

THE
DEAD SEA
SQUIRRELS

*Squirreled
Away*



From the co-creator of VeggieTales

Mike Nawrocki

Illustrated by Luke Séguin-Magee

The Dead Sea Squirrels Series

Squirreled Away
Boy Meets Squirrels

Coming Soon:
Nutty Study Buddies
Squirrelnapped!

The title is presented on a grey scroll with rolled-up ends. The word 'THE' is in a small, simple font above 'DEAD SEA'. 'DEAD SEA' is in a bold, blocky font with a slight shadow. 'SQUIRRELS' is the largest word, in a very bold, bubbly font with a thick black outline and a drop shadow, making it appear three-dimensional.

THE
DEAD SEA
SQUIRRELS

Squirreled Away

Mike Nawrocki

Illustrated by Luke Séguin-Magee



Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.
Carol Stream, Illinois

Visit Tyndale’s website for kids at www.tyndale.com/kids.

Visit the author’s website at www.mikenawrocki.com.

TYNDALE is a registered trademark of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc. The Tyndale Kids logo is a trademark of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

The Dead Sea Squirrels is a registered trademark of Michael L. Nawrocki.

Squirreled Away

Copyright © 2019 by Mike Nawrocki. All rights reserved.

Illustrations by Luke Séguin-Magee. Copyright © Tyndale House Publishers, Inc. All rights reserved.

Designed by Libby Dykstra

Edited by Sarah Rubio

Published in association with the literary agency of Brentwood Studios, 1550 McEwen, Suite 300 PNB 17, Franklin, TN 37067.

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996, 2004, 2015 by Tyndale House Foundation. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Carol Stream, Illinois 60188. All rights reserved.

Squirreled Away is a work of fiction. Where real people, events, establishments, organizations, or locales appear, they are used fictitiously. All other elements of the novel are drawn from the author’s imagination.

For manufacturing information regarding this product, please call 1-800-323-9400.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Tyndale House Publishers at csresponse@tyndale.com, or call 1-800-323-9400.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Nawrocki, Michael, author.

Title: *Squirreled away* / Mike Nawrocki.

Description: Carol Stream, Illinois : Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., [2019]

| Series: *Dead sea squirrels* | Summary: Ten-year-old Michael sneaks into a cave near the Dead Sea where his father has been working and finds a pair of 2,000-year-old squirrels, which he stows in his backpack and takes home to Tennessee.

Identifiers: LCCN 2018037427 | ISBN 9781496434982 (sc)

Subjects: | CYAC: *Squirrels--Fiction*. | *Christian life—Fiction*. | *Dead Sea (Israel and Jordan)—Fiction*.

Classification: LCC PZ7.N185 Sq 2019 | DDC [Fic]—dc23 LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2018037427>

Printed in the United States of America

25 24 23 22 21 20 19
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CHAPTER 1

ISRAEL, NEAR THE DEAD SEA PRESENT DAY

Michael and Justin had been best friends ever since kindergarten, and when our story begins, they were a few days away from being fifth graders at Walnut Creek Elementary School. On this exact day, however, they were exploring a cave in the Middle East. If you're wondering where the Middle East is, look for *east* on a map and go to the middle. If you



can't find east, just take a right at the Mediterranean Sea.

And if you're curious about *why* Michael and Justin were there . . . we'll get to that later.

"What is *that*?" Michael questioned, pointing his flashlight at something on a small ledge popping out from the rock wall a few feet above Justin's head. "You think it's some kind of animal?"

"Whatever it is, it's not moving," Justin replied.

"Maybe it's a bat," Michael suggested.

"Bats hang upside down," Justin said.

"Maybe it's a dead bat? That would be cool." Michael grinned.

Justin
grimaced.
“That would
be disgusting.”

“You *do* know
a pet bat would
make us the coolest
kids in the fifth grade,
right?” Michael said.

“A *dead* pet bat?” Justin
raised his eyebrows.

As the two friends
debated the value of a
dead bat, the alarm on
Justin’s wristwatch
went off.

“Oh no!”
Justin said,
looking



down at the rubbery band around his wrist. “We have to go!”

Michael stood on his tiptoes. “Give me a quick boost so I can see what’s up there.”

“We don’t have time! If we’re late for dinner again, your dad will kill us!”

“Relax. We’re not going to be late,” Michael assured his friend. “Just give me a boost.”

Justin knew Michael well enough to realize that arguing with him would only waste more time, so he reluctantly assumed the boosting position. Michael placed his right shoe in Justin’s cupped hands then stepped up and wedged his left shoe into a small crack in the cave wall. As Michael pushed himself up with his left leg toward the mystery ledge, his foot slipped out of the crack,

and he fell face first into the wall. Justin held helplessly onto Michael's right foot as Michael's face slid down the gravelly wall and onto the dusty cave floor.

"Owwwww," Michael groaned, his voice muffled by the dirt.

A second alarm sounded on Justin's watch. "Time's up. Let's go!"

