

A dog for John

John really would like to have a dog to play and fool around with.



But Mom throws her hands up in dismay.

“Good heavens”, she shouts. “What a silly idea! There isn’t any space for a dog in our small attic!”

John sighs. “That`s right”, he thinks. “The flat is really tiny. But nevertheless a dog would be great fun. How can my dream come true?”

John thoughtfully goes into his room.

He can't stop ruminating.

"That's just stupid", the boy regrets. "I can't solve this problem. I badly need an idea."

"The best way is to go for a walk", John decides. "In the playground ideas will certainly come easier to me."



John jumps up and runs to the entrance door. "Bye Mom", he calls and opens the door.

His shoes are outside the flat. In the staircase John hastily puts on the right shoe. But the left one is missing.

"What happened to my left shoe?", John wonders.

"It can't be gone, can it?"

John helplessly looks around. What if his right shoe rolled away?



John is hopping along the hallway on his right foot. It sounds like “pong, pong, pong”, the noise reverberating down to the ground floor.

The left shoe seems to be swallowed by the earth. “What if someone has stolen my shoe?”, John is speculating. “What nonsense!”, he thinks. “Nobody steals a single shoe, does he?”

„Wow, wow, wow“, it sounds from below.

John pricks up his ears. “That’s strange. Who is barking over there?”

John curiously peers over the stair railing.



“A dog in our house?
That can’t be true.
I am certainly dreaming.”

John peeks downwards.



John can hardly believe his eyes.

“Down there is a dog indeed! On the ground floor.”

“What are you doing down there?”, (where do you come from)
John shouts, surprised.

“Woof, woof“, the dog barks and starts running up the stairs.

“Come back at once, Max“, a man’s voice exclaims on the ground floor.

But the dog called Max does not want to obey.

In the very next moment he arrives in the attic and high-spirited bops around John.

The boy looks really astonished.

“What a surprise“,
John laughs.
“You have got my
shoe in your mouth.
So it’s you who has
stolen my shoe!”

Now Max’ owner
rushes up the stairs,
too.

“I am so sorry“, he
gasps breathlessly.



He quickly takes the
shoe away from Max
and gives it back to
John.

“Never mind“, John
smiles and puts on his
left shoe. „Are you two
new here?“

Max’ owner nods in
agreement.

“We are moving in and
going to live in the
large flat on the ground
floor.”



“Really!”, John’s heart beats faster with joy.

“I hope that Max has not frightened you”, the new neighbour says and he attaches a leash to the dog’s collar.

“He is a bit wild because he is looking for someone to play with.”

“That’s great!”, John exclaims in delight.

“Max can play with *me*.”

“Really?” Now it’s the neighbour who is surprised.

“Thanks, that’s very kind of you.”

John turns to Max. “And what do you think?”

“Wouf, wouf“, Max barks. And this means: “Great idea!”

“By the way, I am Mr. Smith”, the new neighbour introduces himself. And hands over the dog’s leash to John. “And what’s your name?”

But John does not answer any more.

He already hurries downstairs together with his new friend Max. “See you later“, John says to the neighbour.

The door clunks shut with a loud noise.