

Baseball Fever

A We Both Read® Book

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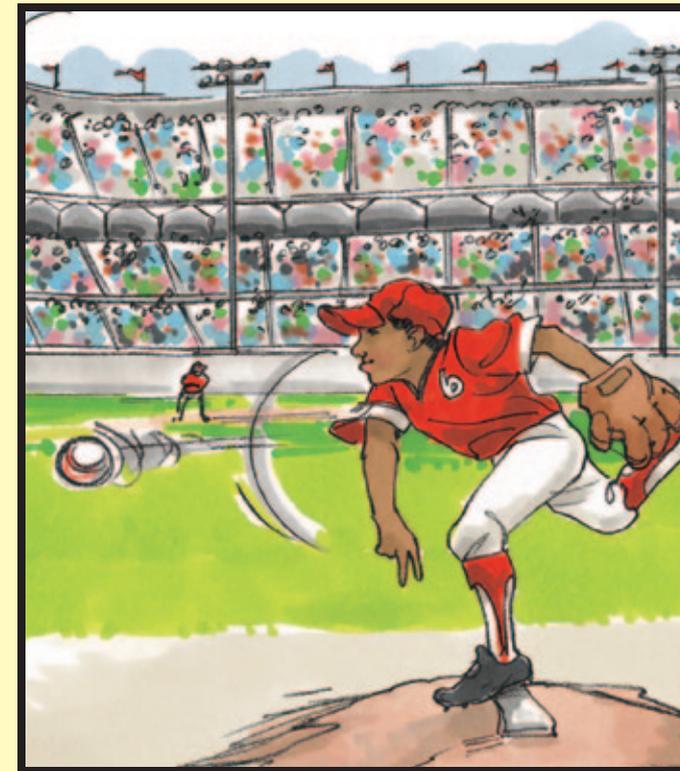
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By Sindy McKay

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TREASURE BAY



☹️ The clock in my classroom moved slowly toward three o'clock. It **always** moved slowly on baseball practice days. BRRRIIING! The last bell finally rang. I grabbed my backpack and raced toward the field as fast as I could!



☹️ I was going to be the first one there. I was almost **always** the first one there, but not today.



☉ Karen Washington, the best shortstop around, got there before me. She waved and yelled, “Hi Jason!” I answered her with a great big sneeze! “Whoa, are you okay?” she asked. I told her I was fine. Then I ran to the **pitcher’s** mound to get in some practice before **Coach** Bill arrived.

