

## Chapter 48 – Tiffany

‘This is everything for today, Ms. Jefferson. Your next check-up will be today in two weeks. Have a good time and stay healthy!’

Just another day in the office for me. It was quite a long day but this was part of my job as a doctor and I did not mind one single bit, even if I was relieved that my office would be closed down for the weekend, so I was able to get some rest. Now it was time for some ‘me time’.

*Ring, ring*

Or so I thought at least. I glanced towards my mobile phone on my desk to look, who tried to call me. It was my sister Dorothea. Well, scratch my original plan.

‘Hey sis, what can I do for you?’, I asked her.

‘To be honest, I am so damn bored and I want to ask you, if you would be down to spend some time with me. Far too much time on my hand, now that I have graduated and such.’

‘You wouldn’t believe me, wouldn’t you?’, I responded with a mixture of being cocky and joyful at the same time.

‘Yeah, yeah, you were right. You are always right, Tiffy. This is why you are my big sister and all. So, do you have time?’

‘I just closed my office for the weekend and my plan was to spend some time alone, but I guess, being with my sister is even better. Yeah sure, I am down for it!’

‘Great! I am happy to hear that!’

Oh, I was able to hear that. You see, my sister Dorothea to show her feelings with the sound of her voice and I was basically able to envision her with a bright smile.

And after a short chit-chat, we decided to meet in the middle of town in about an hour, which gave me some time to change clothes and all.

As always, I was way too early and therefore I was sitting down on one of the benches, closed my eyes and relaxed for a bit, until Dorothea would arrive.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, I heard the train arriving at the station, which was my signal to open my eyes again and there was my younger sister waving from up there towards me and looking as joyful as ever, while next to her was a regular sized girl that was clearly in shock of my sister's tall frame.

That girl clearly wasn't from here, or else she would not have reacted like this, as Dorothea's sheer size is pretty much known in all of our town and yet this chick just stood there and watch in awe at this giant girl, that was basically twice her size and Dorothea, as oblivious as she always was, either did not notice her or just did not mind one bit. You can decide on that.

Either way, I stood up from the bench and started walking, as well as Dorothea made her way down from the upper station.

'Hey there sis, looking as sharp as always!', Dorothea greeted me after stepping the final steps down. Meanwhile, the shocked girl still was several steps above her, but even with that advantage, she was way smaller than my giant sister. Poor thing, but I will return to her once more in a bit.

'Look who is talking, young Lady!', I returned the compliment, which made Dorothea blush a bit. She looked taller than ever in my eyes but unlike the shocked girl, I was used to crank my neck in order to talk to Dorothea.

Here I was, a six-foot-tall woman and yet my *little* sister's legs were taller than me. It was such a sight to be seen, especially since my younger sister has become a real fine and beautiful young Lady in my eyes and even if she was almost twice as tall as me, in her eyes I remained the big sister. Not that I complain though, even if Dorothea rarely gave me any reason to play the *big sister card* while she had grown up ... aside from when I was monitoring her health over the years but apart from that, she was the sweetest sister one could dream to have.

We talked for a good thirty seconds or so, when I suddenly heard a rather unpleasant-sounding *THUD* behind Dorothea, which got both of our attention. It was the shocked girl, that was seemingly still gawking and finally had too much to handle and fell down on the stairs.

As a doctor, I was worried about her and I was almost on my way towards her, when she lifted her head and looked in my direction.

'I am fine, just go on. But how did this chick become so gigantic?'

'Oh, this is a long story', I simply replied while Dorothea started giggling and then lowered herself to my height so that she was able to whisper in my ears.

'Do you think it would be a good idea to tell her, that I am an ever-growing girl?'

Dorothea had such joy about it and she loved to show this joy to the world. She loved the unique life she was living thanks to her ... unique situation.

'We better leave that little detail to the side. I don't want to need to give CPR right now', I replied in my usual tone.

