

Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

26

THE IMAGINATION STATION



Swept into the Sea

CHRIS BRACK & SHEILA SEIFERT

OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES



Swept into the Sea

BOOK 26

**CHRIS BRACK AND SHEILA SEIFERT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO**

**FOCUS
ON THE FAMILY®**

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This book is dedicated to:

C.B. – Breña, Ryder, Emily, Carter, Katie,
Joey, Beau, Mason, Norah, and Natalie

S.S. – Beverly Johnson for her
inspiration and love of family

Swept into the Sea

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Prologue



In the last adventure, *Poison at the Pump*, Patrick and Beth learned more about the Imagination Station. The Model T car has a bubbling mixture in its engine. The bubbling mixture is a blend of three liquids.

The liquid is in a glass container. But the container was only half full.

Mr. Whittaker, the Imagination Station's inventor, wanted to fill up the container.

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The cousins would go on an adventure to search for the liquids.

Whit gave the cousins a pocket-sized black box with a wand. On the top of the box was a light that looked like a button.



Whit told the cousins to dip the wand in liquids. The right liquid for the Imagination Station would turn the button green.

The cousins stepped into the Imagination Station.

But Whit noticed the container with the liquid was cracked. Drops were trickling out.

Whit said that a trip in the Imagination Station was too dangerous.

Prologue

Patrick started to get out. But his elbow accidentally hit the red button on the steering wheel.

Beth and Patrick's adventure began.

The Imagination Station took the cousins to London during a time of great sickness in 1854. Here is how that adventure ended.



Patrick stuck the wand into a gray-blue oil. The button on Whit's gadget turned green.

"This is it!" Beth said.

Patrick whooped. He heard the hum of the Imagination Station. It was a welcome sound. The Model T appeared.

"I'm so glad to see the Imagination Station," Patrick said. "I thought we might be stuck here."



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I was afraid too much of its power source had leaked.”

“Me too,” Beth said. “But now we can go home.”

Patrick hopped into the passenger seat.

Beth slid into the driver’s seat.

Patrick found the compartment on the passenger side. He placed the oil inside. Then he noticed a keyhole next to the compartment.

Patrick took the small key out of his pocket. It fit the lock perfectly. Patrick turned the key.

A sliding panel moved to cover the compartment. Then the panel opened. The container full of oil was no longer there. The oil was now inside the Imagination Station.

Beth put on her seat belt. “Ready?” she asked.

Patrick left the key in the lock. He buckled his seat belt. Patrick thought he might have the great sickness. He couldn’t wait for the

Prologue

Imagination Station to cure him. He couldn't wait to go home.

Beth hit the big red button.

The Model T sprayed them with a fine mist.

"What's happening?" Beth asked.

Patrick laughed. "Maybe it found the cholera germ on me. No germs are leaving with us," he said.

The Imagination Station made a loud squeak. Then metal scraped against metal.

Something didn't feel right to Patrick. He heard the sound of glass shattering and looked at Beth.

"There's that smell again," Beth said.

Patrick smelled it too. There was the scent of apricots, lemons, pears, and oranges.

The fine mist grew into a heavier spray. Drops of water began to rain on the inside of the Model T.

Then everything went black.



The Storm



It's a night without stars, Beth thought.

A shadowy form moved past the driver's-side window of the Imagination Station. Then it melted into the darkness.

"This isn't Whit's End," Beth said.

Icy cold water covered her feet and slowly climbed up her ankles.

"We must have landed in a river," Patrick said. "Or we're in a flood."

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“Maybe. But something’s out there,” Beth said. “I saw it move.”

“What was it?” Patrick asked.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I couldn’t tell. It was too dark.”

The Imagination Station shook as if it were a baby’s rattle.

Beth fell against the driver’s-side door. It flung open.

Splash!

Beth landed in a puddle on a hard, wooden surface. “Ow!” she said. The wood had a musty smell. “Patrick?” Her words were almost drowned out by a rumble of thunder.

Large raindrops fell from the sky and drenched her.

“I’m here,” Patrick said.

