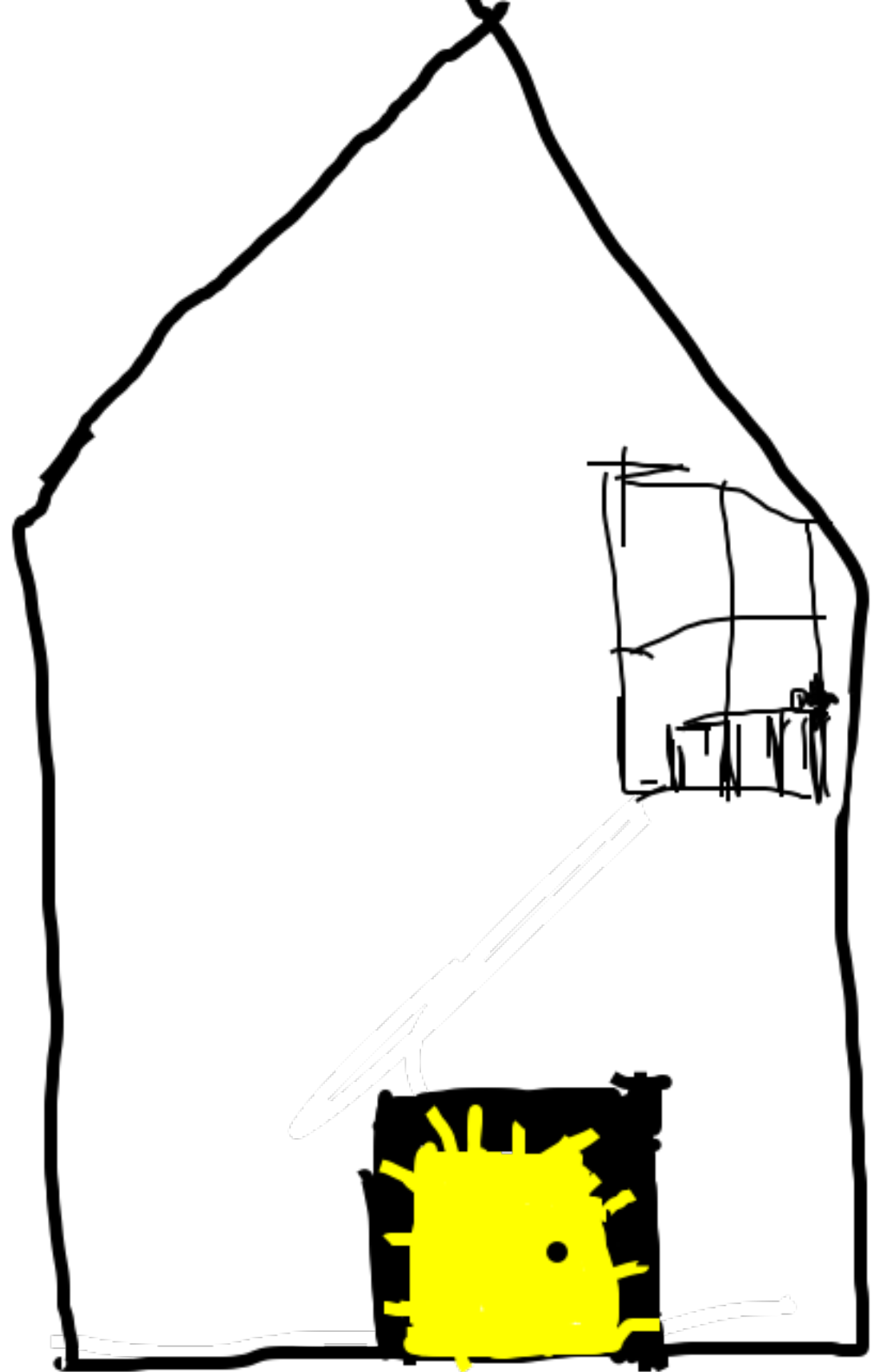


Greg And The  
Baseball Money  
Curse  
By: Kyran Thiemkey  
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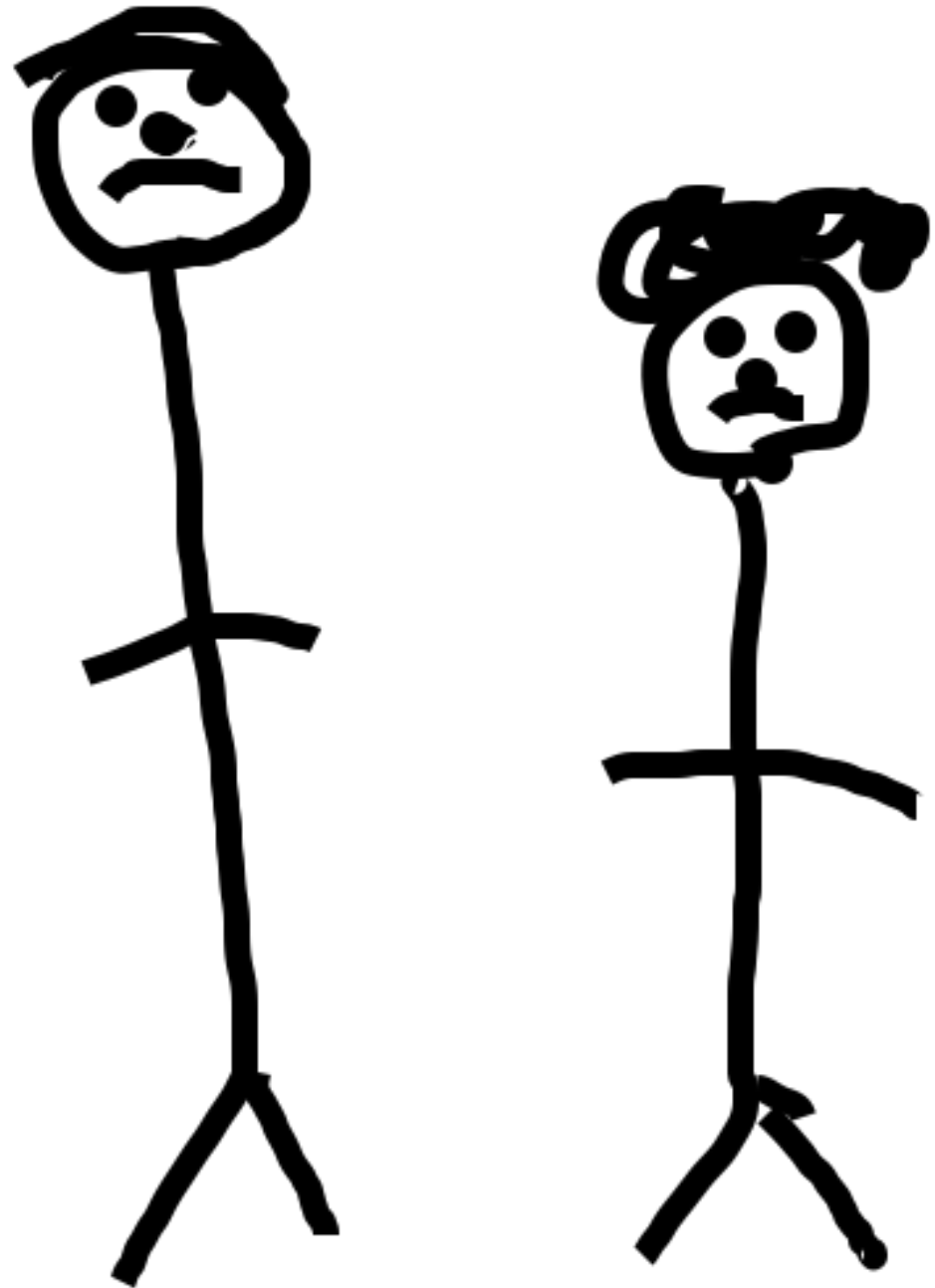


Greg walked into his white wood, clear widowed house. Greg put his stuff down and ran to his mom who was in the gray living room. Greg begged, "Please, please, please can I play baseball?" "Why do you all of a sudden want to play baseball?" Greg's mom asked. "Because I saw people at my school playing it and I want to be just like them. I'm skinny and short so I'll be able to run fast, I am athletic too and strong." Greg said.





"Ok I will try to sign you up." "Do you know how much it costs?" Greg's mom asked. "No, I will look it up." Greg said. "Man it's \$100!" Greg's curly hair flopped down as he sadly said "That is way too much."



