



Light in the Lions' Den

BOOK 19

MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HOHN



FOCUS ON THE FAMILY • ADVENTURES IN ODYSSEY® TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS, INC. • CAROL STREAM, ILLINOIS

To Liz Duckworth

Light in the Lions' Den

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With the exception of known historical figures, all characters are the product of the author's imagination.

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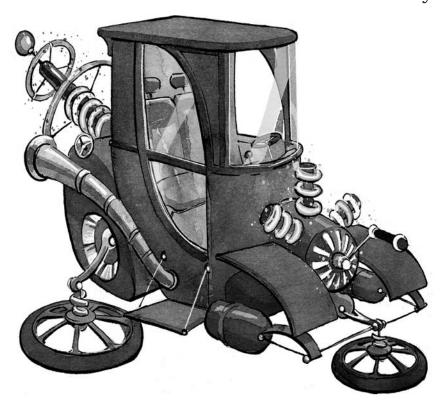
At Whit's End, a lightning storm zapped the Imagination Station's computer. Then the Imagination Station began to do strange things. It took the cousins to the wrong adventures. The machine also gave the wrong gifts.

Mr. Whittaker was gone. Eugene was in charge of the workshop. He and Beth found an older version of the Imagination Station. It looked like a car. It had a special feature

called *lockdown mode*. The cousins began using this machine for their adventures.

Eugene wanted to keep the cousins safe.

He went with Patrick on an adventure to protect him. But the Imagination Station separated him from Patrick. Eugene was lost in history.



Prologue

In book 18, *Trouble on the Orphan Train*, the cousins searched for Eugene. And Eugene had indeed entered their adventure in 1874. But a detective named Mr. Pinkerton thought Eugene was a criminal.

Mr. Pinkerton locked Eugene in jail. He took away the computer Eugene needed to help them get home.

Later the detective arrested the cousins, too. He brought Patrick and Beth to Eugene's jail cell.

Suddenly the car-like Imagination Station appeared.

Here's what happened next . . .



Patrick and Beth rushed into the cell. "Hurry," Patrick said. "Get in the

machine. What are you waiting for, Eugene?"

Patrick stared at his friend. Eugene looked glum.

"Your plan has a flaw," Eugene said.

"There are only two seats in this machine."

"So one of us has to stay behind," Beth said. It was a fact. Not a question.

Patrick heard a click. He turned.

Mr. Pinkerton had locked the cell.



The Imagination Station



Mr. Pinkerton said, "You will *all* stay behind bars. At least till I talk to the Little Rock judge. I need to ask him what to do with children. I've never arrested kids before."

Mr. Pinkerton put the key in his pocket. He tipped his hat with a nod. Then the detective walked away from the jail cell. He headed up the stairs.

Beth gasped. She turned toward Eugene. "What should we do?" she asked.

Eugene stood up straight. He took a deep breath.

"I'll take the risk and go," Eugene said.
"I'm fairly certain I can get back to Whit's End."

"What if you can't?" Patrick asked. "Beth and I will rot in jail if it doesn't work."

Just then Patrick heard loud footsteps coming from the stairwell.

Eugene moved toward the cell's bars.

"Mr. Pinkerton is coming back!" he said.

A popping sound came from the corner of the cell. Patrick and Beth turned to look.

The Imagination Station was fading in and out.

Just then Mr. Pinkerton appeared. "I forgot to ask about that 'computer' you

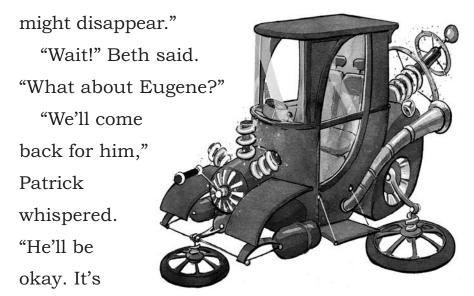
The Imagination Station

have," he said. "It looks like a typewriter. But I opened it, and it doesn't have any ink inside."

Eugene groaned. "You opened it," he said. "With what?"

"A crowbar," the detective said.

Patrick quickly moved to Beth. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward the Imagination Station. "We have to get out of here now. Or the machine



not as if Mr. Pinkerton will throw him to the lions."

The cousins got into the car-like Imagination Station. They shut the doors and fastened their seat belts.

Patrick grabbed the black knob on the dashboard. A sharp pain shot up his hand to his elbow. He let the knob go. "Ouch!" he said. "It shocked me!"

He looked at Beth. Wisps of her darkbrown hair were sticking straight up.

"There's a lot of static electricity inside the car," Beth said. She reached over and took Patrick's hand. "I don't want to get separated again."

Patrick nodded. Then he glanced out the windshield. Eugene and Mr. Pinkerton were still talking. Patrick heard Mr. Pinkerton say, "I have the evidence that

The Imagination Station

you were part of the robbery right here in this satchel!"

Patrick yanked the black knob again. He ignored the tingles that shocked him.

He heard an electric buzz as the car began to spin. Sparks flew off the outside of the car.

Beth gripped Patrick's free hand tightly.

The windshield filled with bright, swirling colors. Patrick felt as if they were being sucked into a whirlpool. The temperature dropped, and a chill seeped into his bones.

Suddenly everything went black.