PRODUCT CATALOGUE HIBA NOOR



### for my mom and all the children who never found a home..





## A B O U T

My thesis topic is based on my mother's story of how she was adopted by her aunt and how she felt and still feels that she lost her identity ever since the adoption happened. After further research, I realized that most of the children that are adopted really push through an identity crisis throughout their lives and very few learn to cope up with the problem. Moreover, they fail to reach out and voice their issues because in today's society and culture, adoption is a huge taboo. Which is why a lot of questions remain unanswered.



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# INSPI





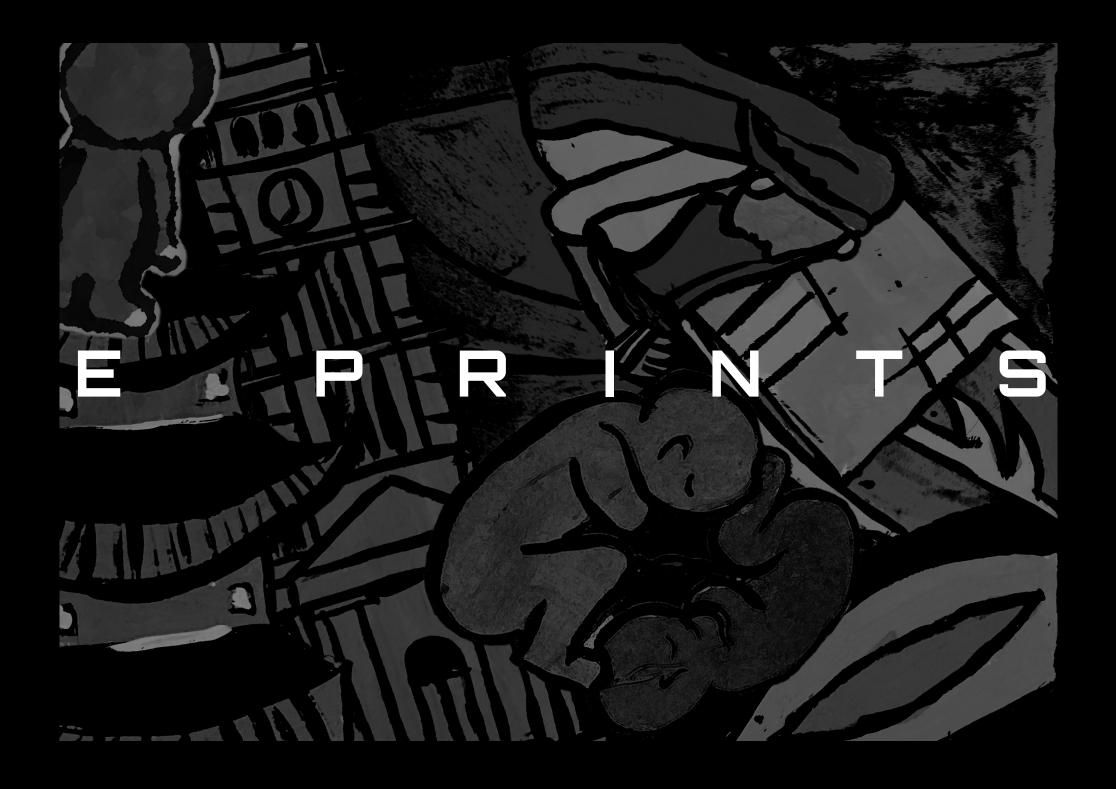
### Pablo Picasso

# R A T I O N



### Henri Matisse







| TITLE :" the moment I had never dreamed of.." | MEDIUM : acrylic on paper | SIZE : 11.7" x 16.5" |

alking about my life brings painful memoriés ba<u>ck but l</u> also believe that Allah had bigger plans and wanted me to be strong for my children. My story starts when I was signing my Nikkah papers. On the papers, the place where my father's name should have been: there was, instead, my uncle's name. At first, I was confused and thought that it must have been a mistake. However, when I looked at my dad, he gave me a look that confirmed that the papers held the truth: I was adopted.

This is what I was told: I was born a twin, identical. Surrayah (my foster mother) was childless. My real mother Amtullah Bégum, decided to help her sister out and gave me up for adoption, thinking it will improve my foster mother's gaping hole of being unable to bear a child. Therefore, my adoptive mother took me under her shelter. My twin who I was separated from when we were born, never made it past her first month in this world. Sometimes, I wonder if she were alive, there may have been one person who understood what I felt and what I went through as a kid and throughout my life. It was not meant to be. From the time that I remember, my fos-

ter mother made me work hard. At first thought that she was teaching me the household chores just to make an accomplished young lady, sort of the types that you read about in Jane Austen novels. I was encouraged to go to school, but had also been conditioned to believe that girls need to be good with household chores rather than gaining higher education, in or- ing nightmares of a huge dark shadow of der to get married to an ideal suitor. At first, a man, who would keep pushing me into I thought mother was being hard on me because of the mediocrity of the way I per- agony. formed my chores. However, I eventually started believing that I was being punished. ceived the first shock of being adopted. I My mother would throw tantrums on the smallest of things. For instance, even when people would pause during meal courses, she would ask to remove the unused plates like that she wanted a kid to help around (or so she thought) wven though they were the house with bribes of candies and othnot done. Other tantrums looked like small crumbs on the carpet or a decoration piece on the drawing room table. According to my mother, cleanliness meant spick and span, shiny bare surfaces. She had no concept of interior décor or any aesthetics I thought, getting married was a good whatsoever.

I was provided a shelter and food but it felt have been much more wrong. My new as a wage for my many services towards my mother in specific. I used to be writhing in menstrual pains and my adoptive mother would wake me up at 4am on winter mornings to do laundry in the cold open backyard. Other atrocities occurred when she would place conditions on things that kids would normally expect out of love. For example, I was told that I would be allowed out only if I carried out a specific task.

I used to find refuge at school with three of my best friends and that was my escapé from the usual obsessive compulsive behavior of my mother (of course I didn't know that back then). Years passed and I graduated from high school. I thought I would go to college but I had to give up that dream because Surrayah fell sick. I had to attend to her needs and thus the

whole pressure of running a household came unto my shoulders.

When she got a bit better, they decided to get me married. It was against my wishes but desi parents had a way with children back then, emotional blackmail forces kids to do anything for their parents. As my wedding day approached, I started hava wall, causing suffocation and immense

Sure enough, on my wedding day, I regrew up thinking I was living with my own blood. However, my mother's behavior towards me became increasingly clear, it felt er things kids are fond off. I couldn't help but think: I am no more than a slave to my adoptive mother, which is why I never received any support, regarding the cruelties, from my father.

thing. However, this optimism could not husband was abusive and a pure mama's boy. They made me do household chores just like my mother but this was much worse. I had to cater to three people's needs at my own house but over there, in a joint-family system, I had to take care of about twenty people. It was becoming mentally taxing and straining. With my husband's abusive nature and the family's demanding behavior, I couldn't stand to live there a week.

