

Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

30

THE IMAGINATION STATION



Land of the Lost

MARIANNE HERING

OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES



Land of the Lost

BOOK 30

**MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO**

**FOCUS
ON THE FAMILY®**

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Land of the Lost

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The Translation Device



Cousins Patrick and Beth burst through the basement door to Mr. Whittaker's workshop. This was where Mr. Whittaker, also known as Whit, worked on his mysterious projects.

The gray-haired inventor stood near a long metal table. It was covered with all sorts of boxes, gadgets, and tools. He was using tweezers to work on a small electronic device.

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Patrick thought the device looked about the same size and color as a pinto bean.

Beth sat down on a metal stool at the table. She peered over Whit's shoulder and watched carefully.



The Translation Device

Patrick also watched, leaning his hands on the table. Several seconds went by. Then several minutes. Finally, he got tired of watching Whit twist tiny wires.

“Well, it’s tomorrow,” Patrick said.

Whit kept working. Beth kept watching him work.

Patrick cleared his throat. “It’s *tomorrow*,” he said, a little louder.

“No,” Beth said, looking at the tiny device. “It’s *today*.”

Patrick sighed. “Yesterday Mr. Whittaker said we could go on an adventure ‘tomorrow.’”

“Right, and that is *today*,” Beth said. She looked up at Whit’s face. “We don’t really have to wait until tomorrow, do we?”

Whit smiled and set down the tweezers. His blue eyes twinkled. “Yesterday’s tomorrow is tomorrow’s yesterday,” he said.

Patrick frowned. His head was starting to

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hurt. “That is today,” he said slowly. “Do we really get to go *now*?”

Whit lifted his bean-sized project between his thumb and first finger. “Yes,” he said. “You may go now. But first you’ll each need a pair of these.”

Patrick reached for the device, and Whit put it in his palm. Whit handed another one to Beth.

“What is it?” Patrick asked.

“That is my new-and-improved translation earbud,” Whit said. “It slips inside your ear.”

“Won’t it fall out?” Beth asked. “It’s so small.”

Whit shook his head. “It will expand or contract to fit your ear exactly. But it’s too large to go all the way to your eardrum.”

“Good,” Beth said. “Patrick once got a piece of a crayon jammed in his ear.”

“I was only three years old!” Patrick said. “At least I didn’t put an eraser up my nose in kindergarten.”

The Translation Device

Beth blushed a rosy shade of pink. But she didn't say anything more about the crayon.

Patrick put one bud in his left ear. "Cool!" he said. He felt the bud turn soft and settle into his ear.

"Works better with two," Whit said. He handed one more earbud to each of the cousins.

Beth studied her earbuds. "They're kind of a pinkish tan. Looks like the same color as my skin."

"Exactly," Whit said. "I made them especially for you two. They will be nearly undetectable from a distance."

"Hmm," Beth said. "Is there a certain someone you don't want to detect these earbuds?"

Whit nodded, and his glasses slid down his nose. "Amelia Darling will probably follow you into your next adventure. And I don't want her to get a translation device."

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Patrick remembered that Amelia was a scientist working for the government. She'd been able to use another version of the Imagination Station, the one that looked like an old Model T car. She was supposed to use the Imagination Station for government research, but she had broken the rules and built her own remote control for the machine. She had followed the cousins on their most recent adventure to Alaska Territory in 1925.

"I wonder what Amelia wants," Beth said. "But we know she's following us. We can handle her if she shows up."

"I'm counting on that," Whit said, pushing up his glasses. "Be on the lookout. See if you can find the remote control she built."

Patrick asked, "What do we do if we find it?"

"You'll know the right thing to do," Whit said.

Beth and Patrick nodded.

"May we go now?" Beth asked.

The Translation Device

Whit waved his arm toward the Imagination Station.

Beth ran to the machine.

But Patrick stayed near the table. “I really liked talking to the animals in our last adventure,” Patrick said. “Will we need to talk to animals in this next adventure too?”

Whit laughed. “Oh, I think you’ll be satisfied with that part of this adventure,” he said.