

Naming Neville

“What about William?”

“Neville.”

“Mark?”

“Neville.”

“Samuel?”

“Neville.”

“Andrew?”

“Neville. It’s got to be. Don’t look at me like that, Alice, I told you it had to be Neville months ago!”

“I thought you were joking.”

“Well I wasn’t. It’s Neville.”

“Please Frank! Why not John?”

“No way. Our baby’s name is Neville.”

“But he doesn’t look like a Neville. Nobody should have to live with a name like Neville. Think about how much he’ll be teased at school, Frank.”

“If I don’t name him Neville, terrible things will happen!”

“I can’t believe you’re twenty-four and still scared of your Mum.”

“Don’t tell me you’re not scared of her?”

“Well, yes, but I don’t want to call him Neville! Lily Potter had her baby earlier today and he got a nice normal name! Lily and James got to call their baby Harry!”

“Well I don’t know why we’re still arguing about this. Neville was born yesterday, and you’re still going on about it.”

“He’s not called Neville!”

“I promised my Dad I’d name my first born son after him! And Mum made me promise that I would. If Mum finds out that we’ve named him anything but Neville, I probably won’t live to see his first birthday, Alice!”

“But Neville is a stupid name! So old fashioned.”

“Neville’s a great name! Loads of cool, famous people have been called Neville.”

“Really Frank? Who?”

“Well there was...that guy! Neville Westminster! The one who invented dungbombs!”

“That was Neil Westminster, dear. Face it. There are no cool Neville’s.”

“What about the Muggle prime minister? Neville Chamberlain?”

“I’m not naming my baby after some fuddy-duddy politician!”

“Alice, calm down. Neville Chamberlain was a very popular prime minister. And anyway, our Neville will be named after my Dad.”

“He’s not Neville!”

“Oh look. Neville’s crying. Come here Neville! Come to your Daddy!”

“Frank, don’t talk in that baby-voice. It’s disturbing. And he’s not Neville.”

“Yes he is! Yes he is! Yes he is, aren’t you Nevilly-poo!”

“I said don’t talk in the baby-voice, Frank. Look! You made him upset! Let me take him.”

“So it’s decided then? I’ll go and register his birth. Neville Longbottom. Got a nice ring to it, don’t you think?”

“Don’t you dare register him as Neville, Frank! Why can’t he be David? Or Robert? What about Daniel or Edward or Jack? Why not...Augusta!”

“Augusta? What are you on about...oh...hi Mum!”

“I thought I’d come and see how my new little grandson was doing.”

“Mum, meet your grandson, Neville Longbottom.”

“Hello Neville. I’m glad to see you’ve kept your promise to your father, Frank. He’d be proud to know his name lives on in this little boy.”

“I might as well just give up, mightn’t I?”

“What was that dear? Honestly, you youngsters today, the way you mumble!”

“I said I might as well give up. I’ve been trying since yesterday to get your son to change his mind about naming him Neville. Looks like I might as well give up. Welcome to the world, Neville Longbottom.”

“Good to see you’ve seen sense, love.”

“If I were you, Frank Longbottom, I’d be thinking of ways to make up to me.”

“Why? We haven’t fallen out. Don’t look at me like that, Alice, love!”

“When we get home...”

“Let’s talk about something else, shall we?”

“Indeed we shall, son. Now. Have you considered Edgar as a middle name?”