Hence, I came back and was divorced. My life continued as it was before marridge, with the added trauma of physical and mental abuse of the week spent with the in-laws. I sought refuse with creative classes of stained glass and sewing. However, an attendance at a wedding changed my life for the better as my now deceased husband took a liking to me and



| TITLE :" hoping for the light,," | MEDIUM : acrylic on paper | SIZE : 11.7" x 16.5" |

hen I was 13, I was placed in foster care again after a failed adoption that oclater pass through several more, including a girls' group home, moving around unfil I came of age. I became very adept at stuffing my belongings into two red milk crafes and a baffered suitcase with a missing zipper. In a new foster home, I was shown into a room carefully decorated with white wicker furniture, including a desk and bed set, and a big Chinese rice-paper parasol mounted to a ceiling corner. My new foster mother introduced my room to me as though she were seeing it for the first time herself, running her hand over the craggy surface of the desk chair, marveling af her choices of drapery and bedding. "Isn't this wonderful?" she breathed, as she pointed out each. "Look at the stitching in this, the detail...". After each declaration of wonder because of my foster mother's mental she looked at me seemingly for an expected response, but was notably disappointed hands. Still, I was grateful to have a place when I couldn't match her animation. I offered only a weak smile and a faint "Yes, it's very nice. It's beautiful. Thank you." was certainly overwhelmed, but nothing close to rudé nor disinterested. I had just come from a girls' group home where I'd been for the past  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years, sent away again to live near the sea air because of health issues. Packing up my things and

being sent somewhere unfamiliar was scary of skin in the game. They may have been by practice. I knew how to count on me. did not know how to count on others. My foster caregiver's face fell a bit, and she said sharply, "This is a pretty nice room, I'd say. I hope you're grateful."

was grateful, and I told her so. But that's just it, right there. Every time I lived somewhere, someone wanted profound exclamations of gratitude, because "please" and "thank you" were not enough. I knew full well sacrifices were being made to have a strange teenager live in a home where she didn't belong. I always did my best to convey my gratitude. curred a decade earlier. I'd However, hidden resentment began to build up in me like layered sediment. I didn't want to be made to express gratitude to have a safe place to be every time I was sent somewhere, for food on the table, for a warm bed to sleep. I didn't want someone to expect cartwheels out of dently up to that enormous building and me because of white wicker furniture that would never really be mine and didn't real- perience and solitude showing. I did well ly matter to me. A place where I could stay enough, anyway, albeit awkwardly, and for a period of time away from imminent danger and with a meal or two I could count on were all I hoped for. Meaningful extras were voices that spoke unprompted on my behalf, arms that encircled and weren't frying to work their way into my pants, any moment I was made to feel like a normal kid.

In the end, I was forced out of that home instability and her husband's wandering to live, and that should have been enough. Every guardian should know that foster chil-I hate wicker furniture. And Chinese umbrellas belong in restaurants.

Kids with families usually have parents or family to explain how things work. Foster kids have usually been left with a conglom- vocate with a strong voice until that foster eration of expectations and practices usu- kid is old enough and brave enough to be ally shared by people who don't have a lot her own.

taught badly, or not at all.

When I enrolled in a new high school, I was sent along to handle the deed myself. found my way in an unfamiliar part of town and stood stock-still in front of the building. My heart dropped into my shoes. I'd never seen a school so big except maybe in the media.

I was a tough cookie accustomed to the streets of the city, often left to fend for myself. I had slept at night hidden away in the shadows of the park, had scrounged around for something to eat and rifled the pockets of women who'd left their wallets behind in open lockers at the Y. I knew how to get along, but some of my hardest moments were the ones in which others seemed to know what to do and I didn't (like the day at the high school.) Then, wished only for an arm to press against, a person beside me who would walk configet things squared away, without my inexgot myself into school.

In that same high school, near graduation, my geometry teacher figured out I didn't know what an S.A.T. test was nor how to apply to college. At first, she was speechless and stared at me with her mouth agape which embarrassed me greatly, but she composed herself quickly and helped me with both. I sat for the very last S.A.T. of the season in my senior year, and was enrolled in college (her Alma mater) for that following fall.

dren need advocates and solid direction. They'd be hard-pressed to find a kid who wouldn't be grateful for a slight nod. It would be near impossible to find one who wouldn't be grateful to have an ad-



s I sat across from the doctor and was asked for the umpteenth time what my medical history was and had no answer. I made the decision. It was time to find my birth mother. Bio Mom. I had no idea how long it would take or how one meeting would affect me so profoundly. After all, I was just doing this to find out my medical history.

My parents, who adopted me when I was three months old, are East Indian and yes, they fit the stereotype. Ma (a chemist) and Baba (a mathematician) have always been more than supportive in all that I do... even when I decided to drop out of university to pursue my dreams as a Broadway dancer. I'm sure that was a hard pill to swallow! But when I announced that I was going to search for my birth mother and Ma helped make it happen, well, I guess l just didn't expect it. Being a mom now, l realize how hard that must have been for her.

parents never hid it from me and were very open with any questions I had as I got older. We talked about it with each other and to others because it was something we were proud of. The day I was adopted was declared my "Special Day" and we celebrate it every year like a birthday. As far as I'm concerned, my parents did everything right.

The months leading up to meeting Bio Mom, I was on tour and got word that she had been located and wanted to meet. Since I wasn't in town, the counseling sessions had to be done over the phone. I wondered why I needed counseling, but brushed it off.

With my best friend in tow, we pulled up to a rundown apartment building across town from where my parents lived. As we entered the building, a woman and man were walking toward us. She stopped. "Oh

I rode up the elevator in silence as Bio Mom chattered on about my car, my outfit and how proud she was of me. I searched her face for any signs of myself, but found nothing.

Once in the apartment, the bizarre moments kept coming and left me open mouthed.

"So, are you disappointed?"

"You can call me mom."

"I love you!"

I was on emotional overload and I forgot why I was there! My best friend could sense the tension and started asking questions for me. We learned that I have a half brother and that Bio Mom wasn't even sure who my father was until she saw me (I'm mixedrace). Wow! We even took a trip down to the McDonald's where my half bio brother was working so we could meet. He jumped over the counter and let everyone know I was his sister, "That's my sister! I love you, Man!"

My head was about to explode!

As the visit was winding down and we got up to leave, Bio Mom was crying. I felt terrible that I felt nothing for her. She wanted my God! You're beautiful!" Record scratch. to keep in touch, but I wasn't sure that was something I could do. So many "what ifs" were swirling through my head. What if she had kept me? What if I end up like her? What if I'm not able to love her? Does that make me a horrible person? I just wanted to go home.

