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What Being Tall Means To Me

Ever since childhood, height's been the spotlight on me. Before folks learn who I am, they see how high I stand. "Basketball player?" - that phrase echoes constantly. It doesn't matter if I blend in or not; eyes rise straight up. Yet slowly, something shifted inside. Above-the-ground posture began meaning deeper things too.

Back then, height made me self-conscious. Class pictures always put me at the edges. Teachers moved me to the rear without asking. My shoulders curved forward, almost on their own, trying to take up less space. Over time, standing straight started feeling like too much attention. Built into standing tall is an odd weight; like needing to fold inward so nobody feels uneasy. Over time, that idea started steering my stance, my steps, even my silence.

Clothes always fell wrong on my frame. Not long enough at the wrist, sleeves ended too soon. Ankle gaps showed when pants were supposed to cover. Desks sat lower, their edges cutting higher than expected. Things built for others added up slowly. A taller shape must've been the plan all along. One voice after another carried those words. Shape yourself differently. Lean closer to what's expected. Stay within the lines, just a little longer.

Later on, though, my view shifted. What once felt awkward now feels like strength. Not because of measurement, but because of how it changed what I carry into a room. Slowly, shrinking never crossed my mind again. Each morning, stepping forward comes easier. Who I am fits better when I stop folding myself down. Standing straight means staying true; nothing added, nothing removed.

Taller than average, I notice how folks react differently. Looks alone make some think I'm mature, reliable, even skilled; no proof needed. Carrying those guesses isn't always light; still, they nudged me toward guiding groups. In squads, lessons, hangouts, space opens up for me without asking. Folks watch, wait, follow; not by plan, just habit. Starting out, that attention weighed down hard. One day, it stopped bothering me. Tallness, oddly enough, taught my body where to be; then my thoughts followed, then my feelings settled there too.

Looking down lets you notice more than most. Being up higher changes how things appear, without saying a word. Crowds part in your vision, even when they do not move. Small details show themselves when you stand above. Life looks different from there; that idea sticks now. When I stand tall, thoughts stretch wider. Above little arguments, sight lifts. Tough moments arrive; still, my chin stays high. Problems press close, yet eyes stay forward. Height brings a quiet nudge: see beyond now. Beyond the current irritation lies a clearer view. Past hesitation, another path appears.

Sure, height is just one thing among many. Not what shapes who I am deep down - my drive, beliefs, or purpose. Still, it affects how I take up space each day. Lessons come quietly: noticing stares, owning my presence, carrying attention differently. Being seen clearly? That shift: from awkward to something steadier, almost like quiet power.

Confidence shows up when you stop shrinking yourself. It starts when the odd part of yourself becomes your momentum. When what feels unusual about you turns out to be the thing

that pushes you forward. The room you take up? That matters; your body, your voice, your presence; all of it counts.