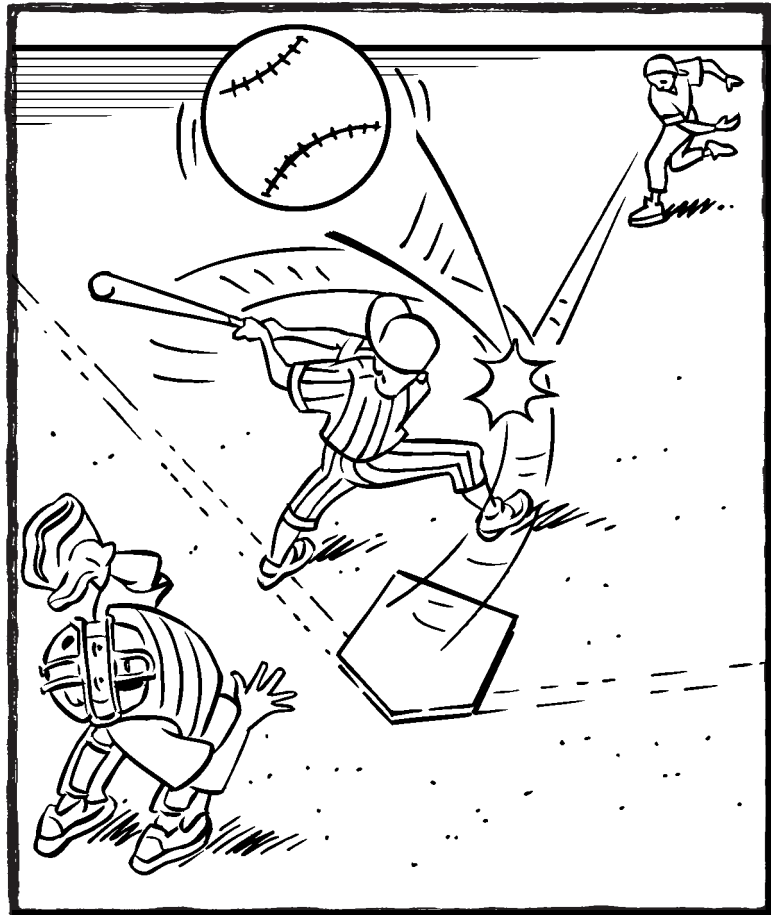


# Eggy's Easy Out

A Reading A-Z Level L Leveled Reader

Word Count: 395

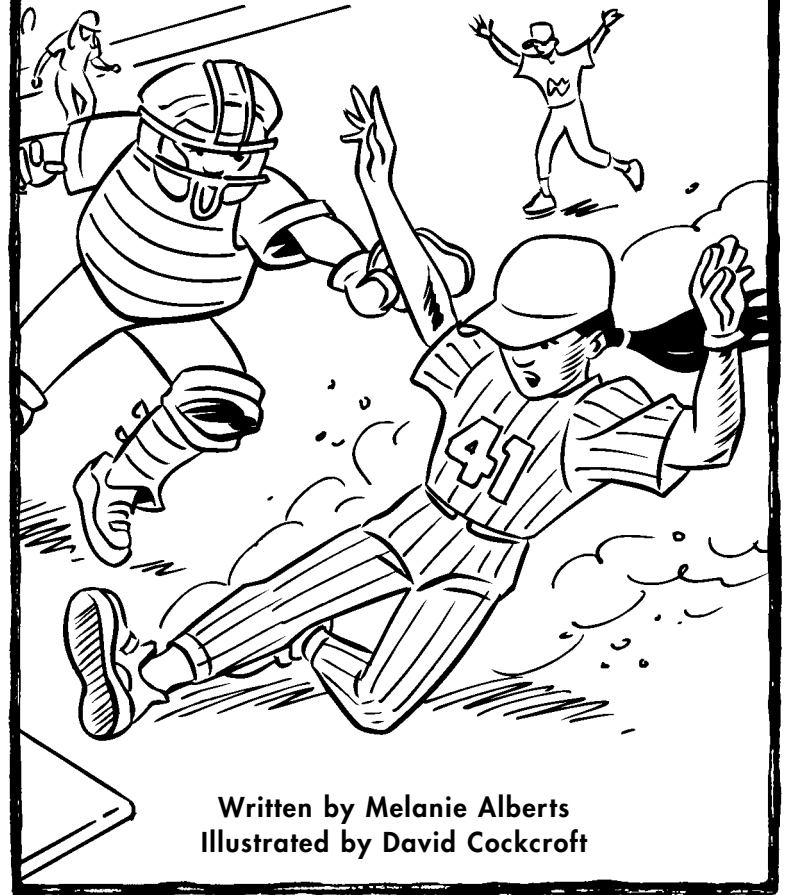


  
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LEVELED READER • L

# Eggy's Easy Out



Written by Melanie Alberts  
Illustrated by David Cockcroft

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

# Eggy's Easy Out



Written by Melanie Alberts  
Illustrated by David Cockcroft



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.

