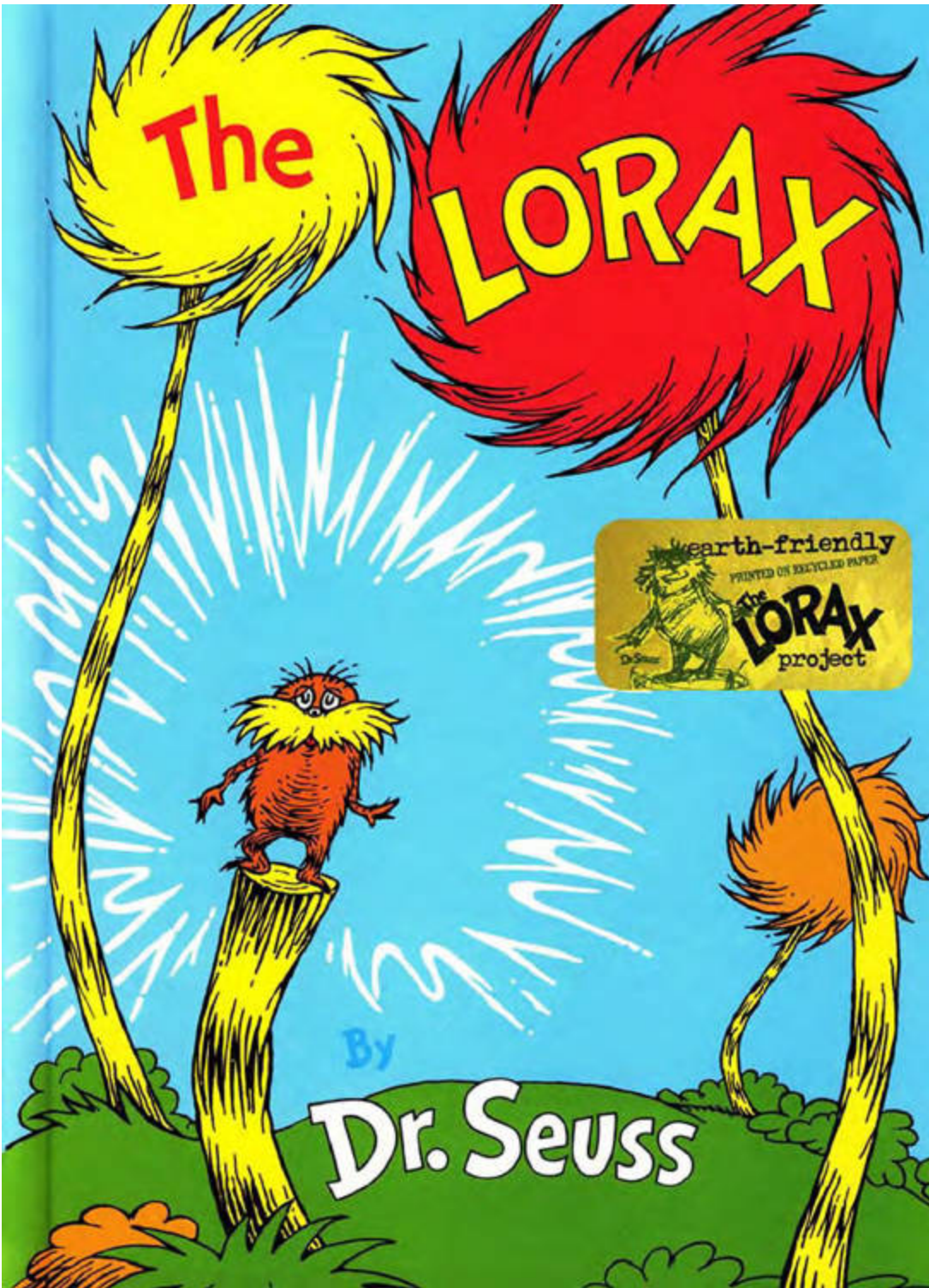


The

LORAX

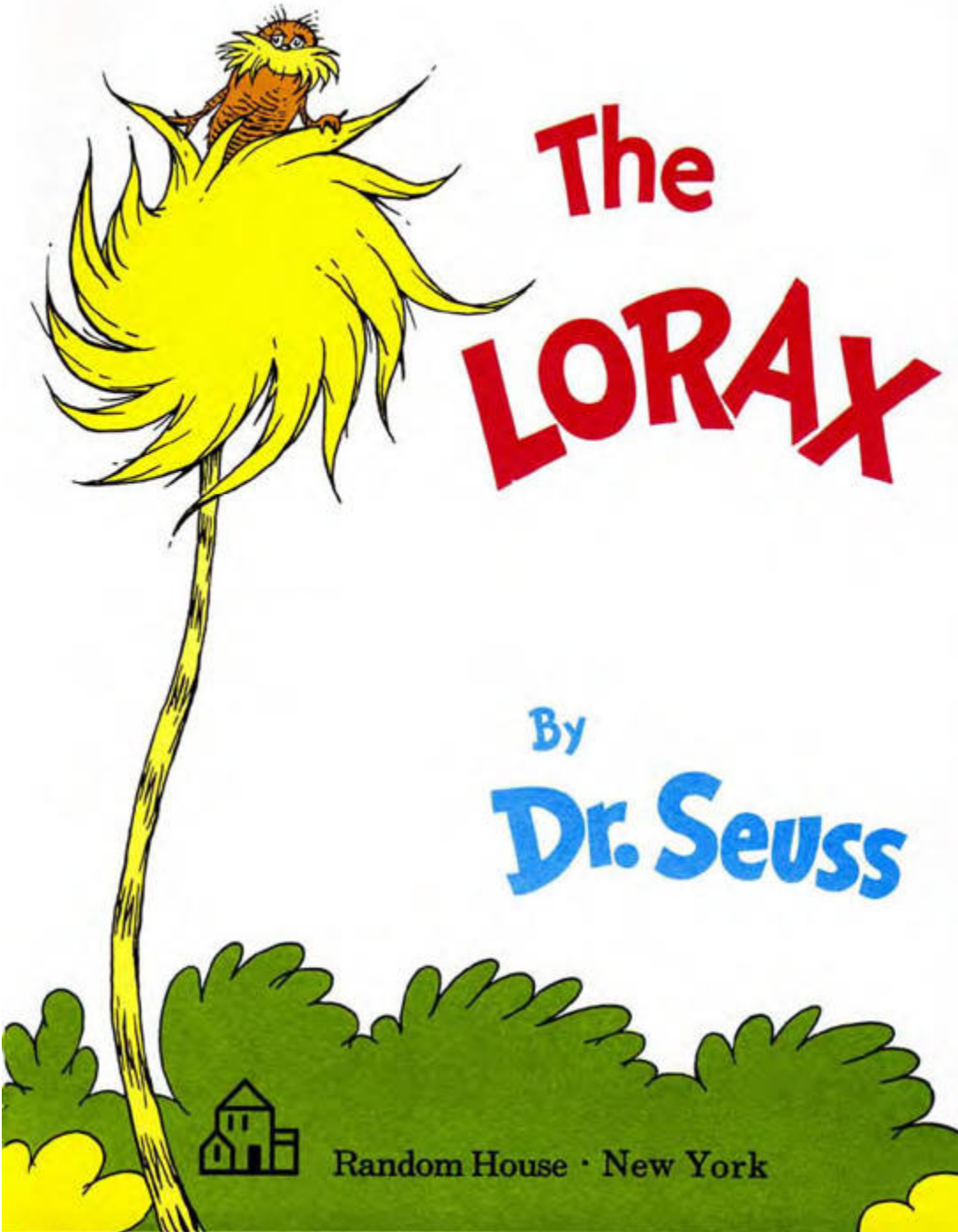
By

Dr. Seuss









For Audrey, Lark and Lea
With Love

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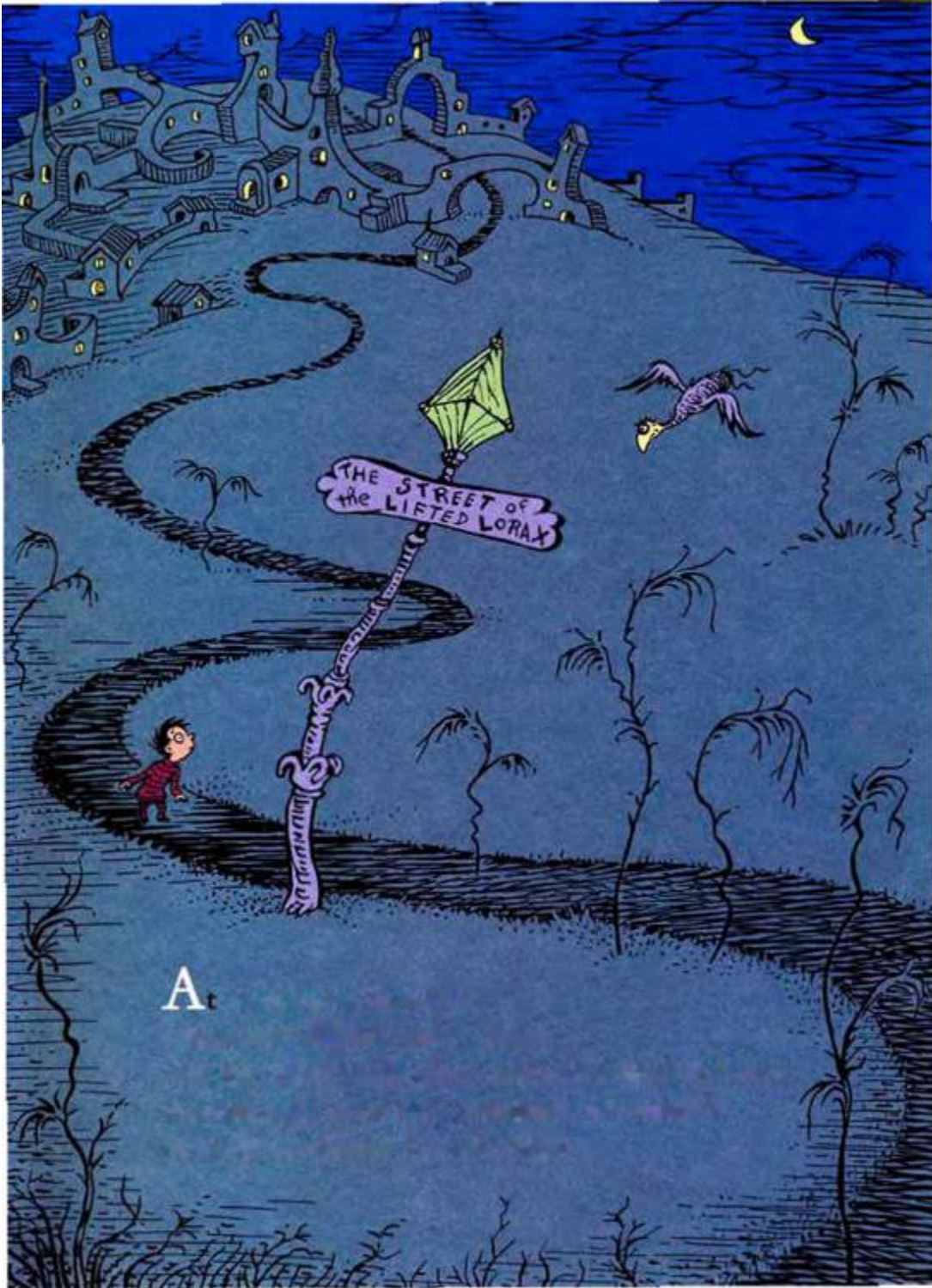
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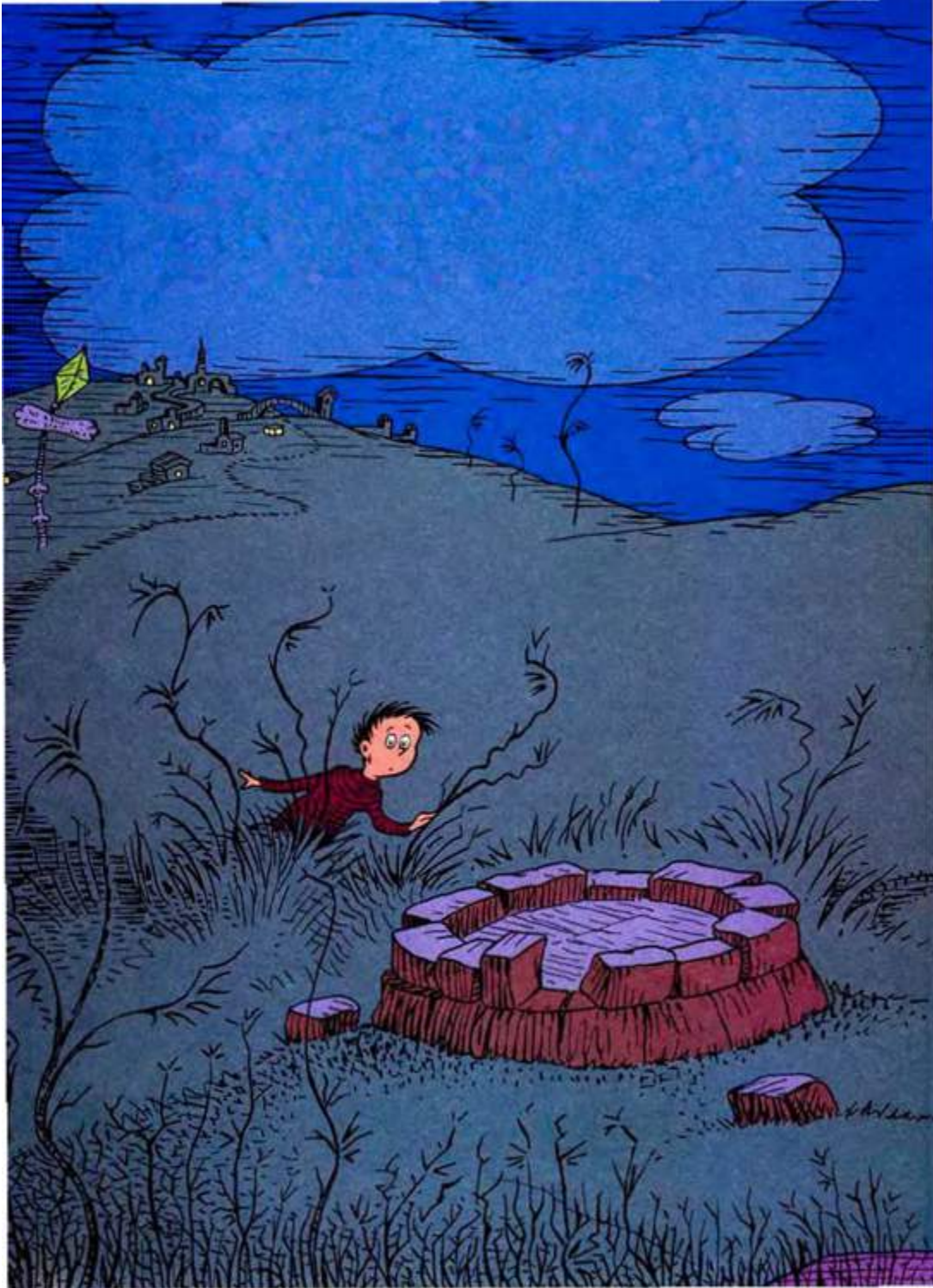
At

