

The

LORAX



By

Dr. Seuss

















The  
**LORAX**

By  
**Dr. Seuss**



Random House • New York

For Audrey, Lark and Lea  
With Love

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**A**t 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.





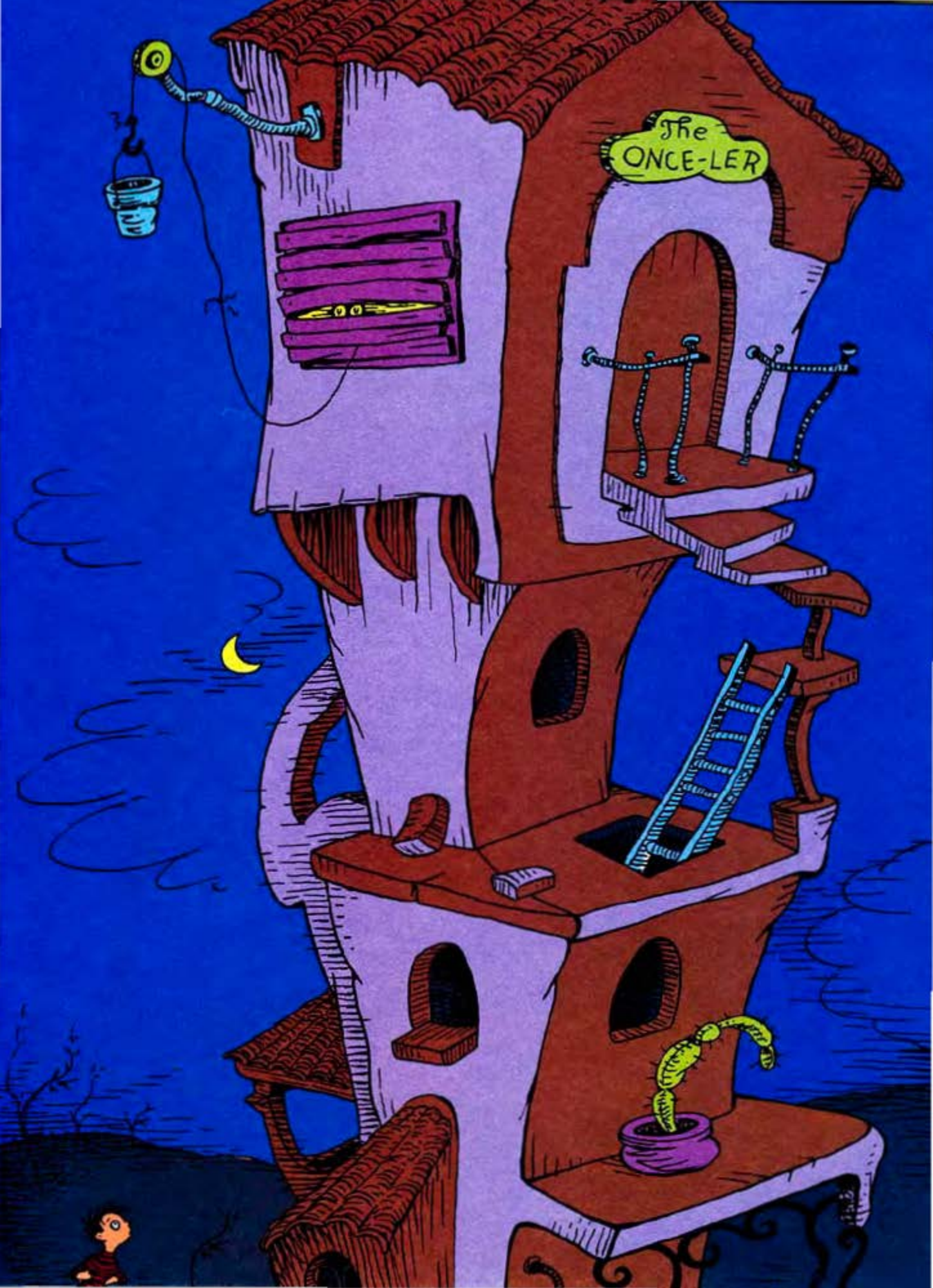


What *was* the Lorax?  
And why was it there?  
And why was it lifted and taken somewhere  
from the far end of town where<sup>d</sup> the Grickle-grass grows?  
The old Once-ler still lives here.  
Ask him. *He* knows.

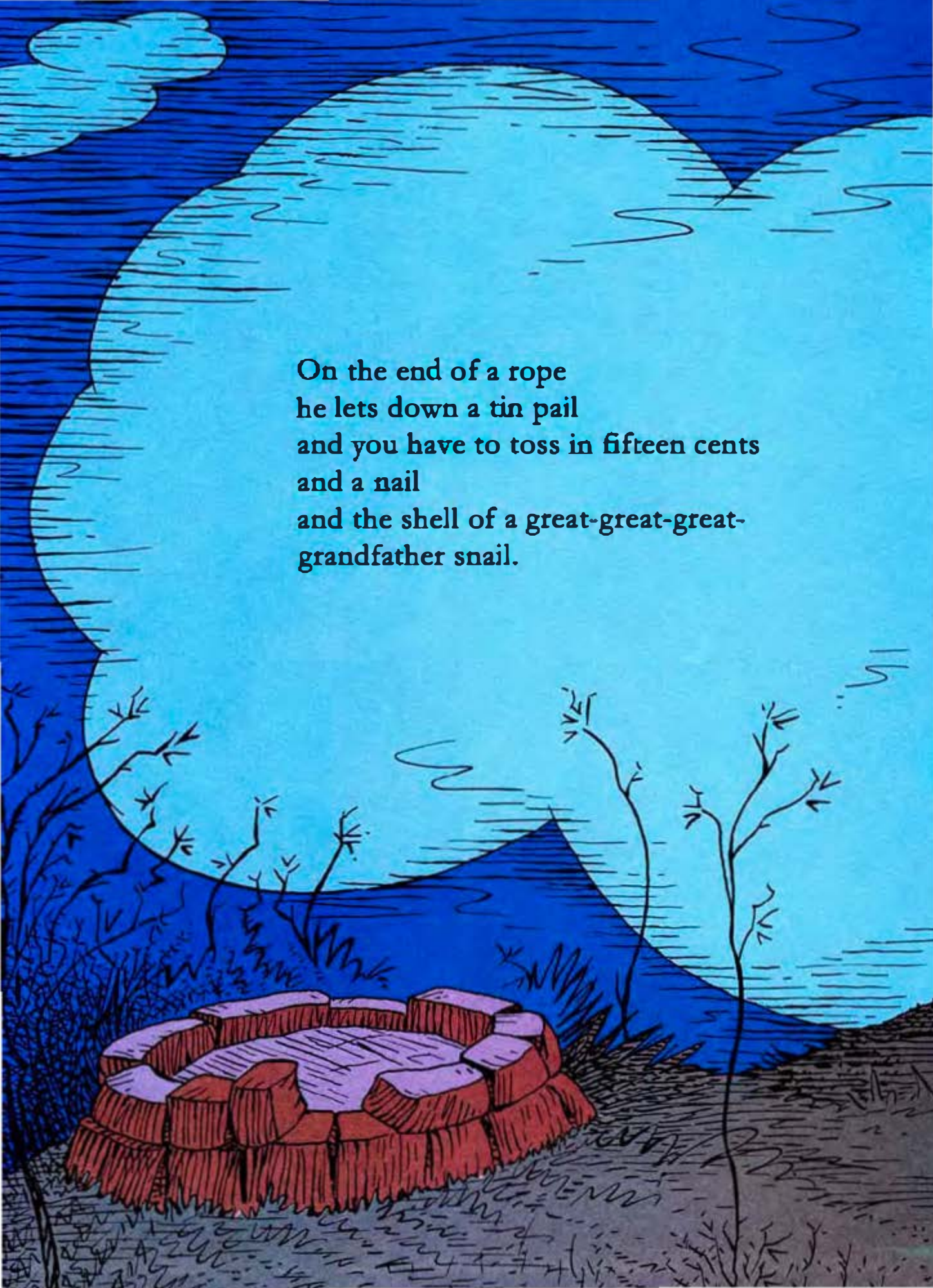
You won't see the Once-ler.  
Don't knock at his door.  
He stays in this Lerkim, cold under the roof,  
where he makes his own clothes  
out of miff-muffered moof.  
And on special dank midnights in August,  
he peeks  
out of the shutters  
and sometimes he speaks  
and tells how the Lorax was lifted away.

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







A stylized illustration of a landscape. The sky is a deep blue with a large, bright yellow sun or moon in the center. The sun/moon has a textured, wavy surface. Below the sky is a body of water, also in shades of blue, with wavy lines representing ripples. In the foreground, there is a circular structure made of stacked, reddish-brown logs or stones, resembling a fire pit or a well. The ground is dark and textured with small, dark lines. There are several thin, dark trees or bushes scattered across the landscape. The overall style is simple and graphic, with bold outlines and flat colors.

**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.**







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-ma-Phone,  
for the secrets I tell are for your ears alone."

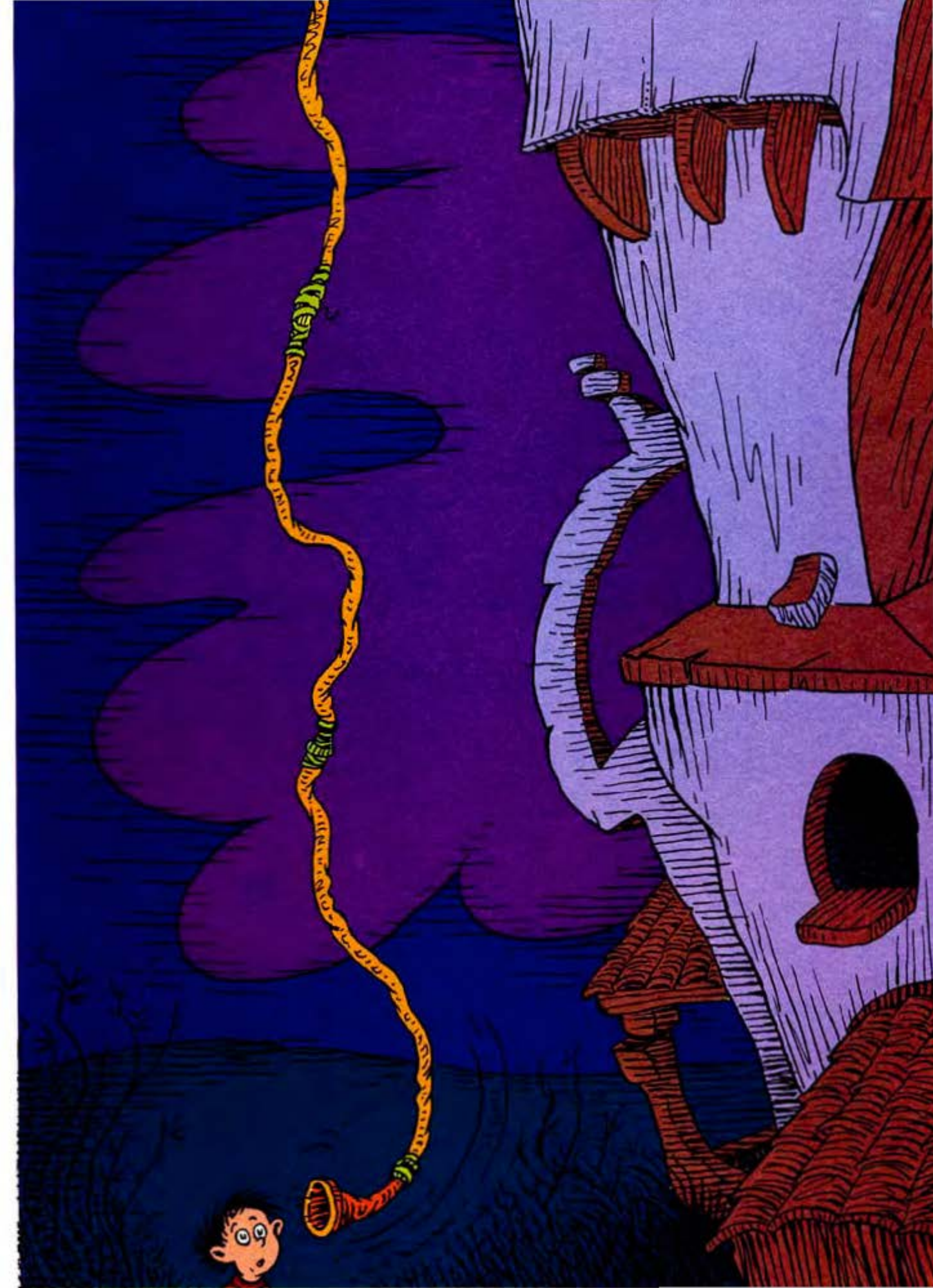
*SLUPP!*

Down slupps 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 snergely hose,  
and he sounds  
as if he had  
smallish bees up his nose.

