

The Object of My Affection

A book about typography and things we love

**“Time goes by as the
time you turn a page
of a calendar.”**

—Ho Yin Szeto

My Photo Albums

Do you have your own personal treasure area? The place that you typically pared out to put things you considered meant something in your life. Inside that space contains lots of categorized things and each of them has a different story. And there is always one in them meant to you the most.

Honestly, I am a photo addict. I almost want to capture every happy moment while experiencing the happiness. I am so glad that most friends of mine are also passionately into talking pictures like me. And that is the reason why I have kept so many photo albums in my treasure area. One of them is especially special out of all.

That special photo album is the source to keep me refresh about the memory I had with my distanced friends. In the album, there are pictures that I took with my friends in China. There are school friends, best friends and neighborhood friends. They are important part of the reason to make me never stop missing my hometown.

I would take the photo album out once in awhile and review it over and over again. Every time I review it, there is an indescribable feeling that touched me. Each photo brings me more then one picture in my mind; than I smiled. I will be continue being a photo addict and will never forget any of my friends in the future.

—Xiao Li

The Necklace

WHAT IS AFFECTION? Affection is usually identified with emotions, such as a fond attachment, love, or devotion. Affection is something that flows among people, something that one gives and one receives. Affection isn't sexual, but it naturally leads to sexual satisfaction. Affection isn't time, but it requires time to accomplish. Affection isn't communication, but without communication there can be no affection. Affection isn't romance, but it typically involves romantic spontaneity, creativity, and fun. Everyone has affection, shows affection or has something that is an object of affection to them.

An object of affection is something that a person loves or has a strong sentimental value to that person. It can be either given to them by someone else or be from themselves. The object can be something uncommon and little to something extravaganza and big. The object can have a different meaning to each person who has affection towards it. Such objects can be photos, jewelry, toys, clothes etc. Something a person truly loves and cares for, no matter what other people may think about that object.

The object of my affection is a necklace I got for Valentine's Day from my boyfriend. Not only was it in the shape of a heart covered in Swarovski crystal, but it was also a USB, which I thought was awesome. What was so special about it was not because it was jewelry but what was on the USB. My boyfriend made an animated video of a love story based on real events about our life. I was surprise and very emotional when I saw the video because he reenacted the beginning of how our relationship started, to where we are now. He had moments and memories in the video that I forgot happen to us. By watching the video it just reminded me of that special time in our life that we shared.

This necklace means a lot to me. Not only does it show that I have his heart but it reminds me of everything that we have been through. The ups and down that we ha, all the fun things we did together, the sad times and the happy times we had. Every time I look at this necklace it shows how much I care for him and how much he cares for me. It shows how strong our relationship is and nothing will come between us. This is truly my object of affection. No one has ever done something so special like this for me and for that I will cherish this necklace forever.

— Amanda Duong

Grandma's Hand-made Quilt

Scrolling through my fondest memories, I find the most prized possession that I hold closest to my heart is a handmade patchwork quilt that was made by my late grandmother. On first glance, it would appear as a five foot-by-five foot bed covering made of many pieces of left-over material from other sewing jobs that my grandmother had completed, but to me, its worth is far above what anyone can imagine. This quilt has provided me with comfort, security, warmth and a dear keepsake that I intend to pass on to the generations of my family after me.

As a child, as far back as I can remember, I have had this beautiful quilt that was made especially for me. During the coldest of winters of my life, I would roll myself up in a makeshift cocoon made of beautiful patterns and colors and my eyes would wander across the quilt's landscape until I fell asleep. I would awake in the morning fully rejuvenated, ready for whatever the day had in store for me. My quilt provided much more significance than just a bedtime companion. It provided security when I was afraid after watching a scary movie, it consoled me when I was feeling sad and it was always there when I needed an imaginary friend.

