

WHO MADE MY STUFF?

Miles learns about design.

Copyright ©2018 by Aisha Densmore-Bey. All rights reserved.
Designed by Aisha Densmore-Bey.

Title Typeface: Childish Reverie
Body Copy Typeface: Coo Hew, Bold and Medium, under SIL Open Font License; shared lovingly by The Cooper Hewitt Museum.

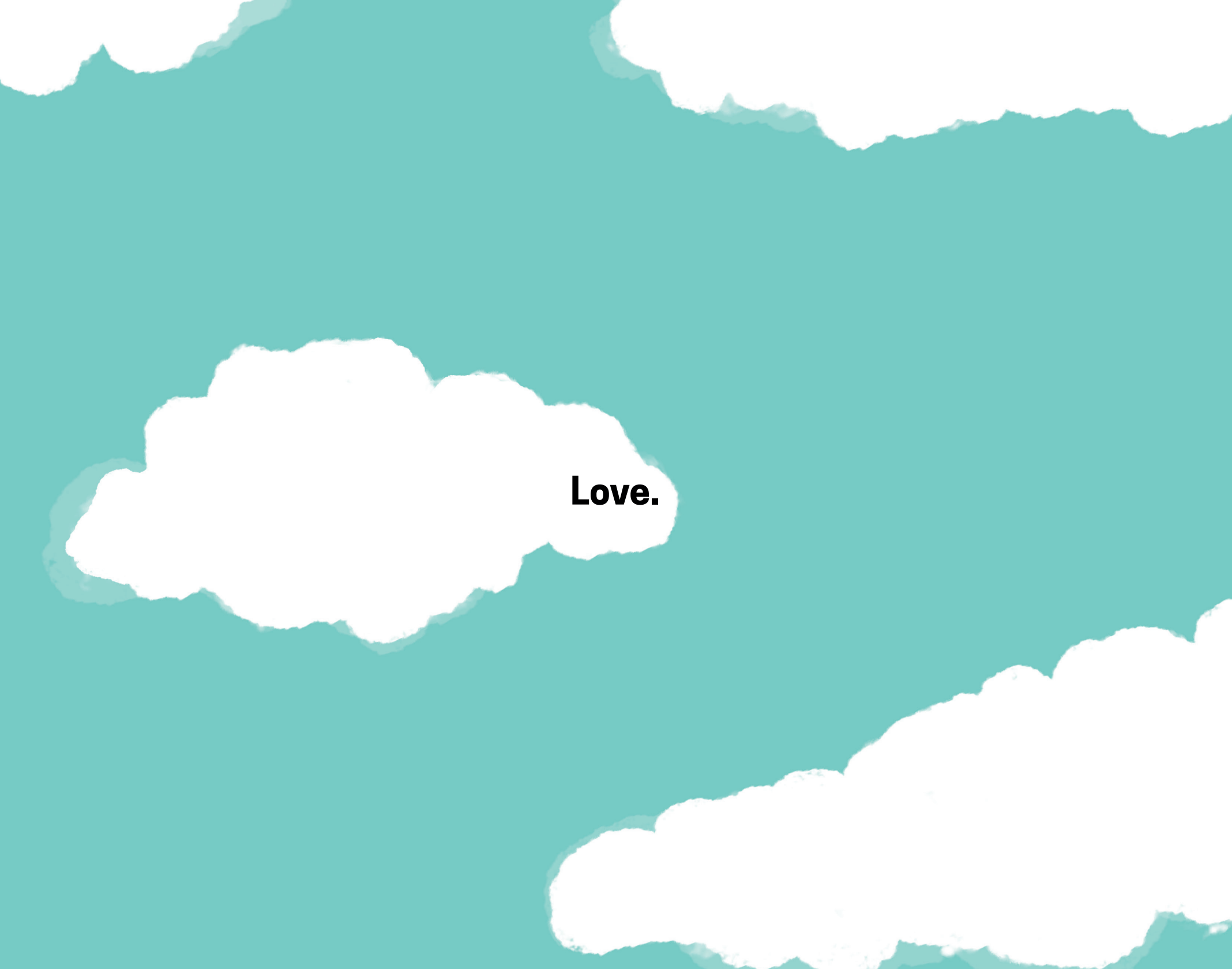
Illustrations in this book have been created in Photoshop with Kyle's Inkbox brushes: Skool Brush and Runny Inkers.

