

# Merry Christmas from SEP

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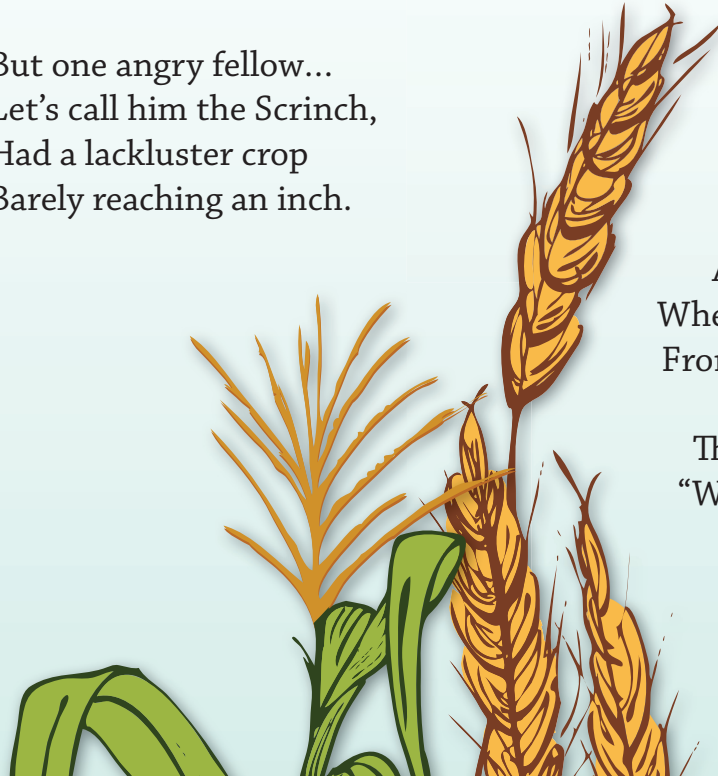
# How the Scrinch Stole Phosphorus





In a fine little town,  
Inside the heartland  
All crops grew hearty  
And according to plan.

But one angry fellow...  
Let's call him the Scrinch,  
Had a lackluster crop  
Barely reaching an inch.



His heart grew jealous,  
As he looked at the fields  
Where growers reaped profit  
From corn and wheat yields.

The Scrinch asked his dog,  
"Where's the profit for us?"  
So he hatched an idea:  
Steal all phosphorus.





With a twitch in his eye,  
The Scrinch traveled the nation  
Spreading aluminum, magnesium,  
And phosphate fixation!

“On calcium! On Iron!  
Let’s tie up the P!  
Let the growing start slowing  
Till there’s nothing to see!”

He went through the night  
To each crop ‘cross the winter.  
He had hobbled spring season  
Like a foot with a splinter.

His winter’s work finished,  
The Scrinch stretched with a yawn.  
“Without phosphorus,  
All of their crops will be gone!”

The snow came and went,  
The sun rose in the skies,  
And when his alarm rang,  
The Scrinch opened his eyes.

But a rude surprise met him  
As he looked at the fields.  
The phosphate had stayed...  
And made higher yields!



Seventy-five to ninety-five  
Percent of their P  
Kept unfixed in the soil  
So the crops could grow free!

“What was the reason,”  
One might ask, “Of this tale?”  
The answer, friends, is simple:

Play it safe. Use AVAIL.