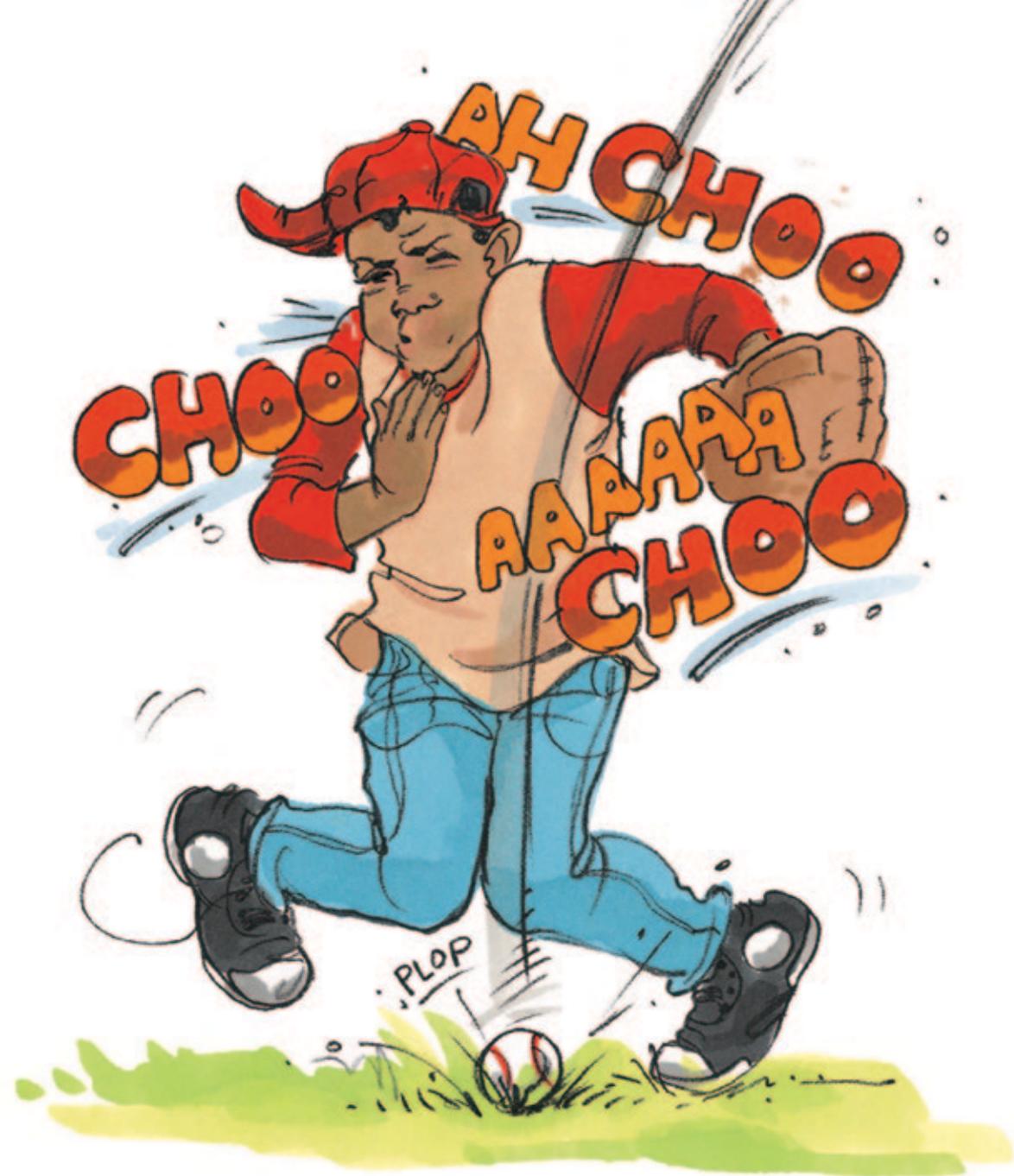


☉ **Coach** Bill was a great coach. He made our team a great team. He made me a great **pitcher!**



☞ Coach Bill sent four of us to the outfield while the rest of the team lined up for batting practice. Karen stepped up and hit a high fly, right to me.

“I’ve got it!” I called as I moved under the ball. Then I sneezed.



☞ I sneezed hard. Then I sneezed again—and again.

