

The book cover features a vibrant blue background with a textured, water-like pattern. At the top, a tan scroll contains the title 'THE DEAD SEA SQUIRRELS' in a stylized, bold font. Below the scroll, the subtitle 'Squirreled Away' is written in a white, cursive font. The central illustration depicts a young girl with purple hair, wearing a blue shirt and a backpack, holding a camera. She is smiling and looking towards two anthropomorphic squirrels. One squirrel is larger and white with brown patches, while the other is smaller and orange with white patches and a pearl necklace. They are all standing on a rocky, blue-toned ground.

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
DEAD SEA
SQUIRRELS**

Squirreled Away

Mike Nawrocki

Illustrated by Luke Séguin-Magee



Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.
Carol Stream, Illinois

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Squirreled Away

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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.

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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!"