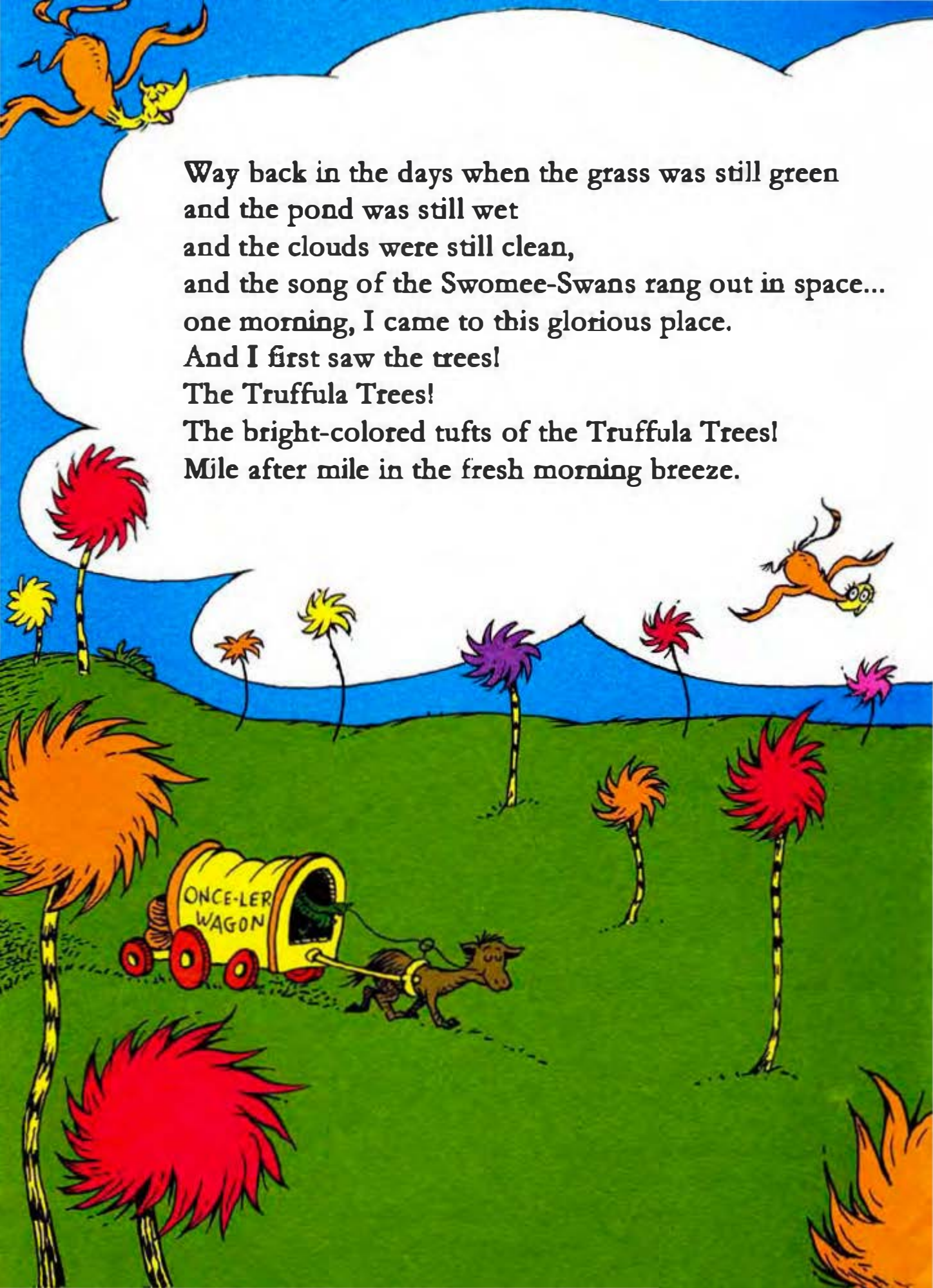
"Now I'll tell you," he says, with his teeth sounding gray,  
"how the Lorax got lifted and taken away..."

It all started way back...  
such a long, long time back...







A whimsical landscape featuring several Truffula Trees with bright, spiky tufts in red, orange, yellow, purple, and pink. The trees have thin, black-and-white striped trunks. In the foreground, a yellow wagon with red wheels and the words "ONCE-LER WAGON" is being pulled by a brown horse. The scene is set against a blue sky with white clouds and a blue horizon line. A small orange creature with a yellow face is flying in the sky. The text is contained within a large white cloud shape.

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.

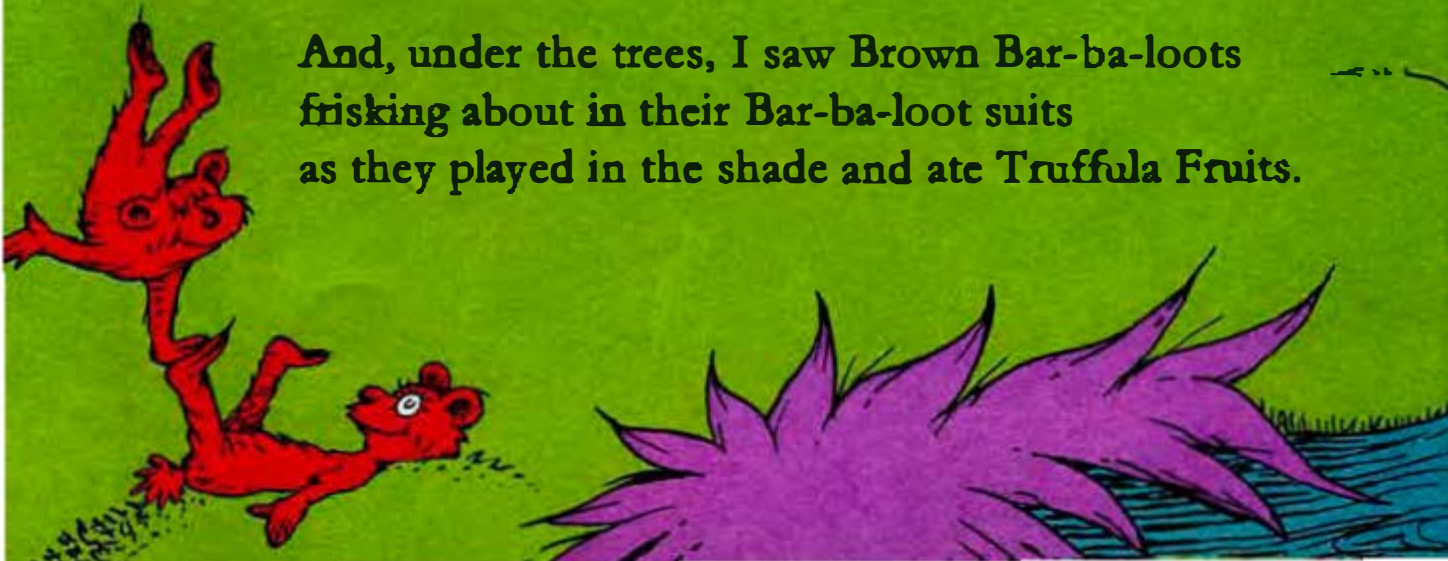




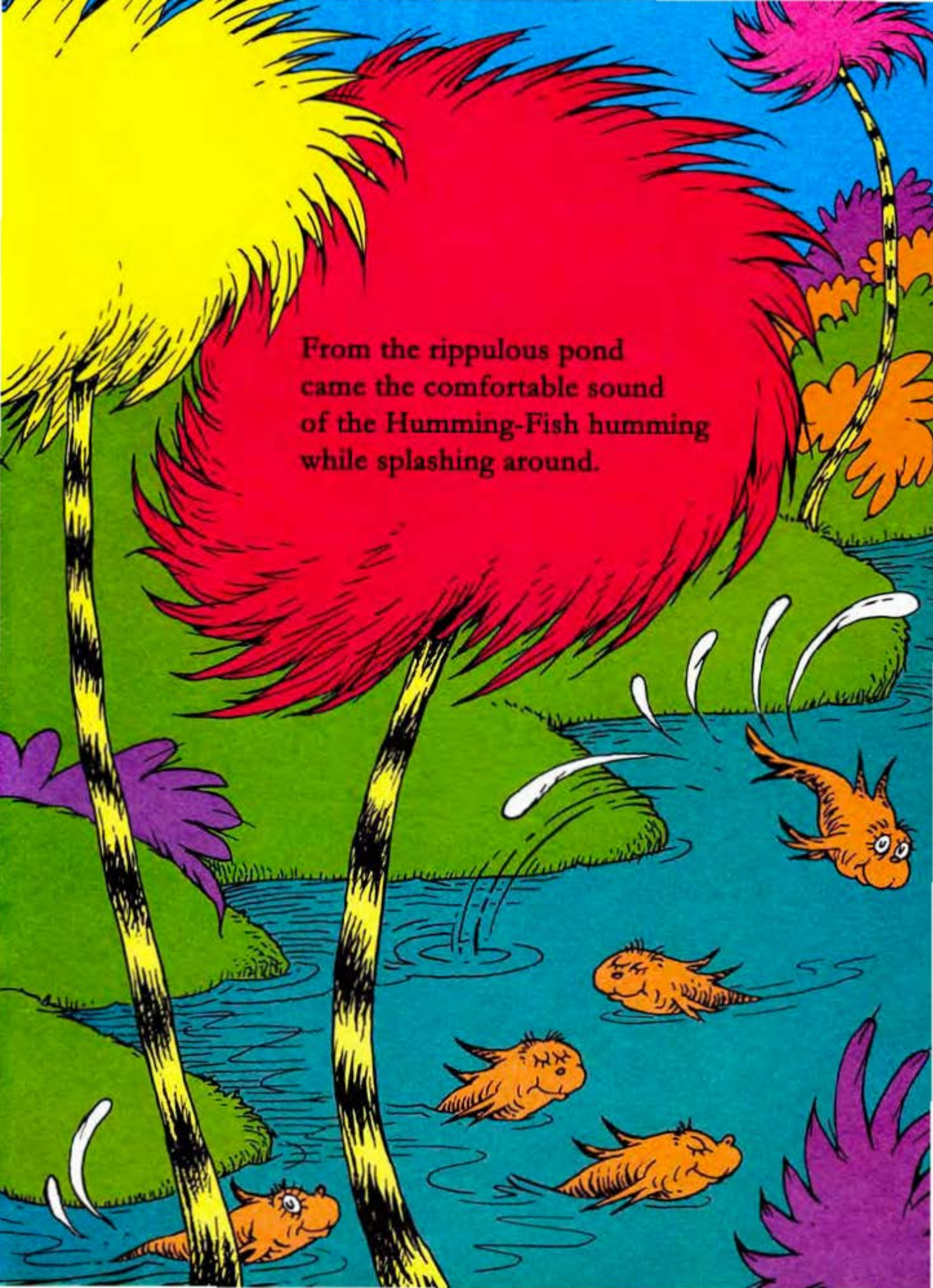




**And, under the trees, I saw Brown Bar-baloos  
frisking about in their Bar-baloot suits  
as they played in the shade and ate Truffula Fruits.**

