

T . F . M

T o t a l F a s h i o n M a g a z i n e



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T.F.M is a fashion magazine for teens
devoted entirely to fashion and beauty

Short story about overcoming
bullying

Lots of fun poetry

Review of fashion video game

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A FASHION MAGAZINE FOR TEENS



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Dear T.F.M

I am wondering who sets trends?
My teenage sister is obsessed with following trends and I asked her why. She said, "because everyone else does." But why? Where did that come from? How do trends start? Please answer soon.

Yours truly,
-Elizabeth Montey

Dear Elizabeth Montey

Regarding your letter "who sets trends?" I believe that role models start trends. Whether your role model is a pop star or an entrepreneur or even your mom, you probably tend to dress like someone you look up to. It just becomes a cycle. One person dresses in an outfit based on a celebrity. Then another person sees that style and starts dressing like them and it keeps spreading and making a completely new trend. Soon everyone is wearing that new style. The reason why many young people copy what other people wear is because if they don't dress like everyone else, they won't be seen as cool. So they dress like their friends. Also, I think a big part of trend setting is the power of social media. Lots of people have social media, and like to do what everyone else does.

Thank you for your curiosity
-Wendy
Fashion Stylist





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Crazy

Pocket
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Not bad
Thin
Stylish

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Phenomenal Poems

Fuzzy Socks Cinquain
 Comforting
 Makes me
 Feel loved and
 Cared for by hugging
 Feet



Haiku #1
Pool
 Nice refreshing pool
 Wearing colorful swimsuits
 Blazing hot summer

Haiku #2
Makeup
 Beautiful makeup
 Tries to make you pretty
 You are without it



"The Wig"
Limerick
 There once was a guinea pig
 That ran off with her owner's wig
 She dashed outside
 Then decided to hide
 Her old owner's blue wig



New York Bridal Fashion Week

By Faith [REDACTED]

Ashley Rockman got out of the plane and smelled the musty air of New York City. She was excited to see all of the beautiful dresses with frills and florals, but mostly she was excited about writing a review for NYC Bridal Fashion Week for the Huffington Post bridal page.

She was nervous because she didn't know anyone at New York. She walked into the building and was amazed! She saw a big black runway with chairs on both sides lined up in rows. She sat in one of the chairs close to the runway so she could see well and started to write notes in her notebook about what she observed.

A little while later the lights dimmed and the spotlights came on and she looked up and saw the amazing dresses with lace and surprisingly, lots of different colors. There were wedding dresses in pink, blue, gold, silver, and black. The dresses were really nice. Some of them had really big bows or were really poofy with lots of lace and flowers with long trains. The hair of the models flowed like water.

New York Bridal Fashion week was very busy and Ashley loved going. She loved every moment of it when she was there.

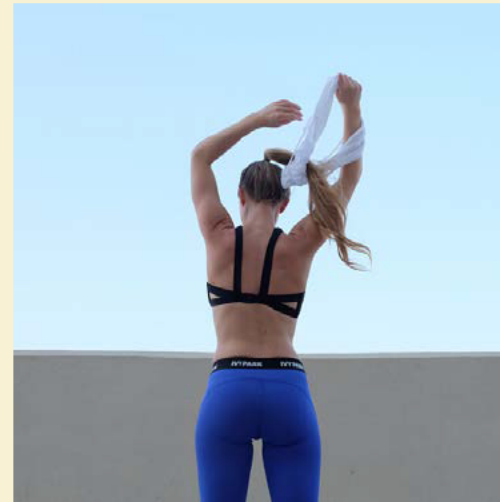
Dear Kate Hudson,

Hi! My name is Faith and I am 11 years old and in 6th grade. I am writing to you because I am wondering why you made Fabletics. I am interested in starting an athletic clothing business when I get older because I love athletic pants. They are so comfortable! So, I hope it's ok to ask you a few questions.

Why did you start making athletic pants? What type of help did you have to make them? How did you come up with the idea of putting pockets into the pants? That is my favorite part!

Thank you for inspiring me! I hope you have the time to respond to my questions. I am including a self addressed stamped envelope to make it easier for you to respond.

Thank you!
Faith [REDACTED]



History of the Poodle Skirt



Who invented the poodle skirt? Was it a famous fashion designer? Or was it an actress who was just trying to make a holiday skirt, who happened to spark a fashion frenzy?

The poodle skirt originated in 1947 in the United States, and was designed by Juli Lynne Charlot. The skirt style itself had been introduced a few years earlier by Christian Dior in his 1947, New Look line. The skirt style is called the full circle skirt. As a lover of flair, Dior wanted to create clothing that reminded women of his version of the "good old days" when they could dress with extravagance and glamor. The style