> It's been 12 years since that meeting, but that day changed the course of my life and all my relationships.

I've always known I was adopted. My



| TITLE : "strength lies in our differences" | MEDIUM : acrylic on paper | SIZE : 11.7" x 16.5" |

walk toward the place I'd been abandoned, my shoes making imprints in the dirt. It's the summer of 2011 and the muggy air is swallowing me whole. The place is de-serted; the quiet rumpling of cars occasionally driving past is the only other sign of life. I stop in front of the gate and study the school, with its chicken-wire fénce and vacant appearance. The wind rustles the leaves in the few trees that stand nearby and I look up as a tide of feelings washes over me. The uneasiness I always feel when thinking about being adopted disappears and I smile ruefully. Disregarding my status as an adoptee had become a habit of mine, but seeing the truth changed something within me. Lost in thought, I think back, remembering all those years I had tried to forget about my past...

I was abandoned in Gao'an, China in the

spring of 1996. At eight months old, I was adopted and taken to the United States. I never considered what it would mean to be adopted since I was the happiest kid in the world with my adoptive family. Howev- with self-identity. After all those years of tryer, my ignorance was short-lived after I pre- ing to ignore my past, I was facing it head sented a family heritage project in second grade about my Chinese roots. My unique presentation emphasized the differences between myself and my classmates, which led me to disregard my past since I didn't want to be different.

Throughout the rest of elementary and middle school, I brushed off any mention about being adopted and chose instead to focus my thoughts on things like playing Candy Land in the library on rainy days and practicing my clarinet for the annual May Fete Parade. The past can never be completely buried though, and the fact that I was adopted snuck its way back into my thoughts in high school. I noticed how people reacted when I went out with family. I learned that I was one of the few Chinese students at my school who couldn't speak Mandarin, which made me feel like an outcast in the Asian community. I felt desperately left out when my friends talked about their relationship with Chinese culture while I couldn't. Constantly regarding these differences in a negative light made me question how I saw myself, and that negative light didn't turn positive until my trip to China.

Breaking out of my thoughts, I walk up to the sign on the fence and study the delicate grace of the Chinese characters. On the previous day, I had visited my orphanage, meeting the director and the woman who had taken care of me. The experience of visiting my orphanage struck something within me, and I could no longer deny the reality of the two places in Chi-

na that I had a connection to. For the first time in my life, I saw myself as I truly was: a Chinese adoptee. These two visits were the turning point in my ever-confusing struggle on.

After returning home, I changed my internal perspective. I read about other adoptee stories and how they were similar to my own through blogs and other types of social media. I connected deeply with the documentary Somewhere Between, which portrays the heartfelt stories of four other fellow adoptees. When my friends talked about their Chinese culture, the one thing I had wished I could share with them, I no longer felt a stinging disappointment, but rather a melancholy acceptance knowing that I didn't have to be like everyone else. Differences are what make our world prosperous and diverse, and understanding those differences is something everyone should be able to do. Although I will always carry the burden of my past, I will more greatly carry the strength I have found in my continuing journey of acceptance.



y sophomore biology class was studying genetics when I learned, by accident, that I was adopted.

As my teacher used eye color as an example of recessive genes, she explained that two blue-eyed parents would never have a brown-eyed child. It was genetically impossible, she said

Traised my hand, happy to be the exception. "My parents have blue eyes and mine wouldn't begin to search for them for anare brown," I told the class. She looked a little confused, but figured maybe one of my parents didn't have true blue eyes, before changing the subject. My classmates and I spent the rest of the day joking about records also told me that she preferred to my mother's affair with the milkman. After school, I described the scene for my parents, still amused. At 15, discovering your own ability to defy genetics was like learning you had a superpower. My irises had beaten science! And then my mom burst into tears.

For a hormone-filled teenager, I didn't work up much of a made-for-TV reaction in the moments following my mother's confession about my adoption. I was shocked, and a little anary about the secret she and my father had kept, but it didn't last long. At the time, I hadn't really given heritage much thought. People would sometimes ask me if my family was from Northern Ireland, but I'd rarely give their questions a second thought. (A few years later, an anthropologist would raise the question to me again, having studied face shapes of different regions.) But my curiosity grew over the next few years. My parents only had limited information about my birth family. They knew that my birth mother was Wanda Gardner, and that I had brothers living somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. The decision that I'd be given up for adoption was made a few weeks before I was

born, and my adoptive parents were there waiting at the hospital. They named me. Their names are on my birth certificate. I am their daughter.

But when I was 22, I wrote to the State of California, asking for more information about my birth. I got a packet full of the information they had on file: a few details, the ages of my brothers and details of my birth in San Diego. I tucked it away, and other two years.

One day, a friend had the idea to run my birth mother's name through a public record database, and there she was. The go by Wende, not Wanda, and I began to search for her by her maiden name, Wende Moten. Soon, I had a list of known family members that I plugged into Facebook. Almost instantly, I had found a cousin finding the Irish side of my family, I had by marriage who lived in Hawaii. She was only 18 years-old, and I wrote to her explaining that I was searching for my birth family. I got a response in less than an hour. decided to drop everything and go back. I had no idea if I was really ready for this. My birth mother, Wende, and I connected the next day on the phone, and the Facebook friend requests came flooding in. I have four older brothers (one of whom is full-blooded) and two younger brothers. I had grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles — and they all welcomed me into the family. I flipped through photos and got to know them through their posts. It was like having a window into the part of their lives I ego, Seattle, Phoenix, Ireland and England, had missed out on.

