Mr. Sullivan looked at his clock. 3:30? Did he misread that? He looked again. He had misread it. It said 2:30. That was good. He did not want to disappoint the players. They would be unhappy if he was late. Being late was unlike him.

Mr. Sullivan checked in his closet for his equipment bag. At first, he was unable to see it. But when he rechecked, he found it.
Next he ran to his bus stop. He hoped to catch the nonstop bus to the ballpark. The first bus had a sign that said No stop. Was that a misprint or a misspelling? Mr. Sullivan quickly reread the sign. It said Nonstop.

At the ballpark, Mr. Sullivan tried to enter at an exit. He did not discover that he misread this sign until an usher redirected him. Then Mr. Sullivan tried to take a nonworking elevator up to the locker room. He did not quite see that sign too.

In the locker room, Mr. Sullivan changed into his uniform. He slipped on mismatched socks. One was brown. The other was black.

On the field before the game, a coach used his hand to chase bugs away from his face. Mr. Sullivan misunderstood and waved back at the coach.

The game started and Mr. Sullivan took his spot behind the catcher. Mr. Sullivan yelled, “Play ball!”

The pitcher fired the first pitch. “Strike!” yelled Mr. Sullivan.

The batter exclaimed, “Strike? Ump Sullivan, you cannot see well!”

“Nonsense,” replied Mr. Sullivan. “I disagree with you. I can see perfectly!”