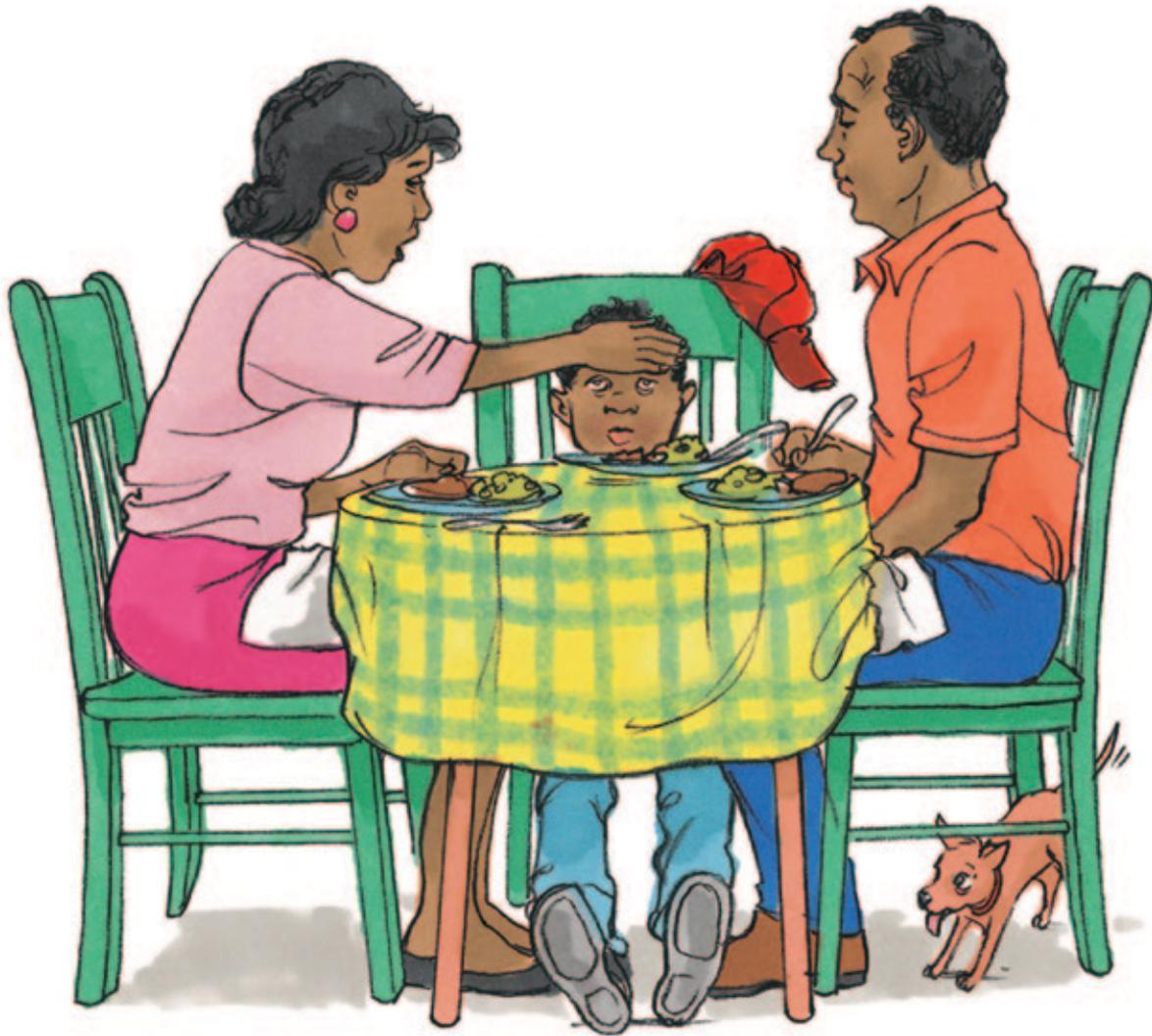
The ball hit the dirt at my feet.



