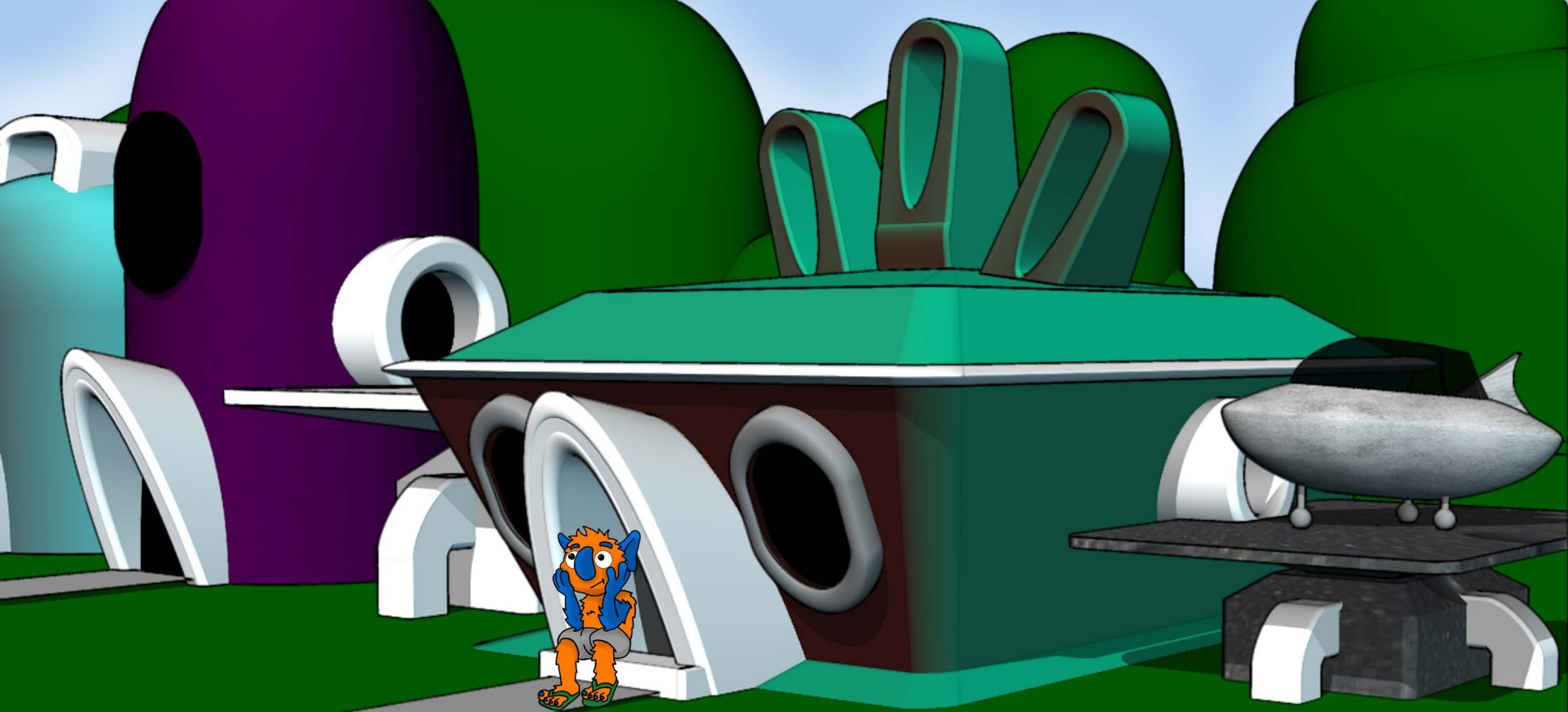




written by Thelma

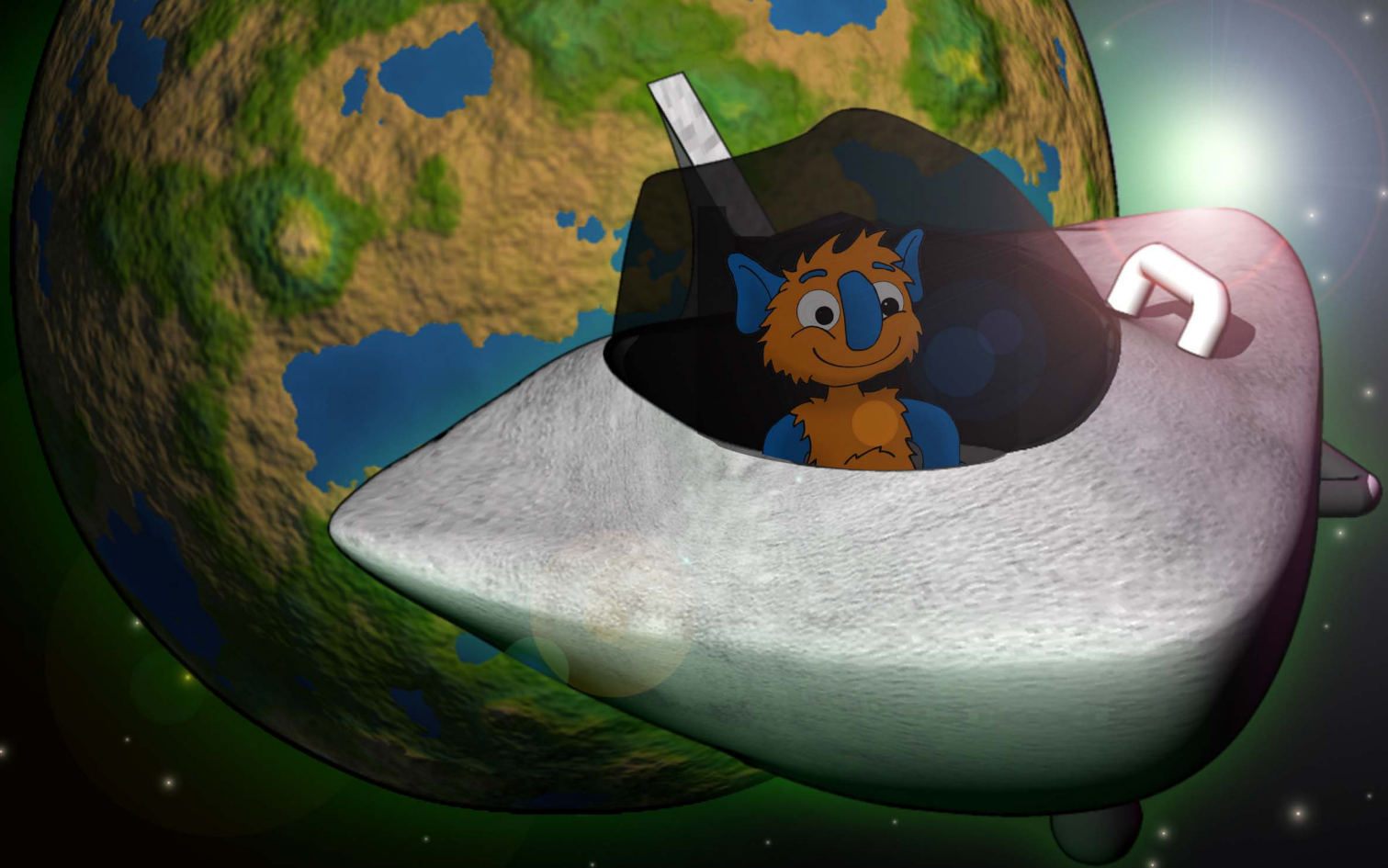
illustrated by Josh Hartley



Mo, of the planet Floopar, had everything he needed. Everything that is except for a pet. For there were no pets on Floopar.

That's why when he heard there
were plenty of pets on Earth,
he headed for his space
ship right away.





MO quickly set a course for earth. He was on his way; and was filled with excitement.



Mo flipped his invisible switch and glided his now invisible spacecraft down in between a row of apartment houses and parked behind a dumpster. He popped the hatch and slipped out for his first earth encounter.