‘Boring, but fair!’

It was situations like this one, that often made me remember things. I remembered, how I was just a few years ago. How I spent so much time in order to come behind the reason, why my sister Dorothea just kept growing and growing and growing. I was always scared that even if she liked it, that her life could take a bad turn because of this.

But Dorothea loved it so much and she stayed so damn happy about it, and ... which was maybe even more important in my eyes ... healthy. This aspect never changed. She was happy and healthy and over the years I accepted this aspect. I accepted that Dorothea would continue to grow, continue to get taller but let me tell you something: if Dorothea would have ever changed and asked me to find a way to stop her growth ... I would have found a way ... somehow.

‘Anyway’, I then returned my attention to Dorothea, ‘do you have anything in mind what you want to do?’

‘We could go to the mall, look for fancy stuff, then eat something together and then chill at your place maybe?’

Not the most creative afternoon program but it was fine by me. To be honest, just spending time with my sister was worth it and so we went our way.

First stop was our local mall and we started looking around, even if we did not buy a single thing, but I hear some of you asking: but how can a giant girl like Dorothea even buy clothes and such? There are no things for 10ft+ girls and the answer is: you are totally right ... in a sense at least.

Yes, it is true. My sister has not been able to buy regular clothes for over five years now at this point, but that did not mean that there was nothing for her.

See, we lived in a nice place and people were actually friendly and supportive, especially since Dorothea was a sweetheart to everyone around her. We had people that made clothes specifically for her. One of our local shopkeepers in this mall even had good connections to a big fashion brand and was actually able to get clothes in her size. Don't ask me why how she did it, but she did and that helped a lot.

In fact, so many people have chipped in over the years to support Dorothea and her growing needs but we never made a big deal out of it: for Dorothea's sake.

'I want to live a normal life. I don't want to be treated differently to everyone else!', Dorothea often said and even if she totally knew, how people went out of their ways sometimes to support her *behind the scenes*, we never made it a big topic, just for her.

'I cannot wait to return in three weeks in order to get this new jacket. It will look so cool on me!', she was already excited for the newest addition to her wardrobe and it just made me happy to see her happy.

And so, we walked through the mall a bit more, until we heard someone calling her name from the upper floor.

'Mika! Good to see you, girl!', Dorothea responded. It was one of her classmates. I didn't know her too well but it didn't matter.

Dorothea was happy to see her and the two girls shook hands and let me repeat this so this bit of information wasn't lost. We were walking on the bottom floor. This girl, Mika, was walking on the upper floor. The two girls shook hands. Got it? Good! That's my sister, Ladies and Gentlemen!

Mika knelt down a bit for this to be possible, while Dorothea was standing on her tiptoes, which made me giggle a bit on the inside. When was the last time, my giant sister actually needed to be on her tiptoes? Was it even necessary in this situation? I don't know, but it just looked funny to me.

So yeah, even a regular walk through a mall had the potential to produce interesting little scenes with my giant sister. I think you now know why I had no problem at all with the (on paper) rather uncreative plan of hers and after a nice little meal, we later returned to my house.

'Wanna have something to drink?', I asked her before entering the house and then went straight to my kitchen, while Dorothea was crouch-walking towards one of my couches.

Yes, crouch-walking. Dorothea had outgrown even my house with its much higher ceilings by quite a bit. It looked so painful to me how she was not able to stand in this house and how much worse this had to be in our parent's house, where the ceilings were much lower than here.

I felt so sorry for her, because it just had to be painful for her and my old thoughts and fear kicked in for a moment: what if she would end up too tall, even if she liked the way she was?

*SIGH*

But then I looked at her again, after she sat down on the couch, which was also too small for her, but she smiled happily in my direction.

'Big girl gets thirsty, sis.'

Oh yeah, I promised her something to drink. I completely forgot it, while I was in my thoughts.

I took place on the other couch and then we continued talking with each other, while we were sipping a nice and cold beverage.