the far end of town

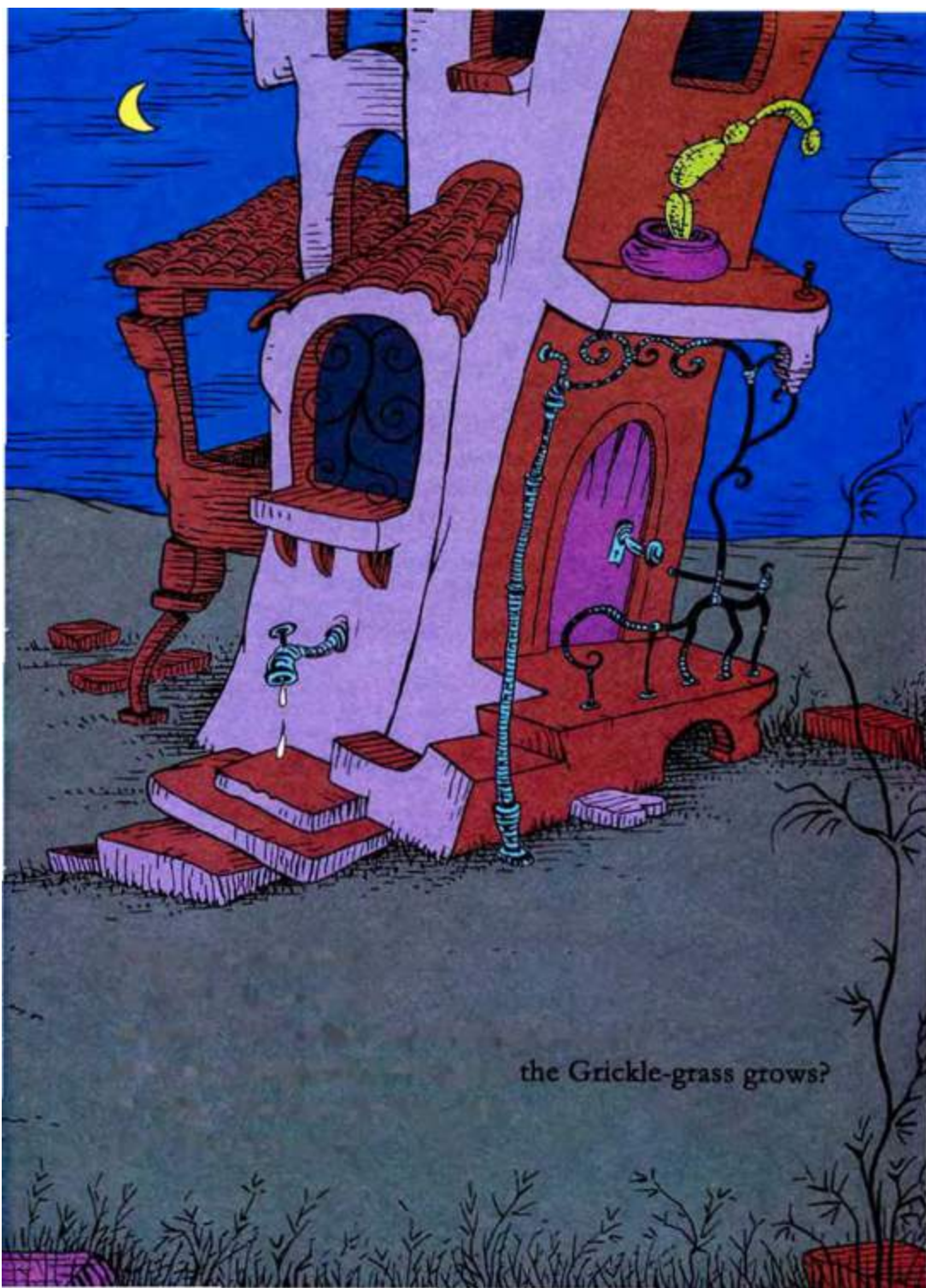
where the Grickle-grass grows and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows and no birds ever sing excepting old

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.



the Grickle-grass grows?

'Wbauwt *-Lons?

◆◆--ittbae?

. And .. '& Jlft;:d. v,p llQ

&om the far.e of.

The o1d O.a. l 8tilllivo hCic.

Aak him. Htkn



You won't see the Once-ler.

Don't knock at his door.

He stays in this Letkitn, cold undet the toof, where he makes
his own clothes out of miff-muffered moof.

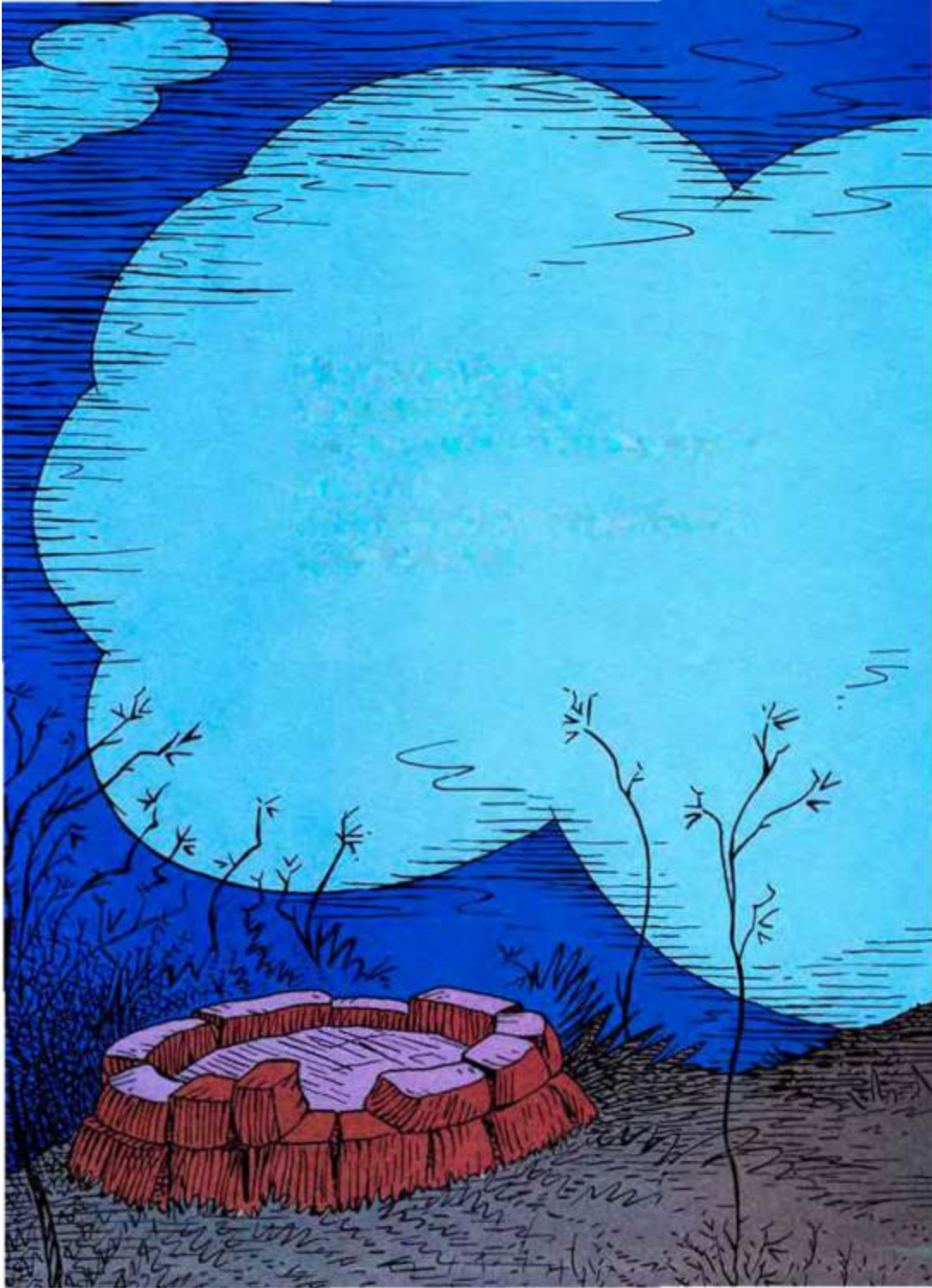
And on special dank midnights in August, he peeks
out of the shutters

and sometimes he speaks and tells how the Lorax was lifted
away.

He'll tell you, perhaps ...

if you're willing to pay.



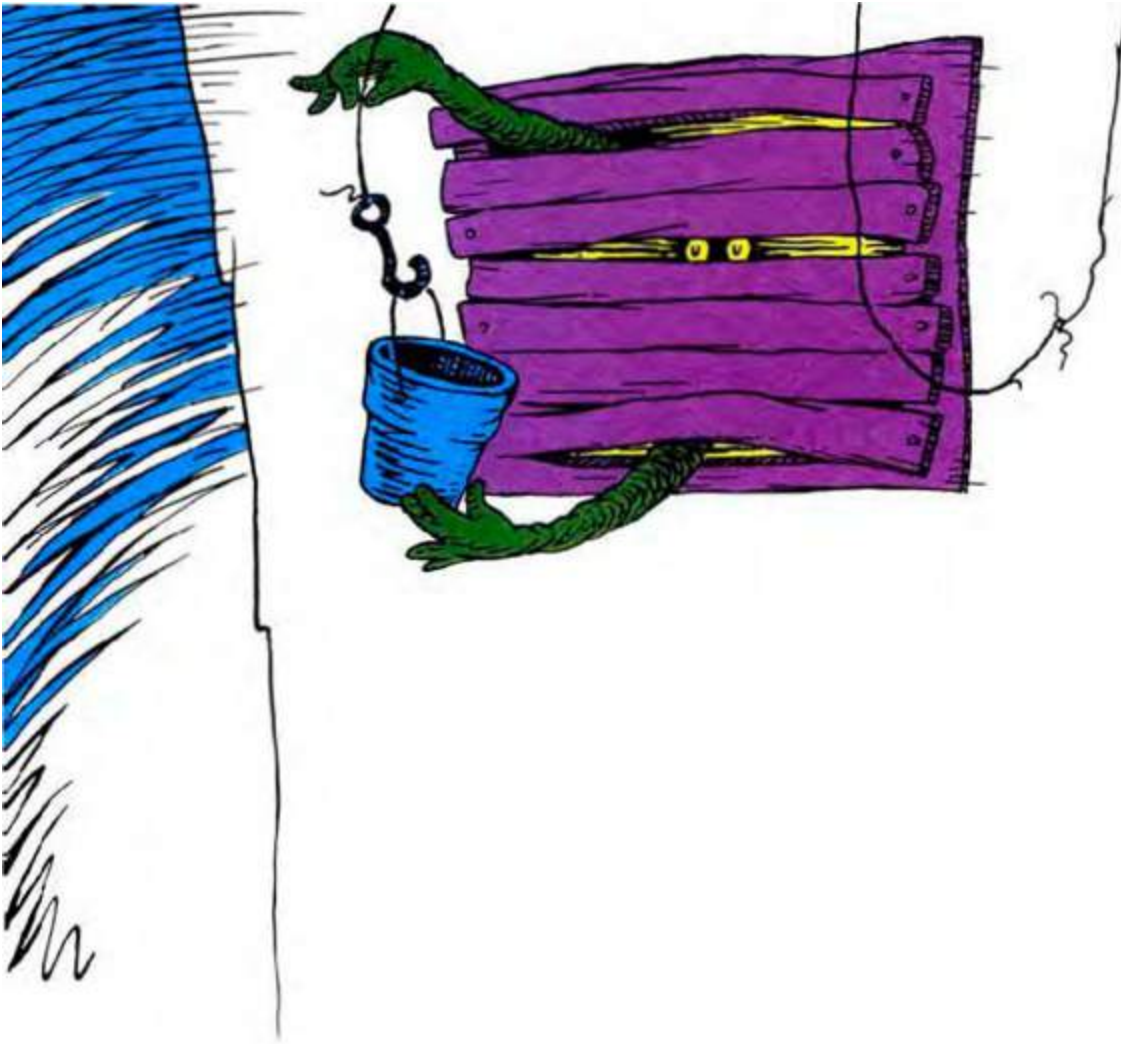


On the end of a rope

he lets down a tin pail and you have to toss in fifteen cents
and a nail

and the shell of a great-great-greatgrandfather snail.





The 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 his Snuvv,
his secret strange hole in his gruvvulous glove.

Then he grunts, "I will call you by Whisper-rna-Phone, for the
secrets I tell are for your ears alone."



SLUPPI

Down slupps the Whisper-tna-Phone to your eat and the old
Once-ler's whispers are not very clear, since they have to

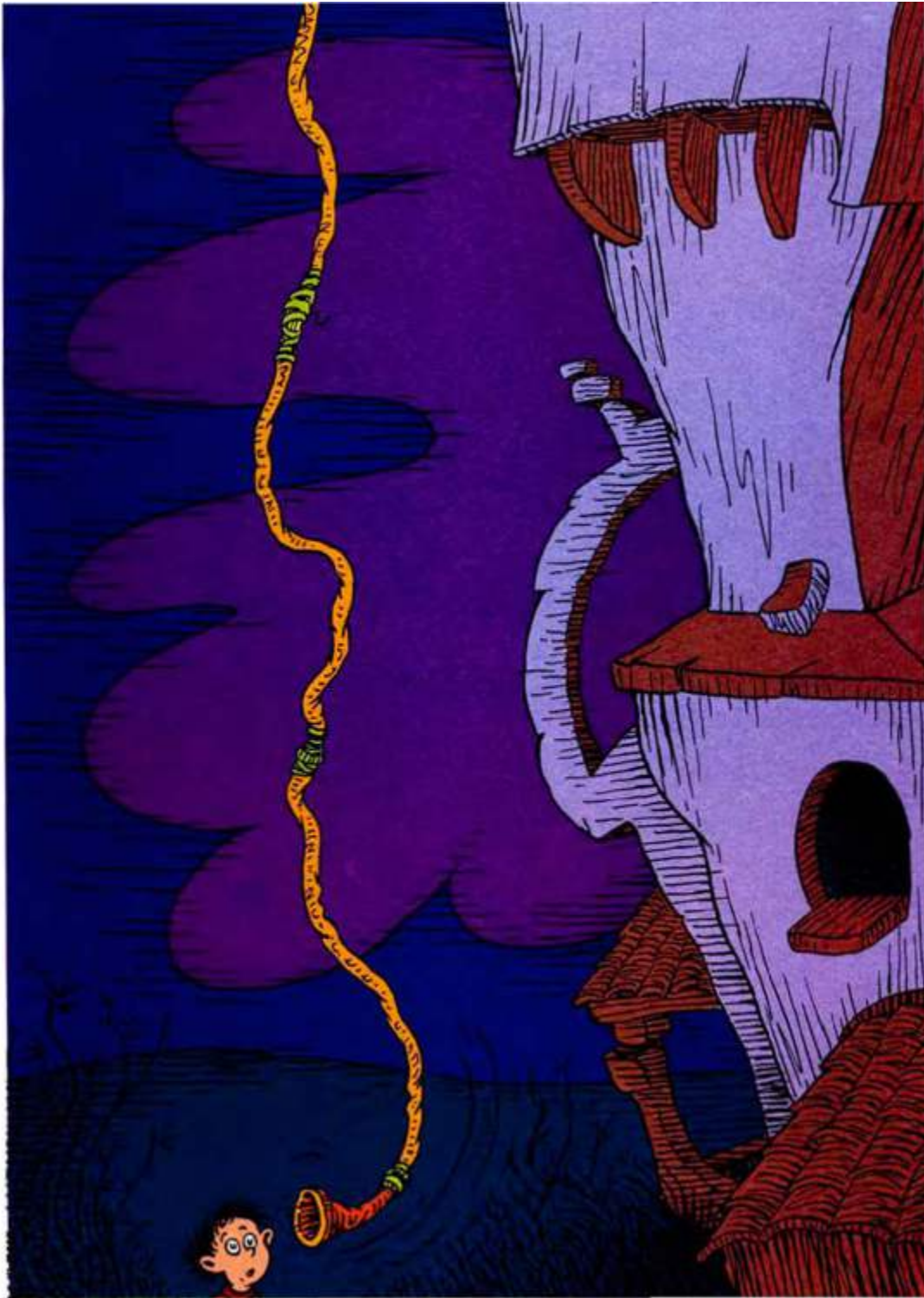
come down through a snergely hose, and he sounds
as if he had

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!

