

# THE DEAD SEA SQUIRRELS

Whirly Squirrelies



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*



The title is presented on a grey, unrolled scroll with visible stitching at the ends. The word 'THE' is in a small, simple font above 'DEAD SEA'. 'DEAD SEA' is in a bold, blocky font with triangular cutouts in the 'A' and 'S'. 'SQUIRRELS' is in a very large, bold, blocky font with a 3D effect, featuring a thick black outline and a grey drop shadow.

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*Whirly Squirreliels*

**Mike Nawrocki**

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*Whirly Squirrelies*

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*Whirly Squirrelies* 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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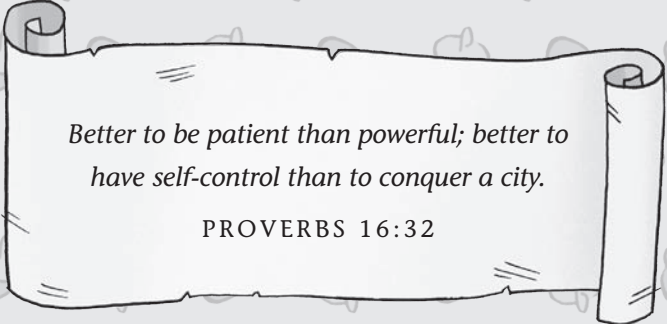
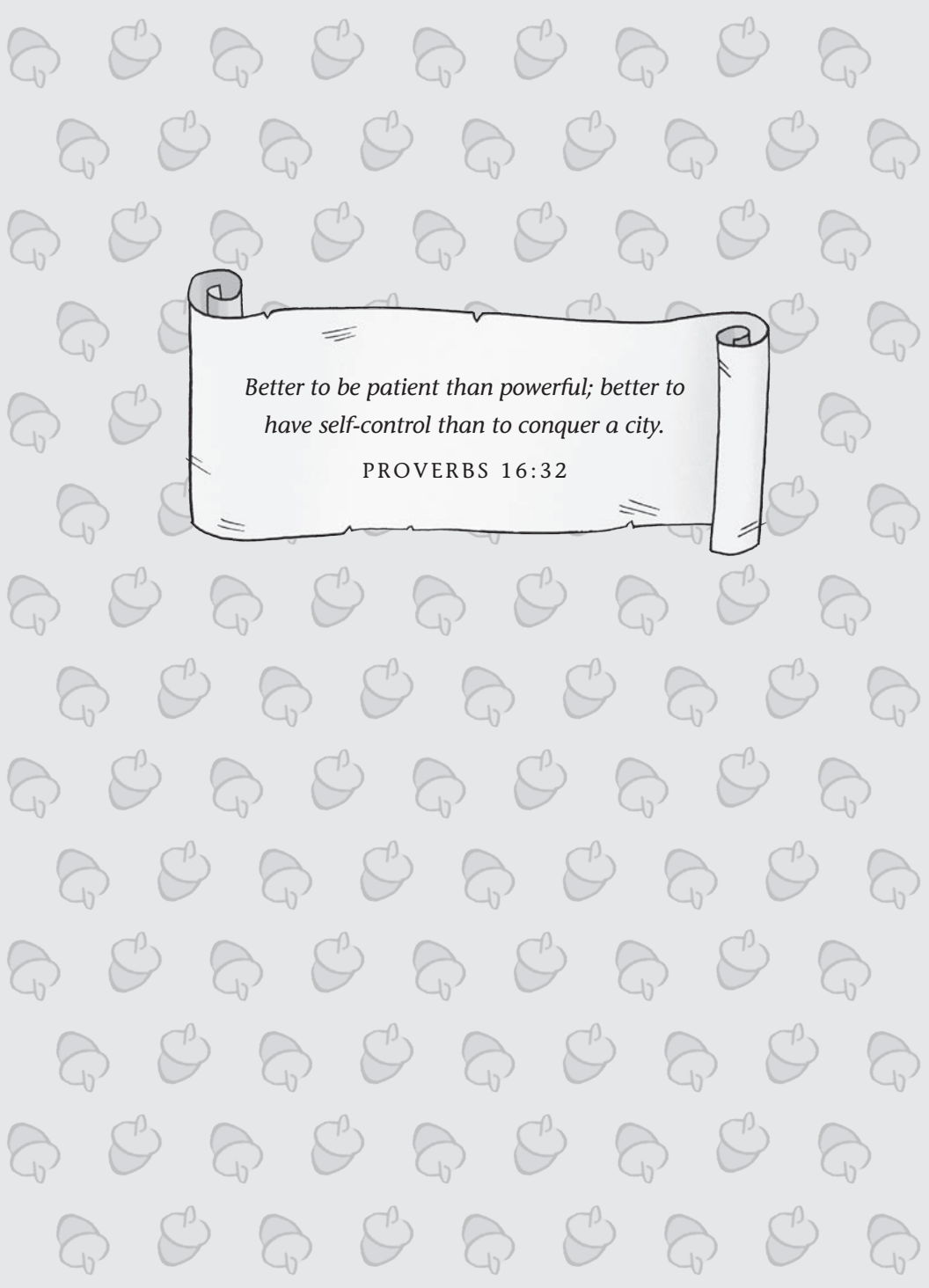
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*To the wonderful team at Tyndale who helped  
bring the squirrels to life—most especially to  
my editor, Sarah, who helped this first-time  
author look like he knew what he was doing.*



