

Adventures in  
**ODYSSEY**

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

14

# THE IMAGINATION STATION



**Captured on  
the High Seas**

MARIANNE HERING • NANCY I. SANDERS

## ***Praise for The Imagination Station® books***

I really liked [*Captured on the High Seas*] because the adventure is a fun way to learn about history. It taught me to be brave and to put others first.

—Melina, age 7, Elkhart, Indiana

I love that the books are easy to read. I want to keep reading because the books are full of adventure!

—Kanaan, age 8, Midlothian, Texas

I love how the book showed people sharing and putting others before themselves. This book made learning about history fun.

—Abbie, age 9, El Paso, Texas

This [second book in the] exciting saga . . . [has] gold nuggets of God's word essential for training and equipping [kids]. Nancy Sanders does a wonderful job crafting a world you'll feel like you're a part of.

—Scott M., homeschool dad and radio talk-show host  
St. Johns, Michigan

## ***More praise for The Imagination Station® books***

I can't think of a better way for children to learn about United States history.

—Sharon B., public school teacher, Munster, Indiana

This is a great book because it has lots of action and adventure. I like that the characters never give up.

—Sophia, age 9, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Another powerful story that takes today's reader back in time on a realistic hair-raising adventure. I couldn't put it down.

—Mona P., reading tutor, Appleton, Maine

I was very thankful to have a book to read to our daughters that was exciting enough to hold their attention and still uphold and encourage the values that we are trying to teach them.

—Tiffany K., mom, Eureka, Illinois



# ***Captured on the High Seas***

**BOOK 14**

**MARIANNE HERING • NANCY I. SANDERS  
CREATIVE DIRECTION BY PAUL MCCUSKER  
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HOHN**



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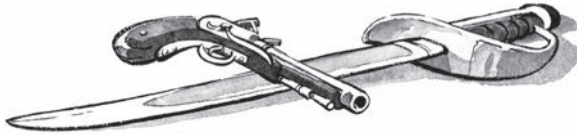
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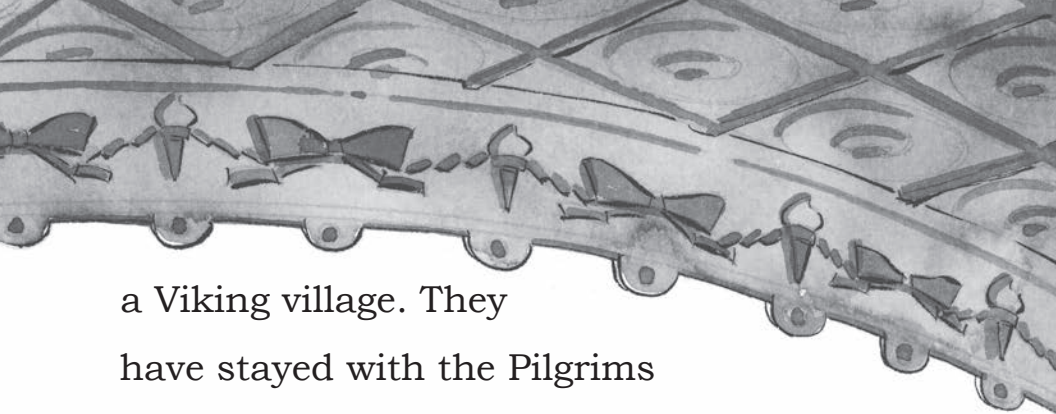
# ***Prologue***



Mr. Whittaker is a friendly but mysterious inventor. He lives and works at Whit's End. It's an old house with lots of rooms. One of those rooms is his workshop.

Mr. Whittaker's favorite invention is the Imagination Station. It's kind of like a time machine. Cousins Patrick and Beth like the invention too.

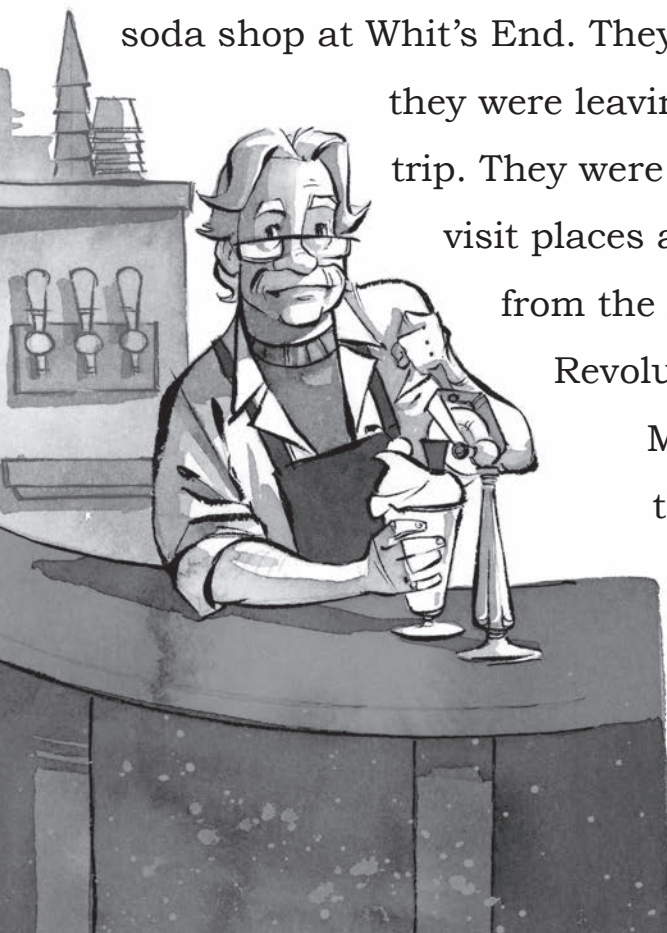
Patrick and Beth have gone on many exciting adventures in it. They have visited



a Viking village. They have stayed with the Pilgrims at Plymouth. And they have even met a cannibal king in Fiji.

