

Faith Tails

MAV & MOONY'S GREAT ADVENTURE WITH JONAH TO NINEVEH



PAGE 1 — THE COMPASS GLOWS



STORY TEXT

Mav and Moony were lounging on the back porch when the old brass compass on the shelf started glowing — deep gold, like a little sun had taken up residence inside it.

Mav, the big bullmastiff, sat up so fast he knocked over his water bowl.

Moony, the tiny dachshund, scrambled off his pillow and waddled over to investigate, his long body swaying side to side.

DIALOGUE



Mav: “The compass! It’s glowing AGAIN! Strap in, buddy!”



Moony: “Can’t we just once let it glow and then... not go? My fur is still salty from the last time.”



Mav: “ADVENTURE AWAITS, Moony!” *(already sprinting for the compass)*



Moony: “He never listens.” *(sighs, then waddles after him at maximum dachshund speed)*





PAGE 2 — THE WHIRLWIND



STORY TEXT

WHOOOOSH! The compass spun like a top and the whole world folded up like a piece of paper. Blue, purple, gold — light streaked past as Mav and Moony tumbled through time.

When the spinning stopped, they landed with a THUMP on a sandy dock beside a great blue sea. The sun was blazing, the wind smelled like fish and salt, and somewhere nearby — a man was running.



DIALOGUE



Mav: “We’ve landed somewhere hot. Very, very hot.”



Moony: “Is that a man... running AWAY from something?”



Mav: “Or running TO a boat. Look — over there!”



Moony: “Why do people in these adventures ALWAYS run? Can’t we land somewhere with naps?”





STORY TEXT

The running man skidded to a stop when he nearly tripped over Moony, who had landed directly in his path.

The man was wearing dusty robes and had the look of someone who had made a very big decision and was now not completely sure it was a good one.

He stared at the two animals. They stared back.



DIALOGUE



Jonah: *(out of breath)* “What... WHAT are you?”



Mav: “I’m Mav. That’s Moony. We travel through time. Long story.”



Moony: “Very long. Also this dock smells like last week’s fish, just so you know.”



Jonah: “I have no time for talking animals. I’m going to Tarshish.”



Mav: “Wait — are you Jonah? The prophet Jonah?”



Jonah: *(freezes)* “...How do you know my name?”



PAGE 4 – THE CITY OF NINEVEH



STORY TEXT

Mav explained — very gently — that God had called Jonah to go to Nineveh, the greatest city in the known world, and tell the people there to turn away from their wicked ways.

Jonah went quiet. He kicked at a pebble. He looked at the ship. He looked at his compass. He looked back at the ship.

DIALOGUE



Mav: “Nineveh is the other direction, Jonah.”



Jonah: “I... I know.”



Moony: “Is Nineveh the city where everyone is really mean and scary?”



Jonah: “Yes. The most powerful empire in the world. And God wants ME to walk in and tell them they’ve been very, very bad.”



Mav: “Sounds like an adventure!”



Jonah: “It sounds like a DISASTER.”



Moony: “I’m with Jonah on this one.”





STORY TEXT

Jonah bought a ticket to Tarshish — the farthest port in the OPPOSITE direction from Nineveh. Mav and Moony, unable to let him go alone, scrambled up the gangplank behind him. The sailors gave them very strange looks but said nothing — because who argues with a time-traveling bullmastiff?



DIALOGUE



Sailor: (squinting at Mav)
“Are those... dogs?”



Jonah: “They’re mine.
Ignore them.”



Mav: (whispering)
“Jonah, are you SURE
about this?”



Jonah: (also whispering)
“I’m sure about everything except
going to Nineveh. Now please
stop talking.”



Moony: (looking at the dark water
below the gangplank)
“I do not like this boat.
I do not like this water.
I want to go home.”





STORY TEXT

The ship had barely left the harbor when the sky turned an ominous dark gray. Then the wind howled. Then the waves rose — taller than the mast. The sailors screamed and grabbed ropes. Mav braced himself on all four paws, his big body like a rock. Moony went airborne twice.

DIALOGUE



Moony: *(mid-air)* "MAAAAAAV!"



Mav: *(catching Moony's tail)* "I've got you! I've got you!"



Moony: "YOU GOT MY TAIL, not all of me!"

