

My Outfit Influences The Way I Feel

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In dedication to the influential people in my life

My grandparents

My parents

My sisters

My brother

My friends

Prologue

Any sort of a new event can cause excitement, especially when one can take a part in it and make it special. This is what Nargiza has done with the dress for her family's and friend's wedding she has attended. For as long as I knew her, she has been always determined to make everything as accurate and perfect as she could. She designed dresses that were elegant in its simplicity. I like how she knows what can make a dress look special and attractive, even if there is no high quality fabric or other materials such as beads. I can see how Nargiza is thinking out of the box and tries to find other ways to make something look even more attractive via accessories, hairstyles and heel choice. Being able to create all of this by herself gave her more confidence and she was determined to make the weddings and events as unforgettable as possible. I see the struggle she has experienced when it comes to her culture, her family's perceptions on leather clothes, as well as what she thought about the dress herself. This was a good topic to bring up because there are a lot of societal expectations and the standards of the way we should dress. I see her passion in looking good, while at the same time trying to not disappoint her family and others. For as long as I have known her, Nargiza would always take charge of everything, she has discussed ways to make bridesmaids look more different by using accessories, hairstyles and heels, even though having the same dress. I always loved their relationship with her friend Shahlo, and this was the driving force of her determination to make everything perfect. Nargiza used to not like make-up in High school, but her passion for fashion made her reflect on wearing make-up and concluded on the importance/significance of highlighting your natural beauty. As time passes, her relationship to the dresses that she designs and creates only strengthens, as well as her career path.

Malika Mirova

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First day of school

It was September 1st 2007. This day always reminds me of my first day of school and the first day of school reminds me of my school outfit. I was 6 years old when I attended school for the first time in Samarkand, Uzbekistan(the place I'm from). The name of my first school was *School No 33*, located on Samarkand Ravonak, two blocks away from my house. On the first day of school, I was mentally ready to attend school but physically I was not. My school required each student to wear a uniform. But I didn't have one.

Since I was from a low- income family back then, my parents couldn't afford to buy a new uniform for me. Therefore, I was wearing my sister's old uniform. Our National school uniform looked like a long sleeved buttoned up dress with white lace apron on top of it. Since it was my sister's, it was too large and long for me. However I had no other choice than wearing it. I remember how I made sure I wore my white cheer bow and white decor crew socks and *highlighted my beauty as a little student*. Bow and the socks were the favorite part of my school outfit because it was the only thing that belonged to me. I also remember how I borrowed my cousin, Naiba's watch and wore it to *reflect my style*.

I was feeling excited since I was attending school for the first time. But I remember how I cried so much just because of my outfit. The thing that made me sad was the fact that I had to wear my sister's clothes rather than having my own at least for the first day of school, since the first day of the school was a special day back then in Uzbekistan. I remember how wearing an old outfit showed my classmates that I was from a lower social class, which made me feel poor and indigent. My outfit was the reason for my classmates to judge and make fun of me. Which made me hate my school.



First Day in America

I still remember my first day in America like it just happened yesterday. My first day in America right after John F. Kennedy International Airport was in the Russian community, which is the 1st Brighton beach, Brooklyn, NY 11235. I moved to America from Uzbekistan when I was just 14 year old. When I started my journey to America, the thing I was most excited about was my outfit. I knew that people in America dress up differently than we do, therefore I tried my best to dress differently.

I still can't forget the grey dress hoodie and my favorite warm coat that I was wearing when I came to the U.S.A. I was also wearing my volpe wool- lined fox fur and calfskin boots and *kept my feets warm*. Before we left the house to the airport, I remember how I made sure I inserted my earrings and wore my necklace and *looked stylish*. I remember how I *modified* myself with all those accessories, clothes and my Gucci glasses which I never wore before and *appeared intelligent*. I did all these to look different since I was traveling to a different country with a different belief, culture and style than my country.