"Do you have money I can borrow?" Greg asked. "Sure but it's still not going to be enough." Greg's mom said.

Greg's friend  
↓



"But I don't know all the rules either." Greg said. "So if I do play I might get in trouble because I'm not following the rules." Greg said scared. "You could ask a friend who plays baseball." Greg's mom said excited. "Sure" Greg said.

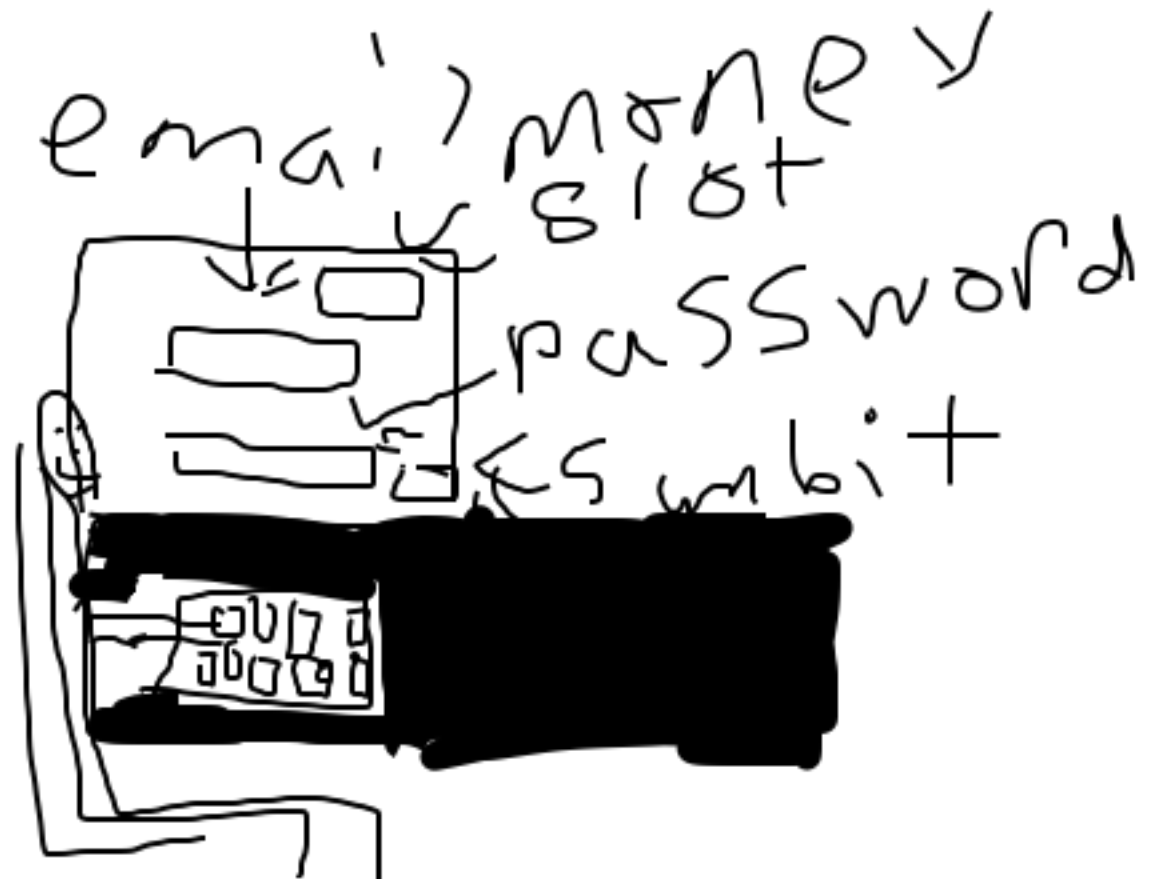


"But I've never played baseball before so I don't have any gear." Greg said as he lowered his voice again. "I knew you were going to want to play baseball your whole life," "I got you gear." Greg's mom said jumping up and down.

