



*From atop the levee, Matthew and Anna saw a storm gathering with sudden, growing force.*

On the night the great storm arrived, the sky changed quickly. Clouds stacked thick and low.

Thunder rolled in the distance like the beat of far-off drums. The air felt heavy, as if the world itself were holding its breath.

Twelve-year-old Matthew and his younger sister Anna were walking home from their grandfather's feed store when the first gust of wind swept across the fields.

"The storm's coming fast," Matthew said in a strained whisper.

Anna looked toward the river. It didn't look like copper anymore. It looked dark and restless.

They remembered Grandpa Eli's warning from supper the night before: "River's been rising upstream. Keep your eyes open."

They climbed the steep side of the levee to take the shortcut home. Halfway along the ridge, the wind suddenly died down.