



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 21

By Carol Patton

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The God of Wind

“I wonder what Columbus is like,” said Mo to Finchy after passing a highway sign for the city. They had been traveling along Interstate 71 South on top of the delivery truck. “Think it’s a big place? Lots of dogs? It’s probably named after Christopher Columbus.”

“Who?” said Finchy while sunbathing on the truck’s roof.

“Columbus,” said Mo as the truck now began traveling on Interstate 70 West. “Do you know who he is?”

Finchy didn’t respond. He learned this trick from his cousin who remained silent when he didn’t know the answer to a question. Any question. He was too embarrassed to admit it, which kept him from learning new things.

Mo knew Finchy had heard him.

“Well, I guess if you can’t hear me, I can’t tell you about Columbus who was a famous explorer like us,” Mo said. “How he sailed on a giant wooden ship across the Atlantic Ocean four different times more than five hundred years ago.”

Finchy couldn’t resist a good story. He rolled over and sat up.

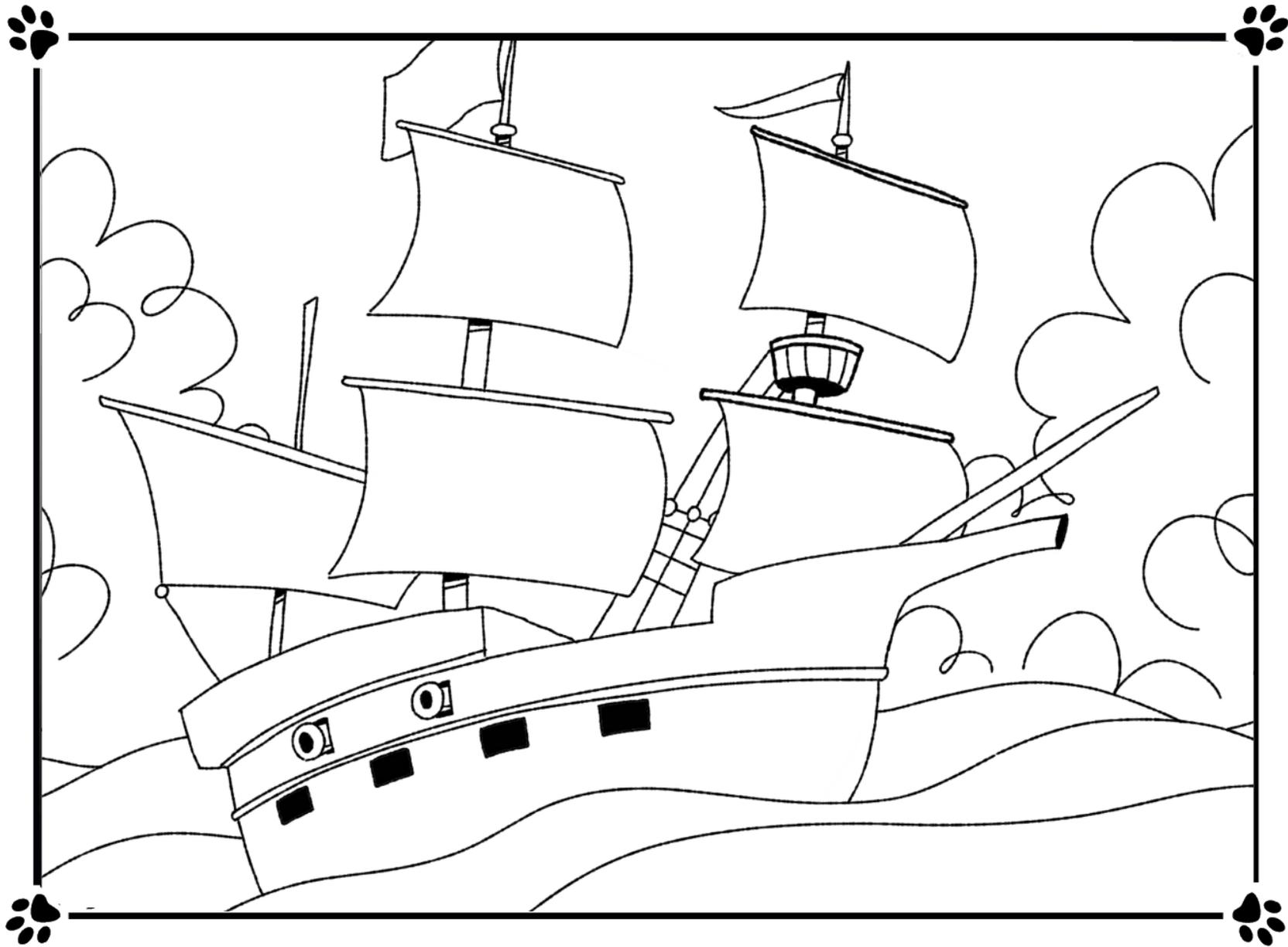
“Four times?” he asked.

