



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 30

By Carol Patton

Chapter 30

The Cow Who Wanted to be a Doctor

“I can’t believe you ate that whole bag of chocolate chip cookies!” complained Finchy to Mo. “There’s not even one crumb left for me.”

Finchy held the bag upside down so Mo could see that it was empty. Mo didn’t mean to eat all of the cookies. He just wanted a snack. So he ate one cookie, and then another, and another. Before he realized it, they were all gone.

“I’m sorry,” said Mo, who had a really bad stomachache. He handed Finchy a bag of potato chips that was hidden underneath his pillow. “Here, eat these instead.”

Finchy snatched the bag away from Mo. After stuffing his tiny mouth with chips, he mumbled, “I’m still mad at you.”

That morning, Mo and Finchy had been riding on top of the delivery truck for more than two hours along Interstate 95 South, passing signs for cities named Andover,

Boston, and Marshfield. Then Alex, the truck driver, pulled off the highway and headed toward a city named Plymouth. Soon, Mo and Finchy found themselves in a strange village. Small wooden houses, each with a chimney, stood next to each other on both sides of a long dirt path. A wooden fence also lined each side of the road.

After Mo climbed down the ladder on the side of the truck, a group of cows was waiting for him.

“Quick, come with us,” said a cow named Annette. “Dogs aren’t supposed to be here. Just walk in the middle of our group. No one will see you because we’re much larger than you.”

The animals headed toward a field that was filled with more cows and also sheep and goats. They were all curious about their new visitor and formed a circle around Mo.

Mo couldn’t figure out if the animals were happy to see him or not. Just then, Annette asked Mo his name and why he had come. Mo introduced himself and Finchy and then told them about their mission to Florida, how they planned on returning a very important key to its rightful owner.

“What does the key unlock?” asked one sheep.

“Don’t know,” said Finchy. “But it must unlock something very important.”

“I’m going to be very important,” boasted a cow named Arnold. “I’m going to be a veterinarian. That’s a medical doctor for animals.”

All the animals rolled their eyes. Some even mooed – loudly.

“Arnold, you’ve been saying that forever,” Annette said. “But you have never applied to vet school. And watching doctors treat animals with minor problems isn’t the same thing.”

Other cows and sheep nodded in agreement.

Arnold looked embarrassed so Mo changed the topic. “Where are we?” he asked. “It seems like we stepped back in time,” added Finchy.

The cows, sheep, and goats laughed. They each took turns explaining to their new friends about where they were and a group of people who lived in England a long time ago called the Pilgrims.

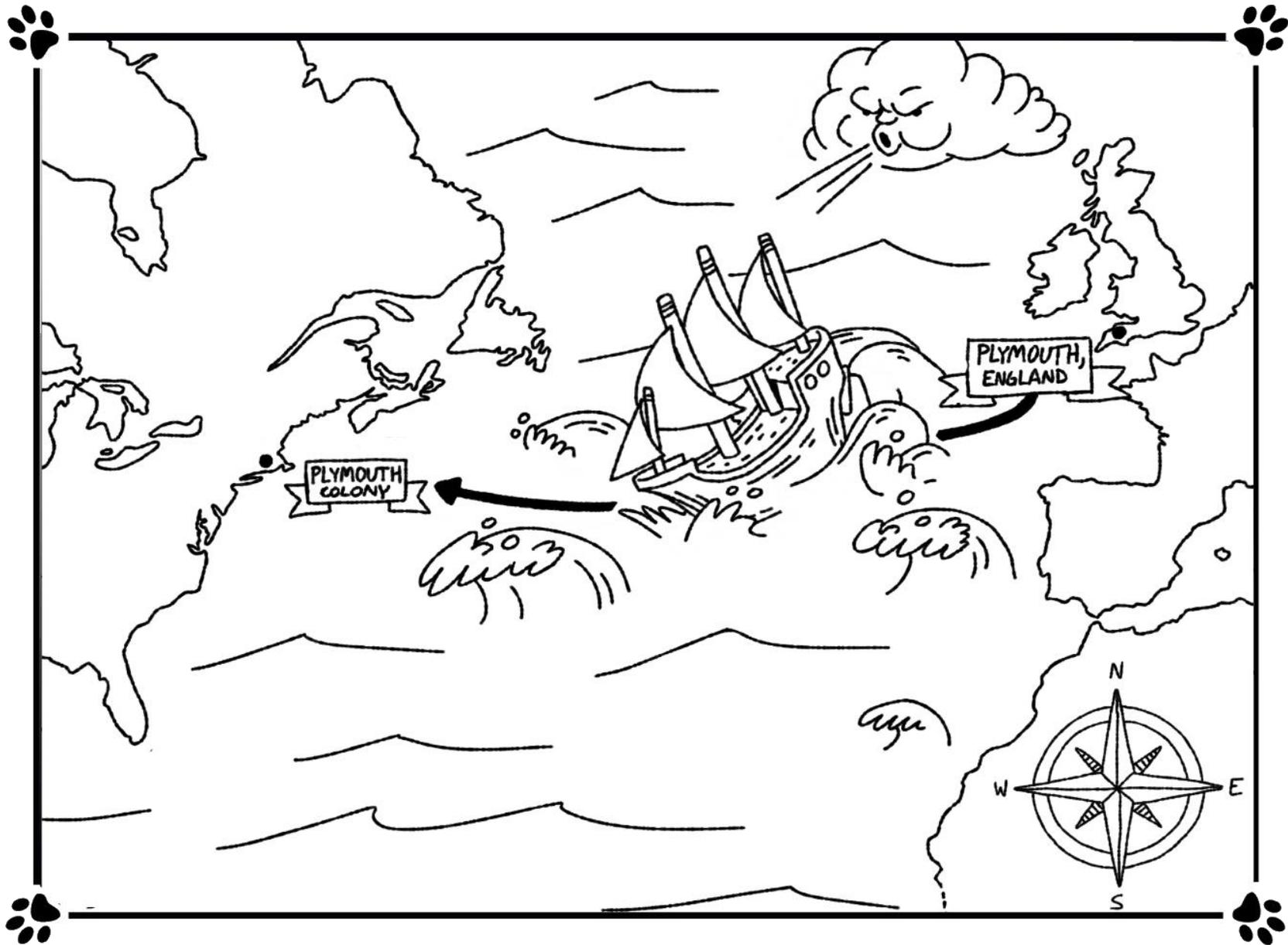
Mo and Finchy learned that in 1620, the Pilgrims set sail from England on a big ship

