

A Fashion Journey
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A Fashion Journey

Prologue

I never considered myself to be a person who was into fashion but it's crazy how things can change throughout one's life. I've come a long way from the little boy who didn't even want to wear pink. Who knows how much further I still have to go. This is not just a story. This is my journey through fashion to tell you where I've been and where I'm headed. As I put these stories together I thought hard about why I wear the things I wear. It's been a slow evolution that hasn't finished yet. So take a step into parts of my life to see right where everything began.

Foreword

I've known you my whole life and it is hard to imagine you not being there in it. I am one of the very few people to have been able to witness your growth and change firsthand. It's crazy to compare you from way back when we were just kids to now. Even though so many things have changed throughout the years the one thing that has remained the same is our bond. We've always had each other's back and made sure to stick up for each other if we ever needed to. I will never forget all of our times together and how things have evolved over the years. After reading your story it took me back to the times when you were still finding your style. At the time it seemed like you were just wearing what you liked but it turns out you would never wear some of those things again! I always thought your fashion was slightly different while also somehow blending in with the crowd. One thing about you though is that you were always trying new things with your clothing. Even if it was just once you tried it out to see if it might just be your new look. You know how to carry yourself so well and watching you gave me the confidence I needed to also try new things. After reading your stories this book helped me further embrace my confidence and not care what others think. As others read your stories I hope they take away the same thing as me and find their confidence. As always I have tremendous love for you and hope to see you continue to grow.

Sincerely, Your Sister

Sage Smith

Acknowledgments

This is dedicated to all the people that are scared to wear what they really want.

For all the people who dont know what to wear because they are too scared they will be judged
for wearing what they love.

I hope this serves as a start to empowering those people.

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Chapter 1: Color Dilemma

As a kid, I never really dressed myself and would usually just put on whatever my parents told me to. None of the clothing they ever gave me bothered me too much and as a result, I just wore anything they passed my way. However, there was one day when I finally had to say no. It was a typical regular and mundane day happening in my household. The tv was playing in the background and my cousins were playing loud enough to fill the house noise. Then suddenly my mom came up to me and told me to get ready to go outside. She gave me my clothes but the shirt she gave me was different from what I was expecting.

What my mother had given me was a pair of denim blue jeans and a light pink t-shirt. There were no graphic designs or anything that made the shirt unique or stand out. It was simply a plain light *pre-shaped* pink t-shirt from the GAP. It fit snugly around the body and left an adequate amount of room for comfort in the waist and sleeve area. Not too *loose* and not too *tight* which was a perfect fit for me. This didn't mean much though because I still had no interest in the shirt.

The *texture* of this pink t-shirt was soft to the touch and made of 100% cotton with a *durable* make. It also had a nice shape to it that had a great fit on my body as well. My mother had just done my hair a few days before in braids that were still *tight* on my head. Lastly, before we left the house my mother would always smear vaseline all, over my face to keep it *moisturized*.

In the end, I didn't have any attachment towards this shirt. I didn't have any strong emotions toward the shirt since I neither hated it nor loved it. I gave my parents a hard time when getting dressed because I felt as if they were putting me in girls' clothing. As a kid, I associated pink to be a girl color and never wanted to wear it. I didn't hate the shirt but I just did not want to wear it because I felt like it was not meant for boys.



Chapter 2: Worth My Weight in Gold

It was a hot summer afternoon and I was on my way to my friend's birthday party. I couldn't have felt any better because I finally got to put on my favorite shirt and show off my “style”. As we drove there I could feel a cool summer breeze hitting my face through the open window. When we finally got to our destination I hopped out of the car and made sure my outfit was still looking good. I ran into my friend's house and we started to play outside shortly after without having a care in the world.

