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# Football With Dad



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1

Jonas had wanted a real leather football for a long time.  
And there it was: on his birthday table!  
With the signatures of the national team on it!  
It was the best birthday present ever ...

2

Jonas is looks forward to go to the football field in the afternoon.  
Surely the big boys will finally let him join play!  
Now that he has his own ball.

"Let me see!" says Kevin sneering. He takes the ball from Jonas, bounces it up and down in front of him and kicks it against the wall

"Hmh! Not bad," he grumbles and lets the ball circle on his index finger.

3

Kevin grins and calls the others:

"Come on boys, let's test the plum!"

Kevin kicks the ball to Ali. He passes it on to Philipp.

Philip passes the ball to Pelle.

A wild game of football starts immediately.

"I want a go too," says Jonas as Kevin runs past him.

"You have to fight for the ball!" shouts Kevin, not even thinking about passing the football to Jonas. "But you're too small to do that!"

Jonas fights back tears. It is his ball after all!!!

4

Toni is a good goalkeeper. He gets almost every ball.

There is a brickwall behind the goal. It separates the football grounds from Max Schrotter's junkyard.

There is often trouble with Max Schrotter when a ball has hits the tin roof of his workshop or one of the freshly painted cars.

5

Now Kevin heads at the goal. Goalkeeper Toni deflects with his double fist. Then Ali has the ball. Follow-up shot on goal.

Unfortunately much too high!

The ball flies over the wall. There is a crash over there. It sounds like shattered glass.

"Damn it! Let's get out of here before Schrotter comes!" shouts Ali and runs off.

"That's it then!" says Kevin and runs off like a weasel.

Jonas is left behind alone.

"My football!" he thinks. "I want my football back!"

6

Then Max Schrotter appears from behind the wall. With Fluffy, his shaggy dog! The "big" footballers have long since disappeared.

Only "little" Jonas is still standing there.

"Just you wait, lad!" growls Mr Schrotter. "This time the Ball hit my workshop window!"

"It wasn't me!" says Jonas meekly.

"That's what they all say!" grumbles Schrotter, pointing to the ball under his arm. "That's your ball, isn't it? You want it back, don't you?"

Jonas nods. Tears well up in his eyes.  
"I'll have to have a word with your dad first. It won't be cheap.  
Come on!"  
Fluffy barks like a hellhound. When Schrotter scolds, he always scolds, too  
Jonas looks uncertainly from Schrotter to Fluffy. He hesitates.  
What is he supposed to do now?  
"Come on now! Come on!" growls Schrotter. "Fluffy too!"  
Jonas follows him, heart pounding. What will Dad say?

7

When the beefy scrap dealer angrily stands up in the frame of Papa's office door and starts to rant, Jonas gets a fright: Papa doesn't stand a chance against him, never in life!  
Jonas has never noticed before how small his dad is.

8

But then Jonas is baffled: His father remains calm. He listens quietly to what the man has to say. And then he lets Jonas tell him how everything happened.

"The boy is lying!" shouts Schrotter indignantly. "He did admit that it was his ball. He broke the window! You'll have to pay for that."

"Wait a minute!" says Dad in a firm voice and Jonas thinks his Dad looks much bigger now than before.

"My son doesn't lie. But if you apologise to him right now for this insult, then I will make sure they get your garage window replaced! If not, then you'll have to get the money from whoever shot the ball over the fence. But knowing my son, he won't tell them the name."

9

Schrotter hesitates. Uncertainly, he looks at the brave little man, who is obviously not afraid at all.  
"All right," he finally says, glancing at Jonas. His anger has already faded somewhat. "I apologize!"

"Send me the glazier's bill!" says Dad. "And now please give the ball back to my son. He just got it for his birthday today."

Schrotter hands Jonas the ball.

"Well then: have a nice birthday," he murmurs conciliatory and disappears through the door with Fluffy.

10

"The way you talked to him! - That was cool, Dad!," Jonas snuffles and wipes his eyes with his sleeve. Stupid tears! When everyone knows that a real footballer doesn't cry.