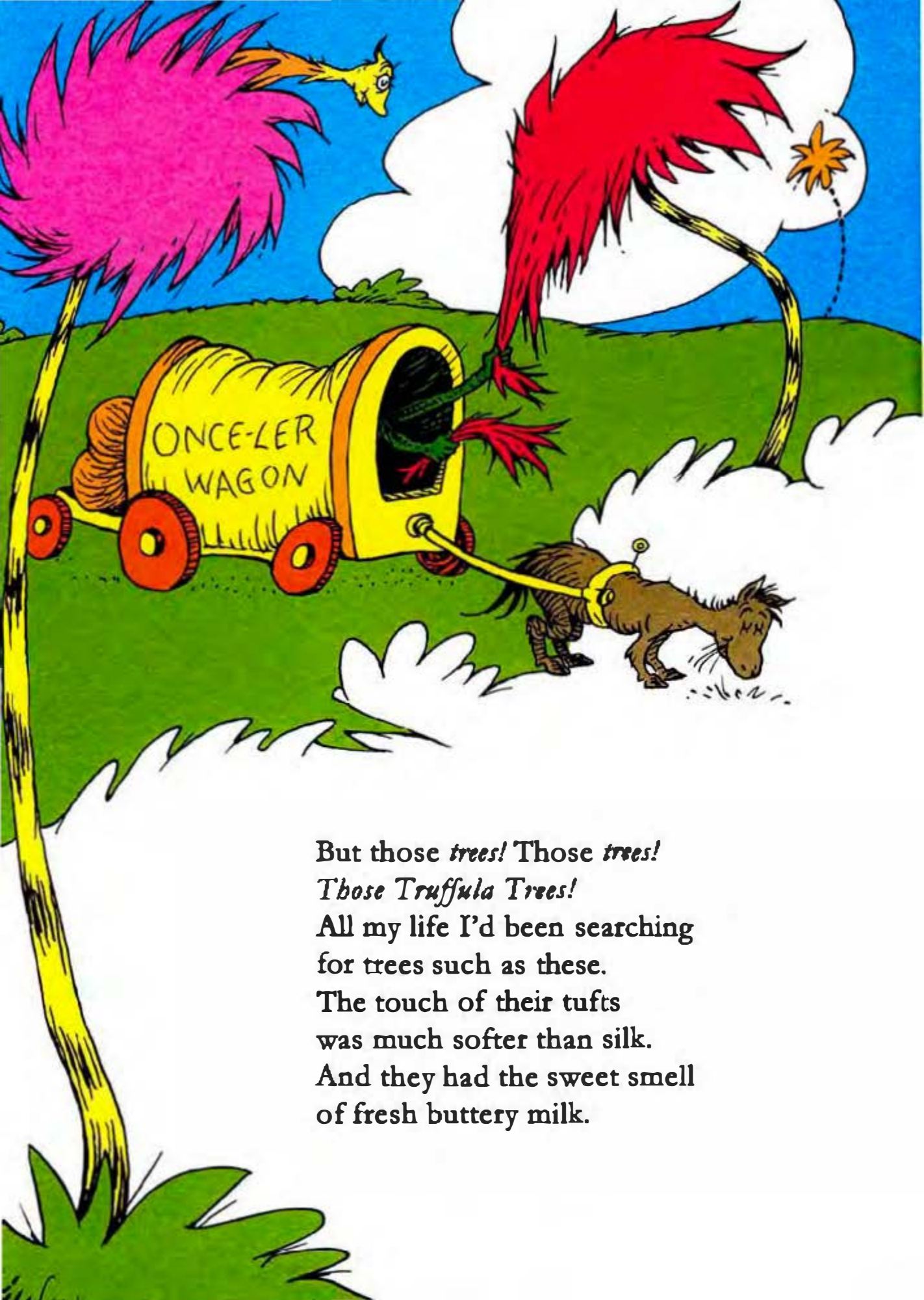






From the rippulous pond  
came the comfortable sound  
of the Humming-Fish humming  
while splashing around.

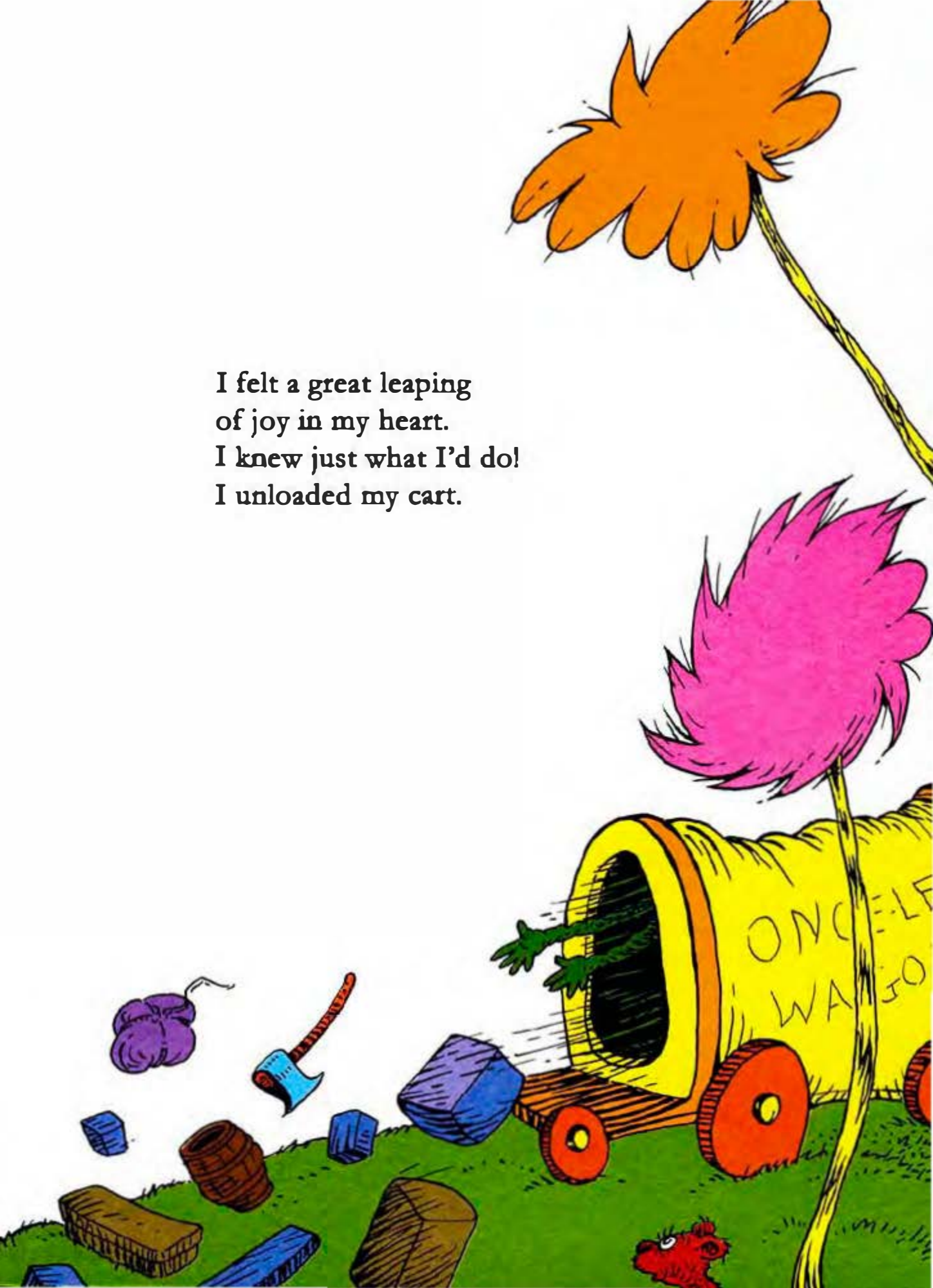




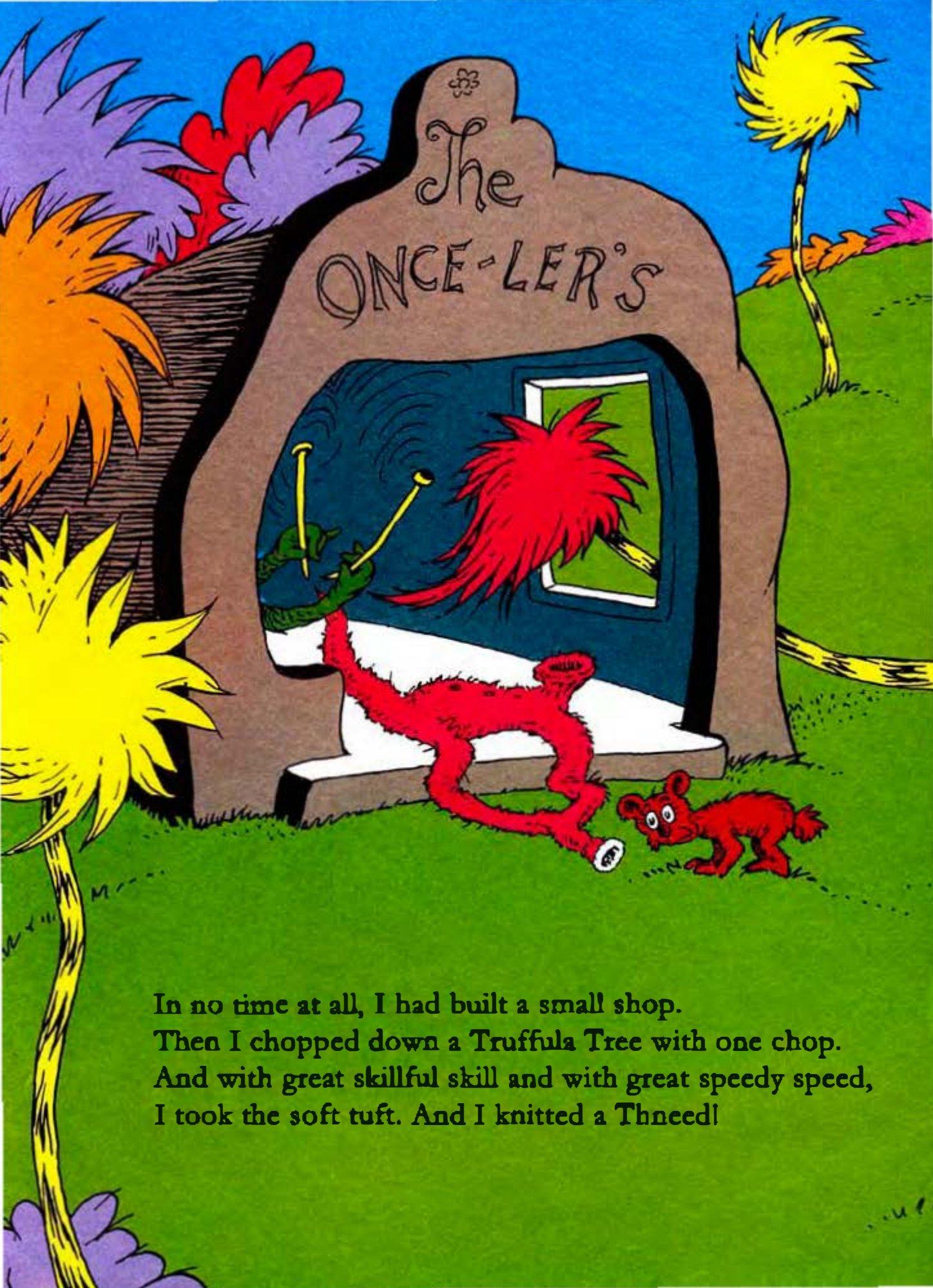
But those *trees!* Those *trees!*  
Those *Truffula Trees!*  
All my life I'd been searching  
for trees such as these.  
The touch of their tufts  
was much softer than silk.  
And they had the sweet smell  
of fresh buttery milk.



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 I knitted a Thneed!









The instant I'd finished, I heard a *ga-Zump!*  
I looked.