I was getting mixed feelings, one side I was excited to go to America. I saw in movies and wanted to be a part of great American culture but on the other side I was feeling sad about leaving behind my friends and the place I was born and spent my childhood. The thing I was feeling good about was my outfits because it was something that I would never wear in my country. I was also scared that Americans would judge me based on my look if I didn't dress up well. But once I got here, I realized that America is a diverse country, full of immigrants from different cultures and beliefs, and people won't really care about what others wear.



My 14th birthday(first birthday in America)

It was June 25th, 2014 at Prospect Park in Brooklyn , New York. This day was one of my best days ever! I still remember how I was surprised when my relatives in America told me that we could celebrate my birthday at a picnic. Because it was the first time for me to celebrate a birthday at a picnic. When we were in my country I don't remember celebrating my birthday, I think it's because my family couldn't afford the expenses to celebrate each of the child's birthdays since we were five kids in the family. And when my family wanted to celebrate my birthday here the only thing I was wondering about was my outfit.

I spent weeks finding an outfit to wear at my birthday. Since it was my first time celebrating my birthday at a picnic I didn't know what I could wear. But the thing is I still remember every detail of the outfit that I wore that day. I wore my new simple brown t-shirt with my favorite ripped skinny jeans and looked slimmer. I was also wearing my new Adidas sneakers that my aunt gave me as a birthday present and *looked like athletic girls*. I put my hair up and looked humble. Since it was summer and my armpit sweats a lot I made sure I sprayed my deodorant and smelled fresh.

On that day, I felt good, because I went through something new in my life, which was a big change for me and my family. Another reason why I was feeling good was because I was wearing all new clothes which all belonged to myself, rather than wearing someone else's, like I used to before. I was also grateful that I was with all my cousins and family members. But I also felt weird because I didn't even know what picnic was which made me feel dumb. However after this picnic birthday party I got to know new things, and i got to spend my day at a picnic with my loved outfit.

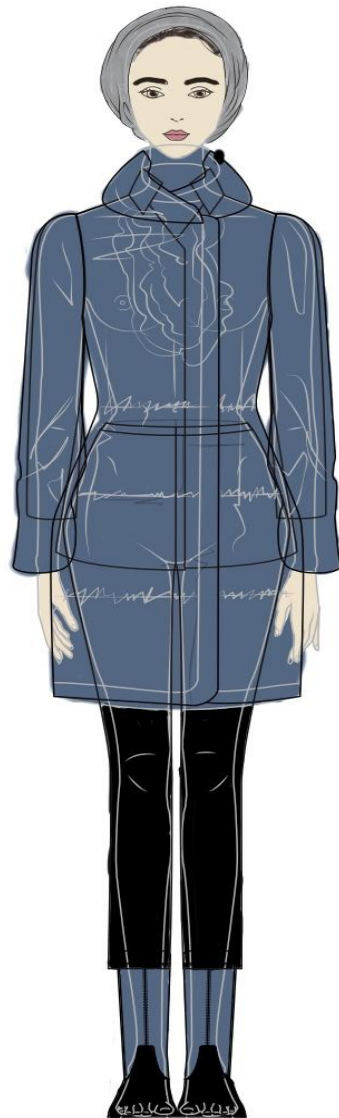


The first day of middle school

It was March 24th when I attended America's middle school for the first time. I went to the Margaret Mead school located at 2609 E 7th St, Brooklyn, NY 11235 which was two blocks away from my house. This day was one of my frustrating days because I didn't know what to do, how to act and how to dress up as an "American" student. I didn't have an idea of what students in America would wear at school. I knew that they wouldn't dress up the way we did back in Uzbekistan but I still used to think that they have some sort of uniform that they all wear.

I decided to wear my sister's white blouse which she used to wear at college in Uzbekistan, and my black classy jeans which I got from my aunt. I wanted to be accessorized with jewelry but I didn't have any except my gold earring which I bought from my country. So I made sure I inserted my earrings and *looked graceful*. And since it was cold, I wore my hat and *kept my ears warm*. I still remember how my backpack was small and full of designs, decorated with beads which *grabbed my classmates attention* the most. I was also wearing my valuable grey winter jacket and appeared elegant. I always used to wear that jacket to remind myself of my motherland.