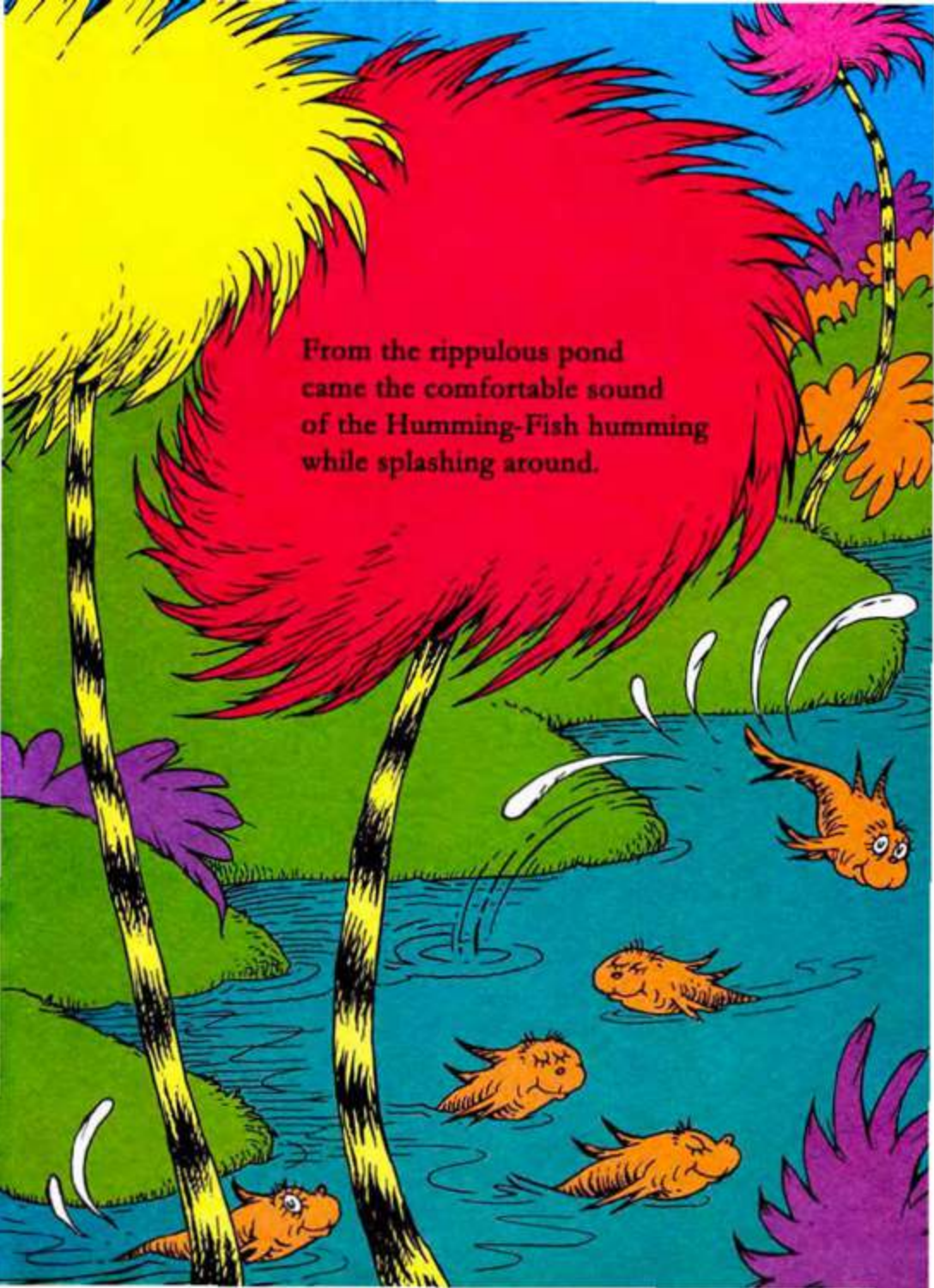
Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.





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.



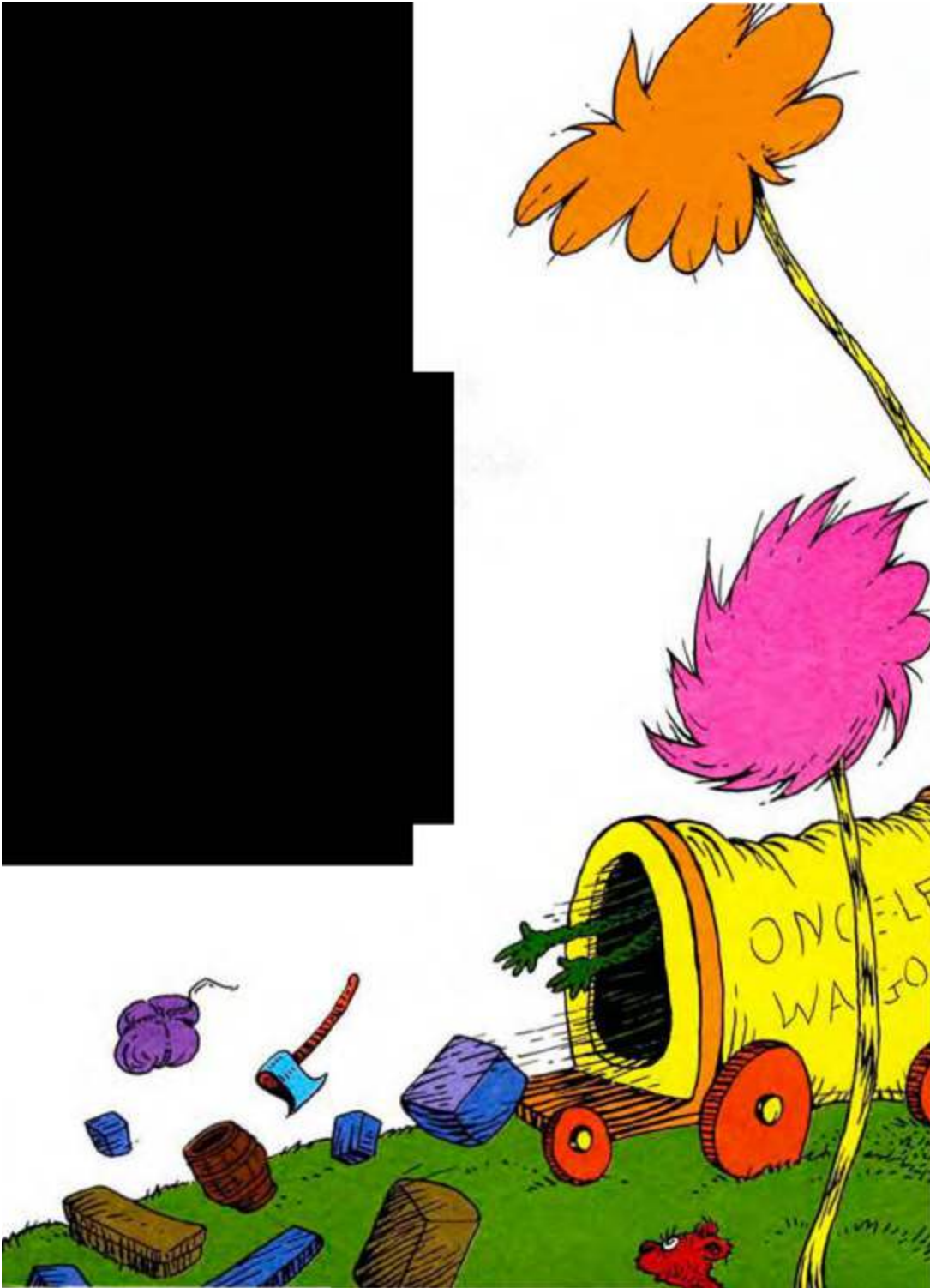
But those trees! Those trees!

Those TrN.fjNia Trees!

All my life I'd been searching for trees such as these.

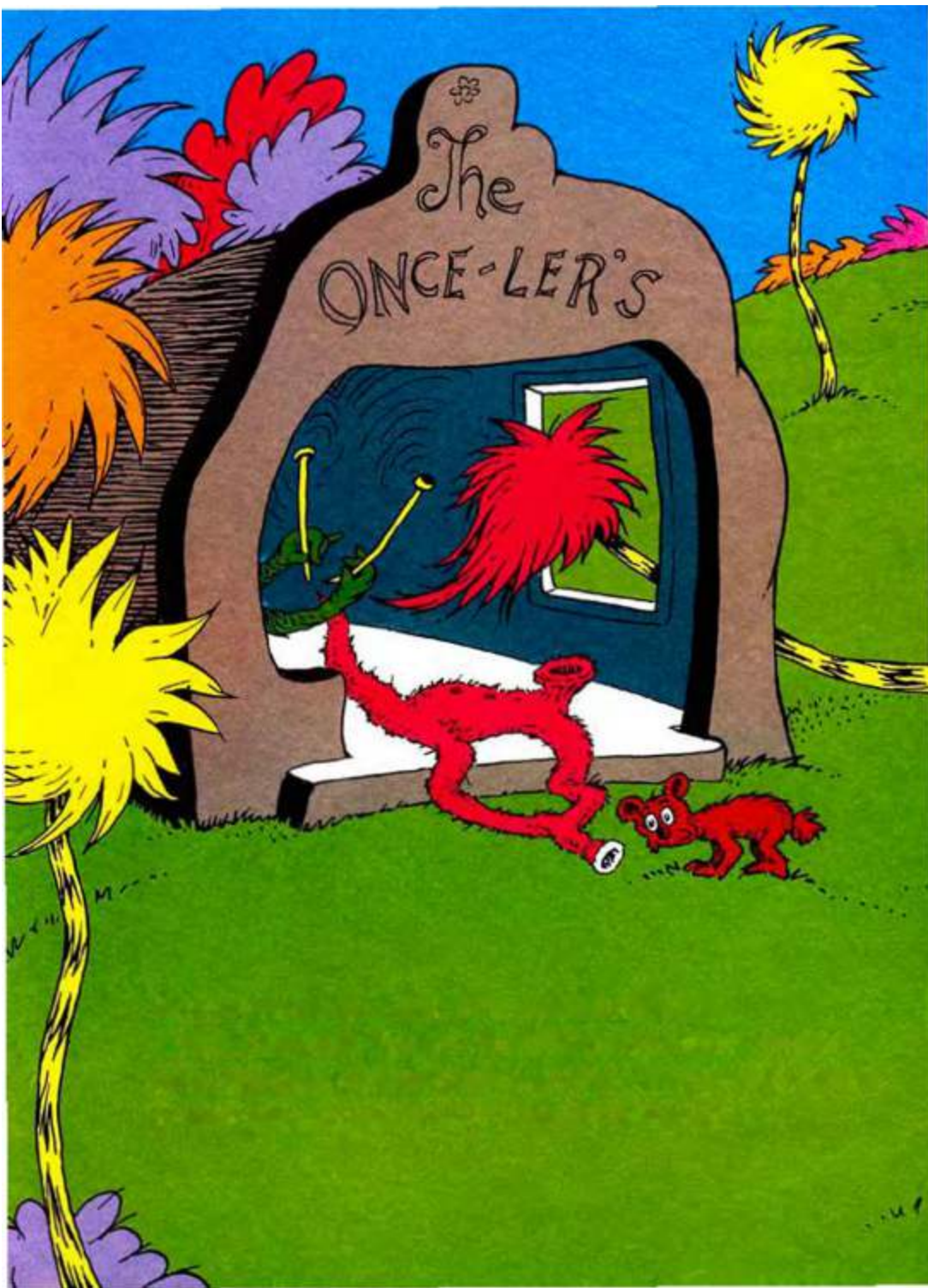
The touch of their tufts was much softer than silk.

And they had the sweet smell of fresh buttery milk.



I felt a great leaping
of joy in my heart.

I knew just what I'd do! I unloaded my cart.

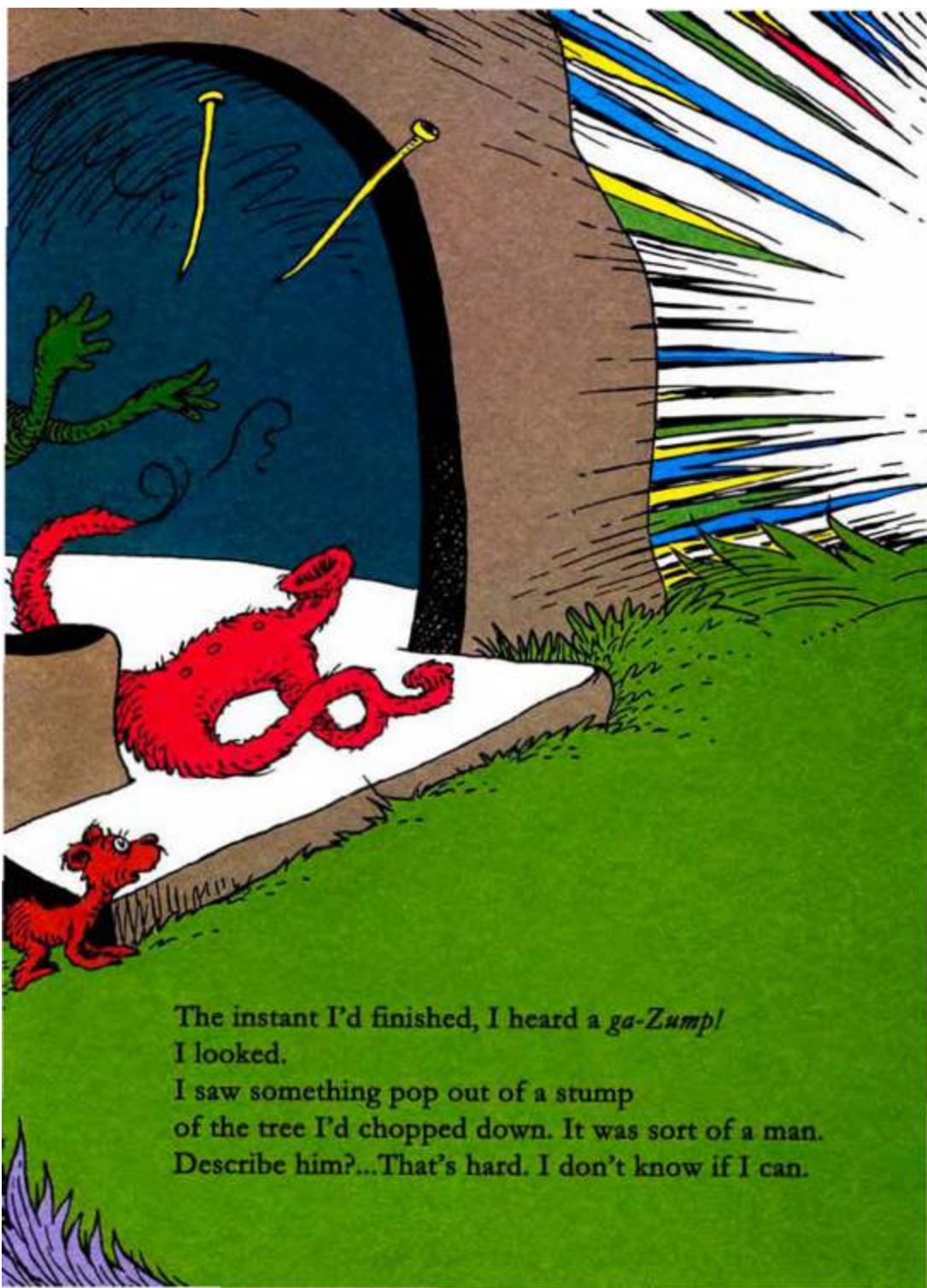


◆ao-tb.ne&)ll.Iliid bUilt a waD ◆.