With my outfit on I felt like a million bucks. I had on a pair of *relaxed-fitting* blue jeans that at the time I thought paired perfectly with my t-shirt. On my feet, I had on a random pair of sneakers that my mom told me to put but the best part of it all was the shirt. I had on a ringer tee that was brown but gold around the neck and sleeves. Written in big letters on the front of the shirt it said “worth my weight in gold” with a few gold bars directly underneath it. This was my favorite shirt as a kid and whenever I put it on I felt like the most stylish person out there. It perfectly *adhered* to my body shape.

Before putting on my favorite shirt I had to make sure everything else about me was up to par as well. I made sure the first thing I did was *brush* my teeth so I could not only have good-smelling breath but a good smile too. *Brushing* my teeth removed any plaque and made teeth *smooth* and clean. Then when it was finally time to get dressed you could feel the different *textures* in the clothing. The shirt had a bit of a different feel to it since the words and image on it had a slightly different *texture* to it.

This shirt is something that I had a real connection towards. As a kid, I wish I got to wear it a lot more than I did. At the time I would have kept it forever if I had the option to and never ever throw it away. There was a lot of love and overall good emotions and memories tied to this shirt which is why I don't think I will ever forget about it. I truly felt like the shirt made me feel like I was “worth my weight in gold”.



Chapter 3: Adding an Extra Layer

If it's not clear yet, as a kid I didn't really know anything about clothes much more about fashion. I mostly put on anything my parents told me to and didn't ask questions for the most part. When it got to the colder seasons like fall and winter all I knew about were hoodies and coats. I've seen other layers of clothing but didn't know much about them. One day during the fall my mom bought me a brand new jean jacket. This was very new to me and I had no idea how to feel about it. At the time I feel like I mostly saw girls or women wearing them but I knew it was okay were boys to wear them too. This new layer of fashion was puzzling me.

The jean jacket she bought me wasn't *lightweight* but it wasn't *heavy* either. It was somewhere right in between to give you exactly what you need during the fall. The jacket was durable *twin woven* blue fabric with two chest pockets. It had a slightly *tight* fit around the shoulders but not enough to annoy you. It was just the right size so that I could put the jacket on but not big enough for me to actually button it up. I didn't mind though cause I liked how it looked opened up with the sleeves rolled up.

When it was time to sport my brand new jacket outside I paired them with some denim jeans and a hat. I made sure I *moisturized* my arms since I wanted to have the jacket sleeves rolled up. As I walked around outside having the jacket on made me feel good but probably only because I just got some brand new clothes. The jacket protected me from the chilly breeze outside and provided me with that necessary extra layer of protection.

Even though I enjoyed wearing the jean jacket I received there were still times I didn't feel fully comfortable wearing it. Often times it still felt like I was wearing a “girly” piece of clothing so it stopped me from wearing it more times. I didn't harbor any extreme emotional connection to it but I did like learning that there are so many other things that I could possibly wear. I remember it because this was the first time I felt like I could learn even more about clothing.



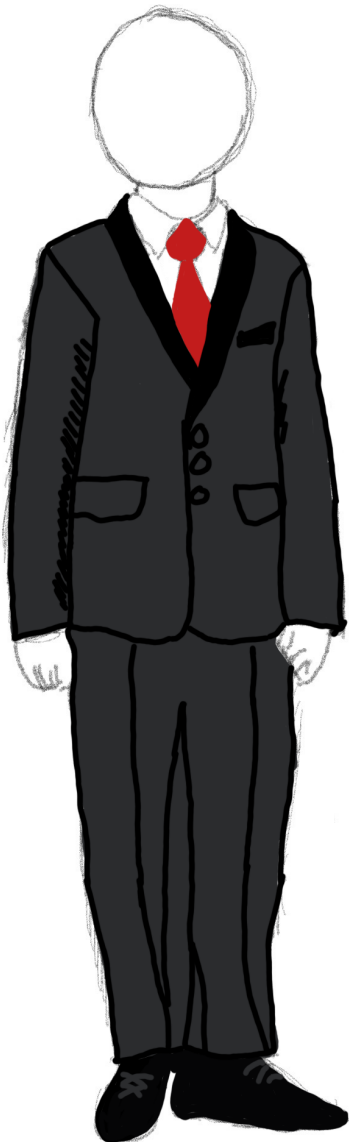
Chapter 4: Church Boy

Every Sunday I would always go to church with my family but what I ended up hating so much about it was getting dressed. I used to dread having to get ready for church on Sunday mornings because I hated being in formal attire. Having to put on button-up shirts, a tie, slacks, and shoes made me feel very restricted and uncomfortable. It never bothered me at first but over time I began to feel suffocated in this type of clothing and over time grew a hate for it.

