

Cristiano Ronaldo

By wooenglish

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A Graded Reader for B1 English Learners



**Cristiano
Ronaldo**

Before the fame... before the records... before the millions shouted his name...

There was just a boy.

A boy with a dream... and a ball.

This is not just the story of a football star.

It's the story of heart.

Of pain... power... and purpose.

This... is the story of Cristiano Ronaldo.

From Madeira... to glory.

Chapter 1: A Boy from Madeira

Close your eyes...

Imagine a small island in the Atlantic Ocean...

Waves crash on the rocks...

The wind carries the smell of salt and sea.

This is Madeira.

And here... in a poor part of the island...

A baby boy is born.

His name? Cristiano Ronaldo dos Santos Aveiro.

The date? February 5th, 1985.

His father worked as a gardener.

His mother cleaned houses.

There was not much money...

But there was love.

And there was something else...

A dream.

Cristiano loved one thing more than anything — football.

He didn't need toys.

He didn't need video games.

Just a ball... or even an orange.

He would kick it, chase it, run after it all day.

In the small streets of Madeira,

He played with older boys — faster, stronger, tougher.

But Cristiano didn't care.

He ran faster.

He trained harder.

He wanted to win. Always.

“Cristiano, come inside!” his mother shouted.

“It’s getting dark!”

But he didn’t stop.

His heart was on fire.

At just 8 years old, he joined a local team — Andorinha.

The coach saw something special...

Something different.

“He’s fast... really fast,” the coach said.

“But it’s not just that. He never gives up.”

Cristiano was small and skinny,

But he had power in his legs,

And power in his mind.

At 10, he moved to a bigger club — Nacional.

Soon after, he caught the eye of Sporting Lisbon...

One of the biggest clubs in Portugal.

And then... the decision.

At just 12 years old...

Cristiano left his home, his family, his island...

To live alone in Lisbon.

Can you imagine that?

A 12-year-old boy...

Alone in a big city...

Far from his mother,

Far from his friends.

He cried... many nights.

He missed home...

He missed his father’s jokes,

His mother's hugs But he didn't give up.
He trained harder.
He ran faster.
He kicked stronger.

Some boys laughed at his accent.
Others said he was too thin.
But Cristiano just said,
"I'll show them. I'll become the best."

And he meant it.
Day after day, he pushed himself.
He stayed after practice.
He ran up hills.
He did hundreds of sit-ups.

One night, a teammate asked,
"Cristiano... why don't you rest?"
He smiled and said,
"Because I want to be the best in the world."

That boy from Madeira...
That skinny kid with big dreams...
He wasn't just playing football.
He was building a future.

And one day, very soon...
The world would start to watch This was just the beginning.
The beginning of a legend.

What do you think it takes... to leave home at 12 years old, and chase your dream with everything you have?

Chapter 2: Leaving Home at 12

He was only twelve years old...

Just a boy.

But that boy had a dream...

A big one.

Cristiano said goodbye to his mother.

She gave him a tight hug.

She held him close... like she didn't want to let go.

"My son... be strong," she whispered.

He nodded... but his eyes were full of tears.

The plane took off.

Cristiano looked out the window.

His island... his home... became smaller and smaller.

His new life was waiting in Lisbon.

A big city.

A big club.

A big challenge.

At Sporting Lisbon's academy, everything was different.

New people.

New school.

New rules.

No family.

Cristiano lived in a dorm with other boys.

He missed home... every day.

He missed his father's voice.

He missed his mother's food.

At night, he cried under his blanket... quietly.

No one saw.

No one heard.

But when the sun came up...

Cristiano got up too.

He wiped his tears.

He laced his boots.

He went to the field.

Football... was his way forward.

Other boys trained for one hour.

Cristiano trained for two.

Some walked.

He ran.

Some rested.

He pushed harder.

They laughed at his accent.

They said he spoke funny.

Some boys made fun of him.

They said he was “too skinny.”

That he would “never make it.”