As I grew older, the quilt provided more of a reminder of some of the valuable lessons that I have learned during my childhood. When I moved out of my parent's home, I took my quilt with me and adorned the wall of my studio apartment with it, as a reminder of some of life's valuable lessons that we have shared together. Each pattern of the quilt, tells a vivid story of good times and bad times. We have a history that spans approximately forty years now and I am happy to have had this treasured keepsake in my life.

Over the years the quilt and I have seen some wear and tear, but surprisingly my object of my dearest affection has maintained its characteristics throughout the years.. I have since taken it off of the wall and passed it on to each of my four children. It is my fervent hope that they share their experiences with the quilt, as I have. Also, I hope that they find a way to share it with their children, so that the object of my affection becomes one of the objects of their affection too.

—Clifton Muhammad

The Calendar

My object of affection is a perpetual daily calendar. My church's sister gave it to me as a gift when I left my hometown, Hong Kong to New York. I put it on the computer desk of my bedroom. So I can see it everyday.

It is a small calendar with cute illustration on every page. There are twelve different themes among a year. So each month, the pictures are based on a specific theme such as "Be Happy Everyday", "World of Love" and so on. On each page of the calendar, there is an encouraging sentence relating to the picture that makes me happy as always. And these words encourage me a lot every time I read it.

Every time I see the calendar, I think of my church's sister, Natalie, who used to care me when I was in Hong Kong. But in the past, I didn't treasure her care that much. Does everyone learn how to treasure something or someone after they lost it?

Time goes by as the time you turn a page of a calendar. I hope that everyone will treasure what you have like the way you treasure your time. Try not to let regret happens in your life. Make a right decision on a proper time. Time flies and never reverses.

Die-cast Toy Train Collection

What is your object of affection? Is it a small rock, a watch, a videotape, or a newspaper so old that big pieces will flake off if you dare touch it? Is it one of those, or is it something else? My object of affection is not one of these examples. The one I chose represents one of my most-favorite hobbies, called train-watching, and my love for traveling on trains. My objects of affections are my collection of die-cast toy models from the kids' television series, *Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends*.

My love for trains began in 1990 a little after I turned three. My father – a train enthusiast himself – and I went to see a toy train exhibition. I no longer remember where, but I believe it was in New Jersey or north of the Bronx. We looked around many aisles until we saw little metallic models of various *Thomas* characters, like *Thomas* himself, a brown Tram engine named *Toby*, a large Express steam engine named *Gordon*, and a vain red tender engine named *James*. I really liked how they looked: the colors, the designs, and models attracted my eyes; with that, I convinced my dad to buy a model of each character featured in the exhibit (there were six in total, the others being *Bertie* the Bus and a small green tank engine named *Percy*).

At first, I thought my want for the toys was a one-time thing, but my want for these toys grew into a desire for more. Therefore, Dad and I traveled to various toy expos and stores like *FAO Schwartz* just to buy newer models. My love for these die-casts eventually grew into a desire for collecting them. An actual collection. My desire was no longer playing them, but having them for an eternity.

During my mission, my love for the *Thomas* trains grew into a love for actual trains. When I was four, my father and I traveled to the northwest neighborhood of the Bronx called Riverdale and went to the train station located along the Hudson River. We waited and waited, and then several trains whizzed by, especially trains that were pushed or pulled by diesel engines.

As I got older, my desire for trains and the models grew. In 1996, after hearing the news of new die-cast *Thomas* models, Dad and I literally traveled to a small toy train museum in Pennsylvania just to buy them. During my stay in that small museum, I also toured inside a little caboose located outside. It was red with an old railroad logo on both sides. The sight of seeing a magnificent caboose marveled me, and I began to further appreciate railroad cars, engines, and many other elements from long before I was born.

A little after traveling to the museum, I bought two tapes of trains at an exhibition in *White Plains*. One was a collection of clips of trains traveling at speed, another was a 1989 fan-based film that went into production, called *Tracking the Big Apple*: old subway, Metro-North, Amtrak, and Long Island Railroad trains traveling around New York City.