*Better to be patient than powerful; better to  
have self-control than to conquer a city.*

PROVERBS 16:32



# 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 ...

You can't sink!  
I've always  
wanted  
to not sink!



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



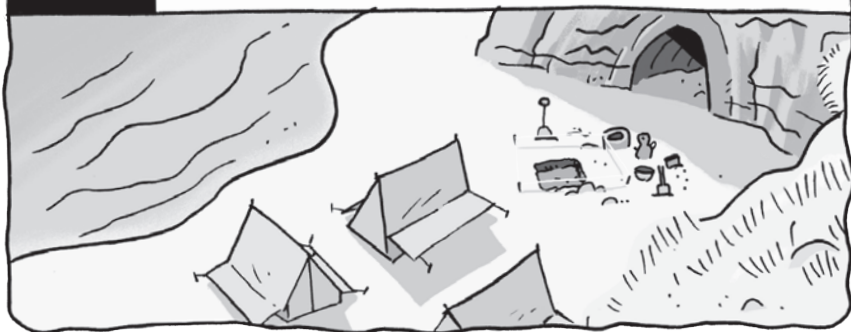
Merle's sense of adventure lures him  
into the cave, despite Pearl's protests.





**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.

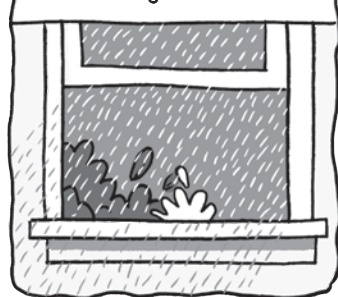


Michael sneaks  
the squirrels  
back home with  
him to Tennessee.

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!