For the longest time, it was your typical sisterly talk with no real highlights until it was Dorothea's turn to let out a big sigh. That was unusual for her. She stretched her giant legs out, closed her eyes for a bit and then she looked back at me, only much more concerned. I was wondering, what was coming.

'I just don't know...,' she then suddenly said, letting out another huge sigh. I moved closer to her and placed one of my hands on her right leg to show her support.

'Don't know what? Is anything wrong? Problems between you and Christian?'

'What? No! Far from it. We are doing fine, believe me, but ...'

Another sigh and then Dorothea was sitting up again, this time placing her long legs on my glass table, while resting her arms and hands on the back of my couch.

'It is just ... I have no clue what I should do now after graduating school. I am so damn lost!'

Oh, this was the reason for her sudden mood swing and maybe even the real reason why she wanted so to hang out with me. My ever-growing sister needed some advice from *big sis*. You see what I meant with no matter her growing height; I stayed the big sister in the end. Case in point this whole situation.

'This is totally understandable, Dorothea and many young people have this struggle.'

‘But no other young person has to deal with growing taller than 10 ft tall, sis! I love being so tall, but it really handicaps my choices!’

Fair point.

‘I see your argument and yes, you probably will not be able to end up behind a McDonald’s counter and such’, I replied, which made us both laugh a bit because Dorothea, just as I just did, imagined herself as a McDonald’s employee standing behind the counter taking in orders. This was not gonna happen.

‘Or work in a regular office. I don’t want to sit on the ground the whole day!’, Dorothea then threw in and this too let images of her working in that situation come to my mind.

‘Or being a waitress. Imagine sitting in the garden area of a nice café and suddenly a voice from above the parasol would suddenly speak with you. Man, this is so damn tough. My friends at school already gave me so much ideas, but most of them just didn’t fit to my persona. They said I should become an actress or a model.’

‘They have a point. Pardon the pun, but it what be so damn easy for you to become a big star and such.’

‘I know, but you know me, Tiffy. I just want to live a regular life. Getting famous is anything by regular. And you know too good, what getting famous would mean!’

‘Yeah. Getting rich and fly all over the world and live the fanciest of lives!’

‘Argh. You said it!’

‘Said what?’



It took me a second to realize but when I did, I just could not help it and started smiling. Have I ever told you about one of Dorothea's biggest fears? No? Well...

'You know too well how much I hate flying!'

Yup. There you have it. Dorothea Lockhart, the ever-growing giant girl was scared of being high up in the sky. Oh, the irony!

We brainstormed for a good while longer, when suddenly Dorothea got all quite and started thinking with a straight face.

'But you know what?'

'What?'

'There is something ... and one of my friends at school even said the same thing. What do you say, Tiffy? How would you react if I ask you if I should become a teacher?'

Dorothea was serious about it, I could tell and yes, part of me was totally able to see this. Apart from maths and P.E., Dorothea was a good student, an even great one when it came to history and geography. My not-so-little sister ... a teacher?

'Why not!', I then replied, 'maybe you would like it and one thing was for sure. Nobody would even DARE to try to skip homework with you as their teach!'

Dorothea smiled and by smiled, I mean she had the biggest smile possible in her face. She looked so happy. Had she just found an answer? Was my positive opinion the last single bit she needed?

'Imagine you being in my class and you forgot or did not care to do homework, Tiffy. I would call you to me. I would stand on the podium to make myself looking even bigger than

I already am. You would suddenly look up in fear, while I would look down with an annoyed face, my arms crossed under my breasts, waiting for a good reason why you forgot your homework.'

Oh my God, can you imagine such a scene in your head? By then, Dorothea would be even taller in the first place! I can already feel all the fear starting to creep into me ... and I was not even her student!

'But thanks to my size, I probably will not even NEED to act tough and mean. Hihhi, this sounds so awesome. Maybe you are right. Maybe I should give it a shot!'

