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My Name

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My Name

Andrie Owings

My name is a boy's name. Andrie, like Andrew, which means manly. Momma says they misspelled it on my birth certificate. It is supposed to be Andrea. I will go through life as a boy. With all my brothers, maybe it's best. Everyone in my family calls me a different name.

My real dad calls me Angie. When I was born he stole me from the hospital. He said he didn't have the money to pay the bill, so he just slipped me out the back stairs. I think Momma forgot to tell him what she named me. It makes me mad when he calls me Angie, but he's not around much.

My brothers call me two different names: Andie just for everyday and Coon for when they are mad at me. Jeff says I'm noisy like a raccoon and stick my nose into everybody's business. I fight with them when they call me Coon.

Aunt Cora calls me Pandy. I don't know why she calls me that. I think there are so many kids she can't remember all our names. She is sweet and nice to me. I don't mind if she calls me Pandy.

Memo calls me Miss Aster. That's some movie star she knows. She says I act just like her. It's her own special name just for me.

I would like to have a new name. A girl's name. One like Angelica or Kimberly. Something that sounds soft as it rolls off your tongue. Bonnie, Camille, or Gwen would be nice. Not Andie. Nobody has ever heard of a girl named Andie.

Andrie, Andrea, Andie, Angie, Coon, and Pandy. I guess I am all those names to all those people.