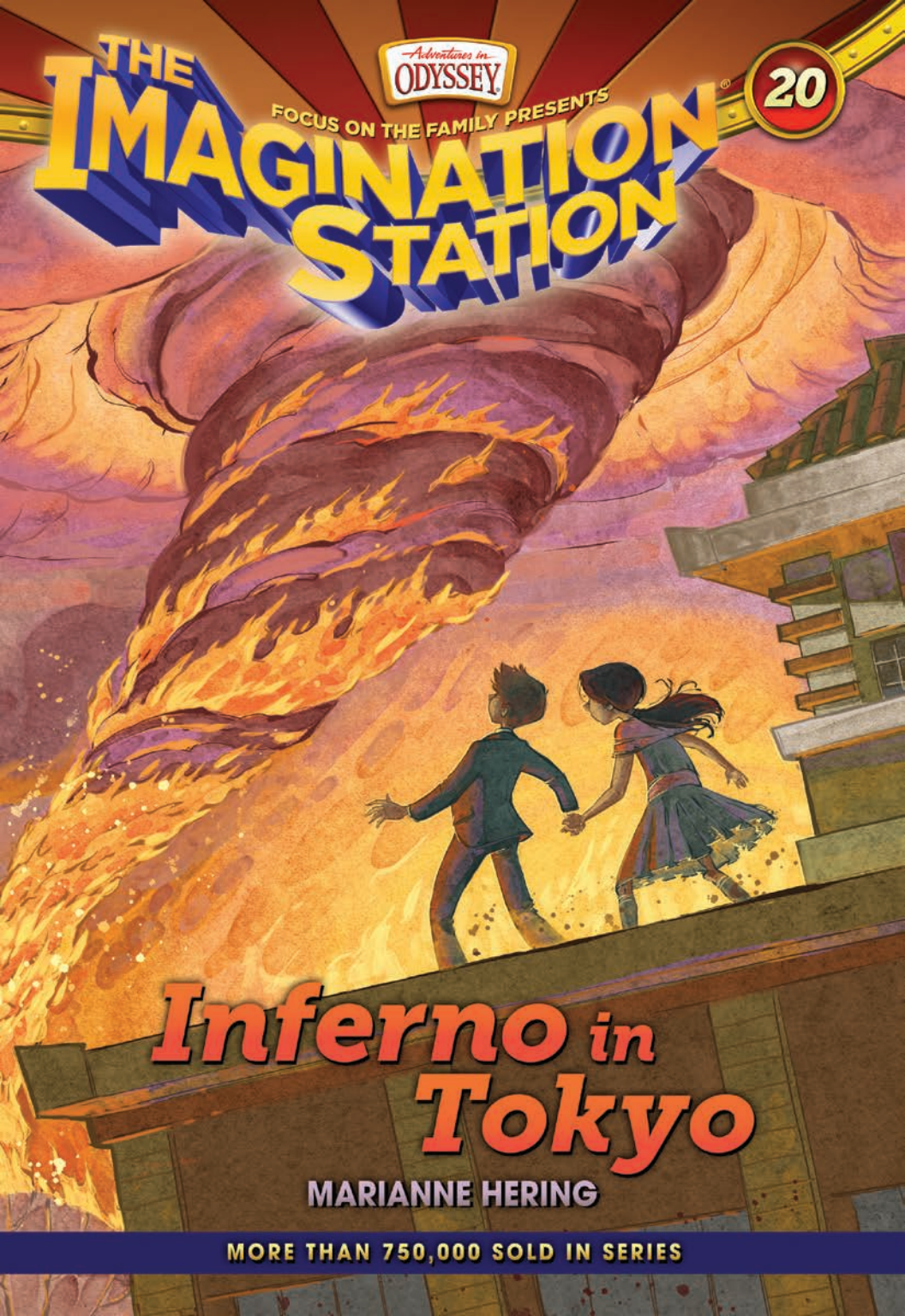


Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

20

THE **IMAGINATION STATION**



Inferno in Tokyo

MARIANNE HERING

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Inferno in Tokyo

BOOK 20

**MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HOHN**



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

To Katherine Paterson for introducing
me to the life of Toyohiko Kagawa

Inferno in Tokyo

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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.

Mr. Whittaker was gone, and so Eugene was in charge of the workshop. An older version of the Imagination Station was found.

INFERNO IN TOKYO

It looked like a car. It had a special feature called *lockdown mode*. The cousins used this machine for their adventures. But it began to break down too.

At the end of book 19, *Light in the Lions' Den*, Eugene was still locked in a jail cell in Little Rock, Arkansas, in the year 1874. The cousins were waiting in the ancient Babylonian desert. Beth held a small yellow gadget with a light that was flashing red. Here's what happened next:



The car Imagination Station appeared.

Patrick reached for the door. “Yikes,” he said. “It’s even hotter than before.”

“Get in,” Eugene said through the machine’s speakers. “Your next adventure is to find Nikola Tesla. Only he can get us all back home.”

Prologue

“Nike cola who?” Patrick asked.

Beth interrupted. “How are you talking to us, Eugene?” she asked.

“I got Mr. Pinkerton to give me back the computer,” Eugene said. “But it has only a little battery power left.”

