



Adventures in
ODYSSEY

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

17

THE IMAGINATION STATION

In Fear of the Spear

MARIANNE HERING

Praise for The Imagination Station® books

The jaguar was so cool. I love this book; well, I love them all. I asked my daddy about baptism, and now I want to get baptized because I have already asked Jesus in my heart.

—Kinley, age 6, Colorado Springs, Colorado

I really enjoy traveling through time and going on adventures in the Imagination Station. I can't wait to see where they go in the next book!"

—Chance, age 8, Congerville, Illinois

As an MK who grew up in Ecuador (and attended the Nate Saint Memorial School), I have been deeply influenced by the story and people reflected in this book. *In Fear of the Spear* draws from a powerful, true story of forgiveness. The book combines adventure, intrigue, suspense, tragedy, and joy in a way that will capture and inspire the hearts of young readers.

—Mary L., mom and editor, Wheaton, Illinois

More Praise for The Imagination Station® books

Excellent series, inspiring and encouraging for young readers who are building their faith.

—Terri F., children's author and mom, Nineveh, Indiana

My normally reluctant reader devoured [*Voyage with the Vikings*] and nearly completed two books in one evening. I have never seen him this excited to read!

—Chandra H., happy mom, League City, Texas

Lessons on faith and history—all wrapped up in one exciting edge-of-your-seat adventure! Imagination Station scores another home run for young readers.

—Nancy S., children's author, Chino, California

The [Imagination Station] books are really awesome. I hope they write a thousand more! I'm totally gonna read these to my son when I'm a dad. I want to read these books a thousand, million infinity times!

—Hamish, age 6, Colorado Springs, Colorado



In Fear of the Spear

BOOK 17

**MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HOHN**



**FOCUS ON THE FAMILY • ADVENTURES IN ODYSSEY®
TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS, INC. • CAROL STREAM, ILLINOIS**

In Fear of the Spear

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This is a work of fiction. The scenes in chapter 6 are loosely based on real events. The characters Kimo, Rachel Saint, and Steve Saint are historical people; however, all their dialogue and scenes are drawn from the author's imagination.

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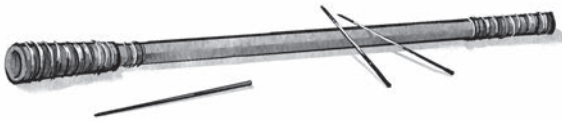
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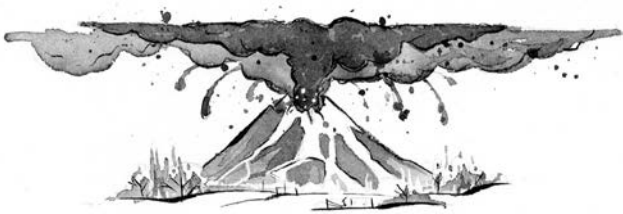
Prologue



Doomsday in Pompeii began with Patrick sitting alone in the Imagination Station. Lightning struck Whit's End. The electricity zapped the machine's computer. However, the Imagination Station still took Patrick on an adventure, but it gave him the wrong gifts: a saddlebag, bandanas, and a sheriff's badge.

But Beth and Eugene didn't know where Patrick had gone. Beth found some of Whit's

IN FEAR OF THE SPEAR



notes about volcanoes and Mount Vesuvius. Eugene figured out that the Imagination Station had sent Patrick to Pompeii.

Eugene and Beth realized that Patrick could be killed if the volcano erupted. They knew they had to save him. But how?

In the workshop, Beth uncovered an older version of the Imagination Station. It looked like a car. Eugene programmed it so that she could find Patrick.

Beth arrived in ancient Pompeii in time to save Patrick from the lava. Then *both* Imagination Stations appeared.

Beth ran to the helicopter-like machine that had been struck by lightning. She sat



IN FEAR OF THE SPEAR

down and then pushed the red button.

Patrick rushed to the car-like one.



From *Doomsday in Pompeii* . . .

