

What It Can Become

One day I watched *The Lorax* with my siblings. An adaptation of the children's book by Doctor Seuss, the story is a cautionary tale about a man who hacks down Truffula trees to make a scarf-like product called a thneed. As a result of the Once-ler's goal of expanding his business, the trees are all cut down, leaving the land a barren horrorscape. The Once-ler, now alone in his empty factory, tells his story to a young boy. He hands the boy the last remaining Truffula seed and the line that stood out to me so much in the film is "It's not about what it is, it's about what it can become."¹ The seed will grow. At first into a young sapling and later it will bloom as it reaches adulthood.

Even if one does not think that prenatal life technically qualifies as "human" no one can discount what it will become. It is a simple, indisputable fact that in the course of nine months, a handful of cells grow into an infant. This child first learns to roll onto their chubby belly, then to scoot in pursuit of toys, to crawl, and then to toddle around on their little legs. And we know that abortion puts an end to this progression.

Our society understands that the loss of potential is tragic. After all, the most prominent pro-choice arguments focus on what the woman bearing a child will lose if she does not have an abortion. But what about the person who is lost? The infant in question is not only a son or daughter. They are a niece or nephew. A grandchild. A cousin. A classmate or teammate. Someone's best friend.

When the Once-Ler cuts down the Truffula trees he knows the logical result is the tree's death. His push towards industry is not necessarily bad in itself. But with each Truffula tree that he fells in the pursuit of money ("which everyone needs", he says), he changes the land around him. The Once-Ler fails to see the lives he is destroying. The life of the whole ecosystem in

¹ Seuss, 2.

which he lives, for once their habitat is ruined the animals leave too. This leaves nothing of the beauty the land once had.

This bleak children's tale ends on a hopeful note. The Once-Ler tells the boy, "Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It's not."² This is why I am pro-life. I believe in the beauty of life and the uncharted potential within people. We need to understand that an abortion cuts down a human life. And this is a tragedy.

² Suess, 30.

Works Cited

Seuss. *The Lorax*. New York, Robin Corey Books, 2012.