Nadeem

As Jamie lifted his head, he couldn't help but smile. He knew exactly where he wanted it. Jamie was going to smash it into the top right corner, and that was exactly what happened. He punched the air in happiness. He had scored the winning goal, but was it enough. Surely it was, thought Jamie. His team and the opposition weren't happy because everyone wanted to have scored that goal. He celebrated in front of Simmonds. The coach said, "Well done all of you. You were all good out there today. Tomorrow I will inform you if you have made the team. That's all for today. Go get some rest now." Jamie felt exhilarated and full of curiosity if he had made the team. He went home and had a shower. Then, he fell ~~ast~~ asleep and snored happily in his sleep.

When Jamie went to Kingfield school the next day, there was only one thing on his mind and that wasn't if he had got full marks in his maths and english paper. It was if he had made the team or not. Straight away after lunchtime, he was called out by his coach. "I've made the team, haven't I?" Jamie said confidently.
"Jamie, throughout the match you had hardly done nothing, until the end of course. You have the ability, there is no doubt about that, but do you have physical strength, stamina, a good weak foot. I don't know! I don't know because I haven't seen it from you. Look, you've made the team but if you make any errors, you'll be dropped and you won't be in the school football team and you probably won't be a footballer. Take part in the whole match. I ~~forgot~~ you were playing. You've made the team, well done and good luck. You can go now, Jamie"
He had made the team! He had no margin for errors,