Environmental Systems and Societies

THE

LORAX

RETURNS

By Freddie Crossley
Winter came upon us
And I felt I should ask
How on earth I would complete
This impossible task.

If I seeded the seed
It surely wouldn’t breed.
I thought about planting
And chanting
And thranting,
But I couldn’t think, everything seemed so daunting.
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And as I thought about the little speck in my hand,
I suddenly heard something crash land in the sand.
I leapt in the air and turned round to see
Something shortish and oldish
And brownish and mossy...
It was the Lorax there, come back to help me!

Oh what could I do with only one seed?
Well...
There was no doubt about it,
I needed a thneed.
He whispered in my ear
And told me “don’t fear,
For I have a plan.
Don’t worry” said he
And the story began.

So we jumped to the sky
And oh, we were high!
The clouds and crowds
Of bellogas wizzed by!
Up, up we flew,
And only then did I realize
I needed the loo.
So I came back down
And that’s where I found
That something was different
That I just couldn’t see.

I looked around, and then it struck me,
I was no longer in the land of the once-ler family.

The grass was much greener,
The air was much cleaner,
The trees looked so happy
And the gumpfults so flappy.
Oh here it was ever so nice
And that was because,
The twice-ler thought twice.

So, after relieving myself,
I asked a gazelf
Where I could find what I needed,
I needed a thneed.
She told me in song
And, though rather long,
She eventually pointed
With the tip of a nut.
“Over there,” she said
“Over there in that hut.”

And inside was the Twice-ler
As content as could be.
And when I asked if he’d help me
He did so with glee.
The Twice-ler was kind
And told me his mind.
He switched off the light
And taught me how to do right.

He took me outside
What a magnificent sight.
And there were his orchards
With the fhillu nuts blooming.
And there were the Rekrows
And they seemed to be grooming.
And then he told me his secret of success
And this is his story, I assume and I guess;
"You don't need a degree to see
That there's no need to cut down the tree.
To harvest it's fruit.
You just need a wellington boot."

He then ranted on about economics
And politics,
Mollytics
And domijix
Oh ..
And ytilibaniatsus.
And then I decided it was time that I should go,
But he told me he had one last thing to show.
He said that the once-ler had forgotten to notice
Something as important as a Himalayan lotus

Out of his bag he pulled something knitted,
With which, for some years, he had been totally smitten.
And on closer inspection,
With a hint of detection,
Interlaced were the Trufulla seeds
In the wool of the theeneds.

He gave me the theend,
For which I am grateful indeed,
And I thanked him and ran
Back to the once-ler’s desolate land.

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And there was the once-ler looking ever so sad,
So I went up and told him that he should be glad.

So I told him the story
Of the Twice-ler and his glory
And all the things which he had taught me.
Then I gave him the seeds,
The hundreds of seeds
That had been intertwined with all the thneeds.
So we planted them there, deep in the snow
And after a day they began to grow!
And after they’d grown the snow disappeared,
And each of the trees seemed joined by a beard.
And out of each beard dropped one tiny seed
And the forest began growing with incredible speed.

The once-ler’s business
Once again thrived
And this time the trees
They all multiplied.
For the once-ler took heed to the twice-ler’s advice
And rather than treating the trees like his loot,
He collected the wool
In his wellington boot.

And as we were harvesting the first year's crop,
We looked round to see a small head out – pop.
And out hopped the Lorax giving us both quite a fright
And said to us then,
“You know you’ve done right.”