

Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

7

THE IMAGINATION STATION



Secret of the Prince's Tomb

MARIANNE HERING • MARSHAL YOUNGER

Praise for The Imagination Station® books

Our children have been riveted and on the edge of their seats through each and every chapter of The Imagination Station books. The series is well-written, engaging, family friendly, and has great spiritual truths woven into the stories. Highly recommended!

—Crystal P., *Money Saving Mom*®

Secret of the Prince's Tomb is my favorite book! It has great action and adventure. It is better than any book I have ever read . . . and I read a lot!

—Luke, age 9, Allendale, New Jersey

[The Imagination Station books] focus on God much more than the Magic Tree House books do.

—Emilee, age 7, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania

These books will help my kids enjoy history.

—Beth S., third-grade public school teacher

Colorado Springs, Colorado

More praise for The Imagination Station® books

These books are a great combination of history and adventure in a clean manner perfect for young children.

—Margie B., *My Springfield Mommy* blog

My nine-year-old son has already read [the first two books], one of them twice. He is very eager to read more in the series too. I am planning on reading them out loud to my younger son.



—Abbi C., mother of four, Minnesota



Secret* of the *Prince's Tomb

BOOK 7

**MARIANNE HERING • MARSHAL YOUNGER
CREATIVE DIRECTION BY PAUL McCUSKER
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HOHN**



**FOCUS ON THE FAMILY • ADVENTURES IN ODYSSEY
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Secret of the Prince's Tomb

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With the exception of known historical figures, all characters are the product of the authors' imaginations.

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The Imagination Station



It was the end of summer. Patrick pushed open the door to Whit's End. The bell above the ice-cream-shop door jingled.

Patrick's cousin Beth followed him.

Patrick went to the counter and sat down. His face was red. He was breathing hard.

A friendly looking man with white hair and a white moustache stood behind the counter. He was cleaning a glass. His name was John Avery Whittaker. Some adults

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called him Whit. He looked up at the two cousins and smiled.

“Hello, Patrick,” Whit said. “Hi, Beth.”

Beth climbed onto a stool next to Patrick.

“Hi, Mr. Whittaker,” Beth said.

Whit eyed Patrick. “Is everything all right, Patrick?”

Patrick frowned. “No,” he said.

Whit put down the glass. “What’s wrong?”

Patrick clenched his hands together. He fumed.

“School starts next week. Patrick is mad about it,” Beth explained.

Whit chuckled. “I remember how hard it was to see vacations end,” he said.

“I don’t like school,” Patrick said.

Whit gazed at Patrick. “What don’t you like about it?” Whit asked.

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“It’s hard work. Everyone bosses me around. The kids tease me,” Patrick said.

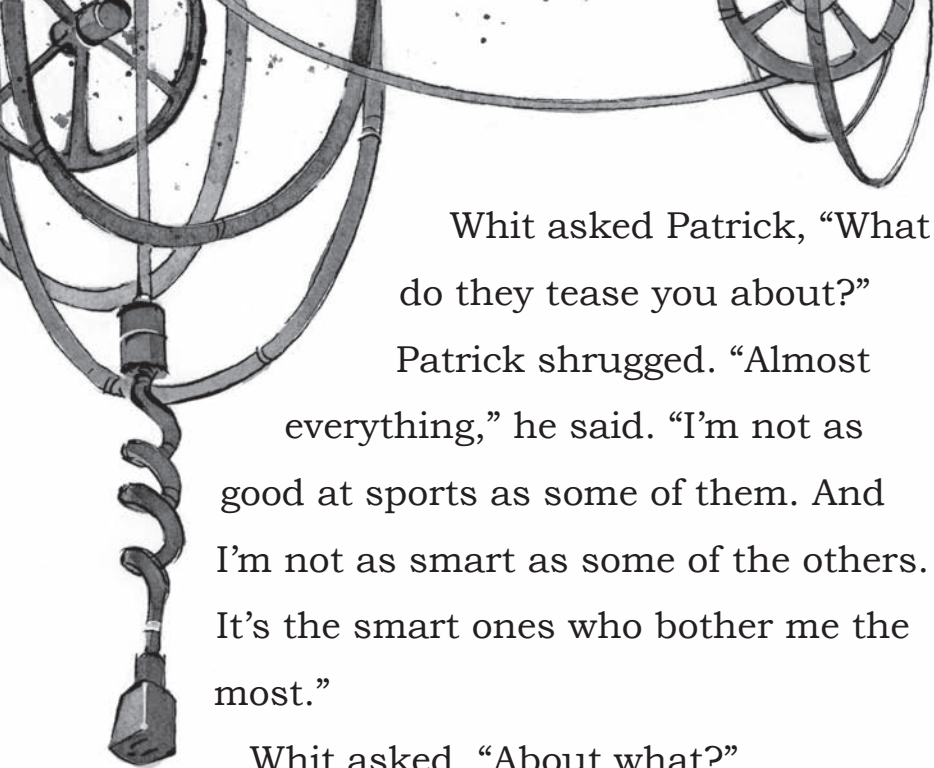
Whit nodded. “I understand,” he said warmly. “But you know the hard work is to help you learn. And getting ‘bossed around’ is part of being taught. It’s about discipline and responsibility.”

“I don’t like it,” Patrick said. “Especially after summer break. We got to do whatever we wanted.”

“I know what you mean,” Whit said. He turned to Beth. “Is that how you feel?” Whit asked.

“Mostly. But I’m looking forward to seeing my friends again,” Beth said.

