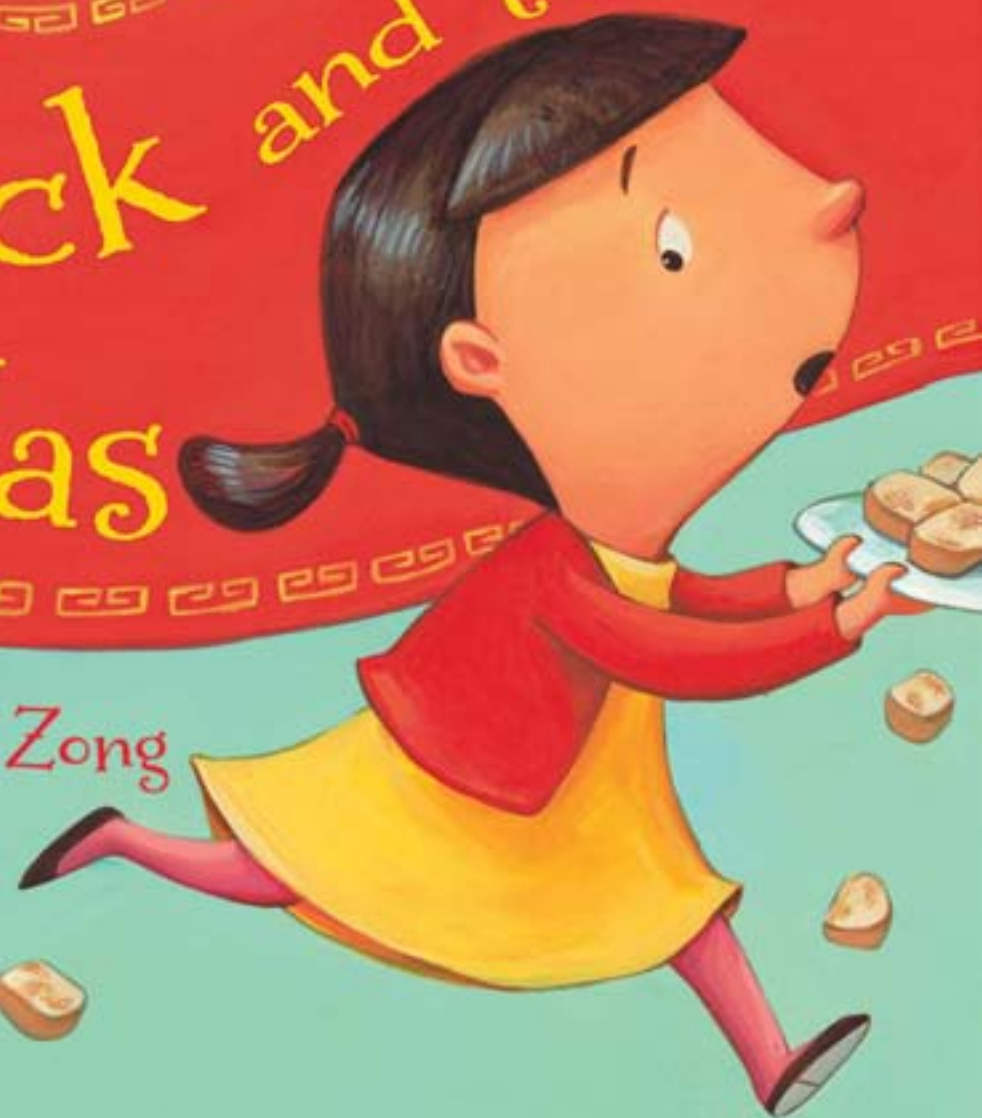




Goldy Luck and the Three Pandas

Natasha Yim • Illustrated by Grace Zong



*To Jill S., Stacy W., Gretchen M., and Dot B. of the Ukiah Writers' Salon,
who have helped guide this story through its many transformations.
Thank you for your endless support and numerous readings and feedback.*

—N. Y.

To my mother, with love.

—G. Z.

