

Defining Briana Briana Weller's Name Essay

I see colors. No really. All of the letters have them, whether they are visible to me or not. Names have color, too. My name is the color of the sky. Soft and light. My name even sounds light, like a whisper. Briana. Briana.

However, my name means strong, noble, and virtuous, all qualities I aspire to, so I guess the name fits. Briana is Gaelic. My middle name, Ashlinn, is also Gaelic. It means dream which definitely works for me, since that's what I'm doing most of the time. Ashlinn is a rosy red color like blush. That's it. Blush. Ashlinn and its color almost sound the same, too, like they were meant to be. When you say my whole name, it flows just how names should. Briana Ashlinn Weller. Weller is my dad's name, so now it is mine. It is German and an occupational name that means waves or living near body of water. Its color is a shade of light green, almost lime green but not quite as bright. I think my name's colors work well together.

My nickname, Brie, means something entirely different from Briana, which is strange, but there you go. This particular spelling of Brie comes from a region in France called Brie, which is famous for a brand of stinky cheese made there-- Brie cheese. This is actually why my mother chose this particular spelling. She always played "stinky feet" with me when I was a baby. She said I was the stinky cheese. (Thanks, mom, I owe you.) It's ironic actually, because my favorite food is cheese, yet I haven't tried Brie. I guess this is a good thing, as I would then be eating myself...anyone else confused? The color of Brie is a creamy yellow, so different than the blue of Briana. I guess a nickname is supposed to be a little different. That's what makes it special.

My name means a strong, noble, virtuous dream living near a body of water. It is sky blue, rosy red, and a light shade of new leaf green. I see the colors. All names have them, whether they are visible or not. The color, or meaning, of a name has a funny way of weaving its way in to your life, whether it becomes your favorite color or a quality of yourself. My name is a whisper, a soft, light colored name that rolls off the tongue. Brie,

Etched in Sharpie Aja Altenhof's Name Essay

Aja Marie Altenhof. It's got a unique ring to it. Smooth. My first name pushes across your tongue through the lips. My middle name has a sort of thick, stuck up sound. My last name is a mouthful of letters.

There is nothing truly wrong with my name. I guess it and I have a love/hate relationship. It's not perfect, but neither am I. If I had the chance to change it though, I would change it to Aubrey. Aubrey is so much simpler. Everyone says it right the first time.

I read in a book once that my first name meant goat in Hebrew. (I was not happy.) I also read that my middle name meant bitter in Hebrew. And finally my last name means big house in German. Does that mean I'm a bitter goat living in a big house? Some say the name fits. I know I can be bitter; but a goat? Am I that stubborn too? In this case it really is a sad excuse for a name.

In a sense, my mother's best friend gave me my name. She was going to have a daughter and wanted to name her Aja, but she didn't know how to spell it. (She ended up naming her daughter Sierra; I like the simplicity of Sierra.) My mom fell head over heels in love with the name Aja. She thought it was different and unusual. But so is hers--Osmara. I guess she felt like she had to follow some sort of unspoken family tradition, although everyone else's name in my family is somewhat normal. She knew what kind of name would fit her daughter. My dad apparently agreed as well. But my grandmother, well, I guess she was on my side because she said in Spanish my name sounded like Ah-Ha! (even though she's the one that started the whole "unusualness" in the first place).

My family and friends have used my name in the most unusual ways to create most of my nicknames-- Agi(ah-gee), Ajsh (ah-sh). My cousin Brittney calls me Goo, and my dad calls me Crow. (I'm not sure how he came up with this one).

My name is my name and I suppose I will keep it. It's uncommon and unique, and even though people mispronounce it all the time it's always good to start a conversation with. And as long as I only have to write my first name, it's a time saver. It has become part of me and I have become a part of it. Names are etched in stone eventually, or with sharpie marker until then. And even with its good and bad points, Aja Marie Altenhof is mine forever.