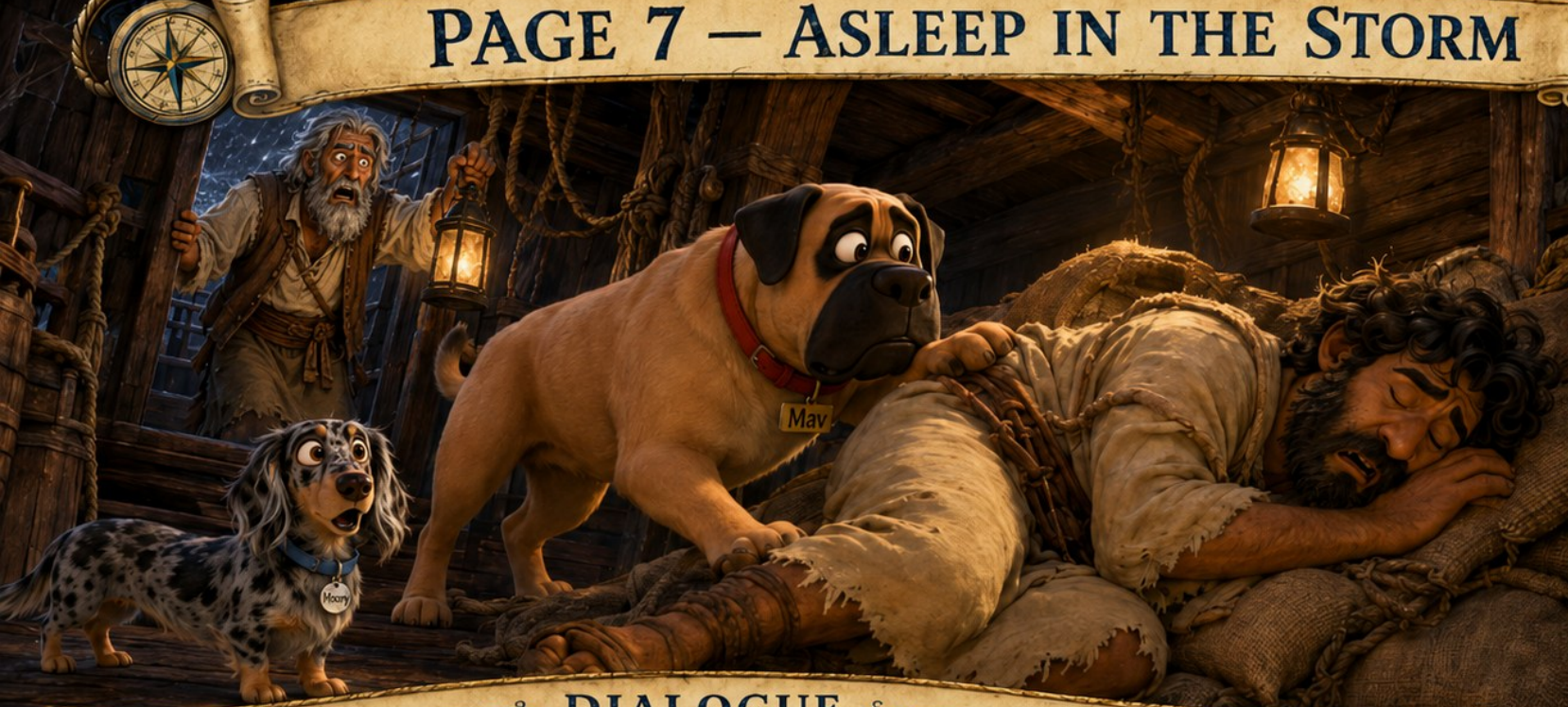


Sailor Captain: "We're going to sink! Pray to your gods! Throw the cargo overboard!"



Mav: *(looking around for Jonah)* "Where IS Jonah?"





STORY TEXT

They found Jonah in the bottom of the ship, fast asleep. Not pretend-asleep. Not cat-nap asleep. DEEPLY, completely, totally asleep — while a monster storm tried to tear the ship apart above him. Mav stared. Moony stared. Even the ship captain stared.

DIALOGUE



Captain: "How is he SLEEPING?!"



Moony: "Okay, I kind of respect that."



Mav: "Jonah! JONAH! Wake up!"



Jonah: "Mmph..."



Captain: "Call on your God! Maybe HE will save us!"



Jonah: "...Oh no. Oh no, no, no. This is my fault."





STORY TEXT

The sailors cast lots — an ancient way of asking: whose fault is this? The lot fell on Jonah. He stood up, took a deep breath, and told them the truth.

He was a Hebrew. He worshipped the Lord God who made the sea and the dry land. And he was running away from God.

DIALOGUE

Jonah: "I am running from the Lord, the God of heaven, who made the sea and the land."

Sailors: *(terrified gasps)*

Mav: *(quietly, to Jonah)* "You told them the truth. That took courage."

