A vibrant illustration of a diverse crowd of people at a baseball game. In the foreground, a boy in a yellow jacket and a girl in a light blue hoodie are cheering enthusiastically, with the boy holding a baseball glove. To their right, a girl with blonde hair holds a small white flag that says "GO". In the background, a man with a mustache holds a cup of popcorn, and a woman in a brown jacket blows into a blue megaphone. The scene is filled with energy and excitement.

**BALLPARK**  
*Mysteries* 1

**THE FENWAY  
FOUL-UP**

David A. Kelly

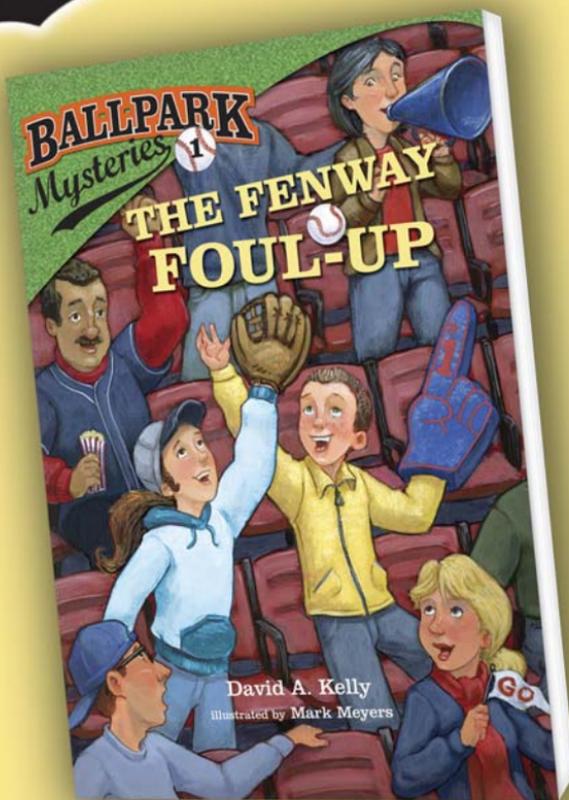
illustrated by Mark Meyers

**CHAPTER SAMPLE**

BATTER UP AND HELP CRACK THE CASE!

# BALLPARK

*Mysteries*



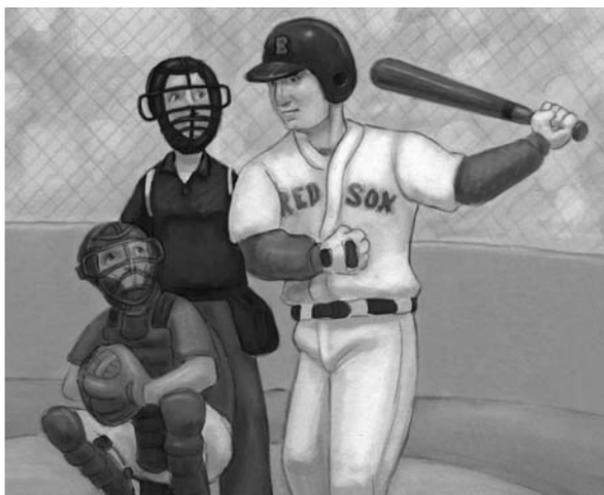
**RANDOM HOUSE**  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

[www.randomhouse.com/kids](http://www.randomhouse.com/kids)

Turn the page for a sneak peek . . .

**BALLPARK**  
*Mysteries* 1

**THE FENWAY  
FOUL-UP**



by David A. Kelly  
illustrated by Mark Meyers

A STEPPING STONE BOOK™  
Random House  New York





# The Green Monster

“Watch out!” Kate yelled.

Boston’s best batter, Big D, had just hit another rocket. The baseball was headed straight to the top of Fenway Park’s left-field wall, right where Kate Hopkins and her cousin Mike Walsh were standing.

“Yowza!” Mike ducked down as the ball sailed overhead. “That one is out of here!”

Mike and Kate watched it fly over the wall of the stadium toward the sunny city

street below. They waited to hear the clunk of the ball hitting a car's hood. Or shattering glass as it hit a windshield.

But all they heard was a loud *thud* and a soft *thunk*. No crunch. No smash of glass. No car alarms.

Mike scampered up to the railing that overlooked the street. The ball bounced against the wall of a parking garage. A little girl in yellow overalls chased the ball as it rolled down the sidewalk.

“Aww . . . why didn't it land near us?” Mike asked. He pulled a worn tennis ball out of his fleece jacket and bounced it against the cement steps a few times. He carried a ball everywhere he went. “I've always wanted a real major-league baseball.”

“If Big D had hit it at you, it would have knocked your head off,” Kate answered. She

took off her baseball cap and slipped her long brown ponytail through the hole in the back of the cap. “At least then you wouldn’t be able to think about baseball. It’s all you do.”

Mike couldn’t argue with that. He did spend a lot of time playing baseball. And talking about it. And watching it. Last year he even started a baseball website. That was why he was so excited to be at Fenway Park, watching batting practice.

Kate’s mom, Mrs. Hopkins, worked as a sports reporter for a popular website, American Sportz. She was covering that day’s baseball game between the Boston Red Sox and the Oakland A’s.

Kate lived with her mom in Cooperstown, New York. Mike lived down the block. His mom and Kate’s mom were sisters.

