Sydney & Louis Discuss Baby Names

Louis flashed a grin. "I was thinking about names for the baby."

I sighed. "I suppose we do need to start discussing names."

He narrowed his eyes at me. "You don't sound very excited."

I shook my head. "I *am* excited. *Very* excited. I promise. It's just…" I didn't want to tell him I had been hoping for a girl as much as he had been hoping for a boy. I had fallen in love with the name Emma while watching the eighties sitcom *Kate & Allie* and had always hoped to give the name to my daughter.

No, I didn't jump on the bandwagon with the rest of the country due to Ross and Rachel's fictional progeny. I decided at the age of eleven, my daughter would be named Emma. It had been a given that not only would I have a daughter, but my husband would have no objection to my choice of name. Things seemed so simple when you were young.

Yet, here I was with my husband, about to learn what his choice of name was for our SON.

"Syd? Do you not want to know the name?"

I wasn't sure I wanted to, honestly. What if he wanted some awful name like Xavier or Rupert or, I don't know, Howard? If I HAD to choose a boy's name, I wanted it to be something like Matthew or Ryan. Oooh! Or Charles, so we could call him Charlie. Though, Charlie might be too hard for his relatives to say. I might have to rethink my choices…

"Earth to Syd!" Louis was practically screaming at me.

I cleared my throat. "Sorry, Bluey. I got distracted."

His enormous grin was back. "Are you ready?"

I quickly put a smile on my face. "Let's hear it!"

"Luke!" He raised his hands for a moment in a "ta-da" gesture, before returning them to their rightful place on the steering wheel.

I met his eyes for a moment before bursting into laughter. Poor Louis looked like I had bruised his ego severely.

After a particularly exuberant chortle, I composed myself and appeared properly contrite. "I'm sorry, Bluey. I didn't expect the usual *Star Wars* geekery from you."

He raised an eyebrow at me. "Did you actually say '*Star Wars* geekery'?"

"Indeed, I did. Every guy who loves *Star Wars*, which seems to include most men on the planet, wants to be able to turn to his son and say, 'Luke, I am your father.' It's so sad."

Louis narrowed his eyes at me. "While Luke would be a very cool name, it is not the name I selected. I want to name him Luc. Like my Uncle Luc." He enunciated the name very slowly, inflecting a very large "ooh" before the hard "c" at the end.

While I thought it very sweet he wanted to name our son after his favorite uncle, I had to roll my eyes. Pronunciation was clearly going to be a sticking point.

Have you seen the movie, *French Kiss*? You know, the one with Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline where Kevin Kline plays a French man named…Luc. There is a VERY memorable scene where Kevin Kline's character, Luc, is trying to get Meg Ryan's character, Kate, to say his name correctly. I'm pregnant and paraphrasing, so I won't get it exactly right, but it goes something like this:

Luc: "My name is Luc."

Kate: "Luke?"

Luc: "No, Luc."

Kate looks at him with confusion. "That's what I said."

Luc shakes his head. "No, you did not. My name is Luc."

Kate rolls her eyes at him and says what sounds to me like, "Lnnnuke."

They went back and forth a few more times and both ended the conversation frustrated, thinking the other was a complete idiot. I closed my eyes and sighed. I had no desire to live through this on a daily basis. My child, correction, my *son* (holy crap!), is going to grow up in the United States, not France. NO ONE is going to call him Luc.

He will be known as Luke, by everyone other than his father, including his American mother. The last thing I wanted after pushing a gigantic being out of a small hole in my body was to have my husband *constantly* correcting me about how to pronounce our son's name. I just might have to kill him.

Rather than scare the hell out of Louis with my deliberations and receive another pompous lecture about the degree of hormones released in a woman's body during pregnancy, I simply offered, "It's a nice name. I have a few ideas myself."

You see? This maturity thing isn't so tough. You merely have to bury the irrational feelings until you can either unleash them on your therapist (who is paid a large sum of money to deal with your *idiosyncrasies*) or if you are desperate, release them in very small, watered-down doses to your closest family and friends. Being mature isn't synonymous with being completely sane. Being mature translates to controlled and well-timed releases of insanity.

Excerpt from *French Fry* by Glynis Astie, Copyright 2015