points of self-expression and personal decor through the eye of Roach Higgins' (1992) & Eicher's framework, where each piece of clothing tells a tale and each accessory says a lot about the wearer.

Welcome to the world of the bougie on a budget, where style has no limits and creativity reigns supreme. As one continues on this journey of discovery and empowerment, one is reminded that genuine elegance is defined not by the amount of money spent but by the creativity and ingenuity with which one dresses oneself.

Foreward:

In the ever-changing world of fashion, where trends come and go with the seasons, there is a movement that questions the concept that style is associated with excess. This movement, symbolized by the bougie on a budget, marks an iconic change concerning personal garnishment and self-expression.

We come across an intriguing division: a convergence of luxury and frugality, where innovation thrives and uniqueness reigns supreme. The bougie on a budget proves that great style knows no price tag by cleverly combining thrift treasures, DIY craftsmanship, and wise purchasing strategies.

As we dive deeper into the realm of the bougie on a budget, we are encouraged to question our preconceived views about fashion and beauty. No longer constrained by conventional high-end, we learn that the depth of our imagination, not the contents of our wallets, determines the extent of our self-expression.

The stories and experiences told within these pages demonstrate the life-changing effects of creativity and resourcefulness. From recovering old outfits to finding designer offers at thrift stores, the Bougie on a Budget displays the beauty of personal ornamentation, proving the eternal fascination of fashion in all its manifestations.

As we start on this path of discovery and empowerment, let us embrace the spirit of the bougie on a budget--a spirit that values uniqueness, creativity, and the limitless possibilities of self-expression. Together, we are redefining fashion as a global language spoken by those who dare to imagine and create, rather than a luxury for the elite.

With warmest regards,

Nowrin Dina

(My older sister)

Acknowledge:

I am forever grateful to my loving grandmother for her inspiration and wisdom, whose personification of bougie on a budget has left an everlasting imprint on my life and fashion approach.

To Grandma Leena,

Your unwavering sense of style and creativity have been a beacon of light for me as I navigate the world of fashion. From the patiently picked thrifted treasures to the creative DIY items you lovingly constructed, you demonstrated that genuine elegance has no price tag.

Your ability to see beauty in the commonplace and elevate it to the outstanding has influenced my concept of fashion as a method of self-expression and empowerment. Your bougie on a budget heritage lives on with every thrift shop find, repurposed garments, and beautifully designed ensemble.

Thank you for showing me that style is determined not by riches or status, but by creativity, confidence, and a determination to accept one's uniqueness. Your presence continues to inspire me as I traverse the world of fashion, and I will always remember the lessons you taught.

With love and gratitude,
Nelema Cona

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Chapter 1: Bougie in India

Living in a world with universal aspirations can be challenging when one is not born into a millionaire family. I was traveling to see my grandma, who lived in a small Indian town called Mumbai, tucked away in beautiful surroundings and hills with curves. I'm from a modest background and have little money, so I was allowed to fantasize about the world's grandeur outside the tiny village. Despite insufficient financial resources, I still manage to make the most of what I have. Working as a retail designer, I was interested in using art and clothes to express myself.

Every morning when I woke up, I had a moment of body alteration in the calm sanctuary of my room, surrounded by the reassuring embrace of familiarity. I felt a slight shift in consciousness as I carefully positioned the frames on the bridge of my nose, a blurring of the lines that separated the self from the object. I conversed silently with the mirror with each exact movement, fine-tuning the glasses' fit and angle until they were snug on my skin. Then, I checked my phone for any new updates and washed my face, which altered my face to be bright and fresh. I don't waste any time at all. I strolled around the stores, inspecting textiles and taking in silhouettes, unfazed by price tags that seemed to mock my budget. I was motivated to duplicate the looks with my distinctive spin, so I observed the newest trends and designer styles. One sunny day, I went to a charming vintage shop while wandering around Colaba's winding streets. I pulled open the door, and the worn wooden sign cracked, displaying an amazing collection of odd apparel. My gaze settled on an emerald-green saree with beautiful golden embroidery among the racks of remembrance. The hues seemed to tell tales of a previous period, and the cloth itself felt like nothing but the whisper of a distant memory. I picked out the saree without thinking twice. It was more than simply an item of garment it was a piece of art that spoke to my spirit. The combination of modernity and tradition that shaped my personality was embodied in the saree.

I observed an insignificant but very important tattoo on my wrist as I threw the emerald-green saree over my shoulder. This tattoo changed my skin color due to the red ink. It was a lovely bloom that I had chosen during a life-altering moment. Lotus blossoms are resilient

and beautiful. Both the saree and the tattoo came together to provide an exquisite piece of self-expression, each detailing an individual aspect of one's journey. The tattoo symbolized my ability to thrive despite difficult circumstances, and my cultural heritage was reflected by the saree, which served as a reminder of my beginnings. As a whole, they created a picture of acceptance and personal growth.

Every time I wore the emerald-green saree, a sense of pride and emotion filled me. I saved it for special occasions. The saree complied with me everywhere I went, be it a family occasion or a close friend's wedding, like a faithful friend. I was wearing the emerald-green saree to a gallery exhibition of my friend's most recent artwork one evening as the sun was setting over the city. The artistic spirit was enhanced by the saree, which also sparked conversation. I understood that the emerald-green saree was more than simply a piece of apparel as I stood among the vivid hues of my friend's paintings; it was a representation of one journey and proof of one capacity to accept one heritage while striking greater things.



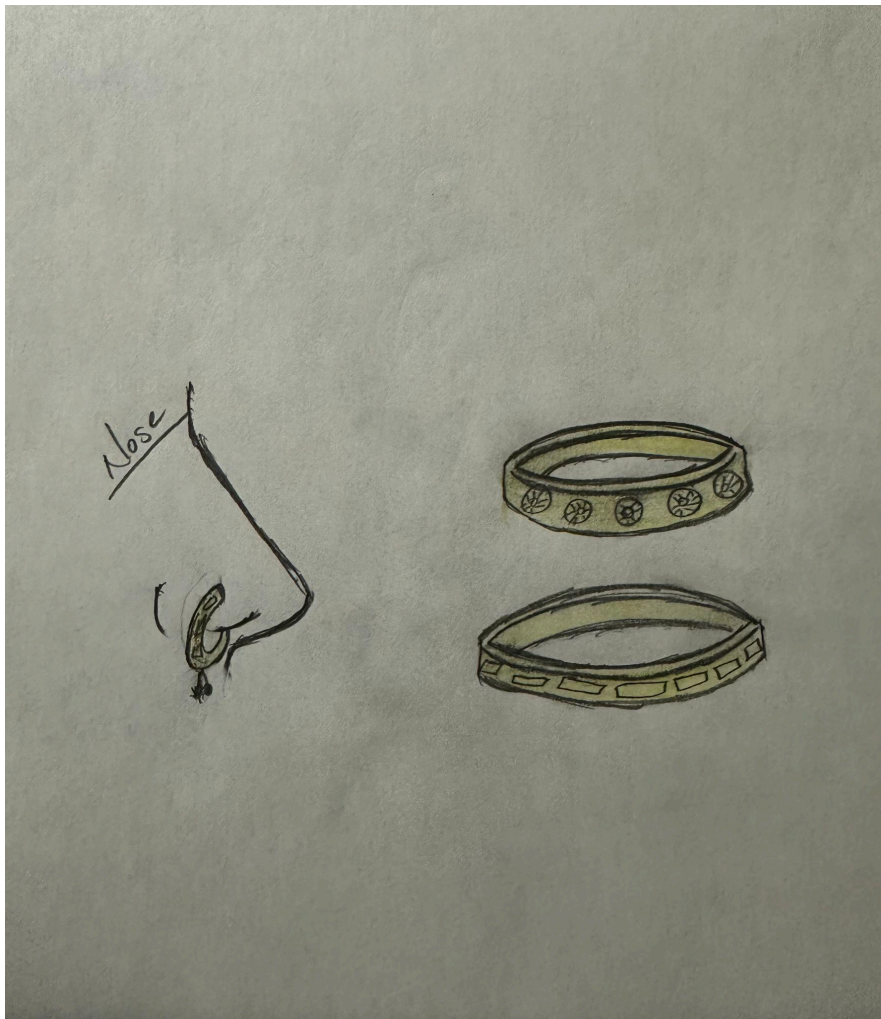
Chapter 2: Bougie with the golden bangles

I'm a naturally inquisitive person who loves to discover hidden treasures. I ended up in the beautiful city of Udaipur, a busy city in India. I was drawn in like a magnet by the place's historical significance and winding lanes. In the lively commotion of the neighborhood market, I happened upon a small antique shop nestled in a peaceful nook. I had no idea that this encounter would turn out to be a turning point in my life.

