

THE
DEAD SEA
SQUIRRELS

Jingle Squirrels

From the co-creator of VeggieTales

Mike Nawrocki

Illustrated by Luke Séguin-Magee

The Dead Sea Squirrels Series

Squirreled Away
Boy Meets Squirrels
Nutty Study Buddies
Squirrelnapped!
Tree-mendous Trouble
Whirly Squirrelies
Merle of Nazareth
A Dusty Donkey Detour
Jingle Squirrels
Risky River Rescue

The title is presented on a grey scroll with rolled-up ends. The word 'THE' is in a small, simple font at the top. 'DEAD SEA' is written in a bold, blocky font with triangular shapes for the 'A' and 'E'. 'SQUIRRELS' is written in a very large, bold, bubbly font with thick black outlines and a slight 3D effect.

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Jingle Squirrels

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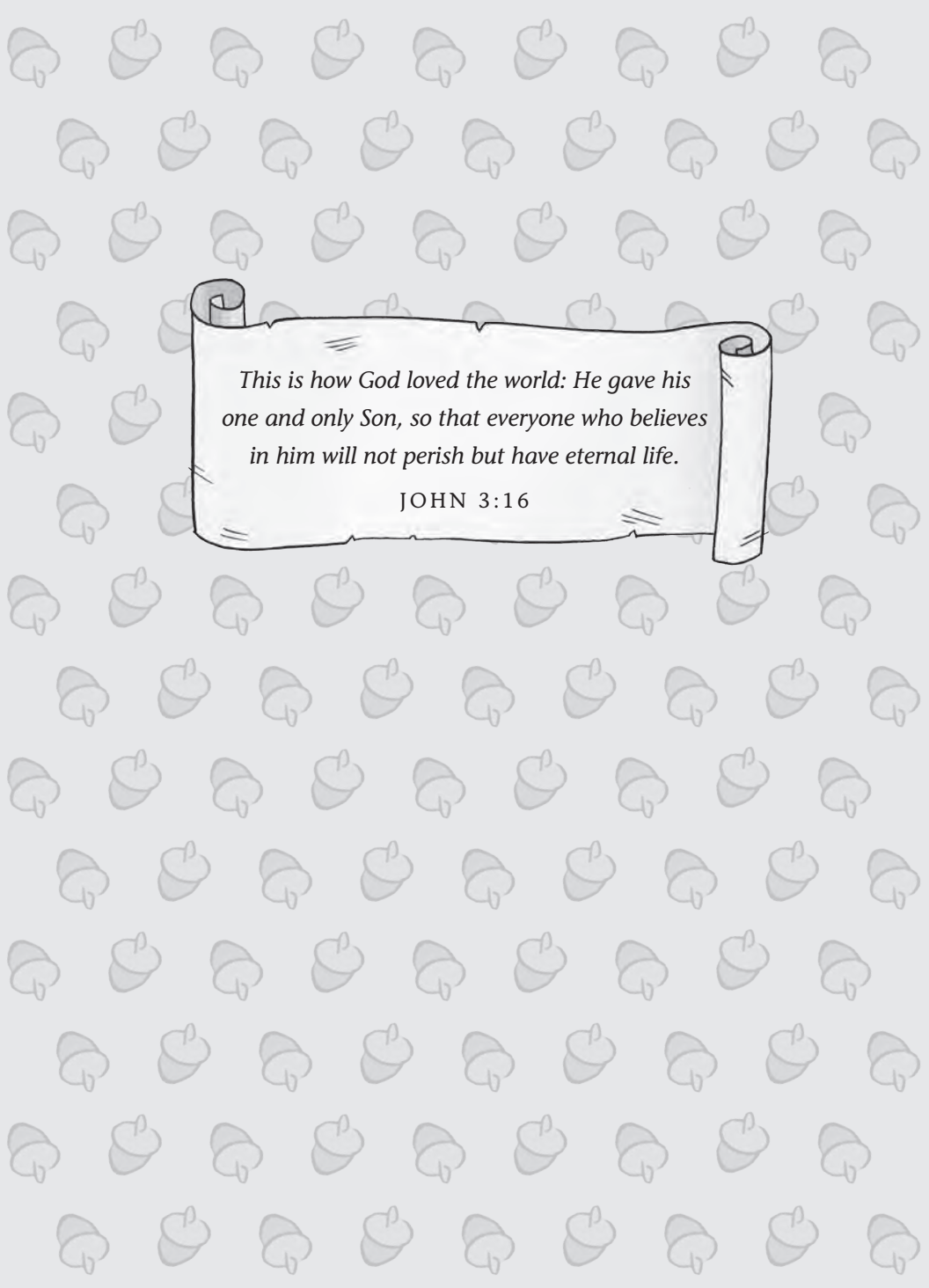
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*To Nona and Dennis, aka Mom and Dad:
I'm so grateful for your love and support over
the years and am especially thankful you
raised my brothers and me to love Jesus.*