When I got into school I was surprised about what they were wearing. All the students there were wearing all different clothes which was so confusing to me, because I had not seen students wearing random outfits at school before. But what I like about their outfit is that it is something they feel confident in. I was also amazed with their backpacks because they were simple and large unlike mine. What students there were wearing made me feel uncomfortable about my outfit because what I was wearing made me look like a professional lady but not like a middle school student.



Trip to Uzbekistan

It was July 12th, 2015, at 11: 30 am at John F, Kennedy Airport which is located in Queens, New York 11430, when me and my family were traveling back to Uzbekistan for a vacation. It was our first time heading back home to see and visit the rest of the family members and friends who live there. While waiting to get on the plane, my parents were making fun of my clothes. The way I dressed up was the funniest thing ever. I chose to wear the outfit that I was wearing to look different to show my countrymates that I was coming from America.

I *modified* myself with American clothes to represent American style to people in my country. I was wearing leather blue jeans, white American flagged t-shirt with a zip up blue leather jacket on top of it and looked gorgeous. I was also wearing my American flagged sneakers to match it with my shirt. I remember how I made sure I wore my leather fingerless gloves which I ordered from Aliexpress and appeared cool. I also made sure I wore my glasses which also had an American flag on it and looked fabulous. I remember how I also *modified* myself with accessories, such as rings, a watch and necklace and appeared graceful.

This day was one of my most exciting days, because I was going back to my motherland, and most importantly I was looking cool and wearing all new outfits. I was looking funny at the same time with gloves and all leather outfit while it was the warmest month of the year, however I felt comfortable and proud of myself because I was wearing my own outfit which I bought and ordered of my own choice. Also a lot of people in my country loved my outfit, they said I was representing american style to them. I remember how my cousin, Dilnoza asked me If I could leave my leather blue jeans and zip up blue leather jacket with her when I go back to America.



Senior speech day

It was January 10th, 2019 at my High School, Expeditionary Learning School for Community Leaders which is located on 2630 Benson Avenue, Brooklyn New York 11214. It was one of my exciting and soulful days at the same time. It was the day when I had to go through something that I have never gone through in my life. It was my Senior speech day. The day when I finally had to speak up in front of the whole school for the first time in my life. I was mentally not ready for my speech but physically I was, because I knew what I was going to wear.

I loved my outfit there. I was wearing my black sheer elegant blouse with black high flare classic straight pants and looked stunning, I modified my height with my black high wedge shoes. I remember how I looked more *beautiful* with a new hairstyle which I had never done in school before. I made sure I inserted my long silver earrings in which I looked *elegant*. I wore my black apple watch and appeared stylish. I also was wearing my diamond ring and felt brilliant when holding the mic. I also made sure I put some make-up and highlighted my beauty on the stage. I remember how I got a lot of compliments from my classmates and teachers about my look and speech.

This day was one of my days when I felt so happy and was so proud of myself because I was finally able to speak up on a stage. I was also proud of what I was wearing and how I looked. Even though black doesn't represent happiness, I personally feel comfortable and happy when wearing black and I look good when I wear black, therefore I was wearing all black on my special day, and I can't forget how *gorgeous and stunning* I looked. I was getting mixed feelings, I was nervous because it was my first time speaking in front of a lot of people at the auditorium on the stage. On the other hand I was happy that I was able to make it to that day.



