

Once there was a funny thing,
A purple thing,
A thing with wings.
It lived with lots of other things.
Things just like him
That all went,

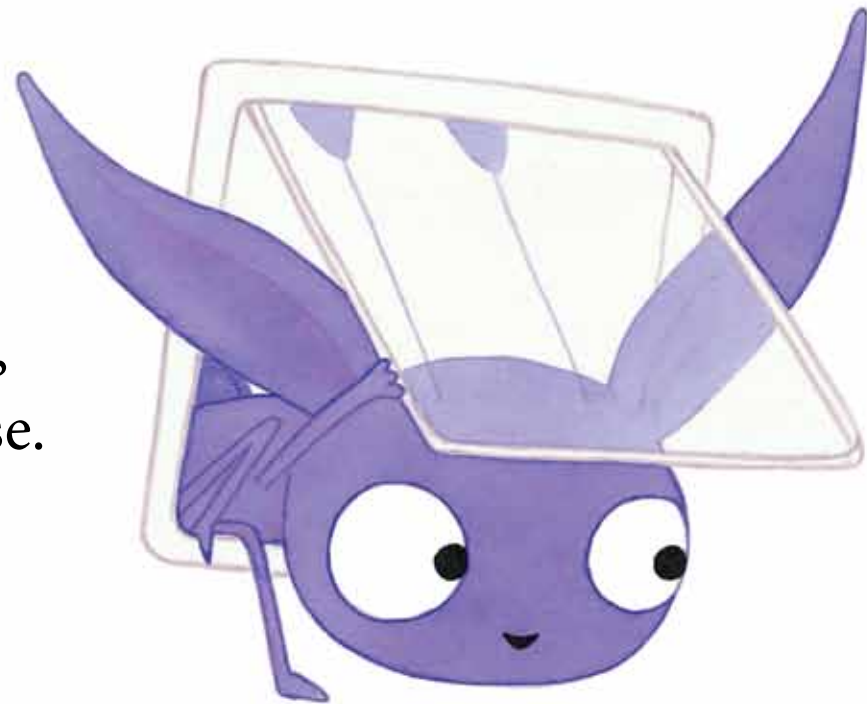
“PING!”





He found his way to Evie's house,

And sneaked in,
Quiet as a mouse.



But Evie saw the little thing
And picked him up.



The thing squealed,
“Ping!”

She showed her mum
The little chap.
But Thing was scared,
Got in a flap.

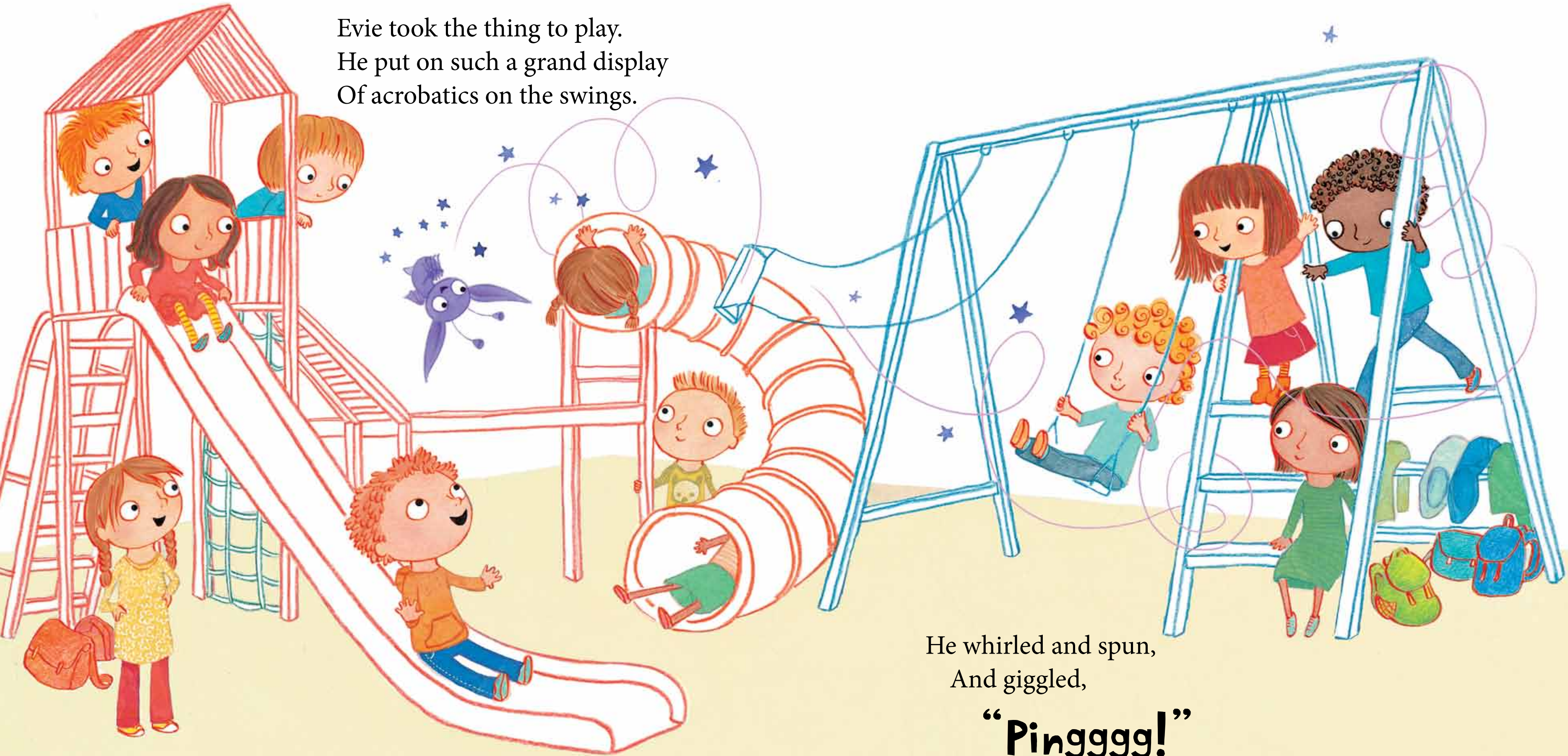
To Evie's head
the thing did cling.

