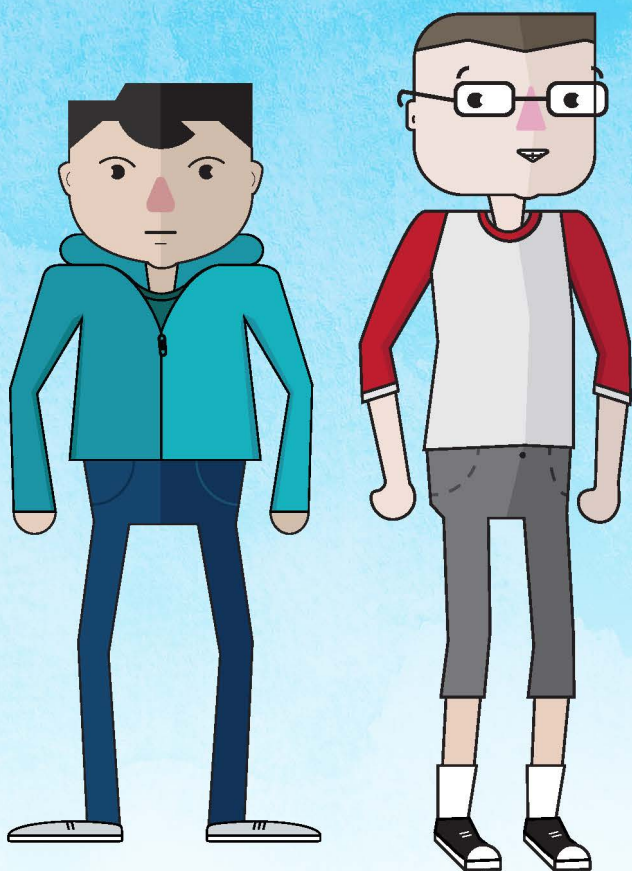
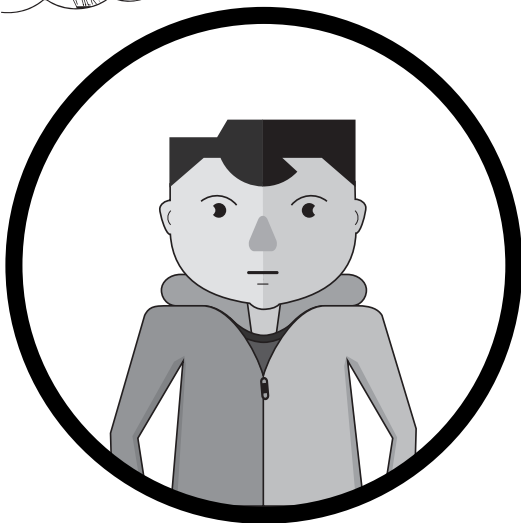
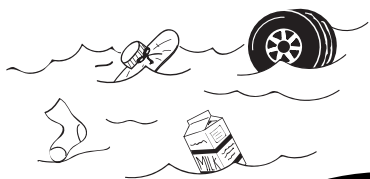


# KILLER FLOOD



JEFF GOTTESFELD





Dan

**Age:** 12

**Fun Fact:** holds the school record for most cell phones lost or destroyed

**Future Goal:** to be an airline pilot

**Biggest Fish Caught:** seven-pound largemouth bass

**Best Quality:** calm under pressure

# CHARACTERS



Homer

**Age:** 92

**Favorite Breakfast:** two poached eggs on toast with maple-flavored sausage on the side

**Unusual Hobby:** collects old lightbulbs

**Can't Eat This Anymore:** 3 Musketeers

**Best Quality:** great sense of humor

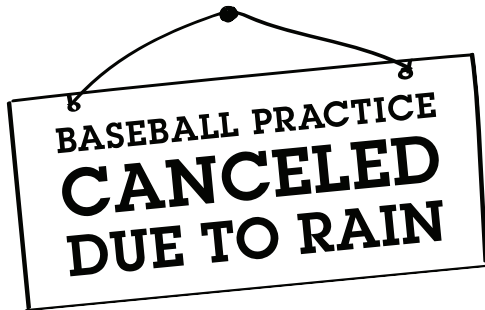


1  
BIG RAIN

Dan looked out the window. It was night. Outside was pitch black. The sound of rain was loud.

“Still coming down,” he reported.