First Edition.

ISBN: 978-0-692-15226-3

No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise, without prior written permission of the author. To obtain permissions, contact: Permissions c/o Aisha Densmore-Bey, Designer, 800 Boylston Street, #990863 Boston, MA 02199-0863 or at emailaisha@aishadb.com.

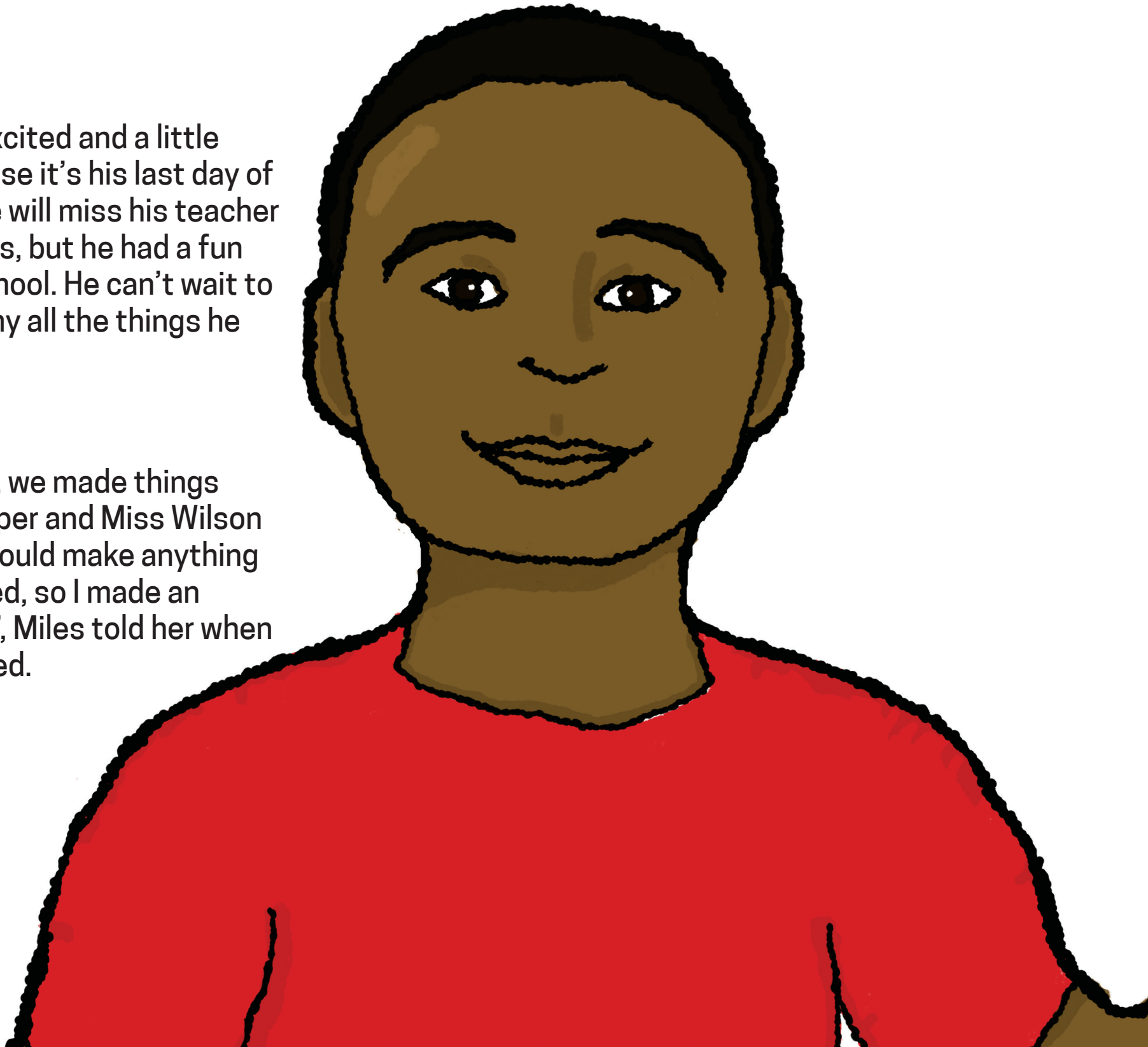
Learn more about the author at www.aishadb.com.



