

The townspeople rushed in, stacking sandbags, hammering boards, and packing clay — fighting the river inch by inch.

The Mighty Mo pushed hard one last time, and the levee seemed to shake beneath the weight of the water.

Then Grandpa spoke the words they had been waiting to hear.

"Okay. We've got it."

Matthew slowly pulled his hand free. For a split second, water burst forward. But the sandbags held. The boards held. The levee held. Maple Grove was safe.



*They stood firm when it mattered most.*