

Hair lies the journey
Written and Illustrated by Tyshae Greene



Prologue

This book details how my hairstyles have changed throughout the years. One will see what and who motivated me to create various looks, as well as the person who executed my varied hairstyles. Knowing me, you'll understand why I am so big on hair and switching it up.

Foreword

Tyshae is never seen without her hair done. Her hair would look lovely even if she were just sitting in the house doing nothing. She has always been that way because, as she likes to say, when you look good you feel good, and she enjoyed feeling good. I enjoyed reading her book and now I understand reasons that contributed to her maintaining her hair. She was fortunate to have a mother who was a beautician and emphasized the value of looking good.

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Acknowledgment

To my mother and my hair stylist, Diane, thank you for keeping me together.

To my sister Nyashia, thank you for influencing me to be bold and daring.

Chapter 1: Unstyled, Wild Child

I was in the sixth floor of my apartment on 88th Avenue in Jamaica, New York, looking out the window on a hot and sunny day. I was saddened as I saw the children all playing together because I wanted to join them and enjoy the sunshine. My mother told me that because my hair wasn't done, I could not go outside. My mother assured me before she left to go to the grocery store that she would do my hair when she got back. She was concerned about what people would think of my undone hair, but not me. My mother was taking a bit too long at the store, and the more I watched the children laughing and playing carelessly, the more anxious I became. I threw on my clothes quickly, letting my hair hang loosely, and I headed outside.

I quickly put on a burgundy skirt that *suspended* from my waist down to my knees. I wore my brother's Hane's cotton white T shirt, which fit *loosely* and appeared large on me as a top. I had on an all-black sandal which *enclosed* all of my toes and *hugged* the back of my ankles because of the *attached* strap. I did not care what I had on. I felt on top of the world when I got outside with the other children. My brief playtime was enjoyable. As soon as my mother saw me outside after returning from the grocery store, she grew unhappy with me for two reasons: first I did not have permission; and second, my appearance. My hair was coarse in an afro and my clothes did not fit me. Maybe if my hair was *wrapped* or *fitted* into a hat or a scarf, she would have been less angry with me. She demanded me to go upstairs.

Because my clothes were so big, I appeared smaller than I actually was in size. When my mom settled in from the grocery store, she transformed my hair. She applied a kid friendly relaxer from the root to the ends of my lifeless and dry afro. Before washing it out, she let that sit in my hair for about 15 minutes. My hair was straight after she had cleaned and dried it with a blow dryer. My hair was bouncy and had a ton of volume. The blue magic grease she used on my

hair made it shiny as well. My hair was much smoother and sleeker than it had previously when I ran my fingers through it. To prevent me from messing it up, she then *wrapped* my hair and *enclosed* it with bobby pins.

I can still picture this wild hairdo because before my mother applied a relaxer in my hair that day, I had no idea what that was. I thought my hair transformation was wonderful, and I felt completely different. My siblings all expressed their admiration of my hair when I showed them. Now that I am aware of a strategy to manager my hair when I am having a bad hair day, I know that I can use a relaxer. I keep up with my hair than ever before and think to myself, “look how far I’ve come”.



Chapter 2: Sleeked up ponytail

It was the first day of school, and I was getting ready to head over to P.S 213 located at 580 Hegeman Avenue, in Brooklyn New York. I had on khaki pants and a blue collared shirt because that was the required uniform and my hair was up in a ponytail. It was a chilly day and the aroma smelt different in the air. My mother was excited to see all the kids back into school, but I wasn't as excited. All I could think about is that summer is over and no more staying up late and having fun with my friends.

My khaki pants were *loose-fitting*, preshaped and *suspended* from the waist down to my ankles. I wore a light blue *fitted* collared shirt and a navy-blue knitted sweater that had buttons *attached* at the neck and extended downward. No jeans ever fit me properly because I was a size zero, so I had to an accessory like a belt to *cinch* the waist. My mother *brushed* my hair up and away from my face, bunched it all up, and *wrapped* it in a scrunchie. It was really simple and quick to do. I didn't mind wearing ponytails since other hairstyles required me to sit down for long and I did not like that. The only aspect of my ponytail that I didn't enjoy was the way my mother always made sure it was tightly bunched. That way it would prevent it from unraveling throughout the day. She placed a lot of importance on appearing presentable.

