

A Boy Named Violet

A boy named Violet is simply preposterous. At least, that was what all of the friends of Markus and Rachel said. However, one must ask themselves, are these people *really* Markus and Rachel's friends? If so, then these friends must not be especially close, for they hardly knew Markus or Rachel at all. As Markus and Rachel happily acknowledge, the two were always truly *extravagant* types. Their living room wall was a mural of the fine arts of the fifteenth century, the front door rug is made of *leopard's skin*, and their kitchen has enough optical illusions on its appliances to make Houdini confused.

So when Markus and Rachel told this to their *close* friends—Mary and Noah—Noah laughed, and Mary shrugged. Now, unlike all of Markus and Rachel's exotic touches to their life, the expected infant's name did not have a complex, wacky story behind it. Nope; as a matter of fact, they had known what they were going to name their baby for months.

As expected, one of the parents had a favorite color that was violet. That parent was Markus. He adored anything that had the color violet. He believed it to be the color of patience, a handsome color, and it didn't hurt that purple was also known to be a very regal color. In the beginning, when his wife heard his stroke of genius (she never gets him) she gave a curt nod and said that she must think about it. Then she began to speak, choosing her words ever so carefully, as to not anger her husband, for she hated to watch his freckled face turn red in frustration. So she began to say,

"I was thinking about . . . well, I do enjoy the name Violet for our boy! It is very nice, and purple is a very regal color, which I naturally appreciate; but, when I say exotic or extravagant, that is just so extravagant," Markus grinned with pleasure at the compliment.

"That I was thinking of something *slightly* toned down, like, I was thinking of Jeremiah! Or Olaf! I enjoy Olaf, do you not?" The husband nodded his head, but then vigorously shook it.

"Olaf is a wonderful name; however, our boy will be named Violet." That was all Marcus said; he wasn't the very talkative type. He was straightforward and honest in all of his opinions. Such a frank statement could easily be argued against or turned down; however, Rachel knew that when her husband says this, he has won the argument. Therefore, Rachel flew up her hands in defeat; and from that day forward, their son was to be named Violet.

When Markus and Rachel relayed this information to all of their friends, the friends refused to believe it. Luckily, they got just the right response that they wanted from Noah and Mary, their close two friends for nearly a decade now. Unbeknownst to Markus and Rachel, though; Mary and Noah's minds were racing. Noah didn't care in the least about how they named their kids. The name could be Vormonjo McMashinton, for all he cared, but what he *did* care about is how this child was going to be treated growing up. There was an easy chance that this child was going to be tormented at school, and perhaps been treated monstrously elsewhere. It was cruel for Markus and Rachel to do this to their child. If this plan pulled through, then he had to intervene somehow.

Mary's mind, however, was on an entirely separate wavelength. She was the exact opposite of Noah, where she by all means *completely* cared about the baby's name, but couldn't care less if the baby was treated badly. Mary thought that the name Violet was simply unfitting for the odd tastes of Markus and Rachel. She thought that they were going to announce the most amazing, craziest name ever; like Atticus, or something of the sort. So she was utterly let down when the simple, common name 'Violet' came out of their mouths. However, she kept her mouth shut, and held back so she could have the perfect, 'I told you so!' when the parents realized when the baby was born that Violet was terribly unfitting.