



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 14

By Carol Patton

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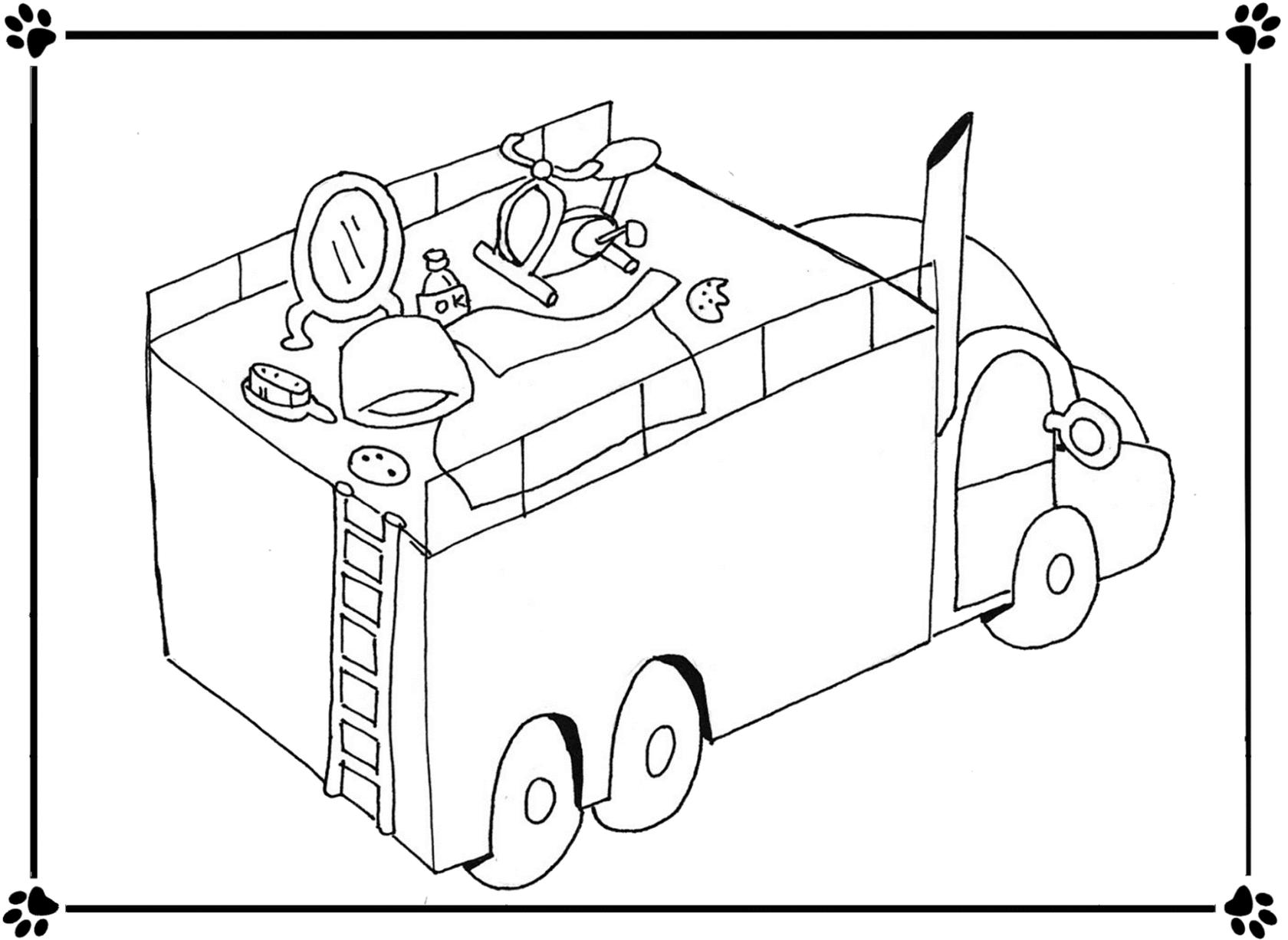
Enchanted Highway

“Are those real?” asked Finchy, pointing to the biggest flock of geese he had ever seen.

