

Until I was seven years old, my mom worked in the make-up industry, and I grew up around the free makeup she was given. Whenever my mom wasn't looking, I'd sneak into the bathroom and apply as much makeup as I could. Once finished, I'd remove it using a distinctly smelling cream of my mother's. Without fail, after walking out of the bathroom pretending nothing happened, my mom asked, "did you put on makeup again? I can smell the cream on your face." I just couldn't help myself.

All I wanted to do was makeup. When I started middle school, I couldn't wait for the day to start wearing mascara, and when it came I was ecstatic. The next year I began wearing more makeup in efforts to try to conceal my acne. Every day, I woke up extra early just to have those few minutes to myself to try and feel prettier. When the pandemic struck and I no longer had to put on a different face for school, I developed a different relationship with makeup.

Suddenly, it was something to fill the endless time and make my monotonous days a little brighter. The deeper into isolation I got, the more creative I became. Makeup changed the way I looked at myself. I was no longer trying to hide how I was on the outside, but express how I am on the inside. I love makeup because I get to show the world how I feel and how it feels to be me. I eventually started to share my passion. I did my friends' makeup for school dances or concerts; any time an opportunity presented itself I packed up all of my makeup and left immediately. I can't pass up making someone feel beautiful.

I can see myself creating a brand that empowers and uplifts young teens that struggle with concealing who they are and helping them embrace themselves. It's important that someone's spreading a message to young girls that they are perfect as is, and I would like that to be me.