There were antiques from an earlier time in the little antique shop. This shop, run by an old man called Mr.Paji, was a true gold mine of unusual and uncommon artifacts from many historical periods. I happened to go by the store on my way home from work. He greeted me warmly. The shop's window display caught my eye; it featured a gorgeous set of ancient gold bangles with detailed carvings. I noticed a flash of gold as I picked through the souvenirs and relics. Tucked away in a dusty corner were two beautiful golden bracelets with lovely filigree detailing. The bangles' captivating craftsmanship appeared to tell tales of everlasting beauty. As I reached out to touch them, I felt a connection stir within me—a sense of emotional attachment that transcended mere admiration. These bangles, I realized, held a story waiting to be told, a history woven into the very fabric of their existence. I decided to buy the two golden bangles right away; they were on sale for only \$75. I was drawn to the understated elegance and ageless beauty.

I felt a sense of body modification as I slipped them onto my wrists. I wrapped myself in the gold bangles and looked into the old mirror of the antique shop. With each step I took, the bangles chimed softly, their melodic song echoing the rhythm of my heartbeat. The slight chiming of the bangles touched my ears, matching the rapid rhythm of my heart. I couldn't help but notice the little nose ring I'd been wearing lately on my left side. The golden hoop represented an evolution of the wearer, a gesture toward accepting my uniqueness in a society that frequently encouraged conformity. The delicate nose ring and the gold bangles came together to create a unified statement about changing oneself. It was as though the antique shop had given me a fresh perspective on myself, in addition to one golden happiness.

I sensed an invisible path connecting to the stories buried in the antique items each time I wore the golden bracelets. The bracelets served as a connection between my past and present and evolved beyond simple jewelry. I wore them to weddings, to solo pensive times, and to art galleries. Beyond their aesthetically pleasing appeal, my emotional connection to the golden bangles showed my appreciation of the tales that history told and my skill at incorporating them into my own story. I discovered not only jewelry but also a connection to my past, present, and future tales in those small, concealed gems.



Chapter 3: Bougie with Grandma's anklet

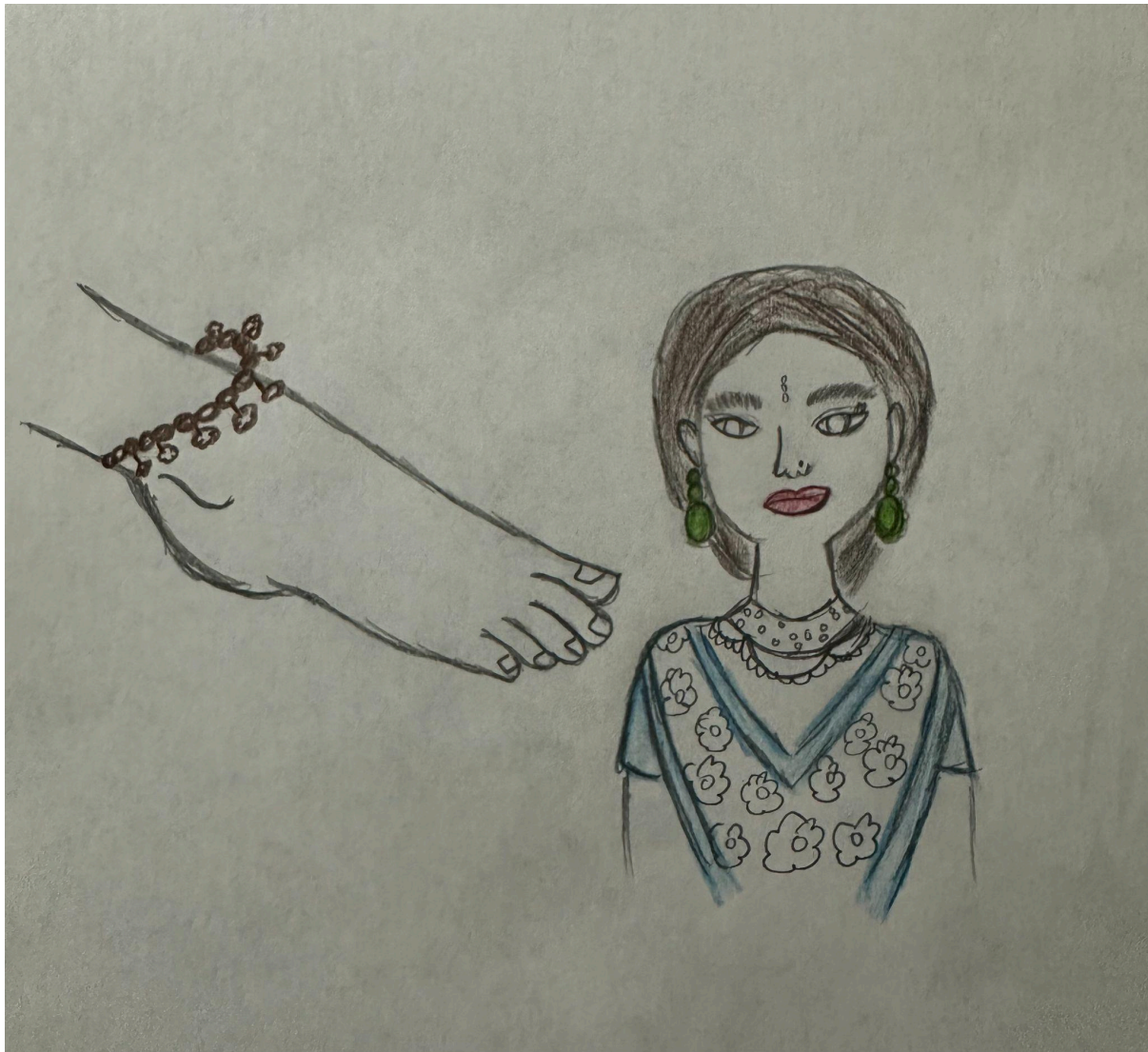
I loved my culture and the lively village, surrounded by fields full of flowers and undulating hills. Raised in a close-together neighborhood, I learned the importance of tradition and strong family ties. The sweet and intelligent grandmother of mine had a big influence on how much she valued her cultural background.

When I went to see my grandma, Leena, one summer afternoon, I received a priceless inheritance in the form of a pair of golden anklets. I reached for the anklet with a sense of respect, experiencing an emotional outpouring of attachment to the antique that had been a constant in my life. Each small bell on the handmade anklets glittered in the bright sunshine. Each step I took made a jiggly noise. Which I became obsessed with. They were a physical reminder of the past that connected to my grandma's relatives' tales and carried the weight of many generations. I felt the weight of connection and obligation as I held the golden anklets in my palms. It reshaped my ankle more defined as I clipped them from the back. The anklets were more than simply a lovely pair of earrings; they were an actual token of the legacy my grandma loved and had passed down to her.

As I admired the anklet, tracing the patterns with my fingertips, I couldn't shake the feeling of body modification that accompanied its presence. I had white gel applied to my toes, which gave the anklet more vitality. Constantly aware of my heritage, I accepted the gift with appreciation. Her ankles were covered with golden anklets that seemed to reflect the motion of her ancestors as the bells softly rang with every step. I also wore a little shiny gem bindi on my forehead as a symbol of the extensive heritage of culture that had been passed down through the ages, as a way to honor the times gone by. I have recently begun to feel more at ease in my cultural surroundings. I wanted my accessories to make a statement and sparkle. The gem bindi and the golden anklets together became a symbol of my identity and a quiet promise to uphold the traditions that were ingrained in my memory.

I experienced an overwhelming feeling of warmth and love each time I wore the golden anklets, as though my grandmother's presence was walking behind me. Whether I was strolling

across the fields at dawn or dancing in the town market during festivals, the anklets formed a key component of my everyday wardrobe. I once found myself in the middle of a dancing circle while the community celebrated the harvest festival. My golden anklets gave the celebrations a lovely beat. I became acutely aware of how deeply I felt about the anklets at that precise time when I was surrounded by children laughing and the vibrant hues of the celebration. The golden anklets grew into a symbol of unity that united the past and present. The little bells appeared to tell tales of tenacity, love, and the unbreakable ties that bound me to my heritage with each chime. My affection for my grandmother, who kept ancestral knowledge and personified the cultural fabric that permeated her life, was reflected in one emotional devotion to the anklets.



Chapter 4: Bougie going to the supermarket

Living in Mumbai's busy metropolis, I became caught up in the lively urban lifestyle. I decided to go on an insignificant but important journey—a trip to the neighborhood supermarket amid the skyscrapers and traffic jams. For me, this tedious task, which is frequently disregarded, became an unexpected journey.