called the Mayflower. One hundred two very brave men, women, and children traveled across the Atlantic ocean for sixty-six days. The ocean's waves were giant. The ship rocked back and forth, side to side. They didn't have much to eat or drink. No other ship was in sight.

Annette continued: "The Pilgrims hoped to start a new life in a place called the New World, which is now the country we live in – the United States of America or USA. They arrived in Plymouth, where we're standing now, but found that people were already living here. They were Native American Indians who taught the Pilgrims how to hunt, fish, and grow vegetables. The Pilgrims were grateful for their help and kindness. So the following year, after a good harvest, the Pilgrims invited their new friends to a giant feast, which was this country's first Thanksgiving."

Mo was impressed. *I don't know if I could live on a ship for that many days. I would probably get seasick.*

"So they lived in small wooden houses like those?" asked Finchy, pointing to the houses in the village.



“Uh-huh,” said Annette. “People come here from all over to see how the Pilgrims lived. The Pilgrims weren’t lazy. They had to work very hard every day at gardening, building, and cooking.”

“Sounds like the Pilgrims and Native Americans learned from each other and shared everything they had – even chocolate chip cookies,” said Finchy as he turned toward Mo.

Mo’s white furry face turned bright red. The animals didn’t respond, knowing that Finchy’s comment was aimed at Mo. Besides, they had never seen or tasted a chocolate chip cookie.

Now that story time was over, Annette and the other animals wandered farther into the field. Some took a nap. Others relaxed, munching on grass and flowers.

But Arnold stayed behind.

“So you want to be a medical doctor for animals?” asked Finchy. “Why don’t you go to school? There’s got to be plenty around. Since you’ve watched other doctors treat animals, seems like you have a head start. There’s no way I could ever be a doctor.

Hate the sight of blood. Always pass out. It's so embarrassing. My aunt's that way. So is my second cousin on my father's side of the family. And my . . ."

"I think what my friend is trying to say," interrupted Mo, "is that you have the interest and the opportunity. So what's stopping you? I'm sure your community could use another veterinarian."

"Well, uh, I never told anyone this before," said Arnold while staring at the ground. He waited a few seconds before continuing.

"It's just that . . . I'm afraid . . . afraid that I'll fail," he said in a very low voice. "I don't know if I'm smart enough."

Mo and Finchy looked at each other, wondering how they could help him feel more confident or certain of his abilities.

Finchy had an idea.

"You think it's easy to fly?" he asked. "No siree . . . I tried over and over again. My parents even threw me out of our family's nest – twice. But I kept at it, flapping my wings over and over. It took a while but now I'm an expert at flying."

Arnold still wasn't convinced.