Eggy's Easy Out  
 Level L Leveled Reader  
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 Written by Melanie Alberts  
 Illustrated by David Cockcroft

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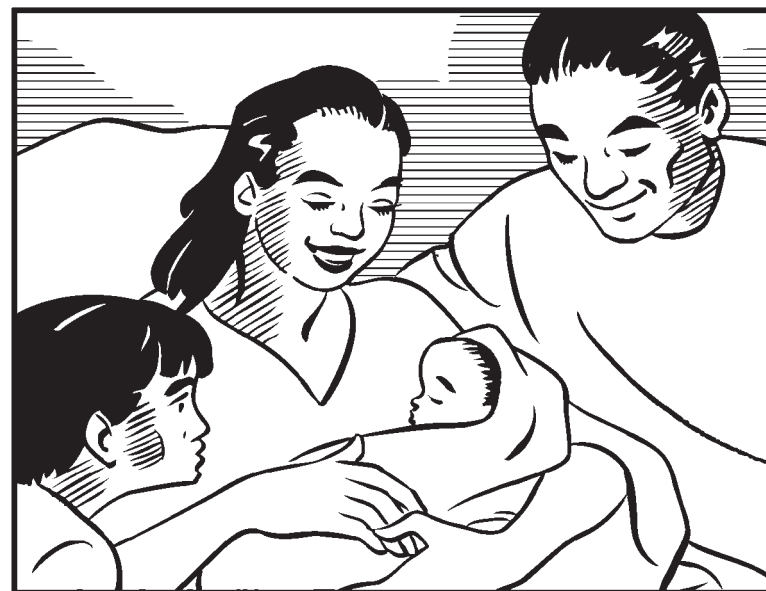
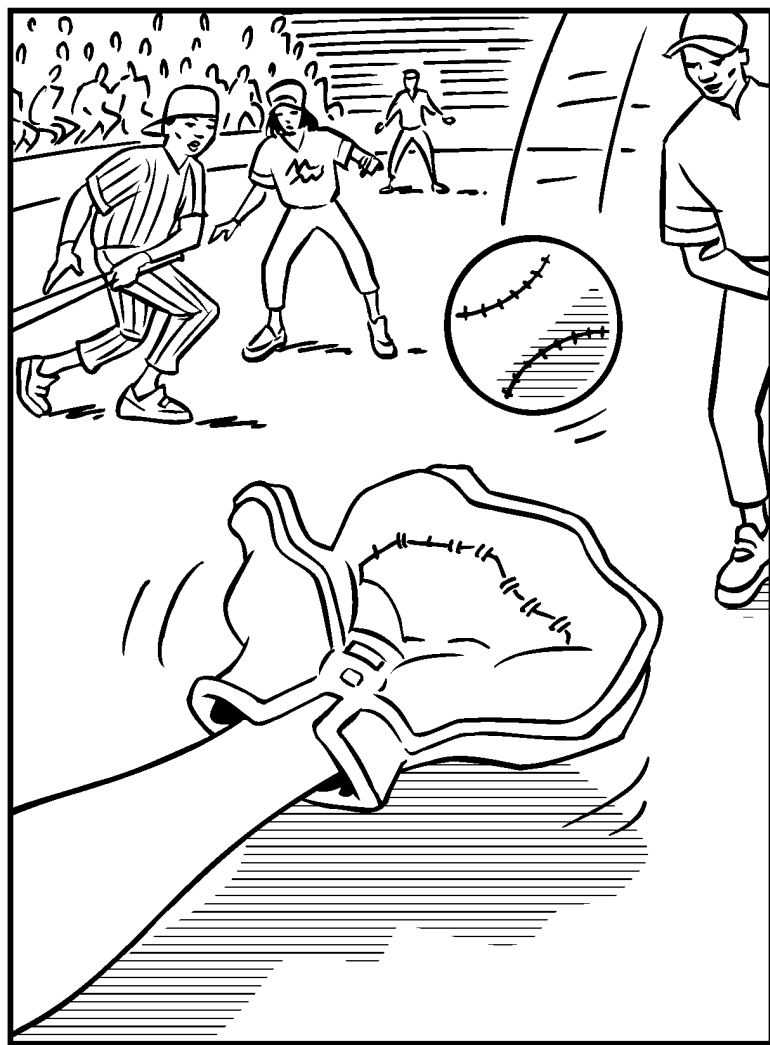
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**Correlation**

**LEVEL L**

Fountas & Pinnell	K
Reading Recovery	18
DRA	20

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



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.

