

Chapter 44 – Michelle’s Point of View

The closer our final exams came, the more nervous we all got. Such an important time, for all of us and we all had our strengths and weaknesses in certain subjects. And on that day, I had the fortune to give a presentation in a subject I’m good at: economics.

It certainly helped that I came from a family with a business background. My father owns and runs a well-running Restaurant in our town. My mother used to be pre-schoolteacher but she decided to change careers and also works in our restaurant now.

‘Economics are the key to a successful career, always keep that in mind. Being smart with your money and being able to manage a budget are utterly important. Keep that in mind’, my dad often told me. So of course, his little daughter just HAD to be good in that subject, eh?

And so I had to give my presentation in front of my class. I was relaxed to say the least. I know what I was talking about and that felt good because there is no worse situation than standing in front of your classmates and having zero clue what you actually talk about. That is horrible and luckily this was not one of those days. I gave my speech with confidence.

‘...and that finishes the economic views of Keynes vs. Hayek!’, was my closing statement, then looked around in my class. They all looked at me with a look of ‘oh wow, Michelle actually knows what she is talking about!’ and that made me proud. They all looked impressed: Aurora, Patricia, Teddy (my erm ... crush, hehe), Dustin, Kaitlyn, Dorothea. Simply everyone. Such an awesome feeling!

‘Excellent work, Michelle!’, even Ms. Smith said to me right after being done. ‘Passed with flying colors!’

'Thanks, Ms. Smith', I answered and fist bumped the air, showing my emotions before getting back to my seat.

'And with that we close today. That's it but remember the upcoming test next week. Study well and have a good weekend!'

Remember when I said, it feels good to be confident in a subject at school? Scratch that now please. The test, Ms. Smith reminded us, was a history test and I ... well ... I suck in history! Unlike a certain someone.

'Finally a test, I don't have to learn for!', a familiar voice said rather excited. 'Do you need help to be prepared, Charlene?', she asked.

This was my 'wait a minute!' moment. Dorothea! She could help me!

'Not really, but thanks, Dorothea!', Charlene said to her. Charlene did not need help, but I did. Time to do the smart thing, I told myself.

'Erm, Dorothea? About the test. Could you help me?', I asked her rather shy. Not long ago, I always saw her as some sort of freak, due to her height, but those times were gone. We actually become friends not long before that day.

'Sure thing!', she simply replied with a smile and once again I scolded myself for being such a nasty little ... well ... bitch ... towards her. She was such a nice person. Truly was. 'Is today fine for you?'

'Absolutely. Mind to come home with me?'

'I'd love to!'

And so it was settled and I sighed in relieve. Dorothea was easily the best in terms of history in class. Heck, sometimes I

thought to myself, that she knew even more than Ms. Smith! With her help, I simply have to pass! Time to get going. I was motivated.

‘Dorothea! Please wait for me!’, I shouted towards her when we left the building. See, thanks to her immense height, she walked so much faster than me and she did not pay much attention. Those long legs of hers. A girl literally twice my height! She then stopped and immediately apologized.

‘Not everyone is as equipped as you’, I replied with a little wink.

‘Oh yeah, you are right. Hehe...’, she then said. I think, she was a bit embarrassed for forgetting, that she simply walked so much faster than anyone of us ‘normal sized’ people. She was so big, so damn tall, and yet so, so ... sweet.

‘Those legs make it hard to keep pace with you, you know?’, I continued and even pointed towards her pair of legs which were longer than I was tall! She once again apologized even if there was no need for it, which I also told her and then I made a step closer towards her. I raised my left hand for a pose and continued.

‘I mean, look at this, Dorothea’, I said and then continued in my mind. I was smaller ... than her skirt! I mean yes, I was a tiny girl, just 4’9 and a half or 146cm, but this was ridiculous. She was so big and loomed over me with a mixture of being embarrassed but also smiling. I smiled back at her, because I had a rather silly idea and I was sure, that Dorothea would laugh at me for it.

‘Listen. I have an idea. Hope you don’t laugh at it. You carry me on your shoulders, so you can walk as fast as you want!’

Dorothea's smile became even wider after hearing this. 'That's the kind of idea, I really like!', she said with a giggle.

In actuality I was a bit surprised she said yes to it, as it seemed so damn silly. And then I remembered that I had a fear of heights ... hopefully it would kick not into gear, once I'm on the shoulders of a 9'7 tall girl!

