

How the Scrinch Stole Nitrogen

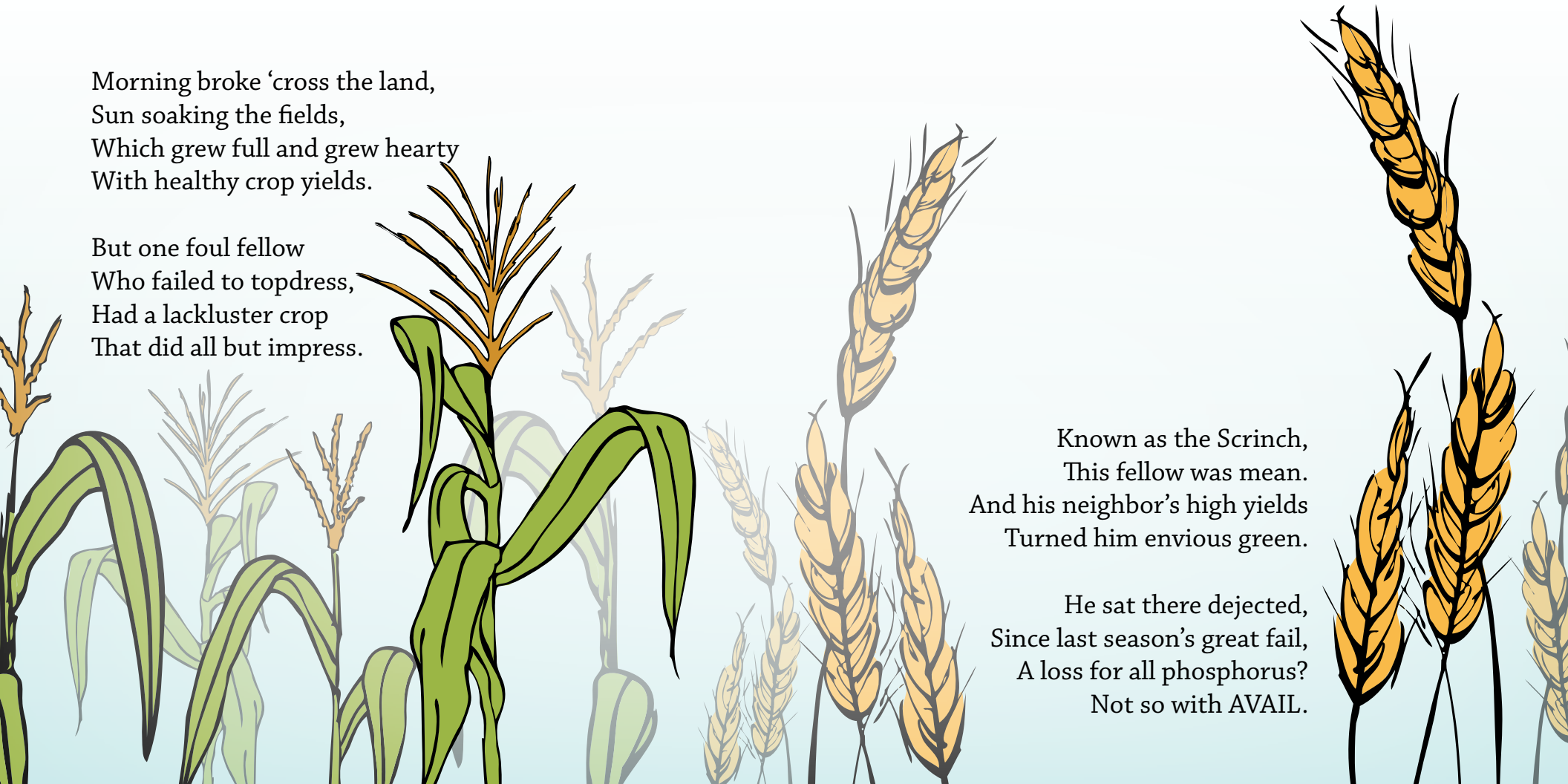


Morning broke 'cross the land,
Sun soaking the fields,
Which grew full and grew hearty
With healthy crop yields.

But one foul fellow
Who failed to topdress,
Had a lackluster crop
That did all but impress.

