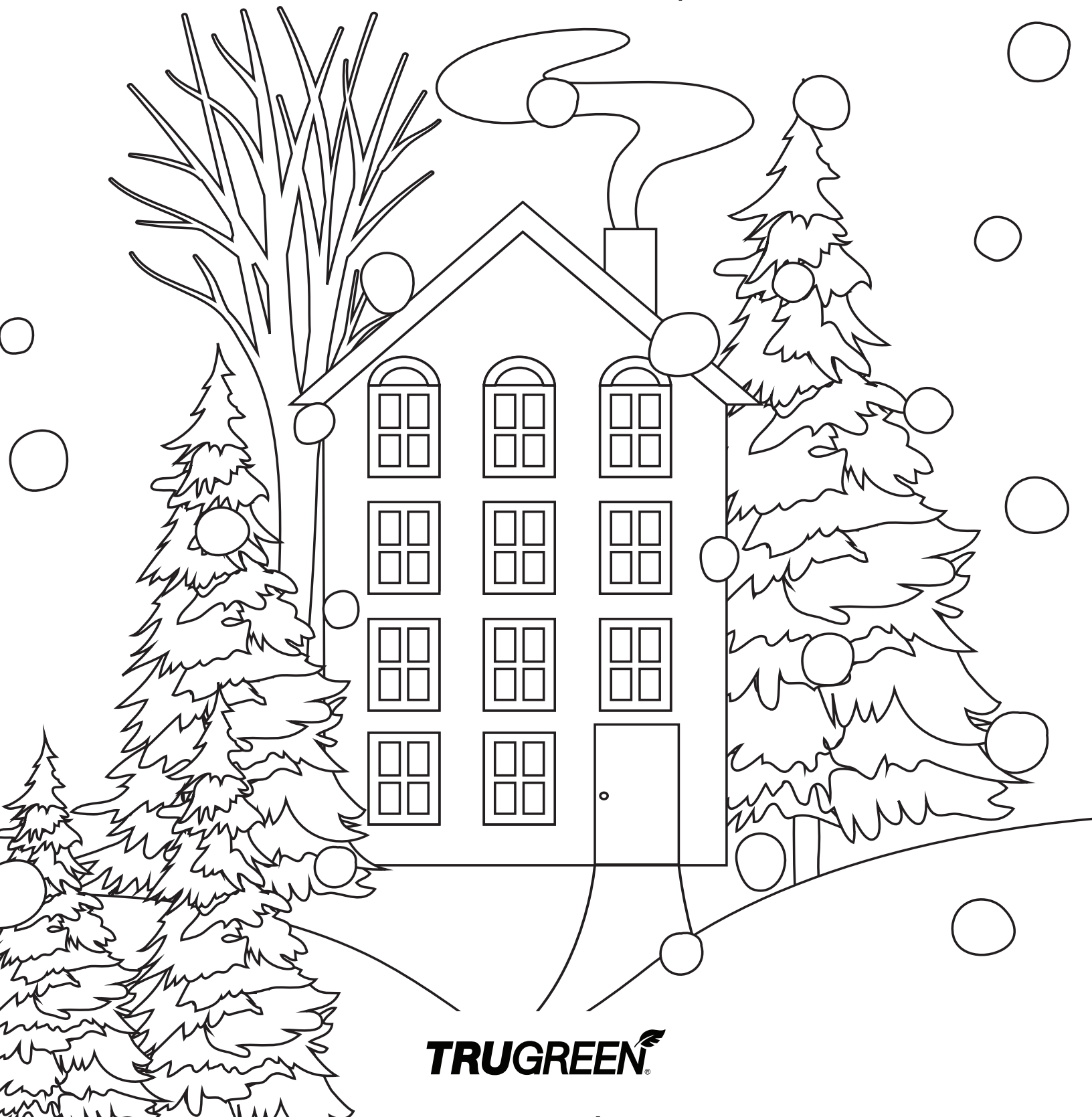
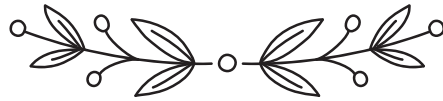


'Twas the Brisk Winter Season

A TruGreen® Holiday Tale

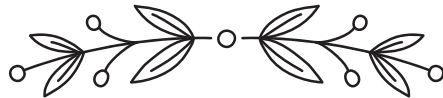


TRUGREEN®



'Twas the brisk winter season, when all through the grass,
not a creature was stirring, not even a pest;

The snow-covered lawn had a coat so fair,
but I wonder, "what's going on under there?"





While homeowners were nestled all snug in their beds,
visions of pest damage danced in their heads.

The pests in my trees and the dog in my lap
had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

As pests laid their heads on my shrubs and trees
a dormant oil spray would defeat them with ease.

Though tucked in their overwintering lair,
come spring, I'll receive a special pest care.