My eyes appeared chinky, the shape of my head appeared like an egg and my forehead appeared larger as a result of the tightness of my ponytail. Ponytails were quick and simple to put together, which was great for me because I would take it out whenever I wanted. My hair would have a dent from being *wrapped* in the scrunchie when I took it out of the ponytail. The texture of my hair would have a rigid feel instead of its usual softness because of the gel my mom used to hold my hair in place. Also, each hair strand became wavy when she applied a significant amount of gel to my hair.

When I look at someone with a ponytail, or recall the days I wore one, it brings up painful memories for me. It should not be painful to wear any hairstyle. You can look good and still be at ease. A lot of stress can be placed on your head and your hair when you wear tight styles. You may experience headaches and hair loss as a result as I did.



Chapter 3: Low ponytail

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon and I was inside my home in Queens, New York, near 172nd street and Baisley. There was nothing to do and nowhere to go. My mom told me to get a brush and come in her room and I did just that. I did need my hair done, so why not? We discussed what my next style would be because she was sick of seeing me with the same updo, and I agreed. We opted for a sleek back ponytail because I was unwilling to get braids. Sleek back ponytail was different from my regular updo and was still really quick and easy.

I wore a pink pre-shaped collard t shirt with buttons up the neck and black, stretchy shorts that *suspended* and *hugged* from my waist to my knees. I *enclosed* my chest area by buttoning up the garment. Just to be clothed for the day, I wore this outfit. My hair kept its natural 1b brown color. I was still too young to give my hair a fun makeover, like dyeing. My hair was scrunched together, pulled back and away from my face and *wrapped* in a scrunchie. Because I didn't feel as much pressure with the sleek back ponytail as I did with the sleeked-up ponytail, I preferred it slightly more. It was also simpler for me to put on a hat when I wanted.

Besides my mother *brushing* my hair with a hairbrush to untangle my hair, I made several other modifications that day. I used Arm and hammer, baking soda toothpaste to *brush* my teeth to give myself a clean mouth and nice smelling breath. I *washed* my face so it would be clean. It was ingrained in all of my siblings and me by my mother that we must always show ourselves well. Also, that it's important to look well for oneself, not just so others won't judge. *Washing* and bathing helps to stop the growth of microorganisms that could harm your health so making such modifications is necessary.

Every time I envision my sleek back ponytail, I am taken back to a simpler time in my life. Now that I'm older I'm all for the different styles. It also makes me think about how I

should've worn low ponytails sooner because the high ponytails put a lot of stress on my head. I still occasionally wear sleek back ponytails because they are quick and simple to do. Not only is it quick and simple, but it is also cute, neat and ideal for any occasion.



Chapter 4: Cornrows

I left school and returned home near 172nd street and Baisley. I was a very energetic and athletic girl. You name it: track, flag football, basketball, I did it. The low ponytails were stylish for a while, but eventually I started to sweat through them. My mother got weary of having to take my ponytail out and put it back in every day. She then started braiding my hair in cornrows. It was a protective style that lasted a little bit longer than ponytails.

I had just finished track practice. I had on *preshaped, fitted* and stretchy black nike leggings and my schools purple and grey cotton *loose-fitting* school t shirt that says Track and Field. I could not wait to get home and change out my sweaty clothes and do my hair over. Corn rows were easy to do, but they took longer than a ponytail. My mom would *brush* out my hair to untangle any naps, then take 3 strands of my natural hair and intertwine them together. Typically, they were parted neatly, going back and out of my face. She normally would give me 6 braids. She would *wrap* the ends of each braid before she had done them. Then my mother would take a threaded needle and thread and *insert* it through my braids at the back to secure them all together.

Because my leggings were form *fitting* and elastic, they highlighted the muscles in my leg. Without these pants my leg muscle did not look as big. Cornrows and ponytails are very different. They look and feel distinctively different. Corns rows made my hair feel rigid and coarse than its usual softness. The way my hair strands were intertwined and *wrapped* at the ends gave my hair a rope like appearance. Since my hair wasn't naturally silky, it held up well and didn't come undone quickly.

