# The Cup with a Thumbprint



A small hollow finds its purpose.

**A short story to enjoy together**

# The Cup with a Thumbprint

Jun was making a cup at the pottery table. Mum showed him how to press his thumb into a ball of soft clay and gently pinch the sides.

Round and round they turned it. Pinch, turn. Pinch, turn.

Jun's cup was a little wider at the top. One side stood higher than the other.

"It looks like a small mountain," he said.

He smoothed the rim with a damp finger. Then he picked the cup up. His thumb pressed a shallow hollow into the outside.

Jun frowned. "There is a dent."

"You can smooth it out," Mum said. "Or leave it if you like it."

Jun held the cup again. His thumb settled into the hollow. It felt comfortable there, like a foot finding its favourite step.

"I will keep it."

# The Cup with a Thumbprint

The cup needed time to dry. Later, the pottery teacher fired it in a special hot oven. Jun chose a pale blue-green glaze, and the teacher finished the cup safely.

When Jun returned, his soft clay had become hard and shiny.

At home, he put the cup on the table. Mum poured in a little cool water.

Jun wrapped both hands around it. His thumb found the hollow at once.

"It remembers me," he said.

Mum held it too. Her thumb fitted a different way.

They drank from their cups while rain tapped the window. Jun's cup did not look like the others on the shelf.

He turned it slowly in his hands.

It looked exactly like the cup he had made.

**THE END**

**LET'S TALK**

Why did Jun keep the dent? What do you like about something you have made?

Original story and illustration created with AI assistance. MimoMango, 2026.