But Cristiano didn't shout back.

He didn't cry in front of them.

He just said, quietly...

“I will show you all.”

Every day, he stayed longer on the pitch.

He practiced free kicks... over and over.

He did extra sprints.

He worked on his body.

Push-ups.

Sit-ups.

Again and again.

One coach said,

“This boy is different.

He trains like he’s on fire.”

Another said,

“He has speed... power... but also heart.”

Cristiano had one goal — to become the best.

Not just good.

Not just famous.

The best.

He believed it.

Even when no one else did.

One night, his roommate asked him,

“Why do you train so hard?”

Cristiano answered,

“Because I don’t want to go back.

I want to give my family a better life.

And I want to be number one.”

He was only twelve...

But he was already thinking like a champion.

At school, he struggled.

He wasn’t the best student.

Sometimes, he got in trouble.

But on the field...

He was focused.

He was free.

The ball listened to him.

His feet moved like music.

People started to watch.

Coaches noticed.

Soon, he was the fastest boy on the team.

The strongest.

The most serious.

Cristiano's name started to rise.

Just a little.

Just enough for people to say,

“Maybe this kid from Madeira... is special.”

He missed his family every day.

But he didn't give up.

He was alone...

But never lost.

He was tired...

But never stopped.

Because deep inside...

Cristiano knew:

To become a star,

You must first walk through the dark.

Have you ever been far from home... chasing something only you can see?

Chapter 3: The Manchester Dream

The year was 2003...

Cristiano was just 18.

A teenager with speed, skill... and something more.

Confidence.

That summer, Sporting Lisbon played a friendly match against a big English club...

Manchester United.

The stadium was full.

The lights were bright.

And Cristiano... was on fire.

He ran down the wing like a rocket.

He danced with the ball.

He made defenders dizzy.

He didn't score...

But everyone saw the magic.

Even the Manchester players were impressed.

After the game, they went to their coach, Sir Alex Ferguson.

They said,

"Coach, you have to sign this boy!"

And Sir Alex?

He agreed.

He saw something special in Cristiano...

Something rare.

Not just talent...

But hunger.

So the offer came.

And Cristiano said yes.

At 18 years old...

He packed his bags, left Portugal...

And flew to England.

Manchester was cold.

Gray skies, heavy rain...

A new country, a new life.

But Cristiano wasn't afraid.

He was ready.

At Manchester United, everything changed.

New home.

New teammates.

New pressure.

This was not a youth team anymore.

This was the big stage.

The Premier League.

Cristiano's first match?

In front of 75,000 fans.

All eyes on him.

He came off the bench...

The crowd cheered...

And in just a few minutes,

He showed what he could do.

Fast runs.

Quick turns.

Stepovers.

The fans stood up and clapped.

"Who is this kid?" they asked.

"He's different!"

But talent wasn't enough.

Cristiano had to learn.

He had to pass more.

Shoot smarter.

Work harder.

Sir Alex Ferguson watched him closely.

He became more than a coach...

He became a guide.

One day, he said to Cristiano,

"You have all the tools.

But now... you must become a man."

Cristiano listened.

He trained even harder.

He built muscle.

He studied the game.

Every day, before and after practice,

He worked.

Free kicks.

Dribbles.

Headers.

While others rested,

Cristiano stayed.

And soon...

It paid off.

He started scoring goals.

Beautiful goals.

Important goals.

The fans fell in love.

They chanted his name:

“Ronaldo! Ronaldo!”

He wore number 7...

A shirt with history.

It was worn by legends — Best, Cantona, Beckham...

Now, it was his.

He made it his own.

With Manchester United,

Cristiano won everything.

Premier League.

FA Cup.

Champions League.

He became a star.

Not just in England...

But around the world.

In 2008, he won his first Ballon d’Or...

The award for the best player in the world.

He was no longer just a boy from Madeira...

He was a champion.

But through all the fame...

All the trophies...

Cristiano stayed hungry.

He wanted more.

More goals.

More records.