Would you look at this. My dear sister was actually becoming an adult and we spent the rest of the evening together, talking about the future in general. I felt good. Dorothea felt good, mainly because she had a real vision now and I really hoped, that this vision would fulfill her with happiness in the future.

But still, just imagine having such a teacher like her... damn!

## Chapter 49 – Dorothea

If you would have asked me, what time of my life was the most hectic, it would have been the time between my graduation and my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Easily.

Just think about it. All of spent so many years at school, meeting the same people day in, day out. Learn, write essays, try to pass tests, the whole spiel and then suddenly you graduate and everything is different and I do mean everything. Suddenly, you are no longer in this hamster wheel. Suddenly, everything is different. You are no longer in this safe zone of what school truly is. Now you have to decide on what to do with life. Life would get serious from that point on. Your career choice would decide on so much afterwards and it was this choice in particular which gave me the biggest headache.

Look, I am no regular girl, even if I tried to life like a regular girl but no matter how hard I was trying, in the end I was an ever-growing girl, already twice as tall as basically everyone around me. Some people already were half my size and one thing was for sure: while life would continue, so would my growth. I would get bigger and bigger, even taller than I already was and with that certain tasks and jobs were just not viable for me. I was different.

So yeah, in short, I had a real rough time to decide on what to do with my life. Thankfully over the last few weeks, my friends and family were such a help. My parents did not push me one single bit. They gave me all the time to think.

‘Take this time, Dorothea. It is so much better if you need a bit longer rather than maybe make a wrong decision. We support you, darling!’, me Mom for example said to me. Dad was similar in that regard and that was awesome. Sure, it

helped that I had a wealthy family and all, but one thing was for certain: I wanted to stand on my own feet.

My sister Tiffy also helped me quite a bit. She too was of the mindset that I should take my time and decide not for the first thing that opened itself but rather try to fulfill my dreams.

‘And heck, if this opportunity does not open itself at first, I simply hire you as my assistant for my medical office!’

A fun idea, even if I had no desire to follow her footsteps, but it was a nice temporarily Plan B so to speak.

Speaking of my sister Tiffany, she visited Mom and Dad at our home, as my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday was right around the corner. Oh yeah, the 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. A highlight for so many young people and I was also really excited for this event in my life. We planned a big party and all of my friends would be there, even those that did not live in the area, but maybe I should tell you more about it next time.

Because I want to focus on this scene instead today. I was meeting with some friends beforehand and when I returned home, I saw Tiffy sitting at the couch having her nose in a book it seemed, but as I got closer, I realized that it was no book but rather an old photo album. A very specific photo album.

‘Living through old memories, sis?’, I asked her and Tiffy turned her head towards me, smiled and then invited me to look through that particular album with her.

‘Those old family photos. So many memories’, I said and Tiffy nodded.

‘Yes, indeed. Time surely flies!’

See, this album was special for me, as there was a sort of tradition behind it.

‘This was the very last picture made before you were born, Dorothea’, Tiffy explained even though I knew about it. ‘Mom’s labour kicked in not even two hours after that photo!’

‘The very last picture without me or in a way the very first photo with me.’

‘That is correct and it started a tradition. Our family tradition to take a photo in front of this wall on each of your birthdays, Dorothea.’

A tradition I loved very much and it literally started on my day of birth. Just looking at those photos made me emotional. They all looked so young. Mom. Dad. Even Tiffy looked so different.

For every year there was on photo and when Tiffy turned the page, there was I sitting on the ground.

‘Look at me crawling on the floor!’, I said with excitement.

‘Yes. You were quite the active baby. Cannot remember, why we all looked to you on the ground at the same moment though.’

‘Hehe, maybe I did something funny?’

‘Haha, maybe. Who knows?’

We already had such a blast and we took our time to give each photo the time it deserved!

‘And one year later, I was already standing like all of you!’

