

## Chapter 35 - Dorothea's Point of View

'Erm, Dorothea? Is everything okay?', Christian asked me, while I did not notice what he meant at first, so I look down to him, but he gave me a quick answer.

'You have been constantly giggling for about 10 minutes straight.'

Oh. He was right.

'Sorry. I'm just so excited to finally be there. Cannot wait to see everything for myself.'

Context. Christian and I got an invitation from Jennifer, my sister's girlfriend, to be shown around at one of her workplaces. Jennifer is a sports journalist and has primarily two jobs. One was covering American Football on our local television station, but her second one was the one I was really into it. Jennifer has been working for PLW, a pro Wrestling company out of Baltimore for the past few years and I was a BIG fan. Everyone that knows me knows, how much I hate sports, but I simply LOVE Wrestling and PLW is my favorite league. For those who are not interested in this kind of thing, I make it short. PLW presents Wrestling like a real sport, without all the phony and (let's be honest) fake looking stuff, unlike the two big companies. That led to PLW becoming one of the 'big three' and today was the day, where Jennifer would show us around and gave us a real insight look.

And that was the reasoning behind me giggling like some sort of fangirl. I was that fangirl and I really had to focus, to not act like this when the time came. We weren't even in the Arena yet.

'What do you think? How much will they actually show us?', Christian asked. He was also quite a fan, but NOTHING compared to me.

'I think, it will depend on how well we behave!', I joked a bit but to be honest, in my imagination, I was already talking with my heroes and was walking inside that ring. Probably not going to happen, but hey, a girl can dream, right?

Soon after, we arrived at PLW Arena, a 10.000 seat Arena built by the company. Unlike other companies, that travel all across North America, PLW has the bulk of the shows in this very building and gained a loyal fanbase in the area.

*'We are in front of the Arena. Where are you?'*, I texted to Jennifer and not even two minutes later, she came to get us, but not before I gave her a big hug. She loved that stuff. It became our ritual that I gave her the 'Dorothea hug', whenever we met.

'Excited?'

More than that. I was pumped. As if I would perform myself today. It was in the early afternoons, more than 5 hours until bell time. More than enough time for this little showing.

'I talked with J.C. and he allowed pretty much everything. He even wants to get to know you, my dear.'

J.C., that was the mastermind behind the whole company. Without James C. Edwards, there would be no PLW. A real genius in my mind and he wanted to meet me? I felt like a celebrity. Deep breath, Dorothea. Stay calm.

'Okay, you take the lead. We just follow and behave. I promise! Don't want this to be my last time in this very Arena!', I giggled with glee.

At first, Jennifer simply showed us the building as a whole. PLW Arena was a modern building, real state of the art. It was built like sport arenas from the NBA or NHL so if you know these, then you know what you can expect as a visitor. Everything was clean and looked great. A huge merchandise section that could have broken me ... if they actually had something my size. The costs of being this tall, sigh, I could not buy any of the clothing.

'I will take you to the backstage area, the holy grail so to speak. Only condition from J.C. was, that you take no pictures or make videos.'

Fair point, I assumed and I had no problems with that. I could understand that part of the code. That was the sacred place, all to the members of this company. I respected that.

'And here is my usual sport, the interview area. You probably recognize it from TV', Jennifer said and I simply nodded, but to be honest, I was distracted at that point, as more and more people arrived in this area, even some of the Wrestlers. Once again, I really had to focus not to go full fan girl on them.

They were my heroes and now they were looking at me, on of them even came up to Jennifer and us.

'That's the big girl, you were promising, Jen?', he casually asked. That was Trevor Hopkins, and up and coming star with a big future. What a talent. He played a heel on television, a 'bad guy'. I simply waved at him and smiled.

'Impressive, impressive. Hope you have a great time, kid!', he said and then went to do his thing.

'Oh, I haven't told you this', Jennifer then said, 'I arranged a meet-up with two of the girls and one of the guys, but I will not tell you, who. Just to keep the tension up!'