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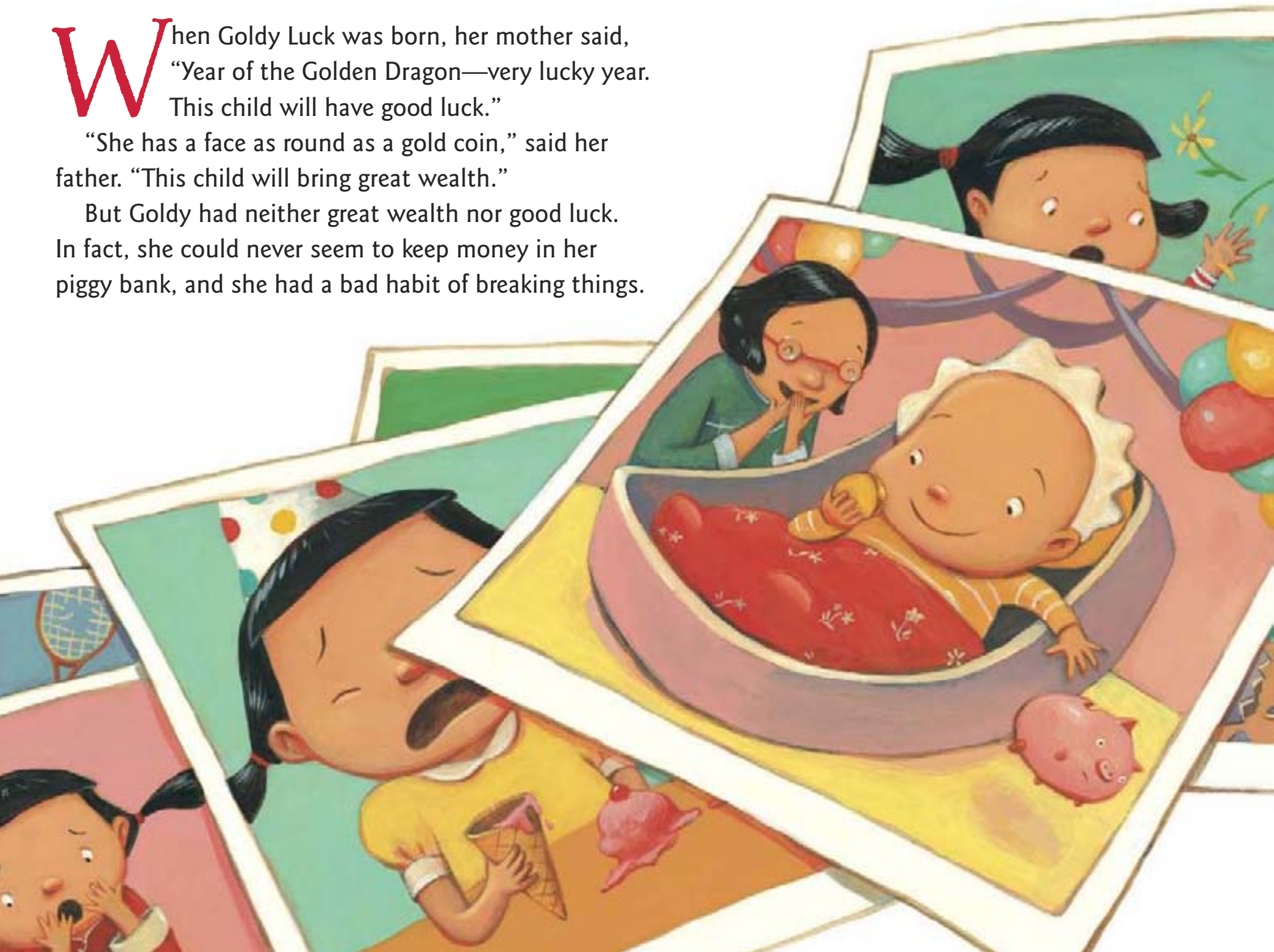
Designed by Diane M. Earley



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 neighbors *Kung Hei Fat Choi*.

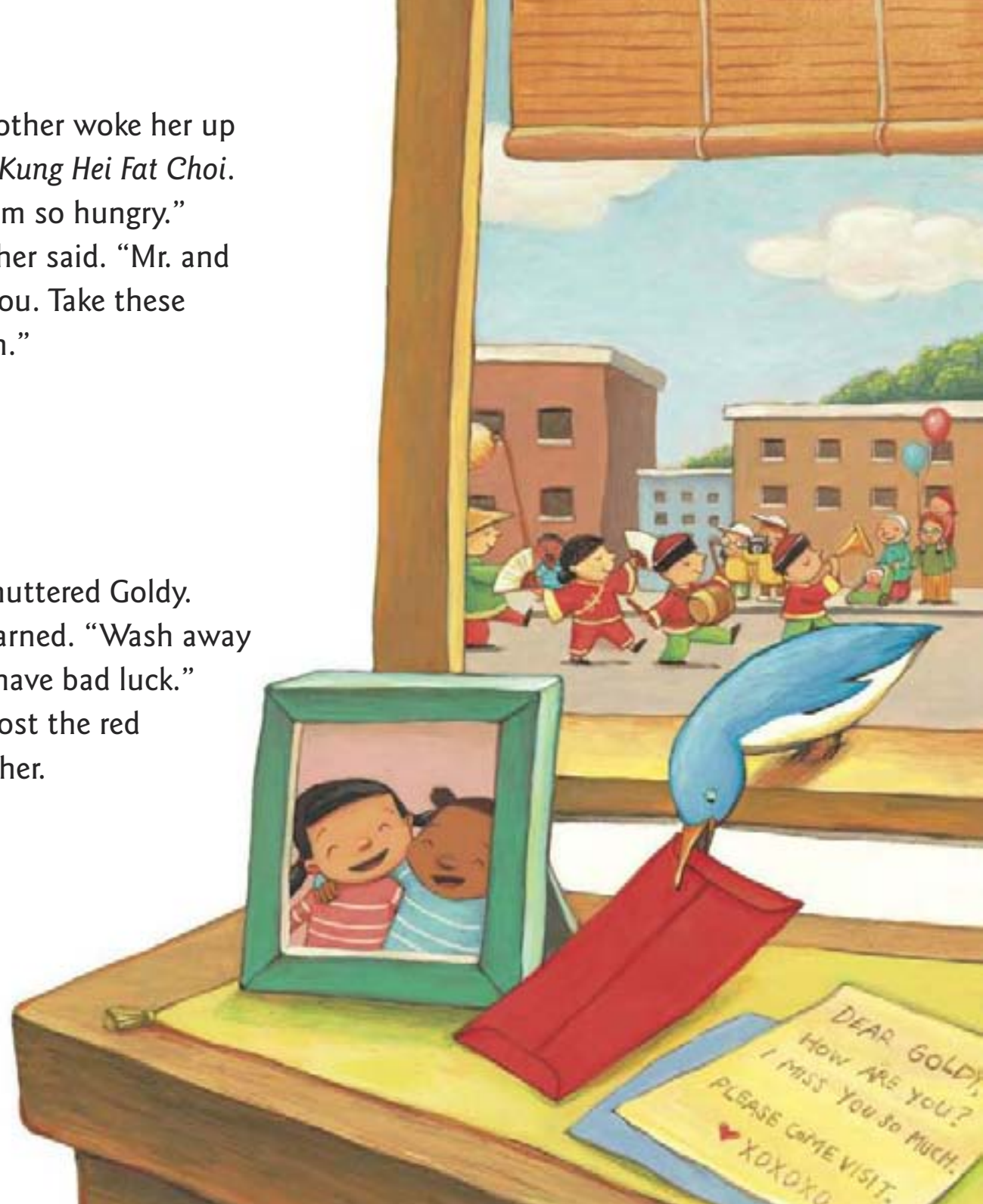
"But Ma Ma, I'm still sleepy, and I'm so hungry."