Dorothea picked me up with ease, put me on her shoulders while I placed my hands on top of her head and then without much of a fuss we started walking, or rather Dorothea did. I felt like a child like this but ... it was fun. Really fun. To stabilize me, Dorothea placed her hands on my knees, so I was extra secure. It's those little things that remind one, just how mindful and careful Dorothea was. I mean, with her size it was easy to get reckless or even hurt someone without meaning it, but she always was gentle with everyone around her. Once again I scolded myself. Why was I such a bitch towards her? Because I was the smallest girl in class by far? Maybe and that made me feel bad.

Anyway, we made our way towards my home. I was guiding Dorothea towards my address until we were in the correct street. Once I saw my way, I pointed towards it.

'There is our goal. This is where I live!'

'Roger!'

Oh, and good news. My fear did not kick in. Maybe because I was actually enjoying this rather unusual ride. Who knows?

There were some steps which led to my house, so Dorothea turned around so I could simply get on them, to make things easier. We then looked eye-to-eye, thanks to all these steps adjusting our height difference.

'Somehow ... standing on these steps makes me feel even smaller', I commented and we both laughed at that. So many steps and yet she was still a bit taller. It's still so hard to fathom just how big this girl was, and then I let my thought slip.

'Just imagine if we would swap positions.'

'Oh, let's do this!'

Dorothea loved those things I learned and so we did just that. I went down to street level and Dorothea now stood on the same step I just was.

'And?', she just asked and I was dumbfounded, almost even swore when seeing her standing up there. She was just ... gigantic!

'My neck already hurts!', which made us both laugh. 'I must look like real tiny now to you.'

'Well, erm...' she started. Maybe she was thinking about words not to disrespect me and my petite frame. I don't know, but she did thought for a good five seconds or so but to be honest, I could not blame her. I must have looked like a child to her, probably even less than that.

'This gives me an idea', she then said and I was curious what was on her mind.

'What if I act as some sort of gate keeper who doesn't let you in, looking all tough and strict and all?'

Dorothea then changed her posture, raised her head to look straight forward and then simply lowered her gaze towards me, also crossing her arms underneath her large chest. She looked so damn imposing. So intimidating and simply like a

completely different person. She seemed actually scary like this, as her whole demeanor seemed to have changed like that.

‘And you, small child, shall not pass!’ she said in an equal stern tone and I have to be honest, I became a little bit scared of her but as quick as she turned into this role, she turned back into ‘normal Dorothea’ equally as quick, maybe even faster and started laughing.

She was like an actress. Switching into roles like that. I could imagine her as a famous movie star with ease. Maybe this would even be her future? She would be a BIG star, hehe.

All in all, we had a lot of fun, and it did not stop on the steps towards my home. I entered in front of her and forgot about her size for a second ... until I heard a thud sound behind me.

‘Thank goodness, I’m not claustrophobic!’ she joked and I turned around to see ... her needing to crouch-walk inside my house!

I was mesmerized. She was so damn big, gigantic, impressive, whatever you want to say. I repeat it one more time: She had to CROUCH-WALK inside my house!

‘Just how is this possible!?', I then screamed as this image was just too much for to handle, looking shocked at her. Just seconds later the door towards me right opened.

‘What is wrong, Michelle!?', Mom asked. I was a bit surprised to see her, thought she was at the Restaurant and so I turned my head towards her, while raising my left arm to point towards Dorothea and simply said in a slow manner: ‘just...look...Mom!’

Mom needed a second to realize it, as she simply replied with a ‘huh’ at very. She then looked and I saw her head slowly

rising, her eyes getting wider and wider and then ...
realisation.

‘Oh my...’ she just said.

‘Do you see, what I mean!?’

‘Hehe, hello Ms. Miller. Its been ages.’

‘H-Hello...Dorothea.’

I was surprised. It seemed as they knew each other. Was Dorothea a customer at the Restaurant? They told me, that when Mom was still working as a pre-school teacher, one of the kids she supervised was young Dorothea. Small world we live in, I guess.

‘...and s-sorry for our house to be so ... small’, Mom then said to her, but, as always you could say, Dorothea simply smiled.

‘Nothing to be worried about. I’m kinda used to it, hihi.’

‘I mean, you were always big for your age but ... wow.’

‘Yeah, I never stopped growing, hihi.’

Dorothea was clearly enjoying this, seeing a person from her past. I mean of course, people in our town all know about Dorothea and her size, so did Mom, but witnessing is something much, much different then talking about it.

