

"Danny Douglas," he said, holding his hand out. "What's yours?"

We shook. "Why the lucky stiff?"

"Eh?" he said, turning his head, but keeping his eyes on me.

"Why the lucky stiff," I said.

"No, come off," he said, "that's not your name. What's your real name?"

"Oh, that's not any fun," I said.

"You gotta be who you are, mate. Now what's your name? Go on, just say it."

"Nah," I said. "You don't need it."

"See, now I wish had my smartphone here," he said. "I bet I could just look that one *right* up. Yeah, that's annoying. It ain't right. It really ain't right. You have to be yourself. Who else you gonna be?"

I shrugged and said, "It's getting dark. I need to go." I started across the field.

He yelled, "I'm going to look it up and I'm going to come find you, mate! Heck, I don't even need to find you. Once I get my phone back, I'm going to know! I basically know already!"

"Oh, yeah?" I yelled, turning around as I walked. "You know it already?"

"Yeah!" he yelled. "I already know it right now! It's obvious! It's just a name, mate! Doesn't mean anything to hide it!"