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## Names

By: Kylie Ferguson

Names are strange things. They can have so much, or so little meaning behind them. Your parents probably chose your name before you were even born. It's something they have to spend a lot of time thinking about after all. You don't want to name your kid something too common. Like, don't name your kid Taylor, or Kristen. Even if you spell it weird, there are already far too many of those out there.

When you think about making sure you don't name your kid something too common, you will likely turn to the internet.

"Wow..... 'Agapanthus!'" you will exclaim breathlessly, gawking down at your round stomach in hopes that the baby will kick you or something to show its approval. You will be so excited with your "unique, yet fashionable" name that you will pick up the phone and start dialing that friend that you tell everything too, whether they want to hear it or not. But then you will think of some celebrity you used to marvel at, until they cursed their baby with a ridiculous name like Agapanthus.

At this point, some tears will likely be shed. You will go through the long and emotional process of considering all the millions of names out there in a variety of different situations. Then, after all that, you will probably end up just naming your child after someone. Perhaps a long lost great grandparent who was a pinnacle of your family and whose name is now coming back into style. Or, maybe some actress who,

despite many questionable actions in her downtime, you feel inspired you to be the woman you are today. Or even a name from your husband's culture, that, despite it's history of beheadings and oppression, you have completely accepted and parade to all your friends.

This lengthy process focuses on first names though. You don't really get to pick your last name. You may not even like it much, but eventually, deep down, you accept it because it symbolizes your family.

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I don't know if it is just me, or if it is a general aspect of human nature, but when I have to discuss something difficult, I tend to preface it with a general summary of my thoughts on the subject. The discussion on names I just treated you to was an example of this, but I also wanted to make you think about your name.

We don't really think about our names much. Maybe when we see them printed on a billboard, and that varies a lot between person to person. Depending on how common your first name or your last name is you may never see it printed anywhere, or it may be printed on lot's of billboards, shouted in lot's of commercials, and engraved in every collection of "personalized" keychains.

My first name is common enough, I see it in lot's of places. I don't really see my last name printed around though. Today is the first time in a long time that I have seen it anywhere.

“BAHARANI”

It is literally written in stone. Dark, official, deep cut font spells out my last name on a gravestone. I gazed at it, my vision wavering with the tears that clouded my eyes.

I crossed my arms and wrapped my hands around my elbows. Then, I made a point to entangle both hands in the silky black fabric of my shirt so that my little sister wouldn't reach for one again.