How unfair, Jennifer. You were killing me, you knew that? That was just teasing on her part. That little devil, haha. Anyways, we were busy, as next she took Christian and me directly to what is known in the business as the 'Gorilla Position'. This is the place right before the Wrestler leave the back area and enter the arena. Right now, it was almost empty but you can imagine, how busy it gets, when a show is running. It is probably the most important place. It is named after a famous and influential wrestler, 'Gorilla Monsoon'. Everything runs through 'Gorilla'. The cues, the last instructions. It is the Aorta of a Wrestling company.

'Wanna go to the ring?', Jennifer asked as if what some sort of a nothing question. I nodded like crazy and seconds later, Christian and I were walking down the ramp towards the ring. I simply had to take this moment in and look around. Right now, all those seats were empty but I had to imagine how it would feel, if 10.000 people cheer you (or boo you, haha). It must be amazing, to witness this energy, when you walk to the ring.

The legendary ring. In it all the magic took place. And I have to say, now, standing right in front of it...

'It always looked bigger on TV', I commented. Christian climbed the four steps of the stairs, and then look me in the eyes. 'I think, this is more of a *Dorothea problem*. Darling.'

We both laughed. He was right. I was simply too tall. Not many wrestlers out there that are over 9 feet tall, right? Well, there was in fact no one, as there was only one person on this planet, that eclipsed the 9 feet mark. Me.

‘But this gives me an idea’, I then said and turned my attention towards the ropes. I was standing before the ring. How easy was it for me to simply step on the canvas from down here? And so, I grabbed the top rope with my hands and just like that, I casually lifted my right foot up to touch the canvas of the ring and in one clean swoop, I lifted myself up there, like it was nothing and celebrated my little achievement. Okay, to be blunt, with my size this was really no big deal, but everyone else would have failed miserably, probably even failing with grabbing the top rope from down there, but for me, that rope was basically on the height of my shoulders.

But it did not matter. I was standing in this very ring. Amazing, and as if Christian and I planned this, we both got in the middle of the ring and we both got into a fighting pose, all the while Jennifer watched us acting like kids, as she sat down on top of the turnbuckle.

‘It would be kind of an unfair fight, I guess’, I giggled and just like that, Christian dropped down on the mat and acted as if he was beaten. Seconds later, Jennifer left the ring, went towards the announcer table, and grabbed a microphone.

‘Here is your winner, Dorothea Lockhart!’, she announced and then returned to the ring, trying to interview me with that microphone, key word was trying. I was almost double her height, so reaching me to get an answer was mere impossible for her, which made all of us laugh.

‘I think, we told you that the ring is no playground, Davenport!’, I heard someone shouting from the top of the ramp. A familiar voice for me. ‘But I guess, when you have such a *big* star with you, one can make an exception.’

‘Nattie!’, I shouted in excitement. Remember Nattie? She is the girlfriend of Laurie, a girl from Montréal that got famous for

growing two whole feet after a medical treatment that saved her life from an ultra-rare disease.

‘You know her, Nattie?’, another familiar voice for me asked.

‘Yup Nattie, I know her. We met almost two years ago.’

Too many Natties. Let me simplify it for you guys. The ‘first’ Nattie was Laurie’s girlfriend, who became a pro-wrestler and just recently made her debut for this company. The other one was Nathalie Ledger or in other terms: MY BIGGEST HERO!

Suddenly, I was starstruck. Nathalie Ledger, right there in front of me. For real. I almost got a heart-attack.

‘It’s been a while, Dorothea. You look awesome and ... quite a bit taller.’

A turned red in an instant. It was too much for me. I was almost fainting right there in front of my hero. Breath, Dorothea.

‘Possible’, I tried to act all cool but failed miserably.

‘This girl, Ledger, well... she never stops growing. When I met her almost two years ago, she was already 7’9. She was fifteen back then.’

‘Amazing. You probably hear this all the time but, you make me feel small. Especially for only being seventeen years old.’

‘Sixteen. I turn seventeen in two weeks.’

‘Even better. But now spill the beans, Dorothea. How tall are you?’

I was hesitant for a bit, probably as a result of having my hero in front of me, but then I told them my height of 9’2.

‘Great Goodness. I’m just 5’4, so make me look even smaller.’

