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Opening extract from
The Lorax

Written & Illustrated by
Dr Seuss

Published by
HarperCollins Children's Books

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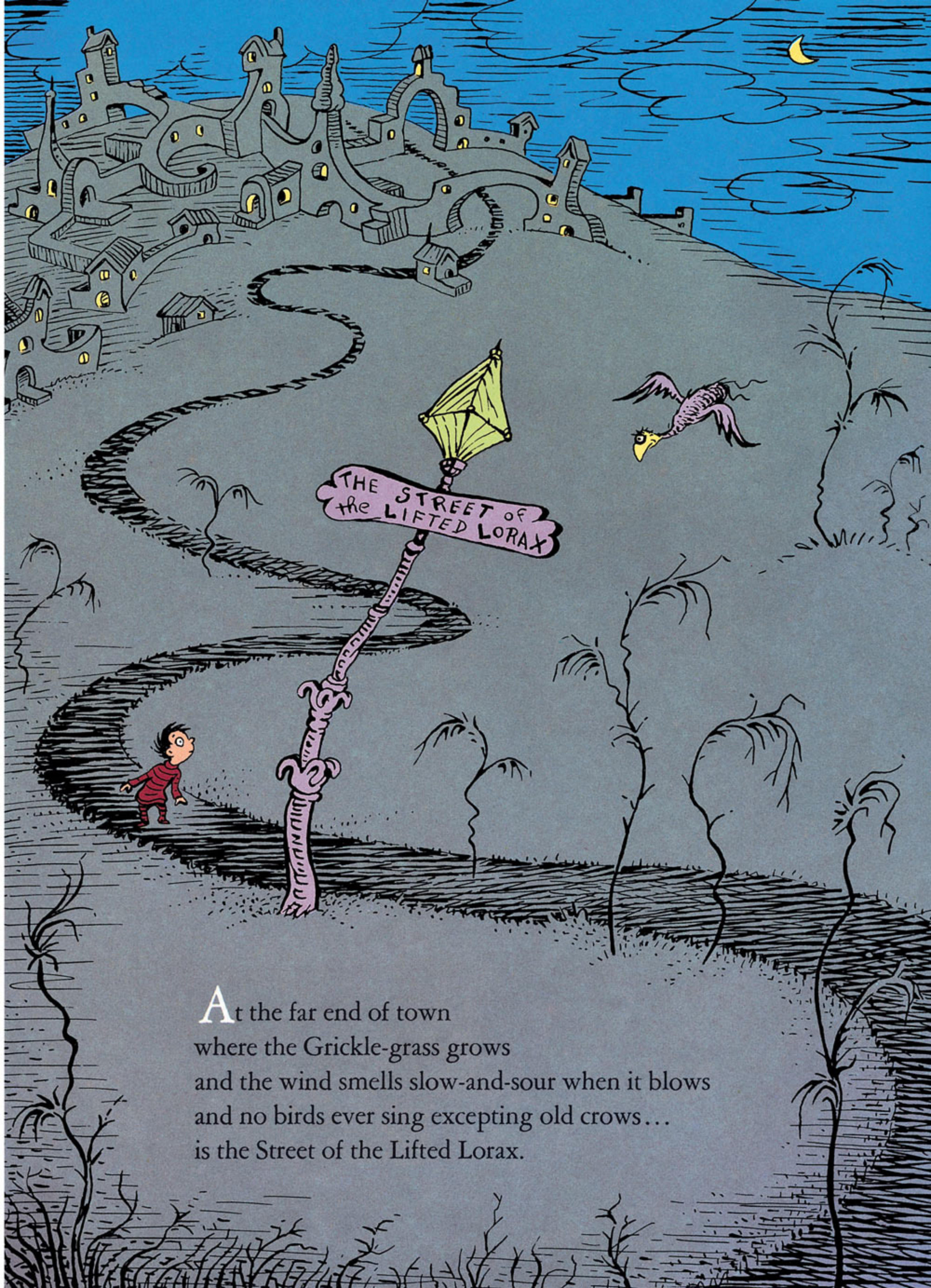
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The Lorax
