A hand holding a pen is visible on the right side of the page, positioned over several envelopes. The envelopes are scattered across the bottom half of the page, with some showing their flaps. The background is a dark, textured surface with a white, torn-paper-like border framing the text.

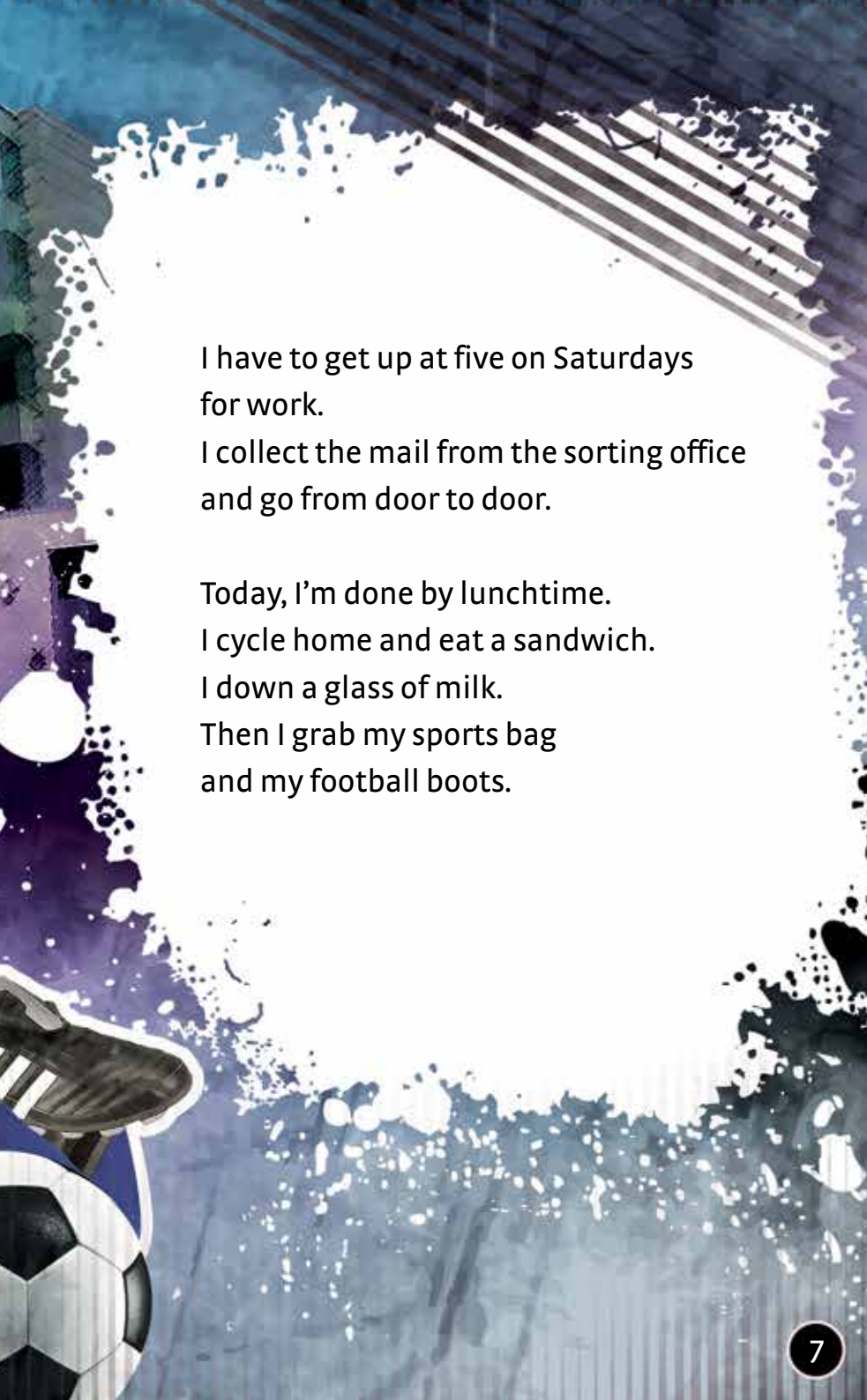
I live on the outskirts of the city
in a shared house with four friends.

I go to the local college.
I want to be a car mechanic.

On Saturday mornings
I work for Royal Mail, delivering post.
On Saturday afternoons I play football.