"It'll only take a minute," her mother said. "Mr. and Mrs. Chan would enjoy a visit from you. Take these turnip cakes to share with Little Chan."

"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.



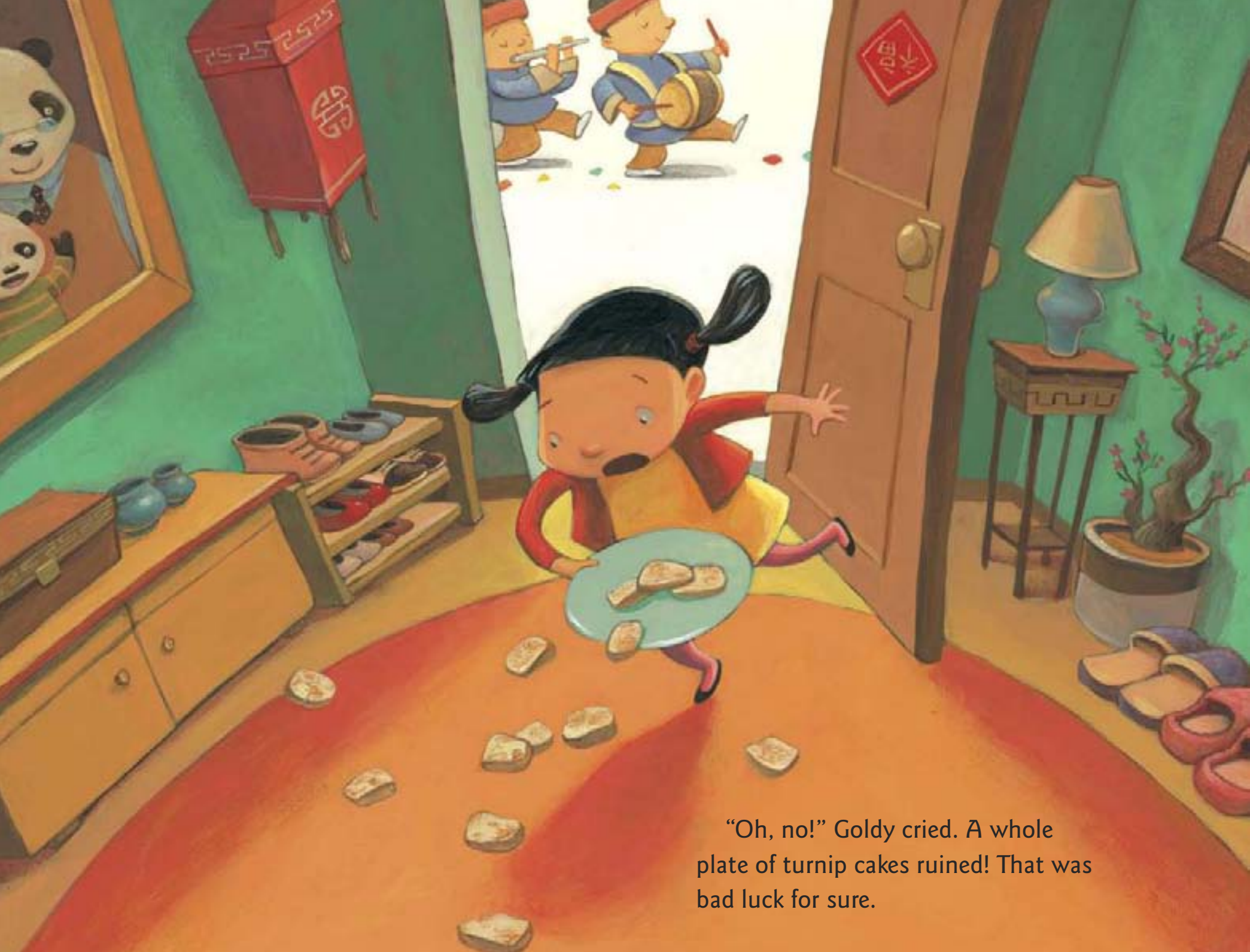


So Goldy walked next door to the Chans' apartment. She knocked on the door. No answer. She knocked again. Still no answer.



