

GOLDY LUCK AND THE THREE PANDAS

Vivadi



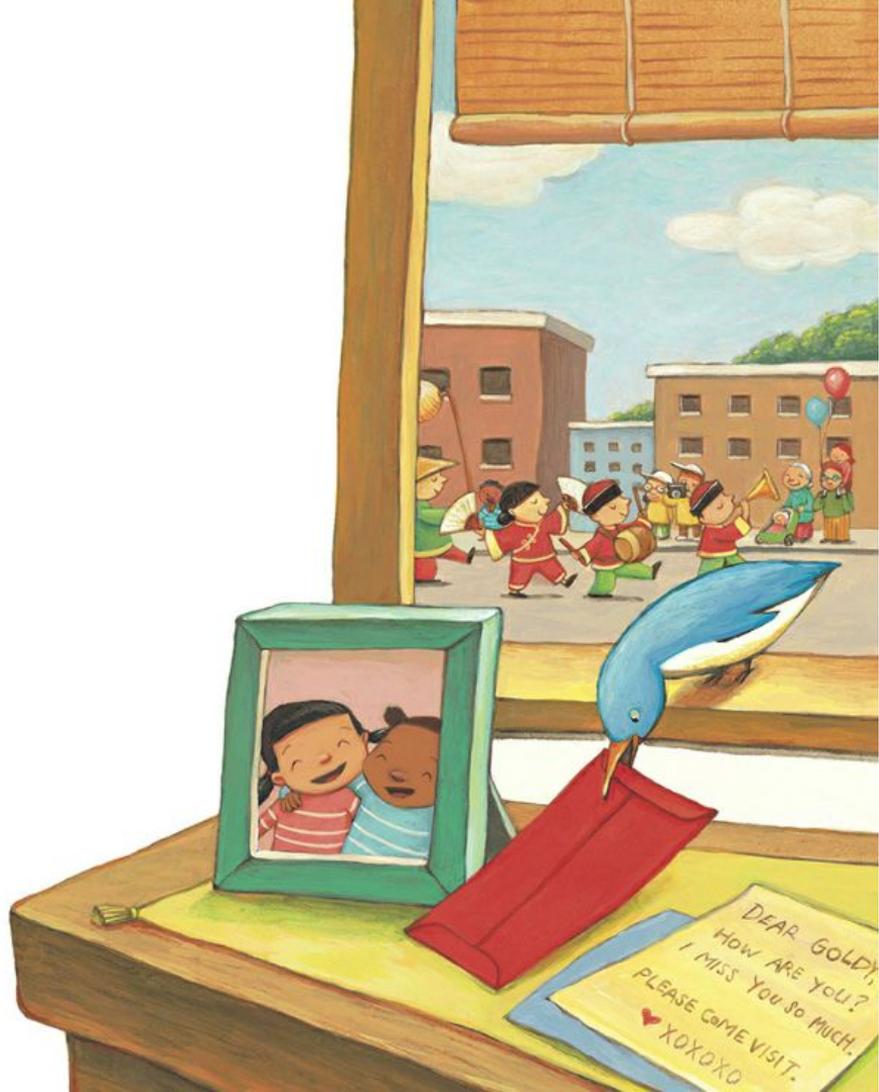
WHEN GOLDY LUCK WAS BORN, HER MOTHER SAID, "YEAR OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON -- VERY LUCKY YEAR. THIS CHILD WILL HAVE GOOD LUCK." "SHE HAS A FACE AS ROUND AS A GOLD COIN." SAID HER FATHER. "THIS CHILD WILL BRING GREAT WEALTH." BUT GOLDY HAD NEITHER GREAT WEALTH NOR GOOD LUCK. IN FACT, SHE COULD NEVER SEEM TO KEEP MONEY IN HER PIGGY BANK, AND SHE HAD A BAD HABIT OF BREAKING THINGS.



ONE CHINESE NEW YEAR, GOLDY'S MOTHER
WOKE HER UP AND SENT HER TO WISH THEIR
NEIGHBOURS *KUNG HEI FAT CHOI*.

“BUT MA MA, I'M STILL SLEEPY, AND I'M SO
HUNGRY.”