The old Imagination Station felt like

riding in a

car. It had

wild colors

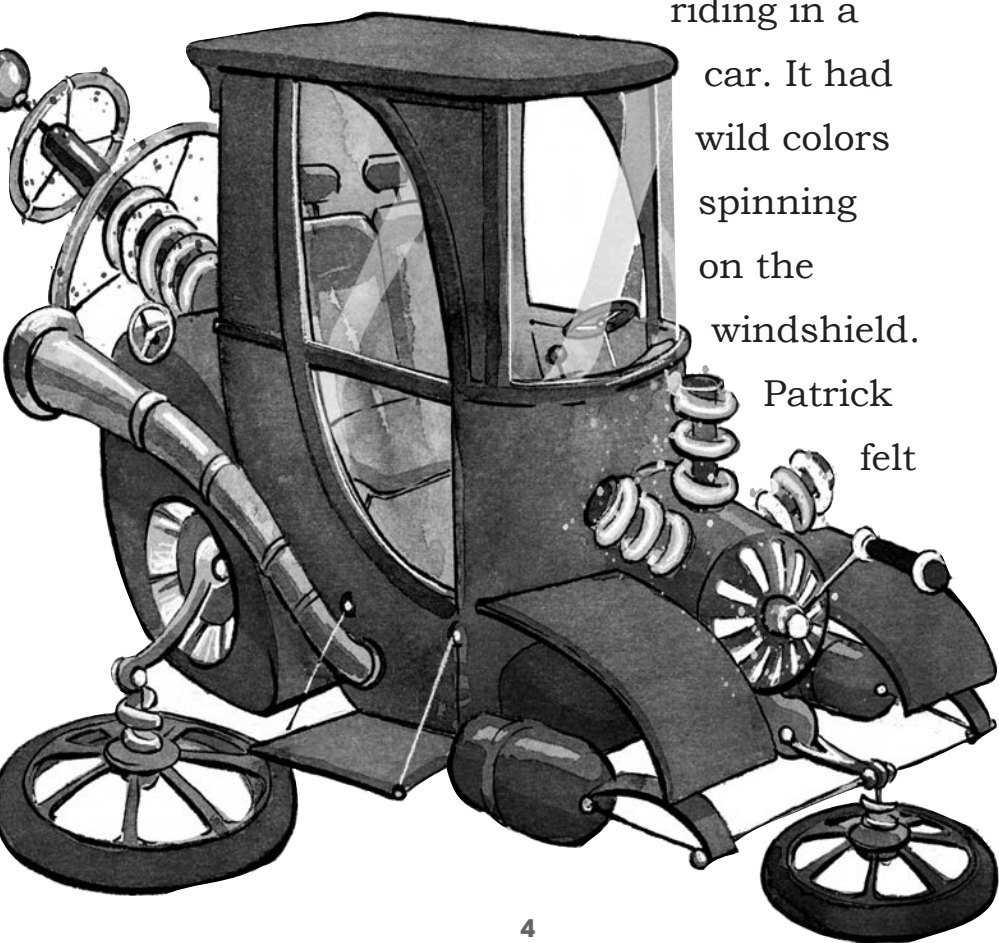
spinning

on the

windshield.

Patrick

felt



Prologue

as if the machine slowed to a stop.

Mr. Whittaker's workshop slowly appeared in front of Patrick.

"What a ride!" he said as he climbed out.

Suddenly Eugene was at his side.

"Patrick!" he said. "Thank God you're safe!"

"That was close," Patrick said.

"Where's Beth?" Eugene asked.

"She's in the other Imagination Station," Patrick replied.

They raced to the other machine. It sat very still and dark.

"Oh no," Eugene said.

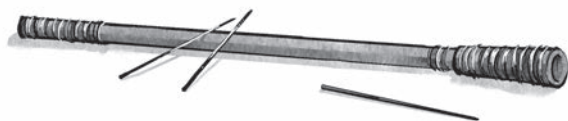
Patrick pushed the button to open the door. Nothing happened.

"What's wrong? Where's Beth?" Patrick asked.

Eugene groaned and said, "I don't know."



The Jaguar



Beth stepped out of the Imagination Station.

She knew one thing right away. She wasn't at Whit's End.

Thick, lush bushes surrounded her. She heard a bird whistle from somewhere above.

She looked in the direction of the sound. Tall trees seemed to stretch to heaven. They blocked most of the sunshine. Their thick trunks were covered in vines.

She moved a few yards into a small

The Jaguar

clearing.

“Patrick!” she called. “Patrick! Are you here?”

She listened carefully for an answer. She strained her ears. But all she heard was a lovely mixture of bug, bird, and jungle sounds.

Water was flowing somewhere close by. Hoots and clicks and buzzing filled her ears. And monkeys chattered. Or was it something else?

She looked back at the Imagination Station. It was still there.

“That’s strange,” she whispered. “Usually it disappears right away.”

Beth suddenly felt cold. The dark shadows of the trees felt spooky. The air was thick with moisture and lingered in her lungs. A large mosquito landed on her hand.

IN FEAR OF THE SPEAR

“Take that!” she said, slapping the insect away.

In response, she heard leaves rustling behind her. She turned.



Was that a face in the bushes? She blinked and looked again. The face was gone.

Grrr. A soft but menacing growl sent chills up her neck.

Beth turned and saw a jaguar.

Its fur was golden brown with black splotches. The huge cat perched in the V of a tree trunk. Its long tail flicked quickly.

Beth thought that it must have just jumped into the tree.

“Nice kitty kitty,” Beth said, cooing. “I hope you’ve eaten a tasty snack or two today.”



IN FEAR OF THE SPEAR

The cat growled again. Its golden eyes were the color of a glowing jack-o'-lantern.

Beth had only one hope for safety. But that meant turning her back on the big cat.

She took a deep breath. Then she pushed through the bushes. She lunged toward the Imagination Station. She stretched out an arm to touch the door.

But instantly the machine faded. Her hand felt nothing.

She gasped and stared into the vast jungle.