



Red Rock Canyon NCA Environmental Education Program

The Lorax (K-5 Version)

Grades: K-5

Estimated Time: 30 minutes

Standards Met:

- K-2 grade:
 - *Social Studies G8.1.1* Tell how the physical environment affects activity at school, i.e., inside/outside recess.
 - *Social Studies G8.2.3* Identify how people shape the physical environment.
 - *English Language Arts 3.[K-2].8* Listen to and make predictions based on evidence.
 - *English Language Arts 5.[K-1].2* With assistance, draw or communicate ideas in written form.
 - *English Language Arts 7.[K-2].1* Listen for a variety of purposes including gaining information, being entertained, understanding directions
 - *English Language Arts 7.[K-2].5* Actively listen to a speaker. Listen to and participate in conversation.
- 3-5 grade:
 - *Social Studies G8.[3-5].3* Compare ways people modify the physical environment.
 - *Social Studies G8.[4-5].2* Describe how technologies altered the physical environment and the effects of those changes on its people.
 - *English Language Arts 3.[3-5].8* Listen to and make predictions based on evidence.
 - *English Language Arts 5.[3-5].2* Draft paragraphs about a single topic that address audience, purpose, and supporting details

Objective:

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

Procedure:

Start the activities 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.

Read the students *The Lorax*, making sure they can see the pictures throughout the story. Stop where appropriate in the story and ask the students what they predict will happen next.

When the story is finished, ask students what they thought about it. Why do they think it is an important story? Can they think of anything in our world that might be like the story?

Discuss the changes to the land throughout the story. How did the colors and appearance of the pictures change through the book? Why did they change? Who caused those changes? What things were different after those changes?

For older students, discuss the technology seen in the book. What happened after the factory was built? The invention of the Super-Axe-Hacker increased the Once-ler's productivity. What difference did that make in the story? What kinds of technology do we use? How do they make things look different? Have students look around them; all of Las Vegas used to look like Red Rock Canyon, for the most part. Why do they look so different now? What caused those changes?

Hand out the Lorax worksheet and have them fill it out, drawing what they think the Once-ler looks like and what they think the boy does with the Truffula seed. For older students, have them also write a few sentences on each that explains their picture, or have them just write. Allow time for students that want to share at the end.

- 3-5 grade, continued:
 - English Language Arts 7.[3-5].1
Listen for a variety of purposes including gaining information, being entertained, understanding directions
 - English Language Arts 7.[3-5].5
Actively listen to a speaker. Listen to and participate in conversations.

Materials Needed:

- One Lorax worksheet per student (attached)
- One Writing utensil per student
- Clipboards or other hard writing surface (optional)
- Copy of *The Lorax* by Dr. Seuss or story printout (attached)

Sources:

The Lorax by Dr. Seuss

Worksheet image from
<http://www.seussville.com/>

Submitted by Anica Mercado

Wrap up by asking if anyone has any last thoughts on *The Lorax*. Did they like it? Why do they think it is an important 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:

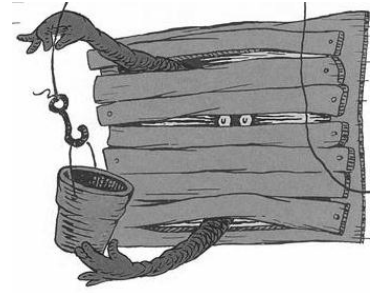
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Moenkopi Loop:

3 or 9

The Lorax

All we ever see are the Once-ler's arms. What do you think the rest of him looks like?



What do you think the boy does after the story is over?

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.

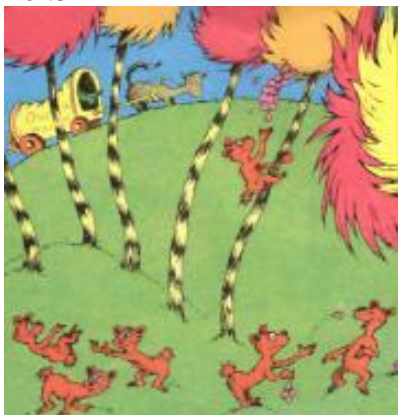
Then he pulls up the pail,
makes a most careful count
to see if you've paid him
the proper amount.



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,

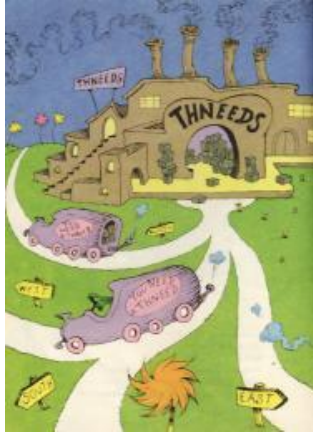
turning MORE Truffula Trees into Thneeds which everyone, EVERYONE, EVERYONE needs!"

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."