*This is how God loved the world: He gave his
one and only Son, so that everyone who believes
in him will not perish but have eternal life.*

JOHN 3:16

BUT WAIT!

BEFORE WE START...

Who are the Dead Sea Squirrels?

ISRAEL,
AD 70

Merle and Pearl cruise
down the Jordan River...



The squirrels end up at the
Dead Sea, where...



Soon the two salty squirrels are
hot, thirsty, and desperate for
shade. Then they spot a cave.



Merle's sense of adventure lures him
into the cave, despite Pearl's protests.

If God wanted you to
go into a cave,
he would have made
you a bat.



1,950
YEARS LATER

Ten-year-old Michael Gomez is spending the summer at the Dead Sea with his professor dad and his best friend, Justin.



While exploring a cave (without his dad's permission), Michael discovers two dried-out, salt-covered critters and stashes them in his backpack.



Michael sneaks
the squirrels
back home with
him to Tennessee.

He sets them up like posable action figures on his dresser—
under an open window.



While Michael is sleeping,
a thunderstorm rolls in,
and it begins to rain ...



... rehydrating the squirrels!



Up and kicking again after almost
2,000 years, Merle and Pearl
Squirrel have great stories
and advice to share
with the modern world.

They are the
Dead Sea
Squirrels!



But the Dead Sea Squirrels' adventures don't end there.

Merle and Pearl soon find out that things are

a whole lot different from the first century!

For one thing, there are self-filling fresh water bowls...



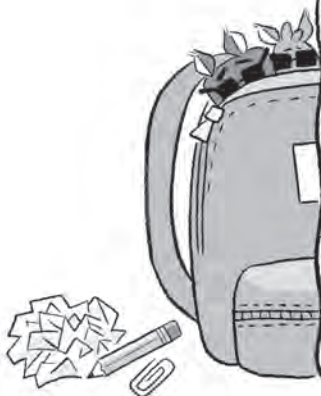
an endless supply of walnuts and chicken nuggets...



and much fancier places to live!

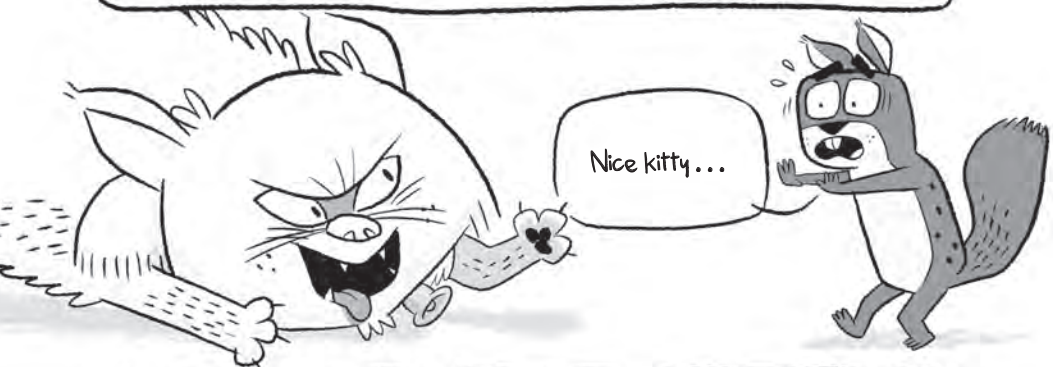


Plus, they get to go to fifth grade (as long as no one sees them)!



