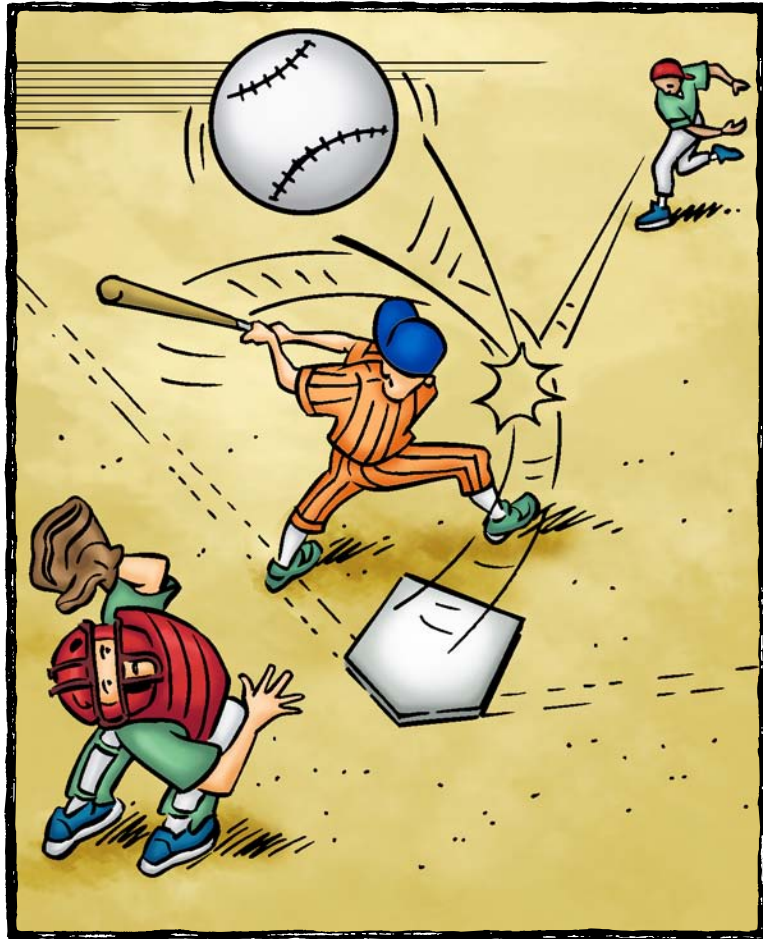


Eggy's Easy Out

A Reading A-Z Level L Leveled Book

Word Count: 395

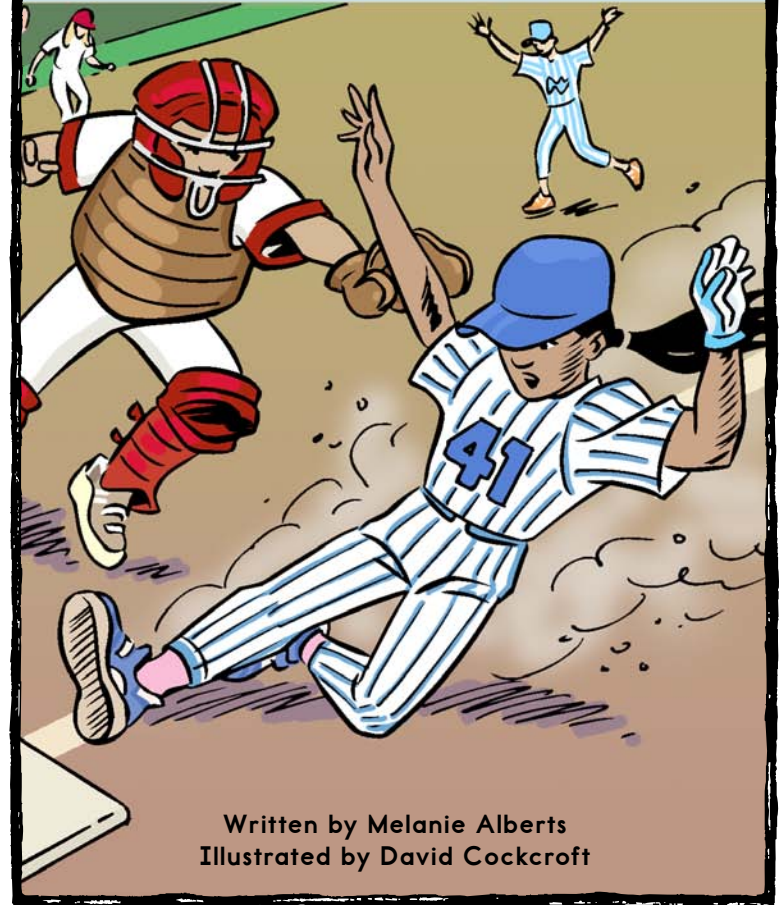


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Illustrated by David Cockcroft

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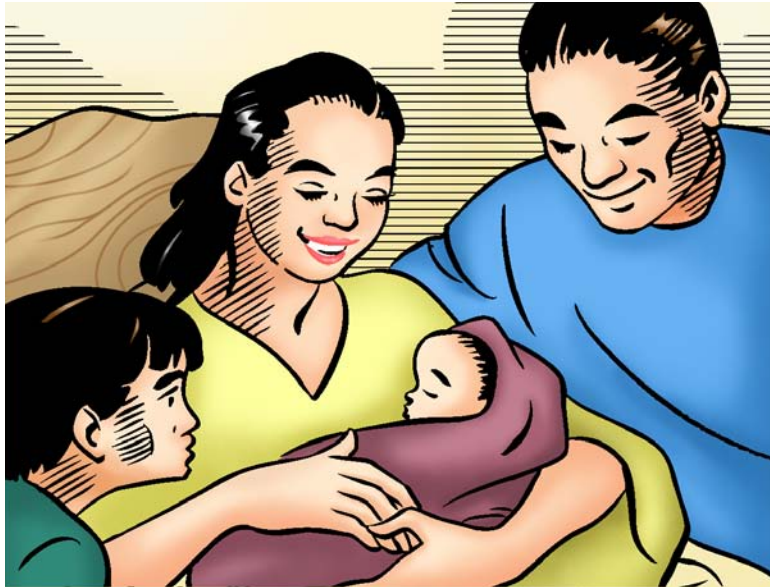
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Level L Leveled Book
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Correlation

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People call me Eggy. But that's not my real name. When my brother Jordan first saw me when I was a baby, he said, "His head looks like an egg!" My head is normal now, but the nickname stuck.

Jordan has always liked to throw things, especially at me. Mom says I could catch even before I could walk.



Now that he's twelve, Jordan has a super-strong arm. He pitches for his Little League team. And do you know what? I play catcher for my team. Catchers must be quick and smart. They use signals to tell the pitcher what kind of pitch to throw. Fastballs are my favorite. I like the way they zoom past the batter and slam hard into my mitt.

During the last inning of our first game, I signaled for a fastball. The batter hit a pop fly. The ball sailed toward the sun like a rocket ship.

“Catch it, Eggy!” the coach shouted.