Whenever I got dressed for church I would always wear slacks which I found very uncomfortable. I didn't like the way they fit around my waist and found that I couldn't sit comfortably in them. What made it worse was the belt that I had to wear which was always a little bit too *tight* around my waist whenever my mom decided to put it on for me. Next was the button-up shirts and ties that made me almost feel like I was suffocating a bit. Everything so closely *wrapped* around my neck just never felt good to me. Last were the shoes that I had to wear which even though were my size they made my toes feel like they had no wiggle room and constricted.

Sundays were the days I had to make sure I was presentable in all aspects. When it came to modifying my body I always had to make sure I took a *shower*, *brushed* my teeth, *moisturized* my body, and groomed myself for the occasion. My hair would always be done and at a certain point, I started to use cologne as well. All these different components put together are what made you presentable and made you look, what many people call, your "Sunday best". Although I didn't like to dress in this type of clothing it did help me understand how I should get myself ready for this type of occasion.

This type of fashion is very memorable to me because it is the way I dressed every Sunday for a very long time. Putting on my clothes to get ready for church became something that was almost a part of my routine. Even though I hated dressing up like that it helped me understand and learn essential skills and habits I believe everyone should know. Knowing how to properly put on a suit or even a tie are things that you don't even realize are helpful to learn early on for the future. I hate dressing in this attire but love the skills gained in the process.