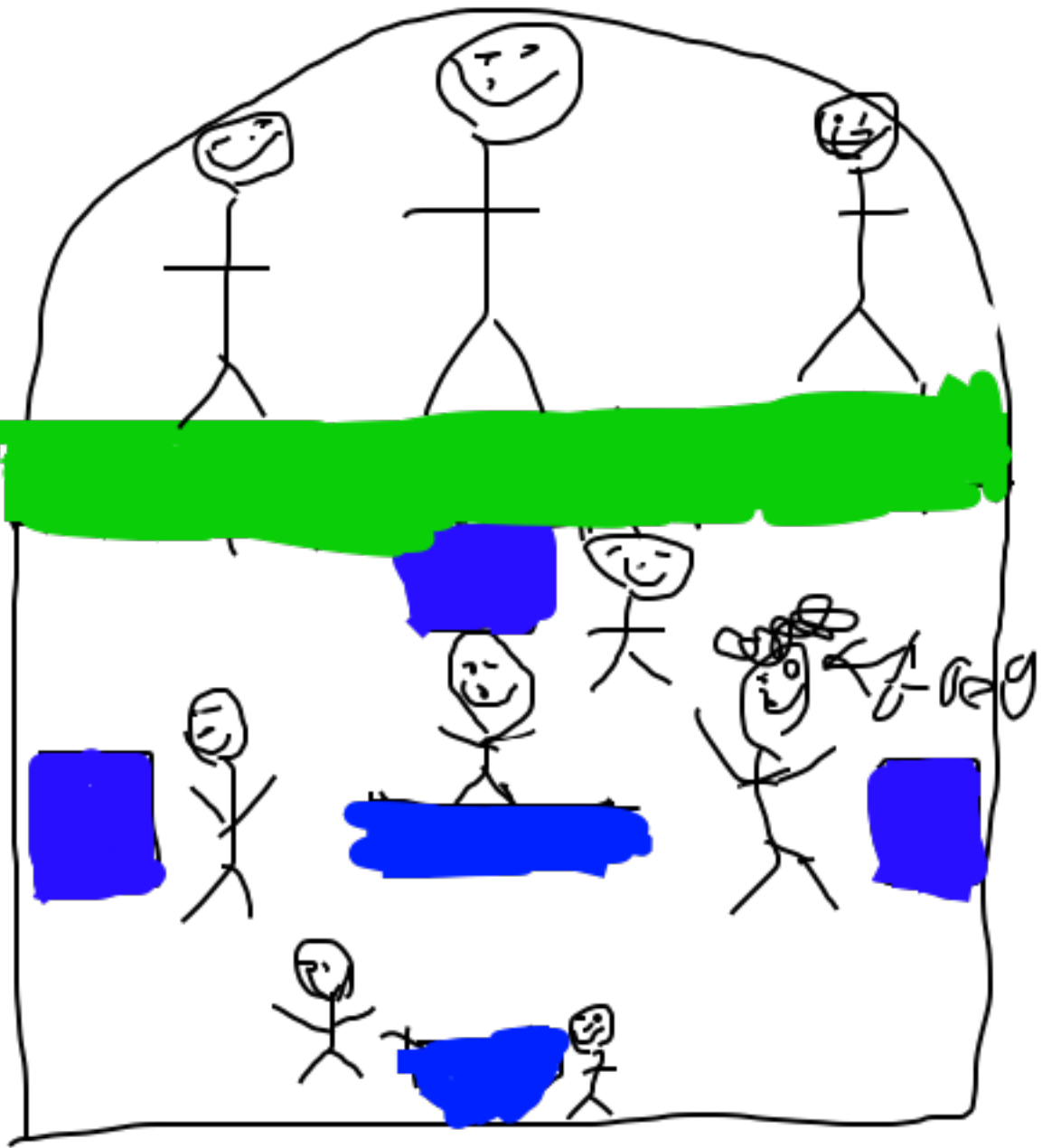
Get  
row  
remónade!



"Wait a minute, I'm pretty sure I'm smart enough to start a lemonade stand." Greg said. "So then we could get enough money so I can play baseball!" Greg shouted really, really happily.



A few weeks later...Greg shouted, "I got enough money from selling lemonade." "Great signing you up in 3, 2, 1, 0!" Greg's mom shouted.



After a few more weeks...Greg jogged onto the new, sandy, grassy field with his cleats digging into the ground and started playing his favorite game. So remember just like Greg you'll always find a solution to every problem you have.