Oscar and the Lorax

Though, the precious seed, the boy did not catch:

It fell between his toes,
Where the Grickle-grass grows.
The wind blew on it, it scrolled, and rolled.
Oscar ran after it, caught it and kept it, warm in his hand.

“Thank you so much!” he shouted on the stand.
“I will take care of it, water it, cuddle it.”
The Once-ler did not deign him a word
He was so moved: what beautiful things he heard!

So the boy walked away,
With a new task today.
He found the greenest garden,
And in a flash
He dug a little basin
For a Fishy-fish to splash.
There he planted the seed, with Great, GREATEST care.
He took a ray of sun and poured some fresh air.

Little by little, the Truffla-tree started growing:
At first a little sprout
A second followed yawning.
But to his great surprise,

That plant was outsize!!

It was not, in fact,

A Truffla tree:

What grew instead

Was a Fruttula tree.

Yes: a Fruttula tree.

The reason being

The tumble of the seed,

A funny thing happened:

Its brain, sadly, maddened.

Therefore a new species

Oscar had invented,

The foliage was brighter, and softer, and shiny;

So big as to make thousands of the needs!

But the purpose was not that of the business:

The world would now have to go thneedless.

The Fruttula tree

was father of others

And in no time at all

A forest was grown.

Slowly and quietly

The trees became fruity,

Daisies grew daily.

Animals came gladly
To play in the shady bits.

Then something else happened:
A Frutula tree deadened.
The boy did not know
What to do, but...Oh!
A brilliant idea came to his mind:
Yes, the Lorax he would find!!

He left the green garden all on his own,
Heading to the unknown
He didn’t know how to find him,
He knew he was alone.
He wandered for a day,
Determined to go the whole way.
He walked under the sun
Only feeding on a bun.

However, after a while,
He met a little reptile:
The creature seemed to know
Where the boy was trying to go.
Its name was Baffa-lee...
Reminded of a bee.
It led him through a town,
Then a field at the speed of sound.
At last they arrived,
But the Lorax was asleep, since it was night.
In the morning they were waiting
For the old man to awaken.
Then finally at noon
Appeared a Bar-ba-loo.
Oscar then asked politely
If the Lorax was still sleeping.
Yes, replied his friend,
But I'll wake him, if you intend.

After more than an hour waiting,
The Lorax came slightly limping.
The boy was very impressed
In seeing such a sprightliness:
The man was very old,
But his voice was strong and bold;
His silver beard touched the floor
And he kept the stick in a tough hold.
Behind his shoulders, Oscar noticed,
A crowd of Bar-ba-loots was getting wider.

"Good Morning, Sir. How do you do?"
Said the boy looking at one Bar-ba-loot.
"I came the whole way from the garden in my town
To ask for your help, for you're known to be wise.
I've been told the story of the glorious place
Rained by the factory at a very fast pace.
You'll be pleased to know
That with the help of my hoe
I grew a similar place
Where Fruttula-trees grow.”
The Lorax was clearly pleased,
For he nodded slightly, visibly thrilled.
“However, a problem arose:
One of the trees is as thin as a hose!
I was hoping to get a drop of your help.
Suggestions, advise...whatever you can.”

The Lorax, inspired by the outstanding speech,
Decided the boy could learn what he had to teach.
“Young man, you do have a good heart
For the sake of the trees I’ll do more than that.
I’ll come myself, flesh and blood
Your tree will be again healthy as a bud!”

They fastly went back to give aid to the tree
Which lay on the ground and could hardly breathe.
“Good gracious!” exclaimed the Lorax, astonished
“The situation, indeed, is particularly anguished!”
He hurriedly took out his first aid kit,
Visiting the patient with his quick wit.
“The verdict,” he said, “will not see you pleased:
The here present tree has a very bad disease.
However, my darling, there is a solution:

I’ll have to prepare the dlamalaii potion!

What I need is a cracker, a phlemer and a penguin feather;

A drop of glue will be necessary too.

There is no time to lose!

I’ll add two notes of blues!”

So the potion was made,
And the tree finally saved.
As it was given the remedy,
It stood instantaneously;
Its leaves vividened vivaciously,
Giving drops of dew joyfully.
It clearly felt much better,
For it immediately spoke one letter:

L, is for Life; the life he’d been saved;

He said O is for Oscar, for whom the tree praised.

V he said next, for Values are key;

Finally came E, for Eternity. And that is how long our Earth should live.