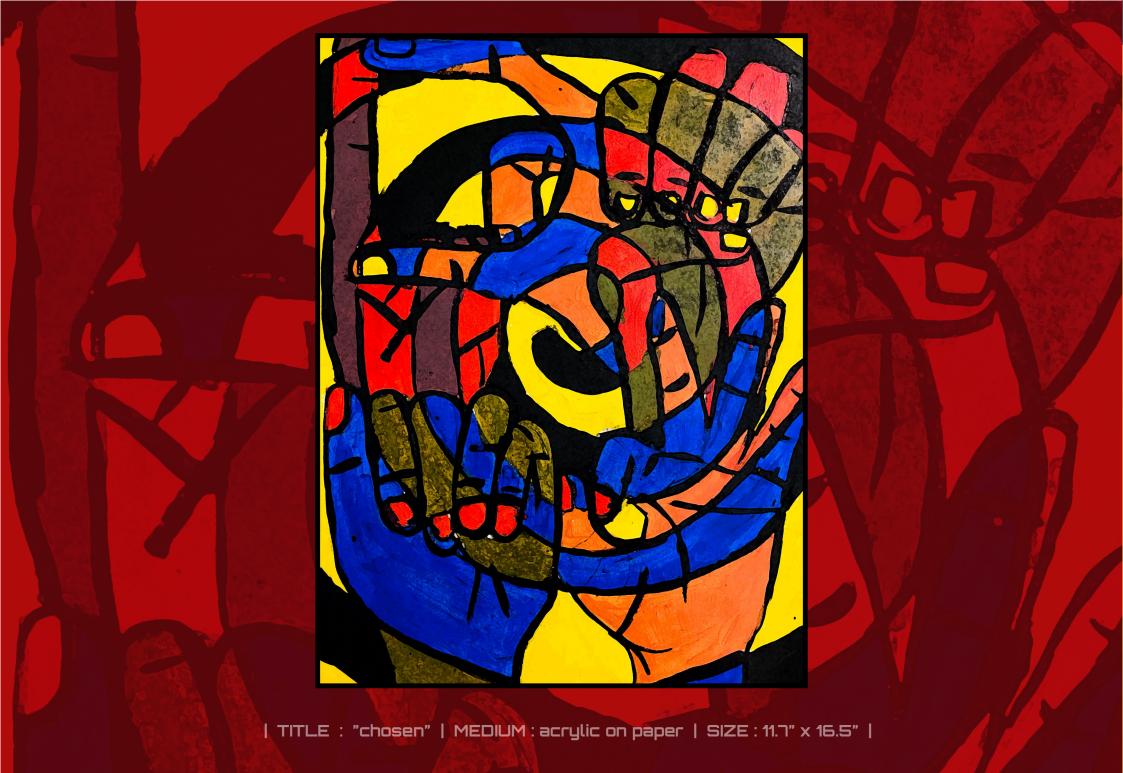
Truly, it was amazing to get to know the family of a life I almost had, but my priority was to make sure that my adoptive parents profoundly lucky I am to have such wonknew that my search didn't mean I wasn't their daughter, or that I didn't want to be. I know it was a nerve-wracking experience to go through, but they supported me with

patience and understanding. The truth is that I had a wonderful childhood because of them. Wende wasn't living a stable life when she was pregnant with me — my birth father had no idea she was expecting

 and I'll always appreciate her decision to give my parents a chance to give me this wonderful life.

As I got to know Wende's side of my family, I started to learn more about my birth father. I guess I should have seen Northern Ireland coming because sure enough, I really do have Northern Irish lineage. My birth father's anger about being kept in the dark about the daughter he'd always wanted soon melted into affection. He wanted to know me, and again, I used Facebook to connect with the huge Irish clan I instantly became a part of.

After visiting Ireland a few months after always wondered what it would be like to live there. I was 26, still living in California and working at a job I didn't love when I For the next three months, I got to know my birth father and his family. They were friendly and welcoming and I couldn't have ásked for a better experience. I've always been a friendly, outgoing person, and getting to know my birth family has really tested that part of me. As I began to connect with relatives online, I knew I wanted to meet them in person. These journeys have taken me to San Diand have opened up my world in a way I didn't know was possible. Meeting my relatives has given me perspective on how derful and supportive parents, as well as an extended birth family in my life. In a way, through getting to know them, I feel like I've finally gotten to know myself.



any people talk about adoption in a very negative light. God sent my foster parents in the form of angels who saved my life. I

was born with hearing impairment. That meant that I could not listen to anything around me very well. It hindered my ability to learn speech or anything else for that matter.

When I was five years old, they told me that someone in the USA wanted to be my parents. At first, I was confused. I thought, maybe they do not know about my hearing disability. After all, why would someone want damaged goods? I was five with no hearing ability and very limited speech. Even so, they sent me a photo book. They seemed very kind and happy people. I

wondered, why do they need someone like me in there life?

Fast forward about 11 months; they came to visit me in China! They were just as kind as the pictures showed them to be. I could tell that they understood that I knew I was getting adopted. They showed me how to sign and since I had no speech, any form of communication was a welcome change for me. I asked them to teach me sign for everything. Poor guys had only started learning the sign, just for me. That night, I saw them sign up for a program that taught them sign language even more.

We flew back to the USA. They bought me hearing aids, clothes, books and kept on teaching me sign language. They met with sounds in that ear as well. a deaf tutor, scoured the county for deaf people, tried teaching family and friends, sign language, took me to multiple ENT and audiologist appointments and quickly realized the new hearing aids weren't help- ual that I am today. ing me. They also discovered the strong opinions in the Deaf community about cochlear implants, speech, sign language, etc. They were torn because there was such a divide on what the right thing to do is within the deaf community. One day after watching that film: "One deaf child," they knew they had to give cochlear implants a try for me. Nine months after being home, I had surgery on my right ear and a month later it was activated. I was terrified at first, but I grew to enjoy new sounds over the coming weeks

and months. I remember about a month after being activated, I heard the sound of a bird chirping outside, and I wanted to know what it was. It was beautiful! They worked closely with our audio-verbal therapist who was able to help them know how to teach me to listen. My speech began improving significantly. They had made the right decision. They have continued with English, using sign language when needed. I was learning to read and write at home and was quickly catching up with my peers.

After two years after my first implant, I made the decision to get my left ear implanted. Once again, just a couple weeks later I was starting to distinguish different

Later, they brought home other foster kids and I learned to share with my siblings. I am grateful for their generosity and the hard work that made me a working class individ-



| TITLE :"a chance in the world" | MEDIUM : acrylic on paper | SIZE : 11.7" x 16.5" |

here must have been something in the water on Facebook this weekend, because when I logged into my account, I was greeted with a newsfeed full of photos of adoptees who were searching for their birth parents. The faces were young and old, black and white, and fhey all bore similar expressions of hope - hope that someone somewhere would see their photos and read the information on the posters they held that might lead them to their birth families.

As I looked at the photos, I realized that I found myself unable to relate to any of the adoptees who were searching for answers. All of the adoptees had clues and tidbits of information they could use to help locate their birth parents. If I were to create a poster, it would be empty. The only clues I have to the mystery of who my birth parents were are my face and the blood running through my veins.

So many birth parents out there are well-intentioned and selflessly relinquish their rights a whole year to decide that she couldn't to their children because they aren't ready keep me. to be parents or they can't provide their children with the necessities and opportunities they need and deserve. Some have the opportunity to choose their children's adoptive families and some enter

into open adoptions. Other birth parents have their rights involuntary terminated as a result of abuse, neglect and/or poverty. Sadly, there are also birth parents who nev-given anything to have known if anyone er had any intention of relinguishing their rights and had their children taken from them as a result of corruption, kidnapping and other horrible injustices. Lastly, there are birth parents like mine, who chose to abandon their children for reasons unknown.

As an adoptee who was abandoned and left without any identifying information, the questions that will never be answered cause me the most pain and heartache. The words left unsaid are the things I long to know most about who I was and where I came from.