I laugh when I recall the times when I had natural cornrows since I hated that look so much. I didn't feel girly; instead, I felt like a young boy, mainly because my hair wasn't that

long. My mother continued to braid my hair in that way, and I've had enough. I pleaded with her to quit styling my hair in that way. She started giving me more styles that I was truly interested in after she realized how I felt about my corn rows.



Chapter 5: Phase 5

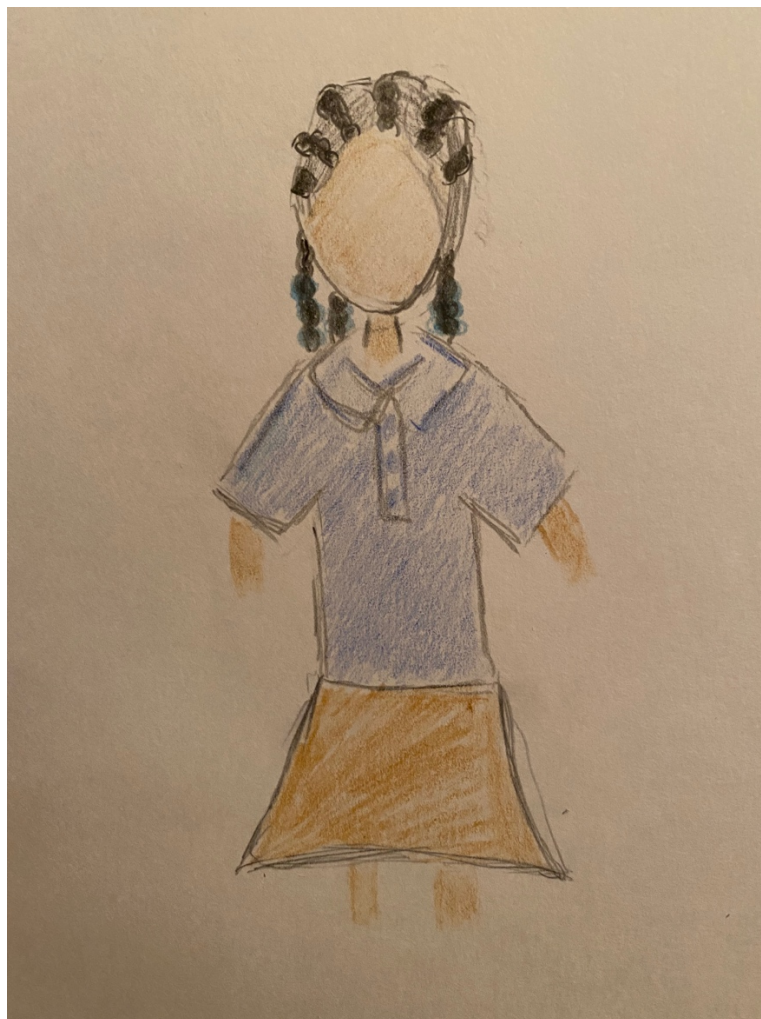
I lived in Brooklyn, New York at the time. It was a school day and my mom just had done a quick 6 corn rows in my hair the night before. Having short hair made me feel like a little boy, which is why I disliked the corn row style with my natural hair so much. I was admiring the other girls with long hair while feeling self-conscious. I felt like I was being judged by everyone in school because my hair was not as long as every other girl. When I got home, I begged my mom to add hair extensions to my hair and expressed to her how my natural hair made me look like a boy. She told me it wasn't true, but she took my feelings into consideration.

My mother repeated the corn row style when it was time for my next style, but this time she added braiding hair to the ends of my hair to lengthen them. When she finished all six braids, she would *embellish* them with beads. My mother would use a plastic stick that was a beading tool to add the beads, which was quicker process than using her hands. She would *attach* a few beads to the stick then would press the stick against the ending of my braids. Then she would *insert* each braid within the beading tool's opening, push all the beads upward, and *wrap* the ends of my hair with a rubber band so they would stay on my braids. My mother would sometimes *wrap* all my braids in a scrunchie and *attach* a bow to *embellish* when she did not feel like adding the beads. I didn't mind either option. The following day, I couldn't wait to show off my new do at school. I was wearing a khaki skirt that *suspended* from my waist. Under my skirt I wore white stockings that were *fitted* from my foot all the way up to all of my thigh and a blue collared T shirt. My beads were blue, which matched the school's uniform.