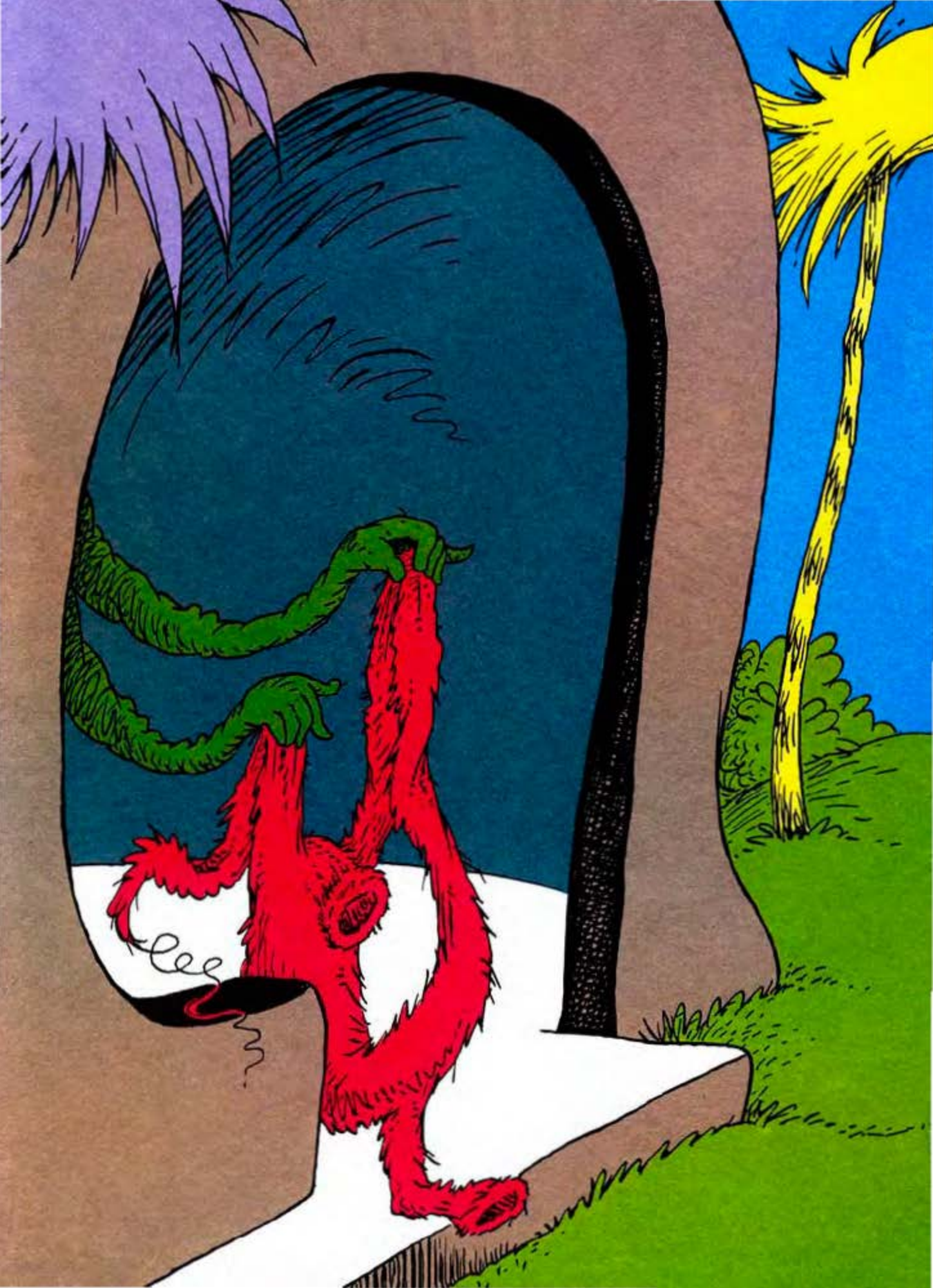
I saw something pop out of a stump  
of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man.  
Describe him?...That's hard. I don't know if I can.





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—  
*“What’s that THING you’ve made out of my Truffula tuft?”*

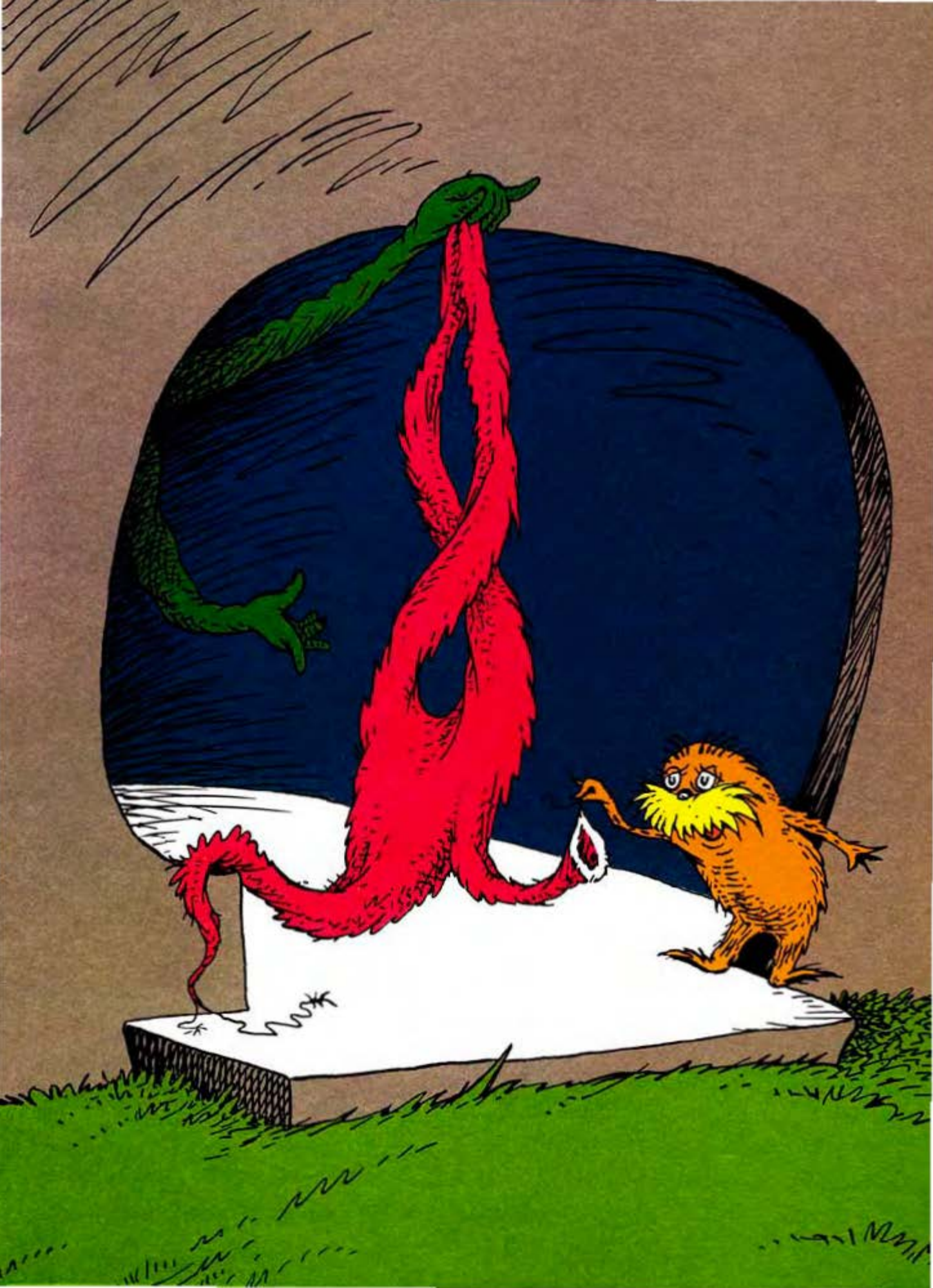




“Look, Lorax,” I said. “There’s no cause for alarm.  
I chopped just one tree. I am doing no harm.  
I’m being quite useful. This thing is a Thneed.  
A Thneed’s a Fine-Something-That-All-People-Need!  
It’s a shirt. It’s a sock. It’s a glove. It’s a hat.  
But it has *other* uses. Yes, far beyond that.  
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."