Stay still, Merle!
Pretend you are stuffed!

But even in quiet Walnut Creek, Tennessee, danger is never too far away!



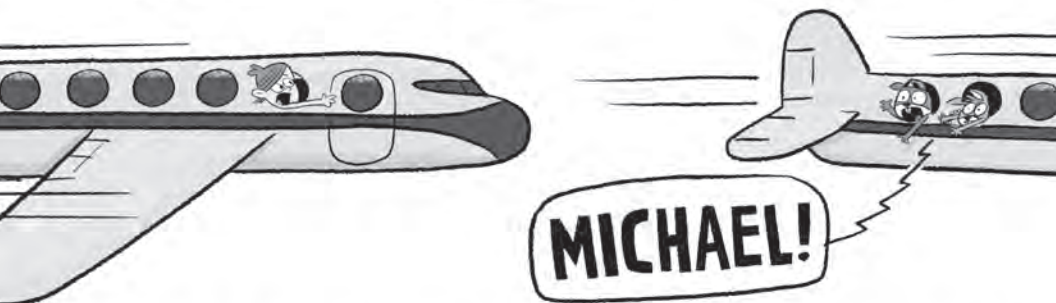
What if Mom and Dad find out?!



And a man in a suit and sunglasses who wants nothing more than to get his hands on the squirrels... does!



Now it's back to the Holy Land to rescue the squirrels!



HAPPY THANKSGIVING



CHAPTER 1

An eighteen-pound turkey? Stuffing and cranberry sauce? The Gomez family gathering around a table on a cold, late-November afternoon with Mr. Nemesis licking mashed potatoes off of Jane's fingers?

"Did I miss the part where the squirrels were rescued and brought back to Tennessee just in time for Thanksgiving?" you might be thinking.

"I WISH!" Merle would say (if he were here to say it).

Unfortunately, Merle and Pearl's whereabouts were still a mystery to the Gomez family on this last Thursday of November. They had lost the squirrels'

trail outside of Jericho. After searching in and around Jerusalem for a couple of weeks with no sign of the squirrels or their squirrelnappers (Ruben and Dr. Simon), Dr. Gomez had felt they had no choice but to return home. Michael,

on the other hand, would have preferred to stay.

“You haven’t touched your turkey,” Mrs. Gomez said.

“I’m not hungry.” Michael pouted as he pushed his pea salad around with a fork.

“Look, buddy,” Dr. Gomez said.

“We couldn’t stay in Israel



indefinitely without any idea of where the squirrels are.”

“It’s a small country.”

“It’s not that small. Plus, you needed to get back to school, and I needed to get back to work.”

“And I needed my little Cookies safe at home,” Mrs. Gomez added. “Cookies” was Mrs. Gomez’s pet name for Michael (which he did not like in the least).

Michael groaned. “Mom! I’m not little, and don’t call me Cookies!”

“Are you going to eat your potatoes?” Jane asked.

“Eew. Slimy cat spit fingers!” Michael protested as he pulled his plate away from her.

Jane dipped a finger into her turkey gravy and held it out for Mr. Nemesis. “It’s not slimy. It tickles,” she said.

“I have contacts who will let me know if they hear any news about the squirrels. If we get a lead, we are only a plane ride away,” Dr. Gomez said, placing a reassuring hand on Michael’s shoulder.

“But when will that be?!” Michael wondered. “What if we never get any leads?”

“Dr. Simon can’t keep them hidden forever,” Dr. Gomez replied. “Perhaps he’s just waiting it out until he feels the coast is clear . . .”