

I'm tall and I'm creative. Let's explore the theme of height with a story.

In a forest far away there was a gray wolf named Alloy. Alloy lived among the protection of his fearsome pack, but one thing set him apart from the other wolves. While they had strong legs that uplifted them menacingly from the ground, Alloy had short and stubby legs, like that of a basset hound *dog*. The word was like a curse to wolf-kind, yet its use was flung about carelessly when regarding poor Alloy.

One wolf was especially nasty to Alloy. His name was Bargos, and he was the heir to the Alpha of the pack. At every opportunity, he flaunted his heritage, and his height, in front of Alloy, and bullied his stature relentlessly. Bargos's favorite taunt regarded the path to the den. To follow the path into and outside their home, wolves had to leap over a giant log that had fallen onto the trail. Every wolf could do it, including some of the pups. Alloy, however, try as he might, could not muster up the height needed to soar over that log. To get past, he had to trot all the way around the log, feeling shame and dishonor. The wolves all knew it pained him, and Bargos reveled in such a feeling.

Every morning, Alloy trained his jump. He jumped over small rocks, increasing in size as he practiced. But these mere pebbles paled in comparison to the mountain that the log was to him. He did everything he could, but still was unable to best the log or his bullies. Eventually, he grew desperate.

Alloy trekked to the Moonpool, a holy site where wolves howled their prayers to the gods of the forest. In the dead of night, he approached its shore. He gazed into a lake filled with stars, brilliant burning lights beaming at him from a place he could never even imagine. He closed his eyes, and began to howl.

When he opened them again, two of the stars on the Moonpool had separated from the rest, and formed what looked like eyes. Then he heard a voice. “What is it you desire, Alloy?”

“I wish to be taller,” he responded.

“You have your claws, your teeth, your speed. All of these traits, yet you let your height be the only thing that defines you?”

Alloy remained silent.

“Go home, Alloy,” the holy wolf said softly.

At mealtime that morning, Bargos finished his rabbit quickly and his stomach led him to Alloy, who was still eating. Without a word, and quick as lightning, Bargos snatched the meat away from Alloy, who stood up in alarm. “Give me that back!” Alloy barked.

Every wolf in the den turned their eyes on them. To take another wolf’s meal was unholy and dishonest. It disrupted the community. Bargos was disgracing Alloy by such an action. Bargos finally responded, speaking from around the animal in his maw. “You can’t hunt, you can’t jump. You’re hardly a wolf!”

Alloy growled and charged at him, and Bargos dodged and ran down the path. He led them into the woods, down the trail, and then jumped up onto the wall of a log that sat there. “You can’t get me!” he taunted.

Alloy, running at full speed, thought about what the holy wolf had said. “You have your claws, your teeth, your *speed*.” And with the momentum of a lion, Alloy leapt from the ground and soared directly at Bargos. Bargos’s eyes widened as Alloy collided with him, knocking them both off the log. Alloy ripped his meal from Bargos’s grasp, and slashed him across the face once with his claws. “Apparently I can.”

When the wolves saw Bargas's injuries, they laughed at him, and were impressed by Alloy. After that day, Alloy realized that he was much more than just his height.