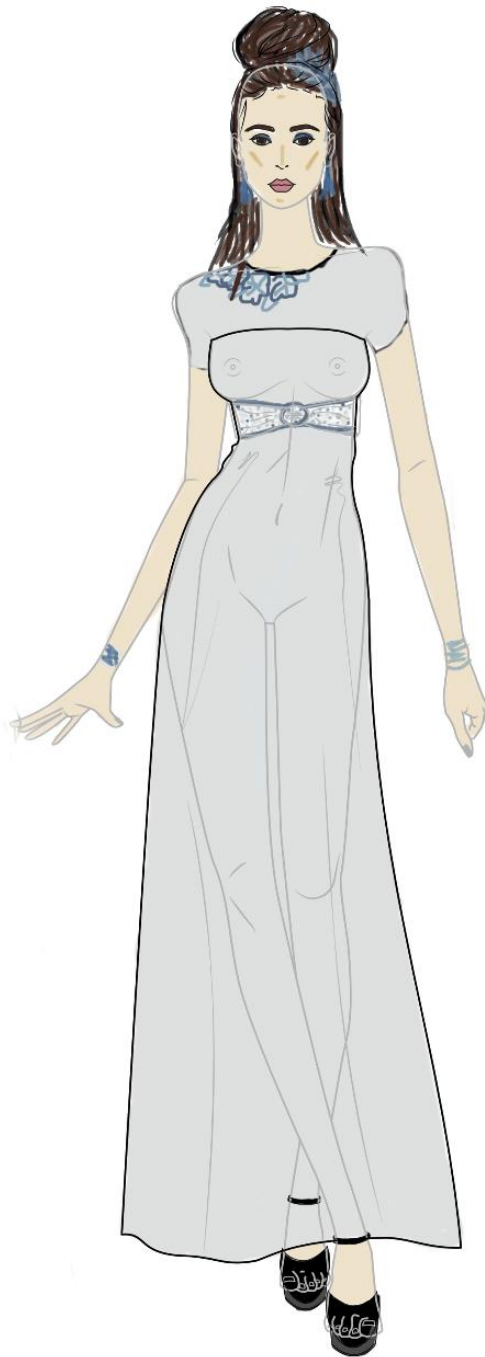
My sister's wedding

It was the first wedding in our family which I was attending. It was on June 29th, 2019 in Samarkand Uzbekistan, at the restaurant “*Visol.*” The restaurant was near our house located in the village of our city. The restaurant is also surrounded by farms which is why the restaurant always has the *scene of fresh fruits and vegetables*. Since this was the first wedding in the family I made sure I would look like I have always planned for. I remember how, as soon as the day of the wedding was identified, I was excited about my own outfit- how I would look in it, rather than getting excited about how my sister, Parvina would look at her wedding as a bride.

I can't still forget the way I was stunning with the dress that my cousin, Kubarro and I designed and sewed for me. The dress was not that elegant, it was not made out of expensive fabrics but it was still designed with some ornaments and diamond shaped beads which made the dress look *elegant*. The dress was made out of silk and a chiffon skirt. The color of the dress was light grey. I chose the fabric, color and drew the design of the dress for all the bridesmaids including myself in a way that *highlighted the beauty of the bridesmaids around a beautiful bride*. The dress looked so perfect on me. Additionally, the hairstyle and the make-up was making me look *extra stunning*. I made sure I accessorized myself with valuable jewelry and looked *elegant*. I was also wearing my silver thick bracelet in which I felt like a diamond. I made sure I modified my height with high heels and appeared *tall*.

This day was so special for me. I made sure everything was perfect. I felt so *beautiful* and *happy* in it. That's why I still can't forget this day. I even didn't forget the compliments that I got from a lot of people at the wedding. Those compliments made me love my dress even more. I was the happiest girl as a bridesmaid and hoped that I would always look good like that. But the thing is that I struggled a lot to make that dress look the way I wanted. I realized that it's a lot

more difficult than I thought to design all the parts of the dress the same as my sketch. Even though my dress came out perfect, there were still some parts that Kubarro and I couldn't make the same as my drawing, also since we used cheap fabrics my dress didn't last long, I can no longer wear it, therefore I promised myself that next time I will just buy the ready made expensive dress especially for special events like weddings.



First day of college

My first day of college was on August 27th, 2019 in New York City College of Technology, which is located at 300 Jay st, Brooklyn New York 11201. I had to take the Q train to Dekalb and then transfer to the R train to get to Jay st. My sister and I were the first ones to attend college in the United States. That's why everyone, including myself, were so excited for me. On this day, I realized that I was looking forward to making my dreams come true, as I follow my career path. Since I was going to attend the first day of college, I wanted to dress up in a way that I would feel that I'm about to become an adult who will be more independent.