More history.

And Sir Alex?

He smiled and said,

“I knew he was special.

But he became something even greater...

A legend.”

**What do you think drives a young man to leave his home, chase greatness...
and never stop, even after reaching the top?**



Chapter 4: Real Madrid... Real Pressure

In 2009...

The football world shook.

Cristiano Ronaldo left Manchester United.

He signed with Real Madrid.

For a world-record fee.

Ninety-four million euros.

Yes... ninety-four million.

The most expensive player in football history.

The media went wild.

The fans were excited.

And the pressure?

It was huge.

“Can he do it in Spain?”

“Is he worth that money?”

“Will he survive at Real Madrid?”

Cristiano just smiled.

He had heard it all before.

But now... he had to prove it.

Again.

His first press conference was full of lights and noise.

Journalists, cameras, questions...

He stood tall.

And said,

“I am ready. I will do my best.”

But in Madrid, “best” is never enough.

Here, you must be the greatest.

The stadium?

Santiago Bernabéu.

A temple of football.

Eighty thousand fans.

Every match.

Every week.

Cristiano put on the white shirt.

The famous number 9.

Later, number 7.

And from the first game...

He delivered.

Goal.

After goal.

After goal.

Powerful shots.

Headers.

Free kicks like rockets.

The fans went crazy.

They sang his name.

“Cristiano... Cristiano...”

But it wasn't easy.

The pressure never stopped.

The media followed him everywhere.

One bad match?

Headlines.

Criticism.

Doubt.

But Cristiano didn't stop.

He trained harder.

He focused more.

And slowly...

He made Real Madrid his home.

With stars like Karim Benzema, Sergio Ramos, and later, Gareth Bale...

He built a new team.

A winning team.

Trophies started to come.

La Liga.

Copa del Rey.

And then... the Champions League.

One...

Two...

Three...

Four.

Four Champions League titles with Real Madrid.

He broke records.

Most goals in a season.

Most goals in one Champions League campaign.

Fastest to 100 goals.

He became the top scorer in Real Madrid history.

More than even legends like Raúl and Di Stéfano.

And every time he scored...

He did his famous celebration.

He jumped, turned in the air,

Landed with open arms...

And shouted:

“Siiiiuuuu!”

The world copied him.

Kids everywhere did the same move.

He was not just a footballer...

He was a global icon.

But the road wasn't always smooth.

He had injuries.

He had rivals.

He had pain.

Barcelona... and Lionel Messi.

The greatest rivalry in football history.

Cristiano vs. Messi.

Speed vs. skill.

Power vs. magic.

Every El Clásico match was like a war.

And the world watched.

Millions...

Maybe billions.

Sometimes Messi won.

Sometimes Cristiano.

But both made history.

Both pushed each other to the top.

Cristiano didn't just win titles.

He won hearts.

He showed strength.

Discipline.

Passion.

People said,

“He’s not just gifted. He works harder than anyone.”

He won the Ballon d’Or again.

Not once.

Not twice.

But five times in total.

He made Real Madrid stronger.

He made himself unstoppable.

From a boy in Madeira...

To a king in Madrid.

But even after all the success...

Cristiano stayed hungry.

Hungry for more.

Because that’s who he was.

Not just a star.

A fighter.

Have you ever wanted something so much... that you were ready to fight for it every single day, even when the world was watching?



Chapter 5: The Fight for Respect

He scored goals.

He broke records.

He lifted trophies.

But still... some people doubted him.

They said,

“Cristiano only cares about himself.”

“He’s too arrogant.”

“He’s not a team player.”

It hurt... but he didn’t show it.

Cristiano Ronaldo was not just a footballer.

He was a fighter.

He played with fire in his heart...

And pressure on his shoulders.

Every match felt like a test.

Every goal was an answer.

Every victory?

A message.

"I’m still here," he seemed to say.

"I’m not done."

Yes, he loved the spotlight.

Yes, he was proud.

But behind the confidence...

There was a man who worked harder than anyone.

