

— ● Michelle Moyal ● —

my name is  
**KATE!**



illustrated by  
**Rosalia Destarisa**

In a town not too far away from here, there lived a little girl named Kate. Kate was a very cheerful girl who always made everyone smile. She was just like all the other kids in her school, with only one difference.

Kate had an extra class to go to and that was speech. You see, this little girl had Apraxia of Speech. It made it difficult for her to say a lot of speech sounds and words correctly. It was even hard to say her name.



On Monday Kate had to go to speech, but she wasn't too happy about it. All the other kids stayed in class and did their work and she just wanted to be with her friends. Kate knew that going to speech was very important, so she didn't complain when Mrs. M came to get her.

Side by side, both of them headed down the hall to the speech room. At the same time, a boy came out of speech. Sam was Kate's neighbor and always said hello whenever he would see her.





**“Hi, Kate!”** Sam exclaimed and Kate waved back at him.

Sam had a hard time saying some words too. Whenever he said his name, it sounded like ‘Tham’. The other kids often laughed when they hear him so he’s shy. But Kate always gave him a smile and thumbs up. Sam always smiled back.

Kate went to speech every day, but instead of getting easier, it felt like it was getting harder. She tried to say her name a hundred times, but each time, something other than Kate would leave her mouth.

Mrs. M always told her to be patient and believe that she could succeed. But it's not so easy to keep thinking like that every day.

When she was done with speech, Kate waved 'goodbye' walked quickly back to her classroom. It was almost time to go home and she couldn't wait.





It was Tuesday. Kate sat in class, looked at the clock and got butterflies in her stomach. It was almost time to go to speech, but she didn't want to.

The teacher wrote a word on the board and with a big smile on his face, Timmy yelled out, “that says pig!”

The whole class started laughing because the word on the board was ‘big’. With a tremendous frown on his face, Timmy looked down.



Kate, who sat next to him, knew how he felt. She grabbed his hand and when he turned to her, Kate gave him a big smile. Timmy smiled too and raised his head a bit. She felt good that she could help her friend, but her stomach still felt like there was a hurricane inside.

Not long after, there was a knock at the door and Mrs. M walked in. Without a word, she looked at Kate and motioned towards the door. Kate rolled her eyes without anyone seeing and stepped down from her seat. She went out and headed towards speech.



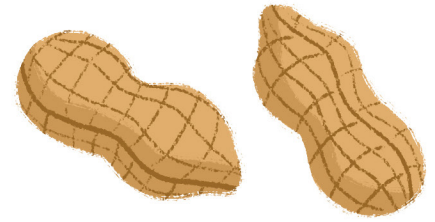


That Wednesday, the next day, the class was at PE. It was just before speech, so naturally, Kate didn't feel so good. She looked at the clock wishing it would stop or slow down for just a minute. It was Francine's turn to kick the ball into the goal. But she wasn't so athletic and never managed to kick it in.

Francine was sweating bullets and Kate could see that. Francine took a few steps and before kicking the ball, she tripped and fell on the ground. Just what she was afraid of! Everyone laughed. Francine didn't want to get up. She just sat down until Kate came by her side.

*You'll have better luck tomorrow,* Kate thought because she knew exactly how it was to try over and over again, but still fail. *I know you want to give up, but Mrs. M says that trying again is very important,* she said to herself. Kate helped Francine up.





The next day, everyone was a bit happier. It was a Thursday and just one more day before the weekend. Kate was enjoying her tasty snack, waiting for Mrs. M to get her for speech. And just as Mrs. M entered the room, Jenna started screaming at the top of her lungs. But before anyone could ask what was wrong Jenna bolted out the door, screaming