I have no memories of my birth mother's face. I don't know if she ever held me or told me that she loved me. Did she sing me lullabies and rock me to sleep? Did she comfort me when I cried? When she looked into my eyes, was she reminded of my birth father or, perhaps, her own mother? She didn't leave me with information about my name or the date and time I was born. She didn't tell me if I was born at home or in a hospital. She didn't tell me if I was a good baby or if I was colicky. She didn't leave me a photo from when I was a baby — a milestone captured on paper that so many people are so blessed to have. She didn't tell me why it took her

The words my birth mother never said never left me with — have formed a void in are the words she never said. my life that has left me feeling empty and incomplete. I would give anything to know

the health and lifespans of my ancestors. While I was searching for medical answers of my own a few years ago, I would have in my birth family had lupus. I would give anything to be able to pass tidbits of family history onto my sons, rather than staring at the blank pages of their maternal family medical histories.

My birth mother never told me if my laugh sounded like hers. She never told me if I inherited my stubbornness from my birth father or my love of music from my birth grandmother. She never told me if I have siblings. I will never know who in my birth family shares my love for writing and photography. I will never know if my birth mother thinks about me or wonders about the person I have become. I will never know if she wanted me to find her. I will never know if I was wanted or loved. I will never know why she felt she couldn't keep me or why she chose to abandon me.

The things she never said — the things she took with her when she left me behind are keys to a mystery that will never be solved. The action of leaving me - of abandoning me — will forever be a source of pain and loss in my life. But, the words that I imagine were in her heart and on her lips when she left me are the words that give me hope. I hold onto the things she never said with the belief that those words were filled with love and sadness, pain and promise, and hope for the dreams she had for me.

The words that I hold closest to my heart



| TITLE : "so close yet so far away" | MEDIU<mark>M : acrylic on paper</mark> | SIZE : 11.7" x 16.5" |

failed to fulfill yet.

What I fail to understand is this: my biological Once I was back, my needs were met and I parents chose me to give up for adoption decided to ask for things that I didn't need even though they had six others to choose so that they would also grow tired of me from, was I such a bad kid/baby that they and I could be sent back. However, there didn't want me anymore. Why is it that I am was nothing that I asked was unaffordable the only one that they can't provide for, yet for my parents. The ever-looming sense of ters?

they can take care of my brothers and sis- dreadful loneliness came back. I knew my foster parents love me from all their heart but Over the past four years, I have been tossed I can't help but feel angry at when they debetween my foster and biological home, cided to give me up. A school year passed My foster home is in Lahore and my real and I managed to make a friend here as parents live in Faisalabad. Whenever, my well. However, my biological parents came adoptive parents lose an argument over back to claim me. I was back to my old guardianship, I get sent to Faisalabad. First friends, but my old friends had moved on.

time around, I was really excited to meet my I was made fun of being unwanted by my brothers and sisters. However, as I dressed brothers and sisters. They were cruel enough and talked differently than them, they to circulate the truth about me at school. found out that I was adopted four could never fully relate to me. I always feel Being ridiculed has made me so angry; I years ago. It was strange to know like an outsider when I am with them. Even want them to be afraid of me, so I hit them. mother and father for eight years with this cold treatment, I thought, at least I I can stand them when they laugh at me. It were actually my aunt and uncle. I am not lonely. This optimism was short-lived feels good when I can see fear in their eyes. found this out when my aunt and uncle as I soon found out that you can be lonely I was expelled from my school, so I had to (actually my biological parents) and my in a crowd. move back. foster parents were having a heated dis-cussion over guardianship. The nature

I tried to take refuge from this feeling by tak- I don't want to be tossed around being unof me being adopted is something that ing up hobbies like reading and journaling. wanted and I don't want to obey anymore. I was in a good place for some time, after This is my life: ever-changing, ever-moving My biological parents have six children and the bullying had stopped at school: I final- but never settling.

have been under financial duress ever since ly made some friends. However, soon my I can remember. My foster parents have no real parents grew miserable of my simple children so I grew up believing that I was an demands of a computer, books and statioonly child. I was always provided a comfort- nery. They begged my adoptive parents for able home and good food. Moreover, they money to fulfill my desires; but their condiattend to all my needs and to be honest, tion was to entrust me back to their care so there is no wish that my foster parents have that my demands could be met. I threw a

that the people who I called my

confuses me enormously.

tantrum, as I didn't want to leave my friends.





### **MERCHANDISE** kitchen linen





Print# ADP6 PRODUCT: Apron SIZE: 24" x 36"/Variable MATERIAL: Cotton Polyester blend PRINT TYPE: Digital Print









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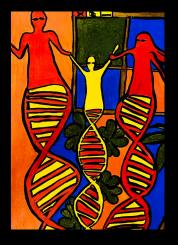
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ADP3

ADP1



Print# ADP5 PRODUCT: Storage Jars SIZE: 6"x8" MATERIAL: Glass PRINT TYPE: Vinyl Sticker Print







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ADP1



ADP8

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ADP3



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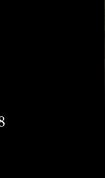
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Print# ADP@ PRODUCT: Coaster SIZE: 10" MATERIAL: Wood PRINT TYPE: Tranfer Print





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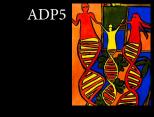
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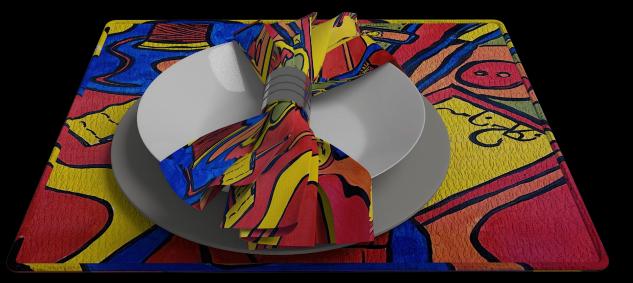


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Print# ADP1 PRODUCT: Table Mat & Napkin SIZE: 18.1"x12.9" MATERIAL: Canvas Cotton (Embroidered) PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print





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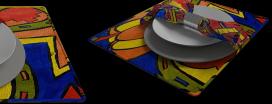
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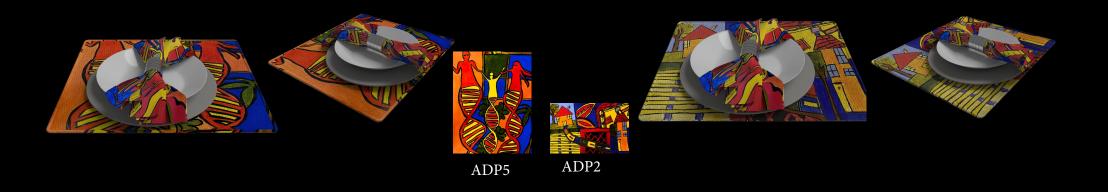
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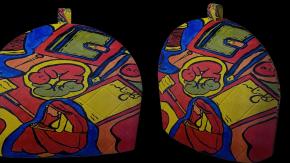
Print# ADP3 PRODUCT: Tea Cozy SIZE: 12"x9" MATERIAL: Waterproof Polyester (Quilted) PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print