‘Yes, you were. Look how we were talking, completely missing to pose for the picture’, Tiffy commented and she was totally right. Both of us missed the shot completely but it

didn't matter. To me, it was just proof, that our relationship was already so awesome. A detail, that has never changed and will never change. Tiffy, you are the best sister on planet earth!

'Look at my sister posing, like a star!'

That comment made Tiffy blush a bit and rightfully so. She looked just so fine, still does in fact.

'Hehe, I had quite the confidence, don't you say?'

I whole heartedly agree.

'And look how slim Dad was back then!', I commented on the next photo.

'Well, he used to play professional soccer back in the day.'

'I know, but wow. He was so fit! And Mom was also quite the looker herself!'

'And this was, when I was five years old. I remember, that Dad got traded and way away for most of the time, right?'

'Correct. I was 19 by then and in my studies to become a doctor, so Mom was often alone just with you.'

One detail that was amazing for me was, just how tall Tiffy looked. At that stage she was easily the tallest in the family. She towered over all of us. Well, not anymore, Hehehe...

'And who is this again? I cannot remember him. Was that your boyfriend?'

'Ohh...yes...that's...Joey. He and I were a couple for three years. Didn't end good.'

*SIGH*

That sound in Tiffy's voice, I thought to myself. I could sense pain in it and it sounded to me, as if this jerk had cheated on her. Poor Tiffy!

Anyway, the next photo had a surprise at hand.

'Damn, look at you. You look so different!', I said surprised. I had such a blur on those years and I simply could not remember Tiffy look so different. She had really long hair and her whole choice of clothes was so unlike her.

'Yeah, I was a different person back then.'

'But it suits you! Ever thought of going back to that style?', I asked her rather curious but Tiffy was really quick to respond.

'Not really.'

'Too bad.'

But the way she reacted. I had this feeling, that her changed appearance had something to do with this Joey and if I was right that he cheated on her then it was just understandable that Tiffy did not want to return to such a style. But damn, she looked so ... good! And even more so on the following photo!

'I look so happy in this one, but you Tiffy, you look so...', I started but once again she was faster.

'Yeah...rough times. My relationship with Joey was just broken by then, because he ... ah, forget it. Forget him!'

'What a jerk to make my sister sad like that!'

'It's over, Dorothea ... for the better!'

I gave Tiffy one short look, but her eyes told me that it was better so simple close that topic. It was for the better, I guess, as she was in a much better place now!

'Oh wow. What a transformation, Tiffy. You look almost as you do today!'

'You are right. My relationship with Joey was finally done and I decided to turn my life around. I decided to change everything and in the end, I would do it all over again! It was the best decision in my life! But on this photo it is you, Dorothea, that looked sad.'

True.

'Wasn't that the year I almost didn't grew at all and we all thought that my spurts were over?'

'Correct. Boy were we wrong...', Tiffy commented and the very next photo showed, just how wrong we all were!

'Haha, look at me already much taller than both Mom and Dad!', I said with pride while pointed towards the photo.

'This is correct. Ah, those memories. This was the year of my graduation. The year I officially become Dr. Tiffany Lockhart!'

I was so proud to have a big sister like Tiffy. I remember when she finally returned after studying and how happy I was, that she fulfilled her dream. Dr. Tiffany Lockhart, it makes me proud to this day!

But what I also noticed was, that this time it was Dad that looked sad, which triggered some more memories. I think this was right after his playing career was over and with that he lost his focus in life quite a bit, and also starting to add weight.

On the next photo, another 'new' face showed itself, but this time I had much better memories about her. In fact, it wasn't long ago since I spent I nice party night with this girl.

'I remember her! Elena!'



Once again, Tiffany fell clearly back into her own memories, while she was looking at Elena.

‘Elena ... she was such a sweetheart. A best friend turned into a short-term fling, but in the end we decided that it was better to just stay friends, which we are to this day, even if she lives in Europe now.’

