

Beginner English Short Story—The Mysterious Bottle, with Detailed Vocabulary for Describing Bottles!

Level A1-A2

Hi! My name is Mayeso. I'm 15 years old. Today I'm going to tell you the story of a mysterious bottle. I tell this story to everyone that I meet. Listen very carefully because this is a story about hope.

Once upon a time there was a boy called Khama. He was a hardworking boy and loved helping his mother and father.

Even though he was only nine years old, he made sure to do all his housework before going to play in the yard. At school, he asked questions and did his homework on time. His parents and teachers were very proud of him.

However, Khama did not have any friends. This made him very sad.

During break time he looked longingly as his friends played *phada*, football or netball. During lunch time, he quickly ran home to eat because no one wanted to share their food with him.

Why? He did not have any answers.

One day, Khama discovered a beautiful bottle in the grass. It was a glass bottle. There was a piece of paper inside the bottle.

At first, he was very scared and didn't want to touch the bottle. He stared at the bottle for a long time and even tried to push it away.

However, he was curious and wanted to take the bottle.

"Be brave Khama," he told himself as he carried the bottle from the ground. It was heavy and he almost dropped it. "Oh Khama, bottle up your emotions please."

After a few seconds that seemed like minutes, Khama finally shook the bottle to let the piece of paper out. The cork remained in the bottle. The piece of paper did not fall out.

He now looked at the bottle closely and noticed that it was very clean and transparent. The surface of the bottle was also very smooth. The bottle was very strange because it looked new while the piece of paper inside looked very old, almost ancient.

"This bottle is very beautiful," the young boy whispered to himself. He wanted to show the bottle to someone else. He decided to run back home.

When he arrived at home, he found his father and siblings only.

"Where is mother?" Khama asked.

"She's gone to the market to buy food for tonight," his eldest brother Chiyembekezo replied.

"What are you carrying Khama?" His youngest sister asked. She rushed to grab the bottle from his hands. The bottle almost fell because it was too heavy for her tiny hands.

"Be careful Chifundo. This is my bottle. It's mine! I found it in the grass! Don't break it! Keep away from my bottle!"

"Just because you found it in the grass doesn't mean it's yours!" Mphatso shouted. She was his other sister.

Khama wanted to cry but he still held the bottle tightly.

"Let me have a look at it," his father asked. Khama trusted his father more so he gave him the bottle.

He watched his father carefully as he examined the bottle. He rubbed his fingers on it and peered inside the bottle through the glass. He tried to remove the cork but he couldn't.

"I love this bottle! I think it's very pretty. Where did you find it?" Khama's father asked.

"I found it in the maize field behind Mtendere's house."

"So it's Mtendere's bottle. Let's go and give it back to him."

Khama shook his head slowly but agreed to go to Mtendere's house.

"Mtendere, is this your bottle?" Khama's father asked.

Mtendere took the bottle and examined it.

"No, it's not my bottle."

Khama jumped happily and took back the bottle from his father's hand.

"It's my bottle father. It's mine!"

Many children became curious and everybody wanted to see or touch the bottle.

Where is it from? What's inside the bottle? Whose bottle is it? Can we touch it? Do you like the bottle? Is the bottle yours? What does it smell like?

Khama answered all these questions patiently and let everyone touch the precious bottle.

When his mother came back from the market, she told him that he could keep the bottle under one condition!

“If anyone says the bottle is his or hers, then give it back to them. By the way, I think your bottle is very beautiful,” his mother added.

The following morning, Khama took the bottle to school. His teacher and fellow classmates also wanted to know more about the bottle.

Is it a beverage bottle? Can we play ‘flaye’ with it? Give it to me Khama! My mother can keep the bottle to store cooking oil at home. Wow, what a beautiful bottle! I can use it to decorate my house! I can put drinking water inside! Oh my God! That looks like an expensive bottle! Surely it’s not a soda bottle! We can use the bottle as a candle holder! What is that old parchment paper doing inside the bottle? Is it a secret message?

Khama was very tired but he answered all these questions too!

At breaktime, more children came to see the mysterious bottle and soon Khama was as popular as any other popular kid in the school.

Khama could barely believe his luck. He was no longer alone in the playground. He had some friends. Finally!

Glossary

People’s Names

In Chichewa, people’s names often have meanings.

Mayeso: Temptation

Khama: Effort/Determination

Chiyembekezo: Hope

Mphatso: Gift

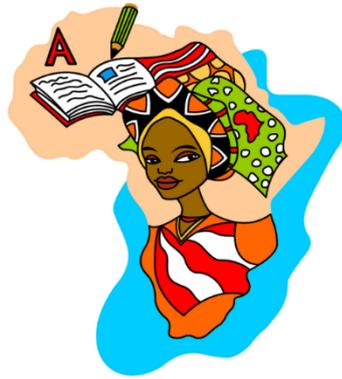
Chifundo: Mercy

Mtendere: Peace

Children’s games:

Phada: Hopscotch with many variants

Flaye: Dodgeball with many variants as well. This ball game is both popular among boys and girls.



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