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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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
What was the Lorax? And why was it there?

And why was it lifted and taken somewhere from the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows? The old Once-ler still lives here. Ask Him.

He knows.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
Way back in the days when the grass was still green and the pond was still wet and 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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
From the rippulous pond came the comfortable sound of the Humming-Fish humming while splashing around.
But more 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 butterfly milk.

Adapted from the original text The Lorax, by Dr. Seuss
I felt a great leaping of joy in my heart.

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

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
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 thing!
The instant I'd finished, I heard a ga-Zump! I looked. I saw something pop out of the 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?"

"I repeat," cried the Lorax, "I speak for the trees!"

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
"I am very busy," I told him. "Shut up if you please.' I rushed across 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! hers's a wonderful chance for the whole Once-lor family to get mighty rich! get over here fast! take me the road to North Nitch. Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch."

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
And in o time at all. in the factory I built, the 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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
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 anymore.
"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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
I, the Once-ler, felt sad as I watched them go, BUT...

&

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

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
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 sniffed. He sneered and he snuffled. He shrugged. 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.

Adapted from the original text The Lorax, by Dr. Seuss
"And so," said the Lorax, "I'm sending them off. They cannot live here. So, I'm sending them off.
"What's more," snapped the Lorax. (His clender was up.)  "Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glupp. Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop.

And what do you do with this left over goo?... I'll show you. You dirty Once-ler man you!

Adapted from the original text The Lorax, by Dr. Seuss
"You're glumpling 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 fin and woefully weary in search of some water that isn't so smeary.

Adapted from the original text The Lorax, by Dr. Seuss
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 goodbye. They jumped into my cars and drove away under the smoke-smuggered stars.
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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
That was long, long ago. But each day since that day I've sat here and worried and worried away.

Throughout the years, while my buildings have fallen apart, I've worried about it with all of my heart.
"But now," says the Once-ler, "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.

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss
The End

Hopefully Not!

Adapted from the original text *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss