



*Help arrived just in time.*

“Just hold on. Don't give up. Help will be here soon,” Matthew roared, pushing all his weight against the levee.

A pause.

“Anna, we're going to do this...we can do this... push harder. I know help is on the way.”

The minutes felt like hours. Then a whistle pierced the storm.

Matthew looked up. Lantern light bobbed in the darkness. A wave of relief almost made him loosen his grip.

Help arrived—Mr. Dawson, the sheriff, and neighbors carrying sandbags and shovels.

Grandpa Eli dropped into the mud beside them. His face went pale when he saw the hole.

“Hold just a moment longer,” he said placing a steadying hand on Matthew's shoulder.

The townspeople rushed in, stacking sandbags, hammering boards, and packing clay—fighting the river inch by inch.

The Mighty Mo pushed hard one last time, and the levee seemed to shake beneath the weight of the water.