It was time for a *wash*, so I removed the braids I had previously had in to do this hairstyle. My mom assisted me in *washing* my hair with her good garlic shampoo and conditioner. My hair was noticeably clean and free of all the debris. When she finished blow

drying my hair it was free of tangles. She ran a hair oil over my hair, making it shinier and lustrous. The braids were pulled back and away from my face, emphasizing my oval shaped head.

I enjoyed this style a lot, despite the fact that straight cornrows made my head appear large. I was troubled by the fact that my natural hair never grew past a certain point. I felt more confident when my mother began to add hair extensions to my hair. I felt like a prettier and happier me as the time when I got my first relaxer. For every braided style, I always had my mother add some hair to it. It made the style look 10 times better.



Chapter 6: Phase 6

It was a summer night in Brooklyn, New York. While all of my friends were outside, I was upstairs getting my hair done. I had been upstairs for a couple of hours because box braids were not quick to do. Box braids were a brand-new look I had never tried before. I had become bored of wearing the same looks and was ready to move on. After a while I grew frustrated because I wanted to go outside with my friends and tired because it was a tiresome process that was taking longer than usual because she was adding hair. After a while, I stopped feeling tired because my friends ringed my doorbell. My mother allowed them to accompany me while she finished up my hair. I was happy I didn't have to sit there bored and alone wondering what they were up to.

My mother gave me medium sized boxes of hair partings all over my head. She intertwined my natural hair and braiding hair and braided my hair down to the ends for each box of hair. The braids were stiff *texture* and resembled a rope. This took about six hours to do. I dressed comfortably for the house because I knew I would not be leaving the chair for a few hours. I wore a *loose-fitting* grey tank top and black soft shorts that were *loose fitting*. It was okay as long as I had worn something that covered my bare body.

My mother would *wash* my hair before each new hair style to remove product buildup and debris from daily use. The shampoo and condition made it noticeably shinier. My hair would then be blow dried and moisturized to make it more manageable and *tangle free*. My head was heavy, and my hair was full. Also, my hair was *voluminous* after she had done braiding it.

Box braids were cool for a while, I just disliked the tedious process it took. I used to hate getting my hair done, but I knew I could not go out looking anyway, so I usually opted for a quick hairstyle. As I grew older, I was willing to attempt a different hairstyle. I haven't worn box

braids in a very long time, but when I look back, it was once the only style I would ever wear.

Today, there are different methods to box braids and how to make them look less stiff/rope like.

Maybe I'll pick back up the style as I did in the past.



Chapter 7: Phase 7

I was attending school in Brooklyn; New York and it was Ceremony Day. We were halfway into the school day and I was at gym playing and running around with my friends. My name was then called by my teacher, and I went over to see what she needed. She instructed me to grab my belongings and informed me that my mother is picking me up. Much though I loved gym time and playing with my school friends, I enjoyed going home even more. I quickly gathered my things and met my mother in the office. When I saw my mother, she was carrying shopping bags and she told me she's picking me up early to get ready for ceremony night. I was feeling excited.

I already had box braids in my hair, and they were still in wonderful shape from a few weeks prior. My braids were often down or pulled back in a ponytail. My mother styled my hair differently since this night was special. She twisted the front of my hair, creating the illusion of a crown, and let the remaining braids to hang *loosely*. Lastly, I *attached* two gold butterfly clips into my braided crown. I changed out of my *fitted* blue-collar shirt and *pre shaped* and *suspended* at the waist khaki pants. I thought the school uniforms were ugly and were not my ideal choice of attire, but the school required khaki slacks and collared blue t-shirt. On the night of the event, I wore a long, *loose fitting* and *pre-shaped* red dress that button from my neck to my knees. I buttoned the dress down to *enclose* my under garments. Underneath my dress I wore a pair of black *fitted* and breathable shorts.

