

# What nickname do you have for your son?



My son has an older sister, so it's the natural order of things that he would get some hand-me-downs: helmets, videos, and sometimes, sadly, girly things. Not princess outfits or Angelina Ballarina backpacks, nothing like that, but he did get stuck with his sister's nickname.

It was the endearment that was tip-top on my mind.

The name had just become a habit, "Please come here, BABYDOLL." It would easily flow from my lips when I would drop him off at preschool, "Have a good day, BABYDOLL." I used it all the time – everyday.

Then, one day on the way to school he said, "Mom, could you not call me BABYDOLL? Not with my friends there."

How could I have done this to him? Duh!

Yes, don't call a boy BABYDOLL. This should be obvious. It's like a double insult, "baby," only like the worse thing you could call a preschooler and "doll." Do I really need to point out the travesty of calling a young boy "doll?" I mean, it's not like I dressed him in heels and a tiara, but, BABYDOLL! Boy image suicide.

I knew I had to make things right for him.

So I let him choose his new name. After going through our

options – Little Man, Dude, Blue Power Ranger – he came up with Dinosaur. He wanted me to call him Dinosaur instead of Babydoll. It was a little bulky for a nickname, but Dinosaur it was.

Everywhere we went, he was my Dinosaur, and it made people smile in line at Trader Joe's and strangers join in at the park, "Hey Dinosaur, you're going to fall off there if you're not careful." It was fun, but I missed calling him Babydoll, just a little.

Then one day, as I was driving him home, I accidentally let it slip – Babydoll. "Oh, gosh, Dinosaur, I'm so sorry." He was understanding and said, "It's okay, you can call me Babydoll sometimes, I miss that." (Yea!) He then quickly made sure to put in one stipulation, "... just not in front of my friends." Deal.

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