

## The War Against "Hall"

Hallett German

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Some pundits lament against some faux war against Xmas. Instead, I suffer endlessly by being called constantly by a nickname not of my choosing. I prefer being called Hallett or Hal. Please note. But some smart souls think they know better and insist on calling me Hall. Whether I like it or not.

Ugh. I am not a darn Hall or Hallway. Why would anyone want to be called after a place that you vacuum? Or hang up your hat? Or is badly carpeted?

Maybe I have some bad karma to work through. I love you Mom. But choosing a name that no one spelled correctly from day one has brought a lifetime of moderate aggravation. If I had a middle name, then I could use that instead. But I lucked out on that as well. At least I know how a boy named Sue feels.

Everything I get a correspondence with Hall in it or calling me by last name German, I want to respond with their name mangled purposely beyond belief. But of course, I do not. Instead, I sign quietly **HALlet** (in large bold capital letters) hoping that they get the hint. Unfortunately, it never seems to work.

The funny part is that I am not the only Hal German in the world. There is a Harold German who is called also Hal. I know because I used to get his mail while we lived in the same city. I bet that lucky guy is never is called Hall, Har, Hell, Hel, Al, Harm or a million other creative misuses of my first name.

So that's it. I said my piece. Call me Hall at your own peril. Else expect a name mangling. Oh and happy holidays as well.