Jonah: "It wasn't hard. The storm is getting worse because of me. I can feel it."

Moony: "Can we talk about solutions? The water is coming over the railing!"

PAGE 9 — THROW ME OVERBOARD

STORY TEXT

Jonah looked at Mav. He looked at Moony. He looked at the sailors — good men who had done nothing wrong and were going to drown because of him. He squared his shoulders. “Pick me up,” he said, “and throw me into the sea.”

DIALOGUE

Mav: “JONAH, NO —”

Jonah: “It’s the only way. The storm is because of me.”

Moony: “There HAS to be another option!”

Jonah: “The Lord is just. This is my choice.”

Mav: *(voice shaking)* “We’ll find you. I don’t know how, but we’ll find you.”

Jonah: *(smiling sadly)* “God will not waste a stubborn old prophet. Not today.”



STORY TEXT

The sailors tried everything. They rowed with all their strength. But the sea only grew worse. Finally, with heavy hearts, they called out to God – ‘Please, Lord, do not hold this man’s blood against us’ – and they threw Jonah into the churning, roaring sea. The moment Jonah hit the water... the storm stopped. Completely. Instantly.

DIALOGUE



Mav: *(watching in awe as the sea went perfectly still)* ‘...The storm is gone.’



Moony: *(at the railing, staring at the water)* ‘Mav... where is Jonah?’



Sailor Captain: *(kneeling)* ‘Surely the Lord is God...’



Mav: *“He’s down there. But it’s not over. It’s not over.”*



STORY TEXT

Deep beneath the surface, where the light gave out and the dark went on forever, something enormous moved through the water. God had prepared a great fish — not to end Jonah's story, but to save it. The fish opened its mouth wide, and Jonah was swallowed whole.



DIALOGUE



Moony: (back on the ship, ears perked) “Mav. Something big is under the water.”



Mav: “I know.”



Moony: “Something (REALLY) big.”



Mav: “I know, Moony.”



Moony: “Is Jonah going to be okay?”



Mav: (after a long pause, looking up at the now-clear sky) “God didn’t bring him this far to lose him. He never does.”

PAGE 12 — THREE DAYS IN THE FISH

STORY TEXT

Inside the belly of the great fish, Jonah did not panic. He did not give up. He prayed. For three days and three nights, in the darkness and the deep, Jonah called out to God — not to argue, not to explain — just to cry out and trust. “Salvation belongs to the Lord,” he prayed.

DIALOGUE

(Inside the fish — Jonah praying alone)

- ✦ **Jonah:** “From deep in the realm of the dead I called for help, and You listened.”
- ✦ **Jonah:** “You hurled me into the deep, but Your waves and breakers swept over me...”
- ✦ **Jonah:** “I have been banished from Your sight — yet I will look again toward Your holy temple.”
- ✦ **Jonah:** “Those who cling to worthless idols forfeit God’s love for them. But I will sacrifice and keep my vow...”
- ✦ **Jonah:** (quietly) “...Salvation belongs to the Lord.”



STORY TEXT

On the third day — WHOOMP! God commanded the fish, and the great fish swam to shore and spit Jonah out onto dry land. It was not graceful. It was not dignified. But Jonah was ALIVE, standing on solid ground, dripping and dazed in the morning sun.

DIALOGUE

(Back on shore — Mav and Moony have found Jonah via the compass)



Jonah: *(lying in the sand, looking at the sky)* “...I’m alive.”



Moony: *(arriving at a full sprint-waddle)* “JONAH! We found you!”



Mav: *(skidding to a sandy stop, tail wagging furiously)* “THREE DAYS! We were so worried!”



Jonah: *(smiling, exhausted)* “I was talking to God.”



Moony: “For THREE DAYS?!”



Jonah: “I had a LOT to say. And even more to listen to.”



STORY TEXT

God spoke to Jonah again. The same message. The same call. Go to Nineveh — that great city — and deliver the message I give you. This time, Jonah stood up, brushed the sand off his robes, and walked toward the east. No detour. No ticket to Tarshish. Just one prophet, two time-traveling dogs, and a second chance.

DIALOGUE



Jonah: (standing, brushing off sand)
“I’m going to Nineveh.”



Mav: (surprised) “Just like that?”



Jonah: “God gave me a second chance. I’m not wasting it.”



Moony: “What changed?”



Jonah: “I learned something in the dark. Running from God doesn’t work. But His mercy? That does.”



Mav: (grinning) “Now THAT’S an adventure. Let’s go.”