While others talked...

Cristiano trained.

While critics wrote headlines...

Cristiano scored goals.

In every country, every stadium...

He was watched.

Judged.

Praised...

And attacked.

But one thing never changed —

His desire to win.

Not just for himself...

But for his team.

For his country.

For his family.

He was more than a striker.

He became a captain.

A leader.

The one teammates looked to when things went wrong.

When Portugal was behind,

He lifted them.

When Madrid needed magic,

He delivered.

When the world waited for him to fall...

He rose higher.

But still, the criticism followed.

They said he dived too much.

They said he wasn't kind.

They said Messi was better.

Cristiano didn't answer with words.

He answered with actions.

Hat-tricks.

Comebacks.

Finals.

In one Champions League night,

He scored three goals to save Juventus from defeat.

The crowd exploded.

He pointed to his chest and shouted,

"This is what I do!"

And they believed him.

He was intense.

He was loud.

He was emotional.

But he was also human.

After games, he hugged young fans.

He signed shirts.

He gave time to children in hospitals.

He donated money.

He helped the poor.

He never forgot where he came from.

Madeira.

The small island.

The small boy.

The big dream.

And every time someone said,

“He’s finished,”

Cristiano answered.

Not with his mouth...

But with his boots.

People asked,

“Why does he still play like he’s 20?”

The answer was simple.

Because he still wanted respect.

Not fame Not likes.

Not headlines Real respect.

The kind that comes when people see your fight.

When they feel your passion.

When they say,

“He gave everything.”

Cristiano was never perfect.

But he was real.

And real greatness... is never easy.

He showed the world that you don’t need to be loved by everyone...

You just need to keep going.

Keep shining.

Keep proving... who you are.

What would you do... if the world kept judging you, but you knew your heart was full of fire? Would you give up — or fight harder?

Chapter 6: Portugal's Pride

It was the summer of 2016.

The world was watching.

The UEFA European Championship — “Euro 2016” — had begun.

And Portugal...

Was not the favorite.

People said,

“They are not strong enough.”

“They will not go far.”

But Portugal had something special.

They had Cristiano Ronaldo.

At 31 years old,

Cristiano was now the captain.

The leader.

The heart of the team.

He wasn't just playing for goals now.

He was playing for his country.

For the flag.

For the people.

Match after match...

Portugal fought hard.

The games were not easy.

But they didn't give up.

They reached the semi-final.

Then... the final.

The date?

July 10th, 2016.

The place?

Paris.

The opponent?

France — the host nation.

The stadium was full.

Millions were watching on TV.

Portugal walked onto the field.

Cristiano looked up at the crowd.

He placed his hand on his chest.

And whispered,

“For Portugal.”

The match began.

Fast, strong, intense.

Cristiano was ready.

He ran. He passed.

He looked for a goal.

But then...

In the 25th minute...

Disaster.

A French player hit his knee.

Cristiano fell.

He tried to stand.

He limped.

He fell again.

The pain... was too much.

He couldn't continue.

He sat on the grass... and cried.

The captain...

The star...

Was out.

Everyone thought,

“It’s over.”

But Cristiano didn’t leave the game.

No...

He stood on the sideline.

His leg was wrapped.

His eyes were full of fire.

He shouted.

He cheered.

He clapped.

He became... the coach.

“Go, go, go!”

“Stay strong!”

“Believe!”

His voice was louder than anyone.

Minute after minute passed.

No goals.

Then... extra time.

And then...

In the 109th minute...

Eder scored.

A rocket from outside the box!

Goal!!!

Portugal led 1–0.

Cristiano jumped.

He shouted.

He ran to the players.

Tears in his eyes.

Tears of pride.

The whistle blew.

The match ended.

Portugal...

Were champions of Europe.

For the first time in history.

And Cristiano?

Though he didn't finish the game...

He lifted the trophy.

With both hands,

High above his head.

Like a warrior...

Like a king.

That night,

The boy from Madeira became a legend.