Known as the Scrinch,
This fellow was mean.
And his neighbor's high yields
Turned him envious green.

He sat there dejected,
Since last season's great fail,
A loss for all phosphorus?
Not so with AVAIL.



“Humph!” he exclaimed
On his plot small and foul.
“Their crops must be stopped!”
Bellowed Scrinch with a scowl.

“But I must not repeat
My old mistakes again,”
So the Scrinch sat and thought
With his evil green grin.



His idea came like a flash,
And he broke out his pen.
On his wall he then scrawled,
“STEAL ALL NITROGEN.”

“It’s perfect!” He cackled
“They won’t fertilize!
They’ll put in a dollar,
And I’ll half it in size!”

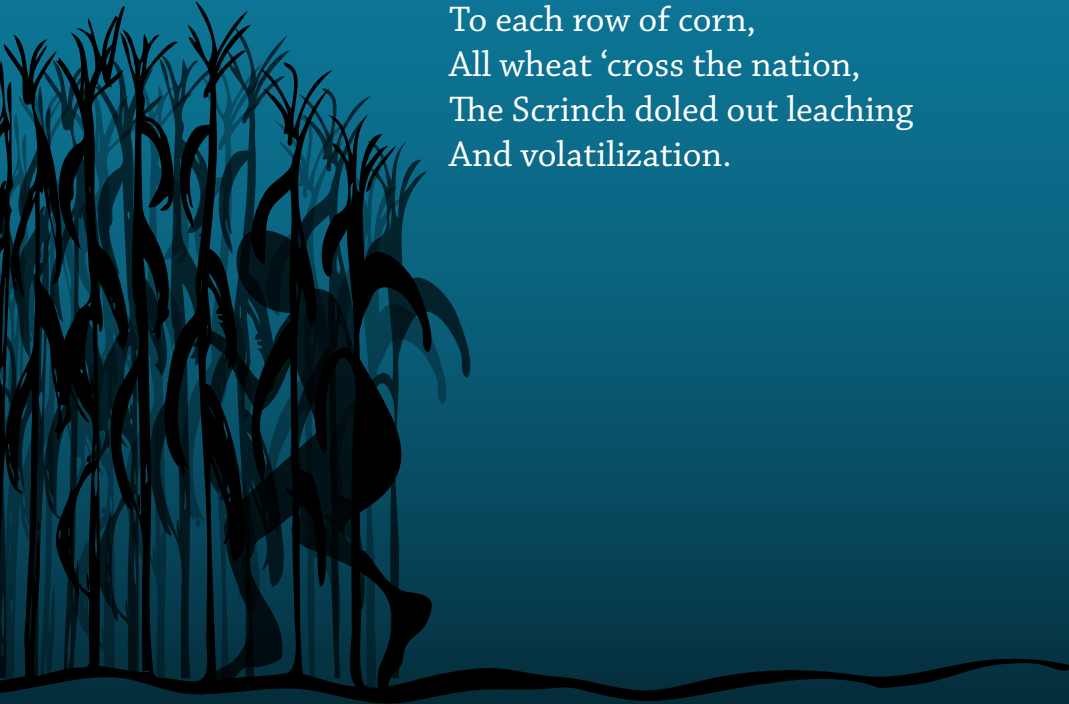
With his dog at the reins,
The Scrinch mused to the summit
And set on his quest
To make profits plummet.

To each row of corn,
All wheat 'cross the nation,
The Scrinch doled out leaching
And volatilization.



As growers slept tight,
All dreary and snoozed,
This ghastly green Scrinch
Worked to keep N unused.

Bacteria was planted
Where money was spent.
“*This* should rob their return
Up to fifty percent!”



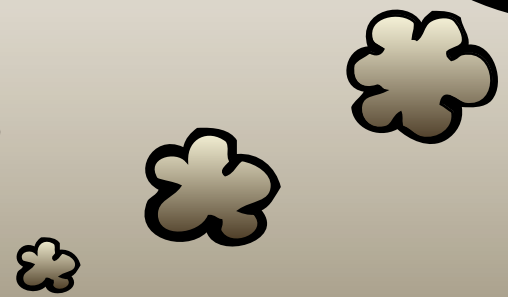
The moon soon fell low
As the sun settled in.
And there, sat the Scrinch
And his evil green grin.