**“Peanut!  
I saw a  
peanut!”**

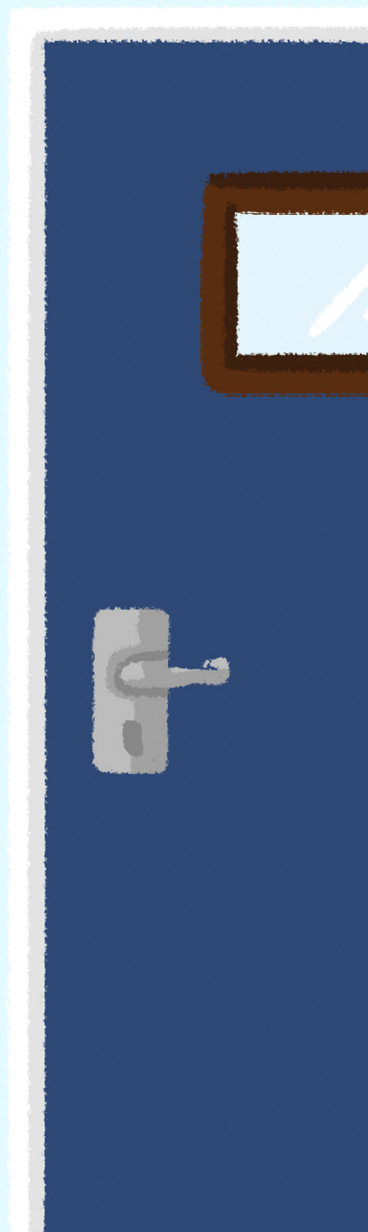
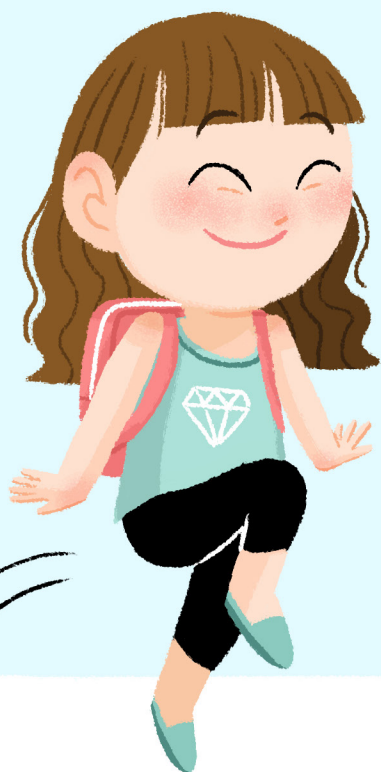


Jenna was allergic to peanuts. It wasn't only that she couldn't have any, she couldn't even be near peanuts, or anything with peanuts in it.

Later, she told everyone that once when someone sat next to her and ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, she swelled up like a balloon.

Kate felt bad for her friend. She couldn't imagine not being able to eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich – her favorite after school snack. Kate went to speech without a problem. Maybe it was because it was the end of the week, or maybe because she was getting used to it.

On Friday, laughs could be heard from many of the classrooms, through the halls and even outside of the school. With a skip in her step and a big smile on her face, Kate went to speech on her own. At the door, she was greeted by Mrs. M and a boy Kate had never seen.



“Just the one we were looking for. You have a new partner,” Mrs. M said to Kate right away.

“He’s working on the same thing you are. Remember? Apraxia?” She turned to the boy, “Why don’t you tell her your name?”

He smiled and said, “Bun.”