Mo couldn't take his eyes off the birds. The ten geese formed a circle high in the sky but were perfectly still.

By now, Mo and Finchy considered the top of the delivery truck their home. Mo had stored a blanket on the roof to keep himself warm at night along with a pillow, an exercise bike, a few snacks, and a brush and mirror, just in case.

This morning, while traveling along Interstate 94 West, another truck driver was following them. Both trucks then veered off exit 72, traveling south on a county highway between Gladstone and Regent.



The truck drivers pulled off the road to stretch their legs. Finchy flew near them to hear what they were saying. Maybe they could explain why the giant geese seemed frozen in the air.

“Look at the size of this thing,” said one truck driver to the other. “It must be at least ten stories high.”

“It’s actually eleven stories or one hundred and ten feet high,” said a strange voice.

Finchy turned around. Another bird was standing behind him.

“Bet you’ve never seen anything like this before,” said the sparrow, who then introduced himself as Clyde.

Finchy nodded his head in agreement. “What is it?”

“It’s a metal sculpture called, Geese In Flight,” he said. “It may be the biggest outdoor sculpture in the whole wide world. There are more giant sculptures further down this road that’s called the Enchanted Highway.”

“What are the sculptures for?” asked Finchy.

“To admire,” said Clyde. “Don’t you know anything about art?”

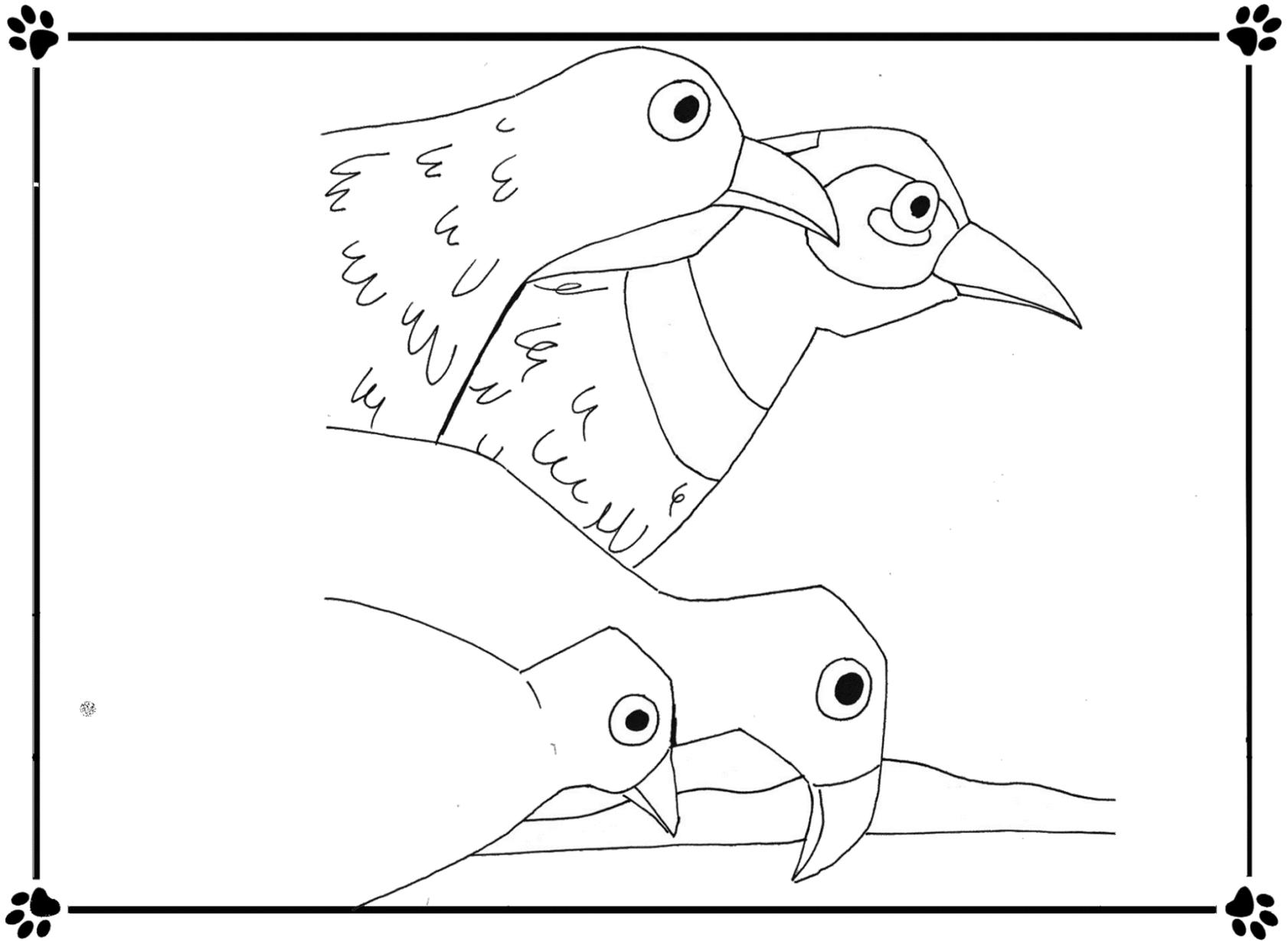
Finchy ignored his snobbish remark and poked one of the metal birds with his beak. No reaction. So he flew to two more birds and poked them. Neither one moved or made a sound. Clyde was right. None of the birds were real.

