



ADVENTURES ON THE HORIZON



Martin gripped his inkcaster tightly as he raced farther into the Inklands. He looked out the window and saw Peter Pan racing through the air beside the inkrunner, keeping pace with the vehicle as it sped through a slate gray canyon. The glimmer flipped onto his back and interlaced his fingers behind his head before turning to look at Martin. Peter winked, then dropped suddenly out of sight. Martin's stomach dropped just as quickly.

"Um . . . Shanzay? Can you maybe slow down?"

His fellow Illumineer leaned over the controls at the front of the inkrunner, as if willing the ship to go faster. "Nope," she said as she twisted the steering column and tilted the ship sideways, just barely clearing the canyon's narrowing walls. "This is a quest—there's no way your flying friend is going to find something first. Isn't that right, Minnie?"

In the seat beside Martin, a Minnie Mouse glimmer in full climbing gear peered out the window. She swung her feet playfully as she gazed at the river of mixed ink that snaked



through the canyon's floor. Suddenly, she let out a delighted squeal. "Put us down there!"

Minnie looped one end of a rope around her seat, flung open a hatch beside her, and tossed out the remaining coil of rope. "Wish me luck," she said to Martin with a smile. Then, she was gone.

"You know," Shanzay said as she brought the inkrunner to a hover beside a wide-mouthed cave with Minnie's rope disappearing inside. "The more clues we discover, the closer we get to finding the trident."

Martin's face fell. Yes—that trident. The one he'd lost in the flood of ink he'd accidentally let loose on the Great Illuminary. Martin knew in his bones he'd done the right thing by saving Venturo from the wild river of ink that had swept through the Hall of Lorcana, but waves of guilt kept him wondering what more he could have tried to recover that item of impossible power.

He was about to start spiraling again, but just then Minnie

sprang out of the cave. She twirled quickly and held up a golden orb with bright green lines swirling around it: The map of the Treasure Planet. "Got it!"

"Off to an early lead," Shanzay said with a smirk as she looked back over her shoulder. "You'd better hope Peter Pan doesn't get lost next time."

As if on cue, Peter swooped into view just outside the open hatch. "Aw, that was luck," he said. "Let's see you find two in a row."

The inkrunner hurtled toward a broad savannah with roaming zebras, giraffes, and wildebeests. The group headed straight for the impressive rock formation that rose from the center of the grasslands, and the moment Shanzay set the inkrunner down on its peak, Minnie was giggling and whizzing down her rope to recover another lore item scattered by the flood.

"Wanna talk about it?" Shanzay said as she joined Martin to take in the savannah's majesty.



Martin opened his mouth to respond but was cut off by an oddly cheerful crowing noise. The two looked up to see Peter flying prideful circles around the rock's peak and holding in his outstretched hands a thick decorative candle that burned brightly within a protective sphere. "I found it first!"

"Hey!" Minnie sounded slightly exasperated as she hoisted herself onto the rock's peak. "He can fly!"

Shanzay shook her head as she hopped into the pilot's seat. "Okay—time for change of pace," she said, and a moment later the rock formation was far behind them.

Soon, they neared a dark, marshy patch of land. Martin felt a twinge of hope. With all the mixed ink that had saturated this landscape, the trident might have actually washed up here. Martin peered out his window to scan the ground below for any sign of it. Peter flew just above the surface, leaving a long plume of water as his hand skimmed the water. Martin silently wished he could have half the confidence of his glimmer companion.

Suddenly, a jolt rocked the inkrunner. "Behind us!" Minnie yelled. Shanzay and Martin both turned to find an airship

bearing down on them. And leaning forward eagerly on its open-air deck was a wild-eyed Magica De Spell.

Even from this distance, Martin could hear her wicked, quacking cackle. The sorceress opened her beak wide, and with a violent thrust of her scepter, she sent amethyst-colored magic darting toward them. An instant later there was a blinding flash of light and their craft lurched forward.

"Oh my!" Minnie said as she steadied herself.

"Hang on!" shouted Shanzay, who pulled up desperately at the controls. As Martin looked back at Magica, he caught a brief glint of gold in her other hand and gasped with realization.

His stomach dropped as the ship plummeted. But just then a green blur shot past his window and in the next instant, Peter Pan was slowing the craft's descent just enough for Shanzay to land it with a series of teeth-rattling bumps. Martin, Shanzay, and Minnie hopped out of the inkrunner and joined Peter to take in the bayou surrounding them. Still trying to catch his breath, Martin cried, "She has it. She has the trident!"

Confused expressions melted into shock and anger as Martin's meaning sank in. Peter crouched, ready to launch into the sky after Magica's ship, but a moment later the sky above them darkened. Looking up, they saw an inkrunner descending upon them.

"Oh, no!" squeaked Minnie. She gripped her coiled rope tightly and readied herself for what might come next. Peter stood defiantly, his fists on his hips, while Martin and Shanzay clutched their inkcasters.

Martin turned to Shanzay. "This—all of this—was my fault," he said over the ship's roar. "If this really is the end." He swallowed hard. "I'm sorry."

Shanzay narrowed her eyes. "Look—it was my idea to come out here," she shouted, "and I was the one flying the ship when it went down. So don't you dare say that you're sorry."

"Sorry about what?" A resonant voice bellowed from above. A familiar, broad-shouldered silhouette leaned over the side of the ship.

"Venturo!" cried Shanzay. A grin finally brightened Martin's face as he saw his friend and fellow Illumineer leaning out of a panel in the cockpit.

In one hand, Venturo held a golden device with spinning concentric rings that let off a faint blueish glow. Under his other arm he cradled a protective sphere with the shiny lucky dime inside, and as his ship descended, he beamed

almost as brightly as the dime. "Guess what I found on the other side of those trees?"

As soon as Martin, Shanzay, and Minnie had climbed aboard the new vessel, Shanzay said, "So, what's the plan?"

"Magica is our biggest problem right now," Martin said as he scanned the skies. In the distance he saw a brewing storm. Squinting, he could just make out an aircraft zooming straight toward it. "And she's headed that way." He pointed toward the storm.

Venturo cocked his head. "Why Magica?"

"She has the trident," said Shanzay.

The grin on Venturo's face suddenly fell and he shook his head slowly. "Maybe that was what the gyrosensor was pointing us to. And Magica just swooped right in and—"

Shanzay put a hand on Venturo's shoulder. "It's okay. You didn't know." Then, she turned to Martin. "Venturo and I can go after her. Are you sure you want to come?"

Martin looked out the window to gather his jumbled thoughts. On the other side, Peter hovered in the air beside them, a playful smirk on his face. He then craned his head to find the distant storm that swirled ahead of them. After a long moment, Martin took a deep breath and nodded.

"This is my chance to finally make things right," he said. "I'm coming with you."