I was comfortably tucked into bed, unwilling to get up, but I had to go grocery shopping. There was absolutely nothing in the fridge that I had. In an attempt to wake myself awake, I got up with force, put on my glasses, which were modified to see better, and went to the bathroom to wash my face and take a hot, steamy shower. My body smelled vanilla and sweet when I applied a vanilla flower bomb body lotion all over it. My face had the brightness of a diamond after using my acne facewash. I got ready for my trip to the supermarket and decided to wear a colorful and cozy kurta with leggings. A playful pattern featuring peacock feathers covered the material, which was a tribute to my passion for traditional Indian colors. My outfit was the ideal mix of fashion and efficiency, making it easy for me to move through the overcrowded shops.

While I browsed the aisles, picking out the best products and exquisite treats, I made a minor alteration to my appearance. As I was attempting to retrieve the ones I wanted, I would pull up the sleeves to prevent them from touching other animal flesh. I can't go anywhere without my accessories, no matter what. I find the sense of emptiness unpleasant. Every day, as an admirer of creativity, I wore a little silver gem with pearls that dangled into earrings that sparkled in the sunlight. I attached them from the back by clipping them on, which made the dangle dance with every step I took. It wasn't giving basic. I wanted to add a little something unique to my daily routine, so I made this tiny adjustment. My unabashed love of personal style was symbolized by the gem earrings I wore when I strolled out into the busy streets of Mumbai.

My trip to the grocery store was more than simply a standard task. Deeply meaningful, the peacock feather-patterned kurta was a gift from my grandmother when I visited her family's village. It felt as though every strand of cloth spoke stories of laughter, family get-togethers, and the comforting embrace of tradition. I couldn't help but smile as I browsed the grocery aisles,

thinking back on the experiences connected to the garment. In the middle of my busy daily life, the vivid colors and elaborate patterns started to feel comforting. My sentimental connection to the garment made the routine activity of grocery shopping feel like a trip down memory lane, tying to the heritage weaved throughout my clothing. My kurta, with its peacock feather print, stood out among the international merchandise on the shelves, representing my identity and the special events it held. The trip to the grocery store turned into an appreciation of the widespread, serving as a reminder that even seemingly regular occupations can contain meaningful threads connecting the present to the fascinating tales of the past.



Chapter 5: Bougie Grandma Leena

I am getting ready for what could be a formal get-together or celebration marking a big moment in my life. I am looking forward to the event with much anticipation and want to look my best. I must, however, overcome the difficulty of selecting the ideal outfit that not only complements my style but also satisfies the event's expectations for refinement and elegance.

I was under pressure and had no idea what to do or what to wear. I was living on a very tight budget because I was paying my rent and had a ton of bills. Because of this, my grandmother, Leena, an intelligent, outgoing woman with a heart full of love for her family, lived in a little village nestled amid picturesque mountains and flower fields. She gave me a priceless family heirloom, a delicate light blue silk dress known for its excellent craftsmanship and gorgeous flower petal design, and the Siluh dress, realizing the significance of this occasion in my life. She then opened a dusty trunk that had been stored in the corner of her room with great care, and within I discovered the Siluh dress—a delicate silk dress with excellent stitching. The dress has beautiful artwork and is expertly fitted, showcasing its excellent quality. My form is elegantly draped with the soft, flowing fabric, highlighting my attractiveness and luminosity. As I spun around the room, the embroidered patterns seemed to come to life, perfectly encapsulating my fiery energy. I was encircled by warm embraces that were woven into the garments from generation to generation.

As I slipped into the delicate silk fabric, I experienced a moment of body modification. The dress hugged my curves in all the right places, and its exquisite stitching is a testament to the craftsmanship of days gone by. With each gentle sway, I felt a subtle transformation take place, as if the dress had become an extension of myself. So then I was excited to get ready. My hair's texture altered once I got out of the shower, giving it an extra proportion of volume and shine. I used honey oil all over my body, which left my skin bright and luminous, smelling sweet like honey. I notice my body alteration as I get ready to wear the Siluh dress: a slew of tattoos covering my back and arms. I initially worried that they wouldn't go well with the dress's elegant style. But as I looked more closely, I saw that the garment enhances rather than takes away from my body alterations, adding to its artistic appeal. I feel empowered and self-assured after

realizing that I can express my uniqueness while still appreciating grace and tradition. As I prepared to attend the event, I couldn't help but feel a surge of *bougie* confidence.

A combination of the love and care that went into my grandmother's gift, as well as the dress's outstanding quality and gorgeous design, led me to develop a strong emotional attachment to the Siluh dress. The timeless elegance of the dress symbolizes my sense of connection to my family's past and beliefs, which I feel as I wear it to the occasion. I get a lot of compliments on my outfit throughout the evening, which strengthens my emotional connection to the clothing and the emotions it evokes. In the future, anytime I see the Siluh garment hanging in my closet, I will be reminded of the beautiful moments I enjoyed with my grandma, as well as the importance of embracing both tradition and creativity.



Chapter 6: Bougie Boots for \$19.99

I'm getting ready for a music festival that I have been looking forward to for months. It's a lively event with fans of music from various backgrounds, honoring individuality and uniqueness. I can't wait to take in the vibrant atmosphere, which is filled with vibrant tents, upbeat performances, and the unique sense of freedom that these kinds of gatherings bring.

I have been carefully choosing my festival wear to find the ideal harmony between practicality, style, and comfort. One of my discoveries is an eye-catching pair of boots I happened to discover in a secondhand shop. Even though these boots only cost \$19.99, I was drawn to them right away. Unlike other festival shoes, they are composed of durable leather and have distinctive details and fine stitching. Their rough appeal draws me in, and I know they'll look great with my festival outfit. The boots had scars from past exploits, but I noticed potential. My mind began to race as I saw the boots as the ideal partner for my everyday adventures. I chose to bring the boots home and give them a makeover because the price tag fits my tight budget. I scrubbed and cleaned the leather, then added a little of my own by carefully painting elaborate patterns that drew inspiration from my favorite pieces of art and the natural world.

As I slipped my feet into the supple leather, I experienced a moment of body modification. With each stride, the boots' elegant shape accentuated my stride and improved my posture, hugging my calves firmly. They seemed to be constructed specifically to fit me, almost like a second skin. I observe how well they go with the little, symbolic tattoos that cover my calves and ankles. The boots enhance the visual impact of my tattoos by wonderfully framing them instead of masking or taking them away. I am aware of how important my body modifications are to who I am, and I love how the boots highlight this facet of my individuality. I felt an emotion of pride as I put on my used boots and gained a fresh understanding of the power of creativity on a tight budget. The boots carried me through the city streets with each step, drawing attention from onlookers with their distinctive designs. I worked late into the night, carefully creating my versions of designer clothing, and tailoring them to my aesthetic.

With each confident step I took, I couldn't help but feel a sense of emotional attachment to the boots. Even though the boots are inexpensive, I grow quite attached to them. They start to represent more than just a practical accessory—they also represent my sense of uniqueness and adventure. Wearing the boots, I dance, explore, and make memories during the festival, experiencing a sense of empowerment and freedom with each stride. I treasure the boots long after the festival is over, serving as a constant reminder of the happiness and spontaneity that come with embracing life's adventures. I was taken back to the colorful, joyful festival atmosphere every time I wore it a place of music, laughter, and the joy of self-discovery.



Chapter 7: Bougie goes on a date. Yaya !!