‘I was that height at the age of 10 years and a month’, I answered without much thinking. My brain completely shut down. All I was thinking was, that I was talking to Nathalie Ledger of all people. I always dreamed of this moment. She was the greatest. The only three-time PLW World Women’s Champion and in general the biggest star of this company. Such a great Wrestler. The best in the world. A technical mastermind with a 10 out of 10 looks. Long, blonde hair with pink streaks, a great and well-trained body, and big boobs. Fake ones, but I did not care. They looked great on her.

‘Actually, Victor Drake was also planned for this meeting, but he is at home with the flu. I hope, the both of us are good enough’, Nattie giggled. Of course, I asked her about Laurie and what she is up to lately. ‘University, studying like a maniac’, she told me.

Both of the Natties really took their time with Christian and me and so we spoke for well over an hour and as time went on, I lost more and more of my inner nervousity. Now I knew that my hero wasn’t just great on TV, but also as a human being. She was awesome and really interested in my story and probably had even more questions about me than I had about her. Okay, I have to be fair on that front. I knew basically everything about her, that one could know, as I probably have read every interview of hers.

I was simply happy and showed that joy. It was such a great day and I was really thankful for it. Maybe, I was a little too excited because I noticed I small ripping sound. My poor clothes. All of this led to me gain another two inches right in front of my hero. I don’t know if she noticed, but after our talk, when we all stood up again, she made a comment.

‘Could have sworn, you got even taller.’

I just laughed it off, too embarrassed to tell my hero, that I just did. My inner excitement got the best of me and so I simply wished the two of them a good match tonight, as they left to prepare for tonight.

‘Hope you liked your birthday present. I know, it’s two weeks too early, but both Tiffany and I thought, that you would like it.’

Like it? I loved it! What more could a girl ask for? I was thankful for all of it, but the day was not over yet. As the final icing on the cake, both Christian and I were allowed to watch the show from the backstage area. Such a cool experience and when we drove home, I had so many fantasies in my head. How it would be if I was a wrestler and all that. But all of this may be for another day. Meeting my hero made me grow. I was 9’4 now (yes, of course I measured myself before going to bed, haha). It was simply an amazing day for me and with my first present delivered so to speak, I could no longer wait for my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday in two weeks.



## Chapter 36 - Mother's Point of View

There are certain times during a calendar year when parents get really stressed. Christmas is such an occurrence, but of course the birthday of your child as well and this year was especially stressful. Not only is Dorothea's birthday right before the start of the school year, which in itself can be nerve wrecking. No, this year Dorothea and her class go on a week-long trip. Not much time to do other stuff, as all of that consumes pretty much all of the free time, I've got.

'As you are getting older, young lady, you will help me in the kitchen this year!', I told Dorothea.

'Roger that!', she answered with joy, as if she was happy to help me. That was different from years past. See, my ever-growing daughter never was a big fan of cooking and baking. Sure, she loved to eat, but the process itself? No, that was too much of a hassle for her, but not this year. A nice and welcoming change in the house.

In the planning stage for her 17<sup>th</sup> birthday, we were thinking on where we would celebrate. Last year, we were at Tiffany's new house and so I thought, that maybe this year would be a good opportunity, to celebrate somewhere else, depending on how many people would be invited.

'Honestly, I think, this year I don't want too much of a big party. Times are stressful enough as they are. And to be honest, I would much rather celebrate next year in big fashion, maybe even invite my friends from overseas for this. That would be awesome!'

She had a point. It's been quite a few years since I saw her friend Tom and his girlfriend. I was glad to hear, that they still had contact and kept in touch with each other. I remember, how angry and sad Dorothea was, when she got the news, that

Tom, her best friend back then, had to leave the U.S., as his mother got a job opportunity in Europe.

‘So rather a smaller party and a big one next year? Fine with me, but don’t tell me, you will not invite any friends like last year.’

I had my reason to confront her with that. Dorothea was a nice girl and always friendly, but deep inside, she was also a quiet girl who loved to read books and play games. Maybe, I was just afraid, that due to her ever-growing nature, she would forget these aspects of social life or so. I don’t know. Sometimes, parents think in strange patterns. I simply want the very best for my youngest daughter, that’s all. Who wouldn’t.

‘Let me think...’, she started, ‘most of my class are still on vacation, at least those, that I would like to join this party. Charlene definitely would like to come over, I guess.’

‘That’s the exchange student from France, right?’

