

Ne-VAH-DA(THE) Not, Ne-VUH-DUH

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Dear Fellow Non-NEVADIANS (Pronounced: Ne-VAH-THEEANS),

In this booming state of wildflowers, one wouldn't think that our state flower, the sagebrush, would seem to be any more exciting than what it is.

Of course, however, until you search up what it can do. It's pretty useful. And upon another closer look at the state, it seems to be rather... lackluster.

Oh I get it. It's dry. It's a desert.

Yet of all the near 12 years I've lived here, I wake up to the smell of bravado, the very shade of constant gray, the transit that works decently well until it unleashes another strike. But, hey, you should go to Downtown Reno at night, see the lights, see the arch screaming in blinding neon lights: "THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD"-

Or just go to Vegas. Same thing, apparently more things to do too...

But, there is something universal about those who live in Nevada.

A quick convo from my non-Nevadian (NE-VAH-THEEAN) friend:

Them: "Ok so you're from Reno, Ne-VUH-DUH"

Me: "It's Ne-VAH-The"

Them: "...Ne-VUH-DUH"

Me: "Ne-VAH-The."

Them: "Okay so you're one of those..."

Why do I care so much?

Because we all know it's Ne-VAH-The, not Ne-VUH-DUH.

Pronounce it how you like. We all know who's right..