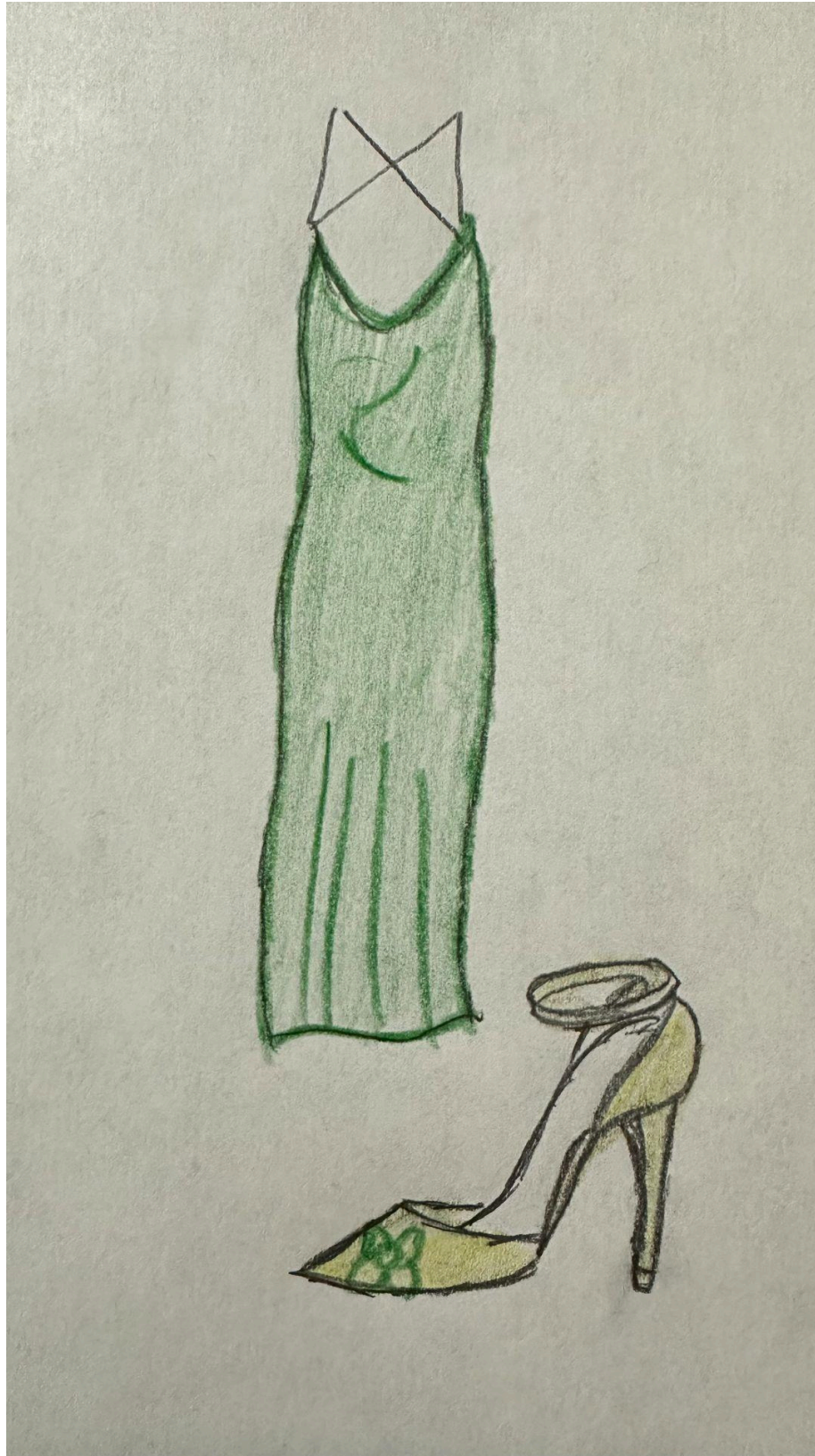
In my twenties, I was preparing for a special date night with someone I had been interested in for a long time. The evening promises to be romantic and magical, with the excitement of getting to know each other better. I wanted to make a lasting impression and am both excited and worried about the date.

I could not find anything in my closet. So I decided to sneak around at my mother's. I found the right garments while going through my mother's closet, and among the clothes, I found a long, silky green dress. It's a vintage item that has a classic charm and a modern, elegant look. The dress has a tight bodice that draws attention to my contours and a flowing skirt that falls elegantly to the floor. My complexion is well complemented by the rich green color, which also gives my ensemble a hint of charm.

I had a slight sensation of body modification when the dress wrapped my figure, and I did so with a sense of honor. The silky material flowed gracefully over my contours, its deep green color enhancing my skin tone and giving off an elegant, stylish vibe. Despite my date being at eight in the evening, I was so stressed that I was unable to eat in the morning. I therefore took some time to take care of my skin with a simple facial care routine, using yogurt, honey, and a dash of turmeric—my magical traditional ingredients. After around twenty minutes, I rinsed it off, leaving my skin immaculate. The texture of my skin went from dry to smooth and soft. I was pleased with how the dress enhanced my inherent beauty and fit my form as I put it on. The dress had a timeless quality despite its old charm, with its elegant material and timeless silhouette giving me a sense of attractiveness and confidence. It made me look stunning and prepared to attract my date's interest when paired with a simple golden necklace and golden heels. The golden necklace I always wear never comes off, making it easy for me to avoid adding anything else that detracts from my appearance. And my two-inch heel, which I had to clip at the rear of my ankle, enclosed around my leg, made me appear significantly taller.

I have an overwhelming feeling of tenderness and nostalgia as I get dressed up for my date. Being a piece from my mother's closet, it has particular meaning since it connects me to her

heritage and family. I imagine my mother wearing the dress on her own romantic evenings years ago, maybe even on dates with my father, as I spin around in front of the mirror. As I set out on my romantic journey, this emotional connection gave the clothing a sense of intimacy and history that inspired me while also helping me feel grounded. I exuded confidence and grace the entire evening, knowing that beneath the gorgeous garment, I was wearing a treasured antique brimming with love and memories.



Chapter 8: Bougie cherry red and black scarf for \$3.99

I walked through the city's busy streets, the cold air carrying my breath in puffs of mist. Even though the day seemed ordinary, there was something unusual about it. I noticed a burst of color as I walked by a small boutique tucked between tall skyscrapers.

There was a cherry red and black scarf in the store window. Its vibrant colors appeared to dance in the gentle streetlight glow, drawing me in. In stark contrast to the soft hues of the wintry environment, the scarf's intricate patterns and lovely fabric emanated elegance. My thoughts were filled with visions of friends laughing around a booming bonfire and the crisp scent of falling leaves. This scarf would serve as more than simply a piece of clothing. It would serve as a memory of treasured times and fresh starts.

As I was returning from work, I decided to get my nails done and get a gel pedicure at this Chinese manicure salon where I had been going for the past two years. I noticed a cotton-thin black and cherry red scarf being sold by an elderly man outside the store as I was leaving. As I entered the shop, my fingers twitched with excitement. I could already picture myself wrapped in the cozy scarf, a bold finishing touch for the winter wardrobe. My veins were prickling with excitement as I reached out to touch the fabric. This scarf was more than simply a piece of clothing; it made a statement and reflected my sense of style and uniqueness. I walked up to the cashier with a smile tugging at the corners of my mouth, excitement building inside of me. I felt warm inside, regardless of the temperature, as I stepped back out into the winter night with the scarf securely around my neck.

I took the scarf off of its display with shaking hands and was speechless by its near gorgeousness. I looked at the price tag, \$3.99. It appeared too good to be true like a secret treasure just waiting to be found. I could wear it every day because of how cold it is right now. However, the moment I wrapped the scarf around my shoulders, I had a sudden connection as though the scarf had been waiting for me the entire time. I was holding a fragment of my own story, ready to be revealed with every new journey, rather than just a scarf.



Chapter 9: Bougie Tracks of Serenity... \$free.99

The sound of train tracks beneath my feet has always comforted me. One beautiful day, I decided to go out and explore the environment outside my window rather than traveling to a certain place. I was excited to see and hear the sights and sounds of the countryside when I stepped onto the train.

I dressed simply but comfortably because I wanted my journey to be as easy as possible. I accessorized with denim straight jeans, solid boots, and a cozy, roomy lavender sweater in relieving tones. My white button-up t-shirt, 100% cotton, was underneath, allowing my collars to show through over my sweater. I gave my top more of an oversized and baggy look by volumizing my layers. I wore a black and cherry red scarf around my neck, a brilliant pop of color against the passing scenery. I had made the impulsive choice to travel, driven by my need for adventure and a longing for something different. I strolled onto the platform, ready to confront the unknown, my rucksack draped over my shoulder and the rhythmic clatter of train tracks playing in the background. It's beautiful during the night.

I could not take my eyes off the window as the train chugged along, my gaze locked on the constantly shifting landscape outside. With the wind blowing through my scarf, I was gently reminded of the outside world, even though I was confined inside the train. I felt no breeze entering my skin because of the scarf I was wearing wrapped around my neck. I have my hair pulled back with a claw clip so that nothing is in the way of my ability to enjoy the breathtaking scenery. I experienced a sensation of release with every mile that went by, as though my heartbeat was in harmony with the steady beat of the train tracks.

I felt a flood of nostalgia wash over me as I leaned against the window and traced the scarf's exquisite designs with my fingers. The sights I saw outside were not just landscapes; they were small portions of my life's narrative form when weaved into the whole picture. I could feel my attachment to the scarf strengthening with every second that went by, almost like a talisman shielding me from the outside world's uncertainties. There was a particular place in my heart for the Bougie scarf. It somewhat resembled the one my grandmother would wear. A treasured

remembrance of their own shared experiences. I felt a connection to my grandmother's spirit whenever I wore the scarf; it was as though she was directing me on my trip. It's difficult to describe, yet it seems like she was always there. Numerous experiences, including joyful picnics in sun-dappled meadows and whispered secrets exchanged beneath starry nights, had been captured on the scarf.



