

I closed my bedroom door as I slid down against it to the floor. A deep sigh escaped my mouth as I dragged my legs up to my chest. I lowered my head and closed my eyes. After a minute of self groveling I stood up and made my way to the bathroom where I looked into the full body mirror, ashamed and disgusted at what looked back at me.

I had just gotten back from the doctor's office. It was just a check up, nothing too serious. That's not why I'm upset though, it's because of the physical I had to do. It reminded me of everything I hated about my physical appearance. You see I'm what you would call a stick, and a short one at that.

I've always been small. I was born a month premature, 5 pounds and 3 ounces to be exact, the runt of the family you could say. Ironically enough, my family is full of giants!

My father is a whopping 6'11. My mother 6'5. My parents are pretty tall, so naturally you'd expect their four offspring to be tall as well. You'd be mostly correct in this theory, key word mostly. Let's dive in shall we? My oldest brother, Ethan, is taller than my father measuring at 7'1. He could have had a career in basketball, but my 26 year old brother chose engineering instead. Next is Mary, she is 24 and my one and only sister. Don't let her giant stature of 6'8 fool you, she is the most sweetest, kindest, and caring person you'll ever meet. And finally, my other dorky brother Marcus. He's been sticking out since kindergarten, literally he has always been the tallest in his class. Even at 23 he's standing at 6'10.

So, how tall am I, you ask? I must be up there with my parents and siblings right? Wrong! I'm 4'6 and have been so since I was 12. It's insufferable having to live in a world full of giants.

My parents saved up enough money to have a custom house built expecting their kids to grow up nice and tall just like them. Everyone except for poor little Emilia, who had to carry around her own little step stool just to be able to wash her hands. What's worse was the torment from my brothers and the occasional offensive remark from Mary growing up. While they shot up to great new heights, I stayed down in the mud. I'm shorter than the average American female for Christ sake! I've always envied my siblings for their bodies and loathed my own.

"Well, Mrs. Emerson everything looks fine." Dr. Goodman informed me. "However there is one concerning thing that I can't seem to figure out."

My heart dropped in my chest. I had an inkling of what was about to happen. "Looking over your family history, we've noticed... you're a little stunted compared to other members of your family. Your BMI was also a little low as well." He said, reading off my chart. I let out a sigh.

"Yeah I get this a lot actually. I can't really explain it, but I'm just really short compared to my family." I explained.

"Have you tried any dietary changes or have you sought any hormone therapies?" He asked.

“I drank my milk and even binge ate for a while but nothing. And I’m way too poor to afford hormone therapy. You and I will just have to live with the way I am.” I answered. After that I promptly left, quite embarrassed too.

So there I was, looking in the mirror self loathing. My phone chimed bringing me out of my dark and self-deprecating thoughts. It was my mother, telling me dinner would be ready soon and I should start my journey over to the family estate. I don’t know why I kept going over there, but there I was every Sunday night for family dinner. I quickly threw on an oversized hoodie that belonged to one of my brothers to hide my short, plain, and uninteresting figure.

“Where’s little Emmies step stool?” Ethan questioned as I entered my childhood home.

“Har har asshole.” I say rolling my eyes. *And so begins the make fun of me to inflate your own small fragile egos fest.* I thought to myself.

Dinner went as it always did. Mom asked us about our weeks, and we responded with the same mundane stories as every week. When I brought up what happened at the doctors, my siblings broke out in laughter and my parents gave me those disgusting pitiful looks they always did when these things happened to me.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I hated being this family’s butt of the joke. I hated being picked on because I was short. I was just done with everything. “You all find it so funny that I’m so short. Well have you ever thought what it’s like to live like this! With you? You don’t and never will! I’d kill to be as tall as you guys. I’m just so done. I’ll be damned if I ever come back to this hell house!” I exploded in a rage and doing what I did at the doctors, I stormed out of the house and drove home with tears welling up in my eyes.

I cried myself to sleep that night, like I always did when I was reminded I was nothing but a small, insignificant ant.

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night to a notification on my phone. Expecting it to be a message from one of my family members apologizing, I was instead met with a Facebook messenger message. *Typical.* I thought. The message was from an old high school friend of mine who I hadn’t seen in years. Her name was Madison Grove.

“Sorry it’s late, in your time zone at least, anyway I was wondering if you wanted to go out for coffee or something on Saturday? I’ll be in the area and it’d be great to catch up with you.” The message read.

