



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 3

By Carol Patton

Chapter 3

Ancient People

Mo scanned the room, storing every detail in his memory.

“Rooms like these are called kivas or ceremonial rooms,” said the tour guide, who was very tall. “There are thirty large masonry buildings here at Chaco Culture National Historical Park, each with hundreds of rooms just like this one.”

Mo was in disguise. No one knew he was really a dog. You see, Mo and Finchy arrived at the park early that morning. Several days ago, they began riding on top of a big delivery truck that traveled all over the country. But the truck driver didn’t know he had passengers. Mo and Finchy hoped that someday, he would deliver something to someone in Florida so they could return the valuable key and keychain to its owner.

After arriving at the park, the truck stopped in front of a big building. Mo and Finchy wondered what was inside. Mo climbed down the ladder on the truck and tried to walk through the front door but a man wearing a large brown hat stopped him.

“Whoa there, little fella,” he said, as he grabbed Mo by the back of the neck. “Dogs aren’t allowed.” He patted Mo on the head and gently pushed him away.

Mo was furious.

Dogs are allowed everywhere back home. In caves. In the forest. On the rocky beaches. What makes this place so different? It’s just not fair.

After a few minutes of sulking, Mo came up with an idea. He needed a disguise. A good one. He needed to look . . . well . . . human.

For the next hour, Mo and Finchy searched through every single garbage can for clothing. Nothing. They searched the area surrounding the building. Nothing. They even ventured out into the desert. Still, nothing.

They spotted several people coming out of the building. One man removed a shirt from his shopping bag that had a very strange name on it – Albuquerque. He showed it to his young daughter, telling her that’s where he grew up.

Mo wondered where that place was, if dogs lived there, and if it was anywhere near Florida. But for now, he thought a shirt like that would make a perfect disguise.



“We’ve got to get into that building,” Mo said to Finchy. “You distract the man with the large hat while I find the place that has those shirts.”

Finchy flew over to the man, landing on a chair next to him. Finchy chirped, flapped his wings, and even did cartwheels as Mo snuck through the door.

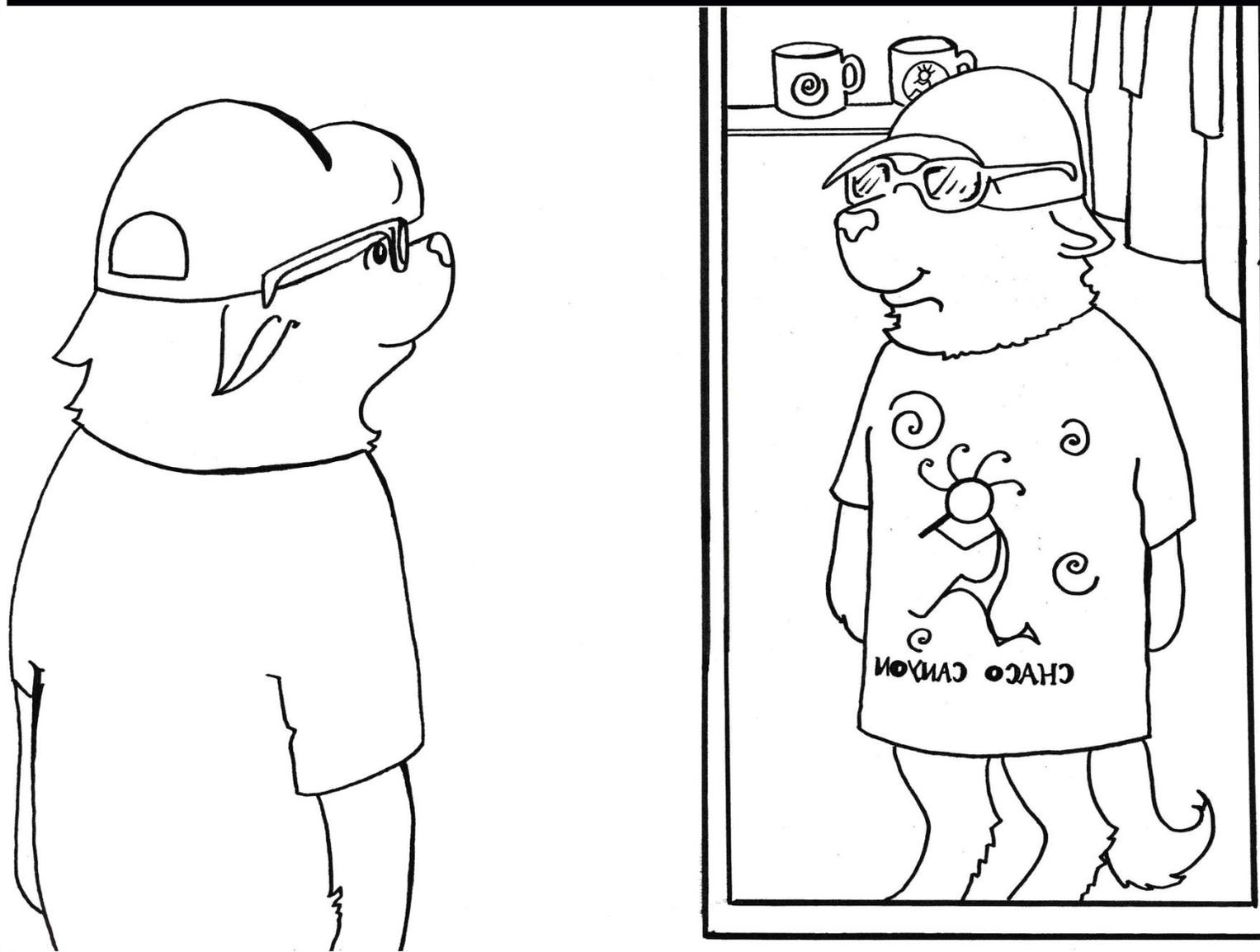
Mo spotted the gift store that carried the shirts. It had hundreds of different colored shirts, hats, shorts, jackets . . . just about everything a dog needing a disguise could ever want.