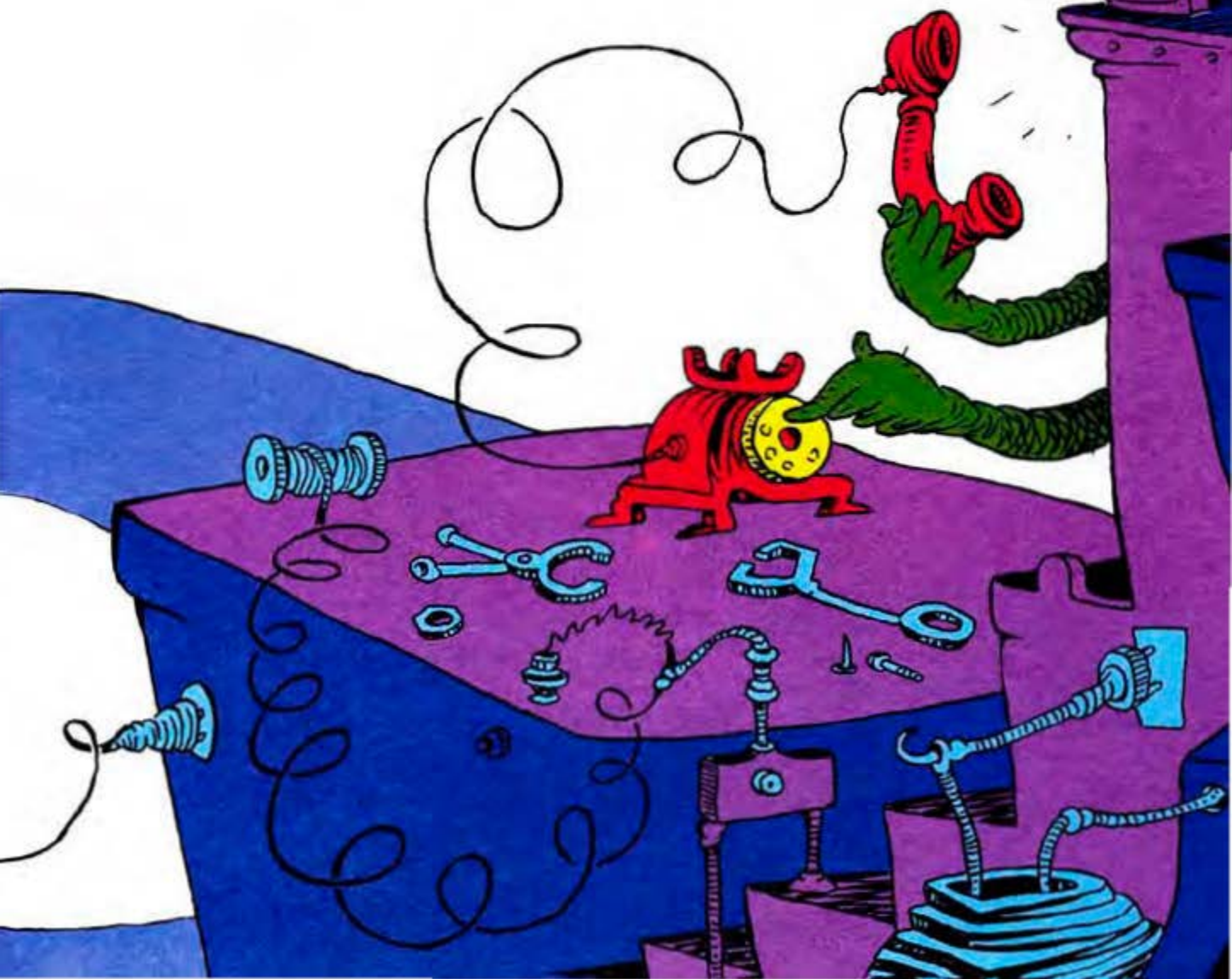


**“I repeat,” cried the Lorax,  
“I speak for the trees!”**

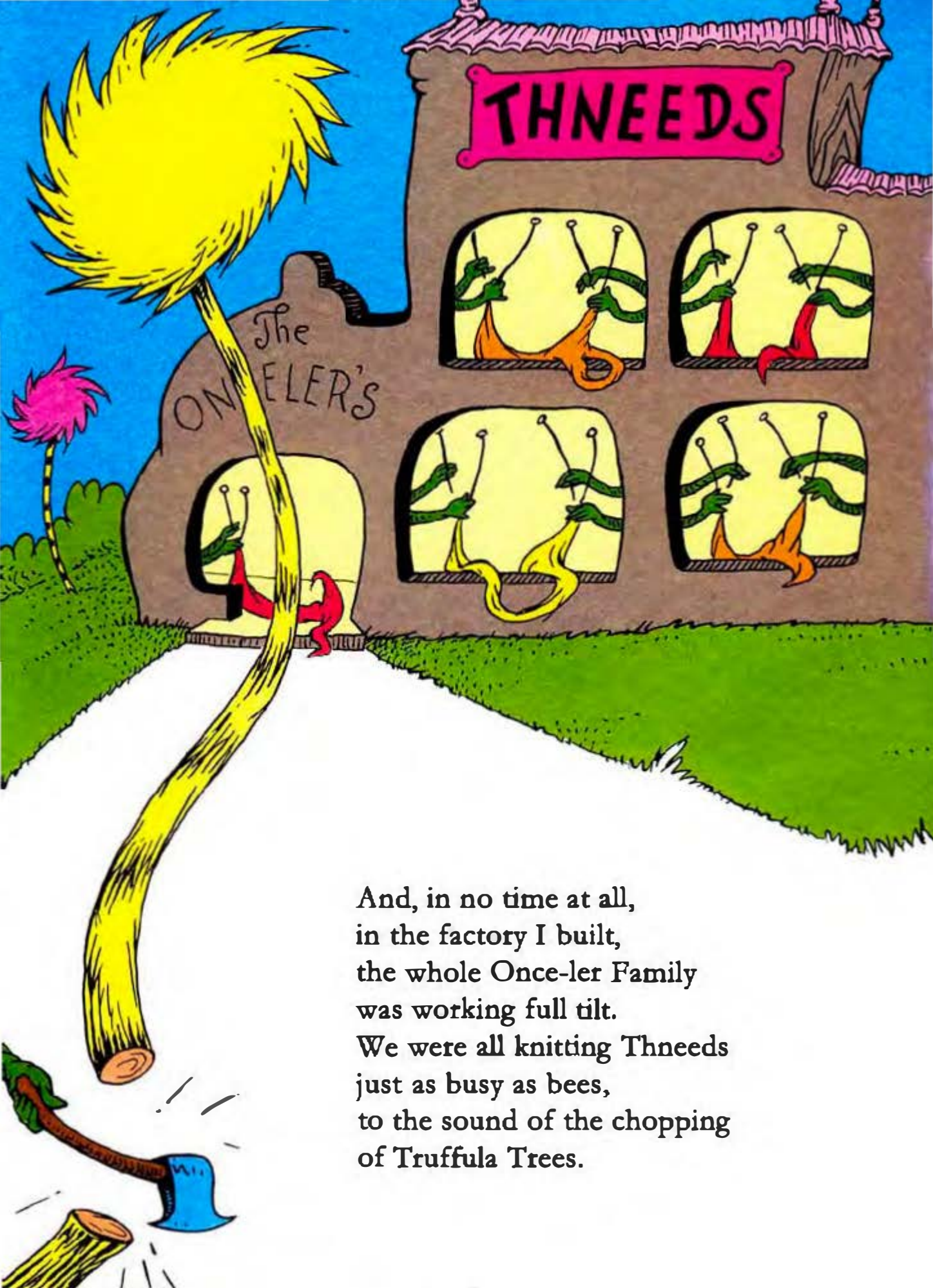


“I’m busy,” I told him.  
“Shut up, if you please.”

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-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.”





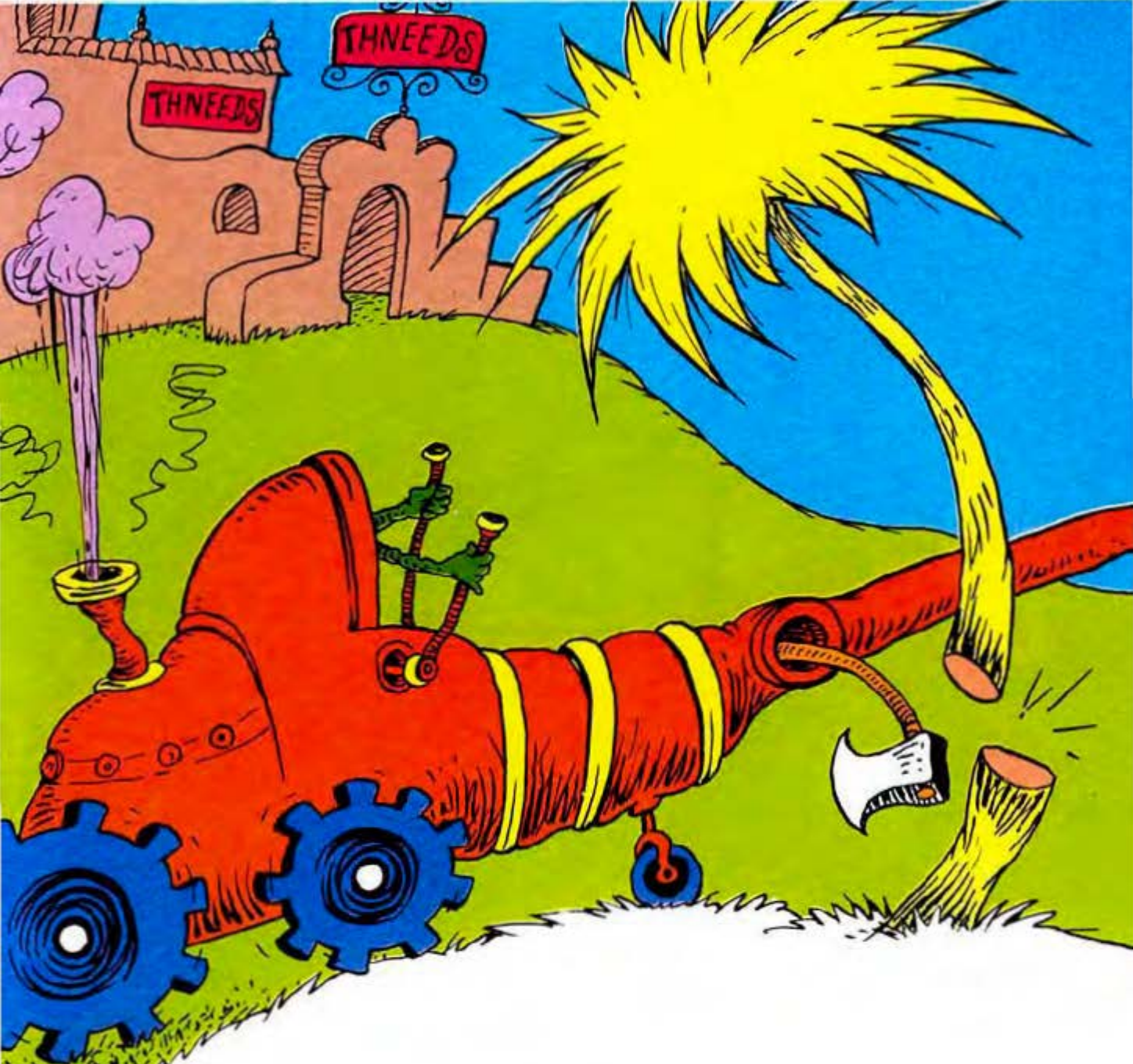


And, in no time at all,  
in the factory I built,  
the whole Once-ler Family  
was working full tilt.  
We were all knitting Thneeds  
just as busy as bees,  
to the sound of the chopping  
of Truffula Trees.



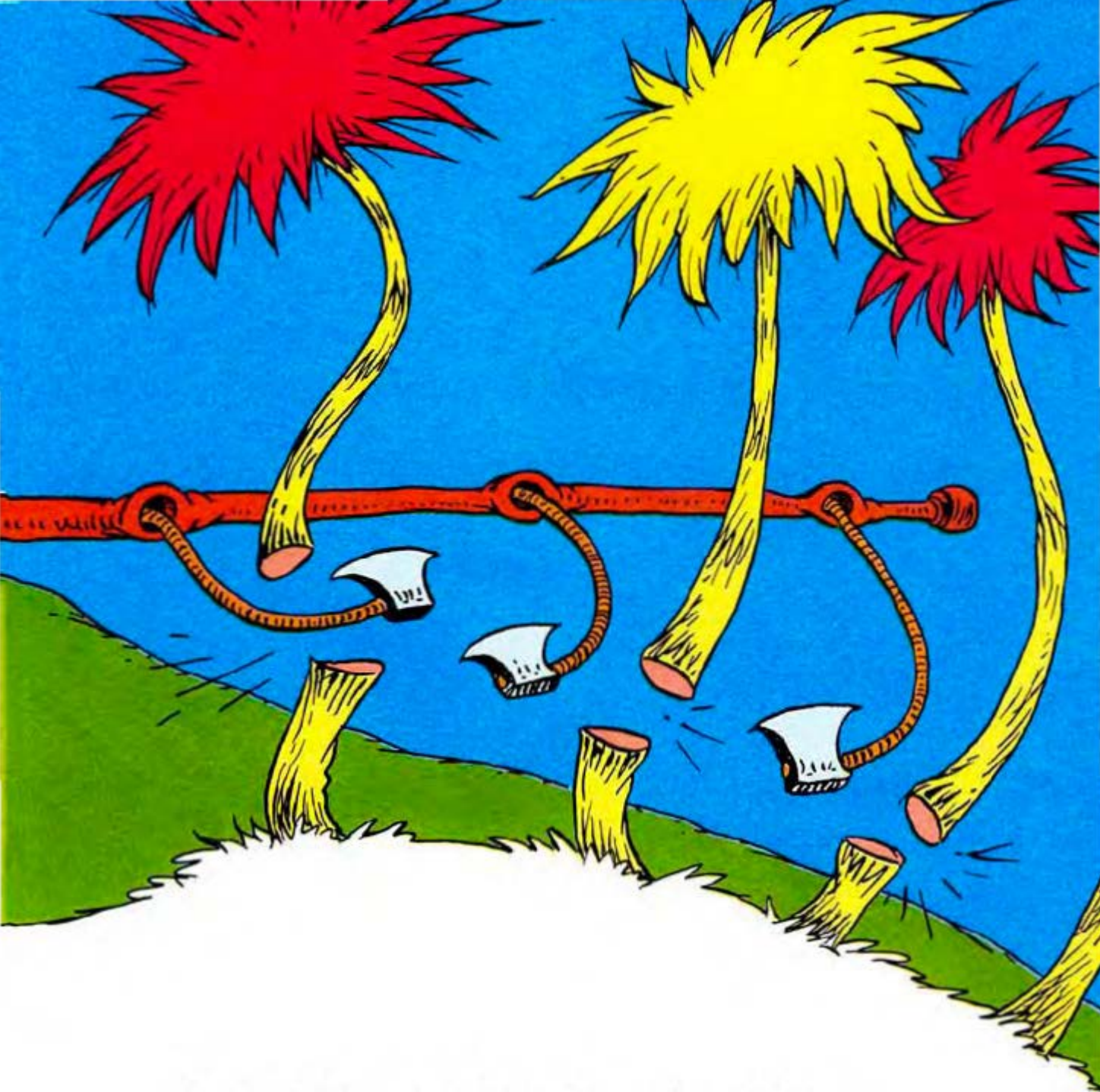






Then...  
Oh! Baby! Oh!  
How my business did grow!  
Now, chopping one tree  
at a time  
was too slow.





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.



The  
ONCE-LEADER-in-Chief  
PRIVATE

THNEEDS

THNEEDS





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 Truffula Fruits.