Chapter 10: Bougie Serendipitous Silken Charm

Traveling back home. I happened upon a tiny stand nestled in an unlikely spot in the middle of a busy marketplace, surrounded by bright colors and loud noises. The vendor, an old woman with a glimmer in her eye, drew me in with the promise of unbelievable finds. I stepped forward, intrigued by the appeal of the unknown that sparked my curiosity. The merchant referred to it as a "luck charm siluh garment," with mythology and mystery surrounding its origins.

There was clothing on the vendor's spontaneous stall that I had never seen before. Its fabric, made of the finest pink silk and decorated with elaborate patterns that seemed to dance with life, shimmered in the sunlight. Its ethereal beauty drew me in despite the chaos of the marketplace. It was a beacon of serenity. The outfit was covered in beautiful patterns that were skillfully stitched with tiny details. Brightly colored flowers opened up, their petals fluttering in a never-ending dance of elegance and beauty. The upper portion has zigzagging lines. Mesmerizing patterns of swirling vines entwined with leaves at the waist to the bottom and tendrils that appeared to twist and twirl with each change of light.

With a soft rustle of fabric, the silk embraced me as it flowed down my body like a torrent of moonlight. I felt the weight of the dress settle against my skin; its touch was as light as a lover's caress. The gown hugged my body like a second skin, highlighting my curves with a classic yet exquisite grace. I felt excitement shoot through my veins as I stretched out to touch the garment. Even though the fabric felt cool to the touch, it gave off the impression that it had a life of its own and pulsed with energy. My pulse raced with curiosity as I became aware of all the possibilities that were in front of me. I threw the gown over my shoulders without thinking, letting its weight caress my skin in a soft hug. Not only was I able to see my reflection in the mirror, but I also saw optimism and possibilities. The clothing appeared to be glowing from within, casting hope and promise for the road ahead. I had a gut feeling that this was no regular outfit; rather, it was a reminder that serendipity may occur in the most unlikely of locations and a symbol of destiny.

I experienced a wave of tranquility as soon as the lucky charm siluh clothing surrounded me, as if I had discovered a long-lost aspect of myself. I kept thinking about the vendor when she said that this item of clothing was more than just a piece of apparel; it was a talisman, a guardian against bad luck, and a sign of good fortune. My emotional bond to the clothing became stronger with every second that went by, as though it were sewn into the very fabric of my being. I felt thankful for the random meeting that had brought me to this point as I walked out of the marketplace with the item slung around my shoulders like a shield. Because I had discovered more than just clothes in the lucky charm siluh garment—a friend for the voyage ahead that would lead me with its unwavering grace and silent wisdom.



Chapter 11: Bougie in NYC

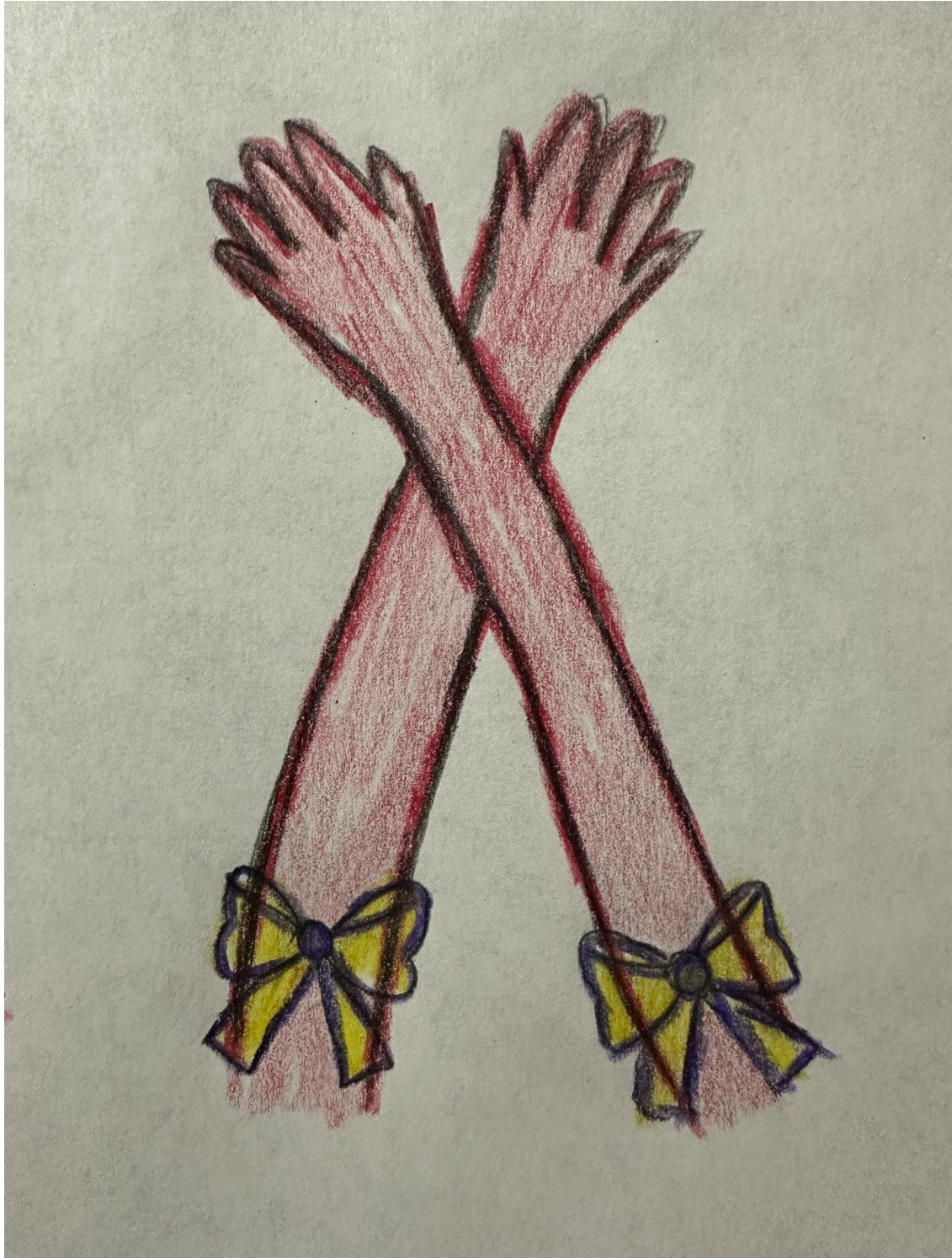
I caught up in the bright vitality of the city that never sleeps in the center of bustling New York City, where the streets pulsed with the beat of life and skyscrapers stretched for the heavens. It was a realm where adventure awaited around every corner and aspirations mingled with reality. As the nights grew longer, I could hear the winds blow. It was getting chilly. I couldn't move my thumbs.

Among Fifth Avenue's sparkling shop fronts and elegant boutiques, my gaze fell upon an exhibit that appeared to sparkle with a strange light of its own. The cherry red long gloves were there, tucked away among a sea of brand labels, a touch of refinement in the middle of the city's chaos. In the city's fashion-forward crowd, the standout item drew attention with its richest fabric and striking hues, exuding polish and elegance. It includes a little ribbon at the end that gives it a feminine touch. The gloves are silky.

The fragrant scent of lovely textiles and perfume filled the store as soon as I walked in, welcoming me like a warm welcome. My fingers were tingling with anticipation as I walked up to the gloves, excitement rushing through my blood. I removed the gloves from their shelf, admiring their outstanding handiwork and how they appeared to come to life in my hands. which I then inserted into my fingertips by sliding them in. Which made gloves preshaped enclosures. I felt empowered as I wrapped the gloves around her fingertips, almost like I was encasing myself in my accomplishment. The gloves blossomed from being a simple piece of cloth to a symbol of my goals and aspirations and a part of who I am.

The bougie gloves were more than simply a stylish piece of clothing; they represented my trip and served as evidence of my fortitude and tenacity. I could feel the gloves whispering encouraging words as I walked through the busy streets of the city, pushing me to follow my aspirations and take advantage of any chance that presented itself. With goals and drive in my heart, I traveled to New York City, and these gloves were the result of all my hard work and a concrete symbol of my progress. I find myself standing at the edge of Central Park, the Bougie gloves blowing in the evening breeze as the day turns to night and the city lights up the skyline. I

knew I had made the right decision when I was surrounded by the sights and sounds of the city that had become my home. The gloves, with their bright color and classic style, would accompany me on all of my future travels.