STORY TEXT

Nineveh was BIG. Not just big — enormous. It took three days just to walk across it. The streets were loud, crowded, and full of people who, to put it kindly, had not been making great choices. Jonah stood at the city gate, took one very deep breath, and walked in.

DIALOGUE

Moony: *(jaw dropped looking up at the towering city walls)* "This place is... enormous."

Mav: "Three day's walk across. The records say so."

Moony: "And Jonah has to talk to ALL of them?"

Mav: "Every single person."

Jonah: *(rolling up his sleeves)* "Forty days. That's what I've been given to say. Forty days and Nineveh will be overthrown."

Moony: *(whispers to Mav)* "He got braver in the fish."

Mav: *(whispers back)* "That's what prayer does."



STORY TEXT

Jonah walked into the heart of Nineveh and preached. His voice rang out over the markets and the rooftops. “Forty more days, and Nineveh will be overthrown!” People stopped. They stared. Something in his voice — or maybe something in his eyes, still full of deep-sea wonder — made them listen.

DIALOGUE



Jonah: (to a crowd) “FORTY MORE DAYS! Forty more days and Nineveh will be overthrown!”



Ninevite 1: “Who IS that man?”



Ninevite 2: “He’s not from here. He smells like... fish?”



Moony: (quietly, to Mav) “He does still smell a little like fish.”



Mav: “Shh. They’re listening.”



Ninevite 3: (looking suddenly troubled) “...He’s right. Something has to change.”



STORY TEXT

Something extraordinary happened. The people of Nineveh believed God. They declared a fast. They put on rough sackcloth as a sign of mourning and humility. Even the king came down from his throne, set aside his royal robes, and sat in the dust. He sent out a decree: let everyone call urgently on God and turn from their evil ways.

DIALOGUE



Mav: (watching in awe as thousands of people sit in sackcloth) "Moony. Are you seeing this?"



Moony: "The whole city. The **WHOLE** city."



Mav: "They actually listened."



Moony: "Jonah walked in here smelling like fish and turned around an entire empire."



Mav: "God worked through a man who ran away, got swallowed by a fish, and came back anyway."



Moony: "...That is the best story I have ever heard."



STORY TEXT

God saw what the people of Nineveh did — how they truly turned from their evil ways — and He had compassion. He did not bring the destruction He had threatened. Every man, woman, and child in that great city was given a second chance. Just like Jonah had been given one.

DIALOGUE



Jonah: (sitting outside the city, processing everything)
“God relented. He forgave them.”



Mav: “You sound surprised.”



Jonah: “I’m not surprised. I **KNEW** He would.
That’s actually why I ran. I knew God was
gracious, slow to anger, full of mercy.”



Moony: “Wait — you ran **BECAUSE** you
knew God was merciful?”



Jonah: “...I didn’t want Nineveh to get mercy.
They’re my enemies.”



Mav: (gently) “And yet God loves them too.”



Jonah: (long silence) “...Yes. He does.”



STORY TEXT

Jonah was still grumbling — so God grew a vine to shade him, and then let the vine wither. Jonah was furious about the vine. And God, with the patience of someone who loves even stubborn prophets, asked: If YOU cared about that vine that you didn't plant or tend... should I not care about 120,000 people in Nineveh?

DIALOGUE



Mav: "God's asking you to understand something, Jonah."



Jonah: *(looking at the dead vine)* "I know."



Moony: "You cared about the vine after one day. God has known the people of Nineveh their whole lives."



Jonah: *(very quietly)* "He loves them."



Mav: "He loves everybody. Even the ones we think don't deserve it. Even us."



Jonah: *(deep breath)* "Even me, when I was at the bottom of the sea."



Moony: "Especially then."



STORY TEXT

The compass glowed gold. Time to go. Mav and Moony stood with Jonah one last moment in the long afternoon shadows outside Nineveh. They didn't say much. Some lessons are too big for words. But Moony put a tiny paw on Jonah's ankle, and Jonah put a hand on Mav's broad head, and they all understood.

DIALOGUE



Mav: "We have to go now."



Jonah: "I know. Thank you. For... not letting me run alone."



Moony: "You were never really alone. Even in the fish."



Jonah: *(smiling)* "No. I wasn't. I know that now."



Mav: *(to Moony, as the compass spins)* "Ready?"



Moony: "Absolutely not. LET'S GO!"

(The golden light swallows them — and the adventure ends the way all the best ones do: with a new understanding of just how wide God's mercy really goes.)



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Mav & Moony The Big Fish Adventure

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"Salvation belongs to the Lord."

Jonah 2:9