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Humanities-1/2  
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### **This Ancient Name**

“Come here”, the dusty tome on the rotting ancient stand whispered. It’s pages looked like they were about to explode from it like lava from a volcano. It’s spine was cracking and it smelled like forgotten stories. The book on the stand was strangely standing apart from the other tomes on the bookshelves in the eerily quiet library. You could see the dust swimming through the air in the cracks of sunlight that peeked through the boarded up windows.

“Come here”, the book whispered again a bit more urgently. You walked to the stand treading as lightly as you could as if the dirt floor could fall out from under your feet. Your fingertips lightly brushed the bruised cover of the book then you quickly opened it to a random page. It is full of names, dusty names. Names in the tongue called sanskrit. Names that are rich like the slithering gullies of this city and imposing like the himalayan range. Names that are different from all the ones reigning now.

That’s what I imagine when my mom says she found my name in an old book. She actually found both my name and my sister’s name in the same withering book. Both of our names are in sanskrit which is a dusty language. My sister’s name is Inika. It sounds like rolling hills that are going up and down. It’s a spiky name, annoying but at the same time it’s sweet.

Is Udeema spiky? I would say it isn’t. I love the way it rolls off my tongue smoothly and softly. It’s a gentle name, not at all clashing with steel swords. I do hate the fact that most of my family members have a hard time pronouncing it even after 14 years. To be fair, saying I don’t see them often is a severe understatement. I also have a sneaking suspicion that no one else has *my* name. That part is golden. Would I trade Udeema for anything else? Anything more easy to pronounce? Anything more modern? No, no, and NO.