

HORTON: (to his clover)
Hello... hello?

JOJO:
Hello?

HORTON:
Who's there?

JOJO:
It's me, JoJo. The Mayor's son.

HORTON:
I'm Horton. The Elephant.

JOJO:
Are you real, or are you a very large Think?

HORTON:
Oh, I'm real, all right. I would state that in ink.

JOJO:
In my Thinks, I imagine a lot of strange things,
And I go to stranger places, as if I had wings!
I love a good Think!

HORTON:
Well, for me it goes double.

JOJO:
Sometimes my Thinks are what get me in trouble.

HORTON:
When you think, do you dream?

JOJO:
In bright colors!

HORTON:
Me, too.
And I go to strange places. Like Solla Sollew!

JOJO:
When you think, do you think you could fly to the stars?

HORTON:
Little friend, no one else could have Thinks such as ours!