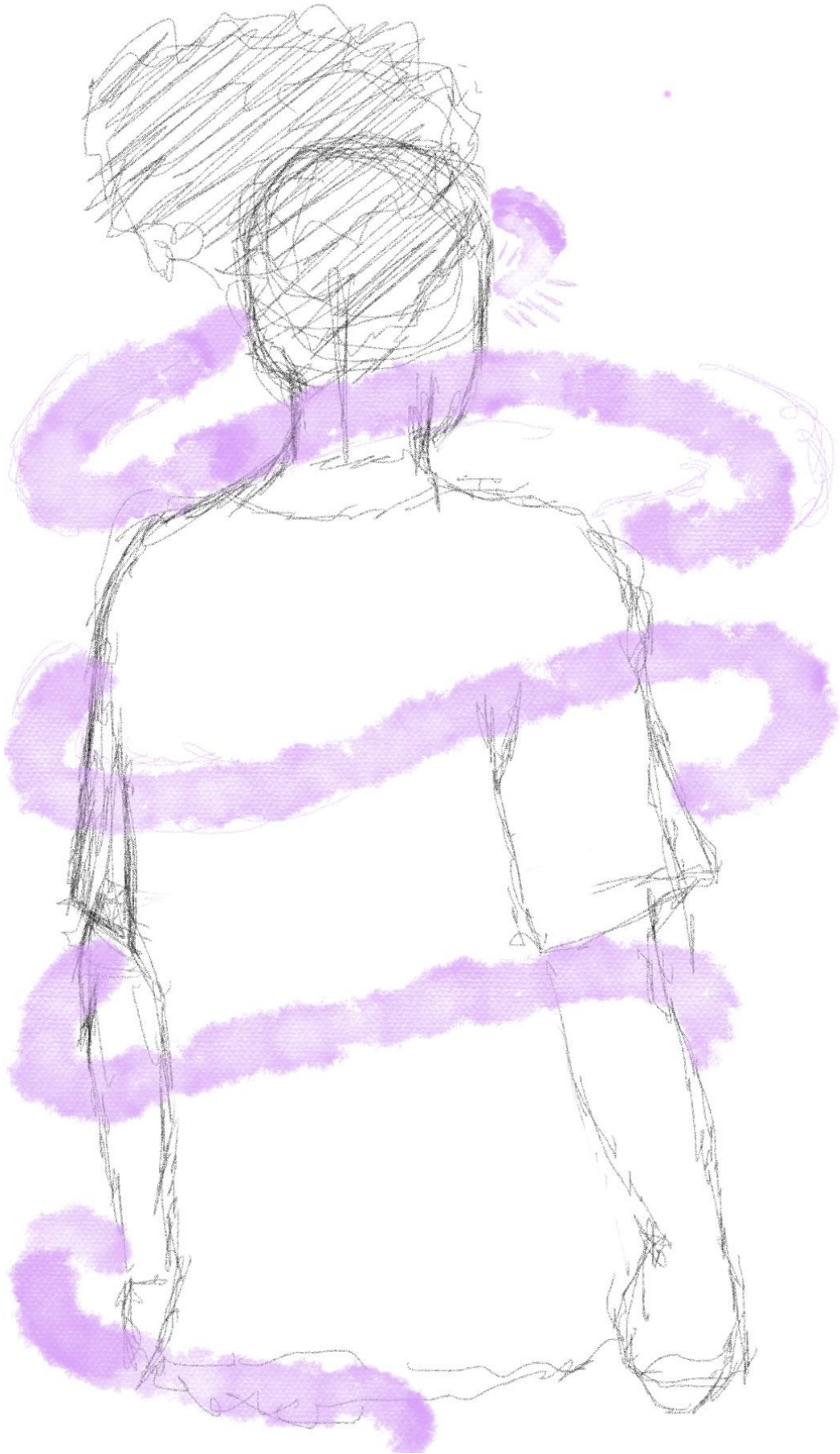
Chapter 5: Smelling Good

When I was younger me and my family used to attend church every Sunday morning in Canarsie, Brooklyn. No matter if it were rain or shine we always found our way to church on time every Sunday. As a result of going to church every Sunday, applying your perfume or cologne was a part of the ensemble. As I observed everybody getting ready to go to church I noticed something about all of my older family members. They would always get dressed first and then right before we are about to leave there was a symphony of scents flowing throughout of home. The perfume/cologne was always the last aspect of the ensemble that was applied which almost helped complete the outfit and show they were ready to go. As a result, I was introduced to different colognes and scents so that I would not only look good but smell good.

At the time I thought the only time one should be applying cologne was when they were going to church. So the first time I ever decided to apply some cologne was on a beautiful Sunday morning. I had on a fresh white polo shirt from Ralph Lauren that made me feel brand new. The shirt was 100% cotton with a collared rim and a *standard fit*. It was a short sleeve with button *closures* and of course, had the *embroidered* logo on the left chest. My pants were a pair of *relaxed-fitting* slacks that came down to about ankle length. They were black in color and were made of polyester and rayon.

Since this was my first time using cologne I wanted to make sure that everything was on par. I made sure my hair was freshly *washed* with shampoo and conditioner to give it that extra *sheen*. After I was done I did minimal *combing* to it because I wanted to keep my hair in an afro which I thought was a great idea. Finally, the last step needed was to apply the cologne to complete the ensemble. I took one of my dad's cologne bottles and started to spray it onto my body. It was an overpowering fragrance of almost an earthy or woody scent which made me quickly realize I applied too much.

I have a strong emotional attachment to using cologne because this was the first time I realized that fashion isn't always about what you are wearing. Many times what you are wearing isn't necessarily the thing that someone has noticed about you. Sometimes it is your hair, your bag, or the way you smell that brings attention to one's eye. Smelling good is an important part of our daily lives and we are able to push it a step further by applying cologne or perfume to our bodies. This has turned into me not only using cologne for special occasions but on regular days as well to ensure I feel like I am always at my best.