I *showered* and *cleansed* my body when I arrived home to get rid of the dirt and sweat that playing outside had left on me. Additionally, so that I can *smell* fresh and be clean for ceremony night. I used my towel to dry my body after getting out of the shower. I then *moisturized* my dry skin with lotion. My skin was radiant after using lotion. I put on my red

dress. Then, I *inserted* studded diamond earrings to my bottom earlobe, which enhanced my beautiful appearance. My mother gave my hair a shine with an olive oil spray after beautifully styling it. My hair was pulled back making my head appear rounder, but I did not care. I asked my mother if I could use some of her glitter perfume spray so I could smell and look as wonderful as she did because I remembered she used to wear it when she went out. She sprayed two spritz on me. My *scent* transformed to that of cotton candy, and my skin appeared flawless.

This was a very meaningful event for me since not only I was being honored, but also my twin brother and other students. I felt honored to be acknowledged for all of my efforts and to share them with such wonderful individuals. I never before wore a red dress and had my hair arranged in a crown. I looked and felt wonderful. That evening my mother snapped tons of photos, but one in particular really stuck out. The picture showed my brother and I seated next to one another at a table in identical red clothing as the sun was shining on us. One can see how joyful we were in that image, because we were smiling brightly.



Chapter 8: Hair influencer

It was a nice summer day in Brooklyn New York. I always admired my sister who is six years older than I am. I always wanted to follow in her footsteps and do the things she did, but sadly, I was unable to. I was amazed by my sister's hair experimentation when she dyed her hair natural hair burgundy and then added a few lengthy burgundy tracks to lengthen it. I asked my mother if I could do the same thing to my hair and she quickly answered no, pointing out that I am only a little girl and cannot do what my sister does. I immediately broke down in tears because I wanted my hair like hers so badly. She repeatedly said no despite my pleading. After she became annoyed by my crying and pleading, she offered to braid some colored hair in my braids, and I settled for that.

The weekend after that was when she did my hair again. I had no choice but to get comfortable and settle in because box braids were a tedious job. I wore a *loose-fitting* blue cotton t-shirt and grey cotton *pre shaped* and *suspended* from the waist to knee shorts. I sat there the entire time and did not mutter a single complaint. I wanted the process to go very quickly. I was finally getting the color in my hair that I had been wanting so badly to imitate my sister. I was inspired to do burgundy braids. The outcome in the end was amazing. I had straight box braids that were black and burgundy. I kept my braids down and parted to the side to resemble my sisters weave. I *inserted* diamond stud earrings to my ears to enhance my look. I always felt earrings made me look cuter.

Before every new hairstyle, it was a routine. My mother would grab a wide tooth comb or a brush to detangle my naps. She would section off my hair in *clips* to make the process easier. My hair would be in an afro after the detangling process. My hair would constantly have noticeable dirt in it. I shampooed and *washed* my hair to get rid of all the debris and oils that had

accumulated from the prior style. I would condition my hair after that to make it smoother and noticeably more hydrated. My mother would then blow dry my hair, making it straighter and easier to maintain. She would then add hair grease and oil to my hair, making it shinier and *lustrous*. After my mom finished my hair, my oval shaped head was always emphasized.

I had never had my hair colored before, so this was a first time for me, and I was overjoyed. I do all kinds of colors now that I am older. I owe everything to my sister, who had a big influence on my hair. As I grew older, I imitated all the styles and colors she did. My sister always looks at my hair, smiles and gives me compliments whenever I do a new color. She no longer uses color as much because she is older but when she sees me with a new color, she sees a lot of her old self in me.



Chapter 9: Simple phase

The weather was hot in Brooklyn, New York. The box braid style I had previously done on my hair had grown out, therefore it was time for me to get my hair done. It was hot and having so much hair on my head made me feel hotter than usual. I really wanted to be free since the braids made me feel like I was being weighted down. I was wearing braids so regularly that I got sick of them and wanted to take a break. I felt like a new girl as soon as my mother took out, washed, and styled my hair. I ran my fingers through it and felt the air touch my scalp. I did not feel like myself. I had forgotten how I looked with my natural hair out.

