



UH-HUH . . .

“Your name’s . . . Weir *Do*? It’s not really, is it?”

“Yes, actually, it is,” I reply.

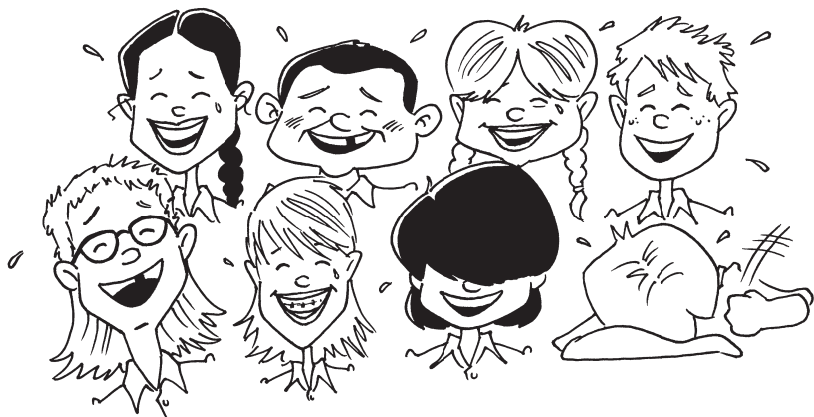
WEIRDO?



Get ready for it. In exactly **three** seconds,
all the kids will start laughing . . .

ONE.
TWO,
THR—

HAHAHAHA!



That's the story of my life!

SO WHAT'S YOUR SISTER'S
NAME? PLAY?

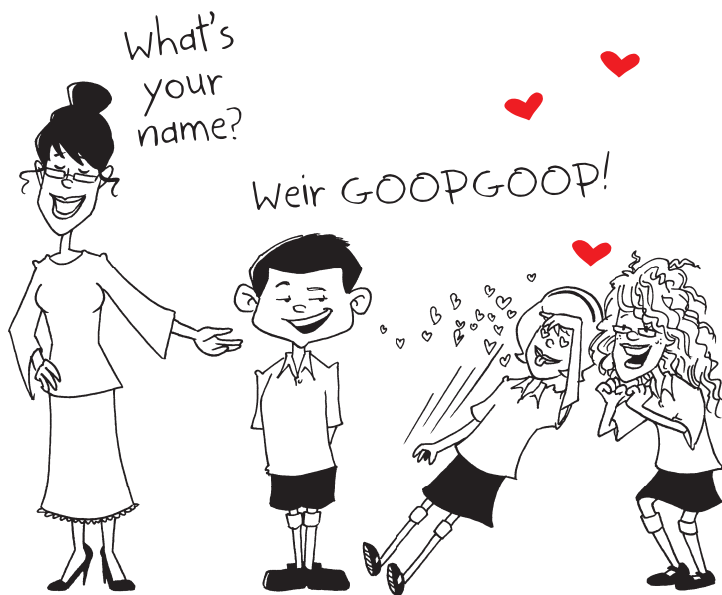
→ **PLAY DO!**
HA HA HA

WHAT'S YOUR FATHER'S
NAME? TAE KWON?

→ **TAE KWON DO!**
HA HA HA

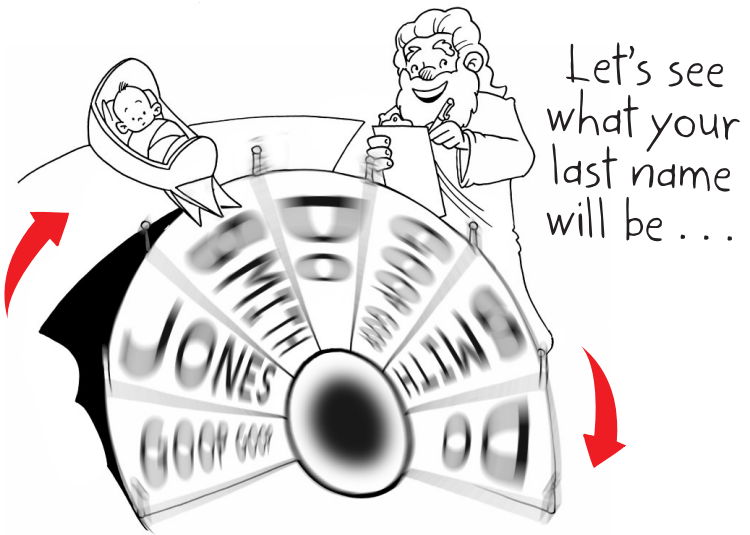
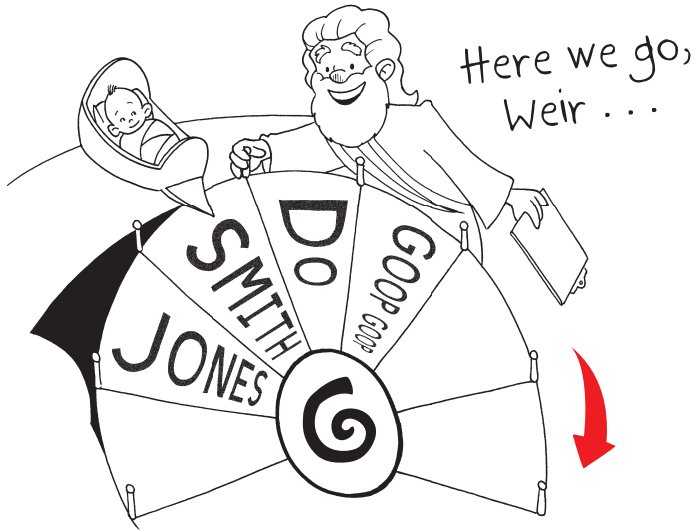