Love.

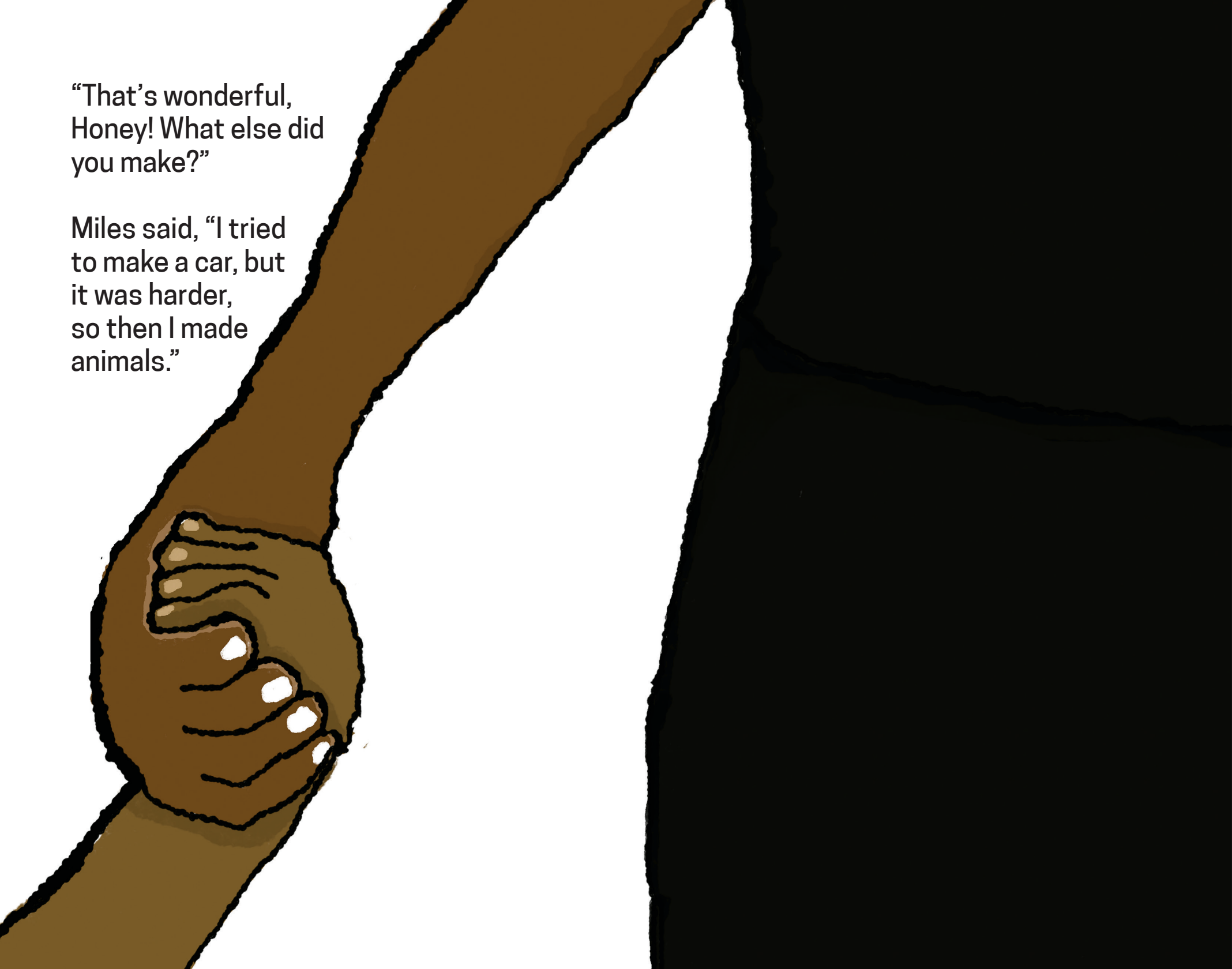
Miles is excited and a little sad because it's his last day of school. He will miss his teacher and friends, but he had a fun time in school. He can't wait to tell Mommy all the things he did today.

