You are Vertically Challenged Dear

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In the US, going to my first day at the new office was a unique experience. After passing more than half a century in this world my short height finally received its due credit by my thoughtful boss. When I failed to reach the books from the bookshelf my boss came up with a step ladder saying,

"Honey, you will need this!" Then looking at my embarrassed face she gave a smile and revealed a graceful truth, "Don't worry, you are vertically challenged dear!"

When I was sixteen years old, the measuring tape started showing an obstinate result with my height! I was stuck at 4ft. 9inches! The average height of women in our country is 5ft. With so many battles waiting to be fought in life, my first battle regarding appearance stood like an indomitable wall! But sharing is bliss and other people of similar height extended their hands saying,

"Welcome to the club! From now on your uphill battle begins with feeling the pinches of being identified as "short" or politely "petite".

In all the ups and downs of life being "petite" became a challenge. Acquiring this body structure is the first hurdle I had to accept with all its worries and glories!

When I was a seventh grader I became aware that most of my classmates were taller than me. Indeed my physical growth was not marching down the same aisle with my age! Test of challenges began in the classroom when I could not reach the upper half of the blackboard and had to start writing from the lower half when called to the board. Being fifteen years old I was experiencing my teen years with all its ups and downs. I used to feel like a penguin in the woods! However, one day when the hero of our class came to help me erase the board at the higher level I felt very special. When I thanked him after the class he told me,

"You are petite you know, but as the saying goes, 'Small is beautiful'!"

Ah! I thought. All hopes are not lost in the world of romance then! Again, height was the inherited sin when it came to playing basket ball. I was a good shooter but was not taken in the school team for I was "too short". With time my friends were growing taller and taller but alas, my height was not the rolling stone! At college all hopes dashed and my height was still stuck at 4ft. 9inches!

In my helpless plight I tried to reason. My parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts were all termed in Bangla as "talgacher moto lomba" (as tall as a palm tree). But it seemed that some petite ancestor from the past had taken the whim to pass on his or her height to me through the genes! Oh, great ancestor, why didn't you think twice before choosing me to pass on this shortness in height?

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Buying readymade clothes was a challenge. I would choose the perfect dress but couldn't buy it for where as it was supposed to be knee length, its border would be getting lost beneath my feet! Ironically though, buying expensive materials for my petite size required less cloth! Choices of handbags were streamlined. Anything too big or too