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Soccer Gangsters



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???**[®]

Soccer Gangsters

von Brigitte Johanna Henkel-Waidhofer

PONS GmbH
Stuttgart

Vorwort

Super, dass du ein spannendes E-Book der Drei ??? auf Englisch liest! Hier zwei Tipps, wie du damit perfekt klarkommst:

Die **fett** geschriebenen Wörter oder Ausdrücke zeigen, dass es hierzu Vokabelangaben gibt. Mit Klick auf ein **fett** geschriebenes Wort springst du automatisch zur Vokabelliste. Mit nochmaligem Klick auf das Wort in der Liste schließt sich diese wieder und du gelangst zurück zum Text.

Das CD-Symbol zeigt an, welchen Track des Hörbuchs du zum jeweiligen Kapitel anhören kannst.

Viel Spaß!



Soccer Gangsters

**von Brigitte Johanna Henkel-Waidhofer
Englisch von Patricia Wolf**

**basierend auf „Die drei ??? - Fußball Gangster“ von
Brigitte Johanna Henkel-Waidhofer**

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Englisch-deutsche Wortliste

Nützliche Detektiv-Ausdrücke

Inhaltsangabe

Welches Interesse könnte ein Lebensmittelkonzern daran haben, eine ganze Fußballmannschaft unter seine Kontrolle zu bringen? Jimboy, Justus' Cousin, hat sich mächtig verändert, seit er Stürmer in dieser Elf ist. Und zwar nicht zu seinem Vorteil. Die drei ??? bemerken bald einen Zusammenhang zwischen Jimboys Schweigsamkeit und seinen Erlebnissen im streng bewachten Trainingslager. Aber kaum haben sie Erfolg bei ihren Erkundungen, schaltet sich Inspektor Cotta ein. Justus, Peter und Bob sollen die Finger von dem brandheißen Fall lassen. Das sehen die drei ??? entschieden anders...

Auftretende Personen

Justus Jonas - „The First Investigator“

ist der Anführer der drei ??? und weiß nicht nur alles über die Nibelungen.

Peter Shaw - „The Second Investigator“

ist der Zweite Detektiv, supersportlich und auch sonst immer gut drauf.

Bob Andrews - „The Third Investigator“

spielt keinesfalls die dritte Geige; sondern ist unter anderem immer vorneweg, wenn's um Technik geht, und hat einen ganz großen Auftritt als Verkleideter.

Lys, Elizabeth und Kelly

sind - in dieser Reihenfolge - die Freundinnen der drei Jungen.

Titus Jonas

ist Justus' Onkel und betreibt den Schrottplatz, auf dem das Hauptquartier der drei ??? steht.

Tante Mathilda

ist seine Frau und schon wegen ihres Kirschkuchens äußerst populär.

Jimboy

ist ein Vetter von Justus, ein Fußballstar von morgen und benimmt sich schon mal sehr seltsam.

Eric Randolphe

ist ein Fernsehjournalist, dem das Übertragen von Sportereignissen nicht genügt.

Harry Bow

ist mal ziemlich redselig und dann wieder überhaupt nicht.

Mike Hammer

weiß als Sportpädagoge alles über Fußball und kennt noch ein paar Tricks mehr.

Tamara Mostowsky

ist in ihrem Beruf absolut professionell und scheint ziemlich nett zu sein.

Inspektor Cotta

ist von der Polizei in Rocky Beach und der Ansicht, die drei ??? müssten sich aus diesem Fall raushalten – aber da ist es schon zu spät.

1. An Evil Foul

Peter was in extreme pain. Justus saw the Second Investigator fall down in **slow-motion**.

“Peter!” Justus screamed, but his friend couldn’t hear him. Taking big **strides** he ran down the **narrow** stone steps and almost **bumped into** Elizabeth and Kelly. The girls belonged to the medical team that takes care of **injured** players. They were running onto the playing field behind two men carrying a **stretcher**. Justus wanted to follow them, but a boy with an **armband** held him back. “Not you,” he said **rudely** “**you don’t belong here.**” Justus gave him a **dirty look** but stopped at the side line. He could see Peter’s belly quickly moving up and down. Kelly was **worried** and bent over her friend.

Almost all of the players jogged up to them and stood in a circle around the injured boy. The **referee** signaled to the helpers to hurry. Justus felt his anger growing. Here was a seriously injured player lying on the ground and this **jerk**, was reacting as **cool as a cucumber**.

“Idiot,” he **hissed**. Carefully they lifted Peter onto the stretcher. Then the helpers and their patient **disappeared** behind the wide swinging doors into the **first aid room**.

Justus wasn’t interested in **soccer** until his high school team made the **varsity league**. The rules weren’t hard to understand for him, but he still wasn’t a real fan. He was only half interested in today’s match as well. The only reason he came along was because Peter **had become the** **midfield-star** of the team in the past weeks.

