

Graycross was a very strange town. Strange things seemed to happen. Odd people lived there. Then Romey Lane and his family moved there. They were not strange at all.

Romey's father ran a bakery. He made donuts that were covered with powdered sugar. He also made breads, cakes, and pies. One day, Mrs. Smith came in. "Do you have any pink tennis shoes in my size?" she said. "I wear a size eight."

Mr. Lane stared at her. "No, I do not. This is a bakery."

"Well, I do not really want pink tennis shoes anyway," she replied. When she left, Romey and his father laughed and laughed. What a strange town this was!

The mayor was 100 years old. She drove a big car that was filled with cats. The mailman drove a go-cart. Sometimes he drove on the sidewalks.

Then there was the Mills family. They walked backwards everywhere they went. No kidding. Mr. Mills even ran backwards until he hit that big truck. What a sight!

Romey and his family liked Graycross. It was a happy place to live. The people were friendly and nice. Just one thing: strange things happened. One day, Romey was going to the bakery. The sky was dark. He heard thunder and the wind was blowing. It will rain soon, he thought. Then Romey heard a loud noise. It was the mailman on his go-cart. He rushed by, saying, "It will rain cats and dogs! I have to hurry home. Hurry home!"

Romey saw a brown thing hit the sidewalk, after it fell from the sky. "MEEEEEOOOOW!" the cat screeched. Romey's eyes got big and he ran into the bakery. He looked out the window. Three dogs had

dropped out of the clouds. "Dad! It is raining cats and dogs!" he said in a loud voice. "Do not yell, son," said his father. He was working on a cake. He did not look up. "Maybe it will storm some. Do not worry."

Romey said, "Look, it is REALLY raining cats and dogs!" His father looked out the window. Cats and dogs were falling out of the sky. Cats were chasing dogs and dogs were chasing cats. What a terrible sight!

Then the sun came out. It stopped raining cats and dogs. Romey and his father stood at the window. Their mouths were wide open. Their eyes were also big and wide.

"We need to go home, son. Mother will be worried," said Dad. "A pack of wild horses could not drag me out," said Romey. Or could they?

They went home.

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