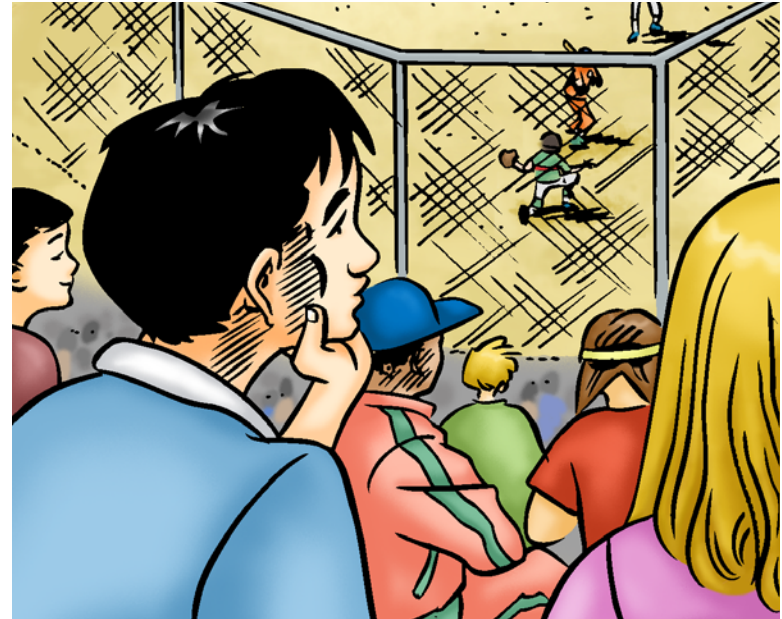
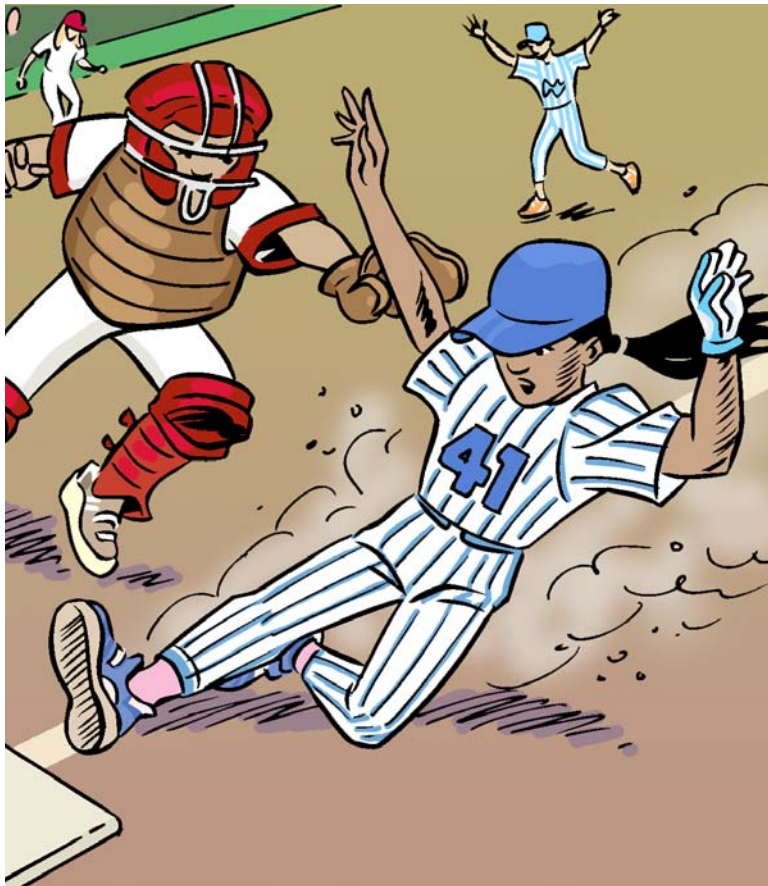
I flung off my mask. Even with the sun in my eyes, I nabbed the pop-up. My team won the game!

I told Jordan about my awesome catch.

“Pop-ups are easy outs, Eggy,” he said. “Try something harder next time.”

We lost the next game, but I tagged a player out as she slid home. Later, when I told Jordan, he tossed his dinner napkin at me.

“Not bad, Eggy,” he said. “This Saturday I’ll watch you play.”



On Saturday, I tried to forget that Jordan was there. The other team was playing very well. I did not want to lose another game. The score was tied in the last inning. That’s when I really tried to forget that Jordan was there. I signaled the pitcher for a fastball, but it had a lot of spin. The batter knocked it straight over my head.

I leaped up and threw off my mask.
I heard Jordan shout. Just then,
some dust blew into my nose.
Before I could stop it, my mouth
opened wide, and I sneezed.



That's when the ball hit my head.
I fell to my knees. Before I blacked
out, my mitt reached for the ball.





When I opened my eyes, Jordan was kneeling next to me. He held an ice pack to my head. Both teams clapped loudly as Jordan walked me to the bench.

“Did I catch it?” I asked. The coach handed me my mitt. There, right in the middle, was the ball.



“You caught something else, Eggy,” Jordan said, smiling. “It’s a big, egg-shaped lump on your head!”