I have to get up at five on Saturdays
for work.

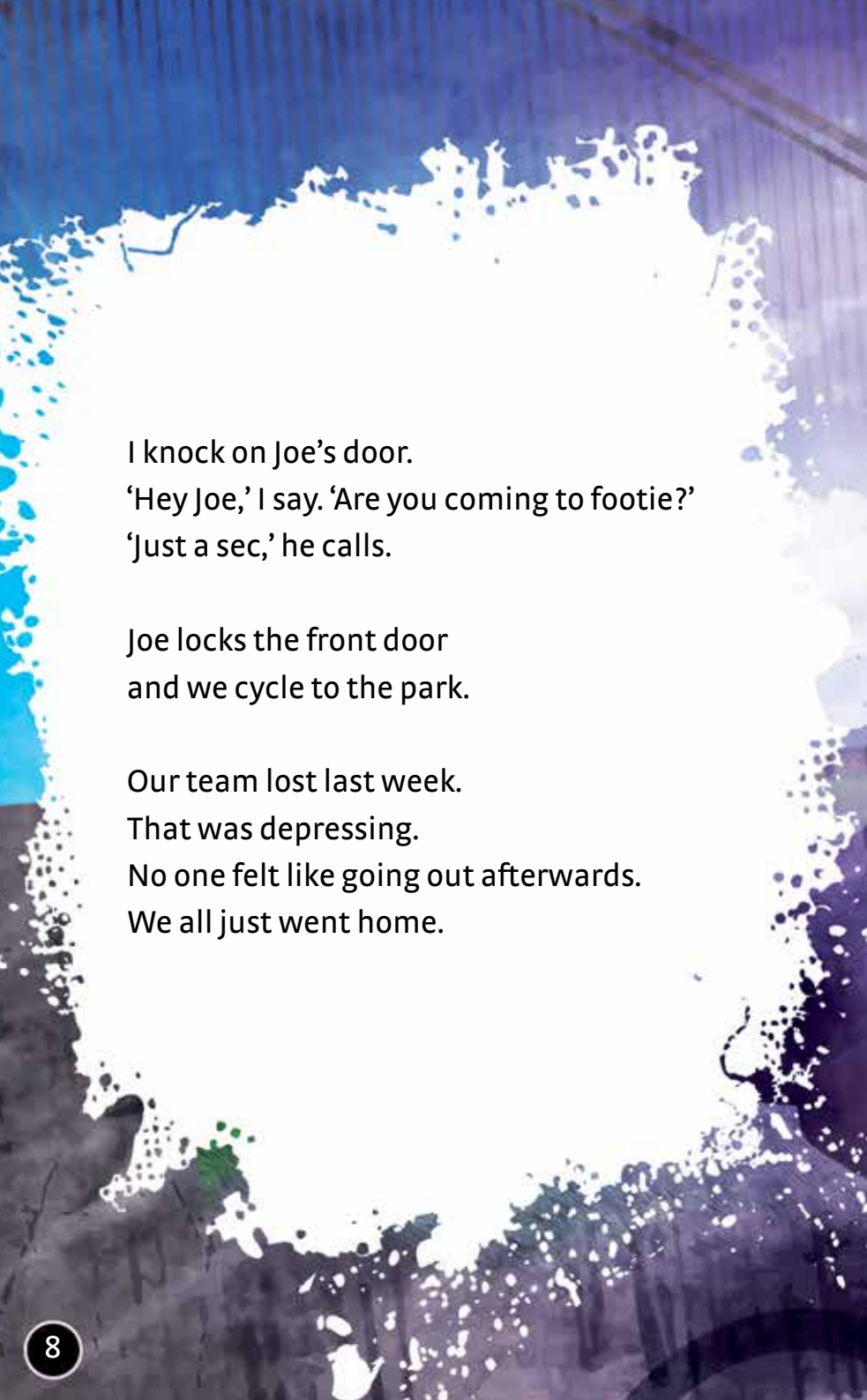
I collect the mail from the sorting office
and go from door to door.

Today, I'm done by lunchtime.

I cycle home and eat a sandwich.

I down a glass of milk.

Then I grab my sports bag
and my football boots.



