What Being Tall Means to Me
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I've always been told that the first thing people notice about me is my height. Whether at family gatherings or meeting new friends. Yet I haven't always had the confidence to embrace it. For a long while, I had a hunch and folded myself inward as though it was something to be ashamed of. As though if I could make those extra inches disappear, my height didn't seem as such an obvious discriminator. Yet this posture supported no benefits and came with disadvantages of aching shoulders and an insecure presence.

Then my parents signed me up for a modelling class and, even though I felt incredibly out of my comfort zone, something shifted. I began to understand my height wasn't something to hide. I have been very fortunate to have been granted a genetic lottery in my height and gracious to the opportunities like modeling it as presented to me. Modelling taught me that my height was something to be embraced and helped me reach my highest potential. I remember standing upright against a wall during training, shoulder blades flat, chin level, learning what it felt like to fully take up space, I started to become more confident in my own body.

My height also gave me an advantage in sports. From swimming, where a longer reach and bigger stroke pulled me through the water with ease, to volleyball, where I found my place in the middle position. At the net, my height became an asset and was no longer something that made me stand out but made me feel like I belonged. I felt a new sense of strength and purpose. Every block and point I gained made me feel proud and made me worth celebrating, and this was all owing to my height. It has given me many opportunities in sports which I am truly grateful for and also helped me confidence and character.

Furthermore, as a tall girl, there comes an unspoken pressure, particularly in the dating world, that femininity and height don't quite belong together. I've had people tell me, concerned, that if I was already so tall, how was I going to find a suitable partner. It gave me some doubt, giving me the idea that being tall made me less desirable. I found myself trying to compensate by avoiding heels to better make those around me more comfortable. It took time for me to realize how unfair that was to me and all the versions of myself I was working so hard to grow into. Now, I couldn't be more excited to pull up to prom in heels and own every inch of it.

Finally, being tall has helped me shape my character and self image. It taught me the importance of posture and the way you hold yourself tells the people who you are before you've spoken a single word. That how you carry yourself is an act of self-respect and signals to people how you choose to represent yourself. The confidence I carry now is something I built piece by piece, and something I chose to own. Being tall is no longer just a physical trait I was born with. It has become a part of my identity, my story, and my strength. I wouldn't change a single inch.