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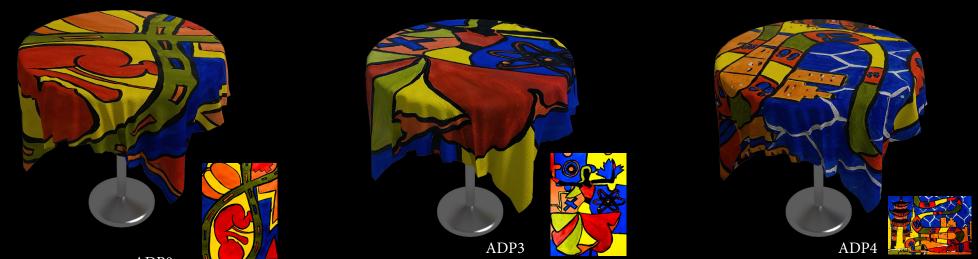
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Print# ADP1 PRODUCT: Tablecloth SIZE: 42"-55" MATERIAL: Poly-cotton blend (embroidered) PRINT TYPE: Digital Print







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Print# ADP5 PRODUCT: Oven Mitts SIZE:35"x7.5 MATERIAL: Poly-Cotton Blend (Quilted) PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print





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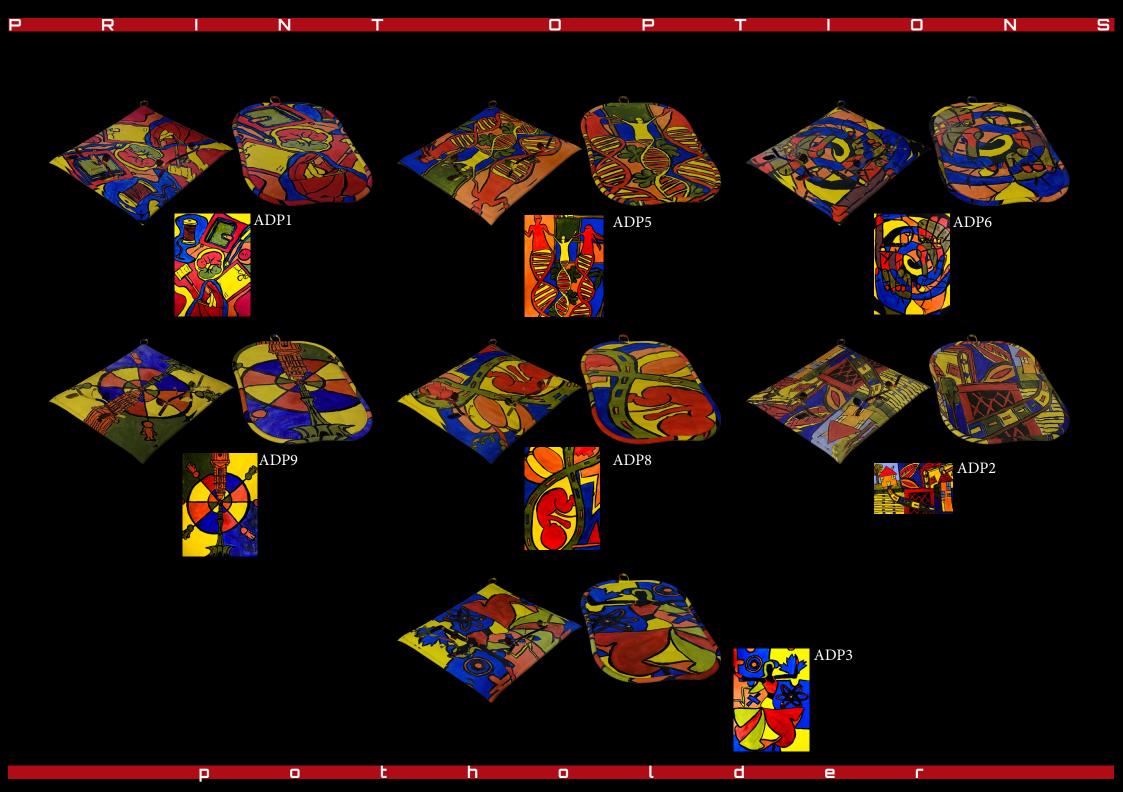
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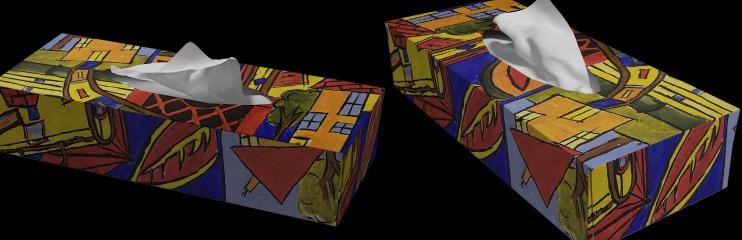