“Hey!” Justus went back to the boy from the **security squad**. “How did that happen?”

The other boy looked at him with **pity**. “During the **counterattack** after the corner ball, the boy from the ‘Angels’ **covering** on the left missed a **cross**.” He seemed to use as many special **technical terms** as possible. He wanted **to show off** as an expert of the new favorite sport of many teenagers and also wanted to make Justus angry. “Your man got the ball and the Angels’ **sweeper** swept him away.”

“Well, they’re stupid to still play with a sweeper, it’s really **old-fashioned!**” the First Investigator said. He wanted to stand up to this show-off. At the same moment the door of the first aid room opened and Kelly stormed out. “It’s probably the **cruciate ligament**,” she called, “it’s **either** overstretched or a bit **torn**. He has to be **x-rayed**.”

“I have a problem,” Justus said. “I would like to go along to the hospital but my cousin is arriving today. He is staying with us for a while. I promised Uncle Titus to go along to the airport.”

“No problem,” Kelly said. “Elizabeth and I will go along with Peter. We’ll call you afterwards, okay?”

Justus **nodded** and was **relieved**. In the past he often felt that both girls and their whole **cheerleading squad** were quite complicated. But that **changed** totally ever since Bob and Peter’s girl-friends started playing soccer. They were also **responsible** for organizing **tournaments**.

Two hours later Justus and Uncle Titus were standing in the airport waiting area. Because the **air traffic controllers** at the airport were on strike, the chaos here was worse than usual. Several signs were up about the strike – the air traffic controllers wanted to have more breaks during working time and they needed more workers. A few weeks ago there was almost a collision in the sky over Los Angeles. The result of

the **investigation** showed that it was the **fault** of an overtired air traffic controller in the **tower**.

“**Have I ever met Jimboy before?**” asked Justus.

Uncle Titus shook his head. “Aunt Mathilda and I were in Chicago after he was born. But you **weren’t around yet.**”

Aunt Mathilda already told Justus about the complicated **relationships** between his **relatives**. His mother and Jimboy’s father had a **mutual** father, who was Uncle Titus’ father’s brother. Understanding this was no problem for Justus, the **mastermind**. Justus wanted to explain to Peter and Bob how he was **related to** Jimboy. But they waved it off and said they didn’t care.

“I can’t wait to see if we look alike,” the First Investigator said.

“I **doubt** it,” Uncle Titus said. “Jimboy’s father, Derny, is very, very tall. He’s two feet taller than anyone else in the family. Jimboy **inherited** his talent for soccer from him.”

When the first travellers came out of the gate Justus **craned** his neck to get a better view. The first one he saw was a blond guy, who seemed really nice. He had a **duffle bag** and was wearing cowboy boots. But he didn’t even look at Uncle Titus. Justus knew that Jimboy had Uncle Titus’ photograph with him so he wouldn’t miss him. Next, a red-haired boy in a **track-suit** came along, who was looking at the people waiting.

“Hi,” a deep voice on their right suddenly said, “I’m James Jonas.”

Justus looked around surprised. He had seen the tall guy with the long **ponytail** when he came out, but never thought he could be his athletic cousin. He looked more like a musician or a painter.

“I’m Titus Jonas,” Uncle Titus said, “and this is your cousin Justus.” “Hello, Jimboy.” Justus and Jonas shook hands and smiled.

“Jimboy?” he repeated. “Nobody in Chicago calls me ‘Jimboy’ anymore.”

“Here we always call you that when we talk about you. Do you **mind**?” Justus asked. They were walking to the **baggage claim area**. James shook his **head**. “**Actually** no,” he answered. “Maybe it’s not too bad to say goodbye to ‘James’.”

Even though Jimboy was only five months older than Justus, he was much taller. He was wearing **baggy** jeans and a **casual sweater**. But you could tell he was **in good shape**. They fetched Jimboy’s duffle bag and **fought** their way through the crowd to the **exit**. A few minutes later they turned onto the **highway**.

“Have you ever been on the West coast before?” Justus asked. Jimboy said no.

“Have you ever been in the East?” Jimboy asked. This time Justus shook his head.

Jimboy wanted to stay in Rocky Beach to attend Tamilton **High School** for at least half a year. The school’s varsity soccer team was famous all the way down to Mexico.

Next weekend a national tournament with the best soccer talents would take place **to promote** the new professional league. And Jimboy was so talented he **was chosen** out of hundreds of candidates in Chicago.

“I want to become a professional soccer player,” he said.

“And I’m quite sure I can **make it**.”

Justus liked his **self-confident attitude**. “We’ll **get along** great,” he thought.

Of course Jimboy knew that Justus had a **successful** detective agency with two friends. But that was all he knew, so Justus told him all about the Three Investigators.

“We can’t **count on** Peter at the moment,” he finally said.

“He was the **victim** of an evil foul this afternoon.”