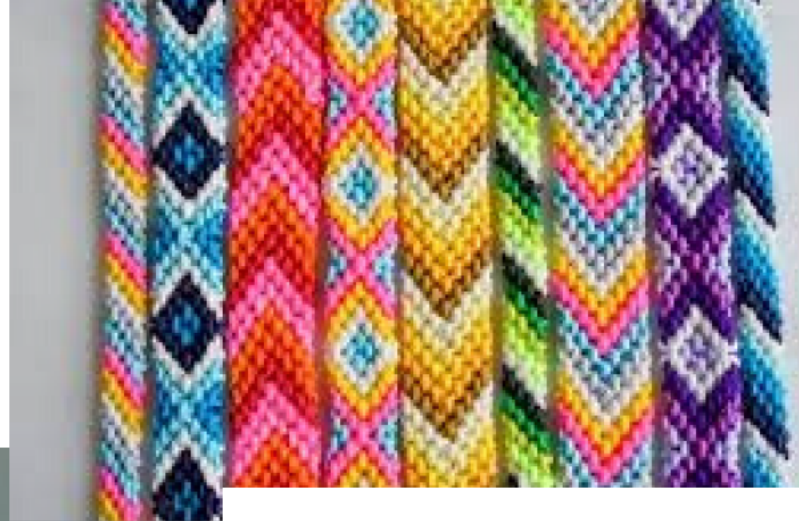
featured an exaggerated feminine silhouette and clothes that had round shoulders, cinched waists, narrow skirts, or very full skirts. Even though the round, full skirt was always a part of his collections, it became a highlighted part of his collections in the very early years of the 1950s. Don't forget however, that Juli Lyne is the one that made the actual "Poodle Skirt". Dior only inspired the shape of the skirt, and Juli did the rest!

Juli Lynn was newly married, and her husband did not have much money because Mr. Charlot had recently lost his job. New clothing was just too expensive for them to afford. Julie Lynn figured out a solution. She did have some experience with clothing design, as she had often had her stage clothing designed according to her instructions during her years as a performer. She had little skill as a seamstress though and the costumes all had to be constructed for her. She had a solution for this too! Her mother just happened to own a factory that used felt, which she knew was easy to work with and she also knew it was very durable. Juli Lynn got some felt and made a version of the Dior full skirt style that had just become so popular. The first designs were Christmas themed but the skirts quickly became popular and Lynn made dog-themed skirts since dogs were popular which gave the skirt the name "Poodle Skirt".

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Fashion Failure

A short story by Faith [REDACTED]

Everyone at school wanted to be friends with me. I was the most popular kid there. I was so happy that I was not getting bullied anymore.

Suddenly, I woke up from my dream. I dragged myself out of bed and went downstairs for breakfast and like always, my parents weren't home.

Mom and Dad are always working "to make sure we have enough money" they always tell me. But I know why they always want to have a lot of money. Is so they can "silently" brag to everyone about how "rich" we are.

The way silent bragging works is as simple as this; Dad always drives a sports car. Mom always wears name-brand clothes and expensive jewelry. Dad always wants to drive me to school in the "fancy sports car," and Mom is always encouraging me to dress better... like her. Personally, I don't care that we have a lot of money, and it makes me so mad how much my parents show off.

Sometimes, I even wish that we had less money. In protest I don't dress like I'm rich. In fact I dress the exact opposite by wearing mangy t- shirts with loose sweatpants and worn out scruffy sneakers. The only problem with that is the fact that at school I get bullied for what I wear...especially by the Queen of Fashion, Amanda Bloom.

She bullies me a lot about what I wear and always calls me annoying names like Booger Face, and Little Rat. And to make matters worse, she is the most popular kid at school so everyone sides with her! Even if they feel bad for me, they don't want to be disliked by her so they agree with whatever she says. If she hates me, everyone else does too. So that's bad news for me because that means I never get invited to birthday parties or sleepovers or playdates or pretty much anything else you can think of that includes friends. And Amanda makes sure I know it. She always invites people to her parties really loudly right next to me.

On Friday I asked her, "Can I come to your party? Just this time?"

"Sure", Amanda smugly replied.

"Wait. Just like that? I don't even have to pay you any money?"

"Well where would you get money Little Rat? Plus I'm not saying yes because I think you are cool. I'm saying yes because I feel bad for you!"

I could not handle her always talking to me like that. "Fine then! I don't want to go to your party anyways! I will have a bigger, better and way cooler party than you!", I yelled at Amanda. She was so shocked she just stood there blinking.

Well you see sometimes I dont think before I speak, and in this case that was really bad! Now I had to think of what theme the party should be, who I should invite, buy party decorations, buy food, and ask my parents if I can even have a party at our house. Only in one week!



I wanted to ask my parents if I could have the party as soon as I got home, but of course they were both still at work. My nanny, Yah Yah, was picked me up from school today. On the drive home I asked Yah Yah if she thought my parents would say yes to me having a party. "Jade, I think they will say yes because you know how much your parents love showing off the house. And if 50 kids are coming then I don't think they will be able to resist saying yes."

"Ok! Thanks Yah Yah! I just wanted your opinion"

We pulled into the driveway and I hopped out of the car and ran straight into my room to get on my computer and begin planning my party until my parents got home. I made flyers and figured out exactly what party theme should be! A luau pool party! I also figured out what all the snacks and decorations would be. I was all set with my plan just in time to ask my parents as they came home from work. I walked downstairs. "Mom can I have a party here next Friday?" I asked.

"I'm sorry honey, but I just don't think we can. Your Dad and I have a very important meeting with the mayor next Friday."

