



From Elevator Family Sets Sail:

In one stall, coconuts were stacked high under a sign that read:
COCO'S COCONUTS

Out front, a man in his twenties was carving the face of a monkey on a coconut shell. Hanging on the wall behind him were other husked shells, each displaying a different face— jungle cats, farm animals, U.S. presidents, and movie stars.

“Greeting, sir,” Walter said to the man. “You’re an excellent carver.”

The man looked up. “Thank you,” he said. “Aren’t you the Elevator Family that’s been in the news all day.”

“Indeed we are,” Walter said. “And you must be Coco.”

“I am. Coconuts are my business. I don’t just carve them. I sell coconut butter, coconut milk, coconut skim cream, and I sell whole coconuts for mailing.”

“Mailing?” said Winona. “What do you mean.”

Coco held up a coconut still in its husk. “You just write an address and attach stamps on one side, and the U.S. Postal Service will deliver it anywhere in the country.”