Advanced - Story 3

Class Objective: I will be able to read the story, learn new vocabulary and grammar rules.

Concept A: Story time...

Mangoes for Lydia

Lydia knew we were going to the lake for our Christmas holidays. Lydia didn't know we were going there without her. No one knew how to tell her to stop packing her bags; she wasn't coming with us after all. No one had the courage to break the news to this excited girl who had never set her foot on a beach before. It would be her first time, she shouted, and she was planning to enjoy herself to the fullest!

We didn't let her excitement dampen our spirits. We tried our best to share her joy even though we knew sorrow would replace it in the end. Furthermore, we talked about our future trip as if she were fully part of it. We talked about what we would do in Mangochi. We spent hours planning our meals. We salivated at the thought of eating fresh fish every day. We saw ourselves dripping with cool water as we emerged from the delicious expanses of the lake. We felt cold Fantasy running down our throats as we waited for our dinner which would be brought to us by a real cook.

Lydia marvelled at our stories. Could we really drink as much Coke as we wanted? Would we bring full bags of baobab fruit back home? Could we share the bounty with our friends as we boasted about our real and imaginary adventures? Would we really sleep in a 'cottage', on clean white bedsheets and clean white pillows? Was it true that we could wake up whenever we wanted? Did we just say that there wouldn't be any housework for her? No housework?

Her questions never stopped, and we answered them without restraint. We gave her comprehensive accounts of the houses we usually slept in. We described the contents of the fridges and our plates. We told her she could have anything she wanted once we arrived there. We gave her tiny details of unimaginable things and Lydia believed us without any hint of doubt. Our hearts were momentarily soothed. Each generous description chipped away at our guilt. We wanted to tell her the truth but the lies kept coming in, and we couldn't stop them, wouldn't stop them.

Lydia's happiness grew as we neared our date of departure. We watched her pack and unpack her travelling bag, taking out sundry items and replacing them with new ones: a second-hand swimming costume, a notebook full of newspaper clippings of the lake, a second-hand bowler hat that she had bought from a street vendor in Limbe, pata-patas or plastic and two empty plastic bags in which she would put all her souvenirs.

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