For the next several hours, Mo and Finchy wondered what traveling on a big ship would have been like that long ago. Where did everyone sleep? What did they eat and do? What made the ship move?

The truck entered another state directly west of Ohio. Mo and Finchy saw highway signs for cities named Richmond, Lawrence, and Greenwood. There was even one for Columbus.

“Humans must love explorers,” said Finchy to Mo. “Maybe they’ll name cities after us.”

The truck driver stopped at the visitor center inside White River State Park.



As the truck driver headed toward the back door of the building, a giant gust of wind pushed it open. Mo and Finchy quietly followed him into a long hallway without anyone noticing them.

The building seemed empty. So they wandered from room to room without fear of getting caught.

They saw many Native American items. Pots and baskets. Photographs. Paintings. Sculptures. A huge totem pole. Some were two hundred years old.

“Know much about Native Americans?” asked a strange voice.

Mo and Finchy quickly looked around the room to find who was speaking.

“We’re the original Americans,” said the voice.

Mo and Finchy saw who was talking to them. It was a man with many long feathers on top of his head. Strings of colored beads hung around his neck.

But there was one small problem. You could see right through him.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said. “My name is Gaol. It’s hard to say so just call me Jay. I am the god of wind.”

Finchy’s and Mo’s eyes opened wide.

“I’m . . . I’m . . . sorry sir,” stammered Mo. “I didn’t hear you. . .”

“Your hearing is fine,” interrupted Jay. “I am the god of wind. Remember that gust of wind that blew the back door open? That was me, although it was far from my best performance.”

Mo and Finchy were silent. They had never spoken to the god of wind.

“I made myself look human so you wouldn’t be afraid,” Jay said. “Actually, this is the way I looked hundreds, maybe even thousands of years ago. I lost track. Still can’t figure out how to appear not so see-through-ish.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. God . . . I . . . I mean Jay,” said Mo as he pushed Finchy out from behind him. “This is my friend, Finchy.”

Finchy forced a smile.



“I am an Iroquois (ee·ruh·kwaa) Indian,” he said. “My people were hunters, fisherman, and farmers. We grew the Three Sisters – corn, beans, and squash. Mixed them together to make succotash. Yummy. Ever hear of it?”

For the next hour, Jay told them the history of the Iroquois tribe.

“Back then, we shared everything, cared for each other, and had many friends,” he said. “Nobody stole or lied. We respected the land and treated people with kindness, even my weird cousin Breezy, who still wants my job after all these years.”

“Sounds wonderful,” said Mo. “Why can’t everyone be that way?”

“You can if you want to,” said Jay. “Every day, say or do one nice thing for someone. Then do another nice thing and another. It’s that simple. Much better than being a bully.”

Jay shared more family stories, daily customs, and family traditions. Mo and Finchy were so fascinated that they forgot all about the time. They ran outside and saw that the delivery truck was gone.

“Not to worry,” said Jay who returned to his normal, windy self.

Suddenly, Mo and Finchy were floating high into the air, gently being pushed by Jay along the highway. When they spotted the truck, Jay placed them gently on top of it, hugged them goodbye, and sped off like a mini tornado.

Mo and Finchy thought about what Jay had said, about being nice. What could they do?

They had an idea. Mo wrapped his paws around Finchy. In return, Finchy wrapped his wings around Mo. They gave each other a giant hug.

They were off to a great start.