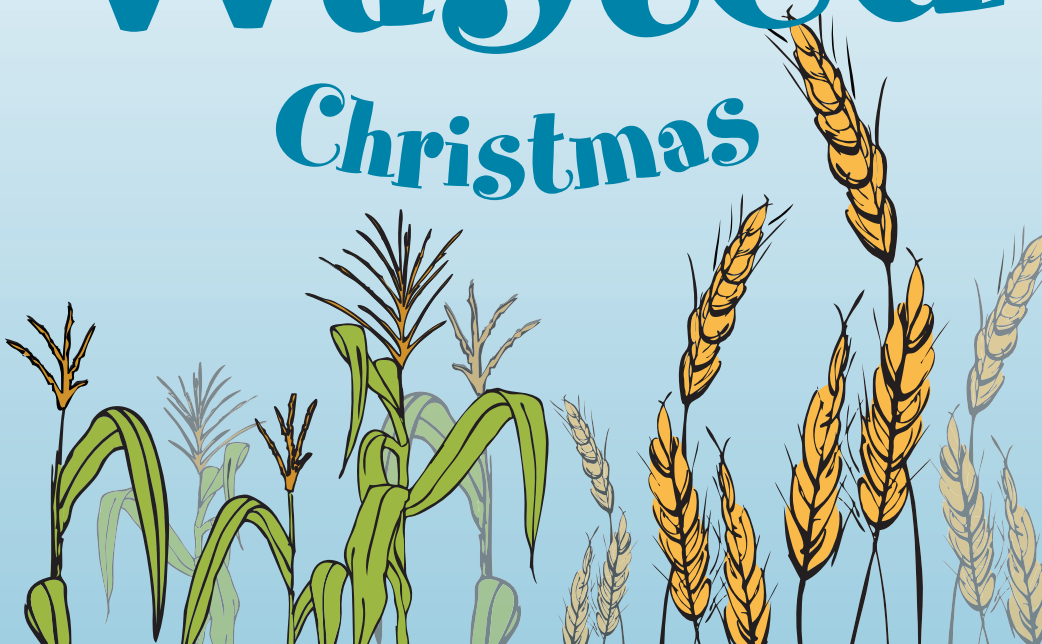


How the Scrinch

Wasted

Christmas



The holidays again.
A festive new season.
With all the trappings and wrappings
For the same festive reason.

And the only citizen
Who would ever dare soil it.
Was the Scrinch.
Stuck at home.
With an overflown toilet.



Left with a clog and a rusty old wrench,
The Scrinch cringed to himself 'mid the strong sewage stench.
“Another Christmas... BAH! Another humbug!
These fools with their presents and smiles... how smug!”

If I could, then I would
Bring them down to my level.
Then they'd smell what I smell...
Now *that's* what I'd revel!”