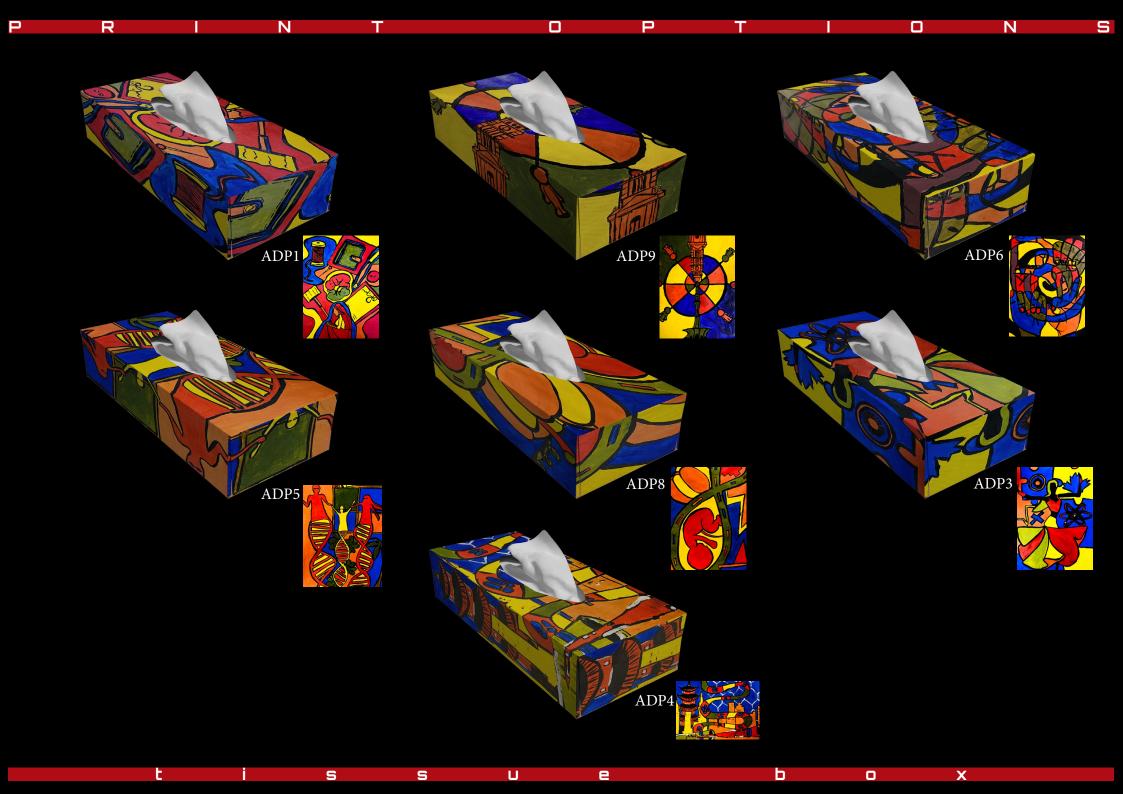
Print# ADP4 PRODUCT: Potholders SIZE: 8"x12" MATERIAL: Polyester (Quilted with thick cotton batting PRINT TYPE: Sublimation





Print# ADP2 PRODUCT: Tissue Box Cover SIZE: 4" x 9"x 2.5" tall MATERIAL: Wood PRINT TYPE: Transfer Print

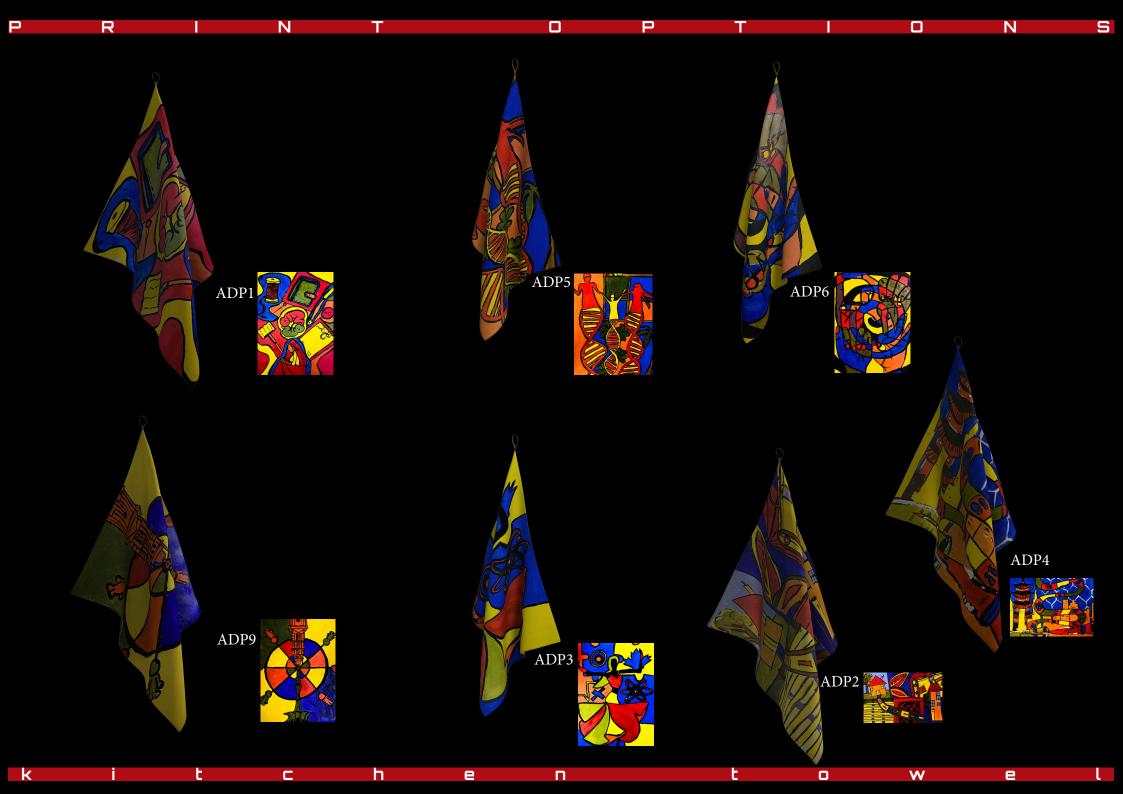






Print# ADP8 PRODUCT: Kitchen Towel SIZE: 20"x30" MATERIAL: Terry Cloth PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print







Print# ADP8 PRODUCT: Tote Bag SIZE: 13"x15" MATERIAL: Canvas Cotton PRINT TYPE: Digital Print







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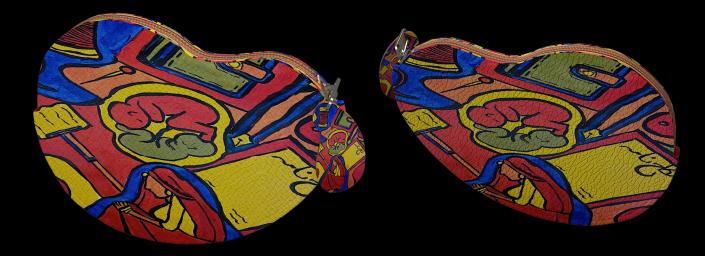


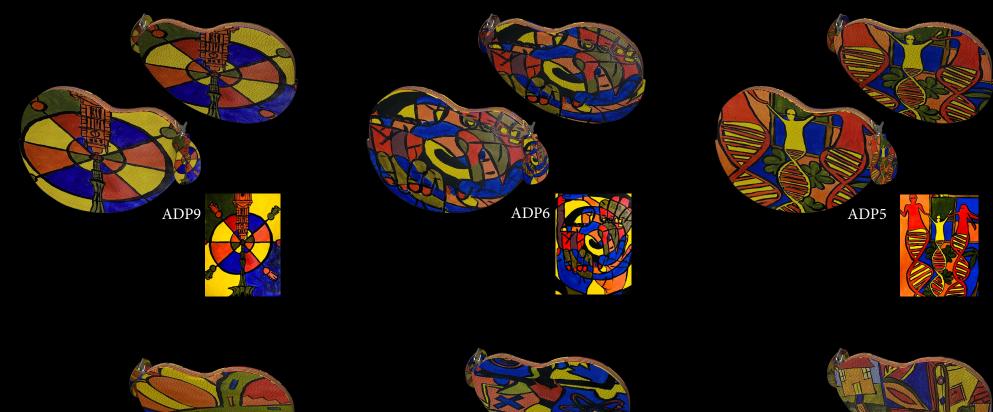


## MERCHANDISE accessories



Print# ADP1 PRODUCT: Coin Purse SIZE: 3"x5" MATERIAL: Leather PRINT TYPE: Digital Print