I wanted to look professional and act like an adult. Therefore, I remember how I modified my body with a black suit which I bought from macys which made me look *professional* and *slim*. I knew that I was going to take a picture for my city tech student ID therefore, I made sure I applied foundation and *gave a flawless look and added a shine to my skin*. I put lipstick on and made my lip look *fuller*. I was wearing my new black Carolyn Lug Sole Loafers shoes and felt like I was *an executive*. I also made sure I sprayed my coco chanel perfume and smelled *like peach*. I also braided my hair and *appeared intelligent*.

On the first day of college I was getting mixed feelings, one one hand, I was excited to attend college and start the journey of my new life, but on the other hand I was scared that I wouldn't be able to handle college independently without anyone's help unlike High School. First day in college for me was a very special event, where she needed to be confident to get a head start on what her bright future holds. To me, I see the determination of being perfect and getting ready for the future, which inspires me. But my outfit made me feel more confident. I was feeling the adulthood feeling in my outfit and I was ready to follow my career path. There is no doubt that the way you dress can make you feel certain ways, ranging from being comfortable

to being confident. Confidence and making first impressions on people set you up for a brighter future. The picture on my school ID with that outfit on and my make-up will remind me of what the future holds and what feelings I had during my first day, and reassure me of the reasons why she chose to dress that way and pursue my career in fashion.



Fariza's birthday party

It was January 28th, 2021 when I was invited to join one of my closest friend Fariza's 19th birthday at 5pm in the restaurant called "*Almaz*," which is located on 238 Kings Highway, Brooklyn New York, 11223. The restaurant is one of the well known restaurants and it's in a crowded neighborhood. Kings highway is a neighborhood that never sleeps. There are always people walking the street at night. Since it is an elegant restaurant, I planned to wear something that I will look elegant in. But since it was winter and cold I didn't know which one of my outfits to wear, because most of my clothes that are elegant are summer clothes.

I decided to wear my leather mini Zara black dress. But since the dress was short, I made sure I wore my long leather boots that my sister, Madina gave me on New Year. Since my outfit was all black, I modified my apparel by wearing a red faux leather coat and red lola leather bag and *brightened up my beauty with a color red*. My whole outfit was leather, one of my favorite fabrics that I like to wear and look *gorgeous*. I inserted my large silver earrings to *highlight* my beauty, and *felt like a queen*. I applied foundation and my *face looked smoother*. I put a light eyeshadow on my eyes and *added depth and dimension to my eyes*, and my *eyes appear larger*. I applied mascara, lipstick and highlighter on my make-up and looked *gorgeous*. I modified my apparel with my leather outfit and make-up and I remember how the Uzbek waiters kept staring at me. As well as Frieza's mom, Aziza's friends were asking for my name, age and address to ask for my hand to their son.

I was happy that I wore leather- something that I didn't usually wear until Fariza's birthday party. For my family, girls who wear leather represent someone as a "hoe". That's why I really didn't like to wear leather clothes. But I like how I changed my parent's mindset after wearing it to Fariza's party. At the same time, I felt uncomfortable wearing it to the place where

older people, like Aziza's friends, would be at because most of them were wearing our traditional dress. Sometimes, due to my background, as a Tajik girl, if I don't dress up traditional but something American to the events where Tajik elders would be, some of them will talk negatively behind me, as if I became "Americanized." But thank God I didn't hear any negative compliments. All of them were positive about my look overall.



Shahlo's wedding

It was July 15th, 2021, my favorite date of the year. It was in Samarkand, Uzbekistan at the elegant Restaurant called "*life garden*" which was built for Tajik people who live in the United States to celebrate their events, such as weddings, birthday parties, engagement celebrations, etc. The restaurant is designed so beautifully, everyday they have an event going on. On the 15th it was my friend's, whom I became friends with first in the usa, my best friend, my other half Shahlo's Wedding. We were invited to attend the wedding at 5pm, since it was during the quarantine, they would close the restaurant early so they had to start the wedding early to finish it early. Since it was my other half's wedding I would have to wear something that I would never forget about.