Dorothea nodded. She told me about her before. A tall and muscular blonde that loved the gym, unlike Dorothea, but the two of them seemed to get along nicely. Dorothea even became some sort of mentor to her for her stay in the U.S.’

‘And maybe Natalya and Laurie could come. Don’t know, if they are in the country though.’

‘And who are they?’

‘Oh, I never told you, right?’, she said and then told me about them. She met the two of them thanks to Tiffany. This was during the time, when my older daughter worked like a maniac to find out, why Dorothea never stopped growing and got taller and taller. Tiffany was obsessed with finding an answer, until one day, she accepted it. ‘As long, as Dorothea is happy and healthy, it’s fine’, she told me.

Dorothea also told me, that she met Natalya recently again in Baltimore, as she started working there. What was it again? As a wrestler? I think that was it. It's funny, my sport-hating daughter, with a friend working in Wrestling and one being a total gym freak.

'Charlene. Natalya. Laurie. Tiffany. Jennifer. Sounds like quite the girls meeting', I chuckled.

'Hey, Christian will be there too, so we at least hold the men's quota, right Hey, I will contact them all right now, so we know, how many people will be there!'

And as soon as she said that she grabbed her phone and started calling.

'Hey Charlene. Do you want to come to my birthday party next week? ... Yeah? .... Awesome! ... I will give you the details later, right? ... Yeah, sure! ... Okay, bye!'

'Hey Nattie, Dorothea here. Hey, how is your schedule, and for that matter Laurie's next week? I celebrate my birthday and want to ask, if you would like to come, as you are working in the area now. ... I celebrate next Friday. ... Yeah! ... A-ha ... yapp ... sure ... awesome. This makes me happy. Cannot wait to meet you two again. Say hi to Laurie. Okay, bye!'

And just like that, her guests were invited and already accepted. Dorothea's smile just got a big brighter. Seeing your kids happy, makes you as a parent happy. It's as simple as that.

'Okay, let's recap. Who will be there: Dad, myself, Tiffany, Jennifer, Christian ... say, will his parents come over too?'

'Probably not. They are ... busy.'

Dorothea tried to not make it a topic, but I knew what she implied. To keep it short and simple: Christian's parents are

getting divorced and it took quite the toll on the boy, even if he tried to act as if everything was fine. It must be harsh, seeing your parents argue like that on a daily basis.

'I understand. So once again, just that I don't lose count: Dad. Myself. Tiffany. Jennifer. Christian. Charlene. Natalya. Laurie, and of course you, Dorothea. Hey, almost double from last year!', I tried to cheer her up, as I was looking at her. She was still thinking about Christian's parents and the struggle and the stress it all had on her boyfriend. To stay, it had no impact would have been a big lie. You see, he always tried to act all normal and casual in front of us, but sometimes, he just let his facade drop ever so slightly. Poor kid. He was such a nice boy; he did not deserve that. No kid deserved that, but unfortunately, it was quite the common occurrence these days.

Anyway, lets no longer focus on that topic, at it made me just as depressed as Dorothea and Christian. I now knew, how many people I had to plan in. Time to prepare everything, so that Dorothea could help me.

'Thursday afternoon is preparation day. I want to show you a few things. One day, you need to manage your own kitchen and household, my dear. Time to get ready for this now, young lady!

Thursday came and Dorothea was already ready to start as soon as she came home from school. In fact, she was really motivated to cook and bake. Maybe it was just a way to think about other stuff, and not about Christian and his struggles with his family. Dorothea was always so empathic and sensible for the people she cared. This definitely did not change, as she grew bigger and bigger. In fact, her heart also got bigger. I was so proud of her, my little baby.

‘Okay. Get ready to work, my dear. I want your guests to get great food and you a nice big cake. In fact, I want to use a recipe from your grandmother. You will love it, believe me.’

Dorothea never got to know her grandparents, she often asked me about them, especially when she was really young. My mom was a world-class baker, even had her own bakery back in the day. So, believe when I say, that her cakes were top of the art. If she would have lived longer, she definitely could have been a contestant on one of those cooking or baking shows, or maybe even be a judge. Mom, I miss you.

‘Let’s start with the basics. Wash your hands and then we check, if we got everything. If not, you run to the shop. You have the younger, and much longer, legs!’, I joked and she started smiling, but fortunately for her, we had everything we needed.

