

Initial doubts

by Sandra Davies

"Gran, you're not listening ... I didn't say his *name* was Bud, I said his *initials* were Bud - B. U. D., same as my initials. And anyway you *can* be called Bud, strange as it sounds: it's a name in America - wasn't there someone called Bud Flanagan or something?"

She looked back over her shoulder at her grandmother, sat at the table doing the 'Times' crossword, and trying to beat her self-imposed thirty minute deadline, then turned back to the task in hand: getting the fire going, the wind was in the east and it was hard to get it to draw, despite sitting there with a newspaper held up against the chimney breast for what had seemed ages.

"Well what *is* his name then, what *do* the initials stand for?"

"Benedict Ulrich Dohl - his father's father was German apparently."

"Well, you certainly can't be marrying him then .. "

" Whyever not? - not that I've any intention of doing so, for heaven's sake! - stop trying to marry me off to every bloke I mention ... but why not this chap?"

"Because with your name - Barbara - you'll become a Barbie Dohl," and Rose triumphantly laid down her pen. "Finished! Finished in 28 minutes - and that newspaper's going to burn if you're not careful."

