

Arlet and Her Father

Arlet was a baby of just a few months old, with eyes so bright they looked like two tiny drops of light. She lived with her father, Dani, who had come from England. He spoke with that funny accent that made everyone in the neighborhood laugh, and above all, he was a huge Manchester United fan. So much so that he always had a red and black scarf hanging on his chair at home.

Every morning, Dani would gently pick up Arlet and say to her:

“Good morning, little star.”

And Arlet, even though she didn’t understand the words, would smile. It was her favorite language: Daddy’s.

One Sunday morning, while the streets were still asleep, Dani did something special. He dressed Arlet in a little red bodysuit with an embroidered crest and put on some soft booties.

“Today is a big day, Arlet!” he said excitedly.

That day Manchester United was playing, and Dani wanted to share the moment with her. He sat the little girl on his chest on the sofa and showed her the screen.

“Look, sweetheart, that’s Old Trafford,” he whispered. “The Theatre of Dreams.”

Arlet’s eyes widened every time the ball moved from one side of the pitch to the other. She didn’t know what was happening, but she loved the sound of her father’s voice as he cheered:

“Come on, United!”

At one point during the match, a player scored a goal. Dani jumped up, but stopped immediately so as not to frighten Arlet. He picked her up, gently twirled her around, and kissed her forehead.

“I’ll teach you everything about our team,” he murmured. “Maybe someday we’ll watch a match together in Manchester.”

Arlet made a little noise, like an “aaaah,” and Dani laughed, thinking that perhaps it was her first cheer.

When the match ended, he cradled her in his lap. The little girl fell asleep, her fingers clutching his Manchester United scarf. It was as if she understood that this passion wasn’t just for a team, but a way for her father to tell her about the world, his roots, and the love he felt for her.

And so, Sunday after Sunday, Arlet and Dani created a tradition: mornings of football and cuddles, where love spoke two languages but reached the same place.

Because sometimes, a red scarf, a foreign accent, and a father in love with his daughter are all that’s needed to build a beautiful story.