I typed back, “Sure. Just tell me when and where and I’ll be there.” I didn’t really want to go, but I felt bad that she reached out, something most of my high school friends hadn’t done, and decided I’d go for an hour with a sappy smile slapped on my face.

The week passed slowly and mundanely. I went to work, slept, and barely ate just like I did every week. I almost forgot about the friendly reunion when Madison messaged again with a time and location. When the time came, I left and drove to the location she wanted to meet at. It was a local Starbucks about 15 minutes away from my house.

I took a deep breath and walked into the shop, where a familiar albeit older face met my gaze. We had a short embrace then sat down in a booth in the back corner of the establishment.

“So how have you been, Emilia?” Madison questioned initiating the conversation.

“I’ve been good.” I responded. We spent the next half hour chatting and catching up while also reminiscing about our high school days. Everything was going fine until she had to ruin everything with one question.

“So, do you still hate your body?”

I contorted my face in disbelief and confusion. “That’s not any of your business Madison.” I stated sternly.

“Woah chill out.” She said in response. “I know it’s a sensitive subject for you and everything, but *you’re* the one who opened up to me about it in high school, I just want to make sure you’re alright.”

I cleared my throat and stated, “Thank you for your concern Madison, really, but I think we are done here.” I began to grab my things to run away like I normally did when Madison stopped me.

“Wait!” She yelled rather loudly. The people around us stared and my face went red. I sat back down waiting for the judgemental stares to cease. “I have something for you. I know it’s not much but I hope you’ll keep it around.” She said in a lowered tone. She got up and exited the restaurant to her car to retrieve the item.

As I sat there waiting, I began to think about how much Madison had changed since then. She had really developed in the years since I last saw her. Her long dirty blonde hair looked silky smooth and soft. Her body curved in the perfect places, and overall she looked beautiful.

I wish my looks could amount to hers but alas, my disgusting greasy black hair would forever pale in comparison. My body was as flat as a board, looking like some malnourished skeleton. My green eyes would never shine as bright as her crystal blue ones. As I was wallowing in self pity Madison re-entered the Starbucks with her hands behind her back.

“Tada!” She cheered, presenting me with a little teddy bear. It was brown and had a little red bow across its neck.

“Damn, and I really wanted to be mad at you too.” I said, gently grabbing the stuffed animal. She knew my kryptonite was stuffed animals and I just melted when I saw it. Afterwards we exchanged our new numbers, hugged again, and went our separate ways.

I got back to my house with my little bear, which I had promptly dubbed beanie, snuggled between my arms. I fell asleep on the couch watching a show on Netflix around 10 pm.

I woke up the next morning in one of those states of bliss. It quickly dissipated when I noticed that my feet were hanging off the side of the couch and my shirt was feeling tight around my throat. I chalked it up to me shifting down the couch as that happens sometimes. I opened my eyes and stood up. *This isn't right.* I thought. My center of gravity was off and a slight soreness set in deep in my bones. I looked down, my sight seemed distorted. The ground was further away. I made a run for the bathroom.

I made it there quicker than I anticipated. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was taller. My shirt was tighter because I was too big for it. It's a good thing I slept with just underwear on. I grabbed a tape measure and looked at my new height. My arms were longer too. 5'9 is what it read. Holy shit! I had grown a whole foot and three inches in one night! I jumped up and down in joy. That's when I noticed something else, another reason why my shirt was tight.

I removed the shirt and that's when I saw them. My boobs had gotten a little bigger too! I also had a bit of a belly protruding out too. I grabbed my scale and weighed myself. I was 125 lbs. Yeah, I had binged a little bit the night before, but 125? I had never been over 90 in my entire life! I raced to my bedroom, putting on the oversized hoodie, which was now a little less oversized, from yesterday and put on a pair of jeans. They didn't fit anymore though, the ends a few inches above my ankle. I opted for shorts instead. I went to grab my shoes, but they didn't fit either. My feet had grown a few sizes as well. I put on some flip-flops, which still didn't fit but were manageable.

After adjusting the seat in my car, I raced over to my parents house in excitement.

“Holy hell!” My mother exclaimed.

“Emilia is that you?” My dad said after.

“What happened to you?” They asked.

I hadn't thought about it in my excitement. “I-it's a hormone therapy I'm trying.” I said making an excuse on the spot.

The rest of the day was full of my siblings gawking at my new figure and me finally feeling a part of the family.