In 2000, my mother got involved, and she and I traveled to the Danbury Train Museum in Connecticut to buy more die-cast toys. In addition, I took pictures of diesel engines similar to the ones I saw at Riverdale for over a decade. In addition, in 2001, I went to Poukeepsie to see another toy train exhibition, and I bought a new set of *Thomas* die-cast models.

Today, the diesels I saw at Riverdale and at Danbury are slowly dwindling. The diesels, the models being *FL-9s*, no longer run for revenue service and are just working diesels only. In addition, the die-cast models that I bought at Poukeepsie were the last ones produced in the U.S. market. Three years later, *ERTL* (the company who designed these toys) canceled the *Thomas* line permanently.

When I first heard this news, I was very unhappy. I searched high and low for eleven years collecting these toys, and now that they were no longer in production, I no longer needed to hunt for them. However, after thinking about my journeys for a long time, I was very proud that I worked so long on completing my collection. Otherwise, my love for trains would not exist today. I still have a huge love for trains, both watching and riding them.

My objects of affections are the *Thomas & Friends* die-cast models by *ERTL*. When I was three years old, I bought my first models, and afterwards, my love for more models developed into an obsession of trains. Although the *ERTL* line of train models has since discontinued, I still love trains today. Without collecting the *Thomas* toys, I do not know if I would even be a train enthusiast at all.

—Alexander Gaynes



3D Glasses

“You are an Inanimate XXXXing object!” said *Ralph Fiennes*’ character *Harry Walters* in the movie “*In Bruges*”, takes place after *Walter*’s wife reminds him the stupidity of raging at an inanimate object.

There are some points in our life
where we found ourselves having emotions to something
instead of someone. Sometimes, in the case I have mentioned above,
it is out of rage, most of the time, I hope, out of love, out of affection.
The latter is what I will focus on here. And the object of affection is the 3D glasses
that I have got from watching the movie, *Avatar*.

It is a pair of dorky glasses with black plastic frame and the word “Real D 3D?”
on its side. The glasses are slightly darkish. Overall it resembles a pair of sun glasses.
Maybe that is why on the plastic bag there is a warning message that says “Do not use this as sun glasses,”
although I think that only a person who loses a bet would ever wear it outside of theater.

It is not a pair of Ray-Ban looking glasses which one will, as the slogan of its
advertisement campaign said, “NEVER HIDE” after putting it on.

It is one that you don’t want to be caught wearing.

So what is that changes my mind from putting it
along with soda buttons into a recycle bag?

It is because it bears the symbol of me, as a movie addict, first time ever going
to see a 3D movie, and for the whole 2 hours and 40 minutes it is the connection between
the planet Pandora and me. It is like my second pair of eyes and through them
all the things are so vivid, as if they are within reach, as if I have sent
2 hours and 40 minutes in place billion light-year away
from earth, away from worries.

It reminds me the 2 hours and 40 minutes of excitement and
adventure in a world that once exists only inside

James Cameron’s mind. This is why I love it.

—PakYin Chan

The Bus Ticket

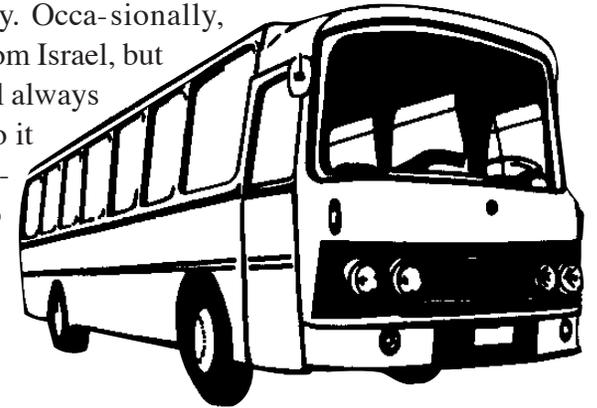
Growing up we all have some object or thing which will always hold a special place in our hearts. Whether it be a toy, a piece of jewelry, or a piece of a bus ticket. In my case, one object of great affection is the latter. I have had this particular item for four years and every time I see it the memories come flooding back.

