The Lorax
By Dr. Seuss

At the far end of town
Where the Grickle-grass grows
And the wind smells slow—and—sour when it blows
And no birds ever sing excepting old crows...
is the Street of the Lifted Lorax

And deep in the Grickle-grass, some people say,
If you look deep enough you can still see, today,
Where the Lorax once stood
Just as long as it could
Before somebody lifted the Lorax away.

What was the Lorax?
And why was it there?
And why was it lifted and taken somewhere
From the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows?
The old Once-ler still lives here.
Ask him. He knows

You won’t see the Once-ler
Don’t knock at his door.
He stays in his Lerkim on top of his store.
He lurks in his Lerkim, cold under the roof,
Where he makes his own clothes
Out of miff-muffled moof.
And on special dank midnights in August,
He peeks
Out of the shutters
And sometimes he speaks
And tells how the Lorax was lifted awa.
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.

Then he hides what you paid him
Away in this Snuvv,
His secret strange hole
In his gruvvulous glove.
Then he grunts, “I will call you by Whisper-ma-Phone,
For the secrets I tell are for your ears alone.”

SLUUP!
Down slups the Whisper-ma-Phone to your ear
And the old Once-ler’s whispers are not very clear,
Since they have to come down
Through a snergelly hose,
And he sounds
As if he had smallish bees up his nose.

“Now I’ll tell you,” he says, with his teeth sounding gray,
“how the Lorax got lifted and taken away....
It all started way back
Such a long, long time back...

Way back in the days when the grass was still green
And the pond was still wet
And the clouds were still clean,
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

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

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 knitted a Thneed.

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.
I speak for the trees, for the trees have no tongues.
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 made out of my Truffula tuft?"

I chopped just one tree. I am doing no harm
I'm being quite useful. This thing is a Thneed.
A Thneed's a Fine-Something-That-All-People-Need!
It's a shirt. It's a sock. It's a glove. It's a hat.
But it has other uses. Yes, far beyond that.
You can use it for carpets. For pillows! For sheets!
Or curtains! Or covers for bicycle seats!"

The Lorax said,
"Sir! You are crazy with greed.
There is no one on earth
Who would buy that fool Thneed!"

But the very next minute I proved he was wrong.
For, just at that minute, a chap came along,
And he thought that the Thneed I had knitted was great.
He happily bought it for three ninety-eight.
I laughed at the Lorax, "You poor stupid guy!
You never can tell what some people will buy."

"I repeat," cried the Lorax,
"I speak for the trees!"
"I'm busy," I told him
"Shut up if you please."

I rushed' cross the room, and in no time at all,
Built a radio phone. I put in a quick call.
I called all my brothers and uncles and aunts
And I said, "Listen here! Here's a wonderful chance for the whole
Once-lor Family to get mighty rich!"