

What's in a Name?

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

[SETTING THE SCENE: *My former canvassing-director, Tate (short for "Tatum"), had lived 28 years at the time of this story and not once met another person who had the same name as he did (in person). That all changed one night, when he was out canvassing for the Sierra Club. Join us — won't you? — for this momentous occasion.*]

KNOCK-KNOCK!

(Door opens)

"Hi, my name's Tate and I'm with the

Sierra Cl-"

"Your name's 'Tate,' too?"

"Uh, yeah . . . your name's 'Tate'?"

"Yup."

"Really! I-"

"How do you spell it?"

"Oh, uh . . . T-A-T-E."

"Yeah, that's how most people spell it."

"Oh . . . how do you spell it?"

"T-A-I-T."

"Really? Well that's—"

"Look, I hate to do this to you, but I just took a bunch of these medications that I've been on, and they make me have to go to the bathroom really suddenly, so I've got to get back inside now."

"Um . . . O.K.! Bye!"

"Bye!"

THE END