“There, there!” she soothed.
Thing trembled,

“P-p-p-ping!”



Evie took the thing to play.
He put on such a grand display
Of acrobatics on the swings.



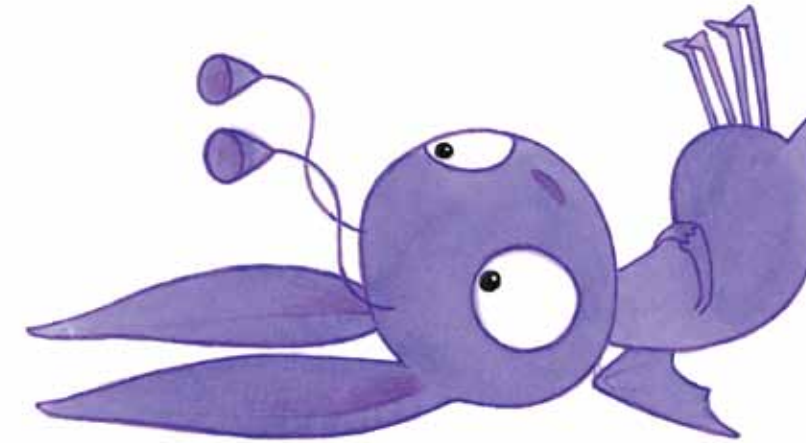
He whirled and spun,
And giggled,
“**Pingggg!**”

But late one night, Thing couldn't sleep.



He tossed and turned
And counted sheep...

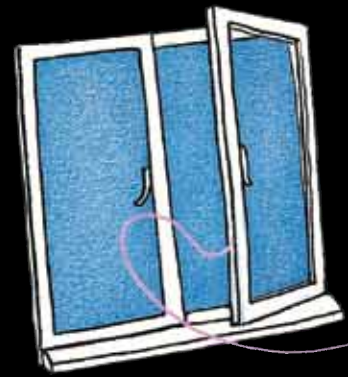
Once more his head
was full of ZING!



So up he jumped
And hooted,

“PING!”

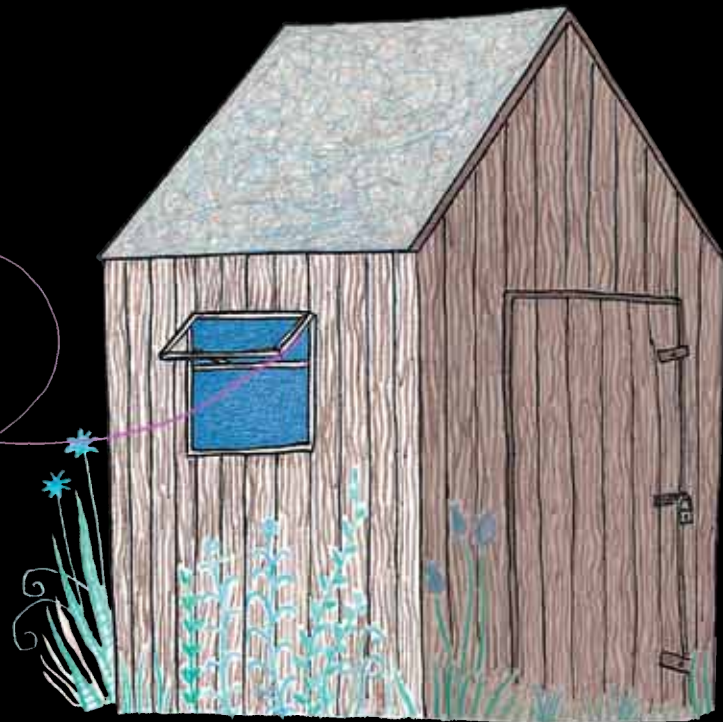




And then as Evie snored in bed...



The thing went to explore the shed.



He got all tangled up in string!
Thing needed help.
He cried out,

“PIIINNGG!!!”



From all around came purple things,
Fluttering their purple wings,
Led there by the King of Things
Who sighed at Thing.
Poor Thing squeaked,

“Ping.”