

What Being Tall Means to Me Noa Farber

I used to stand in the mirror and feel uncomfortable. It was this feeling that wouldn't go away, as though I wasn't in my own skin. I had just gone out with my friends and while I felt joy, I had this constant reminder that I didn't "fit in". It didn't help that there were constant reminders such as this boy in my grade laughing at an Instagram post of me towering over my 4 '11 friend. You see, I have never hated my height. In fact, I have always loved having a step up in sports, or reaching items off the top shelf. It felt like an accomplishment growing up to stand in the back of the grade pictures and still be seen. As I got older, though, it occurred to me that people can't wrap their heads around my height. I have always been above average height, currently being 6'2. This makes sense with my mom being 5'10 and dad being 6'3, but to others you would think that I was born on a different planet. Whether it's constantly being asked if I play basketball, or hearing people whisper about me when I walk through the hallways, I am no stranger to standing out. Although people's reactions used to affect me, I have since found a love for my height. It has taken time and space to find this love, but it has come. It began during freshman year of high school. I was at a very small school, which I have since transferred out of, and was feeling that nervous excited energy. I went to freshman orientation expecting a new vibe in school, despite going into freshman year with the same kids from middle school. Walking past, a kid called out to me calling me "Boulder". My heart sank. Not only had I gone through all of middle school with these sort of nicknames like "Giant" I now had to experience that in high school too. I realized that I couldn't let this bullying continue any longer. So, I walked up to the group of immature teenage boys, mustered up all my confidence and said "Can I help you?" These freshman teenagers, clearly trying to impress each other, responded with classic cliches such as "How's the weather up there?" and "Can you give me some of that height?" I spoke assertively saying, "You aren't to call me names or say those things to me." Then being the emotional kid I was I ran away so that they wouldn't see me cry. When I came home and my mother saw me crying she was distraught. I explained what had happened, and she tried to comfort me. She explained that when she was growing up she used to have similar experiences, also being an above average female. She clarified to me that I shouldn't take these comments negatively. I was told that whenever someone made a comment about my height it was because they were jealous and intimidated. My mom helped me change my perspective. That night we were watching a movie about models and I came to a realization that I was as tall as these supermodels. It empowered me to realize that if these women were my height and also considered some of the most beautiful in the world, then why would being tall be considered a bad thing. I brought this newly found confidence with me after that from that day in freshman year, until now, and in the future. Although it has taken time to get used to my height, I have fallen in love with it. Constantly wearing heels, finding pants that will actually fit me, and secretly loving that when I walk into a room everyone straightens to their full height. My height has been a journey, but I couldn't be more proud and honored to carry on the tall girl legacy.