Chapter 6: Fitting in

For a while, I didn't exactly have the type of clothes that everyone else would wear. It's not something that people really noticed but I did and led me to want to step up my fashion. It was a hot summer day with the temperature reaching the low 80s. The sky was cloud free and the glare from the beaming sun was blinding. I was down at the park which was about 2 blocks away from my house hanging out with a few of my friends. We were running around and playing like we usually would on any other day like the carefree kids we were.

On this particular day, I was wearing a blue Hollister shirt that always felt a little bit too big for me. The shirt had a *crew neckline* and the signature bird logo right below the *collar* with writing on the left chest area. It was short sleeve and was a lovely shade of blue that I thought a lot of people weren't wearing at the time. For pants, I had on a pair of jeans that had rips and were *distressed* at the knees. The jeans had a *relaxed* fit with a very *rough* texture and came all way down over my shoes. These jeans were also grayish/black in color and featured 2 pockets in the front and 2 pockets in the back.

I remember my mom had just finished *braiding* my hair for me the night before. She used various types of *oils* and styling *grease* in my hair to help give me the desired look. The braids were so *tight* my forehead felt like it was being pulled off. Then the next day, right before I was about to step outside, I made sure to apply chapstick to my lips to ensure they were not dry and retained *moisture*.

I have a strong emotional attachment to this whole outfit because it has a lot of good memories associated with it. When I think back to the day I wore this outfit I remember having a really fun day filled with a lot of laughter and time spent with friends. Not only that but at the time I really liked the outfit I had on, especially the jeans because whenever I wore them I felt like everything I had on went perfectly with them. In my head, I was noticing that I didn't quite fit in because everyone else had on cool shorts and brand-new shoes while I didn't have those things. People weren't really concerned with what I had on but I was taking a mental note in my head which led to me wanting to change my wardrobe up a bit.



Chapter 7: Switching it up

At this point in time, I didn't really have a specific style so I tried to switch things up. It was getting pretty chilly outside so that extra layer was needed. You could feel the cold weather slowly approaching and it was almost time to start bundling up. I wore a couple of things that I wouldn't normally wear but I didn't really like getting out of my comfort zone. More specifically, this happened when I was in middle school in 7th and 8th grade. I went to school in the Sheepshead Bay area and attended a fairly large and diverse school. There was the opportunity to make friends from many different backgrounds and cultures which heavily affected and influenced what we would wear. At that time I was very susceptible to all the different types of clothing and trends people were wearing since I didn't have my own style as yet.

Due to the influence, I had from all these different types of friends around me I decided to try something new to help me fit in and switch up what I usually wear. I managed to get a few new items to wear to school and try out something new. First was a khaki green trench coat that came all the way down to right below my knees. It had a *notch collar* and featured several buttons going down the garment. There was a pocket on each side and even had what seemed like a secret pocket on the inside of the coat. It was made of *heavy-duty cotton* and had *twill weaves* with an *insulated lining*. The other big wardrobe change for me was my sneakers. I managed to get a pair of vans which at the time was a very big deal for me. They were a pair of classic low-top black and white "Old Skool" vans which had a chunky sole and suede *overlays*.

It was getting cold so staying protected from the brisk chills was needed. Before I left my house I made sure to *apply* lotion all over my body. It was very important to make sure I got it all over my hands and rubbed some on my face to ensure I was *moisturized* and not dry. The next step was lip balm to also keep my lips from getting dry from the chilly weather. These body modifications helped me not only against the cold but served as a part of my ensemble as well.

When I stop and remember this period of time I don't have a strong liking for the moment. Looking back I don't like the fact that I was trying to fit in instead of being myself and doing whatever I thought was best. I should have worn what I was drawn to naturally and stuck to that type of style. However, on the other side, it was a great opportunity for me to grow and learn what I like and dislike clothing-wise while at the same time trying out new pieces of fashion. I would try my best to find something that would make me blend in with the crowd when instead maybe I should have been standing out.



