



The Adventures of **Mo**

Chapter 20

By Carol Patton

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“You Ain’t Nothing But a Hound Dog”

Is that a real pyramid?” whispered Mo to Finchy. “I didn’t think pyramids had any glass windows. And look at the huge lake behind it.”

Mo and Finchy had been riding on top of the delivery truck for almost thirteen hours, crossing four different states—Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and another one they couldn’t remember. They traveled almost in a straight line on Interstate 80 East. They drove by many cities like Des Moines and Chicago and ended up in a place called Cleveland.

They snuck inside the tall, triangle-shaped building by walking among dozens of people who seemed very excited and didn’t pay any attention to Mo or Finchy. Not even the man collecting tickets noticed them.

Once inside, Mo was speechless. Finchy had never seen his tail wag so fast, except when he fell in love with Maggie.

Finchy glanced around the crowded room. Almost everything was behind glass. There were lots of T-Shirts. Tons of guitars. Handwritten words on paper. There was even a man's glove that sparkled. He wondered if it was spun from gold.

Finchy then noticed an enormous hot dog and fries by the escalator. He flew over to grab a bite or two. But after poking the hot dog and fries with his beak several times, he discovered they weren't real.

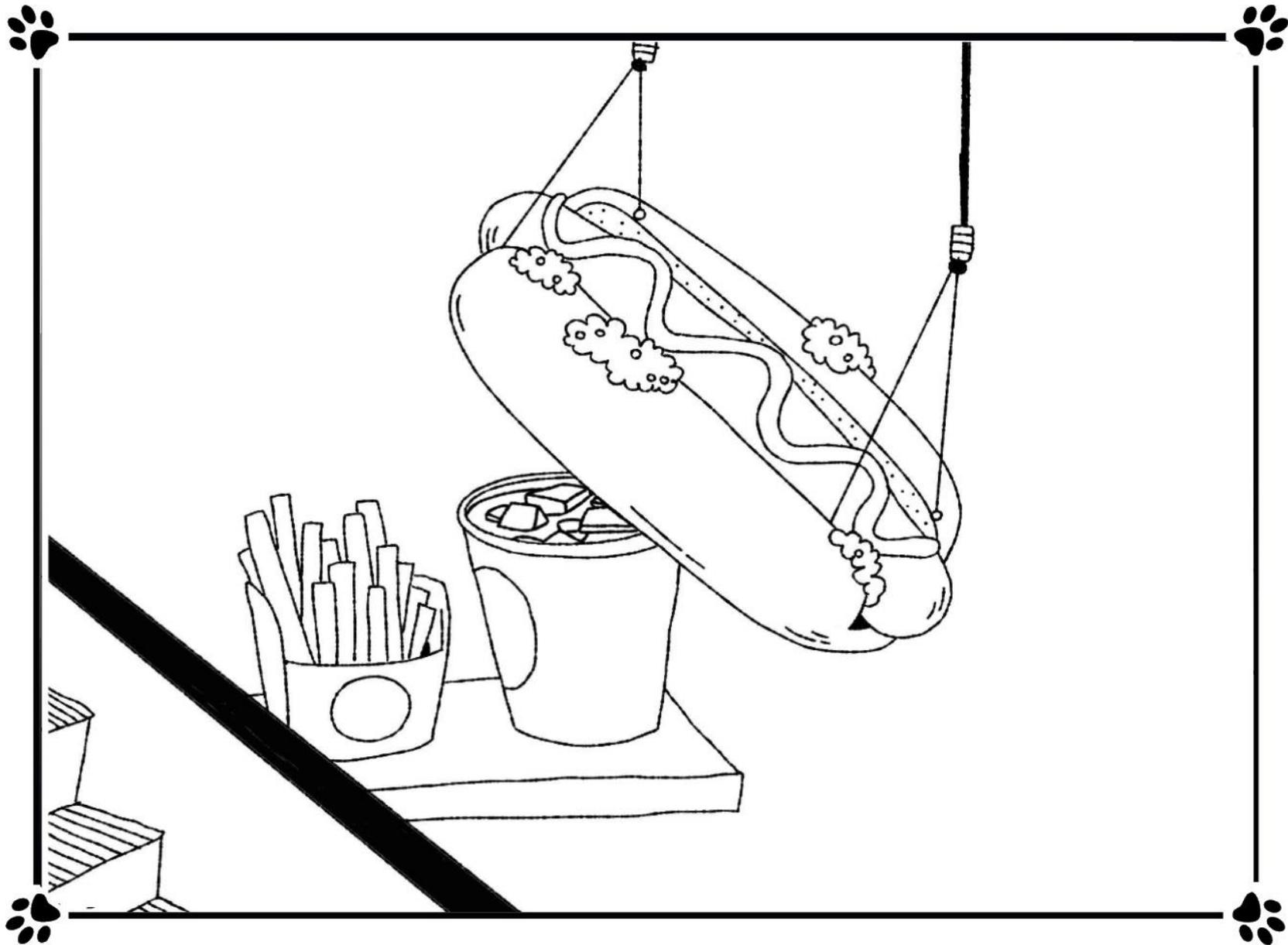
Humans are so strange. Why make a gigantic hot dog with the perfect amount of mustard on it and fries that no one can eat? What a waste!