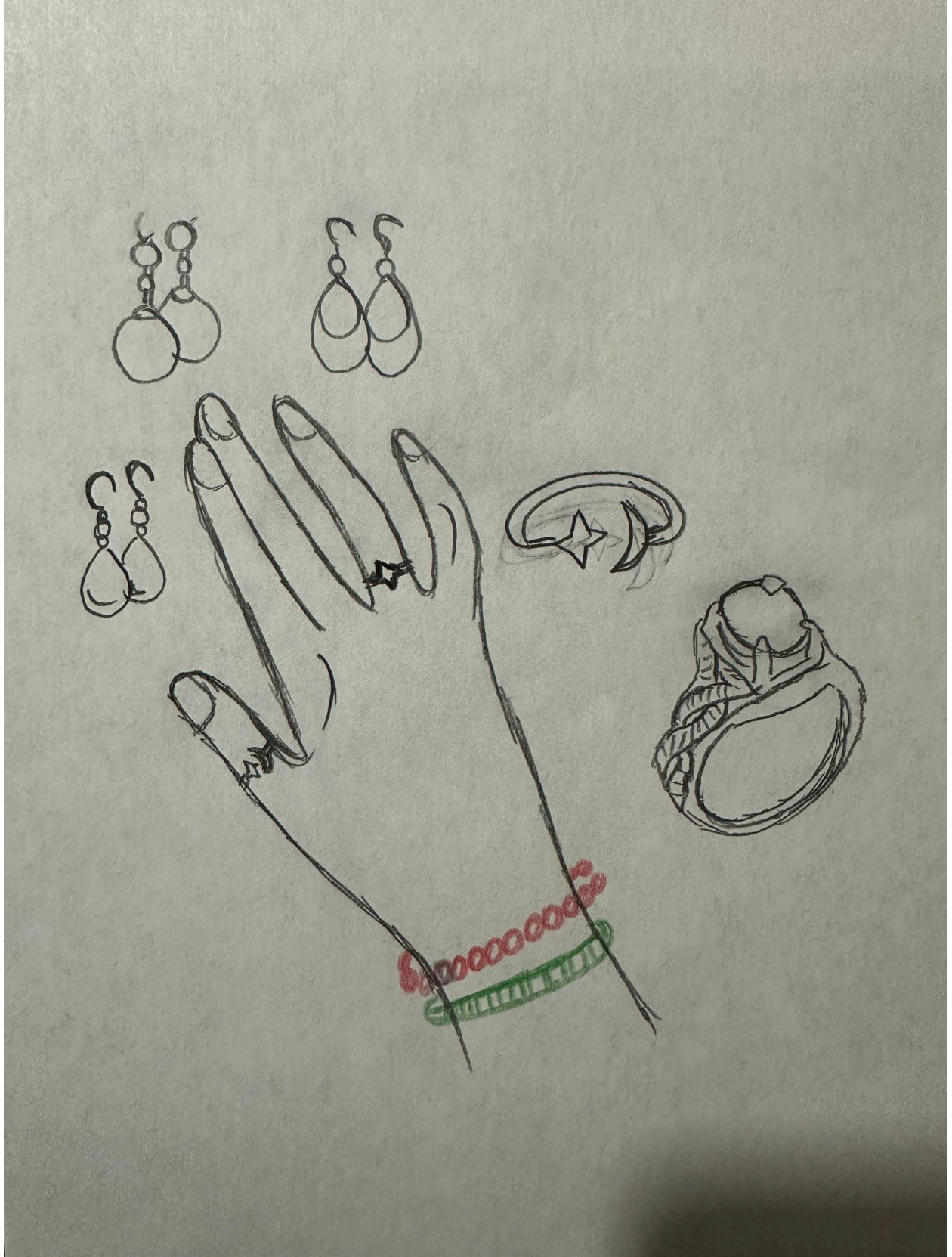
Chapter 12: Bougie Jewels \$2.99 each

Among rows of sellers selling their items in the middle of a busy flea market, I couldn't help but be drawn to a table covered in sparkling gemstones. The sounds of street performers and shoppers mingling filled the air. I would frequently visit the thrift stores and flea markets in the area since I had a strong interest in vintage aesthetics and an eye for beauty.

A glass cabinet holding a variety of necklaces and earrings, each with a distinct charm, drew my eye right away. A dazzling pair of earrings caught my attention right away among the many jewels on the table. Their bright beauty and complex design caught my eye as they glimmered in the sunlight. With glistening jewels that appeared to dance with light, each earring was a tiny work of art. It wasn't so huge, bulky, or heavy that it hurt my ears. I'm in love with the moon and the stars. The gold outline had star and moon patterns with a small, glistening stone in the middle of it.

They appeared straightforward to insert from the back and did not appear to be complaining. Plus, it was appropriate for everyday wear. My fingers were tingling with anticipation as I reached out to touch the earrings with delight. I experienced a spike of energy as soon as I held the jewels in my hands; it was as though they had magic all their own. When I wore them, I could picture how they would catch the light, enhancing my look with a hint of glitz and sparkling in her brown eyes. The sets of exquisite gold earrings have elaborate engravings.

My fingers moved slowly over the old pieces, tracing their textures and patterns. Despite their low price of \$2.99 each, the jewels had a unique importance for me. They were more than just accessories; they symbolized beauty, strength, and self-expression. As I admired them, I couldn't help but feel a connection to the skill and beauty that went into their creations. I smiled when I decided to buy the earrings, knowing that they would end up becoming treasured pieces in my collection. In the middle of the bustle of the flea market, I felt a sense of satisfaction as I gave the vendor my money because I had discovered something genuinely unique. I left with the gemstones in hand, my heart bursting with joy.



Chapter 13: Bougie is always in need of rings

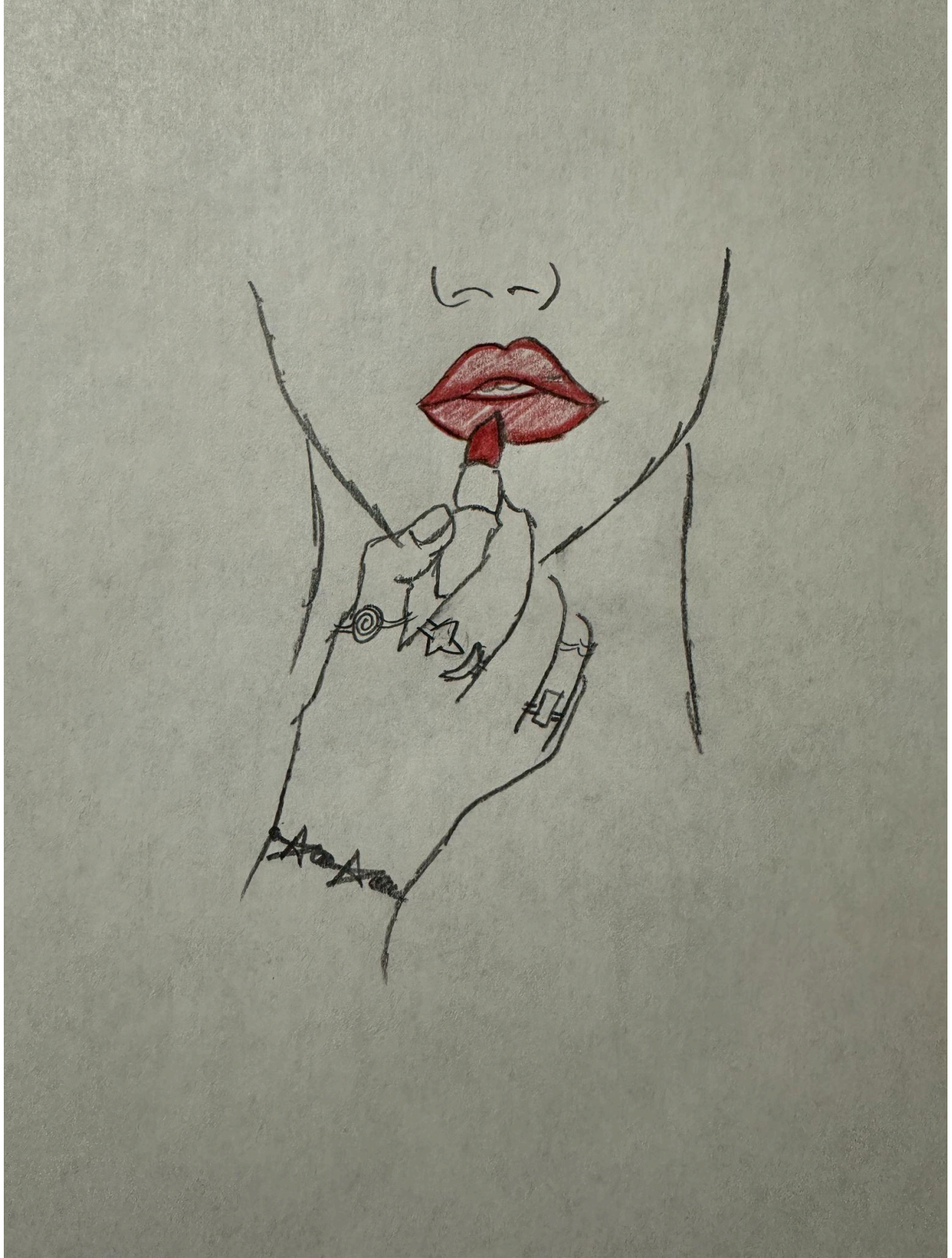
I was well-known in our small community, which was surrounded by flowing streams and rolling hills, for my love of jewelry, especially rings. I was comforted and delighted by the delicate elegance of these accessories, whether they were plain bands or elaborate gems. Nevertheless, I frequently found myself pulled to the marketplace in my search for the ideal ring, where sellers showcased their finds like pearls in a treasure trove. The search for rings became more than simply a pastime for me; it became a way of life, a continual reminder of the wonder and beauty all around me.

