They Named Me, They Know Me

Shannon Stanforth
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What is your name?

This is an interactive storybook. Please, play with it, learn with it, explore with it, laugh with it, and make sure there is an adult by your side doing each of these things with you!
I'd like to tell you a story,  
But I can't do it in here.  

You see, it's much  
Too dark  
For a tree that used  
To have bark  
To be indoors  
When the outdoors  
Is so near.
You’ll need to find me a sunbeam.
Please, open me up to a band of light.
After I’m warmed by a golden ray,
Then I can **reveal** what I’d like to say

In **words** that
Only a once-wise
Tree can write.
Thank you!
Now, I feel much **better**
And you will hear a tale from me.

It all **begins** back in the time of 825.
That's when the Vikings were all alive
And children called my ancestors by
The word...

Tree!
These old trees could now say
The children knew their names!
The trees stood tall and proud
With their arm-like branches
Stretched way up to the clouds
And the children did the same.

Children were beginning to learn these words
that lots of people use today.
Will you find me a flower please?

Quick! Plant one in my pages,
Place its petals on my letters,

And then I will remember
When children first used the Word flower during the ages.

Wait!

Be sure to find a fallen flower.
Don’t pluck it from the ground
Or from the branches of a tree.
That way others can still see the Wonderful flowers all around.
Yes, a beautiful flower, indeed. This one brings a date to mind. Flowers were called by this word in the time of 1200.

Each one was special and beloved with its own connection to human-kind.

And whenever they saw a flower, a butterfly wasn’t far behind.
100 years later butterflies
Were called by this name.

Floating and flying through the sky
Their fluttering \textit{wings} and bright colors
Set them apart from one another.

How \textit{many} butterflies can you spy?
If you said twelve, then they should call you eagle-eye!

Butterflies help flowers to grow. So, if you walked around outside, I am sure you could spot a lot. Maybe they’re visiting a milkweed Or are they by a flower pot?

Just keep your Eyes open wide!
Butterflies were not the only Flying friends that the children Made back then.

They have their very own names Like cardinal and wren.

In fact, it was in the year 1225 When the children learned the Word for the feathered beings That we call birds.
The children learned
Their songs, too:

Tweets, chirps, and coos.

They cherished each
Call that they heard.

If you could be a bird,
Which one would you choose?
In the time of 1225, the happy hoppers We call frogs started being called by This name.

Frogs and children have A special bond. They love Looking for them sitting On lily pads in ponds and Often spot them after it rains.

Can you jump like a frog?
Wow! What did you say your name was again? Are you sure it isn't frog?

Well, I don’t think that jump could have been higher and I am sure that your skill would inspire even the frogs that live in bogs.
The year was 825—remember those Vikings again. This was the same year that the children learned the word for Trees, with their branches and limbs.

The children also learned the word for fish that swim in oceans and seas.

The fish cruised through the waves with their bright and glittery scales. They swam past colorful coral and squishy jellies.

Did you know that some fish can be quite smelly? But, never mind, back to my tale!
As I am sure you are starting
To see, every creature has a name.
And the more we know,
The easier it is to show
That we care for them all the same.

All the creatures knew that
The children cared about them
Enough to learn their names.

But then something terrible happened...
Children began to **forget**
Our names. They saw no
Difference between...

Trees and flowers,
Butterflies and birds,
Frogs and fish.

What could I do about this?
They seemed to be forgetting
More and more, every hour.

They turned trees into paper
Like the pages of this book.
They did not smell the flowers
Or hop with frogs after rain showers.
They did **not** even look.
What made them stop caring?
How could I remind them
How special we each are?

I thought about it some
And, finally, an answer did come
And for it, I did not have to look very far...

I could use my voice!
Even from the pages of a book
I could speak with people like
You and teach them to care
For all of us, too.

And I think it is
Beginning to work—

Look!
This is the end of my tale.
So, now that you know us
Please don’t forget our names.
Because you and we are
One in the same.

Help others
To remember—
You have my trust!