

This was it. Jamie would smash that volley into the top right-hand corner and that would be his instant ticket to a respectable place in the Kingfield Under Fourteens' Team. Or at least that was the plan. But then like a nightmare after a dream was his only obstacle - Dillon Simmonds.

Desperately, Jamie tried to outskill him but it was no use. Dillon was a decent player, almost as ~~as~~ good as Jamie - or even better. Mercilessly, Dillon tackled him and started racing the opposite direction. Jamie, now even more determined than ever, chased him. In the end, Jamie found himself being nutmegged and his arch-nemesis scoring a hat-trick. Pain shot through him like darts and tears spilt down his cheeks. "I can't cry. I won't cry!" he thought. Silently, he wiped them away.

Jamie didn't need Kingfield. He could get signed onto a better club. "But all players have to start off small, silly!" It was his grandad's voice acting as his conscience. Although Jamie was stubborn, if there was one person who could change his mind, it was his grandad. So he hoped with all of his heart that he would manage to get on the team. But he knew his low chances.

Much to Jamie's surprise, he was assured a place. His coach told him he was a little rough on

the edges and needed some work in a few places but if he ~~really~~ worked really hard, he could be a star player. He didn't need ~~coach~~ to his coach to tell him ~~that~~ that. It was one of ~~his~~ his grandad's regular sayings. With a little determination anything is possible. "Sky's the limit!" It was his grandad again. Jamie ~~smiled~~ grinned.

