Rough Edges

By: Reed
I'm in Speech Therapy because people don't always understand me. What I think I'm saying isn't always what they hear. Sometimes I have to repeat myself or really think about how to say something. But it's okay, and I don't mind much. This is my story.
I was a pebble, born into a world of smooth ones. My edges were a little rough, but I got by most of the time. When the other pebbles rolled down the mountain paths together talking and laughing, I'd veer off, only to get stuck and have to work hard to get back on the path to catch up. The other pebbles didn't notice at first, but I did.
When they did notice, the other pebbles couldn’t understand me. They didn’t know why I couldn’t stay on the path like they could. They said if I did, I could laugh and roll with them too! But no matter how hard I tried and practiced, I kept going off the path and was left behind. This hurt me a lot. I just wanted to have friends. I felt sad and lonely, like I was the only one having this problem.
One day, as I was rolling on a path through the woods, a rainstorm came. All the other pebbles rolled away quickly, but I rolled right into a mud puddle and was stuck. “Ick!” I thought. I didn’t want to be there and felt worried about this place. I felt lost. I thought all the other pebbles were watching and would think I was different just sitting there. I felt like I was somewhere I shouldn’t have been.
But as I rolled around trying to get unstuck, more and more of the soft mud surrounded and coated me and made me feel better. I felt myself getting smoother and rounder and it made me feel good. After the rain stopped, I rolled myself out and it was easy! The coating around me helped me become smooth like the other pebbles. I joined them and we all laughed and rolled together up and down the path all day! I never thought it could be like this. I felt like I had wings!
Now when I find myself getting a little rough around the edges, and it’s raining, I go back to that wonderful mud puddle and roll and roll. I like being there because it helps me feel better about myself. I was scared at first but now I’m not.
I was that pebble that lost something very important, my voice, but then I found it. I'm still a little rough around the edges, but I guess every pebble rolls a little differently in life, and that’s okay.

Rough edged pebble = me with speech challenges
Path = my daily life speaking with people
Soft mud puddle = my speech lessons
Coats of mud = learning speech skills
Rolling down the path = beating my speech challenges