Mary, my mother, and I went to the local Walmart after dinner to get me some new clothes that would actually fit.

I went from an extra small to large and size 0 to 15. My shoe size was now 9 1/2 and my bra size shot up to a C cup! After my shopping spree I happily went home, my life was perfect now.

I took an ibuprofen as the growing pains had gotten a bit worse. *At least I didn't have stretch marks* I thought. I slipped into bed in my new comfy pjs and looked at my bedside table as I started to drift. My eyes laid upon beanie. I looked at the stuffed bear suspiciously. I then scoffed. *No way a stuffed bear could be responsible for this.* I thought as I sleepily closed my eyes and drifted off the sleep.

I awoke to a loud *thud!*

A sting of pain shot through the left side of my body as I came to. In the little light of dawn shining in through my windows all I could make out was that I had fallen off my bed. I shifted up as more pain shot through my body. I found the chain to my lamp, oddly quickly I might add. Light flooded the room as the full extent of what happened was illuminated. I hadn't fallen off the bed, the bed frame had snapped making my body fall to the floor.

I looked over the bed and saw shreds of clothing. I looked down and to my horror I was mostly nude, my bra the only thing hanging on. Not only was I mostly nude but big, really really big. I stood up and made my way to the bathroom, pain shooting throughout my whole body as I did. My view was very distorted as I stumbled towards the mirror. I bumped my head on the doorway.

Rubbing my head I lunged for the tape measure. 8'3. My ceiling was 10 ft in my bedroom. I turned to look in the mirror. My body portions were huge. Just then my bra snapped off. My boobs fell down, revealing just how big they had gotten. Not only my boobs but everything. My thighs were thick and my tummy thicker. I turned to the side revealing Just how wide I was. I screamed in horror as everything was growing bigger and faster. The pain was getting worse and worse. Not only was I getting taller but fatter and wider as well.

My long fat feet made my wooden floors creak as I ran down the stairs, I feared I would fall through.

I was rapidly expanding now, the pain exploding as well. I began to sob. I made my way to the longest and tallest part of my house, the living room. Luckily, my living room ceiling was 15 feet and it stretched 25.

Soon I was so tall I had to sit, but that wasn't enough. My huge feet eventually reached the other side of the wall and I had to duck my head to avoid hitting my ceiling. I was quite literally a giant now. Eventually I seemed to have stopped growing, but I was in so much pain and in a

very uncomfortable position. I heard my phone begin to ring up the stairs. Boy was I glad that I installed Alexa. I answered the call using the in-home assistant.

It was Madison. "Emilia, listen to me, do you still have the bear?"

I answered in an unintentionally loud voice, "Yes. I'm kind of busy right now though so I'll have to call you back."

"Wait! I'm on my way over. The bear is cursed! And by the sounds of it, you're bigger than desired aren't you?"

I was shocked. "So it was the bear?" I said.

"Yeah. So basically I'm a witch and I cursed the bear so you would grow a little bit taller, however it seems I've fucked up. Majorly." She said.

"No shit. I'm about to burst out of my house." I said angrily. "I'm almost there. I'll fix everything soon." She said in a worried tone.

"Yeah you fucking better."

After a few more minutes Madison showed up. She was barely able to get into my house because my leg was blocking the door.

"Where's the bear?" She asked in a hurried tone.

"Upstairs on my nightstand." I pulled out my hand and she stepped on it. I lifted her to the stairs. After a minute or two and some weird incantations coming from my room, I began to shrink.

It took no less than 2 minutes for me to shrink back to my normal size.

Madison emerged from the stairs holding some clothes for me in her hand. "Look. I can explain." She said handing me the clothes. "Get changed and I'll brew some coffee."

I did as she said and after a minute there was a fresh steaming cup of joe in front of me.

Madison sat across from me. She began to open her mouth to speak, but before she could I slapped her. Although taken aback she said, "I deserved that."

I shook my head in agreed annoyance.

Here's what happened. Essentially, when we hugged at the Starbucks, she plucked one of my hairs, and then proceeded to read an enchantment spell off of a spell book she bought off the dark web. She had gotten into witchcraft and wanted to try out a new spell from her new book.

After successfully altering herself, she for some reason thought of me. She gave me the bear and I was supposed to grow a foot or two but she fucked up the incantation and I became a giant. Thankfully she reversed the spell and I was normal again.

Moral of the story folks; Don't be friends with witches and be glad that you have the body you do.