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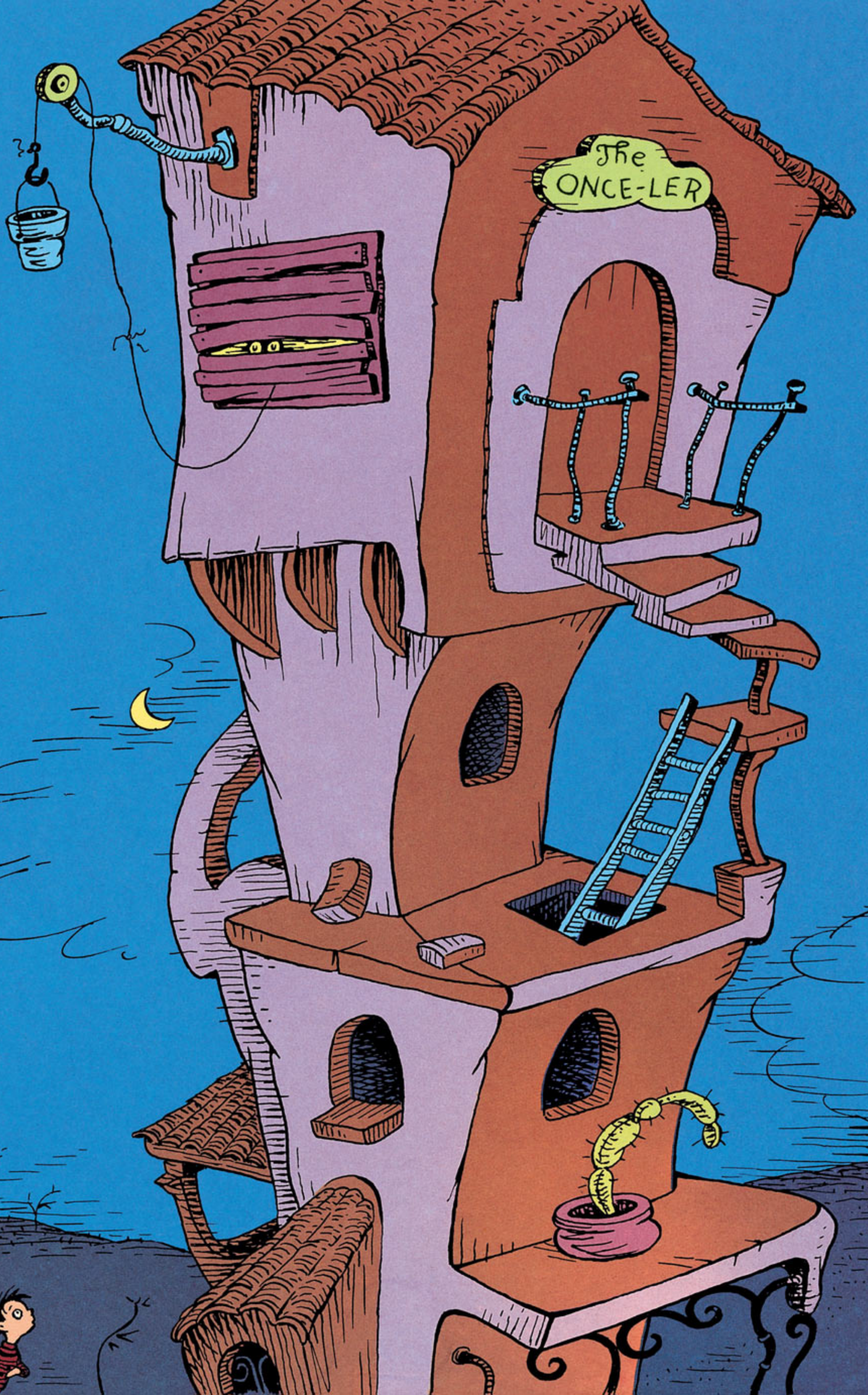
At the far end of town
where the Grickle-grass grows
and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows
and no birds ever sing excepting old crows...
is the Street of the Lifted Lorax.

