

Chapter 2

Against the Roaring River

Standing Firm When It Matters Most

They called it the Mighty Mo.

Most days the Missouri River did not roar. It rolled past the little town of Maple Grove like a wide brown ribbon. In the soft light of the afternoon sun, the water shone like polished copper.

On those quiet days, the river seemed like a sleepy friend. Children skipped flat stones across its surface, and fishermen cast their lines into the slow, steady current.

Grandpa Eli often told Matthew and Anna that rivers like the Mighty Mo have two faces.

Beneath that calm surface lived a strength that could awaken without warning. That was why the levee was built.

It was a long, sturdy wall of packed earth and stone. It wasn't tall like a castle, and it wasn't beautiful. It was a humble protector.

For generations, it stood as a silent shield between the town and the power of the water.