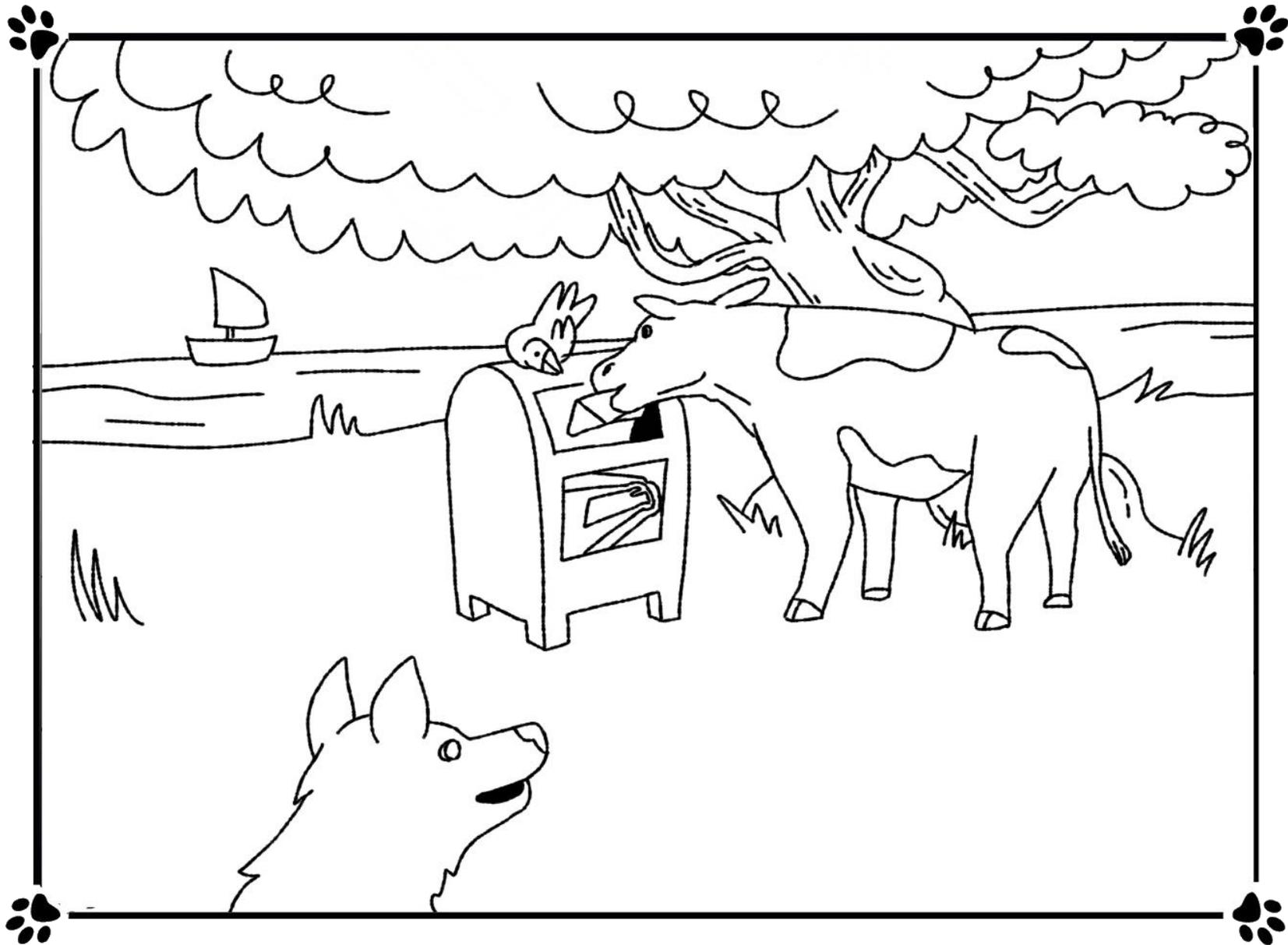
“Look at it this way,” said Mo. “You and your friends told us a magnificent story about the Pilgrims. They went on a big ship across rough ocean, not knowing what they would find, who they would meet, or if they'd get lost and never see land again. I'll bet they were scared, even terrified. Still, they went. They probably failed at lots of things. But they learned. They worked hard. And they made it.”

“Do you really think I'm smart enough?” asked Arnold.

Finchy nodded. “The only way you'll fail is if you don't try your best.”

The rest of the afternoon, Mo and Finchy helped Arnold fill out his application to a veterinarian school. Then Mo and Finchy watched him drop it in a nearby mailbox.

Before saying goodbye, they thanked Arnold and asked him to thank everyone else for the great history lesson.



“Ya know,” said Mo. “I should have asked Arnold to check my stomach. It still hurts. I’ll bet he could have told me what was wrong and what to do.”

“You don’t need a doctor for that,” said Finchy. “I’ll tell you what’s wrong. You ate too many chocolate chip cookies. And here’s the cure: next time, share!”