Beth saw Patrick get inside the Imagination Station and then followed him. Beth felt a static shock as she climbed inside the machine. The seat made her skin tingle.

Beth grabbed the knob on the dashboard.

“Ouch,” she said. “It’s hot.”

Patrick took off his coat. He put it over the knob and pulled it back.

The windshield began to spin.

“Wait,” Eugene’s voice said through the speakers. “I forgot to—”

Suddenly it was silent. Everything went black.



The Tsunami



Patrick felt a gentle rocking motion. He opened his eyes. The Imagination Station was bobbing on a large bay.

Patrick slid his fingers around the door and window seams. He glanced at the floor. It was dry. No leaks.

“The Imagination Station makes a fine boat,” Beth said. “Let’s just hope it doesn’t disappear.”

“Yeah, or we’ll be swimming,” Patrick said.

The Tsunami

Beth leaned toward the windshield. “Keep your eye on the coastline,” she said, pointing. “Something doesn’t look quite right. There’s some dust in the sky.”

The Imagination Station speakers suddenly blared, “Scientists estimate that the Great Kanto Earthquake of 1923 was 7.9 in magnitude.”

“That’s huge!” Beth said.

The speakers continued. “The cities of Yokohama and Tokyo . . . Tok . . . Tok . . . Tok . . .” The machine fell silent.

“The Imagination Station’s announcer is broken again,” Beth said. “But at least we know we’re near Japan. And it’s the 1920s.”

“And there’s going to be an earthquake,” Patrick said. “It’ll be cool.”

Patrick watched as the cliff along the coast seemed to rise. It looked like a giant mole was moving under the ground. Wood houses,

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shops, and wide boardwalks were pushed upward. Then suddenly they dropped.

The hairs on the back of Patrick's neck prickled.

Suddenly a crack in the land appeared. A huge section of earth slowly slid into the water. People and buildings disappeared with it.

Part of the city was gone in fewer than forty seconds. Only a few telephone poles were left. They were sticking out of the water. They looked like straws in a giant mud milk shake.

Patrick held his breath in shock. This earthquake wasn't cool. It was terrible.

He let out his breath when he saw movement. A few heads appeared in the water. Then several people began to swim. Others churned the water, arms and legs flailing.

"We have to help those people," Beth said.

The Tsunami

“Maybe the Imagination Station will take us,” Patrick said.

He grabbed the knob on the dashboard. It was cool now. He pulled it. Nothing happened.

He tried to roll down the window. The handle wouldn't move.

Patrick opened the glove box. He pushed every button and flipped every switch inside. No lights flickered. No buzzers sounded. No colors flashed across the windshield.

“How can we get to the people?” Patrick asked. “The Imagination Station is just sitting here. It's not moving. The speakers are dead. It's completely broken this time.”

The machine began to rise as if to answer him. Patrick looked out the side window. The water was lifting the machine.

“A wave is carrying us,” he said.

“The wind has picked up,” Beth said.

Suddenly the Imagination Station began

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to spin. A loud rushing noise filled the inside of the car. The wave moved faster.

“This is a tsunami!” Beth cried.

Patrick felt dizzy as they whirled toward land. A cliff loomed ahead. The Imagination Station would surely crash into it!

The wave turned at the last second. The water pushed the machine farther into the bay.

Higher and faster the wave rose. Patrick looked out the side window again.

The raging sea was tossing a large passenger ship. A few smaller fishing boats were churning in the surf. They looked like toys caught in a giant blender.

The wave was higher than a three-story building. The front of the machine dipped and then flipped over.

Patrick and Beth dangled upside down. Their seat belts held them in their seats.

The Tsunami

“Hang on,” Patrick shouted to Beth.

“I am!” Beth said.

Patrick felt so dizzy he closed his eyes.



Beth dangled upside down in her seat. The seat belt dug into her hips. Her hair fell in front of her face. Something white fell off her head.

The Imagination Station stilled. Beth brushed her hair away and looked out the window. The machine was at rest on land.

All was still for a moment. Beth caught her breath.

Then another wave came. It lifted the Imagination Station and rolled it farther inland. But this time it landed upright.

Beth sank into her seat. She looked out the window again. Great black clouds filled the sky. It was dark and smoky.

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“Get out,” Patrick said.

“How?” Beth asked. “The Imagination Station is stuck in lockdown mode.”

A man’s face suddenly pressed against the windshield. He was soaking wet. His straight black hair was plastered to his head. His round eyeglasses made him look strangely owl-like.

The man blinked.

Then the door on Beth’s side of the car opened.

The wind rushed in with a howl. The sound hurt her ears.

“Hurry,” the man shouted. “More water is coming.” He motioned with his arm toward the bay.

Beth unclipped the seat belt. She noticed she was wearing a white summer dress. She spotted the piece of white fabric that fell from her head. She grabbed it and then scrambled out of the Imagination Station.



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Patrick followed, climbing over her seat.
He was in a boy's suit with a white shirt.

“Run!” the man cried. His agile body moved quickly toward a row of buildings.

Beth didn't hesitate. She grabbed Patrick's arm. The cousins ran. The wall of churning white foam raced toward them.