

Adventures in  
**ODYSSEY**

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

29

# THE IMAGINATION STATION



## Sled Run for Survival

MARIANNE HERING

OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES

## ***Sled Run for Survival***





# ***Sled Run for Survival***

**BOOK 29**

**MARIANNE HERING  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO**

**FOCUS  
ON THE FAMILY<sup>®</sup>**

*A Focus on the Family Resource  
Published by Tyndale House Publishers*



To Karen B., who helped me through  
a difficult journey.

—M.H.

*Sled Run for Survival*

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# ***Snowbound***



Beth followed her cousin Patrick down the steps to the workshop at Whit's End.

Patrick pushed open the basement door. The cousins burst inside.

“It's a snow day!” Patrick shouted.

“No school till next week,” Beth added.

They took off their jackets and hung them on a coatrack.

Beth slipped off her yellow rubber boots and

## ***SLED RUN FOR SURVIVAL***

left them near the door. She padded across the floor in her socks. She stopped next to Whit.

The inventor put his wrench down on his workbench. His skin looked chapped, and he had frost in his eyebrows. He smiled at the cousins.

“Were you shoveling snow?” Patrick asked.

Whit shook his head. “I was just testing out an Imagination Station adventure in—”

“Don’t tell me,” Beth said. “The Sahara Desert?”

Whit laughed at her joke. His eyes twinkled. “Somewhere much colder,” he said.

Whit plucked a white hair off his black wool sweater.

“Fighting a polar bear?” Patrick asked. He made motions as if jabbing a bear with a long stick. “They’re the biggest bears on the planet.”

Whit was silent for a moment. He shook his

## *Snowbound*

head again. "I was fighting something much more dangerous," he said.

"A wolf then?" Patrick said.

"No," Whit said.

"Walruses," Patrick said. "They have long tusks." He pointed his index fingers downward. Then he pressed them against his puckered lips.

Beth giggled at Patrick's finger tusks.

"Walruses are strong," Whit said. "But this was a fiercer opponent than all the wild animals combined."

Beth wondered what it could be.

Whit picked up something from the workbench. "Why don't you test out the adventure for me," he said. "I think you'll find this one a challenge."

Whit walked to the Imagination Station. It looked like the cockpit of a helicopter. But there were no spinning blades on top.

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## ***Snowbound***

He opened the control panel on the side. He fiddled with some buttons, and the machine's door slid open.

Patrick motioned for Beth to get in first. She slid into the far seat. She ran her hand across the dials on the dashboard.

Patrick followed, settling into the black leather seat. He put on his seatbelt.

Beth fastened hers, too.

Whit held up a pair of old-fashioned earmuffs. They had puffy wool pads to cover a person's ears. "This is a new version of the translation device," he said. "Who had it last time?"

Patrick pointed at Beth. "She got to talk to dolphins with a conch shell," he said.

Beth thought Patrick sounded a little jealous.

Whit handed the earmuffs to Patrick. "You'll need these," he said. "Communication is important on this adventure."

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Patrick took the earmuffs and set them on his lap.

“Will I be able to speak ‘girl talk’?” Patrick asked. He elbowed Beth gently.

“Hardy har har,” Beth said.

Beth saw some little orange packets on the floor of the Imagination Station. She knew they were Hot Handz hand warmers.

“You’ll need those,” Whit said, nodding at the packets. “Keep them with you.”

Beth picked up the packets. She was about to ask what else besides good communication would be needed.

But before she could ask, Patrick hit the red button. The machine lurched.

Beth felt as if she were on a sled, sliding down an icy hill. Then she felt the machine spin in circles. She felt dizzy and excited all at once.

Then everything went black.