After graduating from high school in Dallas, TX, I decided as many other high school graduates around the country to take the following year off to study abroad. This is primarily found to be the case within Jewish schools, who's students study a year abroad in Israel after graduation. I chose a seminary in Jerusalem, right in the heart of it all. As I arrived the atmosphere in the school was very friendly and new acquaintances were made immediately.

As is true in most countries with big cities, the main mode of transportation is the bus. In Israel the bus tickets differ from our MTA cards in that they do not get scanned or swiped. Rather they are manually punched by the bus driver, and different cities require different types of bus tickets. These tickets are usually bought for multiple use, baring 20 slots for punching in. Towards the end of the school year, two close friends and I decided to take a day trip to Tel Aviv. We ventured through the old marketplace or 'shuk' as well as the flea market in Jaffa, and eventually ended up at the beach in Tel Aviv.

After our long day we headed back to Jerusalem and as a remembrance of our last trip of the year together we tore the used ticket into three and each signed each piece and dated it. This bus ticket is something which will always remind me of the good times I had and the great friends I made a long the way in Israel, some of which I remain close with until this day. Occasionally, I will go through my things and find a cache of memories from Israel, but this one always stands out. For some reason I feel as if it will always be with me, I don't know that I will ever get rid of it, but so it goes. When you find that object which sparks a certain feeling and memory, it is often hard to let it go. We often try to hold these memories tight and keep them for the rest of our lives.

—Tina Newman



Porcelain Horse

When I was younger, my mother and I were very close. We did many fun things together and enjoyed ourselves. I always had the best toys and always had my own room. I was very secure and felt very safe around her. At that time, she was my favorite person in the world. No other person was better than my mom and I always dreamed of growing old with her. Unfortunately, she passed away when I was eleven.

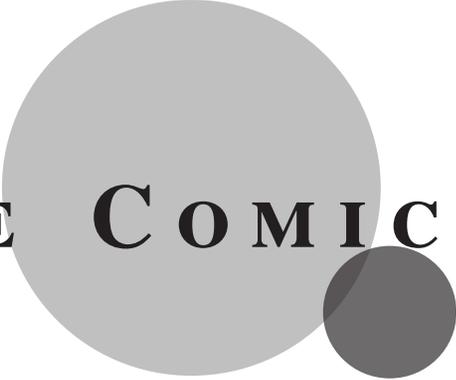
On my eleventh birthday, she gave me a porcelain horse carousel. When I received it, I was puzzled a little because I never showed an interest in horses, porcelain toys, or carousals. I wondered why did she get this for me. She was so happy to give it to me and I was happy that she was happy. I knew I wasn't going to play with it. So I put it in a glass cabinet and left it there. It used to be just a gift now its one of the last things I have of her memory.



She has a lot of things left behind but I keep that because it reminds me of her last moments with me. I don't have other sisters only one brother and he is 13 years older than me. He spent more time with her than I have. He may not need objects to remember her by. I have all her pictures, her school things and her degree from college. If she get mail, I will keep it and not open it. Its been nine years since her death and I still hold on to these things and I will never throw them away because those items are irreplaceable.

Until this day, I can't even imagine where she could have gotten it from. I know that she would like to hear that I kept it even though I have very little interest in the actual horse. However, I keep it for what it represents. It represents so much more than a birthday gift. It represents my love and my remembrance for her and how I will always keep it no matter where I go.

—Leah Sutter



THE COMIC BOOK

My only object of affection would be a comic book I draw when I was ten years old. This book was my own fantasy world I would go with my friends to fight evil. I know it sound too silly but I was ten at that time. I treasure this book so much because is the only thing I have left from Dominican Republic since I came to United States. It's all fantasy but for me it's a fairy tale I lived with my best friends. I remember the first time I show it to my friends, they were so happy and excite it that I had to keep draw-

ing to make the storyline deeper and better.