Not just for goals.

Not just for records.

But for heart.

He showed the world...

Leadership is not only on the field.

It's in your voice.

Your spirit.

Your love for your team.

Portugal had waited many years.

And now... they had their moment.

Because of him.

Because of the boy who once cried alone in Lisbon.

Who trained in the dark.

Who dreamed of more.

Now, the world saw him with new eyes.

Not just as a player...

But as Portugal's pride.

Can one person's dream lift a whole country? What happens... when your dream becomes your people's joy?



Chapter 7: The Journey Continues

He had done it all.

Champions League.

La Liga.

Ballon d'Ors.

European champion with Portugal.

Most players... would stop.

Enjoy the money.

Relax.

Retire.

But not Cristiano.

In 2018, he made a bold move.

He left Real Madrid...

And joined Juventus.

Italy.

A new language.

A new league.

A new challenge.

People asked,

“Why leave now?”

He was 33 years old.

Cristiano just smiled.

“I still have more to give,” he said.

At Juventus, he trained like always.

First to arrive.

Last to leave.

The gym, the pitch, the cold ice baths...
He did it all.

And again...
The goals came.

He helped Juventus win league titles.
He scored amazing goals.
And he showed the world...
Age is just a number.

But he wanted more.
More history.
More success.

So in 2021...
Cristiano returned to where it all changed.
Manchester United.

The fans were waiting.
Tears in their eyes.
He came home.

Old Trafford welcomed him like a king.
Chants filled the sky.
“Viva Ronaldo! Viva Ronaldo!”

In his first game back...
He scored two goals.
The crowd went wild.

But this time, things were different.
The team was not the same.
They struggled.
They lost games.

Cristiano still gave his all.

But something didn't feel right.

He was older.

More experienced.

More patient...

But also more frustrated.

He wanted to win.

He wanted more support.

Some people blamed him.

Some defended him.

But he kept going.

Kept training.

Kept scoring.

And then, another twist...

In 2022, he left Manchester again.

This time... for Saudi Arabia.

He joined Al-Nassr.

People were shocked.

"Why go there?"

"Is it for the money?"

But Cristiano had his reasons.

He wanted to grow football in new places.

He wanted to open doors.

He wanted to be... the first.

Again.

In Saudi Arabia, he scored goals.

He inspired young players.

He became a global ambassador.

And still...

The fire inside him burned bright.

Even as he passed 35...

Then 36...

Then 38...

He ran.

He fought.

He dreamed.

He played with passion.

With pride.

With purpose.

Not just for trophies anymore...

But for something bigger.

To show the world what is possible.

With discipline.

With belief.

With heart.

He played for his family.

For his children watching in the stands.

For the little boy inside him...

The one from Madeira...

Who kicked a ball on a quiet street.

And every time he stepped onto the pitch...

You could still see it.

The joy.

The fire.

The love.

Because for Cristiano Ronaldo...

Football was never just a job.

It was his life.

His story.

His journey.

And it wasn't over yet.

How far would you go... if you believed your journey never ends — just changes direction?



Chapter 8: Euro 2024 – One Last Dance

He was 39 years old.

The world said,

“He’s too old.”

“He should retire.”

“He’s done.”

But Cristiano Ronaldo...

He wasn’t listening.

Euro 2024 was here.

The lights were bright.

The world was watching.

And once again,

Cristiano put on the red shirt of Portugal.

He kissed the badge.

He looked to the sky...

And whispered,

“Let’s go.”

Some said he was just there for show.

A legend at the end.

A captain for the photos.

But they were wrong.

Very wrong.

From the first match...

Cristiano ran like a man on fire.

He passed.

He shouted.

He scored.

And more than that...

He led.

Young players looked at him with wide eyes.

They followed his voice.

His example.

He gave them courage.

He gave them belief.

Portugal won their group.

Then the next match.

And the next.

Fans across the country started to believe.

Could it happen again?

Could they win... with a 39-year-old captain?

