

They slid carefully down the grassy side of the levee. Near the base, they saw it. A small hole — no bigger than a coin — was pulsing with water, as if the river were breathing through the wall.

Matthew's stomach tightened. The water was carving a tiny channel through the dry dirt. It wasn't on the river side. The water had already pushed through to the town side.

"That's not supposed to happen,"

"If that gets bigger..."

They both knew the danger. If the levee broke, the Mighty Mo would surge straight into Maple Grove. It would swallow the shops, the schoolhouse, and their own home. They looked up and down the long, empty ridge. They were completely alone.



*The leak was getting worse.*