October 1, 2022

I don't exactly have the best sense of style when it comes to clothing. It's not bad, but it's super simple. At the end of my sophomore year of high school, I was coming to school every day wearing gray shorts and a plain, solid-colored t-shirt. Then junior year rolled around, and I felt like everyone around me had more "mature" outfits that were more fashionable and fresh. I began to notice the snappy outfits people at school wore that suited them so oh-so-well. I even started taking note of people's admirable styles on the internet. I felt like I was the only person in the entire world who didn't have a decent sense of fashion. Even my little sister ridiculed my wardrobe.

So, I began to search for a new style. I started studying other people's styles, trying to get inspiration for my own clothing. Even though I despised shopping for clothes, I forced myself to go out and try new styles that would make me look good in school. Trying new clothes was like trying to eat that one last bite of food even though you're full. Deep down, I didn't want to do it, but I forced myself to do so anyway. I bought nice sweaters, sharp shoes, and stylish shirts. People definitely noticed the change. I started receiving compliments about my clothing, but I never felt content with myself. Something felt wrong.

I just didn't feel like myself.

As the school year trudged on, I slowly lost the motivation to put on a nice outfit every day at 6 in the morning. Having good style was tiring. I gradually reverted to my original clothing style, coming to school every day in a sweatshirt and sweatpants. I no longer had that beginning-of-the-school-year high to keep me motivated enough to care about my outfits. Although sweats were what I felt comfortable in, I felt somewhat disappointed in myself for not wearing better clothes.

However, my mindset changed when I visited New York to stay with my friend, Vincent. When I first arrived in New York, I was still trying to discover a clothing style that I liked. As mentioned before, I often studied others to gain inspiration for my own style, so I was interested to see what type of clothing Vincent wore. Vincent is a lifelong companion who I have known since elementary school. We are very similar individuals in terms of personality, interests, and ideas, so I highly respect him. When I saw the type of clothing that Vincent was wearing, I realized that he wore the same kind of clothing that I wore. Simple clothing. Seeing Vincent wearing the same type of clothes as me made me feel comfortable with my own inclination toward simplistic apparel. If Vincent didn't care about how flashy he looked, I shouldn't either. I should feel comfortable in the simple, solid-colored clothing that I like to wear. My clothing style is a part of my simplistic character, and I should take pride in it.

After returning home from my visit, I finally found satisfaction in a style. It turned out that the style I had been searching for was right in front of me all along. After a long odyssey of searching, I found my answer at square one. It was the simplistic style that I once rejected. I have now come to appreciate the simple style of clothing that my character levitates towards. I am no longer unhappy with my style but take pride in it. My style is a symbol of my proclivity toward simplicity in life. From my neatly decorated room to my plain style of clothing, my eye for simplicity can be seen in everything I do. My style has opened my eyes to nonconformity and individualism. I no longer care about trying to fit in, but doing whatever makes me happy and comfortable with myself.