

"Katie Kelly?" I raised my hand. "Here." The teacher acknowledged me with a small smile, marked me down and continued with the other names. "Hey!" I turned around. "Katie Kelly? Like, KK?" Blue eyes. Soft brown freckles on fair skin. Baseball cap, open jersey jacket, thin gold chain laid softly in a squiggle stuck to the top of his T-shirt. Thin red lips. "So what's your middle name?" his eyes wider now. "Kristene," I earnestly uttered. He laughed, "With a 'K'?" "Yes." He burst out laughing and called to his friend to the back left of the room, as he pointed at me. "No way! Hey! This girls initials are KKK!" and more laughter. I turned back around, my senses shut down.

I asked my mom after that  
about my name. She  
downplayed it as an odd  
coincidence. Just one of those  
things. They didn't mean to  
name me with those initials, on  
purpose. Of course not!