His misdeeds now done,
The Scrinch set all his clocks
Sleeping to visions
Of yellow leaves and weak stalks.



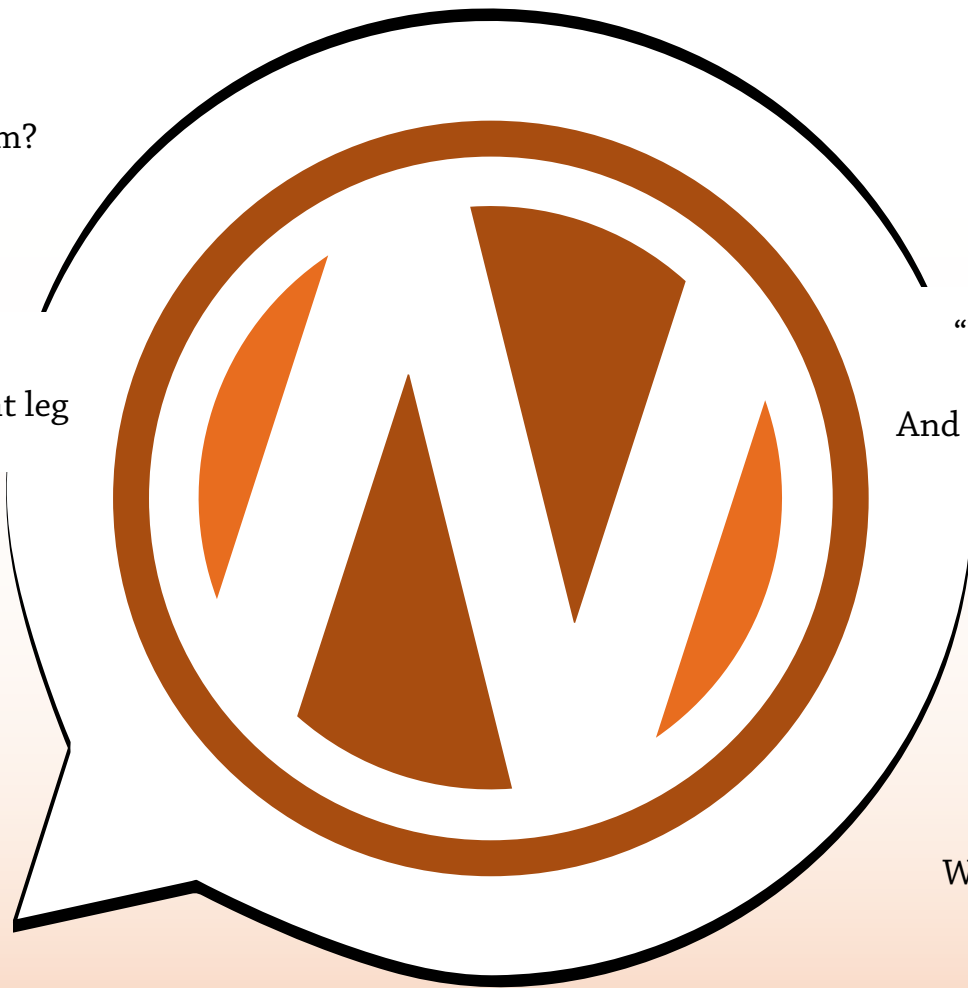
But when he awoke,
He soon realized:
The nitrogen was there...
The crops fertilized!

Nearly all of their nitrogen
Investment was saved!
The Scrinch grumbled and roared!
He rambled and raved!



“How could these stalks
Stay so strong through the storm?
Who kept all this nitrogen
In ammonium form?”

So little Sally Nu,
The smallest grower in the land,
Tugged the Scrinch ‘pon his pant leg
With her little Nu hand.



“WHAT IS IT?” cringed Scrinch,
How could this happen *again*?
And in his green ear she whispered,
“NutriSphere-N.”

And so ends our story.
At least for this year.
With much more to harvest
And much less to fear.

With NutriSphere-N
Now protecting the field,
We bid a Merry Christmas to all,
And to all... a good yield.

*Merry Christmas
from SFP*