MRS. CHAN WOULD ENJOY A VISIT FROM YOU.
TAKE THESE TURNIP CAKES TO SHARE WITH
LITTLE CHAN.”



DEAR GOLDY,
HOW ARE YOU?
I MISS YOU SO MUCH.
PLEASE COME VISIT.
♥ XOXOXO

“HE NEVER SHARES STUFF WITH *ME*”,
MUTTERED GOLDY.

“IT’S THE NEW YEAR,” HER MOTHER WARNED.
“WASH AWAY OLD ARGUMENTS AND BE NICE,
OR YOU’LL HAVE BAD LUCK.”

NOT *MORE* BAD LUCK. LAST YEAR, SHE LOST
THE RED ENVELOPE HER GRANDMOTHER HAD
GIVEN HER. AND HER BEST FRIEND MOVED
AWAY.



SO GOLDY WALKED NEXT DOOR TO THE
CHAN'S APARTMENT. SHE KNOCKED ON THE
DOOR. NO ANSWER. SHE KNOCKED AGAIN.
STILL NO ANSWER.



GOLDY GAVE THE DOOR A LITTLE PUSH. IT SWUNG OPEN, AND SHE TUMBLED IN, DROPPING THE PLATE. TURNIP CAKES CATAPULTED ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

“OH, NO!” GOLDY CRIED. A WHOLE PLATE OF TURNIP CAKES RUINED! THAT WAS BAD LUCK FOR SURE.



SHE WANDERED INTO THE KITCHEN TO FIND A
BROOM. ON THE TABLE WERE THREE
STEAMING BOWLS OF CONGEE-- A CERAMIC
BOWL, A WOODEN BOWL, AND A PLASTIC
BOWL. HER TUMMY GRUMBLED.



SURELY NOBODY WOULD MIND IF SHE HAD ONE LITTLE BITE OF RICE PORRIDGE. SHE SAMPLED THE CONGEE FROM THE CERAMIC BOWL. “UGH! TOO WATERY.” SHE TASTED THE CONGEE FROM THE WOODEN BOWL. “YUCK” TOO THICK AND CLUMPY”. THEN SHE SLURPED SOME CONGEE FROM THE PLASTIC BOWL. “MMM... JUST RIGHT”. BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, SHE HAD EATEN IT ALL UP.



ALL THAT CONGEE MADE GOLDY EVEN SLEEPYER THAN SHE ALREADY WAS. MAYBE SHE COULD JUST REST A BIT AND WAIT FOR THE CHANS. SHE WALKED INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND SAW THREE CHAIRS.



SHE PLUNKED DOWN ON MR. CHAN'S
MASSAGE CHAIR. SOMETHING HARD
STEAMROLLED UP AND DOWN HER BACK.
"OUCH"! SHE CRIED, SPRINGING TO HER FEET.
"TOO ROUGH".



NEXT SHE PLOPPED INTO MRS. CHAN'S
ARMCHAIR AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE
FLUFFLY PILLOWS. SHE FELT LIKE STUFFING IN
A PORK BUN. "OOF," SHE MUMBLED. "TOO
SOFT."



THEN SHE SQUEEZED HERSELF INTO LITTLE
CHAN'S ROCKING CHAIR. "WHEE!" SHE
SHOUTED AS SHE ROCKED BACK AND FORTH.



BUT SHE PUSHED TOO HARD AND THE CHAIR
SOMERSAULTED BACKWARD. IT HIT THE FLOOR
WITH A SPLINTERING **CRASH**. “OH, NO!” GOLDY
EXCLAIMED. “SEVEN YEARS’ BAD LUCK!”
OR WAS THAT A MIRROR?