Chapter 8: Sneaker Game

In middle school, I was aware of the “cool” sneakers but I never really had a pair. It wasn't until 9th grade when I got my first pair of Jordans and started really getting into the sneakerhead culture. I attended high school in Brooklyn, New York over in the Williamsburg area which played a part in my sneaker knowledge. Every morning on my way to school I would pass this sneaker store with a beautiful layout and had a variety of different sneakers. They would have unreleased Jordans and very expensive Nike collaboration sneakers as well. After scoping out the store I would make my way to school and talk to many of my friends about the new sneakers coming out and whos going to get them.

When I finally got my first pair of Jordans I had to make sure my outfit was good but nothing over the top. I had on a gray *zippered* sweater that fit me perfectly and was *soft* to the touch. It had deep pockets on each side and white strings hanging down from the hood. My denim jeans were dark blue and *slim fitting* with enough *stretch* and mobility for me to still comfortably move around in them. However, the star of the outfit was the sneakers I wore to school that day. My brand new Jordan 1's were fresh out of the box and still had that new shoe smell. The shoe featured a black and varsity red upper with black features on the *mudguard*, sides, laces, tongue, ankle guard, and inner sock liner. On the upper body of the sneaker, you can see the wings logo stamped onto it. On the tongue of the sneaker, you can see the classic Nike air logo in red with a swoosh in between.

For me, this was a big day so I jumped out of bed and headed straight for the bathroom to *brush* my teeth and take a *shower*. By *brushing* my teeth I was able to modify my breath for the day with a minty scent. The shower also served as a modification so that my body could smell as fresh and clean as my breath. As I headed to school I decided to stop at the corner store to pick up some mint-flavored gum as well. By the time I made it to school the gum also aided in the freshness of breath for the rest of the day.

I have a very strong emotional attachment to this memory because for me this was something that I really wanted for a long time. It was also the very first time I was able to acquire Jordans which were a big deal at the time. By making this purchase of this sneaker it has really helped push my sneaker game and knowledge forward. I began to buy more and more sneakers and over time have grown into a love for not just how the sneaker may look but the backstory behind how many of them came to be and what caused them to be so significant.



Chapter 9: Comfort Only

It was a hot day in September and I had to attend a funeral in the Canarsie area of Brooklyn. I was accompanied by many friends and family to help mourn this very sad day. As per any funeral, the typical attire is usually formal wear. So I came in my suit and tie but I felt so restricted and uncomfortable in this attire. Feeling so uncomfortable made me think about how I could wear such a thing every Sunday. After this day I knew there had to be better ways to look nice but comfortable at the same time so I decided to dress in ways that made me as comfortable as possible.

In my senior year of high school, I remember right before I got dressed to leave for school I thought to myself that I want to just put on clothes, I want to be comfy. I put on a pair of white socks that were made of a *soft blend* fabric and had cushioned soles for added support. I put on a pair of gray sweatpants that I had recently bought from H&M that were soft to the touch and fit just right. The sweatpants were made of a *cotton-blend* fabric with a *soft brushed* inside lining. It also featured *side-seam* pockets, *ribbed hems*, white drawstrings, and a waistband that was elastic-covered. To add to the comfort I put on a blue sweater that I already had for a while. It was a *Jersey-lined*, drawstring hood with a zipper at the front and *diagonal welt* side pockets. *Ribbing* at the *cuffs and hem* was also featured on the sweater. These all helped with the overall comfort of the outfit which helped me feel like I could freely move around without any restrictions.

My hair this day was in a puff and to help hold it in place was a scrunchy that was put around my hair several times. The *tightness* of the scrunchy pulled my hair back making my forehead feel *stretched* out. *Oil* was *applied* throughout my hair to help prevent from *dryness* and retain *moisture* since it was a brisk day. It helped give my hair a *sheen* look while also being very useful. Lastly to keep it together for the day a bit of *gel* was applied to help keep my hair from *frizzing* and protect it from the cold winds. I feel the heavy weight these products added to my head.