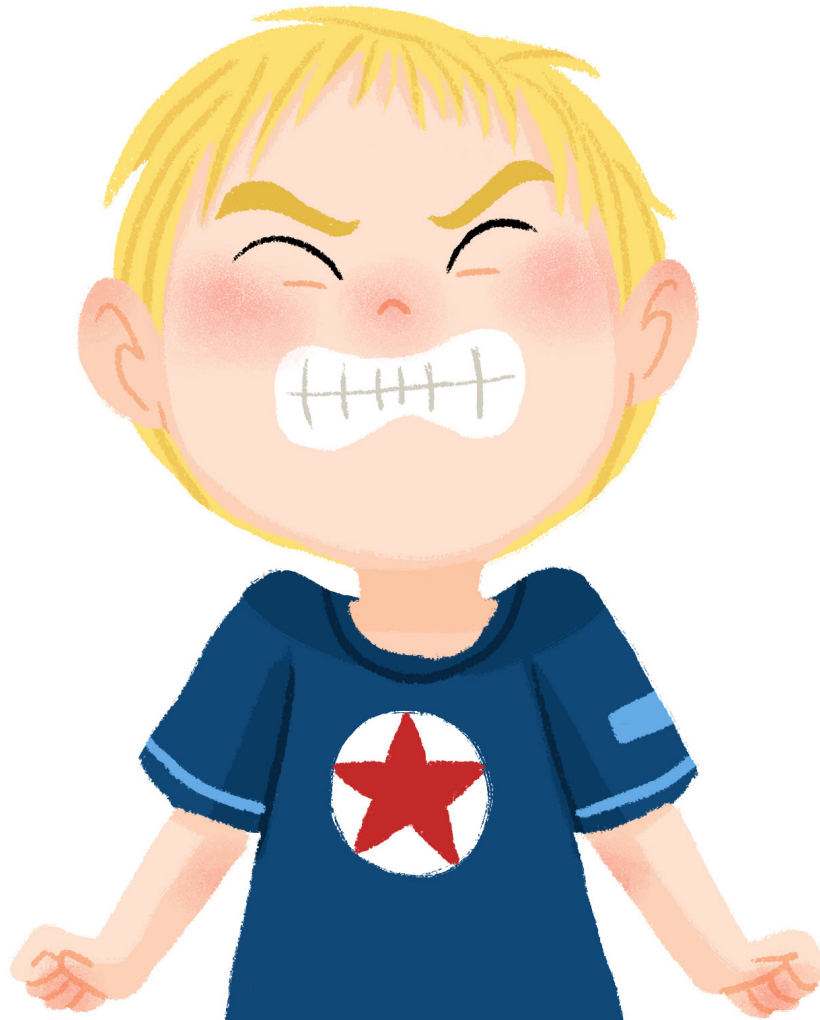
“Try again” Mrs. M said.

“Bone,” He giggled. “Bean... I mean... Bin.” The boy looked at Mrs. M and then at Kate. He started to grit his teeth.

Like a bear about to growl, his teeth were clenched, and his fists tight.  
He was getting angry and frustrated.

*He must be embarrassed he can't say his name in front of  
someone he just met,*

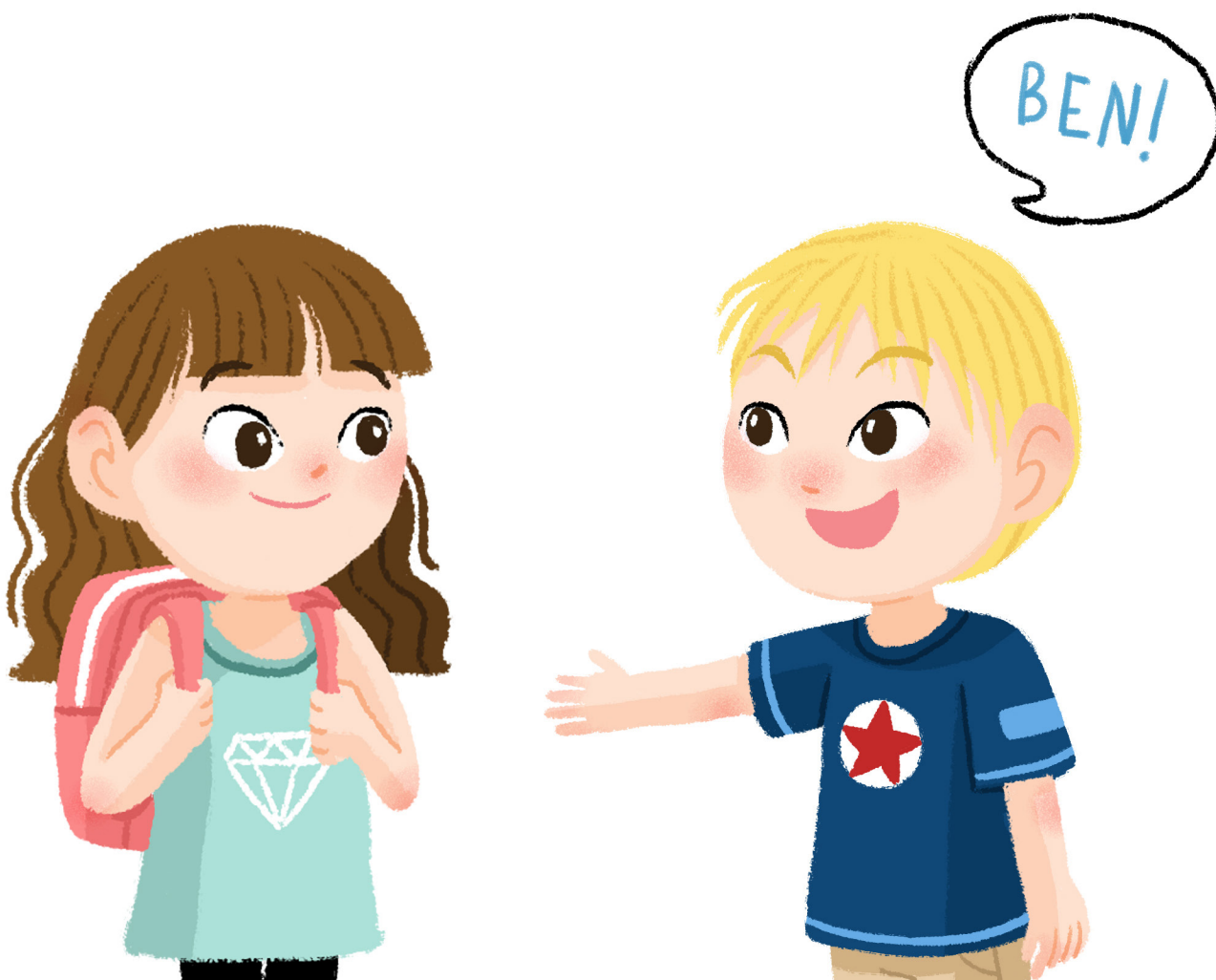
Kate thought to herself. *I know exactly how that feels!*