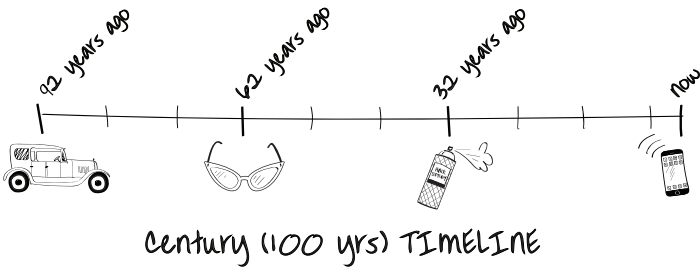
Dan’s best friend, Pete, rolled his eyes. “It’s been raining for a week. I’m sick of being inside. No baseball. And more rain is coming.”



They were next door at the Lands' house. Old Mr. Land laughed. "I don't need you to tell me. My hands ache. They always ache when it rains."

His wife made a funny face. "Homer, your hands ache no matter."

Mr. Land grinned. "My dear wife. I'm ninety-two years old. They're supposed to ache."

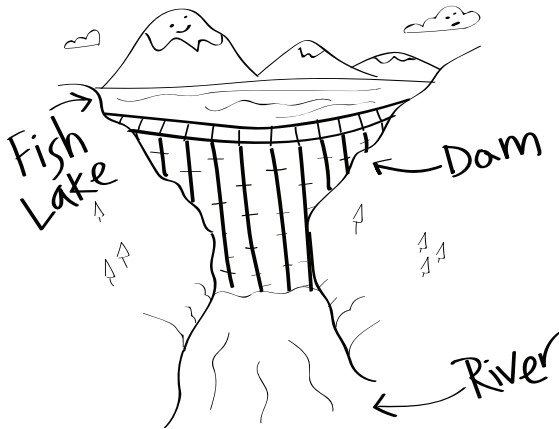


"Just take your medicines, Mister Land," Dan reminded him.

Mr. Land was a great guy. Dan loved him and Ellie, his wife. He was as smart as a



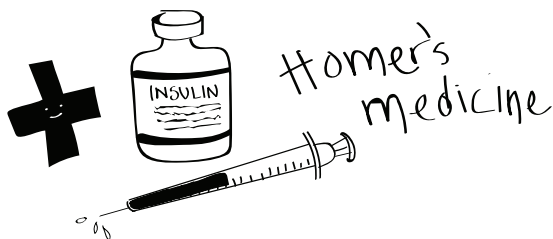
whip. He used to take Dan fishing at Fish Lake. They had a lot of luck near the big dam. Sometimes they would fish the river below the dam. Water from the lake fed the river.



Mr. Land was also a great darts player. But he had a lot of health stuff. The biggest issue was with his blood sugar. He had diabetes. He had to test his blood all the time. If the sugar level was bad, he had to



inject medicine. Without the medicine, he could die.



“Don’t worry about me,” Mr. Land told the boys. “I’m going to live to two hundred. Who wants to play darts?”

Dan checked the time on his cell. His parents and Pete’s parents had gone to the city. They went for a show. They would be back very late.

They had told Dan and Pete to be in bed by ten. Pete was sleeping over. It was no big thing for the kids to stay alone. The town was very safe. Plus, the Lands lived next-door.



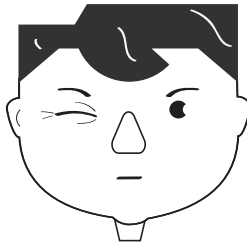


“One more game,” Dan told Mr. Land.

“Good.” Mr. Land turned to his wife.  
“Woman? Bring us some chips!”

Everyone laughed. Mr. Land loved to poke fun at his wife. But he really loved her. He needed her too. She took care of him.

Dan was also a good darts player. He was small for his age. But he had a great eye. Darts took skill, not power. He won easily.



They call Dan  
laser eye

After the game, Dan and Pete said good night. They ran back to Dan’s house. When they got there, they played a few video games and fed the cat, Fluffy. Dan texted his folks.



“Back from Lands’. Cat fed. Going to bed.  
CU later.”

There was no text back. Dan was sure they were still at the show. They would go out to eat too. It was a long trip to the city. In the rain, it would be longer. He would see them in the morning.

Dan lived in a one-story house. There were bunk beds in his room. He would get the top bunk. Pete would be below. He plugged in his cell and put it on a table. Just as Pete came out of the bathroom, Dan’s cell sounded with an ugly tone. So did Pete’s.

“What the heck?” Pete asked.

Dan checked his phone. “It’s a warning. Flash flood.”

“I got the same thing,” Pete said.

“It’s the river. Because of the rain,” Dan



said. “It’s happened before. No prob for us. I’m going to brush my teeth. Do not even think about putting sand in my bed.”

“Sand? Sand? Are you kidding?” Pete hooted. “In this rain? It’s mud!”