Then t  ped doWn a Tmffvl• TRe with one chop.

And with great skilifulskill ud with great speedy speed, I
tOok the soft taft. And I knitted a TImeedl

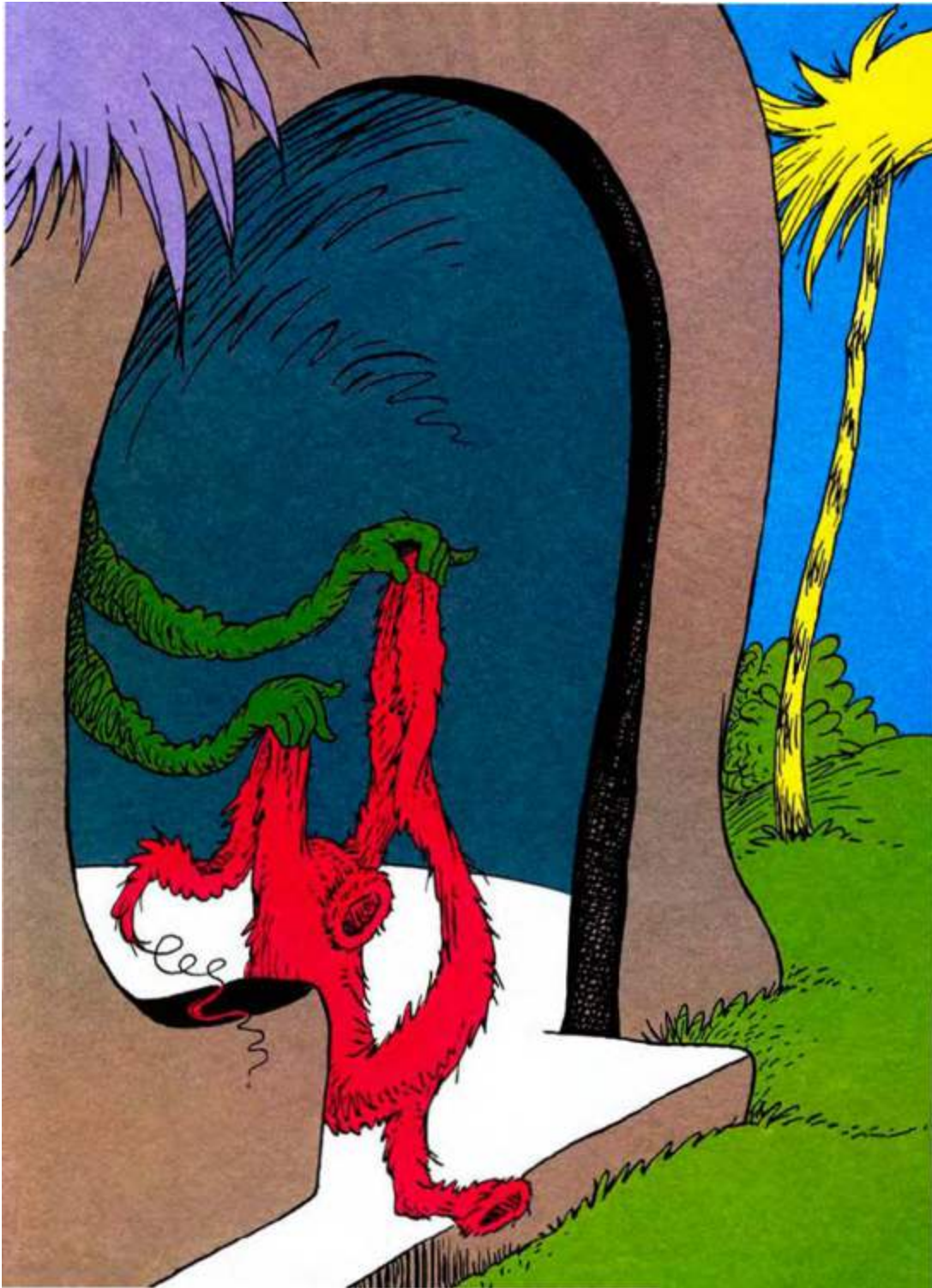


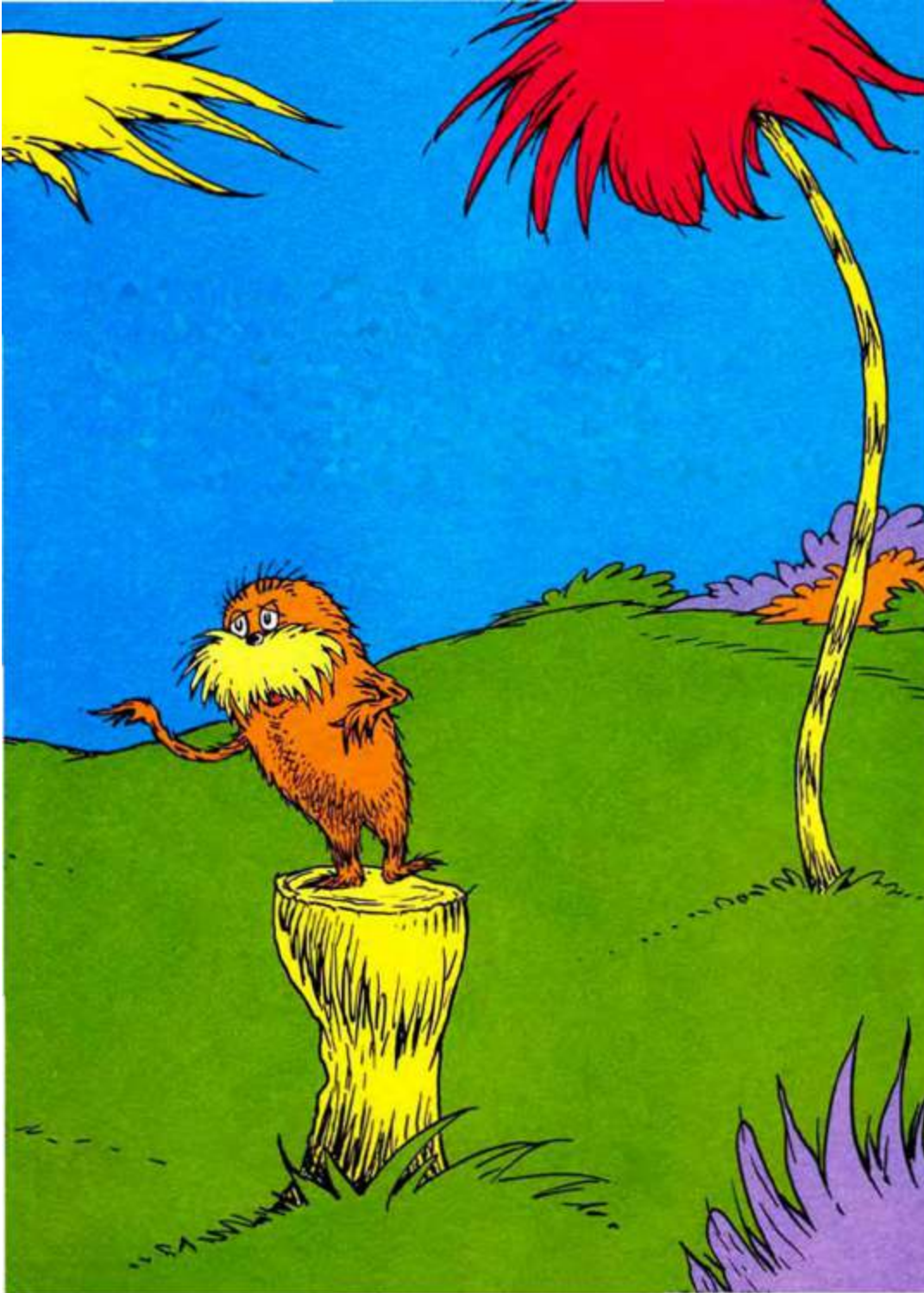


The instant I'd finished, I heard a *ga-Zump!*
I looked.
I saw something pop out of a stump
of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man.
Describe him?...That's hard. I don't know if I can.



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-

'Whal's thai THING yo11've made 0111 of my Tn💎f!Nia
1Nft1"



"Look, Lorax," I said. ((There's no cause for alarm.
I chopped just one tree. I am doing no harm.

rm 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.

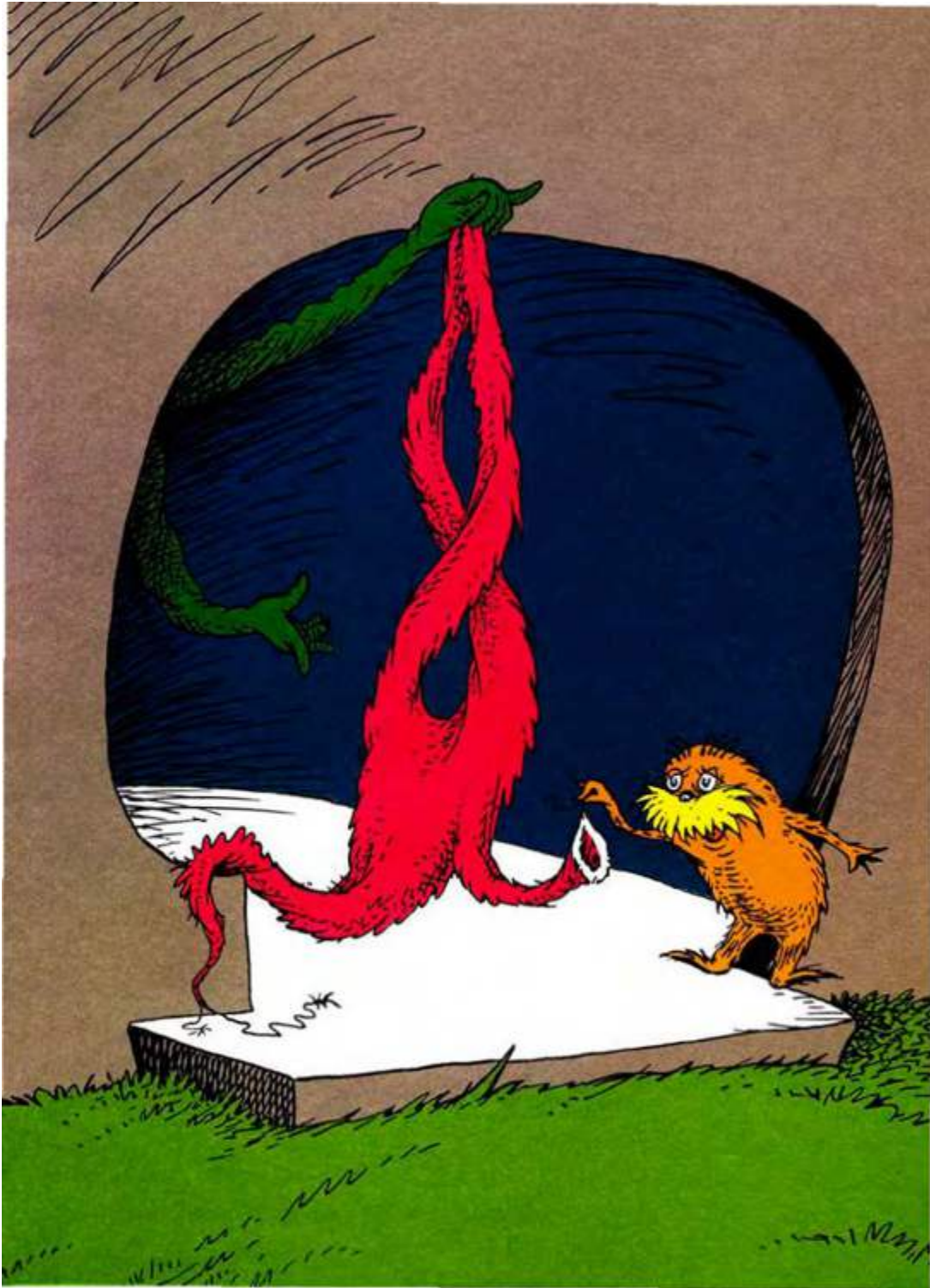
But it has other. uses. Yes, far beyond that, You can use it for
carpets. For pillows! For sheets!

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."