When I think back to this time I have many positive thoughts about it. I have a very happy and strong emotional attachment to it not only because of this outfit but because of this type of clothing. This marked the start of me wearing what was most comfortable for me and never looking back. My lifestyle does not require me to be in formal wear or restricting clothing for most of my everyday life. I took full advantage and chose to incorporate comfort and mobility into what I wear while also trying to make it fashionable. I don't like to feel like I have to walk a certain way and be constantly conscious about something happening with my ensemble. Comfortability has dramatically helped me make that change.



Chapter 10: Blackout

In the summer of 2016, I was finally able to acquire my first job. The job was located in Flatbush and oftentimes required a lot of “manpower”. The job didn't have a set uniform so I was pretty free to wear as I please. Every time I came into work I use to wear different color shirts, hoodies, and pants but something almost always kept getting messed up. The heat from the sun use to make me feel like I was about to burn right up and almost every time I used to sweat right through my shirt. The job required me to deal with a lot of furniture and rugs as well so a lot of shedding from the rugs and furniture used to get on me as well. After a while, I decided that I was just messing up all of my good clothes so I started to wear only black to work. At this point in time, I also didn't really want to be seen so wearing black made me feel like I was hiding in a way and can blend in with everyone else. Black slowly began to become the only thing I wore, whether that be inside or outside of work. Since then it's been a total blackout in my clothing.

The start of me becoming more drawn to black clothing started when I wore a black champion sweatsuit to work. I had on a champion hoodie that was all black with the champion logo on the upper left side. It had a nice fit with signature *stretch rib panels* for mobility, *double-needle stitching*, and the *reverse weave* fleece was cut on the *cross-grain*. It also featured a warm pouch pocket right in the center as well as *knotted* drawcords to adjust the hoodie as you please. To match the hoodie I put on champion sweatpants that had an *embroidered C* logo at the left hip. It was made of cotton and had elastic at the waist and cuffs of the pants to give it a bit of a *tighter* fit down by the ankle. There were two side pockets, one back pocket, and an *inseam* that went all the way down the leg.

The day before I wore this outfit I had just gone to the barber to get a *haircut*. The barber used clippers and razors to adjust my hair by *trimming, cutting, brushing, and shaping* where necessary. He *trimmed* my facial hair at the ends so that there would not be any stray hairs and it could all be even. He *cut* around the edges to help *shape* it and give me the desired look I initially asked for. When he was done *cutting* my hair he continued by *brushing* off my face and neck to ensure that there were no longer any loose hairs on my body. Lastly, he *applied* alcohol to the places he cut to help avoid any infections, sores, or bumps that may occur.

I enjoy wearing and having the color black in the majority of my wardrobe. The color black helps me feel like I'm blending in without being seen and also helps me avoid dirty marks and scuffs on my clothing. By wearing it so often it helps make me feel like when I do put on my colorful clothing I look different and new. This outfit has good memories associated with it because it was a good fashion choice for me personally while also in a way matching my personality. People often associate black with dull and dreary but for me, it has become an everyday staple and essential.



Chapter 11: Streetwear

Growing up, I was always semi-aware of certain streetwear brands but didn't necessarily understand how people were finding out about these limited releases or how they were getting them. I didn't have the money to buy them for myself either so I was limited in what I can do. In 2017 I remember I was going to SoHo, which is located in Manhattan, with a few of my friends. Soho is known for its plentiful options for shopping so we thought it would be a great idea to have a little fun while also possibly buying a few things as well. It was a beautiful summer day and everyone seemed to have on outfits that complimented the beautiful weather. We took the train and got off at Canal St so that we can begin to walk around from there. I couldn't help but notice everyone's unique and different style of fashion but the one thing that stood out to me was the streetwear. After observing the styles of clothing I decided to buy my very first item of streetwear clothing from a brand called Bape.

