

Me and my stammer by Sam

My stammer is a part of who I am. It's not a part that I particularly like. It's not something I can help. It's just there. Like my shadow or an annoying fly that buzzes around your head and won't go away.

I'm not stupid. I'm not a dweeb or a nerd.

Sometimes I get very frustrated with it.

We all have little things that we do. Some people get their letters and numbers mixed up. Some blink a lot. Others stick their tongue out when they concentrate. My voice just wants me to sound like a machine gun. This is great if you're playing a game but not so great if you're trying to say something.

I'm lucky. I have a really great group of friends who don't take any notice of my stammer. Others, who perhaps don't know me, can sometimes say horrible things. When people laugh at me or don't listen it makes me sad.

I'm working hard with my lovely speech therapist and my family to make it go away.

I'm still Sam and if when I talk to you I start to stammer, please be patient. I've got something to say but it might just take me a little bit longer to say it.

Thank you for listening.