

Adventures in  
**ODYSSEY**

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

**32**

# THE IMAGINATION STATION



## Courage at the Castle

MARIANNE HERING

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# ***Courage at the Castle***

**BOOK 32**

**MARIANNE HERING  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO**

**FOCUS  
ON THE FAMILY<sup>®</sup>**

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*Courage at the Castle*

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To Haley Nolan, who believed in Anne Boleyn





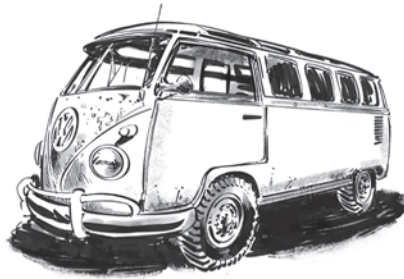
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# ***Prologue***



In their last adventure, cousins Patrick and Beth visited the Soviet Union in 1961. There they helped a kind pastor named Lars Spens on his mission to deliver Bibles to Christians in Russia. The cousins also encountered Amelia Darling again. Amelia is a modern-day scientist who has been using one of the Imagination Stations for her own purposes. This time



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she wanted to visit Moscow and convince the leaders of the Soviet space program to allow her to travel to space. In exchange, Amelia was going to give the Soviets US government secrets. The Imagination Station's inventor, John Whittaker (Whit for short), arrived in the adventure to help the cousins stop Amelia from going through with her plan.

With government agents in hot pursuit, the two cousins, along with Whit and Amelia, needed to leave the Soviet Union in a hurry. Beth and Amelia left in one of the Imagination Stations—but they didn't return to Whit's workshop in Odyssey. Instead, they arrived in a dark cave in England—the same cave that the Imagination Station had brought them to in the fourth Imagination Station book: *Revenge of the Red Knight*.



## *Prologue*

Beth opened her eyes. It was dark, but she could still see. The Imagination Station had brought them back to the portal cave. The air was moist and smelled of wet soil and decaying leaves. A cool breeze rustled the vines covering the opening.

Somehow the cave seemed even older this time. Beth thought the vine branches were thicker, the leaves larger.

Amelia got out and said, “Give me the remote! I want to be a cosmonaut!” She looked around the cave. “Where are we?” She looked back at Beth “And what are you wearing?”

“Oh, no!” Beth said, looking down at her clothes. “We’re going to be . . . *aristocrats!*”

Their clothes *were* very different. Old. European. *Fancy.*

Amelia wore a dress that reached the floor. It had beautiful beads and pearls decorating the fabric. She wore a headdress with cones

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sticking out from the sides of her head. Long strips of fabric hung from the cones.

Beth looked down. She had on a dress made of thick fabric with gold threads.



“It looks like we really are in England,” Beth said. “This looks like how people dressed during the time of King Henry the Eighth.”

“Well, *we’re* here,” Amelia said. “But where is Whit? And the boy . . . we need his pin.”

## *Prologue*

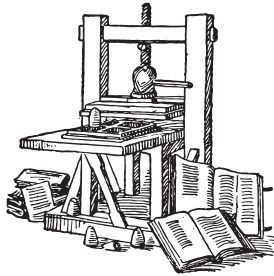
Beth stepped toward the back of the cave.  
She shouted, “Hello?”

There was no answer except the echo of her  
own voice.





## ***The Cave . . . Again***



Beth raised a finger and tapped her chin with it. She remembered something from a previous adventure: There was a secret room. “I’m going to see what’s in the back of this cave,” she said.

She started walking and passed a familiar stalagmite.

“Yuck,” Amelia said. “I’m not going with you. There are bat droppings back there. And

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I don't want to ruin this *gorgeous* dress. It's fit for a queen."

The scientist smoothed her hands along the front of her dress. Then she flipped back the lace hanging from the cones on her headdress.

"Just wait a couple of minutes," Beth said.

"What else would I do?" Amelia asked and shrugged.

Beth turned a corner and moved down a narrow passage. She was careful to lift the hem of her dress.

Beth smiled when she came to a solid wall. She reached a hand between two large stones and felt a lever. She pushed it and heard a soft click. Suddenly the wall moved inward.

Torchlight slipped out of the secret room and into the cave.

Beth's eyes widened in surprise. The room had changed since she'd last seen it. It had

## ***The Cave . . . Again***

once held a straw bed, a jug, and a chest full of old clothes.

Now it was jammed with wooden crates.

Beth stepped inside the room and pulled a lever on the secret room's wall. The door closed silently behind her. She went to a nearby crate and looked inside. A bunch of books. *No*, she thought, *many copies of the same book*.

The yellowish-tan cover had odd lettering and odd spelling.

“Newe Testament,” she read aloud.

Beth picked up one of the bound copies and thumbed through the pages. The little Bible had pictures scattered across yellow pages.

She stepped farther into the room. The next three crates she inspected had the





## COURAGE AT THE CASTLE

same New Testaments. Bibles were stacked high above the edges of the crates.

A loud *thud* sounded from behind the crates.

Beth turned quickly. Her elbow knocked off two Bibles. They landed with a *thump*.

“Who goes there?” a voice called.

The voice’s owner was a medium-sized man. His mop of gray hair curled around his ears.

His green eyes locked with Beth’s.

“Are you friend or foe?” he asked. His right hand slid to the hilt of a dagger.

Beth gulped. Her voice turned high-pitched. “Do you really need a knife? I don’t even weigh eighty pounds.”

The man let go of the hilt and smiled. “I’ll regard you as . . . a small friend.” His smile faded. “Until I learn otherwise.” He patted the knife.

## *The Cave . . . Again*

Beth cocked her head to one side. “Your voice is familiar. I’ve heard it before.” But this man wasn’t Hugh or Albert or Sir Andrew. She had met those men during her first adventure in England.

The man studied Beth. “The last time I saw you,” he said, “you weren’t dressed so nicely. You wore a white dress with a red pinafore that you’d borrowed.”

Beth was still confused.

“Who are you?” she asked. “How did you know I borrowed those clothes?”

“My sister had outgrown them,” the man said. “They were stored here, in a trunk.”

“J–James?” Beth couldn’t believe it. He had been a teen when she’d first met him. She remembered that he had learned about the strange comings and goings of the Imagination Station.

## COURAGE AT THE CASTLE

The man nodded. “We helped save Albert more than fifty years ago!”

*So that would mean this adventure is taking place around 1535, she thought. Hugh, Albert, and the other adults are dead by now. I wonder if James thinks I should be much older.*

“What happened to the brave knight?” she asked, still remembering her previous adventure in England.

“Sir Andrew fell in battle during the Wars of the Roses,” James said softly.

Beth felt sadness cover her like drizzle. Sir Andrew had saved her life more than once.

James went on. “He was fighting alongside King Henry Tudor. The war ended at Bosworth Field on August 22, 1485.”

“Which side was Henry Tudor on? Red rose for Lancaster or white rose for York?” Beth asked.

## ***The Cave . . . Again***

James laughed. “Red for Lancaster. But he married Elizabeth of York. That way Henry Tudor joined *both* sides. The Tudor rose he wore had a white center with red outer petals.”

Suddenly James raised an eyebrow.

“Where’s your cousin . . . Patrick?”

Beth gulped. “Good question.”