**BOOM!**

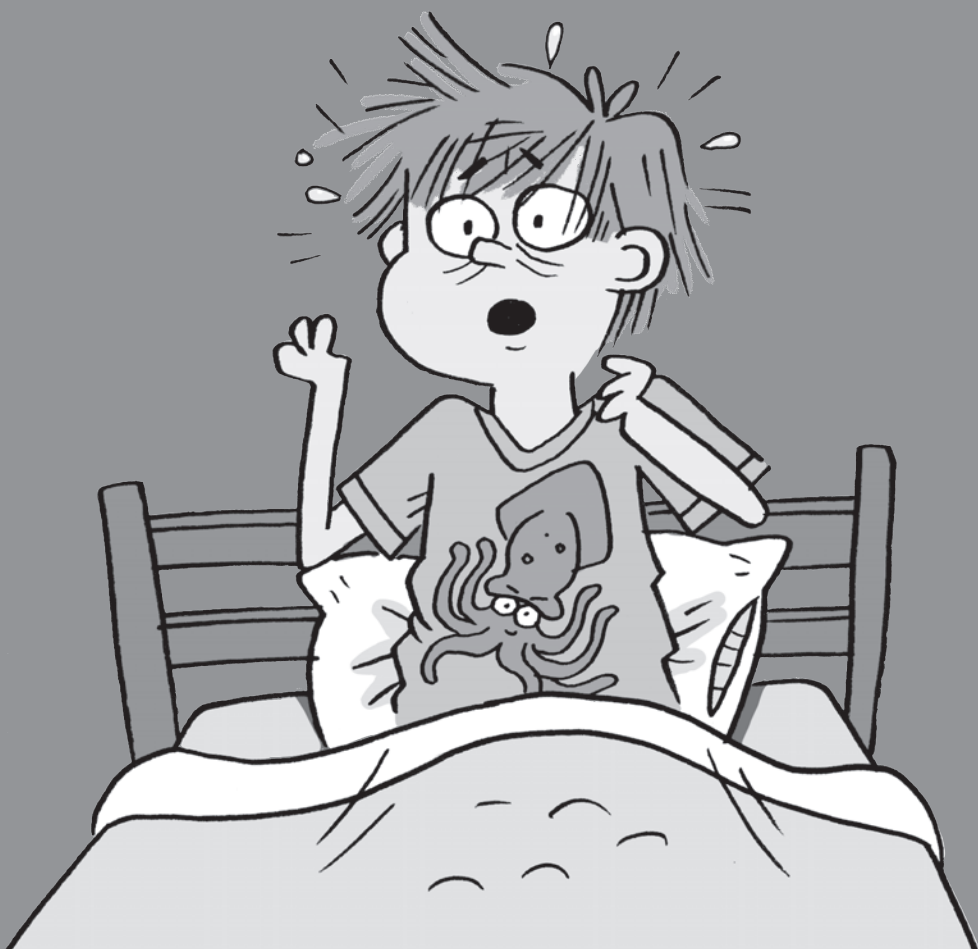
**WOOO WOOO  
WOOO!**

# CHAPTER 1

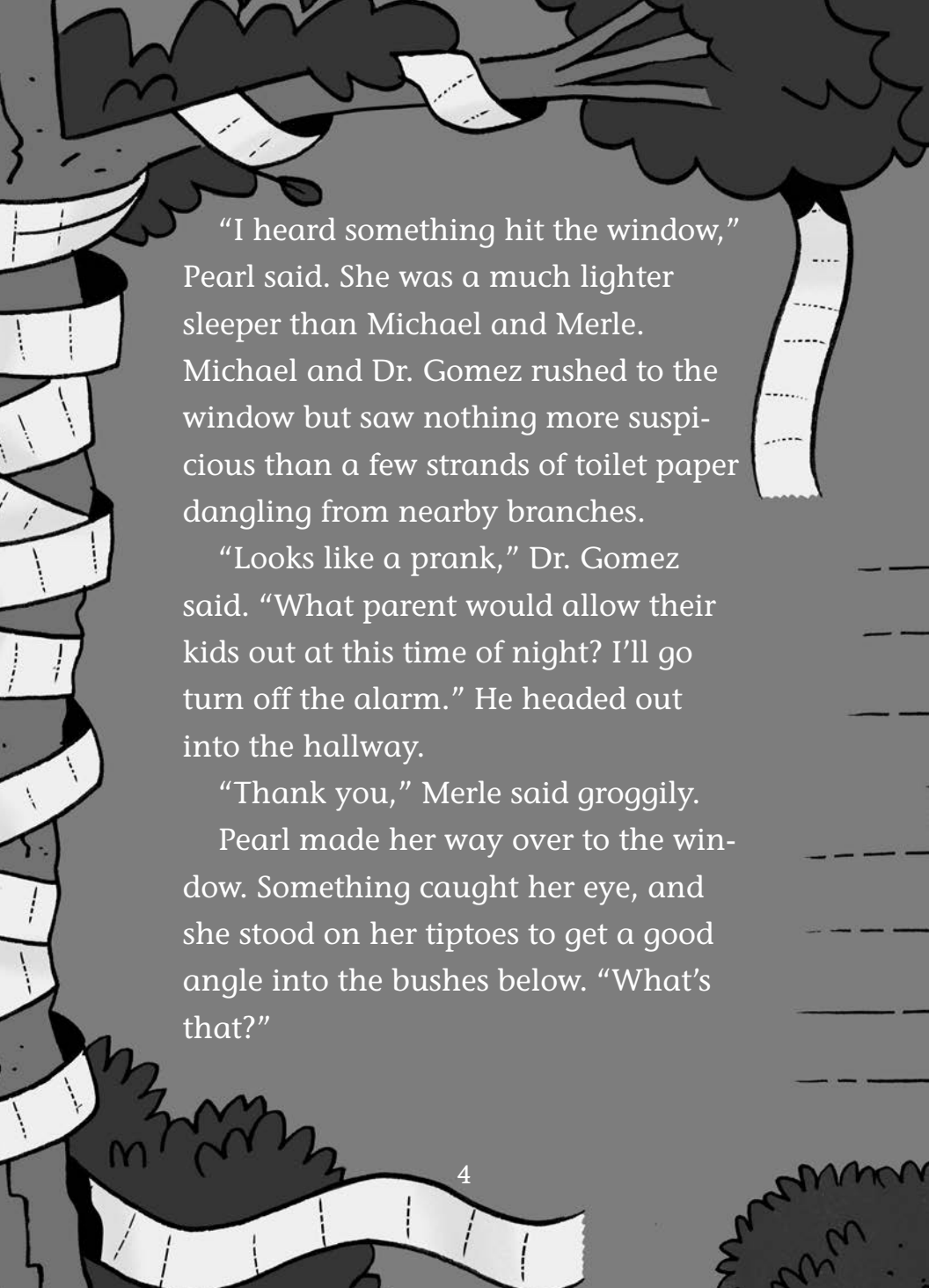
**WALNUT CREEK, TENNESSEE  
PRESENT DAY (MONDAY)  
11:32 P.M.**

A loud thump on Michael Gomez's bedroom window was followed immediately by the shriek of the burglar alarm Michael's dad had installed to help protect Merle and Pearl Squirrel from the man in the suit and sunglasses, a mysterious agent working for a collector of ancient artifacts. He wanted to bring Merle and Pearl back to the Dead Sea, which was the last place on earth they wanted to be. The ancient squirrels preferred modern-day

Tennessee with its abundance of nuts and HVAC (Heating, Ventilation, and Air-Conditioning). After having spent nearly 2,000 years preserved in salt in a dusty desert cave, who could blame them?







“I heard something hit the window,” Pearl said. She was a much lighter sleeper than Michael and Merle. Michael and Dr. Gomez rushed to the window but saw nothing more suspicious than a few strands of toilet paper dangling from nearby branches.

“Looks like a prank,” Dr. Gomez said. “What parent would allow their kids out at this time of night? I’ll go turn off the alarm.” He headed out into the hallway.

“Thank you,” Merle said groggily.

Pearl made her way over to the window. Something caught her eye, and she stood on her tiptoes to get a good angle into the bushes below. “What’s that?”



Michael slid the window open as the sound of the alarm cut out. "It looks like a . . . drone?" Sure enough, a drone lay sideways in the bushes, buzzing limply like an injured bee, its propellers tangled in toilet paper. He reached down and picked it up.





Edgar realized he'd been spotted.  
"Give me back my drone, Gomez!"  
he hollered.

"Not when you're using it to TP  
my house!" Michael shouted back.



The porch lights clicked on, and the voice of Dr. Gomez rang out. "You! Boys! What are you doing?" This sent the three delinquents scrambling. In his panic, Edgar dropped the drone's remote control on the lawn.

"That's right! Run away!" Michael called out. "And don't come back!"

"Michael." His dad's voice came from the porch. "Please clean this mess up after school tomorrow."

"Aw, man!" Michael responded.

"Shhh . . .," Merle, still half asleep, said again from his bed.