I have four other close friends, Fariza, Shahi, Shirin and Pari who's also close to Shahlo. We all planned to wear the same dress on Shahlo's wedding since we were the bridesmaids. I got the dress for all of us from the same boutique. The dress was my dream dress. It was a long red dress with long peasant sleeves. The dress is made out of floral lace embroidery fabric. We all looked so gorgeous in it. Even though we all were wearing the same dress and the same hairstyle, we all looked different in some ways.

We all modified ourselves with different accessories and *highlighted our beauty* as a bridesmaid. For example, I made sure I inserted my long diamond earrings and my unique thin necklace which had a heart attack sign, and my silvery floral diadem and looked *different* than my friends. I was also wearing my cartier bracelet and looked more *elegant*. I made sure I sprayed my cologne around my neck and smelled like *roses*. I looked *taller* because of the heels on my shoes. I appeared more *magnificent* with all of my accessories. The groom, Farrukh's friends called us, the bridesmaids, "5 princesses in a long red dress." I remember how Farrukh's

best friend Azim kept looking at me, and told me that he got lost in my beauty, and he even asked for my hand a week after the wedding.

After that wedding, that dress became one of my favorite dresses. Since it was my bestie's special day I was already feeling happy, but after hearing all the good compliments about my dress, the way I looked, and also getting all the good looks, I became even more *happier*. My look, my apparel *brightened* up my day even more. I *felt graceful* in all accessories, mak-eup, hairstyle and dress. I didn't usually like to put on makeup but after this wedding my *mindset has changed*, I now want to put on some mak-eup to show my beauty as a young Tajik girl.



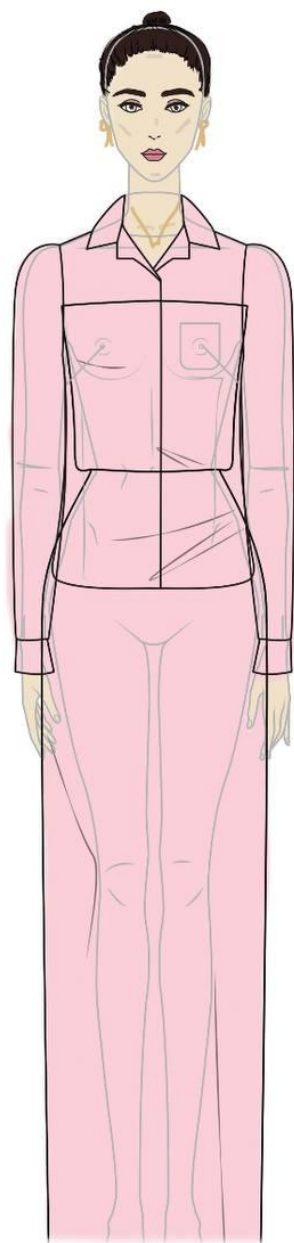
Family days in Samarkand

During the summer of 2021. When me and my family were on a vacation to Samarkand Uzbekistan. I remember every single costume that I wore at the events and the outfits that I wore everyday out in samarkand. I usually used to wear either the same or matching clothes with my cousin, Dilnoza, who's like my own sister. Me and Dilnoza used to go out almost everyday at night and enjoyed the view there. Whenever we go out with the same look everyone used to think that we were twins. When going out, the only thing we cared about the most was our outfit. But the thing is, as a muslim girls we had to wear something that would represent our religion and culture.

Muslim clothing is designed very differently than many other forms of clothing; it requires women to cover up all parts of their bodies. Therefore, as a Muslim girl, especially when I'm in my country, with my grandparents, I always have to wear a clothes which won't reveal any part of my body. Thus, there was a long pink and red dress that me and Dilnoza had, which we used to wear every time when we went out with a whole family, because it was long and all covered, which is what my grandpa always wanted us- his granddaughters to wear.