Mike, Kate, and Kate's mom had left at seven that morning and driven to Boston. Mrs. Hopkins was in the pressroom, but Mike and Kate were using their special "All Access" passes to explore Fenway Park. They had started at the seats on top of Fenway's giant left-field wall. The thirty-seven-foot-high wall was painted dark green and ran from left field to center field. It was known as the Green Monster.

Mike turned his attention back to the field. "Hey, watch the way Big D stands in the batter's box." Mike pointed to home plate. "He has an open stance. His back foot is closer to the plate than his front foot. It's what gives him power to hit like that."

Even from far away, Big D's arm muscles stood out through his uniform. He was tall and strong and always had a big grin on his

face. Big D was one of Boston's most popular players.

“Do you see the bat he’s using?” Mike went on. It was a light-colored wooden bat with a dark green ring dividing the handle from the barrel of the bat. “It’s his good-luck charm, like a four-leaf clover. He calls it his Green Monster—just like the wall.”

*Pow!* Big D hit another ball out of the park. Across the field by the Boston dugout, a small group of fans cheered. They had come early for batting practice, too.

“Didn’t he try to use a bright green bat in a game once?” Kate asked. “What happened to it?”

Mike was the expert when it came to baseball. But Kate knew a lot about everything else. She read all the time—books, newspapers, websites, anything she could find.

“Yup, but it wasn’t allowed,” Mike told her. “According to the rules, bats have to be black, brown, or natural. So now Big D just uses a regular bat. But he still calls it the Green Monster.”

After he batted, Big D headed back to the dugout. The fans crowded the railing and chanted, “Big D, Big D, Big D!”

Big D leaned his bat against the low wall in front of the seats. He took off his hat and waved. The fans went wild. Many of them held out baseballs, hats, and other souvenirs for Big D.

Big D started signing autographs. A photographer trailed behind him, taking pictures. He carried a long black tripod case slung over his shoulder and a camera with a big lens.

“I knew we should have waited over



there,” Mike said. “We could have gotten Big D’s autograph.”

“Maybe next time,” Kate said. “It’s cool that he’s signing so many.”

While Big D greeted the fans, Wally, the Red Sox's big furry green mascot, came trotting down the first-base line toward home plate. He waved to the people near the dugout, but then he tripped and sprawled face-first on the grass.

The crowd roared with laughter while Wally wriggled on the ground. Big D and a batboy ran over to help Wally up. Wally took a small bow and gave the crowd a big wave—without falling over.

Big D patted Wally on the back and ducked into the dugout.

One Red Sox player after another practiced hitting. But Mike and Kate could tell that no one was as good as Big D. Soon, Boston finished batting practice. A batboy and batgirl came out to collect the bats.

“I'd love that job,” said Mike. “You'd get to

meet all the players, watch the games, and get paid for it!”

The Oakland A’s took the field for their batting practice.

“Come on,” said Kate. “I told my mom we’d stop by the pressroom before the game starts. She’s going to give us some money for lunch.”

Kate and Mike found their way through the hallways lined with hot dog, ice cream, and peanut stands. They rode an elevator up to the fourth floor. After showing a security guard their passes, they entered the pressroom. The room had huge open windows facing the infield.

“Hi, kids,” Mrs. Hopkins said. She was sitting at a desk in front of a window. A few reporters sat on either side of her, working on computers or talking.

Mike went straight to the windows. “Wow! What a view,” he said. “You can see everything from here. It’s like you’re on top of the field!”

“It *is* pretty amazing,” said Mrs. Hopkins. “Sometimes foul balls get hit up here, so you have to pay attention.”

Just then, a telephone rang. Kate’s mother reached for it. But the reporter next to her answered it. He talked for a minute or so, and then hung up.

“You’ll never believe what just happened,” he said.

“What?” Mrs. Hopkins asked.

“Big D’s lucky bat has been stolen!”

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**David A. Kelly** has written for many newspapers and magazines, and *Babe Ruth and the Baseball Curse*, published in spring 2009, was his first book for children. He lives 15 minutes from Fenway Park in Newton, Massachusetts, with his wife, Alice; two sons, Steven and Scott; and a dog named Sam.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Text copyright © 2011 by David A. Kelly  
Illustrations copyright © 2011 by Mark Meyers

All rights reserved.  
Published in the United States by Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House, Inc., New York.

Random House and the colophon are registered trademarks and A Stepping Stone Book and the colophon are trademarks of Random House, Inc.

Visit us on the Web!  
SteppingStonesBooks.com  
www.randomhouse.com/kids

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools, visit us at  
www.randomhouse.com/teachers

*Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data*

Kelly, David A.

The Fenway foul-up / by David A. Kelly ; illustrated by Mark Meyers. — 1st ed.

p. cm. — (Ballpark mysteries ; #1)

“A Stepping Stone Book.”

Summary: Cousins Mike and Kate are at Boston's Fenway Park when the Red Sox's star hitter discovers that his lucky baseball bat has been stolen.

ISBN 978-0-375-86703-3 (trade) — ISBN 978-0-375-96703-0 (lib. bdg.) —

ISBN 978-0-375-89816-7 (ebook)

[1. Baseball—Fiction. 2. Stealing—Fiction. 3. Cousins—Fiction. 4. Fenway Park (Boston, Mass.)—Fiction. 5. Mystery and detective stories.] I. Meyers, Mark, ill. II. Title.

PZ7.K2934Fe 2011 [Fic]—dc22 2010008521

Printed in the United States of America  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Random House Children's Books supports the First Amendment  
and celebrates the right to read.

**ATTENTION READER:  
EXCERPT ONLY—NOT FOR SALE**