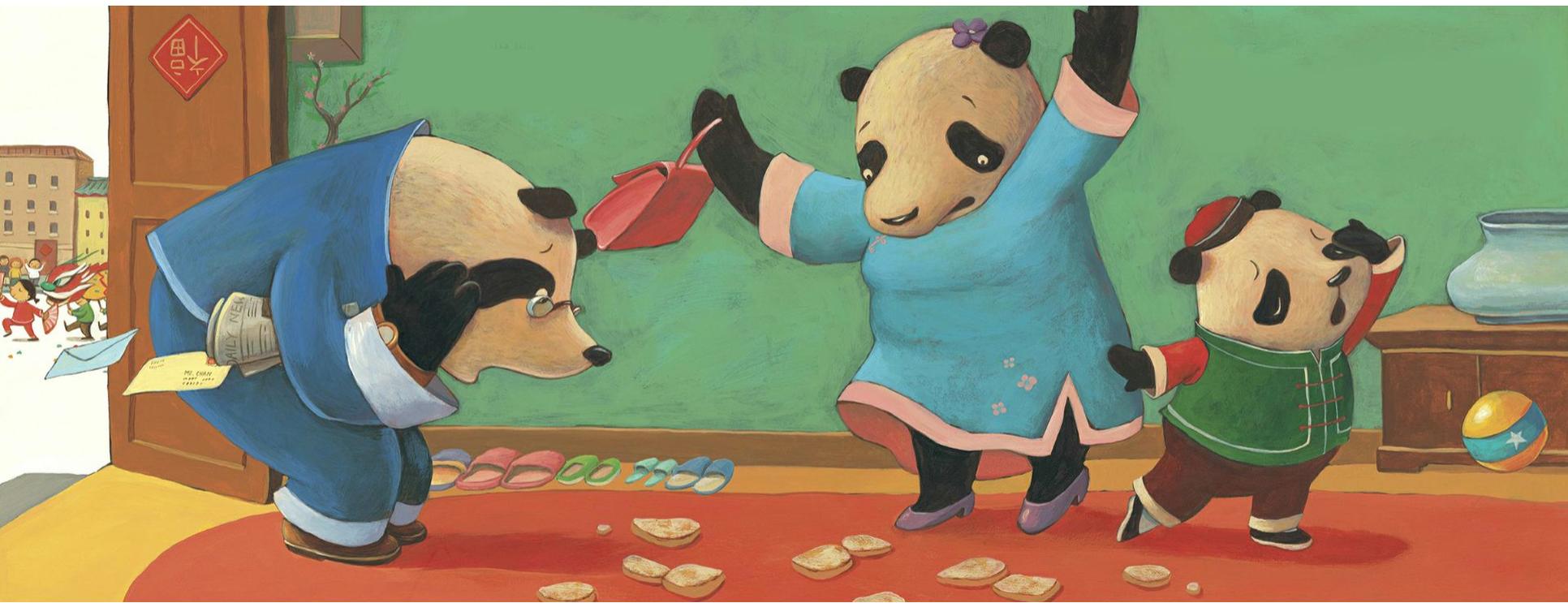


IN EITHER CASE, SHE WAS STILL SO SLEEPY.
SHE AMBLED INTO THE BEDROOM TO FIND A
PLACE TO LIE DOWN. "JUST A FEW MINUTES,"
SHE REASONED.



SHE CLIMBED INTO A KING-SIZE BED. THE MATTRESS FELT AS HARD AS A WEEK-OLD ALMOND COOKIE. “URGH! TOO UNCOMFORTABLE.” NEXT SHE FLOPPED ONTO A QUEEN-SIZE BED. THE ELECTRIC BED BEGAN TO FOLD HER UP LIKE A DUMPLING. “YIKES! TOO SCARY!” SHE CRIED.

THEN SHE LEAPED OFF AND SETTLED DOWN ONTO LITTLE CHAN’S FUTON. “AAAHH, JUST RIGHT,” SHE SIGHED, AND FELL FAST ASLEEP.



THE CHANS FINALLY RETURNED HOME. “WHO DROPPED THESE TURNIP CAKES ALL OVER THE FLOOR?” EXCLAIMED MR. CHAN.

“AND DIDN’T CLEAN THEM UP?” ADDED MRS. CHAN. “A WHOLE PLATE OF TURNIP CAKES RUINED,” GROANED LITTLE CHAN.



THEY HEADED INTO THE KITCHEN. “HEY, WHO’S BEEN EATING MY CONGEE?” DEMANDED MR. CHAN.

