

Zun Zun Story By Alberto Almaguer

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Zun Zun is the term for spanish for hummingbird, they are beautiful bird in the spiritual world To some, sighting a hummingbird signals that challenging times are over and healing can begin. To others, these tiny fliers are an inspiring sign of hope and good luck. Hummingbirds also can have a spiritual significance mean the spirit of a loved one is near.

Zoe and Marcos were two 8 year old children walking around their neighborhood during the summer vacation , it was a very normal day so they never imagined the turn their life was about to

take that very afternoon.

Zoe was the most curious little girl you could meet, she was very beautiful with long blondish hair and little freckles that made her light brown eyes pop, she was always playing and going into any intrepid adventures with Marcos and the boys. Her mom worked long hours so she always stayed and Marcos`s house during the summer since Marcos's grandmother was raising him and she was always home. On the other hand Marcos was small for his age, big teeth curly reddish hair a very insecure and timid little boy always trying to fit but yet always feeling like an outsider, Zoe was one of the few friends that he could be himself around and felt safe and secure to do so. Marcos always had the thought that if his grandmother was not watching her during the day they

would never be friends but he just enjoyed her company and tried not to think about that.

That hot and dry summer afternoon it was just the 2 of them walking around the buildings kicking rocks around looking for something to do when they came across this big pine tree and Marcos said

MARCOS: hey zoe look a hummingbird !
Is just flying around that branch
To which zoe replied

Zoe : oh wow so pretty they are so good at flying, you know I heard the you cant even hit them with a rock if you tried.

For Marcos this a huge moment, see, for the 1st time he knew something Zoe didn't know, she was always the smart one, she had all the answers but not today he said

to himself am going to impress my best friend today.

Marcos : Hey Zoe I heard the big kids say that if you throw dirt at them you could bring them down and see them closer.

In their little minds they were never capable of understanding what kind of game they were playing , and how big this moment was going to be for them. –hey Zoe keep quiet—Marcos said while picking up dirt very quietly. Marcos and his grandfather went hunting sometimes so he was applying everything his grandfather taught him when they go hunting. He was so proud to applied the new learned knowledge so with skill He positioning himself under the magical bird and swshhhhhh—I hit him!- he yelled excited which was the emotion right before he

noticed Zoes expression , she was not longer the brave intrepid and adventurous girl he knew, no sir, her eyes were a pond of tears that were as still as her breath until finally after a few quiet seconds she whispered while pointing at bird laying lifeless in the ground

Zoe: Marcos I think we killed it .

Marcos looked at the bird and maybe for the 1st time in his short live he felt this pain in his gut it felt heavy, this was his overwhelming feeling of regret and guilt emotions that his mind was to young to understand so he just saw it as sadness and discomfort .

They both ran to check the hummingbirds pulse and yes she was dead they held the bird which weighted almost nothing in

their tiny little hands but yet so heavy and still beautiful they both cried and sobbed until there were no tears left , the afternoon turned quiet and impactful in a second. In the silence they both heard shrieking coming from above them. –Oh noooooo ! - zoe yelled in tears ,

Zoe: she was a mom now they are all going to die

Marcos could not say anything over the tears and sobbing but finally said am so sorry, am so sorry

They cried a little more as walked quietly to a place to bury the mama hummingbird ,no word were needed no words were spoken only strong feelings shared . They found a place in between their buildings and with their little hands opened a tiny

hole in the dirt while tears running down their cheeks to their tiny hands and buried her there with their tears and maybe they said a small prayer.

They never spoke about this event again maybe out of regret or embarrassment but quiet they kept it , maybe if they would have said something to their parents they could have helped the babies get feed until they were strong enough to fly but the memory was to painful to keep alive, to forget they tried .

