

The surge slowed. Anna pressed both her hands over his, trying to seal the edges where water sprayed through.

Together, they held the levee.

The rain poured, and the wind lashed their faces. The river threw itself against the levee like it was a living thing.

Fear began to whisper in Matthew's mind. "You cannot stop this. Run. You can't stop the leak."

"I'm scared," Matthew said desperately.

"Me too," whispered Anna.

The water pressing through the hole strained against their hands. The pressure burned. Mud soaked through their clothes, and their knees sank deeper into the rising muck.

The dirt around their hands began to loosen and crumble.

In that moment of darkness, Matthew and Anna realized something important.

Courage isn't the absence of fear... it is standing firm even when you want to run.

The wind howled. The pressure built.

Everything inside them wanted to let go.



*Anna and Matthew pressed against the hole with all their strength.*