I think, this was the very first time, I saw her actually working in the kitchen. Dorothea definitely was a ‘chef mike customer’, pick something I cooked from the fridge, put it in the microwave for two minutes and call it a dinner. My lazy bum daughter, I always thought, but now, seeing her working in the kitchen, I could understand her, as my kitchen was not ‘Dorothea made’.

She simply was way too tall to properly work. At first, she stood there, bended like crazy. It must have been hurting or at the very least mega-uncomfortable, but as always, she just smiled and accepted it. It was no secret to me, that my daughter loved her height and love to get taller, but regular live was simply getting more ... I don’t know ... just harder? Everything was getting smaller around her, not only the people. She dwarfed us so easily, she kind of always did. But now she even dwarfed her surroundings, such as our kitchen.

But Dorothea would have been not Dorothea, if she did not find joy in this. I don't know, if I could be like her. I simply cannot imagine to be this tall and everything around me so small. Clothes, furniture, just everything. On the other hand, thanks to my extremely small stature, I had my troubles with getting things from shelves etc. and whenever I needed something, Dorothea just came and gave it to me. She outgrew me, when she was just nine years old. Now she was getting seventeen and was almost twice my size, somewhere over nine feet tall. I was exactly five feet tall, so yes, you could definitely say that she was almost twice my size. It was simply the truth.

'Honey, could you grab the sugar from up there? I picked the wrong one', I was her and just like that she grabbed it. I would have needed my trusty step ladder.

Over the course of time, Dorothea finally had enough with bending, so she simply sat on the ground and worked like this, which made it much easier for her, but even like this, she towered over me and that got me thinking. Just how big would a kitchen have to be for her to be fitting? And even if such a kitchen would exist, how huge would everything be for me? Forget my trusty step ladder, I would need a big ladder for everything. I would not even reach the counter, I guess. Crazy to think that such a size would be fitting for her. I would feel like in one of those movies, like in 'Jack and the beanstalk', when Jack is at the place of the Giant.

Even if Dorothea was not natural in the kitchen, she followed my orders and worked properly and actually had fun. Both of us. It was great, to spend time with my daughter like this. It put a big smile on my face.

'The cake looks wonderful, mom. It must be really tasty. It's so hard to resist, not to start eating it.'

'Keep your fingers away, Dorothea! Even if it's *your* cake, you too must wait for tomorrow.'

'Did you and grandma often bake like we did?'

'Yes and no. Yes, we did, but no, not like we did. Grandma's life was baking. It was her calling in life and she treated baking like the most serious thing in the world and don't you dare, you did something funny while working in the kitchen.'

'So, in other turns, Grandma was like Ramsey?'

'Minus the excessive swearing, yes. But let me tell you, this woman would have made him cry, believe me!'

And so, for the first time in I don't know how many years, we talked about her for an extended period of time. Now, as Dorothea was so much older, she better understood everything. I told her about her sickness and her death, but also her life. I told her everything.'

'What do you think, would she be happy with our creation?', she then asked.

'I think so. She probably would have something to nitpick, but she would be proud with what we did.'

Dorothea was thinking, deeply in thoughts, then she picked a butter knife and carved in the initials of my mother on the side of the cake.

'And just like that, it no longer is just our cake, but also hers too. Thank you, that you ordered me into working with you. I really appreciate it. I love you.'

All of this brought tears to my eyes and I was proud of them and tried not to hide them. Mom, I know you were looking at us from up there. Thank you for everything!



## Chapter 37 - Dorothea's Point of View

'How do you think I feel? Today is my birthday and I feel awesome. Sadly, both of you cannot not come, but maybe next year, then we will celebrate my 18<sup>th</sup> in big fashion!'

'Guess, Carina and I better start saving for the trip then. Hope, you have a great day. We will think about you, my dear! Happy Birthday!'

Even if both Tom and Carina were on the other side of the pond, it was great to know, that they thought about me. I really miss them and like Tom just texted to me: I would give everything for the two of them to be with us next year. That would be so awesome.

But my other guests were great too, let's not forget that and I could not wait for everyone to arrive. My parents decided to use the roof top as our location for my birthday and so the two of them were busy with preparing everything. I wanted to help them, but both of them said no to that. 'Today is your big day, not the other way around.'