Wait a second, I thought to myself. Tiffany didn’t know that Elena had returned to Thurmont. Should I tell her? I wasn’t sure, so I decided against it. For the time at least.

‘She was a fun girl. I often played with her in that time and whenever she was here, she joked how I looked taller than the last time she was visiting!’, I said and giggled ...

About that last statement though ... just by the turn of the page...

‘Your 12<sup>th</sup> birthday, Dorothea. You grew an entire foot that year!’

Now we were talking!

‘That day, I smashed the 2-meter-barrier. 6’7! It sounds so small today! Look at the look you are giving me, Tiffany!’

‘This was the time, I really started to try to get behind the reason why you grew so damn much, Dorothea.’

‘Hehe, and I never stopped, haha!’

Those memories. 12 years old. 6’7 tall. In just a few days I would become 18 years old, but not only was I much older, no, I was so much taller!

‘You are so right, Dorothea. And as you can see in this picture, you were really tall now and it was driving me crazy. I was so worried about you and your health.’

'But in the end, you never found anything suspicious!'

'Which was the reason, why I gave even more into this research!', Tiffany argued.

'Back then I was so annoyed by your constant tests. Today, I think differently though. You had every right to do so. Every right to test me. I understand this nowadays!'

With every following photo, my size was getting more and more impressive. The next photo was on my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday and boy was I a tall girl already!

'Huh. Why do I look so intimidate by you in this one?', Tiffy asked herself, which made me shrug my shoulders.

'Don't know. Was I such a brat back then?'

'No, not at all. I would go as far that you were even easy to handle during puberty, even if your size was getting bigger and bigger, but you stayed a sweet girl, Dorothea!'

'Aww, thank you, Tiffy. But look. Me...in training gear! I was actually trying out sports ... but I hated it so much, haha!'

'Yeah. You always were a lazy bum, Dorothea!'

That snide comment made by Tiffy made both of us laugh for a bit. She was right. But we weren't done yet. There were still 3 more photos to watch.

'Look at you sighing, Tiffy. Was that the time you gave up in finding a reason for my constant growth?', I was wondering but unfortunately, I was totally wrong.

'No...I...started dating Jennifer but ... wanted to keep it a secret...'

'Awww...that's so cute!'

'...because my last relationships ended so badly. I really wanted to be sure, that THIS TIME things were better.'

Oh, this made sense to me. Poor Tiffy. Thank God, her and Jer are such a great pair together. She really deserves this! My sister only deserved the best things happening to her!

Two more photos and for the first time, Christian and Jennifer were part of this tradition!

'Boy, was my little Christian shy back then, haha!', I commented on his shy look. By this time, every one but Tiffy was below my butt height. I was really tall now and my head was scratching the ceiling in this one. A feeling I only got more familiar over time.

'Hehe, but he is a great guy and nowadays so confident around you!

She is right. Christian. My little hero. Those years together were the best and so many good memories. The day we met for the first time. How he fainted in front of me because I was so tall. How I grew in front of him at our first family dinner together. How he stayed with me. How we gained more and more confidence, even if I grew bigger and bigger. My little hero.

Sadly, only one more photo in this album left. Man, I had grown quite a bit between those two pictures.

'Time to bend from now on for these pictures!', I commented with glee.

'Or we transfer the location to the outside?'

'But isn't it a family tradition that we take these pictures right in front of this wall?'

'Dorothea ... look ... at ... you...'

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Tiffy had a point. Big girl was getting too big for this. Maybe we should really tweak this tradition for my birthday party in a few days and with that we were done and Tiffy closed the album and I put my left arm around her.

‘That was so fun, Tiffy. I love you. You are the very best big sister one can have!’

‘And you are the best not-so-little sister one can imagine, Dorothea!’

What can I say? No matter our size difference, we will stay the best sisters one can imagine. That’s a promise!