Beth heard his footsteps splash on the wood. He slid around the front corner of the Model T.

The Storm

“Whoa!” he said. His feet slipped out from under him. He landed with a thud.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“I think so,” he said. He rubbed his arm.

The Imagination Station flickered. Then it disappeared.

Beth felt a rocking motion. She had felt this type of movement before on another adventure. They had to be on the deck of a ship.

The ship creaked.

This must be an old wooden ship, Beth thought.

Crates and barrels were stacked everywhere on the deck. They kept Beth from seeing much of the ship. Canvas covered the wooden crates. The fabric was tied on with thick ropes. The edges of the canvas flapped in the wind.



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Beth stood. Her feet were cold. She looked down. She was wearing sandals. Her feet were covered with bits of seaweed.

Patrick stood also.

Beth said, "Maybe we're sailors."

Patrick looked at their clothes. "We're dressed like people in Bible times," he said.

Beth looked at Patrick through the rain. He wore a soggy, tan tunic that stopped at his knees. A rope belt was around his waist. A leather pouch hung from it. He looked like he had stepped out of a Sunday school lesson.

Lightning lit the sky.

Beth looked down. Her tan dress stopped at her sandals. The dress was wet and heavy. It felt like one of her itchy wool sweaters.

She touched her head. Her hair was in a tight braid. The end of the braid fell over her shoulder. Beth also had a rope belt with a pouch hanging from it.

The Storm

“You’re right,” Beth said. “We are dressed like Bible-times people. We might be in a Bible story. I wonder which one.”

Patrick put his hand into his pouch. He pulled out Whit’s gadget and knelt down. Then Patrick dipped the wand into the water on the ship’s deck.



Beth held her breath.

The light on the gadget did not turn green.

Beth sighed. “That would have been too easy,” she said.

There was liquid all around them. But they needed the right liquid for the Imagination Station.

Patrick grunted. He put the gadget back

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into his pouch. Then he pulled out a pair of green swimming goggles. They glowed in the dark. He put them on.

Beth laughed. The goggles looked out of place on the old ship.

Patrick took them off and put them back into his pouch. "What do you have?" he asked.

Beth pulled out a large bag of dried leaves. She opened the bag and took a leaf. It broke in half.

"Smells like peppermint," Patrick said.

"Strange," Beth said. She closed the bag. The Imagination Station had given them these gifts. Beth had no idea why.

"The goggles and the leaves will come in handy," Patrick said.

Beth nodded. The Imagination Station's gifts were always helpful. She put the bag of peppermint leaves back in her leather pouch.

"I wonder where this ship is going," Beth said.

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“I don’t know. But I hope it gets there soon,” Patrick said. “The storm is really bad. Maybe we can ask someone.”

“Like who? I haven’t seen anyone,” Beth said. She wondered if the shadowy figure counted as someone.

“It’s a large ship. It must have a large crew and a captain,” Patrick said. “Oh no!” He pointed behind her.

Beth looked over her shoulder.

A ten-foot wave was coming over the side of the ship. It was moving directly toward them.

Beth reached for Patrick’s hand.

“Hold on tight,” he said. He squeezed her hand.

The wave crashed into them. It pushed Beth off her feet and onto her back.

Patrick fell beside her.

They started sliding with the water.

Beth’s free arm and shoulder slammed into

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a crate. Then her arm scraped against a large wooden barrel.

Beth screamed. Her arm throbbed in pain. But she still grasped at every passing crate with her free hand. Her fingers slipped off each one.

Beth saw Patrick trying to stop also. He was using his legs to find footholds between objects. He kept slipping too.

The wave passed over the side of the ship.

Beth rubbed the salty water out of her eyes.

Another wave came over the side of the ship. And another. They weren't as large. But they were powerful.

The cousins kept sliding.

A small patch of deck was between the barrels and the railing. And she and Patrick were headed straight toward it.

Someone appeared on the other side of the

The Storm

barrels. It was a man on his knees with folded hands.

Patrick yelled, "Watch out!"

Then the cousins slammed into him.