

The Forgotten Story of the Almighty Lorax

– Adapted from Dr Seuss's book

What **was** the Lorax ?
And why **was** it there ? [...]
The old Once-Ler still lives here.
Ask him. *He* knows.

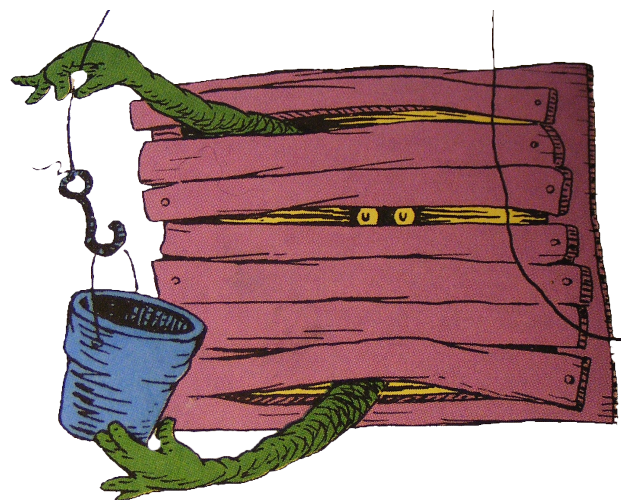


You won't see the Once-Ler.
Don't knock at his door. [...]
[But] on special dank midnights in August,
he peeks
out of the shutters
and sometimes he speaks
and tells how the Lorax **was** lifted away.



He'll tell you perhaps...
if you're willing to pay.

On the end of a **rope**
he lets down a **tin pail**
and you have to toss in **fifteen cents**
and a **nail**
and **the shell of a great-great-great -
grandfather snail**



Then he pulls up the **pail**,
makes a most careful count
to see if you've paid him
the proper amount.

Theodor Seuss Geisel (/ˈgaɪzəl/; March 2, 1904 – September 24, 1991) or « **Dr Seuss** » was an American writer, poet, and cartoonist. He was most widely known for his children's books. He was a perfectionist in his work and would sometimes spend up to a year on a book. He published 46 children's books, often characterized by imaginative characters and rhymes. His most-celebrated books include the bestselling *Green Eggs and Ham*, *The Cat in the Hat*, *The Lorax*, and *How the Grinch Stole Christmas!*.
Adapted from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dr._Seuss

Part ONE

Way back in the days when the grass was still green
and the pond was still wet
and the song of the Swomee-Swans rang out in space...
One morning, I came to this glorious place.



And I first saw the trees !
The Truffula Trees !
The bright-colored tufts
of the Truffula Trees !
Mile after mile in the fresh
morning breeze.

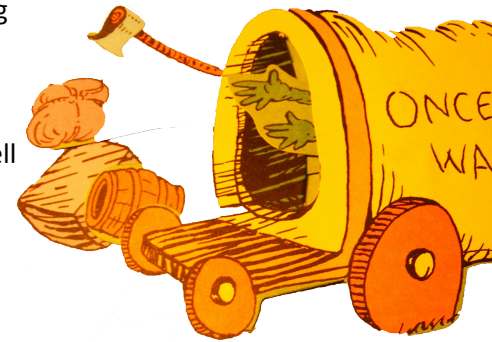


And, under the trees,
I saw Brown Bar-ba-loots
frisking about in their
Bar-ba-loot suits
as they played in the shade
and ate Truffula Fruits.



From the rippulous pond
came the comfortable sound
of the Humming-Fish humming
while splashing around.

But those trees ! Those trees !
Those Truffula Trees !
All my life I 'd been searching
for trees such as these.
The touch of their tufts
was much softer than silk.
And they had the sweet smell
of fresh butterfly milk.



Part TWO

In no time at all, I had built a small shop.
Then I chopped down a Truffula Tree
with one chop.

And with great skillful skill
and with great speedy speed,
I took the soft tuft. And I knitted a Thneed !

I felt a great leaping
of joy in my heart.
I knew what I'd do !
I unloaded my cart.



Part THREE

The instant I'd finished, I heard a ga-Zump !
I looked.
I saw something pop out of the stump
of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man.
Describe him ? ... That's hard. I don't know if I can.

He was shortish. And oldish.
And brownish. And mossy.
And he spoke with a voice
that was sharpish and bossy.

« Mister ! » he said with a sawdusty sneeze.
« I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.
And I'm asking you, sir, at the top of my lungs » –
he was very upset as he shouted and puffed –
« *What's that THING you've out
of my Truffula tuft ?* »