The book was called, "Guerreros Misticos" that means Mystic Warriors. I was amazed at my art work, it was the first time my passion awake in the world of art and cartoons. I made three Comic books or more precise one book with three volumes. The First book my best friend has it, the second I lost it, and the third one I have it. I am happy that I did these books because believe or not every time I talk with my friends either on the phone or through the inter-

net we always end of talking about these books. We remember going all together in lunch time in the playground and read the stories. I was the only one that knew the story so it was really exciting for my friends not knowing what was next.

My object of affection is my first comic book and after all this years I probably make another one. It was fun back then but now that I have learn so much in college I can do another story of my experience coming to United States and such.

—Jarvis Fernandez



The Ceramic Piece

There are things in life that we hold dear to us, an old watch that we keep in a safe place and wear on that special occasion, a memorable key chain that we received as a gift or purchased as a token of a visited place that we hold to cherish as a lucky key chain. As to people who are dear to us, we tend to get attached to certain objects. These objects of affection hold a special meaning or story.

Mine is simple but very special. I was 11 years old, along side my mother shopping at a local market store not far from where I lived. While walking around I noticed what was laying on the floor a small piece of ceramic. It was the size of my palm, it had a beautiful Asian drawing of a cute little boy and a girl holding hands and almost leaning in to kiss. I smiled and held it close to me and went to my mother. She looked at me and asked why I was holding this ceramic piece, my cheeks flushed in red, while looking down on the drawing; I told her that “when one day I meet that special boy that I marry, I will give this to him.”

I kept this piece of ceramic in one of the corners of my closet. Years passed that I’ve grown older and meet many boys that weren’t quiet special, until four months after my twenty fourth Birthday I meet that special boy who stole my heart.

We got married a year after we met and few months after our marriage we went to visit my mother and I had remembered the ceramic piece. After few minutes of searching in the closet, I found it, told him the story and gave it to him. With an astound look on his face he told me that no matter what circumstances life brings us he will always cherish gift forever.

—Mariam Abdallah

My Pictures

If your house was on fire and you could only save one thing, what would it be? Many people may choose money, because they think money can buy anything that they lose. However, I think there are something cannot be bought, such as memories. As I answer the question above, I would take my photo album certainly, because it recorded many my pleasant memories.

The cover of my photo album is white color with a lot of red little hearts. It has oodles of pages, and every page has different pictures that were taken in different moments. The back of each photo comments about who in the picture is, where it is, or what taking place is.

The photo album contains all my favorite pictures ranging from:

- When I was a little baby.
- When I graduated from elementary school, Junior High School and High school.
- When as a family we celebrated different holidays.

Any page is an important moment of my life. The very first page is a little baby who covered with a pink blanket. My parents told me it was taken when I was three months old. My parents often said it was difficult to take care of me when I was a little kid because I was naughty. Every time I saw this photo, it reminded me that I should take good care of my parents in the future. Turning to the other page, there is a photo that I was riding the bicycle. I still remember that my grandfather told me how to ride the bicycle. He said I must stand up and try again when I fell down. Although he is not here with me anymore, I have never forgot everything he taught me.

All these pages of pictures compiled into this special book that recorded each step of my life. Pictures are always taken when people feel happy. When I open this photo album, it brings back all joyful and significant memories to me.

The Key Chain

When I am reaching back to my memories I remember all the people and great relation I shared with them. One of unforgettable relationship was bond with my grandfather, Marian. He was extremely important and very close to me, therefore when he passed away I feel like I lost big valuable part of my life.

My grandfather gave me a gift which was a key chain. It was rectangular ,very old, scratched everywhere, its color turned from white to yellow; many would say that it's worthless and probably they would throw it away, but for my grandfather as well as for me it was precious family item. Simple key chain was older than I could imagine, my grandfather's father gave it to him and my grandfather gave it to me. This gift was very important since it carried family memories from generation to generation.

