

I'm not a model (yet), but I do have my own version of New York Fashion Week. It's the week I spend at home during Thanksgiving. I know it sounds dramatic, but when you look at the similarities, you can't deny that for one week in late November, I am no different from Kate Moss in the early 90's.

Exhibit A: *Adoring Fans*

My parents have great friends, all 700 of them. While I might not remember most of their names, I do love seeing them at the holidays. Almost as much as they love seeing me. It's true, there is no level of adoration that compares to a parent's friend you've met a handful of times. Nothing fuels your ego like a woman named Louise asking if you had a growth spurt at 27 or a man named Todd with a shimmer in his eye, asking how you're liking the new job you started 8 months ago.

Let's call them what they are - fans. As any great super model would tell you, fans are crucial, they're what makes the job worth it and it's very important to show your appreciation. Some people can even be super fans, like your mom's pickleball partner who brings muffins over at 9am. She stands in the kitchen and pretends she doesn't see the holes in your sleep shirt while telling you how beautiful you looked at your friend's birthday party in June.

The fans are what make Thanksgiving Fashion Week worth it, and it's important to throw them a bone every once in a while. So go ahead and tell them you read their enlightening facebook post or that you're happy to sign the petition to have their neighbor's pine tree removed. Even if none of it is true, you just secured another year's worth of muffins.

Exhibit B: *Outfit Dilemmas*

If your parents still live in your home town you probably celebrate Blackout Wednesday. My parents moved so instead of drinking copious amounts of alcohol with friends I've known my whole life, I drink copious amounts of alcohol with people I've met 3 times at an oyster roast and it takes place the Friday after Thanksgiving. The oyster roast is the best because it's the day when everyone wants to look hot for strangers, and happens to take place less than 24 hours after the day when everyone consumes immeasurable amounts of food.

Fashion in the south is interesting. If you tried to take a shot for every poncho at the oyster roast you probably wouldn't make it through the front door. My personal style doesn't reflect my southern upbringing, which poses a challenge when getting ready for this event. I want to dress like myself, but don't want to stick out like a sore thumb in a room of people who apparently all have horseback riding lessons after the party.

I usually end up going the sweater and boot route, which is always safe. However, the key is to make it scream liberal through accessories and skirt length. A black turtleneck is unassuming from far away, but when paired with the shortest sequined mini skirt in history and a Mamdani pin, you've just ensured that every conversation you have will be geared towards your interests.

Exhibit C: *Nosy Tabloids*

There's a thin line between fans and tabloids. I'm more than happy to talk about my life, even sign a few autographs, but every once in a while the fans take it too far and cross into tabloid territory. The main line that turns friend into foe is relationship integration. There are very few things scarier than a parent's friend who cares more about your relationship status than you do yourself. I am single and that's genuinely okay with me. It is not, however, okay with my mom's friends.

I wish we could go back to when talking about dating apps was inappropriate. Before Hinge and Bumble, people still felt shame and would refrain from asking you about your most recent Tinder escapades. I think this holiday season we should all agree that it's not appropriate to ask someone they didn't birth if they've been on any good dates recently. And if we can't agree on that, I will be giving in depth reenactments to anyone who dare inquire.

As Kate Moss once said "A lot of horrible, unfair, untrue things have been said about me. I can only say that the best revenge is success."

Exhibit D: *Flashing Cameras*

Thanksgiving, for many families, is the last shot at getting a good christmas card picture. Taking the perfect family photo is essentially like standing on the red carpet of the

biggest show of the year, but instead of yelling “over here!” the photographer is telling you that they wish you would smile with teeth, which you haven’t done since second grade.

I’ve never had the paparazzi banging on the window of my limo, but I have had my mom threaten to send an unflattering photo to everyone I’ve ever known in my life, which is equally as violating.

My best advice for family Christmas cards? Let’s stop acting like we’re all photogenic and embrace what we’ve been given. Facetune.

In Summary

When you really think about it, the only difference between going home for Thanksgiving and walking the main runway at NYFW is that you’re encouraged to eat and you don’t get paid.