So, Kate looked him straight in his eyes and gave him a warm smile. She was relaxed and patient. She wasn't laughing, and she wasn't listening like she was in a hurry. *You can do it*, she thought. He un-clenched his teeth and took a deep breath.

He waited a few seconds and in a low and steady voice, he said, "Ben!"



They all laughed and cheered! Kate was so proud of Ben! She just wanted to hug him and tell him that he did a good job. But they had just met, so she thought it would be a little weird.

She giggled quietly. Ben looked at her with a humongous smile on his face. Kate imagined that he felt very proud of himself.



At the end of the day, Mrs. M gave Kate a note to bring home. It said,

Dear Parents,

Kate practiced saying  
her name in speech today.

She worked hard. She was  
also a very helpful and  
compassionate partner to  
another student. You should  
be proud of her.

Best.  
Mrs. M.





Mom's face lit up and went by Kate's side right away.

"Kate, I'm so proud of you for being kind and supportive to your friend in speech. I also read that you practiced saying your name. I know it's hard for you and that you are still working on it, but do you want to give it a try?"

“Umm... cat!” Kate said, “Coat! I mean, Kit! Ugh... Kite?”

Kate had trouble, but thought of her day at school. She remembered everything she did that day and took her time. She imagined Mrs. M and Ben too.





Then with a spark in her eyes, Kate looked at Mom and in a firm proud voice said,

KATE!



# About my name is Kate

Kate is a little girl who has Childhood Apraxia of Speech. The disorder makes it hard for her to say speech sounds, words and even her name. She has trouble in her speech class, but never gives up. Empathetic and kind, Kate supports the friends around her that are working through their own difficulties. But she feels frustrated – like her problem isn't going away. That is until one special day when a new speech partner inspires her to make progress. 'My Name is Kate' is a powerful story that reminds readers that everyone has something they're working on. Exciting and funny at times, Kate teaches readers a powerful lesson in perseverance and compassion.

# About The Author

Michelle Moyal is a speech language pathologist who is passionate about working with children diagnosed with Childhood Apraxia of Speech. Michelle is the founder of Therapy Works Together, which focuses on providing speech and language treatment for children who are late talkers, have language impairments or struggle with motor speech disorders like Apraxia of Speech.

She noticed that many kids struggle with persevering through treatment for Apraxia of Speech. It's not easy. She wrote this book about Kate, a compassionate and determined little girl, so that we can all be reminded to be kind. After all, we all have something we are working on. You can find out more about Michelle at:

[www.therapyworkstogether.com](http://www.therapyworkstogether.com)