“AND WHO’S BEEN EATING *MY* CONGEE?” CRIED MRS. CHAN.

LITTLE CHAN WAILED, “I DON’T HAVE ANY CONGEE. SOMEONE’S EATEN MINE ALL UP!”.



MR. CHAN HEARD A HUMMING IN THE LIVING ROOM. HE WENT TO INVESTIGATE.

“SOMEONE’S TURNED ON MY MASSAGE CHAIR!” HE BELLOWED.

“AND SOMEONE’S RUMPLED THE CUSHIONS ON MY ARMCHAIR!” YELLED MRS. CHAN.

“I DON’T EVEN *HAVE* A CHAIR”! SHOUTED LITTLE CHAN. “IT’S BEEN SMASHED TO PIECES”.



WHEN THE THREE CHANS LOOKED IN THE
BEDROOM, MR. CHAN HOLLERED, "SOMEONE'S
BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED!"

"AND SOMEONE'S BEEN SLEEPING IN *MY* BED!"
SQUEALED MRS. CHAN.

"LOOK", SAID LITTLE CHAN. "IT'S GOLDY LUCK,
SLEEPING ON MY FUTON!".



GOLDY JERKED AWAKE. WHO COULD SLEEP WITH ALL THAT YELLING GOING ON? “MR. CHAN! MRS. CHAN!” SHE CRIED. “I DIDN’T MEAN TO FALL ASLEEP.” IN A FLUSTER, SHE JUMPED OUT OF BED AND DASHED HOME.



HER MOTHER HAD SET OUT CONGEE FOR HER
BREAKFAST. GOLDY WAS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE
A BITE WHEN SHE THOUGHT OF LITTLE CHAN,
WHO DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE RICE PORRIDGE
IN HIS BOWL. "I'M NOT REALLY THAT HUNGRY,"
SHE SAID TO HER MOTHER



SHE WENT TO READ A BOOK IN HER ROCKING CHAIR. AS SHE ROCKED BACK AND FORTH, SHE THOUGHT OF LITTLE CHAN, WHO DIDN'T HAVE A CHAIR TO SIT IN ANYMORE. "I'M STILL SLEEPY. I THINK I'LL GO TO BED," SHE SAID.



GOLDY CLIMBED INTO HER NICELY MADE BED.
SHE THOUGHT OF THE PILLOWS AND
BLANKETS SHE HAD STREWN ABOUT THE
CHANS' BEDROOM.



GOLDY JUMPED UP AND RAN BACK TO THE KITCHEN. SHE GRABBED HER BOWL OF CONGEE AND RUSHED BACK TO THE CHANS' APARTMENT. "I DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK LITTLE CHAN'S ROCKING CHAIR," SHE SAID TO MR. CHAN. "I'LL HELP YOU GLUE IT BACK TOGETHER." "I'LL FIX THE BLANKETS I MESSED UP." SHE SAID TO MRS. CHAN. "AND MAKE THE BEDS".



GOLDY HANDED HER BOWL OF CONGEE TO LITTLE CHAN. "I'M SORRY I ATE ALL YOUR RICE PORRIDGE," SHE SAID, "AND DROPPED ALL THOSE TURNIP CAKES". "THAT'S OK, GOLDY", SAID CHAN SHYLY. "WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO MAKE SOME MORE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP?"



SO GOLDY AND LITTLE CHAN CHOPPED,
STIRRED, AND STEAMED LOTS AND LOTS OF
TURNIP CAKES. THEN THEY FRIED THEM UP
NICE AND CRUNCHY FOR THE NEW YEAR
FEAST.



MRS. CHAN HANDED GOLDY A RED ENVELOPE.
“KUNG HEI FAT CHOI, GOLDY!” SHE SAID. “MAY
THE NEW YEAR BRING YOU GREAT WEALTH
AND GOOD LUCK!” “THANK YOU,” GOLDY SAID.
“BUT I THINK I’VE FOUND SOME GOOD LUCK
ALREADY.”



SHE SMILED AT LITTLE CHAN, AND THE TWO
FRIENDS SAT DOWN TOGETHER TO EAT A
WHOLE PLATE OF TURNIP CAKES.