



# The Adventures of **Mo**

**Chapter 22**

By Carol Patton

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### President Peanut

“Why are so many people jammed in that big box,” asked Finchy.

Mo and Finchy were hiding behind a trash can in the lobby of a building called the Willis Tower. They had been riding on top of the delivery truck for about three hours, traveling mainly along Interstate 65 North. Along the way, they spotted signs for cities named Peoria, Naperville, and Chicago.

“Not sure,” said Mo. “Very strange. Every time they press that button on the wall, the doors open and they walk inside. Then the doors close. But when the doors open again, they’re gone.”

Mo and Finchy looked at each other, wondering if this was some kind of magic trick. Where did the people go? Even the truck driver walked inside the box and disappeared.



“Why don’t we go inside the box and find out where they went?” asked Finchy.

Mo and Finchy waited until the lobby was almost empty. Finchy flew over to the button, pressed it with his beak, and the doors opened. He flew inside the box with Mo right behind him. But before the doors closed, a small dog ran inside.

“Whew!” said the dog who was half the size of Mo. “That was close. Almost got squished.”

There were even more buttons on the inside of the box. The dog pressed one of them marked one hundred and three. The box started moving. Mo’s stomach felt queasy.

The dog turned toward Mo and Finchy.

“Hello, I’m President Peanut, but you can call me Peanut,” she said. “I’m president of an association that holds its community meetings here every month, on the Skydeck. I’m headed to a meeting right now. Want to join us?”

Peanut told them that the box they were standing in was called an elevator and was taking them to the Skydeck, which was an observation deck or large room with very

big windows. Since it was a clear day, she said they would be able to see four different states – Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan – and one more state that she couldn't remember.

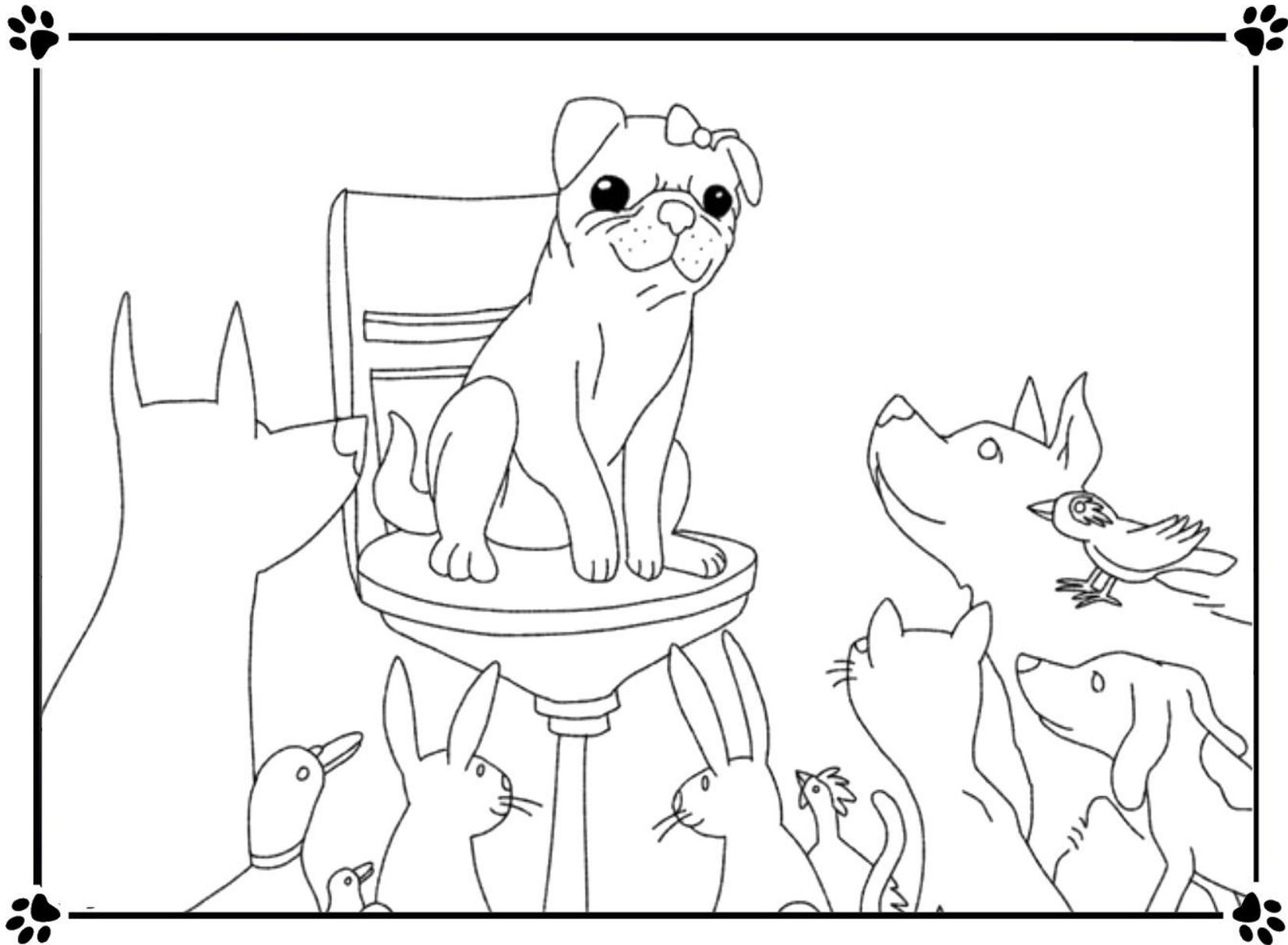
By now, Mo's stomach was doing somersaults. He was glad when the elevator finally stopped and its doors opened. Mo walked toward the large windows. He had never been this high in the sky. Even birds were flying below him. He never dreamed there could be this many buildings, cars, and people in one spot.