Hmmm . . . I wonder what color looks best on me.

Mo pulled a bunch of shirts off their hangers and placed them in the corner of a dressing room. The pile quickly grew taller than him.

He chose a blue shirt and then found a pair of sunglasses and a black cap to cover his pointy ears. Before leaving the store, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

“I don’t know if there’s another dog or even human as handsome as me,” he whispered to himself.



Now Mo was in a kiva mingling with humans, listening to the tour guide talk about the people who had once lived here. He called them the Anasazi, which means ancient people.

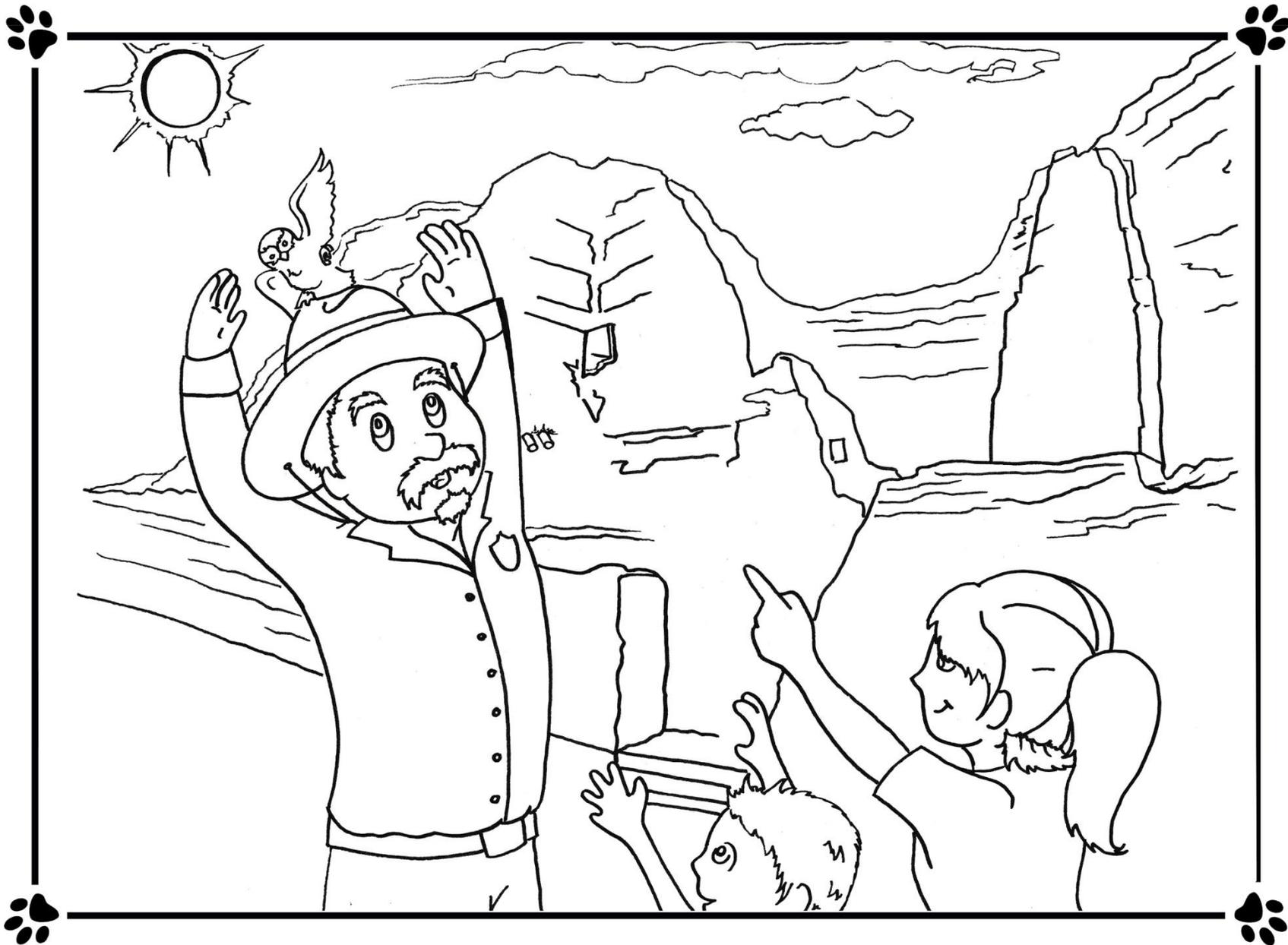
But Mo had trouble concentrating. He had never worn clothes before. Never had to and hoped he would never have to again. *Very uncomfortable*. He tugged at his shirt's neckline with his right front paw.

