

Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

27

THE IMAGINATION STATION



Refugees on the Run

CHRIS BRACK & SHEILA SEIFERT

OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES



Refugees on the Run

BOOK 27

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

**FOCUS
ON THE FAMILY®**

*A Focus on the Family Resource
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This book is dedicated to:

Karen, Lois, and David—
You have a special place in our hearts.

Refugees on the Run

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Prologue



In their last two adventures—*Poison at the Pump* and *Swept into the Sea*—Patrick and Beth have had trouble with the Imagination Station.

The Model T car has a bubbling mixture of liquids in a container in its engine. But the glass container is cracked. The bubbling mixture is leaking.

The cousins must find three liquids to refill

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it. They found the first liquid in London during a cholera epidemic. Then they were shipwrecked with the apostle Paul. That's where they found the second liquid. They still need to find the last liquid.



Mr. Whittaker gave Patrick a small black box with a wand. On the top of the box was a light that looked like a button. The cousins test liquids by dipping the wand into them. The right liquid will turn the light green.

Here's how their last adventure ended.



Patrick heard the hum of the Imagination Station.

Prologue

“There it is,” Beth said.

It appeared in front of them.

Beth jumped into the driver’s seat.

Patrick hopped into the passenger side.

A small key was in the lock next to an open compartment. Patrick put the vial with the seed oil into it. He turned the key in the lock.

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

Patrick left the key in the lock. They had found two of the liquids the Imagination Station needed. Patrick couldn’t wait to tell Whit about this adventure.

“Let’s see if we can make it home this time,” Beth said. She hit the red button in the middle of the steering wheel. Nothing happened.

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Then slowly the sunlight dimmed around them.

Had the Imagination Station finally broken? Patrick wondered. It felt like they were stuck in an empty tunnel.

Suddenly, the Imagination Station took off at top speed. Lights flashed all around them. A long and slow whistle blew.

The flashing lights began to swirl. Patrick saw an image of Mr. Whittaker tinkering in his workshop.

“We’re almost home!” Patrick cried.

The image grew blurry. Colorful dots swirled around them.

“No!” Beth yelled.

Patrick smelled apricots, lemons, oranges, and Babinella pears.

Then everything went black.



Destination Unknown



Patrick opened his eyes. The Imagination Station had landed next to a one-car garage. He looked around. Green grass was on both sides of the gravel driveway.

“Cool car,” Patrick said. A shiny black automobile was parked in front of the garage. Patrick knew it was an olden-time car. He didn’t know how old though.

Patrick looked for clues. “Can you read the sign on the car’s front bumper?” he asked.

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Beth sat in the driver's seat of the Imagination Station. She leaned forward. "It says, 'Service Consulate Japan,'" she said. "What does *consulate* mean?"

Patrick knew the word *service* meant to help someone. He knew Japan was a country. But what was a consulate?

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe it's a type of Japanese car."

"Maybe," Beth said. But she didn't look convinced.

"The third liquid for the Imagination Station must be here," Patrick said.

"We've been gone a long time. I hope we find it soon," Beth said. "We need it to fix the Imagination Station."

Patrick agreed. He unhooked his seat belt and hopped out of the Model T.

Beth did too.

Patrick looked at the white garage. It had

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two wood doors. The doors reminded Patrick of gates that met in the middle.

“What a pretty green dress,” Beth said. She twirled. Her skirt fanned out around her. Then it fell back to her knees. Two braids tied with green bows fell over her shoulders.

“You look like you’re going to a party,” Patrick said.

Beth laughed. “It’s such a beautiful day,” she said. “Maybe it’s an outdoor birthday party. You look like you’re going too.”

Patrick looked down. He wore a gray vest over a green-gray shirt. He had on dark shorts. Brown knee socks covered his calves. The end of a black tie was tucked into his vest.

Patrick removed the cap on his head to look at it. It was made of gray cloth. The top of it was squashed flat against the visor. He put his hat back on his head.

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The Imagination Station flickered. Then it disappeared.

“Wow! Look at that enormous house,” Beth said. She pointed.

Patrick turned. Behind them was a large, white house. The bottom story looked halfway underground. The top story seemed to have a slanted roof as its ceiling. There was another level between the top and bottom.

Patrick didn't see anything exciting about it. It was just a building.

“Did the Imagination Station give you any gifts?” Patrick asked.

“Let me see,” Beth said. She checked her pockets and pulled out a half sheet of paper. She showed it to her cousin.

Patrick read aloud, “Lith-oo-way-nee-a Passport, 1940.” The names *B. and P. Schmidt* were below that. There was an ink stamp on

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it. Other words were written underneath. They were difficult to read.

“The only words I can make out are ‘Dutch colony,’” Beth said.

“I wonder who the Schmidts are,” Patrick said.

“We might be the Schmidts,” Beth said. She sounded excited. “These are our initials. B is for Beth, and P is for Patrick.”

“Hello, Beth Schmidt,” Patrick said.

The cousins laughed.

“Maybe the Imagination Station gave me something too,” Patrick said. He slid his hands into his pockets and took out Whit’s gadget. “We’ll need this to find the third liquid.” He also pulled out an ink bottle.



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“The Imagination Station gives us gifts we’ll need,” Beth said. “So we must need a passport and ink.”

“People use passports to go to other countries,” Patrick said. He opened the ink bottle. He dipped the wand of the gadget into it. The light didn’t turn green.

“That isn’t the liquid the Imagination Station needs,” Beth said.

Patrick closed the ink bottle. Then he wiped the wand of the gadget on the grass.

“Maybe we need this passport to go to another country,” Beth said.

Patrick nodded. “You also need a passport to get back into your country,” he said. He returned the gadget and the ink bottle to his pockets.

Suddenly, a piercing scream filled the air. Then a woman’s voice yelled, “I’m being crushed!”

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Beth took off running.

Patrick followed.

They ran around the large, white building
toward the scream.