



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 6

By Carol Patton

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Elvis and the Wizard

Mo just froze. He had never seen anything so large and so scary in his entire life.

The skeleton towered over Mo. It measured thirty-three feet long from its skull to the tip of its long tail. Its mouth was so big that Mo could easily fit inside. And its teeth. Oh, its huge, sharp teeth. Mo shuddered when thinking about all those poor animals that ended up as its dinner.

“Its name is Elvis,” said Finchy. “Says here he’s seventy-seven million years old. He’s a b-r-a-c-h-i-y-o-p-h-o-s-a-u-r-u-s. Finchy carefully sounded out each letter.

“Hello.”

Mo and Finchy looked around the dimly lit room to see who was speaking. The voice was so loud that the walls seemed to vibrate.



Moments later, the same voice said, “What’s the matter? Haven’t you ever talked to a dinosaur before?”

Mo raced to the opposite side of the room and hid in a corner. Finchy flew close behind.

“You know my name but I don’t know yours,” said Elvis. “Who are you? Why are you here?”

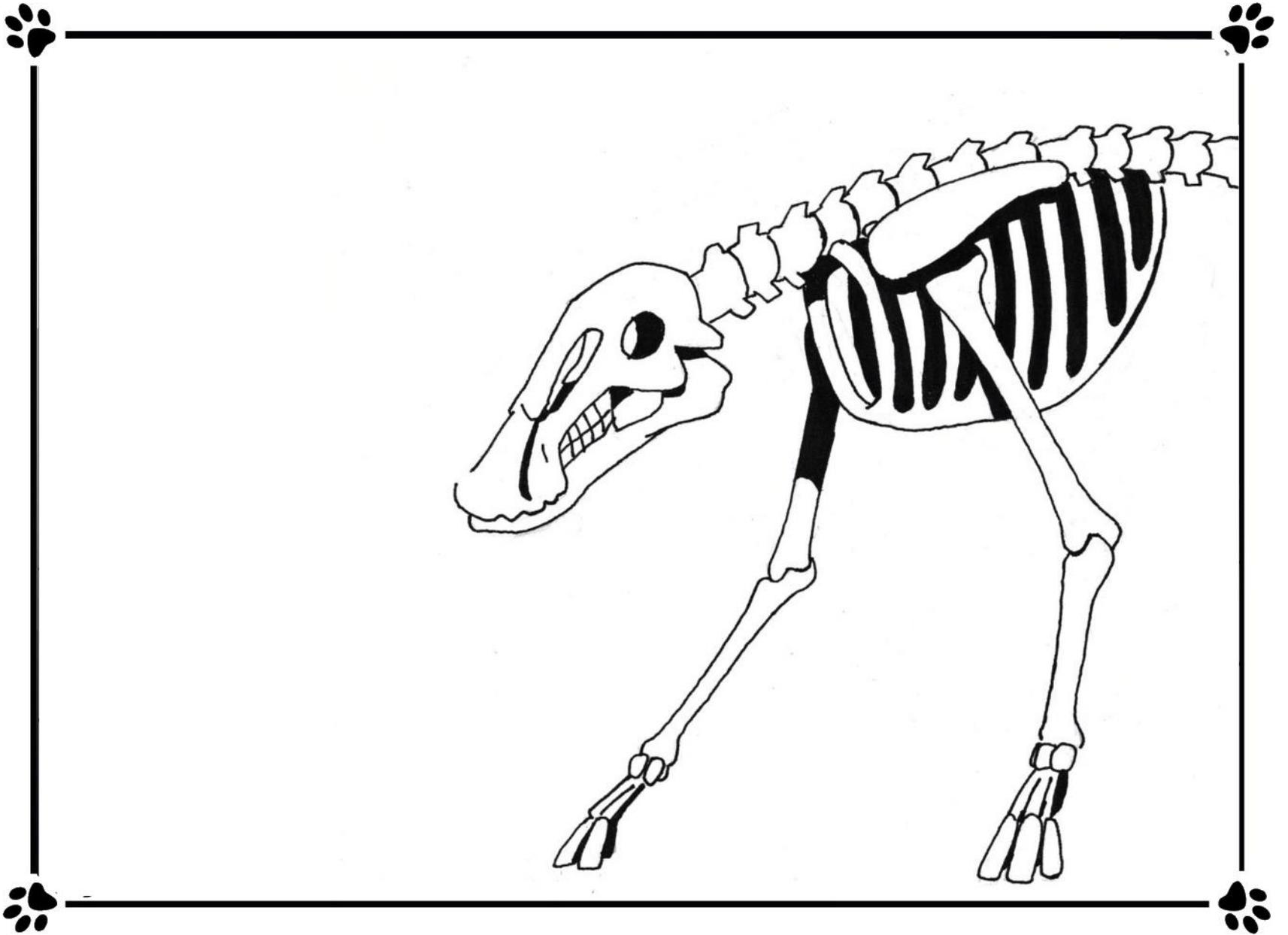
Mo and Finchy looked at each other, trembling.