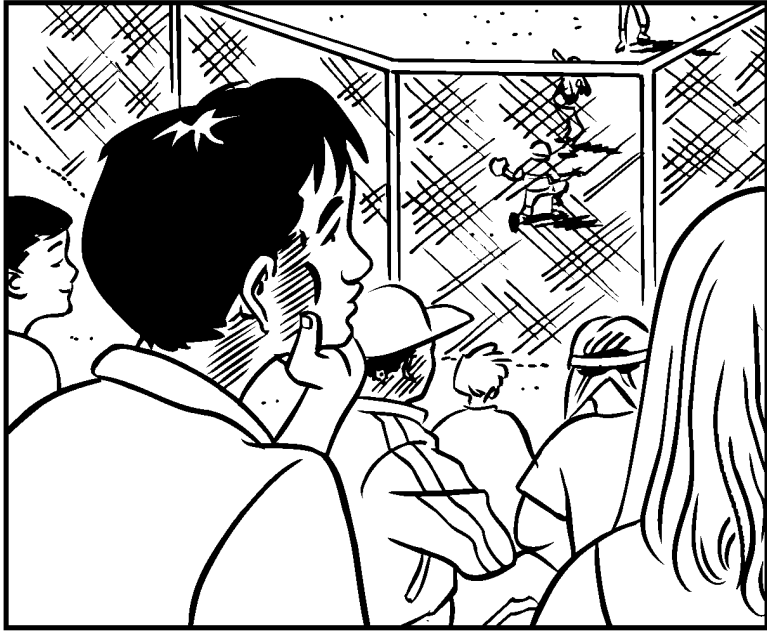
Jordan has always liked to throw  
things, especially at me. Mom  
says I could catch even before  
I could walk.



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.

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.

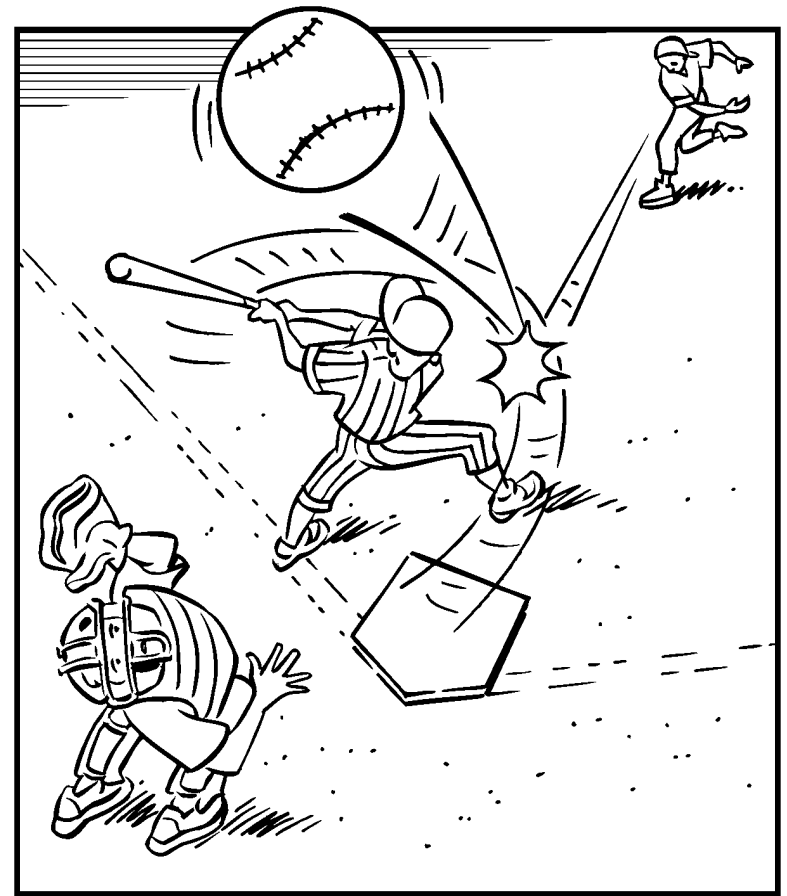




On Saturday, I tried to forget that Jordan was there. The other team was playing very well. I did not want to lose another game. The score was tied in the last inning. That's when I really tried to forget that Jordan was there. I signaled the pitcher for a fastball, but it had a lot of spin. The batter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

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.”