The pink dress which I used to wear the most is made of floral endearment chiffon which I bought from the local boutique in Samarkand. The dress contains a tailored look neck and cuff long sleeves. When wearing the pink dress I always made sure I wore my peep toe high heels which I got from AliExpress and *appeared taller*. While wearing my pink dress, I always modified my look with my purse, glasses and watch and looked like a *luxury girl*. I remember how I always wore my high waisted shaper panty shapewear to modify my shape and appear *slimmer*. I also used to spray my perfume around my neck and wrist to smell the fragrance.

Always wearing something that's all covered may not be something fashionable or I may not look good, however I always like myself when my body is covered. Thus when wearing my pink dress I always felt good. Even though I didn't like the idea of wearing the same thing most of the time. It was one of my favorite outfits to wear when going out with my family. I have a different perspective when it comes to fashion design. Muslim clothing is designed to require women to cover up all parts of their bodies. Therefore my inspiration for fashion, style and creating clothes came from my religion (Islam) and culture. My designs are meant to reflect my culture and values, and to introduce them to a modern world.



Sewing Studio

It was in Samarkand Uzbekistan, On July 25th, 2021 at the sewing studio, named “*Dilnoza’s atelye*” where me and my cousin, Dili used to go to learn how to sew and design our custom national dresses. At the sewing studio, our tailor master named Dilnoza used to teach us the different stitches, how to take measurements to make a dress, pants and how to design Tajik traditional dresses and its pants. Dilnoza also taught us how to make a dress for ourselves. The day when I designed the dress for myself I was the happiest person because I was finally able to make a dress. I don’t know if the dress came out perfectly or not but it was looking good on me that my mom couldn’t even believe that I made that dress myself.

The thing I loved the most about the dress is the color and the fake named brand of it. The dress was made of a louis vuitton spandex fabric. Duo to my unique background as a Muslim I have a different poin to view when it comes to fashion and making a dress. Therefore, I decided to design this dress in a way that would cover most parts of my body. I also made a wrap belt and a headband with a dress. The first time I wore the dress I made sure I wrapped the belt around my waist and looked skinnier. I also modified my head by wearing my headband and looked more *neat*. Since my dress was simple and had no design like beads, I made sure I inserted my jewelers and looked *stylish*. I also put on some make-up, such as mascara- which *darkened my lashes* and *volumized for brighter, bigger- looking eyes*. I put lipstick on and applied *some color, texture and protection to my lips*.

I was feeling intelligent when I was wearing that dress because it was a dress that I made myself. I have never felt like that before. But on the other hand, the thing that I was feeling sad about was that I didn’t use any luxury materials for the dress. Even the fabric that I used “louis vuitton spandex fabric” wasn’t original, it was the cheap version of the spandex fabric. I also

didn't like the idea of how I didn't use beads and designed it simply. Since it was the first dress that I was making by myself, I could've used more materials to make it more valuable. Since the dress looks simple and cheap I don't really want to wear it anymore.



Women's Party in Uzbekistan:

It was in Samarkand, Uzbekistan at a restaurant called "*Oltin*" which is open only for women. It was July 26, the day of the second eid of the year, "*Eid al- adha.*" Eid is a muslim holiday which happens after the 70 days of Ramadan. My mom decided to have a girl's party before we went back to the USA. There were all women wearing elegant traditional dresses made with expensive fabric and beads, while I was wearing something that no one would wear to a party. I hated myself for wearing the dress that I wore at the girls party.

The dress was long and consisted of more than three colors, which I hated the most. I don't really like colorful clothes. The dress wasn't my favor at all, but since my cousin Dilnoza wanted me to get it for both of us I got it and then since it was the day of Eid-when every muslims should wear something new, me and Dilnoza decided to wear that dress since it was the only cloth that we had new at that time. Since the dress was simple, I modified my hair, by putting my hair down, and my face by putting make-up on and *looked more beautiful*. I applied foundation to my face and it *covered flaws and changed my skin tone*. I also applied eyeliner and my eyes appeared more *rounded, and larger*. Since it was summer, I used to sweat a lot therefore I sprayed my coulonge around my whole body and smelled like vanilla.

