

” WRITING

Bigger Than You Think

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

GENRE
BIOGRAPHY

Being tall, I automatically feel so close to the ceiling in close spaces, like elevators. At a point in my life I hated them. *Why?* Well for one, it is an enclosed space. It is so boxed in that the height is never a height where you feel short in it. It is one of those spaces where being in there just makes you feel awkward. It only makes matters worse when rude people remind me how abnormal I am.

My stepmother and I had walked into this elevator on many occasions, but this time was special: a lady walked on to the elevator with us. She was maybe in her mid- to late forties or early fifties. She had on a long, big coat because it was wintertime. You know, one of those older females from your building or street who was always in someone else’s business and always loud; you could tell she was coming down the block because she was always talking to someone, and her inside voice is yelling? That was this woman.

She walked into the elevator and awkwardly looked me up and down. I ignored it because people always

look, but inside I felt the elevator slowly closing in on me. The walls were getting smaller and shorter. The elevator was going down, and I felt trapped. I could feel her judging me.

Finally, she slightly turned to me and said, “How tall are you?”

How short are you? I thought to myself and looked at her because of her weird and slightly rude question. I replied, “I’m five foot eleven.”

The woman smiled and looked forward again, only to turn back with squinting eyes, “Do you play any sports?” *Do you not play sports?*

I gave her the sweetest smile I could, “No, I do not.”

She, not realizing her rude question, continued to speak, “Well you should; you shouldn’t waste your height.”

I looked at her, my eyes piercing through her face with a look so cold that she would’ve thought she was in an icebox. But that did not faze her. “You should play a sport; you could go to college.”

I felt my head now touching the ceiling of the elevator as I went rushing down. My body then seemed too big for this space. My body and point of view were all different. At this point, I knew exactly how Alice felt after drinking the potion. As I was crashing down, I looked at her like she had a flying pig on her forehead, and I silenced myself, only because I knew the words I could say. Saying that my height would be wasted and

that would be my only ticket into college is like me saying, “Well, you are short so you don’t have any specialty; you aren’t anything because you aren’t tall.”

But I smiled and once again said, “No.”

After we left the longest elevator ride ever, she continued to talk about my height to my stepmom as I walked away from them. The saddest part about this story is that that woman didn’t know me from a hole in the wall. In that short, small, and awkward elevator ride, she had my entire life planned and figured out, solely based off my height.

I am still in the elevator even when I’m out of it. Every time that woman talked, she brought me to a lower place and made me feel so abnormal and weird in that elevator. However, after that day, that elevator began to take me to a high place, a higher mindset, a higher feeling of myself. It was the point when I realized that I was not abnormal, but different. My being different made her want to pick me out, and I am now okay with that. Elevators used to make me feel so big and awkward, but now I feel empowered, different, above-average, and tall.