My clothing reflected my rebellious and varied style. I dressed in voluminous gowns with rich embroidery and vivid hues that reflected the rainbow of my character. Because it felt a little cool, like fall. I wore my green Simba Adidas with a straight black pant and a sky-blue crewneck sweater. What was most noticeable, though, were the rings that were on my fingers; the majority of them were gold with a dash of silver. Numerous rings, from delicate bands to big statement pieces, adorned each finger, forming a symphony of metal and gemstones that shifted with every motion of my hand. My passion was displayed on my fingers, which were covered in rings of all different sizes, shapes, and designs. I carefully chose a few rings and necklaces that spoke to my artistic nature while keeping a limited budget in mind. The necklaces became wearable tales with small charms and symbols that had symbolic value, and the rings became tiny canvases with tiny sights of nature.

I experienced a sense of empowerment and connection with each new ring I added to my collection, as though the rings were whispering secrets of undiscovered places and unfulfilled desires. I noticed that when I was strolling around the neighborhood, the wind was drying out my lips and leaving them chapped. After applying Vaseline to my lips to make them feel smoother, I used Mint Bomb Lip Plumm to quietly modify their appearance and make them more juicy. Which also makes my breath smell minty and fresh. I would raise my arm to reach my lip, exposing my fingers, just like I would when applying lip product and outlining my lip with dark purple to highlight the structure and figure. My rings are, therefore, a significant statement. Every ring I wear contributes to my overall appearance by enhancing my hands and fingers with

elegant details that reflect my values, identity, and sense of style. In addition, my ring collection is a carefully chosen assortment of body modifications that I like to wear and incorporate into my everyday routine. Whether it is because of a ring's aesthetic appeal, sentimental value, or symbolic meaning, each one I choose has significance for me.

I felt a flutter of excitement in my chest as I set out on yet another mission to find the ideal ring. Rings were more than simply material possessions to me; they served as gates to my soul. Every ring carried souvenirs of treasured times and goals reached. A few were inherited items that had been handed down through the years, while others were fortuitous finds that spoke with me more deeply. Whatever its origin, every ring contained a small part of my heart and served as a reminder of both the pathways I had already taken and those still to come.



Chapter 14: Bougie's Birthday Adventure with Chipmunk

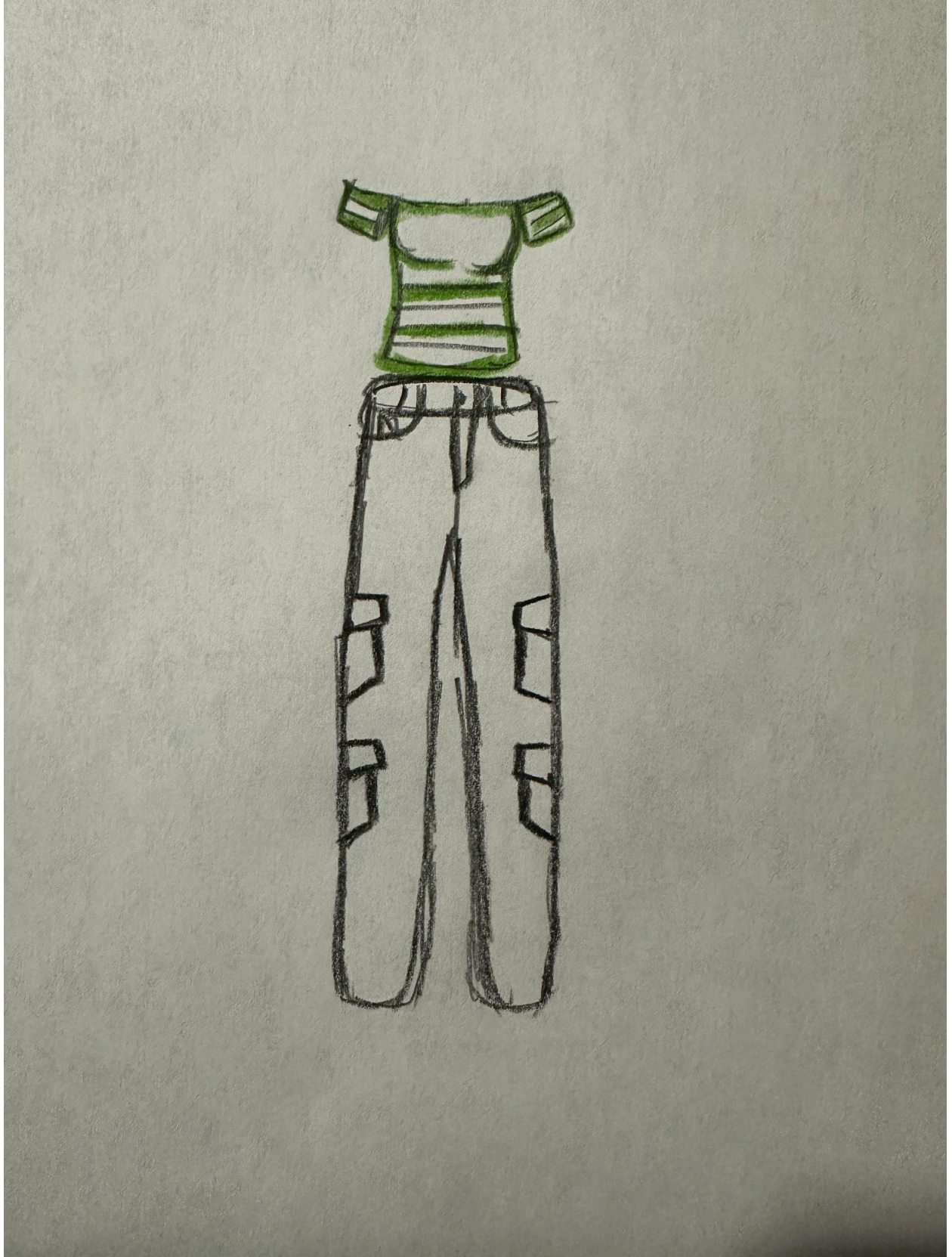
It was a clear, sunny morning, and I was bubbling with excitement as I got ready for my younger brother Nafiz Wasi's birthday celebration. In honor of his big day, I had prepared an exciting day full of surprises and activities. There was excitement in the air as we left the house, moments that would live in the memory.

It's humid outside. I had an iced coffee to help me relax and calm down. I gave careful thought to what to wear, deciding on a casual yet classy look that would enable me to keep up with my younger brother's endless energy. I was dressed for exploration in loose, oversized denim cargo pants and a soft green and white cotton off-the-shoulder top pattern. Because my sneakers were strong and dependable, I knew I could keep up with the day's events without compromising comfort.

While there were no significant body modifications involved, I paid attention to the detail extended to my little brother's appearance. I wrapped my hair up in a tight, slick back. Then I helped him pick out his outfit for the day, making sure he looked his best with a bright purple crewneck on top, a white button-down t-shirt underneath, and his go-to pair of classic black shorts. Made him take a shower and rubbed shea butter lotion all over him, smelling all vanilla, my favorite lotion. After the hair wash, his hair was floating more freely, creating volume and shine with the shampoo. I asked him to raise his arm for the clothing to fit through the two openings in his arm. Then I clipped his belt on the shorts, suspending it so it wouldn't fall out. He wore a wrapped enclosure of purple socks that matched his outfit and then put on his comfortable grey New Balance running shoes. We were so excited to go on this adventure together that I couldn't help but smile as I brushed his hair, adjusted his collar, drew it out, and placed it on top of his crewneck.