Well, it was their decision to make. Surely my assistance would have been helpful, but so I was able to spend the early parts of the day on my own and so I decided to read the final two chapters of a fantasy novel and spent quite a lot of time on my phone, mostly reading and answering birthday wishes.

The party was scheduled to start on 3 p.m. and the weather was awesome. Warm and no risk for rain. Just perfect. I could not wait for everything to start.

Half an hour left. Final preparations. Seventeen years. I could not call myself a teenager for that much longer. Adulthood was getting closer and closer and deep inside; this big girl wasn't sure just how 'ready' she was for that. My final

year at school was about to begin and from this day in one year, my life would have to change. What was I going to do? Go to university? Get a job? Travel the world? So many choices to make in the upcoming months, but today was not the day to think about that. Today was a day of celebration, soon after the school year would start with a week-long-trip and I was looking forward to this too.

Fifteen minutes left. Time to get going, but before I headed to the rooftop, I looked at my measuring wall in my room. My trusty companion during my youth, just how often have I measured myself there? A thousand times? I don't know. Probably even more than that to be honest.

'But the times of you showing my size were long gone, my friend', I said towards that wall. It was well over a year, since my last 'true' measurement there, since then I was no longer able to do so. I had outgrown it. I had outgrown this room. Whenever I stood, I had to crouch. I was simply too tall by now, but I was wondering, just how tall I was by now. I know that I grew just recently, but I did not know the exact number. I could only guess. People always asked me, if I liked being this tall and I always told them yes. But now, after outgrowing a standard sized room in height, this I received this question even more regularly, but the answer was always the same. Yes, I loved it and no, it didn't hinder me in my life.

'Shoot, all this thinking and dreaming let me forget time. Gotta go fast!', and just like that I raced out of our home and up the stairs, skipping several steps on my way.

People tend to skip a step on a stairway, especially if they are in a hurry, but one step was clearly not enough for me and so I stopped for a moment and tried it on the last set of stairs. Just how many steps was I able to skip on that stairway. Two? Three? Five? Time to find out!

And so I stopped right at the beginning of the stairs and started by lifting my left leg and placed it on the furthest step, the still felt somewhat comfortable and then, quick, pulled myself to stand on that very step, all the while watching carefully with my head, big girl problems, haha, but I did it and then I turned around on that small step (which only was big enough for half of my foot) and started counting.

‘One, two, three, four, five, six ... I stand on the sixth. Wow! My legs really are long, hihi!’

So yeah, this now seventeen-year-old girl can easily skip five steps at once and still have wiggle room for more, but enough of that little excursion, I was getting late to my own party and to nobody’s surprise, I really was the last one to arrive. Whoopsie.

‘What took you so long?’, Tiffany asked and I was thinking on what to answer. Ah, who cares, let’s be honest.

‘I was in thoughts and forgot time, so I was rushing upstairs, and then I thought about, how many steps I can skip on a stairway, so I had to try it right then and there. Sorry!’

‘Unbelievable’, Tiffany said while shaking her head.

‘And how many did you skip?’

‘Laurie!’, I shouted with excitement and waved towards her with a big smile. It’s been far too long and she looked great. ‘Well, I was standing at the beginning of the stairway and then I stood on the sixth step!’

‘This big girl never stops to amaze me!’, Charlene commented and I must say, she looked extra good, and maybe even more buff. One can only imagine, just how much time she spent in the gym.

'Well, now that your main attraction for the day finally has arrived, we can begin properly. One, two, three, four!'

They sang 'Happy Birthday!', in unison and as always, I felt a bit embarrassed by that and turned red in an instant. All those people came, to celebrate my birthday. They were the best and I was happy to call everyone a friend ... or family member ... or boyfriend ... you get the deal, right?

As they were done singing, I was looking around the rooftop area. On one table was the cake that mom and I baked yesterday. On the other table were loads and loads of presents, it was actually quite overwhelming for me and I was almost crying out of utter joy. But keep it together, Dorothea, I told myself.

Dad took the moment and went to the laptop to start the music and Mom invited me to divide the cake, so that everyone would get their piece of it and boy did it taste good. That recipe of Grandma, let me tell you, easily worth a million dollars! You probably want to have it, right? Sorry, but it's Lockhart property, haha!

