“Unless” said the Once-ler as he dropped down the seed

“Unless you are able to go without greed
And turn back time to when the sun was all shmiley
And the tufty tufts of the trees went mile after mile-y,
Then things will stay greary and dank,
And you’ll be the only person to thank!
I’ve given you an opportunity
A great opportunity
To spin things around
And you had better not let us all down!”

And with the Once-ler slammed his Lerkim shut
With the little boy standing
Alone of the bricks
With the new understanding
That this was his to fix.

He journeyed for days
And days without ends
Went into deep valleys and rivers with bends
Searching for the place that all things depends.
He looked through the dursty desert
And calicam trees
In the places full of buzzulam bees
He sailed across seas and seas and more seas
All for the place
The magical place
The magical perfectibus fantabulous place
Where the Truffula trees might once again grow
A place with a warm blustious breeze does blow
And that is not just any place, you know.

So the boy kept on searching and searching
Until he found a place
Oh what a space!
What a wonderful place!
Near a weermous pond and rumbling hills
Full of sweetly swinged songs from swomee-swan bills

Here was the place, the glorious place!
The perfect place for the Truffula Trees!
The boy so quicki-ty quick sat down on his knees,
Dug a little hole
And waited for the plant to start to grow
In a matter of seconds
As quick as a flash
Sounded a knarling nashing crickity crash!
Up sprang from the place that the seeds was put
A little sprout and a little person’s foot
And along with the foot was a little man
That was shortish. And oldish.
And brownish. And scrappy.
And spoke with a voice so sweetish and happy
“You did it dear kid! You finally did!
You planted the tree in a place it could grow
You did it so brvenly so goodly so greatly!
You kept to your path to strikenly straightly!
Now look how it’ll grow and how things will change!
The swomee-swans are here and soon will come the others
They’ll come and they’ll come one after the another
Soon the brown bar-ba-loots will play on the grass
And the humming fish will hum again at long last.
Good job my sweet boy!
You’ve fixed it and done it and such a good job too!”