Finchy flew back to Mo to tell him about the hot dog, but Mo wasn't listening. Finchy poked him in the ribs with his beak.

“Ouch!” shouted Mo. “What did you do that for?”

“What's wrong with you,” asked Finchy. “I was trying to tell you something important.”

“Do you have any idea how amazing this place is?” he asked Finchy. “All of this stuff was owned by famous musicians.”



Mo rattled off a long list of popular singers and bands. Finchy gave him a blank stare.

“What!” shouted Mo in disbelief. “You never heard of any of these performers?”

“Well, have you ever heard of Tilly and Bobo?” asked Finchy. “They sing duets all over the country. Very famous birds. Their voices are so beautiful together that there’s no need for drums, pianos, or guitars, which are nothing but noisemakers.”

Mo wondered how he could convince Finchy to at least listen to rock and roll.

They both noticed a long line of people walking through a set of double doors who were singing loudly and off key.

Mo and Finchy followed them into the small theater that had rows and rows of red seats. On the stage were some of the noisemakers that Finchy mentioned – an electric piano, several guitars, drums, and other musical instruments.

Mo wanted to perform for this crowd, but especially for Finchy. This was the best way to expose him to rock and roll.

But how can I get on stage without anyone realizing I’m a dog, although a very talented

dog?

Mo and Finchy hatched a plan. They searched the empty seats and found a pair of sunglasses, cap, and T-Shirt that just happened to be Mo's size. After putting everything on, Mo did some yoga to stay focused and then walked onstage. Suddenly, everyone in the room stopped talking and focused their eyes on him.

Mo jumped up on the piano bench, turned up the volume on the piano and began singing "Hound Dog," one of his favorite old tunes by Elvis, who was called the King of rock and roll.

"You ain't nothin' but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine."

People began jumping out of their seats, singing along and dancing. Finchy couldn't believe what he was hearing or seeing. Since when could Mo sing and play the piano?



Mo sang one more song, took a bow, and ran off the stage with everyone in the room clapping and screaming with joy. Two men with guitars then walked onto the stage, thinking people were cheering for them.

Finchy flew high into the air, followed Mo out the main door, and caught up with him near the huge red letters in front of the building that spelled, “Long Live Rock”.

“That was thrilling, so exciting, so much fun, so much...”

Finchy interrupted Mo.

“You never told me you were a musical performer,” he said.

“You never asked,” replied Mo. “Back home, I performed for all of the animals in the forest. Even polar bears that mostly lived alone came to watch me.”

Finchy didn’t say a word. For one of the few times in his life, he was quiet.

But his silence only lasted a few seconds.

“Ya know, Mo, since we’re traveling all around the country, you could perform

everywhere we go,” said Finchy. “I could be your agent. We could be famous. Do you think I can get a hat and sunglasses small enough to fit me? I want to look cool. Very cool.”

Mo removed his cap and placed it on top of Finchy, which covered his entire body, and then climbed up the ladder on the side of the delivery truck.

“Very funny,” shouted Finchy. “C’mon, Mo. Help me get out of this. Mo . . . Mo . . . are you there?”