

Graycross was a strange town with strange people. Odd events took place that confused Ronald and his family, who were newcomers to Graycross.

Ronald's father, Mr. Langston, was planning to open a new bakery in the small town. He made delicious cakes and pies and the best doughnuts in the world, according to Ronald. They were excited to start their business in a small town and liked Graycross, but they certainly didn't expect the strange people they met there.

Take, for instance, the Mayor. She was 100 years old if she was a day. She drove a 1967 Cadillac convertible, and the backseat was always filled with cats. Mr. Manning, the mailman, drove a go-cart when delivering mail, which Ronald thought was neat, but his father thought was unusual to say the least.

The Miller family was peculiar in that every member walked backwards. No kidding. Why, Mr. Miller even used to run backwards, until he ran right into that big truck. What a sight!

One afternoon, Mrs. Hubert came into the bakery, where Ronald was helping his father. "Do you have any pink tennis shoes in a size 8?" "I'm sorry, no, I don't," replied a stunned Mr. Langston in a surprised voice. "Well, do you have them in an 8 1/2?" she asked. Mr. Langston was very confused. "No! This is a bakery. I do not and will not sell shoes."

"All right," replied Mrs. Hubert calmly. "I don't really want pink ones, anyway," and with that she left. Ronald and his father stared at each other in disbelief.

One afternoon, Ronald noticed that there was dark clouds overhead, and he thought he could hear a rumble of thunder in the

distance. He realized they were in for a big storm. Then he heard Mr. Manning's go-cart as he whizzed by screaming, "It's going to rain cats and dogs; you'd better get home now!"

Ronald laughed. He knew it was only an expression. Surely it wouldn't rain cats and dogs. Then again, he realized, anything could happen in Graycross.

About that time, "Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop!" was heard as cats and dogs hit the streets, sidewalks, and rooftops.

Ronald ran to the bakery, where he and his father stood at the window with open mouths and big eyes. The cats and dogs were chasing each other all over the town. When the chaos had lessened, Mr. Langston told Ronald that Mother would definitely be worried, and that they should go directly home.

"A pack of wild horses couldn't drag me out of here right now!" exclaimed a shocked Ronald. Then he thought about what he had just said. Would a pack of wild horses be coming around the corner? Who knew? Anything could happen in Graycross, the strangest town Ronald had ever seen.

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