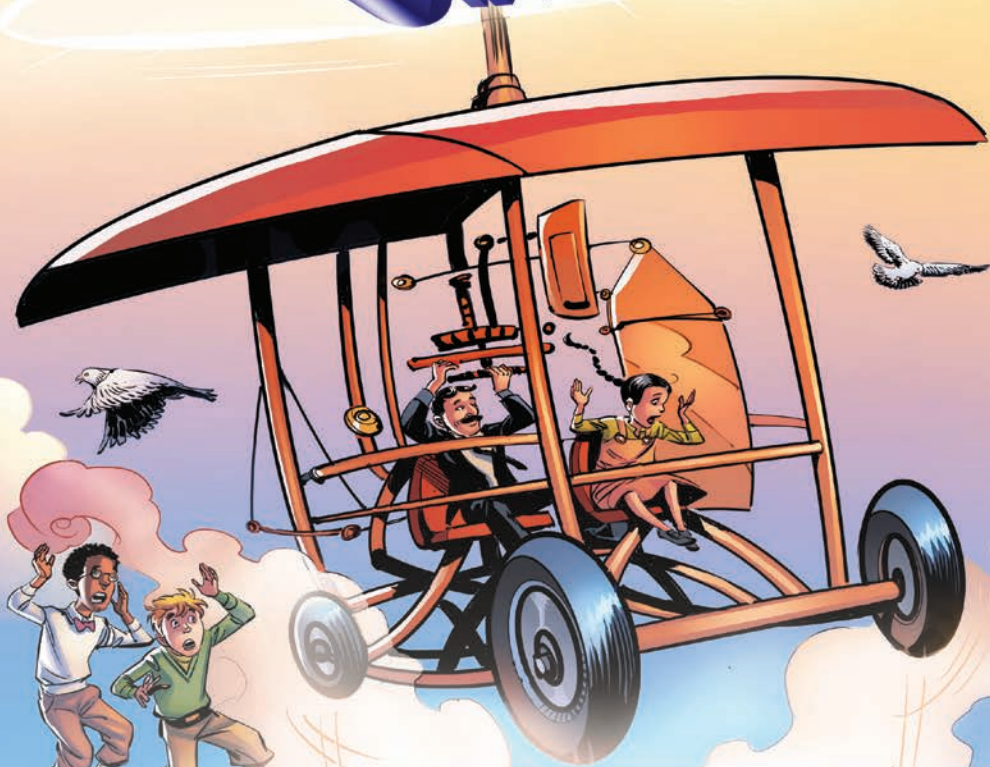


Adventures in  
**ODYSSEY**

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

21

# THE IMAGINATION STATION



## Madman in Manhattan

MARIANNE HERING

MORE THAN 750,000 SOLD IN SERIES



# ***Madman in Manhattan***

**BOOK 21**

**MARIANNE HERING  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HOHN  
AND SERGIO CARIELLO**



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

To Aiden W. for confirming my hunch that  
third graders can be passionate about Nikola  
Tesla. And to Nathan Hoobler and Dave  
Arnold for sparking the idea for this book.

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*Madman in Manhattan*

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WHITS END



# ***Prologue***



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.

Whit was gone. No one knew when he would be back. He did not answer e-mails or phone calls.

## **MADMAN IN MANHATTAN**

Eugene was in charge of the workshop. An older version of the Imagination Station was found. It looked like a Model T car. Whit had made it for government use.

The car had a special feature called *lockdown mode*. The cousins used this machine for their adventures. But it began to break down too. Eugene couldn't fix it without help.

At the end of book 20, *Inferno in Tokyo*, Eugene was still locked in a jail cell. He was in Little Rock, Arkansas, in the year 1874. He was using a laptop to communicate with the cousins.

He sent them on a mission to find Nikola Tesla. But the broken Imagination Station took them to 1923 Tokyo, Japan, instead. There Patrick and Beth ended up helping people at the Imperial Hotel who survived a tsunami. Afterward, they were helping in the hotel kitchen. Here's what happened:

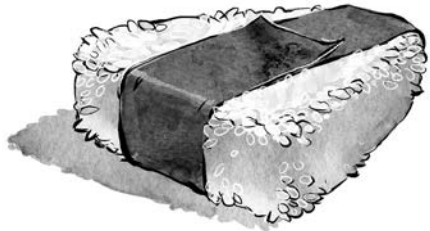
## *Prologue*

Each cousin wore an apron. Each was rolling rice balls.

“Four hundred thirty-three,” Patrick said. He placed a ball on a tray.

“Four hundred thirty-four,” Beth said. “Only nine thousand, five-hundred sixty-six more to go.” She placed a rice ball on the tray.