With spring on the wing of the coming new year,
a TruGreen pest treatment will cure all my fear.

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When what to my wondering eyes should attract,
but a shoveling snow plow and its damaging track.

And the expert driver, so hasty yet skilled,
may forget that my turf could get damaged and tilled.

More rapid than eagles with markers I came,
to avoid soil damage, I ran with clear aim.

"Tag pathways! Tag lawn border, sprinklers and all!"
Without proper notice, to the plow they could fall.

By nearly avoiding the plow's mighty traction,
I saved my dear lawn from soil compaction.

As I started to settle, looking down from my seat,
I saw a salt sprayer deicing the street.

With a memory of bare patches from cold seasons past,
I knew that salt can cause damage that lasts.

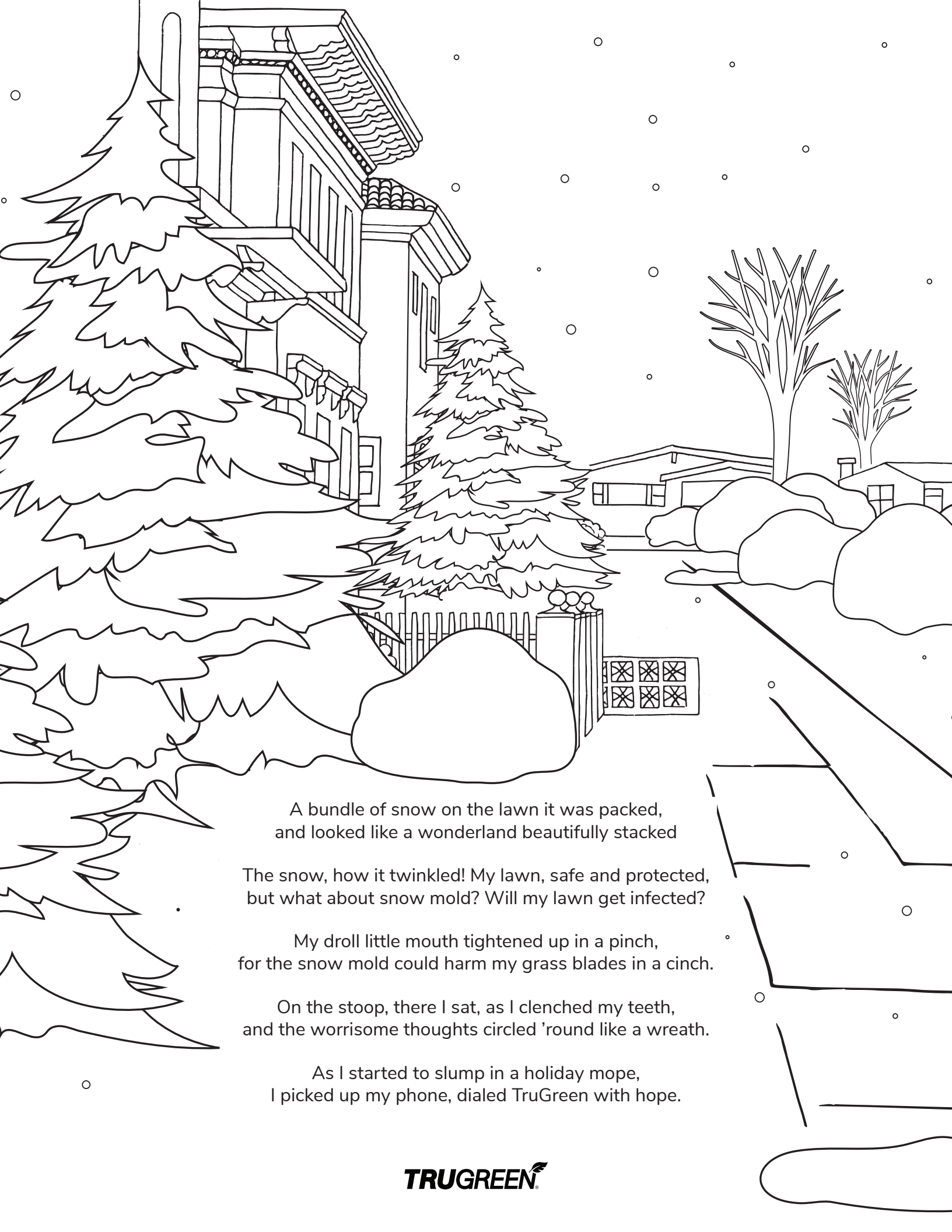
So down to the sidewalk with slippers I flew,
to prevent the salt sprayer from dusting mine too.

As I opened the door and was looking around,
the kindly salt sprayer finished ours with a bound.

When I started to fear how my soil would fare,
water-in or replace so my soil can repair.



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A bundle of snow on the lawn it was packed,
and looked like a wonderland beautifully stacked

The snow, how it twinkled! My lawn, safe and protected,
but what about snow mold? Will my lawn get infected?