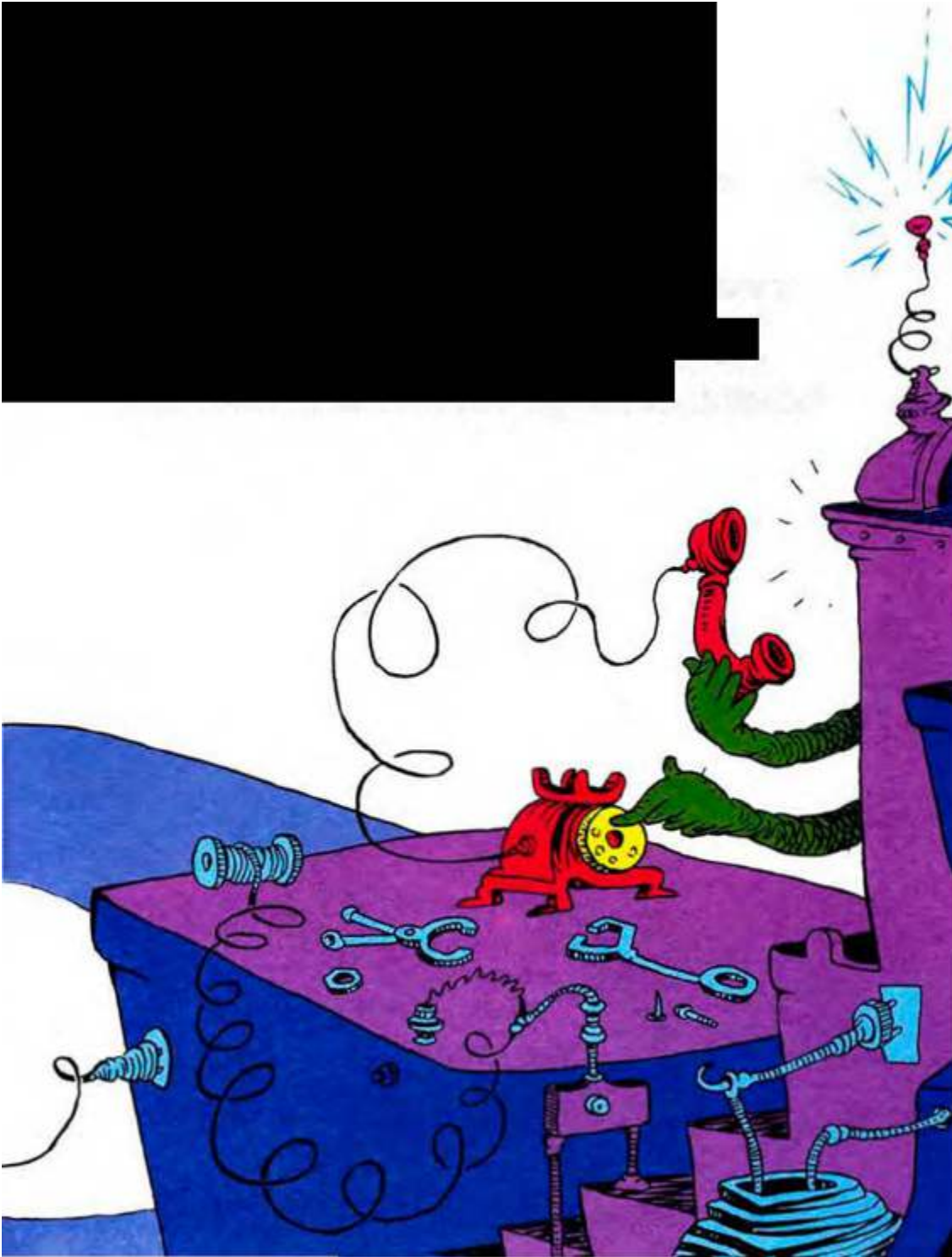


.. ' ? . | . .



I repeat," cried the Lorax, "

"I speak for the trees!"



"I'm busy," I told him.

"Shut up, if you please."

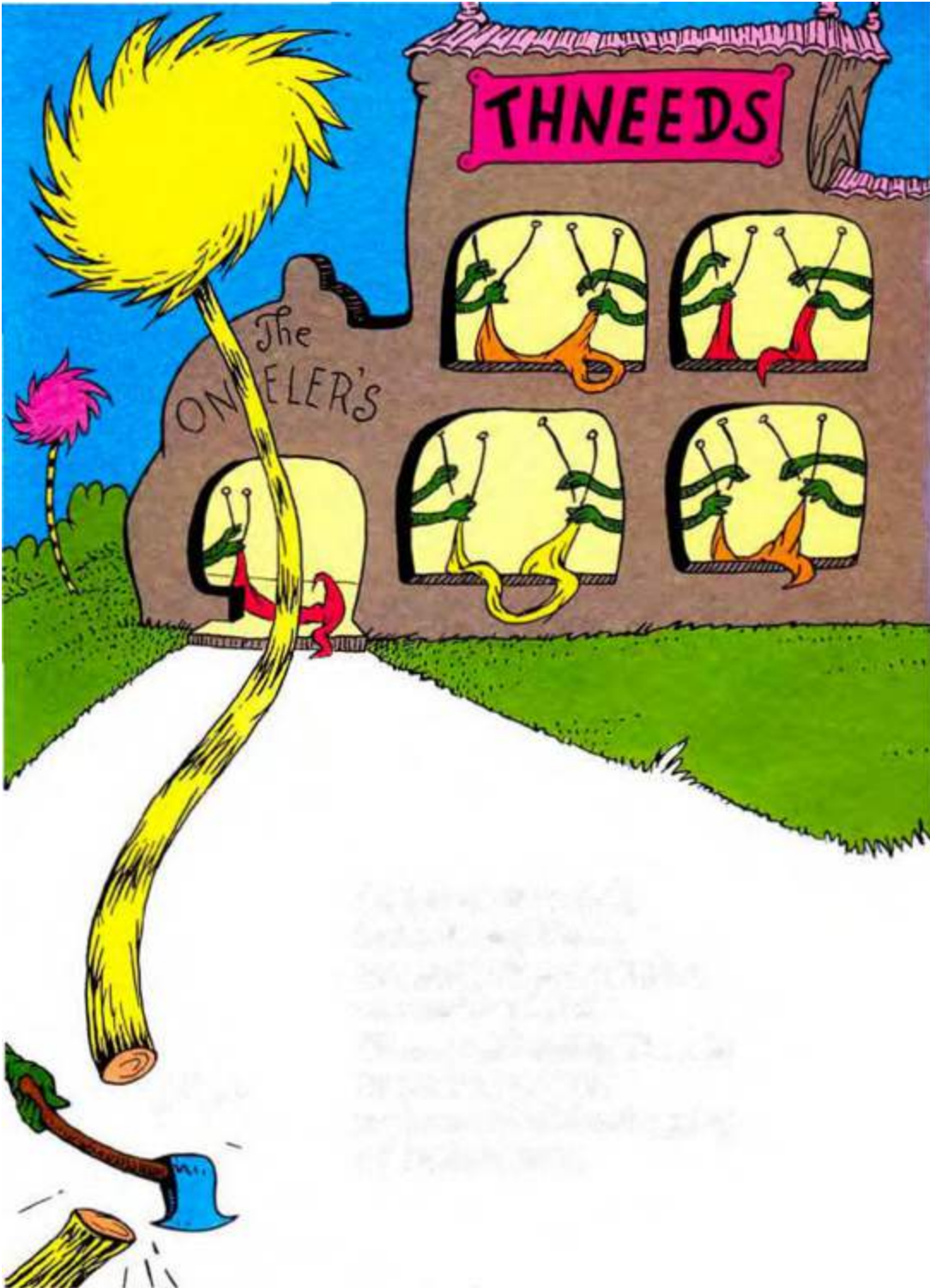
I rushed 'cross the room, and in no time at all, ...

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-
ler Family to get mighty rich!

Get over here fast! Take the road to North Nitch.

Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch."



And, in no time at all,

in the factory I built, the whole Once-ler Family was working full tilt.

We were all knitting Thneeds just as busy as bees,

.//

to the sound of the chopping of Truffula Trees.





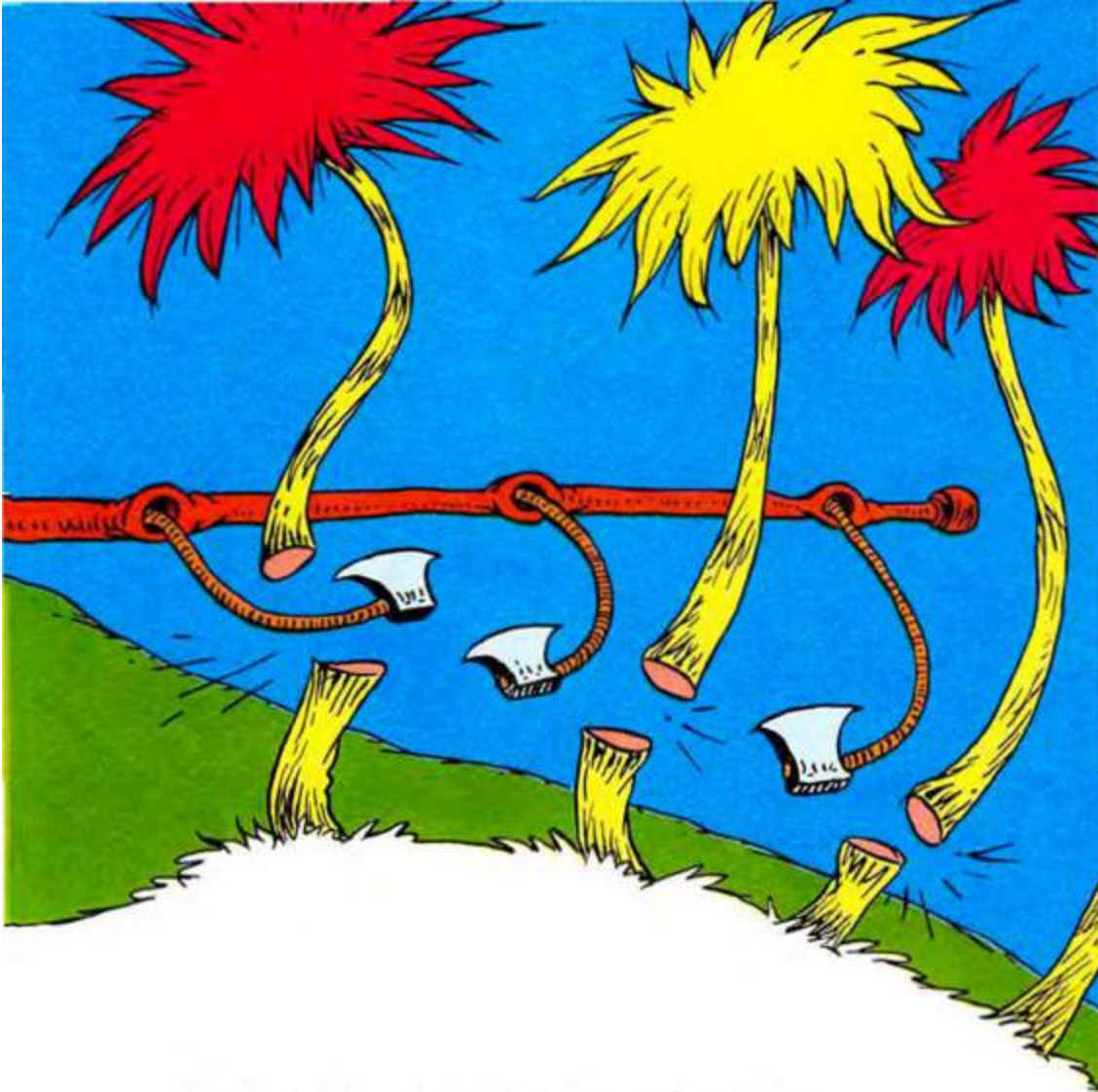
Then ...

Oh! Baby! Oh!

How my business did grow! Now, chopping one tree at a time

was too slow.



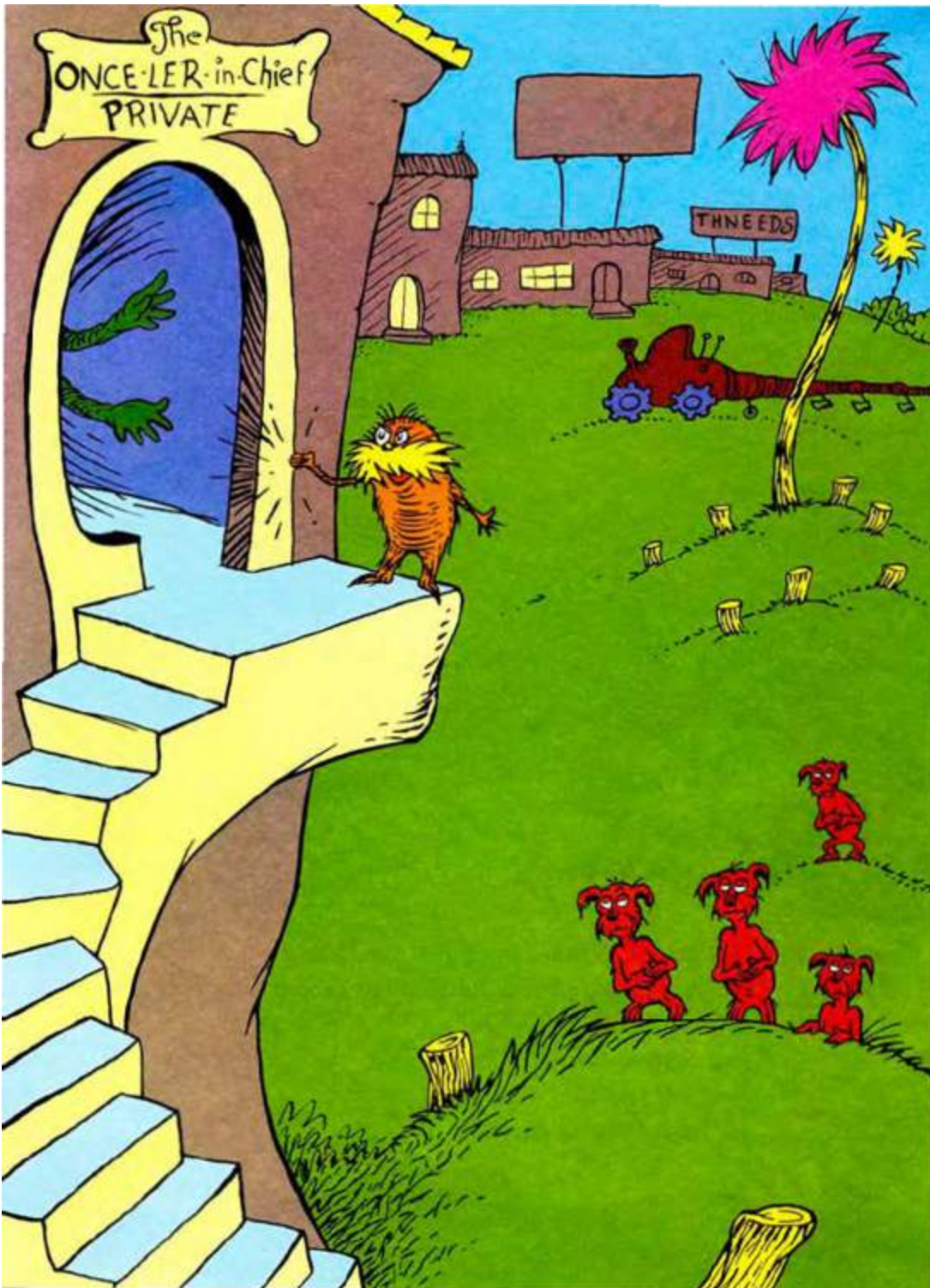


So I quickly invented my Super-Axe-Hacker which whacked off four Truffula Trees at one smacker.

We were making Thneeds four times as fast as before!

And that Lorax? ...

He didn't show up any more.



1HNEEJ>◆

S,, ...

....



But the next week

he knocked

on my new office door.

He snapped, "I'm the Lorax who speaks for the trees which you seem to be chopping as fast as you please.

But I'm also in charge of the Brown Bar-ba-loots who played in the shade in their Bar-ba-loot suits and happily lived, eating Trufula Fruits.

"NOW .. thanks to your hacking my trees to the ground, .

there's not enough Truffula Fruit to go 'round.

And my poor Bar-ba-loots are all getting the crummies because they have gas, and no food, in their tummies!



"They loved living here. But I can't let them stay.
They'll have to find food. And I hope that they may.

Good luck, boys," he cried. And he sent them away.