Mr. Inumaru, the hotel manager, came through the side door of the kitchen. His kind face was split by a wide smile.



“You won’t believe this,” he said. “The US Navy sent you a gift. It was made in America. So they thought it belonged at the US embassy. But Mr. Kagawa said it belongs to you. So they put it on the garden patio. Come outside.”

Beth and Patrick took off their aprons.



## *MADMAN IN MANHATTAN*

Patrick beat Beth to the patio. He was stunned.

Beth joined him. She took his hand and squeezed it.

“It’s the Imagination Station!” she cried.

The Model T Imagination Station was covered in sand and seaweed. The driver’s-side door was dented. The glass in the back was cracked in a spider-web design.

Beth’s heart sank when she remembered it was broken.

Mr. Inumaru took a cloth out of his pocket. He began to wipe down the old car.

“It doesn’t have any battery power left,” Patrick said. “It’s useless.”

“Have you tried cranking it up?” Mr. Inumaru asked.

Beth shook her head.

Mr. Inumaru went to the front of the car. He

## *Prologue*

bent over and grabbed the crank. He turned it several times.

Suddenly a light came on inside the machine. Then a great burst of light exploded from the headlights.

Beth put her arm across her eyes to shield them from the brightness.

Mr. Inumaru shouted,  
“What? It can’t be!”

Beth looked at the Model T.  
Inside sat a man. He was waving the electric gizmo that Patrick and Beth had found in Babylon. It looked like a big TV remote control.

The man had thick, dark hair and a thick moustache. He wore a nice suit with a white shirt. He had a smug expression on his face.

“It’s Mr. Tesla!” Mr. Inumaru said.







## ***Mr. Tesla***



Patrick rushed toward the Model T Imagination Station. He grabbed the passenger’s-side handle and yanked the door open. A few gallons of ocean water poured onto the patio. The water splashed over his black shoes.

Old-fashioned dance music blared from the car’s speakers.

Tesla looked at the yellow gizmo. “We’re losing power,” he said. “Mr. Inumaru, turn the hand crank!”

## MADMAN IN MANHATTAN

Mr. Inumaru said, “As you wish, Mr. Tesla. It’s nice to see you again. I miss the old days when we both lived in New York. Your science experiments were the talk of the town!”

Mr. Inumaru grabbed the handle and turned the crank.

“Beth, get inside!” Patrick said.

Beth poked her head inside the machine. “Eww,” she said, “there’s seaweed on my seat.”

She picked up a gray piece and tossed it into the bushes. Then she sat down.

Patrick turned to Tesla and said, “Eugene sent us to find you. He said you were the only one who could get us all back to our home.”

Tesla squinted at Patrick. “Your home?” Tesla said. “I don’t want to go to *your* home. I want to transport us to *my* home in Serbia. That’s what this contraption does, correct?”

Beth and Patrick looked at each other. *Why*



**MADMAN IN MANHATTAN**

*had Eugene thought Mr. Tesla could help us?*

Patrick wondered.

Just then, the dance music on the speakers stopped. A familiar voice came over the speakers. “Patrick! Beth!”

Patrick recognized Eugene’s voice! But he sounded a little strange.

“I forgot to tell you something very important,” Eugene said. “Whatever you do, don’t allow Mr. Tesla to use the Imagination Station itself. Who knows what trouble he could cause if he—”

Suddenly, Tesla banged on the control panel three times with his fist. The speakers crackled. Eugene’s voice stopped. Patrick wondered if the speaker had been broken.

“What is that voice?” asked Tesla. “And what is an Imagination Station?”

Beth quickly motioned to her cousin. “Come

***Mr. Tesla***

on, Patrick,” she said. “We can squeeze in three.”

Patrick shook his head. “The Imagination Station might not work with more than two inside,” he whispered. “You go. Take Mr. Tesla back to New York. It’s where he belongs.”

Suddenly the Model T Imagination Station’s headlights flickered and then blazed again.

Patrick stuck his head inside the car. “Reach over and turn the steering wheel,” he whispered to Beth. “Get Mr. Tesla home. Maybe you’ll learn why Eugene wanted us to find him. Then come back for me.”

Beth nodded slowly. Patrick slammed the door shut.

Beth waved good-bye to Mr. Inumaru and Patrick. Then she grabbed the steering wheel. She spun it counterclockwise.

Patrick and Mr. Inumaru took a step backward. The car began to glow. The windshield



***MADMAN IN MANHATTAN***

filled with color. It looked like a kaleidoscope.  
It took only a second for the Model T to vanish.  
Beth and Tesla vanished along with it.