"Mommy, we made things out of paper and Miss Wilson said we could make anything we wanted, so I made an airplane!", Miles told her when she arrived.



“That’s wonderful,
Honey! What else did
you make?”

Miles said, “I tried
to make a car, but
it was harder,
so then I made
animals.”



Every day, Miles and Mommy walk through the park on their way home.

“Mommy, who made this park?”

“Well, many people helped create this park, but one person involved was a landscape architect. A landscape architect has to know all about trees, plants, and science, and how people like to enjoy places outside.”

Miles looked around and asked, “Do they draw what the park will look like, or do they put trees in the ground where they want?”

Mommy laughed. “No, they can’t put trees just anywhere, they have to create drawings to determine where everything goes, including lights in the park and water fountains.”







As they walked, Miles felt small pebbles underneath his feet. When he looked down, Miles noticed his shoelaces were untied.

Suddenly he had a new question. “Who made my shoes?”

Mommy knelt down to tie them and said, “Most likely a shoe or sneaker designer. A sneaker designer has to know what fabrics will not fall apart when little boys like you wear them, and what will move well when you run or walk.”

“These are my favorite shoes”, said Miles. “ I can play in these a long time! How do they know I’ll like them?”

“Good question, Honey! Usually, when sneaker designers and the companies they work for create a sneaker, they ask kids like you and parents like me what we think of what they’ve made. That’s how they learn, too!”

Miles got excited. “Ooooh! Can we do that, Mommy? Can I tell them what I like?”

Mommy replied, “Okay! Let’s look into it.”

Miles thought for a second and said, “What about my pants? Who made them?”

Mommy grinned. “A fashion designer. They have to know all about how your body moves, how long your legs are likely to be, and what fabrics will feel comfortable against your skin.”

Miles asked, “Do they have to know how to make pajamas, too?”

Mommy answered, “Yup. Especially pajamas.”





Mommy and Miles left the park, then walked down Main Street. Miles looked up and asked “Who made that big sign? The colors are nice.”



Mommy looked and said, “Oh! That’s called a billboard! It’s used to advertise a product or a message. This one wants you to...”

“Drink water!”, exclaimed Miles.



“Yes! A graphic designer, just like Daddy, created that billboard. When we look at magazines, posters, newspapers, or signs, many people have to create them. That’s what Daddy does at work.”