“That’s because you have a lot of friends,” Patrick said. “I have only a few. The rest of the time I get teased.”

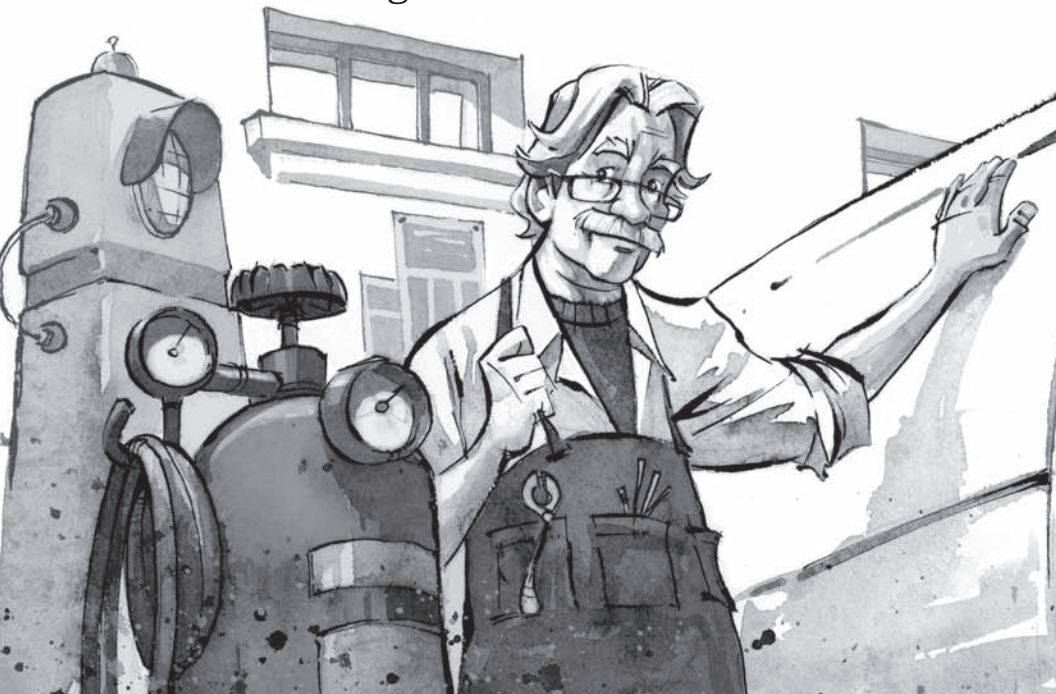


Whit asked Patrick, “What do they tease you about?”

Patrick shrugged. “Almost everything,” he said. “I’m not as good at sports as some of them. And I’m not as smart as some of the others. It’s the smart ones who bother me the most.”

Whit asked, “About what?”

Patrick thought for a moment. “Some of



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them say I'm stupid. It's all because I believe in God," he said.

Whit's eyebrows wrinkled together with concern. "They tease you about your faith?" he asked.

"A few kids in the science club are proud of themselves. They brag that they don't believe in God," Patrick said. "They know that I do, so they tease me about it."



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“You, too?” Whit asked Beth.

“Sometimes,” she replied.

Whit rubbed his chin. “That’s too bad,” he said.

“It’s like they won’t be happy until I believe the way they do,” Patrick said.

Whit leaned on the counter. “People who don’t believe in God are often bothered by those who do. Or they believe in other gods. It’s happened throughout history,” he said. “Some people are made slaves for their beliefs.”

“That’s how I feel about school,” Patrick said. “I feel like I’m a slave. Teachers make us work hard.”

Whit put his hand over his mouth. Beth thought he was going to laugh.

“I don’t think you know much about

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slavery. Or you wouldn't say things like that," Whit said.

"I was a slave in one of the Imagination Station trips," Beth said. "It was hard."

Patrick shrugged. "I'm just telling you how I feel," he said.

"And where do you think God is while you're feeling this way?" Whit asked. A smile hung around his lips. "Has He disappeared? Has He abandoned you to the terrible suffering you have at school?"

Patrick looked at Whit. "Now *you're* teasing me," he said.

"I'm just wondering," Whit said.

Patrick slowly shook his head.

Whit stroked his moustache. He often did that when he had an idea. "How would you two like a trip in the Imagination Station?"

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Whit asked.

“I’d love to go!” Beth said. She leaped from the stool.

“I guess,” Patrick said as he slid from his stool. “Are you going to make me a slave to teach me how bad it is?”

Whit smiled. “No. I have another idea,” he said.

He led the cousins to the basement workshop.

They entered a large room filled with inventions and tools. The Imagination Station sat in the corner.

The Imagination Station was bubble-shaped like the front part of a helicopter. It had sliding doors on two sides. Inside were two seats and a control panel. It was kind of like a time machine.

The Imagination Station

Whit opened a panel on the side and began typing on a small computer there.

“So where are we going this time?” Beth asked.

“You’ll find out when you get there,” Whit said. “Get in.”

Patrick and Beth climbed into the cockpit. “What about our costumes?” they asked.

“I changed the program,” Whit said. “The clothes you’re wearing will change. They will look right for the time. And you’ll have a few other things you’ll need.”

“Cool!” Beth said.

Patrick looked as if he were already coming out of his bad mood.

“Ready?” Whit said.

“We’re ready,” Beth said. She held up a thumb to signal okay.

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“Then press the red button,” Whit said.

Beth pressed it.

The machine started to shake. Then it rumbled. It seemed to move forward.

Then the rumble grew louder.

The machine whirred.

Suddenly, everything went black.