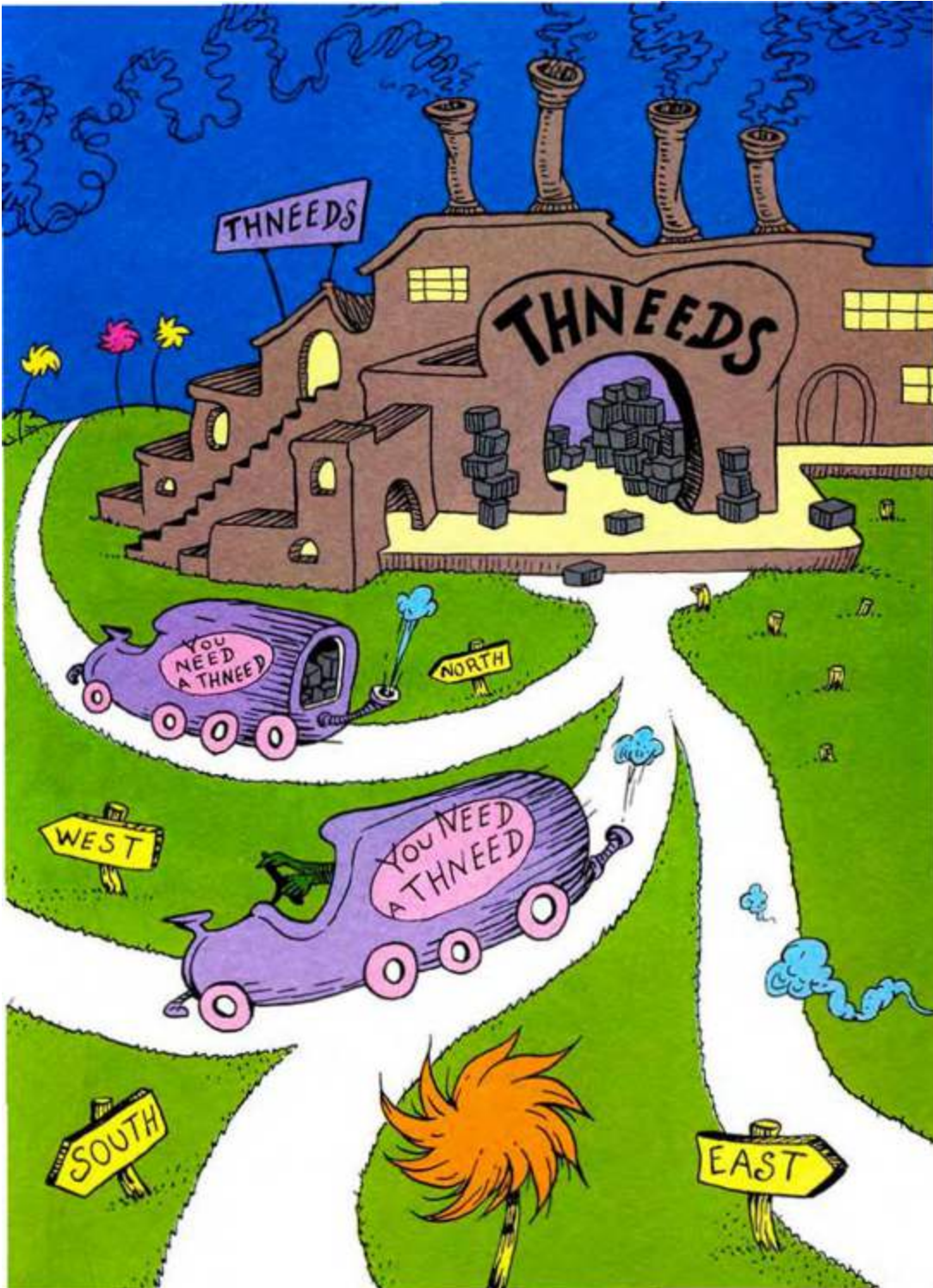


I, the Once-ler, felt sad as I watched them all go.

BUT ...

business is business!

And business must grow regardless of crnmies in tummies, you know.









biggered

biggered

Thneeds

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I meant no hann. I most truly did not.

But I had to grow bigger. So bisgcr I got.

I

my factory. I biggeted my toads.

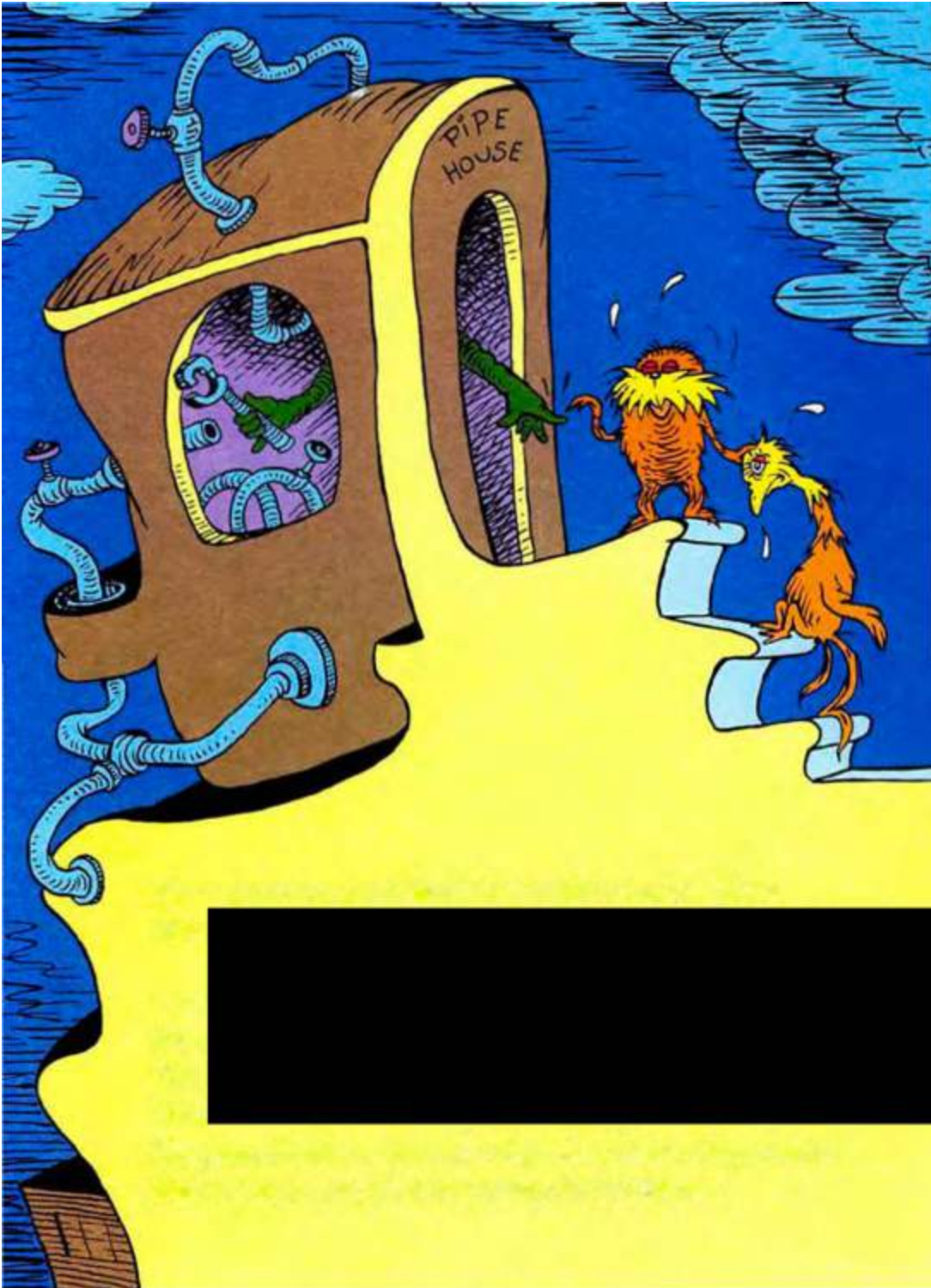
I

my wagons. I biggcred the loads of the

I shipped out. I was shipping them forth to the South! To the
Bastl To the Wcstl To the North!

I went right on biggering ... semng more Thnceds.

And I biggcred my money, which everyone needs.



Then again he came back! I was fixing some pipes when that old-nuisance Lorax came back with more gripes.

"I am the Lorax," he coughed and he whiffed.

He sneezed and he snuffled. He snarggled. He sniffed.

"Once-ler!" he cried with a cruffulous croak.

"Once-ler! You're making such smogulous smoke!

My poor Swomee-Swans ... why, they can't sing a note!

No one can sing who has smog in his throat.





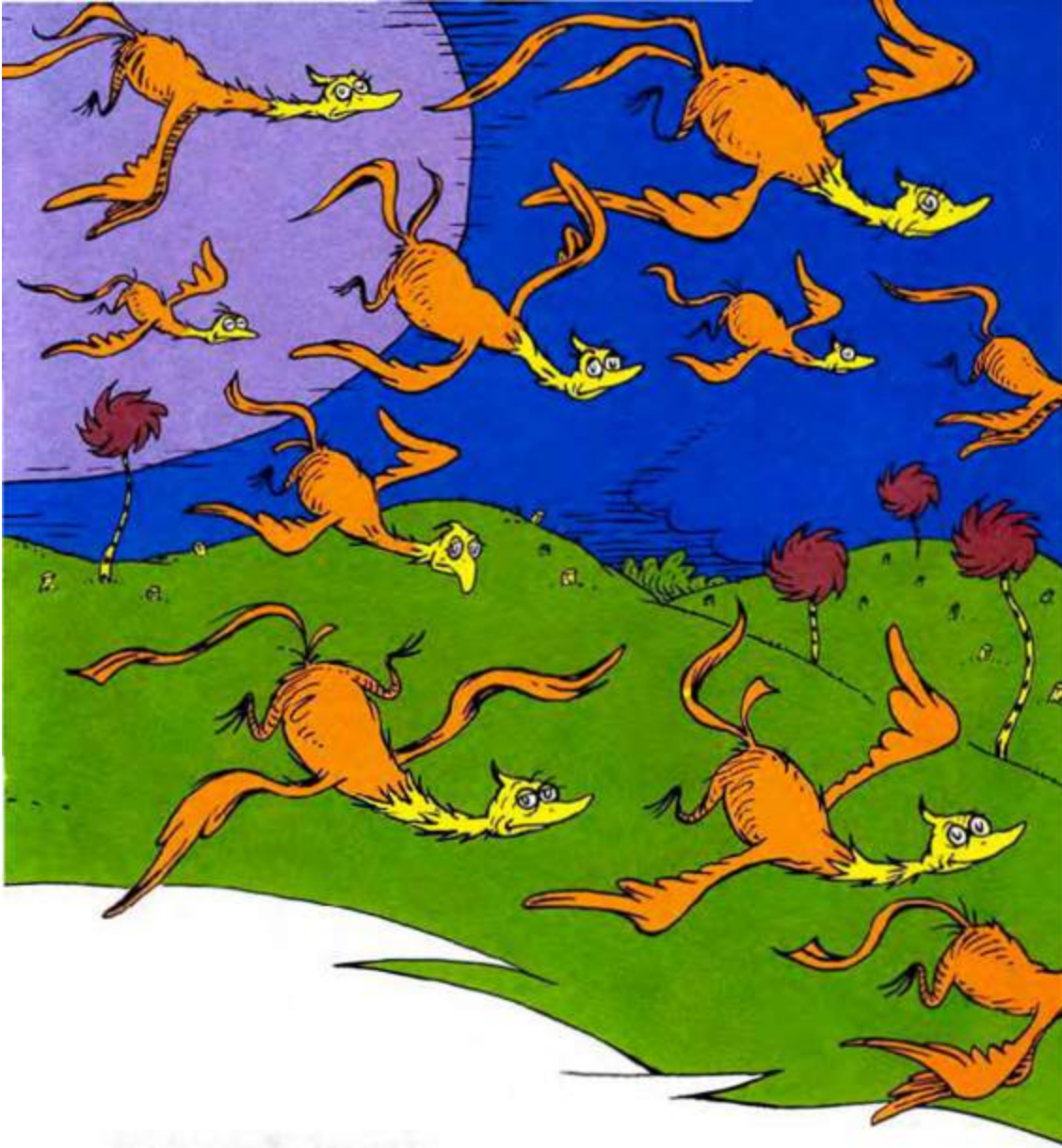
"And so "

,

said the Lorax ,

"-please pardon my cough they cannot live here.

So I'm sending them off.



"Where will they go? ...

I don't hopefully know.

They may have to fly for a month ... or a year ...

To escape &om the smog you've smogged-up around here.



"What's more," snapped the Lorax. (His dander was up.)
"Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glup.

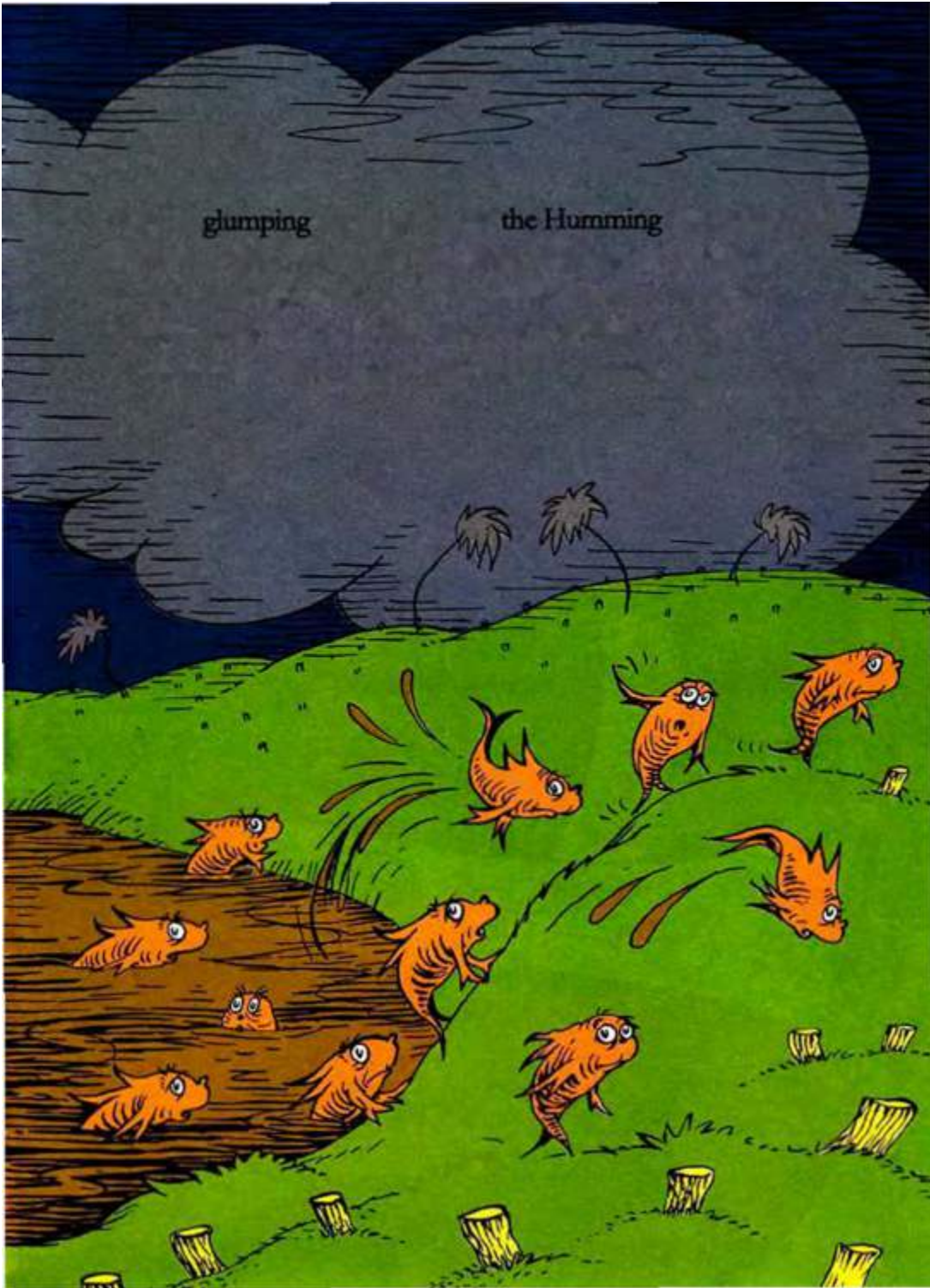
Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop
making Gluppity-Glupp. Also Schloppity-Schlopp.