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.



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.

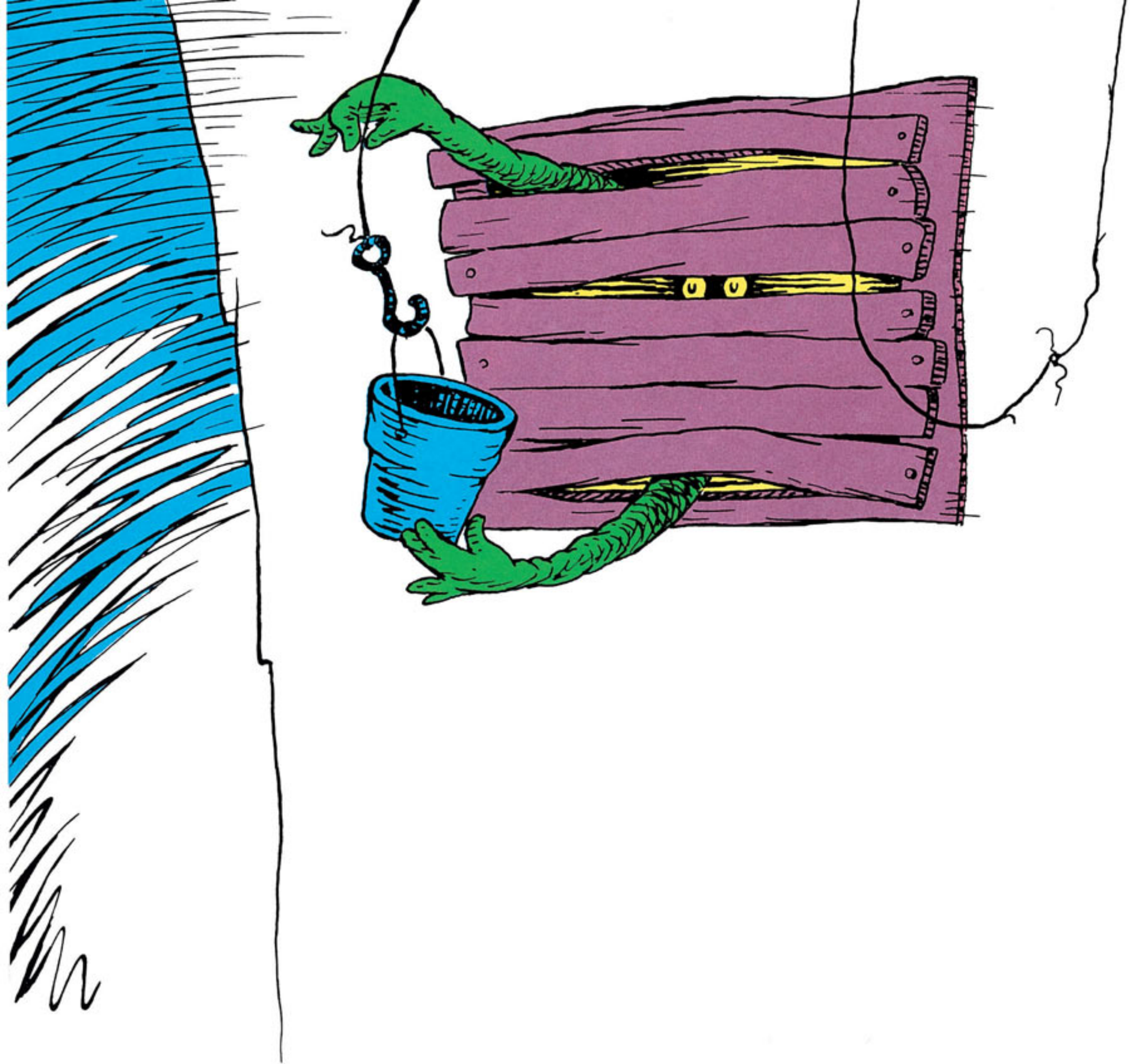
He'll tell you, perhaps...
if you're willing to pay.



The illustration is a blue-toned drawing. In the foreground, there is a circular stone fire pit made of several stacked stones. To the left of the fire pit, there are some bare, spindly trees or bushes. To the right, there is a single, taller, thin tree. In the background, there is a body of water with horizontal lines representing ripples. A large, arching structure, possibly a bridge or a large arch, spans across the water. The sky is a solid blue color. The overall style is simple and illustrative.

