

Personal views on how fashion changed



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About five years ago big, baggy clothes was the style back in junior high school, and also when I started school. From the jeans being four sizes too big, falling off your bottom, to the 4x t-shirts that came down to your knees, everyone had baggy clothes, except for me. My grandmother always wanted me to look presentable and not like some hoodlum that just came off the streets, and since I was just learning how to take care of myself, she was the one that bought everything that I wore. I didn't have any say to what I wanted to look like, and from then it was instilled in my mind that she wanted to make my life the biggest fashion statement that school year. Now back then you were the man when your clothes were sagging because, you felt older, girls liked big clothes for some reason, and for some reason parents hated it, which made it more fun to do, but my grandmother didn't take to kindly to that. I can remember one warm day at recess other classmates and I were playing football in the schoolyard.

I had on my favorite black tee shirt. It wasn't the best looking shirt, but it was the best in my eyes, and on that day as I went for the long touchdown pass and completed the play, Sherri Crowe, one of the strongest girls in my class lunged directly towards ripping my left sleeve off. Burrell 2 Now in my school you had to come looking presentable for a healthy educational experience, and if not your parents were called to make sure that happened. So when my teacher seen my torn sleeve she immediately sent me to the principal office. Now it wasn't like I did anything wrong, but they weren't too fond off my appearance and called my grandmother to bring another change of shirt. As I sat in the office and twiddle my fingers waiting for my

grandmother to arrive, I quickly spot her entering through the door with a disturbing shrunk t-shirt.

Now back then if you were caught wearing tight clothed you would be called all sorts of rude hurtful things like faggot, gay guy, queer, and other sort of name like that because mainly the homosexuals would wear tight fitting clothes, so when I seen this peculiar small looking shirt I jumped instantly to the floor and pleaded with her to give me any shirt but that one, but with all my crying and begging it still wouldn't change her mind which left my with no luck. Using every ounce of pride I had in my body I forcefully took off my battered, ripped shirt and replaced it with the clean tiny shrunk t-shirt. Now as I walked to my classroom thoughts are just running through my head hoping to get through this day with as much as my pride I could walk out with. As I turned the doorknob I could already feel the burning stares that were waited for me behind the door. As I entered the class as if practiced or rehearsed, every one pointed and laughed at the same time.

I felt so bad that I walked pass my original seat and headed straight for the open seat in the back of the classroom. Even though I was in the back away from the other kids, I still heard Burrell 3 snickering from the snobby girls to the left of me. About a hour later after the teacher was done telling about multiplication, school was over and I was so glad to hear that bell. After all the chairs was stacked up on the desk we were allowed to get our bags to leave, but as I left the door I walked down to the schoolyard I started to get humiliated by what felt like the whole student body. There was one main kid name John “ Hulk” Hogan, just making fun of my shirt. I was just going to leave it alone but the comments he made was really getting to my feelings.

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At that moment I thought “ well if he could make fun of what I’m wearing I could do the same. Now Hulk had a big mouth and always wanted to make the girls laugh, but he had these old, dirty, beat up boots he had since last school year. So after he was done commenting on my shirt I replied “ So what if my t-shirt is small? At least my shoes are clean! “ After I said that everyone started pointing and laughing at his boots. Hulk looked at me in a sympathetic way and run of home. I felt so happy because the laughs were by me and not at me. As I walked home I had the biggest smile on my face anticipating telling my grandmother about the whole ordeal.

As soon as I walked in the house I sat her down at the kitchen table and told her about my day and what went down. After I was done telling her she gave me a big hug and said “ I’m so proud of you using your head and not violence to work out your situations. You’re growing up so fast. ” I felt so good that she Burrell 4 was proud of me.

The next day I walked in the classroom with my head feeling confident with another small t-shirt on wondering what would I say next.