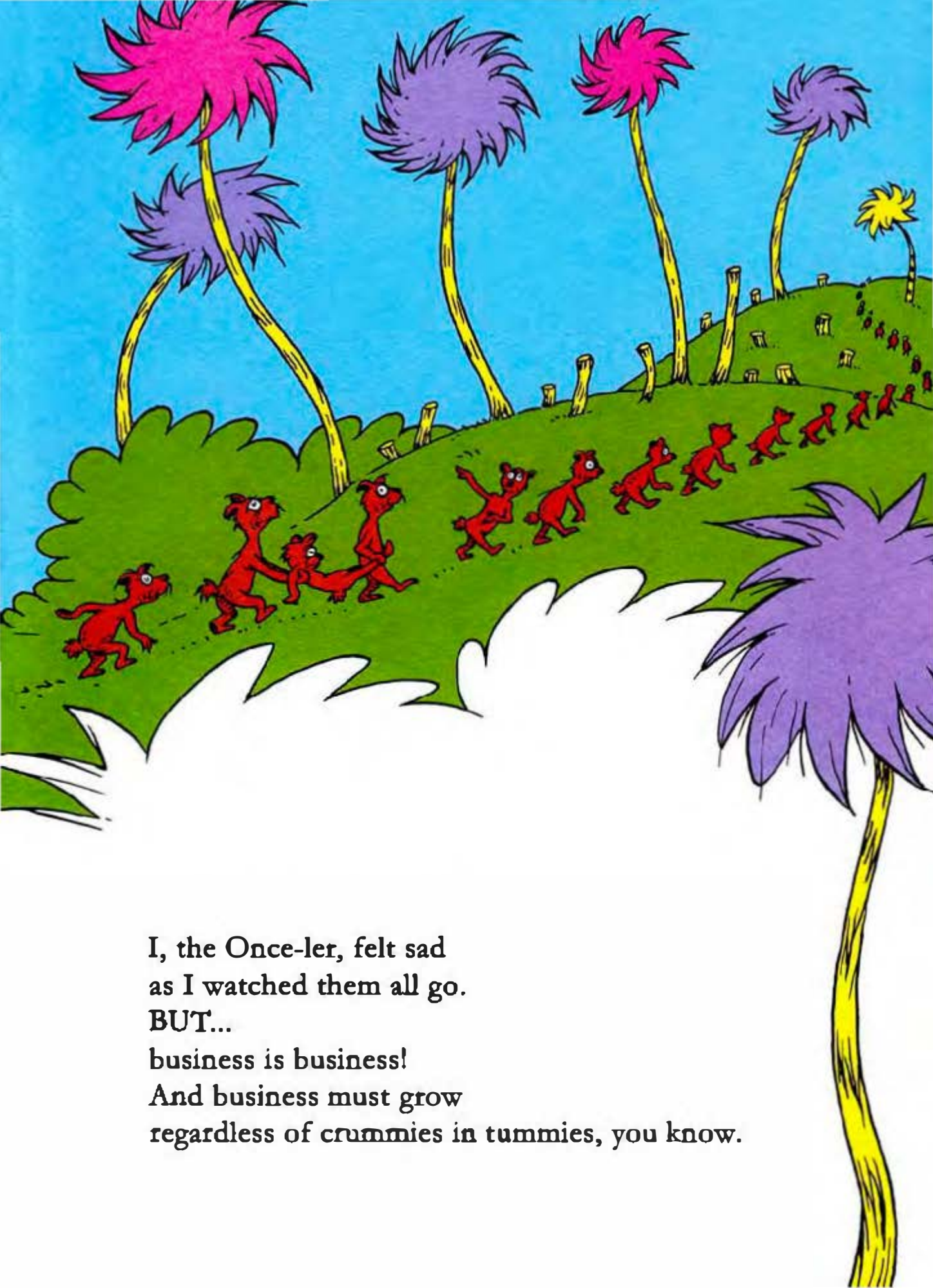
"NOW...thanks to your hacking my trees to the ground,  
there's not enough Truffula Fruit to go 'round.  
And my poor Bar-ba-loots are all getting the crummies  
because they have gas, and no food, in their tummies!





“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.

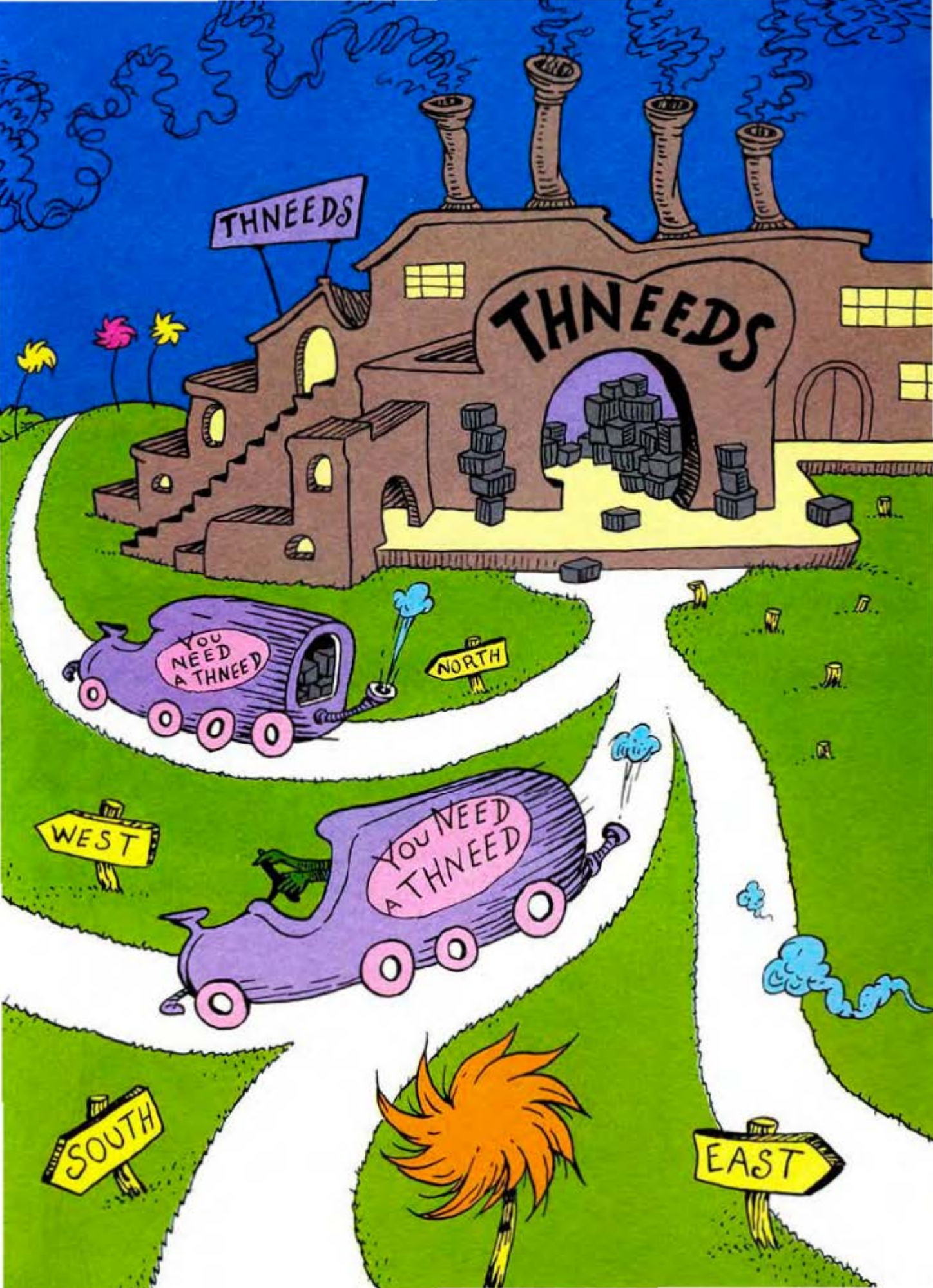




I, the Once-ler, felt sad  
as I watched them all go.  
**BUT...**

business is business!  
And business must grow  
regardless of crummies in tummies, you know.









I meant no harm. I most truly did not.  
But I had to grow bigger. So bigger I got.  
I biggered my factory. I biggered my roads.  
I biggered my wagons. I biggered the loads  
of the Thneeds I shipped out. I was shipping them forth  
to the South! To the East! To the West! To the North!  
I went right on biggering...selling more Thneeds.  
And I biggered 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 smokel!  
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 from 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-Glup. Also Schloppity-Schlopp.  
And what do you do with this leftover goo?...  
I’ll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!











**“You’re glumping the pond where the Humming Fish hummed!  
No more can they hum, for their gills are all gummed.  
So I’m sending them off. Oh, their future is dreary.  
They’ll walk on their fins and get woefully weary  
in search of some water that isn’t so smeary.”**









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!*











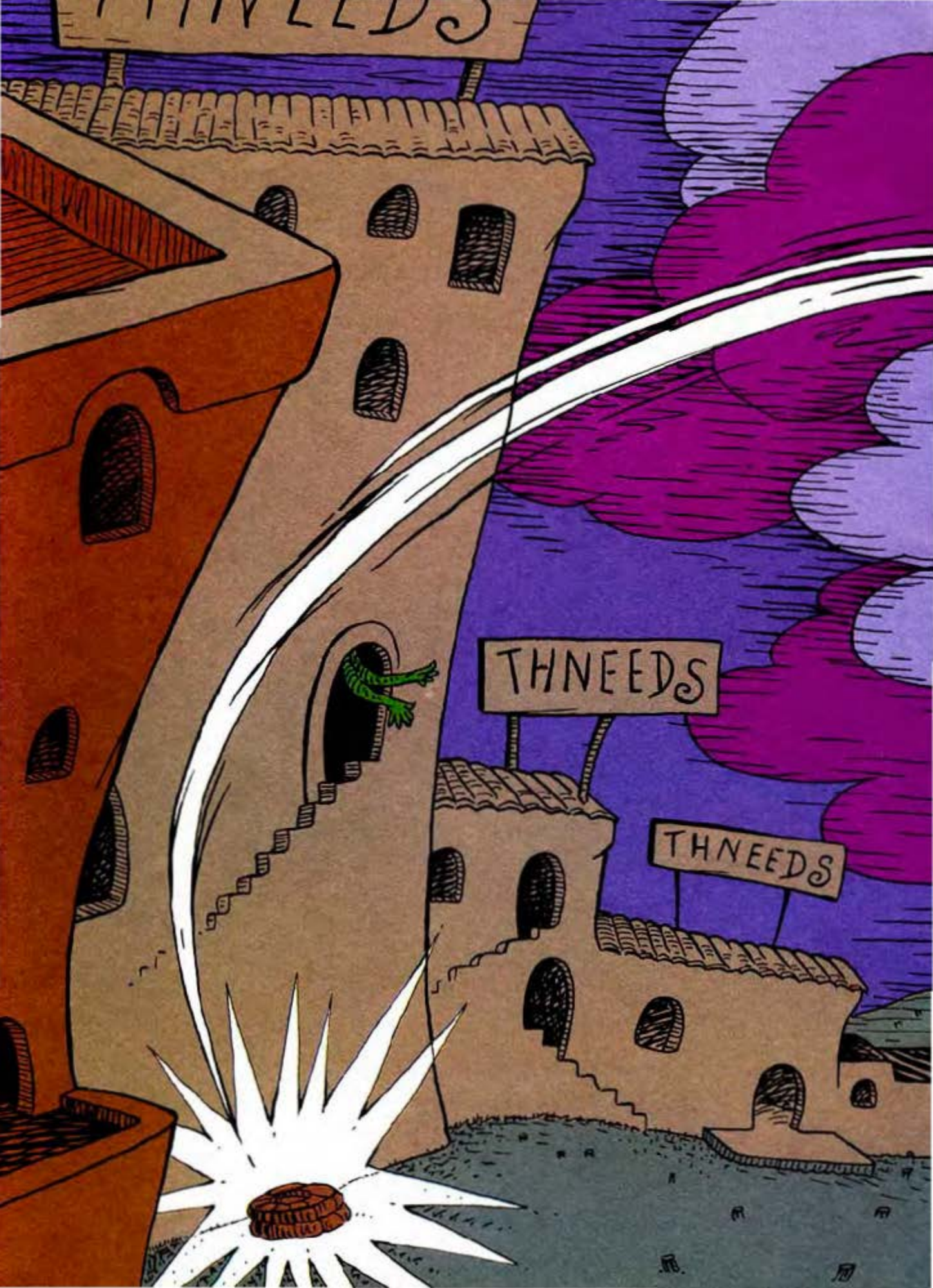
No more trees. No more Thneeds. No more work to be done. So, in no time, my uncles and aunts, every one, all waved me good-bye. They jumped into my cars and drove away under the smoke-smuggered stars.