Not only was my outfit selection for the day logical, but it also held deep personal meaning. My outfit was a symbol of my responsibilities as an older sister, ready to fulfill my brother's birthday wishes. Each piece of clothing I wore was chosen with care to make sure I could take part in all the events of the day and be there for my brother at each step. I experienced

a wave of happiness and thankfulness as we started our birthday journey together. The moments we were making together would be treasured for many years to come, captured in pictures, and narrated over family dinners. My efforts had paid well, for my little brother would never forget this birthday, as I saw his eyes brighten with each new surprise. I gave him a strong hug as the day came to an end and we made our way back home, exhausted but joyful. I felt a sense of satisfaction that words could not adequately describe.



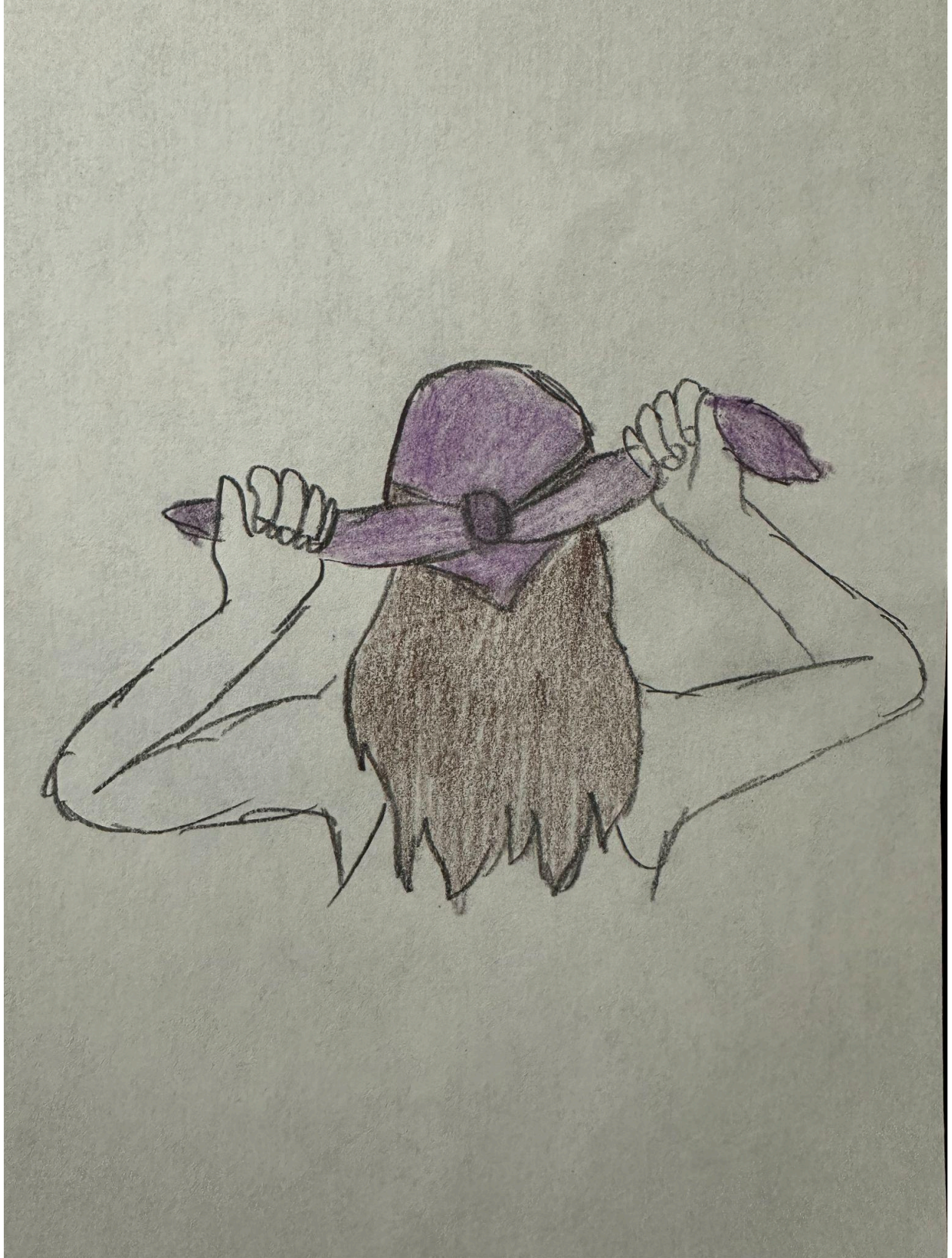
Chapter 15: Bougie Exploring...

I had a natural sense of style and a liking for the finer things in life, even with my low budget. I adopted the strategy of being "bougie on a budget," determined to explore the world of extravagance with limited funds. With a great eye for style and a gift for identifying hidden jewels, I set out on a quest to demonstrate that the finest qualities were not just for the elite but could be enjoyed by everyone. SoHo, with its trendy stores and brick sidewalks, provided the ideal setting for me to show off my ability to be bougie on a budget. I set out on a mission to uncover the most fashionable finds that wouldn't break the bank among the hustle and bustle of New York City.

I had to figure out a way to protect her hair from frizzing out while still keeping my unique style as I made my way through the unbearable humidity of a summer's day in SoHo, New York City. I was determined and creative, and I came up with a suitable yet stylish solution. My wardrobe demonstrated my easygoing sense of style. I picked a flowy sundress with a bright floral design to provide some relief from the extreme heat. My look, which was ideal for a day of exploring the busy streets of SoHo, screamed summertime glamour with its matching big sunglasses and strappy sandals. With my sunglasses acting as a screen against sunlight, I was able to easily traverse the city's narrow streets and crowded sidewalks.

I woke up with yellow teeth, which I didn't like, so I applied 3D white strips to my upper and lower teeth for 30 minutes. This made it sparkling and white, while also giving it a clean and fresh breath. Even though it involved some little traditional body modification, my clothing selections were a reflection of who I was and what I wore. In my religion, we cover our heads to show respect and worship God. I gave my outfit an extra dash of flair by turning a useful accessory into a statement item when I wrapped a violet scarf halfway around my head, making a knot at the back, which I intended to wear as a cover in case I became chilly. For that reason, the scarf was sitting in my bag. I got an elegant yet spontaneous look with my hair left down, which went great with my summertime dress. I inserted chunky gold earring hoops going through my skin, which made my accessories pop out more and added an extra layer of flair to my look.

The scarf I wore meant more to me than just being useful; it symbolized my capacity to adapt and be resourceful in the face of difficulty. By figuring out a trendy way to fight frizz while maintaining my style, I showed that I could handle challenges with grace and creativity. I couldn't help but feel proud of my ingenuity as I adjusted the scarf—I had managed to survive the heat in SoHo without compromising my sense of style. I walked across SoHo with grace and confidence, knowing that I had perfected the summertime stylish look. I turned heads everywhere I went because of my effortlessly elegant attire and stunning scarf hairstyle. As I absorbed the excitement of the city surrounding me, I realized that no amount of heat could break my spirit; I was prepared to face any obstacles the day may present and look amazing doing it.



About the author:



Nelema Cona is born in Bangladesh. She is currently a student at the New York City College of Technology. Nelema is a seasoned fashion enthusiast and advocate for the bougie on a budget lifestyle. With a sharp eye for style and a strong desire to save money, Nelema has spent years developing their abilities in the art of thrifty fashion, demonstrating that elegance and refinement are accessible to anybody who dares to dream.

Drawing on personal experiences and a lifetime of fashion discovery, Nelema gives tips and advice for navigating the world of style without breaking the bank. From finding hidden treasures at thrift stores to mastering the

art of DIY high-end, they provide practical guidance and inspiration for fashionistas of all ages.

Motivated by a desire to enable people to value their uniqueness and convey their identities through clothing, Nelema honors the grace of ingenuity and resourcefulness in the quest for a unique style. Through their work, they seek to dispel the rumors surrounding high fashion and expand the definition of fashion, demonstrating that genuine elegance is determined by the creativity and originality with which one adorns oneself rather than by the amount of money spent.

Nelema welcomes readers to embark with them on a journey of self-discovery and empowerment through the bougie on a budget lifestyle. They have a fresh take on fashion and are committed to inclusion and accessibility. Through their art, they hope to encourage others to embrace their sense of style and lead stylish, confident lifestyles with a dash of bougie charm.