“Told ya,” said Clyde who had flown after him. “People from all over the country come to see these magnificent sculptures.”

Finchy introduced Clyde to Mo who was riding his exercise bike. Clyde told them that a retired teacher who also was a metal sculptor created the art pieces many years ago. He was hoping they would attract more people to visit or live in Regent, his hometown, which was at the other end of the highway.

During the next hour, they drove past six more gigantic sculptures of deer, scary-looking grasshoppers, fish, pheasants hunting for food, Teddy Roosevelt – this country’s twenty-sixth president – and lastly, the Tin Family – a mother, father, and their son with a propeller on his head.

“The artist is really making the world a better place to live,” said Clyde.



“How so?” asked Mo.

“He made these statutes from scrap metal that he got from local farmers,” Clyde explained. “Instead of the farmers throwing the metal in the garbage where it would sit on a gigantic junk pile somewhere, it was put to good use. Everybody enjoys looking at his art. It even put a smile on your face.”

Clyde said goodbye and flew back to his friends who had gathered on top of one of the giant pheasants, arguing over which one caught the biggest worm.

Mo and Finchy began wondering how they were making the world a better place.

“Can you draw or paint?” asked Finchy.

“Not really,” said Mo. “Can you teach?”

Finchy shook his head back and forth. After several minutes, they realized that neither of them could cook, manage, write, dance, analyze, fix, build, or cure anything.

They sat there with their heads hanging low. The signs along the highway became

one giant blur.

Then Mo looked at Finchy with a smile on his face that was almost as big as the sculptures.

“I know what we’re good at,” he said to Finchy. “We’re nice and like to help others. We left our family and friends to return this key and keychain to the person who lost it.”

Finchy perked up. “That’s right!” he said. “We are nice. And we share. We’re honest. We’re friendly. We learn. We listen. Well, at least most of the time. And besides, we’re adorable.”

Mo laughed. “I don’t think that counts.”

“Of course it does,” Finchy said. “How many times do people smile at us because we’re simply adorable?”

“People wouldn’t think we were so adorable if we weren’t so nice,” said Mo.