

Saanvi is nine years old, and her birthday is in July. She likes nature, the outdoors, animals, and drawing.

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## **Goldilocks and The Three Hummingbirds**

**by Saanvi Ganaraju**

In a cottage by the woods lived a little girl named Goldilocks. Goldilocks was a naughty troublemaker. One fine day, Goldilocks was bored out of her mind. Her mom couldn't stand it anymore and left with no resort, she put a stop to it.

"Goldilocks go outside and play! You're wasting a beautiful day staying cooped up," said her mom, in pure fury.

"Ugh. How do I get away from you?" Goldilocks slammed the door, grinning with plan B. She was ready for mischief. Goldilocks went outside, knowing just how to occupy her curious mind. Her boots flew through the trail to the woods.

Meanwhile, in the woods, a family of hummingbirds was about to have their breakfast of berries of all kinds, especially the baby hummingbird's favorite, raspberries. Out of nowhere, Baby Hummingbird reminded his parents they needed to deliver their cousin Janie's mail across the woods because it got sent to the wrong address.

"Might as well finish the job so it's off our shoulders," said Mama Hummingbird to Papa Hummingbird. Papa Hummingbird nodded and led the family out the door.

Goldilocks passed the wide oak tree which opened to the sight of a cottage, unlike hers. It had picture perfect green trim and window lining. Goldilocks tried to open the door. *Click!* The door was open. Goldilocks stepped inside; the cottage was tiny but mighty. In front of Goldilocks were three bowls of berries, which was perfect timing because she hadn't eaten her breakfast. She sat down ready to feast. Goldilocks faced the biggest bowl of berries (Papa Hummingbird's bowl) with a smirk, ready to dig in. She took a bite and couldn't decide how she felt about it.

"YUCK! It's bitter, sour, and tastes like MOLD!!!!" Goldilocks pushed the bowl across the table with a face of disgust. She grabbed the medium sized bowl (Mama Hummingbird's bowl) hoping this one was edible. She took a mouthful and spit it out. "EWWW! It tastes like a mouthful of sugar and the berries are under-ripe. Does no one have good food?" Goldilocks complained, unable to get the taste out of her mouth.

She slowly took the smallest bowl (Baby Hummingbird's bowl) scared of what to expect. She took a bite, and her frown turned upside down. "It's perfect!" Goldilocks shrieked in surprise. The raspberries were the most perfect of all. Goldilocks ate them within one gulp. "I'm stuffed. I can't eat lunch," Goldilocks said. "Let's see what this cottage has in store."

Goldilocks entered a bedroom filled with plants, trees, and birdhouses. She encountered three branches, one big one (for Papa Hummingbird), one medium one (for Mama Hummingbird), and one tiny one with a claw engraved (for Baby Hummingbird).

"Lucky me," Goldilocks said with a grin. "Time to climb!" Goldilocks called herself the climbing master, which is reasonable to anyone who has seen her on the monkey bars. She first



“Berries, here we come!” said Papa Hummingbird, licking his beak. Mama and Baby Hummingbird followed him to the kitchen.

“Hey, someone has been eating my berries!” Papa Hummingbird said, shocked. The rest of the family of hummingbirds crowded around, worriedly looking at the bowls of berries.

“Someone has messed with my berries, too! Who could have done this?” *Sniffle, sniffle.*

”Someone has eaten ALL my berries, and the raspberries, too! They left nothing for me.”

Baby Hummingbird sobbed tears, staining his bowl. After comforting Baby Hummingbird, Papa Hummingbird flew him to the living room to climb/hang and calm down for a bit.

“Hey! Someone has been hanging on my tree branch!” yelled Papa Hummingbird with pure fury.

“Someone climbed on my branch! See the leaves are all over the floor and in the wrong spot,” noticed Mama Hummingbird.

“Someone hanged in my branch and broke it into itty bitty twigs,” said Baby Hummingbird, hugging the part of the branch with his claw print under his wing. The family yawned.

“We’ll figure this out later. It’s time to go to sleep,” said Papa Hummingbird. They all walked upstairs together to the bedroom.

“Wait a minute! Someone has been in my bed. See? My quilt is unfolded,” said Papa Hummingbird.

“You’re right! Someone has been in my bed, too. The pillows are too spread out.” said Mama Hummingbird.

“Someone is sleeping in my bed right now!” said Baby Hummingbird, confused. Everyone gasped and crowded around and started whispering about what to do. Goldilocks woke up to the commotion and looked around.

"Excuse me, what are you doing in our cottage?" asked Papa Hummingbird.

“I’m sorry! Don’t capture me, I’m just a kiddddd!” Goldilocks said. She opened the window, jumped out, and never went into the woods again.

The family of hummingbirds watched in confusion, meaning no harm. They thought they were hallucinating and went to bed, but they never went out again without triple checking to make sure their door was locked. Goldilocks and the hummingbirds never met again.