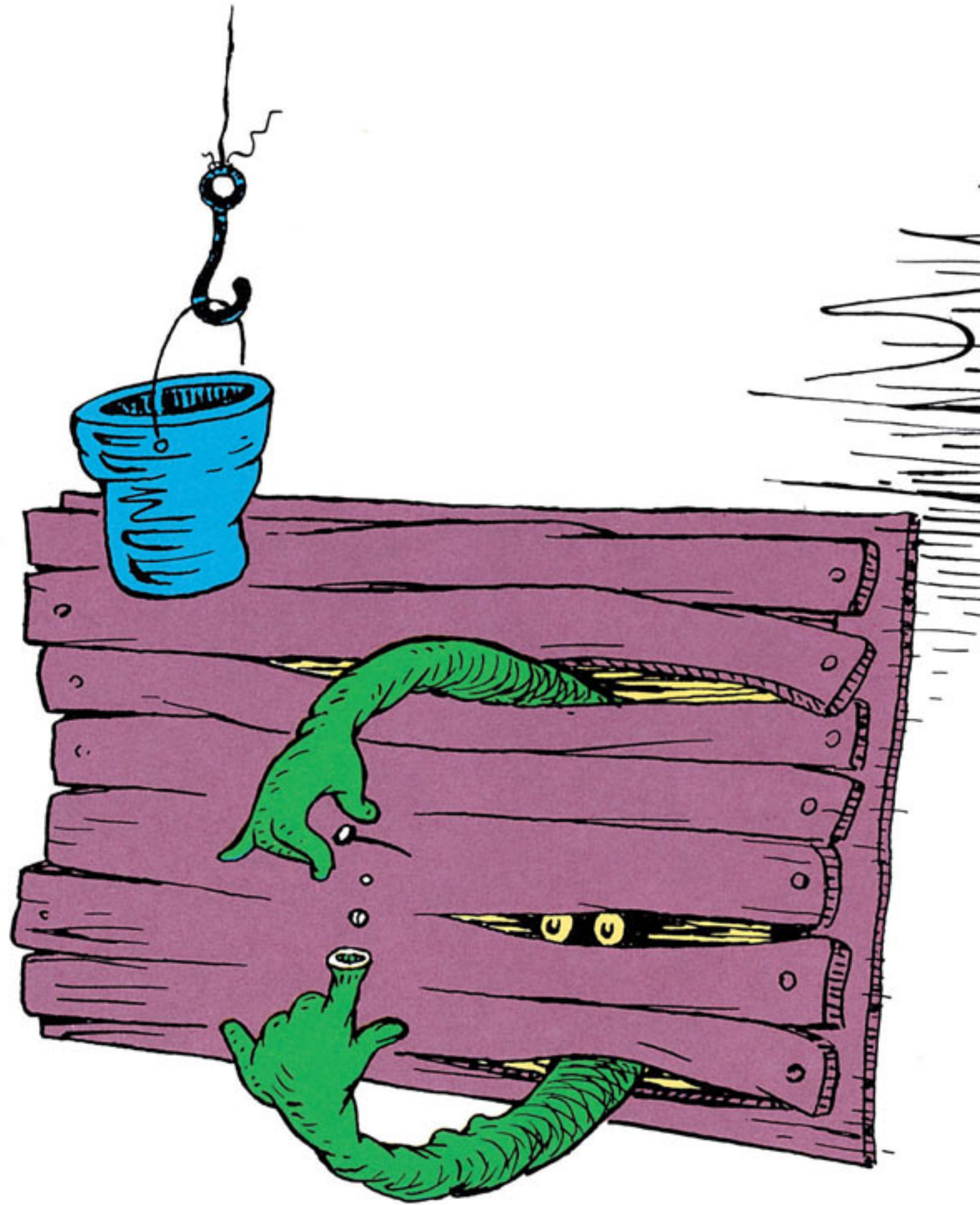
On the end of a rope
he lets down a tin pail
and you have to toss in fifteen pence
and a nail
and the shell of a great-great-great-
grandfather snail.





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 are for your ears alone."