My hair was left *loose*. I was dressed in *loose-fitting* blue and white checkered shorts and a white spandex top with a loop at the neck. I would place my head through the opening, and it would *adhere* to my neck and *wrap* around my upper body. On my feet, I wore open toed sandals. I *inserted* sparkling blue diamond studs in my bottom earlobe. I always wore studded earrings since larger earrings would irritate my ears.

It took only a short time to do my hair. Before my mother began, I had already taken down my braids and it was out in an afro. It was previously dry and brittle. My mother gave my hair a *wash* with her olive oil shampoo and conditioner, which hydrated and added volume. To *loosen* my tight curls, she then blew dried my hair. After, my hair was very relaxed and easier to handle. My hair then had a coconut like *smell* thanks to the heat protectant she had applied. Then, using a flat iron, she gradually made all the kinks in my hair completely straight. She used a hot comb that she had warmed up over a fire before flat ironing each section of hair separately. My hair would burn if she applied the hot comb right away; instead, she would let it cool down after she had heated it up. She was able to grab the roots with the hot comb because they were challenging to grab with the flat iron. After doing my hair, it was only right to do my nails. I was

feeling pretty, so I asked my sister to apply a few coats of white nail polish to my clear toenails and fingertips.

This day was memorable. My friends who had never seen my hair showered me with compliments. I wore braids so frequently that I lost sight of how I really looked. Those compliments made me feel special and served as a reminder that I don't always need to wear weave- I can still look stunning without it. Because it was ingrained in my mind that I must always look my best, I always felt like someone was judging me and I always found a method to look better than I thought I did. This day helped me realize that I can feel at ease in my own skin.



Chapter 10: Transition

I attended M.S 72, in Queens New York. The weather was nice, and it was the day my school hosted their prom. The level of excitement was through the sky. I knew all of my friends that were attending prom including myself would look lovely. My mother Diane- my hair stylist, my sister Nyashia who I call Nana for short and her best friend Amber assisted me in getting ready. I was made to feel like a princess since I did not have to do anything but sit there and look pretty. Everything was just done for me. My entire family and all of my friends who weren't attending prom came to see me off. After I finished getting ready, everyone complimented me and wanted to snap endless photos of me.

My hair was in a middle part with body wave curls. I was dressed in a pink dress with rose gold sequins that had a fitted waist. Because it was tight at the waist it made me appear to have an hourglass figure. The garment was made of a metallic fabric, and when the light hit it, the faces glistened. The dress ended at my knees and poofed out and had a lot of volume. I wore opened toed rose gold heels with a strap at the back that *hugged* my ankles. I had a sparkling necklace *suspended* from my neck that laid on my chest. On my head, I had a pearl head piece that suspended from the top of my head and laid in the middle of my forehead. I had *dangling*, shimmering rose gold earrings that I *inserted* through my bottom earlobe. I *attached* a back piece to the earring, so it would not fall out.

I had my nails done two days prior. My nails were much longer than they had been before thanks to the Chinese woman's application of acrylic and artificial nails that *adhered* to my natural nail. She applied pink nail paint to my transparent nail. For my feet, she cut down the natural nail and painted on a French toe design as I requested. My nails came out a lot cleaner and shiner and more colorful. I styled my hair the following morning in order for it to be in good

shape for prom. The day of prom, I *showered* so I can be clean and lotion my bodied so my skin can be moisturized. The pink liquid eyeliner my sister best friend Amber applied made my eyes appear chinkey.

My junior high school prom was fun and memorable. I rode in a limousine with all my friends and I felt and looked very beautiful. I stood out from the other girls since I was the only one wearing a head piece. This was the first time I had hair tracks in my hair and wore makeup. I did not run for prom Queen or Princess, but my associates were telling me I should have because all the time, I'm a lovely person inside and out.



Chapter 11: Long Hair don't care

I attended Hillcrest High School in Queens New York. I was I was ecstatic and anxious because it was the first day of Highschool. It was a new school, so I expected to encounter a lot of new faces and wasn't sure if I would run across any old friends. I understood that entering High School represented that I was not a little girl anymore. I was continually reminded by my older siblings who had already experienced High School that it was quite different from Junior High School. They told me that students are way more cutthroat, so I must always look my best.