And what do you do with this leftover goo? ...

I'll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!







glum

umping

the Hum

nmimg



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❖Oii!e

lbc poa4 wbtā:

Fish Jauaeel

No m.orc can they hum. for theit gillt ae an gnmmtđ.

So I'm aeoding them off. Oh, their future is dteary.

Thcy1lwłk on their fins and get woefUłly weary .in scarc:h of
some watet that isn't so ameuy.:tt r.---❖

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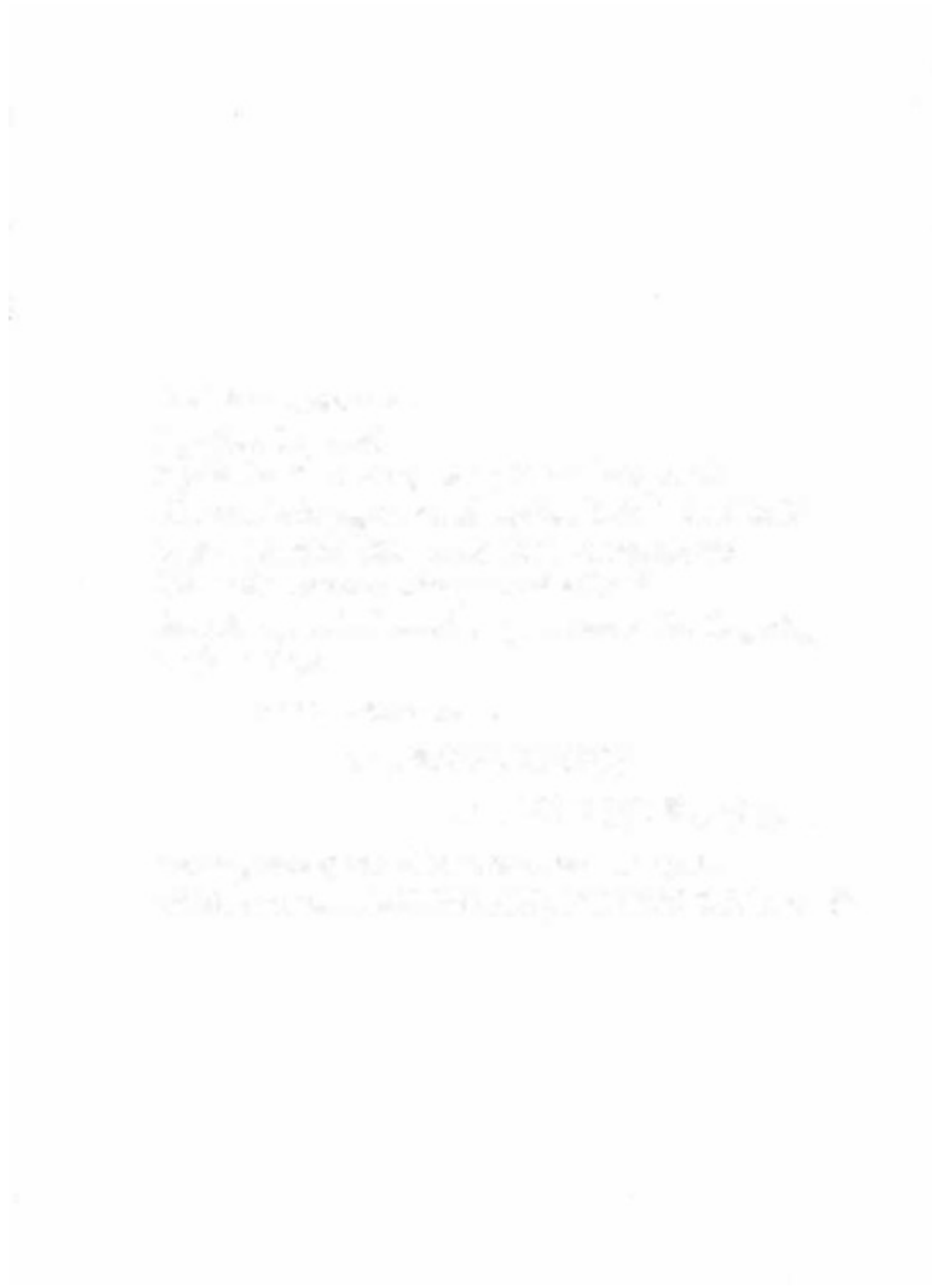
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And then I got mad.

I got terribly mad.

I yelled at the Lorax, "Now listen here, Dad!

All you do is yap-yap and say 'Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!'

Well, I have my rights, sir, and I'm telling you I intend to go on doing just what I do! And, for your information, you Lorax, I'm figgering on biggering

and BIGGERING

and BIGGERING

and BIGGERING,

turning MORE Truffula Trees into Thneeds which everyone, EVERYONE, EVERYONE needs!"



And at that very moment, we heard a loud whack!

From outside in the fields came a sickening smack of an axe on a tree. Then we heard the tree fall.

The very last Truffula Tree of them all/

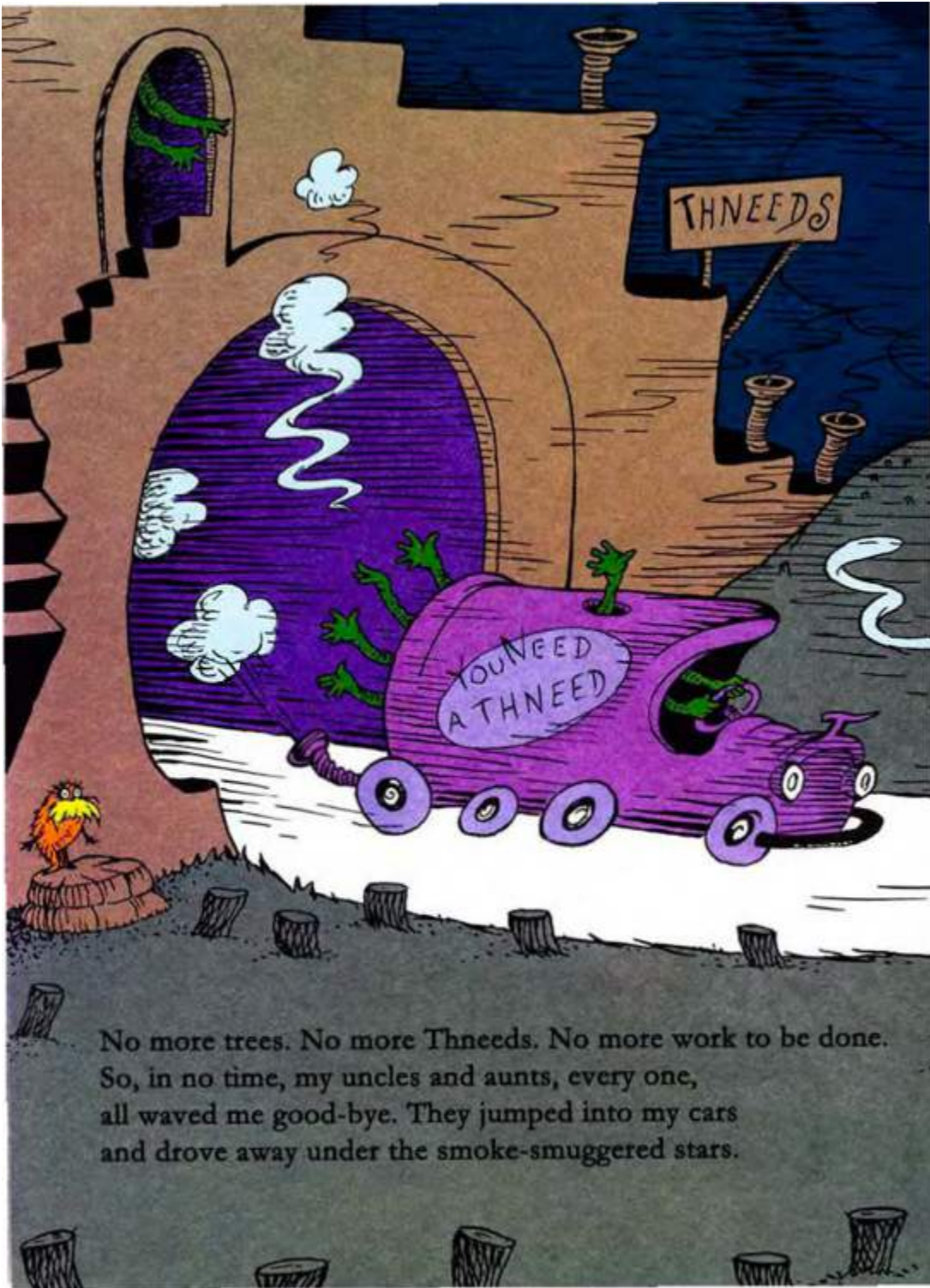




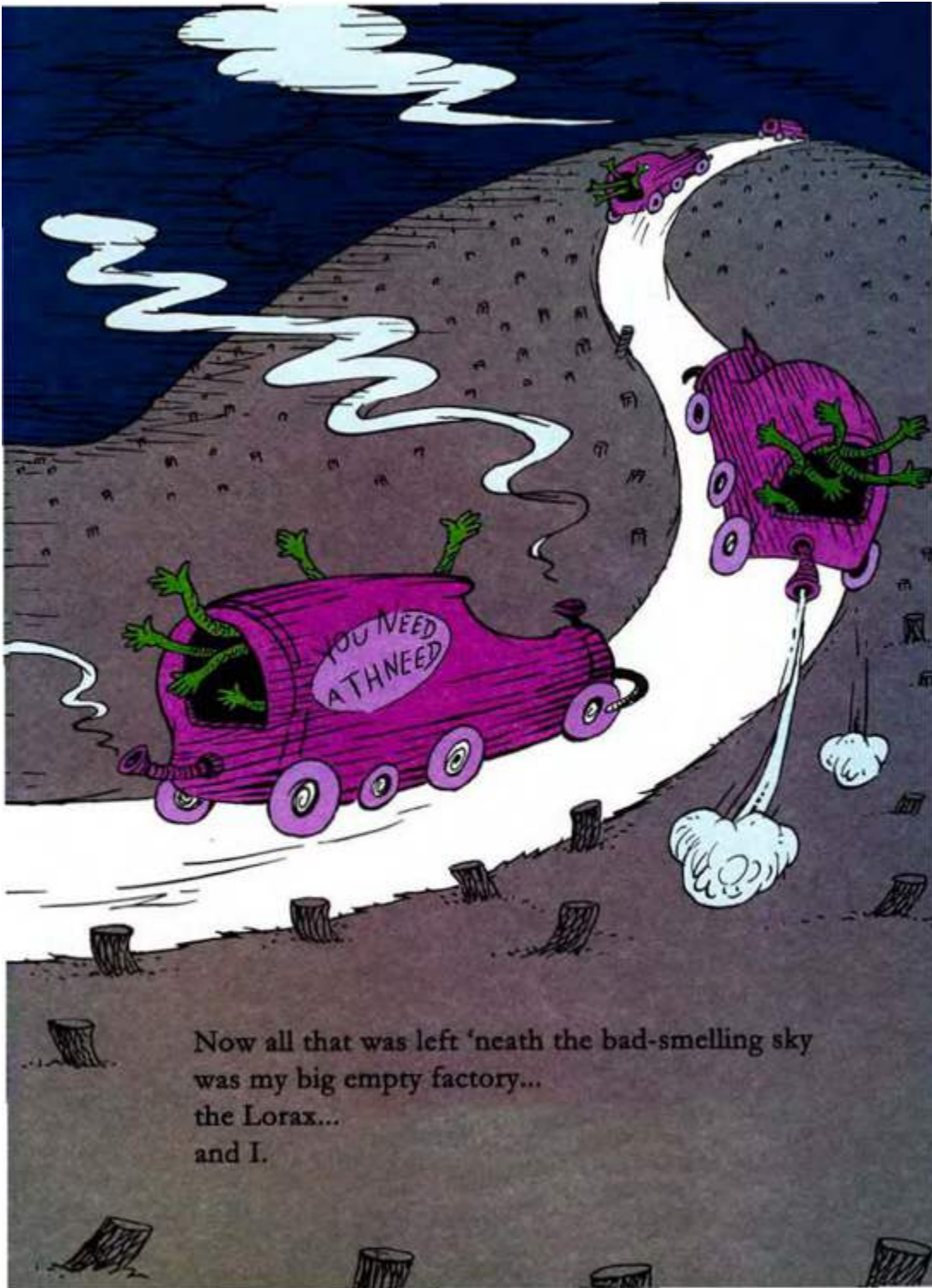
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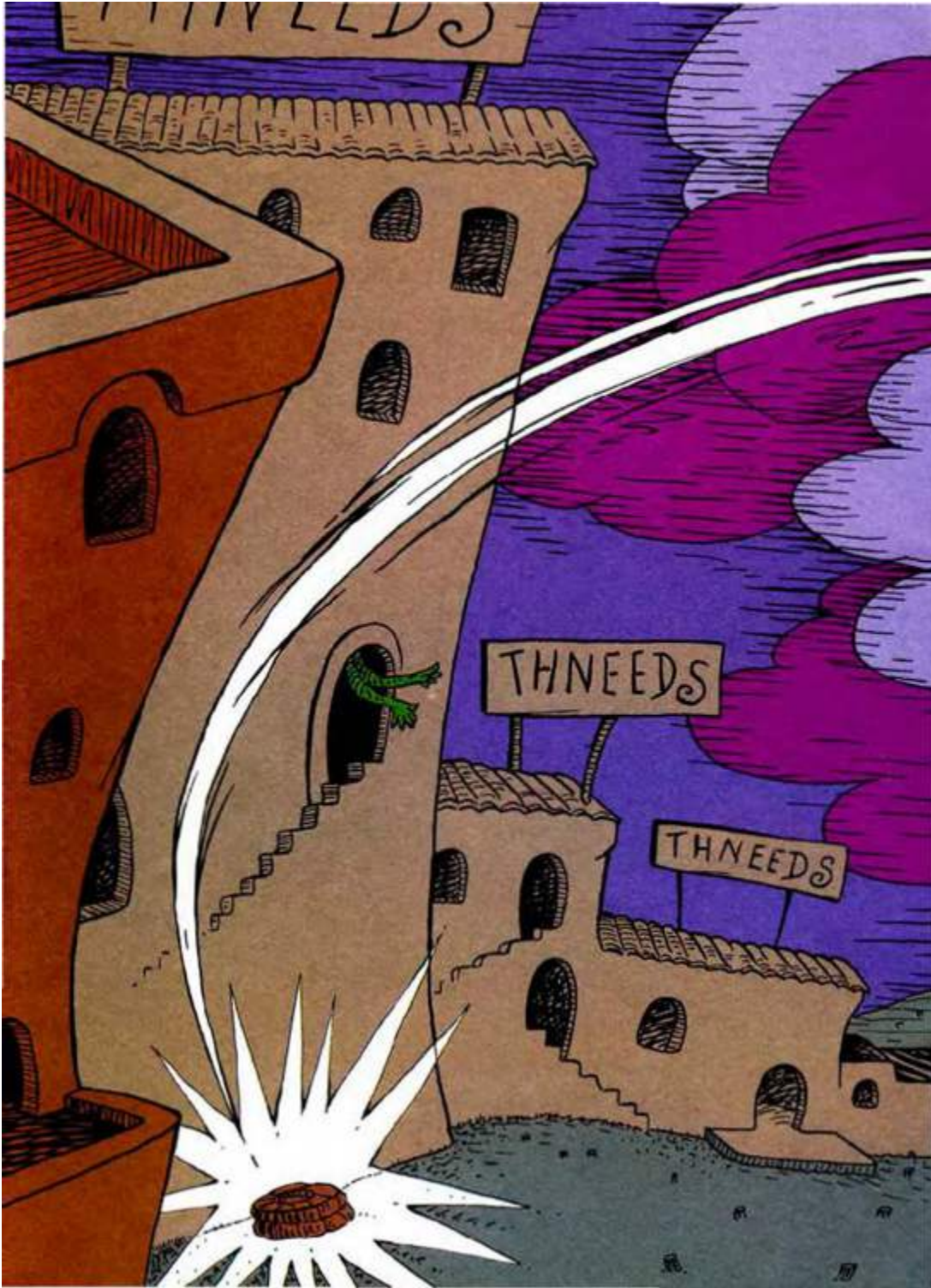
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No more trees. No more Thneeds. No more work to be done.
So, in no time, my uncles and aunts, every one,
all waved me good-bye. They jumped into my cars
and drove away under the smoke-smuggered stars.