"That's not all that's bothering you, is it?" asks Dad.  
Jonas swallows and nods: "It's so mean. The big boys won't let me play, Dad! Not even now. Even though I have the great ball. They say I'm too small!"

"Size doesn't matter, Jonas. At least not alone," says Dad. "In football, brains and skill count too. I used to be a libero in our school team and scored a lot of goals." He grins. "I may have been small, but I was quick as lightning and often played around and outwitted the big guys!"

Jonas looks at his dad a little doubtfully.

"You don't believe that? Then let's just practice a bit until Mum gets home!" says Dad, putting his arm around Jonas' shoulder.  
"Come on!"

And then the two of them cycle to the sports field by the forest.

11

Dad wasn't exaggerating. He is a true ball artist and teaches Jonas the right way to handle the round leather in a playful way. They dribble and kick and deceive. They play passes to each other.

12

At the end, they practise on the goal wall. Dad scores almost every time. Jonas only hits the hole in the bottom left now and then.

Dad praises him and calls out:

"Yes! Right on! - Be brave, Jonas! - That wasn't bad at all, son. - You have a good feeling for the ball. That's what counts!  
- Next time it will be even better!"

13

"That was my best birthday ever!" says Jonas when they finally cycle home again.

Mum is already waiting with dinner. She has brought fresh pretzels.

"Where have you been for so long?" she asks in surprise.

"At the sports field!" says Jonas. "At football practice!"

And then Jonas tells his mum the whole exciting story. And also that they want to train quite often now.

14

One evening, Dad comes home late from a meeting with old school friends at the sports club.

"I have a surprise for you," he says to Jonas, laughing merrily. "My school friend Boris is a coach at the forest sports club. He said they are looking for a striker with a strong kick for the mini-kicker team. I suggested you!"

"Honestly?" asks Jonas. His eyes light up as if the sun and the moon have risen at the same time.

Dad nods and says, "Tomorrow is the sports festival at the club. We should go there and have a look around!"

That night Jonas can hardly sleep for excitement.

15

At the sports festival, Jonas and his dad are almost crushed in the crowd. The worst of the jostling is when Alex, the senior team's striker, challenges the others to a goal wall shoot-out.

16

He hits the hole with eight out of ten balls. All right, after all, he has become city champion with his team. And he played on the team with one of Lewandowskis's cousins when he was a schoolboy.

Now the others want to show how good they are, too.

The queue is long.

"Do we want to?" asks Dad. Jonas nods. "Sure!"

They join the queue.

17

Finally it's Jonas' turn. He is already nervous as he sets up the ball. Twice the ball misses into the upper left corner. But then he hits it six times in a row.

Suddenly he spots Kevin and Philipp in the crowd and wants to do especially well. The shot misses.

"The last one is right," Dad whispers encouragingly in his ear. With seven hits, Jonas finally finishes the shooting competition.

18

Then it's dad's turn.

"Now the goths shoot," Kevin says to Philipp and grins mockingly.

But he soon loses his grin as Jonas unerringly shoots one ball after the other. Ten hits! That's the lone record!

"Your picture will be on the front page of the club newspaper!" says a proud voice behind them. It's dad's school friend Boris.

"You still have the built-in goal kick in your shoe!"

"Well," says Dad, a little embarrassed. "I've had a good training partner these last few weeks." He points to Jonas.

19

Then the result of the competition is announced:

Jonas is the best in his age group. He even has two more goals than Ali and Kevin, who already play in the team, and wins a pair

of goalkeeper gloves. But the best thing is that Boris pats him on the back and says, "You can come to team training tomorrow, Jonas!"

That makes Jonas's face turn bright red with joy.

20

"Can I call Mum for a moment?" whispers Jonas to his Dad.

"Of course!" says Dad and hands Jonas his mobile phone.

Jonas goes behind the clubhouse, where it's a bit quieter, and tells Mum what all happened.

Suddenly Dad is standing behind him, grabs the phone and says in a low voice:

"Is this the Cityblitz taxi service? I'd like to order a taxi to the sports field. We urgently need to go to the pizzeria at the city park and celebrate a bit!"

"Agreed!" exclaims Mum, laughing. "I'll be there in ten minutes!"