I was quite self-assured; nobody could say anything to me. My 28-inch-long, wavy, black hair reached the back of my legs and it was flowy. I had a black head band *wrapped* around my head to keep the hair out of my face. I was dressed in a *pre-shaped, tight-fitting* black jean that were *suspended* at the waist that beautifully complemented my body contour. I matched my white uptown sneakers that *enclosed* my toes with a *pre-shaped* white t shirt. I had *inserted* through my bottom ear lobe, a pink diamond studded earring.

I took a shower that morning to *wash* my body. My breath *smelled* minty since I used Colgate Mint toothpaste to brush my teeth and get rid of odors. My teeth were notably brighter. I *cleansed* my face to remove any eye boogers and dried drool from the previous nights sleep. My skin was quite dry. To moisturize my skin, I applied cocoa butter body lotion. My skin appeared to be softer and shinier. My body wash and lotion left me *smelling* like vanilla and cocoa butter. I became much prettier once my diamond earrings were inserted through my bare ears.

I'll never forget my first day of High school. It was genuinely remarkable. I still recall the time and effort I spent selecting my wardrobe for the day. I never gave my clothing much thought in the past, mainly because I attended schools where uniform was required. Because I was still a young girl, I was unable to dress how I really wanted and copy my older sister style. I

felt the transformation happening. I felt older and had a lot more freedom after I entered High School. I started dressing as I wanted to.



Chapter 12: Long hair still don't care

For a while, I liked doing long weaves. I preferred the middle or side parts the most. It was a beautiful weekend and I had just gotten my hair done. My sister mentioned getting a tattoo somewhere in her junior year of High School when we were spending time together, and it gave me the idea to get one. My mother initially hesitated when I asked for her approval to get a tattoo, but eventually she gave me the okay. My brother in law in the driver's seat, my sister in the passenger seat and myself in the backseat went driving to the tattoo parlor on Jamaica Avenue in Queens, New York. I was excited because I was about to be regarded as the most courageous among my friends because none of them had tattoos.

I had a long black straight weave that was stitched in and added 10 inches to my natural hair. The hair would often fall into my face, so I pulled my hair back away from my face and *wrapped* it in a scrunchie. I was dressed in a *pre-shaped* body suit that had three *clips*. When fastened, the shirt would contour to my body. I also had on *fitted* fashion nova jeans that emphasized my skinny and long legs. Since I was getting my sister's name that spelled out N-Y-A-S-H-I-A with a feather on my inner wrist, I made sure to wear a short sleeve shirt. Not only because I wanted to flaunt but because I was aware that I couldn't put anything there since it would irritate my skin after the tattoo needle had been driven into my skin repeatedly.

My face appeared noticeable brighter, clearer and rounder in *shape* almost always after a new weave. The addition of the 1b in color tracks gave my hair a lot of volume. My figure was accentuated by the way my jeans were tailored and *suspended* at the waist. I've always been small framed, yet some clothes made me look more voluminous. My skin was inflamed and appeared red in *color* due of the frequent needle punctures and black in color due to tattoo ink. My body was *adorned* with this tattoo and going to permanently be on me forever.

The fact that my sister, whom I adore and greatly looked up to, and I received matching tattoos on this day made it incredibly memorable for me. She was always there for me, no matter what, and I'm grateful she was around when I had my very first experiences in life. My sister is also my right-hand woman and my best friend. She always wanted me to have fun and be daring. With her support, I always had fascinating new experiences.



About the Author

Tyshae Greene is a 23 years old senior at the College of Technology, and majors in Business and Fashion of Technology. She was born and raised in Queen's New York along with her 8 other siblings, including 7 brothers (Dj, Niheem, Shahiem, Tykei, Keishawn, Jayvaun and Julian) and one sister(Nyashia). She frequently wore various hairstyles because her mother was a beautician and her sister Nyashia, largely impacted her dress choices. She maintains a great appearance since she was raised on the idea, she must always look good and her family always kept her on her toes.