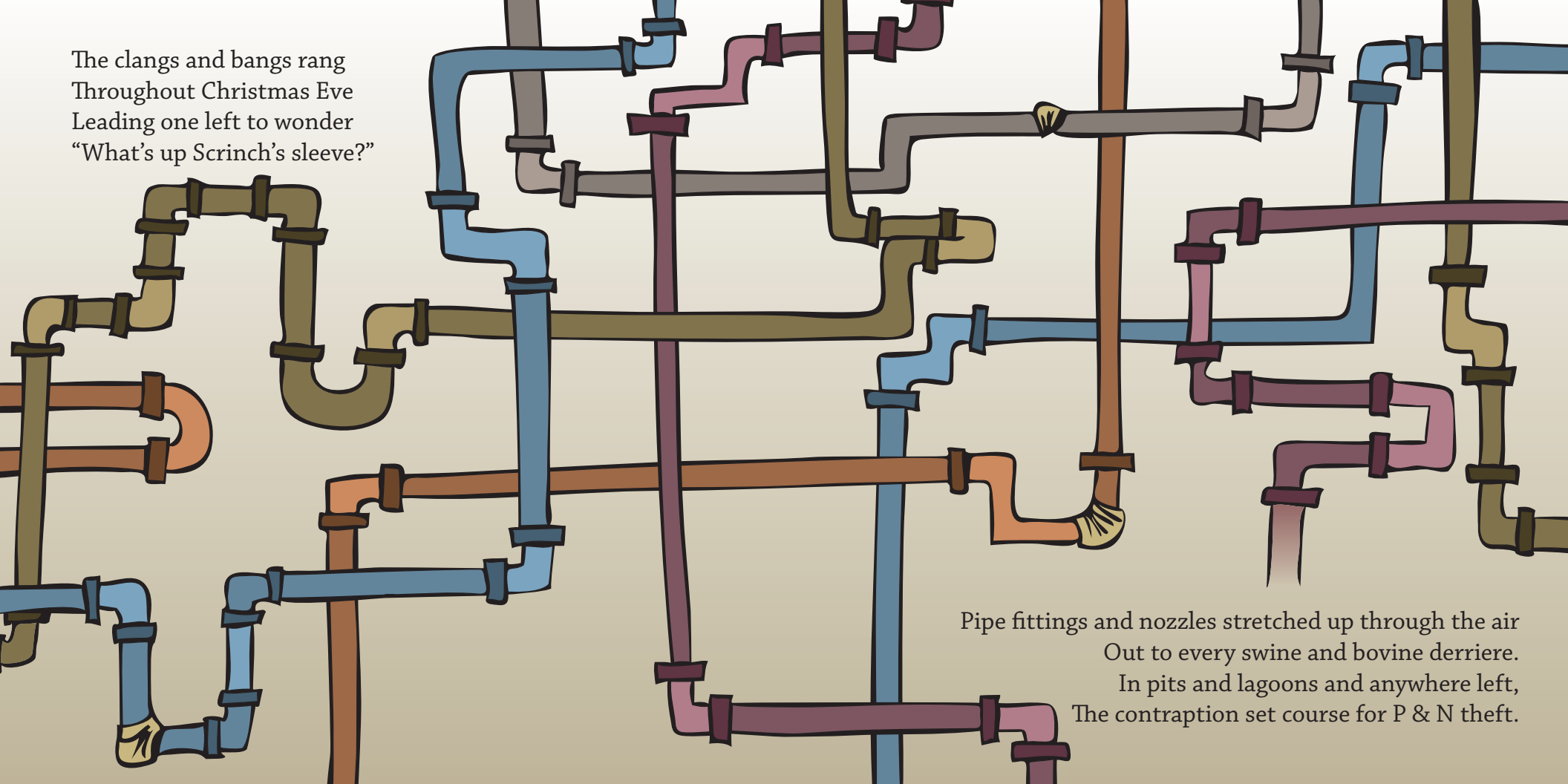
And that's when it hit him:
A plan so afoul,
He burst out in a loud,
And voracious Scrinch howl.

“I aimed right for their phosphorus, but to no AVAIL®,
(Plus that nitrogen stunt nearly put me in jail)
But could I take both nutrients in one swoop?
Where they least suspect it? Their *animal poop*??

HA! This plan is so brilliant, I can't dare but taste it!
Their spring fertilizer will be utterly wasted!
I'll misuse their investment, from side to top dress
And make their precious manure a sheer load of BS!”

And off the Scrinch went
With the worst of intention
Hobbling old rusty plumbing
Into his new, dark invention.

The clangs and bangs rang
Throughout Christmas Eve
Leading one left to wonder
“What’s up Scrinch’s sleeve?”



Pipe fittings and nozzles stretched up through the air
Out to every swine and bovine derriere.
In pits and lagoons and anywhere left,
The contraption set course for P & N theft.

Scrinch heaped piles of fuel
into his newfangled machine
As it ran all night
to strip manure loads clean.



He heaped coal to the furnace 'til his arms grew sore.
He heaped and heaved till he could coal no more.
And in his last effort, with all of his clout,
The Scrinch glared a green grin.
Then promptly passed out.



More Than Manure[®]

Nutri

His energy tapped,
his efforts now spent,
The Scrinch dreamed of his goal:
To steal each nutrient.

Visions of growers
Danced through his head
All stuck with manure
Valuable as dead lead.