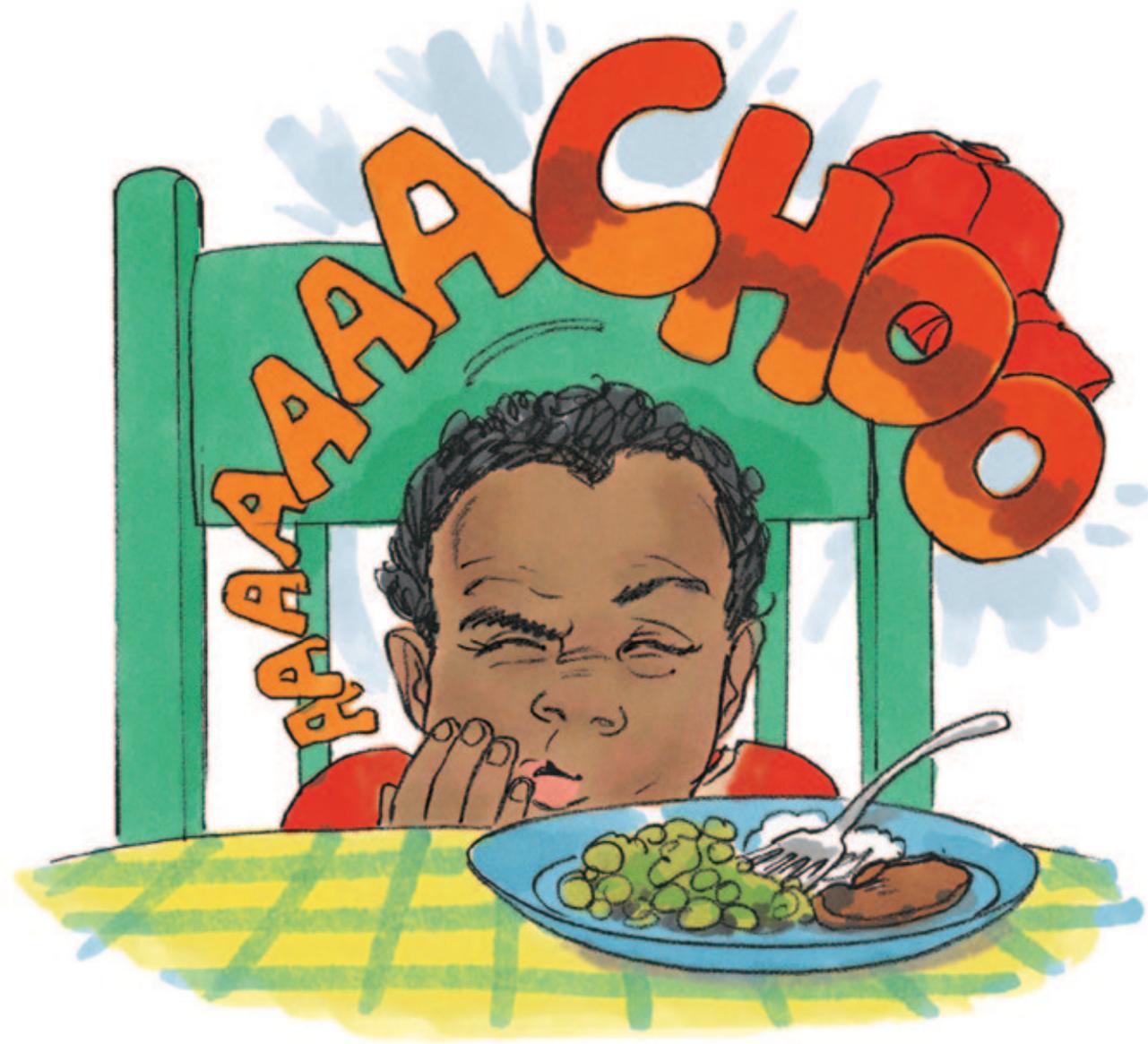
Coach Bill ran out to see if I was okay.
“Looks like you’re getting sick, Jason,” he said. “You better go home and take care of yourself. Saturday is our first game of the season, and I don’t want you to miss it!”



I didn’t want to go home, but Coach Bill said I had to.
I didn’t want to be sick, but I was.



☹️ That night at dinner, Mom noticed I wasn't eating my peas. I love peas—but they tasted kind of yucky tonight. Mom frowned and reached across the table to feel my forehead. “Do you feel okay?” she asked.



☹️ “I feel fine,” I said. “I feel great!” Then I sneezed again.

Mom sent me right to bed.



☹️ When I woke up the next morning I didn't feel so good. My throat was scratchy and my nose was stuffy, and I didn't really feel like going to school or to **baseball practice** or anything. I just wanted to crawl under my covers and go back to sleep.



😊 Mom came in my room. I told her I felt great! "I can't wait to go to school," I said. "I can't wait to go to **baseball practice.**"