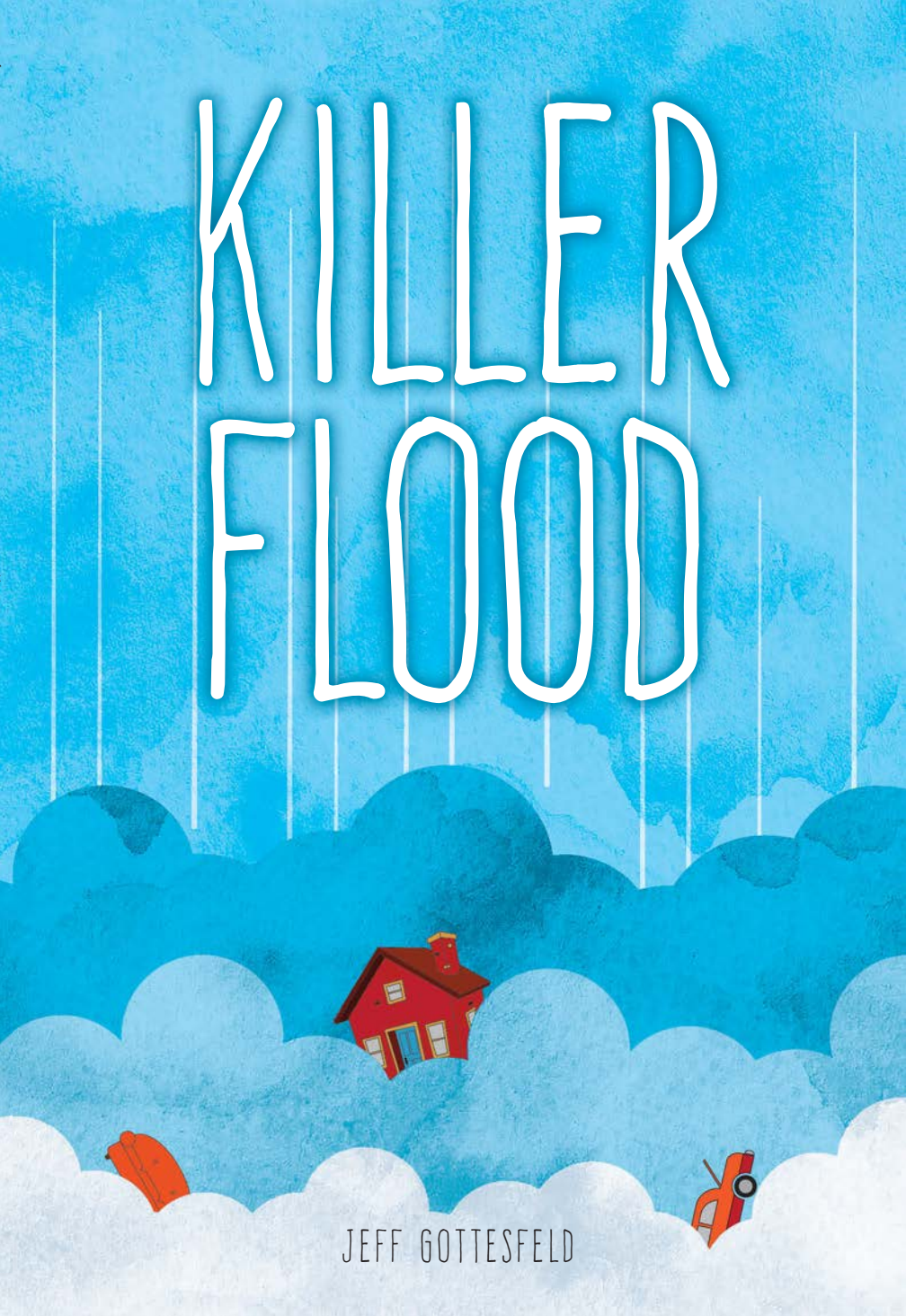
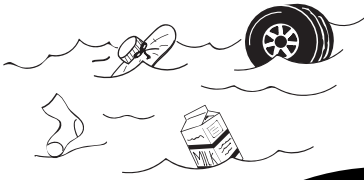


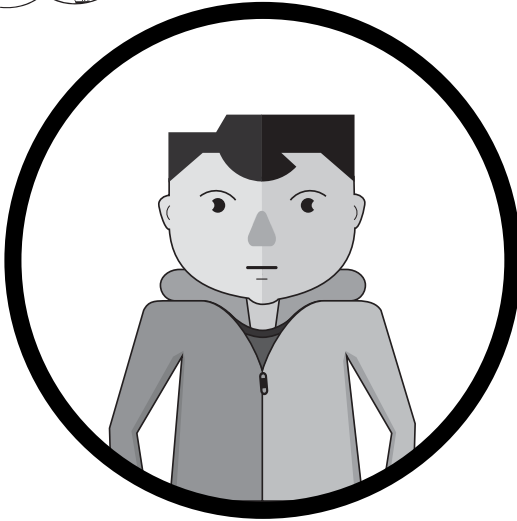
KILLER FLOOD

The background is a deep blue sky with vertical white lines representing rain. Below the sky are large, dark blue, rounded shapes representing floodwaters. A small red house with a brown roof and a chimney is partially submerged in the water. In the foreground, there are white, fluffy clouds. Two small orange objects, possibly cars, are partially submerged in the water near the clouds.