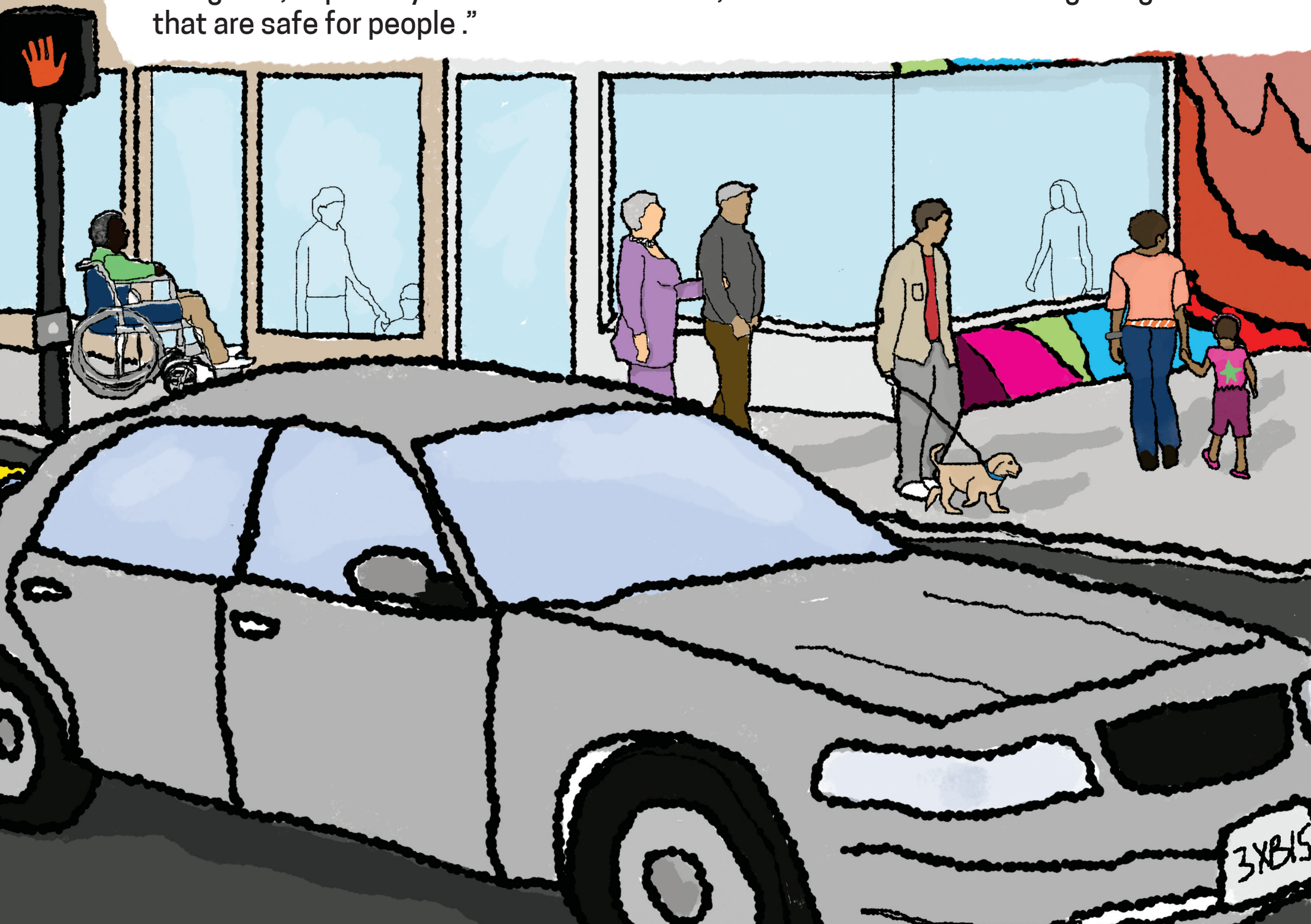
As they waited at the crosswalk, Miles asked, “Mommy, who made those cars?”

“Actually, a number of people. Car designers decide how a car looks, what’s on the inside, and how to make it for a price people can afford.”

“Are they hard to make?”



“Very difficult. Remember how hard it was for you to make a car today? All designers, especially those who create cars, have to think about making things that are safe for people .”





As Mommy and Miles turned the corner onto their street, Miles asked, with a sly grin, "Mommy, who made our house?"

"You can't be serious!", she exclaimed with a smile. "You know who designed our house. I did! Mommy is an architect who designs buildings. Remember when I told you I designed our house to make sure your room got the best sunlight, with enough space for your toys?"

Miles giggled and confessed, "Yeah, I remember! I just wanted to hear you say it again."







Later that night, Mommy, Daddy, and Miles sat down at the table to eat dinner together. As Miles sat, he swung his legs around to the front of his seat, asking, “Who made these chairs we’re sitting on?”

Daddy said, “Someone called a furniture designer. Designing furniture is challenging because people come in all shapes and sizes. A designer has to know how our bodies sit and relax, so that we’ll be comfortable. They also have to know how to create furniture that can hold our weight.”

Mommy winked at Miles. “I love that you’re asking such great questions, Sweetie. Now, finish your green beans.”

Miles shook his head and picked up his fork.





A series of hand-drawn horizontal and vertical lines on the left side of the page, resembling a margin or a series of connected boxes.

Before bed, as Miles and his father brushed their teeth, he asked, “Daddy, who made my toothbrush?”

“I’m not sure who designed the first toothbrush”, he explained, “but yours was most likely designed by an industrial designer. They help create many things we use every day, from toothbrushes and kitchen tools, to computers and phones.”

Miles raised his eyebrows. “Was my nightlight designed too?”

Daddy replied, “Yes, everything we use is designed by someone, and usually by a lot of people working together.”

Miles climbed into bed. Like every night,
Mommy and Daddy read a story to him
before he went to sleep.

As his eyes became heavier, he made sure
he asked Daddy to turn on his moon-shaped
nightlight.







Miles drifted peacefully off to sleep, dreaming of all the wonderful things he could design when he grows up.

