Light in the Lions’ Den

MARIANNE HERING
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BOOK 19

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Contents

Prologue 1
1 The Imagination Station 5
2 The Statue 10
3 In the Desert 17
4 The Hanging Gardens 23
5 The Gates of Babylon 37
6 The Temple of Adad 46
7 Inside the Palace 56
8 The Advisers’ Plan 67
9 Two Kings 78
10 Daniel 86
11 The New Law 92
12 King Darius’s Regret 100
13 The Open Window 108
14 The Arrest 113
15 The Angel 122
16 The Imagination Station Returns 133
Secret Word Puzzle 137
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. Eugene was in charge of the workshop. He and Beth found an older version of the Imagination Station. It looked like a car. It had a special feature
called *lockdown mode*. The cousins began using this machine for their adventures.

Eugene wanted to keep the cousins safe. He went with Patrick on an adventure to protect him. But the Imagination Station separated him from Patrick. Eugene was lost in history.
In book 18, *Trouble on the Orphan Train*, the cousins searched for Eugene. And Eugene had indeed entered their adventure in 1874. But a detective named Mr. Pinkerton thought Eugene was a criminal.

Mr. Pinkerton locked Eugene in jail. He took away the computer Eugene needed to help them get home.

Later the detective arrested the cousins, too. He brought Patrick and Beth to Eugene’s jail cell.

Suddenly the car-like Imagination Station appeared.

Here’s what happened next . . .

Patrick and Beth rushed into the cell.

“Hurry,” Patrick said. “Get in the
machine. What are you waiting for, Eugene?"

Patrick stared at his friend. Eugene looked glum.

"Your plan has a flaw," Eugene said. "There are only two seats in this machine."

"So one of us has to stay behind," Beth said. It was a fact. Not a question.

Patrick heard a click. He turned. Mr. Pinkerton had locked the cell.
Mr. Pinkerton said, “You will all stay behind bars. At least till I talk to the Little Rock judge. I need to ask him what to do with children. I’ve never arrested kids before.”

Mr. Pinkerton put the key in his pocket. He tipped his hat with a nod. Then the detective walked away from the jail cell. He headed up the stairs.
Beth gasped. She turned toward Eugene. “What should we do?” she asked.

Eugene stood up straight. He took a deep breath.

“I’ll take the risk and go,” Eugene said. “I’m fairly certain I can get back to Whit’s End.”

“What if you can’t?” Patrick asked. “Beth and I will rot in jail if it doesn’t work.”

Just then Patrick heard loud footsteps coming from the stairwell.

Eugene moved toward the cell’s bars. “Mr. Pinkerton is coming back!” he said.

A popping sound came from the corner of the cell. Patrick and Beth turned to look.

The Imagination Station was fading in and out.

Just then Mr. Pinkerton appeared. “I forgot to ask about that ‘computer’ you
have,” he said. “It looks like a typewriter. But I opened it, and it doesn’t have any ink inside.”

Eugene groaned. “You opened it,” he said. “With what?”

“A crowbar,” the detective said.

Patrick quickly moved to Beth. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward the Imagination Station. “We have to get out of here now. Or the machine might disappear.”

“Wait!” Beth said. “What about Eugene?”

“We’ll come back for him,” Patrick whispered. “He’ll be okay. It’s
not as if Mr. Pinkerton will throw him to the lions.”

The cousins got into the car-like Imagination Station. They shut the doors and fastened their seat belts.

Patrick grabbed the black knob on the dashboard. A sharp pain shot up his hand to his elbow. He let the knob go. “Ouch!” he said. “It shocked me!”

He looked at Beth. Wisps of her dark-brown hair were sticking straight up.

“There’s a lot of static electricity inside the car,” Beth said. She reached over and took Patrick’s hand. “I don’t want to get separated again.”

Patrick nodded. Then he glanced out the windshield. Eugene and Mr. Pinkerton were still talking. Patrick heard Mr. Pinkerton say, “I have the evidence that
you were part of the robbery right here in this satchel!”

Patrick yanked the black knob again. He ignored the tingles that shocked him.

He heard an electric buzz as the car began to spin. Sparks flew off the outside of the car.

Beth gripped Patrick’s free hand tightly.

The windshield filled with bright, swirling colors. Patrick felt as if they were being sucked into a whirlpool. The temperature dropped, and a chill seeped into his bones.

Suddenly everything went black.