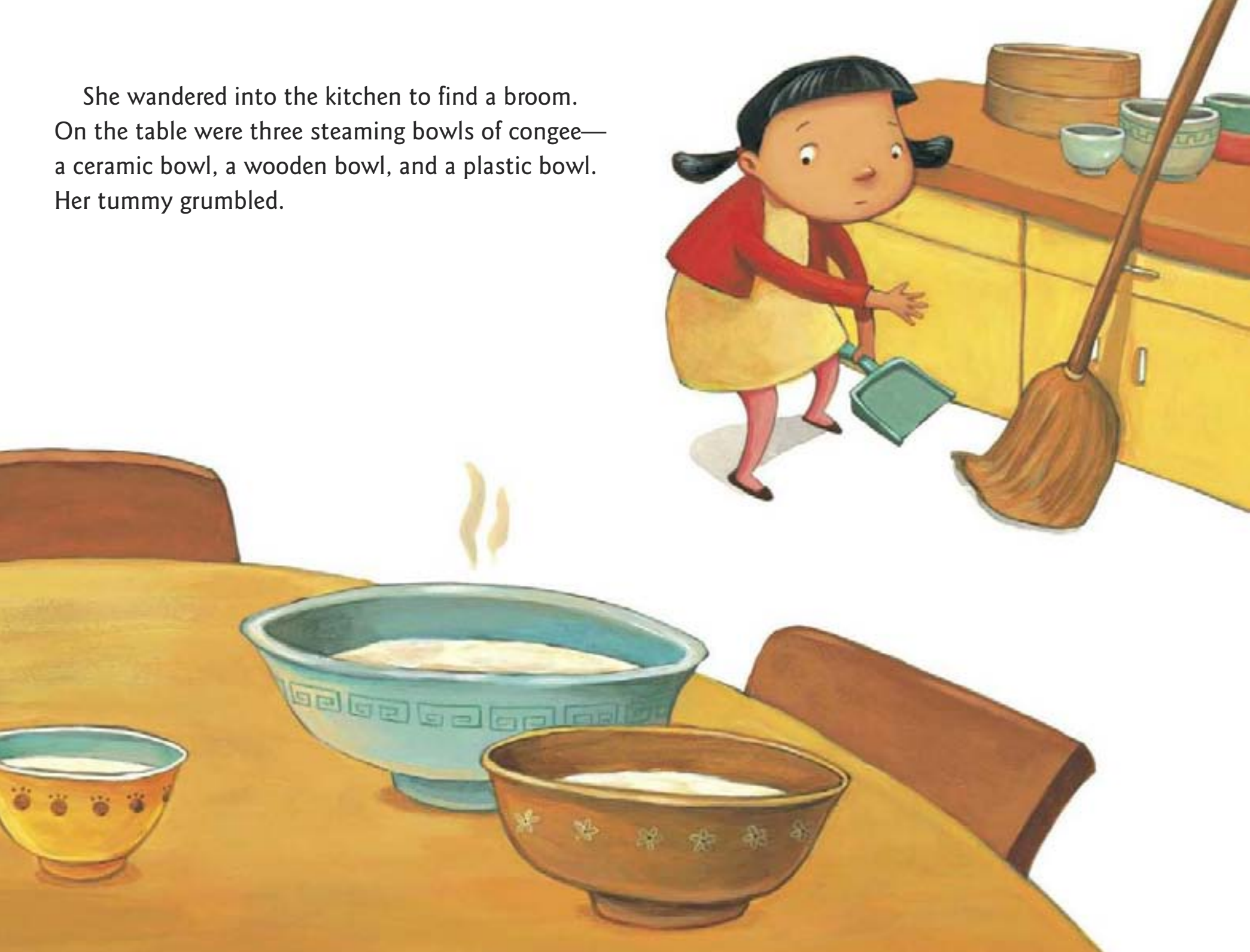
Goldy gave the door a little push. It swung open, and she tumbled in, dropping the plate. Turnip cakes catapulted all over the floor.