Now all that was left 'neath the bad-smelling sky
was my big empty factory...
the Lorax...
and I.





The Lora:x said nothing. Just gave me a glance . . .

just gave me a very sad backward glance .. .

as he lifted himself by the seat of his pants.

And I'll never forget the grim look on his face when he
heisted himself and took leave of this place, through a hole
in the smog, without leaving a trace.

., --..

•

If



guess.

And all that the Lorax left here in this mess was a small pile of rocks, with the one word ...

"UNLESS."

Whatever that meant, well, I just couldn't •

"

•

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.- _ , ...

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buildings





That was long, long ago.

But each day since that day I've sat here and worried and worried away.

Through the years, while my have fallen apart,

I've worried about it

with all of my heart.

..

...

..

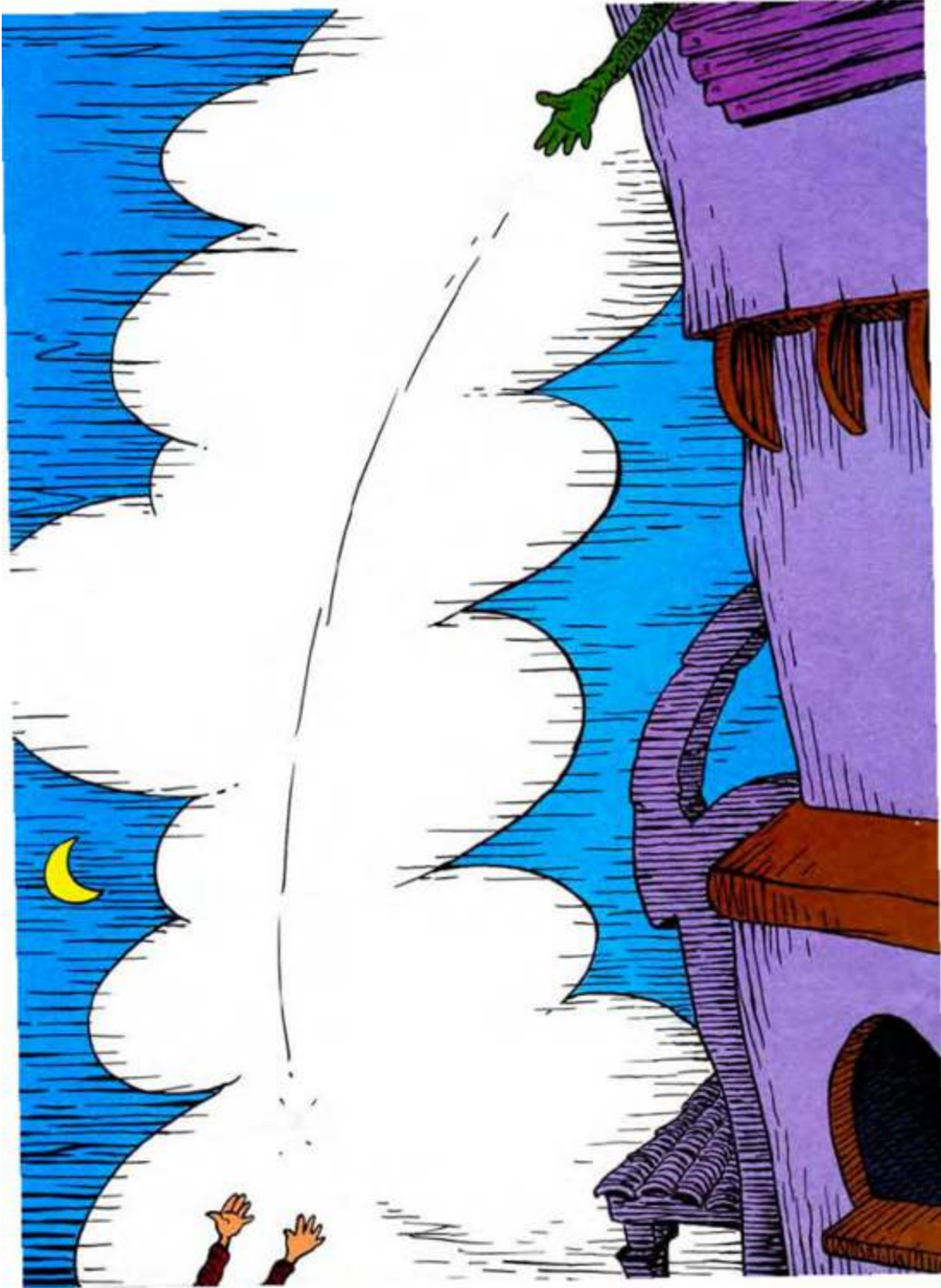


"But now," says the Once-let, "Now thatyo11're here, the word of the Lo.rax seems perfectly clear."

UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better.

It's not.

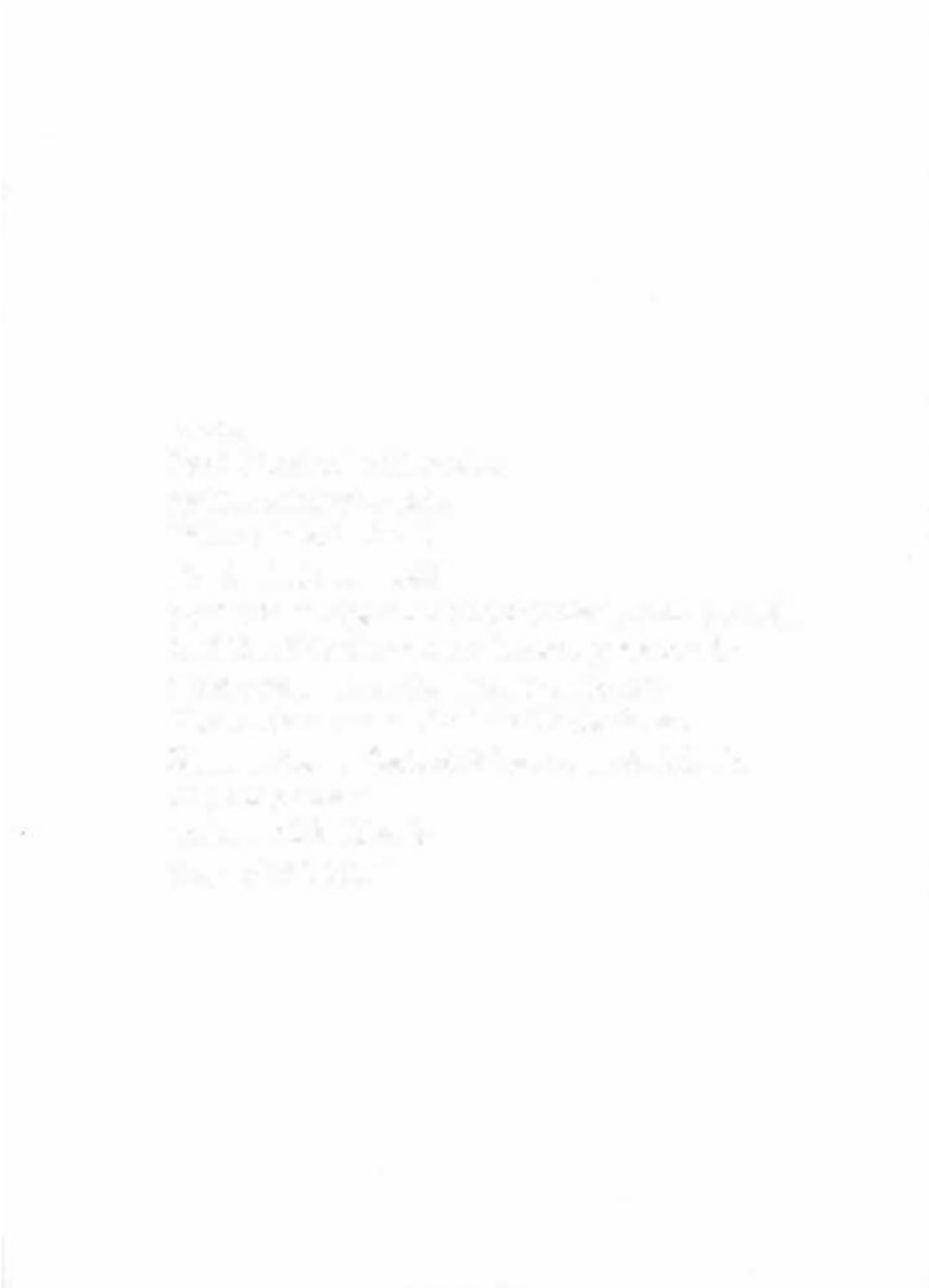




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"SO ...

Catch!" calls the Once-ler.

He lets something fall.

"It's a Truffula Seed.

It's the last one of all!

You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds.

And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs.

Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care.

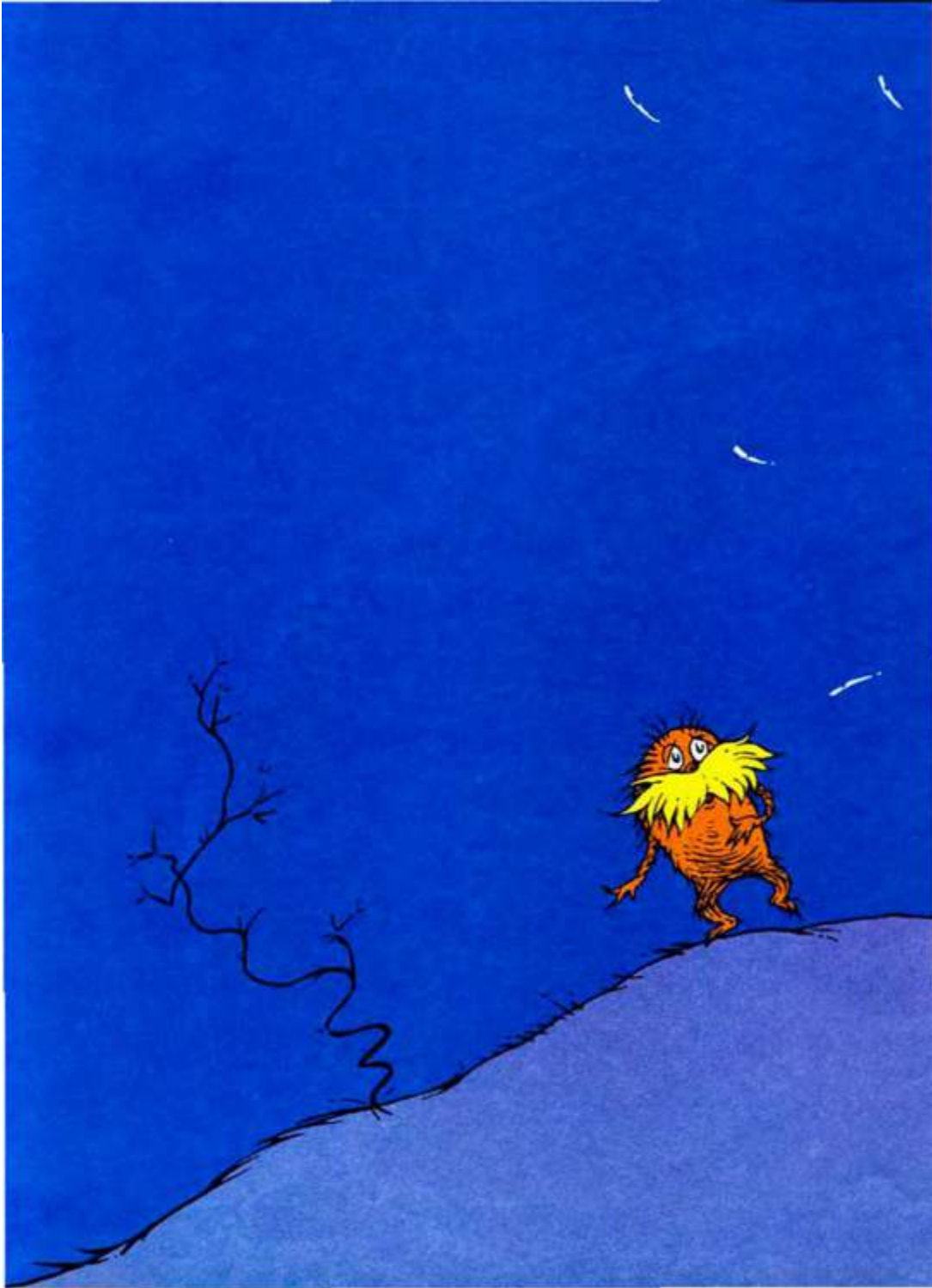
Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air.

Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack.

Then the Lorax

and all of his friends

may come back."







Join the Campaign to Help Save the Real-Life Lorax Forest
"UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing
is going to get better.

It's not." -The Lorax Nearly forty years ago, when Random House first published Dr. Seuss's *The Lorax*, it sent forth a clarion call to industry and consumers alike to conserve the Earth's precious and finite natural resources. The message of this whimsical yet powerful tale resonates today more profoundly than ever. In every corner of the world, we are at risk of losing real-life Brown Bar-baloors, Swomee-Swans, Humming-fish, Truffula Trees, and the forests they all inhabit.

Together, Dr. Seuss Enterprises and Random House proudly sponsor The Lorax Project, an ongoing multifaceted initiative designed to

raise awareness of environmental issues and inspire earth-friendly action worldwide by passionate individuals of all ages.

Dr. Seuss Enterprises and Random House support conservation groups around the world to enhance critical activities needed to protect the real-life Lorax forests, whose preservation is essential to all life on our planet.

To learn more about The Lorax Project and how you can help, visit www.theloraxproject.com.