In front of the first apartment house he saw a boy sitting on the steps that led up to the entrance. He had a cardboard box sitting in front of him, and the box was wiggling. A sign on the box said "Free!"



Hi! My name's Mo from the planet Floopar," he began. "What's your name?"

"I'm Brandon", said the boy. Then he heaved a big sigh.

"Something wrong?" asked Mo.

"We have to move," said Brandon. He paused as if trying to compose himself.

"And they won't let me take my dog Metro with me," he continued.



Mo could tell Brandon was trying very hard not to cry.
His own heart had begun to thump. The cardboard
box began to thump in rhythm..

"His name is Metronome because of his tail.
Metro for short."

"Your dog?" Mo looked at the sign on the box.

"And you're giving him away free?"

"Only to a good home," said Brandon.





"I'll give him a good home, promise,"
said Mo raising his fluffy hand.

"You've got to give him good food
to eat, and plenty of room to move
around, and you've got to play with him
every day."

"Oh I will, I will!" promised Mo.

"Okay, but you've got to come back
and tell me in three days how
Metro is doing."

"I will," said Mo.

"You'll see. Metro will be just fine."

Mo couldn't believe his luck. Brandon said a last
tearful goodbye to Metro. Then Mo picked up the
wiggling box and headed for the spaceship.

"Let's see. First good food to eat."

Mo pulled out his lunch sack and offered Metro one of
his choice dinglesnarks. Metro sniffed, looked up at
Mo and licked his hand.

"Hmmm, said Mo. Don't like dinglesnarks, eh?"



Well, let's try the spaceship to see if we have plenty of room."
Mo put Metro into the spaceship but his head was
bent to the side and he didn't even have room to thump his tail.
"Well, at least let's find a place to play."



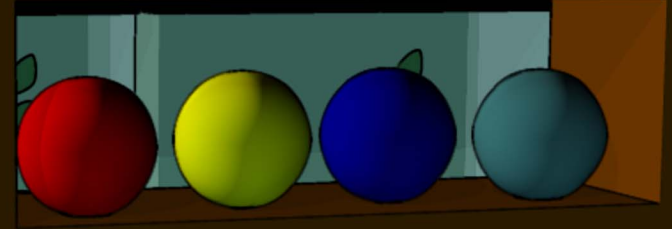
Mo found a park with plenty of green grass. He played and wrestled and loved Metro until they both were panting. He laid back on the grass and stared at Metro. A shadow crossed them both.





"Can't you read the sign?" said a husky policeman, "No dogs, except on leash."
"Where can I get a leash?" asked Mo.
"Why, I don't know," said the policeman, "Ask at any pet store. And get that dog something to eat. He looks pretty hungry, can't you see?"
Mo opened his mouth to ask but the policeman interrupted him. "At the pet store!"

The pet store was a wonderful place! Metro sniffed at everything. Mo got a cart and began adding dog food, a leash, several toys and even some dog biscuits.



Mo felt great until he got to the checkout line.

"That will be \$27.82" said the clerk.

"What is that in Floopeckles?" asked Mo.

Floopeckles are Floopars money.

"We don't take floosickles or floopbuckles or whatever you call them," said the clerk with a huff.

"We only take dollars."

"But I only have Floopeckels," said Mo.

"Sorry," said the clerk. "No deal."





They left the food, leash, toys and dog biscuits with the clerk. Metro began to whine and gazed at Mo with a desperate look. Mo realized that he had too much love for Metro to try to keep him without enough food and enough room. He had to find Metro another home. A good one. He couldn't disappoint Brandon.

Metro whined. As he walked he saw a place with a wonderful green lawn surrounded by a fence. Inside were lots of older people sitting on chairs, walking with canes and milling about. One of them spied Metro in Mo's arms.

"Hey, there fuzzy!" the old lady cried out, "Is that a dog you have there?"

"His name is Metro," said Mo. "And I'm looking for a home for him."



"Metro?"