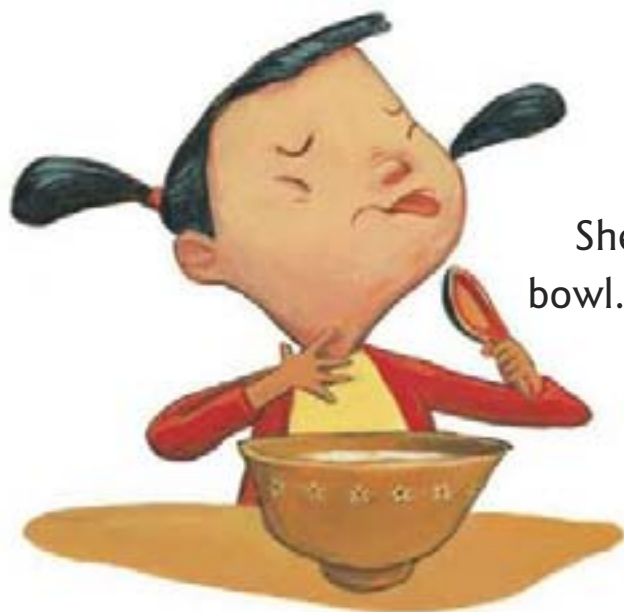


“Oh, no!” Goldy cried. A whole plate of turnip cakes ruined! That was bad luck for sure.

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.

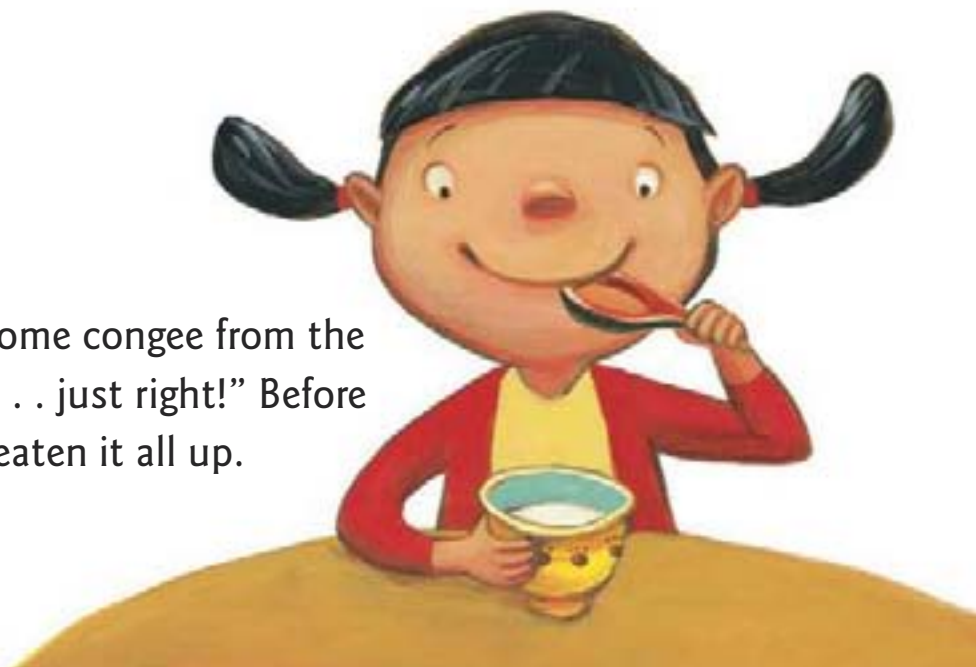


Surely nobody would mind if she had one *little* bite of rice porridge. She sampled the congee from the ceramic bowl. “Ugh! Too watery.”



