

Zun Zun Story By Alberto Almaguer

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Zun Zun is the term for Spanish for hummingbird, they are beautiful birds 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. *they are only types of birds that can sustain long term hovering, and they are acrobatic flyers that can also fly backwards, comprise to the family Trochilidae, among the smallest of birds, with most species measuring in the 3"-5"*

range., the *weight only but a few grams*. Mother hummingbirds are **very attentive to their young, and rarely wander too far from the nest site**. Throughout daylight hours, they are constantly foraging for food to bring their babies a balanced diet of nectar, insects and spiders, *As some of us, Hummingbirds are single mothers since the male provides no care to their offspring in fact after they mate with the female, they simply move on. however , the mothers make do, they stay around their young for up to 3 weeks and sometimes more , they feed their young by regurgitating the food into their mouths until they strong enough so they can fly off the nest and begin their own adventure.*

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 no 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 and buried her there , 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 .

This was only the beginning of their young lifes and dealing with life`s hard decisions and consequences.

As they got older they never talked about

it again and as it happens the grew apart .

Marcos after that had a very strong sense of separation from nature even dogs were too painful to care for, it became a painful memory to love an animal or a plant or any part of nature because he had cause her harm so making seem like there is a disconnection between them made it seem less painful. The inability to forgive himself gave shape to his new life and new environment not showing love and appreciation to any part of nature, including his fellows, since every time he saw a bird flying he would look away and not observe the beauty and the magic as we did before in those hot summer days .

Looking back on those days now I realized those were crucial times and moments that had to happen to create growth and

define our true soul but by choice not by force of nature, we choose to be loving and caring and the very moment we felt guilt and remorse for this innocent but cruel act we realized that's there is more love than hate in us, that we can make mistakes but we can learn to live with them and from them, maybe if we can share our guilt on what we did that day on time enough we could stop the ripples to travel further into the future.

Today Marcos is in love and in tune with nature loves every inhale and exhale during the day, watches the bird fly with joy and the sunset still bring tears to his eyes but tears of joy, today he is quick to forgive and even quicker to ask for forgiveness or help, today he chooses to love.

