



*A small hole in the levee could lead to disaster for Maple Grove.*

Anna stopped. “Do you hear that?”

Matthew listened. It wasn’t thunder. It wasn’t the wind. It was a thin, steady hiss. Like water shooting out of a hose.

They slid carefully down the dirt slope 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 small stream of water had already pushed through the levee to the town side.

“Um...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.