“Don’t be afraid,” said Elvis. “I won’t eat you. I’ve already had my supper.”

“M-m-m-y . . . m-m-m-y . . . my . . . my name is Mo,” stammered Mo. “And this is my f-f-friend Finchy.”

Finchy fluttered his wings, trying to show that he was bigger than his actual size.

“We didn’t mean . . . we’re sorry . . . I mean for bothering you,” stuttered Mo.



“Do you normally enter other animals’ houses without being invited?” Elvis let out a thundering roar. Finchy swore that his huge tail had swayed back and forth.

Mo and Finchy wanted to escape but they couldn’t move. They could barely breathe. They were trapped by their own fear.

“So what do you want?” demanded Elvis.

Mo and Finchy remained silent.

“Come closer so I can see you,” said Elvis. “Now!”

Mo crawled on his belly with Finchy on his tail, clinging to Mo’s fur with his tiny claws. Mo shifted his eyes from the right to the left, desperately searching for a way out.

As Mo stretched his front left paw to move another inch forward, he noticed a door off to the right. Light was shining underneath the door.

I don’t care who’s in there. I don’t care if we get caught. Anything is better than being eaten alive by that monster.

Mo slowly moved toward the door, pushing it open.

Inside the room were several cats sitting around a microphone and computer. Empty bags of popcorn were scattered around the room.

“Hurry up!” shouted a black cat into the microphone. “Can’t wait all night. I just want to get a small taste of you.”

Mo snuck up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. The cat shrieked and jumped high in the air, landing on top of a tall bookshelf in the room.

Mo and Finchy laughed. “Look who’s scared now!” shouted Mo.

“We were just having a little fun,” mumbled the black cat.

“It was just a teensy, weensy, little prank,” said another.

“Prank?” said Finchy. “Scaring us was fun? What did we ever do to you?”

The black cat jumped off the bookshelf, landing in front of Mo. He stared at Finchy, licking his lips. *Oh shoot, I forgot. It’s very rude to eat your guests.*



The cat shifted his gaze toward Mo. “Please don’t be mad,” he said. He introduced himself as PJ and the other cats in the room as Bo, Amanda, and Barkley.

“See, every Tuesday is movie night,” continued PJ. “Tonight we watched *The Wizard of Oz*. Then you walked into the room. We saw the mic and, well . . . we thought it would be fun to play the Wizard.”

“What’s *The Wizard of Oz*?” asked Mo.

The cats looked at each other in disbelief.

“Only the best movie ever made,” said Bo. The other cats nodded their heads in agreement.

For the next few minutes, the cats talked about the movie, how scary the witch was, how Toto was the smartest of the bunch – even though he was a dog, not a cat – and how they all liked movies with happy endings.

“Why don’t you come back next Tuesday night?” asked Bo. “There’ll be plenty of popcorn and other things to eat.” He stared at Finchy.

“Thank you,” said Mo, ever so politely, “but we don’t know where we’ll be next week.”

PJ explained that the cats meet here, at the Phillips County Museum, every Tuesday night. They all come from different places. While he and Amanda lived in Blaine County, which is west of the museum, Bo and Barkley travel farther. They lived in Treasure County, which is south of the museum.

“Where did Elvis come from?” asked Finchy, frantically trying to change the subject.

He would never return no matter how much free popcorn they served. He had no intention of being an entree on the menu.

They all stepped out of the room and walked toward Elvis. The cats told them all about dinosaurs. They explained how archeologists discovered many dinosaur skeletons, bones, skulls, and eggs along a dinosaur trail. One of the bones in the museum weighed seven hundred pounds!

“Dinosaurs roamed this area millions of years ago,” Amanda said. “They were wiped out by a huge asteroid that hit the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico.”

“I think a bunch of volcanoes erupted,” added Barkley. “That made the whole planet hot–burning hot – too hot to live.”

Mo couldn’t take his eyes off Elvis. The things he was learning about America! Would anyone believe him when he returned home from his long journey?

It was almost sunrise, time for Finchy and Mo to return to the delivery truck that brought them here. Finchy couldn’t wait to leave, thinking he could easily be the cats’ next meal.

Mo climbed the ladder on the side of the truck. When he reached the rooftop, he laid on his side and closed his eyes. Finchy snuggled next to him.

“Do you think a dinosaur and a bird could ever be friends?” he asked Mo.

“Hmmm,” said Mo. “Don’t really know. But you’ve got a much better chance of that happening than ever being friends with a cat.”