In the semi-final, the score was 1–1.

Nervous.

Tight.

Then...

Cristiano got the ball.

He took one step...

Then another...

And hit it.

Goal!

The crowd screamed.

He ran to the corner flag.

He jumped.

He turned.

He shouted:

“Siiiiuuu!”

One more time.

Portugal were in the final.

And who did they face?

France.

Again.

Just like in 2016.

But this time, Cristiano stayed on the pitch.

He played every minute.

He pushed.

He fought.

The match was hard.

Tough tackles.

Fast attacks.

But no goals.

Then, in extra time...

It happened.

A perfect pass.

Cristiano in the box.

He didn't shoot.

He passed.

To the young striker beside him.

Goal.

1–0 Portugal.

Cristiano didn't take the glory.

He gave it.

The final whistle blew.

Portugal were champions of Europe...

Again.

Cristiano fell to his knees.

His hands on his face.

Tears rolled down his cheeks.

He looked up at the sky.

The crowd chanted his name.

"Ronaldo! Ronaldo!"

He hugged his teammates.

He hugged his coach.

He hugged his son, who ran onto the field.

Then...

He stood tall.

He lifted the trophy.

One last time.

The cameras flashed.

The music played.

But Cristiano's heart was quiet.

He looked around.

The stadium.

The fans.

The flag.

And maybe...

He knew.

This could be the end.

The final chapter.

The last dance.

But what a dance it was.

From a boy in Madeira...

To a man who made history.

Again and again.

He showed the world that dreams don't expire.

That age is not the end.

That leadership is more than goals.

It's love.

It's sacrifice.

It's giving everything... until the very last whistle.

If you had one last chance to shine... would you give it your all — even if the world thought you couldn't?



Chapter 9: A Legacy Forever

He started as a skinny boy...

Playing football on the streets of Madeira.

Now?

He's one of the most famous names in the world.

Cristiano Ronaldo.

More than a player.

More than a champion.

A legend.

He didn't just break records.

He built something bigger.

A legacy.

What is legacy?

It's what you leave behind.

Not just trophies.

Not just numbers.

But memories.

Inspiration.

Cristiano gave us moments we will never forget.

The free kicks.

The goals in the last minute.

The famous "Siiiiuuu" celebration.

The tears of joy.

The tears of pain.

But also... the fight.

The discipline.

The hunger.

He showed us that dreams are not enough.

You must work.

You must fall.

And then... rise again.

He was not perfect.

Sometimes he failed.

Sometimes he was angry.

Sometimes... he felt alone.

But still...

He stood up.

Again.

And again.

And again.

And millions watched.

Little boys in Africa kicked a ball and shouted "Ronaldo!"

Girls in South America wore the number 7 with pride.

Children in Asia copied his moves.

In Europe... his face was everywhere.

On walls.

On posters.

On screens.

Because Cristiano was not just a footballer.

He was a symbol.

Of hope.

Of strength.

Of never giving up.

Off the field, too, he gave.

To hospitals.

To schools.

To people in need.

He used his name to help others.

To speak for children with dreams...

Just like his.

In interviews, he said:

“I remember being poor.

I remember not having shoes.

I never forget where I came from.”

And that...

Is why people love him.

Not just for the goals.

But for the journey.

For the heart.

He built a museum in Madeira —

To tell his story.

So that every child who visits can believe:

“I can do it too.”

He created a brand.

A business.

A legacy that will last.

Even when he stops playing...

The story doesn't end.

His name... will live on.

In history books.

In videos.

In hearts.

Because Cristiano Ronaldo is proof.

That a poor boy with a big dream...

Can change the world.

And now...

As he walks away from the pitch for the last time...

He doesn't cry for the end.

He smiles... for everything he gave.

And we, the fans...

We stand.

We clap.

We whisper,

"Thank you, Cristiano."

For the goals.

For the fight.

For the fire.

What will your story be? If you give your heart like Cristiano... how far can you go?



THE END

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See you soon, and happy learning!

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