



I Like My Teacher You Know Why?

Story by Marjorie Stith
Illustrated by Mark Smothers

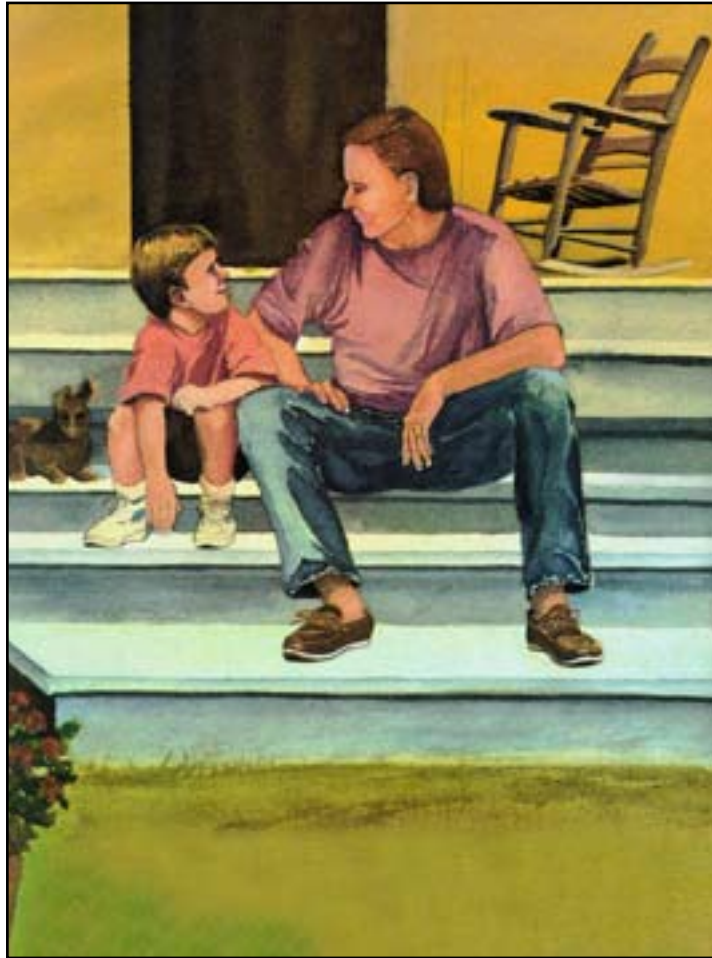


This book is dedicated to all preschoolers in hope that they will learn more about God each day of their lives.



I Like My Teacher You Know Why?

Story by Marjorie Stith
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"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Dad.

"She knows my name. She calls me William Bradford. She knows where I live. When she came for a visit, I showed her my room. I let her hold my rabbit."



“That day my teacher said,
‘This rabbit looks almost real,
William Bradford.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Mother.

"She knows a lot. She knows where Alabama is, and Africa. She knows how to sing songs.

She knows how to say new words.

She always knows where the rolling pin is when we have play dough. She knows a lot!"



“One day my teacher said,
‘In Nigeria, mothers carry babies
on their backs. They sing softly to
the babies and sort of rock them
as they work.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green. "You know why?"

"Why?" asked Grandmother.

"Because she lets me sit close when she reads a story. Sometimes, I put my head on her shoulder."



“One day my teacher said,
‘We have a new book today.
It’s about a faraway place.
Have you ever been to a
faraway place?’”



“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?”

“Why?” asked Mr. Lloyd, the doughnut maker. “Because she can do lots of things. She helped us fly our fish kite. It went high! She made a real raincoat for our doll. She fixes things that are broken. She put the wheel back on the red dump truck.”



“One day my teacher said,
‘This truck has been over a
bumpy road. It needs some work.
Let’s take it to the garage
for repairs.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Because she has a wonderful basket.

One day she had magnets in her basket. Once she brought a turtle. Sometimes she brings apples and corn to cut and taste. She always has important things in that basket."



“One day my teacher said,
‘I know you want to see the
special things I have from Brazil.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Gradddad.

"Because she listens to me and talks to me, quiet like.

She smiles and says, 'I'm glad you came today,
William Bradford.'

"She listens when I say I am a little afraid. She helps me
when Beth and I want the same puzzle."



“One day my teacher said,
‘William Bradford, could Beth
help you with that puzzle?
Or would you give her a turn
when you finish?’”



“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?”

“Why?” asked Ashley, who lives next door.

“Because she’s always there and always smiling. And she smells good.”



“One day my teacher said,
‘Thank you for the flowers!
Let’s put them in a vase.
They will make our room beautiful.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Wilson, William Bradford's neighbor. "She helps me find out stuff. She lets me try out things. When I ask a question, she says, 'I think I can help you with that.'

"Sometimes she gives me a book or a picture. She says, 'Why don't you find out for yourself, William Bradford?' And I do!"



“One day my teacher said,
‘Now, let’s see if a pineapple
has seeds.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked Aunt Louise.

"Because she lets me strum her guitar. It has lots of strings. We think up songs and play music. Sometimes I just like to be quiet and listen to the music."



“One day my teacher said,
‘Listen, listen. You can hear the beat.
You can clap your hands.
You can tap your feet.’”



"I like my teacher," said William Bradford Green.

"You know why?"

"Why?" asked his brother, Brett.

"Because she lets me make a picture any way I want, even drippy! If I spill paint or drop glue on the rug, she always has a sponge to help me clean it up. She never yells at me. Sometimes we just have green paint. But it's all right with my teacher if I pretend it's red and make a fire engine."



“One day my teacher said,
‘How happy and busy you are, William
Bradford. In the Bible there is a
verse that says: Work with your hands.
That’s just what you are doing.’”



"I like my teacher,"
said William Bradford Green.
"You know why?"



“Sure, I know why,”
said Beth.
“She’s my teacher, too!”



“Most every day my teacher
says, ‘And I like you,
William Bradford Green.
And Beth.
And all the others, too.’”