We should have baked a second cake, oh well. Next year!

'Now open your presents!', I think Nattie said and I followed that order.

So many presents. So many new clothes for me to wear, and even a new set of boots from Tiffany.

'They are huge!', I commented.

'Don't worry, you'll grow into them, sis!'

Two years ago, Tiffany would have never been so casual about my continuous growth. She was obsessed with finding the reason behind it all, but not ... she was like a different

person. I wonder, how much of an impact Jennifer made in her life and her perspective. Don't get me wrong, Tiffy's attitude started to change before she met Jennifer, but I have to say, her dating this woman changed it even more.

'They are beautiful. Huge, but beautiful. Thank you so much, Tiffy!', I said to her and then hugged her, Dorothea style and let me tell you. A LOT of Dorothea hugs were given that day. Everyone received one after I opened their gift.

But it wasn't all clothes for me to wear. No, Christian bought me a special edition of a series of fantasy books, which he had to import from Europe ... and something else. See, I like Pokémon. I really do, funny enough, I like the older games more than the new ones, but that doesn't matter, and my favorite type of Pokémon are flying type. I love them. I even did playthroughs, were I only used flying types because of that and you know this on question, right? 'What's your favorite Pokémon?'. Yeah, that one, and people are often 'confused' about my favorite one, as it is one of the most ... basic Pokémon imaginable: Pidgey. Yes, Pidgey. But why, Dorothea? To be honest, the fact is simple. Quick history. When I was a little (haha!), my first Pokémon game I played, was Pokémon Crystal, as my sister actually kept her old games from back then. I picked Chikorita, as it looked cute (and it sucked btw.), and the very first Pokémon I've ever caught on my own was a Pidgey (Male and Level 4 ... yes, I kept that memory as well) and the first Gym Leader had also a Pidgey ... and even it's evolution Pidgeotto. And in little Dorotheas's eyes, that was so cool and I wanted one ... and then I steamrolled the Game with my Pidgey only (and Pidgeot later of course). So yeah, that's the story behind it all. I love Pidgey. Maybe that's the reason, why I actually like Pokémon X, as the very first Pokémon you have to catch yourself, is a Pidgey. That reminded me on my own history. And yes, I steamrolled that game with Pidgey all over

again. Wow, I spent far longer on my Pidgey story, as I originally intended!

Back to Christian. You probably can guess, what comes next. 'Wait for me, I get it really quick!', he said and ran off for a few minutes and when he returned, he had this thing wrapped around in gift paper, but I new immediately, what was inside and my smile got even wider. It was a Pidgey plushie and as soon as he gave it to me, a hugged it like crazy, and then gave Christian a nice, big smooch. But I noticed something. This thing was much bigger than the plushies, you can import from Japan and so I asked him.

'Well, a friend of mine is crazy good with this stuff. Probably can make a nice career out of this. So, I asked her, if it was possible to make such a big Pidgey and she said sure. All I had to do, was to do her homework for two months', he told me with a mixture of proud and embarrassment. My big little hero.

Oh, and the other presents were awesome as well, don't get me wrong. Mom bought me a new phone. Dad provided me with new stuff for my room. Charlene gifted me a quite expensive perfume from France and so much more, like...

'Front row tickets for *PLW International Impact!* Oh my god, these are so damn expensive! Thank you, Nattie!'

'Better thank both Laurie and Jennifer for them. It was their idea and ... well ... Jen and I work for that damn company, haha!'

That made me giggle and then I hugged Laurie and Jennifer at once. It wasn't even difficult to hug two people at once and remember: One of them was Laurie, who was more than impressive 6'7. But now some context: International Impact is the biggest event of the year for Premier League Wrestling and those front row ticket basically don't go out on the retail

market and if they do, they are hundreds of dollars each, or in other terms: NOT FREAKING CHEAP!

‘I personally think, it’s a mistake’, Nattie said, clearly joking. ‘We try to steal the show in the middle of the ring and to get all the attention as possible but having a 3-meter-tall girl in the hard cam MIGHT distract from that goal.’

‘Hey, I’m not three meters tall ... yet.’