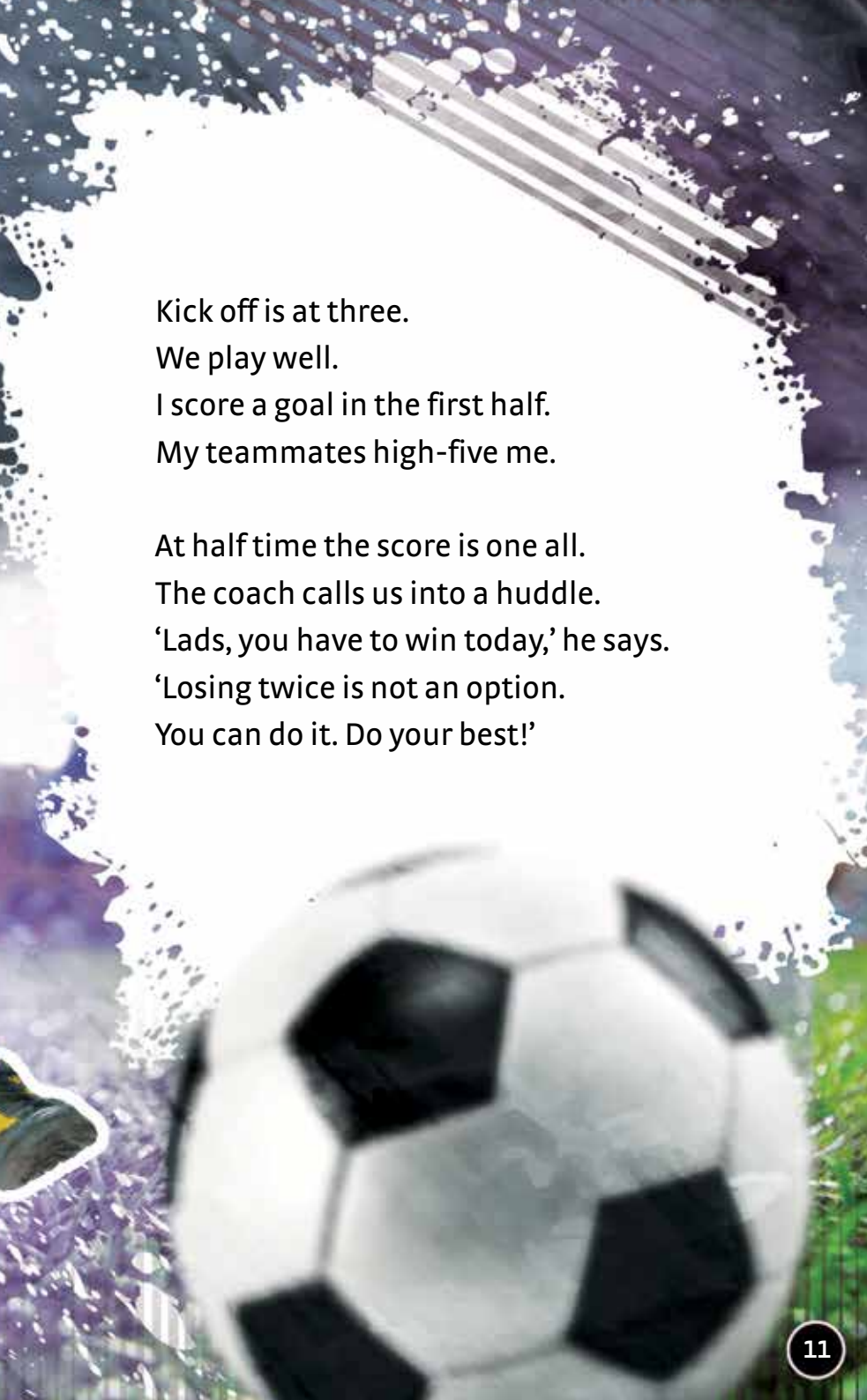
I knock on Joe's door.
'Hey Joe,' I say. 'Are you coming to footie?'
'Just a sec,' he calls.

Joe locks the front door
and we cycle to the park.

Our team lost last week.
That was depressing.
No one felt like going out afterwards.
We all just went home.







Kick off is at three.
We play well.
I score a goal in the first half.
My teammates high-five me.

At half time the score is one all.
The coach calls us into a huddle.
'Lads, you have to win today,' he says.
'Losing twice is not an option.
You can do it. Do your best!'