



*Matthew pressed his hand against the small hole in the levee.*

They looked up and down the long, empty ridge. They were completely alone.

“Run. Get Grandpa,” Matthew said to Anna.

But even as she stood, the gap grew wider. The dirt around it began to soften.

“I could leave and get help. But what if the levee breaks before I get back?” Anna gasped, panic in her voice.

Then the rain began—hard, cold, and sudden.

The river roared louder, as if the storm were feeding it extra strength.

Matthew knew he had to act.

He dropped to his knees in the mud and pressed his palm flat over the hole. Cold water forced itself around his fingers with surprising power.

Anna grabbed a flat stone and tried to jam it into the opening. The river spit it right back out.

They tried grass. They tried mud. Nothing held.

Finally, with all his strength, Matthew pressed his hand firmly in place.