Moments later, Finchy flew into the kiva. A young boy tried to grab him but missed. Finchy flew on top of the tour guide's head so no one could catch him.

“There's a bird on top of his head!” shouted a woman in the small crowd.

As the tour guide placed his hand on the right side of his head, Finchy hopped to the other side. Then the man touched the left side of his head. Finchy hopped to the right side. When he placed both hands on top of his head, Finchy flew out the door.

“Even birds are curious about the Anasazi Indians,” said the tour guide.



He then explained that the Anasazi had lived here for hundreds of years, as far back as one thousand years ago. Mo held up his paw and started counting. *One, two, three . . .* Mo had lived in his cave for five years. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to live anywhere for even one hundred years.

After the tour ended, some people headed toward the gift shop. Mo followed them so he could return the outfit he had borrowed that morning. Mo would never take something that didn't belong to him.

He placed the cap and sunglasses back on the shelf, forgetting that he was no longer in disguise.

“There's a dog over there!” shouted the same boy who almost caught Finchy.

Mo's ears and tail pointed straight up. He quickly turned around. A man started walking toward him.

Mo ducked under a clothing rack. As the man approached the rack, Mo ran between his legs, straight out the building's front door.

He didn't stop running until he reached the delivery truck. While climbing the ladder

on the truck, he realized that he was still wearing the shirt.

Finchy was waiting for him on the top of the truck. Mo told him what happened.

“How can I return the shirt?” he said. “I was almost captured. Do you know what could have happened if the man caught me? I could have been like those people they talked about who disappeared, the Anasazi, never to be seen again.”

The pair sat in silence, staring at the cloudy sky. They wondered what to do next.

Off in the distance, they heard the truck driver approaching, talking to someone on his cell phone.

“I’ll meet you at the post office in Santa Fe,” he said. “Should take three, maybe four hours to get there.”

Mo looked at Finchy, very relieved. He would mail the shirt back to the store at the post office.

Several hours later, they arrived. Mo pulled off the shirt, neatly folded it, and attached a note:

Please return this shirt to Chaco Culture National Historical Park. Sincerely, Mo.

Finchy flew off the truck, clutching the shirt and note in his claws. But before dropping them into the mailbox, he added one sentence to Mo's note:

P.S. If we see any Anasazi on our journey, we will ask them to contact you.

Finchy carefully placed the shirt and note inside the blue mailbox by the front door.

Moments later, the truck driver pulled out of the parking lot and headed toward the highway. Mo and Finchy felt the cool breeze against their bodies.

“Ya know, I thought I made a very attractive human,” said Mo.

“Attractive?” said Finchy. “Humans? They don't have a tail. Their body is only one color. They don't even have fur or feathers. How much more boring could you get?”