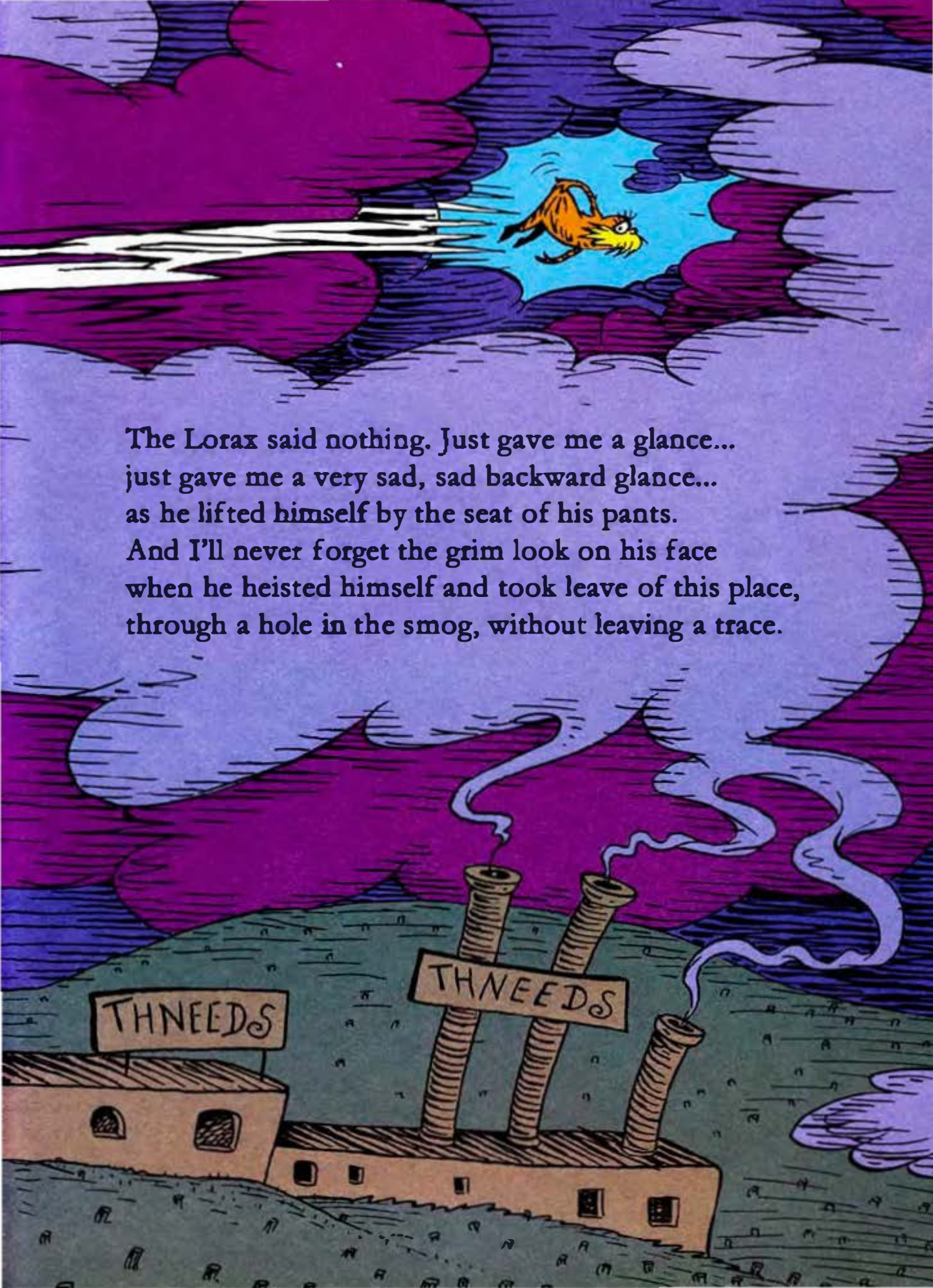


Now all that was left 'neath the bad-smelling sky  
was my big empty factory...  
the Lorax...  
and I.



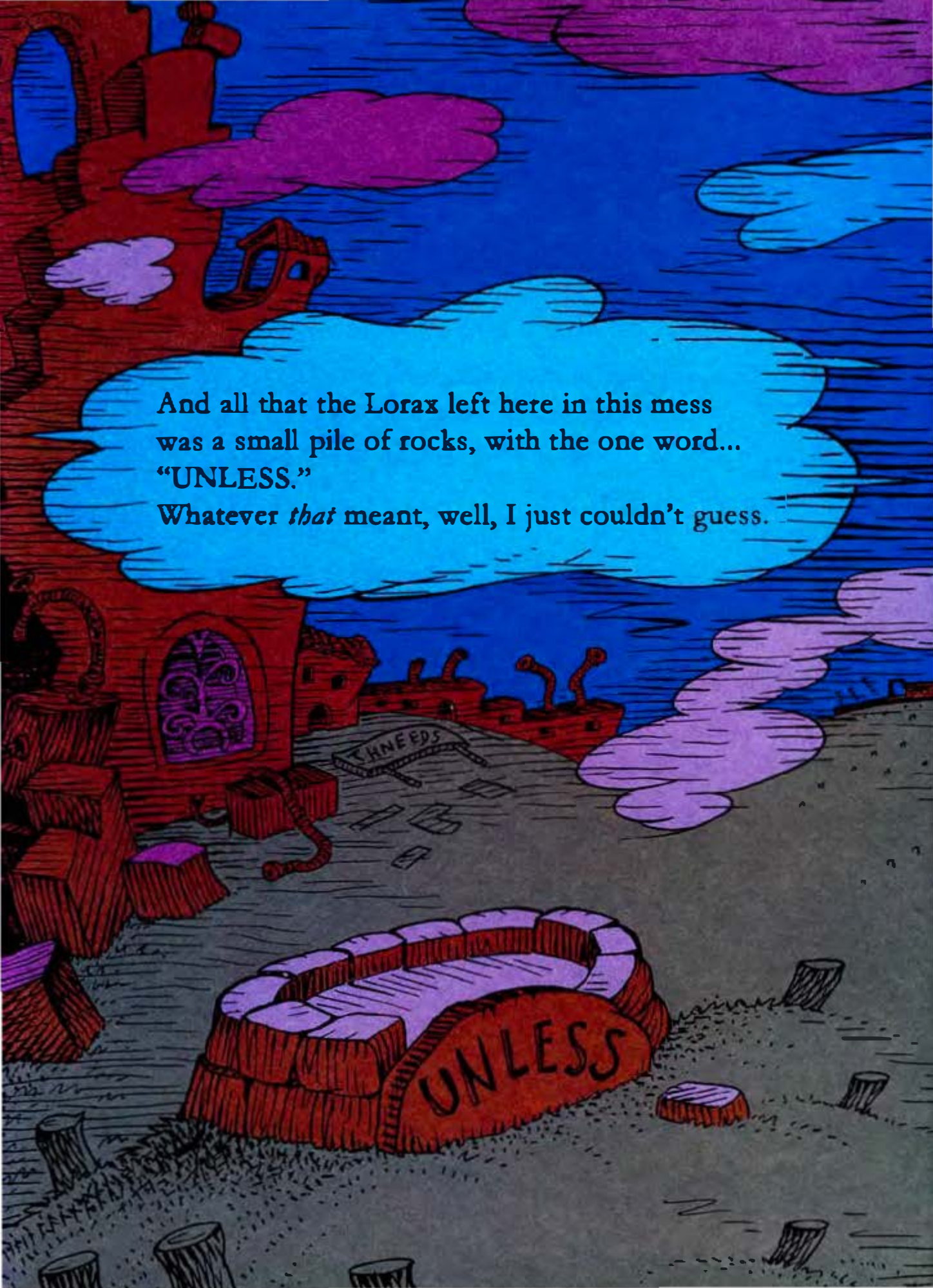






The Lorax said nothing. Just gave me a glance...  
just gave me a very sad, sad backward glance...  
as he lifted himself by the seat of his pants.  
And I'll never forget the grim look on his face  
when he heisted himself and took leave of this place,  
through a hole in the smog, without leaving a trace.

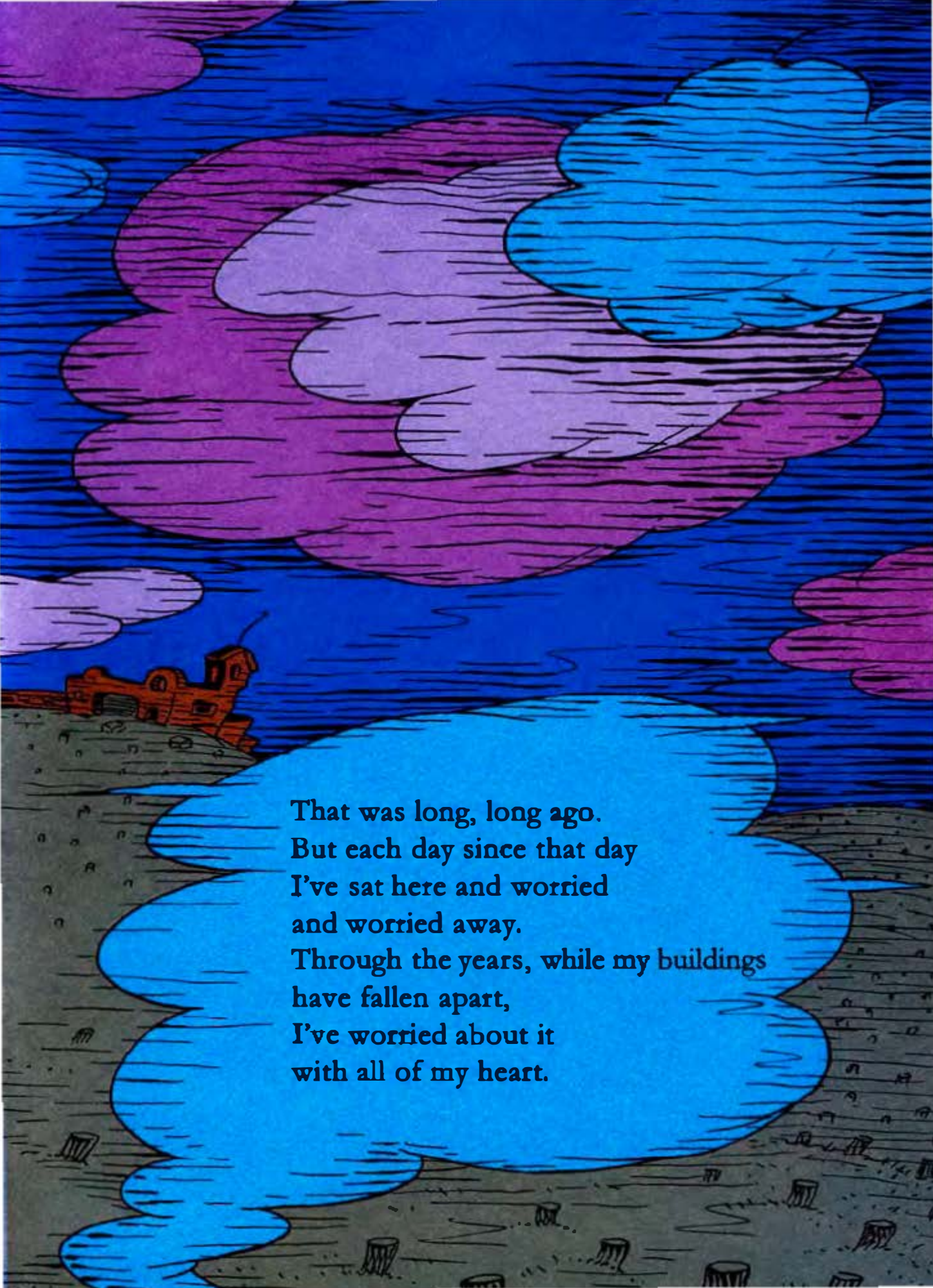


A vibrant, stylized illustration of a desolate landscape. The sky is a deep blue with large, billowing clouds in shades of purple and pink. In the foreground, a large, circular stone structure is built from stacked logs, with the word "UNLESS" carved into its side. The ground is a mix of grey and brown, scattered with numerous tree stumps. In the background, there are more structures made of logs and wood, some with small, worm-like protrusions. A large, light blue thought bubble is positioned in the upper middle of the scene, containing text. The overall style is reminiscent of classic children's book illustrations.