My droll little mouth tightened up in a pinch,
for the snow mold could harm my grass blades in a cinch.

On the stoop, there I sat, as I clenched my teeth,
and the worrisome thoughts circled 'round like a wreath.

As I started to slump in a holiday mope,
I picked up my phone, dialed TruGreen with hope.

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He was helpful and cheery — a right jolly old elf,
and I laughed when I told him, in spite of myself.

A few simple tips, a lawn plan in his head,
soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

With my worries relieved, I was filled with glee,
for my plan was backed by the TruGreen Guarantee.

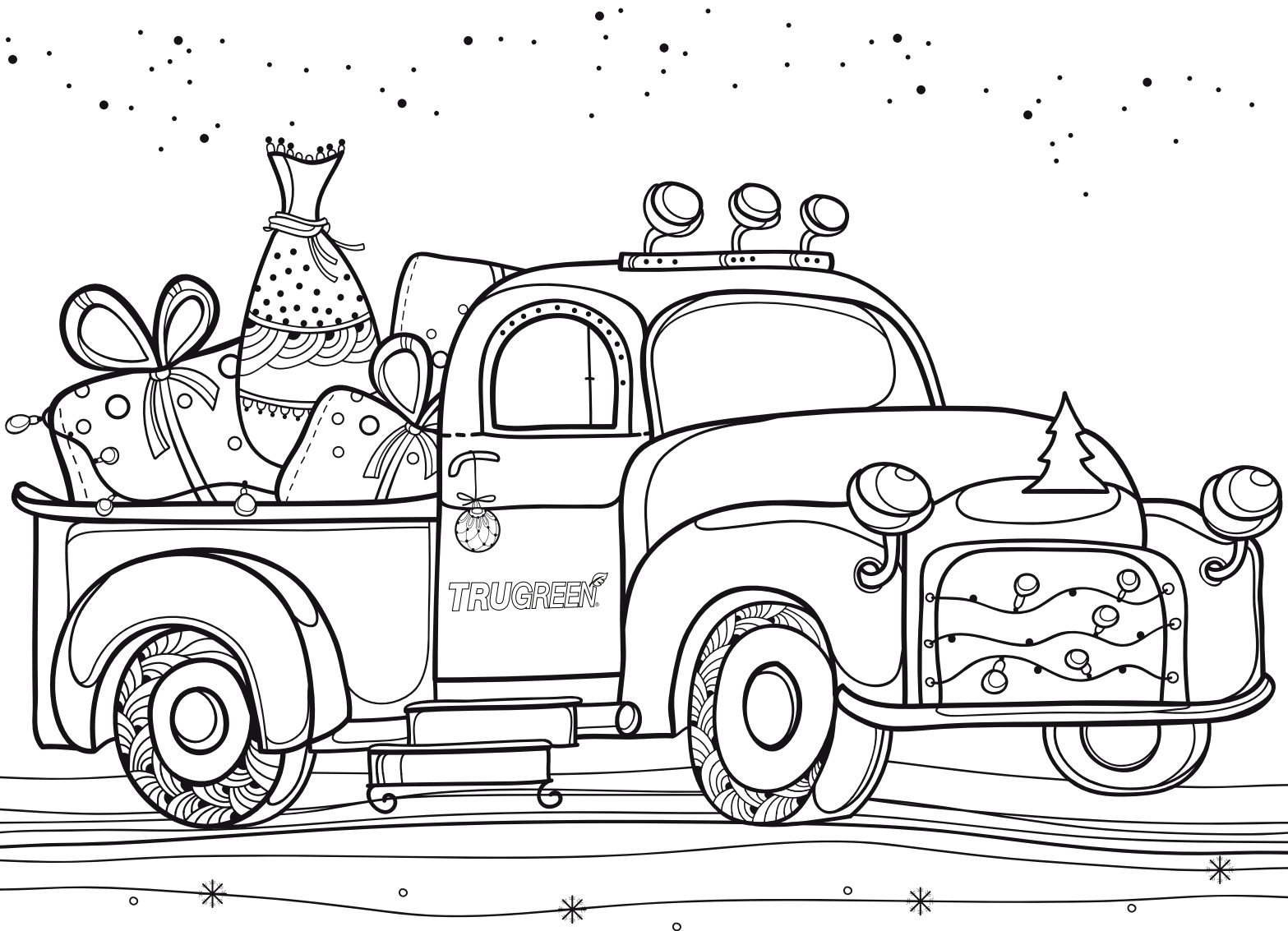
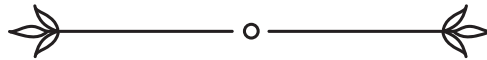


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He sprang to his truck, my lawn plan clear as crystal,
away TruGreen flew like the down of a thistle.

And my specialist exclaimed, 'ere he drove out of sight —

“Happy Holidays to all, glad your lawn is alright!”



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