"Short for Metronome," said Mo. "Because of his tail," which was thumping hard.

"My name is Maizy," said the old woman. "I used to be a piano teacher. Now I live in this retirement home," she said. "Hmmm, Metronome. I like that." All of the other older people began to gather around and pet Metro, too.

"Are you looking for a pet?" asked Mo.



The retirement home manager said it was okay, so Mo delivered Metro to Maizy. She had finagled some food from the cook and Metro quickly licked it up. "One more thing," said Mo before he left. "There's a boy named Brandon who lives nearby. I think he would love to visit his friend Metro. Would that be okay?" "Of course," said Maizy. "Anytime!"



Brandon was thrilled when Mo told him. Mo waved at him as Brandon hurried away to the retirement home to see Metro.



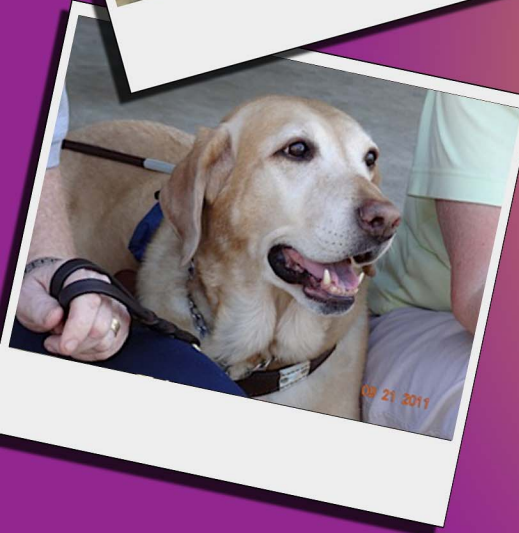
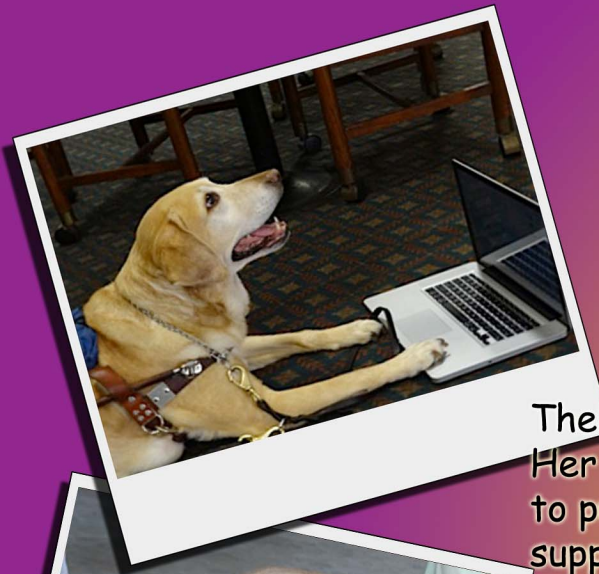
Mo felt like he had done something very special. As he walked back to his spaceship, he noticed a little girl with a cardboard box. It said "Free" on the outside. "Dog?" asked Mo. "My kitty," said the little girl.



Mo smiled. He knew what
to do. and so Mo began
what would turn out to be
his true mission on Earth.....
Finding homes for pets.



Now you write the next adventure.
Looking forward to hearing from you.



Thelma is a Guide Dog, who has a personality and purpose filled with passion. Her Master, Roy Ramsey, who is partially blind, has given Thelma permission to pursue another good service, which is to raise funds for the blind and support Guide Dogs. Thelma with help from a few of her human friends started her own website. She wants to enlist pets across the world to become her friends. In addition, she wants stories you can share about your pets; enjoy reading her blogs and listening to her theme song, "For The Love Of My Pet". Her real motive though is to have you to help your pet write her next adventure story. If she likes your story, your pet will become the co-author and you can become the ghost writer. We hope you enjoy the website; Thelma's first adventure story and maybe your pet will become the next author for our continuing adventure series. Thelma thanks you for being a part of her life. She believes you make more dreams possible for the blind and Guide Dogs. Thanks.