

Mrs. Mayor

*Mr. and Mrs. Mayor love their child, Jojo, but they are running out of patience!
His wild imagination (and "Thinks") keep leading to trouble and they can't seem
to get through to him.*

Mrs. Mayor:

Jojo!

We've just had a talk with your teachers today
And they didn't have one single good thing to say!

You invented new Thinks which defy all description!
You gave Miss O'Dooley a nervous conniption!

Your Thinks were so wild they disrupted your classes
And mad Mrs. Mackel-Who drop her new glasses.
Which is why you're suspended!
Yes, that's what they said!
Young man, what in Who has got into your head?

Now Horton has found us. We're safe on a clover.
But clearly our troubles are far, far from over.

We don't mean to scold you, We love you, oh, yes, dear.
But couldn't you try thinking just a bit less, dear?

Stop telling such outlandish tales.
Stop turning minnows into whales.
Now take your bath and go to bed.
And think some *normal* Thinks instead.