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Humanities-¾

22 Sept. 2013 **Aristotle?**

Aristotle, Ari, Arostethis, and Aristotelis, are just some of the names people have called me. And honestly, I’m not sure which one is on my birth certificate. My mom always said, “It says Ari, your name is Ari, Ari.” While my dad would say “You’re Aristotle, Ari is for short.” I was always that new puppy that everyone had a different name for. I prefer to be called Ari because Aristotle or Aristotelis, is just honestly too much for people who don’t speak Greek. My name trips out their mouths, making them stutter and restart. Sometimes I correct them, just to watch it fall out again. My family is Greek; all fluent speakers, so I am around people who say it correctly. When they say my name, it sounds like my name is strolling out loud and proud. But, ultimately, they decide to call me Ari too.

Aristotle was a Greek philosopher, who was the understudy of Plato, who was the understudy of Socrates, who you’ve probably heard of. There is a legend that explains that many, many, many years ago, Socrates came to see a terribly small village called Delphi, the village my grandfather grew up in. He came to see the majestic waves that crash against the village and gently embrace the shore in a quick hug. But more importantly, he came to see what Delphi is famous for; the Oracle (Somewhere where you go to be told your future) So he sat with a group of students, who were also sitting by the Oracle and asked them; “What does youth mean?” They couldn’t give him an answer, and so he answered himself by saying, “The movement of the body and the soul.” So he was saying that no matter what your age is, you can have youth by seeing past the wrinkles on your face. This story stuck with my grandfather, and he told it to his children, which included my father. My dad didn’t want me to be Socrates Petrou or Plato Petrou, so he decided upon my name Aristotle Petrou. Aristotle which in

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english can be shortened to Ari. Thats how I came to be Ari, but thats just what my dad says.

My mom didn’t always want to name me Ari. My parents knew a guy named Ari Potash whose “Ass crack always showed.” She called me Ari Potash whenever my pants fell too low. She wanted to name me Tristan, Oscar, Giovanni, or something stupid like that. Giovanni? I’m not Italian, Oscar reminds me of low budget sandwich meat. Tristan, it has no meaning. It was just a popular name of 1998. Ari fits my face, like a picture to a frame. Its a name that smell of pine needles, it’s homey, without having to be at home. Ari is special, it’s what I look like. I guess my dad convinced my mom or something, whatever he did to change her mind, I’m glad he did it.

I love my name. I especially feel lucky to be named Ari because I’ve never shared a name with anyone else at school. My name is the black sheep. Even in the millions of white sheep, he’s different; proud that he’s special.