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Mark and the MOLECULE Maker 3

THE UNDERGROUND MOUNTAIN



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Mark ^{and the} MOLECULE ³ Maker

THE UNDERGROUND MOUNTAIN



Mark and the Molecule Maker 3: The Underground Mountain

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ISBN: 978-0-9829506-8-5

Library of Congress Control Number: 2016905315

The display type is set in Ozymandias.

Cover type is set in Gilligan's Island.

Printed in China by Kings Time Printing Press, LLC

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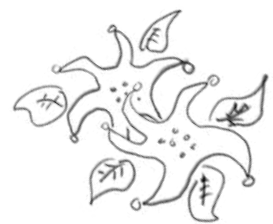




Mark and his father raced through the heart of the lightning jungle, pursuing the monster that had stolen the Molecule Maker.

"Hurry!" Mr. Wilson said. "With the Molecule Maker in that creature's hands the whole world's in danger."

The thief bounded over a river while hammering the Molecule Maker's buttons with its fist. A monstrous electric eel appeared and splashed into the water. With a sinister laugh, the thief leaped between boulders and scrambled up a weed-choked path.



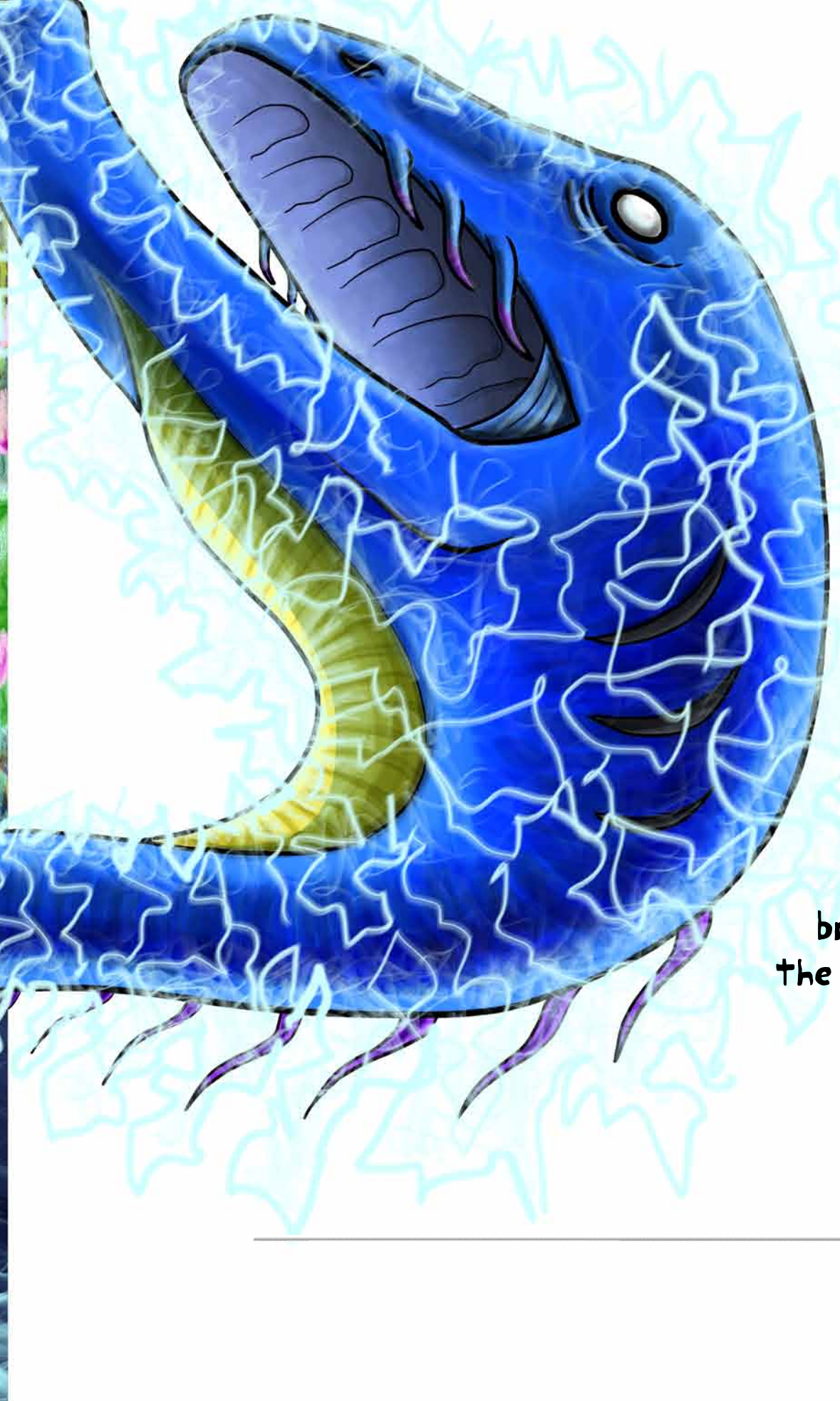


سبحان الله
Splash
الحمد لله

Moments later Mark and his father plunged into the river. Up to his chest in the flowing rapids, Mark struggled to stay afloat. He fought against the whitewater, moving toward the opposite bank with his father behind.

As Mark got his footing on the mushy riverbed, he felt something slither along his leg. Then the electric eel attacked, wrapping itself around Mark's waist.





Mark's father seized its tail, and whipped the electric eel around, but as he hurled the creature into the branches of a tree, the eel zapped him.

ouch!
ouch!
ouch!



"Dad!" Mark's heart pounded in his ears as he rushed to the rescue. With all his might, he hauled his father to the muddy bank.



Mr. Wilson was pale, his hand swollen and red. He sat up slowly, sopping wet and shivering. "I'll be okay. Give me a second."

Mark helped his father to his feet. "Gosh, Dad, I think the thief knows how to use the Molecule Maker."

"All the more reason we have to get it back. Come on!"





Soggy grass squished beneath their feet as they charged up a weedy path. Mr. Wilson leaned on his son's shoulder, gasping for air. Chin lowered to his chest, he plopped down on a stump at the top of the rise. "Hand hurts. Nerves shot. Go, Mark. Run!"



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