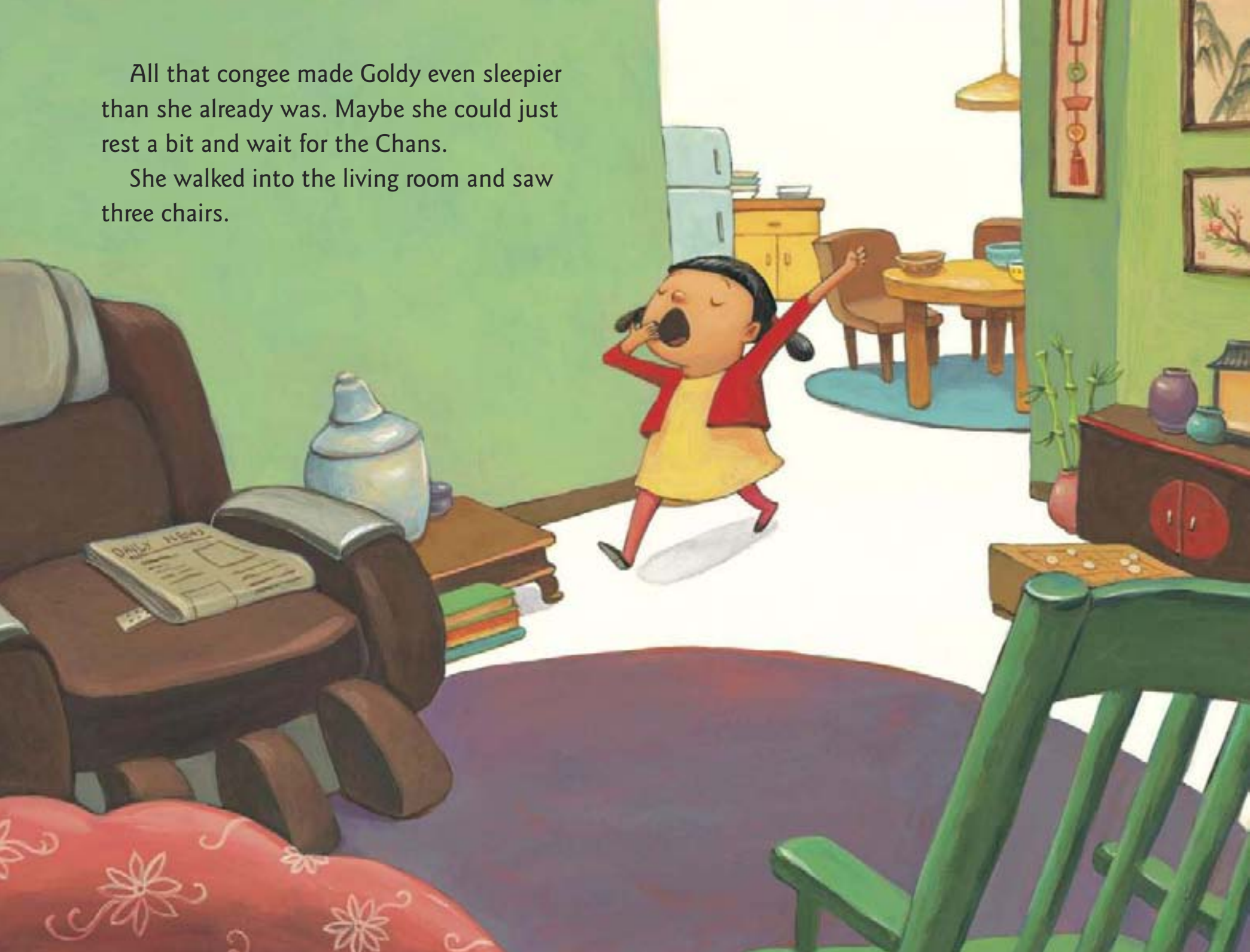
She tasted the congee from the wooden bowl. “Yuck! Too thick and clumpy.”

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 sleepier 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 fluffy pillows. She felt like stuffing in a pork bun. "Oof," she mumbled. "Too soft."

Then she squeezed herself into Little Chan's rocking chair. "Wheel!" she shouted as she rocked back and forth.



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