And before anyone asks. Yes, we also learned together for the test or I should rather say, Dorothea was teaching me. She had such a knowledge for history. She made it look so easy. I was good in economics; she was fabulous in history.

‘...and in the end, all this led to World War 1, or as it was called back then, ‘The Great War’ or ‘The war to end all wars.’ Was this any help for you?’, she then asked.

‘Help is not a strong enough word. You made it sound so easy and logical to follow, Dorothea, much better than Ms. Smith!’

‘Thanks for the compliment.’

‘I’m not just praising you; I’m telling the truth. You should become a teacher or something like this. ‘

Dorothea giggled and I thought about this scenario. Imagine a nearly 10ft tall school teacher. Dorothea would never have any problems with respect. Nobody would dare to misbehave in her class!

A minute later or so, Mom paid us a visit, asking if we would like to have a snack and minutes later she brought slices of cake and something to drink for us. Dorothea loved the cake and she was right. Mom’s cakes are delicious.

‘Thank you so much, Ms. Miller. The cake was fantastic.’

‘Well, if you enjoy them this much, I then recommend stopping by our Restaurant.’

‘Sounds like a fine idea, Ms. Smith.’

That’s Mom for you. Always a businesswoman. Safe to assume, that she just acquired a new regular customer! But I also noticed, how Mom looked at Dorothea, clearly still amazed by her growth over the years, which made me jump on that topic as well, as I was simply curious.

‘Say, erm, Dorothea. I wonder. When were you taller than I am now?’

‘Let me think. You are 146cm, right?’

I nodded and waited for the answer.

'Must have been around when I was eight years old or so!', she responded giggling and my reaction was that of not being able to believe it.

'E-EIGHT!?', I shouted and now it was Dorothea that was nodding.

'Wait. I remember. I was 4'8 when I was 8 years old. I only grew an inch that year and we all thought that my fast growth was slowing down, but...'

But. That little word, always indicating something big.

'...when I was 10, I was 161cm or 5'3.'

Wow. That meant after 'just' growing an inch in one year, she grew 5 in another year. Just imagine that! But Dorothea continued.

'By my 11th birthday I reached 5'7, already being taller than the average adult woman but then my growth REALLY kick in!'

Wait a second, pump the brakes before that. I had to compute the fact, that 11-year-old Dorothea was already almost a whole foot taller than I was. Just let that sink in. Okay, back to Dorothea telling me her 'growth story.'

'On my 12th birthday I got measured and I just had broken the 2-meter-barrier as I was 201cm tall. 6'7.'

6'7. On her 12th birthday. A towering girl that young. In some way, this was even more imposing than 'current' Dorothea stand 9'7, three whole feet taller!

'And now you are 9'7. Exactly double my height. That is so cool, Dorothea!'

Old me would look at me as if I turned crazy. Me? Praising Dorothea for being this big? How things have changed...

'Well, about that...,' Dorothea start slowly. I think, I already knew what she was implying. 'This...no longer is that case...'

Knew it. There was only one possibility.

'You mean, you have...,' I started and Dorothea gave me THAT look, about to drop a bombshell.

'I had a little growth spurt since our day in the swimming hall. I am officially 300cm tall now!'

'300!?', Mom and I replied in unison.

'So, sorry, but I am MORE then double your height now.'

Dorothea giggled and left both Mom and me dumbfounded. 300cm. 9'10. This girl never stops growing, isn't she?

Chapter 45 – Dorothea’s Point of View

Restless nights before big events are not uncommon, I know that from personal experience. You keep thinking, you cannot sleep and when you can, you dream your biggest fears, which make the sleep anything but pleasant. It’s the worst. It’s horrible and that was one prime example for that. My last stretch at school was before me. Final exams. So important and on that day on certain exam was in front of me.

I was a pretty good student all in all, with clear strengths, but one main weakness (apart from my hated P.E. class): you know it, I hate it: MATHS!

If I would fail, it would be because of maths. Such a horrible thing to exist and so, in the middle of my dream (or rather nightmare to be more fitting) I was thinking about formulas and illogical text examples. Sorry, it is simply useless for me to know that Farmer Joe needs exactly $x=2*y/z^3$ tons to feed his animals. I need clear numbers! THOSE make sense to me.

It was such a horrible night and I was sweating like crazy. Good night sleep? I could only wish for something like that. I really needed a good shower. Maybe it would help, hopefully.