JEFF GOTTESFELD



MEET THE



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

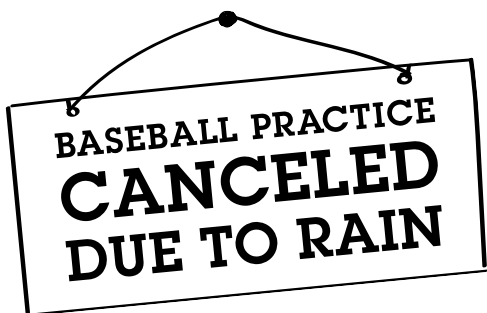
1

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.

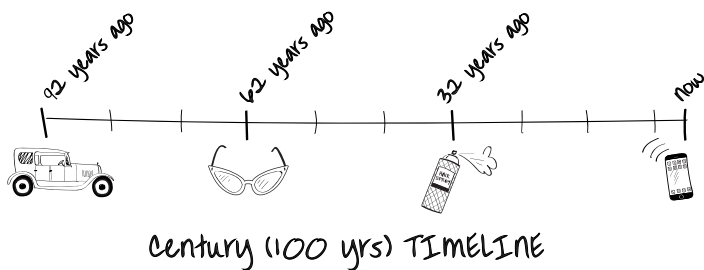
Dan’s best friend, Pete, rolled his eyes. “It’s been raining for a week. I’m sick of being inside. No baseball. And more rain is coming.”



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

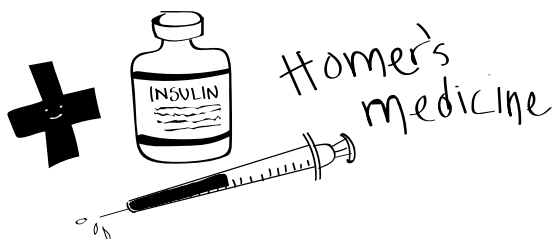


whip. He used to take Dan fishing at Fish Lake. They had a lot of luck near the big dam. Sometimes they would fish the river below the dam. Water from the lake fed the river.



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.

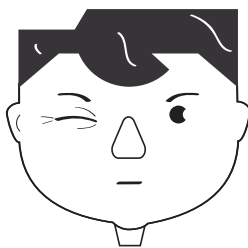


“One more game,” Dan told Mr. Land.

“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.”

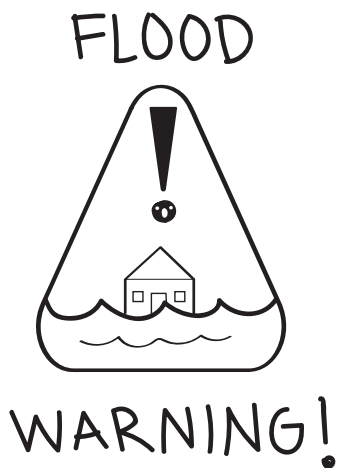
“I got the same thing,” Pete said.

“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!"



2

STRANGE SOUNDS

Dan brushed his teeth and washed his face. Then he went back to his bedroom. Pete was already under the covers on the bottom bunk. Dan climbed to the top.

“Turn out the light, dude,” he told his friend.

Pete turned out the light. They could hear the rain on the roof. If anything, it was coming down harder.



“You remember the last flash flood?” Pete asked.

“Two years ago, right?”

“Yep. They closed Main Street for a day. The ball field was underwater for a week,” Pete recalled. “The town is so low. That’s the problem. Water just pools up.”



“Maybe you need to quit baseball. Take up swimming,” Dan told him.

“You know I can’t swim—”

“Shush!” Dan told his friend suddenly. He had heard something. Something strange.

Like water running in the bathroom. “You hear that?”

“The water?” Pete asked. “You forgot to turn it off?”

Dan slid down to the floor. “I’ve got it. I can’t believe it. I never forget to turn off the water.”

“You are up too late. That’s why.”

Dan flipped on the light and turned to his friend. “Pete?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up. I’ll be right back.”



As he stepped down the hall to the bathroom, the gurgle was louder. Strange.

It didn't sound like it was coming from the sink.

"You hear that?" he called to Pete.

"Hear what? The rain? Yeah. It blows."

Dan stopped at the bathroom. The water was off. But the strange sound was still there. He followed it to the living room. He turned on the light.

"Uh-oh!"



He stopped dead. Water was gushing into the house. It came in around the front

door. More came from the kitchen. Some came from the outlets. It was already a few inches deep on the floor.

Pete called from the bedroom. “Hey! The floor is wet!”

Dan yelled back. “Pete! Get your butt out here! Now!”

KILLER FLOOD

Rain is coming. A lot
of it. My hands ache.
That's how I know.




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