They Named Me, They Know Me (Text Only)
Shannon Stanforth

Cover:

They Named Me, They Know Me
Shannon Stanforth

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Inside left page:

This book was printed on Neenah Environment ® PC 100 White in the Department of Art and Design at the University of Dayton in 2019 as part of the Berry Summer Thesis Institute under the mentorship of Professor Misty Thomas-Trout. Typeset in the Ryman Eco and Shannon families. Ryman Eco was designed by Dan Rhatigan with Grey London in 2014 and is considered a sustainable typeface, using 33% less ink in print production.

Shannon was designed by Janice Prescott Fishman and Kris Holmes for Compugraphic in 1982.


Inside right page:

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Page 1 & 2:

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.

Page 17 & 18:

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.

Page 19 & 20:

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.

Page 23 & 24:
100 years later butterflies
Were called by this name.
Floating and flying through the sky
Their fluttering **wings** and bright colors
Set them apart from one another.

How **many** butterflies can you spy?

Page 25 & 26:

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!

Page 29 & 30:

Butterflies were not the only
Flying **friends** that the children
Made back then.

In fact, it was in the year 1225
When the children learned the
Word for the feathered beings
That we call **birds**.

They have their very **own** names
Like cardinal and wren.

Page 31 & 32:
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?

Page 35 & 36:

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?

Page 37 & 38:

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.

Page 41 & 42:

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!

Page 45 & 46:

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…

Page 47 & 48:

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.

Page 49 & 50:

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!

Page 53 & 54:

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!