Peanut started the meeting, which was attended by a group of dogs, cats, birds, and rabbits sitting in a corner of the Skydeck.

“Good to see everyone,” she said, and then introduced Mo and Finchy as her guests. “Let's take turns sharing what each of us has done this past month to improve the community park. Bert, you go first.”

“I dug a million holes in the ground at the park's entrance,” said Bert, a young beagle. “It may have been more like a hundred. Well, maybe a dozen. Anyway, Rex was supposed to plant flowers in them.”

“What happened?” asked Peanut.



“Rex ate the petals off all the flowers,” said Bert.

“I didn’t mean to,” blurted out Rex, an older bunny rabbit. “They looked so . . . so delicious. I just took one bite and couldn’t stop myself.”

“I picked up trash in the park,” bragged a green parakeet named Kiwi. “Humans are so sloppy. There were pop cans, water bottles, and food wrappers everywhere. Shameful. Just shameful.”

“I made sure there was no bullying,” added George, a Great Dane. “Polly the poodle told Blossom the bulldog that she was fat and made fun of her hat, saying it was out of style. So I asked Polly why she was being so mean? Why would she say something to hurt Blossom’s feelings? Before you knew it, Polly was licking Blossom’s face and they were back to being friends.”

Ragdoll, a cat with blue eyes, told her cat friends that birds in the park were off limits.

“I told them the park was a safe place for everyone,” she said.

Finchy couldn’t believe what he was hearing. *Cats not allowed to chase birds? Am I dreaming?*

The rest of the animals shared what they did to make the park more beautiful, clean, fun, and safe. Bella, a shiny, black Labrador, set up lounge chairs on the grass in the park. When the sprinklers went off, animals could cool off. “But I’m still searching for suntan lotion and beach towels,” she said.

After everyone finished talking, Peanut said she was happy with the progress everyone was making and then spoke to Mo and Finchy.

“We’re not trying to fix every problem in the world,” she explained. “There are simply too many. We’re just making things better where we live, in our own neighborhood. We want to build a place where everybody cares about each other, respects each other, helps each other. . .”

“And doesn’t eat the flowers,” interrupted Bert. Rex’ white furry face turned bright red.

After the meeting, Mo and Finchy made a list of different ways they could improve their community when they returned home.

Mo thought about cleaning up the beach, helping hungry animals find food, and teaching others how to write and add and subtract numbers. Finchy decided to help

other birds make nests, form a choir that performs at public places, and visit senior birds who may be lonely.

“Can you imagine birds, dogs, and other animals helping their community?” asked Finchy.

“Actually, I can,” said Mo. “I would like to live there. It would be a wonderful place to call home.”