

Dear Height,

When I was little, I wanted you the way kids want magic. I wanted you with crossed fingers and quiet wishes, with the kind of hope that lives in daydreams. Basketball was the reason. On the court, tall girls looked unstoppable. With long arms slicing through the air, long legs eating up the floor. I wanted to be like that. Instead, I was the shortest of all my friends, always standing in the front row of pictures, always looking up.

At basketball practice, I tried to make up for it with attitude and effort. I ran as hard as I could, jumped as high as I could, stretched myself toward the hoop like I could will my body to grow. I loved the game, but sometimes it felt like the game didn't love me back. Coaches talked about potential. Teammates joked about my size. I smiled, but inside I kept thinking, *If I were taller, I'd belong here more.*

Then you came, fast and without warning.

It felt like one long growth spurt that never asked for permission. My shoes didn't fit. My knees bruised easily. My arms and legs seemed to grow faster than my confidence. Suddenly I wasn't the smallest anymore, I was towering over the same friends I once chased after. I went from wishing to be seen to wishing I could disappear just a little.

Being tall didn't feel graceful at first. It felt awkward. I bumped into doorframes and hunched my shoulders without realizing it. In group photos, I leaned, bent, folded myself in half to avoid standing out. On the court, my body felt powerful but unfamiliar, like a new instrument I hadn't learned to play yet. I was afraid of taking up too much space, afraid of being *too* much.

Basketball changed with me, too. The game I once played from underneath suddenly opened up. Rebounds came easier. Defense felt stronger. I could see the court differently now, not just from skill, but from height. Still, confidence lagged behind. I played tall, but I didn't *feel* tall yet.

That came later.

It came with time, with repetition, with learning that strength isn't something you apologize for. I began to understand that my height wasn't a mistake or an inconvenience, it was an advantage. On the court, I stopped shrinking and started owning my space. I planted my feet. I reached without hesitation. I played like someone who belonged there.

Off the court, something shifted too. I stood straighter. I stopped bending to make others comfortable. I realized that being tall meant being visible, and that visibility could be powerful instead of embarrassing.

Now, basketball feels like home in a new way. My height and I finally work together. It's part of how I move, how I play, how I carry myself through the world. I'm strong. I'm capable. I'm exactly the size I'm meant to be.

I once wished to grow taller so I could become someone else.  
Instead, I grew into myself.

Love,

A girl who learned to stand tall... on the court and everywhere else