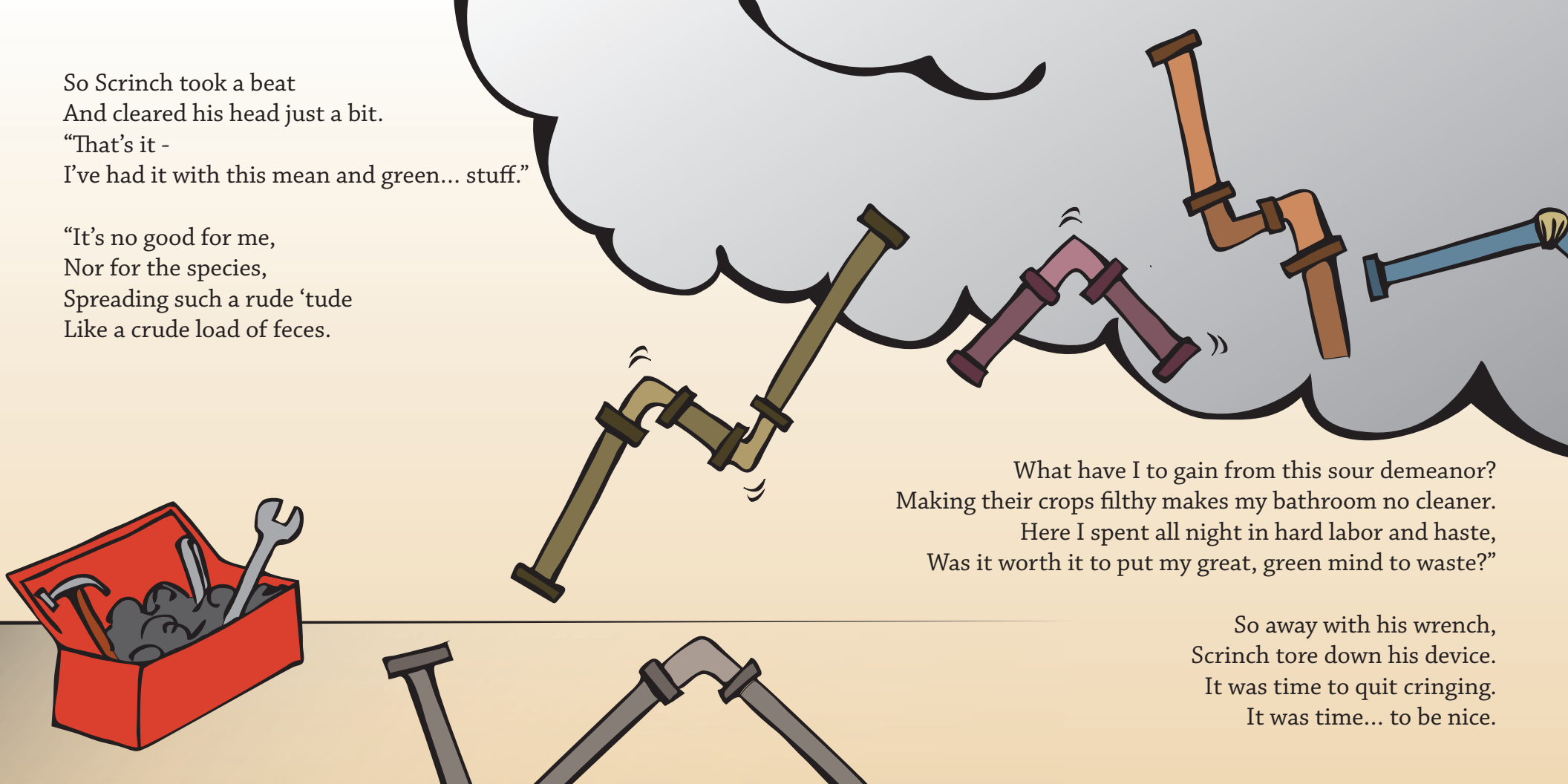
But when he awoke,
He did not find this truer.
For these modern-day growers
used More Than Manure.

“Zero for three?
Just what is the deal?
A byproduct product?
Is this really for real?”

So Scrinch took a beat
And cleared his head just a bit.


“That’s it -
I’ve had it with this mean and green... stuff.”

“It’s no good for me,
Nor for the species,
Spreading such a rude ‘tude
Like a crude load of feces.



What have I to gain from this sour demeanor?
Making their crops filthy makes my bathroom no cleaner.
Here I spent all night in hard labor and haste,
Was it worth it to put my great, green mind to waste?”

So away with his wrench,
Scrinch tore down his device.
It was time to quit cringing.
It was time... to be nice.



And since then things have changed,
He's really much better.
He guards fertilizer
And wears a loud sweater.

He spends each Christmas
Wrapping phosphorus with care,
Keeping N usable,
And soil levels fair.



**more than
manure[®]**

Nutrient Manager

So while some look above,
For a red reindeer sleigh,
Smart growers look down,
For that one special day.

Where the Scrinch comes and visits,
And leaves his gift to the fields
With healthy new crops,
And record-year yields.



Turns out with the right tools,
You can save anything.
So have a Merry Scrinchmas,
And to all, a green Spring.

Merry Christmas

SFP 

