Stephen Hymer

Ms. Chiodini

Humanities-3/4

4 Sept. 2013

**My Name is Stephen Kim Hymer**

 I was born on October 13th, 1998 in Masan, South Korea(which no longer exists). My birth mom was only nineteen at the time so I ended up being adopted by my adoptive parents when I was six months old. The name they gave me at the hospital was Kim Jung Ho, which I don’t think would be good for me at school if that was my real name. Mainly because Kim’s kind of a girl name and Ho would be used in a derogatory manner. If this had happened I would’ve probably ended up being the kid in the movie who’s a ghost in the back of the room that scarcely talks and has no friends. The funny thing is is that Kim and Ho are a decently common name for Korean boys, which is the complete opposite here in the US. Anyway, my adoptive dad’s dad was named Stephen Hymer and when my parents were choosing my name I guess they wanted to name me after my dad’s dad and to keep part of my Korean name in my name as well. That’s how my name came to be Stephen Kim Hymer.

 However, this isn’t the shining cherry on top of a sundae type of name. But I’ve learned to like it. For example, I used to, and still am not totally open to the idea of giving out my middle name to people. I’m afraid it will cause people to make fun of me, even my friends. One time, I told a group of people in middle school my middle name and one of them just started making a huge stinking deal about. He started saying, “Ohhhh, ohh!” like a monkey and saying, “That’s a girls name!” so I kind of just stopped telling people my middle name. But now that people are “hopefully” beginning to mature, I’ve started telling a few people that I know won’t laugh.

 My first name I love. It’s easy to remember, it’s pretty simple, you can’t really make fun of it, it’s as solid as a rock. Though there’s a lot of nicknames that I’ve picked up over the years like, Stevie, Steve, Stefan, Stefen, Stevo, Stefano, I like them all because it gives people something else to call me beside Stephen if they want to.

 My last name has a little more of a scientific burden that comes with it. I personally think it’s okay, even though I’d prefer a last name that was a spicy pepper instead of a tuxedo. It’s simple enough that people can’t make fun of it, and it’s uncommon enough that it’s a little bit unique in it’s own way. I mean, when was the last time you knew someone with a y in their last name? Now here’s the complicated part. My mom’s sister got married but never had kids. And since my sister and I are adopted, that means our parents never had any kids of their own. In turn, this means that my moms family’s direct biological bloodline ends with my mom. When I figured this all out, I sat there for a good two minutes contemplating this and then thought of a toy story quote, the one in the second movie when Andy's mom puts woody up on the shelf because his arms ripped. She says,

 “I'm sorry, honey, but you know... toys don't last forever.” which got me to realize something. All things have to end eventually, but only a few end with a different continuation.