"What!?" I yelled. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well actually Jade that is why we came home early today. We wanted to tell you," my Dad said.

"But this is my chance to have friends!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry honey. Maybe you can have a party in two weeks," Mom tried to comfort me.

"No! This was my one chance! I already told people I was having the party!" I screamed.

"Well then you'll just have to tell them you are not," Dad said. I was so annoyed I stomped up to my room, slammed my door, and went right to bed, even though it was only 6:30pm. But I couldn't sleep. I was too busy trying to think of a way for Amanda Bloom to think I was cool. Just when I was about to fall asleep I thought of an idea! What if I just started dressing well! My family has the money. Probably even more money than Amanda's. I will fight fire with fire...buy nice shoes, style my hair, and get the best accessories. Then she'll definitely think I'm cool...and quit bullying me.

The next morning I woke up and apologized to my parents for getting so mad. I searched for clothes online and found something amazing! There were tons of websites to tell me what clothes "youth" were into. I was able to find what the latest trends were. That's why Amanda is so popular...all she does is follow the trends everyone else wants to follow. I bought all the new trends, including \$1,000 Gucci shoes! My parents were thrilled at my new



interested in wearing "the best" and gave me an unlimited budget. I tapped into their desire to show off.

The next week I got one of my new outfits ready for school. It was a cute Forever 21 shirt, black leggings with a Gucci belt, and Gucci shoes with a Vans backpack. There was no way I could get teased! I was so nervous when I got out of the car. I waved goodbye to Yah Yah and walked into school...





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Evil Hanger...a humor story by Faith [REDACTED]

I am still in my pajamas, but we need to leave for the park to meet with my friends in 10 minutes! I run upstairs and open my closet to find a huge mess! Oh no! How will I find my favorite jacket? Maybe I already wore it?

I look in my dirty laundry hamper, but no luck. Then I search on the sides of my closet. "Where is it?", I thought. It was hanging right here. I think about looking between my white pair of leggings and my black shirt, which was the outfit I was planning to wear. But the thing that would pull my outfit together is my blue denim jacket!

I can't find it! I can't just wear black and white. It will look tragic! Maybe it fell to the back of my closet? Yes! I think it fell there. I try to reach back with my arm, but I can't reach and it's so dark that I can't see well.

I run out of my room, back downstairs and into the garage. I open a bin and grab out a flashlight. I run back to my room, turn on the flashlight and put my arm in my closet, but I still can't see anything. Then I stick my whole head into the back of my closet. At first I don't see anything, but right as I was about to give up, I see the metal buttons of my denim jacket glinting in the light of the flashlight. I found it! Yay! I finally found it!

I grab it with my other hand. I try to stand up, but I get a terrible pain in my head and I can't stand up! "HELP! HELP! I'M STUCK", I shout. My mom rushes into my room and starts laughing! "Hey, why are you laughing? This isn't funny!" But she doesn't answer. She just keeps on laughing. She laughs so hard her face gets red! She looks like a tomato! She walks toward me, pulls on something and suddenly, the pressure releases and she shows me the culprit that trapped me, a clothes hanger.

It's kind of silly that a hanger was trying to stop me from "hanging" out with my friends. [REDACTED]

How to Make a Hat Cake

By Faith [REDACTED]

I love baking and there is something I always wanted to do! I have wanted to make a cake in the shape of a hat. I gave it a try and it turned out well. Here are the steps if you want to make one too.

To start, bake three circle cakes, two small and one large (you can choose any flavor you like). Make three different colored buttercreams: one white and two the colors of your choice. The colors should be similar though. I recommend a light color for the hat and a more saturated color for the hat band. Put the white buttercream in between the two small cakes and carve the cakes into a dome shape. Try not to carve them too much or you won't have a proportional hat shape. Put buttercream on the bottom of the dome and put the dome on the large cake. Then make a band shape along the edge in one color of buttercream and frost the rest of the cake.

With the leftover cake from when you carved the dome, add it to the bowl with some white buttercream and mix it with your hands. This should make it moldable. Then shape it into a hat decoration and place it somewhere on the hat. You can also add ribbon or feathers to make it look more like a real hat.

Serve and enjoy!

I was pretty satisfied with how it tasted. However, one tip...I didn't have any baking powder when I made the cakes, so I used cream of tartar instead. Unfortunately, it caused the cakes not to rise at all and they were more like biscuits. They were too dense. So here's a thought... Don't forget to add baking powder!

Photo by Liz Bushong



Little Black Heels Poem

A Free-Verse Poem by Faith

My lovely black heels
I remember the faint clip clop
And how my heel hung off the edge
But I never wanted to let them go
I kept them for as long as I could
Though they no longer fit
Now I miss them dearly
I remember my mom trying to convince me
to get rid of them
But I refused
I still wanted to keep them
They made me feel like a grown woman
I felt like I was older when I wore them
Though I was not even one inch taller when I
wore them
They were my very first pair of "heels"
I was only four or five when I had them
And I wore them every time my family and I
went out
No one really understood why
Not even I understood why I wanted to keep
the little black heels





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