

Sophia Vincent

What being tall means to me

For a long time of my life, I didn't even consider myself tall. I was always the shortest in my family. My mom and dad loomed above the world, and my brother Jack didn't need a beanstalk to touch the clouds. Meanwhile I was on the ground with the ants, trying not to get stepped on. Of course, this was only ever in my imagination. The doctors all told me I'd be 5'10, and indeed I was. I am still the shortest in my family, but by less intense of a degree. My mother is six feet and my father six-two, but as they shrink with old age I believe I shall surpass them. I hold less hope for my brother. I don't know, but I really doubt that at 17 years old, I'll have another growth spurt and hit 6'10. Curse you Jack. Should have given you more caffeine.

While growing up my height simply felt like a sign of maturity, it has evolved into a source of pride. Some may hate the way they stick out in photos, how it looks like their friends are stray children they picked on the street. My friend Zoe has been mistaken for my child. Her youthful gaze up at the world makes her seem younger than her years, and my height makes adults be unable to see my true age of 17. I get a lot of job offers because with my height and maturity, they think I'm in my mid 20s. It's a blessing.

I'm proud of being tall. It's something that makes me different. I can reach high shelves at work, help old ladies in the grocery store. I might have a slightly harder time buying pants than some of my petite friends, but that isn't necessarily a bad thing. I get to spend more quality time in stores shopping this way. Lots of dresses don't hit right and look like a long shirt on me. That's okay. It gives me more styling opportunities. It's more exciting to be tall. It makes finding the right length of dress exciting, because it's so rare. Any short person can go into a store and find the right dress. But me? It's a journey. That's why I become so excited when I do find one, and why I take such good care of my clothes.

I also like the embedded rivalry that comes with being tall. I love a good rivalry. Sun versus moon, Drake versus Kendrick, Michigan versus State, Ilya Rosanov versus Shane Hollander. I get to spend my time coming up with clever quips against short people. It's lovely.

I will say I feel enraged when someone who was shorter than me suddenly shoots up. There's a kid who was shorter than me, Issac. I don't see him for the summer, and now he's 6'2? Issac! How could you do me like this! I suppose that if I feel irrational rage for someone simply growing taller than I, I must care about being tall.

Overall, being tall is pretty great. I may not be the tallest in my family, but I'm not the shortest either. It gives more opportunities than being short. And hey, the weather up here really isn't too bad. I just have to hide that my favorite album is Short and Sweet by Sabrina Carpenter...