



Red Rock Canyon NCA Environmental Education Program

The Lorax (6-12 Version)

Grades: 6-12

Estimated Time: 30 minutes

Standards Met:

- 6-8 grade:
 - *Social Studies G8.[6-8].1*
Describe and predict the regional and global impact of changes in the physical environment.
 - *Social Studies G8.[6-8].2*
Evaluate the role of technology in the human modification of the physical environment.
 - *Social Studies G8.[6-8].3*
Describe the changes that result from human modification of the physical environment.
 - *Social Studies G8.[6-8].8*
Evaluate different viewpoints regarding a resource.
- 9-12 grade:
 - *Social Studies G8.[9-12].1*
Analyze how changes in the physical environment can increase or diminish its capacity to support human activity.
 - *Social Studies G8.[9-12].2*
Describe the ways in which technology has affected the human capacity to modify the physical environment and evaluate possible regional and global impact.
 - *Social Studies G8.[9-12].3*
Develop possible responses to changes caused by human modification of the physical environment.
 - *Social Studies H1.[9-12].15*
Analyze the cultural, social, and economic changes that occurred as a result of industrialization.

Objective:

Discuss environmental impacts from a variety of influences
Understand personal impacts on the environment

Procedure:

Start the activity by having students find a comfortable place to sit where they can see and hear you. If in a sunny location, make sure you are facing the sun so they can see. Once the students are settled, let them know that you will be reading them a story. While the story is typically considered a children's book, it is relevant to what they will be learning today and a classic book used in environmental education.

Read the students *The Lorax*, making sure they can see the pictures throughout the story. Afterwards, ask students what they thought about the story. How does it relate to their lives?

Discuss the changes to the land throughout the story. How did the colors and appearance of the pictures change through the book? Who caused these changes? What impacts did those changes have? Ask students if they have seen any similar changes anywhere. What were the cause of those changes?

Discuss the Lorax sending off the Swomee-swans, Brown Bar-ba-loots, and Humming-fish as conditions worsened. Do we have this option in life? When they found their new homes, what impacts would them arriving have on the plants and animals already there? These species left because of habitat loss and pollution; do we see this in our world? What animals have been impacted by it? What eventually happens to them? If species disappear, what impacts would these have on people? How would our world be different?

Discuss some of the technology that was used in the book. What was the result of building the factories and using the vehicles? The invention of the Super-Axe-Hacker increased the Once-ler's productivity. What impacts did this have in the story? What was the impact of the other

Materials Needed:

- One Lorax worksheet and writing utensil per student (attached, optional)
- Copy of *The Lorax* by Dr. Seuss or story printout (attached)

Sources:

The Lorax by Dr. Seuss

Submitted by Anica Mercado

technology used? What technology do we have in our world that has increased productivity? How have they impacted us? How different is the world now, technologically speaking, than it was 50, 100, or 500 years ago? What changes came along with technology? Remind students to look around and remember that all of Las Vegas used to look, for the most part, like Red Rock Canyon NCA. Does this change any of their previous answers? How do they think continued technological advances will change us?

Ask students who they think the most important character in the story is, handing out worksheet for them to fill out if desired. After they have had time to think about it, split them into groups by who has the same most important character. Have them collaborate for five minutes, then lead a debate for the most important character.

Note: If the group numbers would be disproportionate, or the class all picked the same one or two characters, you can assign students to particular groups. Suggested important characters are the Once-ler, the boy, the Lorax, and the Once-ler family.

After students have debated their reasons for the most important character, bring up the character of the chap. In the story, "For, just at that minute, a chap came along, and he thought the Thneed I had knitted was great. He happily bought it for three ninety-eight." Discuss the impact of the chap, and if anyone would change their most important character in the story to him? Who does he represent? (Consumers, or us, in essence.) If he had not come along, would the story have had a different outcome? What if no one else had bought a Thneed? How does that relate to their lives? Is there anything they can think about that has happened recently that is similar to this story? How did the ending of that differ, or if it didn't, why?

Wrap up by asking if anyone has any last thoughts on *The Lorax*. Do they still consider it a children's book that has no importance to them? Of the more than forty books Dr. Seuss wrote, *The Lorax* is said to have been his favorite. Why do they think that was? What did they think of the book? Even though we don't have trees here, how does the story relate to us and Red Rock Canyon NCA?

Suggested Locations:	
Open area where students can comfortably sit	
Pine Creek Trail: 3 or 7	Red Spring Boardwalk: 1 or 4
Fire Ecology Loop: 4	Moenkopi Loop: 3 or 9

The Lorax



Who is the most important character in the story?

Why? What did this character do (or not do) that made them important?

The Lorax

By Dr. Seuss



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.
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.

You won't see the Once-ler.
Don't knock at his door.
He stays in his Lerkim on top of his store.
He lurks in his 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.
 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.

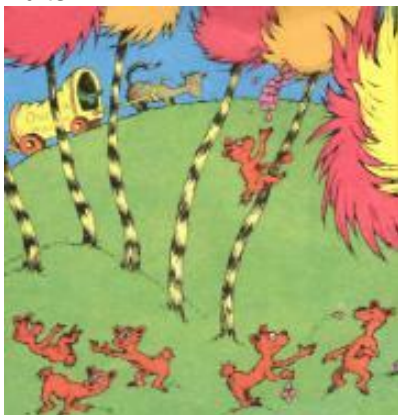
Then he pulls up the pail,
makes a most careful count
to see if you've paid him
the proper amount.



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 you 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 snergelly 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..."



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-ba-loots
 frisking about in their Bar-ba-loot 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 butterfly 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 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 if 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 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.
But the next week he knocked on my new office door.
He snapped, "I am the Lorax who speaks for the trees
which you seem to be chopping as fast as you please.
But I'm *a*lso 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 old 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 smoke!

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-Glupp.

Your machine chugs on, day and night without stop

making Gluppity-Glupp. 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 biggering

On biggering

and BIGGERING

and BIGGERING

and BIGGERING,

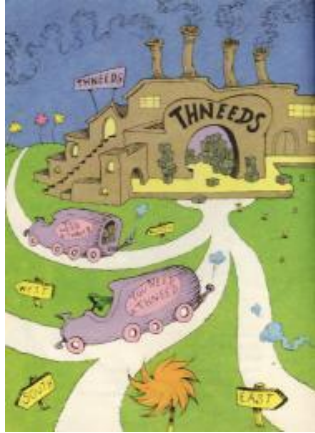
turning MORE Truffula Trees into Thneeds which everyone, EVERYONE, EVERYONE needs!"

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