The long colorful dress made me stressed the whole day at the party. I didn't even feel like I was at the party. I regret that I wore that dress, because I felt so bad wearing something simple and cheap while others were wearing luxury clothes and valuable jewelry. After this event I promised myself that, whenever I go somewhere, the first thing that I will prepare is my outfit. I will try on many clothes to see which would fit me perfectly, and I will see if it's something that can be worn at a party. If I can't find one that I like, I will go and buy something better, so I won't ruin my day just because of what I will be wearing.



First Job interview

It was when I came back from vacation to the U.S.A- where me and my family reside. I was looking for a job to work and earn some money to support my family, since we spent all of our money back in my country. On September 5th, 2021, I found a job on a website “*indeed,*” as a front desk receptionist, at Sheepshead Bay Oral Surgery, located on 2347 Coney Island Ave, Brooklyn NY 11223. I called them and they asked me to come to the interview. I haven't been to job interviews before even though I have worked before. Since it was my first time I didn't know what to wear but I knew that I would have to wear something casual to look professional.

What I decided to wear was a black pants which I ordered from Turkey with a white buttoned blouse that I bought from Samarkand. I put on my Gucci belts and looked more *professional*. I also wore my open toe metal string sandal and appeared taller because of the heels. I made sure I wore my apple watch and *looked intelligent*. I also modified my apparel with my purse and looked more *like an adult*. I remember how I didn't want to put on makeup but I applied highlighter to the inner corners of both my eyes, to my cheekbones, the brow bone, and the tip of my nose and gave my *skin a brighter, dewy glow*. I also changed my hairstyle and my hair looked *fuller*.

Since it was my first time attending a job interview, I felt nervous and excited at the same time. I didn't know how I would be interviewed. I wasn't even ready to be asked questions. The only thing that I was ready for was my outfit. I was excited to wear something different than usual. I don't usually wear something professional but when wearing it I feel like I felt more like an independent adult. Even though I didn't get into that job, I gained some experience from job interviews, now I know how to act and how to dress up.



First date

I Don't know if I should call it a "date" or something else..., but it was when I first met up with a guy who asked for my hand. It's a traditional thing, when a guy wants to get married, they find someone whom they have a crush on and go to that girl's house with their parents to ask for her hand and the guy and the girl get to see each other and talk. It was my first time experiencing that situation. It was October 15, 2021, at my own house located on 1230 Avenue Y, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Sheepshead Bay. I knew that I had to wear something traditional to look nice but I didn't know which one of my traditional clothes would look better on me.

Of course I wore my traditional dark green dress with its pants which had an ikat pattern on it. I was wearing a black sports socks before they came but I then changed it to white socks and looked neat. I also inserted my gold earring and wore my gold necklace and appeared elegant. I pulled away all of my hair from my face to my head and did a ponytail so *the guy was able to see my face clearly*. I put a "bling ringz" gold looking hair accessory on my hair and I felt like a diamond. I modified my skin by spraying my Dior perfume near my neck and felt fragments. I can't forget how the guy, named Samandar, was looking at me, and told me that I look neat and beautiful.

I had a mix of feelings. I was excited that I will get to see someone who has a crush on me. But at the same time, it was one of my frustrating days. I was so nervous because it was the first time for me to meet up with a guy at my own house in front of my parents. I started shaking as soon as I saw Samandar. The only thing I was thinking about was Samandar's reaction when he saw me in my traditional clothes, since he never saw me with it before. I was also wondering whether I was looking good or not. But thankfully I was looking gorgeous. But the thing is I was

going to make the most important decision in my life so I was scared if I was gonna make a wrong decision.



Author Biography



The author, Nargiza Rahmatilloeva was born in Samarkand Uzbekistan and moved to the U.S.A and resides in New York City. Nargiza graduated from New York City College of Technology earning her Bachelor's Degree in Business and technology of Fashion. She is interested in fashion design and is now involved in business. She is now a designer and creates her own clothing line, and in the future she will make it a major clothing business. In this book she wrote about her memories sharing her fashion moments in her

life and her outfits that influenced the way she felt and that has influenced her passion and career in fashion. Nargiza's relationship to the dresses that she designs and creates only strengthens, as well as her career path.