One day Patrick and Beth raced into the soda shop at Whit's End. They told Whit they were leaving on a family trip. They were planning to visit places and museums from the American Revolution.

Mr. Whittaker thought Patrick and Beth would like to meet Paul Revere. So





## *Prologue*

the cousins went on an Imagination Station trip to Massachusetts.

In Concord they saw the start of the Revolutionary War. Then Patrick and Beth climbed into the Imagination Station to leave. Moments later a musket ball hit the window of the time machine. The musket ball left a big crack.

Patrick and Beth didn't return to Whit's End. Instead, they landed on a large ship.

What happened?

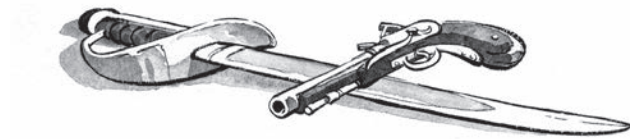
Had they landed on the ship because the Imagination Station was broken?

Or had Whit sent them there on purpose?

Most important, would they ever make it back to Whit's End?



## ***Captain's Orders***



Beth felt as if she were in a giant rocking chair. She couldn't stop moving back and forth. A spray of icy water splashed on her face. She was confused.

Beth looked around for Patrick. The Imagination Station hadn't returned them to Whit's End as usual.

Patrick spoke from where he was sitting beside Beth. He pointed above them and said, "That's an American flag from the

## **Captain's Orders**

Revolutionary War.”

Beth blinked her eyes and tried to see in the darkness. The moon was shining. It cast a faint glow of silver light. *Where are we?* she wondered.

She and Patrick had just been in Concord. They had warned the American colonists that the British were coming. Now she was on the deck of a sailing ship. Tall masts towered over her.

She saw dark figures moving around above. Sailors were probably working the sails.

Everything was quiet. It was creepy.

Beth now studied the flag high above them. On the front was a snake against a yellow background. Across the bottom were the words “Don’t Tread on Me.”

Beth realized she was holding Patrick’s



hand. She let go and stood up. “Why didn’t we go back to Whit’s End?” she asked.

She thought about the answer to her own question.

*The windshield cracked, Beth thought. Maybe the Imagination Station had been damaged.*

Patrick stood up beside her. “We must have landed somewhere in the middle of the war,” he said.

“Then why is it so quiet?” Beth asked. She could see a little bit better in the darkness now. Her eyes were adjusting to the moonlight. She saw a tall shadow move in the darkness behind Patrick. The figure put something against Patrick’s back.

## ***Captain's Orders***

“Who goes there?” a low voice asked.

There was the dull sound of metal clicking. “Don’t shoot!” Patrick said. He raised both hands in the air.

Beth stepped toward the shadow. It was a young man with a pistol.



“We’re here to help,” Beth said in a kind voice.

A look of surprise flashed across the young man’s face.

“A girl?” he asked.

Beth stepped closer. She could see the young man more clearly now. A black hat with a wide brim sat on his head. He wore a striped shirt and a handkerchief around his neck.

Beth guessed that he was one of the sailors. He looked about fifteen years old.



## CAPTURED ON THE HIGH SEAS

The young man lowered the pistol. "What are you doing here?" he asked quietly.

"I wish I knew the answer," Patrick said, arms still high in the air.

"This is no time to jest," the teen said. "All hands are supposed to be below deck. Those standing watch are allowed on deck. And sailors hoisting the sails may climb aloft." He glanced around as if making sure no one had seen them. "Get below. Now."

Patrick lowered his hands.

Beth wasn't sure which direction to go. She didn't move.

The sailor jerked his head toward the right. Beth hurried in that direction.

Patrick followed her.

The sailor came close behind.

The ship rocked back and forth. Beth reached out to grab the mast to steady

## ***Captain's Orders***

herself. She saw a square hole in the floor. A ladder led into the darkness below.

Beth looked down at her clothes. She was still wearing the red dress from their last adventure.

Beth gathered her long skirts and turned around. She climbed backward down the ladder to the deck below.

Beth saw more sailors in the shadowy darkness. And cannons, too.

The sailor led them down another ladder to the next deck. He pulled aside a curtain. Then he pointed to a cramped space with a small bunk. "Next time be sure to obey the captain," he said.

"We didn't hear the captain give his orders," Beth said.

"The captain said no talking," the sailor said. "No lanterns. And no moving around

below decks.”

“But why?” Beth asked.

“What’s going on?” Patrick asked.

The sailor’s eyebrows arched upward.

“Why don’t you know?” he asked. “We’re sneaking past a British warship. We’ll be blasted to pieces if the enemy hears us.”

The sailor turned to leave. He looked back over his shoulder. “Stay here,” he said. “I’ll be back when my watch is over.”

And then he was gone.