And so I went towards the bathroom and let met tell you, using a shower being 3 meters tall is quite the task. I remembered the times, when I actually was able to stand under it. It’s been quite a while. Nowadays I had to sit to shower. My Dad even adapted the whole bathroom just for my growing needs. I was grumpy, just because of this damn test. I even hated my own size. Me, hating my size. Can you believe that?

At least there was something to cheer me up, or rather someone. My family. They all were there in the living room.

Mom. Dad. Even Tiffy. They gave me their support. I just love my family!

‘Your fear of failing again hitting you, Dorothea? Don’t even think about it!’

‘But, Mom...’

‘No buts! You will pass, it’s as easy as that.’

‘I hope so, I just hate maths. I suck at...’

‘Stop it, Dorothea. We all believe in you, my little baby!’

Mom always called me her little baby, even if I was taller than her since I was 8 or 9 years old. And to give me even more security, she started to hug me and to make it easier for her, I got on my knees but even so, Mom was just as tall as my breasts.

‘Listen, Dorothea. You are smart and we all know that you will do it! Don’t make yourself smaller than you are, okay my little baby?’

Hehe. Smaller than you are. Usually, I would laugh and grin about a comment like this, but not this day. I was still frowning, which brought Tiffy into play. She too come to me and rested her left arm on my shoulder.

‘I believe in you. Wanna know a secret? I had to cheat to pass my math exam!’

That surprised me big time.

‘What? YOU had to cheat, Tiffy?’

‘Yes she did and I scolded her when she confessed later to me.’

Tiffy, my big brained big sister. Cheating. Wow.

I was looking down towards Mom, still hugging me. Tiffy still giving me support. Dad, sitting at the table smiling towards me. They all gave me power. They were the sweetest family imaginable!

'Aww, I really want to make you proud. All of you!'

'And you will, sis!'

'We are already proud of you!'

'And tonight we celebrate you passing that damn test.'

'Great idea, Dad!', I replied and finally, the slightest bit of a smile on my face. That's the power of family everyone! They believed in me and that made me believe in myself. Now I really had to pass, just for them!

When I arrived at school my classmates all were outside preparing. Most of them deep in thoughts. Some still preparing their cheating methods. No, no cheating from this big girl here. If I fail, I fail honestly!

'So quiet today, Dorothea. Afraid?'

It was Charlene who noticed my unusual silence and deep thoughts.

'To be honest, yes. I suck maths and I hate them!'

'Don't even think about it. And if you struggle ... I'll try to help you as good as I can. Maybe you can get a sneak peek on my paper or so.'

'Do you need any last tips?', Michelle chimed in. These girls were great in their own mind, let me tell you this.

'No, but thanks, Michelle. I just hope for the best and try my best!'

'Hey girls! Let's have a celebration party after we all pass. How about Saturday?', Charlene threw into the round to give us extra motivation and we all were on board for that.

'Passing the exam + party = great outcome!', Charlene then said and that made me laugh. Finally a formula I was able to memorize.

Minutes later, Ms. Smith appeared to get all of us into class. It was time. The final exam was about to start in just a few minutes. Time to get serious!

The classroom seemed different than usual. Colder. Grayer. Intimidating. But nothing, this big girl here was afraid of so I took my usual place in the last row and waited for Mr. Smith to hand out our assignment. Deep breath. One last look around. Michelle looked back to me, giving me a look of confidence. We all would make it. I said to myself, 'keep cool, Dorothea and you'll make it!'

When Ms. Smith gave me my assignment, we made eye contact and she too had confidence. She believed in us. Such a great teacher. Maybe I would become one just like her. She was just another role model for me. Tiffy was my role model as my big sister and for life in general. So maybe, Ms. Smith would become ... stop it, Dorothea. This was not the time to think about your future career. You had to pass this stinking maths exam first. THEN you could start thinking about your further education and career!

'Remember the formula', I told myself over and over so keep myself in line and then I saw the first task, which reminded me of a similar one I practiced just the day before. Not the worst start!

'Now or never, Dorothea', I told myself, 'Pass this test and you'll never need this for the rest of your life!'

Assignment number one was done in a few minutes, but number two. Oh boy, that was a T.O.U.G.H. one!

Time flew by as if it was nothing and so I was surprised when Ms. Smith told us that the time was up. In just a few hours we would know if we passed. I was just hoping that it was enough to pass. No need for an A. Everything that results in a pass was fine for me.

And so we met outside again and once again Charlene was the one to break me out of my thoughts and my silence.

‘Why so nervous?’