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

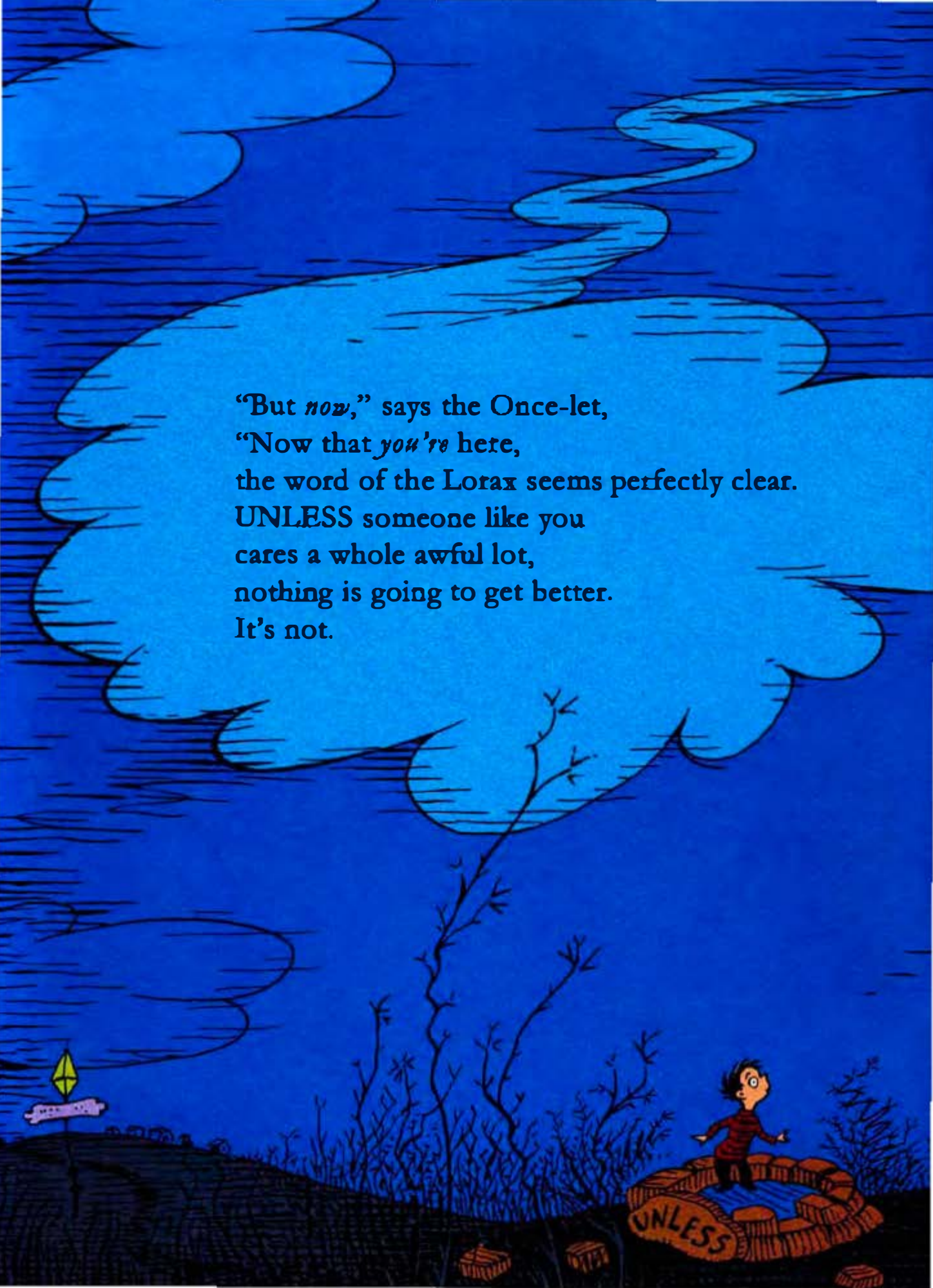
Whatever *that* meant, well, I just couldn't guess.





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 buildings  
have fallen apart,  
I've worried about it  
with all of my heart.

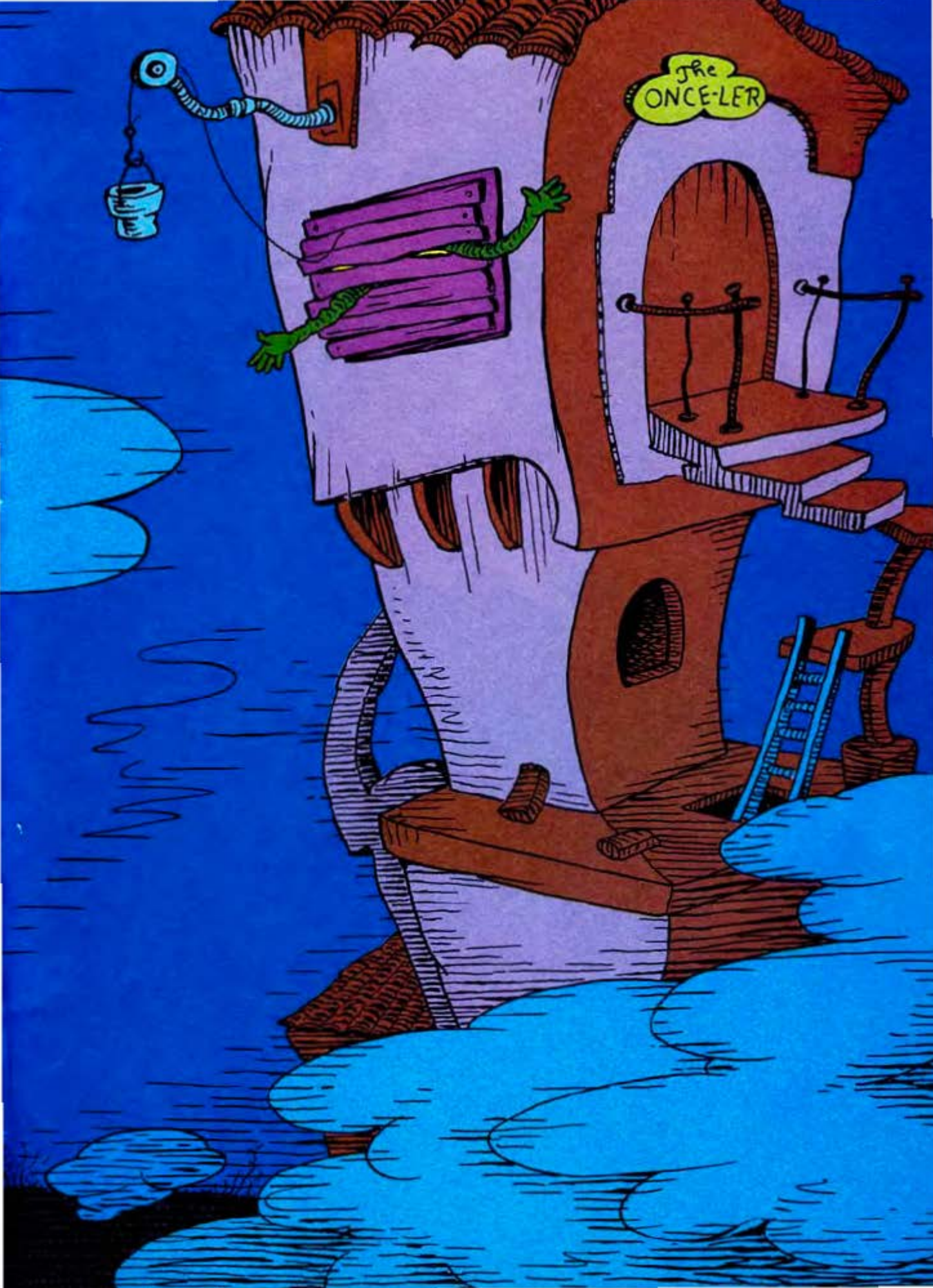




“But *now*,” says the Once-let,  
“Now that *you*’re here,  
the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear.  
**UNLESS** someone like you  
cares a whole awful lot,  
nothing is going to get better.  
It’s not.

UNLESS











“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.”

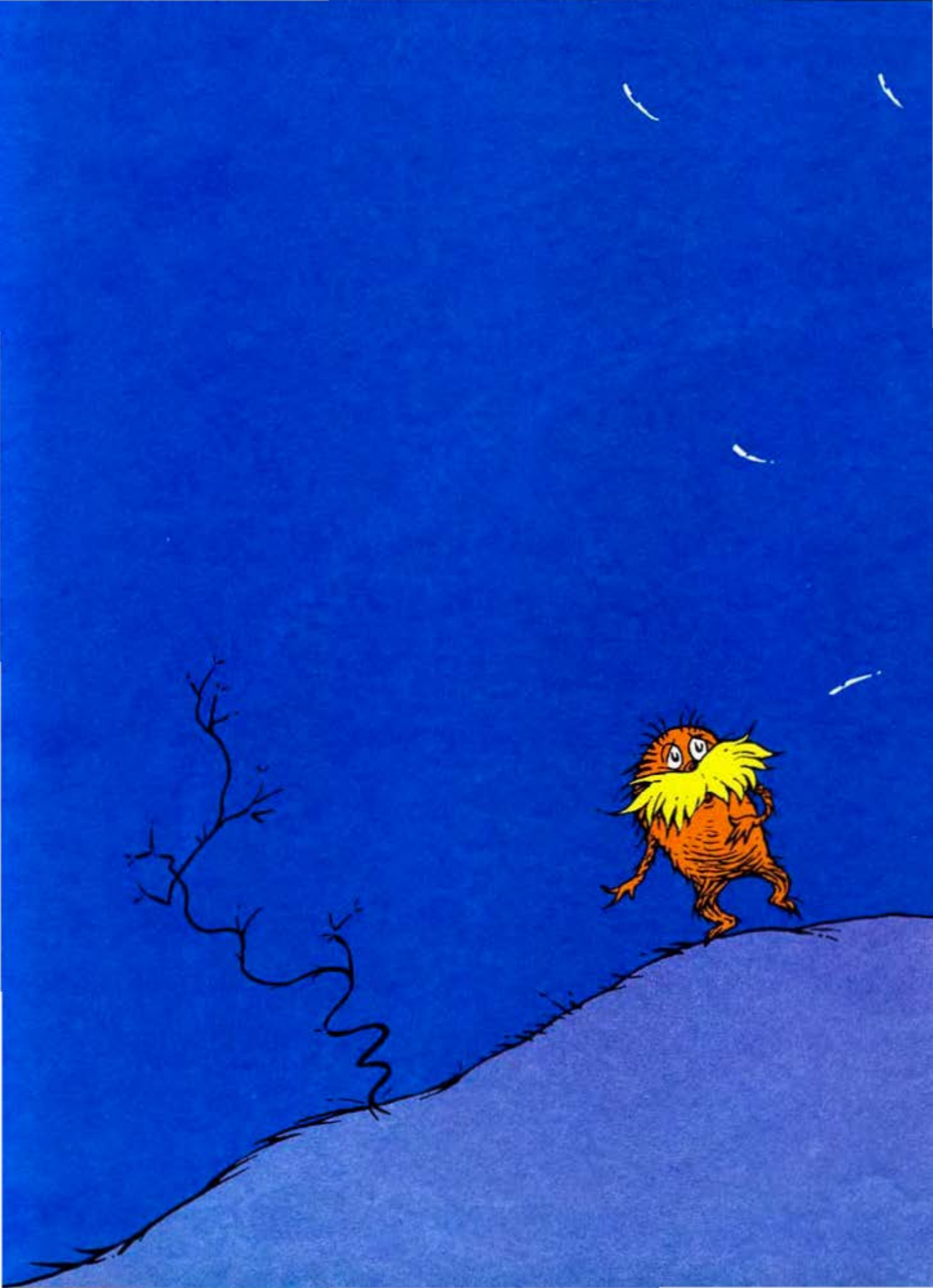



















# Join the Campaign to Help Save the Real-Life Lorax Forest

A cartoon illustration of a Lorax, a small, orange, furry creature with a large, yellow, spiky mane, perched on the top of a tall, yellow Truffula tree. The tree has a long, thin trunk and a large, bushy top. The background is white.

“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-ba-loots, 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](http://www.theloraxproject.com).

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