When I got to the Bape store I looked around at their many options but ultimately decided on getting a shirt. When I finally decided to wear the shirt I purchased, I made sure that it was a nice day so nothing could possibly ruin my brand-new shirt. It was a t-shirt that was short sleeve and overall black in color. It was also *crewneck* made out of cotton but you could tell that it was a bit *thicker* than other shirts and good quality. On the front of the shirt was a big Bape logo graphic which was brown and a mini logo tag on the sleeve. To match I had on a pair of black *pre-shaped* cargo shorts that were fairly *loose* around the bottom but fit just right around the waist. The shorts were made of cotton and had a *zipper closure* and deep pockets with buttons to *latch* them close.

For this day I knew I was going out to Soho with friends so specific body modifications were needed. When I woke up that morning I *brushed* my teeth until they felt *smooth* and clean. Next, I moved on to my hair which was in *tight* braids at the time. I added oil to my scalp to keep my hair healthy and reduce *dryness* from happening. After I finished I *applied* lotion all over my hands and legs to also help prevent *dryness* while giving them a nice *sheen* look to them. Finally right before leaving I applied Blistex to my lips and was finally ready to take on the day.

Going from not knowing how people were able to buy certain streetwear to actually going out and buying it myself was a really positive memory for me. This outfit marked the first time that I was able to buy clothing that was a little more expensive on my own. On top of me being able to buy it on my own, it was also something that I wanted and thought would boost my wardrobe. This has helped me step into the world of streetwear fashion and learn more about how it started and how far it has come.



Chapter 12: Accessories

I've never really been into accessories but for me putting them on every once in a while is a good add-on to your ensemble. In 2021 I went on a vacation to St. Thomas with my friends to celebrate a birthday. We went during the month of June so when we arrived it was already very hot. We stayed in the sapphire beach area at an Air BNB that was near all of the activities we had planned. Every day we made sure we tried our best to dress appropriately because it was essential for staying comfortable and cool. On one of our days, there was not a cloud in the sky so the sun was shining really bright. I decided it was best if I put on an outfit that not only kept me cool but blocked out the sun which turned into me adding those extra accessories that help boost one's fashion.

On this very hot day, I had on a black shirt with a unique white *motif pattern* on it. It had a *camp collar* with a *button placket* and a slightly *loose fit* to it. The shorts I had on were khaki colored and with a *mid-rise cut*. They also had a drawstring around the waistband with the overall material being made of cotton and spandex. However, the most important part was the accessories I paired them with. I had on a pair of black sunglasses with a *standard frame fit*. The lens was polarized and made of *polycarbonate* material. Next, I had on a fitted new-era cap which was black in color and matched nicely with my ensemble. On the front it featured a Dodgers logo *embroidered* on the front of the cap and on the side there was a world series patch.

Since it was so hot outside it was essential to make sure you gave your body the proper modifications needed. To start my day I headed straight into the shower to wash off any sweat I might have built up during the humid night. Upon getting out of the shower I applied *deodorant* under my arms to eliminate any odor and help against perspiration. Once I had *applied* the appropriate amounts of *deodorant* I rubbed my body with some lotion as well. Lastly, to help add to the look I added some body spray to give myself a good fragrance.

This outfit has very good memories tied with it because when I think back to it all I can see is me relaxing and having a good time. Looking back I think that the added accessories might have made me feel a little good about what I was wearing too. It helped add to my outfit and give it that subtle little extra flare. Even though I don't wear things like this very often I do feel like going on vacation was a great opportunity for me to put these things on and feel a little more comfortable. With accessories, you help extend your wardrobe in big ways by adding even the most smallest of details.



**About the Author:**

Tanner Jules Gordon-Smith was born in Brooklyn, New York. He grew up in a very noisy household as he has five siblings (two boys and three girls) that lived with him. He has an associates degree in Marketing Management and Sales. He is currently a student at the New York City College of Technology obtaining a bachelor's degree in Business and Technology of Fashion.