‘Really?’, I replied to her. ‘You really ask that?’, but Charlene simply smiled.

‘I looked over to your test from time to time and what I saw looked more than good enough.’

‘YAY!’

I was happy. If Charlene said so, it must be true then. You know the cliché of gym rats having nothing in terms of brain power? This girl was definitely not fitting this cliché. Charlene was super smart and all!

‘Nothing to be afraid of. You most definitely passed, Dorothea.’

That would be so awesome and hearing that from her gave me confidence and so I started to look around. Some people, like Charlene or Michelle were totally relaxed, others like Dustin were nervous and then there was Patricia. She was neither relaxed nor nervous. She was sad. Devasted, and I had the feeling that I simply had to talk to her. Maybe cheer her up a bit.

'Would you excuse me, Charlene?'

'Sure. See you later in class again!'

Patricia, Patty, she was simply standing there. Alone, shoulders hanging and about to tear about. I walked towards her, but she did not realize me, or at least ignored me. Maybe, it was a mistake trying to talk to her, but I ... needed to. Was there anything I could do for her?

'I something wrong, Patricia? Can I help you somehow?'

Patty finally noticed me, looking up to me. Tears in her eyes.

'I-I failed. I know it. I barely finished half the test.'

Poor girl, I thought and got down on one knee to be closer to her.

'I'm so sad to hear that, Patty.'

'I'm such a failure!', tears now starting to get more and more, so I placed my right hand on her shoulder.

'Hey, don't say that, my dear.'

'But it's true!'

'Nonsense! You are a great girl and you know that!'

'T-Thanks, Dorothea.'

Seeing her sad like that made me sad as well. I mean, I could have been her right now, was it not for Charlene hinting towards my test being okay. I fully understood her feelings. Poor girl.

I stayed with her for the rest of our break until we had to return. It was time to get the result for that damn exam. One

after another got their final grad. Ms. Smith announced them in alphabetical order.

‘Dorothea Lockhart.’

As soon as she said my name, my heartbeat got insane and I was nervous as heck again. Please, simply say passed. That’s all I need. Please!

‘Passed with a C. Congratulations!’

YES! PASSED! A C! I was so happy. Everything was good!

‘See? Told you so!’

‘Seems like it, Charlene!’

I was soooooo relieved. My graduation was basically all set in stone. This was the only thing that could have been a massive road block. Everything else was a cakewalk. Looks as this big girl will graduate in a few weeks.

I have to repeat myself. I was simply relieved and all the pressure went away. But suddenly, I new feeling started to ... grow ... in me. A familiar feeling. I guess, sometimes, relieve has certain ‘side effects’, hehe!

I could feel the energy going through my body and it felt so great. From head to toe. A growing energy! I knew exactly what was happening. A nice little growth spurt. Here and now. I was just hoping, that nobody would notice or that I would make noises or whatever.

I noticed the look from Charlene after we were done were about to go home. She just looked at me, while most others left the classroom.

'Hey Charlene! Class is over. Come on!', I said to her but she look at me as if she had seen a ghost. 'What's the matter?', I asked and that put her out of this ... trance?

'What's the matter, she asks. YOU HAVE GROWN RIGHT NEXT TO ME, DOROTHEA!'

'I...did?, I responded acting not knowing what just happened. A total lie. Bad girl.

'Are you playing with me or something?'

'No, why should ...', was I beginning to respond, again a total lie (bad Dorothea!) but then...

'You have, Dorothea. I've seen it too!', Michelle chimed in, leaving just us three left in the classroom. Well, time to end the act, I guess.

'If both of you say so...'

'Why should we lie?'

I had my fun with this situation, to be completely honest. Maybe this was just my excitement that I just passed my biggest fear test.

'Now that you say that, it seems as you are right, hehe!'

'Of course we are!', Michelle insisted while Charlene looked at with a look saying 'those nerves of hers'.

'I know how small I was next to you!', Michelle said, walking even closer towards me. 'And those legs definitely are even longer than before!'

Sweet little Michelle. I looked down to her. She was was smaller than my skirt was. So tiny. So sweet. So cute. Meanwhile I was this ... tall. And now even Charlene stood up and walked right behind me and even her, a 6'9 tall girl, now

only was as tall as my butt. That alone made me feel even better.

‘Anyway. Think we should measure me again! Any bets on how tall I am now?’, I asked them with a joyful giggle. Oh yes, this ever-growing big girl had a blast, Hehehe. Bad Dorothea!