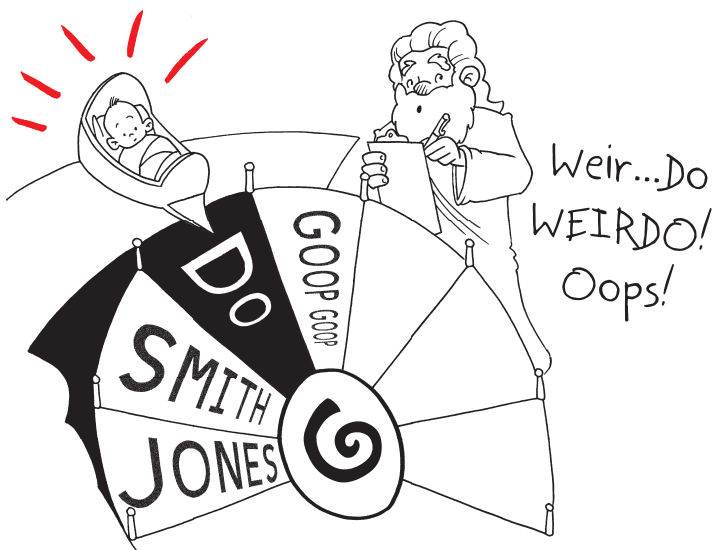
What I would give for a last name like **Smith** or **Jones** or **Chapman** or **Fletcher**. Anything!
Even **GoopGoop** goes better with Weir than Do.



YAY!

I guess when they gave out last names,
I lost . . . big time.





Thing is, my dad was born in Vietnam. His last name is **Do**. (Yep, rhymes with “go.”)

My mom’s last name before she married my dad was **Weir**. She really loved that name, so I got lumped with Weir Do! **WEIRDO!**

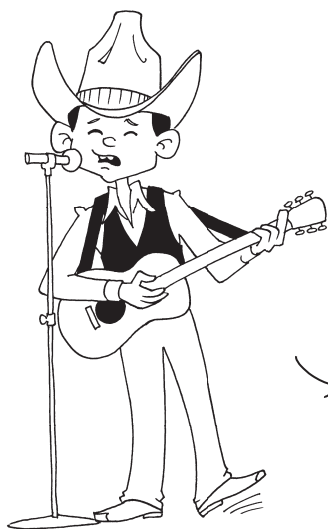
Lucky Me!

My parents could have given me any first name at all, like **John, Kevin, Shmevin,**

ANYTHING!

What about Rusty? **Rusty Do**
sounds like a movie star.

I'd like to thank
my parents for
my cool name!



Or maybe a famous
country music singer.

I'm glad I'm
not a weirdo.....

Instead, I'm stuck with the **worst** name since
Mrs. Face called her son **Butt**.

Now that was a **funny** roll call:



- Kevin Clark
- Mary Connors
- Butt Face

HAHAHAHA



Anyway, back to class . . .

“Children, it’s **rude** to laugh at someone’s name,” says the teacher. “I’m sorry, Weir . . . *Do*. Please sit down, Weir . . . *DO*.”

And then it started.

I could tell the teacher was trying **really hard** not to laugh. It’s a sign when people’s cheeks puff up like they’re about to **explode**.



I'm actually an expert on the subject.

I've seen it **a lot**.

My kindergarten teacher



My first-grade teacher