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Print# ADP9 PRODUCT: Market Tote Bag SIZE: 15"x13" MATERIAL: Canvas Cotton PRINT TYPE: Digital Print





Print# ADP8 PRODUCT: Keyholder SIZE:3"x5" MATERIAL: Leather PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



Print# ADP1 PRODUCT: Key Ring SIZE: 6" MATERIAL: Leather PRINT TYPE: Digital Print





PRODUCT: Standard Tie SIZE: 3.25"x3.5" MATERIAL: Silk PRINT TYPE: Digital Print

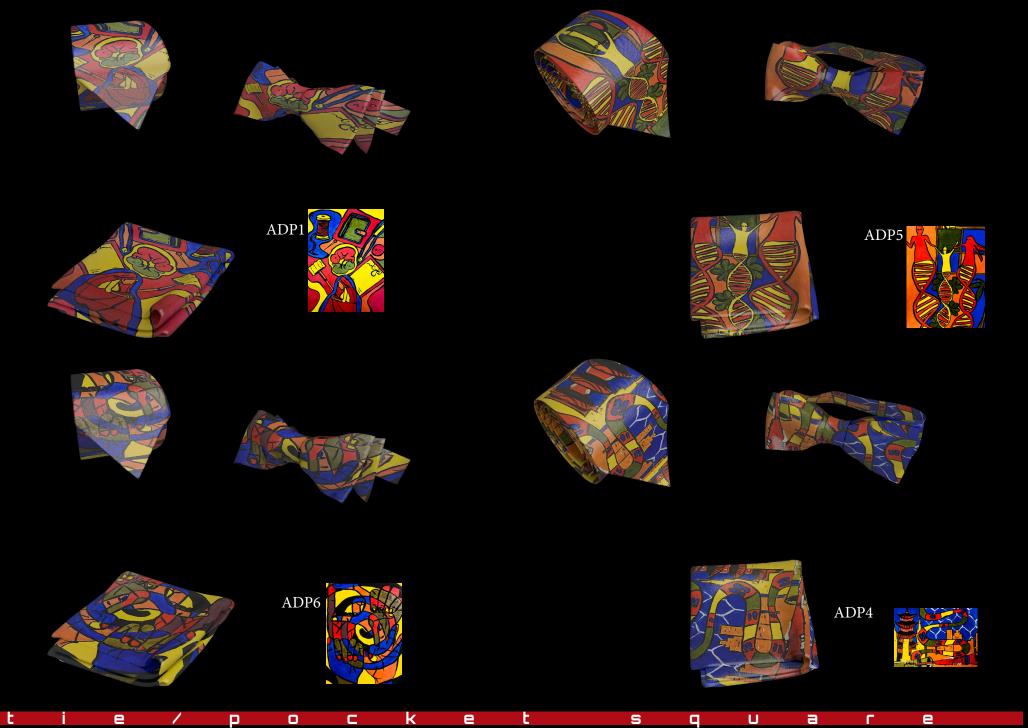


PRODUCT: Bow Tie SIZE:2.5"x3.25 MATERIAL: Silk PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



Print# ADP3 PRODUCT: Pocket Square SIZE: 10"x10" MATERIAL: Silk PRINT TYPE: Digital Print





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Print# ADP4 PRODUCT: Scarf SIZE: 20"x60" MATERIAL: Polyester Wool PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print



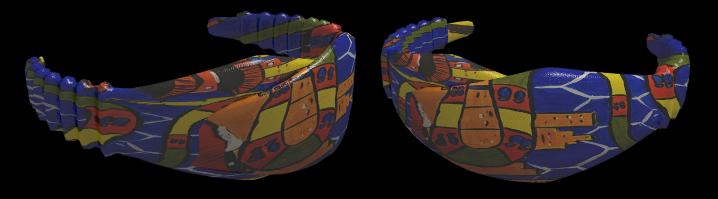






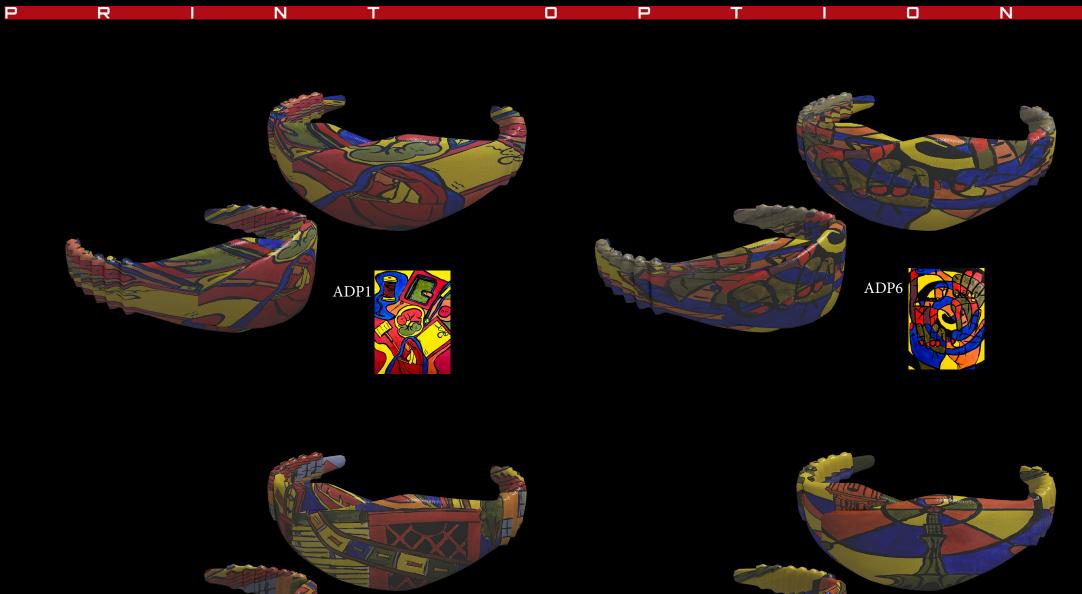
Print# ADP5 PRODUCT: Socks SIZE: \/ariable MATERIAL: Polyester Wool PRINT TYPE: Digital Print







Print# ADP4 PRODUCT: Headband SIZE: Standard/Variable MATERIAL: Silk/Cotton PRINT TYPE: Digital Problem



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