‘Now we are talking the interesting stuff, Ladies and Gentlemen!’, Jennifer started to act as if she was on television, interviewing us. ‘I am surrounded by these huge and sexy girls, on taller as the other and I ... no, the world needs to know. Doctor Lockhart, time to fulfill your duty!’

Poor Tiffy. This was HER girlfriend acting like this. Knowing Tiffy, I can feel her inner embarrassment and she even shouted a bit back.

‘And how in the world should I measure all of them. Can you see my devices? I surely can’t!’

But all of this made Jennifer just giggle a bit.

‘As luck would have it, I just happen to have this with me’, she said and presented a five-meter measuring tape, which she had in her bag.

‘You little size obsessed devil, you.’

‘And if my eyes don’t deceive me, over there is the perfect spot to do so.’

On this rooftop was a section with a ladder to reach the very top, as there was (I believe) a satellite station on the top of this building, built on an extra plateau.’

'Or you could simply climb on Dorothea's shoulders to measure the smaller girls and then on the shoulders of this buff young lady to measure your sister.'

'Forget it!'

'Okay, then I will do it instead. Or climb on that ladder. Scaredy-cat.'

'I'm not scared, it's just ... come on Jennifer, this is a birthday celebration, not a medical examination.'

'Lame!'

'Unbelievable. Why do I date this woman again?'

'Because you love me, that's why!'

Those two. They were a match made in heaven all this silly bantering showed it. They were made for each other. Congratulations, Tiffy. You finally found the one in your life!

'I mean, we could take a photo as well. One big group photo.'

'Fantastic. One of you prepare the camera and I install the tape!'

And just like that, Jennifer ran over to the ladder, placed the top end of the tape on that plateau and fixed it and then did the same with the other end.

'Who wants to begin? Silly question, I will start. Small girls first!'

It was good and silly fun, even mom and dad took part in this and to nobody's surprise, there was no surprise. No one with a sudden growth spurt. Charlene at 6'9, Laurie at 6'7, Tiffy at 6'0 and so on and so forth.



Tiffany, Nattie, Laurie and Charlene. All of them were tall girls, really tall girls in fact. Two of them even eclipsed the two-meter barrier. I also tried to keep this in mind. They looked so small next to me, but they weren't. I can only imagine, if I was a regular sized girl, just how huge 6'9 Charlene would look with all her muscles, and yet I was dwarfing her by well over two feet, or even two and a half.

'Time for the main event. Our birthday kid', Jennifer giggled with glee. I even put off my shoes for a fair result.'

'But the ground is probably dirty.'

'Nothing a washing machine cannot handle!', I said to her and got into position and waited for my result.

'Nine foot five!'

9'5, or 287 centimetres. I grew another inch since that day in Baltimore.

'Awesome. And hey, there is no scale this time to humiliate me.'

'Oh, if that is your wish, I could bring it next year', Tiffany said loudly in a joking and yet teasing manner and I shook my head wild.

'Everything, but this. I'll do everything but please Tiffany. Not on my birthday!'

That made Tiffany, and the rest of them, laugh. 'Aww, sis, you are so damn cute, when you act like this. All this big and powerful demeanor of yours evaporates the moment, someone mentions a scale. Never change, Dorothea.'

All I wanted to do, was to change the topic.

'How about the group photo?'

'You know how to change a topic. You've learned from me, I guess?'

'Always learning from the best, eh sis?'

Anyway, the photo. As expected, everyone got into position, or at least tried to.'

'Erm, Dorothea. I know it's your birthday and all that but ...'

'But what, Tiffany?'

'Don't you think, you might block out the rest of us, if you stand in front of us?'

'Oh ... hehe ... sure. Sorry', I said to her but that was only half of the truth. It was no accident but rather fully intended.

'But speaking of that. How about we make on photo like this with me in front and you guys behind me and then the real one in reverse? Oh, and maybe we could make a version, where you basically can only see me up to my waist or something, like a zoom in of the first picture?'

And just like that, we did it and made three wonderful pictures. Dad even used his top-notch printer to print them out for everyone to take them home. I put mine on the wall in my room and always had a great feeling looking at them.

Unlike last year, I might have not grown on that birthday, but I kept this wonderful day in my memories for many years and relived it many times.