Every time I look at the key chain I remember my grandfather and how beautiful personality he had. Simple key chain with no materialistic value for me is worth more than any necklaces, bracelets or rings. It has enormous value because it will always bring back amazing memories about my childhood and my grandfather.

This small key chain will always stay important to me, it is one of the items that I am going to give my grandchild so he/she can keep part of my family members and me just like I did.

Keyring

My object of affection is a keyring that I got from my cousin who went to Trinidad on vacation. It is a white keyring bottle opener that is printed with “Trinidad and Tobago” in black and the Trinidad and Tobago flag. The black writing on the keyring is somewhat faded because it is about two years old and from normal use,

but the sentimental value that it holds is why it means so much to me.

I was born and raised in Trinidad and moved to the USA when I was 16. Since then I have not visited and I miss all the fun things that I used to do over there. When my cousin Valerie brought back this keyring for me, it just sparked memories of the fun times we used

to have and fun things we used to do .

We still have fun here in New York but there are more restrictions here compared to Trinidad. There is more freedom there and whenever I hold this keyring , somehow it symbolizes freedom for me. I love my keyring very much.

—Anand Jaikaransingh

THE SHIRT

I like rap. When I was in high school you couldn't tell me anything bad about it because I looked at rap as it was God's gift to the world. In high school I liked "gangster" rap. "Yup gangsta rap." Like *50 Cent* said "The kinda music that make a gangsta want to pop something" (I'm far from a gangsta and I don't pop anything FYI). One of my favorite rapper who I love is *Lloyd Bank\$* from the rap group *G-Unit*. I had such crush on him that I had my father go around the world in 80 days to get me a one of a kind shirt, a shirt that me and only me could have. My object of affection is my shirt of *Lloyd Bank\$*.

I was in the eleventh grade when it was *Lloyd Bank\$* mania all day, everyday. My mother and I where in the supermarket when I saw a *Vibe* magazine and opened and saw there was a article that had to do with *Lloyd Bank\$* and I was all excited and just had to have the magazine. After what seemed like a life time I got my mother to buy the magazine.

I didn't waste anytime when I got in the car. I grabbed the magazine out of the bag and looked in the table of content and turned to the page *Lloyd Bank\$* was on and just started reading. I read that page like a thousand times until I started thinking to myself "My God he is really good looking. I wonder what his face would look like on a shirt? Sexy I bet". And that's when it hit me! I should like totally put his face on a shirt. Once I came up with that idea I came running to my father trying to convince him about it. After to what seemed to be another life time, I got my father to not only agree with me, but to actually say yes. Once he said yes *Operation B.O.S (Bank\$ on Shirt)* was a go. But there was one problem I did

know where or how this shirt was going to get done so I decided to abort *Operation B.O.S*.

"He went all around America just to make sure I had this shirt. Wow he is the greatest father in the world."

Finally, after two weeks I came in from school all tired and moody. I came into my room turn on the light and saw this black thing on my bed. As soon as I was about to start to make a really big stink about others peoples stuff being on my bed, I saw something on the shirt that looked familiar so I picked it up. Once I saw what was on the shirt I started screaming so loud that my mother thought I saw somebody get murdered or something of that nature. I was making so much noise. When she walked pass my room and saw why I was screaming she called me stupid and kept walking. I waited for my father to come home. I told him thank you and gave him a hug so hard that I thought I heard some bones crack. After, he told me what he had to go through to get me that shirt. I sat there and held on to every single word he told me and was thinking to myself "He went all around America just to make sure I had this shirt. Wow he is the greatest father in the world." Until this day I have that shirt. I would wear but it's a little too tight--okay maybe not a little--but it's tight regardless. Knowing that I have is just like wearing it everyday.

—Marie Raton